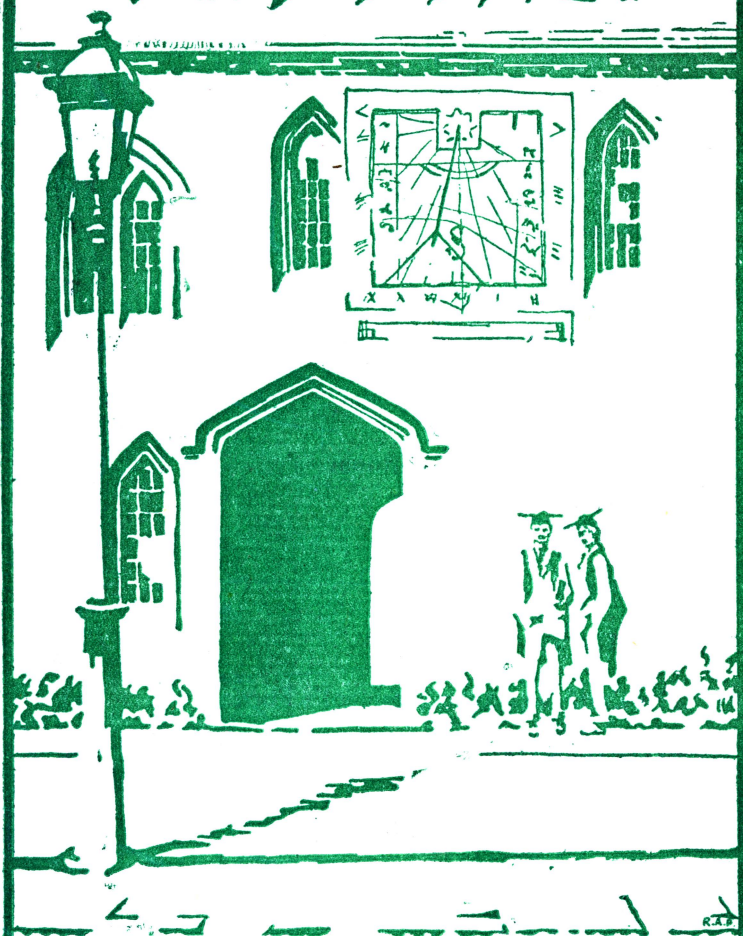


# THE DIAL.



Queens' College.

Easter Term,

1925.

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# The Dial.

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No. 51.

EASTER TERM, 1925.

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## Editorial.

THE delirium of May Week is over and once more we relapse into consciousness. It is a period of rest and recuperation; we wake up as from a dream—or was it a nightmare?—and just lie in bed and try to remember. Some of us have blurred impressions of guns and oars and pretty faces, others experience a form of back-ache aggravated by the constant strain of being responsible for the actions of maiden aunts and country cousins, others again are feeling like lost angels “from what height fallen”. To everyone it is a time of disillusionment and we blink beneath the strong light.

Then the Long Vac. enters on its episodic career. Fresh adjustments necessary: we must get up and dress. And suddenly a great spirit of adventure seems to descend on us. We begin to do things. We find the President and Mrs. Fitzpatrick setting off for the

Amazon, the Dean goes into camp and the Senior Bursar, greatly daring, invests in a car. The Senior Tutor is off to the Alps resolved fresh heights to conquer. And even here in Queens' there is unwonted activity. We find excavations and suspect Mr. Cook, only to discover there is to be fresh heating in Hall and the Old Chapel.

All this exertion is rather upsetting. A few of us come up for the Long Vac. Term and we find people working, actually working—going off to Labs, submitting to supervisors, getting out their Shakespeares. It is altogether unusual. We feel we should be doing something too. Perhaps then we had better get out *The Dial*.

### Notes.

CONGRATULATIONS to all those who secured "Firsts" in their trips, and particularly to E. C. Kennedy on his double "First."

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The Boat Club are to be congratulated on their success in the May Races. The first boat went up a place, while the second boat won their oars. The idea of sending a crew to Henley was seriously entertained, but eventually it was decided to wait till next year. At least we gather so much from the secretary's little request to keep our subscriptions till then.

