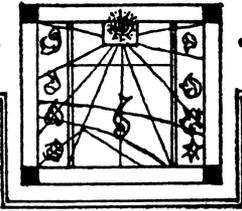
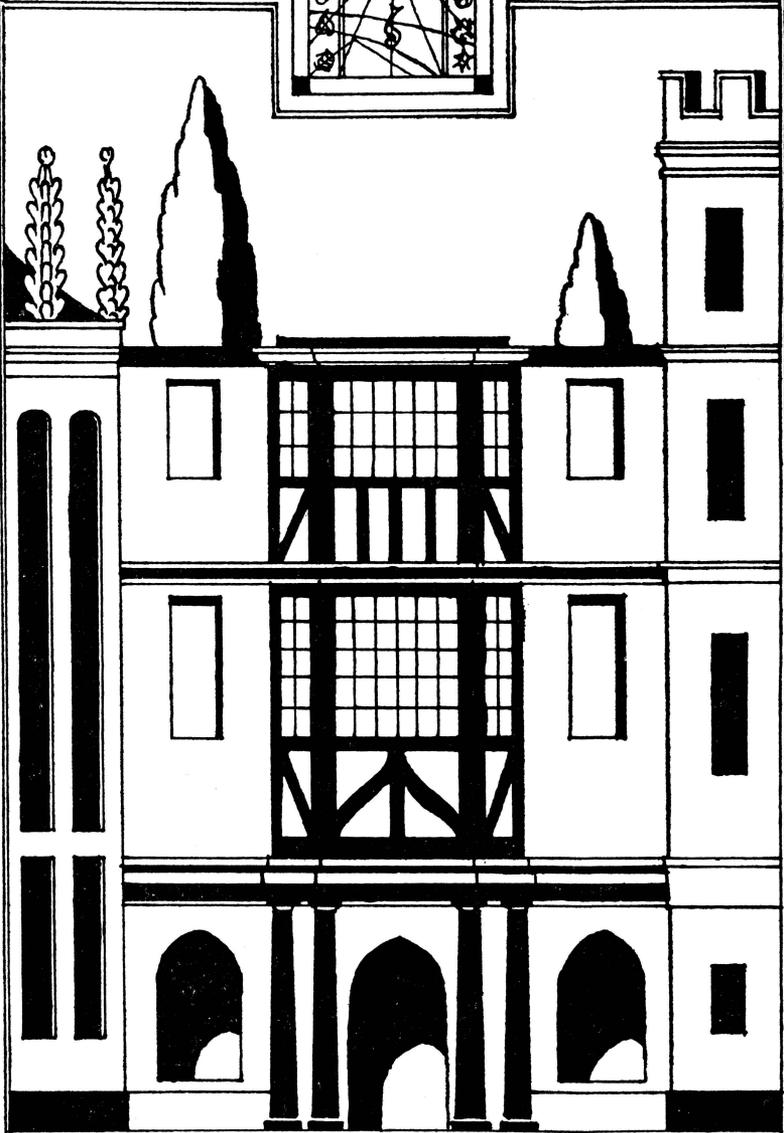


· THE ·



· DIAL ·



Queens' College - Easter Term
1929

FRANCIS BAKER-SMITH.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Editorial	I
The President	2
Dialiana	2
Obituary	4
Books	5
News of Old Queens' Men	5
If I May	7
Man of Mark	8
Review	II
Apology for Scepticism	14
The Green Bay Tree	17
Secrets of the Sword	19
"...Quae de largitate..."	21
Another Cautionary Tale	22
Life as an Adirondack Lumber-jack	24
May Concert	29
Queens' House	30
Clubs :	
Q. C. B. C.	31
Q. C. C. C.	32
Q. C. L. T. C.	33
Q. C. A. F. C.	34
Societies :	
Erasmus Society	35
Guild of St. Bernard	38
History Society	39
Correspondence	39

THE DIAL.

No. 62.

EASTER TERM, 1929.

Editorial.

AS I write, Swedish royalty lunches in Hall, attended by all the beauty and chivalry of academic officialdom. The courts are thronged with uniformed retainers, and a majestic chauffeur wearing a braided top-hat surveys the newly-trimmed lawns with benign approval. But all the pomp is wasted on us; we are suffering heavily from the ravages of *taedium vitae*, and there seems to be “nothing left remarkable under the visiting moon”.

