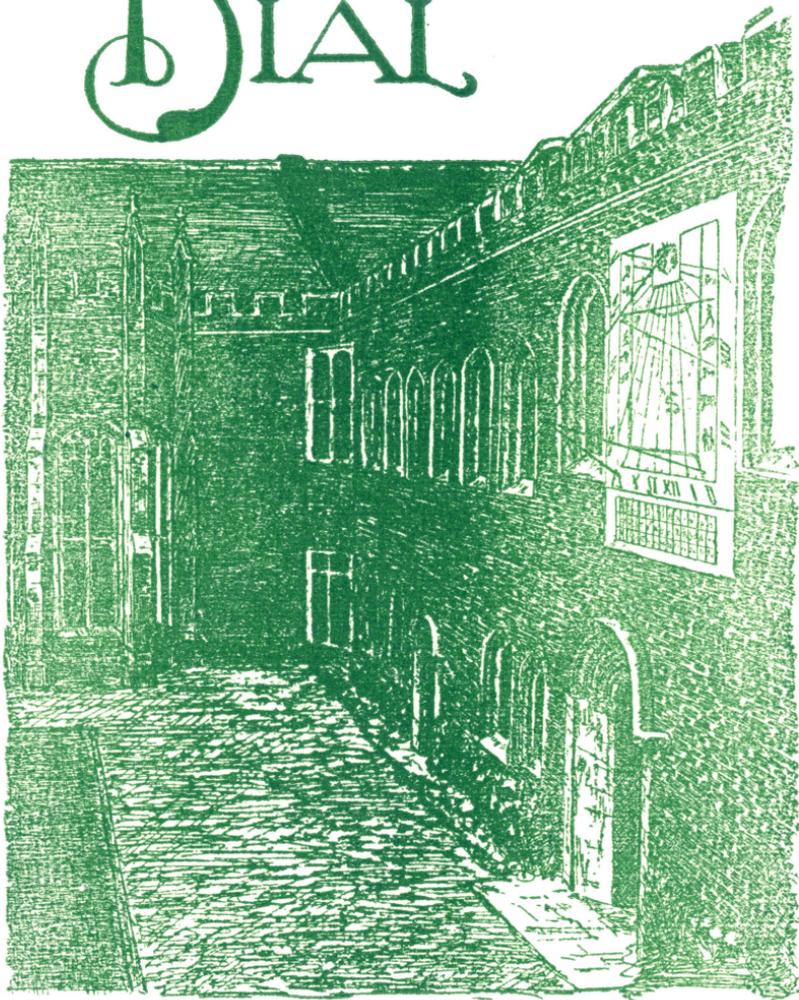


The

DIAL



Queens' College

Easter Term, 1917

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'UNDERGRADS'

I HAVE NEVER MET!

By CAJET E. WARRINGTON.
A.I.F.

The Dial.

No. 29.

EASTER TERM, 1917.

Editorial.

“PLEASURES of the mind are like pleasures of the body”—a familiar writer suggests somewhere—“however gigantic they may be, they can never by a mere increase of themselves amount to happiness.” So do we find it in this term of Spring and Easter. There are gigantic pleasures for the body; the lazy delight of being carried along in the gentle-moving punt, the joy of plunging naked of all cares into our dearest of streams, the beauty of pose that tennis gives, or even the cultivation of the Queens’ War-patch,—all these things delight the body and the body is for them. Then of course there are endless pleasures for the mind; candle-talks when minds are revealed to each other in such a

way that they realise that there is no end to their greatness; the passing word in Hall or court, kind, or cruelly silent (called "cutting" in Cambridge), which will feed the mind for hours to come; the jolly Exams. and (some would say) the inspiring lectures, all these things invite the mind and the mind was made for them.

