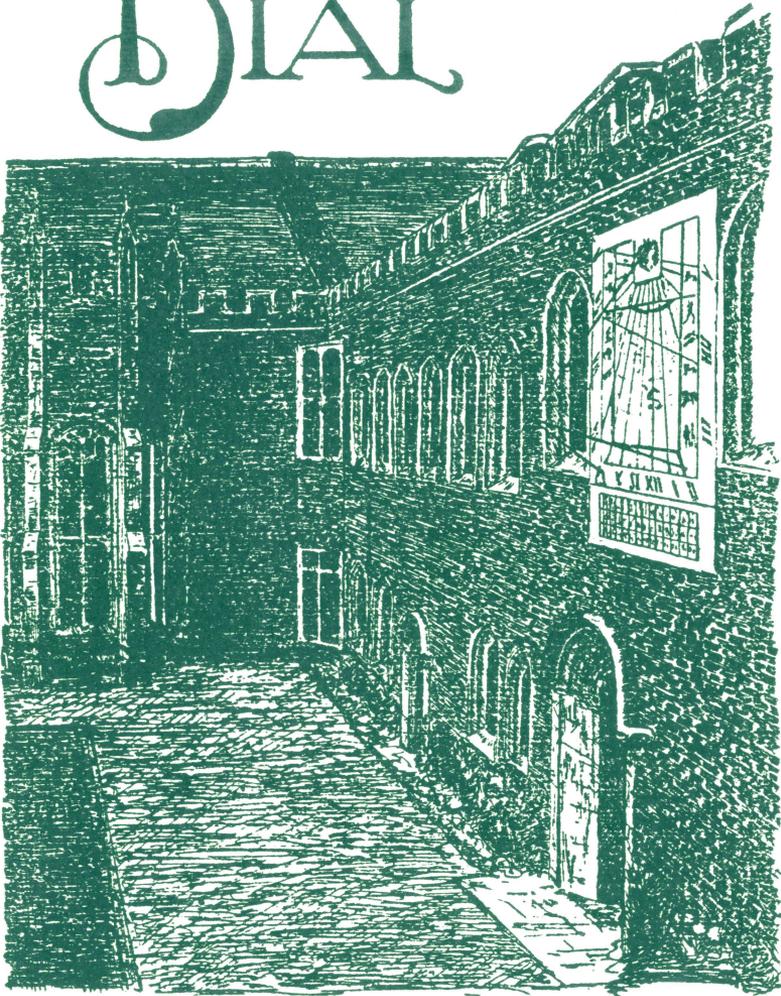


The
DIAL



Queens' College

Easter Term, 1914

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Hills & Saunders

Photo

The Dial.

VOL. III. No. 20.

EASTER TERM, 1914.

Editorial.

IT will seem to those jolly but junior members of the College, for whom alone in their opinion it exists, that the theme we propose is hackneyed. Now it may be uncertain whether a college really exists for its third year, or even for its third year together with the others. But this is not open to doubt that, whoever you are, you will—with ordinary luck and supposing you are a decent man—one day be a member of a third year, faced with the necessity of going down. With the same luck and innate decency you will have also to reckon up your accounts. Then, whether you are going down this term or not, bear with us while we estimate our position in a wider sphere than that of mere bills; you will have to do it some time, if not now.

Of course, as far as mere bills are concerned, many men don't bother to square their accounts at once;

and many cannot. The first is a matter of decency; the second, of luck as well. So in the larger sphere you may not be inclined or you may be unable to figure up the balance. But if you are willing to proceed, we can go on together with the calculation. We shall start with a great advantage. For unlike some colleges Queens' is a community. There are cliques of course; like offences they are bound to come. Imagine a state of affairs where each man in a college knew the other hundred and seventy-nine so well, that he might at any given moment expect any one of them to drop in for a smoke and a talk in the intervals of work or pleasure! As it is, with but few exceptions we are all in each year acquainted with one another, while knowing intimately just the few amongst whom fortune has pitched us. Thus in general we can look at things from a single or college standpoint much more than men in some other places, although for different men even the same circumstances have a different appearance and thus a different effect. Therefore also our individual gains and losses will be more nearly co-incident, and our power of appreciating them greater.

We did not come up specifically to work. It is cheaper and easier to do so at home; we do not find

it easier now, because when we are at home it is the Vac., when no man can work. There must therefore be some good cause why we should be sent for our education to a place where the running up of bills seems to be the only work effectively done. Of course, it's the thing to do; yes, but why? Even hereditary prejudices tend to become obsolescent when they lose their *raison d'être*, and this one is by no means obsolescent. We did not come up specifically for sport. Some men come to the 'Varsity to get a blue. Now a blue is an athletic prize of national standing; but this is not so merely because sport up here is so highly developed. A blue is not solely an athletic prize, like an internatter. There is a something in it which still defies our definition. We did not come up specifically to have a good time. Complete freedom in town is surely preferable even to a comfortable barrack-life. Yet there is something which makes the University a good place (despite its discipline) for the hedonist also.

Perhaps a pass degree is just a fetich, vainly worshipped by the ignorant uncivilised. Intellectually, it may be; but it has some hidden value, which we are to dig out. If it is not what we do that makes the difference, and if there is a difference, it must lie in the way we do things—our culture, in short. Does it seem odd to associate culture with a brace of specials?

Then we must define culture. It is not a 'manner'—thank heaven, there is no Cambridge 'manner'—but *the* manner in which we conduct our life. At school we have free conduct of ourselves only in trivial matters and circumstances vary little. In maturity, even in the most monotonous business, new situations are daily arising which we alone have to face; and on them hangs more than on all the emergencies of school life put together, great as they seem at the time. Here we are in a miniature world (without women or children for the most part) and though sheltered, yet a stage nearer to the hypothetical absolutism of the British citizen over his own affairs. Out of dock, but not yet on the high seas, we have a period in the harbour to improve our seamanship. A man who passes straight from school into 'life' misses this great opportunity (which is ours, by the way, only if we take it) of developing our power of adaptation to varying circumstances, which is one of the greatest needs of a true leader of men. This quality, brought out in some men in the fierce struggle to rise out of poverty, we are given a different opportunity to develop. Hence men of business are looking to the universities for recruits, and government gets from them its servants in high positions: for our honour ought to be able to stand the strain of great temptations or critical emergencies better than other men's.

If we are really to acquire this neatness in the handling of life, it is evident that we must be educated neither under a despotism—however benevolent—as at school, nor in a free democracy—however well-educated. May we plead in all sincerity that at present our government answers rather to the first description than the second? It is the feeling of many of us that we do not develop as men in other places do; that in fact the epithet ‘childish’ is often deserved. Licence we do not want; more responsibility and less nursing we crave for. That we are being given more freedom is proved by the answer given last term to the gate-fines appeal, a project which two years ago seemed fanciful. We hope it is within our privilege as men about to leave the College, and speaking from our hearts for its best interests, to ask that such freedom may be given in a greater measure to the future generations of men; for it is our belief that only so shall we produce men worthy not merely to be citizens but to be leaders of men.

