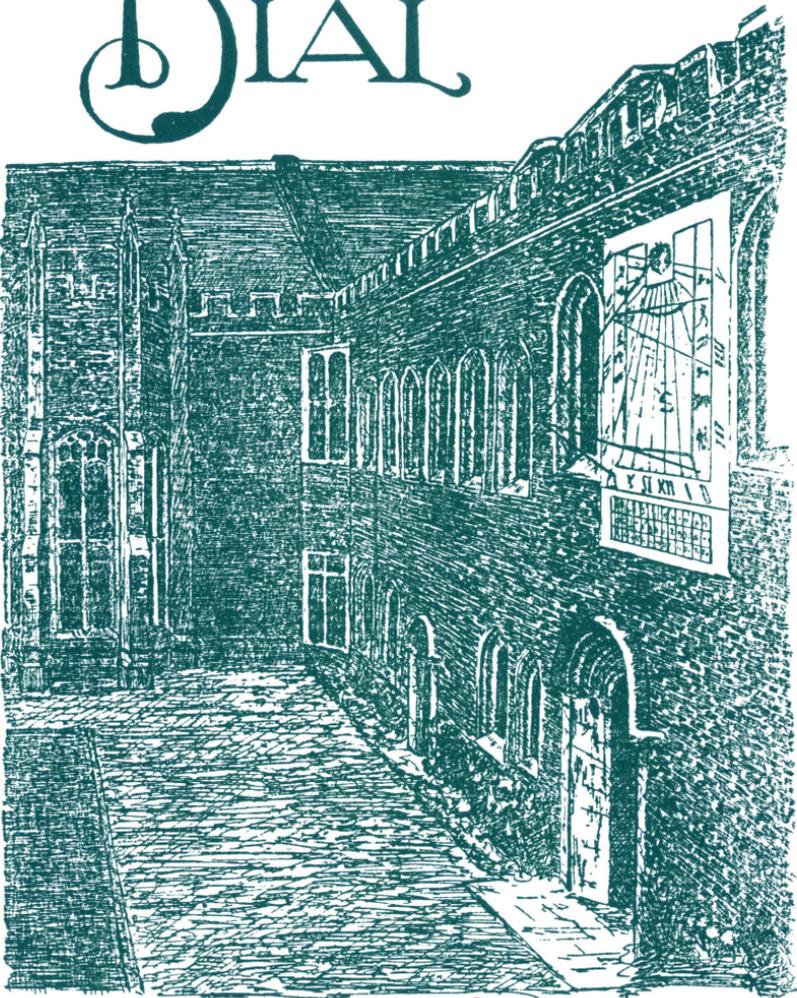


The

# DIAL



Queens' College

Easter Term, 1919

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# The Dial

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No. 33.

EASTER TERM, 1919.

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## Editorial

‘REST after toil,’ said a Cambridge poet, ‘does greatly please.’ Maybe he thus expressed his feelings as he reclined on the backs or in whatever in Elizabethan days offered the attraction of a punt, endeavouring to realise that the Tripos-fiend had done its worst. Of course he didn’t. Still one may pretend he did; for there is no *toil* like that imposed upon a miserable examinee as he labours under the eyes of the ominous figure who sits in gown and hood as a taskmaster, seeing to it that we make our bricks (or drop them) without straw (or other aid). And there is no *rest* like that which follows after this, like ‘port after stormie seas.’

It befel, as I rested thus, wafted gently down stream, a stupid lovesick cuckoo singing a lullaby, that spite of

the lullaby sweet sleep came upon me, and visions of the past 'came stepping to rear through my mind.' Me-thought I saw this Anciente Universitie,—five years ago is ancient history—in the full vigour of its teeming life. There were men, men, men. Some were votaries of the muse, fat volumes reposed under their arm, as they pursued their way through this seminary of sound learning, unobtrusive, meek. To others the field or the river was an only joy, they played and became strong, and merry withal—when they won; they had no fat books. Others again divided their favours, to Hermes and Minerva came their due and no more; these were they whom they called 'all-round' men, they were not few but they could not be too many. There was a cult of Mars, dubbed O.T.C., but he didn't matter much. Till one day, all was changed. Vainly I looked for books or bats. The scene is all animation, of men about their business in dead earnest. I thought when I awoke of August '14.

Then came the changes thick and fast. Alma mater began her sorrows, as son after son was lost—some for a while, too many never to return. Many were her foster sons. Thousands of troops found themselves in her precincts: officers filled her colleges. Another picture: the officers have gone and a cadet school flourishes in

their place. The white banded cap is ubiquitous, the absence of the gown is equally conspicuous. No one surely would have *chosen* to be up then!

But these poor visions receded in their turn and gave place to happier ones. I heard many bells ringing and many shouting crowds surging through beflagged streets. The beginning of the end—the Armistice antecedent to Peace—was thus joyfully received. From that scene onwards each one was brighter and filled with more figures. Still they came from near and far till scarce room remained for the mass of sons returning. Khaki has been doffed and all things abnormal have been dwindling away, with D.O.R.A., before the attacks of keen spirits eager for the return to the good days of yore.

