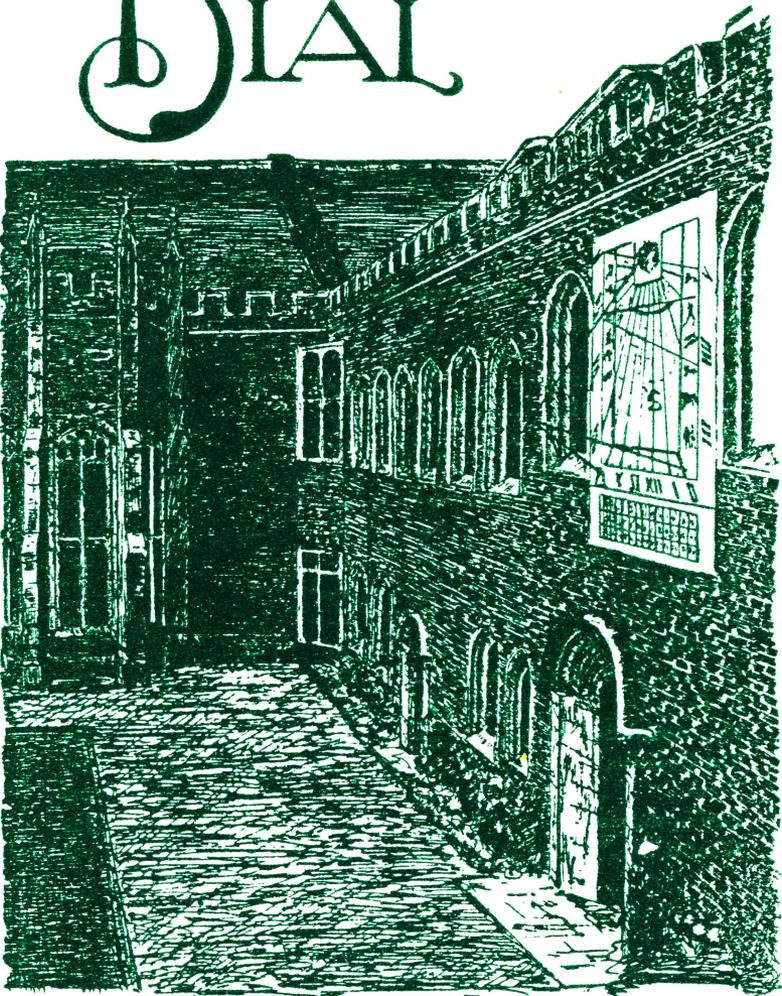


The
DIAL



Queens' College

Michaelmas Term, 1913

The Dial.

VOL. III. No. 18. MICHAELMAS TERM, 1913.

Editorial.

WE must congratulate the dons on the new year, though our congratulations are perhaps due rather to the 'Varsity in general ; for the first year in most colleges, we believe, is regarded as a better one than some of its recent predecessors. But to talk much of the good points of the first year were, probably,

‘To make assurance doubly sure.’

For, to be sure, there never was so confident a group of men anywhere before. From the gentlemen who had extensive proposals for the re-modelling of the boat club and its officials, to the genial fellow who had scarcely been up more than a few days when he made himself so very much at home with one of our most worthy seniors in that gentleman's own rooms, they are full of a proud consciousness of their own worth. And what shall we say of the lad who went on knocking at a sported door till it was opened, and on seeing a meeting within, inquired whether it could not be stopped for a little

while he transacted some private business? Or again, what of those cheery souls that make the Bernard Room into a nursery after first hall?

Of course we know that our wise-acres will wag their heads at us and inquire whether we think such things very heinous crimes, and in general suggest that our sense of dignity is too highly developed, and so forth. But that there is such a thing as discipline, and that equity is not mere equality, can surely be recognised even by the oldest of us. So, imaginary friend, don't be annoyed with us when we mention these matters.

Talking of assurance brings us to our third point, which is that in publishing this number of *The Dial* we feel conscious only of the complete absence of that quality. The total number of unsolicited contributions this term was two: one we publish—the other was a joke given across the table one night in Hall. That this *Dial* is a poor one compared to some others of recent years, we are prepared to admit, but the reason is that we are almost wholly unsupported by the college. The magazine is run only in order to reflect the life and thought of the college. The former, we suppose, is accounted for by the notices of athletic clubs and college societies: presumably the latter is at present a negligible quantity. May we suggest that the Christmas vac. is a convenient time to remedy this defect? Men complain, and justly, that there is little time in term

for such things as thinking, or writing things for *The Dial*. For this reason we shall be glad to receive contributions at any time now, or during the vac., as well as next term. Otherwise the magazine must die an unnatural death—or, as it may be politely rendered, ‘lapse.’

Dialiana.

MR. R. D. G. LAFFAN came into residence this term. He scarcely needs by now to be told how heartily we welcome him to Queens', or how sincerely we wish him success in his work here—not only as a don, but as a man. He was a scholar of Eton and Balliol, and got a first in History. He was also President of the Union and of the O. U. C. U. The two years since going down from Oxford he has spent at Ely Theological College and in a curacy at York. It is not to be thought that his brain is incompatible with brawn, for he is now one of the strongest players in the Rugger side.

We have mentioned only his accomplishments: the man you must appreciate for yourself.

A. D. Ellison played in the Seniors' Hockey Match: G. V. Pagden in the Freshers' Soccer, D. Boumphrey and C. J. H. Treglown in the Seniors' (in which N. Langley-Smith was unfortunately prevented from play-

ing by his injured ankle), and C. J. H. Treglown in the Trial game. The latter and J. L. Wood have been playing in 'Varsity 'A' and 'Casuals' teams. M. B. Lambert and K. N. Mackenzie played in the Freshers' Rugger, and P. A. T. Simey in the Seniors'. J. W. Mc. Nicholl plays for the Eastern Counties. A. D. Hamer was third in the Freshers' Three Miles, and ran for the Freshers against the London Scottish A. C. in the Mile.

The Hughes Latin Essay Prize has been awarded to C. M. Hobson. The English Prize has not been awarded, though two essays were considered by the examiners to be 'of some merit.'

Three Queens' men were successful in the recent Civil Service Examination, only one Cambridge college, St. John's, sending up more successful candidates. These are : B. E. Dreyfus, 34th ; H. A. C. Blacker, 38th ; and E. M. Daltroff, 58th. The first two, who have gained Indian appointments and are keeping a fifth year in consequence, read Classics here : the latter, Mathematics.

A petition was presented to the dons this term requesting that the gate fines (3d. after ten, 6d. after eleven) should be diminished. It was signed by every member of the College who could be found, one or two men being impossible to get at. We print herewith a letter of the President with respect to the petition.

THE LODGE,
QUEENS' COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE,
Nov. 22nd. 1913.

DEAR MR. INGLESON,

There is no indication on the memorial about Gate Fines as to whom a reply should be sent. I therefore write to you as the senior scholar of the third year. The memorial was only received just in time for me to present it at our College Meeting, and it was impossible for us to come to any decision then.

I write to say that it will be carefully considered before the commencement of next term.

Yours very sincerely,

THOS. C. FITZPATRICK.

We should like to thank the President here for his kindness in taking up the matter, and express the hope that, if the College Meeting should arrive at a decision, it will be favourable. For the rest we are quite certain that any action which may be initiated by the President will never be for any but the best interests of the College.

Through the kindness of the Dean, a violin recital was given in Chapel on Sunday evening, November 30th, by Brother Ernest, Warden of the Religious Art Society. We understand that those who desire to show their appreciation can do so by helping him to build an organ for his college at Seaford. His aim is to revive an enthusiasm for art in the cause of religion—(Subscriptions will be gladly received by W. S. Thompson, etc., as per notice on screens.)

Men of Mark.

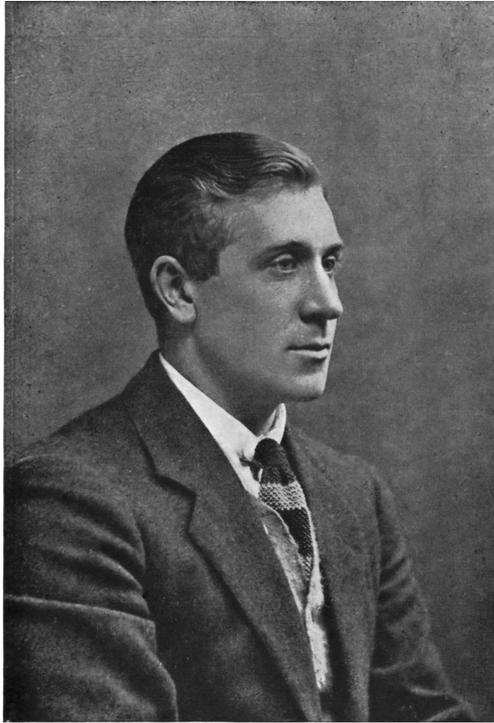
XVII.