We are very sorry to say good-bye to P. G. Dore, whom we feel to have become an almost integral part of the fabric. Our best wishes to him in his work at Portsea. His successor is to be P. J. Duke-Baker.

This term the U.M.C.A. Sung Eucharist was held in our College Chapel, the Bishop of Ely presiding. It was the first time, we believe, it has been held in Queens'.

The History Society had a very successful dinner this term—a practice which other societies in the College might well follow.

The reproduction of the charter mentioned in Mr. Williams' article is taken from Mr. A. W. Goodman's book: "A Little History of St. Botolph's, Cambridge." We are indebted to him and to the publishers, Messrs. Bowes & Bowes, for permission to use the block.

We apologise for the late appearance of this number of *The Dial* and for its slender contents. It is due to lack of contributions, *not* to any lack of enthusiasm on the part of the Editor.

### First Class Honours Men.

E. C. Kennedy.	Classics, Part II.
G. C. Diamond.	English Literature, Section A.
D. S. Simmons.	History, Part I.
J. A. Chalmers.	Natural Science, Part I.
L. V. Chilton.	Natural Science, Part I.
N. W. Brown.	Mathematics, Part I.
F. Hughes.	Mathematics, Part I.

### “René.”

IT was a dull foggy evening and the rugger match had been a very muddy affair, so tea round a big fire was a lazy relaxation. The gramophone was screeching out “My Sweetie’s gone away” (following the ‘absent yet present’ theory) and Tony had his feet stretched out against the mantelpiece. “Well, I’m fed up,” he said, to his scrum companion Stubbs, “I’m a mass of bruises and am much too tired for any work; besides it’s Saturday night. Got any money?” Stubbs, having promised to borrow some if the scheme was worth following up, asked Tony what he was aiming at. “Oh, well, let’s go to the theatre to-night. René Jaune is awfully good in “Calceolaria.” I know a chap who saw it on tour at Folkestone last vac.”

It was decided to go to first Hall and to attempt to get seats at the box-office.

In the first interval Tony was in the bar, meeting his friends and ordering a ‘double Scotch.’ “I say, chaps, isn’t she wonderful?” was all he could say, while Stubbs stood by, flicking the ash off his cigarette and murmuring something about “having got it pretty badly.”

All through the rest of the revue Tony sat and stared hard, his eyes glued to that fascinating figure in yellow, as she danced about the stage, tripping ever so lightly and singing delightful “trilly-bits.” Tony was enthralled. Stubbs thought she sang vacuous rot but hardly liked to spoil Tony’s evident pleasure.

At the end of the show Tony dashed round to the stage door and waited with whirling brain and thumping heart for the footfall of René. Suddenly she hurried past, wrapped closely in a fur coat and wearing a large

hat which partially hid her face. Tony was on his mark and darted after her through the crowd to where the taxi stood. As it was moving off he hurled himself on to the dashboard and looked through the window. René sat there quite calm, surrounded by hatboxes and suit cases. "Oh . . . . . d'you mind awfully if I see you off from the station"? Tony managed to stammer out. "Not at all," she demurely answered. He managed to say that he thought she acted perfectly wonderfully and asked her if she would be so awfully kind as to send him her photograph. "One of those large Elwin Neame ones, signed if possible," he said as he shut the carriage door and bade her farewell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Six weeks later, one Monday morning, Tony was having his breakfast. It was pouring with rain and everything was damp and depressing. Mrs. Mopp came in and said, "There's a letter for you, Sir," and handed him one bearing a London postmark and a halfpenny stamp on the outside. "Only a bill," thought Tony, as he opened it rather recklessly. A card fluttered to the ground which Tony picked up with reddened face. On it was printed :—

"The Manager of the Floreated Revue Company, Ltd., has received your request for a photograph of Miss René Jaune and begs to inform you that on receipt of a postal order for six shillings he will be pleased to forward you one. All profits on the sale of these photographs will be devoted to the Funds of the Actors' Benevolent Institution."

D.

