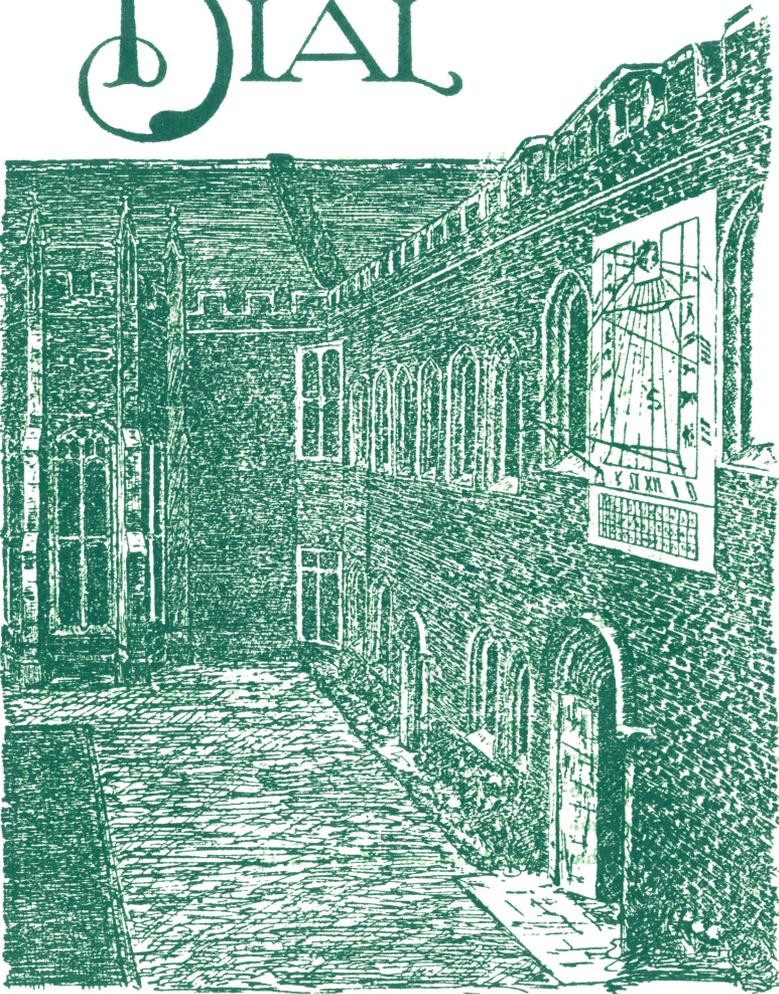


The  
DIAL



Queens' College

Michaelmas Term, 1912

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Editorial ... ..	115
Dialiana ... ..	117
Men of Mark XIV.—E. H. King ... ..	119
Fame ... ..	123
Sidelights from Shakespeare ... ..	124
The Mission Camp ... ..	125
Q. C. B. C. ... ..	130
Henley Accounts ... ..	132
Q. C. R. U. F. C. ... ..	133
The Quaerists ... ..	135
Q. C. C. U. ... ..	135
St. Bernard Society... ..	136
Q. C. C. C. Averages ... ..	137
Poets I have known—I. ... ..	138
The Long ... ..	141
The New Buildings ... ..	143
Pontis Parabola ... ..	148
Tripes List 1912 ... ..	150
Distinguished Old Queens' Men—Sir S. B. Provis, K.C.B. ... ..	152
Camp—Aldershot ... ..	153
Old Queens' Men ... ..	156
'Xmas Publications... ..	158
Correspondence ... ..	159
Things that Herald the end of the world ... ..	165

# The Dial.

---

VOL. III. No. 15.

MICHAELMAS, 1912.

---

## Editorial.

OF the making of books there is no end, said the sage; so too of the making of Editorials. We often admire the ingenuity of professional leader-writers, who, however, have the supreme advantage over us that they can always abuse the other side. They bow only to the authority of their own side. We on the other hand profess a polite pen.

No one can say of us, as Hamlet did of the players, "after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live." We affect the policy of the velvet glove, but it is a policy not easy to manage. With bated breath and whispering humbleness, we venture to suggest what seems to us some slight improvement; or we publish a letter from some aggrieved soul to a similar effect. And what does authority do? It smiles the smile of superior wisdom and says to the complainant "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark"—and herein, be it said, authority is quite justified. It is essentially conservative, and reform is anathema to it. It stands aloof and watches the veering breeze of reform fade away, and thereby tests the demand and finds it merely that of an editorial crank.

▲

Besides the polite pen is necessary ; the scurrilous is usually unsuccessful, as Robert Southey discovered, who was expelled from school for a scurrilous attack made by him upon authority. To those critics who urge us to sit down and in the white heat of rage to produce a biting attack upon this or that institution, we can only quote the old proverb about discretion. We scatter our seed by the wayside, and we content ourselves with the hope that some will take root and bear fruit in the future. We would say further that no undergraduate can see life steadily or see it whole. 'Varsity men merely present a continuous succession of phenomena, and the unity lies outside, in the permanent population. To the dons falls the task of maintaining that unity, and it is by that standard that they should be judged not by the fact that they have or have not granted some reform, of which the benefit could at the most be but a doubtful one. And we in Queens' are bound to offer our thanks to the senior members of the college for performing their trust so excellently well, notably in the matter of the Docket Buildings. Whatever be their architectural merit, and we are aware that opinions differ, they are at the least suited to the genius of Queens', and when authority is so successful as here in maintaining the good tradition, we may confidently expect it to be no less happy in removing the little things which tend to hamper the working of that tradition.

---

**Dialiana.**

THE President was married on Tuesday, August 27th, to Miss Annie Rosa Cooke. We tender hearty, if late, congratulations and best wishes.

---

At a Fellows' Meeting at the end of last term, the Rev. J. H. Gray was elected a Tutor of the College, and Mr. C. M. Sleeman of Christ's was elected to a fellowship.

---

Congratulations to F. C. Clare on winning the B.A. Carus Greek Testament Prize. R. A. Marsh was honourably mentioned for the undergraduates' prize.

---

The Hughes Prize for an English Essay upon 'Industrial Unrest' has been awarded to B. V. F. Brackenbury, and that for a Latin Essay upon 'Alexandrine Literature' to N. Miller.

---

H. J. Thompson and C. J. Treglown played in the Seniors' Association Match, and D. Bomphrey in the Freshmen's: J. A. Burness and E. F. Duggan in the Seniors' Hockey, and R. G. Evans, E. D. Spackman and A. D. Ellison in the Freshmen's. Burness and Duggan have also played for the 'Varsity.

---

L. W. Wood and H. W. Arden both rowed in 'Varsity Trial Eights.

We have had two representatives in the Oedipus Tyrannus—J. I. Cohen, who took the part of the herdsman, and G. J. Partridge, who was in the chorus.

---

Heard last Saturday at lunch. Somebody having said that he was going to the United Services that afternoon, the host, hardly able to believe that something was happening for which he was not providing coffee, inquired eagerly in which church the meeting was being held !!!

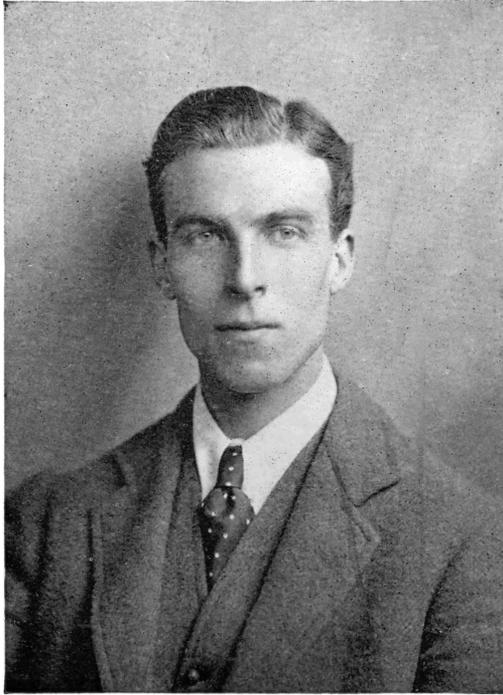
---

We must apologise for not being able this term to print the concluding article upon the Dial. We hope to be able to do so in our next number.

---

We regret to have to announce that the Finance Committee have refused to add the price of *The Dial* to the amalgamated subscription, so we shall not yet be placed on a firm financial basis.

