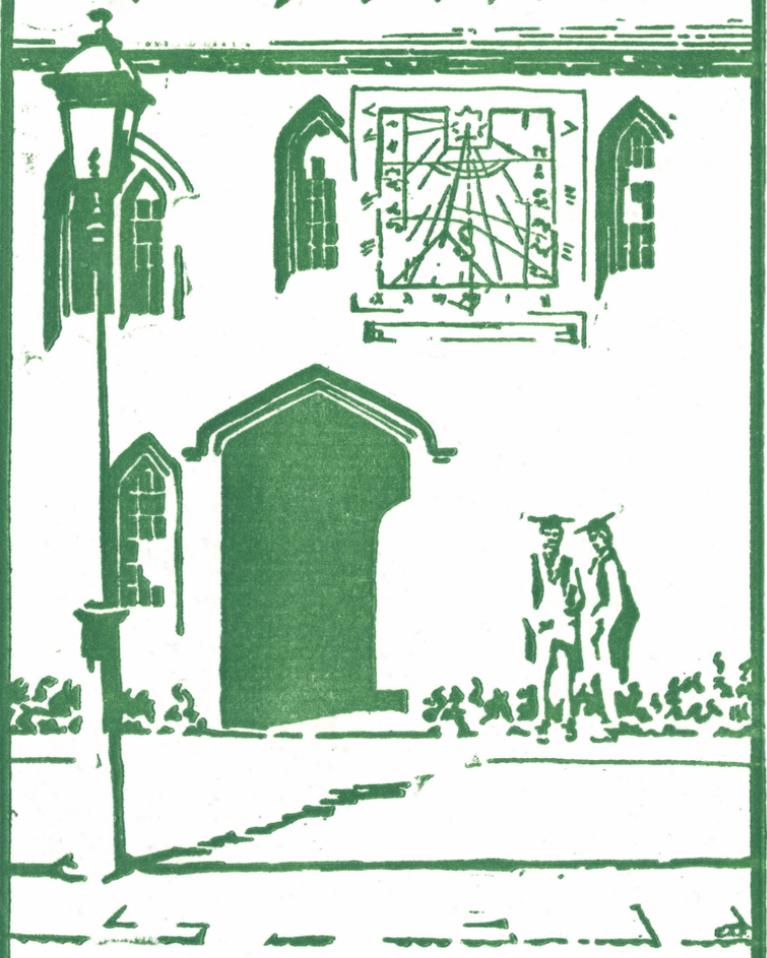


See Correspondence re - Window Cleaning

THE DIAL.



Queens' College.

Lent Term,

1925.

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The Dial.

No. 50.

LENT TERM, 1925.

Editorial.

REFLECTIONS of any sort in the mind of a harassed Editor are conspicuous by their absence at the end of a term. But if he should pause to take a moment's thought it is to wonder how on earth other people in similar situations manage to get things done so effectively. There seems to be a type of person who is always on the spot, a kind of efficiency machine, like a motor omnibus which never goes wrong—the sort of person who is talkative at the breakfast-table, who always answers letters by return, who signs the *reedit* book the moment he has set foot again in Queens'. We marvel at such people, even if we do not envy them. Are they not indeed miracles of efficiency?

And how is this state of efficiency achieved? We who are constitutionally lazy and ineffective, always shelving things till the last possible moment, what are we to do? Perhaps we are born lazy and ineffective and there is no further hope for us. In that case we must continue to wallow in the mire all our life long. For it seems that there is no altering of temperament. As others were born with an excess of bile, so we were born phlegmatic, either through the obscure workings of Providence or through those obscurer workings of Heredity. If we had our whole pedigree complete from Adam downwards, we might perhaps account for our peculiarities and differing temperaments. As it is, we can only say, "O, he's Southern and I'm Teutonic," and we are little further forward than before. Yet it seems to be true that the further North you go, the duller and more lethargic people become. Finally you end in Scotland, and God help you! but then, Icelanders and Eskimos are probably worse.

Perhaps we should really impute the blame to the sun—or to the absence of it. Latins and Southerners are vivacious because from daybreak till sunset they are laved in warmth and sunlight. We sit and shiver in horrid gloom and cold. Then can anyone blame us for loving our beds or being in a bad temper at breakfast? Even "Force" and grape-fruit find it difficult to make

us more agreeable. But what of the vivacious among us? They have seen as little of the sun as we have, yet they get up early and are always cheerful. Yes, but they have ancestors who saw it once, who lived with it, bathed in it, and the recollection of it still pulses and races through their veins. It is easy to understand the annual rush to the Riviera. No wonder Sacheverell Sitwell goes packing off to Spain and Italy and clothes his book in bright orange, just to remind him when he comes back that there is sunlight somewhere; and no wonder we never had any Baroque Art here in England, when lack of sunshine has made us much too lethargic ever to be exuberant.

But we are unnecessarily pessimistic. We are not all indolent by nature, and this term we have had more than our usual share of sunlight. The crocuses have flourished beneath it. Moreover, we have once more had a rag, and on that day the sun was brilliant. And we have shown great enthusiasm over Gilbert and Sullivan, and, in a minor way, over cross-words and high-necked jumpers. But this is a digression.

The fact remains that there are diversities of temperament, whatever the reason, and we still find ourselves admiring the efficient and the exuberant. But we will only extend to them a qualified admiration. They get things done and they may have the credit for it, but only

after much unpleasantness and ruffling of tempers. How they love to pester us with their constant naggings and their type-written reminders, and if they had their way would never leave us a moment in peace. Perhaps it is an inborn spirit of domination and no racial tendency at all. For the truly vivacious person is quite different, and is vivacious only by fits and starts, whereas the efficient man with true consistency is never erratic. So they continue to bother us and we continue to put up with them. But we have at any rate this to say for ourselves, that we who are indolent are inoffensive.

College News.

WE offer our heartiest congratulations to the Soccer team and their Captain, E. H. S. Bretherton, on winning the League Cup for the second year in succession. It is a feat of which we may well be proud. Already the Cup resides in the Combination Room, and appears from time to time on the Fellows' table in Hall. There was a considerable chance till late in the term that the Hockey eleven would emulate the Soccer team's example, but once more we have been unfortunate and Caius came out top of the League. However, we wish E. S. Hoare better luck next year, and take this opportunity of congratulating him on being elected Captain of the 'Varsity Hockey Team.

The Library has had an acquisition this term through the good services of A. I. Forde. Between thirty and forty volumes of the Journal of Hellenic Studies have been presented to the College by Mr. F. R. Pryor of 11, Eaton Gardens, Hove, Sussex. We should like to thank him for this generous gift.

Perhaps some explanation of our *Frontispiece* is necessary. It is a photograph of a bridge at Iffley, the design of which was taken from the Queens' bridge on the Backs. Some account of the bridge will be found on another page. It has been remarked to us that portraits of Erasmus and reproductions of the Queens' Bridge appear in *The Dial* with wearisome alternation. This term it is the bridge again, but we hope our readers will appreciate the slight variation from the usual subject.

