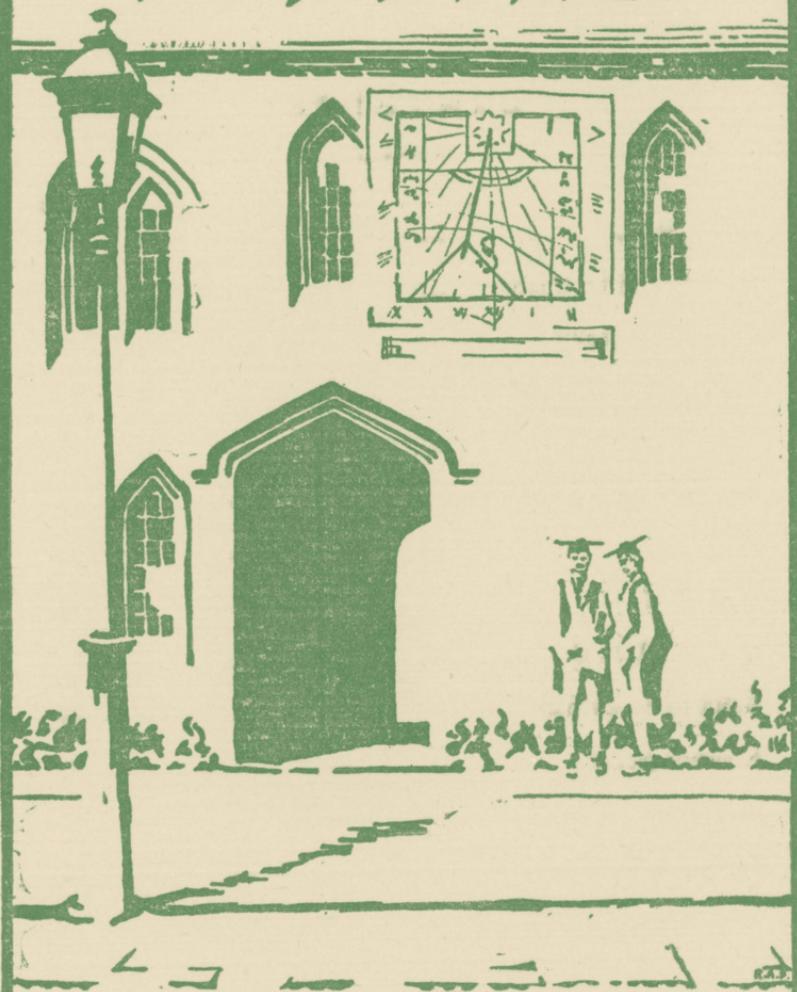


THE DIAL.



Queens' College.

Michaelmas Term,

1925.

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The Dial.

No. 52.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1925.

Editorial.

“**A**ND then he drew a dial from his poke, and looking on it with lack-lustre eye, says very wisely”—We forgive him, whatever he says, for, to be sure, this *Dial* is dull, but we do not feel ourselves entirely responsible for its futility; our business is to edit, not to compose, and we would remind you that it is your duty to write or draw for the *Dial* as it is your privilege (*sic*) to read it. In a public magazine you pay your money and you take your choice, and you may praise or decry its contents; but it stands apart from you, you have no private interest in it, and if you don't like it, you may sample another. You are in a very different relation to this magazine, you do not stand apart from it, you have a private interest in it; when you decry, you decry yourself, and when

you praise, you pat your own back. We ask your pardon for all this, but we feel that it badly needs saying in print. We have no staff of writers, no artists, and if you want an interesting *Dial*, it is up to you. Here we should like to thank those who *have* shewn interest in the production as well as the perusal of the *Dial* this term, and have contributed to this number. Lastly, we apologise for this late appearance in print, for which we are willing to bear the whole blame; if we could put forward any plea in mitigation it would be that editing the *Dial* is not a full-time job, but has to be sandwiched between other and various pursuits. So much for blame and gratitude. We believe it is the correct procedure in an Editorial to write pleasingly about nothing, to help you "to lose and neglect the creeping hours of time," to lay a caressing hand on your imaginations, and draw a veil for you across this worried life, but we cannot do this; as soon as we think of nothing, we think of everything, moreover, we have a tendency to become serious which is regarded as a crime in these modern days; for these delights, we commend you to the wistful Lamb or Max Beer-bohm, in whose gentle hands we may find refuge from the here and now. It is strange how eager we are to escape from the remorseless "is", and shelter in the voluptuous "might have been".....but we are

growing serious, and you will blush or turn to the next article; not that we are in the least afraid of being serious, but that we would not impose ourselves upon you—this plurality of egos palls; would that editorial convention allowed us to call ourselves *me*. Surely it is hard enough work trying to be oneself without attempting to divide our personalities. However we will now become more practical.