### The College Muniment Room.

THE College Muniment Room, or "Treasury" to give it its old title, occupies the normal position of a mediaeval treasury, immediately over the gateway, and was one of the first parts of the College to be built, in 1448. In itself it is a charming room, with a vaulted roof and a floor of mediaeval tiles showing the usual green and yellow glaze. As some of these tiles show a considerable amount of wear, which it is unlikely they would have received in their present position, it has been suggested that they may have been removed here from the Hall when it was repaved. At the present time the room is rather empty, and apart from a few modern fittings contains only an interesting 17th century oak press with roughly-fitting drawers. The original College chest was removed from the treasury about 1898, and after resting in the vestibule of the old Chapel for several years now stands, somewhat ingloriously, under the staircase in the Library.

I take it, that until about 50 or 60 years ago, all the documents belonging to the College were kept either in this chest, or in the drawers of the press that I have already mentioned, or in another later press which now stands in the lobby of the Library. In the course of centuries they seem to have got very grubby and dusty, and there is evidence that when Mr. Searle went through the whole collection in preparation for his *History of Queens' College*, he found the documents in a very dirty and confused condition. In order to prevent them gathering still further of the dust of ages, he roughly sorted them out according to the properties to which they referred,

and then had them all packed up in 7lb. biscuit tins, which were bound up with red tape and sealed with the College seal. This of course was an excellent way of preserving the documents from damp and dust, but apparently Mr. Searle thought that nobody would ever want to see them again. Happily he was mistaken, and the documents have once more been disinterred, to be equally well preserved, we hope, though in a more accessible form. There were 65 of these biscuit tins all tightly packed with documents, one of the Haslingfield tins containing as many as 237 small early charters.

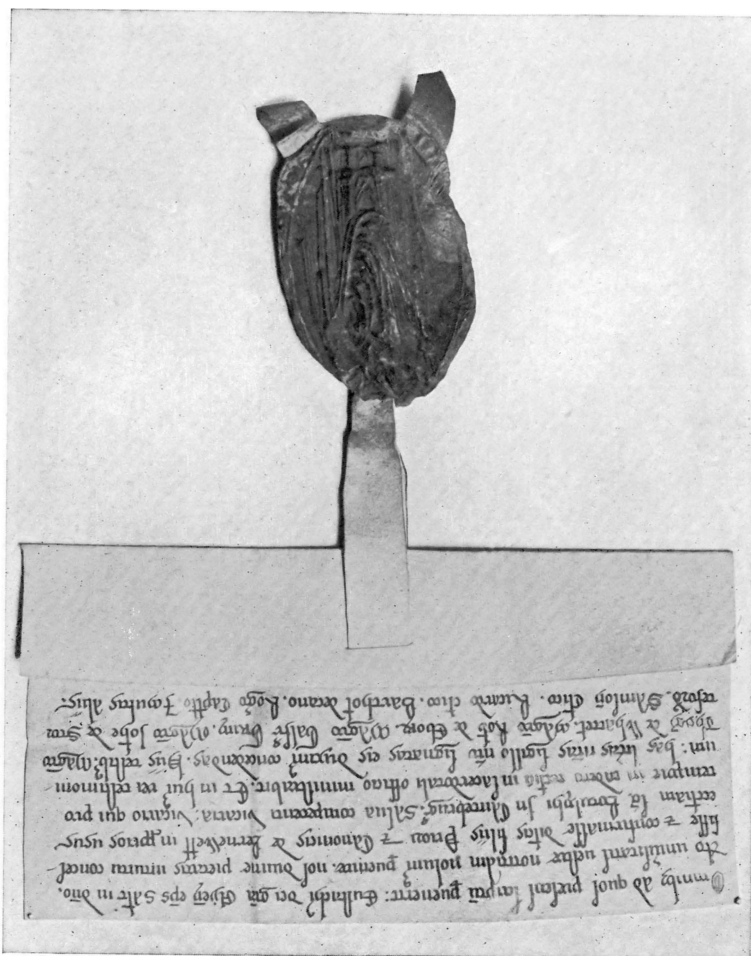
It is about these documents that I have been asked to say something in the *Dial*. It will be impossible, of course, to deal with the whole of them, and I shall just pick out from the collection a few outstanding features which I hope may be of interest. And in order to bring the subject still further within limits, I shall confine myself to records prior to the year 1600. I have no desire to be wearisome with statistics, but a few there must be, and we will get them over as quickly as possible. Altogether there are over 5,000 documents prior to the beginning of the 17th century. As is the case, I think, with most Cambridge colleges, the bulk of the property held by Queens' lies in the eastern counties. Cambridgeshire naturally stands first; in fact over 3,000 of these documents have to do with the county. The Eversden property, part of which has been held by the College since 1491, comes first, with 869 separate documents, mostly early charters, but it is closely followed by the neighbouring parish of Haslingfield, with 706. Fulbourne, where the College held two estates, bought in 1479 and 1502, has 355 documents, and Swaffham Prior nearly 300. The purchase of the Oakington es-

