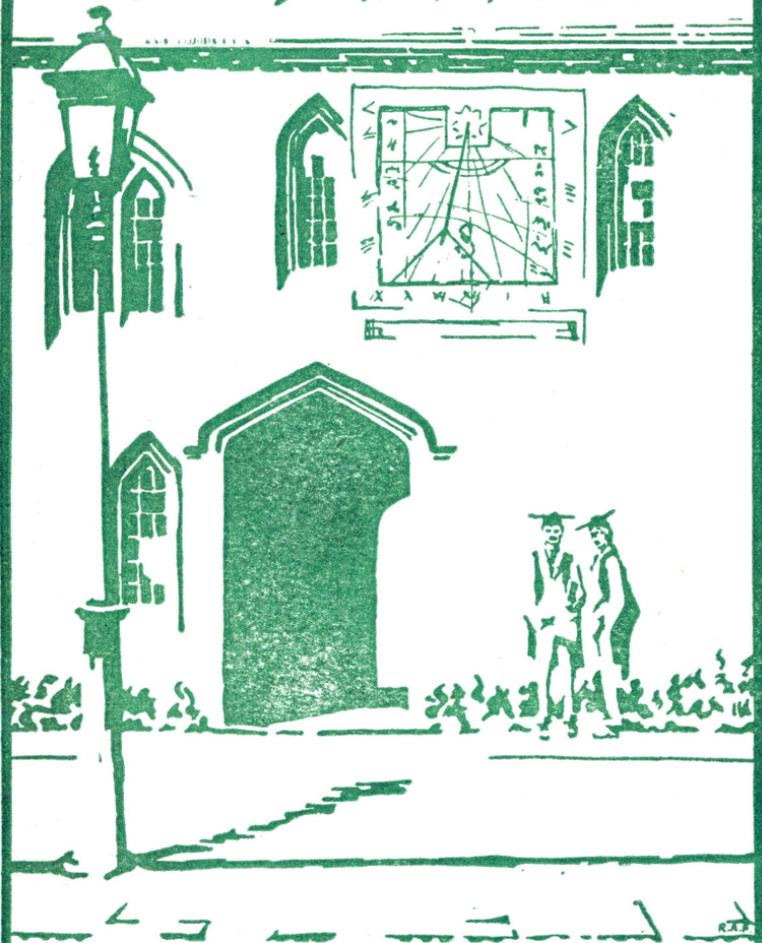


# THE DIAL.



Queens' College.

Michaelmas Term,

1924.

## Contents.

	Page
Editorial . . . . .	1
College News . . . . .	4
Mr. L. J. Potts . . . . .	5
Verse. Chloë . . . . .	6
Triolet . . . . .	6
The River . . . . .	7
A Translation from Propertius . . . . .	7
Benallack Moor . . . . .	8
The New Clare Building . . . . .	11
The New Portrait of Erasmus . . . . .	15
On Rhetoric, and some Stuart Sermons . . . . .	17
Man of Mark . . . . .	22
Things we want to know . . . . .	24
On the Appreciation of Music . . . . .	25
Quis Sapiens? . . . . .	26
St. Bernard Society . . . . .	28
St. Margaret Society . . . . .	29
Reports of other College Societies . . . . .	30
Old Queens' Men . . . . .	32
The College Library . . . . .	34
Review . . . . .	35
Q. C. B. C. . . . .	36
Rugger Notes . . . . .	38
Q. C. A. F. C. . . . .	38
Q. C. H. C. . . . .	39
Correspondence . . . . .	40



J.K.B.  
/24.

A 'POT-SHOT.'

# The Dial.

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No. 49.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1924.

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## Editorial.

**A**FTER all the purpose of a dial is to tell the time, and, in that way at least, ours does its duty. It records the events in the life of the College with a certain degree of accuracy, and what more shall it do? It may be rather dull and need decorating—certainly it has none of the lustre that belongs to its parent in the Old Court—but then you must remember that our painters are only amateurs and our colours possibly not of the very best; so it is not our fault entirely if the effect is garish. Besides, we are only here to offer you simple refreshment. True, we have tried to give the dish a little seasoning, but you must not mind if there is too much pepper

and not enough salt, and we have none of the rarer condiments. Some people, we know, like their meal quite plain; to them we can only say that others don't. And to that third class, a small one we believe, who won't touch the dish at all—well they have the cover to admire.

But even if you condemn our cover as well as its contents, we still have the title to fall back on. A sundial appeals to everyone, and sooner or later will induce all of us for a brief moment to moral on the time. We see from it how the world wags. Even this term we have witnessed many changes. We have watched Coe Fen being slowly but surely spoiled, and have seen—not without a feeling of *mal de mer*—the decoration of the Guildhall. The old tram lines have been filled in (and almost as quickly excavated), while on the left bank of the Pem a new café has arisen. Moreover umbrellas, which have hitherto been the monopoly of dons and heads of houses, may now be seen with undergraduates beneath them. Jumpers are undergoing transformations, and a large portion of Cambridge no longer walks about hatless. Flannels, too, of many colours, lilac, fawn and pink, adorn our streets, though the conservative still prefer them of a milky whiteness.

Far be it from us to deplore these innovations. We have no use for the *laudator temporis acti*, most tedious of bores. *We* are all for the present. Besides, we *are* the present. So while we may, let us flaunt our flannels, our umbrellas, our multi-coloured jumpers and our monochromatic ties. Meantime

“The moving finger writes, and, having writ,  
“Moves on.”

our day will go only too soon. And when the next generation succeeds us—well it will be time enough then to give all these things decent burial.

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## College News.

The Rev. E. H. Williams Ashman, Chaplain in Brussels, has accepted the living of Christ Church, Rotherhithe, in whose parish is our Mission Church. He has been appointed Warden in charge of the College Mission. Mr. Yeules, the assistant missionary, will be head of Queens' House, where he will live. At present he is attending lectures at King's College, London, whilst reading for Holy Orders.

Those who knew the College Mission in pre-war days will remember James King. Since leaving the Army, he has been at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, for five years, and now he is to be ordained to the Wakefield Diocese: he hopes to join our former College Missioner, the Rev. Myers Grace, in Uganda in two years' time.

The Library Syndicate have appointed Herbert Martin James Loewe, M.A., to be Curator in Oriental Literature from January 1—June 30, 1925.

P. Rajagopalan has been awarded the Bhaonagar Medal for distinction in the Indian Civil Service Examination.

A. M. Binnie has been awarded the John Winbolt Prize in Civil Engineering.

G. H. K. Pedley has won the George Williams Liturgical Prize.

The new portrait of Erasmus, about which we have heard so much, has now definitely been bought by the College, and is hanging in the Combination Room. A notice about it together with a reproduction will be found on another page. We ought to make some apology for the article on the New Clare Building, but we imagine that those which appeared in *The Cambridge Review* were unintelligible to almost everyone but the author. We should like to thank all those who have contributed to this number, though we wish it required less pressure to extract contributions from them. News from Old Queens' men is always welcome. At present our only source of information is the Dean.

