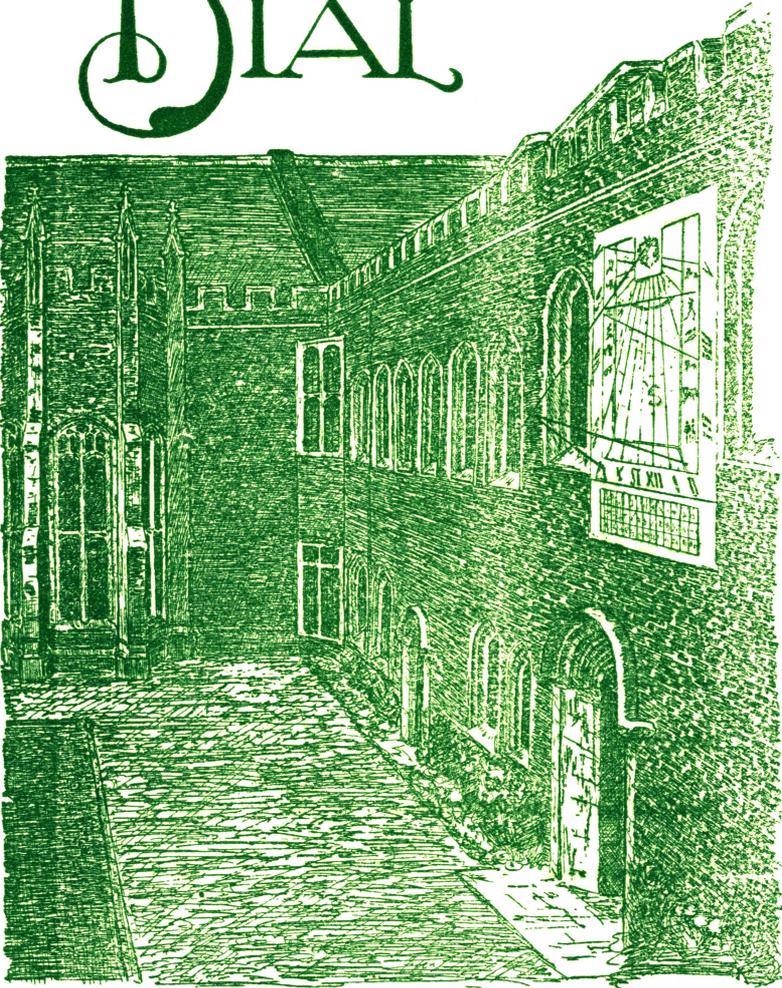


The
DIAL



Queens' College

Easter Term, 1916

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The Dial.

No. 26.

EASTER TERM, 1916.

Editorial.

WITH the close of the present term the memory thread of Cambridge life is broken: so far, at least, as those *in statu pupillari* are concerned. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the obvious reflections thereby suggested, except to discriminate between platitude and error, for new conditions bring new illusions too. Since that memorable August two years ago we have accustomed ourselves to change and the seeming decay of the mundane glory of Cambridge.

Some look to the future in despair; anticipating the loss of revered traditions and the obliteration of the haloed features of university life. Such fears are the fantasies of those unregenerate souls who have not realised that the spirit of corporate life is superior to mere events. Traditions are not founded by contingencies; nor can they be so destroyed.

Faith is the complement of inheritance; the torch is handed on with the confident hope that the future will not merely sustain what has already been achieved but that what is good will yield to what is better.

So much for sentiment; but what about the facts? Collegiate life does not have its troubles proportionately diminished when it is on a smaller scale.

The Dial, to take but one instance of collegiate activity, needs ungrudging support if it is to continue to justify its existence in the lean times of war. During the past year *The Dial* Committee has received letters of congratulation from old Queens' men for keeping *The Dial* going. Whatever gratitude we may have earned and may receive from those who are now away is due not to the committee alone but to all who have helped by sweat of brow or brain. With regard to the future we do not know much, but we hope quite a lot. We hope that every nerve will be strained to keep *The Dial* printing, the St. Bernard Society talking and the St. Margaret Society singing, and in fact all good institutions running. That our hopes are not in vain we do not doubt. Notwithstanding the general precariousness of the situation, the occasional crisis, the temporary strain or unrest, we still persist in the unreasoned faith that reason will prevail and that the will of the body

corporate is strong enough to triumph over the forces of disruption.

A word to the third year. After the feverish struggle of the examination hall and the chaos of dignity in the Senate House comes the inevitable bathos of the evaporated halo of the rabbit skin. It is realised then, if it has not been seen before, that after all these are the things that matter least. What matters most are the things we have done and the memories stored when we "ought to have been working." It is realised then that something must be done to ease the wrench as relentless time carries us away.

Something has been done—and this is the news we are breaking gently. It has been arranged that everyone shall be supplied with issues of *The Dial* for three years after going down. These echoes may serve to sustain a longer and more intimate connection with the college, the purely nominal cost of which no man will cavil at.

Dialiana.

HEARTIEST congratulations to Prof. Kennett, on the birth of a grandson!

The honour of obtaining the Winchester Reading Prize this year has fallen on the College in general and on W. S. A. Robertson in particular. Congratulations.

Old Queens' Men.