A loud peal of thunder rings out on the left, and the crowds scuttle for shelter like startled rabbits. And now I have my hint. After all, this editorial is nothing but a poor peal of thunder, which will, I hope, be the prelude to flashes of lightning brilliant enough to enable *The Dial* to register the recorded time of another term. But thunder has always struck me as being very unnecessary—it is petulant, stupid stuff, quite unworthy of a well-regulated universe. I will therefore cut my thunder short and leave the lightning to make its own impression.

The President.

WE are pleased to announce that the President has been steadily improving in health during the term, and that on June 4th he was able to confer the Honorary Degrees. On behalf of the College, the Editor wishes him a speedy and complete recovery, and trusts that he will be able to resume his work at Cambridge next term.

We are grateful to the President for the following message :—

“I have been asked to send a message to *The Dial*—I suppose because I have not been able to use the privilege of counter-signing your exeats and having a word with each of you—I would like you to know that I count it a privilege.

As Vice-Chancellor I had hoped to confer degrees on you who have completed your three years; in this too I am disappointed. The disappointment I mean to forget in the knowledge that in this past year the life of the College has been full and united. You have ended it with success upon the river—to be followed by success at Henley as we hope, and success too in the Class Lists and in what you are.”

.....

Dialiana.

AS we go to press, the Annual Meeting of the College Club is being held, and a presentation is being made to the Vice-President. We wish to add our congratulations to the many others he has received, and shall give an account of the presentation in our next issue.

* * *

We tender our heartiest congratulations to Mr Bullock on his appointment to a University Lectureship in Spanish.

* * *

The modesty of F. G. Moulton and J. H. G. Crosse led to the omission of their names in last term's Dialiana, and we therefore offer them belated but sincere congratulations on their Half-blues for Lacrosse.

* * *

Congratulations to P. Norton on his Achilles colours, and to H. E. M. Cotton and K. C. Lewis on representing the 'Varsity on various occasions at boxing and fencing respectively.

* * *

G. H. Bonser and E. W. Chanter have been awarded Goldsmith Exhibitions.

* * *

The Ryle Reading Prize was awarded to J. B. Twemlow, while J. Batstone, W. R. C. Joyce and W. W. Lillie were accorded special mention.

* * *

FIRST CLASS MEN.

CLASSICS, Part 2	F. J. Smith
CLASSICS, Part 1	R. E. Wycherley (with distinction in Greek and Latin Verse).
ECONOMICS	F. G. Moulton
ENGLISH, Part 2	T. H. White (with distinction)
MATHEMATICS, Part 1	C. F. Addelee
MODERN LANGUAGES, Part 2	T. L. Rowan
MODERN LANGUAGES, Part 1	T. Padmore
French and German			
NATURAL SCIENCES, Part 2	D. B. Cater
THEOLOGY, Part 2	A. S. Gribble

Congratulations to the First Boat on a brilliant performance in the Mays. Best of luck at Henley!

* * *

During the past month the College has been receiving the attention of numerous photographers; the results of their rather embarrassing persistence will appear in a future number of *Country Life*. The actual date of the number will be announced in next term's *Dial*.

* * *

We notice with pleasure that the gardens have been improved in many ways.

* * *

The May Ball was a great success, and will receive more attention in next term's *Dial*.

* * *

Many have given a credulous ear to the rumour that the old cottage beside the Grove is to be sold to America. The President of the Mummings—who has valued it at £8,000—authorises us to deny this rumour.

.....

Obituary.

IT is with great regret that we record the death of Maurice Albert Watts, on April 27th, in the Evelyn Nursing Home, after an operation for appendicitis. He was only in his first year, but had already made his mark. At Dauntsey his record was outstanding; here at Cambridge he gained a Freshers' Trial, played frequently for the Falcons and was awarded College colours for soccer and hockey. He had already made many friends. His abilities were by no means purely athletic, and Queens' has lost one of the most promising men of a year.

Books.

AMONG books published we notice *Lays of a Countryman*, by G. Basil Sleigh. This book is published by Atkinson & Pollitt, Kendal, price 2/6.

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News of Old Queens' Men.

ECCLESIASTICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Rev. C. H. Stearn (B.A. 1910) is now Professor of Greek at Macmaster Baptist College, Toronto.

Rev. A. C. Champion (B.A. 1911) has been appointed Vicar of Christ Church, Clifton.

Rev. W. C. Couch (B.A. 1915) has been appointed Chaplain of South Peru and Bolivia.