And so we bid one another farewell. To some these sentiments will have been empty, to others false. But we shall all be one in our hopes and prayers for the future of the place where we have spent and are even now spending some of the best hours of our life.

Dialiana.

WE came up this term to find a telephone exchange in the Porter's Lodge, designed to beguile the off-minutes of the man on guard. The Bernard Room and nearly all the Fellows' apartments have been fitted with private 'phones, and any prodigality in the use of the Bernard Room instrument is checked by the penny-in the slot system. Another welcome improvement undertaken last vac is the gas-rings fitted throughout college with the exception of Old Court, where no gas has ever been laid on. We understand that the expense saved by the use of gas-rings in preference to methylated spirits will have been enough during this term alone to provide for the cost of their installation. Nor must we forget the marvellous milk-jugs Mr. Sleeman has provided us with.

D. Boumphrey played in the Seniors' Cricket Match; and H. F. Garrett, F. R. Kennedy, and K. N. McKenzie in the Freshers'. We sympathise heartily with the first of these three, who after bowling so well for Somerset last season, has been scarcely able to bowl at all this term on account of his arm. McKenzie played in the Trial Match. A. F. J. Hopewell, C. J. H. Treglown and D. Boumphrey have played for the Crusaders. Garrett and McKenzie have been given their colours by the same club. Boumphrey and Garrett played for the Etceteras.

The athletic position of the College has been very satisfactory during the past year. The Soccer XI.

regained their position in the first league, and were of such all-round excellence that it was said they would have beaten most of the first league teams, had they met them. The Rugger XV. was one of the best we have had recently, and lost only 3 out of 13 matches: these too were played with scratch teams for the most part. The Lent boat finished up eighth on the river. The Athletic team are in the first division. The Hockey XI. were bracketed second in the first league.

H. Sandon has represented the University at Swimming.

L. W. Halse was awarded the first Stewart of Rannoch Scholarship for Sacred Music.

H. W. S. Cotton acquitted himself with distinction in the Abbot Scholarship Examination.

L. C. Robertson (1912) has published a collection of poems, some of which have appeared in the *Dial*, in a little volume in the Vigo Cabinet Series (Elkin Matthews), which has been very favourably reviewed.

We hope the frontispiece will be duly admired. We believe that it will be the first time that most of our readers have seen any record of the racing possibilities of the latest addition to the Combination Room stud.

We regret our inability to publish all the contributions sent in, but we should like to thank all those who have remembered our existence for them. In quantity, if not in quality, they have exceeded our best hopes.

Old Queens' Men.

WE have had a very interesting letter from *J. B. Whitfield* (1911), who left the Royal Engineers to devote himself to missionary work in India. It will be remembered that he was one of a pair which went through a whole tennis season without being beaten, including among their opponents the first 'Varsity pair of the year.

Among the leaders of India the cause of Education takes the first place. Out of three hundred millions of British subjects but a small fraction are touched by any educative influences, but as the writer says, 'Young India has set itself in a purposeful resolve to make up for the time lost while the land has slept closed in by the narrow partition walls of Caste, and content to look back and dream of the golden ages of the past when India could boast a civilisation second to none.' On all hands there are complaints of insufficient accommodation in schools and colleges, but government and private workers are doing their best to supply this want. The Christian missionary, as usual, is behind no one in this social service. For he believes not only that the teaching of Christianity requires schools, but that those who demand education need also Christianity. No missionary society has done more in the past in this way than the C.M.S., among whose colleges that of S. John at Agra is the largest and most important. In 1850, when Agra was the capital of Oudh, it was founded at the request of the English residents; and this year it has had a new burst of life, the Viceroy opening its greatly enlarged buildings on January 9. Sir Swinton Jacob, the great master of the Indo-Saracenic style, designed them. 'The carrying out of this design has been an almost unique instance of individual enterprise in this country, where everything from a hospital to a salt-mine is in the hands of the State. Of the £26,000, which was the cost, more than two-thirds has been given by or through the present principal, Rev. A. W. Davis. The work has been carried out by day labour under the superintendence of one of our own number, first by Mr. W. J. Thompson and later by Rev. Percy Webber, when the former was

invalided home. All the details have been worked out in our own office. This work was one of adaptation more than of original design. Agra is situated in a district where the Mogul architects in the reigns of Akbar and Shah Jahan built their greatest masterpieces. The names of Taj Mahal of Secundra and Fatepur Sikri are familiar to all students of Indian architecture, and from time to time members of our staff have gone out to find from them fitting designs for pillar, arch, or dome.' In the clear moonlight of an Indian night, the white brilliancy of the domes and the black depth of the shadows beneath the arches of this museum of all that is best in the old Mogul work, must present a picture of chiaroscuro almost unequalled by any modern building. At the summit stands a white stone cross. Thus the whole is a symbol of the aims of the college, the building up of all that is best in the students into Christ. Of these latter we are told: 'If we turn from the consideration of the building and watch the 280 students who daily attend the college lectures, we shall find a fascination scarcely less strong than that of the building itself. Indian students are remarkably like English students. They are men among whom a newcomer is soon able to form real and intimate friendships. They are many of them good sportsmen and in some games they have a natural aptitude of eye and wrist which quite fills the Westerner with envy. As one comes to know them better however, one is often struck by a subtle something wanting. It is the 'one thing thou lackest,' the surrender of the will to the Master. There is lacking too the overflowing cheerfulness that follows on the surrender. It is this that forms the strongest call to come and work among these men. We who are young men like them are on common ground at once. The opportunity for influence is here ready made, and more men are wanted.'

Queens' has already sent out three men to S. John's, and it is the hope of this old Queens' man that she shall not have 'struck thrice and stayed.' The first copy of the S. John's College magazine was put on the Bernard Room table at the end of last term, and any information that cannot be got from it will be readily supplied by Mr. Wood.

L. H. Adams (1909) has been married to Miss D'Auquier, in Canada.

G. H. Crump (1912) is a master at Cheltenham College.

J. P. K. Groves (1911) is writing awfully jolly blank verses.

E. W. Hickie (1913) has left Aldenham for Elizabeth College, Guernsey.

Rev. C. E. B. Kingsford (1910) is engaged.

H. W. Lee (1911) has entered the firm of Taylor, Taylor & Hobson, manufacturing opticians, of Leicester.

J. F. Moylan (1904) was married on May 2nd. to Nesta, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. D. Fitz-Gerald, of 33, Hartington Gardens, S.W.

W. D. Rogers (1911) is a master at Mr. R. Maw's school in Woking.

C. Schwartz (1911) is a master at Holt's School, Liverpool.

D. C. G. Stileman (1911) is a master at Epsom College.

A. G. Veitch (1910) has resigned his lectureship at Bristol University to be Mathematical Master at Wolverhampton Grammar School. He has been recently elected a member of the London Mathematical Society.

