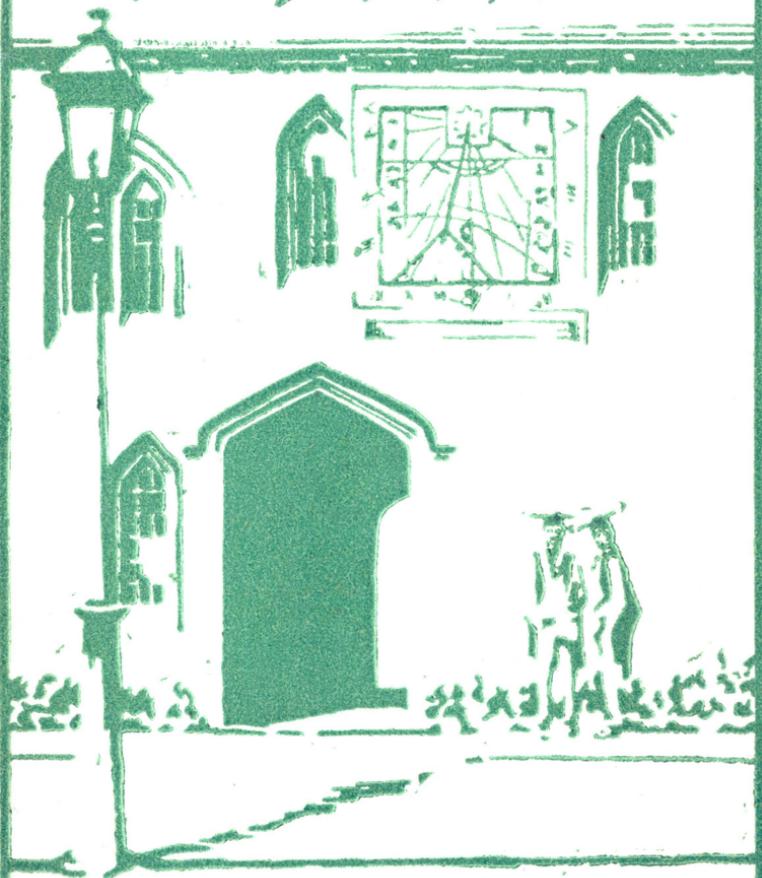


Contains article on the late Dr. A. Wright.

THE DIAL.



Queens' College.

Easter Term,

1924.

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The Dial.

No. 48.

EASTER TERM, 1924.

Editorial.

“Le premier jour du mois de mai
Fut le plus beau jour de ma vie.”
(*Old French Song*).

IT may have been. But it was an extremely wet one too. However, since every games report starts with a reference to the miserable weather we have endured during this term, let us leave it at that, and turn to more pleasant topics.

Rumour has it that half the College is engaged to the sisters of the other half. This is a great deal pleasanter than it is accurate. Nevertheless, congratulations to the many *fiancés*, and our love to the *fiancées*.

* * * * *

Is *The Dial* worth while? Does the College want a magazine? If so is the journal as at present issued, the kind of thing required? Questions such as these

have reached the ears of *The Dial* Committee all through the term. But there are so many opinions that it is difficult to sift out the general feeling in the College. The price at which *The Dial* is sold is the most general bone of contention, and this is certainly a fault. We hope to be able to remedy it next year. But can the quality of the Magazine be improved? Many feel that *The Dial* can be immeasurably bettered, but what they suggest as improvements appear to others to assure disaster. For example, some would cut down the reports of College activities to a minimum; others declare that the majority of the College read these reports and nothing else, and to cut them down would spoil what little interest the magazine has. We hope, therefore, that the College will respond to our appeal for reasonable and careful criticism upon these matters. *The Dial* Committee does its best to produce a magazine acceptable to the majority, but the whole constitution of *The Dial* may need changing before this is really accomplished. Such a change cannot take place until the whole College, both Dons and Undergraduates, takes a great deal more interest in the paper. At present the contributions are sent by a set comprising some half dozen people. It is not difficult to write letters of complaint; why not do so? "Should Old Queens' men who have

gone down more than three years be mentioned in *The Dial*?" is another question of interest which invites answers. Write one now.

* * * * *

This matter naturally leads on to the discussion of a fault which (if we may be forgiven for saying so) appears to permeate the College. Do not a great many of us fail to take advantage of our right to share in the internal government of the College? It seems that too many things of importance are done by the influence of one set: our games have always suffered from this, and the absurd habit of electing one year's Secretary as the next year's Captain. This has been altered once or twice lately, which is a good sign, but is it not time Queens' did away with a little tradition, and woke up? We have had in the past too many such things as "packed" meetings: until the College takes an interest in its life as a whole, this sort of thing must remain. No state should be governed by its public men alone: then surely no College should be so governed.

* * * * *

Congratulations to the Boat Club on their magnificent rowing during the Mays, and the St. Margaret Society on the Concert. These things have provided the bright patches in a dull term. We should like also to congratulate Mr. Potts on his election as Fellow and English Lecturer to the College; also, all those who have been successful in examinations, R. C. Streatfeild on winning the Ryle Reading Prize, and C. S. Deakin on skilfully saving a motor car on fire by judicious use of a Minimax. And the rest of us for having done nothing in particular.

* * * * * *

We publish elsewhere an obituary of Dr. Wright, late Vice-President of this College. In it Canon Kennett has said all that one can say with regard to the loss to Queens' of this magnificent man. May we here record our admiration for his work in Queens', and our sympathy for all who knew and loved him. We also publish another obituary notice of an eminent Queens' man—Sir Charles Stanford. We are deeply indebted to *The Cambridge Review* for permission to reprint these notices.

