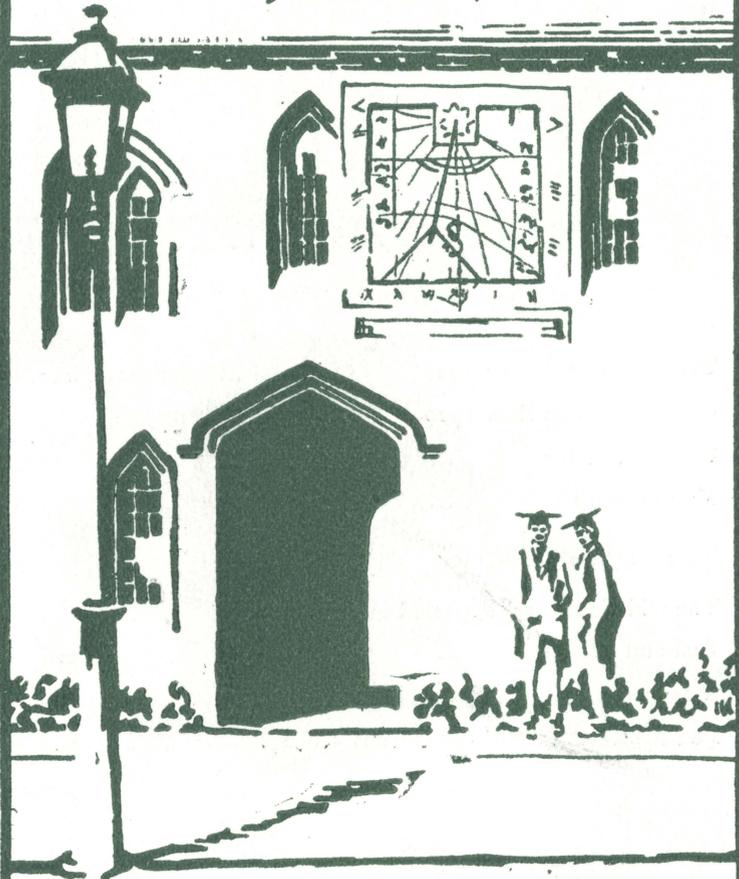


THE DIAL.



Queens' College.

Lent Term,

1927.

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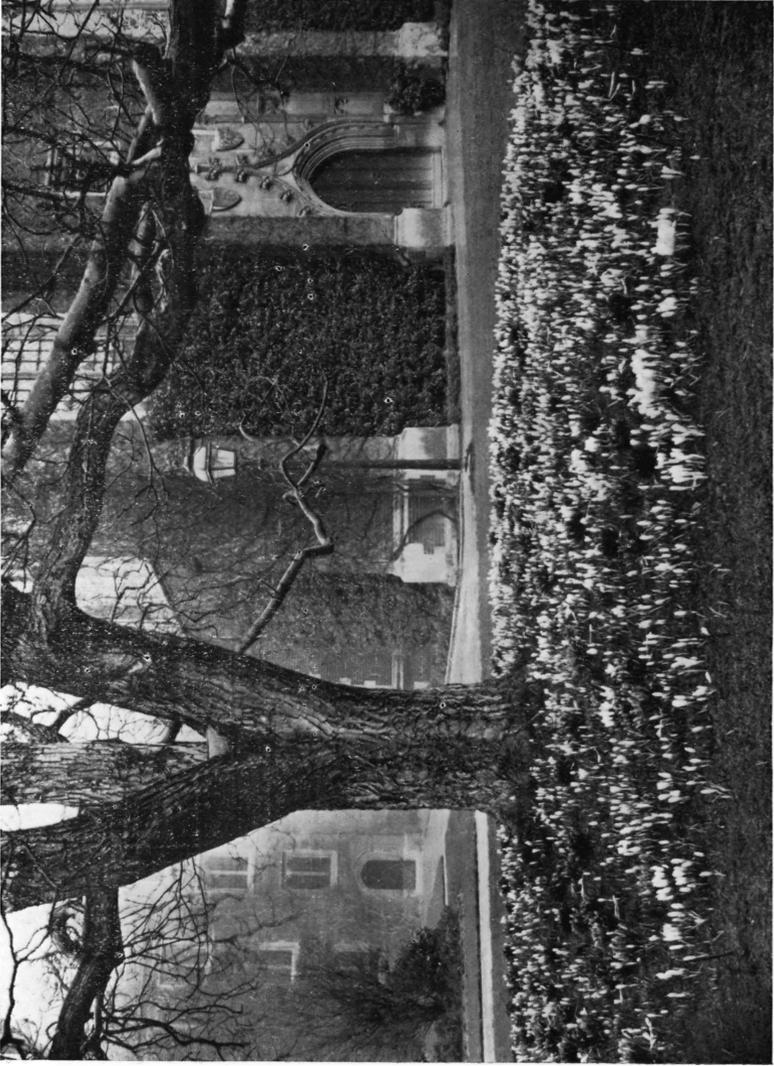
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Champagne, Moët 1906.

Sole Agents : Messrs Browne, Munro & Co. Ltd.

Cellars : At the 'Sign of the Two Queens.'



Frontispiece.

THE DIAL.

No. 55.

LENT TERM, 1927.

EDITORIAL.

“PUTTING A FACE ON IT.”

A TWENTY-FIRST birthday forms part of the normal events in the lives of most undergraduates. Such an occasion demands first of all presents for the fortunate young man, but it also means that the young man in question takes with the right hand only to give away with both, since his friends do him the honour of dining with him to celebrate the event at his own expense.

We feel rather in this position ourselves in offering you this number of *The Dial*, which is meant to carry with it something of the twenty-first birthday atmosphere. The most we can do is to offer you a *ménu* and ask you to pay for it. As for the dinner, expediency says that you had better look upon the last Hall eaten before you went down this term as *The Dial* dinner. If this may seem a weak excuse, we trust that you will not consider this copy of *The Dial* as an even weaker one. Anyhow we have got as far as blushing and apologising, so all you have to do now is to listen to a speech before you get down to the stories.

“Twenty-one years have passed,” (here the Editor clears his throat) “and *The Dial* has now become “a creature capable of developing along its own “lines. In the past, the contour of these lines has “varied. I mean, there have been fat *Dials* and lean

“ones. The present one is a wee bit inflated with very
 “natural pride on such an auspicious occasion. My
 “friends, see to it that your College magazine remains
 “in a good, healthy condition. It must not be allowed
 “to waste away for want of nourishment. You must
 “feed it, with verse or prose, or with brave deeds worthy
 “of honourable mention in its pages.”

TOAST LIST.

To propose	◆	To respond
	<i>The College.</i>	
The Buttery Boy.	“ <i>The Dial.</i> ”	The Senior Fellow.
The Editorial Muse.		Dr A. B. Cook (<i>Censor</i>)
	“ <i>The Dial's</i> ” <i>future.</i>	
The Editor.		Mr Sleeman (<i>Treasurer</i>)

“AN AUTUMN EVENING, PORT ERIN, ISLE OF MAN.”

The golden gorse is glowing
 And the ling its purple showing
 In the verdure of the headlands fading into night;
 The gilded tide is flowing
 'Neath the eastern breezes blowing,
 While the sombre tints of dusk diffuse the waning light.
 With slate and amber showing,
 Now the sullen clouds are going,
 And beneath the steely sea the dying day takes flight.

KRYPTON.

UNDER THE DIAL.

A Farrago of College News.

BY the Lent Term we have become middle aged. We are apt to be more critical of life and of things in general. Yet blasé and cynical as we may have become, we are bound to admit that the past term has been a fairly successful one. In the realm of sport, at any rate, we seem to have met with success on the whole, and it was particularly bad luck that the Hockey side lost in the First League final re-play against Emmanuel. The particularly fine show put up by the Rugger side against Pembroke has been commented upon elsewhere in this issue. Congratulations are also due to the Second Lent boat on gaining their oars.

To turn from the general to the particular, we should like to offer our congratulations to L. T. Rowan on gaining his Hockey Blue, while in the sphere of oratory, G. C. Harding's election to the Committee of the Union is worthy of special comment. So far as the corporate social life of the College is concerned, it may be fairly stated that the Bernard Society, although hardly yet accustomed to their new quarters, gained the support of the majority of the members of the College, and may be considered to have had a successful term of activities.

* * * *

THE ERASMUS ROOM.

A long-felt want has at last been realised, and it is particularly fitting that mention should be made of it in *The Dial*, where it has been very often urged in the

past. The Bernard Room in its new condition of embellishment is a gift for which we are particularly thankful. In this case, realisation has exceeded anticipation, and we have been provided, in an incredibly short time, with all the amenities of a club smoking room. We should like to say thank you very much to the Committee of Dons who have done this for us, while we are confident that the undergraduate's standpoint will be competently represented under the scheme whereby the Committee of the United Clubs are responsible for the management of the room.

* * * *

REFLECTED GLORY.

“Permissive alternatives” seem to be fashionable just now, and with the discussion on the Revised Prayer Book, which has stirred up a considerable amount of opposition, came another question of alternative use, which, happily, was decided upon unanimously. While some would contend that the New Prayer Book will change the face of the Church, and it is not our business to comment on such matters, it is quite certain that the new permissive deviation in the matter of the Tie for the Queens' United Clubs will certainly change the necks of at any rate those members of the College who wear it.

For the benefit of old Queens' men who may still read *The Dial*, it might be as well if the new tie was described.

