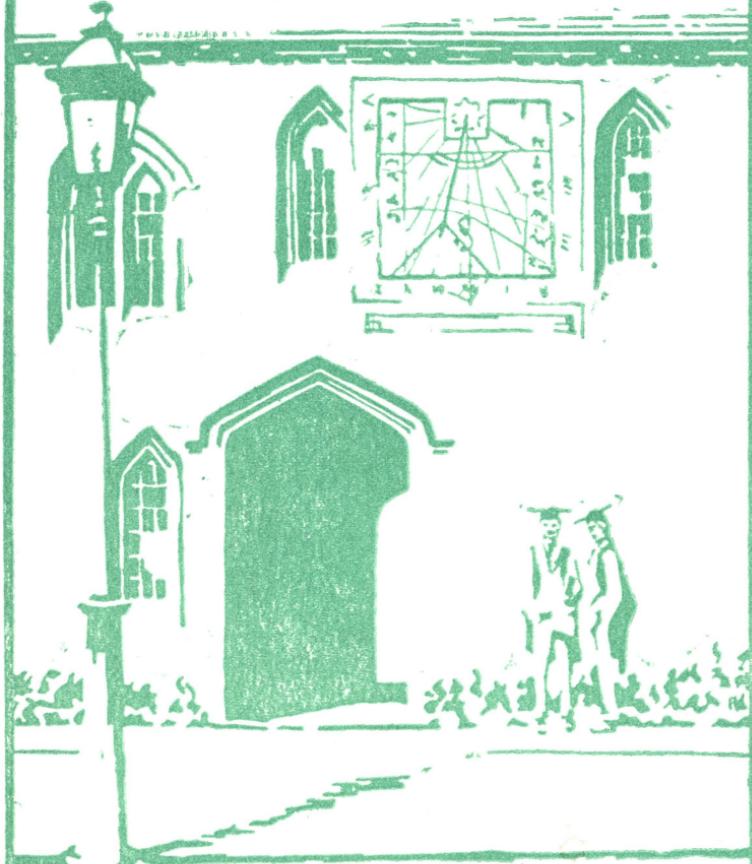


THE DIAL.



Queens' College.

Easter Term,

1923.

Contents.

	Page
Editorial	I
Verse. By J. M. Cohen, P. C. Blackden, R. Falcy, M. M. Simmons	4
Nature's Priest. By M. M. Simmons	8
On Some Modern Novels. By J. M. Cohen	14
Under the Dial	18
Old Queens' Men	19
A Man of Mark	21
First Class Honours List	22
St. Margaret Society	24
The Erasmus Society	26
The College Mission	26
Q. C. B. C.	27
Q. C. C. C.	30
Q. C. D. S.	32
Q. C. C. U.	33
The College Arms	33
Correspondence	34



The Dial.

No. 45.

EASTER TERM, 1923.

Editorial.

THE Lernean pangs are quenched The hypochondriac flatus is subsiding. Through the rain-splashed windows of our room we catch a glimpse of the sun bravely struggling through the eclipsing clouds; and of hardy figures, who, having surmounted, more or less successfully, the artificial obstacles cast in their paths by an all-provident University, are now sallying forth, in flannels and rain-coats, to do battle no less strenuously with the fickle elements. For this May term will long be remembered as that on which the sun never shone; in which fires blazed in our grates even in "flaming" June; and in which March winds and April showers, January snow and October mists, vied

A

for the supremacy. Even as we write it is yet uncertain which will win.

* * * *

The May term is so absolutely made or marred by the weather that when that turns against us, it leaves us very little else. So both tennis and cricket have been spoilt, though under the circumstances the College has done quite creditably in both. The short history of the Boat Club, since 1900, which will be found on another page, had been promised a less bathetical ending, but the rowing-men themselves, inveterate optimists, point out that the anti-climax might have been worse. Since the results of the Triposes are not yet published at the time of writing this, the reader has the advantage of us, for even while reading he will know how far by academic successes we have atoned for athletic failures.

* * * *

We expect to see, nay, we have already seen, the finger of scorn raised at us, and hear sarcastic voices asking us why we have not realised our hope of publishing *The Dial* before the end of term. We reply, that the College, in its thoughtful care for an already overburdened Editor, has left us severely alone, so that a fortnight from the end of term we had received no

contribution of any sort, kind, or description. So we went into the highways and byways and compelled them to come in, with what success the reader will judge. We take this opportunity of thanking those who have responded to our pressure, which, in fairness to them, we confess we did not greatly need.

* * * * *

Finally, we wish all our readers a pleasant vacation, under, we trust, more sunny skies than those of this last term.

Two Poems

from the German of Richard Dehmel.

THE SILENT TOWN.

A TOWN lies in the valley ;
Pallid the day goes by ;
It fades, t'will not be long now,
Till without moon or starlight
Night only rules the sky.

From all the mountain ridges
Mist falls upon the town ;
Through it nor hall nor housetops loom,
Nor sound arises from the gloom—
Scarcely the towers and bridges.

Then, as fear smote the wanderer,
A ghostly light rose flickering ;
And through the mist and darkness
The song of children soft did flow
In thanksgiving,

CLEAR NIGHT.

THE white moon kisses
The branches; soft
A whisper aloft
Through the still leaves hisses
And the trees bow and fall to rest—
O thou dearest

The pond's asleep and
The willows shimmer:
Their shadows glimmer
Soft in the deep and
Winds through the moaning boughs are streaming—
While we lie dreaming.