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### Mr. L. J. Potts.

**W**E take this opportunity, though late, of welcoming Mr. Potts, our new English don, and of wishing him the best of luck. He was at Harrow and Trinity, and took his degree in June 1922. He obtained a "first" in the Classical Tripos Part I. as well as in Part I. of the English Literature Tripos. Before coming to Queens' in June he was in Sweden for two years lecturing at Upsala University. On another page we publish a somewhat unorthodox portrait.

---

**Chloë.**

**W**HEN Chloë smiles, she is so fair  
 No lovely goddess could compare :  
 Two Cupids mock from either lip,  
 Inviting me their joys to sip.  
 When Chloë frowns, so sweet is she  
 I kneel her captive willingly :  
 And when from me in pique she turns  
 My love-sick heart more ardent burns.  
 When Chloë weeps, the tears that fall  
 Would make the fairest diamond pall :  
 The shower once o'er, to me again  
 She'll turn, the fairer for the rain.  
 But whether Chloë weeps or smiles,  
 Or frowns or uses other wiles,  
 With all her charms, should I repine  
 If I might only call her mine ?

A. I. F.

**Triolet.**

**S**AID dear little Rose,  
 "Do write me a triolet :  
 "You could if you chose,"  
 Said dear little Rose—  
 And I might, I suppose,  
 If her name had been Violet.  
 Said dear little Rose,  
 "Do write me a triolet."

A. S. O.

**The River.**

**A** LONG your marge, O Cam, what have you seen,  
What are those words you murmur, rippling by?  
For oft to me you sadly seem to sigh  
For times forgotten to the willows green.  
At each foundation solemn you have been  
Of those old halls that on your edges lie ;  
In every age you've heard the merry cry  
Of youth, and watched each venerable dean  
    Pass pensively along the level lawn.  
    And oft great names have sounded in your ear ;  
    Perchance some faces were to you most dear :  
    Is it for these, long past, you softly mourn ?  
But yet, O Cam, as sweep your waters grey  
In sullen flood, yearn not for yesterday !

C. E. C.

**A Translation from Propertius.**

(ii. 17-26.)

**C**YNTHIA, when death shall close mine eyes,  
Do thou perform mine obsequies.  
Let no vain pomp attend my shroud,  
No empty blare of trumpets loud :  
No costly pyre for me be made  
Of ivory with gold inlaid,  
No spices burnt in swinging cask—  
A humble grave is all I ask :  
My three poor books for company  
As gifts to dark Persephone.

A. I. F.

**Benallack Moor.**

**B**ENALLACK Moor is a glorious place on a summer morning. A lane by the Quakers' burial ground leads you right down into it. At one time pack-horses laden with tin used to come this way from the mines to the sea, but now the path is so grown over, that you have to push your way through furze and bracken shoulder high, and the brambles cut your shins, and you begin to wonder if the fight is worth it. Now and again through gaps in the hedge you catch a sight of old Chapel Carn Brea and Buryan church tower, while away to the right is the sea, the morning sun making it shine like the silver mundic from Geevor.

Then the lane opens out and the moor is before us. Flies rush about in the air, making joyous music with their wings, two magpies start up chattering, and the yellow hammers in the gorse are shouting their continuous request for "a little bit of bread and *no* cheese." The whole place is carpeted with the pink bog heather and dwarf golden gorse, while here and there are the remains of old hedges raised years ago by the ancient folk who dwelt in caves and huts, like those at Chapel Uny. We call them "gurgoes," and mothers used to tell their children at one time that that was when the little people imprisoned naughty boys and girls. In these enlightened days of wireless, motor char-a-banc, and with the general influx of "up-country" notions, these old warnings are not given so much as they used to be. In and out among the bushes go the piskey paths which will land you in a bog if you are not careful, for the little people delight to see great clumsy mortals wallowing up to their knees in mud.

There is a man living at Bosanketh now, who, when he was younger, was piskey-led at this very place, coming home from St. Just late one Saturday night; and he swears to this day that as he was blundering about trying to find his way, he heard a sound from the ground which made him feel "all-overish" as he says—a little silvery laugh.

The piskies were not always so ill-natured however. Once they were giants whose great delight was to play quoits with great rocks, tossing them from Goonhilly to Mulfra and Lanyon, while the people looked on and applauded. The great simple fellows would do odd jobs in return, such as breaking in a bit of croft land or sinking wells by pushing their fingers into the ground. Then one day a party of saints, men and women, came over from Ireland, and so charmed were they with the country that they decided to settle down and convert the inhabitants.

Then the trouble began. The people gave up watching the giants at their sport, and went to hear the saints preach instead, so the giants became sulky and refused to do any more work. Now the saints liked the people, and heartily disapproving of Sunday games, they went and sprinkled holy water on every giant they could see. The poor fellows shrank and shrivelled up till they were but a span high, and ever since then, their great delight has always been to lead good Christian people into mischief.

So successful have the piskies been in their tactics on Benallack Moor, that scarcely anyone ventures down there now, and even at high noon, when the scent of the furze, the ground, and even the rocks themselves, rises like incense to the blue sky, it is regarded as a "wisht old sort of place." The old people say that there was a

great forest there in olden days, and that the farm which lies on the southernmost edge of the moor perfectly justified its name of Bosanketh—the house by the trees. There are still a few elms and pinasters in the bottoms, but on the moor there is nothing taller than the sloe bushes, and even they are bent right over with the west wind, as if bowing to the rising sun.

The best time to really get to know the moor is in the early afternoon of a hot August day. The blackberry stems will be cracking with the sun, and the bees revelling in the warm sweet flowers. Then it is, if you lie down with your head against the hedge, and fixing your eye on some distant object, let personal thoughts slip out of your mind, that you may hear above the sound of the sea breaking on Genvor, and the birds singing in the bushes, the sweet still music of the moor; then your own self becomes merged with all nature, beautiful shapes and colour forms crowd in upon your mind, and you feel completely at one with all the earth that from century to century changes not, but seems to abide in Eternity.

The lane winds slowly up from the moor, and a few late foxgloves and all the glory of the hedges gently beckon us back to the road, back to the land of cultivated fields and motors. Down in the moor, time and space seemed to have vanished, but at the top of the lane we are in the middle of a very definite part of the twentieth century. Motor cars rush groups of excited and business-like tourists to “do” the sights, they dash on, and the trippers seldom turn their eyes to where, a few fields distant, lies Benallack Moor, a hidden land, but one very dear to my heart.