* * * * * *

The President has written a short article on the new Ceiling in the Lodge to accompany the photograph, which we are glad to be able to publish. There are no other features of outstanding merit in this issue, but we trust that it constitutes a record for quantity! We hope also that most pages will be of interest to everybody, and that thus the many articles and verses herein printed will make the two-and-eight-pence seem a little more worth while. Very many thanks to all those who have written for this number. We should like to draw the attention of all who are going down to the notice on the back cover, and to suggest that all take in *The Dial* at least for this next year.

* * * * *

And now . . .

Many of us have reached the end of our last term, and have finished our very pleasant undergraduate days. Then—well, after all, let's cut the cackle and slaughter the goose, and say to each other and to Queens', especially, perhaps, to Queens'—Good-bye.

Sergeant dying in a Galician Hospital.

(from the German of Walter Hasenclever).

LITTLE sister Irene
By the cholera stricken;
Lilac flowers falling
On boats at evening.
Coffins grow there. Storm.
Departure. Drumming. Death.
An officer at the grave's mound
Growls honour, commands.
White beyond the hills
Lemberg, joy seems there.
Motors are rushing.
Barracks red with blood of tears:
Doctors without anaesthetics,
Bones cut off, mangled.
Little sister Rose
Be kind to the dead.

J. MICHAEL COHEN.

The Song of the Black Poplars.

WHEN the Storm comes down the sky
 We bend ourselves on high,
And roar our song,
And toss it all the length of wind along.
To each succeeding gust
We bend, or break we must—
Oho! and so
We bend beneath the swift and swirling blow!

The storm comes stronger yet,
Our branches toss and fret,
We do not care!
Our chorus lifts above the rushing air.
We shout in our delight,
Rejoicing in the fight,
We roar! We roar!
Blow on us, whirling winds, for evermore!

M. H.

Rev. Arthur Wright, D.D.

THE death of the Rev. Arthur Wright, D.D., which occurred on April 12, at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Partridge, Warley House, Bescot Walsall, will have been felt by a very large number of former Queens' men, not only as a severance of a tie connecting them with their own undergraduate days, but as the loss of a personal friend and revered teacher whose memory will always be cherished with affection and gratitude.

Arthur Wright, who was a son of the Reverend Benjamin Wright, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Wolverhampton, was born on August 16, 1843. He received his earlier education at Wolverhampton Grammar School and gained an entrance scholarship at Queens' in 1863. He was placed 12th in the first class in the Classical Tripos of 1867, and was immediately afterwards elected to a Fellowship at his own College. He then left Queens' for some years, but returned in 1872 as Dean, Praelector and Classical Lecturer. He was appointed Tutor in 1878.

On taking up his residence at Cambridge, Wright at once set to work with indomitable patience and energy to carry out a number of reforms. At that time College lectures were commonly regarded rather as a salutary discipline than as a means of preparing men for a degree, and the actual teaching was almost entirely in the hands of private tutors. Wright was determined to remedy this state of things, and no private tutor ever laboured more conscientiously for his pupils than did Wright for those to whom he lectured. Another reform which Wright, backed up by other members of the Governing Body, succeeded in bringing about was a reduction in the cost of residence to undergraduates and, in particular,

the abolition of certain customary fees and charges the origin of which it would be difficult to discover.

Wright was a born teacher and his patience with backward and stupid pupils was inestimable. Any man who was willing to work could count on his help to the uttermost. Himself a loyal and devoted son of the Church of England, he was always anxious to help those who were preparing for the Ministry. Many will remember with gratitude the voluntary Greek Testament lectures which he gave on Sunday evenings. He dealt fearlessly, reverently and sensibly with questions of Higher Criticism, and that in an age when such questions were scarcely whispered in the ear. In 1890 he published "The Composition of the Four Gospels," the first of a series of books and articles embodying the result of a minute and independent study of the Greek Testament.

In many directions Wright's energy and generosity have left their mark on his College, but that which may fairly be considered the peculiar monument of his zeal is the new Chapel, the building of which was due entirely to his initiative, and in no small degree to his liberality. But his generosity was not limited to the fabric of the College, and those who were in need or trouble always found in him a kind and generous helper.

Wright's chief recreation when he was at Cambridge was walking; in the vacations he travelled extensively, visiting most of the countries of Europe, the Holy Land, Egypt, S. Africa, N. and S. America, Australia and New Zealand. He was a keen observer and could describe vividly what he had seen. He was very fond of little children, whom he used to entertain sumptuously once a week. But his acts of kindness—and they were very many—were always free from ostentation: few men have

more thoroughly carried out in practice the injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

R. H. K.

Sir Charles Stanford.

THE death of the late Sir Charles Stanford removes an outstanding figure in the history of Cambridge Music. Coming up as an Organ Scholar of Queens' in 1870, his genius and energy soon made him conspicuous in the musical world here. He found two societies in existence—the C.U.M.S. (which was limited to men only, and could only give works for mixed chorus by the assistance of Choir Boys and Lay Clerks), and the Fitzwilliam Musical Society which enjoyed the help of ladies. In less than three years Stanford had brought about an amalgamation of the two associations, a remarkable feat for an undergraduate, when, as might be expected, there were numerous obstacles to be overcome. The first concert of the C.U.M.S. took place in 1873, when its programme included Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," conducted by the composer, and Bach's Cantata "God's time is the best." The complete union of the societies does not seem to have taken place at once, for the writer was present at the Swan Song of the Fitzwilliam Society in 1874. It was given in Sidney Hall, the College with which the Fitzwilliam Society had always been closely connected, through the influence of Mrs. Phelps, the wife of the Master.