Rev. W. L. Waterbury (B.A. 1916) has been appointed Vicar of St Mark's, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Rev. C. K. K. Prosser (B.A. 1922) sailed for Albert Bay, British Columbia, to carry out Mission work among the Red Indians.

ORDINATIONS.

In May, *N. M. Kennaby* was ordained to Epsom Parish Church, *E. B. Bull* to Christ Church, Maldon, and *W. A. F. Lee* to St Mary's, Battersea.

HONOURS LIST.

T. S. W. Thomas, C.M.G., O.B.E. (B.A. 1901), Colonial Secretary of the Gold Coast, has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Nyassaland Protectorate,

GENERAL.

R. Colenutt (B.A. 1907) is engaged on the Reparation Committee in Berlin.

A. E. P. Sloman (B.A. 1912) is Headmaster of the new and unique Greek Public School on the Island of Spetsae, at the entrance to the Gulf of Argos.

Basil Maine (Organ Scholar 1913-16) is Musical Critic to the B.B.C. His new book is enjoying great success.

H. D. Hake (B.A. 1921) beat Lord Aberdare and reached the final of the Amateur Racquets Championship.

P. F. Chandor (1922) has joined the Education Department, Tanganyika. He is the only white who can speak Swahili.

E. Hart Dyke (B.A. 1922) is teaching at Stowe School.

C. S. D. Moore (B.A. 1922) has removed to a new prep. school at Corbet House, Ashbocking, near Ipswich.

C. H. Thompson (B.A. 1922) has been climbing the Atlas Mountains. He was up here for the Mays and helped to start the boats.

A. E. Taylor (B.A. 1924) is teaching at Shrewsbury.

P. G. Dore (B.A. 1925) is now Organist at the Pavilion, Bournemouth, but still retains the Town Organistship of Portsmouth.

J. A. Pocock (B.A. 1926) has been appointed House Physician at University College Hospital.

R. W. V. Robins (B.A. 1928) is playing brilliant cricket for Middlesex and has been chosen for the Second Test team.

MARRIAGES.

H. A. Close (B.A. 1923) to Margaret Amelia Levi, on May 10th.

A. L. C. Smith (B.A. 1924) to Auriel Howell Webster, on April 20th.

DEATHS.

The death took place on May 4th, at Hemel Hempstead, of *Captain J. B. Wildman* (B.A. 1881). Captain Wildman rowed in the May boat in 1881; he was a well known athlete and commanded the local Volunteers during the War.

In May the *Rev. J. E. Barber* (B.A. 1921) died of blood-poisoning. Mr Barber was formerly a Maths. Scholar of Queens' and took a First in the Tripos. He has been for several years a Congregationalist Minister at Bocking.

.....

3f 3 Day.

An unhistorical essay in verse, more or less, dedicated with every circumstance of respect, affection and regard to a Lecturer in History not a hundred miles from Queens'.

SCENA.

A shadowed college hall, the food of many generations scenting the air. A large map obscures the sole oriel window, deepening the gloom. It is a German map, as a rule, which adds to the general confusion. The lecturer enters by a small door at one end of the high table, known to the irreverent as the "Jug and Bottle entrance".

Both students cease playing noughts and crosses. The lecturer adjusts his pince-nez and breaks into song. The tune is the "Vicar of Bray". The reverend lecturer's only other tune is that of a certain Boating Song.

The lecture I propose to-day
 Is re-capitulation.
 (Please sign and pass the sheet this way,
 Promote its circulation)
 And if you stamp with both your feet,
 I'll offer this conjecture,
 That since it puts me off my beat
 I shall refuse to lecture.
 But if I may, I will array
 These books upon your shelf, sir.
 I recommend them strongly, for
 I wrote them all myself, sir.

But time moves on and now all come
 Unto the Royal Mormon,
 You Girton girls had best go home
 For Henry Eight's a warm'un,
 They say that when he went below
 Mephisto felt quite filial
 And slapped his back a hearty blow
 (They'd both been up at Balliol).
 But if I may, I'd like to say,
 To finish off this rhyme, sir.
 That both were up at Oxenford
 Some years before my time, sir.

Now Rayleigh was no courtier raw,
 But liked his little joke, sir.
 So when Queen Bess a puddle saw
 Why down he flopped his cloak, sir.
 But in your books please note this fact
 (I quote it more than sadly),
 The cloak used in this courteous act
 Was hired from Norman Bradley.
 But if I may, I'd like to say,
 That Walter got sent down, sir,
 For being out late after dark
 Without the usual gown, sir.