Our thanks to all who have contributed to this number, and regrets that we have not been able to publish all that was sent in. Next term will contributors endeavour to send in their contributions rather earlier in the term? Otherwise it is impossible to publish the magazine till well into the vac.

Valentines from Shakespeare—Belated.

"GOOD-MORROW, FRIENDS. SAINT VALENTINE IS PAST."

THE PR-S-D-NT.

Come hang them on this line.

The Tempest. Act iv. Sc. 1.

R.G.D.L.

F. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am
about.

P. Two yards and more.

The Merry Wives. Act i. Sc. 3.

BR-TH-RT-N.

For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 3.

L-R-M-R.

There with fantastic garland(s) did (s)he come.

Hamlet. Act iv. Sc. 7.

S-YM--R.

Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my
beauty?

Much Ado about Nothing. Act v. Sc. 2.

W-GST-FF-.

A very gentle beast and of a good conscience.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act v. Sc. 1.

P-DM-R.

O that this too too solid flesh would melt !

Hamlet. Act I. Sc. 2.

THE CH-R-BS.

Companions

That do converse and waste the time together.

Merchant of Venice. Act III. Sc. 4.

BL-CK.

Trip Audrey, trip Audrey.

As You Like It. Act v. Sc. 1.

W-LK-R.

In faith, fair Montague, I am too fond.

Romeo and Juliet. Act II. Sc. 2.

THE AD-N--NS.

These violent delights have violent ends.

Romeo and Juliet. Act II. Sc. 6.

L.J.P.

T. Truly I would the gods had made thee poetical.

A. I do not know what 'poetical' is.

As You Like It. Act III. Sc. 3.

D-GG-TT.

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?*Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

D-S-N.

O. Well then take good heart and counterfeit to
be a man.

R. So I do, but i' faith I should have been a
woman by right.

As You Like It. Act iv. Sc. 3.

BL-CKW--D.

His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing
impaired but all disordered.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act v. Sc. 1.

WEARERS OF THE HIGH-NECKED JUMPER.

New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Henry VIII. Act i. Sc. 3.

On Words.

IT will always, I suppose, be a mystery, that words, which should be the images of our thoughts and the expression of our feelings, are, for the most part, passed by so slightly, with so little care as to their selection, and a complete disregard of the finer nuances of their meaning. Any old phrase, compounded of mongrel words, inherited from the backwash of time, and sacrosanct through musty and lawless usage, is prostituted and made the vehicle of the most holy intimacies of the soul. We jabber and scribble in a jargon, compared with which Billingsgate is Promethean,

and Cockney a treasure drawn from the pale saffron of the moon. Our words, which should be the symbols of that which is in us, are either arbitrarily slung together into turgid and emotionless sentences, or they are as sackcloth to cloak the vapidness of our spiritual existence. Why then are some words so alive with meaning, and others mere husks, out of which the vitalising spirit has passed? Why is "begin" a fine, clean word, and "commence" an ugly abortion? In short, what are words and what is their function? They are, primarily, the medium of the art of literature; what paint is to the painter, and notes are to the musician, words are to the writer or speaker; but there is this difference, that, whereas the use of notes is confined to the musician, the use of words is not confined to the poet; for that execrable edifice, the *Daily Mail*, is built of words no less than the "cloud-capp'd tow'rs" of *Hamlet*, the *Way of an Eagle* is born of the same parents as *Paradise Lost*. I am not suggesting that we can all, like Shakespeare and Milton, make language our bondslaves, for very few of us are poets, and, perhaps, very few of us want to be, but we can see to it that our speech does not bewray us, and we may even hope to be delivered of one remark weekly, which will not cause the Muse to blush. It has been said that "beautiful words are the very and peculiar light of the mind"; it is not that our minds are full of darkness, nor that we are incapable of strong and lucid thought, but that we have no power to give it a "local habitation and a name".

Seeing, then, that words do such yeoman service, that, at a modest computation, we speak thousands every day, in addition to what we read, it follows that they become familiar, some more than others, and that when we read

or speak them, a myriad ghosts of former experiences, subtly and unconsciously connected with them, are roused from their sequestered resting-place, and roam about our imaginations. Nor is this all, for, as men's experiences differ, so will the ghosts of their speech be changed, perhaps in their entire shape, perhaps only in the tinge of their garments. It can never be known, for instance, what ghosts are roused in the imaginations of any ten people, chosen at random, when they meet the word "love"; it is very certain that they are all different, and that their difference depends on the whole course of their past history, education, reading, the particular circumstances in which they are placed, and their final attitude towards life. Now as the meaning of a word for the individual is compact of half-felt and dimly-realised emotions, so is the meaning of a word in the language (for language is only a summation of all these individual ghosts); but, whereas the history of a word in the individual mind is not and, as we have seen, cannot, in the nature of things, be recorded, the dictionary does record their history in the life of the language, and we shall find, if we refer to the dictionary, that words are made of very perishable stuff; as they are constantly changing in the finer shades of their meaning for each person, so they are changing radically in their meaning for the whole nation; what they meant yesterday, they do not mean to-day, and will not mean to-morrow. There was a time when "nice" and "silly" were potent terms for "foolish" and "simple"; to-day their meaning is vague and formless; to-morrow they will signify nothing.

I have tried to show, as shortly and concisely as possible, that the subject is permanently interesting, and that as we probe more deeply into the secret

magic of words and grow, through familiarity and a fuller insight, more proficient in the choice of them, we shall become truer to ourselves in thought and in the expression of thought; for, as the symbols of them are purer, so will the thoughts themselves become clearer and *vice versa*; we may even attain to something of that inner harmony, where together with the thought is born its inevitable expression, and the two become one living organism.

What is this secret power of language, and is it possible to come to any conclusion by dissection and examination? It will be convenient for my purpose here to divide words into two classes; in the first category I place those which, owing to a certain arrangement of vowels and consonants, are beautiful as words, in the kissing of palate and tongue or lip and lip; and in the second category, those which without, perhaps, any indwelling spirit, are suggestive of beautiful things and rouse the mind to a state of high imaginative activity; the former will have objective, the latter subjective emotional value. I should say that "pavement" has intrinsic beauty, and that "sorrow" is beautiful by virtue of what it suggests to the mind; this is a very arbitrary distinction and must not be pressed too far, but its value will be more easily appreciated, if we consider phrases rather than single words—"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality,"—the power of this phrase lies in its exquisite music, in the answering echoes of the syllables and the fine balance of its proportions; if you say that it has suggestions and associations, what about this—"but the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy"? the beauty here surely lies embedded in the phrase itself, we re-

cognise the words but they are not suggestive, when arranged in this order; or again look at this passage in fifteenth-century prose, "the dragon flew away all on a height, and came down with such a swough, and smote the boar to powder, both flesh and bones, that it fluttered all abroad on the sea." How young and vigorous! How pregnant with the naïveté and freshness of the early world! It is a pity that so many fine, old words have been allowed to drift out of our vocabulary, but there are new words, now going through the crucible, which are equally expressive and should prove themselves worthy successors; and here is my last example, and this is entirely devoid of suggestion—

" 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gire and gimble in the wabe."