CYRIL OSCAR SKEY.

IN writing of the dim past, a writer at second-hand can only present the outstanding features, not the details which give life to a story. The murky gloom of the existence of Cyril Oscar Skey, previous to his coming up for a sojourn in Cambridge is lit but by a single ray of light. At the age of seventeen or thereabouts he suffered a shock from a flash of lightning, which nearly deprived the world of one of its outstanding features—not quite, or this account had not been written.

He was, we have it on hearsay, born at Camden, a small Gloucestershire village, on All Saints' Day (*abest omen*) some twenty years ago; from this place he migrated to Margate, where he remained until he found his way to Cambridge. He did the usual things at School, starting in the bottom form and eventually reaching the top; he became a very efficient captain, but his literary achievements were hindered by an inordinate love of music—and of bed, two penchants which he still has. An exceptional child in many ways—he was noted from his earliest infancy for excessive avoirdupois, which made him the fear of neighbouring school teams and gave rise to sundry nicknames.

Towards the end of the Summer of 1911 he sat for the Little-Go and achieved a Third and Fourth, whereupon in the following October he arrived at Queens' in



tow of his brother and a violin case of unusual dimensions. Here begins authentic history.

Though not yet eighteen on coming up, his weight (before alluded to) and his elderly features, made him seem an older man. In his first term he ably represented the second at Soccer and soon became a "Cherub"—for the suitability of this compaäre frontispiece. During the following year he was awarded his Soccer and his Cricket colours—thus becoming entitled to have views on things athletic, which views, delivered *au grand sérieux*, are very diverting.

At the Freshers' concert he produced his 'cello ; this he plays with facial obligato and some skill. The attractions of Cambridge, however, did not deter him from his music—or his bed. By virtue of the former he became an authority in matters Terpsichorean, being a big-wig in the St. Bernard and St. Margaret Societies. Not content with the 'cello, he plays the one-stringed zither and sings ragtimes with rag-time voice and much expression. Furthermore, without mechanical aid he can draw from the depths of his *venter* many musical cadences. Who has not heard the pellucid tinkle of his hunting call, or almost thought himself borne in a lift ?

Before leaving his many achievements, we must mention his extraordinary keenness for things military—hence one of his nicknames, "C. O."

His figure being so eminently suitable, he does full justice to his uniform. Camp without this jolly old L.-Cpl. would lose half its charms. We hear, by the way, that even there his athletic prowess was noticeable.

His many interests, however, have not hindered his literary pursuits : he has already satisfied the examiners

in one Special and a half. He speaks French with an accent *tout à fait parisien*.

The keynote, then, of his character is solidarity, which is saved from being heavy by a spirit of general "bonhomie" and an invaluable humour. He is ever ready with an apt remark: nor would we have it inferred from this that he is a mountebank: he is in essence a man of solid worth, having formed for himself many opinions, which he expresses with conciseness and weight. He is never so truly humorous as when serious.

Q. C. C. C. 1913.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	Innings.	Times not out.	Most in an innings.	Runs.	Average.
D. Boumphrey ...	15	2	104	465	35·76
A. F. J. Hopewell ...	17	1	*97	397	24·81
G. J. Partridge ...	13	0	64	286	22·00
H. G. Evans ...	12	2	*53	146	14·60
L. S. Ward ...	14	0	46	165	11·78
P. Ingleson ...	13	2	*28	119	10·81
H. C. Grace ...	15	1	36	149	10·64
C. O. Skey ...	17	3	*26	144	10·28
E. F. Duggan ...	13	0	30	103	7·92
H. J. L. Leigh-Clare	10	0	12	47	4·7

The following also batted :

C. H. Skey ...	3	1	*71	100	50·00
C. J. H. Treglown ...	4	0	45	61	15·25
M. W. Sayer ...	4	0	25	48	12·00
W. C. Couch ...	4	2	*9	17	8·50
K. Savage ...	3	2	*5	7	7·00
C. J. Couch ...	4	2	10	13	6·50
H. A. F. V. Catmur ...	6	3	7	11	3·66

* Signifies not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
M. W. Sayer ...	104'5	6	431	26	16'57
H. C. Grace ...	89	7	361	19	19'00
A. F. J. Hopewell ...	211'5	20	782	41	19'07
H. G. Evans ...	120'2	11	509	23	22'13
P. Ingleson ...	84'1	8	322	11	29'27
H. J. L. Leigh-Clare	113'5	20	387	13	29'77
E. F. Duggan ...	57	8	234	7	33'43

The following also bowled :

K. Savage ...	2	0	11	1	11'00
C. H. Skey ...	11	0	42	2	21'00
C. J. Couch ...	10	0	49	2	24'50
W. C. Couch ...	2	0	14	0	—

Q. C. B. C.

THE MAYS.

THERE are no excuses to be given for our *débâcle* in the Mays; the four boats we bumped last year had their revenge, the disappointing part being the ease with which they did so. It only remains to be said that lack of unity on land was probably as much the cause as lack of unity in the boat; and that if rowing is worth training for, it is worth training for strictly. The disloyal exercise of private judgment, and the decay of discipline consequent upon it, must always be as disastrous in rowing as in other spheres of activity.

Our shamefaced thanks are due to Mr. R. S. Shove of First Trinity, whose first rate coaching was entirely wasted.

The Dial

FIRST BOAT.

Bow F. A. Page
 2 F. R. W. Hunt
 3 C. L. Nightingale
 4 C. R. W. Tindall
 5 H. D. Townend
 6 H. E. Chandler
 7 M. H. B. Scott
Str. H. W. Arden
Cox W. N. Craigs

The Getting-on boat ought to have done better. It gave promise right up to the last but, as if foreshadowing the first boat, went to pieces in the race.

GETTING-ON BOAT.

1 *T. W. L. Parker (bow)*. Will be good when he possesses a cooler head.

2 *B. E. Eldridge*. Loud and lusty. Plays for Ridley Hall at Rugger.

3 *E. N. Pedley*. The "Allegro con Brio" is beyond him at present.

4 *R. Mansell*. Too fat, but sometimes looks earnest.

5 *H. L. C. Smith*. } The wit and repartee between these two

6 *J. I. Cohen*. } added no pace to the boat. The eyebrow trick of the latter shows that he has some muscles if he would but use them.

7 *K. W. Pain*. At home, first and third Thursdays, Ridley Hall, Camb.

I. C. Bartrop (str.). Stroked in the inimitable style which he has made his own.

F. E. Briscoe (cox). Made more impression on the water than most of the oarsmen.

HENLEY.

The Henley Four again had a thoroughly enjoyable time at Aston, under the kindly hospitality of Mr. Packer and the

delightful tuition of Mr. Ayliffe of Trinity Hall. We disposed of Thames R.C. in the first heat with some ease, but were unlucky enough to meet L.M.B.C., the eventual winners, in the semi-final. They only beat us by a length after a hard race. Mr. Haig Ferguson, whose invaluable services we had, owing to his rapid and happy recovery, found that there were some consolations in being out of training before the last day.

We have heard curious stories of an unpremeditated assault by this Four on the Grand Challenge Cup at Bedford during the Long, for which occasion Noah kindly lent his celebrated light ship. It is said that, in the final, after rowing round the circumference of a circle for some time while our opponents took short cuts across the middle, we won by half-an-inch and were disqualified by an observant judge for carrying a red flag at the second thwart instead of the more usual oarsman. But most of this is apochryphal.

CREW.

Bow M. H. B. Scott (*steers*)
2 H. E. Chandler
3 W. H. Ferguson
Str. H. W. Arden

THE TRIALS.

The Trials were rowed on November 29th. Three eights were engaged. Barltrop's crew won comfortably, but there was only a second between Wilkinson's and Eldridge's.

In the first crew Barltrop kept more length than usual; he should encourage the crew by his rowing and not by his voice. Good is not at all bad. Gentle shows possibilities but *must* go all out from the first stroke. Thompson worked magnificently. Others promising.

In the second crew, Wilkinson should hold his head up and sit right up. Hewitt must be smoother and row as one of

the crew. Symonds is most promising, but must not throw himself about when tired.

In the third crew, Eldridge is plucky: see advice to Wilkinson. Carr should come on. Cohen is always useful, but must keep his back stiff. Butcher is a good bow.