Far fields are breathing
Calmness around,
And from the ground
In damp clouds seething
Mists that to Heaven's borders stream,—
Begone, thou dream.

J. M. C.



The Mid-wife.

AH let me be the mid-wife of the Soul
 An artist and philosopher in one.
 By earnest thought and simple questioning,
 By intuition most Divine in Source,
 By inspiration and by god-like Reasoning
 (Which bows not to the common laws of Cause),
 By God's good grace and by fine poetry—
 By these let me bring into clear Consciousness
 The truths so pregnant in so many Souls !

P. C. B.

The Poor White Moth.

THE poor white Moth has burned her wings
 In the Candle's flame :
 He seemed to promise her such sweet things—
 And the white Moth came.
 In she came through the window-square,
 But not to the Candle yet ;
 For something was crying, Beware ! Beware !
 'Tis a trap, set !
 But the beautiful wicked Flame burned bright,
 And the poor Moth, free yet bound,
 With a glittering circle of silver light
 Ring'd him round and round.
 She ring'd him round, yet every ring
 Grew smaller and more small :
 And at last he touched her trembling wing—
 And the white Moth gave him all.

And he loved the Moth, and she loved him :
 But love is as short as sweet ;
And she fell, as the world went suddenly dim,
 At the false bright Candle's feet.

And all night long he burneth bright,
 And other moths come in,
And their dance of death in the Candle's light
 The poor moths begin.

R. F.

The Lost Endeavour.

R AKE out the embers of the former years !
Scatter the ashes of our enterprise !
Here, where the light first kindled to our eyes
We, who adventured, break our battle-spears.
Oh ! we have fought !—and now the end appears,
(Still mindful how undimmed thy beacon lies,
O Lost Endeavour !) let us come, arise !
And forge new weapons for our fresh careers.

So we expectant part, and go our ways
Alone, upon the earth from whence we sprang
Only about our ears an echo plays
That once exultant through the woodlands rang.
Yet had this seemed indeed our first of days
So brotherly we stood around and sang.

M. M. S.

Nature's Priest.

BY M. M. SIMMONS.

“ | SAY, you musn’t frown like that, you know, or
Pan will be very angry.”

The voice seemed to ripple across the little stream from the very depths of the shady woods which crept down in places to the water’s edge. It was a boyish voice, clear and musical, ending in a burst of merry laughter, as though from the heart of the pagan god himself. The man leaning on the heavy staff on the opposite bank raised his head and looked across the stream. He had not expected to find anyone else in this secluded spot; rather, after his long day’s tramp, had he hoped that here at last, away from the open road, he had found a refuge where he could slip the heavy rucksack from his shoulders, and, pitching his tent, rest for the night, and be alone. The voice disturbed him from that tired reverie which overtakes every traveller who has arrived at the place that will be for the night his home. Yet, indeed, it was not altogether out of keeping with his thoughts, for there had been passing through his mind a dreamy fantasy of gods and maidens, nymphs and fauns, haunting this enchanted river, and leaning up from the cool waters to welcome him. When he looked over at the other side, then, he did so half-believing, yet half-fearful that with the sight of the one who had addressed him, the spell would be broken. It was perhaps on that account that his hurried glance revealed nothing, until another ripple of laughter drew his eye a little way down the stream. There, on the opposite side, half-hidden by the over-hanging branches

of a tree, he saw a young boy, sitting naked on the bank, with one foot trailing idly in the water. His right arm was resting along one of the lower branches of the tree, and the graceful curve of his body, continuing the sweep of the branch, seemed to melt into the shady background, as though the whole had been some beautiful composition on the canvas of an old master. He sat quite still, looking at the man on the other side, waiting for him to speak. He, for his part, stared back at the boy, as though convinced that he must indeed be some young god of the stream, who would vanish at the sound of human voice. But boy or god, the other had no intention of vanishing. "Why don't you say something?" he said, "he expects it—he expects some sign from every one who comes."

The man roused himself. "Who?" he asked.

"Pan, of course," said the boy, "didn't I say so?"

"Why yes, indeed, how silly of me,—as if one couldn't tell at a glance that this must be one of his sacred haunts." "Yes, I mostly see him about here," said the boy, "often just where you are standing, playing on his little pipes, and sometimes laughing to himself. If he isn't here, I go and look for him in his sacredest place of all—but that is only in the twilight, and he isn't always there."

"Where is that?" said the man, "or is it too holy a shrine to be shown to the passing stranger?" The boy hesitated for a few moments, then he said slowly "You know, I think perhaps I might show it to you. I think he would like you—but I don't know why you didn't speak."

The man laughed. "Well, I really took you for Apollo at first—I was afraid to see you turn into a bird, and fly away."

"Apollo?—I don't know what he would be doing here" he replied, a trifle contemptuously. "Look, I am coming across." He slid slowly into the water with a little flop, like a frog, and swam gracefully across on his breast.

As he scrambled out on to the bank the sun fell across his glistening white body, and the man looking down at him muttered to himself "Apollo,—I maintain it—a young Apollo." Then he glanced at his own dusty clothes, and bare dirty knees, and sighed. The boy—he must have been about fifteen—looked up into his face, and, laughing, darted off into the woods, and disappeared.