tate in 1560 brought with it practically no early charters at all, but on the other hand we have there a particularly fine collection of early account rolls, rentals, and court rolls which are of extraordinary interest.

Outside Cambridgeshire the chief groups of documents have to do with Helion Bumpstead, Essex; Abbotsley, Hunts; Whaplode, Lincs.; and Haverhill and Capel in Suffolk. Capel has an especially fine series of 15th and 16th century rentals. There is also an interesting collection of wills, ranging from that of Adam de Kyngeston, citizen and fishmonger of London, dated 1348, to that of President John Stokes, who in 1568 bequeathed to the Collège a considerable property in Oakley and Clapham, near Bedford.

We may now turn our backs on statistics and proceed to consider in detail some of the more interesting items in the collection. For the most part the documents have to do with the transference of land and other property, but incidentally other matters crop up from time to time, sometimes rather unexpectedly. I was surprised, for instance, to come across a love-letter among our archives. It begins "Deare Heart", and ends "your most devoted captive", but as it is dated 1672, and so comes outside our period, I refrain for quoting any further.

As to the earliest document in the collection, it is difficult at present to say anything quite definite. There are no less than 284 early undated charters, and a closer examination and comparison than I have yet been able to give them, will probably result in fairly approximate dates being given to many. But certainly one of the most noticeable of these early charters is a royal grant by King Henry II., who at the time was at Nottingham, to Roger de Beauchamp, of certain lands in the township



¶ Cum ad nos pervenisset: Eusebius episcopus presbiter eps sate in dno.  
cho univrsalem vellet nominem noluit puenire: nos omne pietatem inuicem conat.  
fuisse et confirmasse istos filios. Propter et canonis et benedicti in pios usus.  
cotham se. Quod in dno. Salua compem. Vicaria. Vicario qui pro  
curat in eadem ecclesia in laudibus officio ministrabit. Et in huius ecclesiam  
un: his litteris nris sigillo nro ligatas eis ducunt concurrens. Eius testib: Magno  
refo. Similiter dno. Rurum dno. Barthol. deano. Rurum capto. Foultus alius.

of Reed, a small village near Bury St Edmunds. It is not dated, but from internal evidence it must be placed sometime between 1172 and 1181. To it is attached a somewhat damaged specimen of the Great Seal of Henry II. attached by a braided cord of purple and white silk.

Another of these early Beauchamp charters is an interesting licence granted by Ralph, Prior of Hatfield Regis, Essex, to Philip de Beauchamp, for a chapel (probably in his own house) at Hershams, a hamlet near Haverhill. This chapel was to be served by a priest from the Priory three days a week, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the said priest was to be provided with a meal each time he sang mass in the chapel. In return for this privilege, Philip de Beauchamp endowed Hatfield Priory with an acre of meadow land, which he offered to God at the altar of St Mary in the Priory church.

As another example of an early undated charter may be quoted an interesting grant by Eustache Bishop of Ely, appropriating the church of St Botolph's, Cambridge, to the Prior and Canons of Barnwell. The appropriation of the church remained in the hands of the Priory until it passed into the possession of the newly-founded Corpus Christi College in 1353, while a little more than a century later it passed to Queens'. Eustache was Bishop of Ely from 1198 to 1215, so this deed must lie between those two dates. To it is attached the Episcopal Seal, unfortunately somewhat mutilated, but enough remains to show the full length figure of the bishop in his pontifical vestments.

J. F. WILLIAMS.

[to be continued].

### Iconoclasm.

OF all Cambridgeshire villages I used to think that Meldreth must be the loveliest. "Meldreth," .....I was saying, "Meldreth," dwelling lovingly on the first syllable. "Meldreth".....the tip of my tongue just kissed my teeth. Delectable name!