And yet who would say that we are happy? Who knows what happiness is indeed? This life here at Cambridge is such a fitful feverishness, that we despair of ever being truly happy, for if we cannot find Happiness here, where shall we look? Even when we are gliding slowly over the Cam, or when we are gliding slowly under one of those jolly Exams., the mind is such that it cannot be restful and happy, but it must perforce divide up into multitudinous parts, each asserting itself against all the others and claiming attention, and then there is War and with no result save chaos. This is no pessimism, for pessimism is exaggeration, but this is experience. Moreover there is a reason for this failure in the quest for Happiness, and the reason is very simple to state, but not so easy to defeat. It is that most people in the beginning *set out* to be happy; a man will say "I am going on the river with P— (he punts very nicely) and with 'Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy,' and then I shall be happy," and of course he will come

back, his face radiant with lies, and tell you that he has enjoyed it awfully, especially if he has fallen into the river! But it is quite certain that he has not been happy in the least, because his first step was fundamentally wrong. When a man is self-conscious he can never be conscious of his real self; he cannot "have a good time," because he is not good enough to forget himself.

The paradox of happiness is that we do not know that we have been happy until after the event. The sublime moment falls upon us and we are unconscious of it; it passes away, and then we realise that our souls have been visited and revived. Consciousness destroys the spell and speculation is an enemy, and yet we have been trained here to develop the speculative power of our minds; everything has tended to make us more and more self-conscious. The mind is a terrible destroyer, and here we encourage its growth and powers; it is a ravenous beast and here is it fed past bearing.

Some of us are leaving Cambridge for ever this term, and as we leave with our heads full of new and old wine, we take our lingering farewell of happy days. It is true that memories well help us to retain them longer in our secret soul, but the mind has developed since three or four years ago, and it can scatter all memories to the

winds. We reluctantly renounce Yeats' dream of the future:—

“What the world's million lips are thirsting for,
Must be substantial somewhere.”

We make answer to Cambridge as we leave her, as the pupils answered their schoolmaster in the Irish legend: “We once believed in happiness, but you have taught us to know better; anybody can see an angel in his dreams.”

If the reader is the sensible person that we take him for, he has, while reading the above, been constructing for himself the other and logically far superior side of the question of Cambridge and its education and thus he has contributed (although but mentally) his small portion to *The Dial*, and he can remain happy with that thought.

Dialiana.

The Dial welcomes the new Company of Cadets, and thanks them for valuable assistance in compiling this number.

Dr. Wright has very kindly undertaken the office of Treasurer of *The Dial* instead of I. I. Law, who has gone down. Dr. Wright has already converted the chaos of the accounts into their former good order.

E. D. Spackman has been qualified by L.R.C.P. and M.R.C.S., and is now Lieutenant in the R.A.M.C.

The second Winchester Reading Prize was awarded to B. S. Maine.

One of the new F.R.S.'s—C. T. Regan—was a scholar of Queens'. He obtained a 1st in Part I. of the Natural Sciences Tripos in 1900 and a 2nd in Part II. of the same Tripos in 1901, and is now in the Natural History Department of the British Museum at South Kensington.

The death of Judge Martelli was announced in *The Times* of May 4th.

E. W. Martelli, K.C., was an old Queens' man; he graduated in 1884, was called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn in 1888, and took silk in 1908. Last July he was appointed judge of the Hampshire County Court, in succession to the late Judge Gye. He was always an able advocate and had a great number of friends in his profession and in private life.

The Dean has been very busy this term arranging for a Scout Rally to be held by the Chief Scout on June 13th.

No news has been received concerning the late Rev. A. P. Spencer-Smith (of the Shackleton Expedition), so that the promise in last term's *Dial* of a full account must remain unfulfilled.

Roll of Honour.*Killed.*

Barltrop, E. A., R.E., Signallers, E. Anglian Division,
Lieut., April, 1917.

Lieut. E. A. Barltrop, R.E. (T.), attached R.F.C., was the eldest son of the late Rev. A. H. Barltrop and of Mrs. Barltrop, of 12, Albany-road, Bedford. He was educated at St. John's School, Leatherhead, and at Queens' College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree. On the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the East Anglian Royal Engineers, receiving his commission in the same Corps in November, 1914, and being promoted to the rank of Lieutenant in the following March. In September, 1915, he proceeded to Gallipoli, where he was employed as Brigade Signal Officer, and on the evacuation of the Peninsula he was sent to Egypt, where he contracted typhoid, and was invalided home in February, 1916, resuming his duties as Signal Officer until, owing to the demand for officers in the Royal Flying Corps, he offered his services, and commenced instruction in October last. On March 28th he received his pilot's certificate, and joined his squadron in France immediately. During an engagement with a German aeroplane he was shot through the head and killed instantaneously on April 23rd, 1917.