As a whole, there is not enough rowing *as a crew*, not enough swing from the hips, not enough determination and devil at the beginning. The heaviness of the hands is often appalling. It was disappointing to see that some had not trained strictly. Such gentlemen are a burden to their crew and useless to the boat club. See remarks about the Mays.

The thanks of all are due to the three coaches.

H. W. A.

St. Margaret Society.

THE Annual May Concert took place on Wednesday, June 4th. Mr. Samson arranged the programme. He was unfortunate in being disappointed by one or two performers, who, at the last moment, discovered that they were unable to assist. The Concert, however, was quite a good one, Mr. Claude Biggs' brilliant pianoforte playing being especially appreciated and heartily encored. The Male Voice Chorus, which, as we saw on the programme, was especially written by Mr. Samson for this Concert, was also much enjoyed; the volume of sound, at times, being really admirable. Our best thanks are due to Miss Greenwood and Miss Gaskell for their vocal contributions to the programme. Our old friends, Messrs. Blackden and Green, were both in very fine voice and will be very much missed in future concerts. A word of praise is due to the Quartet, composed

of Messrs. Baggott, Nightingale, Arden and Green. Their first contribution entitled "May" was composed by Mr. Nightingale and was quite a "june-ful" little thing. It was a pity that the Hall was not quite full. Funnily enough it seemed emptier during the second part of the programme than during the first. Fortunately the weather was delightfully fine and the decorations in the Grove and in the Cloister Court were seen to advantage, thus supplementing the concert and making the evening a very pleasant one.

Tripos Lists, 1913

MATHEMATICS. PART I.

W. E. E. Garrod, 1st.	G. J. Partridge, 2nd.
H. E. Lambert, 1st.	H. P. Smith, 2nd.
P. J. Oldfield, 1st.	W. Bailey, 3rd.
G. D. Burton, 3rd.	

MATHEMATICS. PART II.

F. R. W. Hunt, 1st.	G. B. Riddell, 3rd.
H. L. C. Smith, 3rd.	H. D. Townend, 3rd.

CLASSICAL. PART I.

N. Miller, II. 1	H. J. Leigh-Clare, III. 1
E. W. Hickie, <i>aegr.</i>	

LAW. PART I.

A. E. Christoffelsz, 2nd.	P. A. Curtois, 2nd.
A. L. Parks, 2nd.	E. P. Jennings, 3rd.
N. Langley-Smith, 3rd.	

NATURAL SCIENCES. PART I.

S. R. Humby, 1st	J. R. McKnight, 2nd.
L. Fallows, 3rd	M. H. Kantawala, 3rd.

NATURAL SCIENCES. PART II.

Ds. R. Taylor, 2nd. M. Thompson, 2nd
G. A. Perry, 3rd.

THEOLOGY. PART I.

D. W. Irving, 2nd. Ds. P. A. Tharp, 2nd.
G. P. A. Dixon, 3rd. E. F. Duggan, 3rd.
F. A. Page, 3rd. J. R. Green, *ord.*

THEOLOGY. PART II.

Ds. R. A. Marsh, 1st. Ds. F. A. Redwood, 2nd.

MODERN LANGUAGES. PART I.

H. Naylor, 3rd.

MECHANICAL SCIENCES.

O. Tindall, *ord.*

HISTORY. PART I.

R. P. Tinsley, 3rd. N. W. Watson, 3rd.
L. S. Ward, *spec.*

HISTORY. PART II.

Ds. J. R. Wade, I. B. V. F. Brackenbury, II. 2

DIPLOMAS IN AGRICULTURE. PART I.

Ds. C. E. Durrant.

PART II.

A. C. Conder Ds. M. W. Sayer
L. R. Tatham.

MUS. BAC. PART II.

A. M. Samson.

DIPLOMAS IN GEOGRAPHY. PART I.

Ds. B. Heading Ds. F. A. Rockett

MORAL SCIENCES. PART I.

E. Hildyard, II. 1 W. S. Thompson, III



May Week Dance, 1913.

LAST term a new era began in Queens', for we were able to see the fulfilment of a fond hope, which had long been fostered in the minds of many members of the College, and which on June 7th, 1913, ended its existence as a mere idea and became a living reality. In fact it became the Queens' "Cinderella." For some years it seems to have been quite the done thing to say at least once a week, "Oh, *don't* you think we ought to have a May Week dance?" which was always greeted by a chorus of "Yes, *do* let's." But no one ever did anything, till suddenly a certain second year man announced to wildly excited crowds that The Dons would consent, and the dance take place. After a hastily formed committee had rushed violently many times round the College compiling lists to satisfy the dons, preparations actually began: and to such good purpose that when the eventful evening arrived, everything went off without a hitch. Regardless of cost Stroude Haxton's band had been engaged, and was quite the feature of the evening; if there could have been anything more delightful than the music selected it was the way it was played, especially—but perhaps opinions differ. Great difficulty was experienced in choosing a suitable site for the band, on account of the supposed frailty of the gallery; but eventually a piano was hoisted up, while the owner stood by, wringing his hands and gnashing his teeth in G minor. A special floor had been laid down in the Hall, which was most tastefully decorated, as was also the Combination Room. The stewards were conspicuous by their

green bands and their absence, at any rate at the beginning of the evening. Really first class light-refreshments were served by the College kitchen in Cloister Court, but most people only found time for a hurried ice on their way over the bridge to the Grove, which was aptly described as "a perfect dream": for fairy lanterns on the trees cast around a dim religious light (hired for the evening at a trifling cost). All too soon the distant sound of a bell, played with some skill and feeling, would recall dreamers to consciousness and the next dance.

And all for 10/6.

Several of the dons and their wives put in an appearance; and all and sundry voted the evening a huge success, which was very largely due to the unflagging energy of the Secretary and to the cheerful willingness of the College servants.

Up to the present time only one person has been discovered, who was disappointed with the first Queens' Dance—and he wasn't there.

A. F. J. H.

O. T. C. Camp, Aldershot, 1913.

IT is with great pleasure that I set myself to narrate, with variations, the doings of the Queens' Section at the Annual Training of the O. T. C. The conditions under which we camped were quite ideal. The site of the camp was a very charming one, situated on Mytchett Place and adjoining Mytchett Lake. The weather was perfect throughout the fortnight, with the

slight exception of, I think, one day on which a few clouds were seen. Unfortunately our section was not so strong as in the previous year, this owing partly to the fact that a few of our most prominent members were engaged on other duties, also military let it be said. Another gentleman found it quite impossible to tear himself away from his studies. As is well known, we form part of "A" Company, which we are told, used to be quite efficient. However, let me hasten to assure Queens' men that the gallant little band representing the College, usually, if not always, tried their best to uphold the high standard of efficiency which one associates with No. I. Section of "A" Company. Anyhow, whatever may be said about the company to which we belong, it certainly had the distinction of being different on every possible occasion to the other companies of the battalion. There was something quite unique about it. But let us turn to the time when the day's work was done and we had the pleasing prospect of three or four hours of leisure before us. There were plenty of attractions. Swimming in Mytchett Lake, Soccer and Rugger on the Parade ground, tugs-of-war, bayonet-fighting, back-chatting, etc. But of all the events at camp, there was one event which never failed to attract the respectful attention, never failed to arouse the martial spirit of those in the vicinity. This event was the somewhat frequent, but ever acceptable appearance in the next lines of a certain distinguished officer. Occasionally some ignorant, some deplorably ill-informed recruit, would ask, more often than not of our ever-ready lance-corporal (since-promoted), the following innocent

question, "Who is that distinguished looking officer over there." "Oh!" would reply the aforementioned N.C.O. "that's cheery Old —— of the communi-cagers; do you mean to say you didn't know?"

The sing-songs were naturally one of the great features of the camp, and crowds would roll up to hear Colour-Sergeant E. Bouncey T. and others perform with varying skill. Indeed there still lingers in my memory a much-encored song about hide and hair, the one covering the other or vice-versa. This contribution would not be complete unless I recorded a sincere vote of thanks to Lance-Corporal F-rsd-n, of "E" Company, for his untiring zeal in instructing the Battalion. Sergeant Townend always had a word for everyone; also was always ready to repeat the menu of the Sergeants' Mess. Let me end by assuring all and sundry that the camp at Mytchett was no ordinary camp; in fact, one might almost call it one of the better camps.

Appended are a few characters:—

Sergeant Townend—Off duty, ever cheery.

On duty, clear, and to the point.

Lance-Corporal Cohen—One of the features of the camp.