G. S. K.

### The New Clare Building.

**N**OW that the New Building of Clare is finished and inhabited it is possible to say something about its architectural merits. It was designed by George Gilbert Scott, the architect of Liverpool Cathedral. For the present only one of the three sides has been erected—the main front with its memorial arch, the other two wings being still in embryo, but eventually it will comprise three sides of a court. It is long and low, and so preserves the characteristics of the Old Clare buildings across the river. But once you are inside the grounds it begins to assume a greater importance. There is something monumental about the large central archway with the curious stone framework set inside it, and the site of the building, raised above the lawn and approached by a broad flight of steps, lends it an air of dignity which at first is not apparent. Seen through the trees from the walks along the Backs it is like any other building, quiet, homely, retired; but this sense of harmony with its surroundings is lost as soon as you stand on the gravel path in front of it. Then it no longer appears to rise out of the ground, it seems to have been carefully set down on it. The architect has not succeeded in making the building a part of Cambridge: it has the air of a stranger.

I think this is because he has tried to combine two ideas in one. A college building should be homely and unpretentious, and yet possess a charm and attractiveness which symbolise the life within it. Scott realised this, and therefore chose the warm, domestic style of Queen Anne. But he has tried at the same time to make it a memorial building, something that shall appear stately and dignified, to be a monument to the memory of Clare

men who fell in the War. Accordingly for the main features of the building he has resorted to the dignified simplicity of the Neo-Greek style. But the conjunction of these two styles is, I think, a mistake. In front it is the Greek element which predominates, and it produces a feeling of stiffness and formality. The large pylon with its Greek columns and doorway, the broad, trim flight of steps and the columned features at the two ends make you forget that this is part of a college. It might be a building for an exhibition, and one feels surprised to see smoke curling up from its chimneys. But if you pass through the entrance into the court, and examine the corners where the wings join the main block, your whole impression is changed. Here is the homely comfort of Queen Anne's reign, and it no longer requires an effort to believe that there are rooms with real fires in them.

A roof which is neither Greek nor English reduces these quarrelling children to order and up to a point succeeds in reconciling them. It might come from Italy or Spain or the South of France—anyhow it is southern with its deeply ridged tiles. This kind of roof certainly requires eaves, but the predominance of the Greek element in the building makes them impossible. The result is that it does not sit quite comfortably, but its warm colour contrasts admirably with the colder gray of the brick.

The front is over a hundred yards long. Unlike the Gibbs' building at King's it is not treated as a single block, but is broken up, the two ends being much lower than the centre and projecting slightly forward to form two small pavilions. Unity is obtained by the strong band of Portland stone which runs the whole length of the building and is even carried across the memorial

arch. This bold horizontal line is the dominant feature. It emphasises the length of the building, making it seem lower than it really is, and the whiteness of the stone stands out strikingly against the gray brick. But for all this it does not succeed in bringing the great central feature into proper harmony with the rest of the building. It cuts across the central arch like an iron girder, and together with its props forms a clumsy sort of scaffolding obstructing the great entrance. But it is difficult to see what else the architect could have done. If it stopped short on either side of the arch, we should have two distinct blocks connected by a bridge, with an aching void in the centre. Really it is the arch that causes the trouble, just as it is the arch that causes the trouble in the Gibbs' building of King's. But Gibbs was compelled to build an arch on account of a right of way; here there was no such restriction. This attempt to make the building appear monumental has come near to being its ruin.

The windows are of early XVIIIth. century design, small and squat, placed at regular intervals and set flush with the outside face of the wall, so that there is no play of light and shade. The elevation of the walls is quite flat, and for shadow effects the architect has relied entirely on the deep central arch. The details have been designed with a care almost amounting to preciousness, and one wonders how such minute lines and mouldings will stand the weather. The doorways at the angles are very charming with their *motif* of delicately draped folds on the lintel. There is much refined work in the capitals and bases of the columns and in the big bronze doors, but in spite of their elegance one feels a certain stiffness about the details: they might be

termed "high-brow." The two urns perched high up on each side of the central feature, for example, and the trim bushes in their boxes on either side of the entrance. They seem trivial in spite of the care expended on them.

The interior of the building is very luxurious with baths on each staircase and lifts for bringing up the coal. The five doors which confront you on the top landing are rather formidable, reminding you of a series of ship's cabins, and the illusion is completed when you look into the gyp-room and see it has a port-hole in place of a window. The woodwork of the staircase is again very carefully designed, but you almost wish it would unbend a little. When I looked at it I had a feeling I ought to be wearing a stiff collar and a shirt front.

This stiffness and want of charm seems to pervade the whole building. There is elegance but little grace, it is handsome without being beautiful, and wears an air of formality so that it would be difficult to feel at home in it. In the Royal Academy this year I saw a design for a building by Gilbert Scott, which at first I took to be the New Building of Clare. In plan and style it resembled it very closely, but it turned out to be a design for colliery offices in Newcastle. The fact that two buildings were so much alike shows that they have no distinctive marks about them. There is nothing to convince you that this is a college building any more than a colliery office. Whereas all buildings ought to proclaim very clearly their specific purpose.

But whatever its faults this is the most interesting of any of the modern college buildings and the utmost care has been spent over its design. If it fails, it is because it attempts to fuse into one two conflicting ideas, and so leaves a feeling of dissatisfaction in the mind. But



no one can be fool enough to wish it away, nor fail to see what a charming termination is formed by one of its pavilions to the view along the avenue from the Clare bridge. Perhaps it looks its best on a gray November afternoon, when the brick tones with the gray atmosphere and a faint flush in the sky can be seen through the great central arch.

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### The New Portrait of Erasmus.

THE College is to be congratulated on having secured at last a really fine portrait of Erasmus. It was acquired a few weeks since, by private arrangement, from Mr. Coundouris, a wealthy Greek publicist living till lately at Smyrna. Mr. Coundouris had obtained it from a Mr. van der Zett, who had property both in Smyrna and at Rotterdam. It seems probable, therefore, that the painting hails from Rotterdam and possible that it was originally painted there. However that may be, we are assured by Mr. E. O. Vulliamy, Honorary Keeper of the Pictures in the Fitzwilliam Museum, that it is certainly a good contemporary likeness of our greatest *alumnus*.

The canvas, which is in remarkable preservation and beautifully mellow in tone, presents the head and shoulders of Erasmus in three-quarter position towards the left. In this respect it differs from the well-known profile portrait in the Louvre by Holbein, but agrees with the copper engraving of 1526 by Albert Dürer.

Both these portraits, however, include what ours does not—the very individual hands of the great scholar, hands of which Holbein is known to have made a separate study.

The lettering over Erasmus' head is comparatively modern. But there is not the least doubt that the likeness is his. The sharp, pointed nose, the curiously large orbits, the prominent cheek-bones, the loose, wrinkled cheeks, together make up an unmistakable portrait. But it is the portrait of a man nearing his latter end. The world-weary eyes droop their lids more than ever, and the chin is ill-shaven, though the lips are still firm. The thin hair that escapes from his close-fitting cap is white, and he needs all the comfort he can get from his admirably rendered fur tippet.