---



*Photo by J. Palmer Clarke*

**E. H. King**

**Men of Mark.**

## XIV.

## EDMUND HAROLD KING.

EDMUND HAROLD KING was born in the year 1889. This seems to be the only reliable statement that can be made concerning his very early life. Nothing is known of the exact locality which was so honoured—even its position is forgotten—although a few of our more famous cities are exerting their investigation departments in order to claim the “Gazeka” as a product of their own. It is said with almost challenging certainty that he was a little chap, but there are inward misgivings about the verity of this statement when one is confronted with his present peculiar and original shape.

In quite early days his intellectual powers must have developed to an enormous extent in one direction. He began to condemn various well-established systems of education, and either fought desperate battles with his governesses, or originated cunning plans for the ruin of the numerous Prep. schools to which he was sent. In fact it is known that with the advent of this abnormal

child most schools were obliged to close within a term. All the usual and effective methods which induce good discipline were of no avail, and it was many days before the happy idea of a billiard cue used as an instrument of chastisement marked the turning point in a career of petty crime. It is pleasing to note, however, that from this time began a new era. He became captain of Cricket and Soccer at his seventh Prep. School, and, as though to show the versatile character of his now fast-appearing talents, succeeded in gaining the annual prize offered for neatness and order in the making of a bed. Undoubtedly the necessary extra time spent every morning, in obtaining just the requisite fold in the counterpane, has brought its own reward, for even to this day there is deep-rooted in his nature the habit of rising early.

When the "Gazeka" had reached the age of fifteen he went to Bradfield, and here found that things were not so easy to obtain as in former days; even promotion was withheld until the authorities decided that it would be more advantageous to remove him than to buy an extra large desk. On the modern side the "Gazeka" became, according to his own version, a fine strong lad, who, while improving his mind found time to exercise his body. He is said to have run a bit—here a little and there a little—whilst he played many innings at Cricket but made few runs. In the football field he was a recognisable member of the second XI., and in his last year found a place in the first. He cannot remember adding on many points to the school goal record, but performed many bewildering limb-manceuvres which positively startled the unacquainted. He never

took many prizes for work whilst at school, but it is certain that he must have clung to those things which form the foundation of a character of broad influence and utmost worth.

On leaving school our subject wandered at first in Germany and later in Switzerland. Both nations scarcely appreciated the compliment paid to them, for usually his efforts to speak any language but his own were met with suppressed laughter, whilst, as a final insult, he contracted scarlet fever during his visit and became ill on 'Xmas eve. His nurse summed him up in the only two English words of her acquaintance—pig and wheelbarrow. The former needs no explanation and the latter probably had some reference to the various positions he assumed, either when skating on his ankles or tobogganing on his breeches. It is known also that he wore the very latest costume while indulging in winter pastimes, endeavouring to make up in looks for that which he lacked in execution.

After more wanderings in Germany the "Gazeka" came to Queens'. And it is with the commencement of college life that his personality began to make itself felt on the men with whom he came in touch. The serious side of his nature revealed itself. He is a man of intense sympathy and deep sensitiveness, with which is coupled broad common sense. No one would describe him as a genius, but he has those qualities which form a man of sound judgment and keen appreciation. It seemed almost the natural course of things that he should be made Secretary, and in due course President of the Q.C.C.U. and he has thus been enabled to enlarge his number of friends so that almost all men in Queens'

have come to know him well and there are few men for whom they have more love and respect.

If the various accomplishments of the "Gazeka" and his diverse qualifications were adopted to their full a sort of *Times'* history would be the result, so these must only be mentioned in brief. He has an artistic nature and temperament although his powers of execution are limited. He is, however, a keen critic, with an unswerving instinct as to the right or wrong way of doing a thing. He has decided views on art and music, and possesses a singing voice of no mean compass, whilst in speaking his voice has an altogether unique tone. He is delightfully sensitive to all things bizarre, and fully sensible to the beauty in life and surrounding objects, varying from the shade of a chrysanthemum in the first court to the colour of the tiles in the new buildings. He is a keen athlete with the gift of enjoying his games, and is Captain of the Tennis VI. and an exponent of the Fall-flat service. At Cricket he is at his best when fielding, whilst at soccer he helps the outside right in the second XI. He occasionally puts in an appearance on the track at Fenner's where he practices his theory of going slow in order to come in first in the race after the one in which he is running. No one notices. At rugger he has an attraction for a club he has heard called the "Quins," but it is supposed this is merely owing to the colour of the vest. And last, but not least amongst his athletic achievements, he smokes a German pipe of large size and cigarettes which cause enquiry to be made as to "what's burning."

If the best estimate of a man's worth is that given by his friends, then is the subject of these lines assured

of all success. His work is always to be amongst men and in contact with the world, for he is to be ordained later on, and he will become to those persons amongst whom he works what he has become to the men who know him up here—a friend of whom they are loath to lose sight and a man who has not only been a help to other men but a man of mark in Queens’.

---

## **Fame.**

SCENE I. A staircase in a well-known college.

*Enter from below a youthful Don. He begins to ascend the stairs.*

*Shrill voice from above.* “Now then, young man, what do you want up ’ere?”

*Tableau. Blushes, reciprocated blushes. Not ’alf.*

Beg pardon, sir.....boot boy, sir,.....Mr. Piece’s rooms sir? Next staircase sir.

SCENE II. The door-way of a room in college.

*A tap at the door.* “Come in!” “About that carpet you wanted.....” “Carpet? Never ordered any carpet..... nothing further to day thanks!.....outside!”

Such is fame!

---

**Sidelights from Shakespeare.**

“Who can converse with a dumb show?”

*D. B-mphr-y.*

“Thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks.”

*L. H-w-tt.*

“He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.”

*H. C. Gr-c-.*

“Good words are better than bad strokes.”

*A. G. Ew-ng.*

“Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?”

*W. L. Emt-g-.*

“You must borrow me Gargantua’s mouth.”

*L. H. B. St-v-l-y.*

“I am a subject fit to jest withal.”

*E. H. K-ng.*

“He hath made a solemn vow never to lie and take his natural rest.”

*A. F. J. H-φw-ll.*

“He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.”

*E. W. H-ck--.*

“Forsooth! a great arithmetician.”

*G. R. S-ndf-rd.*

“O shame! where is thy blush?”

“Now is he total gules.”

*H. E. Ch-ndl-r.*

“O there has been much throwing about of brains.”

*W. S. Th-mps-n.*



The Mission Camp, 1912

## The Mission Camp, 1912.

ON a very hot Saturday about the end of June a party of about 35 of us left London Bridge at noon and, after sundry changings and waitings, arrived at New Romney at five. Here Mr. Wood met us with his car, and the cheerful news that we had before us a walk of some two-and-a-half miles. This was accomplished in time, and we were welcomed at the camp by A. D. Browne, B. L. A. Kennett, and C. J. H. Treglown, who had been thoughtful enough to have prepared tea for us.

At first, as was to be expected, the boys were in a state of wild excitement (many of them had never seen the sea before), and it was some time before they could be induced to calm down in the slightest. By about 9.30 however fatigue began to gain the upper hand, and ten o'clock saw most of us in our respective tents—and then the fun began. Of course everyone was very keen to get to sleep after the somewhat tiring day; but no such luck: sleep was rendered quite out of the question owing to the conversations (in many cases hardly confidential) which took place in the various tents. One wouldn't have conceived it possible that so many theories on the best way to get to sleep could have been put forward by such a comparatively small number of people in such a short time. Some boys preferred to sleep with the tent open, others insisted that it should be completely shut up; some wanted their heads towards the pole, others their feet; some wanted this, some that: and invariably the officer in charge had quite different ideas from everyone else. Consequently one wouldn't think of going to sleep for an hour or two, and those of us who were asleep before one or two o'clock were most fortunate.

Perhaps at this point it would be as well to describe the position and charms of the camp. The site, which is situated right on the sea about two-and-a-half miles East of New Romney, is the permanent camping-ground of the Rugby School Mission. Mr. Wood was most fortunate in being able to obtain such a site, for, besides its other advantages, such necessities as tents, blankets, cooking utensils, etc. were there waiting for us.