* * * * *

We are indebted to Mr J. H. Spencer for his gift of Usher's *Rise and Fall of the High Commission* to the College Library.

* * * * *

Mr R. G. D. Laffan has translated Doctor Pasquet's Essay on the origins of the House of Commons, and Mr G. T. Lapsley has written a preface and some additional notes.

* * * * *

Bedouin Justice is the title of a short book on the laws and customs of the Egyptian Bedouin by Mr Austin Kennett. As Administrative Officer in the Libyan Desert and in Sinai, Mr Kennett has had great opportunities of studying Arab Life; and by

outlining the laws and describing lawsuits, he is able to throw considerable light on the life and mentality of the Bedouin.

* * * * *

Volume II of Mr A. B. Cook's *Zeus* was published last December. It deals with Zeus as god of the dark sky.

A book
by Cook,
the deuce!
it's Zeus.

* * * * *

A. W. Sanford has had the good fortune to be appointed Survey Probationer in Nigeria.

LIFE is a mockery, Love is a snare.
Bubbles of laughter, bubbles of care.
Bubbles of happiness, bubbles of pain.
Bubbles of sunshine, bubbles of rain.
Life's a delusion, Love is the same,
Both may bring sorrow, both may bring blame,
Both are a hardship, both are a woe—
Rising like bubbles, like bubbles they go.
Life is soon ended, Love does not stay—
Here for a moment, then quickly away.
Life—it is empty, Love—a mere name:
Still—let us Live, let us Love just the same.

A. I. F.

Dr. Ryle and Dr. Chase.

*Extract from a sermon preached in Chapel
by the Vice-President.*

WHEN Dr Ryle was elected President in 1896 he was still under forty. He came to us with all the fresh vigour of a man still young. He had many great gifts, none greater perhaps than his wonderful power of sympathy. There cannot often have been a man who possessed as he did the gift of putting himself in touch with the hopes, the fears, the prejudices, the difficulties of anyone with whom he might be thrown into contact by accident or by design. He was as winning as he was wise, as sincere as he was sympathetic. These were qualities of infinite value to a Professor and the Head of a House. No wonder that his counsel was widely sought, and his influence very widely felt. He was a man of sane and well-balanced judgment, not easily thrown out of gear, and he was quite outspoken in the expression of his mind. Few men were so successful in exposing the crudities, and curbing the freakishness of rash or wild criticism. His moderating influence came to be very highly valued in a very wide sphere. He won a place in the councils of the Church which he kept to the last.

When Dr Ryle was consecrated Bishop of Exeter in 1901, Dr Chase was chosen to succeed him as President. He had been building up a growing reputation, and soon showed that he was capable of the responsibilities which, one after the other, were laid upon him. Before he had been in the Lodge six months he was appointed Norrisian Professor of Divinity, in another twelve months he

became Vice-Chancellor. His easy mastery of business, his calm temper, and his unflinching courtesy made him, by general consent, an almost ideal chairman. And what a lovable man he was to those who knew him! Always the same sincere, frank, courteous, cordial gentleman, quite unspoiled by prominence and promotion, because he was quite unspoilable. His successor at Ely writes of him: "I have come to appreciate increasingly the wisdom and soundness of his judgment, the scrupulous care which he devoted to every detail, and the affectionate sympathy and kindness, which he showed to all who sought his advice." It was a matter of great satisfaction to Dr Chase that, when he took up his residence in the Palace at Ely, he was allowed to retain a set of rooms in the College, rooms which he held and used, until ill-health led him to resign the see at the beginning of last year. Between them Dr Ryle and Dr Chase were with us little more than ten years. But those ten years were vitally significant in our history. Their work is to be appraised, not by its length, but by its results. And both of them have carved their names deep in the history of the College. They built wisely, and they built well. We hear their voices no more; their work abideth.

R. J. P.



Christmastophobia.