Private Skey—Our "all-round" athlete. Won the barrel race.

Private Sandford—Sometimes persuaded the Battalion to get in step with him.

Private Edwards—Generally believed to be a Battalion Scout (on his own credentials). Telegraphic address: "Optimism, Mytchett."

Private Curtois—Pronounced "Curtoi." Once ricocheted on to the target, while field-firing.

"OS WE GO MARCHING ALONG."

“Were the Romans Gentlemen?”

THE law of England, if we rightly understand the mass of formulae that its expositors are ever ready to recite to us, defines a gentleman as a man “who does no manner of work, neither he nor his son nor his daughter, nor any member of his family.” Our ancestors however, with that pleasant elasticity that characterised so many of the provisions they have thought fit to hand down to us, included among these happy few all members of the so-called learned professions. Now as often happens in the case of mere modern legislation, it is just this final adjunct to the social statute which provides the key to the somewhat exclusive class distinction set up by feudal tradition. On closer examination it will become clear that a like education was the real bond which united, in the past at any rate, the various bodies whose members claimed the title of gentlemen. Now whether that education consisted mainly in playing the lyre and exercising oneself in the gymnasium as in Athens, in jousting and tilting, as in the middle ages, or, as Calverley has described our education in this university, in learning.

“To blunt one’s moral feelings,
By the aid of Bacon brothers”

matters little. We find quite beyond doubt that in all historic times and in all civilised countries there has existed a class, whose peculiar education has been at any rate supposed to endow them with particular social

qualities and a particular code of honour. The existence of such a class at Rome must be patent to all who have made the most superficial study of the Latin classics. To enumerate instances is quite unnecessary. All acquainted with the lives and characters of such men as the Catos in one age and Petronius in another would be prepared to admit that, with the exception perhaps of pre-Revolution France, there has never existed in the history of the world a body of men, so hide-bound by traditions of public and private behaviour as the great families of Rome. The real question to which we need an answer is this, whether or not the social characteristics and the traditional code of honour we find in these Roman families bears a sufficient likeness to those in vogue here at the present day, to entitle the men who practised them to the name of gentlemen according to our standards. We are at once faced with a number of petty usages in ordinary life, that, if we allow for altered circumstances, are the exact counterpart of our own. Now if we look at the polite literature of Rome there is one feeling common to ancient and modern society that will strike us at once. The importance attached to the niceties of pronunciation appears to have been no less than at the present day, if we argue aright from Catullus' picture of the nouveau riche, at whose advent the Ionian Sea became Hionian. The rules too for behaviour at table seem to have been no less definite than those of to-day, though in some points they are strangely different. While men reclined, ladies and children were required to sit. It is needless to recount the details of the triclinium. Suffice it that there was a decorum

practised at the table, through whose restraint however a rowdy dinner party was apt to break.

Roman notions of good taste were quite as highly developed as our own. Delicate feeling is especially shewn in the abhorrence clearly indicated towards those who, presuming on a slight acquaintance, boasted of their familiarity with the great. It is characteristic of Horace's bore that he will fight his way to Maecenas' door, and that he makes into a virtue a thickness of skin that is proof against all rebuffs.

Or again in one of his letters Cicero administers a veiled rebuke to a conceited young man who had addressed him with familiarity. "Sine praeenomine, ut decet, me salutas," a sentence which may perhaps be paraphrased by some such sarcastic touch as: "It is so kind of you to have recognised our equality of age by omitting the mister."

One cannot, however, but discover with a poignant regret that there is another side to all this. The sense of humour prevalent at Rome even in the politest circles seems to have been somewhat bucolic at the best. Friedländer in his book on Roman life and manners tells us much of the woes endured by unfortunate clients in order to make sport for rich young patrons. At some of the iniquities perpetrated in the guise of humour one cannot indeed picture oneself the victim of uncontrollable merriment. The slaves were apparently instructed to place before the clients broken plates and drinking vessels, and occasionally to pluck their beards *en passant*. Their chairs would also be suddenly pulled from beneath them, the collapse upon the floor of an aged client being greeted with

untold mirth by his youthful superiors in rank. It may, however, be remarked that in all the instances quoted above it is purely in sense of humour and not at all in kindness of heart that the ancients were inferior to us. Any who have read Thackeray's account of the treatment meted to poor relations in great English houses will come to the conclusion that we can make it a very near thing in a competition for the palm in sheer brutality. One can well imagine, for instance, Miss Crowley, of Queen's Crawley, rejoicing no little in the spectacles enjoyed by Friedländer's Roman patron, had she not discovered a far more subtle and exquisite method of torturing her dependents.

Friedländer again tells us, on the authority of Juvenal, that while black bread and stale fish were set before the unfortunate clients, their lord and host on his triclinium regaled himself with prawns and truffles. Now the man who keeps one box of cigars for friends and another for his personal use is not unknown at the present time. Yet, for the honour of the age in which we live, be it said that public opinion would to-day make it impossible for a host, while himself drinking Heidsieck, to offer thin claret to the poorest guest who sat at the same table.

Now such instances as the above, trivial in themselves, are the small tokens by which we choose those with whom we wish to associate. The ordinary social amenities have their basis in a supposed desire to spare the feelings of others in small matters, and on the whole it may be fairly claimed that most of us would have no objection to asking Cicero to lunch in the "May" week. Yet no enquiry into the social conditions of

Roman life, however slight, would fittingly be brought to a close without some reference to the more serious side of the question. "What is it," asks Thackeray, "to be a gentleman. Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honour virgin, to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens and the love of your fire-side, to bear good fortune meekly, to suffer evil with constancy, and through evil or good to maintain truth always."

This ideal is so intimately connected with the growth of Christianity, that it is rather fit for treatment in the pulpit than in the columns of a magazine. We have inherited the modern ideal of a gentleman from the chivalry which occupied so large a place in the middle ages. Now for the first cause of that chivalry, as well as for the continuous impulse which maintained it during so many centuries we must look to nothing but Christianity. How then in pre-Christian Rome can we expect to find any but the barest outlines of such a conception?

We know well indeed that the Romans were capable of living nobly up to the traditions in which they had been trained, and of dying for those traditions, when the occasion demanded. But in Thackeray's ideal, indeed in all our ideals of a perfect gentleman, there is surely something beside this steadfastness of belief and non-chalant bravery. There is a chivalrous sentiment felt by the strong towards the weak, there is a conception of certain subjects on which it is not fitting to taunt even one's deadliest enemies. There is a sort of respect, at any rate on certain points, for the feelings of those to whom we find ourselves opposed.

There is no need to carry any further this weak imitation of a style which Mr. A. C. Benson has brought to such perfection. Suffice it, we do not taunt our opponents, whether political or private, with the fact that they are bow-legged, or recall the days when their mothers sold apples in the market-place, or, if we do, we are apt to find ourselves cut by our acquaintances. How far, this nicety of feeling was absent in the Roman, it is dangerous to venture an opinion unbacked by a wealth of illustration, which it would equally exceed the powers of the present writer to afford as, if afforded, the illustrations, would exceed the space the *Dial* puts at his disposal. It is however, entertaining at any rate to make a comparison in one concrete instance between ancient and modern styles of political oratory. Surely the most scurrilous article on the Marconi question would pale before Cicero's tirade on the gluttony and drunkenness of Antony in the second Philippic:—

“The story is as foul to hear as was the sight to behold. If this had happened at your own table in the midst of gigantic potations, it would have been loathsome in the sight of all. But in the presence of the Roman people, Antony, a Master of the House, transacting public business, who ought not even to hiccough, vomited wine with bits of food that stinking foully filled his own lap and the whole bench. I assure you that you would be my friend again if you knew how ashamed I am of your conduct. In the whole record of crime I have never seen or heard anything more loathsome.”

The modern instances are selected from the characteristic style, first of Mr. Lloyd George, then of Mr. F. E. Smith.

“These Tories! Look at 'em? Aren't they a mingy, stingy, measly lot? Wouldn't they take a penny out of a blind man's tin? Your dukes and lord this and that, and Lord knows who. Plural voters all of 'em. You have one vote, they have two, three, four, six, eight, ten votes apiece. You vote retail, they vote, wholesale. Why! You will hardly believe it but there is one old monkey-faced idiot, that made his cash in liquor and spends it on the same, who controls one-hundred and twenty-six votes.”