I awoke and found it true. The lean days are over and the future is full of promise. Our guests no longer learn the art of killing but pursue with us, Naval Officers and Americans alike, the paths of sport and learning, and they are most welcome. Once more the cult of Father Camus claims scores of ardent devotees and after this long lapse a May Week program is again before us, with its races and concerts and indifferent weather. The term has been one of toil for most, but the 'spirit of the place' is rekindling its flame and next term the fever of these exciting and uncertain times will no longer be an

excuse for any lack of *esprit de corps*: the College life, we can safely predict, will return to its former proportions. There will be new things and old, blending harmoniously, making up all that we mean by 'Varsity life and the 'Varsity spirit. "Peace after War does greatly please."

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### Dialiana.

ONE of the most pleasant features of this "Reconstruction Term" has been the presence in our midst of Officers of the Royal Navy and Officers of the United States Army. They have entered into the life of the college and have kindly contributed to this issue of the *Dial*.

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On Easter Eve the Rev. J. H. Gray was installed as Honorary Canon in Peterborough Cathedral.

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Cordial congratulations to H. Collingham on his appointment to the Craven Studentship and a year's congenial work at Athens.

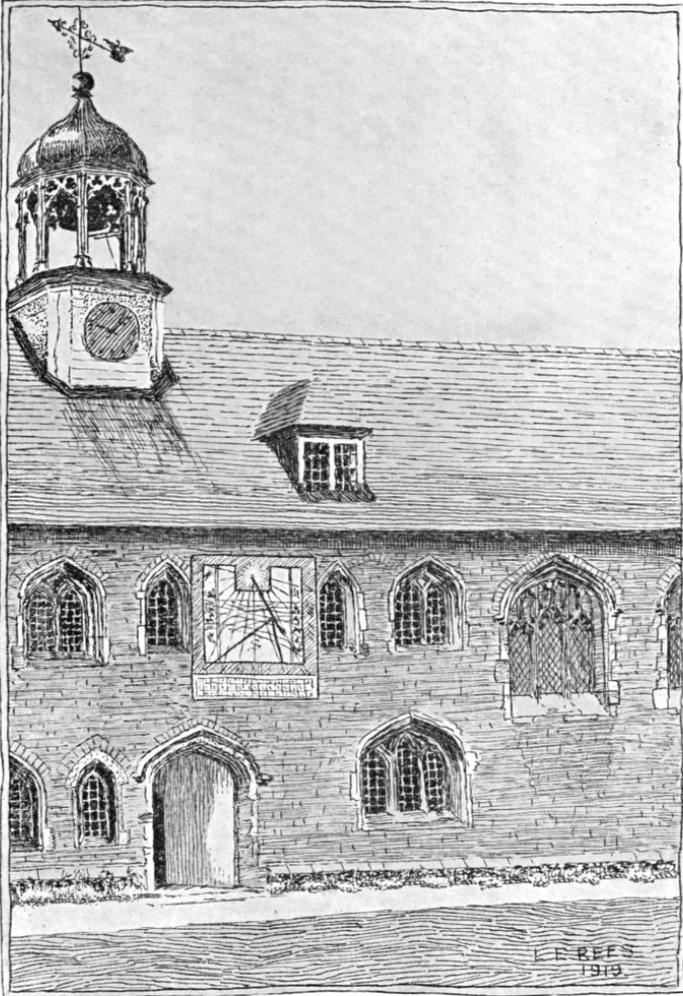
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Lt. C. D. Seropian and L. W. Foster rowed in the University Trial Eights.

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I. I. Law has played for the 'Varsity against the R.A.F. in an Association Football Match at Stamford Bridge.

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He also took a prominent part in the Athletic Sports and was third in the High Jump, the Hundred and Putting the Weight.

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The Annual Dinner of the Queens' Club has been fixed for Wednesday, June the 18th, in the College Hall.

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### On Sundials

THIS is not written for the practical man who seeks everywhere for new knowledge. There is nothing here but what is old, and it is written for the lazy man who will resign himself to wasting, with the aid of a pipe and an arm chair, one precious half-hour in making the acquaintance of another lazy fellow like himself.

Methinks, then, that there are but two kinds of sundials—since it is of sundials that I must write. There are those a man may find on many an old church—on tower or porch or buttress, on the mellow walls of many an ancient school or college, or in the well-nigh hallowed precincts where, by the river side in the heart of London, dwell those who assist at the throne of Justice—and thereby are enabled to live most comfortably and assuredly.

These are the dials whose long gnomons, which I always think of as noses, point downward to some quiet lawn or to some pavement whereon is recorded, in letters half effaced by the feet of the passing generations, the life and death of a long-forgotten worthy: the dials over whose quaint old faces, crossed by many a wrinkle,

sprawl the half mythological creatures of the zodiac, and whose quaint old letters, in English or Latin, remind the passer-by, in one of a thousand ways, that "shadows we are and like shadows depart."