The following have taken their M.A. this term :—

B. L. Holme *W. H. Salmon*

J. V. Pugh *H. G. Veitch*

J. H. Robinson

The following are home on leave : *H. M. Brice-Smith* (1906) from Northern Nigeria ; *B. L. Holme* (1909), who is teaching in Russia ; *G. D. Roechling* (1909), I.C.S.

CLERICAL.

APPOINTMENTS.

J. K. Best (1910) to be curate of Bolton Parish Church.

G. A. Chase (1908) to be Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Ely.

F. V. Nicholson (1909) to be curate of Seaham Harbour.

P. D. Scott (1910) to be curate of Paddington.

ORDINATIONS.

TRINITY.

Deacon. *H. W. Austin* to Walcot, Bath.

G. P. A. Dixon to S. Augustine's, Bermondsey.

H. D. Hooper to S. James', Holloway.

E. McK. Nicholl to S. Margaret's, Brighton.

F. A. Rea'wood to S. James'-the-Less, Bethnal Green.

H. C. White to S. Michael and all Angels,
Paddington.

E. J. B. M. Kennett and *F. A. Page* hope to be ordained in September to Blackburn Parish Church and S. Michael and all Angels, Nottingham, respectively; also *P. A. Tharp* to Holy Trinity, Marylebone; and *K. W. Pain* to S. Saviour's Liverpool.

MISSIONARY.

E. Band (1908) has returned to Tokyo from Tainan, Formosa.

H. Crick (1911) has been moved from Allahabad to Gorakhpur.

H. M. Grace (1910) is going out under C.M.S. to Uganda in October.

Things we should like to know.

WHO the gentleman was, who on receiving a salvo of eau froide from Sam H— cursed Earl H-ls-; what he said and why he refused to take that demure nobleman's word. Also if he *does* think himself a gentleman.

Whether the Sunday crêche from Walnut Tree Court have enjoyed their water-parties; whether one of their visitors really was chilly, and had his ardour damped, and if the crêché blushed.

Who was the gentleman who was to be nominated for President of the Bernard Society, and whether his proposers weren't the greater fools.

Who are the two freshers who have formed a night-club in Friar's Buildings, and what they have gained or lost by their nocturnal energies.

If the ravages of time can be delayed permanently and whether Papa is doing it by Salutaris.

What the *angels* do find to talk about, and whether that ought to be a qualification for membership.

Q. C. B. C.

CLINKER FOURS.

THE Clinker Four did not prove as good a crew as had been hoped. However we beat Downing by many lengths in the fastest time accomplished during the races, which is some consolation. We were beaten by Pembroke, who finally won the trophy, under the worst possible conditions. A tearing flood stream and a gale of wind and rain are not conducive to the nicer points of the art of rowing. Best thanks to Mr. Hoyland of L. M. B. C. for his genial coaching.

CHARACTERS OF THE CREW.

Bow *H. E. Chandler.* Always cheerful, especially at the finish.

2 *O. H. Robertson.* Had trouble with his shorts in the race, but has since recovered.

3 *G. C. Holcroft.* Was not very fit. One must eat in order to row.

Stroke *H. W. Arden.* Provided the fourth different style in the boat.

Cox *W. N. Craigs.* Has bought a motor-bike..

H. W. A.

Grace's Dove.*

(A LONG WAY) AFTER CATULLUS.

WEEP, goddess of kisses and pleasure
Weep, all that we men know of love,
My mistress in grief has no measure
And weeps for the loss of a dove.
Eyes sweet as the love they engender
Caressed on the bosom of Grace

A bird that was trusting and tender
 As maid in her Mother's embrace.
 Cursed powers of Hell and death giving
 To snatch that is worthy of love,
 And steal such a shape from the living—
 Most hapless of birds is the dove.
 For the eyes of my mistress are swollen and red,
 O bitter her tears for a dove that is dead.

* The author particularly regrets the mis-rendering of 'passer.' "But rhymes in this world of ours are scarce."

Q. C. H. C.

THE 1914 hockey season was a most successful one in every way. The first XI. finished up equal second with Jesus in the first division of the league, winning four matches out of six. We also had the satisfaction of being about the only team to give the winners anything of a game. We were lucky to get fresh talent to fill in the places vacant from the year before, and the team on the whole was distinctly sound if not brilliant. The second XI. only lost one match, when they were several short, and they insisted on being photographed on the strength of it.

A very satisfactory sign was the general keenness displayed, and that, combined with the amount of useful performers available, augurs well for next season, when it is hoped we shall do even better.

H. J. H.

The Hero of Baileyfield.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE umpire's hand slowly mounted. The captain moved away from the wicket pavilionwards. "L.B.W., and the thing took a chunk out of my new Frank Sugg!" he said. "Nyammit!" he muttered amid applause. A wag was the skip at times.

Five for ten. "Poor look out for us" thought the Hero. "True, sonny" replied the telepathic skip.

The Hero is in now. He fiddles with his gloves. He is as cool as a cucumber, collected as a stamp-album. The position of the game is worthy of that of the most thrilling of school-matches in fiction. He emerges in the true style from the pavilion, his slim white figure rousing the admiration of the assembled thousands. "Good for our man," yell the Lower Fourth. "How good-looking," murmur the sisters and cousins. "Bilge!" thinks the hero. "Blamed idiots!"

He remembers the sage advice of the kindly old pro, one of the Sugg family. He is perfectly collected.

Down comes the pitcher, third baseman standing well back. The Hero counters, and with a superb volplane up wind, gully is counted out. Five left-barouches set long-stop thinking. Following his huge drives, the Hero makes twelve kills at the net. The handsome dashing one-hand fieldsman at the thirteenth is the next victim. Then gathering his strength for a final effort, he makes a neat chip from the rough, which

elicits a cheer from Duriel Modd, deep in her apple-munching. "Come along" yells he and following through for twenty-two yards he runs like a dragoon down the pretty. "We've won!" volleys from a thousand throats.

Hot and moist, externally no more a cucumber he regains the pavilion. "Marvellous" mutters the laconic skip. "Och!" replies the Hero "couldn't hit the blooming pill. Ffslh!*" But then heroes are ever modest.

FIRMAMENT.

* Put your tongue between your teeth tightly, and suck freely.

St. Margaret Society.