At this part of the coast there are no cliffs, but merely a bank of shingle at the back of which is a large-sized field where our eight tents were and which we used for playing games. Six of the tents were occupied by the boys, one by the officers, and there was one spare tent which was never used. In most cases there were two officers to each tent who took it in turns to sleep with the boys, on alternate nights sleeping in the officers' tent. Each tent took its turn at orderly duty : in some cases the cooking did not reach a very high standard of excellence. Stewed gooseberries once more proved disastrous, but this time it was the officers rather than the boys who were the sufferers. All our meals were partaken of out of doors, except when it was wet, when we used the large room, which is part of the building which the Rugby Mission authorities have erected on the site. This building adds very considerably to the advantages of the site, for, besides this room, there is a kitchen, larder, pantry, store-room, officers' mess and five or six small compartments which were placed at the disposal of the officers for their personal belongings. A glance at the photograph which accompanies this account will give readers a good idea of the excellent manners which prevailed during meals. The amount eaten during the week was colossal. King used to eat more in one meal than he is accustomed to get through in a whole week elsewhere. It may be mentioned also that the Dean, who did ample justice to every meal, was found to possess in his compartment two

huge bags of biscuits. Also on several occasions he made mysterious trips to New Romney about tea time !

The following were the officers and their duties :—

Mr. Wood was Chaplain, Bursar and Commandant.

H. M. Grace (Missioner) was understudy in the above capacities.

A. D. Browne stoked the kitchen fire and was general handy-man.

H. D. Hooper was the instigator of riots, of which E. H. King was generally the centre : this gentleman was also assistant handyman ; those present will never forget his efforts to tune the piano with a wrench borrowed from the Dean's car. H. C. White was responsible for the food for the first half of camp—he got worried easily but looked after our casual wants well. B. L. A. Kennett succeeded him—he never got worried and was a most indifferent caterer. H. C. Grace sold drinks and sweets in the canteen after meals—no balance-sheet was issued. C. E. C. Stileman was “chucker-in” : this office had only to be exercised during bathing parade. C. J. H. Treglown was responsible for the organisation of the games and was also most diplomatic at quelling disturbances. We were all very sorry that W. S. Thompson, who was then Secretary of the Mission, was unable to be present : he would certainly have afforded the boys vast amusement, a pleasure of which we trust he will not deprive them next year. We mustn't forget Mr. Willoughby, the Scoutmaster from Rotherhithe. His presence was a great asset to the success of Camp. Being himself an old soldier, who saw service in the South African war, he was indispensable to those boys (and there were many) who were not experienced campers. His cooking too was excellent and always in great demand.

The day was spent much as follows :

7 a.m.—*Reveille* : this was sounded on an obsolete bugle and

was sometimes barely audible. When the Dean and Browne were sleeping in the officers' tent at the same time it simply hadn't a chance.

- 7.15.—*Bathing parade* : Messrs. King and Stileman were at their best then : their tent was invariably the last to turn out and the first to get the biscuits.
- 8.0.—*Breakfast*, except when the above-mentioned tent were orderlies, when we had it at about 10.30. The feature of this meal was usually the Dean's speech, which dealt with the arrangements for the day.
- 9.0.—*Prayers*.
- 9.30.—*Inspection of Tents*. Mr. Willoughby's tent was by far the tidiest and won the prize, while Bulgy Hooper's were unrivalled for the "wooden spoon."
- 10—12.—*Scouting game (usually)*. This was rather fun, though what it exactly consisted of we officers couldn't tell, though we nearly all joined in. The country being very flat and rather devoid of hedges, the object seemed to be that one party should withdraw a certain distance and try and return to camp unobserved by the other party : this necessitated crawling in ditches for miles.
- 1.0.—*Dinner* : Usually a most acceptable meal after the experiences mentioned above.
- 2—6.—*Games, etc.* The afternoons were spent in various ways. Occasionally the boys went poaching, and very successful they seemed to be. As often as not, especially when wet, most of the officers and some of the boys would assemble in the canteen, which was a store-room we used for the purpose, and chat, consuming at the same time incredible quantities of chocolate and "monsters" : some of the officers were particularly good at this.

6.0.—*Tea.*

7.30.—*Sing-song* (alternate nights). These were a great success Kennett was always much appreciated ; most of the other officers contributed in one way or another. Some of the boys too were most amusing, not to say clever, performers.

8.30.—*Cocoa.*

9.0.—*Prayers.*

10.0.—*Lights out for boys.*

Thus the week passed only too quickly. Until one has been to a camp of this description it is very hard to realise how very enjoyable it can be and is. It is to be hoped that many of those officers who were helping this year will be present again next year, and also that others from the College, who have not yet been, will be able to go next year. Those who are in doubt if they would be of any use or are afraid of coming for any other such reason, can safely put all such considerations aside. There is no one, who is in the least interested in such work (and it can hardly be called work—it's more pleasure), that cannot in some way or another help to give those boys a happy week. Let it be remembered that the object of Camp is not only to give the boys a happy week but also to try and set them up in every way for their life and work when they return to London. So to all those who are in doubt whether or not to go to Camp next year, all we have to say is "by all means come" ; you will have a good time and you may be sure that the very fact of your presence is helping to bring pleasure to boys who very rarely know what pleasure is.

H. C. G.

---

**Q. C. B. C.**

## THE MAY BOAT.

THE MAY BOAT achieved its ambition and ascended into the 1st Division. We bumped Sidney after a hard race, Corpus without much difficulty, and Christ's easily, on the third night, after which we nearly overbumped Selwyn in the 1st Division. An easy row over on the fourth night was followed by an early bump on Magdalene.

Our best thanks are due to Messrs. A. Drewe, G. Tower, and D. F. F. Shennan of 3rd Trinity B. C., for their painstaking coaching.

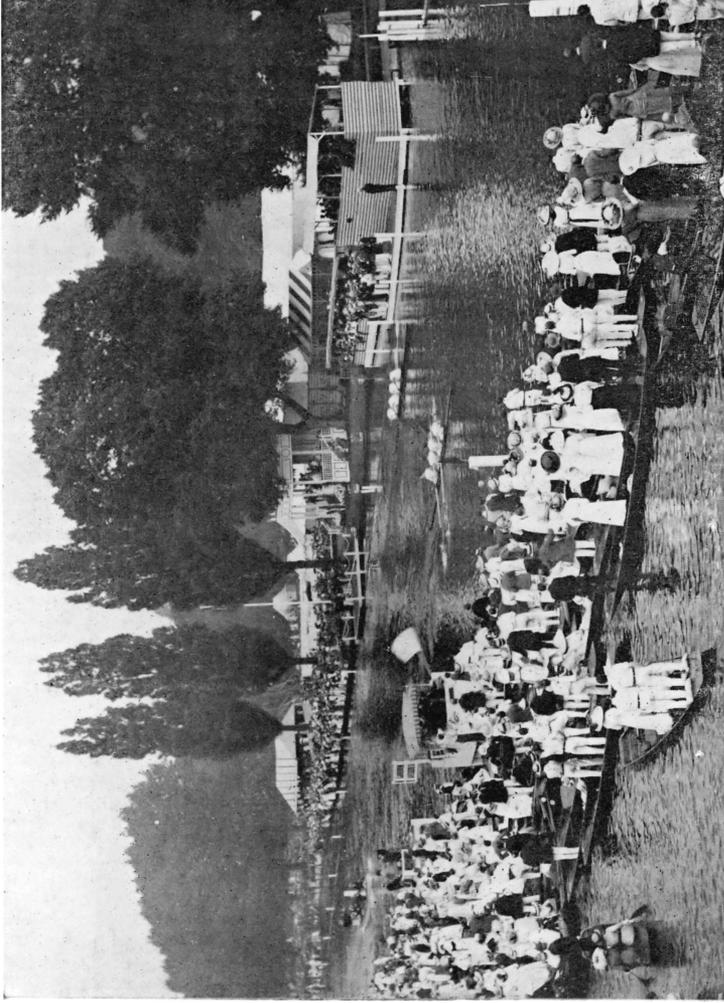
## THE MAY BOAT.

*Bow* M. H. B. Scott  
 2 C. R. W. Tindall  
 3 P. H. Turnbull  
 4 F. R. W. Hunt  
 5 W. H. Ferguson  
 6 B. M. Kennett  
 7 L. W. Wood  
*Str.* H. W. Arden  
*Cox* W. N. Craigs

The Second May Boat was defeated by Sidney in the Getting-on Races.

## GETTING-ON-BOAT CHARACTERS.

*Bow* *W. D. Geare.* A pretty figure head.  
 2 *E. S. Orme.* Must use his legs.  
 3 *H. D. Toivonend.* Has improved a lot; must try not to use his arms.  
 4 *C. L. Nightingale.* Short forward. Very pronounced recovery.  
 5 *H. Lee.* The mainstay of the boat.  
 6 *A. D. Browne.* Worked hard, but by no means a beautiful oar.  
 7 *C. A. Page.* Rides his slide up and does not use his legs enough.  
*Str.* *E. A. Barltrop.* The longest man in the boat.  
*Cox* *P. H. Parker.* Steered well. Might learn to use his voice more.