They are lovable characters, these old sundials on the walls: and they have one great advantage over their brothers on the stone pedestals, that a man may read their lesson as he passes, without turning aside or halting. And I think that perhaps they are the sundials Shakespeare knew and loved and wrote of so often. It is easy to imagine him walking in his garden on some summer evening, thinking the thoughts that were to live "so long as men can breathe and eyes can see," and glancing now and then at the sundial on the wall—for tradition says that the poet's household was ruled with a rod of iron, and he may not have dared, great genius though he was, to be late for supper.

But perhaps it was not a sundial on the wall, but on a stone pedestal; an old moss-grown thing, with the arms of his family engraved thereon, standing in quiet dignity where the flagged paths of his garden met and crossed one another.

And then it was a sundial such as I really love, one around which there seems to hover a spirit of rest and roses and quiet evenings and morning dews and love and life. Yes, life; for sundials have no dealings with death; they only mark life's sunny hours, and this one, at least, points constantly to heaven, has pointed thither for generations long since gone, and will point thither when we have joined them, with the same resolution and quiet optimism as now.

I am telling you nothing new, you will say. There is nothing new, my friend. Even in Isaiah's day sundials

were old, and that was hundreds of years ago ; so how can I tell you something new? But this is all idle chatter, you may object. So are all things, my friend, according to Solomon. Of course I might tell you of some famous sundials, but there are none. It is not the business of a sundial to be famous. Even our own old dial is not really famous. They tried to make it so by declaring that it was the handiwork of Newton, but the dial repudiated this calumny, and went on its way humbly and rejoicing in its humility.

Yet it is not so humble as I would have it. It is so large that a man is forced to stop to look at it : a real sundial is never so ostentatious. It effaces itself against an old ivied wall or hides among the roses in a sleepy garden, where no one but the bees will ever disturb it : and there it carries on quietly its business of recording the hours of peace and joy and sunshine, and of gently covering with the dust of the ages all that is not meet to be remembered.

L. E. REES.

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## Genus loci

The World's Great Age begins anew,  
The Golden Years return.

SO too comes a pleasant breath upon the fast dying embers of this place and the flame springs up anew.

One sometimes wonders how far Cambridge of to-day is the same as it was five years ago ; how much it is different. At first sight the similarity is amazing. It is incredible that such an upheaval has left so little trace. Yet if we look a little closer there are many changes

underneath the surface. For it is obvious at once that the undergraduate of to-day is a much older and wiser person. He comes back from outside; does not regard this place as a sort of garden wherein to linger awhile before keeping an appointment with the world; to most of us it is a rather severe preparation. Trips and the appointments therefrom are matters of immediate moment so that there is not much room for the old idea that one is here to meet people and enjoy oneself.

So the *genius loci* is a serious thing. Its gown and square are perfect and complete, no tattered rags or worn down pumps. It does not cut lectures; nor applaud with the feet when the lecturer indulges in a little wit; nay rather, it records the joke in its note book. Pleasures and recreations too are somewhat sombre. Cricket, rowing, are so earnest that one indulges in them, 'as if on that alone 'Hung the issue of the day' (if quotation from a hymn may be pardoned). At the Union we are as dull and solemn as if we were the Imperial Parliament or the members of the Peace Conference. So occasional rags become by all accounts like a successful military operation; planned complete with "Information" and "Intention." Once upon a time the victim used to have a doubt whether his misfortunes were a sign of affection or admonition or dislike. He has no doubt now.

Now to be serious is doubtless a good thing; but to lose one's sense of proportion is not. The returning years ought to be golden; for in this place, at any rate, roses *are* more useful than potatoes. To be too serious is it shut out that excellent spirit known as a sense of Humour; nor indeed has she yet been demobilised.

O excellent Spirit of Humour, for pity's sake get your Z Forms through before next October!

G. B. H.

## Just Before Leaving Cambridge

BY AN AMERICAN.

I WAS wandering down Silver Street this morning, swinging a bottle of lemon syrup in one hand and a sackful of cakes in the other (light house-keeping is one of the habits I have acquired in Cambridge) when I was overhauled from the rear by a couple of sub-editors of the *Dial* or rather, strikers for the editor. They struck me for remarks on the American impression of Cambridge, all written out on paper and duly presented to the editor within twenty-four hours or less.

A pair of Newnham girls came wheeling along on bicycles just then. At least I reckon they were Newnham girls because they were on bicycles and I don't suppose the May Week visitors fall into the universal Cambridge habit in their few days here. I immediately called the attention of the literary highlanders aforesaid to the fact that the young lady in front was exceeding fair to look upon, and felt that I had successfully changed the subject. But they were of a most unusual singleness of mind and tenacity of purpose and not even that vision of loveliness was enough to distract their minds. They returned to the charge and at the last I was inveigled, seduced, or rather dragooned, into a promise to produce.