Some minutes passed, and the man began to fear that after all he had vanished for good. Then a little laugh behind him made him turn his head, and he saw the boy watching him a little way off. As he caught sight of him his face fell. The beautiful young god had departed, and in his place stood an ordinary boy dressed like any other he might have met along the road. The spell was broken. Perhaps the boy noticed his look of disappointment, for he said "You know, you needn't come if you don't want to." Again the musical voice seemed to conjure up in part the lost illusion, and the shadow passed from the man's face. "Lead on, O spirit of the woods," he said, "for I must hear the pipes of Pan before I sleep to-night." The boy smiled, and turning, walked back into the wood, while the man followed him a little way behind.

They had not far to go. So near indeed was the holy place that the man wondered how he could have missed it on his way to the river. But it was surrounded by trees and thick bushes, so that the casual passer would not

easily notice it. At the edge of these bushes the boy stopped, and pulling aside the overhanging branches, beckoned to the man to pass in. When he did so he found himself in a little arena, covered with grass, and shut in on three sides by tall trees. On the fourth side the bushes straggled out, and through the gaps could be seen miles of undulating country, ending on the horizon in a low line of blue hills. On this side, pitched so that the wonderful view could be seen from the door, was a little white tent, the roof painted over with weird cabalistic signs, in bold strokes of colour. As he looked on this little scene the heart of the tired traveller beat faster, for here indeed was a paradise, such an ideal site as the enthusiastic camper often dreams of, but so rarely finds.

His first impulse was to unsling his pack and pitch his own tent at once in this heaven-sent bower; then he remembered the god Pan, and turned round to look for his guide, whose existence for the moment he had completely forgotten. The boy was watching him with rapt attention, and as their eyes met the man saw that once again he was waiting for him to speak. Under the steady gaze he felt he must not fail again, so, striking a dramatic attitude, and waving his hand with a lordly gesture towards the tent, he said "O spirit of the woods, tell me, now that I have come, is it the will of Pan that I should stay?" And as in answer came back the echo "Stay!" The boy ran forward with a delighted cry "See," he has accepted you, "he said, "did you hear him answer 'Stay'? Come, pitch your tent by the side of mine, and rest for the night in peace." Then, bare footed, he ran lightly over the grass to the tent, and stooping down, began to gather sticks for a fire. The man strode over to him, and without more ado unpacked his load, and set about pitching his tent.

As the two of them moved about, the quiet of the place seemed to steal over them, and neither spoke a word to the other. It was as if their tongues had already been tied by some barbaric charm. Even when, his tent pitched, and the billy-can boiling on the fire, the man sat down to his evening meal, they did not break the silence. The boy now lay on the ground, his chin on his hands, watching the man eat, and refusing with a shake of his head the offer to share his meal. When the man had finished, and tidied up his few utensils, he got up and put some more wood on the fire, and together they sat beside it, opposite each other, gazing into the flames—two motionless figures in the silent woods.

By now the sun had sunk low behind the trees, and the evening grew cool, so that the fire served as much for warmth as for any mystical purpose for which it might have been intended. The man watched the last disappearing rays of the sun, and remembered with an uneasy feeling that it was at twilight that the god Pan was to appear, in this his most sacred haunt. In the bright sunlight he had played lightly with the thought, but now, in this dim secluded arbour, alone in the uncanny silence with his strange companion, his imagination ranged unfettered, and he felt uncomfortable, even a little afraid. Yet he had camped out alone on many such a night as this, and sat in the door of his tent, listening to the strange noises and stirrings of the little wild creatures, till he had almost felt he was one of them himself. Now, however, it all seemed different. Over everything was a deathlike stillness, which yet seemed to him pregnant with unknown terrors—the god of wood and stream must surely be abroad on such a night as this. By his side his high-priest still

sat motionless, staring at the dying embers of the fire. Never before had the man felt himself so much in the power of a child. He did not dare to speak, though he knew that that alone would break the spell. So, side by side, they continued, for what seemed to the man an interminable time. Then suddenly the boy jumped to his feet, and cried in a voice that went to the heart like a wail of anguish, "Ah! he will not come, he will not come to-night!"—and the next moment he had vanished into the dark woods. The man gave a gasp of astonishment, and stared after him into the night. But though he waited a long time, the boy did not return. Only the cry of a night-jar sounded very far off, and a light breeze rustled through the leaves of the trees. The man felt his eyes grow heavy, and remembered again how tired he really was. Slowly he stood up, and made his way to his tent. In his weariness he forgot his fears, and as soon as he had wrapped himself in his blankets he fell sound asleep.

The sun was high in the heavens the next morning when he awoke, and turning over on his side he blinked at the light as it poured through the door of his tent. Then he realised with a start how long he must have slept. The coolest part of the morning must already be past. He flung off his blankets and looked out. The little arena looked beautiful indeed in the morning sun. Yawning luxuriously, he stepped outside, and looked round him. His eye fell at once on a little rectangle of yellowing grass, and suddenly he remembered all that had happened the day before. Tent and boy were gone. Except for this trampled patch of grass there was no sign to show they had ever been there. He stared at the place stupidly, and wondered whether he had dreamt

it all. He had almost persuaded himself that he had, when he saw on the burnt patch of the night before a fire had been neatly laid, and his billy-can, filled with clear water, hung over it on a forked stick. He went over to it. On the top of the smaller sticks was a large piece of bark, so that the little pyramid threatened to collapse under its weight. He bent down and took it off, and as he did so he noticed that there was something written on it with a charred stick. Mystified he read the parting message of the priest of Pan—

“Lo, I touch you, and pass on.”