His brother officers and many friends write of his charming personality. It was certainly of a type which endeared him to officers and men alike, its chief feature being a simplicity of nature and a power of self-effacement which enabled him to give his whole mind to the successful development of any undertaking that he was engaged in. "Don't fuss and don't complain" might very well enunciate his simple line of action on the negative side, and to "obey orders without criticism" was a ruling principle. Rowing was his chief sport, and there are a good many crews which he stroked or coached to victory.

Lieut. E. A. Barltrop had only recently become engaged to Nest, second daughter of Colonel Bradney, C.B., of Tal-y-Coed Court, Monmouthshire.

Fenwick, M. E. E., Devon Rgt., 2 Lieut., 2nd April,
1917.

Herapath, N. E., Somerset Light Inf., Lieut., April, 1917.



M. E. E. Fenwick,
Killed April 2nd, 1917.



E. A. Bartrop,
Killed April 23rd, 1917.



W. W. Arden,
Died of wounds, June 6th, 1917.



A. G. Veitch,
Killed April 23rd, 1917.

Heriz-Smith, D. M., Northants Rgt., 2 Lieut, 17th February, 1917.

Veitch, A. G., 2nd Battery, 1st Leicester, R.H.A., Lieut., April, 1917.

Captain Yates, writing with reference to the lamented death of Lieutenant A. G. Veitch, reported a few days ago, says : " His loss, both to me personally and to the battery, is very greatly felt. He was loved by his men, as was only natural, since his one thought was for their comfort and happiness. To me he was invaluable, and he has contributed probably more than anyone else to the state of efficiency of this battery. His knowledge of gunnery was profound, and his reconnaissance and observation reports were a model. We miss him terribly."

Corporal Edwards writes of him :— If you will grant me a small space in your valuable paper, I should like to express in a small way my deep regret at the death of Mr. A. G. Veitch. I served under this officer from the time that he joined the battery until I recently went into hospital sick, and I can honestly say that at all times he was in every sense of the word a gentleman to all ranks, and respected by everyone in the regiment. I can assure you his loss will be keenly felt by all ranks in the battery, especially by those who came into contact with him in the course of their duty. Some, day, perhaps, the work of this battery, which belongs to Leicester, will be made known, and perhaps the valued services which the late officer rendered. I will conclude by again expressing my sorrow that the battery has lost such a good officer.

Joyce, G. E., Leicester Rgt., Lieut., May, 1917.

(Was reported missing).

Arden, H. W., Lieut., R.G.A., Died of wounds, 6th June, 1917.

Second Lieutenant Humphrey Warwick Arden, R.G.A., who died of wounds on June 6th, was the only son of the Rev. W. H. P. Arden, vicar of Whiteparish, Salisbury, and Mrs. Arden, and grandson of the late G. P. Arden, of Longcroft Hall, Yoxall, Staffordshire. He was educated at Mr. Lynam's preparatory school at Oxford, at Radley College, where he was a prefect and stroked the first eight twice at Henley, and at Queens' College, Cambridge, graduating with second class honours. He rowed twice in the University trial eights, and stroked his college boat to victory in the Wyfold Cup at Henley in 1912. He was about to enter Cuddesdon to prepare for Holy Orders when the war broke out.

Wounded.

Conder, A. C., Black Watch, Lieut., May 1917.

Lt. A. C. Conder was shot through the right lung on April 23rd, when taking his company over at Plouvain. His batman managed to drag him back and after three days in a C.C.S. up the line, he was sent down to the base. His sister writes to say that, although he still has a great deal of pain, he has recovered wonderfully from a very critical condition. He has been acting Captain since November 13.

Cotton, H. W. S., 8th Cheshire Rgt., Capt., May, 1917.