"Oh, Mildred," he said, "yes, I love the name Mildred—a beautiful name. And I can just appreciate how you are feeling, old man—I was like that myself last year. It was May week too. Agatha, I used to say, A—gă—thă, . . . . I love that name, A—gă—thă. The 'th,' you know, sounds as if you were lisping. She was pretty, too, at least I thought her pretty. But didn't I introduce her to you? Of course I did; you *must* remember her? Didn't you think her pretty now?"

I merely heaved—the thought of that loathsome female—and just repeated "Meldreth," quite quietly.

"Oh, Meldreth," he said, "I'm so sorry. Really I didn't quite catch the name. Meldreth. Yes, on the way to Royston, place up above Haslingfield. I once byked to Meldreth. There are big cement works there, I remember. You can see the chimney for miles, and of course, the G.N. line runs through Meldreth, the Hitchin branch, you know."

I was feeling almost annihilated. But once again I tried to repel him. "Meldreth," I murmured, and by way of contrast: "Madingley."

"Yes, and there's Mildenhall too," he added, pursuing another false hare with frightful intensity, "and there's Melton Mowbray (hunting, you know) and Macclesfield (silkworms). Extraordinary, the number of places beginning with M. Oh, and I had almost forgotten Manchester."

I made one more effort to silence him. Perhaps he might go away if I continued to ignore him. "Meldreth," I said faintly—the name tasted like honey on my lips... But it was the last time I ever felt its sweetness; for suddenly I was filled with a violent nausea. It seemed as if he were engulfing me.

"Oh, it's the name you like. I see," and he began to smile the sickliest of smiles. "Yes, it's a pretty name, what I call a pretty name. It must be the two 'e's' and then the liquids combined with the dentals—always the prettiest combination of letters. You see you get sound repetition with variations, evolution within the species, so to speak. You should study phonetics—most fascinating, and Grimm's Law: do you know Grimm's Law?" . . . . .

This time I *was* annihilated.....I hate the name of Meldreth now.

P.

### Chywoone.

ON Chûn hill stands the finest stone hill-castle in the hundred of Penwith. Most of its stones were fetched from the croft land round about, and goodness knows why the builders did not dismantle the still older cromlech, that is in excellent preservation to-day only fifty yards away from the gateway; modern military engineers would not be so reverent as were the builders of Chûn. Archaeologists may squabble as much as they like over every stone, but the place remains a living land to be loved with a deep and stirring passion.

A bare hill enough it is—not a tree for miles; all around stretch the dreary downs. A man may still walk

across the peninsula, a distance of some twenty miles without setting foot on cultivated land. Away on the horizon is the sea; the big grim cable masts carrying electric current from Hayle to Levant mine, that stretch in a straight line north and south as far as you can see, and a few deserted mine stacks are the only signs of Man. Winter and summer make little difference to the look of the spot; here and there can generally be found patches of gorse which alleviate the general dreariness—for all the world knows that “when the furze is out of blossom, kissing’s out of fashion”.

To strangers the place is repellent; those who know Chûn find her a compelling mistress who will never give up those who have once loved her. The best of the men who were brought up in this land are now in America, for in a battle with the greedy tinnerns that lasted for many centuries, Chûn has at last won the victory, and Ding Dong, Wheal Owles and the rest of the mines are now deserted, while the heather and gorse grow in profusion over their heaps. But twenty, thirty, forty years hence, these men will come home again, like their cousins before them, and find a cottage to die in, that their spirits may become one with their mistress, and live for ever in the full knowledge of her love. At night the ghosts of men long dead walk over the hills, and claim the land for their own, but in the summer twilight they invite Chûn’s living subjects to share with them their dreams.

You can spell Chûn how you like. The Ordnance Surveyors would have you believe it to be an aristocratic name with a circumflex accent; but for most people it is just Choon, and there are dozens of farms so called all over Cornwall. Others would have you put an ‘e’ on

the end, or stick a 'y' in the middle, while if you want to be really proper, in fact a little pedantic, spell it Chywonne, and you will have the blessing of those ardent souls who are making such a sturdy fight to restore the Cornish language to its proper place among the seven Celtic tongues.