THE Annual Lent Smoking Concert was held in the Hall on March 12th. The programme throughout was an excellent one and much appreciated by all present. For this we are indebted to the following gentlemen of other Colleges: Mr. S. J. A. Evans, of King's, whose bass solos were much appreciated; The Christ's College Quartet, who were heartily encored; Mr. F. A. B. Barnard, of King's, whose violin solos were deservedly well received; Baron W. Turkovich, of Trinity Hall, who, having removed the "bonnet" of the piano repeatedly had to "get out and get under;"

he played with much skill and perfectly amazing technique; Mr. C. G. B. Stevens, of Emmanuel, who was in splendid form and whose fine tenor voice was heard to great advantage; also to Mr. A. C. Grigg, whose humorous recitations caused much amusement. We must not forget Mr. G. J. Partridge, whose delightful singing is known to all of us and needs no comment here. The Committee offer all the above gentlemen their sincere thanks.

The audience was only fairly large, there being room for several more. Those, however, who did come will agree with me when I say they were amply rewarded for their trouble. Let us hope that by next year, or rather before the end of this year, more of the members of this College will realise that there is nothing particularly wrong in occasionally patronising a St. Margaret concert, and that it is sometimes even "done." Moreover, let it be said that these concerts are not got up solely for the amusement of the Committee.

C. O. S.

The Music of Bach and Religion.

THERE can be little doubt that the appeal of religion to men depends in quantity and quality on their individual temperaments. Temperament roughly speaking consists of emotion and intellect, the latter of which is often ignored. Emotion seems universally to be of two kinds, the first of which can be defined as passionate, depending on nothing internal, but exclusively on externals; and the second as calm, more

accurately described by Ruskin as reasonable emotion or reason. It is clear that the former has no moral value. Take, for instance, a preacher who relies for his effect on the arousing of this emotion in his congregation. Experience shows that the emotion, when aroused, is but momentary. It lasts till the time of moral temptation, and no longer; the greater the emotion, the worse the inevitable fall. It has its uses; it is the sort the purging of which is sometimes very valuable to the mental structure, but it is quite out of place with respect to religion as a moral power.

By so much the more is the second, or reasonable emotion, the core of religion. It is not whimsical, sudden in its coming and swift in its going, but constant and calm; an inter-penetration of intellect and emotion. Intellect will lead us nowhere, unaided; emotion alone cannot satisfy us. In unison they form the strongest power in our nature. This reasonable emotion, assuredly, can be developed by practice in many ways; here our purpose is to discuss the effect which music has upon it, and in particular the music of John Sebastian Bach.

In respect of the intellectual value of Bach's music, it is a firmly established fact that he was a perfect master of form. Of the very numerous compositions which bear his name, every one was written in perfect musical form. There need be no effort on the part of the hearer to recognise this; one *feels* that his form is beautiful and perfect. This is not to say that he was so much bound down to conventional form that he lost originality. For not only did he stand out in his own day as an original composer, but also since his day there has been no other to challenge comparison with him. One of his charms is the originality of his method of treating such conventional forms as the Suite, the Sonata, and the Concerto,

But it is not to the intellect merely that his music appeals, as some pedants would have us believe. Indeed a great mistake is made here. If we are to treat Bach only from this standpoint—and many who should know better do so—then his music will never be the music of the people, the mass of whom now regard it as something wholly incomprehensible to them, and intended for a select few to talk and get angry about. On the contrary, it is essential to understand that Bach makes a definite appeal to the emotions. Now there are two elements of music which are necessary to arouse the emotions, rhythm and tune. ‘Rhythm is second nature,’ according to psychology. The reason why it is so strong in our lives, is that we have been accustomed always to time, and the divisions of time. If you examine yourself in the street when a band is passing, you will find that you are either unconsciously keeping step, or consciously walking out of step, which amounts to the same thing. Bach’s complete mastery of rhythm is one of the chief elements of his genius. The leading characteristics of his figures are their length, clearness, and development. This is well seen in the Cantata ‘Wachet Auf.’ Its length is amazing; ‘my young remembrance cannot parallel a like to it.’ Its clearness displays inspiration. Now clearness, as one of our greatest living authorities has pointed out, is not obviousness. ‘Clearness is a sign of inspiration; obviousness, a sign of imitation: clearness is welcome to the simple mind of a keen listener, in that it gives him new views; obviousness is welcome to the inert mind of an indolent man, because it reduces the effect of imagination to a minimum.’ The development of the piece is so masterly that it can only be likened to an irresistible chain of reasoning. (Compare

the extract printed below). One of the chief causes of its power is its rhythm, and another its



tunefulness. For in tune also, the other essential, it must be admitted that Bach excels. One hears people say, 'Oh, but his tunes are so long and dull.' It is a remark which reveals the inert mind. The mission of music is not to lull, or impart sentimentality.

One hears of silly girls who after listening to a 'pretty' tune, say to the sentimental dreamy performer, 'Do play it again, it makes me cry!' This is precisely what music is not in the first place intended for—the unintellectual indulgence of the emotions. To the keen mind, however, Bach's tunes cannot be dull: it will note the tune, watch for its re-appearance, and follow it in its development. But it will be argued that it is unreasonable to expect the ordinary church-goer to appreciate these tunes and their development. In the present state of affairs in England it is unreasonable. But if organists were to play more of Bach's music in church, and at the same time to lecture about it when the opportunity occurred, music in general would gain much, and religion far more. Bach's music is difficult; is this the reason why it is not performed?

B. S. M.

Truth and the Daily Press.

THE following excerpts from three days' "news" in the *Daily Tale* of a great shipping accident illustrate the amount of truth one ought to expect in the Press after these titanic disasters. Such is neurotic human nature.

NEW YORK, Monday, 9 a.m.

Princess of Wales run into by a coal-barge. 1200 lives lost, 302 saved. Mr. Bernard Shaw and Sir Salmon Gluckstein among the passengers. Heroic rescues and self-sacrifice shown by all aboard. More than five-eighths of the crew drowned in their efforts to save life. No panic. Everybody behaved coolly, and the traditional British discipline prevailed.

12 NOON.

According to an eye-witness the ship went down with the band playing the "Dead March in Saul."

4.30 P.M.

One of the survivors is said to have seen Mr. Shaw's last moments. He was struggling with a Mr. Chesterton for the possession of a life-buoy, which the latter was obviously unable to put on, and was trying to force his companion to accept. Mr. Shaw fearing, it is said,

that his friend would turn heaven into a peasant state before he himself got there, resolved to die with him. Finally he was seen going down with the words of his childhood song "I want to be an angel" on his lips. Mr. Chesterton floated and was saved.

NEW YORK, Tuesday, 10 a.m.

Now that full details have come to hand, the most shocking scenes have been revealed. The crew of the coal-barge after tearing away half the liner's side, reversed engines and saw the water pouring in. They watched the most outrageous acts performed on the liner's decks, being too far away to render any assistance. The crew were seen jumping from the deck into the lowered boats and throwing the passengers out. The second officer, whose name is known, was observed pushing the steerage passengers into the sea, in order to have the quarter-deck to himself to pack up his luggage on.