Kidson, C. W., Dublin Fusiliers, 2 Lieut., April, 1917.

Pain, K. W. R.F.A., Lieut., March, 1917.

Parker, P. H., 9th King's Liverpool Rgt., Lieut., March, 1917.

Parker, T. W. L., 6th King's Liverpool Rgt., Lieut., April, 1917.

Stileman, D. C. H., 9th Royal Lancaster Rgt., Capt., May, 1917.

Missing.

Thompson, H. B., Royal Berks Rgt., 2nd Lieut. M.C., May, 1917.

Mentioned in Despatches.

Ellison, H. S., R.F.A., Capt.

Harding, G. R., Royal Engineers, Capt.

Pearson, C. H. M., R.F.A., Lieut.

Smith, S., R.F.A., Major.

Old Queens' Men.

TRINITY ORDINATIONS.

The following Queens' men were ordained on Trinity Sunday last,

PRIESTS.

L. R. Egerton, at Chester.

B. E. Eldridge, at Southwark.

F. G. Laverick, at Southwark.

General Smuts at Queens'.

A correspondent writes:—General Smuts' speech in Hall, on the day of the honorary degrees, was very winning. He seems to combine, in a remarkable degree, the qualities of simplicity and frankness with a statesmanlike outlook and a kindly humour,—all enhanced perhaps by his slightly foreign accent. The speech well deserved the warm reception which it obtained.

It was odd to think, while he spoke, what his memories of Cambridge must be: first his undergraduate days at Christ's, during which, as the Vice-Chancellor said, he showed unusual ability but scarcely led the College authorities to foresee what a position he would obtain: then a visit to the University after the Boer war, in the course of which, we are sorry to say, the Townspeople at least showed him some hostility; and now this visit, in honour and respect, as the champion of our cause, not of Empire but of liberty.

Nobody could doubt his sincerity when he spoke of his love for Cambridge and his gratitude for the ideals she had fostered in him. He received his Bachelor degree from the Master of his College; and now was to receive the greatest honour his University could give from another Vice-Chancellor, who also was at Christ's in his undergraduate days. Then he went on to speak with complete frankness of the Boer war and the present conflict. "I did not take up arms now, as you may guess, out of love of Empire, but out of love of what England now fights for." One of the hardest things he ever had to do was to take up arms against us; but he was compelled to do it, because he thought us wrong in coming down with a 'heavy hand' on the liberties of a small people,—his own. What (as he believed) he fought for then, he was fighting for now. England now stands out as the Champion of liberty against tyranny and of right against injustice: and so he could draw his sword for her in whole-hearted loyalty and devotion.

This is a very poor summary of the speech. It might convey the impression that he showed self-consciousness, but of that there was not a trace. He had not the oratory of the American Ambassador, who spoke before him; but no one who heard will soon forget his direct simplicity and his honest smile.

Burmese Folk-Tales.

ON some days a gentle melancholy possesses me, present surroundings become unreal, and I find myself back in the glow of an Eastern sunset, listening

again to the tales of my childhood. In England the book and the picture steal from the child his hours of play on a rainy day, but in the brighter and more dreamy land of Burma, on fine starlight nights the children gather under the shadow of a pagoda and listen with bated breath while an old man, grey with age, relates the tales of Burma.

Many kinds of tales are told. There are the pure fairy tales, like those that are known in the West, treating of fairies and goblins, of gallant princes and bewitched maidens, and of knights of valorous deeds and damsels of surpassing beauty. There are also the more awesome tales of giants and ogres, of demon guardians of buried treasure, of witches with detachable heads, of tiger-gods, and of the ghosts of the dead. In England the hands of man have turned nature to his own use; there is no hill that man cannot climb, and there is no river without its hundred bridges. So a fairy tale is but a fairy tale, but these stories of witches and demons seem strangely real in lands where mountains tower into the clouds, where rivers are a mile wide, where there are regions untrod by the foot of man, and where fierce and unknown beasts prowl in the dense foliage of the woods.