Nothing communistic has been achieved, since the new tie follows the precedent already set by half the colleges in Cambridge. The colours used are, of course, the green and white which have made this College a

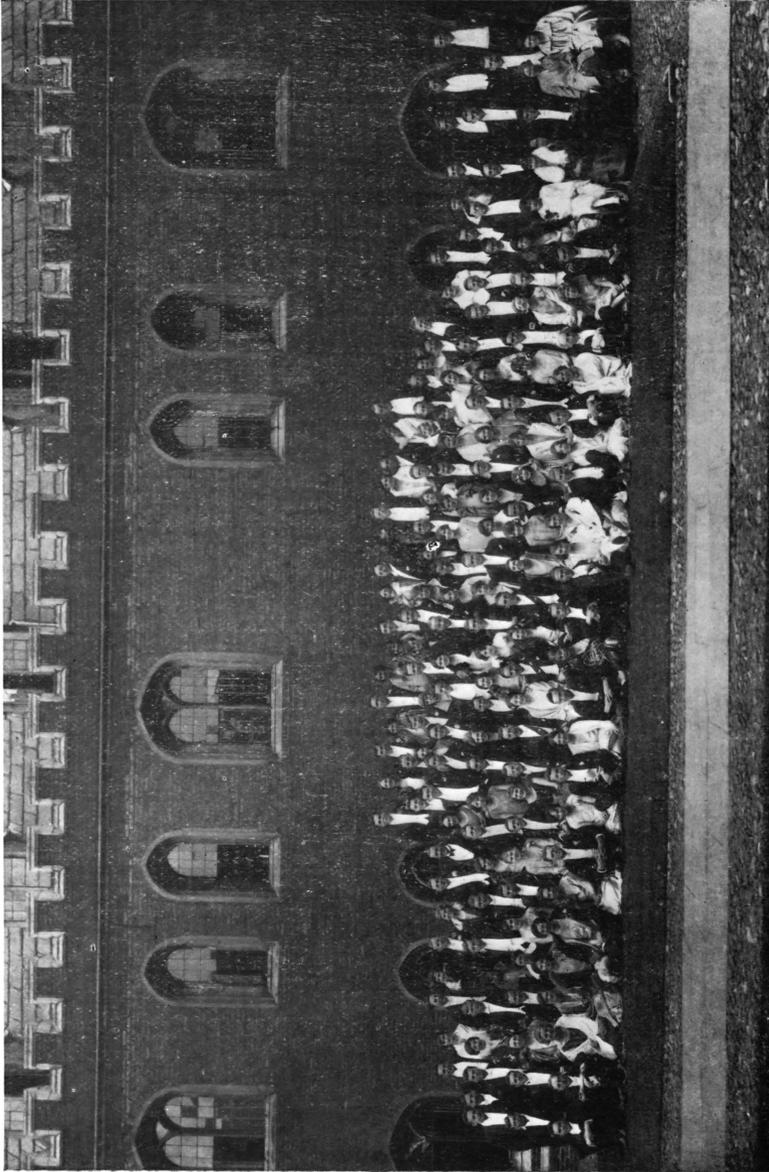


Photo Messrs. Stearn & Sons

QUEENS' COLLEGE MAY WEEK BALL

JUNE 22, 1926

marked one in the eyes of the rest of the University for many years past, but the new tie consists of a dark green ground with a narrow white stripe across it at intervals. With the old one still in full force, for those who like to wear it, future freshmen will have yet another decision to make when they come up to Queens'. "Which tie to wear?" The answer will conceivably be "Both."

* * * *

HUGHES ESSAY PRIZE.

On December 17th, after the end of last term, the Dean announced the following awards:—

The Latin Prize to J. R. Thompson.

The English Prize to W. P. Jenson.

* * * *

ECCLESIA ANGLICANA.

By the kindness of the President and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, members of the College who are hoping to take Holy Orders were entertained to tea to meet the Bishop of Lichfield on Sunday, January 30th. His Lordship afterwards addressed the gathering and spoke of the spiritual qualifications necessary for such a calling.

* * * *

MEMORIES OF NIGHT TURNED INTO DAY.

Through an inadvertence, no photograph of the May Week Ball appeared in last term's issue of *The Dial*. We hasten to rectify this omission, and at this somewhat distant date to recall a dim picture of fairy lights and fairy-like figures flitting through the cloisters, the distant

syncopation of the band in the marquee on the Bowling Green, and the marvellous night, as fine surely as any known in Venice. There is no doubt that the setting of our College rivals any other under these special and ethereal conditions as much as it does in every day life. We are truly grateful to all those who effected such a transformation, as well as to those responsible for the catering arrangements, which were excellent in every way. We understand this was the largest attended Ball ever held in Queens'.

It seems necessary to make these remarks in order to assist in providing an atmospheric background to the somewhat blatant photograph, taken at 6 a.m., when the fairy-lights had all burnt out and the sun was shining brightly!

It is good too, to awaken a healthy appetite in the mind of those members of the College who were not in residence last summer. We can only say: "Your turn will come!"

Incidentally the photograph depicts the South wall of the Old Court as it appeared before the recent restoration.

* * * *

ARE YOU A BORE?

The following extract from a recent number of *The Atlantic Monthly* may be of interest both to Chamberlain, with the next College feast or May Ball in view, and to the members of yet another newly founded club in Queens' with a somewhat similar name:—

"I append the following recipe for making a bore's head:—

"Take a mass of unleavened egotism. Chop a cupful of trite conversational chestnuts into small pieces, shell

and all. Add a quart of dry facts, from which the juice of humour has been extracted, and a cupful of dates, stuffed with statistics. Stir in, very slowly—a pint of personal anecdote from which all imagination has been strained.

“Flavour with the essence of complete indifference to anybody’s taste but your own.

“Pour into a mould stamped with your own image, and turn on a platter garnished with plenty of thyme.

“This dish has frequently appeared at social functions of the Rich and Great.

“I have given you the rules—it is for you to avoid following them.”

from *Public Opinion*, January 21st, 1927.

* * * *

CROCUSES.

It is a curious fact that things often become famous after their prime. We do not suggest that the crocuses are dying, but it certainly is a fact that they have not been as good this year as they have in some previous years. Be that as it may, they have been given more publicity this year than ever before.

A paragraph recently appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*, which ran as follows :

“Spring is in the air, and from Cambridge I hear that shortly, unless very bad weather sets in, the famous court at Queens’ will be a blaze of crocuses. Never anywhere else in the world have so many crocuses been in one place. It is one of the sights of Cambridge that brings American visitors to their knees.

The sight even brought praise to the lips of a very “hard-boiled” millionaire film magnate who exclaimed :—

‘My! That’s fine! I’d give the world to shoot that scene. I’m a whale of a nature faker myself, but those crocuses with Lilian Gish sitting there, why, it ’ud beat the world!’”

This remarkable eulogy was followed up by a request to photograph the scene. The result appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* of March 14th. We are indebted to the Art Editor of that paper for permission to reproduce it as a frontispiece to this magazine.

As a result of all this, the College has recently been described as "a few buildings clustering round a tree with crocuses under it."

It is all rather overwhelming.

* * * *

THE PRESIDENT'S PORTRAIT.

A reproduction in photogravure of the portrait recently painted by W. de Glehn, A.R.A., has been prepared by the University Press.

Copies of the reproduction may be obtained at the College Office, price 1/3, or by post 1/6.

* * * *

UNCENSORED SENSE.

Throughout the life of *The Dial*, Dr Cook has been its careful guardian, and its fond uncle. Nothing has been allowed to soil its pages which would bring discredit upon it. He has exercised a wise yet liberal censorship upon contributions sent in to the successive Editors, and his guiding rule has always been to excise anything which can conceivably be thought to cause offence to individuals, or of being in itself offensive. He has allowed for those with no sense of humour, or for those who think they possess more than they really do, in a way which only a true wit, such as himself, could have done. We are more grateful than we can say for his ever ready help and advice, for it

is a pleasure to have as a Censor one who understands the limitations of youth and who at the same time allows for them, correcting and adjusting our exuberance with just that humorous firmness which will always arouse affection and at the same time command respect.

The greatest calamity which could ever befall *The Dial* would be if we were to lose our Censor, and we are grateful for all his kindly interest during the past twenty-one years.

* * * *

MUSIC IN CHAPEL.

A Recital of Sacred Music was held in Chapel on the night of Sunday, March 13th. The service consisted of the Aria "Gladly will I leave Him never," from Bach's Matthew Passion, and Beethoven's "Jehovah's Glory," both sung by C. D. Horsley. The Choir afterwards sang Gounod's "Passion Music."

The Choir are to be congratulated on the hard work put into the rehearsing of this cantata, and in their keenness in tackling something more elaborate than that which is usually rendered. If such performances were more frequent, and it is indeed difficult to see how they could be under existing conditions, there would no doubt be a corresponding improvement after each performance in the finer *nuances* of choral singing.

It was a matter for regret that this recital was not more largely attended by members of the College.

"FLOREAT DOMUS."

News of old Queens' Men.

GENERAL.

C. T. Regan (B.A. 1900) has been promoted to an important post at the British Museum. The following is an extract from *The Times* :

"*Mr Charles Tate Regan, F.R.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S.*, has been appointed Director of the Natural History Departments, British Museum, in succession to Sir Sidney Harmer, who retires on March 9. Dr William Thomas Calman, F.R.S., F.Z.S., D.Sc., has been appointed to succeed Mr Regan as Keeper of Zoology.