3 P.M.

The great majority of the bodies recovered were found to be lacerated with wounds such as could only be made by a razor-edge. As the collision took place just before breakfast, when everybody was getting up, it is supposed that the polyglot mob of steerage passengers (who were in the habit of rising early) abstracted the sharp carving-knives from the saloon tables and ran amok. They seem, however, to have spared the women and children.

5 P.M.

Latest reports from Sandy Hook say that a third of the people lost were murdered before entering the water, and half the rest afterwards. Had there been no panic all might have been saved.

NEW YORK, Wednesday, 11.30 a.m.

All previous reports denied. It appears that most of the passengers were in their cabins at the time, and were drowned before they knew there had been a collision. Most of the crew were saved.

12 NOON.

Mr. Shaw was not on board, and there was no band.

Back=Work.

IT was a May morning, and sacrilege to nature to stay indoors. But between me and the sunny world outside was a gulf fixed, in the form of the Strong Silent man's resolve to do dour work. For I was goaded by the spectre of an all too near tripes. Yet a subtle temptation came upon me, to become one of those beings who laze on the Cam in comfortable punts. Like another celebrated character, 'I can resist everything, Auntie, except temptation.' I compromised: and fell—down the steps of Dolby's, palliating my conscience by carrying large and somewhat musty tomes as my com-

panions. It was not long before the Deba and I were floating hand-in-hand down stream past Trinity bridge. I moored the craft by the bank, and having settled the cushions and my sweet fancy, took up my book and commenced to read. I had scarcely mastered a page or more when a sudden splash told me that the punt pole had done the dirty on me. Without losing my wonted calm I reached out for the perfidious support, now gently careering sea-wards, and all but followed it. However, I retained my equilibrium and firmly replanted it. Again I settled down to the life's work. For a whole quarter of an hour at least I was successful, when a suspicious click made me look up. A voice then exclaimed, 'Why, pop, he looks like a rich exterior in the movies.' What will they call my portrait in America, I wonder? But I laid low like Brer Rabbit and said nuffin, gluing my eyes the more firmly on the not over familiar pages of the book before me. Of what followed I have but a hazy recollection; but the next thing I clearly remember was a splash of cold water neatly diverted from a paddle into my ear, which awakened me to the realities of life. A well-known voice murmured, 'Why, it's old Puffer. Wake up, you slacker.' I awoke, and saw two (other) unregenerates in a canoe not far away. 'How's the time,' I burred, 'bout eleven, I suppose! 'Eleven, yes—I don't think. Why man, it's past one. Come and lunch.' The lunch was the only solid piece of work I did that morning. No more 'back-work' for me; but please yourselves, gentles!

P. A. C.

Q. C. C. C.

WE had a very fine paper side indeed; but facts have not proved as satisfactory as was expected. The batting certainly was exceptional; the side, when fairly representative, has not failed once so far. Of bowling there was plenty, which, if it had been properly supported, should have sufficed to get any ordinary college side out. But backed up it has not been. The team could make runs and make them quickly too, but it has not been able to win matches. If ever bad fielding has lost matches, it was the fielding of the Queens' side this year. Not only has the ball been dropped; its flight has time after time been totally misjudged, so that often a comparatively simple catch appeared difficult if not impossible. It was the inefficiency of this department which caused matches in which we manifestly held the upper hand—and there were many of them too—to end, or rather fizzle out in a draw. Of thirteen matches we have only won one and lost three, while the remaining nine were drawn—most of them decidedly in our favour.

CHARACTERS OF FIRST XI.

A. F. J. Hopewell (capt.). A good and energetic captain. A possessor of the magic coin, which he spins with uncanny skill. Has a good Boston Trip when bowling and has batted freely, with no luck. While in the field he boxes the ball like a young Tunnickliffe. Also won the Freshers' Tennis Tournament?

D. Bounphrey (Hon. Sec.). A keen and enthusiastic secretary (see our last number). Had little luck early in the season; but since finding his form, has played several innings, which have seemed entirely satisfactory to everyone but himself. Excellent in any place in the field; and hands round tea and cigarettes with great skill.

C. J. H. Treglown. Has shown good form with the bat on occasions ; has also been seen in the field(s), where he has shown still better form with a theodolite.

C. O. Skey. A much improved bat and very sound in the field. But has missed his vocation : could easily make a living as a professional coach, Twice Daily.

L. S. Ward. Has really found his form at last : and has played several very valuable innings. Is developing a very fine "barouche" shot. [What *is* a barouche? Is it a kind of niblick?].

G. J. Partridge. Has shown very consistent form with a stolen bat (via Gordon). Has been heard to break into song even in the Pavilion. What about that Excursion on the Upper River?

H. G. Evans. Quite a useful fast bowler, when he manages to keep HIS length. "Quadrupedante sono—the risk to his toes is tremendous." (Vergil, *Aeneid* XV. 303).

H. F. Garrett. Owing to an unfortunate accident to his arm, has never been able to do himself justice as a bowler. We are glad to hear that it is not so serious as at first feared. A very sound bat, and a regular Cinquevalli in the field.

K. N. McKenzie. A gentleman with bristles. Has bowled really well with both head and knees, but has had very little support from the field. Also a useful bat with a fine follow through—twenty-two yards of it.

F. R. Kennedy. Has taken many wickets in spite of his hair. A very safe catch. Also bats, again in spite of his hair.

J. L. Wood. Has again been unfortunate with his leg. Also in being given out lbw, after smashing his bat (dammit) in an effort to defend the same (leg). An energetic fieldsman and no mean bat (a new one). Still keeps smiling.

G. V. Pagden. A dashing field, ball quite unnecessary ; also bowls, wickets unnecessary. No offence, sir. Very keen and a powerful hitter on several occasions.

A. C. Savill. Has played one invaluable innings. Has also kept wicket with some success.

The Mission.

NOT taking the Dean's remark too seriously, that the change of air from Cambridge to Rotherhithe would be very beneficial, I went over on a three weeks visit to Queens' Mission. Epping Forest passed, I began to sniff round for that characteristic smell which various correspondents of the *Daily Mail* have been trying to assign to London during the past few weeks. But I was premature; I was not yet in Rotherhithe, and the wind was the other way. Gradually I approached Rotherhithe Tunnel, just got a whiff from Wapping, and then plunged below, to reappear in a few minutes quite close to the Mission. A few vigorous thumps (the Mission doors are constructed for use, not for ornament) produced a merry motherly face (not Kingdon's) at an upper window. She seemed to recognise in me a local loiterer, and, "would I kindly wait till Mr. Kingdon returned"; presumably, as she made no offer to open the door, on the door step. However I made haste to correct her false first-impression, and it was not long before I was installed in Kingdon's study, to await his return. My first impressions of the place were rather vivid. The wall of the House or Houses, for there are two, goes right down into the river at high tide, and the study window looks right across to the North side of the river,—Wapping and neighbourhood. The river was at full tide when I arrived, and its busy traffic was a strong contrast to preconception I had formed in my mind of the place,

before leaving Cambridge. But from my room, the "Guest's Room" as it is styled, the prospect was still finer, for from there one looks right up the river as far as Tower Bridge; and St. Paul's and the Monument are also visible, as Kingdon said, on a Monday morning. Down the river one sees the wharves on both sides, with the shipping, large and small, moored there. Immediately below the window are a dozen rows of barges beached for repairs. The hammering, use of cheap paint, thick tar fumes, flavoured with an abundance of bad language, combine to produce a very thick and disturbed atmosphere from 6—5 daily.