THE following item of interest has been communicated from Dr. Wright, who received it from A. Jephcott, B.A., who is at Bart's Hospital, London, E.C.:—

“Ashman had been down in the saloon (of the “Sussex”) but came upon deck to read, leaving his hat and coat below. The boat was crowded and had set off late. Suddenly there was a violent explosion and he was thrown some feet into the air from his deck-chair. A big wave, the result of the explosion then struck him and knocked him back into the ship. Mistaking him for a Romish priest, a mob of excited Spaniards rushed on him for absolution. There was panic for half-an-hour, till they were told that the wireless was through to Dieppe and tugs were coming, all of which was untrue. Some of the people were very greedy over the life-belts and tried to put on two or three. The Captain,

so far as I can remember, was pinned below the mast. Ashman and another carried round a young American doctor who happened to be on board but had had his leg broken. The torpedo entered and blew to pieces the state-room wherein was his coat and hat. Altogether a ghastly experience, but he was fortunate in being able to land at Boulogne."

ECCLESIASTICAL.

PREFERMENT :

Rev. E. Hanson to St. Michael's Vicarage, Blackburn.

FORTHCOMING ORDINATIONS (TRINITY) :

Priest :

A. H. Cullen to Holy Trinity, Coalbrookdale, Salop.

Deacons :

L. R. Egerton, St. Mary and St. John, Disley, Cheshire.

J. H. M. Barrow, Christchurch, Eccleston, St. Helen's.

W. C. Couch, St. Peter's, Chertsey.

F. G. Laverick, St. James', Bermondsey.

B. E. Eldridge, St. James', Bermondsey (Cambridge Medical Mission).

V. A. P. Hayman, St. German's, Cardiff.

BIRTH.

On Sunday, May 14th, at Winchester, the wife of Lieut. B. L. A. Kennett, B.A. (1st Border Regt.) of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On Saturday, May 27th, at the Church of S. Michael and All Angels, Blackheath, by the Rev. Professor R. H. Kennett, D.D., Canon of Ely, assisted by the Vicar of the Parish, *2nd Lieut. Robert Allan Eadie, B.A.*, 9th Lincolnshire Regt., to Hazel May, youngest daughter of Arthur H. Ballance, Esq., Park Lodge, Blackheath.

Henry Perry, Chaplain to the Forces, to Miss Hake, daughter of the Headmaster of Hailey School, on April 24th, at Bedford.

On Thursday, February 3rd, 1916, at the Church of the Ascension, Lower Broughton, Manchester, by the Rev. Moses Davies, B.D., *F. Arthur Pitt, B.A.*, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pitt, to Beatrice, youngest daughter of Mrs. and the late Mr. Joseph Davies, of Broughton, Manchester.

OBITUARY.

The death took place on Sunday, January 23rd, of the Rev. H. N. Nash, Vicar of St. John's, Grantham, at the age of forty-five. Mr. Nash had been in ill-health for a considerable time. He was ordained in 1892 and had been Vicar of St. John's for about seven years, and had done a notable work in the parish. He was an earnest, vigorous preacher, and was particularly successful with his men's Bible-class.

Dr. Wright's Portrait.

THE twenty-first of March, 1916, was a red-letter day for the college, marked by the presentation of Dr. Wright's portrait. A goodly company of friends and subscribers met for afternoon-tea in the Hall and later adjourned to the Combination Room, where the picture and its original were to be seen side by side.

There is no doubt that the artist, Mr. George Henry, A.R.A., has achieved a very real success. His painting, which represents the Vice-President seated in his scarlet robes, a half-length figure in three-quarter position, is at once an excellent likeness and an impressive work of art. The painter himself must have been a man after Dr. Wright's own heart. His travels

in China, Japan, Egypt, and India prompted—we can well imagine—like reminiscences in his sitter, who in consequence looks interested and alert, not bored by the tedium of a lengthy sitting. For those that know the Vice-President well every detail in the picture, from the doctor's gown in the foreground to the photo-frame in background, is full of character and significance. The one thing lacking, as somebody said, is the vice-presidential type-writer.

Proceedings were opened by a few happily-chosen words from the President, who drew attention to the curious fact that the College that afternoon appeared (like Cerberus) with three Heads. The Dean of Westminster, the Bishop of Ely, and himself had successively presided over its destinies and were there sitting side by side, alike prepared to honour the hero of the occasion. He explained that the Bishop of Ely, speaking on behalf of the subscribers, would present the picture to Dr. Wright, and he hoped that Dr. Wright in turn would present it to the College.

Thereupon the Bishop, addressing the President, not as 'Vice-Chancellor'—for this was a domestic event—but as 'Master,' made a delightful little speech. 'We should be glad for once, though in no selfish mood, to escape from the warfare and distress of the outside world and to fix our thoughts on one to whom the peace and prosperity of our common home were so largely due.' Lapsing into personal recollections of a less serious sort, he told of 'enormous walks' that he had formerly been invited to join, and indulged in mild banter to the effect that walking rather than talking was the Vice-President's *forte*—a contention that was adequately refuted within the next five

minutes! The Bishop concluded by formally presenting the portrait to Dr. Wright amid much cordial clapping.

Enthusiasm was redoubled, when Dr. Wright rose to reply; and we are happy to be able to give his speech *in extenso*: Dr. Wright spoke as follows:—

“Mr. President and Vice-Chancellor, my Lord Bishop of Ely, the Right Reverend the Dean of Westminster, ladies and gentlemen, I beg to acknowledge with heartfelt thanks this gift, which is as unexpected as it is welcome. My grateful thanks are due to the man, whoever he was, that first suggested the present, to the committee which carried on the appeal, to the subscribers who gave so bountifully and to the artist who made the task of sitting so agreeable. Certainly I shall keep the picture as long as I can.