Then there are the religious tales relating the life of the Buddha, and the incidents in his previous existences, teaching the child the religion of his forefathers in a more effectual way than a thousand books and a thousand sermons can do. There is never any conscious art in Burmese folk-tales. They are told as they were told centuries ago, the conservatism of the East making this possible, but there is in them a simplicity and a charm all their own.

Perhaps the most common and the most interesting of the Burmese folk-tales are the historical legends handed down from generation to generation. Written histories do exist, but for the most part they are in manuscript form and lie unread in the dusty shelves of old monasteries. The real history of a nation should be read in the hearts of the people, and the hearts of the Burmese people are reflected in their historical legends.

There is a long series of these beginning from the romantic founding of ancient Tagaung, the first Burmese kingdom. in about the xth century, B.C., almost up to the British Annexation. The child hears straight from the mouths of his elders the wonderful history of his own country, the prowess of the soldiers of old, and the conquests of the ancient kings. To be sure there are some inconsistencies in details, oral tradition has its faults, but what matters exact knowledge? The spirit is there and it breeds in the child a living patriotism.

In time, I suppose, when Western civilization grips the land, when the material conquers the ideal, books will take the place of these tales, and the spectacled Burmese child of later centuries will read these tales as colourlessly told in ponderous volumes. Till then these legends will exist as they are in all their simplicity and charm, playing to all who know how to list the music that flowed from the pipes of Pan in those far off days when reason sat lightly on the shoulders of man.

M. TIN TUT.

To a Singer.

I.

| PAUSE below your window, and you sing
As if to give my morning's wayfare glee,
Long trills your voice in swelling ecstasy,
Yet, oft' to me, it sadder moments bring.
I seem to feel all Beauty rise on wing,
And like Spring-winds. sad, if not blithe and free,
Glide mingling in your life aloof from me,
As if I were some rude, ill-natured thing.
Yet, are the sweeter stirrings of the soul
Unfelt, unknown, in rougher hues of clay,
Nay, rather does your voice's song-control
Reveal a wider, all-redeeming way,
Whence varied sounds from Man's awaken'd soul
Find colour in some all-expressive lay.

II.

Ah! that the world my soul builds, all alone,
Praised thee—"Twin-Maker"! all my spirits' might
Spreads blacken'd by thick clouds of worldly blight,
That weight e'en dreams to heaviness of stone,
In solitude I help my soul atone,
For all false shades it gathered from the night,
But, loneliness has purging powers slight,
Least, where a heart's desires are overthrown.
Yes, "heart's desires,"—or—Life's activities,
The hidden threads wherewith one weaves his sphere,
The need of Hope, and Love; brave charities
When ministers to faith in human cheer,—
Which is the substance of your sympathies
And whence, word-seeking melodies adhere.

(Cadet) HAROLD J. HAMBLÉN.

Dialogue.

(The following words passed between a Queens' man and a visitor to whom he was revealing the subtle beauty of his College; moreover they are quite imaginary).

Scene: Queens' throughout.

Characters: A Queens' man dressed in blazer, etc., obviously knows the College very well. Speaks very rapidly—as if nervous.

Visitor: can be of either sex if dressed accordingly, Speaks with a drawl. Chorus of Students (in all kinds of dress) and Cadets (uniformed).

Queens' Man: Yes; well now let's begin. You see this is the Old Court; it's the Oldest Court in Cambridge; at least in Queens'.

Visitor: What is it's date?

Q. M. Date? Yes; I forget the exact date; somewhere about the time of the Henry's, I think.

V. This is a very curious fresco on the wall here It seems quite futuristic.

Q. M. That? Oh, that's "the Dial." It's very wonderful.

You can read all sorts of wonderful things from it, if you know the way to go about. Yes, the time, sun-rise, moon-set, date of the foundation of the College, dates of beginning and end of any term in any year; Oh! it's infinite in it's possibility; (*sotto voce*). I really think

you could tell when the war will end if you adopted the right method.

V. It certainly is very marvellous, do you know how to use it?

Q. M. I? Yes, at least I was once told; but I'm not quite sure if I can remember. However, let's go through here into the next court.

(As they pass through a narrow tunnel-like passage, boys' voices are heard singing perhaps some plainsong chant.)