In this part of the world it is fashionable to have your garden and to dry your washing on the roof, and in order fully to enjoy the river sights, especially the traffic, which is of absorbing interest, take a chair and a book up there, and you have a situation almost unique (for a dwelling-house) in London.

When Kingdon turned up from an afternoon's visiting, we had tea (possibly his sixth or seventh in the course of the afternoon), after which he introduced me to my "Guest Chamber," and an electrical appliance for rousing the "Guests" at breakfast time, which he worked from his room in the next house. After dinner he was showing me round, when I heard what I took to be a brawl in the street below. I asked him what was the matter. "Oh, it's only my junior boys, clamouring to get in." Their method, he explained, was to shout in semi-chorus "Mr. Kingdon" with so faint a "Mr." that it was quite a negligible quantity. This continued till they were tired (about half-an-hour), and then when they had been perfectly quiet for about five minutes, Kingdon would put his head out of the

window, and in apparently profound surprise would say "Oh, do you want to come in?" would go down and open the door, and the club commence. This is J. K. all over. The senior club (8—10 p.m.) being more dignified, used its feet to attract attention. But the door must have been provided with a guarantee, for Kingdon always let the noise subside before admitting the boys. The first night I was introduced to the Senior Club. Anybody from Queens' gets a very energetic reception from the boys. I shook hands with about a dozen, and then I was given an opportunity of patronising the Canteen, and for the first and last time during my stay there, had some cocoa and—parched leather. I observed when I had got my teeth into the latter that Kingdon studiously avoided accepting any, excusing himself by saying he had just had dinner. He then amused himself and the others at my expense, with what I considered weak sarcasm, as I tried to get rid of the "leather"—provided with the cocoa at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per square foot.

At 10 p.m. the boys were marshalled into a room set apart for prayers, after which each boy shook hands with us, a very important ceremony. A dozen "good-nights" from each boy was the average, after which the two senior boys, who are to be confirmed next month, and hold a commission to kick them out, promptly did so. And so the Club was closed for the night. This is the procedure every week-night except one, when Kingdon enjoys a well-earned rest. On Friday nights the junior boys come to a Bible Class instead of the usual Club. Kingdon has a very effective remedy for slackers. The whole Club is closed for a night, and the next week the weak brethren deem

it expedient to put in an appearance, if only for their skins' sake! With regard to the older boys, besides the two to be confirmed next month originally brought over by the last missionary, Kingdon is preparing three others whom he hopes to see ready for confirmation before he leaves. The work is by no means encouraging. He does get occasional visitors, but apart from them he is quite alone in his work. Cambridge House and Clare Mission are not far away, the latter being endowed with a sprightly deacon, who turns up now and then, and on such occasions Kingdon takes the opportunity of giving vent to his animal spirits.

Finally he has as his inseparable companion the piano, and always keeps by him a box of Tiddley-Winks. This he affects to disregard when there is anybody about, out of self-respect, I suppose; but as an after-lunch recreation it is second to none but the piano.

Such are the general impressions I received on my first visit to Queens' Mission. I can only add that, as everybody who has paid it a visit says, there's no better way of getting keenness for it oneself and giving Kingdon a much needed encouragement, than going and lodging with him for a few days.

H. S.

Q. T. L. T. C.

WE write with our fate still hanging in the balance, as we share with Trinity Mayflies the honour of being bottom of the Second League. College Tennis has truly undergone a sad decline since 1911 when we had the best college pair in the Varsity and got into the first League. Our troubles, however, have been due largely to bad luck in losing our main supports. If Dalley had not left us prematurely we should have had a different tale to unfold this year. His loss has been immense to the VI. The chief features of the year have been the large amount of medium talent in the third year and the lack of support, with exceptions, from the other years. The following remarks are addressed to the latter for consideration:—

Our comparative failure in league matches is largely due to too much defensive play. The position of attack is at the net, and this position must be attained as soon as possible, not by wild stampede, but by a steady advance, except in the case of the server, who must get up as soon as possible. The player who fears to be labelled and so get up is really guilty of that fatal disease of laziness.

Thus as to technique. Undercuts with their flat trajectory and slow rebound are—, well! only to be classed with changing hands, holding the racket half way up the handle and using both hands for a back hand drive.

Lastly, the golf maxim of "keep your eye" on the ball is quite as essential to tennis and often causes one to hit the ball, sometimes even with the gut.

We have lost all the league matches except one, Magdalene, which we won in a tremendous wind, of which perhaps we get more experience than most people. The third pair, Tinsley and Christoffelsz, contended with the elements particularly well. This pair played remarkably well at the beginning of the season, winning matches consistently, but have gone off a little lately, probably owing to their anxiety about Trips. Hoole has played very soundly this year and has pulled his partner through many crises. He has had relapses however at times. Hoare is easily the best of the first year, but is not aggressive enough and doesn't realise that a short lob is as bad as batting the ball in the net. The second VI. has been a strong side, chiefly remarkable for its varied personnel. At one period of the term we could have put three second VI's. in the field at once.

CHARACTERS. FIRST VI.

- H. A. K. Barker (Capt.)*. Performs with energy on and off the courts. Worries his opponents and partner with equally good results. Has a good repertoire of strokes and is a sound tactician.
- O. H. Best (Sec.)*. One of the keener Secretaries. Knows an astonishing amount about the game. A more sustaining diet might put a harder finish on his famous fore-hand and back-hand drives. Has had Trip. troubles.
- A. E. Christoffelsz*. Has consistently hit the ball with the middle of his racket in his own inimitable style and has greatly contributed to the small successes we have achieved. Has a wonderful eye. Another law man.

- B. Hoole.* Has improved very much in steadiness. Knows the game well. Is colossal against long odds, but when winning is the despair of his partner. A useful player under the circumstances this year. Once had to scratch to his opponents.
- R. P. Tinsley.* Has a boomerang or loop-the-loop service which has had considerable effect. Has won many matches in spite of his style and his attire, which are both unusual and could be improved by observation of better players.
- F. O. Hoare.* Steady and very patient with his partner. His short approach shots however are very dangerous for the latter. Must remember that over-spin is better than under-cut, attack than defence, and an occasional double fault than a succession of weak services.
- A. D. Ellison.* Has played several times for the First VI. Has not realised the promise of last year. Varies from brilliant to— Oh! Should keep his eye on the ball.
- E. H. King.* Yet again has been laid up and has only at a late date intimated that he has found his usual brilliant form.