All told, it is a rather pathetic record of intellectual strength at grips with physical infirmity—the face of one who has made a life-long practice of standing alone and kept it up to the bitter end. The portrait, which must have been painted (we cannot yet say by whom) shortly before his death in 1536, hangs now on the north wall of the Combination Room. We might put beneath it the motto which Dürer affixed to his masterpiece :

IMAGO ERASMI ROTERODAMI

AD VIVAM EFFIGIEM DELINIATA

ΤΗΝ ΚΡΕΙΤΤΩ ΤΑ ΣΥΓΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΔΕΙΞΕΙ

A. B. C.

## On Rhetoric, and some Stuart Sermons.

RHETORIC puzzles and annoys the Englishman of to-day. To us the thing implies insincerity. This is not because we distrust appeals to emotion, but because we have lost faith in words. We like a plain tale plainly told; we are brought up to tell the truth plainly, however much truth may suffer in a process of that kind. A man is a fool who trusts words—that is to say words that are difficult to understand; eloquent politicians are charlatans, eloquent poets are ridiculous, eloquent preachers are irreligious. We still, however, believe in eloquent silence—it is the last refuge of anyone who thinks that speech exists to express what is in the mind of man. The twentieth-century Englishman, when he is not being trivial or violent, is a (strong) silent man, or what used to be called a mute inglorious Milton.

This is all very well, for speech is, as everyone knows, a quite inadequate form of expression; and since we are too busy doing other useful things to learn how to use it as the Elizabethans, for instance, used it, or at any rate to listen to it as they listened to it, perhaps it had better decay altogether and be replaced by some other device—probably mechanical. There are already tendencies in that direction; we have illustrated daily papers for people who can't read and picture plays for audiences who won't listen and actors who can't talk. Meanwhile the study of literature is pursued in a semi-antiquarian manner.

This decline of speech as a medium of expression, which is by no means necessarily a bad thing, is partly

the reason why we have no poets who write like Shakespeare, no orators who write like Burke, and no preachers of the old Seventeenth Century style. Literature is not taken seriously as it was in some of the great and vigorous ages of the past, but is treated as an occupation for tired minds or sick bodies. Shaw is quite right when he says that Shakespeare is not of great importance to the present age; the present age has not the time or energy for Shakespeare, or for Shaw himself as far as that goes. Nor has it the time or energy for the liturgy of the Common Prayer Book, or for sermons made up of material like this:

“Wonderfull it was that God at the first should make all things for us, more wonderfull that god himselfe should be made man for us, but most wonderfull that he should be thus afflicted, & suffer, and bee sorrowfull unto Death for us: wee cannot soe much admire that god should make all creatures of nothing, because we knowe his power is infinite, but that the Creator himselfe should as it were bee made nothing, that he should thus humble, thus empty himselfe, & and that onely for our sakes that are but dust & ashes; for our sakes that were his enemyes, conceiv'd in sin polluted corrupt and abhominable, this is the astonishment of angells: what had it beene to him if wee had beene consumed? if wee had beene for ever deprived of his Presence, & had perisht eternally? Hee had Angells, Cherubins, & Seraphins to stand before him, hee had power to create innumerable worlds of other more perfect creatures than any of these to prayse him, yea hee was infinitely Happy and Glorious in his own Essence, & might as infinitely have enjoyed his own happyness and glory eternally to himselfe onely, & never have created man or angell or any other creature to partake of that happyness, of that glory; and

yet such was his compassion upon us sinners, that for us men, & for our Salvation, he came down from heaven, & was made man, & gave his owne soule not onely an eucharisticall, but an expiatory sacrifice for us, not onely to doe that that wee should have done, but to suffer allsoe that which wee should have suffered."

I do not suggest this as a model style for the Twentieth Century pulpit. But as I read it through again I do not feel sure that if religion is to be expressed in words at all it can be expressed much better than this.

My only reason for venturing to inflict this on *The Dial* is that I have come across a manuscript sermon-book (from which I have just quoted) by one William Belke, who was an undergraduate, and for a short time a fellow, at Queens' in the second and third decades of the Seventeenth Century, just at the time when the building in the Walnut Tree Court was put up. True, he did not stay long in Cambridge, but went off to his native Kent to take charge of a succession of parishes and become a prebendary of Canterbury after the Restoration. But I think his name deserves to be printed where it may catch somebody's eye; and I like his sermons, and do not believe it a mere accident that they have survived for three hundred years. Besides they were preached in interesting places—in Great St. Mary's and in Queens' Chapel, at Paul's Cross, in Canterbury Cathedral, at the Maidstone Assizes, and before his Majesty at Whitehall.

Belke was well qualified to preach before Charles I. For the first of his two court sermons he chose the text "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." It is delightful to read these words on the power of a king:

“Yet this Power (I speake de facto, and not de jure) is sometimes intermingled with infirmity.”

and these on his financial troubles :

“The Kings of the earth, many of them, have Riches in such abundance that they count their revenues by millions ; they heap up sylver as the dust, & gold as the mire of the streets : yet have they their wants, for those are not so poor that are possesst but of a little, as they that have much, & stand in need of more.”

That went home to Charles : and there is a touch of the tragedy of this unhappy Stuart in the sentence :

“Hee that weares a Crowne of Golde upon his Head, weares a Crowne of Thornes (of thorny cares and troubles) upon his Heart.”

After all, the choice of text is not as base as one might think, for it is of the heavenly kingdom he speaks, a kingdom which, he says, has far greater attractions than earthly kingdoms, and none of their drawbacks.

Of course full-dress rhetoric is tiresome. You have to read five or six pages before you get into the swing of it, and few people are likely to read five or six pages of an old sermon. Moreover, the rhetorician seems unable to get going without classification of a kind that makes the reader smile ; for instance, the text of that sermon before His Majesty is classified thus :

- “1. The Author of this benefit : It is your Father :
2. The Motive : His Good-pleasure :
3. The Manner of conveyance of it, by way of donation : to Give :
4. The Receivers : you :
5. The Gift it selfe : The Kingdome.”

And there are innumerable quotations from and references to Early Fathers, with some of whom even His Majesty can scarcely have been very familiar. But in a lengthy appeal to the emotions there must be some intellectual framework; and perhaps it is as well that it should be undisguised.

It will not do to laugh these old divines out of court. There is a spirit in the stuff of William Belke's sermons that we have lost, a freshness and dignity that makes us feel small for a moment.