V. Hark! Is that your choir?

Q. M. Yes, not so bad is it?

V. Simply divine! (The last syllable is pitched on a very high note in the speaker's range).

Q. M. Oh no! It's pretty bad as a matter of fact; Menzies, the organist once told me that he *couldn't* make those boys sing, because they have so much scouting to do. But come along; here is the Walnut Tree Court so-called because (*hesitating*) there used to be a lot of walnut-trees here.

V. But surely that is a walnut-tree?

Q. M. That? Oh yes; that *is* one of them. We will now go over to the New Chapel. Look here, you're very tired, I don't think anybody would object to our walking over the grass; come along.

(Hardly has one step been taken on the sacred lawn, when an instantaneous and unanimous yell of "Grass" resounds through the courts. The visitor hesitates, but the Queens' man reassures him or her).

Q. M. Yes; don't mind those people: children! It seems that they have nothing to do all day except call out . . . Absolute children, that's what they are!

. . . . Don't be afraid absolute they won't hurt you. . . .

(All this time the uproar has been increasing to such an alarming extent, that the Queens' Man is brought to a stand-still in the centre of the lawn. He wipes his brow as if in a dilemma ; he tries to address the howling mob at the windows ; he attempts to explain that his friend has had a long railway journey and that—but the whole scene is brought to a dramatic climax by a piercing voice from one of the windows, which penetrates through the mob-yell and utters fateful words).

Voice (with emotion): Oo, I really think you'll have to be fined 5/-; 2/6 for each person ; wretched people! (The mob, having attained its end, shuts its windows, and dies out. The wretched people move mournfully off the lawn to the spot from which they started; then they begin walking to the New Chapel by the more indirect path, maintaining a downcast silence; after a mile or two—as it seemed—the Visitor, having finished blushing, speaks with great difficulty).

V. I say, is that a very big disgrace ?

Q. M. Disgrace? Oh, no! Happens every day really. What I feel red about is the childishness of those people. You see, I didn't exactly want the Dean to see me walking on the grass ; I like the Dean very much, and I don't want him to think ——. However! (They enter the New Chapel and after a time they come out again quite normal).

Q. M. Yes, it is a beautiful Chapel. Well, now we'll go to the newest court of all. Those buildings there are called Friars'; oh no, they have no connection with the Friars, obviously they are too new for that ;

no, they are just *called* Friars' Buildings, that's all. Those are the Dokett Buildings over there.

(As they gaze upon the bare redness of the wall of the Dokett Buildings, a mysterious figure floats through one of the entrances into the court. It is curiously attired in a spotted grey dressing-gown, and underneath, it seems, purple pyjamas, and it carries something white like a towel; when it sees the Queens' Man and the Visitor it runs hither and thither like some live thing, as if it had been caught in a trap that it had been trying to avoid; finally with a desperate movement it rushes across the grass and disappears round the Chapel corner. During all this time the Dialogue has been continued).

V. (trembling a little perhaps). What on earth is that? I do hope it won't come this way!

Q. M. Oh! a common occurrence in Queens'. Merely a man.—

V. Good heavens, it's coming here!

Q. M. Just had a bath, that's all. It's Tubwello, as a matter of fact; quite a harmless creature.

V. Thank goodness, it's gone! Oh, here's another!

(Another live thing has come out into the court, but shows none of the haunted appearance of the last one. On the contrary this one is very dignified and walks with a measured step like some Eastern monarch; his embroidered pyjamas intensify the likeness. He drops something, but pretends he does not hear it).

Q. M. Thunda, old man, you've dropped your soap. (No reply). Your soap's on the ground over there, Thunda. (Procession continues as before and disappears round the corner).

V. What a rude person !

Q. M. Rude ? Oh no : quite a common incident ! Happens every day really. Quite a decent sort when you get to know him. Now we will go out by this gate into Queens' Lane.

(They are about to go out by the Docket Gate when a Company of Cadets led by Captain Vesee enters by the same gate. The Queens' Man and his Visitor try to escape, but are caught up by the double file, and give themselves up as lost, as the Cadets pass by on either side of them).