On Some Modern Novels.

BY J. MICHAEL COHEN.

THE circulating libraries so speedily re-stock their shelves with the newest books by the newest authors; popular taste moves so short of memory from one season's novels to those of the next, that except for perhaps a dozen—Conrad and Galsworthy, Wells and Bennett, and a few others, whose works have entered into the ranks of standard fiction, the novelists of the last twenty years are forgotten. Many deservedly, but there are quite a few of these neglected writers who have produced books that come very near to being great novels.

There is *Maurice Guest* by H. H. Richardson, perhaps as true a love story, or, more correctly, the record of a passion, as is to be found in English fiction, the only

considerable work of its author. The intensity of the devotion of this young introspective music-student to a woman who despised him, his sacrifice of everything, one after another, his peace of mind, his prospects, his talent, and finally his life, before the altar of his passion, for whose fulfilment he could never hope—all this standing stark against the background of the gay Bohemian life of Leipzig music-students, is almost epic in force. The characters are marvellously real, and the feeling so true, that one can only imagine that it is in great part autobiographical.

Then there are the novels of E. M. Forster—*The Longest Journey* and *Howards End*. Here we have a psychological writer to put beside Meredith or Henry James. The description of King's, that occupies the first half of the former novel, is quite the finest picture of Cambridge life that we have. The tragedy of Rickie's maladjustment, his miserable childhood, his brief years of self-realisation at Cambridge, followed by more years of struggle to adjust himself to his fellow-creatures, and his death, all worked out remorselessly in the author's scheme of the irony of life, are poignant. We see all the time, not Rickie's crippled body, but his mind, till in the end his body dies, but his spirit triumphs. In *Howards End*, irony reigns supreme. It may be for the rest akin to the works of Henry James, but it does not derive from them. It partakes of the atmospheric interest of Conrad, and the psychological of Meredith. Perhaps it sprawls a little, embracing as it does the lives of the little insurance clerk, Leonard Bast, with his feeble aestheticism, his vulgar wife, the coldly artistic and cloistered Schlegels, at least one of whom comes, for once in her life, up against stark reality—the quiet Mrs. Wilcox, the central

figure of the book, who spirit broods over the old house of Howards End. They are a choice gallery of characters, but they are each to an extent seldom reached in fiction, individual.

Another study of an artist's maladjustment to life is Francis Brett Young's *Dark Tower*. The fragmentary story, told in the involved method of Conrad, of the lonely inhabitant of the old tower, reeks of the atmosphere of the Welsh Marches, in which it is staged. It is a perfect picture of a solitary spirit driven forth to find refuge in that gloomy Silurian country, which makes him its own. Mr. Brett Young may be a poet turned novelist; but he has brought his poetry with him into his writing of fiction.

Eclipsed by his masterpiece, *The Forsyte Saga*, Galsworthy's other works are apt to be forgotten. Many of them seem so experimental, attempts vaguely aiming at the final achievement. But this cannot be said either of *Beyond*, or the *Five Tales*. These stand in a place apart among his work. He is changing his subject from type to individual, his interest from the study of society to the study of men. The story of *Beyond* is in essence of the "eternal triangle"—of a woman and two men. Neither the temperamental violinist, who fascinates Gyp into marrying him, nor the young Lord Summerhays, who has been for a while attached to her, and whose death alone prevents him from deserting her, can give her the love that she needs. The outline may be melodramatic, but the cumulative effect is tragic.

The Apple Tree, and *The Stoic*, in the *Five Tales*, are among Galsworthy's finest creations. The rounded recollection in the former, remembered by a prosaic middle-aged man, who has returned to the scene of

it with his prosaic middle-aged wife, is perfect; in the latter the picture of the noble old man's will to live, his strength in the misfortunes that come to him so late, and in his death, is unforgettable.

Then we have the Dutch novelist Couperus, whose *Old People and the Things that Pass* is perhaps the finest novel of atmosphere that has ever been written. The brooding of the sultry night in Java, sixty years before, over the old people who took part in its horror, and over their descendants, is the heart of the book. The old people cannot die until by slow degrees their secret is revealed to one after another of their descendants, until "the Thing" has passed. There is intensity in the drama, and in the delineation of the numerous children and grandchildren of the old people, each in his or her way neurotic, as a mark of the ghost of that "Thing" that would not pass.

If *Green Mansions* fails, it is only because its story is neither completely possible nor completely fantastic; it is however supremely beautiful. W. H. Hudson's insight into nature may be better shown in his numerous naturalist books, but in his novel, an idyll of the tropical forest, is captured his whole dream. The daughter of the woods, Rima, who lacking human companionship, holds communion with bird and beast, the beauty of her life and love, the tragedy of her death, they are not life-like; they transcend life.

Again, midway between fact and fantasy, lie the stories of the poet, Walter de la Mare, his exquisite glimpses of the borderland between the spirit and the body, in *The Riddle*, and his *Memoirs of a Midget*, with its view of life seen from beneath by the quiet humorous eyes of his passionate Miss Midget.