A. C.

(The remaining ten verses may be retrieved from my waste-paper basket on application.—ED.).

.....

Man of Mark.

TIMOTHY WHITE.

*Bohemia, o'er thy unatlassed borders
 How many cross, with half-reluctant feet,
 And unformed fears of dangers and disorders,
 To find delights more wholesome and more sweet
 Than ever yet were known to the "élite."*

Ella Wheeler Wilcox—Poems of Passion, etc.

LET these glorious words, deathless utterance of the beardless bard, be at once our dedication and apology. Not that there is any reluctance about Timothy's pedal extremities. On the contrary we feel sure that when placing himself beyond the pale he did so smartly, and at the double, as became a Company Q.-M.-S. of the Cheltenham O.T.C.



Essentially he is not of the "élite," though we confess to have seen him, after a hard bout of poet-tasting, in a state of inverted coma; but we anticipate.

It may definitely be stated that Terence Hanbury White was born, but then, poets are not made. However the difficulty which faces the composer of this Saga is that of exactitude. Nominalistically Timothy is an inexactitude since his name is Terence, but this is a small point compared to the date of his birth. Ghandi places it on the 28th of May, 1906; Tagore insists on the 30th, but the pedants of Somerset House, by the law of averages maintain that the 29th is near enough for any poet.

The place was Bombay, ever since that day the centre of Indian unrest, and the event was hailed variously as a catastrophe, a cataclysm and just a plain, ordinary nuisance.

Our victim's infancy was only illumined by the incident of the Pigeons of Poona. With an interest in natural history still evident in his writings (*c.f.* the poem of the Financial Cow in *Loved Helen*), the young Timothy sat upon a couple of turtle doves to induce them to lay eggs. This method of incubation proved fatal, though the unfortunate birds must be regarded as a compressed sacrifice to the latent muse, for they expired and gave not.

The blight then descended upon Hill House Preparatory School at St. Leonards, but his first opus was presented to an expectant world at his Public School and took the form of a satire in the manner of Juvenal. The outraged domine concerned designated him *Asinus ad Iyram*, which Timothy chose to translate "The ass with the liar," leaving it to the other to take his choice. Adequate posterior flagellation followed.

The *cacoethes scribendi* farther expressed itself in the writing of many lines—penal odes they have been called—but none have been published. His Irish militancy and a secret passion for jam raised him to the rank of Company Q.-M.-S. in the O.T.C. as we have observed, but despite this fact we won the war. The possession of an original mind prevented him from becoming a prefect and he passed without monument, despite the many bricks dropped.

An even more mysterious period prefaces his advent at Queens', for Timothy taught for a brief while at a Preparatory School. (For further reading observe Evelyn Waugh's "Decline and Fall"). Shortly, the Headmaster's observations and Timothy's departure were circumscribed by two purple hours.

Our Foundresses embraced Timothy in 1926 and there was a General Strike, the facts being co-incidental rather than complimentary. He became a member of *The Dial* committee in his second term, his colleagues living in dread lest he should attend a meeting. Their fears were groundless for as President of the Erasmus Society he even failed to turn up on the evening of his resignation.

Sartorially normal, he acquired the odd Exhibition or so, but was so overcome that he departed for Italy in '27 to recuperate and to learn the language. But *il migliore modo d'imparare la lingua é fare amore*—our readers are too young to glean more than the merest facts of Don Terenzio's studies. It will suffice to say that a personal difference with *Il Duce* landed our victim in jail for one night. "But stone walls, etc," and by a political flight of fancy he escaped—rumour hath it with the jailer's daughter.

His return to Queens' in '28 was in the Vandyke manner,—but in a corduroy blue, rather than a brown study.

About this time he burst violently—into a flood of writing. A regular contributor to both *Reviews* (the *Cambridge* and the *Saturday*) he yet found time to skip in the *Granta* and to compose quite incomprehensible poems for *Experiment*. His greatest achievement to date, however, has been his *Loved Helen*, a book of poems published by Chatto and Windus: price 5s. (small advertisement). It was chosen as an alternative reading by the Book Society last vacation, Hugh Walpole observing:—

The importance of the book seems to me to be in the fact that here is a new poet entirely of our time, but free of the tricks and passing fancies of our time. A poet, too, who has reserve and pride, and dignity. A fine book promising a notable future.