Fifty four years have passed since I first set foot upon the College. At that date the rooted opinion was that college lectures were of little or no value. They were matters of discipline rather than of education. If a man wanted to gain honours, or even to pass creditably in the poll, he must have a private tutor. My father paid the usual £18 a year for college tuition, but in addition to that he paid for three years £36 a year, in the fourth year £50 for private tuition. Of course a man who was reading for a fellowship must have the best teaching available, but why should not college lectures do their share? Why should the Long Vacation have been regarded as so specially valuable because there were no lectures in it? I will explain.

There were in my year twelve freshmen. Two of them eventually obtained fellowships, five more obtained second or third class honours, the remaining five took

the ordinary degree. Some of the Mathematical men had scarcely begun Greek. All the pass-men were backward in it. Yet the whole twelve were required to attend a lecture on Aeschines against Ktesiphon, not because that author was likely to stir enthusiasm, but because he happened to be set as the subject for third year pass-men. The lecturer expected to kill two birds with one stone; he did not do so, because not a single third year man condescended to enter the lecture room.

It was impossible for the best lecturer in the world to adapt himself to such a class. The honour men found the pace too slow, the poll men lagged far behind. We were all sixes and sevens.

For a week or two things went on. Then the lecturer called upon one of the Mathematicians to translate. Instead of pleading, "I have not prepared the subject, Sir," which was the usual plea, he read some sentences from the crib which he held under the table. The lecturer noticing this, sarcastically observed, "Mr.—, when Shakespeare wants to be very effective, he chooses the shortest and simplest words." The man sprang up, threw his books upon the table, stalked out of the room and slammed the door. He never darkened it again. There was a blow to disciplinary lectures.

Now of course I do not praise bad manners. But in other respects the man's conduct was right. He could not afford to spend two hours every day in lectures which could do him no good. The lecturer had an impossible task. He soon found this out and accepted a professorship in English literature in Strassburg!

A King's man was appointed in his stead, who by always lecturing on Aristophanes, managed to keep a class together, till he also went away to be a master at

Rugby. The next man emptied the room before the middle of term and ceased to put in an appearance. Neither discipline nor education was maintained. It was time that some reform was effected.

Reynolds and I were elected fellows on the same day. We were both told that the college had no opening for us. He went to Manchester, I took a curacy in London. For five years I undertook parochial work.

Then the junior fellows, who are often the hope of a college, appointed George Pirie to be assistant tutor and he soon persuaded the residents that he could not effect reform without my help. He urgently implored me to come back. I declared myself willing provided that the privilege about tenure of fellowship which the new statutes permitted were conceded. Dr. Champion replied that I must on no account insist on that, for it would never be granted me. Moreover it would be useless, for in three or four years a college living would fall vacant and I would be provided for. Now I had no intention of rustivating in a country living. If I came to Cambridge, it would be to stay, and after five or six letters had passed my terms were granted. So unwilling were the seniors of that day to admit any reform.

Pirie and I agreed that we would not require any man to attend a lecture, unless it bore directly upon his University examinations. Lectures therefore were necessarily multiplied. Instead of five hours a week, which was all that I was authorised to give or was paid for, I lectured five hours a day and threw in a voluntary lecture on Sunday night for study of the New Testament. As I examined in the University, in the local examinations and in schools, I was much overworked.

I began to lecture in January. All the men there-

fore had got into the ways of the place before I interfered. There were two freshmen reading for Classical honours. One of them called upon me and begged to be excused my lectures because he was reading with a private tutor. I expostulated and suggested that he should at least attend one of my courses. But he persisted and I gave way out of respect for traditional use. The other man declared that he was too poor to afford a coach: would I do what I could for him? Of course I was only too pleased. Three years later the supreme test came in the form of the Classical Tripos. Both those men were put near the middle of the second class, but my man beat the other by five places! This was encouraging.

Pirie to my great regret was appointed professor in Aberdeen and I reluctantly succeeded to his post of Tutor. Dr. Champion, who had been Rector of St. Botolph's all the time, now devoted most of his attention to parochial work. Nearly all the tutorial work therefore fell upon me. Ernest Temperley was Bursar and Mathematical lecturer. He had a host of private pupils, who took up most of his time, but he was capable of enormous efforts and filled up his vacations by working at college finance. One result of his labours was that we undertook to enlarge the college by adding the Friars' buildings. The design of building was due to Temperley, the choice of an architect was made by Champion, the details of the rooms were attended to by me. When the plans were presented, I was horrified to find that half the keeping rooms faced North, the other half faced South. "This," I said, "will never do." The ground floor rooms looked upon a blank wall fifteen feet high, excluding all prospect and entirely sunless. Old Dr. Humphry once said to me "A cabbage would not

thrive in this room and you won't thrive." I was determined that my pupils should have some brightness in their lives; so after a great fight the plans were altered.

It was impossible to find thirty men who would be willing to spend £40 apiece in furnishing the rooms. It was therefore necessary that the College should furnish. I persuaded them to let me set about furnishing the whole of the College. It was a great outlay, but was economical in the end, and it gave much better furniture. Most of the old bedding had to be burnt and other things were no better.