V. (shouting to Capt. Vesee). Save us ; we shall be buried alive !

Capt. V. (to Cadets). Halt ! Two civilians caught by accident in the ranks—about turn ! (Queens' Man and Visitor obey). Quick march ! (They do so, and on regaining their freedom, they immediately run up to Captain Vesee and overwhelm him with their thanks. The Cadets cheer their Captain and the scene closes with general rejoicing).

B S. M.

On Conventionality.

Conventionality consists in obeying unwritten rules of behaviour which are made by members of the vast and vague body commonly called "Society." If you are conventional, you wear your best clothes, spats and a high collar on Sunday ; you always dress in the fashion ; moreover, if you hear of anybody you know breaking these rules in however trivial a manner, you inform him or your friends, in a deprecating tone, that

"it's not done." The Perfectly Conventional Man, in short, reduces himself to one of a flock of sheep, and considers it a disgrace to walk in any direction except that in which the rest of the flock is moving. He suppresses his own individuality, his own freedom, and the rest of Society does the same, in order that all may be as much alike as possible, and may form a definite type, the "Man of the World," or the "gentleman" (say) though the word "gentle" would be more aptly replaced by "genteel."

Does this lead to happiness? It is very doubtful: fifty per cent. of the members of "Society" grumble at having to pay "duty-calls" on people who are as much bored by the proceeding as they are; again a large percentage complain about the ugliness of the latest style in hats; yet they go on, year after year, calling on the same people and buying hats they dislike.

Few people seem to be aware that every man is a definite individual, that he has a definite personality and a definite method by which his personality can be expressed. The result of this ignorance is that they try to crush any sense of independence, in the child, by telling him that he must be "respectable," and "respectable," in this sense, is merely another word for "conventional." If the child asks why he must be respectable, his parents, unable to give a satisfactory answer, put him off by telling him that "All nice boys are respectable," and so on. They do not realise that if the child is born with any originality, such as a liking for the earthworms he finds in the garden, the crushing of this instinct may lead to the destruction of the particular type of genius which is reached by its development.

If I find that it is an expression of my personality to stand on my head while eating my lunch, why, pro-

vided that my neighbour is not inconvenienced either physically or aesthetically should there be any protest?

Or if I prefer to sit on the floor while talking to my friends, why should they object, on the plea that "it's not done"?

Conventionality may also lead to a great deal of unconscious selfishness. If for reasons of health or of comfort, a man chooses to walk round London with bare feet and no hat, probably his friends will refuse to go out with him. But would it be as objectionable to them as their strong cigars smoked in his room with windows shut would be to him, supposing that he disliked smoke intensely? Yet according to modern convention, they *could* refuse to take him out barefoot, but he could not prevent them from smoking.

Which is preferable, as a general principle: liberty, originality, and free expression; or conventionality and being reduced to one of a crowd, undistinguishable from the rest in clothes and manner? Most people would choose the former, in theory, though they would not, in practice, have the strength of mind to break their bonds and free themselves.

In short, what is needed is the abolition of conventions in so far as they tend to injure the individual, thus leaving only two fundamental ones (for conventions they are)—namely, "live and let live," and "love thy neighbour." These include all that is necessary by way of communal ethics, since the first means "mind your own business and do not criticise others," and the second, if taken in its widest sense, would kill all selfishness, and, by virtue of this, would prevent any man from ever acting in such a way as to injure or hinder his fellows—in truth a Utopian state would be realized.

L. J. B.

The Cadets in Queens'.

To the Editor of the Dial.

DEAR SIR,

Quot homines tot sententiae—I think I have found the exception to this oft-quoted line for among the Cadets of the present course there is no divergence of opinion upon Cambridge University and its surroundings.

To most of us prior to our arrival here Cambridge was but a name—a place inhabited by students and undergraduates (there is a difference I believe!) dons and dangerous people known as proctors. Beyond boating, cricket and sport we knew little of the life here but now we know in part what this University stands for in England's destiny. Already its atmosphere—at once real yet indefinable—has penetrated us and made us appreciate in some small measure the wonderful eloquence that comes myriad-tongued from quaint turrets and quainter gargoyles, Gothic archways and Tudor battlements. Architecture such as the new world has not yet seen reminds us daily of the glory and romance that gripped English minds in bygone days and made them project their ideals in stone. The true soul of serene greatness is here and Art has found a temple indeed wherein the Philistine discovers that though he came to scoff he must remain to admire and revere.