“Farre therefore I say bee it from us to imagine that these sufferings befell our blessed Saviour agaynst his will; and yet as farre bee it allsoe from us to conceive that the apprehension & foresight of these sufferings did not cause him to bee truly sorrowfull. For every man by nature is ζῶον (*sic*) φιλόζῳον, life is sweete, & the pangs of death are terrible, neither is fortitude a monster, to delight in stupidity, but onely a confirmation of the mind for the enduring of those paynes that are meete to be suffered.”

It is well that some relics should be preserved from the days when words were held in honour, and the English language we use with so little enthusiasm was growing up out of a bolder fashion of speech than ours.

L. J. P.

P.S.—After Belke's death these sermons fell into the hands of some person unknown, who preached several of them again at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. To prevent this happening a third time I have bought them, and will not give them up—even to the Dean.

**Man of Mark.**

---

PHILIP GUY DORE.

**P**HILIP GUY DORE was born at Portsmouth at the beginning of the present century. We cannot throw much light on his early years. The only illumination vouchsafed to us was "Well you know . . . ." and that was soon obscured by puffs of smoke. But we gather that this remarkable man was a prodigious child. There is evidence that at the age of eight he played the organ in a Calvinistic Chapel, but it seems that from the first he felt a stranger there, for soon after we hear of him as a chubby chorister in Chichester Cathedral. Then his voice broke and was not very well mended. Unable to employ this instrument to advantage, he tried his other, with far greater success. He was made sub-organist of the Cathedral.

Then he thought of coming up to Cambridge. He was elected organ scholar in succession to Rutland and came up to Queens' in October, 1922. On his way from the station he paid his first visit to Hyde Park Corner, and was much impressed with what he took to be St. John's College Chapel. His arrival at Queens' was as unconventional as his behaviour has always been. One of the Fellows is said to have found him, like a ship in distress, on the steps of Queens', remonstrating with a taxi-driver and unable to find the gate bell. The Good Samaritan paid the "two pence" and procured him admission.

It soon became known in the college that we had an



organist of uncommon merit. He has a long list of achievements to his name. In 1921 he was made an F.R.C.O., and last term he took a "first" in the first part of the Mus. Bac. Also he has been awarded a Stewart of Rannoch Exhibition in Sacred Music. But perhaps his crowning achievement was in passing "Little-go." In spite of small encouragement he has given regular series of organ recitals in chapel, which have now become quite an institution. These have attracted many people from outside the college and have made him a conspicuous figure in Cambridge.

On July 14th of last year he was married to Miss Evelyn Hunt by the Bishop of Lewes in Chichester Cathedral. His wife shares his musical taste and ability. Last May a little Dore came into the world. His name is "Tony," and in the vacs. Dore may be seen wheeling about a perambulator with Tony inside.

To describe Dore's personal appearance is unnecessary—in fact we doubt whether it would be possible. He has been unprofitably likened to Silenus and Mr. Chesterton, and there is at least one person whom he reminds of an elephant. For in family circles he is known as "Jumbo" and certainly he does not walk lightly. He rushes in where angels fear to tread and people's corns sometimes suffer in consequence. But his genial self-assurance is altogether disarming. No one can forget the loud creak on the stairs, nor the face which a minute later appears round the corner somewhere about the level of the door handle, nor the frequent apologies for interrupting, nor the constant iteration of "I see" when the apologies are over and the penitent is securely tucked up in an armchair. Dore once seen is a sight remembered—Dore shaving in the late afternoon, or

apologising for the defects in his organ recitals, or singing in the Bernard Room. Or who will forget, who heard it, "the voice from heaven" which one Sunday evening came down from the organ loft?

We cannot end with a rhetorical question. Dore has already made his name in Cambridge, but what we value most is what he has done for music in Queens'. The St. Margaret Society has been brought to vigorous life again by his efforts and he has established a tradition of organ-playing in the college. It will be difficult to find a worthy successor.

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### Things We Want To Know.

Whether a letter addressed to *The Sister Bursar, Queens' College*, should be forwarded to Girton or Newnham?

What the Dean really does feel?

Did the Captain of Boats think the accident worth it?

Is Bl-ck sure he has yet read Samuel Butler?

If an emerald tie is calculated to set off the complexion?

How many people have got tar on their trousers?

Whether M--l- still reads Eustace Miles at lunch-time?

Is M--d-ws a member of the Pitt Club?

Whether brushing the hair is not compatible with Senior Wrangling?

Why does the English Don keep 'skis' in his room?

Is it necessary for B.F's to advertise themselves?

Where was Br-mn-r when the 'tights' went out?

Are the Adonians chosen for their personal beauty?

Is H-rsl-y satisfied with Cambridge?

How to appear single when married?

## On the Appreciation of Music.

[We refer our readers to the article on this subject in our last number.—*Ed.*]

**H**OW both Brahms and Debussy would turn in their graves if they could read the article which appeared in the last issue of *The Dial* on the appreciation of music. How indignant they would feel at finding their names coupled together, as though they had anything whatsoever in common. "Intellectual" is not a term that can be fittingly applied to such arts as music, painting or architecture. Brahms may indeed be called scholarly or academic, but this is precisely what Debussy is not. In the list of composers whom we are permitted to admire we feel grateful for the admission of Wagner, though he has rather usurped the place of such great names as Palestrina, Mozart and César Franck, all of whom were uncommonly good writers of "tunes." The "poseurs" might maintain with a good deal of truth that Mossoury could write quite as inspiring tunes as "jolly old Handel." At any rate "Boris Goudonov" is likely to outlive "Semele."

We quite agree that classical music demands a fine performance, but still, Chopin is hardly the name we should have chosen to represent the classical school. Of course no one would be foolish enough to despise Sullivan or a military march or a music hall turn, but nobody would be fool enough to want to hear them out of their appropriate setting. We sympathise deeply with the "pathetic" people who cannot appreciate classical music, but then they can always fall back on the moderns. Our learned critic entertains no doubts as to the music composed up to the time of Wagner. Yet it would be

easy to pick out uninspired and horribly dull works by Beethoven. No one thinks of comparing the first two symphonies with the 7th or 9th, or the "Moonlight" sonata with Op. 110. It seems a little hard to say that modern composers cannot compose tunes just because they do not follow the methods of Schubert or Grieg. This is rather like saying that neither Shaw nor Barrie can write plays because they do not follow in the footsteps of Racine.

No, truly great composers reflect the noblest and highest ideals of their age, and like great poets and prophets are not always understood by their contemporaries. The best way to appreciate music is to put aside all conventions and prejudices, and to take a healthy interest in what is being written by composers of our own time, and not to allow yourself to be unduly influenced by people holding the artistic ideas of the '70's. Go to good concerts and listen to the advice and opinions of those who have been especially educated in the art. Above all do not be sure that enjoyment and appreciation will come from an exclusive study of the classics, any more than you can be sure of the sun shining over this town.

I. B.

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### Quis Sapiens?

*"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,  
"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."*

**“YES**, it's ten o'clock," I said. "Isn't it about time you got up? You were coming to breakfast with me.

"Wha-at?"