It is on this note that we would finish. The intelligent members of the College will follow the “notable future” with some pride. For the rest one can but say *e vietato sputare nella carozza*.

A. C.

.....

Review.

Loved Helen and other poems. T. H. White. (Chatto & Windus: 5/-).

AMONG the achievements of Queens' men this year must be counted this book of poems. Some of them had already appeared in the volume of Cambridge undergraduate poetry published by the Hogarth Press earlier in the year; and White had attracted some attention outside Cambridge as one of the best of the poets repre-

sented in that anthology. He is indeed original; his work adds something valuable, the like of which did not exist before, to English Literature.

To anyone unacquainted with the poetry of the post-war generation some of White's poems must seem crabbed and hard to understand: nevertheless they are in the main distinguished by sincerity, directness, and beauty of style. Most of their obscurity is caused by recondite allusions to folklore, a common phenomenon in modern poetry, which there is no space here to explain or deplore. But, generally speaking, when he is not trying to say something specially difficult, his language is quite unusually classical in its clarity: as it is, for example, in *The Legions halt*:

With brazen thunder we resound;
Our iron sandals shake the ground;
The leagues go back, the world goes round
Beneath our spurs; our brows are crowned,
Our hands are red; our eyes are bound;
We are to-day to-morrow.

There are three main motives in the book: sickness and death, love, and the place of man in the universe. Happily, the first of these themes belongs to the earliest poems, when White was dangerously ill: let us hope that cloud will never overshadow him again. But all the time he wrestles with real difficulties, not, as young poets often do, with "words, words, words". Indeed he is somewhat careless about beauty of form, and even takes pleasure in rounding on himself and mocking his own poetry: two poems end with a quite unnecessary doubt cast on his own sincerity, and another ends abruptly with "We will both now leave the room". This form of irony, besides being characteristic of the present day, is, of course, a sign of inordinate pride: no bad quality in a poet.

There are four sections, of which the middle two are much the best. The second, headed *Loved Helen*, treats of love with considerable strength and realism; and the third, headed *To Peace and Rule*, may be called philosophical, for want of a better word. Here, it seems to me, he shows his true bent and finds his feet. He is too critical, his mind is too detached from his passions, too obstinate, uncompromising, and incapable of self-surrender, for a romantic poet. He belongs to the school of Byron. We should like him to discover, in his own time, when he has lost his present painful self-consciousness, how to combine his love of beauty with a critical survey of twentieth-century life on a large scale. Perhaps the furthest point in his development is marked by *No Alchemy*.

Come then, my heart, the golden day abandon :
 The mythic gold which never an alchemist
 However wise
 Has or shall lay his hand on :
 The untold gold fool found where wiseman missed,
 Fool-found, and passed by fool with empty eyes.
 Turn lead to gold? Much rather gold to lead :
 Touch it, like fool, and the old gold is dead,
 Dross. And till you touch it, pine and die.
 No, soul, my heart, we know no alchemy.
 Iron makes blood-red seams and bitter water,
 Runs through the earth more thoroughly,
 Binds more clay.
 And iron's daughter far more truly
 Serves men each ordinary day
 To eat with and sail ships across the sea :
 Iron is all over the earth, and kind to me

I cannot refrain from adding that the publishers have made *Loved Helen* into one of the most beautiful books I have ever seen; and it is so cheap that any Queens' man who cares for poetry will be foolish if he does not buy it.

L. J. P.

An Apology for Scepticism.

THIS article is provoked by one which appeared in the last number of *The Dial* and commented on certain attitudes of mind labelled by the writer "Olympian Humour" and "Adolescent Cynicism". The analysis was, briefly, that the first is a mature recognition of the pattern of life as a whole, together with a belief that this knowledge is necessarily incomplete, while the second is characterised by a quality of distrust and suspicion aroused by too keen a sense of these very limitations and the consequent assumption of a "defence mechanism" against life. It was further implied that the second attitude is a common one amongst adolescents and half-baked intellectuals and is to be cast off with the advent of age and experience.