Now for Mr. F. E. Smith :—

“And who are the leaders of this bankrupt jumble of cute lawyers and oily demagogues we call a Cabinet? Mr. Asquith, say you, an expert trimmer who is only too well pleased to draw his salary and let the Irish lead him by the nose. Perhaps it is Mr. Winston Churchill. And who is Mr. Winston Churchill?—I mean the English story-teller, not the American—The disgraced scion of a noble house, one who has turned and bitten the hand that fed him. Or perhaps the true leaders of the Radical Party are those who live by the production of a curious beverage, cocoa or lemonade or something, I believe it is called in Liberal circles. Consummate hypocrites! Do they drink lemonade? I invite anyone to answer that question who has smelt their breath, as I have, across the House.”

Now this is a fair sample of the style which aims at giving the public what it wants; and, as far

as the general public is concerned, the balance between to-day and two thousand years ago is after all fairly even. Yet some of us indulge quixotic dreams, imagining that there is a small and select class amongst us now that are quite frankly disgusted with the racy bits retailed on the modern political platform. These are certainly not much for us to vaunt after two thousand years of progress. There are many, as it is, who would call them impracticable prigs. But whatever their proper description may be, there were undoubtedly more at Rome who would have shared their feelings about the haranguers of Cicero : and were we to exclude all other Romans, these at all events we should call gentlemen.

To be a gentleman then, as most people accept the meaning of the phrase, was much the same thing then as now ; that is, to enjoy a certain type of education and to inherit a certain tradition of manners. The difference, if there is one, lies in the consciousness of an inner meaning lying beneath such outward advantages ; and it is due to Christianity that such a consciousness was awakened. For the true gentleman is that noble thing which a public school education and a high tradition are best able to produce, but we recognise that on the one hand it does not always do so, and that on the other he appears in places where they themselves are all but unheard of.

C. M. H.

Ik. E. H. Camp, 1913.

“C” Squadron (Oxford and Cambridge) held their annual training in conjunction with the other three squadrons at Bulford on Salisbury Plain. This is an ideal country for cavalry work, and splendid August weather prevailed throughout most of the fortnight.

Oxford had been in camp some hours, when the two Cambridge troops arrived, and we found that blankets were scarce; it was rather curious, however, that the whole detachment to a man managed to sleep in a blanket the first night. Everyone was an expert thief by the end of a week. Besides the blanket trouble the horses made a night of it: one of them was only recovered some days after in a distant corner of the plain when “C” Squadron rounded it up cowboy fashion.

The Squadron soon settled down to the work. From five till lunch time was always fairly strenuous. Afternoon parade generally took the form of map-reading, or a “pow-wow,” or cleaning of equipment.

A rifle inspection took place every day before afternoon “stables.”

“Stables” is a long and perspiring job. It confronts you when you crawl or get kicked out of the tent into the dewy morn. It is repeated three times during the day and as a result one gets to know one’s “gee” thoroughly, very thoroughly in fact, likewise the two adjacent horses.

One of the Queens’ contingent, who is now in his third year, had the ill-fortune to have the back of

his neck sampled by a hungry mare ; one can't help thinking that other parts of his anatomy might have proved more succulent.

A guard was mounted every night, and a line guard was told off day and night, his job being to keep an eye on the horses.

A flying sentry was posted to look after the officers lines, and on one occasion a recruit whose job it was for the night, seems to have gleaned his information as to his duties from a slightly unreliable source. For he solemnly stalked into the sergeants' mess and amidst a profound silence asked the regimental quartermaster-sergeant-major for "the aeroplane boots for the flying sentry!" The Q.-S.-M. is an Irishman, and what he said was only heard by the sergeants present and perhaps their accounts were exaggerated.

The training was extremely interesting and very successfully carried out. It included daily squadron and regimental drill ; field-firing ; outpost work ; map-reading ; finding ones way from point to point mounted, in the dark, within certain time limits ; and quite a lot of general scrapping.

Towards the end of camp there was a three day "show."

The Reveillé went at a more than usually unearthly hour, and except for a hasty breakfast before starting no one fed again till quite late in the afternoon, when a sandwich per man was dealt forth.

"C" Squadron "bivoucked" under service conditions an hour or two after.

Some of the strenuous souls who volunteered for piquet duty only got an odd half hour or two of sleep

from four in the morning till quite late in the afternoon of the day after. For at midnight the squadron was awakened to make an attack, which was delivered at dawn on two squadrons in a neighbouring village.

The work all through camp was fairly hard but not a man went sick as a result of it.

The Regiment messed in one big tent and of course everyone grouched at the food as all good soldiers do; it really wasn't at all bad and there was plenty of it.

Much talent was shown at the sing-songs every evening. The regimental poet in another squadron used to produce something new and more or less startling at each performance.

There were opportunities for a little tent-pegging and "Leaping" for anyone who liked to turn out.

On the last day regimental sports were held in which Oxford and Cambridge swept the board. The Oxford detachment were most genial folk and proved excellent neighbours. One hears rumours of no ordinary dinner which they held on their return.

The Queens' contingent who were nearly all in one tent proved a very happy little party, undoubtedly because the N.-C.O. in charge was a strenuous and most efficient fellow.

It was sad that one of our number picked a quarrel with the regimental hair dresser from the very start and trotted round looking rather like a skye terrier.

On the whole, camp must have been for most of us the best time of the summer Vac. Everyone started home excessively filthy, weirdly tanned, very fit, and though it poured on the last day, very cheery.

H. M. T.

Old Queens' Men.

GENERAL.

W. W. Bentley (1906), Topographical Survey Department, Ceylon, has recovered from an attack of appendicitis which laid him up in the spring.

G. B. Canny (1903) is to be married in January.

E. F. Duggan is at a preparatory school in Broadstairs.

W. H. Ferguson is at Edinburgh, where he has triumphed over his Anatomy.

H. C. Grace is nursing Prince John, etc., next door to Thomas Duggan (see Duggan).

B. Hannington (1902) has been appointed Head Commissioner of Gulu, Uganda, and will be home on furlough early in the spring.

E. Hillyard has gone into business.

F. R. W. Hunt is a master at Cheltenham.

D. W. Irving is coaching a small boy.

H. J. Leigh-Clare is a tutor in the family of the Maharajah of Bobbili, S. India.

A. Littledale lives between Cirencester and the Isle of Wight.

N. Miller is a master at Berkhamsted, and uses a magic lantern à l'A. B. C.

L. R. Peace (1911) is the musical editor of a new hymn book.

F. A. Redwood is at Ridley House, Bethnal Green.

G. B. Riddell is a housemaster at King's Lynn School.

O. H. Robertson has come back to Cambridge after two years on the Short Service scheme with C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe at Srinagar, Kashmir.

A. M. Samson has been amusing a young prince in Russia, and is now at Windermere.

B. Simms is at a preparatory school in Nairn.

A. E. P. Sloman is at Abingdon Grammar School for the time.

H. L. C. Smith has a crèche at King's School, Worcester.

W. H. Sparling is with the 1st Cheshires at Londonderry.

H. B. Thompson is assistant to the Reader in Egyptology at Oxford.

O. Tindall is in the L. & N. W. R. Engineering department at Euston.

H. D. Townend has gone out to R. G. Shaw & Co., Bombay.

J. R. Wade is at Wren's.

G. H. F. Whittingstall has been a master at Dovercourt (where *F. L. Marley* is), but is reputed to be at a German University now.

CLERICAL.

OBITUARY.

Guy Jocelyn Maude-Roxby (1908) of the Brotherhood of S. Andrew, Longreach, Queensland, Australia.

Touching tributes are paid to him in the June number of *Australian Bush Leaves* :

"The one event which has overshadowed all else is the sad loss of the Rev. Guy Maude-Roxby, who died of typhoid at sunrise on Tuesday, April 8th, in the hospital at Aramac, surrounded by the other four members of St. Andrew's Bush Brotherhood. Full accounts will be found elsewhere. Lamentable as is the loss of this young soldier of the Cross, he has fallen in the moment of victory.

"He has crowned his life as fittingly as we can conceive of it being crowned ; he has—so it seems to us—by the calmness and confidence with which he surrendered his life when he learned he had been called, completed the dedication of that beautiful little church which had been offered to God but eight days before, and from which he was the first to be brought out to be laid to rest."

"As a proof of the esteem in which Mr. Roxby was held, one has only to refer to the number of messages and floral tributes received from all parts of the State. Mr. Roxby spent over twelve months in Barcaldine, and had endeared himself to his congregation, making many close and cherished friendships. We are quite sure that not one of the congregation of St. Peter's Church will ever forget the Eucharist services held with Mr. Roxby as celebrant. His whole body and soul seemed to be wrapped in these Communion services. Mr. Roxby had been in the Brotherhood just over two years, and was not 27 years of age at the time of his death. His loss will be a keen one to St. Andrew's Brotherhood."—*The Western Champion*.