If I freely borrowed ideas from the juniors, I sometimes profited by the wisdom of the seniors. For example, as the Chapel was obviously too small, I formed a design of enlarging it by taking half of letter "G"; this addition to the Chapel would seat 25 men on the ground floor and another 25 on the first floor to be reached by a spiral staircase. When I had thought out the details during a long country walk, I went to Dr. Campion and said, "We must enlarge the Chapel." He replied at once, "We cannot enlarge the Chapel, but if you will undertake the task of building a new Chapel I will give you a thousand pounds towards the cost." I was converted on the spot. My proposals instead of being, as the house of God demands, "exceeding magnificent," had been only exceeding cheap. Mr. Finch immediately promised £2,000, and before the work was complete, £12,000 had been collected: not entirely by me; Mr. Gray materially helped and so did others. The building was out of debt.

Again I interfered in a small matter which may interest you. I found a carpenter raising a sacrilegious

saw against the old Communion table, which with some stained glass was all that was removed from the old chapel. "What are you doing there?" said I. "I am cutting this table in two." "But that you must not do." "I have Mr. Bodley's orders, and I must carry them out." "Refer Mr. Bodley to me, but you shall not touch that table."

Mr. Bodley doubtless wished to compel us to adopt the Eastward position. But, however desirable that position may be, it certainly ought not to be forced upon a college. If Mr. Bodley's plan had been carried out, when the re-table was in position, only six inches of table would have been left for holding the cloth, the books, the alms dish, and the sacred vessels. Dr. Phillips and even Dr. Campion would have been distressed, if they had been called upon to celebrate under such straitened conditions. In the course of my travels I have seen such an altar at the Cathedral Church of Santiago in Chile, and I have no doubt that there are other examples in the continent of Europe. There is time yet to cut down the table, if popular opinion should be educated in that direction.

Mr. Gray was the first of my pupils to get a first class in Classics. After one year of school work he was brought back to assist, that I might have more time for Theology. Dr. Kennett relieved me of lectures in Hebrew, until he was made Regius Professor. Mr. Wood carried on his work. Death deprived us of two Bursars and Mathematical lecturers in Mr. Temperley and Mr. Coates. Mr. Munro has taken their place. In Mr. Cook we secured a man whose work on "Zeus" has lifted him to the fore front of Classical scholars. Mr. Sleeman and Mr. Laffan complete our staff. With such a list of

teachers we may well be proud of the College. It provides four University lecturers and seven college lecturers. We also employ several outsiders as directors of studies. Lectures still have an important disciplinary value, but no one would regard that as their chief end.

Dr. Phillips used to complain that he held a sinecure. He advised us at the next reform to abolish the headship, for it was a luxury which we could not afford. I see before me the President and two of his predecessors. I ask whether any one of them has found his office a sinecure. From the time that Dr. Ryle turned the Parisian drawing-room into the President's study and opened the old spiral staircase, that undergraduates might have free access to the President, the head has become as necessary as the body.

Personally I am much indebted to all these Presidents. Dr. Ryle made me Vice-President, an office which had been in abeyance for at least forty years. I accepted it with the greatest pleasure and it has been renewed by his successors. Dr. Chase, as he has told you, persuaded me to proceed to the Doctor's degree. It required a good deal of persuasion, I can assure you. Mr. Fitzpatrick, unless I am much mistaken, has had a good deal to do with providing the present picture, which I now have pleasure in handing over to the College."

Dr. Wright, amid a renewed outburst of applause, sat down, having thus rapidly transformed himself from recipient to donor of the portrait. It was therefore incumbent on the President to acknowledge the gift on behalf of the College. And this he did in a speech that was telling from its unaffected simplicity and warmth of feeling. The audience might not all be aware how

great were the sacrifices that had been made by the Society for the sake of the College. Such sacrifices had been inspired by the example and influence of the Vice-President. What Dr. Wright had meant to Queens'-men past and present, we all knew but could not readily say. A life-long record of devotion was not to be summarised in a few easy phrases. This, however, he (the speaker) might without indiscretion remark: he had been told quite recently by the Registry of the University—and it was a very suggestive hint—that the lists from no other college were so accurate as those sent in by Dr. Wright. The College was proud to secure his portrait.

The Dean of Westminster shortly but effectively thanked Mr. George Henry, who unfortunately was not able to be present, for his skilful brush-work. He would have the satisfaction of knowing that his picture of Dr. Wright, when exhibited—as it soon would be—on the walls of the Royal Academy, would be acclaimed by all Cambridge visitors as a strikingly successful likeness.

Copies of a photo-reproduction of the portrait are obtainable from Mr. A. Munro, price 1s. 3d. each.

“Queens’ House.”

AN IMPRESSION AND AN APPEAL.

SOUTH London, it has been said, is honeycombed with Missions. This may be true, and yet South London is not converted. There are Missions enough and to spare, what is wanted is “Men.” The last age was the age of machinery, and we, of this generation, have it all for our use. But we must not forget that it is to be used and that it will not work of its own accord.

The Socialist preachers and writers have probably done much to help towards the coming brotherhood, but it is the Christian men who in forging a link between the universities and public schools and the slums of our great cities have pointed out the only way to reach those happier conditions. In a recent novel by Arnold Lunn, called “The Harrovians,” the writer describing the public schoolboy’s attitude to his less fortunate fellow countrymen, says that without any conscious injustice or cruelty he simply thinks it his duty to steer clear of the “Poor” whom he regards *en masse* as the “Great Unwashed.” Now this is the root of the evil—looking at the classes and groups instead of at the men and women. We must break down this view of life. And we shall have gone a long way in that direction when every university man has made at least one real friend among the workers of the less prosperous parts of our cities. Here is the machinery to hand to enable you to do this. There is the College Mission at “Queens’ House,” 49, Rotherhithe Street. The moral of all this is that as soon as possible you should make your way to London Bridge

and jump on a tram that will take you within four minutes of Queens' House.