We know nothing of "slithy toves," we cannot "gire"; yet we are glad to believe that, were there such animals, they would be quite within their rights in behaving as they did under the circumstances.

In the second category, it is unnecessary to give many examples, for most of the famous and oft-quoted lines in literature are full of beautiful suggestions and pulsate with the sensuous warmth of a live being; such lines as these seem to unlock the flood-gates of the imagination and let forth all the experiences hoarded there.

"The same (voice) that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

There is about this passage an aethereal fairness, a departed glory, and a feeling of regret that this "voice" with its power to charm and reveal can never be heard again in this world, and pervading it like a perfume,

there is, as in all passages of surpassing beauty, an echo of the "still sad music of humanity".

Finally, there is a quaint survival lurking at the back of some peoples' minds, that the strong word and the potent phrase are vulgar; what they mean by "vulgar", they would probably be at a loss to explain, but it would seem that it is another case of the fear of the weak for the strong; the gentleman who says "I disagree" will be shocked at the man who protests. If we persist in this maudlin attitude, we must boldly and defiantly bid Shakespeare take "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire"; and if we refuse this challenge, there is still one alternative left us—"silence, the answer of the wise".

R. L. P.

Fragments from a *Rugbaíyat*.

IRAM'S gone off the field with broken nose,
 And Jamshyd's scored a try--how, no one knows!
 But still the halves the oblong leather wield,
 And still the referee his whistle blows.

The scrum-half's lips are lock't; but near the line,
 Amid the hurly-burly, "Mine, mine, mine,
 "Mine, damn you!" shouts the wing with dreadful oaths
 That should his muddied cheek incarnadine.

“Come, take the ball and with one last great spring
Yourself between the waiting goal posts fling.”—

The swift ‘inside’ has but a little way
To go—and look! the fool’s passed to the ‘wing.’

The Ball no question makes of eyes and nose,
But ‘right’ or ‘left’ as shouts the scrum-half goes :

And he who tries to handle in the scrum,
He knows about it all, he knows, he knows!

Lo! some we loved, the strongest and the best
That Fate with speed and matchless limbs had blest,

Have played this game an hour or two before—
And one by one they’ve all been laid to rest.

And we that now are dressing in the room
They left, and keep as yet our manhood’s bloom—

Beware, lest we beneath the couch of Earth
Ourselves may have to make a couch—for whom?

A. I. F.

The Love Poetry of John Donne.

ALL men of ideals transcend experience of the sordid rather than avoid it. Some are even attracted by the purely vulgar at one stage in their development. John Donne, particularly, shows in his poetry a progress which takes him from a phase of mere lust and vulgarity to a high degree of spiritual eloquence, supplanting sentiments monstrous and disgusting by others beautiful and ideal.

Not that the 'harsh realism' or the 'artificial wit' reputed to mar the beauty of Donne's poetry actually does so. Beauty exists in *The Flea*, no less than in *The Primrose*; though the elegies may be in a primitive and sordid emotional plane, they are not for that reason unpoetic, that is, unbeautiful. One would expect these much-maligned elegies to be the most unimportant of Donne's writings, for they are the most puerile, the most immature. The lewdness of an ordinary young man is the prevailing sentiment—that which inspired Ovid to write and Marlowe to translate. Some are just foul in their vivid realism: others propound the Ovidian theme of promiscuity in love: others record incidents the writer has experienced in the worship of Aphrodite. In the sensuous depravity of these poems, reinforced, as they are, by a lively experience, by the principle of plurality in all its implications, by an ingenious wit and by an audacious realism, the earlier Donne is signalised.

His vulgar sensuality is the first element to be abated in the progress of his poetic style. He could never lose his lively sensations as the Epithalamiums prove—there the sensuous has even a Spenserian delicacy—but they

no longer parade as unbridled lust. *The Tale of a Citizen and his Wife* is paralleled by the compositions of many a witty youth now-a-days, (the incident itself affording a highly amusing comparison with the assignations of the present), while hosts of limericks preserve the atmosphere of the fouler elegies. This is all surpassed, however, and Donne's next phase is more truly artistic, though he still writes of love as a phenomenon existing for the amusement of man. The self-indulgence of the egoistic, voluptuary stamps his verses. His most frequent themes are the inconstancy of women and the indifference of love. He still thinks of the divine passion as an animal function which involves the male in much trouble. "Against the vagaries of woman," he says, "I could

Dispute, and conquer, if I would
Which I abstain to do
For by to-morrow I may think so too."

You may "catch a falling star" as soon as find a true woman. The undertaking of believing a woman's virtue meets either with incredulity or derision. He is entirely indifferent to the object of his affections:

"I can love her, and her, and you and you,
I can love any, so she be not true."

and recognises his own foolishness in playing the game of love:

"I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so,
In whining poetry."

The old advocate of promiscuity reappears everywhere, explicitly in the poem on *Confined Love*:

"Are birds divorced, or are they chidden,
If they leave their mate or lie abroad a night?"

And the whole attitude is summed up in this pronouncement :

“ They are ours, as fruits are ours,
He that but tastes, he that devours,
And he that leaves all doth as well,
Changed loves are but changed forts of meat,
And when he hath the kernel eat
Who doth not fling away the shell ? ”

The theme of *The Progress of the Soul* is that woman, the eternal Pandora, is the composition of ages of “treachery, rapine, deceit, and lust.”

This *contemptus mundi* is naturally consequent upon his extreme self-indulgence. But he suggests the poseur, the typical cynic. This superficial attitude develops into the worship of love and the thinly veiled contempt of woman into an idealisation. The much talked about ‘conceit’ and the ‘abstract method’ characterise the poems of this phase perhaps more significantly than others. They emphasise the transition from imperial licence to Renaissance austerity. The depraved and sensual wit of Catullus and Ovid is still his in some part, but the philosophical or metaphysical vein is more apparent and in its dialectic and abstract manner links him with the middle ages. He elaborates the theme of the emptiness of life without love but it is a new love that concerns him. “Good-morrow to our waking souls” is the greeting of lovers, and he explains that the loves that die “were not mixt equally.” “Shine here to us,” he cries to the sun, “and thou art everywhere; this bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.” The paradoxes and the principles of love pre-occupy him.

“Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it :
 Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
 It stays at home, and thou with loving savest it.”