The history of Stanford's control of the C.U.M.S. has often been written. In his early days he did most with

the post-Mendelssohn German composers. Schumann and Brahms gave him a virgin field to work in, so far as this country was concerned, and these composers naturally had much influence on his early compositions. Thus in the years 1874-6 the principal works produced were Schumann's Paradise and the Peri, the third part of Faust and Brahms' Requiem. In the following year he secured with Joachim's aid the first performance in England of Brahms' first symphony. He closed his career at Cambridge with a meteoric concert in 1893, the jubilee year of the Society. At this concert the works of five representative European composers were played. Four of them were present, and took part in the performance, and Grieg, the fifth, was only prevented from attending by ill-health.

Stanford was appointed Professor in 1888 as Macfarren's successor, and thus, at the time of his death, had almost to a day completed thirty-six years of service. His Professorship was remarkable for an important alteration in the regulations affecting Degrees. Cambridge is the only University that requires residence for musical, as for other Degrees. The result has been that though recipients of Degrees are naturally fewer, the standard has been greatly raised.

It remains to speak of the composer. His works are extraordinarily numerous—his opus numbers of published works extend to nearly 200—and when one considers the large scale of many of these "ops," it looks as if he must have written more time signatures and made more crotchet heads than any other composer.

All that he wrote is not equally remarkable, but his best period (1880—1900) includes in Church Music his service in B flat (a creation) and other works such as the perfectly beautiful "The Lord is my Shepherd,"

which was sung at his funeral, and in operas the "Canterbury Pilgrims," produced apparently with great success, but finally involved in the fate of Savonarola, a work much admired by all who know it. Among other works of this period were the "Revenge" (another creation) and a neglected but beautiful work "The Voyage of Maeldune." The Eumenides music, surely one of the very best of Greek plays, and the "Irish Symphony" are also of this time. It is perhaps significant that at his funeral all the works performed were from this middle period.

His wonderful versatility is shown in his songs and part-songs. The absolute finish of these smaller works is a joy. There is never a note too much in his accompaniments, and his vocal writing is always masterly. Songs like "Longhareema" and part-songs like "Heraclitus" are surely immortal.

He lies in the great Abbey, close to Henry Purcell.

Dead.

FAN him not breezes; let him be still,
 There where he lies;
 He knows no caresses down in the swill
 And the muck of the styes.

Fan him not breezes, lest passers by
 Should stop, and think
 Something is moving down there in the stye
 And peer over the brink . . .

Fan him not breezes, lest his lank hair
 Black on his brow,
Should beckon some stranger to clamber down there
 As—look not!—even now

It evilly beckons: Oh let him now sleep
 Silent and still,
And the rank nettles round him for ever keep
 Him close hid from this hill,

That o'erlooks his grave, where children may run,
 Wild with their play,
And, seeing him there, screaming will shun
 Both the place and the day,

And rush to their homes unhappy and pale
 Filled with a fear,
And tell of the stye a trembling tale,
 And of what they saw there.

Cover him grasses, hide that cold face
 Deep in thy green,
That of this wretched hulk never a trace
 Evermore shall be seen.

Fan him not breezes, let dead men lie still
Both night and day,
But raindrops fall fiercely and thickly until
They have washed him away!

Sun kiss but lightly where women have kissed,
That mouth and cheek,
Lest he should dream that he keepeth a tryst
And his pale dead lips speak.

And old men that totter by blest by the sun,
Hearing a moan
Should sickly feel death has already begun
To steal o'er them, and groan.

Ah fan him not breezes, lest his decay,
Wafted around,
Make hideous the beauty of night or of day,
And all noisome this mound.

And world be thou kind, undisturbed let him lie,
Lost in the past,
That no one shall know that down in this sty,
Down in the swill and the muck, it is I
Resting happy at last.

Retrospect.

ON a November evening in a mean street in a poor London suburb, there might have been seen an old man, there are many such, leaning against a lamp-post. Everything about him, as about his surroundings, was ordinary, and he seemed a part of the general squalor that prevailed in the neighbourhood. He had known no other place; streams and hedges were merely words, and suggested nothing to him; here he had been born, and here he would die; nobody would miss him, but he did not complain. Had he been educated, you would have said he had a philosophical outlook, but he had read no books and had no outlook, beyond the daily round of keeping alive and watching, in a sort of mechanical way, the ebb and flow of life in his circumscribed world. The light from the lamp showed a man who was probably eighty or more, a slit in his right boot over the little toe made room for a bunion, and displayed a once white sock, his corduroy trousers were hitched up at the knee and tied with string; the upper half of his toilet was thrown into deep shadow by his cap, but the bowl of a clay pipe could be seen, and at regular intervals a jet of bluish-grey smoke issued from the region of his mouth; apart from this there was no sign of life in him, he might have been an extra support for the lamp. The road, in which he was standing, was flanked by pretentious, domineering houses, the upper stories let as sitting-rooms, the ground-floors as shops; opposite him, on the other side of the road was a jeweller's establishment: the lights had just been turned on, and the jewels, as if in gratitude for this favour, sparkled in their cheap glory; they could not sparkle in the day, but looked