What does the Mission do? First of all let us look at its religious work. I was present at the Confirmation this Lent and was immensely impressed with the attitude of the boys, and I could not help contrasting it with Public School Confirmations which are so often hollow mockeries which come round automatically when the boy is "old enough." These lads were genuinely Christians, and it cost them something, because fighting the world, the flesh and the devil is no easy game for South London boys. It speaks volumes for the Missioner when I say that these boys unanimously insisted on his continuing the Confirmation Classes permanently. And yet these boys were not unhealthy. If you want to know whether Christianity can be combined with the "joy of life," go to the College Mission. Go and see Mr. Threlfall running the gauntlet against the whole club. Every boy has determined to "lay him out." No one has ever succeeded in doing it! Go on a Tuesday night and have a "run" with them. They start at 9.45 and run for several miles round the streets. You will see the beauties of Rotherhithe by moonlight and you will also learn that the healthy athletic spirit is being inculcated into these lads. Or again, go on a Saturday afternoon and play "Soccer" with them, or go to the baths and see whether the religion of the Mission tends to make them soft. You will have to admit that the healthiest and the best boys are Christians. So if you have doubts about the faith or are rather down in the dumps go to Rotherhithe.

Of course there are many who, for one reason or another, cannot see their way to accepting the Christian religion. I would make an appeal for them to go to the Mission. Is there not something they can give to these boys? Cannot they bring a little joy into some of their drab lives? If they only knew the pleasure they would give by playing a game of "Ping-pong" or "putting on the gloves" with some of these fellows

they would come. And besides, is there not something they can get?

Should we not all be better if we had a few friends in South London and could appreciate their view of life? These friendships are after all the first step towards a happier state of things in society when we shall learn not to look at the classes and groups in which men are collected by the accident of birth but shall stand on the common platform of humanity and look at each other face to face as men and women

W. S. A. R.

Men of Mark.—No. 25.

W. S. A. ROBERTSON.

LIKE all the best Men of Mark, William Strowan Amherst Robertson was born, baptized, and went to a Preparatory School. He then went to Westminster where he brought honour to himself and the school by winning the Divinity and Orations prizes; finally he came up to Queens'—or rather to Tennis Court Road, for he lodged during his first year at the house of one, a spinster, with whom he had his first Cambridge quarrel. The peculiar inaccuracy of his mind constantly led him to address his landlady as Mrs. —, which the good lady could not endure.



These are the only outstanding features of the period between October 16th, 1894 and October, 1913; the details must be supplied by legend—as is most fitting in such a medieval character. The imagination depicts him in those days as a companion of birds and flowers and trees, a guileless being in whose soul Innocence had made her dwelling and Nature had set up her throne. But then, alas! he came to Queens' and Innocence took her lothly departure and the Human in Nature occupied the uppermost place in his thoughts.

As soon as he came up to Cambridge, the name which had been given him at Westminster was heard everywhere. The courts of Queens' resounded with "Algy" so much so that everybody whether friend or merely acquaintance knew of him by no other name. His rooms in Tennis Court Road were very Bohemian and damp, with the result that "Algy" fell ill, with the further result that nearly all the doctors of Cambridge made their appearance in his bedroom, so numerous and competitive were his friends.

"Algy" is a very remarkable character in many ways, but chiefly because of the difficulty there is in really appreciating him. Years of watchful patience are required to take in fully the whole meaning that lies behind that subtly expressive mouth and those discerning eyes. One is tempted to mistake the part for the whole, and this is a very fatal error, for phase succeeds phase with such kaleidoscopic rapidity that the casual might possibly be led to think of him as inconsistent.

Nothing could be further from the truth: "Algy" is many-sided, but never self-contradicting; there was never mortal more consistent; and his apparent inconsistencies form the most consistent part of his character, and that because he is so sincere.

For instance, it may be said that his habit of borrowing sugar and then forgetting from whom he borrowed it, or of borrowing a lady's bicycle, and so forgetting its shape and construction as to come back on a gentleman's, is inconsistent with his view of honesty

which is really quite orthodox. It is not a bit inconsistent; "Algy's" conception of honesty is a big thing, like all his conceptions; honesty to him—(we write in all seriousness)—is not "This is mine and that is yours," but "Everything is ours." "Until you get at the Communistic Ideal, you haven't got honesty," he would say, which is really quite a common view after all; the unfortunate thing is that "Algy" finds himself entirely alone in his practice of it.

If there is any quality more striking than any other in his character, it is his zeal. It is striking because it is not a pose adopted for various occasions, but a constant and many-sided thing. Whether he is refereeing a Choir Football Match without a whistle or biking from Cambridge to Ealing with one pedal and no brakes, or running a Scout troop or a Bible-class, his zeal is tremendously eternal and ignores all temporal things such as time and space and order. It is simply a lack of insight to say that his rooms are disorderly or to say that he was late for Chapel. When a man makes gigantic efforts to keep his rooms in order and fails to do so, we call that man disorderly and weak; when a man means to rise at seven and sets seventy-seven alarm clocks to wake him at that hour and then fails, let us say, to keep an appointment in the Grove by a quarter to eight, we say of that man that he was late. But when humanity can soar above the temporal (in the wide sense of the word), and can look upon organisations and categories and dictionaries and alarm-clocks and bikes with brakes—(again we must remind the reader that we are very serious)—as artificial and petty things that hinder man in his reaching out after Eden, then it has become super-humanity, and it is in this sense that "Algy" is indeed a Superman.