Mr Regan, who was born on February 1, 1878, was educated at Derby School and Queens' College, Cambridge, where he obtained a first class in Part I. of the Natural Sciences Tripos, and a second class in Part II. He entered the British Museum in 1901, became Deputy Keeper of Zoology in 1919, and Keeper, in succession to Sir Sidney Harmer, in 1921. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1917. In 1925 he was President of Section D of the British Association at Southampton, when the subject of his presidential address was "Organic Evolution." He is generally recognised as one of the leading living ichthyologists, and his published works include a volume on "British Freshwater Fishes," reports on the fishes of Central America and of the Antarctic regions, and many memoirs on the structure, classification, and geographical distribution of fishes, and on questions relating to evolution. During the war he gave important service to the country on the Fresh-water Fish Committee. He has long been recognised as possessing marked executive as well as scientific ability; he is a good speaker, and is held in high esteem by zoologists and by his colleagues in the Natural History Museum." *The Times*, 2nd March, 1927.

J. W. Hubbard (B.A. 1921), who has been with an electrical engineering firm in Calcutta, is returning to England to enter St Boniface College, Warminster.

A. D. Hamilton (B.A. 1926) is surveying in Central Africa. His address is United Service Club, Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Right Rev. C. H. Gill, D.D., late Bishop of Travancore, has been appointed by Simeon's Trustees to the Vicarage of Gerrards' Cross, Bucks.

The Rev. F. T. Thornburgh (B.A. 1904) has gone to Australia to be Organising Secretary to the C.M.S. at Melbourne.

The Rev. H. S. Vining (B.A. 1905), one time Organ Scholar of this College, appointed Vicar of Green's Norton, near Towcester.

MARRIAGES.

B. Spencer Smith (B.A. 1904).

On January 1st, at St Peter's Church, Kabale, British Ruanda, Uganda, the *Rev. J. E. L. Warren* (B.A. 1921) to Kathleen Ardill, M.B.

On January 28th, *S. R. Matthews* (B.A. 1922).

OBITUARY.

The Rev. A. H. Ellaby (B.A. 1872) who formerly held the College Livings of Eversden (1888—1900) and Grimston (1902—1918).

Samuel Gordon (formerly Scholar of this College) (B.A. 1893).

"Member of a family distinguished for scholarship and public service, Mr Samuel Gordon was a singularly gifted novelist and a Cambridge graduate of high distinction. His range of knowledge was exceptional even in this versatile age, and as a conversationalist he was known to a wide circle. He will live by his novels, and as a master of the short story he was among the greatest of his generation."—*Sunday Times*.

F. L. Marlay (B.A. 1907).

BOOKS.

No large work has been produced of late by Old Queens' men, but the following have been brought to our notice:—

"Shakespeare," by *G. B. Harrison* (B.A. 1920). For Benn's Sixpenny Quartos.

"A First School Music Course," by *W. J. R. Gibbs, M.A., Mus.B.* (B.A. 1906). Pupils' Book, fcap. 4to., 46pp., 1/-. Teacher's Book, fcap. 4to., pp. viii + 150, 6/-. Cambridge University Press, 1927.

“SHORTS FROM THE COURTS.” *

The Boat Club.

“Rowing (τὸ ναυτικόν) is a matter of skill like everything else, and it is impossible to practice it casually, or to treat it as a side show, no, rather nothing should go with it as a side-show.”

THUCYDIDES, I, 142.

The Mission Committee.

“They who go thus about to beg for others, generally find a pleasure in the task. They consider, in some measure, every benefaction they secure as given by themselves, and have at once the pleasure of being liberal, without the self-reproach of being profuse.”

GOLDSMITH. *Life of Richard Nash.*

Fr-nkl-n Ev-us.

“Another run about Naked, except for a pair of Drawers about his waist with a voice and countenance full of Horror, a swift Pace, and no Body would ever find him to stop, or rest, or take sustenance, at least that ever I cou’d hear of.”

DEFOE. *Journal of the Plague.*

* Readers of the *Daily Express* may recognise the caption.—ED.

The Office Boy (as he adds up the half-pennies on the Bills).

“Pooh-bah. Merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bold and unconvincing account.”

W. S. GILBERT. *The Mikado* (with apologies).

The Chapel Bell, to dwellers in the Old Court.

“What’s the business
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house?”

Macbeth, Act II., Sc. 3, l. 88.

Mr. L-f-n.

“Bounteously made
But yet how finely.”

TENNYSON. *Aylmer’s Field.*

J. G.

LINES WRITTEN WHILE WAITING FOR
THE EGG TO BOIL FOR BREAKFAST.

I DO not like,
Having to start out yawning
On a cold and snowy morning,
To go and bath.

I do not like
To hear the chapel bell
Clang its sad and mournful knell,
At earliest dawn.

I do not like
To find I have no tea
Or sugar it may be
When I'm at breakfast.

I do not like
To find amongst my mail
Things that simply cannot fail
To make me cross.

I do not like
My friends' insinuations,
Or other intimations
That I possess a liver.

Written at my chamber on G staircase

“IFS AND ANS AND POTS AND PANS.”

IF all the clergy produced by Queens' were placed end to end, they would stretch from Geneva to Rome.

If all the dog-collars worn by them were ironed out flat and placed end to end, they would provide the Ministry of Transport with white lines for the roads of England for one month.

If all the canes used by old Queens' men who are now schoolmasters were planted in the Grove, in fifty years time the Bursar would be able to furnish every room in college with a bamboo bookcase.

If all the Queens' rowing blues still alive were placed end to end, he would probably stretch about six feet.

If a Fellow is assiduous in learning a musical instrument himself, but is at the same time intolerant of other people's efforts to do the same, then music will soon be a lost art.§

If people didn't watch the crocuses so much, there might be a bigger crop.*

If green is green, and white is white,†
Why are there so many browns and greys?

§ We recommend "A First School Music Course," by W. J. R. Gibbs, M.A., Mus.B. (B.A. 1906). C.U.P., 1/-.

* No Horticultural Authority, so far as we know, has recommended beer as a suitable fertilizer for bulbous plants.

† Always think collegiately.

T. H. W.
C. D. H.

TWO POEMS.

Lost.

BE kind, Helen, I am so tired of thinking ;
 There are so many difficult staircases of thought,
 With equal iron banisters, leading back again :
 So many stone steps, Helen, up which I sought
 To re-discover the blue windy sky, and stand, blinking,
 In the old lost sunlight : as bright as pain,
 Helen. I would give almost anything now
 Even for pain. If one day down my iron avenues
 The counted corridors, leading, at last, me right,
 Should lose their remorseless patterns and diffuse
 Into a kinder symmetry, and shew me how
 After a white hand pointing Exit, shine the stars at night :
 Should I, appreciating the right gesture, fall dead ?
 I should walk out quite quietly and stand quite still
 With the night air in my hair and my feet in the wet dew,
 Eternally motionless, without want or will,
 Not proud any more, Helen, of this poor head.....
 And I daresay even that's not true.

Death.

THERE's many dead, one said, and many lost :
 (Not lost, but gone before).
 Will they come back no more ?
 Surely they must—
 They loved the flesh, and love is breath :
 They will come back for sure.
 Death said : the dead are dust.

There's many dead, I said, since this began.
 Death said : There's more than many dead :
 Oh yes, he said,
 Even since Queen Anne.
 Your hands are rather cold, said Death—
 Your hands are rather cold, *my fancy man.*

T. H. W.

WALKS ROUND CAMBRIDGE.

IN a University where the love of beauty is fostered, where the Arts still flourish and where the rising tide of modern commercialism is, as yet, held in check by the buttresses of ancient culture, it is very strange to find so few who appreciate the surrounding country, or indeed, have sufficient knowledge of it to allow them to appreciate it.

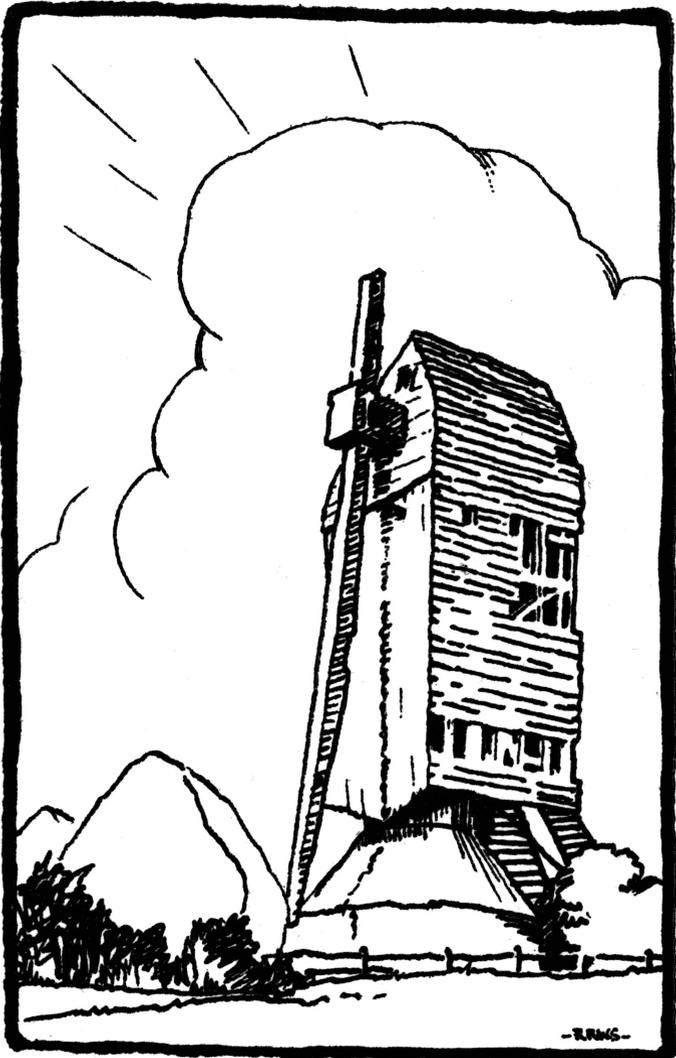
This is, perhaps, due to the fact that most people regard Cambridgeshire as consisting of a flat waste of desolate fields and fens only relieved by a humorous swelling of pseudo-hills, and consequently fear that a little exploration would be dull work. It is to such that these lines are dedicated.