You will well understand and appreciate the feelings that surge through us who are now privileged to enjoy an all too short sojourn in this Queens' College. Most of us are but recently arrived from Northern France where ruin and rancour form Art's pall, yet already

the calm quiet of these walls has worked its potent charm. War necessarily leaves the soldier-student little chance to pursue his favourite readings and thoughts but here in Cambridge old chains are again linked up and the soul comes into its own once more.

But time glides swiftly by and with regret one realises that a year would not suffice to exhaust the beauty and interest of this place. It seems as if Nature had accepted man's challenge and vied with him in adding splendour to the scene. There is a magnetism in every nook and corner; it infects us all, whether we be students intent on ancient walls and windows or mere idlers on the velvety Cam or dreamers on its banks; the appeal is resistless for here indeed we know—we recognise the mould of Empire, the cradle of hope and achievement.

We consider it a joy and a privilege to be here—we envy those whom fortune favoured by making this their Alma Mater—their home. We wish you and your magazine every success and may Cambridge be the same delight to all newcomers as it has been to us the Cadets of "A" Company, No. 2 Battalion.

W. J. McDONNELL.

Q. C. C. U.

AT the beginning of term a General Meeting was called to discuss the form that the Devotional Meetings should take.

This was considered necessary, since vague complaints had been felt rather than heard about certain features in these meetings and it was thought that these features were connected with the ever-diminishing number of supporters of the Q. C. C. U.

The meeting was well attended and produced many interesting views on extempore prayer and other topics, but had no effect at all on the attendance of later meetings.

However, we hope that the Q. C. C. U.—like other College activities—will bridge over the time of war, and will be found faithful and united when the new era of Peace begins.

On Trinity Sunday the Corporate Eucharist was offered; and on June 4th., Alex. Wood, Esq., M.A., of Emmanuel addressed the Union on "The Scientific Basis of Religion."

B. S. M.

From the Books of to-morrow.

With apologies to W. S. Gilbert.

(These verses, being more or less spontaneous, make no pretence of scanning.)

WHEN I was a Don I kept a term,
And with the "bedders" was very firm;
I dissected rabbits and cut up crabs,
And demonstrated in the physics "labs";
I demonstrated so successfuller
That now I'm Lieutenant in the King's Navee.

Of college affairs I acquired such a grip
They appointed me to a Bursarship;
And that Junior Bursarship, I ween,
Was the only ship that I ever had seen;
But that kind of ship so suited me
That now I'm Lieutenant in the King's Navee.
—From "Ruminations" by a Fellow at sea.

He is an Englishman!
 For he himself has said it
 And it's greatly to our credit
 That he is an Englishman!
 For he might have been Egyptian
 Yankée, or any "sich" man,*
 Or perhaps an Indi-an.
 But disdaining his relations,
 He insists, with imprecations,
 He is an Englishman.

—From "Who's Who" (1917) by J. R. H. C.

* The authors did their best.

Oh, digging Dean,
 Type of great want kept under
 Could thy brigade
 With pick and spade
 Raise one great "spud," I wonder?
 —From "Lines on a grass plot" dedicated to C. T. W.

My name is John Christopher Ford
 I came up to sit for an Ord-
 Inary Degree;
 And shall just pay the fee
 To be Dominus J. C. Ford
 —From "The sword is mightier than the pen"
 by J. C. F.

(N.B. This book was written during imprisonment in the "Tower of London.")

When I came up to Queens' as a very young man,
(Said I to myself, said I),
I'll work on a new and original plan
(Said I to myself said I);
I'll never assume that a "brekker" or tea
Though accepted, should ever be offered by me,
For I'm quite content with my own company,
(Said I to myself, said I).

—From "Practical Monasticism" by H. L. S.
G. T. F.

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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.