William Henry Conway Pope (1897), of the S.P.G., at Moulmein, Burma. The eldest son of the Rev. W. Pope, rector of Heanton-Punchardon, Devon, he served curacies at Bethnal Green, Hampstead, and Barnsbury until 1906, and worked at Rangoon, Shwebo, and Moulmein.

Walter Bradbury (1851).

"The Rev. *Walter Bradbury* died last week, aged eighty-six years, at Ramsey, Isle of Man. He graduated from Queens' College, Cambridge, in 1851, and was ordained in the following year. He became Incumbent of St. James's, St. Heliers, and subsequently was appointed Vicar of Skerton, Lancashire. This he resigned to become a Missioner; as such he travelled extensively throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies. In later years complete rest from all ministerial work was enjoined."
—From the *Church Times*.

APPOINTMENTS.

E. Williams Ashman (1911) to be Headmaster of the English Choir-School in Paris.

E. H. Maish (1908), Curate of Walcot, Bath, to be Chaplain to the Bishop of Durham, with charge of the Bishop's Hostel, Bishop Auckland.

C. S. Quainton (1894), Vicar of Holmfirth, Huddersfield, and his curate

T. Hannay (1910), are leaving England: the former to be Incumbent of Brandton, Manitoba; the latter on U.M.C.A.

A. St L. Westall (1884), Vicar of S. Mary's, Ilford, to S. Michael's, Walthamstow.

C. R. Job (1875), Vicar of St. James's, Hampton Hill, to be Rector of Bengoe, Hertford.

ORDINATIONS.

MICHAELMAS. *L. F. Browne*, to S. Paul's, Princes Park, Liverpool.

A. P. Burton, to Billinge, Liverpool.

P. H. Turnbull, to S. Michael's-in-the-Hamlet, Liverpool.

ADVENT. *H. S. Bailey*, to S. Paul's Hendon, Sutherland.

W. D. Geare, to S. Margaret's, Ilkley.

R. A. Marsh, to S. Thomas-in-the-Moors, Birmingham.

L. Spiller, to S. Melitus, Hanwell.

THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES.

Ridley. *H. W. Austin, L. T. Burleigh, J. A. Burness,
A. Jephcott, K. W. Pain, O. H. Robertson,
P. A. Tharp.*

Westcott. *H. C. White.*

Ely. *F. A. Page.*

Farnham. *M. L. Couchman.*

Leeds. *N. A. Skelton.*

Wycliffe. *K. E. Collins, E. M. Nicholl.*

The following are also preparing for ordination: *G. P. A. Dixon, W. S. Dobson, R. J. Green, A. M. Samson.*

L. H. B. Staveley is doing Short Service work in W. Canada.

H. J. Thompson is at Horsham, preparing to defeat the examiners of the second part of the Special Examination in Theology at the end of this term.

The Long, 1913.

CAMBRIDGE may be a dull place in the 'Long,' but the inside of this college certainly was not.

One wonders why more men do not come up. It makes a delightful break in a four months' vacation, and there seems to be a greater spirit of comradeship, a greater freedom (the almost total absence of dons largely contributing to this) than during the rest of the year. One walks across the grass even more unconcernedly than in term-time.

The writer does not wish to suggest that men are more primitive in the 'Long,' but there seems to be a reversion to an ancestral tribal condition. Consequently you must not be surprised to find that you make the

twelfth man at a 'brekker.' These 'brekkers' were remarkable both for the *ardently* contested competition between two prominent rowing men for superiority of dictum to that of girk, and for the amount of wreckage at the finish. Copies of photographs taken of the latter are, it is said, used by the local press in reporting railway accidents.

The morning was taken up by work for most of us and lunch, with a change in the viands, largely resembled 'brekker.'

The afternoon was given over to tennis, picnics up river, etc. There was no gyps' cricket match or concert this year, due to the presence in our midst of some twenty people up here for the purposes of missionary study, thus preventing the kitchen staff and others getting a free afternoon. The doings of some members of the boat club who were seen in a car on the Bedford Road are, I believe, recorded elsewhere.

Tea was again a communistic meal held under the Walnut Tree to which armchairs and chesterfields were dragged from all parts of the college. Sometimes it was enlivened by a monastic element and by the bizarre costume of our legal-theologian who appeared in a blazer and a cloth cap. His beaming smile once provoked the remark that he looked as if he had just returned from his wedding. The dignified reply was:—"I hope I should wear a top hat on such an occasion."

The musical evenings however provided the greatest amusement of the day. The concert, which usually started with something classical as rendered by the aforesaid legal-theologian, soon degenerated into a

pandemonium ably directed by a former boat-captain from the depths of an old deck chair. His passion for sentimental songs and for a certain drab coloured hut in the occident invariably elicited the remark, whenever the piano tended to stop, "Garn. Go on playing Phwhat are you here for." The singing of 'Jane, Jane, where are you?' received an instantaneous response from the next staircase. We never knew he answered to this name before.

Patronisers of the variety shows at the theatre were one evening amazed to see and hear an actress proposing across the footlights to the above mentioned boat captain, ("Won't you be my husband, won't you buy the ring"—there was no mistaking it). This delicate request was merely greeted with roars of laughter. It was as well, perhaps, considering that she did not look more than ten years old.

Other incidents that contributed to these merry evenings are too numerous to record here, but mention must be made of the complete inability of a senior scholar to drink a glass of ginger-ale without spilling it over everybody, and of the unfortunate remark of our legal-theologian, that he felt cold one evening. He promptly found himself picked up and flung into every chair in the room in turn.

About eleven-thirty there would be loud reports heard as mattresses crashed down from top storey windows on to the gravel below—for all the best people sleep out-of-doors in the 'Long.' The only disadvantages known to attend this health-giving practice are that it sometimes rains and always, when you wake up in the morning, you find that the gravel for yards

around has somehow managed to work its way into your bed. The last evening of the 'Long' was spent in doing 'malicious damage' (item, one gas mantle.—“These things might be taken notice of in a girls' high school”). The Dial was decorated with candles and mops; but the tendency to make it look like a pawn-broker's sign made it so ashamed that it hung its head, or rather its gnomon. This no longer projects at right angles to the wall (or at least one used to think it did).

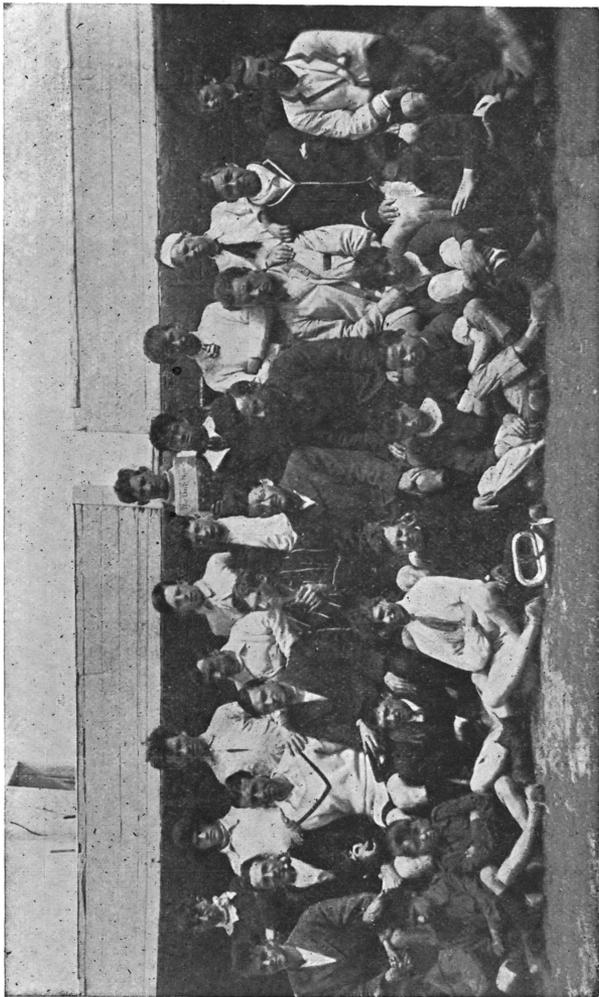
How pretty the 'backs' look at an hour when—well it was dark and we will let it remain so.

SIRRAH.

Quaint Birds.

[Through the kindness of a member of this College who has been making considerable research into the ornithology of the neighbourhood, and has been good enough to pass on to us some of the results of his work, we are enabled to print the following list of rare birds seen and heard during the course of the term.]