His name written on a sheet of window-glass is the pretext for another web of ‘conceits.’ *The Flea* illustrates his elaborate similes, as does the image of the workman’s globe in a *Valediction: of Weeping*. Amidst all this sometimes fantastic imagery a true passion gives unity to his verse. It is natural for a reformed libertine to be wary in committing himself to worship where previously he had derided. Hence the suggestion of irony, the ambiguity; for Donne is experiencing a complex emotion.

He does not for long maintain such reserve about his conversion. He becomes in his poetry the ideal lover of a Dantesque character. The immortality of love is now his song :

“Thy beauty and all thy parts which are thee
 Are unchangeable firmament :
 For I had rather owner be
 Of thee one hour than all else ever.”

For a while he was perplexed and harassed :

“Some, that have deeper diggd love’s mine than I,
 Say where his centric happiness doth lie.
 I have loved and got and told,
 But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
 I should not find that hidden mystery.”

But he orientated himself by experiencing an acute and individual affection which monopolised his interest in life.

“ When thou sigh’st, thou sigh’st not wind,
 But sigh’st my soul away,
 When thou weep’st, unkindly kind,
 My life’s blood doth decay.
 It cannot be
 That thou lovest me, as thou say’st,
 If in thine my life thou waste,
 Thou art the best of me.”

He apprehends the mystic nature of love.

“ Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
 Before I knew thy face or name;
 So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
 Angels affect us oft and worshippd be;
 Still when to where thou wert I came,
 Some lovely glorious nothing I did see.
 But since my soul, whose child love is,
 Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
 More subtle than the parent is,
 Love must not be, but take a body too,
 And therefore what thou wert, and who,
 I bid love ask, and now
 That it assume thy body, I allow,
 And fire itself in thy lip, eye, and brow.”

In *The Anniversary* Donne remains the perfect lover, eulogising the new love in no measured terms:

“ All other things to their destruction draw,
 Only our love hath no decay;
 This no to-morrow hath nor yesterday,
 Running it never runs from us away,
 But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.”

but in the poem, *The Extasie*, he most fully propounds the eternal significance of love.

“This extasy doth unperplex
 (We said) and tell us what we love,
 We see by this, it was not sex
 Love’s mysteries in souls do grow,
 But yet the body is his book.”

The transition from Elegy XIX., from *Confined Love*, from *The Relique* or *The Funeral*, is complete. The ecstatic vision does at length establish him at Dante’s side and the bond of love is seen to be spiritual in its essence.

A. E. M.

The Evolution of the Aesthete.

AT the beginning of his second term the Fresher decides he will be an aesthete. “Apollo shall be my god,” he says, “or else Venus, or perhaps it ought to be Adonis, though it doesn’t really matter, for I will worship Beauty,” and he buys a tie of astonishing brightness. This is the first step.

Then his hair is seen to be growing longer, his voice to be growing languider ; moreover, a graceful weariness comes over his whole demeanour. He begins to realise the significance of life, the significance of his own person. The consciousness of youth and beauty dawns on him as a dream. It is all too wonderful, too beautiful. Everything is beautiful, so beautiful that it positively hurts ; hence his look of pain and weariness. But after all art demands sacrifice ; the lover of art, the true aesthete must be prepared to suffer and he must accept his lot with resignation.

By this time a fundamental change has taken place in his conception of dress. He is often seen entering Messrs.

Bays and Son's. He spends long and tiring hours with his tailor, but the result of his exertion is well worth the pains. No longer need he search listlessly for beauty around him, now he is a thing of beauty himself. The curve of the waist, the fall of the trowser, the poise of the head above the rolled neck of the jumper—are not these in themselves beautiful, intriguing, exquisite? The colours, too, the symphonies of colours, lavender, rust brown and burnt sienna—are not the names themselves enchanting, let alone the colours? And the expense? Yes it is expensive, but art demands sacrifice and the true aesthete is prepared for sacrifice.

Changes too have taken place in his speech and manner. A wan, faded smile sits on his lips and he rarely laughs outright: it would disturb the delicate balance of his soul. He is grown faint and fragrant as a lily with the lily's air of langour and oppression. All thoughts of games are left behind him; his bicycle lies rusting in the shed. An occasional walk to Grantchester beside the willows is his only exercise—there is something so Corotesque about those willows. And does the body really need exercise? Surely it has been exercised too much already; it is the soul that must be trained and nurtured. So he reads many beautiful poems and looks at many beautiful pictures; the Artificers' Guild attracts him, the antique shops absorb him, even though he buys nothing, often too he gazes abstractedly at the subtle gradations of tone in the shirts and ties exposed for his contemplation. Thus he learns detachment; his soul is sent winging to the heights of ecstasy.

The summer of all the seasons is his time. Like a flower he opens into full bloom beneath the warm influence of the sun. In the winter he is hampered and confined; the cold prevents him from coming out

in all his colours ; he keeps indoors among his Japanese prints and reads the last production of the Nonesuch Press, turning its leaves with dainty fingers. But in the summer what a transformation ! The butterfly emerges from the chrysalis and how beautiful of all God's creatures she is ! So bright and dainty and ethereal, too ethereal almost for existence. Yet existence is feasible in its rarer moments—on the lawns of the Backs, for instance, or even on the river with D. H. Lawrence or the Week-End Book for companionship. But then it must be warm, quite warm, and a sunshade will be necessary to preserve the complexion—in that way the sun can be trying.

By the end of the summer the evolution is well nigh completed. Except for a touch of paint here or a dab of powder there, nothing further remains for him to do ; he may glide in languid quiet along the road to the aesthetic Paradise. It is one long, smooth, gradual decline, placid and easy, lined with flowers and perfumed with sweet scents, and with beautiful resignation he has dedicated himself to the pilgrimage. There *is* something beautiful about his resignation and deep down in himself he is conscious of its beauty. How profoundly he loathes all that is vulgar, coarse and hearty. Enthusiasms were vulgar ; they have been left behind. Crowds were intolerable, so were herds ; from these he has withdrawn himself. He has chosen an ideal existence, remote and lovely, in which he lives like a figure in a Beardsley drawing, delightfully refined and insubstantial. And when he looks in upon his soul, what a beautiful object it presents to him, pure and smooth and rounded as a new born child.

More Things we want to know.

Should it be "*Laugh an' grow fat*" or "*Pad more and grow fatter*"?

Isn't *Newnhamonia* the most serious form of heart-disease?

What the President would do without the ceiling and the crocuses?

Why they only allow us three courses in Hall now?

Does it take a year and a half to discover that a bicycling suit is not the *normal* dress for a Cambridge undergraduate?

Whether midnight is a suitable hour for "gathering Nuts in May" in the Courts?