Somewhere in *The Golden Age*, an elderly uncle tells a small boy that the beauty of life is best to be seen by those who stoop and look sideways at it, for viewed from this angle a flat grass field at dawn becomes a labyrinth of spangled many-coloured gossamer threads. So it is with W. H. Hudson and with Walter de la Mare; looking at life from an unaccustomed angle, they show us beauties in it, of whose reality they cannot convince us, but whose loveliness is apparent.

It is such novels as these, to which I have given such summary notice, and the masterpieces of Joseph Conrad, that acquit our present age from the charge of looking straight but narrowly on life, and finding in it nothing but flatness and vanity: it is such novelists that convince us, if we have not experienced it ourselves, that passion, with nobility, idealism and beauty, is not dead. Even if these novels have nothing else in common, they are all imbued with that zest for life which seems in these days to be leaving us; they are a counter-blast to the pessimism and flatness of contemporary novelists.

Under the Dial.

MR. GRAY has recently retired from the Council of the Senate, on which he has spent many years of invaluable service to the University.

A large chintz-covered settee has been given to Mr. and Mrs. Laffan as a wedding present by the junior members of the College.

We congratulate E. S. Hoare on gaining his Crusaders' Colours.

An Elizabethan half-crown was recently discovered by Jordan when digging in the President's garden. A reproduction of it appears as our frontispiece.

The Ryle reading prize has been awarded to J. G. Lloyd.

The subjects for the Hughes Essay Prizes are announced as follows:—

LATIN ESSAY. Imperium Hattorum (The Hittite Empire).

ENGLISH ESSAY. (a) Robert Louis Stevenson.

(b) Cambridge Science in the 19th century.

(c) Trades Unionism.

(d) The Authority of Conscience.

Old Queens' Men.

THE annual gathering of graduate members of the College will be held this year in London. The Committee of Queens' College Club are arranging for a dinner at the "Criterion," Piccadilly Circus, on Monday, July 9th, the first day of the Inter-Varsity Cricket Match. Tickets, price 10s. 6d., may be obtained from Sir S. B. Provis, K.C.B., 2, Whitehall Court, London, S.W.1.

Among those at present home on furlough are, AUGUSTINE KENNET, of the Egyptian Civil Service, from N. Nigeria, M. BRISE-SMITH, and W. H. S. CURRYER. The latter returns to the Education Department, Lagos, in September.

The Rev. A. H. CULLEN (B.A., 1915) will return shortly from South Africa, to take up his duties as Vice-Principal of the Clergy School, Leeds.

W. T. MARSH (B.A., 1922), who is at present teaching at Bromley College, has accepted a mastership at Brighton College, whither he will move next term.

The Rev. L. F. BROWNE, Vicar of Bishop's Sutton, near Alvesford, Hants., has recently married. We offer our congratulations and best wishes for the future. We also take the opportunity of congratulating the Rev. J. KINGDON, Curate-in-charge at Coventry Parish Church, on his recent engagement.

The *Times* announces that SYDNEY SMITH, who is on the staff of the British Museum, is at present with the party of archaeologists engaged on the excavations at UR "of the CHALDEES."

The Rev. H. PETTMAN (B.A., 1896), Vicar of Millbrook, Plymouth, has been appointed Vicar of Mildenhall, Suffolk

The EARL of MAR has recently become the Warden of Stirling Castle, a position held previously by many of his ancestors.

J. R. H. CAMA, who has been in England recently on a visit, holds a Commission in an Indian regiment, and has been engaged since 1918 fighting the Pathans on the North-West Frontier.

J. VENN, Fellow of Caius, in his recent book *Annals of a Clerical Family* has many references to Queens', where a large proportion of his distinguished family have been in residence.

G. W. READY is now an agent at Rugby for the Minimax Fire Extinguisher.

Recent Ordinations include :—

C. K. K. PROSSER, to Bishop Latimer's Church, Birmingham.
J. C. FORD, to Christ Church, Leeds.



We acknowledge the receipt of the words and score of *Fairy Fay*, a little musical play written for children by LEONARD SPILLER. He sends it, he says, to "show that it isn't only present Queens' men who can versify." If any present Queens' man feels that this is a direct challenge to him, let him take to writing playlets !

We regret to announce the death of the REV. JAMES HIPPWELL (B.A., 1869), at Brighton, where he had been living in retirement.

A Man of Mark.

FRANCIS FREDERICK COLTON EDMONDS.

FRANCIS FREDERICK COLTON EDMONDS was born on October 16th, 1901, in the Cathedral Town which came to give him both "book-larnin'" and the wider education of music. At Rochester he passed through the elementary and secondary schools—of the latter he was captain in 1919—and was an early and earnest devotee of music recitals in the Cathedral. Apart from scholastic success his career at school saw the development of the musical side of his nature. He took leading parts in Gilbert and Sullivan operas, which the school produced yearly, and was once the hero in a seniors' opera play. In this production, written by the boys with the help of one of the masters, two of his early compositions found a hearing.

In 1919 he came up to Queens', but it was on account of his tennis that he first gained recognition. The blazer he found becomingly suited his colouring, and so he decided to obtain his full colours in his first year.

He has been a member of both St. Bernard and St. Margaret Committees, and his voice has delighted the two different types of audience those societies represent. Occasionally we have been given songs of his own composition, but their authorship he has generally managed to keep to himself. Verses which have appeared before in *The Dial* lead us to hope that we may one day find in him that happy combination,—a song-writer who is also a composer.