CHRISTMAS Cards must be chosen as carefully as adjectives. Christmastophobia is a disease very prevalent during the third week of December and is brought on by lack of forethought. The symptoms are palpitation, a feeling of restriction and impotence, followed by nausea, and in serious cases, periodical fits of indulgence in blasphemy.

Christmas comes but once a year. It is such a rare event that we are always unprepared for it and consequently it appears horribly frequent.

While suffering from Christmastophobia the patient becomes abnormally conscientious and feels it his duty to send Christmas cards to all his acquaintances. This he does indiscriminately and regardless of all principles of suitability. Consequently he fails to produce those gracious feelings in the hearts of his friends which he hopes the receipt of his favours will engender.

A kind thought is always appreciated but unless suitably expressed often fails to filter through the means of expression.

For instance, what are the feelings of an uncle with chronic dyspepsia and a gouty foot on receiving a card designed to warm the cockles of a youthful heart through the agency of the gastric passions! Uncle is disconcerted and ruffled when his austere gaze falls upon an ill-represented plum pudding surrounded by a sprig of holly, and reads the following inscription :—

“A merry Christmas. May you be fed up without
being ‘fed up’.”

Again, that type of card designed for a bachelor of

bibulous habits invariably finds its way to the episcopal breakfast table. The Bishop is pained when he sees a picture of the Christmas roysterer, under a misapprehension, shaking hands with a snow man.

The card which would have brought tears to the eyes of Juliette of Suburbia when sent by her Romeo, is ill received by Aunt Agneta, who was the first woman to study classics at Newnham. Aunty is deaf and crochets indifferently in the company of a cat and a maid, in a desirable residence at Ealing Common. She surveys the sprig of mistletoe with superior disgust, no tender insinuations soften her stoic heart.

Your old tutor, who miraculously piloted you through the Littlego, is bound to receive a gilt-edged token abounding with sickly sentiment intended for a nurse maid. Sweet words about Church bells and loving thoughts, and holly berries will fail to touch that academic heart. He expects a letter describing the new College boat house.

There is a type of card which is a mass of blatant decoration. Red ribands, holly berries, Christmas trees and artificial frost being crowded together in incongruous profusion on every available surface of the card. This token is destined to reach your father's old friend, a stock exchange broker and hard-headed financier, as well known in Wall street as in Town. The outcome of your kind thoughts reaches him in the company of *The Financial Times* and the C. P. R. Annual Report and Financial Statement.

Lastly, a friend whom you met in the "Cri" last "rigger night," is either annoyed or irreverently flippant on receiving a Christmas expression of infallibility of life beyond the grave with all its yuletide significance. A card designed, in fact, for a widow mourning her

second husband in all the sentimental rapture of bereavement. Your hearty friend does not appreciate the text or the quotation from "Inter Muros."

The moral to be drawn from this picture of misplaced kindness is the futility of sending any cards at all if struck down by Christmastophobia.

Forethought is the one weapon with which the disease can be fought and Christmas time be made tolerable.

CYGNIS.

MURMUR on, as you ripple away, little stream,
 For ever and aye,
 Forgetting too soon the kiss of the moon's silver beam!
 Ah! 'tis ever the way!

Rustle on, as you sigh through the leaves, little breeze
 For ever and aye,
 Forgetting too soon the flow'rs and the hum of the bees,
 Ah! 'tis ever the way.

Labour on with your industry vain, O ye men,
 For ever and aye,
 Forgetting the Now in lust for the promise of Then,
 Ah! 'tis ever the way.

So beat on in my sorrowful breast, O my heart,
 For many a weary, hopeless day,
 Memory cannot be shunned, nor blind love's bitter smart,
 Alas! O my God, is it ever the way?

A. I. F.

Speech made by the Rev. E. B. Williams Ash-
man at the Annual General Meeting of
Queens' College Mission. November 1925.

From notes by R. L. A.

LAST time I was speaking to you here I felt rather a humbug—I had been such a short time at the Mission: but now I have been there nearly nine months: and this is quite long enough to enable me to discover that the Mission is in the place where it is needed. Rotherhithe and Bermondsey together form the largest area of concentrated misery in the world. There are slums—for instance in Eastern ports—where conditions are worse: but nowhere in the world are so many people living together in such abominable conditions. And for many years efforts have been made to improve them. The first to start Mission work in our area of Rotherhithe were four old ladies in silk mantles, headed by a Miss Charlesworth who wrote for the benefit (sometimes the dismay) of Victorian children that famous book of piety “Ministering Children.” They did splendid work, though necessarily limited. They were eventually followed by others and Queens’ House.