Cambridge is situated in an extraordinarily happy position from the point of view of country lovers, for they have always the choice of the fens or the hills before them. There are five convenient footpaths for leaving the town. To the North the tow-path leads straight out into the fens. Of the few of these that still remain in anything like their original condition Wicken Fen is the wildest and finest. On the right hand bank of the river from Horningsea onwards lie the fens of Quy, Bottisham and Burwell, and very pleasant walks may be obtained by crossing these along the banks of the various Lodes by which they are intersected.

The second footpath is that leading from the Newmarket Road across Coldham's Common to Teversham. From Teversham we can either take the road up through Quy to Bottisham, the Swaffhams and Burwell, or, what is far more interesting, turn down towards Fulbourne

and then strike out into Fulbourne Fen. Assuming that we are not lost in the fen and have safely negotiated the Little Wilbraham river—a trickling puddle full eighteen inches deep—we reach the little village of Wilbraham. The Cherryhinton footpath lies a little further to the South and has the disadvantage of being approached through Romsey Town. It forms a convenient method of getting out to Fulbourne and the Gogs.

Running down in a South-Westerly direction from Newmarket is a strip of country about five miles wide whereon lies not a single village except where the rivers Cam and Granta have carved a crossing. As may be guessed from the name of the village Westerly Waterless, lying just on its border, this is due to a layer of chalky soil making it impossible to get water. To the East of Fulbourne and the Wilbrahams then, lies this great barrier which must be crossed before the more populous district beyond on the borders of Essex can be reached. The pleasantest means of crossing are by Fleam Dike and the Via Devana. The former is one of the several earth-works erected by the prehistoric inhabitants to defend the gap between the Fens and the impenetrable forests of the Gogs. It makes a splendid walk for all but those with keen imaginations who may, before they are aware, stumble upon a fierce Icenian clansman, and be glad to save themselves by contemplation of the beauties of Ely Cathedral glittering in the sun on the horizon. The latter, the Roman Road, is reached by the Gogs Road and leads straight on over the hills for as long as we care to follow it. This walk over the Gogs, with the grassy track always disappearing over the next ridge ahead and the hills falling away on one side to give a fine sense of space and freedom, is, perhaps, the finest of any in the country. Its nearness to the Linton



-RANK-

1927.

Old Mill. St. Ives ---

valley enables the seclusion of the hills to be quickly exchanged for the comparative bustle of the little string of villages which lie along the banks of the Granta.

The fourth of our footpaths is that leading across the meadows to Grantchester. This is the most useful way of leaving Cambridge as Grantchester is the focus of paths radiating out to several of the most interesting places in Cambridgeshire. Haslingfield may be reached either along the right bank of the river or by a footpath crossing Bourn Brook by a wooden bridge about a mile to the West of Byron's Pool. Once at Haslingfield, the obvious thing to do is to climb to the top of Chapel Hill and, if the day be fine, try to count the seventy or eighty churches which may be seen from this point. The road leads down over the hill to Barrington, whose village street runs between cottages separated by a village green a furlong across. The effect of space produced by this happy arrangement is truly marvellous. Return from Barrington may be made either along the banks of the Rhee or across the ridge again and down through the quarries to Harlton.

Instead of wandering as far as Haslingfield a hot summer's day may well suggest a more sedate stroll along Bourne Brook, and—

“Here in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profane eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye.
And go to sleep.”

From Grantchester again we may take the bridle path to Barton and thence on through Comberton and Toft to Bourne. Bourne lies just to the North of one end of the ridge which runs down as far as Haslingfield and ends in Chapel Hill. This ridge forms a definite geographical boundary and divides the gloriously wooded country of

Wimpole Park and the Bedfordshire Border from the comparatively bare land of the Bourne valley. Climb up to where the Roman Road from Barton crosses the Ware Way and the Promised Land will be unfolded before you.

The fifth and last of our footpaths is that leading through Coton and Whitwell Farm to Hardwick. From Hardwick another mile brings Hardwick wood with its wonderful carpet of wild flowers. If we press on yet farther we shall be rewarded by the sight of Bourne church nestling against the side of the hills with the brook, quite an infant now, trickling humbly along its pebbly course. And on again to Caxton? No! We can go no further. Even though our strength be not yet gone, our readers patience is long ago exhausted and tax him farther we dare not, for at Caxton there stands—or stood—a gibbet

H. C.

THE AMERICAN'S GUIDE TO CAMBRIDGE.

First Walk.

START from the University Arms before closing time, and visit Queens' College via the Post Office; by taking this route it is possible to include Ye Olde Castel, The Red Lion, Morley's, The Red Cow, The Bath and The Bull: all very interesting edifices inside.

Behind The Bull is Queens' College, which is a college; it was invented by Erasmus who also invented tooth-paste and Greek. He lived on the fourth floor with a black hat, and disliked beer. He was always considered very famous. Others have thought that Queen

Margaret of Anjou, sometimes known as Elizabeth Widville, who married Bernard, was really the inventor of this college; Bernard has been identified with Dr Barnardo who was also very famous and built colleges of the same sort. This is very obscure.

There is a sun-dial in one of the courts which is very novel, and is surmounted by a clock; the clock is used for telling the time and the sun-dial has the times of the London trains written on it, so it is very useful. Sir Isaac Newton was not allowed to make this sun-dial because he was not born, and he was not allowed to repaint it because he was dead. This has always been considered very bad luck. In revenge Sir Isaac Newton made a wooden bridge without any nails in it, and when the president of the college, whose name was Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, walked across it she fell in. She then threw an apple at Sir Isaac Newton's head, and he cut bench holes in a door for some kittens. They were an odd lot in those days.

Another famous man was Andrew Dockett, who built the lavatories.

There are no other famous men in this college, except Mr Laffan who knew Mr Chesterton, Mr Potts who saws wood, Mr Wood the boy scout, and Mr Browne the famous cox.

There are several societies in Queens' College, commemorating its famous men. The Erasmus Society exists for the purpose of being presided over by its President; the St Margaret Society exists for the purpose of commemorating the Dean; the Bernard Society exists for the purpose of the Bernard Room, which is in memory of Mr Drage. The Cherubs' and Kangaroos' Clubs are of a religious character.

The whole college is very beautiful and very old, so

that writing on the walls, or even taking away a few bricks, is not considered quite nice; also it is not right to tip the old gentlemen who walk about, because they may not be gardeners, and it is very annoying for them.

Second Walk.

Return to University Arms, via etc., if not shut.

T. H. W.

THE DECLINE OF ROMANCE.

DURING the last few years we have heard survivors of the Victorian era lamenting the lack of romance among the rising generation. Some of us, however, feel that this is an accusation which cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged; it is not that the young people of the present day lack the true spirit of romance, but that this materialistic age gives them no chance to give vent to it. Young Lochinvar, for instance, when he snatched his bride from the arms of his rival, was not troubled by base thoughts as to whether his salary was sufficient or the new government houses at Leith would be ready in time. Similarly, Hector, when he plunged into the thick of the battle, did not wait to consider whether it would be possible for him to live on the pound a week allowance from the *Daily Mail* Insurance in the event of injury, and, as far as we know, none of the Greek heroes had to go on the dole when the Trojan war came to an end. In the past they were far too high-minded to consider such mundane matters as money and unemployment.

In our days, alas, things have changed very much. A friend of mine, for instance, wrote a long poem which he was going to recite to his lady love when he chose

her. The last heard of him was that he was working his way steadily northwards, and had reached Newcastle, still trying to find a young lady who would listen to even the first three verses of his poem without walking away. This is a difficulty which never seemed to trouble our ancestors.

Another acquaintance of mine once decided to serenade his fiancée, and set out one night in order to do so. He spent three critical weeks in hospital, as a result of the prospective father-in-law omitting to keep a firm hold on the jug when he threw its contents out of the window. When the ardent swain at last emerged from hospital, more or less cured, he received five summonses from neighbours who had had their slumbers rudely disturbed.

A poetically-minded man was once known to have gone and viewed an old Tudor mansion by moonlight. As a result, he spent an uncomfortable night in the cells and was charged before the magistrates next day by the village constable with "loitering with the intent of committing a felony."

Lastly there was the gentleman who said that the country was the only place for romance. There, he told me, you can still find the dainty shepherdesses looking after the playful lambs as in days gone by. However, the nearest approach to a shepherdess, which he found, was a very masterful land girl who pointed out to him that the notice by the gate concerning trespassers was not put there for a joke.

Gentle readers, what chance is there for a romantically-minded man in this world of materialism?

B. D.

BRIDGETT APPLETHWAITE.