I was led to do so partly, at least, by a fellow feeling for the editor of the *Dial*. There are plenty of differences in the interior economy and exterior manifestations of a British and an American University, in all conscience, but I am willing to lay a small bet that that the twenty-four-hours-before-publication feeling in the mind of the editor of the college paper is the same on either

side of the Atlantic. And I was once a poor devil of a college editor myself. It isn't hard to remember how I would scurry around after anything that would fill space at such a time.

And that is how these vague and rambling impressions happened to get set down to-night.

If this were a well-ordered paper on the contrasts and coincidences of the two university systems I would put it down in fine logical order, beginning with Education, with a big E, and setting forth all sorts of theories about whether it is better to let a man go to a lecture when he pleases but to insist that he shall be within the college gates by ten p.m., or to insist that he shall attend a certain large percentage of the lectures he is put down for and not care a happy hurrah when he gets within the gates—or, for that matter, whether he gets in at all. But then it would take some one who knew more about both the systems than I ever shall to discuss that question intelligently.

The truth of the matter is that I, and I believe most of the other Americans, have sought to take on our Cambridge education by the well-known absorptive method. We have exposed ourselves to instruction with the pious hope that it might "take."

So I shall have to fall back upon the little of the life of a British University that we have seen since that night when a special train unloaded us in the cold, cruel world at four a.m.; through the period when we were earnestly studying the conservation of coal in our efforts to maintain an American temperature in a great mediaeval sitting room on a reduced allowance; were striving to acquire grace and dexterity in the handling of the afternoon tea cup, and explaining that we really

didn't know how to jazz because it wasn't danced in America—on down to this present good hour when we spend the finest summer evenings that most of us have ever seen, with their long cool twilight, punting up and down the river and watching with envious eyes the fortunate ones who have their people up for the May Week.

From the moment that we struck Cambridge we have been met with the heartiest of welcomes and the most gracious of hospitality. The English people are fond of describing themselves as a cold and reserved people and have managed to get the rest of the world to accept that estimate of them. We used to accept it ourselves, but those of us who have been at Cambridge and have been welcomed into the colleges and the homes with a warmth and a cordiality that could not have been surpassed anywhere else on earth will never again believe it.

It is all a bit strange to us, even yet, this idea of living around a college that lists Erasmus among its *alumni*, and in buildings that were old when Columbus was born. The college system is strange to us, too, (although we secure somewhat the same degree of fellowship among students by other means) but we have found both the atmosphere of tradition and the close-knit ties of the college thoroughly delightful in spite of their strangeness to men from colleges where a custom of a decade is looked upon as hoary with sacred tradition.

One thing that has impressed us all is the almost universal participation in athletics in some form or other at Cambridge. We have got into it somewhat ourselves—all, that is, except cricket.

My total participation in cricket has been watching parts of a game or two. After watching it I am filled with admiration for the mathematical, or rather statistical, ability of the young man who sits in the little booth on the side and keeps count of the score. I don't see how he keeps those hundreds and hundreds of runs straight. It seems that his labour might be lightened by furnishing him with a sort of register such as we use to ring up fares on street cars at home. Then he could ring up each run as it was made and let the machine do the adding and calculating.

It seems to be inevitable that a man writing of cricket or baseball should compare one with the other, although why I don't see as the games are no more kin than tennis and croquet. About the only thing they have in common is that they both use a bat and a ball. I must confess that to me and to most Americans cricket would have to be an acquired taste, like tobacco or olives. I suppose, though, that an Englishman inherits it.

Another game that I enjoyed watching was Rugby football. It is easy to see where the American game grew out of the English, although the child has strayed a long, long way from the parent in this case.

But of all the sports at Cambridge the one most impressive to us is rowing. It is remarkable how the Cam has been developed into such a sporting stream and a nursery for great oarsmen. Such an achievement is a real triumph over obstacles.

We will be leaving Cambridge in a few days, and in the case of most of us it will be for good, I fear. It has been a delightful life, an interesting life, and a really valuable life these last three months. We have learned lots of things that aren't written in books (and perhaps

a few that are); we have enjoyed this pleasant English life in the old old town and the green garden-like country, where we were acquiring new habits, such as tea in the afternoon and marmalade for breakfast, and we have, above all, learned a little more about the Briton as he is, rather than as he is painted. It has been worth while.

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## The Cambridge Scene

### X. QUEENS' COLLEGE.

(By kind permission of the Editor of the "Cambridge Review.")

WILLIAM Mandell was a Fellow and Tutor of this College in the first part of the last century; on the death of Dr. Milner, Dean of Carlisle, in 1820, he unsuccessfully contested the appointment of his successor as President, and darkness clouded his remaining years; he kept in Pump Court, and still on the door of his rooms, through coats of paint—palimpsest-like—his name may be read. But he is not introduced here for any personal reasons; he is mentioned, because when he published a certain sermon in the year 1833, he called himself "Fellow of *Queen's*," while when he issued another discourse in 1835, he was styled "Fellow of *Queens'*." This gives a hint of the date when this appropriate form of spelling the name of the College was locally adopted; although it should be added that the new style was used by the *University Calendar* in 1831. The present Dean of Carlisle indeed says that the orthography has been used since the days of Elizabeth Woodville; but no

statement about Cambridge by Dr. Rashdall should be accepted without verification. The change of style was not immediately adopted in the 'Thirties; the delayed *Life of Milner* issued in 1842 still calls him President of Queen's; and so does the second edition of that work.