like bits of chipped glass. From a bye-street came the sound of a baby's wail, like the cry of a lost soul, followed by a raucous reprimand from the mother:—the old man took the pipe from his mouth, cleared his throat with an ominous growl, and shot a streak of dark phlegm into the gutter,—he did this with such precision, that it looked like a rehearsed act—, he then replaced his pipe and resumed his statuesque attitude. A young man and a girl had stopped in front of the jeweller's window, their figures silhouetted against the lights; the man said something, at which they both became temporarily incapable of maintaining a vertical position, and they lurched off down the street, giggling and gurgling; the old man watched them, until they had passed out of sight, and the echoes of their feet had died away;—It was a long time ago, but he could see in his mind, hazily, one who had walked with him. He had been nervous and awkward, when he had first asked her whether she would keep company with him; on their first walk she had had a new pair of brown boots on,—he remembered that distinctly, and that he could not help thinking of the new boots;—he was very shy indeed—he had taken her home and felt more awkward still, as though everyone was pointing at him, and saying, "You!" He had married her, and nervousness had given place to resignation; he put up with her. She cooked his meals and washed his clothes; she was always washing something, the little room always smelt of freshly-baked bread and soap; she gave him a child, but it didn't please him; it had been a nuisance before it came, it was in the way now, one more to cook and wash for,—always cooking and washing. At this point his memory became more distinct; he had come back one evening tired and hungry, but the house was empty,—

he stood in the little room and listened to the silence, it had a peculiar fascination; but his wife had gone,—he had never thought of this,—perhaps only to buy more soap, but his heart misgave him! It suddenly struck him that he wanted her to come back; he was not emotional, it was the animal instinct in him calling,—she belonged to him, surely she knew that,—was it possible that she no longer wanted him or that another man wanted her? As this thought crossed his mind, his eyes grew hard, and his breath came quicker; he went into the kitchen, and tried to picture her turning round from the washing-tub to look at him . . . Everything was as she had left it, he had never noticed before how tidy and clean she kept things,—the clock was ticking insistently, monotonously—why hadn't it stopped? He went up into the bedroom, nothing was changed—he felt disappointed at this—he looked at the bed, but it wouldn't help him, it showed no sympathy—he couldn't sleep there now. A sensation of awful loneliness came over him; she might come back, but deep down in his heart something said she wouldn't,—she had gone, left him purposely and taken the child with her . . . Why hadn't he kissed her this morning, when he had the chance? He didn't want to then, but now—everything was different—how madly he would kiss her, if she were to walk in!—He felt her warm body in his arms and her hot lips pressed to his,—how often she had said, “Don't you want to kiss me, John?” He hadn't kissed her enough, he hadn't paid her enough attention; if only she would come back, he would kiss her now as much as she liked . . . He didn't know then that it was self-love that made him so sad, that he only wanted her because he couldn't have her; she had become beautiful to him, desirable, and his passion welled up, hot and stormy,

his eyes shone red, his whole being was consumed with an insane longing. With a quick, decided tread he walked down the stairs and out into the street—it never occurred to him that he didn't know where she had gone,—to find her and to bring her back. The cold night air revived him after his intense thinking, it gave him a sense of space, made it seem a long time since she'd left him . . . He walked on through bye-streets, over bridges, along roads, the nails in his boots making a sharp metallic click on the flags, and on the tablet of his imagination was stamped, like an embossed coin, the image of a woman whom he longed for hopelessly. He came back after wandering aimlessly all night ;—he was jealous now, jealous of the man who had taken her away, and in his weakness, he swore he would kill him. He dashed upstairs, and, lashing himself into a fury, flung himself on the bed. Towards the dawn, worn out with walking, his whole frame convulsed with great sobs, he fell into a troubled sleep, and in a state of half-consciousness he saw her with the other man. They were standing at the foot of the bed, and he tried to see his face—just his face—but he could only see hers ; he struggled up to reach them, but something held him back ; he strained, till he could feel the blood banging in his head, but something was gripping him, choking him ; then everything gave way, and he crashed to the floor...

The old man shifted his weight from one leg to the other, and sighed heavily. That had all been so long ago : she was probably dead now...Anyhow, he didn't care.

R. L. P.



The New Ceiling in the Gallery of the Lodge.

THE Gallery was erected in 1537 and the ceiling was of rush and plaster. This was declared to be dangerous in 1923, and the College agreed to have it taken down and replaced by an ornamental ceiling designed by Mr. Hare, the architect of the Dokett Building. In a letter he says: "The new plaster ceiling is designed to harmonise with the old world atmosphere of its surroundings. Although not a slavish copy, it is founded on similar lines to the fine ceiling in the long gallery at Haddon Hall, Derbyshire. The ceiling is divided by moulded single ribs into large *quatre-foil* panels having modelled terminal sprays. In the centre of the panels are enriched bosses, or pendants, and Coats of Arms are arranged in the panels at intervals." These, eight in number, arranged in four pairs, are:

(1) Those of the two Foundresses. (2) That of Andrew Dokett, the first President (1448), and that of Robert Bekenshaw (1508), President when a gallery was built. (3) Those of Simon Heynes (1528), and William Mey (1537), Presidents when the Gallery was built. (4) That of Humphrey Tyndall (1579), the President who put the panelling in the Gallery, and that of the present President to give the date of the new ceiling (1923).

The Last Page.

December 1st. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE is my Mecca, my Holy Place. Twice in my life, leaning over the north parapet, watching the lights of the city dance upon the black waters, I have thought that this indeed was the 'gold bar of heaven.' This very night, the greatest in my life, was one of those times; the other was that bitter evening, twenty years ago, which I came this night to recall. It was not that it wanted the reality of place to make that memory live again—God knows I had no need of a reminder. But I came there for more than a memory. I came there in the hour of my triumph, to make as it were a sacrifice, a thank-offering of my pride. I would not be 'overweening in success.' I would humble my proud heart with the vista of that other night, when I had sunk to the very depths of human misery, without even the spirit to fling myself over the parapet and end my wretched existence. And I came this night, once more alone upon the deserted bridge, to breathe a prayer of thanksgiving for that other night, the night of my deliverance.