CLOSE to the sanctuary, in a parish church in Suffolk, there is a slate tombstone, upon which is engraved the following inscription:—

“ Between the Remains of
Her brother Edward, and of her husband Arthur,
Here lies the body of Bridgett Applethwaite,
Who, after the Fatigues of married life,
Borne by her with Incredible Patience for 4 years and 3 quarters,
(Bating three weeks)
And after the Enjoyment of the Glorious Freedom
Of an early and Unblemished widowhood, for
Four years and upwards,
She resolved to run the Risk of a Second Marriage Bed.

But Death forbade the Banns,
And with an apoplectic Dart (the Same Instrument with
Which he had formerly despatched her Mother) toucht the
Most Vital Part of her Brain ;
Of which Invisible Bruise, after a struggle of above 60
Hours, with that Grand Enemy to Life (but the Certain
And Merciful Friend to helpless old age)
With terrible convulsions,
Plaintive Groans,
Or Stupifying Sleep
Without recovery of her Speech or Senses,
She Dyed, on the Twelfth day of December, in the year
{Of our Lord, 1737
{And of her Own Age, 44.”

W. W. L.

THEIR MAJESTIES' PRESIDENCY.

SITUATED in an eastern fenland and bounded by a river, is a community probably unique in its social structure. It is composed of a number of Groups which are practically self contained, and one of these, Their Majesties' Presidency, is especially worthy of note.

There are various ways in which the Presidency can act as a Group, but few in which it does, in fact there seems to be no more than one. Every night a common meal is eaten, not ceremonially but for nourishment, and furnishes the one occasion for corporate corporeal action. This one concerted action is valuable in that it enables those in the Group to distinguish their friends from their foes. In examining the component parts, called clans, the picture of the Group, united in mastication, must ever be kept in mind.

Originally the Group was formed to bind intellectuals with the common bond of intellect, but they and it are now less in evidence. Intellects are divided into kind as well as degree, and over each division or clan is a chief. The decline in intellect has affected even these chiefs, who, but for one or two brilliant exceptions, find their main interest no longer the leadership of their clan. Attempts at mastery of instruments of music, contemplation of former greatness, instruction of the young, or the cultivation of mere amiability, all tend to obscure the intellectual aim, possibly to the advantage of all. Those clansmen whose aim is chiefly intellectual tend to withdraw from their fellows and be companions of their tomes of tradition. There is little savouring of intellect at the common meal except that a benediction is asked, or in some cases apparently demanded,

in a strange tongue; and a certain section present employ the same tongue for merry jest. Some of the food is also described in a foreign language, but only when there is no native equivalent.

There are minstrels, though they receive no encouragement from the chiefs, who provide music for their own and others' satisfaction; in the ordinary way it is of mediocre quality but good on festivals, the Group responding in inverse ratio to the quality.

A large proportion of the members of the Group spend their leisure in physical exercise, some by water, some on land. The former exert much energy in learning to manipulate their canoes as swiftly and elegantly as possible, in both of which they succeed; the latter learn to direct the movements of a ball over a field, links or table.

The religious ceremonies of the Group are observed in a specially appointed building and theoretically commence at fixed times, ending in time for the Group meal. Additional ceremonies are held by the religious clans, some of whom like more, some less ceremonial than the standard set by the Group.

Besides the clans with compulsory membership there are several where it is voluntary and obtainable only after secret initiatory rites. Such clans possess emblems by which they and their members are known. Some such are for intellectual, sporting, or social purposes: for some the purpose is carefully and successfully concealed. The oldest is for those who show prowess at ball games and has an Australian emblem. Another aims higher, it has a celestial emblem and its functions are purely incidental, and seek to show the Group how things should be done. Others have Eastern or classical, arboreal or numerical emblems.



Photo J. Palmer Clarke

To face p. 27.

In studying any community or clan it is essential to keep in mind the Group as a whole or the Clan as a whole. But in every community however strong custom may be, the individual, ever irrepensible, will distinguish himself. So here there are individuals who are outstanding for their physical beauty and charm of manner: for their torrential flow of eloquence; for their control of the occult; for their increasing expenditure of energy in good works from early hours to late; for their capacity for doing things properly.

All are proud of their membership of the Presidency, and the observer is sure the pride is justifiable.

OBSERVER.

MAN OF MARK.

ERIC STEPHEN WARNER.

THE Special Representative on the staff of *The Dial*, after diligent and searching enquiries both in Queens' and out of it, can do nothing but attest to the truth of the legend that our hero lived a busy but blameless life at Sherborne, where he went after leaving St. Cyprian's, Eastbourne, in September 1919. In vain did we cajole old school friends in Pembroke, Corpus and Trinity. The loyalty to the old school is justly symbolised by the royal coat of arms which the school bears as its crest, and Old Shirburnians who were in Harper's House with Eric merely tell of the iron discipline, the driving personality (he indulged in golf

when he reached the Grand Old Man stage, and would bicycle miles for it), and the stern demeanour of Eric Stephen Warner. At school he captained the Shooting VIII. and obtained his 2nd XV. colours, and although he had never rowed before coming up here to rule the waves for Queens', it was foreordained that he should end as Captain of the Boat Club. Yes, little things prophesied this. We hear that he was a fine plunger at school, and that he belongs to a cricket club called the Cygnets in the vacs. Were these not potent signs of latent oarsmanship? Small, you may say, yet, my brothers, infinitely important precursors of the voice that now thunders on the tow-path.

Eric's presence was very soon felt throughout Queens', and his sociable qualities were early recognised. He was the first of his year to be elected to the Cherubs, of which club he is now the senior member. One of Stephen Warner's most absorbing interests is music, and from his habit of playing in trios in the vacs., arose that idiosyncrasy of always including a 'cello in his luggage. Never mind if he always got somebody else to take it to Liverpool Street for him, and have it palmed off upon an innocent porter as a bass viol of no value (*pro tem*). Mercifully, Eric has broken himself of that habit, and instead has cultivated the accomplishment of being an excellent manipulator of other people's gramophones, thereby ingratiating himself with his hosts, while he is also an occasional performer on the ukulele. He is a faithful supporter of the International Celebrity Concerts, indeed his fidelity to the glaring lights, the sea-green walls and the hard seats of the Guildhall is truly amazing, and says much for Eric's insistence on hearing music at any price. We wonder, . . . ? But no, we banish the thought at once.

A devoted son of the Church, Eric attends Chapel regularly, and is also renowned as a President of the Q. C. C. U., who have had a most successful series of meetings during the past two terms.

Above all is E. Stephen Warner a man of mark as he bestrides the courts in his immaculate clothes. Are you ever in doubt as to whether the *revires* of your coat lie quite correctly? Then make plum for Warner, and he will tell you just what is wrong. You need a new overcoat? Eric will give you a card of introduction to the best tailor in Cambridge, with the greatest of pleasure.

His future career as a schoolmaster has already caused him serious thought, and having successfully navigated Part I. of the History Tripos, Eric now forms part of a trio who occasionally honour the Geographical Schools with their presence, for Part II. of that tripos. We offer him the best of luck in the coming June, while we confidently wish him every success in the May races, to be rewarded by further triumphs at Henley.

FASHION PAGE.

ONE of the most foolish of the amiable hypocrisies in which man indulges is a pretended contempt for fashion: man, particularly, rather than woman, for he finds fashion a useful bludgeon to assault his sister with. He himself is solid, immutable, hewn out of granite, unchanged by the passage of time; he governs his life by the steady light of reason, not by the will-o'-the-wisp Fashion. This masculine pose must be one of the jokes enjoyed by intelligent women when they

are by themselves. But there are women too who "take the trouble to dress out of the fashion" till they get too old for that kind of vanity. After all, men are no worse than women; it is only that female fashions change too often and violently for women to pretend stability. They stand convicted by the snapshots of five years ago. The veriest flapper can hardly pretend to have forgotten the days when umbrellas had spikes and skirts came below the knee.

The truth is, of course, that all modest people follow the fashions as closely as they can afford to; and women, being more modest than men, and having more time to spend on social niceties, follow them more closely. To resist fashion is to set oneself on a pinnacle like Matthew Arnold's Shakespeare :

We ask and ask ; thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge.

Besides, the only person who is not the slave of fashion is the person who quietly follows it. If you fight a rearguard action every step you take will be noticed; if you run with the crowd you will not be conspicuous. There is a man in Cambridge who used to wear a cap of a fashion thirty years out of date; I well remember the sensation he caused when at last he appeared in modern headdress. And though there are people who get for themselves an ignoble comfort by neglecting fashions altogether, they are not of much consequence in the world. We pretend to admire them, and probably rather like them, feeling them to be our inferiors; but we do not respect their opinions. We enjoy a vague sense of decency from having them in our midst; but we do not consult them about our future career, or about investments, or what car we are

to buy, or politics, or religion, or anything really important. No one who could help it would choose an unfashionable Father Confessor. It may be fashionable for Father Confessors to be untidy, or to be smart; but which ever is fashionable, we go for it.

Now why on earth do we despise fashion? For we must admit that not only in dress, but in politics, religion, art, science, and all our manners and conduct we follow fashion as far as we can. We like to "move with the times". "Morality is the custom of one's country and the current feeling of one's peers. Cannibalism is moral in a cannibal country." There are four main reasons for our inconsistency.