There are still standing streets which were condemned as unfit for human habitation anything from twelve to twenty-one years ago. There is no authority which can have them pulled down and they are still occupied by large families, as many as seven sleeping in one room or ten in two rooms—and the rooms are often filthy.

They cannot be pulled down because no accommodation is available. In some houses in Cherry Garden Street if you leave the house empty for a few hours, on your return you will find rats in every room. The mission is luckily free from rats, as it is full of mice.

Many of the inhabitants of this area manage to remain decent—but others become bestial like their surroundings. While the dole is a necessity and an absolute godsend to the seventy-five per cent. of the unemployed who would give their eyes to get a decent job of work, in some cases it is tending to encourage slackness. A very good wage for a man in Rotherhithe is 73/- : but the average is only 50/- The Borough Council makes it up to 52/6 for a man out of work with a wife and five children, who may thus get more than a man working hard : this encourages the slack man not to find work. £800,000 was paid out in relief during the year in Rotherhithe and Bermondsey but £1,300,000 was spent during the same period on drink. Much of this must have come from money paid out as doles. A strong minded politician must be found who will drastically revise the conditions of the dole ; although much hardship will ensue temporarily, it will be better for the morale of the country in the end.

Under present conditions, boys and girls of eighteen are sleeping together in the same room, and it is extremely hard for them to keep any reasonable standard of morals when herded together like this ; and we must do all we can to help them.

The whole family returns from work about the same time : after queuing up for a basin they manage to get some sort of a wash. Then in a decent home they get a solid meal with meat and vegetables : if the wife is slatternly or if she has no reasonable cooking facilities they

have to go out to the fish and chips shop at the corner and get threepenny worth of fish and twopence worth of chips. The house is probably full of squalling babies and the father of the family wants to be left to himself as much as possible, so, as soon as the meal is over, the family is turned out into the street, where they gather into bands and play shove-halfpenny in the street or get up to some devilment. In decent families, at any rate, they hand all their earnings to their mother and she returns to them several shillings, or what she can spare, for pocket-money. This enables them to go to the cinema or a music-hall once or twice a week. But generally there is only the street, and the boys will go wherever there is light and warmth and a welcome.

This is where the Mission steps in. In the first place it has a bathroom with a geyser which is let out at *1d.* a bath including towel (the posh thing is to bring a packet of soda with you); the gas alone costs more than that: but the bath is so much appreciated that it is worth while running it at a loss. Then the Mission provides fires and light and a cheery atmosphere.

The Mission is run on a scouting basis: it is the 7th Bermondsey troop. But scouting makes too high a demand for some of the boys: only the better ones can respond to it. So a club for those who do not feel the appeal of the scout ideal has been started. The Scouts have agreed to surrender the club on Monday nights to these elder lads: so now every Monday the club is filled with them. On Tuesdays the L.C.C. have lent an excellently equipped gymnasium and an instructor for these boys: they are so poor that out of 22 who turned up on the first night eight had no socks on. After gym. they go across the road and another instructor supplied by the L.C.C.—a first-class

man from the Royal Academy of Music—teaches them sea shanties which they pick up very easily, and which supply them with something better to sing than “The Mouth That’s Kissed Kippers shall Never Kiss me.” There is no compulsory service for them : but at 9 o’clock on Monday night I ring a bell and any who like, follow me up to the chapel where we have evening prayers. Most of them come up with me and the rest keep quiet downstairs. A regular Sunday service for them will soon be started.

The important thing is to get these boys body-proud. At first I used to think how terribly over-dressed some were and what a pity it was that they should waste thought and money on hair oil. But now I realise that any excess is on the right side. Once they begin to care for bodily cleanliness, there is some hope of getting them otherwise clean too. The rough boys come from home surroundings so bad in themselves as to discourage any effort to make them better : many have no job and no dole and are absolutely destitute. But there is tremendous promise in them and I have real hopes of what we shall be able to do for them.