CHARACTERS. SECOND VI.

- H. J. Hallett.* Captained the side admirably. Is on the small side.
- P. H. Parker.* Brilliant at times. Inclined to think he can win each point outright. Particular as to his partner.
- P. A. T. Simey.* Takes the game seriously, but has not improved during the season.
- E. P. Jennings.* Expend a vast amount of energy on weak shots. A trier.
- J. F. Duncan.* Should make a player if he can acquire steadiness. Has much improved.
- R. D. Thompson.* Stylish but ineffective. Must learn to win matches.

Also ran : N. H. Langley-Smith, S. R. Humby, P. W. Goodwyn, C. R. W. Tindall, H. M. Tulloch, C. E. C. Stileman, C. W. Kidson, H. W. S. Cotton, W. C. Cassels.

Telephone Touches.

I.

In a Fellow's keeping-room on a hot summer morning. Not the usual nicely furnished room, but that of an athlete. For on one wall there hang portraits of athletes. If you look in to the room through the window, you will see a pate. It has its back to you. As you enter by the door you see the front of it. It has a jovial rubicund appearance, and belongs to a man of comfortable build, seated at a table in the middle of the room. Opposite you is the fire-place, and on the left the paraphernalia of a scholar; behind you and to the right is a standard book-case, of the sort usually supplied to undergraduates. In the corner behind the table is a telephone. Round the room are pupils hard at work; it is the middle of a lecture. A loud noise is heard from the corner of the room in which the telephone is situated.

FELLOW.....iv. 80, vii. 53. Трпѹh. (*Annoyed*). Bother that bell. (*In his usual tone*) x. 66, xviii. 15. (*More annoyed, while the bell continues to ring*). Confound that bell. (*Rises impatiently but stiffly from his chair, and snatches the receiver from its rest*). Mr. Splinter, are you? and in a great hurry! What the goodness gracious d'you want? (*On receiving a reply*). I'm busy. (*After another reply*). You can see me between half-past twelve and one o'clock, and not before. (*Throws the receiver at the*

catch and resumes his seat and his lecture. For five minutes all goes as sleepily as before. Suddenly a noise is heard, this time from the other direction. This turns out to be a gentle tap at the door. With every sign of annoyance the Fellow lifts his eyes from his book and frowns over his glasses at the door. Then louder than before, even): Come in. (The door opens and the Provost apologetically looks round it.)

PROVOST. I'm so sorry to disturb you. Can I see you for a minute?

There is a breathless hush; the pupils look up furtively and expectantly from their books. To their surprise nothing happens.

FELLOW. (Whose attitude of over-bearing pre-occupation has curiously given way to one of polite attention). Certainly, Provost. I'm not doing anything much just now. (Leaps youthfully from his chair and follows the Provost to another room. Meanwhile the pupils discuss the phenomenon in inaudible whispers. After some time he returns and the lecture continues).

II.

In the Exchange. At an instrument which at first sight appears to be a large type-writer, but on closer inspection resembles rather a tournament chess-board, is seated a buxom operator. The operator is engaged in pulling to and fro the keys of the chess-board with no mean skill; appears to be umpiring in some game in which various persons—two at a time—take part.

OPERATOR. Hullo.

VOICE (*Probably Caledonian*). Whell, would you give me Mr. S. (*Operator promptly works a lever and connects the voice with Mr. C.*) Is that you?

MR. C. Good-morning (*speaks brightly and chirpily*).

VOICE. Is the Singer ready?

MR. C. Well really now, I haven't heard that.

VOICE. I mean, is the tyre all right?

MR. C. (*Still brightly and chirpily*). Did you say you were tired? Well really now, that's very interesting.

VOICE. Hwhat on airth do you mean?

It is now the operator's turn. With a more than muttered expletive he switches the Voice off and links it up to a noted Hebrew lecturer's. The conversation becomes unintelligible. Mr. C. on the other hand, with thoughtful care, he puts on the Bernard Room, from which direction a sleepy drawl now proceeds.

SLEEPY DRAAWWL. Is that the Joonior Prööctor?

MR. C. (*Slightly exasperated but still chirpily, and not yet aware that he is no longer talking to the Voice*). No, I thought you were.

S. D. Mr. Geeserly?

MR. C. (*really tired of the conversation, but wishing to appear interested*). What do you want me for?

S. D. What about that Täängō Suppěēr?

MR. C. (*as if lecturing*). I have here a jolly little bit of work

S. D. (*waking*). Ah

MR. C. By

S. D. Yěēs, what do you want?

MR. C. Pegasus of Argos

S. D. Pěčgy who?

It is again the operator's turn. Tiring of this Dialectic, he proceeds to engage the previous combatants in a general mêlée. Above the confusion is heard now one voice, now another).

VOICE *a.* Oo, you wretched fellow.

β. Unparalleled impertence do for goodness sake try and rehabilitate yourself

γ. Whell, yěēs, Mr. So-and-So.

δ. (*The only bright and chirpy sound in the babel*). Good morning.

JEWELS.

May Concert, 1914.

By the kindness of the authorities concerned we have been enabled to publish a programme of the May Concert for our readers.

PART I.

1. PIANO SOLI. A full Orchestral effect will be given by the musical inmates of Walnut Tree Court. The delightful tones of the mechanical pianola in one ground-floor room, and the human in the next, should be observed.
2. SONG ... "I love the lassies" B. L. A. K-NN-TT.
3. SONGS ... (Without words) W. S. TH-MPS-N.
4. HUMOROUS RECITATION. "Cheero" R. W. A. W-TTS.
5. SONGS. ... { "Rag-time soldier man" }
... { "I didn't want to do it" } ... L. S.W-rd.
6. SONG. ... "Get out and get under" B-RT-- DR-YF-S.
7. A PERFORMANCE. "Tennis." O. H. B-ST will deliver a lecture, illustrated by nasty cuts at the audience when necessary. A Freshers' quartet (J. C. F-rd and Coy.) will accompany him. You can go on talking during this item as loud as you like. You will still hear the quartet.
8. SONG. ... "Modesty" ... B. C. W-ST-LL.

PART II.

Will be published next term.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of "The Dial."

DEAR SIR,—Looking through some old letters I came across the following one, and thinking there might possibly be greater interest in it than the personal, I enclose it for you to do what you like with it.

MY DEAR—I was exceedingly pleased to receive your letter and to learn something of what you are thinking and feeling. It is a more than a pleasure to me to have the confidence of one who is entering into new worlds of thought and aspirations with such enthusiasms as yourself.

I can quite understand your disgust and amazement at some of the men you are getting to know, the complete failure to grasp the greatness of life, their intellectual dulness or even bigotry! and I quite agree with you that such men have no right to the privilege of being a member of a College.