First, and probably most general, is the reason which accounts for all hypocrisies. "Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue." In this matter of fashion we fall so far short of the ideal that we are forced to put up some sort of defence; and the defence we put up is the good old defence of "sour grapes". Few of us have time to observe the society we live in, and pay enough attention to the art of fitting into it. We have fallen far short of the attainment of our forefathers in the sixteenth, seventeenth, or eighteenth centuries; life has become too busy to be graceful. Even if we dress fashionably, we probably don't talk and think fashionably. Meanwhile the fashionable people themselves belittle fashion, out of a sort of inverted hypocrisy—the homage virtue pays to vice. They do not like to seem priggish; so they pretend not to value their own accomplishments.

A better reason for disliking fashion is the existence of a thing which masquerades under the name of fashion but is really in conflict with it. This thing was called by our ancestors "foppery". A fop is a person who

tries to lead, to be always ahead of his neighbour, to be "modern"; and whereas the principle underlying fashion is that a man should be inconspicuous and unobtrusive everywhere, should fit as well as possible into the scheme of things, the one aim of a fop is to be conspicuous. Fops, like other people who try to be ahead of their age, are always ridiculous and usually mistaken and immoral. Their existence is one reason for our pretended dislike of fashion. We are so afraid of being ahead of the fashion that we affect a pride in being behind it.

A third reason for despising fashion is that the fashions of yesterday are always ridiculous. It is a most curious fact that the very people who in their own day took trouble to be natural and inconspicuous should seem deliberately absurd to their grandchildren, and charmingly quaint to their great-grandchildren. This is probably due to the pendulum of life, which makes virile nations, like virile people, swing from one extreme to the other; but whatever the explanation, there is no doubt of the fact. In spite of all our confidence, and all our young-eyed delight in the present, our clothes and all our trappings will look as fantastically silly to our grandchildren as our grandparents' do to us. And we know it, in our heart of hearts, and are a little afraid of fashion. We pretend to despise what we fear; but we do not really despise it.

The last reason I can think of is the sentimental one, and therefore probably the best. We choose to fancy that there are certain elements in life—birth, death, happiness, misery, fear, hope and love, and many others—which are the same in all ages. They are not the same; there are fashions in being born and fashions in dying, as in other things; but they change by a slower process,

a more obstinate and irresistible evolution, than the pendulum of fashion can account for. It is these eternal and imperceptibly moving forces that keep alive in us our faith in human nature and in progress, and make the fashions which are inseparable from social morality seem after all petty. But the paradox remains: only those who are of their age can be of all time. Only those who try to love, hope, be happy, live and die as their neighbours do will ever know what love, hope, happiness, life and death are. Only those who follow the fashion can keep in the centre of the stream of life.

SKRÄDDAREN.

PANDEMONIUM.

WERE you, dear Richard, to approach a certain riverside house in a less-known part of squalid London—not the brilliant West End of your Boat race “blind”—not just any house in any mean side-street by the murky Thames—but one particular house, a three-storey building with a grimy front, you would not check your mad career to cast a second glance upon it, unless your first glance had taken in an unexpected legend, painted in gilt, long years ago, above the lintel of its battered door, two bold words “Queens’ House”. Your sensitive nature responding to its powers of observation would then surely halt you dead. The magic of a name! the sentiment of youth! Two words “Queens’ House” written in a back street in Rotherhithe would flash into you a mental picture of Silver Street and the Backs, the Cloisters, the Crocuses and Queens’ Bridge.

But should you, Richard, pause there long enough on

a winter's evening you would hear strange sounds proceeding thence: shrill voices, scampering feet, curt commands, dead silence, then a weird long Howl: you would not know the meaning of it all unless some freak chance brought you through that door. Two words "Wolf Cubs" would explain the thing at once. And the smiling merry youth who would come forward right away to deal with you, would soon grasp your right hand in a friendly grip and say "Come in! Any Queens' man finds a welcome here. Bo's upstairs, I'll send and tell him you've come."

And by the time "Bo" appeared, you would have had two experiences; first, the Wolf Cub pandemonium, and next, a typically cordial Queens' House welcome.

But should you choose another night, you'd hear still less inviting sounds; discordant toots and hoots and blasts and blares, rattles and thuds, and squeaks and squeals: a shrill whistle and then silence. By this time you'd be no stranger to the people of the House, and as you entered you'd find yourself just in time to escape from a brass band practice: and you'd realise that the din you heard was a tuning up pandemonium!

And, on another occasion, should you tear yourself away from the Saturday night street diversions outside of the next-door public house, you'd find another brand of din to greet you in that House—stamping and shouts, hard breathing, hard knocks and beats, and batters—you'd think there was at least a free fight going on and uncommonly hot at that. But if you did enter bravely once again you'd find no sudden death, but would have to look sharp to keep clear of a violent game of indoor hockey. The hockey pandemonium!

And at last the evening over, and all its games and riot and fun, when all had climbed panting and dis-

hevelled to the Chapel above for prayers, you would hear a fourth "Pandemonium."

That "there are pandemonia *and* pandemonia" will have been recognised by now. It is impossible to run a Boys' Club without that row and din at times, which the unfriendly critic would term pandemonium. But Queens' House pandemonium in all its brands is always well under control: for the boys know discipline. And though at times it is necessary for the sake of neighbouring sufferers and sucklings, to curb noisy spirits at night, one of the chief joys of a visit to the Club is to take part in some deafening game.

The pandemonium in the little eerie Chapel is of an instrumental sort and suffers badly from asthma and bronchitis. It has not long to live. A decent little organ is a vital need. The boys greatly value their evening prayers, and are very fond of hymns. The Chapel fills a very essential need in their lives: that need of privacy, quiet, and devotion, which cannot be found in their crowded homes. It is the biggest blessing that our College Mission brings them.

So here's the point of this discourse, Richard—you probably thought there was a "catch" in it somewhere—if you and your friends are wondering how you can help these youngsters, try and raise £16 between you for a new harmonium, as an extra gift to Rotherhithe and give it to the Missioner or Mission Secretary. You'll get your receipt all right.

P. J. H.

We heartily endorse this appeal, and trust that the money will be raised. Why not, as a present from *The Dial*—as a sign of its coming of age? Contributions should be earmarked and sent to the Dean.—[ED.].

Mr Laffan
Lends books to any man
Upon condition and
On receipt of note-of-hand.
For
(Though nobody could be politer than
Mr Laffan),
One always likes to be sure.

The dean got out of bed,
And shook his head.
He said :
Really,
7.30 is a bit early.

T. H. W.

Q. C. A. C.

THIS season has been a fairly successful one. No Competitions have been actually won by the college, but we have been fairly well placed in all of them.

The first inter-collegiate event was the Cross-Country Race in the Michaelmas Term. In this we were placed third, a large share of this success being due to I. J. Franklen-Evans, who finished second.

The Relays were also run off last term and Queens' obtained third place in the second division with seven points, winning the 600 yards, and being third in the three miles, and fourth in the mile.

In the Athletic contests proper we drew a bye in the first round and met Fitzwilliam House in the second. This tie was won by 88 pts.—12, but in the semi-final we lost by 70—35 to King's, who however won the final and gained promotion.

On February 26th the team visited Cranwell. The absence of two first strings was felt rather badly, and the result went against the College by $18\frac{1}{2}$ — $8\frac{1}{2}$.

At the end of the year several full-colours will be going down, but if next year's Freshmen prove as good as this year's have done there should be every reason for optimism in the coming season.

F. WILSON.

Q. C. A. F. C.

THIS term has been hardly as successful even as last term. In the first match we managed to hold Pembroke, who subsequently won the knock-out competition, with a score of 2—1 in our favour, until within fifteen minutes of the end of the game, after which our defence collapsed, and they scored several goals.

In the knock-out competition we lost to Christ's 5—0, nevertheless the game was by no means as one sided as the score suggests.

The team was the same as that of last term except that W. R. Griffiths had left us (a great loss) and W. S. Richardson joined us as a forward after being away all last term. G. Jary was moved to centre-half and Hannington took his place at back and played several good games in that position. He is more qualified for a back than for an outside left as he is a better tackler than a dribbler. We congratulate R. W. V. Robins on being elected Captain of the C. U. A. F. C. and offer him our best wishes for next season. We were fortunate in having his leadership in several matches this term.

The 2nd Eleven, under the captaincy of J. Sowerbutts, beat Chrtst's and Trinity in the getting on competition and thus qualified to meet Emmanuel in a challenge match, which unfortunately was lost. However, they are to be congratulated on some very fine performances.

The following received their colours :

Full colours—G. E. W. Hannington, B. Holder.

Half colours—G. R. Spurrel, B. A. Roberts, S. Taylor.

D. G. PRICE, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. B. C.

THE LENT RACES, 1927.

IDEAL weather conditions, such as are seldom met with at Cambridge, attended the Lent Races this year. As a result there were larger crowds than usual, and movement on the tow-path was not altogether unrestricted.

The First Boat was unfortunate. A stroke is born, not made, and, not finding one born to it, we tried to make one, and it is due to no fault of his that there was such lack of success. The three crews whose victims we were, were all good, and Selwyn were particularly fast.

The Second Boat was good from the beginning. Stroke gave his crew an excellent rhythm and proved himself to be no mean racer. They made their bump each night well before the "half-course," and are to be congratulated on getting their "oars."

The Third Boat was rather a disappointment. In practice they paddled well, but when racing, all life and sense of rhythm seemed to disappear. However, they showed something of what they could do on the third night in an excellent race with St. Catharine's II., who were within a foot of their tail from the railings to the "Pike and Eel."