At the end of the term he will go down to teach in Northallerton (Yorks.), having captained the college tennis this year, and become well known in the University at large for his musical abilities. In him the College loses not only a musician and a tennis-player, but also one of its most picturesque pieces of scenery.

Educational experience has given him keen opinions on English systems, and having shyly hinted to us that the Northallerton school is for girls as well as boys, he affirmed that co-education was in his opinion the most desirable and satisfactory method.

Here's wishing him success in teaching, and a name for himself in music!

First Class Honours List.

Mathematical Tripos, Part I.

Sanford, A. W.

Mathematical Tripos, Part II.

Kaul, P. K.

Classical Tripos, Part I.

Clarke, G. W.

Natural Sciences Tripos, Part I.

Salter, J. J.

Natural Sciences Tripos, Part II.

Parker, N. F.

Parkin, J. D.

Mechanical Sciences Tripos.

Deakin, C. S.

Keane, R. D.

Geographical Tripos.

Rogers, A. E.

NEW SCHOLARS.

The following have been elected to Scholarships for next year :

Mulholland, M. P.
Braithwaite, G.
Godfrey, G. F. } for Mathematics.

Yenlett, G. E.
Potter, M. S.
Simpson, O. I. } for Classics.

McLellan, D.
Chalmers, J. A.
Chilton, L. V.
Southgate, B. A. } for Natural Science.

Meadows, E. A.
Simmons, D. S. } for History.

St Margaret Society.

THE MAY CONCERT.

WITH the help of the two old Queens' men, Rutland and Maine, the success of the College May-Week Concert was assured. The recitations of the latter, though perhaps a little too long, were an innovation which met with the success they deserved. Mr Maine proved that a recitation of good work well done is perfectly in keeping with the tone of a May Concert.

Mr Rutland is a great player and his rendering of Chopin's Barcarolle was a real treat. Miss Phyllis Turner plays the violin with real feeling and the Sonata in A minor for Violin and Piano was beautifully given. She shows insight and thus coupled with her skill gave great pleasure.

Mr Vander Willigen produces a deal of "tone" from his 'cello : he played well under difficulties for which we apologise.

Items produced by the College itself always have been popular and this year was no exception. The madrigal and folk songs sung by the men of the Choir were at least popular, and on the whole deservedly so. The parts were well balanced ; "The Turtle Dove" being particularly good in this important respect.

Mr Edwards has a really pleasant voice ; there is no doubt however, if he will excuse the observation, that he sings German very much better than he sings English.

Finally the Committee can congratulate itself on producing a good Concert well staged both within and without the Hall. Once more many thanks to the individuals who helped. Mr Dore must particularly be

mentioned for his excellent selection for the music for the programme which was as follows:—

P R O G R A M M E

PART I.

1. PIANO TRIO in E flat. Allegro Beethoven
Miss PHYLLIS TURNER,
Messrs P. G. DORE and VANDER WILLIGEN
2. PIANO SOLO Barcarolle Chopin
H. F. RUTLAND
3. MADRIGAL "The Silver Swan" . . . Orlando Gibbons
FOLK SONG "The Turtle Dove" Arr. by Vaughan Williams
Messrs HOWELLS, STREATFEILD, BLACKDEN,
MARKS and EDMONDS
4. SONATA in A min. for Violin and Piano César Franck
Recitativo—Fantasia—Allegretto poco mosso
Miss PHYLLIS TURNER, P. G. DORE
5. SONGS Nacht und Traüme Schubert
Das Wandern } Das Wandern }
F. F. C. EDMONDS
6. RECITAL . . . The Messenger's Speech from the } Trans. by Prof.
"Electra" of Euripides } Gilbert Murray
BASIL MAINE

PART II.

1. 'CELLO SOLOS Pavane pour une enfante défunte Ravel
Bourrée Bach
VANDER WILLIGEN
 2. RECITAL . The Drinking Scene from "Twelfth Night" Shakespeare
Characters in order of appearance:
Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Clown, Maria, Malvolio.
BASIL MAINE
 3. PIANO SOLOS . . . On a May Morning Moeran
Gopak Moussorgsky
H. F. RUTLAND
 4. FOLK SONGS . . . "Bushes and Briars" } Arr. by
"The Jolly Ploughboy" } Vaughan Williams
Messrs HOWELLS, STREATFEILD, BLACKDEN and EDMONDS
- Accompanists:*
Messrs P. G. DORE and J. D. PARKIN.

The Erasmus Society.

ONLY one meeting of the Society was held this term on Monday, June 4th, in Mr Clarke's rooms. Officers were elected for next year, the present Secretary as President and Mr Clarke as Vice-President; the Secretary's office is at present vacant.

After this a purely informal discussion followed amongst several of the members.

J. MICHAEL COHEN,
Hon. Sec.

The College Mission.

FORTY members of the Scout Troop, under the new Missioner, the Rev. P. J. Heaton, paid their yearly visit to Cambridge at Whitsun. They were lucky in having some of the few fine days of the term, so their camping in the Grove passed very pleasantly.

Their entertainment included as usual a concert in the Bernard room, in which Mr Streatfeild had arranged items by members of the College, while half the programme was supplied by the boys themselves. We were particularly delighted with their little sketch "Snippets from Shakespeare."