"You were coming to breakfast with me. Didn't your alarm clock wake you?"

"Yes, it's ten o'clock," he answered dreamily.

"Well, hadn't you better get up?"

"Wha-at?"

"Had you not better get up?"

"Why?"

"Because it's ten o'clock and I want my breakfast."

"Oh.".....

"By the way, have you any 'Force'? Mine has run out."

"Wha-at?"

"Mine has run out."

"What's run out?"

"My 'Force'."

"Oh, take mine then."

"Yes, but aren't you getting up?"

"Why?"

"Because it's ten o'clock and the kettle has been boiling half-an-hour."

"What kettle?"

"Mine."

"Oh, take mine then."

"Take what?"

"Wha-at?"

"You told me to take something. All I said was, my kettle has been boiling half-an-hour."

"Oh.".....

I was in despair.

"For heaven's sake get up or I'll have breakfast without you."

"Why?"

"Because it's ten o'clock. You've cut one lekker already and you've got another at eleven you know."

It was my last attempt and it was unsuccessful. He deliberately turned over and closed his eyes.

"'Tis but an hour ago and it was nine," he murmured, "and after one hour more....."

"'T will be eleven," I shouted—and I seized the 'Force' and slammed the door behind me..... O that I were a fool, I thought.

### St. Bernard Society.

THE debates this Term have been consistently good ; we have sat in judgment on the rights of parents to have children ; the freshmen have thrown fresh light on that hardy annual, the place of Classics in Education ; the standard of the Ordinary Degree has been proved to be too low ; and lastly, we have learnt that Internationalism is the fashionable virtue, and that *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* has lost its former significance. In the concert line several old songs have been exhumed, but we have also been treated to some new ones. At the last concert of the term we were fortunate in obtaining the services of a jazz-band, which was much appreciated by a large and enthusiastic House ; it is to be hoped that this will establish a precedent. We could wish that the debates were as well attended as the concerts, for however good the speakers may be, 'it is not inspiring to hear one's voice echoing round an empty room ; the faithful few who do turn up, however, have shown great interest, and most of them have spoken. We append a few conscious and unconscious witticisms, which have been levelled at us during debate this term :—

“ If parents have one or more child or children . . . .”

“ Parents are necessary, perhaps, up to the age of thirteen or fourteen.”

“ A man does not plough in order to live, he lives in order to plough.”

“ We have our Senior Wranglers to do our Senior wrangling for us.”

“When you get combatativeness, that is where the cancer steps in.” [Sideways, we presume.]

“One of the curses of this age is our broadmindedness; we are so broad, that we have no depth at all.”  
Mr. D. P. Low at the Visitors' Debate.

“England and France will benefit the world by inventing—conveniences.”

R. L. P.

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### St. Margaret Society.

TWO chamber concerts have been held this term and there is to be a third on the last Sunday evening. The high standard of last year's concerts has been fully maintained and with the advantage of the Bernard Room they have attracted much bigger audiences.

At the first concert of the term Mr. D. W. Clarke of Christ's played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C sharp, and after this he and Mr. Dore played Saint Saëns' Scherzo for two pianofortes. We were glad to welcome home talent among the Freshmen; Mr. W. Sumner played a Mozart Violin Sonata (G major). We are sorry there are not other instrumentalists in the College. The second concert was one of the best Chamber Concerts we have ever had. Mozart's String Quartet in D minor was well performed and well received. A. C. Thesiger sang “Love went a-riding” and Quilter's setting of “It was a lover and his lass,” and was encored more than once, while J. Dykes Bower of Corpus gave a delightful performance of Bach's English Suite in E minor.

At the last concert Mr. C. Leighton and Mr. Dore will repeat the Franck Symphonic Variations arranged for two pianofortes, which they played in the Summer term. The same quartet as at the last concert will play Bach's Violin Concerto in E major with Mr. F. A. Richards (St. John's) as solo violin. Mr. A. N. G. Richards of Magdalene has also promised to sing.

Mention may here be made of the organ recitals on Sunday evenings. Mr. Dore has now covered the greater portion of Bach's chief organ works; he has also played a number of modern compositions by Karg-Elert, Maleingrau and Vierne. The attendances this term have been greater than ever before and included a large number of people from outside the College. At his recitals next term he hopes to repeat some of the chief works of Bach and to continue his study of the Moderns.

L. V. CHILTON,  
*Hon. Sec.*

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## Reports of Other College Societies.

*The Erasmus Society* has held two play-readings and three other meetings at which papers have been read. Mr. L. J. Potts opened the term with an interesting paper on "Samuel Butler," and Mr. Tillyard, of Jesus, has spoken on Tennyson. Mr. Dore read a most attractive paper on "Mediaeval Church Music," in which he outlined its development from early times up till Palestrina and its revival in recent years. We wish that there were more meetings devoted to Art and Music and not to purely literary subjects. This term the membership has been raised from fifteen to twenty.

*The Classical Society* listened to one very interesting paper by Mr. Lawson, of Pembroke. He spoke about "Centaur's" and showed the transformations they have undergone in the minds of the peasant folk in Modern Greece. At a second meeting Aeschylus' "Persae" was read.

*The Dramatic Society* is moribund, though from time to time we hear that past members are contemplating a reform of its constitution.

*The Science Club* has had papers from Yeomans, Piper and Dr. Byl. Dr. Alex. Wood also gave a lantern lecture in Mr. Sleeman's rooms on "The Nature of Vowel Sounds." The Secretary appeals for a larger attendance of members at the Club's meetings.

*The History Society* has had only one paper this term. Mr. Laffan talked on "The Inquisition." The paper was followed by a lively discussion. A parallel in mode of procedure was made between the Inquisition and the recent Campbell case, and many questions were asked about the Inquisition in Spain. Next term three meetings are going to be held, one of which will be a joint meeting with the Peterhouse Historical Society. It has been proposed to hold an annual dinner.

*The Q. C. C. U.* The President gave his yearly address on the College and what it means to us. We have to thank him and Mrs. Fitzpatrick for their kind hospitality. At the second meeting the Rev. H. J. Bissek, headmaster of the Leys' School, gave an address on "Prayer." The last meeting was held in the Erasmus room through the kindness of Mr. Moule, and we listened to a very interesting paper on "The Benedictine Order" from the Rev. Dom. Bede Camm, O. S. B.

## Old Queens' Men.

### ORDINATIONS.

*E. W. S. Broadbent.* September, 1924. St. Clement's, Barkerend Road, Bradford.

*J. G. Lloyd.* October 5th, 1924. Christ Church, New North Road, N.I.

*V. P. Howells.* Advent, 1924. St. Gabriels, Swansea.

*G. N. Brummitt.* Advent, 1924. St. Peter's, Sheringham.