I leaned again over the parapet, and, as if at the opening of some lock-gate of my mind, old memories flooded upon me. I saw myself the brilliant young undergraduate at Cambridge; the man whose academic career had been one unbroken triumph; the young cynic who, in the pride of intellect, had reduced the universe to a mathematical formula, and found it as useless; the arrogant 'intellectual' whom everyone disliked, and none dreamed was the most miserable man alive. Then followed the middle years, the years

of emptiness and hollow mockery, which led to that fateful night on the bridge. My wretchedness was not that of Francis Thompson, sleeping on the Embankment because he had nowhere else to go. No, I was rich, as the world counts riches. Mine was a more terrible poverty, an utter destitution of spirit, a snarling hatred of every living thing under the sun. As I stared at the muddy water I cursed them in my impotence. Then came that woman, a woman of the streets, who put her arm round me, and looked into my face. "You mustn't drown yourself, now, dearie," she said, "and you with such a nice kind face." I glared at her in sudden fury, but when I saw her eyes, bent on me with a look of sorrowful pity, I could not speak. I turned away, and strode off down the Embankment.

But I had seen the vision. For the first time in my life someone had thought of me for what I was, and not for what I had done. Someone had understood my unhappiness, and had been sorry. That was what I came to remember.

I could almost pray for death to-night, that, like Keats, I might "cease upon the midnight with no pain." Then my diary would end, not with the egotistical Barbellion's "*The rest is silence*," nor yet with the illegible scrawl of Scott, (poor devil!) writing till the pencil slipped from his fingers; but rather with a note of triumph, a high 'glory to God.' All day long, since I wrote the last sentence of my book (how will the world wonder to-morrow!) I have been singing to myself a paean of thanksgiving. I shall not write any more in this diary. This is the last page, my 'nunc dimittis.' Laus deo.

M. M. S.

An Entirely Fictitious and Abominable Tale.

THIS is a very wicked tale
 So, Reader, please prepare to quail
 Before this history of vice
 And things which aren't (I fear) *quite nice*.

In 1882 there came
 A gentleman to Queens', whose name
 Has been long since forgotten, but
 His morals—which were rotten—put
 Him quite among the most important
 Of our clan—altho' they really oughtn't.

This awful Queens' man did a thing
 So dreadful that th' effects still ring
 Around our rafters. For this youth
 Said to his wicked self, "Forsooth,
 This College is too dull by far,
 I will do something vile to mar
 Its sleepy purity. Too 'pi' it is."
 And then he founded two Societies.

Now during his inaugural address
 To his first Club, this very nasty mess
 Of manhood said, "Good men, for you I choose

That you shall call yourselves the ——
Because you do not know what you are doing,
And never shall know, but for aye pursuing
Some reason for your being, leap about
All closed in darkness both in term and out,
And tell your parents and your many friends
That you exist for hifaluting ends.”
With these terse words the horrid man withdrew
But left behind a baby ——

Then to his 2nd Club he said, “I dubs
(His grammar was a little weak) you the ——
That all the College may look up to you
For an example pleasant how to do
The best for Queens’. And how to make a noise
And how to live like truly ‘sporty boys,’
And—well I think that that amount of rot’ll
Do,” and here he left behind a ——

Oh never was there e’er so bad a boy
As he who did his best thus to destroy
Our mutual love and peaceful harmony!
Thus having turned the tap of harm on, he*
Next introduced the rival crews,
Namely the —— and the ——
And said, “My friends I find I’ve founded you

* A brilliant rhyme—*Ed.*

Because I had no better thing to do.
 Cliques and clubs of any sort or kind
 Are worthless things, abhorrent to my mind,
 Especially in such a place as this.
 But, since 'tis done, I pray you not to miss
 Your opportunity. For ever be
 Centres of trouble and disharmony
 Within these walls: that every man
 Who joins this College for his three years span,
 May strive to win your favour, and when he
 Has been elected to your Clubs, then be
 Contemptuous of his luckless rivals. Oh
 I am a very nasty man I know.
 From Mephistopheles I take the crown!"
 With that the horrid man—went down.

B.

The Enjoyment of Music.

ART is one of the supreme joys of life. Take beauty
 out of life and it would be scarcely worth the
 living. Nature provides us with pleasing sights and
 sounds: the hills and dales, the sea, the winding rivers—
 to say nothing of the flowers and singing of birds in
 spring—all minister to our natural craving for beauty.

But it is only when we find ourselves imprisoned in
 some hideous town far away from these things that we

begin to realise what they mean to us. And it is then that the Art of Music, whilst it by no means takes the place of those joys with which Nature has supplied us, can bring solace to a mind jaded with the ugly sights and sounds of town life. Hence the love of music is a fortunate possession. Most people have it to some degree, and it grows with use. There is something almost mysterious in the way in which it seems to appeal to some people, especially at times of great emotional stress. The Divine Art can inspire to noble deeds, it can express the most sacred aspirations, it can soothe the deepest sorrows. Also it can enliven us and make us feel merry. What is there that it cannot do?