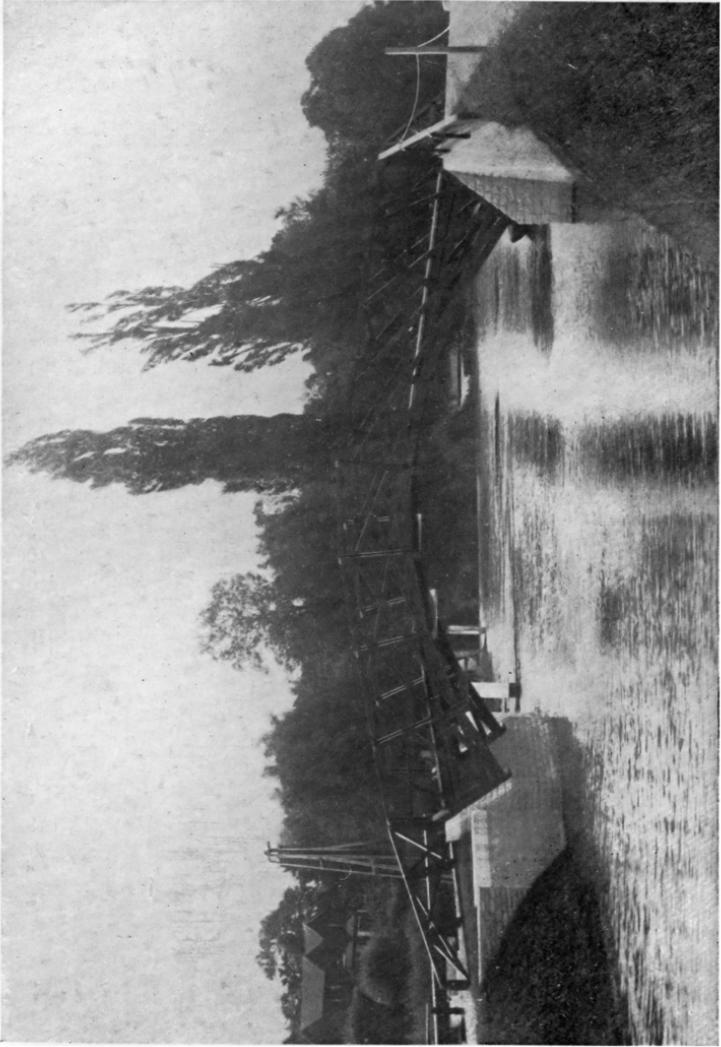
Who *discovered* the baths after two years' untroubled residence?

Has C-r-y read "*The Old Curiosity Shop*"?

What the Dean thinks of "*David of Queens'*"?

Whether S-ym--r has heard of "*A Woman Killed with Kindness*"?

And has Dys-n read "*The Picture of Vivian Gray*"?



The Newton Bridge at Iffley.

WHEN the lay-out of Iffley new Lock was under consideration, provision had to be made for the continuance of an ancient right-of-way from the Village of Iffley to the opposite side of the river. This necessitated the construction of a new bridge across the new boat rollers cut. The distance to be spanned was some thirty-six feet without the use of intermediate piers. As a footbridge was all that was needed, a stone structure would have been too costly; while, on the other hand, a steel girder type of bridge would have been somewhat unaesthetic in the particular surroundings. Also the headway in the middle of the span had to rise somewhat higher than the top of the abutments at either side. Under these circumstances a timber bridge of arched type seemed to fill the requirements most nearly, and the Queens' College or Newton Bridge at Cambridge was suggested by the Chairman of the Thames Conservancy, Lord Desborough, as a suitable model.

It is interesting to note that a bridge of almost identical design as the Queens' College Bridge is depicted in a book belonging to Lord Desborough's Panshanger Library, dated XVIIIth. Century, entitled "A Bridge in the Chinese Style."

The Cambridge structure was reputed originally to be altogether of timber construction and wooden tree-nails were stated to have been used for fastening the various members together. This may account for the method employed in halving, notching or cogging the bracing members, also for the somewhat heavy radials and the expensive method of piercing them for the accommo-

dation of the braces. As the present bridge at Cambridge is connected up with bolts and strap irons, it seemed probable that an equally satisfactory structure could be made by using somewhat lighter scantlings for the braces and radial ties, and thus avoiding much expensive carpentry work.

The bridge as constructed by the Conservators of the River Thames at Iffley, has the following principal dimensions :—

	<i>ft.</i>	<i>ins.</i>
Span	36	0
Rise above springing ...	6	0
Depth from underside to handrail at centre	4	8
Ditto ditto at springing	8	2
Clear width of footway	6	4

The bridge, which is built entirely from specially selected well-seasoned Teak, has proved comparatively easy to construct and has remained remarkably rigid.

[We are indebted to Mr. Griffiths, Chief Engineer to the Thames Conservancy Board, for this account of the Bridge.—ED.]

Man of Mark.

EDWARD HOWARD STANLEY BRETHERTON.

DECEMBER 30th, 1902, is a date of little public interest. However, to those who have known him, it is noteworthy that Edward Howard Stanley Bretherton was then launched upon his serene existence.

There is small probability that he quickly learned to talk, for this is a function for which he has little use.



He was an ordinary little boy while at his preparatory school and must have worn an inky collar with care-free philosophy.

It was not until he was 13 years old, when as one of the chosen few he entered beneath the portals of Shrewsbury School, that he realised the responsibilities of life. At the age of 15 he left both his appendix and obscurity behind him. At an early age he became a member of the house football XI. Subsequently he became a school prepositor, a member of the football XI. and also represented the school at cross-country running and upon the track. He was never fond of cricket but played for the school 3rd XI.

Those who saw him at Queens' for the first time upon October 7th, 1922 recognised in him a true Salopian. It appears that one of his first acts was to buy a slop-pail. Those who cultivate the acquaintance of true Salopians may be compared to mid-winter bathers. For although breaking the ice is a chilly business, real water rests beneath and the hard earned bathe is peculiarly invigorating.

He soon made a name for himself in football circles and, after playing in the freshmen's trial, represented the 'Varsity against the Corinthians. Upon the track his dislike for running never allowed him to give full scope to his athletic ability. He gained a half-colour in his first year. He has often drawn a comparison between Fenners and the Turf. Since his school days he has absolutely given up active interest in the latter. During the summer of his first year he played cricket for the college and gained a half-colour.

During his second year he carried out admirably the arduous duties of Secretary to the College A.F.C. and was duly elected Captain, which post he held during

his third year. On the field he is a man of incredible activity, and the success of the College in twice consecutively winning the 'Varsity A.F. League Cup is largely due to his efforts and his encouraging example.

His undergraduate career may be conveniently divided into three periods—the rimless phase, the gold-rimmed phase and lastly the horn-rimmed phase. The first phase was abruptly terminated in May, 1923, when his *pince-nez* were swept from his nose by a totally unexpected plunge in the midnight Cam. Perchance some portly old carp has found them an aid for his failing sight. His entry upon the gold-rimmed stage synchronises with the definite expansion of the romantic side of his nature.