There have only been two rows with them. One was just after the club had started. Six boys came into my garden one Sunday morning, after seeing me safely into church, and had a game of banker. By a great piece of luck an old man who had been on a night shift was shaving by his window at the time and saw them. He told me at once and on Monday evening as I went into the club I said to the ringleader, “Hullo, X., what about a game of banker? I believe you are rather good at it?” They were all astonished : however nothing more was said. But on Wednesday evening three of them came into my garden and weeded it thoroughly. This was

their way of apologising. I closed the Monday night club for two weeks, and since then there has been no more banker.

Another disappointment is a boy of twelve who has been turned out of every club and Sunday school in the place. He has red hair and blue eyes and a sweet smile, and looks you straight in the face while he tells you an out and out lie. He seized the opportunity, when I was away from church one Sunday evening with 'flu, to bombard two old ladies with pepper from the gallery because they had previously reported his misdeeds to me. His mother is a widow and very weak, but we still hope to get hold of him in the end.

The Mission, in conclusion, is doing two things: it is getting all that possibly could be got out of the money which you send it. We spend less per head than any other work of the same kind and that without much fear if comparison is called for (I say this freely for I am not the clever head that manages it): and it is filling a great gap in the social needs of our district.

The Scouts have regular religious instruction, and in our Sunday School we have teachers who have come on from the Mission, and in every branch of the church work I have backing from young men who first learned the service of Christ at the Mission.

“The Bridge”

BY the withdrawal of “The Bridge,” as decided upon at the last General Mission Meeting, the balance of a number of subscriptions has been left in hand. These can be had at the beginning of next term; but the Committee would be grateful for any left unclaimed, to assist the publication of a terminal Mission report, which is being given away.

I ONCE called to see Mr P - - - s,
 Of knowledge he has lots and lots,
 But yarns about Swedes
 Are all that one needs
 And acquaintance with skis and what-nots.

* * * * *

One evening I called at the Dean's
 And he said to me "Ah! so it seems
 You are not a boy scout?
 You had better get out,
 I will only see Rovers in Queens'."

* * * * *

The Reverend Professor R. K - - - - t
 Oft tried to make custard with rennet
 But when seen by the fellows
 Blowing bubbles with bellows
 They sent him to act for Mack Sennet.

* * * * *

There once was a student called B - - l
 Who lived upon nothing but vijl
 When they asked "Is it calf?"
 He replied "Half and half,
 But it makes such an excellent mijl".

* * * * *

In leek-lovers land lingered Eric,
 Laid loathsomely low by enteric
 But the weight of his head
 Proved too great for the bed,
 So they kept it held up by a derrick.

Another of same kith and kidney
 Is myopic bespectacled S - - - y
 We have not got the time,
 To think out a rhyme,
 Why on earth did he not come from Lydney?

* * * * *

A soccer Professor of Kent
 From full-back to left wing was sent,
 The result of this trouble
 His talk became double
 Of football wherever he went.

IOTAKAPPA.

— — — — —

EDITOR, mi amice, rogabo
 Mulierculam hanc si amabo,
 Ecquid precor non,
 (That was how he went on)
 Multas alias basiabo?

* * * * *

Said a lunatic: "What is theology?
 Another what on earth is geology?
 Thank God it's sufficient,
 As I'm ment'lly deficient
 That I keep to my subject—"me-ology"! "

* * * * *

There is not the least bit of foundation
 For your foolish extreme trepidation
 Re the things in the soup
 That keep looping the loop—
 Vermicelli's a flour preparation.

J. G.

The relation between Poetry and Ethics.

A GREAT critic has stated that "Poetry is Faith", implying, from the context, religious faith, and it is the main object of this study to try and prove that poetry, successful and artistic, is by no means essentially bound to be ethical. Poetry is an emotion aroused by the impression of certain things upon the poet's mind, and in the expression of that emotion the first and main object to be achieved is music and word-painting: all else is secondary. But if among these secondary considerations ethics can find a place, so much the better; but poetry must be spontaneous to be perfect, and if in that spontaneity there is no place for ethics, then they must be foregone. It is because of this essential spontaneity that Dryden and Pope and the subsequent classicists must be styled "versifiers" rather than poets, and that Tennyson can never correctly be placed in the first rank of poets. Two great objections will at once be raised. The first is that in our more enlightened age children are at last being encouraged to read largely of the poets, and to appreciate poetry for its beauty and for the help that it can afford us through life: poetry is no longer being crammed down their unwilling throats by an iniquitous and soul-destroying method of mechanical learning by heart, without any of the coaxing and explanation and sympathy that are so fundamentally important. If then our children are to be encouraged in a wide and intelligent appreciation of poetry, surely ethics must be given the place of prime importance! The answer to this objection is of course obvious: just as in their ordinary reading and in their pleasures, the greatest care must always be taken to choose only what is suitable for a

child, so must we be careful at first to choose only the simplest and most moral poetry, until, as they grow older and wiser and more sophisticated, they can appreciate poetry for poetry's sake rather than for any lesson to be derived from it.