1. BOAT BILL (*Phaenicopterus ardensis*). One of the handsomest of our water-fowl. Plumage white striped with green, and a rosy-coloured band round neck. Note faint but pleasing.
2. CRANE (*Grus gazekensis*). The longest-necked bird known. Very sweet tempered and an excellent pet for children. No song. Legs adapted for pace.
3. GRANTA DRIVER (*Colymba Procteria*). Alone of the feathered tribe continues to frequent our rivers during the winter months, thus harrowing their fishy inhabitants' feelings. Lives in a nest resembling the hornets', but made mostly of bricks.



4. KO KO HEN (*Gallinula Jica*). Found in company with the adjutant and similar birds. Fond of the water, on the surface of which it may often be seen performing amusing antics.
5. NIGHTINGALE (*Motacilla Newnhamia*). This bird is noted for its song, and may be heard most nights in the vicinity of the Grove. Plumage sombre.
6. PARTRIDGE (*Perdrix Docketi*). Recognised by its perky, quick habits. Unlike other members of the genus has a clear flutey note. Fond of attitudes.
7. TIT (*Parus Theologophilus*). The Cole Tit is a quiet, unassuming little bird. Note harsh and cackling.

PAPA.

The Mission Camp, 1913.

THE means of transit to the camp were distinctly various, ranging from a tired looking push-bike of doubtful age to motor-cycles and a car. Anyway we all got there, though it has not yet been explained what caused one of the party, who apparently had aimed at Ryde, to arrive at Ryde without his own connivance.

The anticipated scramble and general confusion of a first night were largely absent this year.

It is true that most of us spent the first night without sleep on account of using only two blankets, but this was merely due to our not having yet acquired the proper camp spirit: which is, 'My blanket is mine; your blanket is yours and mine also.'

Next morning we had more leisure to examine the barge and its surroundings. The so-called barge was really the hulk of a deep-keeled sailing ship of some kind, planted with the keel in the mud and the rest high and dry during the greater part of the year. It was well-equipped with a cook's galley in the bows ("The Dean said I might have one"), whilst an extensive awning made the stern habitable in wet weather. The boys slept in the roomy but somewhat stuffy hold, while a few officers tried to sleep on deck and keep silence below with threats of keel-hauling, etc.

The rest of the officers tried to find peace in a bell tent and Mr. Wood's squatter tent on the other side of a Martello tower.

THOSE PRESENT WERE

- Mr. Wood.* Skipper, chief scout, leader of bathing parades, carrier, marketer, etc.
- Mr. Kingdon.* Missioner. Around him peace and quiet reigned supreme. As an early bathing enthusiast he was not to be trifled with.
- E. H. King.* The Humorist of the party. Must not be confused with the scout King; are easily distinguishable when once brought together for comparison. Presents a truly piratical appearance when preparing lunch in pyjamas, hat and sweater. Shewed his experience of former camps by appearing with a huge bed-mattress affair.
- H. J. Thompson.* Captain of the Q. C. Mission A. F. C. Not a good cook, but willing, honest and clean. Possibly still the idol of the Old Harbour football enthusiasts.
- N. Miller.* The Bard. Little was seen of him after the Camp song was composed. Was most decently and decorously apparelled throughout.

- W. S. Thompson.* Stores inspector (not officially appointed). Usually adorned in exceedingly becoming rowing shorts and blazer. Sometimes in moments of exhilaration donned a shirt and shoes. Had a tiring habit of quarrelling with local cockerels at 4.30 a.m.
- H. A. K. Barker.* Caterer, most successful. Of energetic habits and earnest expression. Much admired throughout. In company with H. J. Thompson would, several times a day, retire into the bell tent and emerge freshly shaved.
- S. R. E. Davies.* N. C. O. (unattached?) Arrived late, left early, and made many mysterious motor-cycle trips in the meanwhile.
- C. H. J. Treglown.* Captain Q. C. Mission 'Podex' C. Pursued his studies even during the vac., notably in connection with William the Conqueror, whilst the Missioner helped him a little with Shandy Gaff.
- O. M. Best.* One of the winning orderlies. Always seemed to be suffering from 'hair-raising' alarms. Showed great endurance in progressing worm-wise in scout games. Had theories for most things, including how to keep warm at 2.30 a.m.
- F. E. Briscoe.* Canteen Sergeant. No balance sheet is ever issued in connection with this office, possibly partly to compensate for the violent exertions it entails so soon after meals. *Ubi onus ibi emolumentum.*

Each day was begun and ended with prayers.

The occupations of the day were various ; bathing, many meals (but not enough!) some washing up, sing-songs, podex, soccer, and occasionally though never-to-be-forgotten scouting expeditions.

That to Camber Castle was one. The defenders sat down outside the castle and ate chocolate. The assailants covered the first mile or so of the attack at

a sharp trot, but slowed down when it became necessary to bend double to keep in cover.

The next half-mile involved zig-zags upon one's hands and knees among hillocks of smooth but exceedingly hard pebbles with an occasional bunch of nettles to take cover in.

This was on the sea side. On the inland side Mr. Wood blew a a whistle twice and jumped into a stream, whilst Treglown and Mr. Kingdon sat down under a wall and smoked.

Eventually sinking our individual preferences and habits in a common purpose we made various gallant but spasmodic individual rushes. Each entrance however was guarded by three or four defenders, and after some doubling we were caught and enjoyed a hard-earned rest.

In the early morning we bathed in a shallow but very rapid stream, into which one splashed, floated down, and ran up along the bank again and repeated. Usually, that is, one repeated it, though once when Mr. Wood struck an uncharted gravel bank his inclinations suddenly leaned towards frictional massage and bacchant terpsichoring on the sands.

In this way passed a very enjoyable week, healthy no doubt for body and mind, but needing according to one's strength of constitution from a week's to a month's rest cure afterwards.

O. H. B.

Q. C. R. U. F. C. Characters.

- P. A. T. Simey* (Capt.) Very clever left wing three-quarter; has lost none of his pace. An excellent captain who exhorts his side by words and deeds. A fair place kick.
- J. Nicholl.* One of the more ponderous sort. A hard working energetic forward. Has also played for North-East Rutlandshire. A most capable secretary.
- H. M. Tulloch.* A hunting three-quarter. Very fast, and has a useful swerve. Might use resin on his hands at times. Still sports that "'Quin" tie.
- G. R. Sandford.* A light but useful forward. Wings well and is a sound tackle.
- C. E. C. Stileman.* Small and plucky inside three-quarter. Extremely ferocious both on the field and off. Tackles hard, but is badly handicapped by his sight.
- L. S. Ward.* A keen fly-half who is most useful in stopping a rush. Might get off the mark a shade quicker; handles well.
- J. R. Handford.* Should use his brains. Dribbles well at times. Might open up the game sometimes instead of kicking. Works hard.
- H. J. Hallett.* A minute wing. Has shown speed and played some good games. Might kick a little more.
- R. G. D. Laffian.* A distinctly heavy forward. Very difficult to stop, and most useful when near the line.
- H. B. Gibson.* A very hard working forward who knows the game well. Plays hard all through.

- G. J. Partridge.* A clever scrum-half. Does not take to the scrum enough and is inclined to run too far with the ball. Has many sound tricks.
- C. P. Dutt.* Energetic forward on the light side. Plays hard all through. A trifle wild at times.
- K. N. Mackenzie.* An acquisition to the pack. Light but quick. Dribbles well and keeps his head. Scores frequently.
- M. B. Lambert.* A sound back; tackles well. Should learn to kick well with both feet. Is apt to suffer from "needle."
- E. P. Jennings.* Is acquiring a good knowledge of the game, and is quite a useful forward. Handles well and works hard.
- F. R. Kennedy.* Has played some useful games. Handles well and gets the three-quarters going. But is rather slow. Kicks well.

Q. C. C. U.

THE term has been marked by a greater measure of activity than the corresponding term of some previous years. Interest in the doings of the Q. C. C. U. has quickened to some extent throughout the College. Attendance at Friday meetings has been well maintained. Discussions would be better if they partook less of the nature of catechisings of the speaker. Devotional meetings have been attended by larger numbers than during last term. There is still, however, only too much ground for fearing that many men are afraid to come. To all such we would say: "Come and see."

All reports seem to show that the study circles are going on satisfactorily. There are nine circles, with about sixty members, working through Cunningham's "Studies in New Testament Thought."

There is cause for thankfulness that the devotional life of the Q. C. C. U. has experienced some degree of deepening. It is to be hoped that this progress will be maintained.

St. Bernard Society.