*Photo by Marshall, Henley*

**Queens' Four winning the Wyfolds' Challenge Cup at Henley**

## THE HENLEY FOUR.

The Henley Four more than justified its entry. The Four did not show up well until within three or four days of the Regatta, when they succeeded in getting together and sitting their boat. On Wednesday, July 3rd, Henley Rowing Club were easily defeated by about five lengths. On Thursday Trinity Hall were beaten by three lengths. On Friday London Hospital, the favourites, were defeated by  $1\frac{3}{4}$  lengths.

The final on Saturday against London R. C. was by far the hardest race. London led by half-a-length at the half-mile. After Fawley Queens' spurred, taking the lead at the three-quarter mile, and finally winning by one length.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. Shove of First Trinity B. C., for his excellent coaching of the four.

## THE LIGHT FOUR.

There is only one thing to be said of the Light Four, so we will not say it. See *Sportsman*, *Cambridge Review*, *Cambridge Magazine*, *Sporting Life*, *Field*, etc., etc.

A hearty vote of thanks is due to Corpus, who very kindly lent us their boat for both the Henley and Coxswainless Fours.

M. H. B. S.

## HENLEY ACCOUNT, 1912.

<b>Receipts.</b>		<b>£</b>	<b>s.</b>	<b>d.</b>	<b>Expenses.</b>				
Rev. T. H. Cleworth	...	10	0	0	Cheque Book and Stamps	...	5	0	0
Rev. H. J. Cossar	...	1	0	0	C. Taylor (Boatman's Wages)	...	13	0	0
Rev. D. Hoole	...	10	6	0	Packer (Crew's Board and Lodging)	...	39	12	5
J. Hughes-Games	...	5	0	0	Keene's (for Horses)	...	1	5	6
Rev. R. Mackrell	...	2	0	0	Hedderley (for Horse)	...	10	6	0
H. R. Malden	...	2	2	0	Hawker (for Teas)	...	16	0	0
J. K. Manooch	...	1	1	0	Henley Royal Regatta Entertainment Fund	...	1	1	0
Rev. A. C. Maynard	...	2	6	0	Tips to Servants, Ferryman, Boatmen, and Carter	...	2	2	6
L. Fabricius	...	3	3	0	Insurance and Carriage of Wyfold Cup from Henley to Cambridge	...	4	9	0
Sir Samuel B. Provis	...	1	1	0	Pocock (for carriage of Boat to and from Henley)	...	3	13	4
W. H. Webbe	...	1	1	0	Stearn (for painting Oars)	...	4	4	0
Rev. P. Wyatt	...	5	0	0	<i>The Dial</i> (for printing Accounts)	...	6	0	0
Dr. and Mrs. Haig Ferguson	...	24	13	6	Munsey (for engraving Wyfold Cup)	...	5	6	0
Fellows of the College	...	20	7	0	Entrance Fee for "Four"	...	3	3	0
Members of the College	...	25	0	0					
Members of the Crew	...								
					Balance in Hand	...	70	9	6
							17	17	0
							<u>£88</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>6</u>

Examined and found correct

C. M. SLEEMAN,  
November 19, 1912.

The Balance in hand has been paid over to the "New Boat Fund."

## Q. C. R. U. F. C.

## TEAM CHARACTERS.

- O. Tindall (Capt.) (Back.)* Has improved considerably upon last season's form. His kicking is very powerful. As a captain he has showed ability to lead, except on one memorable occasion (*vive le sport!*).
- P. A. T. Simey (Hon. Sec.) (Three-quarter.)* The scoring member of the side. Has played consistently well throughout the season. His resource is admirable and his swerve and pace most effective.
- M. W. Sayer. (Forward.)* Exhorts the scrum to great things. Has demonstrated his ability as an effective winger. His kicking is rather wild.
- G. Storey. (Forward.)* A most useful member of the side. Can play in any position with facility. Is very plucky in defence.
- D. W. Irving. (Forward.)* A hard working forward. Always on the ball. Tackles well. Is no less successful as a three-quarter.
- H. M. Tulloch. (Three quarter.)* Sports a 'Quin' Tie (What!) Fast wing three-quarter. Made more use of his pace than of his hands, played well on several occasions. Supported the Captain admirably.
- G. R. Sandford. (Forward.)* Unfortunately on the light side, but is fast in the loose. Uses his feet well, and is a safe tackle. Plays a hard game.
- C. E. C. Stileman. (Three-quarter.)* Is handicapped by being unable to play in spectacles. Is pretty sound in defence, and kicks well, but should time his passes more accurately.
- M. B. Lewis. (Forward.)* A great asset to the 'grovel, Plays an exceptionally hard and good game. Is very effective 'on the loose,' but is equally good in the 'tight.'

- J. P. Dalley.* Plays a keen game. Is most useful at the line out. Dribbles well.
- L. S. Ward. (Half-back.)* When able to play has distinguished himself. Exhibits a tendency to drop passes.
- J. R. Handford. (Forward.)* Shows considerable disregard for opposing forwards. Is quite good on defence, but is too slow on deciding what to do.
- H. J. Hallett. (Three-quarter.)* Good at times, but his passing is too erratic. Plays a keen game.
- G. J. Partridge. (Half-back.)* Plays a very clean game, and uses his hands well. He is inclined to be slow, and does not kick quite enough.
- J. W. Nicholl. (Forward.)* Makes a very good hard working forward, and possesses plenty of weight.
- C. P. Dutt. (Forward.)* Follows up well and keeps on the ball. A sound tackler, but lacks weight.
-

## The Quærists.

THIS term has been well occupied. Except for the first Wednesday, only one was left without a fixture—and 'Patience' claimed us then. The programme was as follows :—

- |      |     |   |                 |
|------|-----|---|-----------------|
| Oct. | 23. | 'Erasmus' ... ..                          | P. A. Tharp.    |
| ,,   | 30. | Massinger's 'A New Way to Pay old Debts.' |                 |
| Nov. | 13. | 'Charles Lamb' ... ..                     | J. R. Wade.     |
| ,,   | 20. | Shaw's 'You Never Can Tell.'              |                 |
| ,,   | 27. | 'Free Will' ... ..                        | W. S. Thompson. |

We should like to remind non-members that though there is a process of election, the only condition of proposal for membership is attendance at one meeting. The cloud of mystery which surrounds the dealings of the Quærists (please note *not* Queerists) is, so to say, ungrounded; and our tastes and aspirations are very Catholic. Let no one urge timidity as an excuse for jilting the Muses!

---

## Q. C. C. U.

FRIDAY night meetings have been quite successful. Unfortunately the President's health would not allow him to speak on October 18th, but the Tutor kindly leapt into the breach. Three of the speakers were foreign to Cambridge: all these were Oxonians. Numbers have ranged from 40 to 50 on the average: the discussions were fairly good. So much for the intellectual efforts. As to the devotional, it is a great pity that a feeling of shyness and even of suspicion exists about the Tuesday night meetings: to the many who

would like to come, but perhaps feel afraid of them, we would say that there truly is nothing to be afraid of, and that united devotional efforts like these are necessary to the life of the union. Further we would remind freshmen and others that the Study Bands of which they seem to fight shy are informal: they are neither lectures nor prayer meetings, and are very useful to any who do not think they already know everything about the Christian religion. Lastly, we should like to thank those who have very kindly lent their rooms to the Q. C. C. U.

---

### St. Bernard Society.

THE Seniors' concert was good: the Freshers' not quite all we expected. Somehow there was not enough go about it. Yet Mr. Halse is a valuable asset to any musical nucleus crew, being able to play all instruments ranging from a twenty-three manual organ to a tooth pick, including the double-treble (*sic*—we have this on the authority of a *really very* musical friend). Then Mr. Partridge has a nice voice and knows how to use it; and Mr. Pedley, like his brother, is a very pleasant and capable pianist. We hope next term to hear the quartette which collapsed for lack of music.

Debates have improved: the Seniors' was good, the Freshers' better. Mr. Cullen spoke clearly and to the point: others were sound, though dull—this perhaps was due to nervousness. Of novices among the Seniors, Mr. Grace was a great success, albeit his manner of speech is pump-handley. There will be an inter-collegiate debate next term: for further particulars see small handbills.