*H. S. P. Warren.* September 6th, 1924. Diocese of Zanzibar.

*Captain C. E. C. Stileman* (1915). At home on leave—recently returned from China. Going off to N.W. Frontier.

*W. H. Sparling* (1915) has opened a preparatory day school, Singleton Hill, Kersal, Manchester.

*The Rev. W. C. Couch* (1915) has been appointed Vicar of Ansley, near Nuneaton.

*The Rev. W. H. Green* (1915) has been appointed incumbent of Holy Trinity, Cannes.

*The Rev. John Kingdon* is about to go to India again under the S.P.G.

We regret to hear of the breakdown in health of the *Rev. R. F. Pemberton*.

*The Rev. P. J. Heaton* is now Chaplain at Ridley Hall.

*The Rev. F. W. Dwelly*, Vicar of Emmanuel, Southport, has been appointed Canon Residentiary of Liverpool Cathedral, together with the office of Ceremonarius.

*H. S. P. Warren* was ordained on 6th September at St. Peter's Church, Mkuzi, Diocese of Zanzibar and celebrated the Holy Eucharist for the first time at the Church of St. Athanasius, Hegongo, September 8th, 1924. He is Vice-Principal of the Clergy Training School at Kiungani.

*The Rev. J. E. L. Warren* sailed in November for Ruanda, Uganda, under the C.M.S.

*The Rev. R. N. Sharp* and *F. T. B. Snow* are now working for the C.M.S. at Ispahan, Persia.

*W. H. Hudspeth*, Methodist Mission, Chao-tong-fu, Yunnan, W. China.

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We have collected the following information about Queens' men who went down last June. We cannot vouch for strict accuracy in every instance.

*H. C. Alexander* has gone to teach in St. George's School, Jerusalem, on the Short Service Scheme.

*L. R. Bee* is teaching at Mill Hill.

*A. L. C. Smith*, Queen's College, Taunton.

*M. M. Simmons* is teaching at a school in Cumberland.

*C. E. Quainton* is lecturer in history at the State University of Washington, U.S.A.

*C. K. Rutter* is going to teach in a Borstal Institute.

*H. T. Robins*, Cuddesdon Theological College.

*H. C. Belk*—in his father's office qualifying for solicitor—Normanby, Eston, Yorks.

*G. W. Clarke* is also in his father's office—Hinckley, Leics.

*J. W. Cowland* has gone out to Trinidad, Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture. Awarded a senior studentship by the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation.

*L. R. Taylor* is a master at Sedbergh.

*E. W. Gibson* is in his father's business at Newcastle.

*H. J. Gill* has gone out temporarily to Canada, farming.

*N. McCallum* is engineering at Manchester ; *H. S. Smyth* is also engineering—at Rugby.

*J. J. Salter* is in a boot factory at Wolverhampton.

*C. W. Pilkington-Rogers* is now a master at Westminster School.

*B. Basu* has gone back to India.

*A. R. D. Thompson*. Estate management, Guisborough, York shire.

*C. H. Thompson* has sailed to Burma for Indian Forestry.

*P. C. Blackden.* Conflicting reports reach us. Either teaching at a co-education school, or touring the South of London with a theatre company, or even writing plays.

*A. E. Rogers* is teaching at Worksop.

*M. M. Thein* has returned to Burma to take up teaching.

*D. J. Wilson* is teaching at a preparatory school, Clevedon House, Ben Rhydding, Yorkshire.

*C. S. Deakin* has joined *Binnie* and *Sale* in research work on Bridge Stresses.

*H. E. Blake* and *E. C. W. Maxwell* are at St. Thomas's Hospital; *A. F. Alsop* is at Bart's.

*A. H. Brown* is engineering at Newcastle.

### The College Library.

THE following volumes have been presented to the College Library this Term:—

ATHENS, ITS HISTORY & COINAGE BEFORE THE PERSIAN INVASION. By C. T. Seltman. Presented by the Author.

A HISTORY OF THE TORY PARTY, 1640—1714. By K. Feiling. Presented by J. H. Spencer, Esq.

A HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE, 1792—1898. By C. A. Fyffe. Presented by B. St. John Howells, Esq.

### Dr. Arthur Wright's Bequest.

AMONG the late Dr. Arthur Wright's many claims to the affectionate gratitude of Queens' men not the least is his bequest to the College of the extensive and well selected library he loved so well. Among the books are many standard works on theology, classics and general literature which will form a very valuable accession to our College Library.

## Review.

“ATHENS, ITS HISTORY & COINAGE BEFORE THE PERSIAN INVASION.” C. T. Seltman.

QUEENS' men have good reason to be proud that a member of the College has produced such an important work as Mr. C. T. Seltman's *Athens*. It appeals not only to students of numismatics and classical archaeology but to all who are interested in ancient history and culture. The clear and attractive style in which it is written, the admirable printing, illustrations and plates render the study of the book a real pleasure. One cannot read it without realising the supreme importance of inductive methods in numismatics and the very great value of a thoroughly reliable history of Athenian coinage as a commentary on the life, history, politics and religion of Athens.

Mr. Seltman's book has been very favourably received by competent critics. Space forbids the quotation of more than a brief portion of the scholarly appreciation written by Mr. S. W. Grose for the *Cambridge Review* of Oct. 21st, 1924.

“Mr. Seltman's book covers a wide range and is not of special interest to the numismatist alone. We will direct the attention of the historian to Mr. Seltman's chapters on Athenian relations with Etruria, Olbia, Euboea and elsewhere, and to the picture which he draws of the fortunes of the house of Miltiades in the Chersonese.....Mr. Seltman and the Press are to be congratulated on this notable production. The book perhaps affords the most striking proof yet produced of the fact that the only way to study the coinage of a particular place with any prospect of obtaining results of value is to collect casts of coins from all the dies which can be discovered and arrange the die-sequences. ‘Learn your author by heart—every word, and then set to work to read.’ Walter Headlam's advice is being applied by the modern school of numismatists to their particular branch of archaeology.”

F. G. P.

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

**F**OR the first time for some years we were able to put on a Coxwainless Four. Some good rowing was done and the four showed signs of being fast; unfortunately Stroke was taken ill with influenza two days before the races and we had to scratch. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Lucas of Christ's College for his able coaching of the four throughout its practice.

The four was as follows:—

*Bow* E. D. M. Hopkins  
 2 B. M. Dale  
 3 H. E. Castens  
*Stroke* L. F. E. Wilkinson.

Wilkinson is to be congratulated on stroking one of the Varsity Junior Trial Eights at Ely.

This year we were able to raise four Trial Eights and two spare men; however, illness thinned our numbers and we were only able to race four crews through Hopkins and Norris kindly coming in at the last moment.

The races were rowed on November 26th and 27th in the usual Cambridge weather. The times taken by the crews were very slow owing to the very bad conditions.