It is not by any means necessary to be able to play or sing in order to appreciate good music. At the same time the actual performance of music does give one an insight into the beauties of the art. But good music should be heard over and over again. At a first hearing, a symphony of Beethoven or a great choral work of Elgar does not, to the uninitiated, reveal its beauties. Just as it is said that the awesome grandeur of the Niagara Falls does not impress the traveller until he has been gazing upon them for some time, so, in a really great work of art, familiarity does not 'bring contempt', but rather the contrary. Further, classical music demands a fine performance. It has been said that it would be possible to count on the fingers of one hand the artistes in Europe who can play Chopin. Why also do people so constantly say that they do not like Bach? Surely because Bach is so often performed in what one can only call a 'stodgy manner.' It is murdered more often than not. One wonders that poor old Bach does not turn round in his grave at the way in which reputable musicians sometimes play his works—with

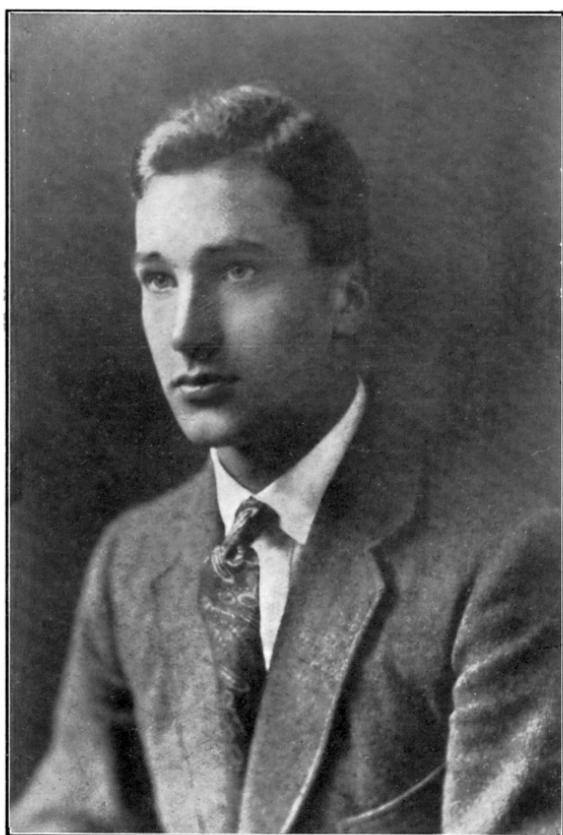
all the musical vitality and expression left out of them.

There is, of course, music (like Sullivan's) of which it has been said that it 'smooths many a wrinkle.' Good light music has its place and the man who despises it is a fool. A good march well played by a military band or the lilt of a good music-hall tune (there are *some* good ones!) 'bucks us up.' It brushes away the cobwebs.

But it behoves the lover of music to distinguish between music that merely enlivens, and music that elevates and inspires.

Many people complain—almost pathetically—that they do not appreciate classical music. It is to be feared that much of the music that is being composed nowadays is not music at all. It is clever cacophony, and that is all. But there is no doubt as to the music composed up to the time of Wagner. All that has proved itself to be good up to this date may be safely accepted and legitimately enjoyed. The lesser lights, such as Mendelssohn (and even Grieg), are a great help to an appreciation of such giants as Beethoven and Wagner: just as listening to a fugue of Handel is a help to an appreciation of, say, Bach's great fugue in G minor.

And that is why the purists are quite wrong in forcing Brahms and Debussy and other 'intellectuals' down the throats of the uninitiated. They are only giving them a stomach-ache at the beginning of a meal! At the University there is always a coterie of these people. Do not take them too seriously; for they are generally 'poseurs', and do not know very much about it. What one should always look out for, is a good tune. Bach wrote good tunes. Beethoven, Wagner, Schumann, Schubert—to say **nothing** of jolly old Handel



—all wrote good tunes and were not ashamed of them. But when listening to their works try and follow what they did with them, how they developed them, juggled with them, beautified them, glorified them. Every sonata of Beethoven and every fugue of Bach is founded on tunes (they are termed ‘subjects’, but never mind that). Modern composers—Elgar excepted—cannot compose tunes. They simply filch them from folk-song sources.

If one takes every opportunity to listen to the best composers *well performed*, enjoyment and appreciation will come to the music-lover as certainly as the sun will shine in the heavens on the morrow. It is the course of nature.

C. W. P.

Man of Mark.

HENRY ELLIOTT BLAKE.

HENRY ELLIOTT BLAKE lays claim to an “ordinary existence,” but the details of the first twenty-one years of it do not support his case.

Born at Ross-on-Wye on Christmas Day 1902, he went first to school at Palmerston House, Hfds, then for a while at Ross Grammar School, and thence to Dean Close. Here he gained his colours for Hockey and Soccer and played cricket for the Second XI. and became a Prefect.

Coming up to Queens’ in October 1921, he gained his Hockey colours in his first year, but failed to win his place for Soccer, as he broke his collar bone, until Michaelmas 1923.

His crowning achievement was his Hockey "Blue," which he got last term.

Outside the College he has been active on the executive committee of the Medical Society and in the C.U.M.S., and is a member of the Hawks Club. At Queens' he was Secretary of the Bernard Society last term and a member of the Erasmus Society and the Cherubs; he has also skilfully squashed a medical society in the College, of which feat he is very proud.

His painting and drawing are scarcely known to the College, although he has designed a great number of posters for concerts, revues and other good causes; he claims to "follow art from a sleepy distance," and hopes to get a scholarship at the London Hospital and become a surgeon. We wish him the best of luck.

St. Margaret Society.

THE May Week Concert was held on Saturday, June 14th, and was most successful. We were lucky in the number of visitors present, both among the performers and the spectators, and also in the evening, the first of the term, when neither shower nor storm threatened. The Grove looked most charming.