The second, and by far the most important objection is the generally accepted axiom that a great poet *must* be a great teacher, also the incontrovertible fact that all the great poets *have* been teachers with some message to deliver. But surely too much unnecessary stress is laid upon this, and the question we must ask ourselves is—Do we read the poets for their message or for their beauty of form, their music and the answering emotions awakened within ourselves? the reply is—for both: but the latter consideration is by far the more influential and important. We read poetry to be uplifted and taken out of ourselves, not ethically, but emotionally, by an appeal to our senses. Nor is this any more a doctrine of sensuality than it is to say that music affects us emotionally and that that is our object in going to listen to it: we are just as much emotionally stirred by sensuous and worldly music as we are by spiritual music: the nature of our emotion, whether it be “of the earth earthly”, or of the heavens heavenly is of quite secondary importance—though if it be the latter, again so much the better. But it is beauty that we look for in poetry, not ethics, and beauty is by no means essentially ethical.

There are, and always must be, poets of different types, and therefore all sorts and conditions of men can find a poet to suit all sorts and conditions of moods: there are sensual poets, such as Byron and Swinburne for the sensualist, ethical poets, such as Milton or Browning for the moralist and beautiful word painters and weavers

of harmony, such as Shelley or Keats for the lover of beauty, and it is the same with our moods: for every mood we can find sympathy and relief in the particular form of music of some particular poet.

Ethics can be expressed far more easily and simply by means of prose, or even, though perhaps more constrainedly, from the pulpit. Poetry is not really a fit medium for moral teaching or theories of life, because unfortunately the most remarkable feature of the present age is its inattention to poetry, and were ethics to afford its main attraction, poetry reading would very naturally and justly suffer an even greater decrease. Poetry like the other arts is a diversion and a relaxation from the world with its cares and distractions, while a proper appreciation and study of it can weave it into our very lives until it becomes an essential and inspiring factor, giving us a clear and true perspective, a capacity for weighing things according to their right proportions and a philosophical and balanced outlook which by virtue of its visionary power is essentially sustaining and elevating. At the same time however, if the poet can without sacrificing anything of his art, succeed in delivering a message, we are grateful—all the more so if it is unobtrusively moral.

Morality and art, when they are brought into contact with one another to the point of fusion, need very delicate handling, for, after all, we cannot well affirm that man is naturally moral, and morality is in a certain degree the outcome of convention—(one would not attempt to deny that it is a very necessary convention provided we bear in mind that to a very great extent it is only a convention) for nearly all man's primitive and fundamental instincts are of the beast controlled and overlaid by ages of evolutionary experience, mental

as well as physical, even his sense of beauty if we look back far enough can be traced to awe which, in plain black and white, is fear! Poetry is an appeal to the primitive in us even though it be an "educated primitive" and a much-softened appeal, and in primitive morality there is very little of true morality and consequently ethics in relation to poetry must be viewed in their proper perspective where the essential proportion is a very small one. Madame de Stael apparently did not quite support this view when she said that "Morality is in the nature of things not in the nature of poetry," but at all events she supports the theory that poetry and morality are by no means inevitable. Poetry should be the beautiful and musical expression of a beautiful thought and, as we have already seen, beauty may be amoral or even according to accepted codes immoral.

We ask for and expect sincerity rather than truth from the artist, and the poet is an artist of the highest degree. Keats said "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty: that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

Surely the proper interpretation of his conception of Truth is not necessarily moral truth but something that pierces down much deeper to the roots of things, that is to say, truth in relation to life and to the poet's mind, relative rather than absolute truth, something on a nobler and grander scale than mere moral truth. Virtue is beautiful, joy is beautiful, but also sorrow is beautiful, and sin in its attendant circumstances is beautiful (apart from bestial sin) even if it is of deliberate choice, in that it partakes of the beauty of pathos and pity, the pathos of misguidedness and downfall, blindness and error, and hence indirectly in that it partakes of the beauty of sorrow. The fall of Satan in *Paradise Lost* is tragic and therefore beautiful when

his former happiness is considered and the ideal state he might have continued to enjoy had not pride and ambition and ingratitude brought him low; yet his fall was due to sin. Virtue and joy, sorrow and sin are after all only different aspects and interpretations of life and any study of humanity yields a return of beauty.