The spirits of Chywoone haunt the whole district, and have subdued the surrounding place-names to their will. Over to the south are Carn Kenidzhék and Balleswidden; to the east are the hut-dwellings of Bossulow Trehyllis, and further on those at Boswarva and the bottoms of Bojuthnoe; the dwellings themselves seem almost as old as the hills, and some of the place-names were strung together into a euphonious doggerel by Davies Gilbert of Trelassick a hundred years ago. A verse runs:

Carn Kenidzhék Castle Skudiac,  
Beagle-Tuben Amalvear,  
Amalibria Amel-whidden,  
Skilliwadden Trink Polpeor.

If you would be happy, leave academical controversies, give up neurotic psychological speculation, and go, live and dream with the spirits of Chûn. Your soul will have peace—for a time. But soon, if you are human, you will want to know what the names mean. Then Romance seems to fly away when you find that Balleswidden does not, as you had conjectured, mean the Hall of Fairies but simply Whiteplace Mine, that Boswarva is just the Dwelling-on-the-Summit, and that Chywoone itself, such a wonderful place, and such a nice name to say, could not by the most extravagant of philologists be interpreted to mean anything but the Cottage-on-the-Downs. You will be disappointed and a little shocked, but the places themselves remain, and so do the spirits which haunt them.

G. S. K.

### The May Concert.

THE St Margaret Society Concert was given in the Hall on Wednesday, June 10, before a very large audience. A hot evening and the limited amount of room made things rather uncomfortable, at least during the first part of the concert, but the excellence of the programme atoned for any physical discomfort. If a criticism is to be made it is that the programme was too long, the concert not being over before twelve o'clock.

Mr Howard Bliss was the attraction of the evening. His 'cello playing was a perfect delight. He began with the Beethoven 'Cello Sonata in A major—a very fine work; and the shorter pieces which he played after the interval were full of charm. The Hall with the lights down seemed exactly the right setting for Chamber Music of this sort. It was a pity there was a raised stage for the concert. In the second half Mr Bliss came down and played from the floor in front of the platform. The Hall is hardly big enough for a large stage, moreover it is unpleasant for the performers.

Miss Dorothy Morley's songs were well received, but her singing of Schubert was not very sympathetic, and her voice a trifle harsh. A somewhat heterogeneous choir had been collected to sing the Madrigals and the Brahms' *Liebeslieder*, and considering the difficulties of practising together on the whole the singing was good. The Chausson Piano Quartet also needed more practice, but it formed a pleasant opening to the concert. One of the best items was the last, the Allegro movement from the Mozart String Quartet in G, played by

the Musical Club Quartet. It went well with the rhythm well marked. But by this time many people had left—which was a pity.

The programme was as follows :

PART I.

1. Piano Quartet in A ... .. *Chausson*  
Allegro marcato, ma non troppo  
F. A. Richards, B. W. Robinson, J. Robinson, P. G. Dore
2. Madrigals (a) "Now is the Month of Maying" ... *Morley*  
(b) "Hard by a Fountain" ... *Waelrant*
3. Violoncello Sonata in A major (Op. 69) ... *Beethoven*  
Allegro ma non tanto  
Allegro molto  
Adagio cantabile—allegro vivace  
Howard Bliss  
(Accompanist—M. O. Marshall)
4. Songs (a) "To Sylvia" } ... *Schubert*  
(b) "Hark! Hark! The Lark!" }  
Miss Dorothy Morley
5. Liebeslieder (Op. 52) ... .. *Brahms*  
(a) "Tell me, maiden, maiden, dearest"  
(b) "Beating waves on rockbound shore"  
(c) "No, I cannot bear the gossips' petty stories"  
(d) "Locksmith, come and make me padlocks"  
(e) "The tree's high branch is trembling"

*Interval.*

PART II.