Our College had been founded, as the College of St. Bernard, in 1446, by Andrew Dokett, rector of St. Botolph's Church; but two years later he had secured the interest of the young Queen Margaret of Anjou (who was stimulated by the magnificent foundation of her husband, King Henry VI.); and the new Society was known as Queen's College. But before long the Lancastrians lost power; and Dokett wisely obtained the patronage of Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV. Future Queens likewise showed their interest in the College; Anne, the wife of Richard III.; Elizabeth of York, the Consort of Henry VII.; and after the death of this lady, even the King's mother—the Lady Margaret—officially patronised the College. So that, now-a-days, the convenient spelling, with the possessive plural, Queens', has been generally adopted; especially as contrasted with Queen's College, Oxford which has been connected only with the name of Philippa, Consort of Edward III.

It should be stated that the site of Dokett's original College was opposite to the present great Gate of Queens'; and a useful property it was. Here was a tennis court; here, at the butts, archery was practised; here was an orchard, with fruit trees and a vine; saffron was cultivated here. For many reasons it is to be regretted that this piece should have been parted with; it would have been more than convenient to have land running down to the Trumpington Road, opposite St. Botolph's Church.

However, the position of Queens' is interesting; and the College was fortunately able to reach across the river—there were indeed formerly three bridges; not only the straggling Silver Street bridges, and the curious "Mathematical" bridge; but another also further north. It may be added that the New King's Bridge spans the river just beyond the domains of Queens'; the erection of this bridge, chiefly at the expense of Charles Simeon, nearly led to a rupture between that divine and his friend Dean Milner. Fortunately, too, for Queens', the College, when their neighbours the Carmelite Friars were dissolved, was able to secure, and that on advantageous terms, the monastery and its somewhat extensive ground. In the northern windows of the Library may still be seen certain pictures of the White Friars and other quarries which doubtless came from the Carmelite house.

The gradual growth of the college buildings is a most interesting study, and has been exhaustively dealt with in Willis and Clark's monumental work; though the name of the architect of the beautiful Gallery in the President's Lodge has not been handed down. The front court (with its elaborate sun dial); the cloister court, with its little adjunct, the pump court, where Erasmus's Tower still remains, though James Essex altered the S.W. part; the Walnut Tree Court, with its date 1617 on the Eastern range; the new Chapel and the double set of new buildings—all deserve attention. Essex, by the bye, had intended to alter the whole river front—a sketch of his design may be seen in *Cantabrigia Depicta*. Happily the full scheme was not carried out, and the picturesque buildings of that part of the President's Lodge are still reflected in the waters of the Cam which come down from the old Town Mills.

It was doubtless the official connection of the Lady Margaret with this college which led to the appointment as President in 1505 of John Fisher, the celebrated Bishop of Rochester; and again it was owing to this connection that his friend, the great scholar Erasmus, when he came into residence at Cambridge in the year 1510, chose Queens' as his headquarters. He had rooms in the Pump Court already mentioned in the S.E. corner thereof, where stands a Tower, still called by his name. An interesting old view of this corner may be seen (pump included) in S. Knight's *Life* of the Dutch Professor. We cannot now dwell upon the famous edition of the New Testament or the other important works which he compiled during his four years' residence here; nor can we mention his likes and dislikes, his habits and his customs; though it may be pointed out that, according to one of his friends (Garret, the bookseller), when he was fatigued with study "for lacke of better exercise, he would take his horse and ryde about the Market hill, and come again." Fuller adds: "here his labour in mounting so many stairs (done perchance to exercise his body and prevent corpulency) was recompensed with a pleasant prospect round about him"—for the view from the Tower window southwards looks over the Mills beyond the fields where the river winds from Grantchester and Trumpington. A walk on the western side of the Cam was later on, and is still, known as Erasmus's Walk. Macaulay, in an interesting account of a conversation with Dean Milner, says that that President made the unkind remark that "we have no relique of him at Queens', except a huge corkscrew; and I am afraid (the Dean added) that there is nothing in his principles to keep him from making very assiduous use

of it." Claudius Buchanan, the oriental scholar, who in his last visit to Queens' inhabited Erasmus's rooms, mentioned that the cork-screw was "about a third of a yard long." While on the subject of "reliques," it may be noticed that a reminder of the stalwart Dean (who loomed so large in the University generally and in Queens' specially during the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries) may be seen in the chair of extraordinary size, which is still preserved as "Milner's Chair" in the beautiful Lodge.