Another aspect of his zeal is his restlessness and his steady refusal to be contented, here again we can discern his great affinity to Mother Earth. It is necessary to appreciate this love of Nature if his character is to be judged at all reasonably. If this is thought to be

ethereal and off the point, we can cite his passion for Camping, in which sphere he is more at home than in any other; his work, whether at Camps for Public School-boys or the Mission-boys or Scouts is always marked by the greatest unselfishness.

His activities in Cambridge are not confined to Queens'; he is a 'Man of Mark' in every college, and his work as Scoutmaster and as Deputy Superintendent of the Choristers' Sunday School has won for him the affection of many a boy in the town. In Queens' itself, as Secretary of the Mission, his work has been greatly appreciated by the Missioner, the boys and the college alike; on the Christian Union Committee he has been invaluable, both in his leading of study circles and in his devotional papers. Strangely enough he is Treasurer of the St. Bernard Society, and, with the help of the Senior Bursar, has kept the accounts most successfully.

This account is liable to be misleading owing to its brevity, but let the reader be assured that here we have a man whose character is sincere at every point, and shows many signs of real greatness. The future will reveal the meaning of those signs, and will confirm our judgment of him as a 'Man of Mark.' He is hoping to go either to Zanzibar or to India as a Missionary; wherever he may choose to work the sincerest wishes of many friends go with him.

The S. Bernard Society (1862—1916).

ON Monday, March 3rd, 1862, ten undergraduate members of the College met to consider "the advisability of forming a society for the promotion of debates and the reading of original papers." The society was formed, and, after discussion, given the name by which it is now known. Members were elected by ballot and paid a terminal subscription of one shilling; the wearing of gowns was not then regarded as being so irksome as it is now, for, although meetings were held in the rooms of members, it was agreed from the very first that academical dress should be worn. The quorum was fixed at six, but the average number of members present at meetings (which apparently began before six o'clock) was about twenty.

The society received the patronage of the Rev. W. M. Campion (Fellow and later President of the College), but its formation was not universally approved for the minutes tell us that at the first ordinary meeting the President made a statement "explaining the reasons for the course which the original founders of the society had taken and deprecating the objections that had been raised to that course." All went smoothly for some time, but on the first anniversary of the foundation of

the society an extraordinary meeting was called to consider a letter of resignation which was accepted "with great satisfaction":—

GENTLEMEN,

I regret to say that I am obliged to withdraw myself from your society in consequence of the utterly ludicrous resolutions you assented to at your last meeting. Moreover, I am informed that my friends outside the college will cut me if I do not immediately withdraw myself from your society. Recommending you therefore not to enter upon subjects in future of this character,

I remain, never yours,

* * * * *

The President,
S. Bernard Society.

At the meeting referred to in the letter papers were read on "Clerical Education" and "A Hole in the Wall," but the minutes (unlike those of the present day) were unfortunately confined to the barest record of facts so we are left in the dark as to the real nature of the papers.

The subjects for debate seem to have been of much the same kind as are discussed now; for example, the position of classics in education, the circulation of light literature and belief in 'spiritual apparitions' were all discussed during the early days. On the whole, however, the discussions were probably of a more learned character than now and there was a greater preponderance of historical subjects, such as "Was Queen Elizabeth justified in consenting to the execution of Mary Queen of Scots?" The subject of smoking continually recurs, and we are not surprised to read that "Mr. A. Wright" (later elected treasurer and subsequently a vice-president) rose to support the motion that "The use of tobacco is injurious to health." It is rather striking to read that at a meeting in 1866 not a single vote was recorded in favour of opening Fellowships to Dissenters from the Established Church; the proposer of the motion himself even voted against it!

The funds of the society were soundly managed, for it was found possible in 1863 to offer a three guinea essay prize, and this was continued in the following years. It is difficult indeed to realize why any subscription at all was necessary as the society did not begin to indulge in its beer till a later date, and it was not till the beginning of the Michaelmas term 1866 that (under the secretaryship of "Mr. S. Butler Provis") the Erasmus Lecture room began to be used as a Newspaper room under the auspices of the society, which, however, continued to hold its meetings in members' rooms. The taking-in of newspapers reduced the surplus revenue of the society, for it was found necessary (although the subscription was increased) to replace the prize of three guineas by a bound volume of the numbers of *Punch* taken in during the year. Later the prize was abolished altogether, although the numbers of *Punch* were still bound and placed in the Library of the Society. This library has turned out to be the least successful of the society's activities, and the use that is made of it is now infinitesimal—even compared with that made of the College Library itself! (There is opportunity here for forming a valuable asset to the College). About the same time (1867), Shakespearian readings were started and a manuscript magazine brought out by the society.