According to the showing of the college register he studied Classics during the first two years of his academic career. As far as is known neither the Latin language nor the Antioch Chalice aroused so much as a spark of interest in his mind. However, gifted with an excellent brain, remarkable shrewdness and wonderful powers of deceiving the examiners, he took a third in the first part of the Classical Tripos in June, 1924.

Originally destined for the pursuit of arms, he acquired a Commission in the C.U.O.T.C. In the capacity of an infantry officer he exhibited sublime indifference to all military matters. He found his sword an amusing toy. This weapon presented anything but a martial appearance, having been broken in a rag and brazed together again by Messrs. King & Harper.

A man of remarkable refinement and depth of character, it is a delight to meet him and a hard won but real privilege to know him. A man disguised by no artificial veneer and one who employs no false mannerisms, a certain shyness has often perhaps been misinter-

preted. All, who know him even slightly, appreciate a personality alike arresting and fascinating. At so early a stage in life it is impossible to give more than a rough sketch of one of whom the future will have so much to tell.

In ordinary daily life he takes an almost equally great interest in dancing and sartorial art. His figure does great credit to his tailor and his double-breasted waistcoat is a genuine work of art. He possesses four toothbrushes, is fond of silk pyjamas and strums upon a ukelele in truly maddening fashion. As a dancer he is really stately, although his precipitous escapes from this pastime have often been less dignified.

It must be hoped that the best of luck will attend him in whatever vocation he elects to follow.

St. Bernard Society.

“**N**OTHING in excess”, said the Greek philosopher; but in a Society which professes to combine concerts with debates it is not always easy to keep the balance. Moreover, we have not quite recovered from the exceptional standard reached last year in the matter of songs, and we are warned that those whose knowledge of music is just sufficient for them to appreciate it are apt to be hypercritical. At least there is no lack of performers, if they would only be persuaded to practise.

But members should not think of harmony as the main object of the Society,

as some to Church repair

Not for the doctrine but the music there :

for the Apple of Discord has been thrown with unvarying

success in all four debates this term, and has produced a number of good speeches. Both the Government and the Press were censured in accordance with tradition, Scientific discovery—the subject of the Dons' debate—was approved, and the House showed itself pessimistic over the changes and chances of love. And if no new arguments were advanced for subjects not over-new, the *crambe repetita* was made very palatable with a wealth of humour.

The question of a fire was taken up and the old practice revived, for the sake of cheerfulness rather than comfort, as the room was well heated already: a fire is now lighted at 10 a.m. every day during term.

G. E. YEULETT, *Hon. Sec.*

St. Margaret Society.

THIS term has been one of the most successful in the history of the Society, for in addition to the 'Smoking' Concert there have been three other concerts given in the Bernard Room on Sunday evenings. On the other Sunday evenings Dore has continued his series of organ recitals and on the last Sunday a special recital of chamber music was given in the chapel. The programmes on every occasion have been very interesting, and outsiders have found the music in the college exceedingly attractive.

Several important works have been performed at the concerts given in the Bernard Room. Dykes-Bower of Corpus played Bach's English Suite in A minor, Dore and Robinson (Corpus) played a 'cello sonata by Veracini and a Mozart Quartet (D minor) has been performed. Two of the freshmen, Sumner and Brown, have been able to

4. Clarinet Quintet, Op. 115 *Brahms*
 Allegro. Adagio. Andantino.
 Presto non assai. Con moto.
 V. C. Robinson, F. A. Richards, B. C. Nicholson,
 W. A. H. Rushton, J. Robinson
5. Part Songs... "Simple Simon" }
 "Tom, the Piper's Son" } *Herbert*
 "Humpty Dumpty" } *Hughes*
 "Doctor Foster" (alla Handel)
- R. S. Allen, H. H. Bloomfield, L. V. Chilton, P. G. Dore,
 M. C. Garton, R. E. Green, R. L. Parkin,
 M. W. Brown (at the piano).

Dore has given three organ recitals in chapel this term, which have drawn even larger audiences than before. At the first recital the programme consisted entirely of organ works by Bach. At the second he played a series of Chorale Preludes, illustrating their development from the precursors of Bach up to Karg-Elert and Vaughan Williams. The third recital was devoted entirely to organ works of César Franck. On the last Sunday evening there was a recital of Chamber Music. The following works were played: Mozart's Quintet in C major, a Quartet of Beethoven in F minor and a Quartet in D by Borodin. The quartet was ably led by F. A. Richards of St. John's and the performances were excellent. It was the first occasion on which Quartets have been played in the chapel and the effect was very fine; the performers sat in the organ loft. The chapel was crowded, a number of people being obliged to stand. Dore is to be congratulated on the excellence of the concerts and recitals which have been given this term.

A. S. O.

Reports of other College Societies.

The Erasmus Society. Only two meetings were held this term. At the first of these Mr. E. K. Bennett of Caius read an interesting paper on Dante, which was followed by discussion. Mr. Lucas of King's was the guest of the evening at the second meeting; his subject was Webster's "White Devil". He gave a detailed account of the source of the play, showing where Webster diverges from actual history. In point of fact the true story appears to be more highly tragic than the play itself, and it seems that Webster received his information only through indirect channels. It was a pity that members of the society had not read the play more thoroughly before the meeting, so as to have been better able to enter into the discussion at the close. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch was to have talked to the society at a third meeting which unfortunately had to be cancelled owing to illness. It is hoped to hold at least one meeting next term.

The Classical Society was also unfortunate. Mr. Hallward of Peterhouse was to have read a paper to the society, which had to be postponed at the last minute. Consequently there was only one meeting during the term, at which selected Idylls of Theocritus were read by the society.

Q. C. Sc. C. The Science Club had a very successful term, the meetings being much better attended than formerly. The Vice-Chancellor, Prof. Seward, opened the term with a paper on "Arctic Vegetation, Past and Present"; there was a large attendance at this meeting.

Other papers were read by the President, Mr. Rees, on "Modern Theories of Chemical Valency", by Mr. Chilton, the Secretary, on "Some Aspects of the Philosophy of Science", and by Mr. Chalmers on "The Quantum Theory".

The History Society has had three meetings this term. Papers were read by Simmons and Claxton on "St. Francis of Assisi" and "The Navigation Act of 1651". The third meeting was held in conjunction with Peterhouse Historical Society in the Junior Common Room of Peterhouse. Mr. Laffan gave a very interesting paper to the two societies on the Serajevo Murder and the origins of the War.

The Q. C. C. U. Canon Woods was unable to give his address this term; consequently there was only one meeting, at which Mr. Angus of Trinity Hall gave an address on what he considered the essential facts of the Christian faith. The address was both interesting and controversial. At a business meeting the following were chosen to form the next year's committee: W. E. Blackwood, A. H. Gurney, M. C. Garton, P. J. J. Price, and K. L. Forrest. Two representatives for the Free Churches have still to be elected.