The names of Bishop Fisher and of Erasmus at the beginning of the 16th century, and of Dean Milner, the well-known President from 1788 to 1820, stand out in the History of the College. But there are, of course, other periods and other celebrities to be noted. Queens' was very flourishing, for example, in the days when John Davenant was President and John Preston was Tutor. Davenant had been Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity when he was still a Fellow of the College; but, when Dr. Humphrey Tindall died in 1614, he only just forestalled his great rival George Mountaine who was then Dean of Westminster. The latter subsequently held the sees of Lincoln (1617), London (1621), Durham (1627) and York (1628). Dr. Davenant was in 1621 nominated Bishop of Salisbury, where he succeeded his brother-in-law, Robert Townson, who left to his care his widowed sister and her fifteen children. Davenant resigned the Presidentship on his Consecration, and Preston did not long retain the tutorship which he had so vigorously sustained, as he was chosen Master of Emmanuel in 1622.

Here it may be parenthetically remarked that an interesting chapter might be written on the subject of

Processions in Cambridge. These open-air orderings were most carefully organised; precedence was jealously guarded; the parochial chaplains, the Cross-bearers, the Friars, the Monks, the members and the officials of the University, were arranged in the order of their going. There is a remarkable picture in the old editions of Foxe's *Martyrs*, representing a combined procession of Town and Gown, where the Vice-Chancellor is preceded by five bedells (esquire and otherwise) and the Mayor is attended by a number of mace-bearers. But of all these moving ceremonies—and they were many—religious, funereal, academic—none perhaps was more interesting than that which took place when John Preston moved from Queens' to Emmanuel in 1622. Mr. J. H. Gray, the historian of the former College, tells us that “the greatest secrecy was observed at Emmanuel, the very gates being kept locked, until the election was safely over and Preston had been chosen. Then he was escorted in procession by the members of his old College to the foundation which had chosen him as its Head, and Puritan Emmanuel unbent to unwonted feasting and rejoicing. Preston (it is added) took some of his pupils with him, among them a Londoner, Chambers, a youth of ability. When wonder was expressed how rooms would be found for these men in a College already so full, ‘I remember,’ says Fuller (*Worthies*, Northamptonshire) one said, ‘Master Preston will carry *Chambers* along with him’.”

The names of many gracious Benefactors, right reverend Bishops and learned Writers, might be mentioned. We must limit ourselves to two illustrious names: that of Sir Thomas Smith, who was not only so renowned for his oratory and his learning that the

Society "had like to have changed her name from Queens' to Smith's College," but whose statesmanship was such that he was a benefactor not to this House alone; but to all Colleges of literature in England. "If Obadiah be so praised to all posterity for feeding an hundred of God's prophets: fifty in one cave, and fifty in another, with bread and water; what reward shall this worthy Knight receive, who for ever feeds all the sons of the prophets both in Cambridge and Oxford (members of any society) *with rent corn*, which he promised by statute in Parliament!"

The account of the Act (18 Elizabeth, cap. 6) here referred to may be read in Fuller's *History of the University of Cambridge* under date 1575.

The quaint phrases quoted above will, of course, be recognised as the words of Thomas Fuller, who graduated from this College, which he naturally joined as a nephew of Bishop Davenant, 16th President thereof. It will come as a great surprise to many readers to hear that this remarkable writer and scholar was never elected to a Fellowship at Queens'. His uncle shared the surprise, and secured his incorporation as a Fellow-Commoner at Sidney, where he pursued his post-graduate studies. Fuller, however, shewed no resentment to the old College of his early days; for he finishes his remarkable account thereof with these words: "And thus I take my leave of this foundation, wherein I had my education for the first eight years in that University. Desiring God's blessing to be plentifully poured on all the members thereof."

H. P. STOKES.

## Old Queens' Men.

The following honours have been won by Old Queens' Men :—

### COMPANION OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.

Lt.-Col. H. A. Case, D.S.O., King's African Rifles.  
Lt.-Col. A. C. Temperley.

### COMPANION OF THE ORDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

R. W. Bullard.

### COMPANION OF THE ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

D. Calnan, I.C.S., Commissioner, Agra.  
J. F. Moylan, Receiver of the Metropolitan Police.

### COMPANION OF THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.

Capt. R. B. Fawkes, M.C., Northants. Regt. (April 1919).

### ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

L. Infeld.  
Lt.-Col. R. Temperley, D.L.  
T. S. W. Thomas, Asst. Chief Secretary, Uganda.  
Capt. W. Eatherley, R. G. A. (*Croce di Guerra*, May 1919).

MILITARY CROSS.

- 2 Lt. W. B. Carnley, A. O. D. (January 1919).  
Capt. H. I. Dixon, R. Warwicks (1919)  
Major W. H. Ferguson, R. A. M. C. (Bar, March 1919).  
Capt. C. T. H. Treglown, South Wales Borderers, (February 1919).

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS.

- W. E. Bigger, Surgeon H.M.S. Jupiter (February 1919).

AIR FORCE CROSS.

- Lt. C. E. Channing, R. A. S. C. (November 1918).

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.

- R. W. Bullard (August 1918).

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CLERICAL.