A regrettable gap in the records now causes us to take a jump to 1884, when the society appears to have become larger and at the same time much less dignified. In December of that year the President had occasion to call attention to the disorderly nature of the debates and entertainments (for the latter were then provided). At the beginning of the next term it was decided that the beer (which was then consumed at meetings) was unnecessary, but after several attempts and suggestions about milk and water, it was again decided that "two quarts of beer be *taken in* by this society." Keen opposition to this indulgence has occurred at frequent intervals (coffee being more than once suggested as an alternative but rejected on grounds of

expense), but it remained for the personal example of His Majesty in the present war to cause lemonade to be substituted.

Tit-Bits was taken in for a number of years and the *Matrimonial Times*, the *Girls' Own Paper*, *Funny Folks* (to choose a few out of a long list) were suggested at about the same time as suitable literature for the society. The proposals were rejected, but the same fate did not befall a motion to take in the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, which was purchased for a short time. The programmes provided at concerts were apparently of a popular nature, but the minutes do not give the names of the items. The state of things just mentioned fortunately seems to represent the lowest level to which the society has ever descended, but its full dignity was apparently not recovered for some time.

In 1889 the parliamentary procedure with regard to amendments (the *bête noir* of all who occupy the Presidential chair) was instituted. The average undergraduate, however, fails to appreciate this refinement, and the subsequent minutes show that the rule has been honoured more in the breach than in the observance!

In 1895 a song (in English) called *Carmen Reginarum** was composed by a member and sung at the last concert of each academical year until 1905, when its death warrant was apparently signed by the secretary who referred in the minutes to the "anything-but-melodious *Carmen Reginarum*," and expressed the hope that "some aspiring poet and musician will do the College a service by presenting it with something more nearly approaching a song which may be sung in future at the termination of each academical year." The singing of *Auld Lang Syne* had also been an item in the last

* The character of the song may be judged from the refrain:—

" So good-bye to dear old Queens'
And the bonfires' cheery scenes,
And the bells we've rung at midnight
As we flitted through the screens."

concert, but this seems to have been dropped at the same time. The only permanent feature at present is *Glorious Devon* at the annual Freshmen's Concert.

In October 1897 there was a "tension throughout the College on matters concerning the S. Bernard Society," and an extraordinary meeting was called to consider the best means of removing it. All the officers resigned and a new set was appointed which remained in office precisely a fortnight, when a vote of want of confidence was passed upon them and again they resigned in a body. The new set were more successful in retaining their seats, and there seems to have been no further trouble of any importance.

The behaviour of the undergraduates in 1898 does not seem to have been all that could be desired for permission was refused for the Hall to be used for a Smoking Concert, and the following year, when granting permission for the same thing, the President of the College saw it to be his duty to state that no uproarious behaviour could be allowed. Impromptu debates seem to have been popular at this period—perhaps through failure to organize anything else! A favourite motion was

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

The beginning of the present century witnessed a great improvement in the tone of the society's proceedings which has ever since been maintained. The meetings naturally tend to be on the whole of a light nature, but there has fortunately been no return to the foolish absurdities which were at one time indulged in. Mock trials have on sundry occasions proved successful substitutes for debates, and Variety Entertainments have sometimes been substituted for the more formal concert. Dons' debates have become an annual feature, and themselves tend to partake of the nature of entertainments! Concerning these it is remarkable that out of the last fourteen no less than nine have been on subjects connected with education!

It is to the S. Bernard Society that we partly owe the institution of this magazine; in 1905 a letter from the Rev. C. T. Wood was read suggesting "the formation of a College Magazine to be not entirely consecrated to the humorous side of the College life." Mr. Wood's suggestion was adopted and the society elected one member from each year to serve on the Magazine Committee, and decided that "no more than one don was necessary to add respectability to the magazine."

If this account seems to have laid too much emphasis on the frivolous absurdities of the past history of this society, it must be accounted for by the fact that there is a natural tendency to pick out the exceptional rather than the regular occurrences, for the more common an event the less interesting it is. The S. Bernard Society has in reality a grand tradition behind it, and if any facts which have been mentioned would seem to contradict this remark, it must be remembered that they cover a small period of time in comparison with the fifty-four years during which the society has existed.

The War has caused a terrible reduction in the numbers in residence*; but there need be no doubt that, so long as there are any left here at all, the S. Bernard Society will continue its activities. Those who remain have a great responsibility in maintaining the good traditions of the College and a grand opportunity for destroying any bad ones that may exist. May they not fail to perpetuate all that is good in the traditions of this society which means so much to all Queens' men!

P. J. O.

* It may be pointed out, however, that the attendance at meetings has been reduced in nothing like the same proportion; in fact, the society has become in a much truer sense a society of the whole college.

Business.

THE *Dial* Committee has had a very busy term ; several deputations have been received and many petitions lodged. The following are examples of petitions received :—

- 1 That the whole of the third year be sent down.
H. P-rn-ll.
- 2 That orders be given to the porters to annihilate the King's cat.
(P.S. I should suggest Davis as a very competent man).
G. V. P-gd-n.
- 3 That food be provided in Hall—The College.
- 4 That no more petitions be sent in.
The Dial Committee.

Shop.

WE would respectfully draw the attention of readers of *The Dial* to the following facts :—

Firstly, a War List is being published as a supplement to this number. It has been carefully revised and is at least as accurate as any war list can reasonably be expected to be. Its cost is sixpence.

Secondly, there is still left a number of copies of the reproduction of Old Views of Queens'. The pair may still be obtained at the original price—sixpence.

We understand that the artist who reproduced the portion of Loggan is willing to sign prints. No one should miss this opportunity.

Other notices can be found on the last page of *The Dial*.