FIRST CREW.

					st.	lbs.
<i>bow</i>	N. M. Kennaby	10	13
2	E. W. N. Mallows	11	2
3	J. M. Matthew	10	9
4	J. R. Hannington...	11	11
5	R. F. Trump	11	2
6	R. S. Allen	13	5
7	T. B. O'Meara	10	13
<i>stk.</i>	M. L. Parry	11	12
<i>cox</i>	D. Mallalieu	8	8

Coaches—B. M. Dale and E. S. Warner.

SECOND CREW.

					st.	lbs.
<i>bow</i>	J. C. K. Everett	10	13
2	H. S. Waddington	11	2
3	A. T. Langston	10	7
4	H. J. Jarrold	11	0
5	K. H. L. Wadley	10	7
6	S. B. Palmer	11	3
7	E. N. A. Morton	10	4
<i>stk.</i>	D. R. Gray	11	6
<i>cox</i>	W. P. Jenson	9	6

Coaches—E. S. Warner and B. M. Dale.

THIRD CREW.

					st.	lbs.
<i>bow</i>	W. H. Symonds	10	10
2	R. S. Simms	10	5
3	R. A. Jones	11	2
4	J. F. Mackeson	10	4
5	E. M. Pearson	11	0
6	A. K. Alcock	11	9
7	C. T. Eddy	11	5
<i>stk.</i>	H. J. Robinson	12	7
<i>cox</i>	A. T. Saigol	8	13

Coaches—T. B. O'Meara and H. C. Hebard.

E. S. W.

Q. C. H. C.

IN opening, our heartiest congratulations are extended to T. L. Rowan on obtaining his blue.

The Club has had quite a successful season, the First XI. finishing second in the League, after tying for first place and losing the replay.

We were unfortunate in having two on the injured list for most of the League matches, but the two substitutes filled the places admirably,

The Second XI. did great things and finished top of Division IV. Good luck to them in the Getting-on match next year.

R. R. Bailey (goal) usually a sound and reliable player but a little inclined to mistime his rushes out of goal and is slow in getting back.

B. A. Roberts (right back) a reliable hard-hitting back.

J. D. Hodgkinson (left back) only played in two matches owing to illness. A sound player who should improve on settling down to the position.

N. T. Witt (right half) a hard working half, a little slow and uses flick pass too much.

T. L. Rowan (centre half) a very good player, has been the mainstay of the side throughout the season.

R. P. S. Protheroe (left half) fills a difficult position very well, a hard worker, has been elected Captain next year.

F. Wilson (outside right) a useful winger who centres well and in combination with Hall makes a good wing.

E. M. Hall (inside right) has an excellent knowledge of the game but lacks dash.

N. G. Wykes (inside left) a dashing forward, shoots hard and tackles back very well.

A. G. Bazeley (outside left) a good outside with plenty of dash, combines well with his inside.

D. G. Price (left back) a versatile player, has been an able substitute for Hodgkinson.

S. C. Manchanda (centre forward) in the Captain's absence has shown himself to be a good scoring forward.

J. H. POPE, *Captain.*

QUEENS' v. PEMBROKE.

THIS match, in the third round of the Rugby Knock-out, was played on the Queens' ground on February the 14th, and resulted in a win for Pembroke by 21 to 3. This score flatters Pembroke who, in spite of the services of such men as Rowe Harding and Windsor Lewis, had to play at top pressure throughout and were

at times decidedly rattled by the spoiling tactics of the Queens' team.

Everyone who saw the match will agree that it was the finest display by a Queens' team in recent years. Every member of the XV. rose to the occasion and the way in which Pembroke were driven back time after time speaks for itself. People went to the ground fearing to see Queens' hopelessly trounced, but instead saw a really fine game, which but for the two individuals named above might have had a different result.

To give a full description of the play would prove tedious. Suffice it to say that at half time the score was 5—0, through a goal scored after about twenty minutes play. With the score at 13—0 Hodgkinson succeeded in making a mark under very difficult circumstances, and in scoring a wonderful goal from about two yards inside the touch line. After this the Pembroke halves endeavoured to open up the game and two further tries were scored.

To dwell on the performance of each individual is impossible here, but the display given by Roberts at full-back deserves special mention. His fearless tackling was a feature of the game, and his kicking was excellent. The three-quarters also all gave of their best, and their close marking was responsible for keeping down the score. The halves both played well, Hodgkinson at "scrum" being responsible for all the attacking movements. The forwards played as they have never played before; they played together as a pack should, were always up to the ball and quick to go down for the tight scrums. Finally may be noted A. C. Crooke's fine leadership, and above all the fine example he set by his good tackling in the loose.

F. W.

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

OWING to intolerable weather it has been difficult to obtain much rugger this term. The College started the term by defeating Oundle away, after which there was a long pause for bad weather. We drew a bye in the first round of the cup and met King's in the second round, and having successfully disposed of them we were knocked out by Pembroke after a very good game indeed. The side improved gradually and reached its top form in the Pembroke match when the tackling was of a very high order throughout the side and the pack worked splendidly.

Full colours were awarded to R. H. Flemming and W. F. Russell. On the whole, we can consider it a very successful season, and the prospects are unusually bright for the next year.

G. P. MARTIN, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. G. C.

THE Golf Club played several matches last term, but cannot frankly be said to have met with much success. The Royston fixture was drawn, and this was by far the best performance the team put up. There is at present a sad lack of material from which to build up a good side, as so few people play frequently or seriously enough. The regular team in the order of playing was: N. G. Wykes, J. E. F. Rawlins, C. Marr, W. D. Lorimer (*Capt.*), C. E. Cuthbertson, P. E. Lee.

N. G. W.

Q. C. F. C.

THE Fives Club has been generally active throughout the last two terms. To take Rugby Fives first, we were unfortunate in meeting so strong a "four" as St. Catharine's in the first round of the knock out. We were up on points in the Doubles, but went down badly in the singles. A match against the Old Rossallians was won quite comfortably.

There has been an increased interest in Eton Fives and the team was rather stronger than usual. Of two matches played, one was won and the other drawn.

N. G. W.

 ST BERNARD SOCIETY.

THE Society has had quite a successful term, in spite of the inadequacy of its new quarters, to which it will take long to get really accustomed. Its meetings have been moderately well attended, especially the concerts which have been of a very high standard. Thanks are due to the faithful band of musicians and songsters who have delighted the Society by their efforts on behalf of its entertainment. The Dons' and Visitors' Debates were well attended and both proved very interesting and enjoyable. The Society has had the honour of welcoming as its guests two distinguished Union speakers and a famous athlete, as well as four of the Fellows. On the first occasion it was decided that the Intellectual gave more to the world than the Athlete and on the second occasion, that we are not overeducated. In a paroxysm of youthful patriotism the House also supported the British Government's Chinese policy. The Society

should be grateful for the support given to its meetings by members of the College who have not hitherto contributed very largely towards its success; and it is the earnest desire of those who have the welfare of the Society at heart, that such support should continue.

G. C. HARDING, *Secretary*.

ST. MARGARET SOCIETY.

AN innovation in the Society's Programme was made this term, when Dr. E. W. Naylor, Organist of Emmanuel College, gave an informal talk on "Music at home in the time of Queen Elizabeth." Dr. Naylor illustrated his remarks with various excerpts from the instrumental and vocal music of Elizabethan times. His visit was thoroughly appreciated.

The Lent Smoking Concert was held on February 26th, when Mr. F. G. Ormond, the sub-organist of Ely Cathedral, was the Solo Pianist. E. W. Allam, Choral Scholar of King's, and E. E. Deuchars from St. Catharine's also helped us. J. F. D. Trimmingham's flute playing was much appreciated, especially in the Handel Sonata; the Programme also contained Part Songs by Cyril Scott and Herbert Hughes, sung by an octet.

At the beginning of the term there was an ordinary concert in the Bernard, at which there was an exceptionally good attendance.

P. H. DUKE-BAKER, *Hon. Sec.*

CLASSICAL SOCIETY.

AT the beginning of the term the Society experienced a great loss by being deprived of the services of its Vice-President R. S. Allen, who found himself unable to attend the Society's meetings owing to his military activities. J. George was elected Vice-President and S. R. Thompson, Secretary.

Though the term's programme was not up to our previous standard in quantity, for only three meetings were held during the term, the quality left nothing to be desired. We held two readings—*The Plutus of Aristophanes* and extracts from Suetonius' *Lives of the Caesars*, while at the third meeting we were entertained by a distinguished visitor in Dr. Giles, the Master of Emmanuel, who gave an extremely interesting paper on "How Languages Grew." The meeting was held in Dr. Cook's rooms and Canon Gray, our President, was in the chair. Dr. Giles described the growth of vocabulary and the tendencies, such as geographical barriers, which made for the increase of dialects in a manner which appealed to the erudite and unlearned alike. As the Vice-President said in his vote of thanks, it was no small honour for such a Society as ours to be given a paper by a philologist so eminent that his works had been translated into German.

J. R. THOMPSON, *Hon. Sec.*

ERASMUS SOCIETY.

THE term has been a successful one despite Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's inability to fulfil a provisional engagement by reading a paper to the Society. The first meeting was an open one when Mr. Turner, of Magdalene College, gave a paper on "The Growth of Music." He traced the development of melody, polyphony, and harmony, through each of their respective periods, and showed a line of advance in form and structure which found its natural culmination in the work of modern composers. Mr. Turner elucidated his talk throughout with illustrations from pianoforte music and folk song. At the second meeting D. H. Watts read a paper on "Walter Savage Landor." Delineating the character and eccentricities of this "unsubduable old man," he went on to draw a close analogy between the personality of the poet and the nature of his work. The third meeting of the term was held in St. Catharine's College in conjunction with the Shirley Society and Hesperides Club, when Mr. Forbes, of Clare, gave a lantern lecture on Scottish Baronial Architecture. He dealt in particular with buildings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, showing the organic nature of and aesthetic influences on the architecture of this period. At the last meeting Mr. Goodison, Assistant Marlay Curator at the Fitzwilliam Museum, read a paper on "Painting and Literature as Forms of Artistic Expression." Distinguishing personal from impersonal art, he developed a theory which provoked quite one of the most original discussions the Society has enjoyed this term.