When we read poetry we should not be on the look-out for doctrines and moral conclusions and ethical lessons to be drawn, but rather for "the elfin horns," the faery music, or for the grandeur and solemnity of the organ-peal, or may be for the delicate light and shade of the fine word-painter.

As a general rule if a man receives moral harm from a poem the fault is due to sensuality and morbidity in himself rather than to the poem—unless it be frankly coarse and foul, for filth will not stick unless there is substance there already for it to adhere to. Let us then be content to practise just the beautiful in poetry and beware of forcing morals into unnatural channels, even though we accept them gladly if compatible in a secondary degree.

A. I. F.

THE day will dawn, when one of us shall hearken
In vain, to hear a voice that has grown dumb,
And morns will fade and noons will pale and darken,
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must sometime face existence,
All with memories that but sharpen pain.
And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance
Like dreams of summer dawns, in nights of rain.

One of us two with tortured heart, half broken,
 Shall read long-treasured letters through salt tears,
 Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token,
 That speaks of love crowned with delicious years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
 All joy on earth a tale forever done,
 Shall know henceforth that life means only duty,
 O God, O God, have mercy on that one!

F. S.

The Boat Club.

THIS year a Light IV. was entered for the Coxswainless Four races. For the first part of training little improvement was made. However, during the latter part of training, the IV. improved rapidly. In the first round we drew Emmanuel and succeeded in beating them, a close finish to a good race was unfortunately spoilt by Emmanuel hitting the bank. In the second round we were beaten by L.M.B.C., the eventual runners up.

The IV. was composed as follows :

<i>Bow and steers</i>	J. A. Pocock
2	B. M. Dale
3	C. R. P. Walker
<i>Stroke</i>	L. F. E. Wilkinson

We are greatly indebted to T. R. B. Sanders and E. T. Hamilton Russell (Third Trin.) for coaching us. This is the first time Queens' has won a heat in the Light IV's.

The Clinker IV. was put out directly after the Light IV's., and during the early part of training seemed to be very promising. However on the day of the races they were disappointing and not at their best and lost to First Trinity.

The IV. was composed as follows:

<i>Bow</i>	E. W. Mallows
2	E. S. Warner
3	C. R. P. Walker
<i>Stroke</i>	P. F. Davis
<i>Cox</i>	W. E. Burgess

J. A. Pocock, who entered for the Colquhoun Sculls was badly beaten by R. L. C. Footit (L.M.B.C.) in the first round.

The Crocks this year were not quite up to usual standard, largely owing to the fact that we had two IV's. out and that under the new rule we are unable to row second year 1st May colours in the Lents, so that practically the three boats consisted of freshers.

On the first day of the races C crew beat B crew after a good race, B crew however lacked life, which is an essential for winning a race. A crew who drew a bye rowed a Corpus crock and beat them fairly easily. In the final, A crew beat B crew easily, B crew rather going to pieces over the last half of the course.

The races were very satisfactory and showed plenty of promise, and there is every hope for the Lent boats doing well.

In the Fresher's Sculls there were only five entries this year. In the Final W. H. Webb beat E. N. A. Morton.

J. A. Pocock, *Capt. Q.C.B.C.*

Q. C. F. C.

THE season opened disastrously, A. H. Fullerton, the Captain-elect, being unable to come into residence owing to illness. Fortunately this year's freshmen proved to be of very exceptional merit, and our prospects for next term are consequently bright.

The forwards—all first year men—are a fast and clever line, combining well under the leadership of J. H. Pope, a centre-forward with plenty of dash who distributes the ball well. With E. S. Hoare at centre-half behind them they should prove a stiff proposition for any defence to meet.

Our own defence was very shaky at first, but by the end of the term the full-back problem had been satisfactorily solved, and R. R. Bailey in goal has improved rapidly, his display against Caius being particularly good.

A strong attack, backed up by a capable defence, form the most promising side Queens' have had for some years, and we approach the League competition with every confidence.