## Q. C. C. C.

## BATTING AVERAGES, 1912.

Name.	No. of Innings.	Times not out.	Highest score.	Total runs.	Average.
E. F. Duggan .....	13	7	47*	301	50·1
C. J. Treglown.....	13	3	102*	499	49·9
A. F. Hopewell .....	14	1	108	586	45·07
C. E. Durrant.....	14	0	77	377	26·9
B. E. Dreyfus .....	7	1	85	141	23·5
W. Thursby .....	5	1	44	88	22
C. O. Skey .....	8	3	23*	82	16·4
C. H. Skey .....	12	3	49*	110	12·2
H. C. Grace .....	11	1	24	109	10·9
H. J. L. Leigh-Clare ...	6	0	23	59	9·8
P. Ingleson .....	5	1	11	22	5·5
N. Langley-Smith .....	8	1	15	33	4·7

\* Signifies not out.

## BOWLING AVERAGES.

Name.	Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
C. E. Durrant .....	100·5	463	27	17·1
H. J. Leigh-Clare ...	109	432	20	21·6
A. F. Hopewell .....	65	315	14	22·5
C. H. Skey .....	177	720	30	24
W. Thursby.....	30	146	5	29·2
N. Langley-Smith ...	93	455	13	35
P. Ingleson .....	34	161	4	40·2

---

### POETS I HAVE KNOWN.—I.

HE was a scrubby little man with a straggling beard and he had a way of bending towards you and tapping your chest in his moments of extreme earnestness. Then he would start back and stand admiring the effect of his words. He was a watchmaker and that is how I first came to know him.

Hardly had he estimated the possible damage done to the watch I tendered him when he plunged *in medias res*. "Are you fond of poetry, sir?" he asked, and went on "I do a little bit in that line meself." Here he handed me a postcard, on the back of which was printed an "Ode to the Moon." I just caught the first few lines—

O Moon, how much we owe to thee!  
 "Our life"? Aye more—our right to be!  
 Without thy pleading, outstretched arms  
 This world for me would have no charms!

"Written in Shelley's style, sir. Ah! Shelley's a fine poet, but he don't make you think, just words, empty words. Now I write to make people think. Listen to this," and he declaimed in a voice full of pride,

This whirling world of ours was a tear dropped from  
 the Sun's golden eye; a tear, rounding as it fell, moulding  
 the magic of our lives.

"There's poetry in that. See? this world is just a tear drop. Beautiful idea, isn't it?" I murmured "Beautiful," as he resumed,

Without the mystery of that emotional moistening  
 these words would never have been formed.

I tried to realise the case, and as he handed me the card I read at the bottom "Buy Jones's alarms."

"You see, sir, I've read a good deal of astronomy. Ball's *'Igh 'Eavens* and 'is other books; and astronomy does make you think, and I try to make others think. But it's difficult. People don't want to think. Now here's something to think about." He handed me a card labelled Jones's Thought Tabloids.

"Seven times round the Earth in a second is the speed of light....."

"But I'm not so much an original thinker myself. I'm rather like 'Erschel. I put into words other men's ideas. I clothe their bare ideas in a poetical dress. I like trying all styles."

"'Ow do you pronounce 'microbe'?" he asked suddenly. "Ah, that's a pity, it spoils my rhyme. This is what I had written :

I know it's there but cannot see  
The tiny little microbé.

Sometimes the law of rhyme had to be relaxed a little, as witness the following couplet ("Pope's style, sir.")

And when this earth, like molten iron, *cooled*  
And countless ages passed—life's path was *smoothed*.

"I sometimes send my stuff up to these big men. My Ode to the Moon being astronomical I sent to Sir Robert Ball. (I'm a disciple of 'is). The Modern Psalmist I sent to Mr. Balfour, this little bit I appropriately sent to Canon 'Orsley." This last 'little bit' was satiric.

"All things are yours, my friends," the speaker said.  
The judge says "Ten days hard for stealing bread."

“I’ve got a lot of very nice letters from them all. I’ll shew ’em to you.

“It don’t take me long to write these things. Sometimes a line comes to me during breakfast and I finish ’em off afterwards. Then that first line or two determines the metre of the rest of the poem. This ’ere now, I thought of quite sudden like,

I know the meaning of the stars  
I’ve conned the lesson well.....

Written in ballad style you see, just from those first two lines.

But perhaps he spent too many of his mornings working out poetical ideas for I had to make several visits to recover my watch, whereby I acquired a considerable amount of doggerel verse and trite ‘Thoughts.’

---

## The Long.

THE Yankee who does "Queens'" in the Long expecting to find only perambulating porters and dilapidated dons, seems surprised when he finds younger objects of interest on view—generally playing at bowls. Moreover we should like to express our sympathy with the American lady who "guessed she would like to have supper under that walnut tree," and after a sufficiently short visit, "reckoned she was going straight back to found a girl's school over there on the same lines." But enough of bagatelles.

The weather in the Long at first was good, and for one week many of us brought mattresses out and slept on them in the court with the earwigs: the aforesaid animals causing great disturbances in the morning among the bedders who eagerly chased them or rather were chased by them.

On some occasions many of us showed great proclivities for climbing, and the efforts of one of the Fellows in residence at the time, to prevent men from roosting on scaffolding poles, ledges or walls, if not entirely successful, were very praiseworthy and much appreciated: others again insisted upon descending the College coal hole, an entertainment which brought an admiring audience to the window of the Combination Room.

We had always understood that we should not be allowed to break tens in the Long, but truly the College had "its exits and its entrances" after that hour.

The "variety" at the theatre proved an attraction to some, and the charms of the Mammoth Show were irresistible to those who stayed up for it.

The important cricket match of the Long was against Corpus: it was played in fancy dress: Queens' were captained by a handsome dashing suffragette of massive proportions bearing an ominous looking hammer, and escorted by her father the mayor whose corporation, suitably attired in a tasteful striped bathing suit, preceded him throughout the game. We were unfortunately beaten owing perhaps to some dainty bowling by pretty Gertrude Yencken the Corpus captain; another very successful match was against the Gyps, followed in the evening by a concert of which our recollections are rather mixed. Mr. Chamberlayne posed as Henry VIII., Aunt Matilda's guide round town, etc. Mr. George sang his immortal account of the Grecian bend: we also heard how boots march up and down again. The concert considerably raised the spirits of the hardworkers, and one of our eldest and most learned was seen later in the evening playing with daisy roots across the court and embracing lamp-posts.

We should like to take this opportunity of offering our heartiest congratulations to the President on his marriage.

Meanwhile amid "the hammering of innumerable beams" we tried to work. "But *did* you work? Yes.

Here with some eatables beneath the bough  
A coffee pot, a book for work, and thou  
Beside me leaning 'gainst the walnut tree,  
And walnut tree is paradise enow.

---



**The New Buildings from Queens' Lane**

## The New Buildings.

(From an article in the *Sunday Times* of October 6, 1912, by Ladbroke Black. We regret that considerations of space have made it necessary to cut down the article).

THERE exists between Oxford and Cambridge men a certain light-hearted dispute as to the æsthetic values of their respective universities. If the former figuratively brandishes the High as an object to which Cambridge can find no parallel, the latter inevitably retorts with a glowing dissertation on the beauties of the Backs. It is a dispute, I suppose, that will never be settled but will last as long as Oxford and Cambridge themselves.

In a lesser degree this same feeling exists between members of the various colleges of a university. It is difficult to get one man to admit that another man's college is more beautiful than his own. For my own part, for example, sentiment, and perhaps ignorance—the component parts of prejudice—make me convinced that Queens' is far and away the most beautiful college in Cambridge.

Of the history of the college it would be impossible to tell here. Everybody knows that the great Erasmus took up his residence at Queens' on the occasion of his third and longest visit to England, though why he should have stayed in Cambridge instead of Oxford, where

he had already formed, on the occasion of his previous visits, such friendly and intimate associations with Dean Colet, of the college of St. Mary's, and Thomas More, has never been explained.

It was probably in the top story of the turret at the south-west angle of the first court that he prepared the greater part of his famous Greek New Testament—a work which, as somebody has said, caused Greece to rise from the dead with the New Testament in her hand. In that small space the seeds of the Renaissance were sown.