*The Rev. F. A. Redwood, T. C. F.*, has been appointed domestic chaplain to the Bishop of Chelmsford.

*H. F. Rushmer* was ordained on Trinity Sunday.

BIRTH.

*To Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Kennedy* on May 17, a son.

MARRIAGES.

*Horace Lee* was married on March 1 to Miss Grace Burrows.

*H. A. K. Barker*, was married on July 7 to Miss Sybil C. Pridden, at S. Thomas' Church, Stamford Hill.

A Marriage has been arranged between the *Rev. F. C. Clare*, of Wakefield Cathedral, and Miss Cicely Constance Parnell.

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

**T**HE result of the May races was disappointing. Under the able coaching of Mr. A. D. Browne a good effort was made, but two of the places gained in 1914 were lost. Further disaster was perhaps prevented by *Pembroke II.* catching a crab on the first night, and our making a bump in consequence.

On the following nights we were bumped by *Pembroke II.*, *Sidney* and *L.M.B.C. II.* respectively. Lack of weight was the outstanding disadvantage, the boat's crew averaging only 10st. 8lbs.

It must be added that a slide broke on the last night. The coxing however was excellent.

		st.	lbs.
<i>Bow.</i>	W. S. Thomson ... ..	8	13
2	Lieut. R. M. M. Johnson, R.N.	9	5
3	M. H. Slater ... ..	9	12
4	H. H. Fisher ... ..	11	1
5	A. B. Todd ( <i>Capt.</i> )... ..	10	11
6	L. A. Bligh-Hill ... ..	12	0
7	L. W. Foster ... ..	11	11
<i>Stroke.</i>	Lieut. C. D. Seropian, R.N.	10	4
<i>Cox.</i>	W. E. Lounds ... ..	8	8

The Second Eight rowed in the fixed seat time races but unfortunately lost to *Emmanuel*.

Owing to the deplorably small membership of the Boat Club and consequent lack of men on slides, the idea of a getting-on boat was reluctantly dropped.

**H. H. FISHER.**

## Cricket

THE past season although providing many enjoyable games was hardly as successful as we could have hoped. Out of sixteen matches we only won one, ten were lost and five drawn, a record which takes some explaining away. The most noticeable feature was our weakness in attack—on only four occasions did we succeed in dismissing all our opponents, and scores of 200 or more against us for the loss of a few wickets occurred with alarming frequency. Fine weather and the consequent hard fast wickets was part cause of this, but we always lacked a really good bowler. Bad fielding also contributed in no small way to our opponents' success—one can hardly recall a match in which several of the simplest chances were not dropped, and the ground fielding was also, as a rule, execrable. Several matches were undoubtedly lost through nothing else but bad fielding. The Naval Officers played a prominent part, six or seven appearing regularly in the team. The most successful batsmen were Nurden, Smith, Kennedy and Younghusband. Nurden had the honour of making our only century against Christ's—our only victory. The bowling, as has been mentioned before, was very moderate—Nurden, Kennedy, Younghusband and Morton have borne the brunt of the attack. Nurden was the best, and on several occasions bowled really well, but one shudders to think what the averages would look like if one dared to work them out. Of the fielding the least said the better.

The second eleven played nine matches, of which three were won, four lost and two drawn. Two easy victories were accomplished over Eversden village, the other win being against St. John's. Hogg was the most

successful batsman. Rushmer and Day were also conspicuous on occasion. The bowling was shared by Hogg, Foster, Gregory and Heaton, who gained a place in the 1st XI. in the latter part of the season.

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**Q. C. A. F. C.**

**T**HERE is not a great deal to report concerning Soccer in the Lent Term. Two matches only were played. Trinity defeated us badly, and we were also beaten by Fitzwilliam Hall. The College side did not show to advantage, but had more fixtures been made, doubtless better results would have been forthcoming. The Inter-College League will be arranged and Second Eleven fixtures made for the Michaelmas Term.

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**Q. C. C. U.**

**D**URING the Lent Term this society, like so many others, was in a state of hibernation, and its organized activities were limited to a course of three interesting lectures by Mr. H. G. Brand, of Japan, on 'Christian Evidences,' and the election of a skeleton executive. Mr. Brand showed himself completely master of his subject and to the majority of us his presentation and elucidation of familiar problems were both novel and refreshing. The first lecture was devoted to Nature and Universal Law, the second to Parable, while the course closed with a discussion on the vexed question of Miracle. We take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to Mr. Brand for his great interest in the Q.C.C.U. during the past meagre terms, to which, to a large extent, its continuity of activity has been due. Next term, we hope, it will take on a new lease of life.

**A Diary**

*Jan. 14th.* Up betimes, and to get all my things packed up. To Cambridge, which town I have not visited these four years: and by coach to Queens' College, where I purpose to continue my studies.

*Jan. 15th.* To my Tutor's, who did receive me most kindly, then to sign the book, I wearing my black gown, which is a brave garment, but somewhat in need of repair.