Full colours have been awarded to J. H. Pope and R. M. Hall, and Half-colours to A. G. Bazeley, N. G. Wykes, F. J. H. Matthews, N. T. Witt, R. A. Roberts, R. R. Bailey and R. P. S. Protheroe. J. H. Pope has been elected Secretary.

G. C. DIAMOND, *Capt.*

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

WE have had an unfortunate term owing to the very large number of people indisposed at one time or another due to accidents and other causes. There has been an unfortunate lack of spirit in some college matches, but against Hailebury, Felsted and King's College, London, the team gave of its best. The back division is the weakest and combination is rather poor but there is every prospect of a successful end to the season.

O. C. CROOKE, *Hon. Sec.*

Guild of St Bernard.

THE Guild held three meetings this term. At the first, the Master of Sidney kindly came to speak on "The Gospel of Life," the second meeting was addressed by Rev. Evan Morgan, Rector of Lowestoft, and the third by Father Gordon Day of the Oratory of the Good Shepherd, who spoke on Missionary Problems.

The Guild was fortunate in being addressed by three priests whose offices are varied—the first speaker being the Head of a House, the second the rector of a large town parish, and the third, a Missionary priest.

Membership is much on a level with past years, but it is hoped that more members of the College will come to the meetings of the Guild—which are open to all who are interested.

Erasmus Society.

AT the beginning of this term the Committee of this Society set themselves the task of trying to create a more literary atmosphere at its meetings. This was done by starting an annual subscription and by flavouring its meetings with the redolent aroma of hot punch, such as we believe was dear to the heart of Samuel Pepys, Dr Johnson and Mr Pickwick!

Three papers were read during the term, the first by A. S. Oswald, who opened a discussion on "The Meaning of Great Art." Later in the term, Mr O. F. Morshead, Pepysian Librarian at Magdalene College read us a very entertaining paper on "Samuel Pepys and his Diary," while the last of the three meetings took the form of a lantern lecture in the Old Chapel by Mr. T. H. Lyon on "Modern American Architecture." Mr Lyon is the architect of Sidney Sussex Chapel and of the War Memorial in King's Chapel, while he is at present engaged on the new buildings for Peterhouse.

It is a matter for great regret, therefore, that there were not more members present to hear his enthusiastic apologia for the development of the sky scraper and his description of the dignified old Colonial houses which we still find in New England.

R. L. Parkin was unavoidably prevented from reading his paper on Thomas Hardy this term, but it is hoped that his will be the first paper read next term.

Mr Sydney Cockerell, the Curator of the Fitzwilliam, although unable to read a paper, kindly entertained some members of the Committee to tea at his house, where he has many interesting books and pictures. He has kindly promised to entertain members of the

Society next term in a similar way, and it is hoped that some members will be sufficiently interested to wish to see his treasures and to inform the Secretary, who will be glad to make the necessary arrangements.

St. Bernard Society.

THE Society has had a fairly successful term. The first meeting was the Seniors' debate on a motion concerning doctors which evoked some speeches evidently arising from keen feeling. The Freshers' debate revealed the hitherto latent debating qualities of the First Year, including the torrential fluency of the Librarian elect. The fashion for eccentric clothing was discussed in a debate on aestheticism. On the occasion of the Visitors' debate we were pleased to hear four of the leading Union speakers on a political motion. The term's activities concluded with an inter-collegiate debate with Selwyn, which although an excellent debate, was not very well patronised by Queens' men.

The Officers have to thank Messrs Chilton, Duke-Baker and the Secretary for the organisation of the concerts. The Seniors' concert was remarkable for some good quartettes. Some energetic singers cheered our drooping spirits in the Freshers' concert. At the Visitors' concert the actual visitors were few but compensated by the excellencies of their performances. Mr Gallimore, of St Catharine's, was particularly popular, and the 'cello playing of Mr Symonds, of Trinity, charmed the House. It is probable that we shall hear both again during the Lent Term.

C. E. C.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of "The Dial."

STAMPS.

DEAR SIR: "Can anyone sell me a 1½d. stamp" is a pitiful cry, which is often to be heard in college. This college is a long way from the nearest post office. The demand for stamps is considerable. Could not arrangements be made for the porters to keep in stock a supply of the values usually in demand? This is the practice in several other colleges and would be a most welcome boon.

Yours faithfully,

D.

[Hear! Hear!—Ed.]

Committee.

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

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