Sunday was spent in various ways,—meals in parties in the men's rooms, rambles round Cambridge with competent guides, trips on the river, games in the Grove, and services in the Chapel, where they held their own prayers before turning in for the night. Mr Heaton, we hear,

found some difficulty in getting into his night wear that night—perhaps somebody had done something to them? Monday was spent with numerous games, ending up with the great cricket match against the College. Before they left at six-thirty tents had been struck and all traces removed, so that the camp site for its tidiness must indeed have pleased the heart of the District Commissioner. The boys evidently enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and no small thanks are due to the Dean, Mr Streatfeild, Mr Lloyd, Mr Alexander, the kitchen-staff and all who helped in their several ways to make the visit a success.

Camp is being held this year from August 4th—18th, at Cookham-on-Thames. Men are urgently needed to act as officers, both those who can only manage a few days, and those who can stay the whole time. It is not yet too late to send in your name. [We hope this will be true when it is read, but we take no responsibility--ED.]

D. P. Low,
Hon. Sec.

Q. C. B. C.

TO write a report of the activities of the Boat Club this term in rather a sorrowful task. No one likes losing places on the river; yet we must take the rough with the smooth and hope for better luck next year.

Both May boats showed promising form during training, but the successes expected in the races were not achieved. The First Boat, coached by Mr. Saunders of Trinity, started behind King's and rowed over on

the first day. On the second day we were hotly pursued by Trinity Hall as far as the Glass Houses, where we were caught. On Friday Pembroke II. bumped us opposite the Plough, after missing us at Grassy Corner; and on the last day we fell a prey to Sidney Sussex half way up The Gut.

The Second Boat did better. Although it was bumped by Trinity Hall in the re-row on Wednesday, it regained its place on Saturday by bumping Emmanuel III. at Ditton Corner, having rowed over on the two intervening days.

Three places lost by the First Boat and none gained by the Second is perhaps no cause for rejoicing; but we may at least congratulate ourselves upon the fact that both May and Lent boats occupy a comparatively high place on the river. And the record for the past ten years shows a steady improvement in efficiency, which is even more creditable than the maintenance of a high place.

Twenty-eighth boat at the beginning of May Week, 1900, our boat passed through a period of varying fortune, so that after six years it again occupied the 28th place. But the next seven years saw a steady progress, broken by only a few reverses. 1913 was a bad year, for the four places gained in the previous year were then lost. But in 1914 three of these places were regained. After another reverse in 1919, the progress was continued and the 1922 races left the boat in the ninth place. During the period we are reviewing the May boat has four times been awarded its oars, namely in 1906, 1912, 1914 and 1920. It has scored 36 bumps and gained 19 places.

The Lent boat has also done well. After seven years

of varying fortune it started, in 1907, with a bound upon its upward course. In 1909 it reached the First Division from which it has not since been dislodged. A serious reverse was experienced in 1911, when it became "sandwich boat"; but these four places then lost were regained in the following year. This was the beginning of a steady climb which has continued since the war, and the boat now occupies the sixth place on the river. Oars were awarded to the Lent boat in 1907 and 1912. In nine years of racing it has scored 31 bumps and gained 17 places.

The club has not confined itself solely to activities upon the Cam. Two of its appearances at Henley deserve notice. In 1912 a "coxwainless four," carrying the Queens' colours, won the Wyfold Cup; and in 1922 the May boat, stroked by the Boat Captain, Mr. A. E. Storr, succeeded in reaching the semi-final of the Thames Challenge Cup, being beaten in that heat by only a third of a length by the crew which subsequently won the Cup.

The *annus mirabilis* of our period is 1912, when both Lent and May boats won their oars, and when the Wyfold Cup was brought back from Henley. The Boat Captain in that year was Mr. H. W. Arden.

A chart of the daily progress of the two boats will be found on an adjoining page. This shows that both boats have had substantially the same experience of a steady rise and that the Lent boat consistently occupies a position relatively higher than that of the May boat. In the Mays Pembroke, Jesus and Trinity have each two boats above us so that, while occupying the twelfth place we may claim to be the ninth College on the river. Similarly in the Lents, though sixth boat we are fourth College.

With such a record, Queens' may well be proud of her Boat Club. But if the progress is to be maintained we must have more rowing members to give the Boat Captains a better opportunity of choosing the crews. We are gaining a reputation as a rowing College, and there is no reason why we should not, before many years, again provide men for the 'Varsity boat. Moreover, we have at least some reason to look for the time when we shall emulate the bigger colleges and "go head." In these circumstances, we appeal to the College as a whole to increase its already generous support, both active and moral, so that we may show that men who are mighty with the pen can also be mighty with the oar.