Answers to Correspondents.

- J. R. H. C. Right you are, old man; tournaments are rather difficult to arrange in war-time, but we will do our best.
- J. C. F. My dear, you see the trouble is the man's a pleb; that's the whole thing in a nut shell, nothing more need be said.
- J. R. S. As a matter of fact, we rather think that a Guild of Window Cleaners is being formed in Queens'. Man, why don't you apply?
- H. E. C. We sympathise with your position. If you really want to know how long it takes to read a lesson, why not use a speedometer? It's so Catholic you know.
- H. G. B. } No, we don't want the Dockett Build-
H. W. P. } ings turned into a Y.M.C.A. hut. You
 } must observe both time and taste in
 } music.
- Tourist.* Parties are now being formed for the Long. Full particulars can be obtained from G. 6. We understand that every gentleman must bring a lady.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Dial.

DEAR SIR,—It has been my good fortune to spend sixteen years at Queens'; and I can honestly say that I would not willingly change it for any college in Cambridge. Therefore you will perhaps allow me to criticise one feature of our life here, which I regret; I mean, the

existence of clubs within the college, which are not college clubs, and which have their own private colours.

As an undergraduate I lived under a ban on all such clubs: public opinion sternly suppressed them; and I am sure that this was right. During my time in Queens', the Kangaroos and Cherubs have often contained some of the nicest men in college: nevertheless the existence of these clubs has again and again caused bad feeling and created cabals. Elections for athletic and other offices have at times turned on the question, not who was the fittest man for the post, but to what club some one belonged or did not belong. We have even seen the clubs joining in a scramble to secure some athletic freshman while he was still at school. I shall be told that this is the abuse, not the use of clubs: but the danger is always latent and often active. On the other hand, I cannot see that their existence has ever been of use to the College as a whole.

I hoped that the war would bring our clubs to an end. Instead of this, I understand that there is danger of their number being increased. I hope that I shall not be regarded as interfering in matters beyond my province, if I appeal to members of the clubs and others to join in ending what is a standing menace to the unity of our college life.

Yours sincerely,

C. T. WOOD.

The Old Hall,
Wellington, Salop,
6th June, 1916.

To the Treasurer, Queens' College Dial, Cambridge.

DEAR SIR,—I read with much interest Mr. Hoole's pleasing contribution to your last number. It has suggested many reflections to me. I have received an appeal from you to subscribe to *The Dial*. I think it would be advisable to refrain from communicating with

me or my brother Frank about this magazine—with me, as I particularly dislike receiving demands for money, with my brother, as, not being a Queens' man, he will doubtless wonder what you mean.

You *don't* address me as a Lieutenant when I have been refused on account of my eyesight. It is hardly playing the game not to address me as a (potential) Bombardier at least. You have not yet announced that I *intend* to be married. I'm *not* married as far as I'm aware, but my intention is right enough. Unfortunately the lady does not like me. Can it be my moustache or my ill-fitting pre-war clothes? Such is your interest in me that you give me no advice in this extremely important matter, and yet you have the wanton impertinence (isn't that a topping phrase?) to molest me with a request for a subscription, and when I've paid it refuse to supply my magazine on the irrelevant excuse that it's out of print.

My brother's case is worse. He was fighting in the trenches as a Tommy in the U.P.S. Battalion, and, I understand, was temporarily buried. You have not even had the courtesy to announce the fact that he was extricated and that he now has a commission. True, he is anything but a Combatant Clergyman, and I'll admit you may never have heard of him before. However, if one subscribes 3/- a year, one does expect a little advertisement you know.

Furthermore, my experience of this most tasteful magazine was such as this, while I was up at Cambridge. It was a medium (among other things) for playing off the little idiosyncrasies and personal eccentricities of any member of our community in the most inoffensive way. Its personal remarks and insinuations would have been most cowardly if made straightforwardly. (And if you don't at first sight see what that means think again).

I trust that in accordance with courtesy you will see your way to making an apology to me in *The Dial*. I don't quite know what for, but it would soothe my outraged and most colossal vanity.

If you should care to publish this in *The Dial* you can, but my experience is that you will not. (This last sentence is Heavenly and has no Earthly meaning).

With my best wishes for the welfare of the College and all its works, including *The Dial*.

Yours truly,

HURT.

P.S. (i).—In the Lent Term 1915 you *wantonly* omitted my name from the printed list of *The Dial* Committee. Please have entire issue reprinted and apologise to me in the heaviest black type or I shall omit to include postage for my next three numbers.

P.S. (ii).—In case you should think I'm writing under a bushel (or whatever the curious attitude is that people adopt who don't sign their names) my real name is George Gordon Brierley.

Committee.

A. B. COOK, ESQ.
 C. A. MACE, *Editor*.
 P. J. OLDFIELD, *Treasurer*.
 G. V. PAGDEN.
 W. S. A. ROBERTSON.
 B. S. MAINE.
 I. I. LAW.
 H. COLLINGHAM.

The subscription to *The Dial* is 3/3 per annum, including 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.

All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, not necessarily for publication, but as the usual guarantee of good faith. Contributions will be welcomed at any time throughout the year.

The Committee of *The Dial* have in their possession back numbers covering all the issues since its first publication excepting Michaelmas 1914, Lent 1915, and Michaelmas 1915, and will be pleased to sell such at usual price.

News of Old Queens' Men, extracts from letters of those on military service, and corrections of the War List will be particularly welcomed.