In the first heat 'A' Crew stroked by Scott beat 'D' Crew stroked by Davis. D Crew lacked life. In the second heat 'B' Crew stroked by Ashby easily beat 'C' Crew stroked by Meadows; 'C' Crew were badly handicapped by catching a crab at Grassy Corner.

The final was rowed in a gale; 'A' crew beat 'B' crew after a good race. 'A' crew made the better start and took the lead at the Ditch; at the half course 'A' crew lead by about two lengths, on rounding Ditton both crews were severely tried by the strong head wind; 'B' crew settled down well and knocked a length off 'A's' lead. However, 'A' crew, rowing the longer stroke, slightly increased their lead by the Railings and won comfortably. 'B' crew had the misfortune to foul the dredger at the Railings; otherwise 'A' crew would have won only by about half a length. 'A' crew raced far better than on the previous day. 'B' crew was well coxed by Snow.

The standard of rowing was not quite so high as last year; nevertheless with careful coaching and much hard work we should have quite good Lent Boats.

The Phillips Sculls were rowed over the Colquhoun course on November 28th, 29th and December 1st.

In the first heat Hopkins beat Ashby easily; in the second heat Castens beat Pocock. At Ditton Pocock had gained a good lead but Castens made a fine spurt all down the Long Reach and won by 7 seconds. In the final Castens beat Hopkins by 6 secs. after a very good race.

There was some good racing in the heats for the Junior Sculls. In the final Staveacre beat Mallows fairly comfortably. O'Meara also sculled well.

B. MONTAGUE DALE,  
*Captain, Q.C.B.C.*

**Rugger Notes.**

**T**HE season has been in many ways a successful one, most of our matches having been won. Much of the improvement can be traced to the greater keenness which has been shown, and, in addition, to the adequate filling of those positions which were expected to prove our weak points. Parsons, a fresher, as full back, and Shackleton and Claxton as halves, have filled the vacancies extremely well. The forwards have shown a welcome improvement coincident with a decided increase in dash. This was especially evident in our home game with Peterhouse. The weakness of the side has been its lack of incisiveness. On the occasions when this has been overcome, the side has shown very good form. As nearly all the XV. will be up, next season is looked forward to with optimism.

The club has suffered rather heavily through injuries, several of which unfortunately have proved serious. We hope that every case will see a speedy recovery.

Full colours have so far been awarded to H. Sydney Jones, Kenney and Shackleton, and half colours to Hoyle, Pell, Crooke, Darwell and Claxton.

A feature of the season worthy of comment has been the interest shown in Rugger by Soccer men. In return we wish them success in their League aspirations.

D. McLELLAN,

*Hon. Sec.*

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

**T**HE Soccer Club has had a fairly successful term, having lost only one match. It is true that we have drawn two matches, but of these, against Em-

manuel we were without Piper, who was crocked, and against Trinity we met with one of those bad days which attend even the best of teams. It is impossible to mention everyone by name (and moreover it is as a team rather than as individuals that we 'get there'), but Bretherton invariably does an incredible amount of work, Bendall's 'shock-tactics' are a great asset to the side, and Piper is a tower of strength at left-back. We must not forget Taylor, of whom we have unfortunately seen very little this term owing to his 'Varsity activities, but we wish him the best of luck in the 'Varsity match, and hope that he will rise to even greater heights.

Unfortunately two matches had to be postponed, so that we have three to play next term.

Many of the 2nd XI. fixtures had to be scratched, and though they have not succeeded in winning all their matches, they have played some very good games.

H. S. POTTER,  
*Hon. Sec.*

### Q. C. H. C.

**A**S is always the case this term, owing to football we have been unable always to turn out a representative side. It must not be considered, therefore, as our failures suggest, that we shall have a weak side in the League next term.

It is a pity that we have found no player of outstanding ability among the Freshmen. But we should like all who can play hockey to remember that the 2nd XI. has a reputation to uphold. Next term we hope to be able to turn out a full side regularly and to maintain our position in the League.

A. H. T. F. FULLERTON,  
*Hon. Sec.*

**Correspondence.***To the Editor of 'The Dial.'*

**D**EAR SIR.—We have discovered a new Society in Queens'. A card has been picked up containing the following rules and list of officers for the ensuing year. We send it to you in the hope that it may be of interest to your readers.

**THE ERASMIC SOCIETY.****RULES OF THE SOCIETY.**

1. That this Society be called the Erasmic Society.
2. That the Officers consist of a President and Secretary to be elected annually.
3. That the Society shall exist for promoting and freely discussing Lavature, Erasmics and the Fine Art of Shaving.
4. That the Society hold at least five meetings a term but not more than one in the same week.
5. That every meeting begin with discussion and lead on to shaving.
6. That each member provide himself with a razor, a sponge and an Erasmic Shaving stick.
7. That any member who shaves more than twice in one week without giving notice in writing to the Secretary shall be considered to have resigned his membership.

**LIST OF OFFICERS 1924-5.**

*President* ... The Dean.  
*Secretary* ... P. G. Dore.

We have no fear in bringing this Society to your notice and we feel that it deserves the benevolent sympathy of the College.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient servants,

TWO SYMPATHISERS.

*To the Editor of 'The Dial.'*

DEAR SIR.—Once before in *The Dial* there have been complaints about the Bernard Room, I believe. Would it not be possible to make the room more attractive? At present it has no easy chairs, no writing table and no notepaper supplied. Surely these things might be obtained which can be found in any other Junior Common Room in Cambridge. Freshmen and those who live out of college might find it a very convenient place to spend the odd half-hour before hall or after a supervision. But at present there is nothing except the papers to make it worth while. What is most needed is a fire during the two winter terms. I believe that there are hot water pipes whose heat I have never felt, but there is all the world of difference between a fire and a radiator, especially in a common room. If there is a large fire every morning in the lecture room over the river, which is used for about one hour a day, surely there might be a fire in the Bernard Room. Personally I would rather shiver in the lecture room for an hour and enjoy a little warmth when reading the papers, if the worst came to the worst. But the lecturer might think otherwise, I suppose.

In the hope that someday something may possibly be done about this,

I remain, yours faithfully,

NIL DESPERANDUM.

[We entirely agree with you, especially over your request for a fire.—ED.]

*To the Editor of 'The Dial.'*

DEAR SIR.—We understand that there is some sort of rule forbidding the housing of motor cycles in the cycle shed. We wish this rule could be enforced, as frequently it is impossible either to reach one's own machine or take it out, owing to the fact that the centre of the shed is blocked up with a number of motor cycles. Much inconvenience and loss of time is occasioned by this disorder.

I am, yours faithfully,

I. B.

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## Committee.

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

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

A. S. OSWALD, *Editor.*

E. A. BLACK.

R. L. PARKIN.

R. LL. REES.

G. F. DIAMOND.

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