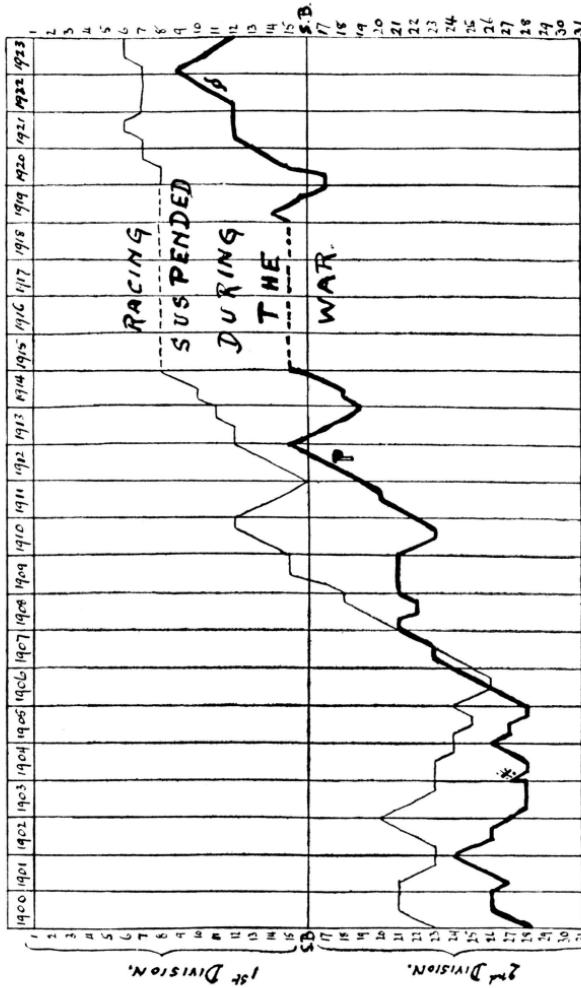
R. F. PEMBERTON.

Q. C. C. C.

THE present cricket season has been, on the whole, quite successful. Of thirteen matches played ten have been drawn, through lack of time, and the remaining three have been won. Thus we may congratulate ourselves on an unbeaten record, though we should have been pleased to have finished more matches. There has been a splendid cricketing spirit among the team, which, besides giving keenness and joy to the game, has much helped towards success.

The batting of the team was usually strong, so that the average score was about 200 for 6 wickets. Of the old colours Quainton and Jary often rose to the occasion, and amongst the freshmen Hoare, who is to

PROGRESS OF QUEENS' MAY AND LENT BOATS SINCE 1900.



— FIRST MAY BOAT.

— FIRST LENT BOAT.

* A boat taken off the Second Division of the Mays.
 ¶ A Queens' Four won the Wyfold Cup at Henley,
 § A Queens' Eight was beaten by $\frac{1}{2}$ length by the winners in the semi-final of the Thames Challenge Cup.

be congratulated on getting his Crusaders' colours, batted most consistently, and was invaluable to the side. Bendall also showed promising form in the few games in which he was able to take part. The bowling of the side was not so strong as the batting, but Jary, Sale and McCallum all bowled well and each, on occasion, did useful work. Behind the wicket Gare was safe and reliable, and was particularly good in dealing with fast balls on the leg.

With nine old colours up next year it is to be hoped that we may have another good season.

Full Colours have been awarded to E. S. Hoare, A. F. Bendall, G. V. Gare, N. McCallum, P. O. Fee-Smith and G. W. Clarke.

Half Colours to E. H. S. Bretherton, G. L. Abraham, G. B. Lambert, R. V. H. Westall and J. K. Bowden.

H. F. PHILLIPS,
Capt.

Q. C. D. S.

THE Dramatic Society has not been very active this term, only one meeting having been held. Mr Britton's rooms were the scene of action and there the Society read Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." It is hoped that the Society will be more active next term when there are not so many out-door distractions.

C. E. Q.

Q. C. C. U.

A CORPORATE Communion for members of the Q.C.C.U. on Thursday, May 17th, was followed by a breakfast in Hall, at which the Rev. S. E. Swann, of Trinity Hall, gave a short address. He spoke of the real meaning of religion, as it appears to the unclouded eyes of children; and of the necessity for discipline, a discipline of self, not exercised merely in one or two services or meetings a term, but present always, day by day. We hope to hold another Corporate Communion at the end of term.

We take this opportunity of pointing out that membership of the Q.C.C.U. is open to all in the College who are willing to subscribe to the Christian faith. It is hoped that by joining together in this way different shades of opinion, each may help the other, and that the corporate fellowship may do much both in the College and beyond.

E. C. HAMER,
Hon. Sec.

The Armorial Bearings of Queens' College

THE illustrated article which appeared under this heading in the Michaelmas *Dial*, 1921, has been printed by J. Hall & Son (51 Trumpington Street) and is on sale at sixpence a copy. The author, L. Galley, has taken a great deal of trouble to explain our rather complicated Arms, and anybody even faintly interested

in this college cannot do better than get this pamphlet. Mr. Galley has not complicated matters by giving many arguments for and against certain very interesting points, but has in each case used the best authority and thus very much helped the reader. It is very short and very interesting, and written from a non-technical stand-point; students of heraldry, however, will delight in the actual description of our coat of arms.

Finally, if it does not interest you it will most certainly interest those at home. E. W. Gibson (R₃) will be very glad to receive orders at any time.

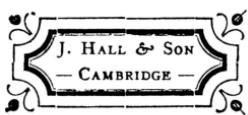
P.B.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of 'The Dial.'

SIR.—We justly pride ourselves upon the beauty of our Chapel and the glories of our organ; but the organ-case, with its motif of salmon-pink and gold, is neither worthy of the instrument nor in keeping with the rest of the decorative work. Is it too much to hope that one day the painted woodwork may be replaced by oak to match the stalls?

R. C. STREATFEILD.



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Contributions, which are welcome at any time of the year, should be sent to the Editor.

Notices of change of address should be sent to The Clerk, Queens' College Office.