To describe Queens' would require either the dreary precision of a guide book or the space of a good-sized volume. To us who know and love the place it would be like "peeping and botanizing" upon one's mother's grave, to probe and weigh the architectural merits of the place. We think only of it in terms of sentimental association. As I write I learn for the first time that Sir Isaac Newton's sun-dial in the first court was never made by Sir Isaac, but so many of us have got into the habit of believing that it was Sir Isaac's sun-dial and to have forgiven him, because of that sun-dial, for the laws of gravity and all the perplexity we suffered as the result of those laws, that I feel like defending the old tradition in the face of all evidence to the contrary.

There is the old Cloister Court where generations of students, for nearly five hundred years, have walked and dreamed their dreams. There is the bridge and the river and the Grove, and the beautiful President's Lodge that used to be so awe-inspiring, and the Walnut-Tree Court with its great oblong of green lawn across

which we walked at our peril, and the new chapel at which, in our folly, some of us shirked attendance as often as we could—and then the New Court.

Queens' has grown until it has now reached the extreme limit of its expansion. Old Andrew Dockett, the founder, among his many other good works, left money for certain almshouses. They stood just at the corner of King's, and they were as plain and ugly as only almshouses can be. These have now been swept away and, under a scheme approved by the Charity Commissioners, Andrew Dockett's charitable bequest has been converted into a form of weekly pension. Where they stood, there now rises the extremely handsome block of buildings, designed by Mr. Cecil G. Hare and built by Messrs. Rattee and Kett, of Cambridge, with that Roman fastidiousness which regards every erection as a monument for the future until the end of time.

They have been christened the Dockett Buildings, and last Wednesday they were solemnly dedicated by the Bishop of Ely, the late president of Queens'. From all parts of the country graduates came up to their old college to be present on the occasion.

Do you remember Leonard Meyrick's charming book, "Conrad in Search of His Youth"? In those delightful pages Conrad, middle-aged, tries to pick up the threads and the atmosphere of the past and is met with one terrible disillusionment after another. It requires an occasion such as I am writing about to perform what, after all, is in the nature of a miracle. It is perhaps because the life of a college never changes in essentials and does not in Tennyson's terribly hackneyed phrase move on, "broadening down from precedent to pre-

cedent," that one is able there to shake off all the intervening years and to feel nineteen again.

We walked in procession from the cloister court, the choir in front, followed by the Bishop and the college fellows, and then a long line of black-gowned men, and as we walked we sang that most beautiful of all hymns, "O! God, our help in ages past." Then near the new buildings we halted.

"Except the Lord built the house." We heard the Bishop's voice, clear and distinct, a long way off, and we answered, "Their labour is but lost that build it." And then again, "Except the Lord keep the city," and we all replied, "The watchman waketh but in vain." "In the faith of Jesus Christ" the building was then dedicated to the Glory of God, in the name of the Trinity. Two brief prayers followed, commending those who should live and study in the building to God's gracious keeping and guidance, and then we all passed into the chapel for evensong.

For myself, I never recall a more impressive service. The glorious prose of the prayer-book seemed to take on a new beauty and dignity. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." The words of the special psalm selected seemed to have a reality and an appeal such as they never had before. We remembered those who were absent in our prayers, friends scattered all over the world, friends no longer members of the Church Militant, and almost it seemed that we could feel them all with us, sitting there with their familiar faces and their familiar gowns.

We all slept that night in college, resting once more among the old scenes, and the following morning we partook of the sacrament together, old and young, dis-

tinguished and undistinguished. For the first time I appreciated the real meaning of Alma Mater in that sense of relationship which bound us all together.

To pass out of the college gate and to go back once more to London was like passing from a life of realities into an existence of never-ending perplexing dreams.



**Pontis Parabola.**

A MYSTICAL SONNET.

*(This remarkable, and we hope, pseudonymous work has come into our hands, and feeling that it was not sufficiently clear in meaning we sought the help of a notorious member of the College. His explanation is given below).*

**G**REAT men some things achieve which prove too  
 great  
 For lowly spheres of vulgar faculties,  
 But this, a mere (albeit ingenious) piece  
 Of human handiwork, has even beat  
 The fond assays of brains, which plume and prate  
 Upon their skill'd and famed abilities,  
 Their vain attempts to get the secret keys  
 That would have oped, they ween, this "guarded gate."  
 "The works of God undone we can't re-do :"  
 This bridge was once undone—Who could refit ?  
 What ergo, say ? but leave this logic there  
 For those who, on their oars, will spend their wit  
 To praise and laud, acclaim and marvel too  
 The masterpiece that Chronos did not spare.

K.

---

This poem, to be understood aright, must be regarded with illumined eyes. Its subject is the Queens' Bridge—not the mere construction of wood, but the *real* Queens' Bridge, a Thing-in-

itself, dwelling beyond the Three, in the innermost Empyrean. Everybody knows the mere history of the Bridge, that it was *not* designed by Sir Isaac Newton nor set up without a nail. The tragic story of how it was taken to pieces by some clumsy wight who failed to rebuild it as before belongs not only to the Realm of Myth but also to that of Metaphysics, as the poet here skilfully shows. Mist and Mysticism being curiously allied, we need not be surprised if to the uninitiated mind a mystical sonnet be not sufficiently lucid in meaning. For such we append the following notes.

2. *Lowly spheres*.—Refers to Pythagorean theory of Seven Celestial Spheres. Some were below the others, hence called "lowly." "*Vulgar faculties*" has to do either with Mathematics or Bio-psychology.

3. *Mere (albeit ingenious)*.—The poet clearly sees that a "mere piece" is not necessarily an "ingenious" one.

5. *Fond*—used in its Shakespearian sense of "foolish." *Assay* is an interesting way of writing Essay. The poet, of course, refers to his own humble efforts.

7. *Vain attempts*—in apposition to "abilities." Brains usually *do* plume upon their vain attempts.

8. The priceless concept in this line is beyond the power of pen to describe. The crudeness of the words is compensated, and amply, by the grandeur of psychic insight. The "guarded gate" is an apotheosis of the Cloister Gate in the "Gate of Initiation."

9. A quotation from the words of the immortal Katsukawa Shunsho. The necessities of metre somewhat hamper the English of the translation.

11. *Ergo*.—This strange word has evidently a deep mystic significance. Great Cabalistic potencies hang upon it. The letters, if reversed, appear in the form OGRE, in itself an interesting and astonishing fact.

13. "Acclaiming a masterpiece" is fairly simple. It takes a poet to "marvel" it. Will Chronos spare this (i.e. the poet's) masterpiece? Ah! I wonder . . . .



**Tripes Lists, 1912.****MORAL SCIENCES.**

L. C. Robertson, 3rd.

Ds. C. Schwartz, 3rd.

**MECHANICAL SCIENCES.**

F. W. Gardner, 1st.

**MEDIAEVAL AND MODERN LANGUAGES.**

F. E. M. Cortazzi, 3rd.

**ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.**

A. Jephcott, 1st.

E. J. B. M. Kennett, 2nd.

H. B. Thompson, 2nd.

**HISTORICAL. PART I.**

B. V. F. Brackenbury, 3rd.

**HISTORICAL. PART II.**

S. R. Gibson, 1st.

T. H. L. Stebbing, II. 1.

C. Robbins, II. 1.

B. Heading, 3rd.

**LAW.**W. N. Craigs, (*excused General*).**THEOLOGICAL. PART I.**

R. A. Marsh, 1st.

J. W. Partridge, 2nd.

F. A. Redwood, 1st.

W. H. Padget, 3rd.

I. McN. Smith, 3rd.

**THEOLOGICAL. PART II.**

Ds. F. C. Clare, 2nd.

NATURAL SCIENCES. PART I.

S. J. Cowell, 1st.	G. A. Perry, 2nd.
A. D. Hayward, 1st.	J. R. Harris, 3rd.
M. Thompson, 1st.	Ds. H. P. Sparling, 3rd.
D. W. Cutler, 2nd.	P. H. Turnbull ( <i>allowed Ordinary</i> ).

NATURAL SCIENCES. PART II.

J. T. Scott, 1st.	C. A. Herapath, 2nd.
R. H. Atkinson, 2nd.	Ds. H. W. Lee, 2nd.
Ds. S. N. Mukarji, 3rd.	

CLASSICAL.

A. E. P. Sloman, II. 1.	A. E. Wild, II. 1.
J. R. Wade, II. 1.	G. M. Wylie, II. 1.
B. E. Dreyfus, II. 3.	

MATHEMATICS. PART I.