6. Violoncello Solos (a) Siciliano ... .. *Locatelli*  
(b) Two Minuets ... .. *Rameau*  
(c) Larghetto and Allegro ... *Handel*  
(d) Adagio and Allegro ... *Boccherini*  
Howard Bliss
7. Songs (a) "Come unto these Yellow Sands" ... *Nicholls*  
(b) "Dancing" ... .. *Granville Bantock*  
Miss Dorothy Morley
8. Allegro Molto from String Quartet in G ... *Mozart*  
F. A. Richards, B. C. Nicholson, B. W. Robinson,  
J. Robinson

## The College and the President's Portrait.

**A** GATHERING of graduate members of the College was entertained in Hall on the evening of Saturday, June 20. The Vice-President in responding to the toast of the Queens' College Club pointed out that the President was now the senior Head of a House, not happily in age, but by date of election. In June, 1926, he would have completed twenty years as President. There were a great many things that he would *not* say before the President's face. Two things he would say : first, that no one could have served the College with more loyal and ungrudging devotion ; and, second, that in no College was there more affection between every one of the Fellows and the Head. He thought that it would be nothing less than a disgrace if the College had not a portrait of the President ready for presentation on the completion of his twentieth year.

It was determined to institute a fund for a portrait of the President, and Mr. Gray and Mr. Munro undertook to be joint Secretaries and Treasurers. More than fifty guineas were at once promised in the Hall ; and an account (**The Queens' College Portrait Fund**) has now been opened at the **Westminster Bank, Cambridge**, to which subscriptions may be paid, or they may be sent direct to either of the Treasurers.

It is suggested that subscriptions in general should not exceed two guineas. They should in any case be sent in before the end of the year in order that the portrait may be painted early next year. The President's wishes will be consulted as to the choice of the artist.

*June 24th, 1925.*

## The Boat Club.

The May Races were undoubtedly a success. Five bumps out of a possible eight were made, the second boat going up four places and the first boat one. The first boat went up to ninth on the river at the expense of King's, and is now as high as it has ever been since 1833, when it was head of the river for one night. The second boat is now many places higher than it has ever been.

The prospects for next year are even more cheerful than the results of this. Both the crews this year were very young, consequently we are only losing one man from each crew. However, it must be remembered that for the first boat to go up one place, or even keep its place when it is so high up, is a very creditable performance: so that if next year's crew is to stay where it is on the river it will have to be very good.

### FIRST CREW.

				st.	lbs.
<i>Bow</i>	E. W. Staveacre	...	...	10	12
2	M. S. Ashby	...	...	11	8
3	J. A. Pocock	...	...	10	11
4	B. M. Dale	...	...	10	5
5	H. E. Castens	..	...	13	12
6	E. S. Warner	...	...	11	12
7	C. R. P. Walker	...	...	12	0
<i>Str.</i>	L. F. E. Wilkinson	...	...	11	3
<i>Cox</i>	W. E. Burgess	...	...	7	12

*Coaches*—C. J. C. Bosanquet, 1st Trinity Boat Club.

J. P. Lucas, Christ's College Boat Club.

During the first half of the term the crew worked hard under Mr. Bosanquet and showed signs of being fast; but as the races drew near it showed itself to be very uncertain, at times rowing well, at others being completely off its feet. On the third night of the races the crew raced well and bumped King's I., on the other three nights it failed to race, partly because it was off its feet, and also because the individual importance of one or two members of the crew prevented it from racing as one man. No doubt Pocock will be able to remedy this next year and we ought to have a very good crew.

The question of sending the boat to Henley Regatta was seriously considered, but as we expect to have a better crew next year it was decided to wait until then. We thank everyone who kindly subscribed to the Henley Fund and hope that they will leave their subscriptions in the treasurer's hands until next year. Our best thanks are due to Mr. Bosanquet and Mr. Lucas for their excellent coaching.

## SECOND CREW.

					st.	lbs.
<i>Bow</i>	G. V. Scott	...	...	...	11	7
2	E. E. Chappell	...	...	...	11	6
3	C. N. Vokins	...	...	...	11	8
4	R. S. Allen	...	...	...	12	12
5	E. W. N. Mallows	...	...	...	11	4
6	B. A. Southgate	...	...	...	10	9
7	T. B. O'Meara	...	...	...	10	8
<i>Str.</i>	P. F. Davis	...	...	...	10	4
<i>Cox</i>	R. H. B. Snow	...	...	...	9	0

*Coach*—B. M. Dale.