*Jan. 19th, Lord's Day.* To Chapel, where Mr. Jeeves did industriously make a note of my arrival: it giving me great pleasure to think that my doings should thus be made a matter for comment. After dinner did repair to the Dean's Lodgings: never did I see so large a concourse of people with so little to say.

*Jan. 24th.* I do marvel that so few men do show an interest in games, and that many do devote themselves too much to their books: this was not so before the war, and methinks these men do take themselves too seriously.

*Jan. 30th.* It seemeth strange to me that some people do continue to affect collars and other articles of the King's uniform: though they would seem to be dressed in civilian clothes. I myself shall be right glad when khaki, which doth seem out of place in this town, doth altogether disappear.

*Feb. 4th.* After dinner, with my friend "A" to the Red Lion Tavern, and called for some wine, whereat we drank and were very merry. Here came "B," he telling me that he doth row, and suffer great discomfort in sitting down.

*March 3rd.* To the river, to see how our crew did perform. Here was much mud, and much shouting, but not many people did shout "Queens'"; which made me very sad that these men who work so hard should receive so little support.

*April 25th.* To Queens' again, much confused as to the difference between a Trip. and a Jazz, which are two things held in high esteem by men, though what they be I cannot tell.

*May 4th, Lord's Day.* It being a very pleasant day, did take a walk with my friend "A" along the Backs. I putting on my new coat of the fashion, which I bought of Mr. Bradley for 50s. There were many men disporting themselves in new caps and gowns: these I deem to be men whom people call Freshers.

*May 6th.* Up, and to a lecture, which I did find exceeding dull. To lunch with "B", at his lodgings: who was much vexed, his housekeeper being discontented and at a meeting: they say the Duchess is of the committee.

*May 7th.* Much talk to-day of these housekeepers, who it seems get but poor pay.

*June 6th.* To the river and took punt: I striving mightily, but with little success, so that we were fain to strike the banks. Here was a pretty sight, being many people dressed in the fashion, and very merry in their discourse.

Then to dancing and supper: thus we spent till three or four in the morning: then parted, and so to bed.

J. N.

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## The Cadets

WAR OFFICE,  
LONDON, S.W.

*11 February, 1919.*

SIR,

I am commanded by the Army Council to express to you their thanks for the help you have rendered to the Army during the War by placing Queens' College at the Council's disposal for the residence and training of Officer Cadets.

2. I am to say that the Council were confident that a sojourn amid surroundings of such beauty and interest as those of Queens' College would be of real value to the Officer Cadets, and in particular those from distant parts of the Empire, who were lodged there during their period of training, and in this expectation they have not been disappointed.

3. I am to ask you to inform all connected with the College how deeply both Officers and Officer Cadets have appreciated the unfailing kindness and consideration which they have experienced during their stay there.

I am Sir,

Your obedient servant,

B. B. WHITE.

*The President, Queens' College.*

**Tripes List**

## MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS, PART I.

## CLASS I.

Barber, J. E.  
 Lacey, R. W.  
 Patrick, L.  
 Peskin, L.  
 Slater, M. H.

## CLASS II.

Chalk, W. J.  
 Veitch, J. L.

## CLASS III.

Panter, H.

## CLASSICAL TRIPOS, PART I.

## CLASS III.

Whitwill, R. V.

## PART II. CLASS I.

Ds. Collingham, H. (*d*)

## Correspondence

*To the Editor of "The Dial."*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I feel that I am justified in appealing to the College for better support on the river. In doing so, I by no means wish to belittle the claims of other sports, they all need support, but I think that no matter what game a man has played, the usual question of the past man is "Where is Queens' on the river". To a greater degree than any other sport the Boat represents the College in the public eye. In 1914 the College made four bumps and placed us in the First Division. We are now back in the Second. This is no reflection on the May boat crew,—individually and collectively they are good keen sportsmen. They put up good races and rowed themselves out—but the fortunes of war were against us. All honour to Pembroke, Sidney and Lady Margaret. But we have been badly supported by the College. The fact that we are comparatively small does not explain why we had barely enough men from whom to select a fixed seat eight and a May boat. Apart from this, where were Queens' men on the race days? One saw some half-dozen men each day who were keen enough to run at least part of the way with the crew—the remainder not in evidence—a lamentable exhibition of lack of *esprit de corps*.

One hears it urged that there are Trips. and other exams. to work for—most certainly—I should be the last to advocate sport to the detriment of work. I only urge

that the time which one must necessarily devote to keeping physically fit should be devoted to playing hard,—not slacking round.

Rowing needs a good deal of grit and self discipline, in other words “guts”. If we are to make a decent show in the Lents and Mays next year, we must have more men.

I know that there are many men who are still suffering from the ministrations of the Hun, and that it has been difficult in two terms to reach a pre-war standard,—but it is up to us now to re-establish and carry on the best sporting traditions of the College.

It is because I am, alas, an “old” sportsman, that I claim the privilege of appealing for a greater keenness and zeal for the sports in general and the Boat Club in particular.

I am, Yours etc.,

F. G. H.

## Committee.

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C. T. SELTMAN.

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.