H. D. Anthony, 1st.	J. R. McKnight, 2nd.
H. J. Hallett, 1st.	K. Savage, 3rd.
G. R. Sandford, 1st.	H. L. C. Smith, 3rd.

MATHEMATICS. PART II.

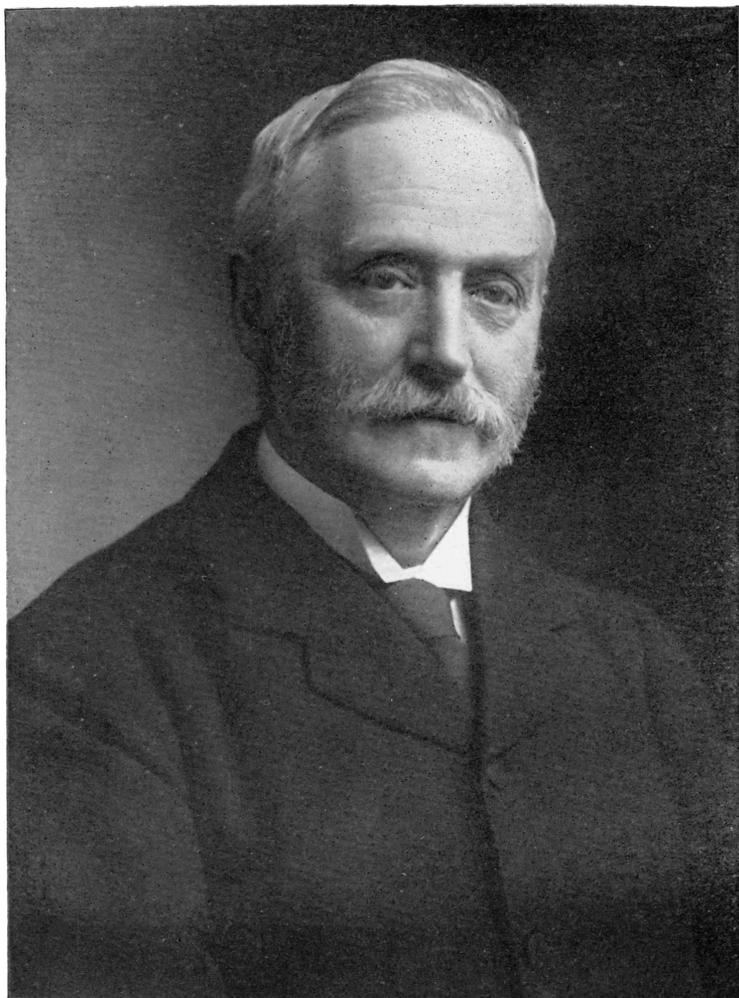
E. M. Daltroff, 1st.	A. E. Ball, 2nd.
L. W. Wood, 2nd.	



**Distinguished Old Queens' Men.**

SIR S. B. PROVIS. K.C.B.

SIR SAMUEL BUTLER PROVIS, K.C.B., one of the most loyal of all Old Queens' Men, has rendered distinguished service to the State. He hails from Warminster, where he was born in 1845. He was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1866, and was a Junior Optime in the Mathematical Tripos of 1869. Almost directly after leaving Cambridge, he was appointed Junior Legal Assistant to the Local Government Board, of which he later became Assistant Secretary from 1882 to 1889 and Permanent Under Secretary from 1898 to 1910. He is a man of experience and authority, whose advice and knowledge have always been welcomed and always eagerly sought. He was a member of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws and Relief of Distress which sat from 1905 to 1908. In 1910, when he retired from the Local Government Board, he could claim to have fully earned that *otium cum dignitate*, for which Cicero unavailingly strove. But, even since his retirement, he has not been permitted to rest, for he now acts as Chairman of the Committee appointed by Mr. Burns to consolidate and amend the Orders and Regulations relating to the Poor Law. Of his honours, suffice it here to say that he was made C.B. in 1887 and K.C.B. in 1901. Queens' College can have no better ambition than to provide the State with public servants of the stamp of Sir Samuel Provis.



*Photo by Elliott & Fry*

**Sir S. B. Provis, K.C.B.**

## **Camp, Aldershot, 1912.**

THE march of science is very sad. It is also somewhat useful at times, but one feels it trying when it destroys one's ancient haunts and drives one to fresh pastures. I refer of course to Aldershot and the aeroplanes. Also incidentally to washing and its accompaniments.

There is one advantage that Aldershot has over all the Tidworths and Bordon's in the world ; one can at least wash in comfort, and more often than twice a week, if you are an enthusiast. And we all know what Tidworth lacks in this respect : I once knew a man in the Public Schools Camp who washed every day, but he was an officer.

Still, we groan rather in futurity : we did have our Farnboro' this year and we enjoyed it as much as usual, which is saying something, and were not so roasted as last year, which is saying a lot : you can wet a man through and through, and he will swear, repeat himself, then remain quiet, but take him out in the sun, temperature about 90 in the shade, and you can have a regular Modern Language Coach free, gratis, and for nothing.

Its a pleasant business, this playing at soldiers, especially in the C. U. O. T. C. We don't pretend to overmuch usefulness, but we do give ourselves the chance of getting a little glimpse at the harder side of the game, and it pays now, in health and enjoyment, and it will pay, in case we have to adopt compulsory service or if at the worst we have a large war, and there is need, as there will be, of volunteers, trained or untrained, to take the places of men killed in battle.

Our only regret is that there are so few men in the Queens' section : we would prefer a whole company to ourselves, and we are a big enough college to do it : there are several colleges with separate companies to themselves, that turn up on parade with fewer men than we have.

But to get to camp itself. There were three different parties this year, and we had no Coronation festivities to interrupt, so we had a very decent unbroken course of training. Our manoeuvre grounds this year differed from last, for which a sigh of relief went up on all sides, for the Long Valley, though possessing its points, is apt to weary after a few field-days spent wholly in wandering over and, in muddy or windy days, through it. This year we were given the areas around the Fox Hills and Sandhurst. Both were some distance away from Farnborough, and the marches were long, but the Company came through all its tests in a fashion which at times brought tears to the eyes of our excellent officer, Mr. Wilson. It was often a pathetic sight to watch his emotion, especially on the all-night affair on Tunnel Hill and thereabouts. On the whole, the schemes found favour in our eyes, especially the one on the last day, when Queens' made a point of really brilliant individual action, especially No. 3 tent, whose general scouting in the direction of the canteen was a special feature of hot days.

The social side of camp, too, was a success : the sing-songs were on the whole very successful affairs, Colonel Edwards being in great demand for his various *chef-d'oeuvres*, as were also our witty parodists, who resided mainly in the officers lines.

We have one great regret, This vac. we were surprised and grieved to hear that Sergeant Major Cordon, just lately

promoted to that rank this year, had succumbed to pneumonia, caught at Bisley in July. We shall miss him : no one who has shot his course at the range can have failed to appreciate his particular interest in each individual man, even when the performance consisted of a succession of shots which must have pained his marksman's soul. And lately, too, in camp he was a veritable gem in the way of Sergt.-Majors, his unfailing cheerfulness being a thing not too highly to be praised.

Well, camp is over and done with for another year : let us hope that next year we shall have such a show of Queens' men as will enable us to have at least a half-company to ourselves; then we may take the place which our natural warlike genius deserves and demands.

## Old Queens' Men.

### OBITUARY.

*M. L. Munesinghe* died in August.

### ORDINATIONS.

The following were ordained in September :

*C. M. Smith*

*S. B. Baron*, Holy Trinity, Scarborough.

*A. Seymour*, Torrington, Devon.

*A. C. Champion*, St. James', Moss Side, Manchester.

*J. K. Best*, St. Cuthbert's, Lytham.

*H. M. Grace*, Hull.

*E. A. B. Royds*, West Ham.

The following are to be ordained at Advent.

*E. W. Selwyn*, Christ Church, Bermondsey

*W. H. Padget*, St. George's, Barnsley.

*R. F. Bale*, Clapham, Yorks.

*A. F. Ritchie*, St. Paul's, Southport.

*G. S. Gwillim*, St. Mary Magdalene's, Oxford.

*J. Kingdon*, Christ Church, Rotherhithe.

---

*Rev. L. M. Andrews* is sailing this December to join the Bush Brotherhood in Australia.

*J. B. Whitfield* is taking up missionary work at St. John's College, Agra.

LAITY.

*W. G. Butler*, who is a master at Christ's Hospital and was formerly organist at Queens', was married on August 15th.