The crew was fast through being well together and on its feet. Every member of the crew raced exceedingly well, racing as a crew and not as eight men. All the starts were at a very high rate of striking, the crew getting off the mark very smartly; consequently the bumps were made early, except for the last night when St. Catharine's II. took them to the Railings. The crew as a whole had a powerful leg drive and when taught to get more combination between legs and body some members should turn out quite good oars. They were fortunate in having R. B. Jackson as coach for a week in the middle of the term. Snow is to be congratulated on four nights of perfect coxing; the crew owes a great deal to him. They thoroughly deserved their oars.

The bumps were as follows :

*1st night.*—Christ's III. at Grassy.

*2nd night.*—First Trinity IV. at Grassy.

*3rd night.*—Downing II. a hundred yards from the start.

*4th night.*—St. Catharine's II. at the Railings.

The officers for next year are as follows :

*Captain*—J. A. Pocock.

*2nd Boat Captain*—L. F. E. Wilkinson.

*Hon. Secretary*—E. S. Warner.

B. MONTAGUE DALE,

*Captain.*

## Q. C. L. T. C.

OWING to the continual rain at the beginning of term there was considerable difficulty in getting the six together, because it was impossible to have practice games. But when the six was settled there were not many defeats.

Reynolds and Doggett proved a most formidable first pair, and our higher place in the League is very largely due to their steady play—they only lost their matches against Jesus II. and Magdalene. The second pair lacked winning strokes in their play, they too often preferred the defensive game; but they nevertheless won many hard fights, James' back-hand drive being a most useful asset. The mixed doubles type of play, which Forde and Castle used, was very efficient and seemed to worry their opponents considerably; they had a happy habit of breaking the opposing first pair even when they were beaten by the third.

The tennis season may be said to have been a very successful one. Four matches only were lost, and our position in the League was considerably higher than last year. Next year we lose our captain, whose place will be very hard to fill, both in regard to his play and his organisation; otherwise we shall have the same team.

J. R. DYSON,  
*Hon. Sec.*

## Q. C. C. C.

THE Cricket season promised to be a very good one and so it turned out as far as it went. It was unfortunate that the interest slackened in the second half of the

term, but this was inevitable owing to the approach of examinations, which caused several matches to be scratched.

Nevertheless the team as a whole, and individually, showed much ability both at batting and bowling; and while the former was well up to standard, the latter was distinctly better and more varied than usual. It was quite a common thing for several men, who could both bowl and get wickets, to be unrequired.

The fielding could never be placed in the same class either as the batting or the bowling. It was decidedly weaker, and it was very seldom that a match was played without the fielding being at fault.

The second eleven was well managed by Bowden, and our best thanks are due to him for his untiring work and keen interest in the side. It was indeed a fair reward to him that quite a number of matches were finished and won, instead of the usual draws.

E. S. HOARE,  
*Capt.*

## Correspondence.

*To the Editor of 'The Dial.'*

DEAR SIR,

Some of us, whose ill-fortune it is to keep in lodgings, think that too much is expected of our long-suffering friends in College when we so constantly ask to be allowed to wash our hands in their rooms. Besides causing inconvenience to the occupants, this practice entails extra work for bedders.

This letter is not written because there have been any signs of a revolt of good feeling in the matter, but it is

felt that some immediate steps should be taken by those in authority to deal with a state of affairs which perennially affects nearly two-thirds of the total number of members of this College.

May I suggest, as a temporary measure, till more elaborate schemes, which are no doubt being considered, shall come to eventual fruition, that four basins be installed at once in the changing room adjoining the Bath Rooms in the basement of Dokett Building? These could be fitted with hot water (which is already laid on) and of course be accessible at all times of the day.

Yours faithfully,

C. DOUGLAS HORSLEY.

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*To the Editor of 'The Dial.'*

SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.

DEAR SIR,

As Sir Charles Stanford was an Organ Scholar of this College may I ask if any steps are to be taken to erect a suitable memorial to him in Queens'?

Three possible suggestions come to my mind. Either, a tablet in the chapel near the organ, or a small tablet to be placed on the outside wall of the rooms he occupied when here, or, thirdly, a portrait to be hung in the HALL and not in the Combination Room.

A MUSIC LOVER.

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