I deny that cynicism is in any way a quality of extreme youth, for we must obviously exclude the pseudo-cynic, if I may be allowed the phrase,— the man who satisfies his perverted gregarious instincts by accepting the manners and habits of some sect or clique and becomes a machine for the reproduction of conventional clichés—Romanticism, Post-Impressionism and the like. These exotic creatures who are to be found in such numbers in King's Parade, Bloomsbury, Montparnasse, or wherever a café and a studio are within reach are surely neither cynics nor decadent. There is a zest and a fervour about their fulminations against the philistine, a gusto about their jargon, which are so many pathetic signs of the optimism which I share with my contemporaries. No, the true cynic is the old man, snarling at a world which refuses to reward his lack of talents; the youthful cynic is a fraud, to be taken with a pinch of salt and even

encouraged. He lends a pleasant touch of comedy to the human procession, lounging by with doleful mouth while every muscle in his body vibrates with the vigour of such an irresistible vitality that he is hard put to it not to burst out laughing at himself.

Nevertheless it would be a pity if the antics of the aesthetes were to obscure the fact that the last few years have seen a revolution in philosophic thought far more important than any such superficial bubbleings of the intelligentsia, and the change has been ever in the direction of a more humble scepticism, not based on a defective vision of life, but the direct result of a more comprehensive survey of the fundamental difficulties which beset our search for knowledge.

Only a generation ago the world still seemed a very knowledgeable place; it worked astonishingly well. Scientists went from discovery to discovery and their pregnant imagination produced strange fruit. Bicycles, gramophones and locomotives delighted and terrified the spectator. Imperialism flourished and scientific doctrines were as dogmatic as political creeds. The struggle for existence was held to explain the Universe; monkeys and giraffes obeyed a law of evolution remarkable because it needed no policemen to enforce it. And yet all the time there was something a little too complacent about this unprecedented activity and there was more than a danger that morality was becoming a substitute for morals, dogma for faith. Inevitably the War smashed this too prosperous and self-satisfied civilisation and gave a resounding thwack to its bump of knowledge. And the iconoclastic process continued in the scientific laboratories long after the Armistice.

It would be tedious to explain in detail the nature

of the changes in scientific thought, but their main tendencies are clearest in Physics and Mathematics.

The Relativity Theory completed a gradual process which had been destroying our belief in our importance in the cosmic scheme. The world which was first a flat and hard plate supported by solid elephants became, after Galileo, a ball wandering round another,—an idea much more disturbing to the mind. Still, the sun was there, immovable, something for anchorage in the draughty spaces. But now, not only has the good, familiar sun lost its conservation, but there is no longer any hope of any stable institution in the heavens, and we begin to realise that our most fundamental concepts,—length, time, force, are our own invention. What is the plain man to think when measuring rods alter their weight and length according to the manner in which they are moving? Even the scientists have lost their balance and the most reputable, such as Lodge, Eddington and Whitehead are turning to Mysticism.

In the microscopic field, difficulties are as great. The Quantum theory of the atom involves a principle of indeterminacy which may involve a gap in the causal sequence of events, and matters are so unsettled that a new theory appears every six months.

The mathematicians are also struggling. The process of reducing mathematics to logic attempted by Bertrand Russell unfortunately revealed the fact that it was based on certain axioms like those of Infinity, Reducibility and the so-called axiom of Choice for which there seems no proof, and a popular view nowadays is that this most respectable of sciences is nothing more than an elaborate parlour game like chess. Logic itself is suspect and Wittgenstein has asserted with much

reason that most discussions of philosophers have been nonsense, in the strictest sense of the word, and that when the terms of philosophy have been defined there will be found to be nothing to argue about.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples from psychology or the other sciences. Enough evidence has been given to suggest that the most able minds at the present time tend towards a scepticism which is a result of a clearer knowledge of the problems to be faced. On the one hand the difficulties of pure knowledge are more formidable than ever before, and on the other there is the ancient difficulty of organising human society so as to give a little more happiness to its members in some way that will preserve it from the too credulous doctrinaire until there shall have been a sufficient ripening and maturing of the human intelligence.

The rational attitude would seem to be a suspension of judgement rather than a reactionary renunciation of the mind which has produced great advances in civilisation and will produce greater. And an enlightened scepticism springing as it does from a deeper sense of the insignificance of the human animal need not be an unsocial attitude but should produce a wider tolerance and a sympathy for the whole human race.

M. BLACK.

.....
The Green Bay Tree.

I.

FROM wood, the virtue sap, life thread, hold power by touch :
 From wood, who grows, who cores benevolence :
 Who grain, who poured direction is round knots :
 Who bather's rope is for eventing gales ;
 Hold power, but not too much.