But I beg you not to be impatient with such. Some have not the capacity for great thoughts and ideals, and yet will probably make a better thing out of life than you. And some are too young and too happy to wish to penetrate below the surface of things. They are not opening out yet because they have never lived; their life is not strong and vital because they have never felt the contradictions and pain of human existence, and without this there is small reason for them to look further than their immediate wants and pleasures. Yet how one feels that they are passing an oasis in the desert whose waters are sweeter than any, and one

dreads lest there should not be another oasis for them in this desert.

And the man with a closed mind and an attitude fixed and unconscious of any other standpoint! Well, I feel that unless you can call him friend you can do little but press him to the logical conclusion of his premises and make him ashamed of his obscurities. But argument I fear will avail you little; your friendship will be the most potent key to open his mind. Maybe, an experience of true human love will give him a glimpse of a wider world than this scheme allows for. Your remarks about some of the ordinands seem extremely bitter. Are they really so thoughtless and culpably ignorant as you say? I know some may be, but the others will surely respond to some of the ideals which they will meet at the 'Varsity and set themselves in real earnest to be "As the shadows of a great rock in a weary land." And the rest—we let us hope they will have enough honesty to see that a parent's wish or the desire of a decent way of making a living are not sufficient grounds for masquerading as the ambassador of God.

One word of warning to yourself. In your new realms of thought and knowledge, do not at once throw over all your trust in traditional religion. Remember that there is a vast amount of human experience stored up in the councils of the Church, which challenge a fair investigation, and be sure that it is Christianity that you are rejecting and not some worn out rag of eighteenth century theology.—The boating news is great! Yours ever—

Yours etc.,

Of a meeting of the 'Dial' Committee and of its disastrous consequences.

WE were sitting round the committee room in various attitudes. Mr. Cook was sitting upright on the edge of the Chesterfield on the look-out for a joke, as it were a terrier watching a bone afar off, and sitting on tip-tail till he seeth it within his reach. So then sat Mr. Cook, and when he found any man in a weak position he caught him bending. Sandford was thoughtful and rubbed his lower lip carefully with the first finger of his right hand. Hobson ruminated and laid violent hold of the bridge of his nose with his first finger and thumb. Ingleson was sprawling about in a large chair thinking out long sentences, such as come to birth with a burst but in the middle are choked and wither away. Cullen was thinking that he really ought to have kept a chapel after all, and lent an ecclesiastical air to the proceedings. Harris was even yet apologising for being late. Chandler, lately elected ornament to the Committee, kept his first committee meeting somewhere else.

It was the half-hour before Hall, the time when one is hungry—that joyous state which gives way directly one enters hall: however. There was an air of expectancy about the meeting.

Other business having been done, we came to discuss the "Man of Mark" for the term. Suggestions were given on all hands and it seemed likely that a choice would not be made without some difficulty. The golden mediocrity of our year dawned upon us—

the equality of its members. "If we choose so-and-so," one said, "we shall do injustice to such-and-such." "But what about, ho! such-an-one?" said another. The problem seemed insoluble, till someone proposed a way out. "Why," he said, "should we not take some ordinary tick and dissect him alive for the benefit of the multitude, that they may take lesson from him and do better?" Excellent, said another: and others hastened to add their epithets to the suggestion. For, you see, it must obviously be a member of the *Dial* Committee: it would have been hubris for the Committee, sagacious as it is, to select someone outside itself and label him "a tick." Again, whoever spoke on behalf of the suggestion *ipso facto* put himself outside its scope as a subject for treatment. As it happened, only one man opposed it; so it followed by natural course that he was selected as the tick in question. Then came the question, who should dissect him. And they answered, "if there be any whom he had dissected, for a recompense unto that man." And he said, "there is." And this is what the fellow wrote:—

"John Icely Cohen made his first grimace on June 21st, 1892, at 2.1 (astronomical time). He was not then the curly-headed cherub that we now know. Plymouth first knew him from stories circulated about his enormous biceps; he is said to have strangled two infuriated worms which invaded his cot—they were early worms and did not realise he was an early bird. Teething—fair to mod:

Having burst through his first set of clothes he invested in a dressing gown—still in use and not yet paid for—and went to a Kindergarten. We next hear of him as a member of the cadet corps at Plymouth



College, where he also learnt to play Rugger. The athletic spirit here inculcated has stood him in good stead; his record round Walnut Tree Court still stands. (Could he have cut the corners?) He has been a sturdy member of several second boats; and his strength and stamina gained him a place in the first Lent boat this year.

At Bradfield he learnt Soccer. [Question.—ED.] This famous school he entered disguised as an exhibitor and procured a gown—still in use and not yet paid for. He also broke in his first briar, *not* still in use. ? paid for. “O si sic” It was there that he first acted in a Greek play, and his performance last year in the “Oedipus” showed how well he had profited by his early training.

Having mastered Mathematics, he won a Divinity exhibition to Queens’, and proceeded to study Classics. His well-defined personality soon advertised him. In the Bernard Room his versatility and ready wit made him the outstanding member of his year. In song, in recitation and debate he still delights his audiences. He naturally became Secretary and then President of the St. Bernard Society.

His mental capacity and philosophical instincts made him indispensable to the Quærists of which he also became Secretary and Vice-President. But the College were not content. His literary aptitude, his powers of plain statement and healthy cynicism make him a splendid Editor of *The Dial*.

As Sergeant in the O.T.C he leads his men with admirable judgment—never hasty in reproach, but always keeping his section up to scratch. His latest triumph is the acquisition of “B” certificate.

Last but not least he is President of the Q.C.C.U. Both in organisation and in the higher duties of his office we are sure no better could be found.

For the man :—The casual onlooker may see little but his fun and his originality. But those who really know can see that beneath this veil is a character combining authority with tolerance, argument with conviction, sympathy with tact. There need be no fear for Jic's future. Years hence men will say of him, *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, [N.B.—This was written before the Classical Tripos.]

Everybody's Doing it.

WE have discovered the following letter from a well-known third year man to a less-known preparatory school master, which we publish without their permission.

DEAR SIR,—Messrs. Sanitas and Brightly inform me you have a vacancy for an Oxford or Cambridge man. I am an Oxford or Cambridge man. I am 22, and of a cheerful disposition. My tutor *believes* me to be of a good character. See enclosed testimonials from the gentlemen who coached me for the Army entrance.

I understand that a good cricketer and footballer would be welcomed. I am sure therefore that I should be welcomed, as I nearly gained my hockey cap last term.

I am informed you have thirty boys, all under 14. This is admirable.

Hoping to recommend myself to you by thus having written promptly yet carefully to you.

I am, Yours etc.,

Committee.

A. B. COOK, Esq.

J. R. HARRIS.

J. I. COHEN.

G. R. SANDFORD.

P. INGLESON.

C. M. HOBSON.

H. E. CHANDLER.

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.