The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

- | | | | | | |
|----|--|-------------------------------------|-----|-----|-------------------|
| 1. | Sonata for two Violins | ... | ... | ... | <i>Veracini</i> |
| | | Miss B. K. Burn, Miss G. G. Bacchus | | | |
| 2. | Elizabethan Songs | | | | |
| | (a) "Lullaby" | ... | ... | ... | ... <i>Byrd</i> |
| | (b) "Have you seen but a white Lily grow?" | ... | ... | ... | ... <i>Anon.</i> |
| | (c) "Sweet Nymph" | ... | ... | ... | ... <i>Morley</i> |
| | | Miss Joan Murray | | | |

3. Part Song
 "There's a Song of the Olden Time" ... *L. W. Halse*
 Messrs. R. L. Parkin, R. C. Streatfeild, P. C. Blackden
 A. H. Marks
4. Pianoforte Solo
 Rhapsody No. 8 in F sharp min. *Liszt*
 Mr. Harold Rutland
5. Song ... "The Song of the Volga Boatmen"
arr. Chaliapine
 Mr. R. L. Parkin

PART II.

1. Concerto for Two Violins *Bach*
 Miss B. K. Burn, Miss G. G. Bacchus
2. Songs
 (a) Romance *Debussy*
 (b) "D'Anne jouant de l'espinette" *Ravel*
 (c) Berceuse *Rimsky-Korsakov*
 Miss Joan Murray
3. Pianoforte Soli
 (a) "Reflets dans l'eau" *Debussy*
 (b) "Seguidillas" *Albeniz*
 Mr. Harold Rutland
4. Sailor Shanties
 (a) "Good morning, Ladies!" } *arr.*
 (b) "Let the Bullgine run!" } *R. R. Terry*
 Messrs. R. L. Parkin, R. C. Streatfeild, P. C. Blackden
 A. H. Marks
 Accompanist ... Mr. Philip Dore

The first half was pleasant enough, but it was not until after the interval, in which the President of the Society seemed so concerned, that we saw the worth of the performers. Miss Burn and Miss Bacchus gave a good rendering of Veracini's Sonata, but the quality of their playing of Bach was increased in relation to the worth of the music.

Miss Joan Murray's Elizabethan songs were charming, but her singing of Debussy and Ravel in the second half, and of that most bewitching Berceuse, showed us that she has something more than a "drawing room" voice.

One wonders why Mr. Rutland chose one of the most uninteresting of Liszt's Rhapsodies, which seems little more in the present century than a test of the player's technique, but we had him at his best in the Chopin encores, the Debussy and the lighter Albeniz.

The part songs, as usual, shewed signs of the lack of rehearsal; the first was treacly with sentiment, but "Let the Bullgine run!" was rendered with great gusto.

For Mr. Parkin's "Volga Boatmen" we have nothing but praise, yet on hearing the song again after so many times, one wonders whether it is not, too, a mere test of technique and ingenuity.

So ended a very successful concert. We owe thanks to the St. Margaret Society, the performers, the visitors and Queens' men, the weather, and the cook for a delightful evening.

J. M. COHEN.

College News.

ORDINATIONS.

H. G. Bullen, Holy Trinity, Marylebone.
R. Broxton, Rugby School.
E. W. Gedge, Walcot, Bath.
W. H. Oswald, Christ Church, Gypsy Hill.
R. B. Jackson, Liversedge, Wakefield.
B. C. Corke, St. Barnabas, Sheffield.

OBITUARY.

Rev. G. Margoliouth, who died at New Brighton at the age of 70, was a learned Biblical and Oriental Scholar and writer. He was born of Jewish parents in Russian Poland, Dec. 4th, 1853, educated at Düsseldorf, at the University of Bonn, and afterwards, while a curate at Cambridge, entered Queen's College (1889). He had been naturalised in 1887. After being bracketed equal for the Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholarship in 1891, he took charge of the Hebrew, Syriac and Ethiopic MSS. at the British Museum, where, during the 23 years of his service, he did much useful work. He founded the Text and Translation Society for the publication of Oriental Works, and was a member of the Aristotelian Society for three years. He contributed to the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, and other Reviews, and is looked upon as a reliable authority and an authentic historian.

The Rev. Frederick Arthur Redwood, domestic Chaplain to the late Bishop of Chelmsford, has been appointed to the Vicarage of Holy Trinity, Bordesley, Birmingham.

W. F. Kidson has been appointed to the living of Christ Church, West Bromwich.

G. L. Abraham is stockbroking in Glasgow, where he expects to remain two or three years. His address is 50 Gibson Street, Hill Head, Glasgow.

F. E. Briscoe, D.S.O., has given up the Secretaryship of the Officers' Club to become Manager of the Grand Hotel, Broadstairs.

W. B. Veysey is now Co-Headmaster at Springfield Park Preparatory School, Horsham.

F. W. Draper has recently published another book, namely, "The Rise and Fall of the French Romantic Drama." The book has been very favourably reviewed in the *Times* Literary Supplement.

G. B. Harrison has been appointed Editor of the Bodley Head Quartos, and has lately brought out four excellent reprints of English Classical Authors.

J. W. C. Turner has been appointed as a Lecturer at Trinity Hall. He is the third Queens' man to join the staff of that College.

FIRST CLASS HONOURS MEN.

MATHEMATICS.

Gabriel, R. M., Wrangler and B*.

Braithwaite, G. Mulholland, H. P. Nadaraser, S.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

Lamplugh, E. C.

CLASSICS.

Oswald, A. S. James, W. L. Kennedy, E. C.

AGRICULTURE.

Part II.

C. H. Thompson has gained a distinction in Silviculture.

Q. C. B. C.

THE result of the year's racing has been fairly satisfactory. The first Lent boat, which lost three places, is the only crew which failed to go up, while the third Lent boat and the first and second May boats all gained two places, and the second Lent boat gained three places.