DEBATES have on the whole shown some improvement although the Seniors' Debate came to an untimely end. The Freshmen's function was entirely successful, although eloquent senior members left none too much time for the orators of the first year. The standard of first year speaking promises well for the future of Queens' debating. Messrs. Harrison, C. M. Kidson, and Fawkes being particularly good. It is much to be desired that speakers who intervene when debates are thrown open to the House, would take the debates a little more seriously and come with more carefully prepared speeches.

Concerts have improved ; the Freshmen's Concert marking a distinct advance on the corresponding function of last year. The only complaint to be made is that the number of performers was too small. Mr. Crow is an exceedingly vigorous performer upon the harpsichord, while Mr. Maine, besides making cheerful noises upon the harp and organ, sings Irish ditties in an inimitable manner. We hope that more talent will reveal itself ere long.

A. H. C.

The Quærists.

ON Wednesday, October 15th, Mr. J. I. Cohen read a paper on John Smith, of Queens', one of the Cambridge Platonists. He discussed his philosophy and gave a brief sketch of his collegiate career. He shewed some specimens of John Smith's works, which he had obtained

from the college library. A short discussion on philosophy followed. At the next meeting, which was held on October 29th, Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" was read. Mr. Cohen as Tony Lumpkin and Mr. Cullen as Mr. Hardcastle amused us much, while Mr. W. Couch gave a vigorous rendering of the part of 'Omnes.' On November 12th, Mr. C. F. Angus read an interesting paper on "The right to Believe." He discussed the necessity of faith existing in each of us. He particularly emphasised the place of faith in religion, and, to a lesser degree, in politics. The aim of his paper was to provide food for discussion, in which he was partially successful: for, although there was quite a considerable number present, the majority seemed reticent in putting forward their ideas on the subject. However all present enjoyed the paper much, and, we hope, gained several new ideas on the subject of faith. On the 26th November we hope to read "As You Like It," and on December 3rd Mr. W. S. Thompson will read a paper on "Christian Science." We should like to avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us in these columns, of emphasising the fact that "The Quærists" is a college institution, and not a private speculation, and that all members of the college are warmly invited to be present at the meetings; all members of the college who have attended one meeting are eligible for election. The object of the Society is to further the study of philosophical questions by means of discussion, and also to promote interest in the classics of literature. So we hope that all men who are interested in philosophy or literature will make a point of coming to the remaining meetings of the year.

B. C. W.



FLAPPER, in your several stages
 'Twixt the ages
 Of, say, ten and seventeen,
 When I watch the changes of your
 Varied coiffure,
 Envy turns me pallid green.



Summers pass. Your looseblown
 Fashion dresses [tresses
 In a pig-tail's comely shape.
 Short'ning, your appendage caudal
 —Time don't dawdle—
 Much beribboned hides your nape.

Grows your skirting by degrees, Flap !
 Hiding kneecap ;
 Downwards to your toes it sneaks,
 Veiling both your shapely ankles ;
 I—this rankles—
 Straight from knickers jump to
 [breeks.

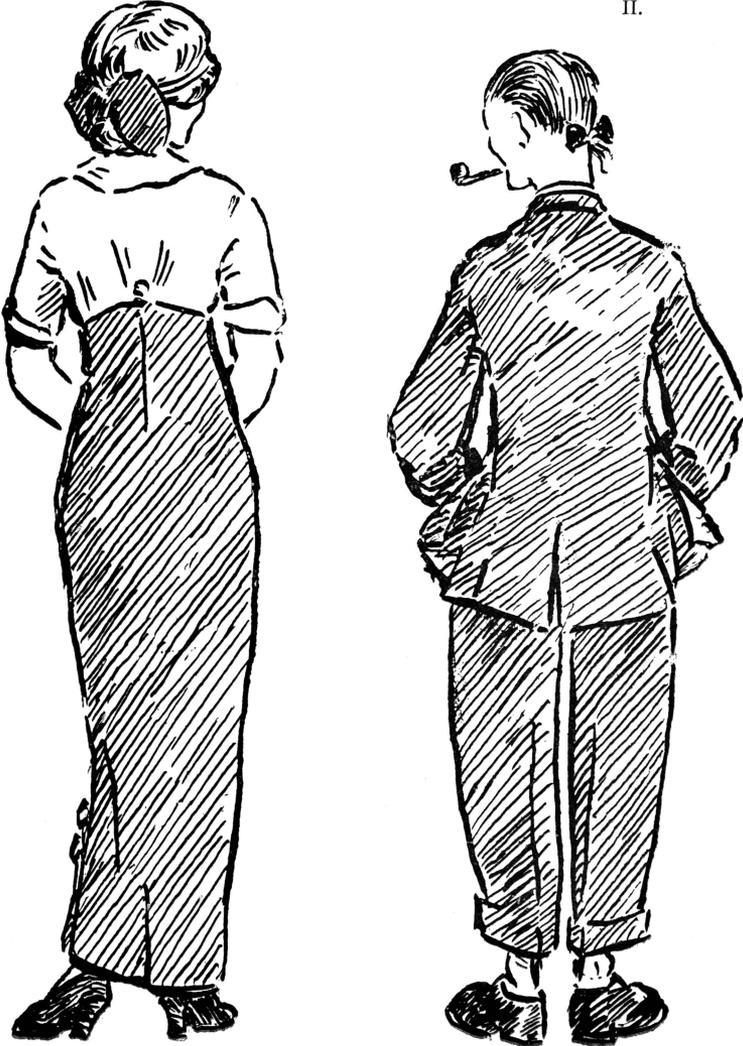


Though my knickers always stätim,
 Not gradatim
 Change : long breeks perforce I
 wear :
 Though—mere man by fate's vagary—
 I mayn't vary
 With my years my lengthening hair:



Yet my envy's tinged with sorrow,
For to-morrow
Veil you must what charms to-day :
Ever as you grow in beauty,
'Tis your duty
More and more to hide away.

II.



Correspondence.

QUEENS' COLLEGE,

November 28th, 1913.

To the Editor of the "Dial."

DEAR SIR,—Among other people we find it, from time to time, necessary to place College notices on the Screens. There exist persons who find it their vocation in life to amend or add to these notices. These alterations are very occasionally funny, sometimes wholly out of taste, and, in any case, quite unnecessary.

We have no use at Queens' for persons, styling themselves gentlemen, who so far forgot themselves, or, as it may be, so far expose their true natures, as to outrage even the most elementary principles of decency in this way.

Such conduct is not only impertinent but disgusting; and it should be understood by the persons concerned, that, even if they gain the plaudits of their friends, the College in general will not put up with it.

We are, Sir,

Yours truly,

G. R. SANDFORD, *President Q.C.A.C.*

N. H. LANGLEY-SMITH, *Captain Q.C.A.F.C.*

H. W. ARDEN, *Captain Q.C.B.C.*

A. F. J. HOPEWELL, *Captain Q.C.C.C.*

P. A. T. SIMEY, *Captain Q.C.R.U.F.C.*

Wanted.

- Air-cooler** : wet blanket will do : H. A. K. B-rk-r.
Big barn for baby bear (*past bore*) : J. Mc. N-ch-ll.
Cork leg for young gentleman with weak understanding.
 J. L. W- -d.
Degrees : for one or two young gentlemen in their fourth
 year. An-nym- -s.
Hop - -ll : compare H- -r-. H - -r- : compare Hop - -ll.
Introductions : none but University Representatives need
 apply. L. Mc. N. H-w-tt.
Lemonade, in large or small quantities according to taste.
 E. S. Or- -.
Off-day : H. E. Ch-ndl-r.
Quietus : F. R. K-nn-dy.
Reducer : Antipon useless : have tried Bailey and Tebbutt's.
 R. M-ns-ll.
Scheemed milk for young gäälvaniſed iron cääät. M. H. B.
 Sc-tt.
Silencer for old model 1893 Wrecks. R. W. A. W-tts.

Not Wanted.

Wuggins :

Committee.

A. B. COOK, Esq.
J. I. COHEN, *Editor*.
C. M. HOBSON, *Treasurer*.
J. R. HARRIS,
G. R. SANDFORD.
P. INGLESON.
A. H. CULLEN.

The subscription to *The Dial* is 3/- per annum. This includes postage. All subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer. We should be very grateful if Old Queens' men who have not paid up to date would do so at once, as otherwise we shall be involved in financial difficulties.

All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, not necessarily for publication, but as the usual guarantee of good faith. If contributors prefer to enclose their name in a separate envelope, this will not be opened if the article be rejected. Contributions will be welcomed at any time throughout the year.