*C. W. Parnell* has been appointed organist at St. Saviour's, Brixton.

*F. W. Gardner* is now in engineering works at Newcastle.

*A. D. Browne* is in Yarrow's at Glasgow. Early hours and the tyranny of trade unions are bringing him over to a sensible view of politics. (Later—we are requested to contradict this rumour).

*E. J. B. M. Kennett* is at Egerton Hall, Manchester.

*H. D. Hooper* is doing medicine at Livingstone College, Leyton.

*G. H. Crump* is a master at Sherborne Junior School.

*J. A. Burton* has given up medicine and has become an accountant. He spends most week-ends at Queens'.

*S. N. Mukarji* has gone to lecture at St. Stephen's, Delhi.

*L. F. Schooling* has, we hear, received an appointment as clerk in the House of Commons.

*H. B. Thompson* has been lucky enough to be taken to Egypt with Professor Flinders Petrie.

*A. E. P. Stoman* is at Neuchatel, mastering the intricacies of the French language. He finds mixed doubles very good practice.

*P. H. Turnbull* is at Bishop's Hostel, Liverpool.

*L. Infeld* has been appointed to a post on the Insurance Commission.

*S. R. Gibson* and *T. H. L. Stebbing* have both become masters.

*A. E. Ball* has been appointed to the staff of Dorchester Grammar School as senior mathematical master and house-master in the School House.

**'Xmas Publications.**

“The oar I *was* at Henley.” *L. W. W--d.*

“Thoughts on thumb-nails.” *G. H. F. W.*

“How to make a coffee-stall pay.” *H. C. Wh-t-.*

“Puff-puffs,” by a signalman of forty years standing

*P. A. C-rt--s* writes “I can heartily recommend this.”

“I and my Family,” by *J. R. H-ndf-rd.*

“The Pace and how to run it,” by *B. L. A. K-nn-tt*, Editor of “Tiresome Tags and Feeble Phrases.” (What about them 'addicks?)

“The Digestive Organs,” by *W. H. F.*, author of ‘The Rumlbers.’

“The Double Life,” by *Messrs. C--ch.*

“How to be happy, though modest,” by *G. J. P-rtr-dg-*.

---

## Correspondence.

*To the Editor of The Dial.*

DEAR SIR,

I presume that the function of a magazine is partly at least to give an opportunity to the general public of suggesting improvements in the organisation of whatever system is of public interest. That being so, I should like to cite two cases that have occurred within my knowledge of what can hardly be regarded as other than either gross negligence or gross ignorance of duty on the part of some or all of our porters.

The first case occurred when at the beginning of term a box or case, I forget which, arrived by 'goods' carriage at the Porter's Lodge properly addressed. As the consignee was not yet up the box was returned to the station by the porters who refused to pay the carriage.

The second case was one in which a small parcel (containing a newspaper and letters as a matter of fact) arrived without an extra halfpenny stamp and consequently a penny was required before delivery.

This likewise the porter refused to pay.

Now my objection to their action does not lie in their refusal to pay without a definite notice from the gentlemen concerned but it *does* lie in their *neglect to acquaint those gentlemen with the facts*. In the first case of delivery by goods nothing was known till personal enquiry was made at the carrier's office, and in the second case the sole source of information was the bed-maker, who happened to be in when the postman called, but who had no means of paying what was required.

My excuse for making this public is, first, that the state of affairs revealed is disgraceful, and, secondly, that one has no means of getting direct satisfaction from the porters.

Really one is tempted to think that porters are not much use when their principal function seems to be to close the front gate at a half-a-minute to ten.

Yours truly,

E. DALTROFF.

[We agree with our correspondent and assure him that his is not an isolated case. Could the authorities do something to remedy this?]

---

*To the Editor of The Dial.*

Queens' College.

DEAR SIR,

We have grown larger. Hence it follows that we need in all our college appointments larger accommodation. My special grievance is the cycle shed. I would like to hint, with all due respect to those concerned, that in the past the accommodation afforded to cycles in college has not been quite in proportion to the amount charged. In my own case, when out of college I received much greater attention for a less amount. But now Sir, it seems as though the case has grown worse. I believe that there are about twenty five or more men in college this year than in previous years; consequently, even this term there is not sufficient room on the floor of the shed for all our cycles. It is difficult to imagine what will happen in the summer term. Moreover there is now even less chance of our cycles receiving due personal attention—which I understand the college guarantees when charging the cycle subscription.

Much has been given us. It is but inevitable that we should require more. But I feel that this is a grievance which has only to receive the publicity which your pages afford, in order to meet with a prompt and efficient remedy.

Yours faithfully,

“68o.”

---

*To the Editor of The Dial.*

Queens' College,

23rd. November, 1912.

DEAR SIR,

Many hard things are said about our college library. They are generally without foundation, but may I suggest one real fault?

It will come as a surprise to many of your readers to know that we have a really useful reference library. But those few of us who appreciate and endeavour to use the advantages which it affords are painfully conscious of the disadvantages.

Perhaps it would be as well for me to state that the reference library is kept in the Old Chapel. It is thus lodged in the noisiest part of the college, but that is a minor point. What is important is that it is extremely difficult at any time of the day to get to the books. Early and late on all mornings an indefatigable lecturer holds sway there. The rules of the library very properly forbid its use during the afternoon. In the evening, when at last vocal rehearsals are over, the ardent student finds that the lighting accommodation is such that reading is quite out of the question.

It seems a great pity that the good material available in this portion of the library should be at these disadvantages.

Surely some remedy is possible? Is there not an attic floor to our genuine library, dedicated it seems at present solely to the college "imagines."

Yours faithfully,

P. A. T.

[A further point—would it not be possible for the genuine library to be open for a longer time daily than it is at present?—Ed.]

---

*To the Editor of The Dial.*

Queens' College,

November 24th.

DEAR SIR,

May I trespass upon your space to air what I consider a grievance? I may say that I am not alone in thinking this. It has hitherto been the custom for the committee of *The Dial* to choose the Man of Mark for each term. On the whole I do not think that the committee have failed in their duty. But it is a question of principle with which I am concerned. Would it not be better if a meeting of the college were called to choose the Man of Mark or to refer two or three names to the committee and to leave the final choice to them? I think the members of the college are entitled to have a say in the matter, as they support the magazine.

With the usual apologies,

I am, Sir,

"NOT A MAN OF MARK."

[This view had not occurred to us: there may be something in our correspondent's opinion. But it may be only the grievance of a very small section of the college. The Editor would be pleased to hear from other members what they think upon the subject.]

*To the Editor of The Dial.*

Queens' College.

DEAR SIR,

After we have at length obtained baths in college, it may appear ungrateful to suggest what seems to me a possible improvement. It is this—that the baths be open all day long. I do not urge that the water should be kept hot all this time, but it is a fact that often at ten o'clock in the evening there is plenty of hot water, and I cannot myself see any objection to this slight alteration. Apart from this, might I suggest that the baths remain open on Sundays till 9.30 a.m.?

Yours sincerely,

THERMAE.

---

*To the Editor of The Dial.*

Queens' College,

December, 1912.

SIR,

At the beginning of the present term we returned to find the new buildings complete, beautiful within and without. Two of the features with which we were particularly charmed were the hot-baths and the guest-room, both new introductions to the college. The former have been an unqualified success, but what use is the latter to the college as a whole so long as any single person is allowed to engage it semi-permanently as if it was a mere addition to his own set of rooms? In order therefore, that more members of the college may have the

pleasure of occasionally being able to offer a friend a bed inside the college we should suggest that the privilege of engaging the room beforehand should be limited to three days per term in the case of dons, and two in the case of undergraduates.

Yours,

*Εὐξενολ.*

---

## **The World will End**

When M. H. B. Sc-tt and C. R. W. T-nd-ll become keen,  
alert, on the spot.

When W. H. Sp-rl-ng refuses to sing.

When H. A. F. V. C-tm-r stops playing that confounded  
auto-harpsichord.

When G. R. S-ndf-rd sees a joke.

When J. H. M. B-rr-w remembers his year.

When F. W. G-ntl- and A. G. Ew-ng resign their joint  
proprietorship of the college.

When W. H. Gr--n cuts a chapel.

---

### **Committee**

A. B. COOK, Esq.

J. R. WADE, *Editor*.

G. R. SANDFORD, *Treasurer*.

P. A. THARP.

H. J. THOMPSON.

N. MILLER.

J. R. HARRIS.

J. I. COHEN.