This term's racing showed distinct promise. The crews were largely composed of second and first year men, so the club is left in what is apparently a strong position for next year. Another satisfactory feature is the way both crews survived the changes in order and material which were caused about ten days before the races by the loss to the first boat of J. F. Middleton and A. H. Brown through illness. The names of the crews as they actually raced are as follows:—

FIRST BOAT.

<i>Bow</i>	J. A. Pocock
2	B. M. Dale
3	E. D. M. Hopkins
4	M. S. Ashby
5	C. H. Thompson
6	H. E. Castens
7	L. R. Taylor
<i>Stroke</i>	L. F. E. Wilkinson
<i>Cox</i>	J. W. Tanner

Coaches—C. F. Gardner (*Trinity Hall*), R. B. Jackson

SECOND BOAT.

<i>Bow</i>	B. A. Southgate
2	R. P. Platt
3	L. R. Bee
4	E. E. Chappell
5	C. R. P. Walker
6	A. E. Meadows
7	R. G. Hadden
<i>Stroke</i>	P. F. Davis
<i>Cox</i>	W. S. Rogers

Coaches—R. B. Jackson, H. E. Castens

The first crew bumped Sidney I. and Caius I. on the first and third nights, rowing over on the other two nights, there being bumps ahead.

The second crew bumped Pembroke IV. on the first night and Trinity Hall III. on the second night. The next two nights it was disappointing and failed to bump Jesus IV., who on the last night held them up at the Railway Bridge, causing a re-row against Selwyn II. In this re-row the second boat rowed extremely well, robbing a fast crew of its oars, which is a good performance.

H. E. CASTENS,
Captain.

Q. C. L. T. C.

THE Tennis Club anticipated a poor season, as there only was one old colour available, but on the whole the standard of play was fairly good. Three league matches were won, and several were only lost by the odd match. The first pair were not as a rule strong enough to beat

the opposing first pair, but as the term advanced, they settled down and became more steady. The second pair were inclined to be erratic, having bad luck in losing some of their games, while the third pair improved steadily all through the term. The chief fault with the Six was lack of steadiness, for which some blame may be laid on the weather, which made it impossible to get practice.

The second Six were unlucky in having several matches scratched, and owing to the impossibility of getting any trial games in April it was difficult to select a team. The standard of tennis in the College shows a definite improvement on last year, and the Club should do better next year.

Full colours were awarded to A. F. Doggett, T. L. Lilley, A. F. Alsop, A. R. D. Thomson, J. R. Dyson, and half-colours to G. W. Clarke, H. J. Gill, Rajagopalan, L. R. Taylor, and J. M. S. Loubser.

H. C. BELK,

Captain.

Q. C. C. C.

CRICKET in general has been spoilt by the weather this year; consequently, the number of matches brought to a conclusion has been even less than usual. The cricket club has welcomed a good many freshmen this year, some of whom have proved very useful. The first eleven has lost only one match, and of the rest a fair proportion has been won. The second eleven, captained by G. B. Lambert, has won four, lost four, and drawn two matches. Batting rather than bowling has been the strong point this year; in fact, the first eleven had

no appreciable "tail," which proved a considerable source of annoyance to some of our opponents.

The bowling has been about the same standard as the last two years' sides.

In conclusion we may say that only two of the first eleven are going down this year, so that Queens' should have a strong side next year.

E. S. HOARE,
Hon. Sec.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of 'The Dial.'

SIR.—I am writing to you to suggest that you take up the cause of the formation of a College Golf Club, which should play matches against other colleges, etc., etc.

There must be many excellent golfers in the College for whom such a club would provide even greater interest in the game.

My own handicap is bad; but that does not damp my enthusiasm, such as it is, and I feel there must also be many more similarly placed.

Perhaps the prospect of an attractive tie might entice some to play more seriously!

But Sir, I put the scheme before you, and hope that by next term you may have helped to found the Q.C.G.C.

I am, yours etc.,
I. S.

To the Editor of 'The Dial.'

SIR.—For the second year in succession we have suffered a May Concert in which the execution has been unworthy of the music selected; moreover in both concerts the quartettes, though suitably chosen, have lacked finish for want of sufficient rehearsal. Could we not either engage first-class artists for first-class music or else provide a programme well within the reach of the talent that we can command?

A little lighter music of the better class would help to make the atmosphere less stiff.

Yours, etc.,

R. C. STREATFEILD.

To the Editor of 'The Dial.'

SIR.—May I trespass upon the all too insufficient space of your inestimable journal to bring to the notice of your readers a matter of some urgency. I have long viewed with growing disquietude the deplorable practice which, all unseen, but nevertheless definitely present among us is gnawing at the very vitals of our collegiate life and thought.

To the observant, however, there have been many and oft-repeated indications, which though in isolation bring no conviction to the mind, yet when considered in the mass form a cumulative weight of evidence that cannot be gainsaid.

I feel that it is by no means my duty to particularise further or to exhibit in clearer outline this viper nestling within our corporate bosom; but from the fulness of my heart and in earnest sincerity I would beg your readers to take warning of this peril, remembering that to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

Yours obediently,

SED VOX ET PRAETEREA NIHIL.

[We strongly suspect this correspondent of having seen the Editorial before it was printed. At any rate, we seem to be "getting at" the same thing.—ED.]

Committee.

MR. A. B. COOK, *Censor.*

MR. C. M. SLEEMAN, *Treasurer.*

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M. M. SIMMONS.

J. M. COHEN.

A. S. OSWALD.

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R. LL. REES.

G. F. DIAMOND.

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