M. L. PARRY, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. C. U.

THE number of people at each meeting show that the Union still has vitality; and its usefulness is obvious from the four meetings held this term.

Fr. Martindale, S.J., gave a vivid account of the origin of the shrine at Lourdes, explaining that its real, though usually neglected, value was that of increasing spirituality. He dealt with miracles in general as brilliantly as we expected. Mr. T. R. Glover gave an extraordinarily illuminating talk on "Prayer," in an informal manner, with many illustrations. Dr. A. B. Cook in his paper "On some rivals to early Christianity" showed us the context into which The Word exactly fitted, and how men of all types found the King and Saviour for whom they were looking in Him.

That neither Christianity nor the Union stands for mere discussion was shown by an extra meeting, when the Dean of Pembroke spoke about the campaign held every summer among the fruit-pickers. The event of a proctor singing a cockney song in true cockney style must be rare indeed in the annals of this or any other Christian Union!

J. M. CARTWRIGHT, *Hon. Sec.*

 THE RYLE SOCIETY.

DURING the Term the Society has only held two Meetings. At the first, the Dean contributed his paper on "Confession and Absolution." After dealing with the New Testament doctrine on the subject, he traced its development through the subsequent history

of the Church. Dr. Tait favoured the Society with a paper on "Infant Baptism." He emphasized the approach of the Church of England to the subject of Baptism as being in line with the Catholic and Historical position. He discussed the effects of the practice of Infant Baptism, its New Testament Support, and the meaning of the words "This child is regenerate."

There will be a meeting for members next Term, on May 2.

E. B. BULL, *Hon. Sec.*

GUILD OF ST. BERNARD.

THE discussion circle on Sundays, which was introduced last term, and was open to visitors, has been continued with great success. It has however been decided to drop this for the Easter Term, though we hope it will be resumed next year.

The Guild was addressed on January 28th by Mr. A. J. Berry, of Downing College, who opened a rather deep though nevertheless interesting discussion on "Science and Religion."

On February 4th the Rev. H. E. Wynn, Dean of Pembroke, read a paper on Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. It is hardly necessary to say how very interesting the Dean of Pembroke can be, and is. This occasion proved to be no exception to his general rule.

On March 7th Mr. Will Spens, of Corpus, having escaped for a few brief moments from Bishops and new Prayer Books, honoured the Guild with his presence, and led a discussion on the "Infallibility of the Church." Unlike most people Mr. Spens prefers to answer questions

fired at him from the crowd, rather than to spend his time reading papers. In consequence, after a short introductory address, the more learned members of the Guild endeavoured to "stump" him, but with little success.

There will be an open meeting of the Guild next term, on Thursday, May 5th, when the Rev. Francis Underhill, Warden of Liddon House and Chaplain of Grosvenor Chapel, London, will speak on "The Sacramental Life."

C. MARR, *Hon. Sec.*

COLLEGE CHAPEL.

WE owe our thanks to the Dean for obtaining permission for the celebrant to have a server at the Thursday morning celebration. Anyone wishing to serve is asked to give his name to C. D. Horsley, who keeps in C.4.

It is hoped that there will be a good number of men willing to serve, and that they will be drawn from as wide a circle as possible.

[EDITOR.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

QUEENS' COLLEGE,

CAMBRIDGE.

28th March, 1927.

DEAR MR EDITOR,

As the only member of the original *Dial* Committee still surviving *in situ*, I write to offer you my cordial congratulations. Our *Dial* has actually come of age—a feat which other journals of the same name had hitherto failed to achieve. The *Dial* born at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1841 died as a bantling four years old. The *Dial* started at Chicago forty years later is listed as

having lived 1881—? The *Dial* edited by Messrs C. H. Shannon and C. Ricketts began its race in 1889 and was puffed in 1896.* But your magazine has been wound up in a very different sense and is not likely soon to run down.

Not but what it has had its rocky moments. Financially it was rescued more than once by the generosity of our late Vice-President, Dr Wright, who during the difficult period of the War acted as *flamen Dialis* and in that capacity, as in so many others, deserved the gratitude of his College. Again, violent oscillations in weight and price cannot be good for the constitution of any journal, and of these the *Dial* has had its fair share. Especially precarious were its experiences in the cradle. I remember playing godfather to the first number, issued on March 15, 1906, and suggesting its name *The Queens' Courier*. That was a bad suggestion, as it laid us open to the obvious gibe that *The Queens' Courier* was late in arriving. Also we did not at once hit upon a satisfactory cover. The crest was first embossed in green, next printed in black. Then, by a happy inspiration, in the Lent Term 1907, the Editor, Mr I. G. Kelly, rechristened his infant charge *The Dial* and put on the outside a clever pen-and-ink sketch that he had himself made of the north-west angle in the Front Court. This was produced in black on grey paper—a sombre colouring exchanged the same year for green on white. Mr Kelly's design, in green of varying shades, lasted from 1907 to 1919. But it was generally felt to be too dark. And in the Michaelmas Term 1919 a new cover, drawn by Mr L. A. Penrose, was voted a great improvement. Indeed it was a bit too light. So, from 1921 to 1924 a dark margin was added to strengthen the general effect. This has now been removed. But the result is not yet all one could wish. The undergraduates standing by the Old Chapel are too ethereal to cast a shadow—Cherubs, I suppose—and the ugly lamp-post † in the foreground is too much in evidence. The ideal design is still to seek.

* Another periodical called "The Dial" evidently exists, since copies of it may be seen for sale from time to time in the window of "The Other Shop" opposite King's. Our queenly pride has caused us to pass it by with a superior look, and we have refrained from making even its formal acquaintance.—ED.

† This is a disfigurement to which another correspondent has alluded.—ED.

But, after all, what really matters is the contents, not the cover. And here, as the present *farvago* of reprints will prove, we have some ground for gratulation. This morning I visited the 'Cam. Collection' in the Gibbs Room of the University Library and was delighted to find a whole series of the *Dial* from 1906 onwards installed in a place of honour. The Librarian sets store by it as providing the raw (or should I say Cooked?) material for future historians of the College and the University.

I remain, Mr Editor,

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR BERNARD COOK.

KITCHEN COMMITTEE.

DEAR SIR,

Queens' College Kitchens have for many years been regarded as the best in Cambridge, but the very best of cooks must in time exhaust his stock of ideas in varying dishes. Might I suggest that we adopt the practice of several other colleges and form an undergraduate Kitchen Committee for the purpose of consulting with the Head Cook. A monotony of dishes is apt to make people think the food is poor, which it certainly is not in Queens', and I feel that such a committee might do much to dispel such illusions.

Also, Sir, would it not be possible for the items for which we are charged on our kitchen bills to be stated. At present it is impossible to check mistakes should they occur.

I am, Sir,

ONE WHO GOES DOWN IN JUNE.

[The Steward sees no objection to this proposal, and we understand the Head Cook would be glad of assistance, but who will do

the work for us? There is also the practical difficulty of our individual likes and dislikes being attended to, whatever method is adopted. The second suggestion would incur the expenses of employing another clerk.—ED.]

CORK MATS.

DEAR SIR,

I do not know for how long the sturdy feet of Queens' men have been obliged to brave the *cold* stone floors of the bathrooms. It seems to me unnecessary that this state of things should continue, and I feel sure that some kind of mats, cork or otherwise, could be provided without very great expenditure, and would be very much appreciated by all members of the College.

GROUSER.

[You are not the first to remark on this need. Once before, to wit, exactly 13 years ago, a letter was addressed to *The Dial* on precisely the same matter. "Let patience have her perfect work."—ED.]

LAMPS AND FLAGS.

DEAR SIR,

This College is justly famous for its beautiful buildings and for its generally artistic setting.

Two things, however, mar this general effect, and if I may be so bold as to state plainly what my troubles are, they are these:—

First, is there any longer the necessity to have ugly street gas-lamps in order to light the Courts? If you saw the photograph of the Crocuses which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* of March 14,* you will have noticed how the street lamp spoils the otherwise picturesque surroundings.

In these days of electric light, surely a more artistic form of lighting could be devised, say by means of electric bulbs concealed in hanging lanterns at the entrances to the tunnels and on the angles of buildings?

[*Reproduced as Frontispiece to this number.—ED.]

My second trouble is about the flag flown on the College tower on state occasions. You will have noticed no doubt, sir, that on such high days and holidays, the flags flown by other Colleges are invariably one depicting their own College arms, unless it be the Royal Standard (old style) as flown by our neighbour.

A Queens' College flag would be an imposing banner. Cannot something be done about it?

NIGHT-WATCHMAN.

[We quite agree. At any rate, the tattered and faded Union Jack flown at the masthead at present is a disgrace to the College. H.M.S. Queens Margaret and Elizabeth is not a tramp steamer but a royal yacht.—ED.]

No reports received from :—

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MEDICAL SOCIETY

or from others which no doubt exist.

ED.

COMMITTEE

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Applications for copies, notices of change of address, etc., should be sent to The Clerk, Queens' College Office.

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