The Chess Club. We were left this term with only a meagre remnant of last year's team. The new members show a good grasp of the principles of development and attack, but might study the variations on the orthodox openings with advantage; and the number of good positions lost through oversights has been excessive. But though we won only one match, drew two and lost six, the team's improvement can be gauged by the results of our two matches with Trinity—last term lost 1—7, this term lost 4—6.

Old Queens' Men.

The Rev. T. H. W. Maxfield has been appointed Master and Chaplain at Epsom College.

S. R. Gibson (1912). Appointed Headmaster of the Secondary School, Windsor.

The Rev. G. E. N. Molesworth (1922) has been appointed to a living in Cornwall.

C. W. Pilkington-Rogers is now a master at Haileybury College.

R. G. Ridling (1922) is working in an Education Office, New Plymouth, Taranaki, New Zealand.

G. F. Westcott (1920) is now at the Science Museum, South Kensington

L. Galley is Senior Curate in the parish of St. Margaret and St. Nicholas, King's Lynn.

In our last number it was incorrectly stated that the *Rev. W. H. Green* had been appointed Vicar of Holy Trinity, Cannes. He is still at St. Paul's, Derby.

For the following information we are indebted to Mrs. H. J. Cossar :—

M. L. Couchman is Rector of St. Michael and St. George, Bezindenhout Valley, Johannesburg. He has a wife and two small daughters.

S. B. Baron is Rector of Nailstone with Barton-in-the-Beans, Leicestershire.

A. Jephcott is qualified and is practising at Erith.

F. R. W. Hunt is a lecturer at Woolwich. During the autumn he was engaged on a lecturing tour in Canada.

H. L. Stevens is Organising Secretary for C.P.A.S., and resident at 18 Glisson Road, Cambridge.

The Boat Club.

THE results of the Lent Races were fairly satisfactory, the crews gaining four places and losing four. The first boat made one bump and was bumped once. The second boat lost three places, while the third boat gained three. The third boat is now as high as it has ever been. For the first time in the history of the Boat Club we attempted to put a fourth boat on the river; however, it was beaten in the first heat of the "Getting-on races" by St. Catharine's, who were eventually successful. Great keenness was shown, and in a year or so we ought to produce a fourth crew good enough to "get on."

The crews were constituted as follows:

FIRST BOAT.

				st.	lbs.
<i>Bow</i>	B. A. Southgate	10	7
2	R. E. Green	10	11
3	L. F. E. Wilkinson	11	5
4	E. S. Warner	11	9
5	C. R. P. Walker	12	1
6	E. E. Chappell	11	7
7	J. A. Pocock	10	8
<i>Stroke</i>	P. F. Davis	10	1
<i>Cox</i>	R. H. B. Snow	9	0

Coaches—B. M. Dale and H. E. Castens.

SECOND BOAT.

				st.	lbs.
<i>Bow</i>	F. I. Lamb	11	7
2	R. P. Platt	11	8
3	E. W. Mallows	11	1
4	A. E. Meadows	11	5
5	C. N. Vokins	11	8
6	D. P. Low	14	11
7	T. B. O'Meara...	10	7
<i>Stroke</i>	G. V. Scott	11	7
<i>Cox</i>	W. E. Burgess...	8	1

Coaches—B. M. Dale and H. E. Castens.

THE DIAL

THIRD BOAT.

				st.	lbs.
<i>Bow</i>	G. E. Garratt	10	6
2	H. J. Jarrold	10	13
3	J. Torbarina	11	4
4	G. H. Vickers	10	13
5	R. S. Tickle	12	10
6	R. S. Allen	12	9
7	E. W. Staveacre	10	9
<i>Stroke</i>	R. Ede	10	7
<i>Cox</i>	G. Braithwaite	9	2

Coaches—B. M. Dale and J. E. Middleton.

FOURTH BOAT.

				st.	lbs.
<i>Bow</i>	C. T. Eddy	10	12
2	R. H. Parker	9	6
3	R. G. Friend	9	4
4	J. M. Cartwright	10	9
5	C. R. V. Gray	12	3
6	F. S. Geldart	11	11
7	S. Reynolds	10	8
<i>Stroke</i>	H. J. Robinson	12	2
<i>Cox</i>	J. George	8	0

Coach—J. A. Pocock.

THE FIRST BOAT.

The Crew was the lightest in the first division and was severely tried by the very strong winds during the last part of training and during the races. Also owing to an incredibly short body swing they were very short in the water. These two factors spoiled what should have been a fast boat. However, the crew raced

well and were well together. On the first night they rowed over, a bump being made ahead. The crew showed its best form on the second night; making a very good start they soon went up on Third Trinity, whom they bumped at Grassy. The third night they rowed over, going up slightly on Trinity Hall I. until Grassy when the heavier crew drew away. On the fourth night they were bumped by Jesus II. at the Railway after a very good race.

THE SECOND BOAT.

This crew was most unfortunate during training, for owing to illness changes had to be made in the crew almost up to the time of the races; consequently they never really got together. On the first two nights they failed to race and were bumped at the Ditch by Christ's II. on the first night, and by Clare II. on the second night. On the third night much spirit was shown and the crew rowed one of the best races ever seen in the second division. By the Ditch Jesus III. overlapped them by a few inches; however, our cox steered the better course and Jesus failed to bump. This resulted in a thrilling race over the whole course with Jesus III. about a foot off our rudder the whole time. At the Railway Bridge we drew comfortably away. On the fourth night the crew showed signs of fatigue from the hard race of the previous day and after a good race went down to Jesus III. at Ditton Corner.

THE THIRD BOAT.

The third crew raced very well indeed, making three bumps. They were well together and knew how to use their legs. The first night they were robbed of a bump by a bump ahead and were held up in the Gut,

In the re-row Clare III. came up slightly, but were never dangerous. The second night they bumped Peterhouse II. at the Railings after a hard race. The third night they bumped King's III. at Grassy, and the last night Pembroke V. at Ditton.

A Clinker Four was entered for the races at the end of the Term. The four was as follows :

				st.	lbs.
<i>Bow</i>	C. N. Vokins	11	8
2	M. S. Ashby	11	10
3	C. R. P. Walker	12	2
<i>Stroke</i>	P. F. Davis	10	1
<i>Cox</i>	W. E. Burgess...	8	1

Coaches—G. A. D. Tait and B. M. Dale.

We are very grateful to Mr. Tait of Lady Margaret Boat Club for his valuable coaching during the first part of practice. The crew drew First Trinity in the first heat and were beaten by 5 seconds after a splendid race. The crew rose to the occasion and rowed with good length and rhythm. At the half course Trinity had gained a good lead, but a very fine spurt by Davis the whole way down the Long Reach considerably reduced it. The four has the satisfaction of knowing that they were beaten by the crew that finally won the event.

At the invitation of The King's School, Ely, we sent a scratch four over to race against the boys. A very exciting race was rowed, the school leading by half a length most of the course and Queens' winning by a foot. The record time for the course was beaten by about 10 seconds. We thank the school for a most enjoyable afternoon.

B. MONTAGUE DALE,
Captain.

Q. C. H. F. C.

OWING to the fact that so many of last term's matches had to be postponed on account of bad weather, the League was not completed until nearly half-way through this term. The finish was very thrilling, since the headship rested between us and Pembroke, and we had to play Pembroke in the final match. It was a very even game, and as we already had a lead of one point the draw which resulted was sufficient to enable us to retain the cup which we won last year. The team much appreciated the personal support of members of the college and several of the Dons, and this factor played no small part in the decisive match.

In the knock-outs we were not so successful, succumbing in the second round to Trinity Hall. The whole team appeared rather stale, and our opponents were at their best on a wet ground.

Piper has been unable to play for us during the greater part of the term, but we were very fortunate in possessing so good a substitute as Godfrey, who played several fine games. Taylor has been playing for the Corinthians with much success, and Piper has also played for them. At the end of the year we shall suffer a serious loss when Taylor, Bretherton and Bendall go down. For the last two years the half-back line has been the feature of the side, and Bretherton and Bendall are by far the most useful members of the team. However, if the halves cannot reach such a pitch of excellence next year, the forwards and backs are sure to improve, and there is every reason to hope that we may win the League for the third year in succession.

A fitting conclusion to the season was the Dinner, at which Mr. Gray, Mr. Sleeman, Mr. Munro and Mr. Browne were present as our guests.

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

Q. C. R. U. F. C.

THE Rugger of the College has been concerned with few happenings of any note this term. With our early exit from the Knock-out Competition after a disappointing display against King's, interest waned. As the ground had to be closed at half-term and the weather showed little tendency to be kind, few games could be played until just recently.

If the rumours as to the men who are coming up next year are true, the prospects for the season are very good indeed.

We send the Soccer Club our heartiest congratulations on its heading the League for the second time in succession. May they again succeed next year!

D. McL.

Q. C. F. C.

CONSIDERING the difficulty of getting our League matches finished—and we still had two unplayed at the end of the term owing to continual rain—the season was quite a successful one and the enthusiasm as great as ever.

The chief weakness of the first eleven side was at forward and especially the insides, who frequently showed complete inability, not only to hit the ball hard across the field, but also to keep their places, with the result that several matches were lost when the occasional extra goal would have given us the victory. The most notable instances of this were in our matches against Caius, who beat us 1-0; against the Leys

School, who won 3—2; and against Christ's in the match in which defeat ended our chances of winning the League. It is not too much to say that we should have won all these games, because on every occasion there were innumerable chances for us to score, but slowness in shooting, together with a complete absence of the through pass, always deprived us of the much-needed goals.

But let no one think that the forwards were always bad, because we won a number of matches, and then it was the forwards who played well. The best performance of the season was the match against Emmanuel, whom we have not previously beaten for some years, but on this occasion we were complete masters of the game, and a score of 2—1 for us by no means represents the difference between the play of the two sides. For us everything went well, the back division was as usual very steady, and the forwards played with just that extra bit of life which makes all the difference, and it really was a good display that they gave. Black was always the best of the inside forwards, but he should learn to get rid of the ball very much quicker and especially in passing to his wing man. Frequently excessive dribbling completely disorganised the whole forward line. Lamplugh was always good on the left wing whenever he got the ball.

Both Fullerton and Diamond, the wing halves, played consistently well and the perfect understanding with their respective full backs was a notable feature of the defence, in which Doggett, the star, was always brilliant in tackling and getting rid of the ball with

well-judged passes. He may be accounted a little unlucky in not getting his Blue. Hodgshon, the other back, is perhaps the most improved player of the team and at times he played a perfectly invaluable game for his side.

In goal Bendall showed us that his instinct for 'soccer' could be turned to good account in hockey, especially in clearing from the edges of the circle with bestial ferocity not only the ball, but frequently a stick or two as well, whose unfortunate owners were reduced to a heap on the ground.

In conclusion, a word about hockey in the College outside the first eleven. It is regretted that for nearly the whole season, as we only had one ground at our disposal, trial games were very few, and it was quite impossible to run a third eleven. It was therefore difficult always to pick the best team for the second eleven and we fear they sometimes turned out with a side that was not quite as good as it might have been. However, our best thanks are due to K. W. Johnson for relieving the busy Secretary of many hours' work in getting sides together, and it is not his fault that the second eleven finished in an extremely humble position in the League.

During the season the following colours were awarded, full colours to Hodgshon, Bendall and Diamond, and half colours to Fee-Smith, Gare, Johnson, Loubser, Manchanda and Pink.

E. S. HOARE,

Capt. Q.C.H.C.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of 'The Dial.'

DEAR SIR.—It has for a long time grieved us, while worshipping in our artistic chapel, that our young tuneful choristers should be clad in surplices which are far from possessing that pristine freshness and smartness of cut so noticeable in the attire of the rest of the congregation.

Would it not be possible for these lads to be provided with proper surplices which might also be washed fairly frequently—even if this entailed a collection for Chapel expenses?

R. C. & K.

To the Editor of 'The Dial.'

SIR.—I believe that once a year in the middle of the Long Vacation the windows of the College are subjected to an annual cleaning, but since I have never been up at that time I have not been able to verify this statement. However, I know that by the beginning of the October term the windows are already dirty, and from that time onwards till the end of the academic year the dirt grows steadily thicker and dirtier. Would it not be possible to approach the College authorities in this matter? Surely our windows might be cleaned at least twice every term, and if expense is the objection, most people would be quite willing to pay a shilling or two a term to defray the cost, either to the bedmakers, if they did the cleaning, or to the window cleaners. Or better still, it could be put down under "Glazier" on our College accounts. As

it is, various sums appear from time to time under this head, even when to our knowledge no windows have been broken. If, then, we pay for our windows, let them at least be clean.

I am, yours faithfully,

A LOVER OF DAYLIGHT.

[We hope that the College authorities will be persuaded to remedy this matter.—ED.]

To the Editor of 'The Dial.'

DEAR SIR.—This College provides ample facilities for improving the mind, purifying the soul and cleansing the body. Why then must we look out on the world around us through dim and clouded windows? Surely all the good work of education is undone, the purpose of this College defeated, our minds dulled, our souls blighted, yes and our bodies dirtied and defiled, if the windows of our rooms are so foul and filthy that we can neither see into them nor out of them. Even the sun's rays, when they *do* shine, can scarcely penetrate the thick coating of grime. Is it right, then, that our young lives should be withered and shrivelled before their time, just because the authorities will not have our windows cleaned?

I write this, Sir, trusting in your full and earnest support in this matter, and am,

Believe me,

ONE OF THE CHIEF SUFFERERS.

[Sir, you *have* our full and earnest support.—ED.]

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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