B

We have committed *ὑβρις* and indiscretion :
 We are at the mercy of Saturn, Limbo, and lost :
 We have broken continuity, are plucked to clutch
 At straws by waves, by waves are plucked and tossed.
 Beach shingle shore has shelved from under foot,
 Sea-slid have pebbles :
 Bleached fingers have fumbled raw wet hemp, and we
 Are for the cold surge of the remorseless sea.

II.

From wood, the virtue sap, life thread, hold power by touch.
 Hold power but, fearing *ὑβρις*, not too much.
 Return, take purpose, leave the unlimited deep.
 Strike out no more, we are not built for oceans.
 The Atlantic closes on the beating arm and falls asleep.
 The pond Pacific need not wake to drown us.
 The unseeking sea
 Cruelly purposes nothing,
 Has no thread,
 Engulfs purpose,
 In vacuum smooths over
 The assimilated insentient
 Insentiently,
 Us, dead.

III.

Return, return, harbour the safe and sound, the purpose rope :
 Leave fear with pride and enterprise, take humble but oh
 certain hope.
 Wood, wood, wood, three times meticulously we touch you,
 Drawing your sanitary strength, the baby at the breast :
 Now we can live in your ample, folding, vegetable power :
 Live, go on, conquer, love, flourish, and rest.

T. W.



Secrets of the Sword.

THE duel is long since dead in this country, though it still flourishes in some states of Europe. But sword play under happier conditions is a real and growing institution in the British Isles. The Cambridge University Fencing Club organised the Assault-at-Arms held in the grounds of Queens' College on June 8th., 1929, with a two-fold object (beyond the mundane desire to augment Club funds); it attempted both to reveal some of the secrets of the sword, and also to show the development of fencing from the severely practical styles of medieval times to the highly conventional forms of the modern *salle d'armes*.

The items varied from the tragic to the ridiculous, from the realistic "death" of Gabriel Toyne in a duel, to the rough-and-tumble of the Singlestick "scrap." The happy-go-lucky methods of singlestick play, almost devoid of rules, were contrasted with the over-regulated Japanese Fencing, demonstrated by members of the Budokwai.

The historical part of the programme began with an exhibition of broadsword and buckler, popular weapons in medieval and Tudor England. The broadsword was a comparatively heavy two-edged weapon, used chiefly for cutting. In Elizabethan times it gave place to rapier and dagger, mainly thrusting weapons. These in turn gave place, in the 18th century, to the short sword—essentially a gentleman's weapon—which was demonstrated in a realistic duel in costume between Gabriel Toyne and J. T. M. Gibson. The short sword remains

to-day as the court sword, though for actual duelling it has been superseded by the *épée de combat*.

Duelling weapons have become progressively lighter, and the three in use in fencing to-day are as light as possible—even the salve is under one and a half pounds. The foil, the lightest and most conventional, having only the trunk as target, was ably used by J. Evan James, the Amateur Champion of Great Britain, and J. T. M. Gibson, the Cambridge Captain. The salve, used for cutting as well as thrusting, anywhere above the hips, was shown by A. H. Corble, an ex-Amateur Champion, and E. Duvivier—finalist in the Belgium Championship,—(see illustration). And the *épée*, with the whole body for target, was in the hands of C. L. Widdicombe and G. V. A. Hett, two members of the Cambridge *Épée* team. Nor must be forgotten the Grand Salute by Miss Margarete Rawlings and S. Cromarty-Dickson.

Last, and as a comment on the whole, was the Exhibition of Swordsmanship by Ex-Corporal Major F. Eggleton. A bewildering sequence of items was carried through with the help of brave members of the audience—at one moment he was slicing potatoes in mid-air, or on a lady's neck, at another he was cutting cleanly through broomstick or sheep's carcass. But in all he was demonstrating his achievement of the goal of all fencers, what the Italians call "*Sciabola in Mano*"—salve-in-hand—that perfect control of the weapon which will make it shave a man's face as easily as cut off his head.

K. C. LEWIS.



“. . . . Quae de largitate”

LA Fontaine has a pleasant little fable concerning the stomach and the tyrannous rule which Messer Gaster exercises over man's body; and the truth of his statements is attested by countless examples from history. Despite the increasing attention paid to the stomach and to dietary, mankind has not yet been freed from a haunting fear of the ills that rise,—“as from Hell-gate the black sprites”—from the pit of the stomach. It may therefore prove of interest to compare notes with our ancestors on such an important subject.

Pliny tells us of a certain Appius Saufsius who choked to death while supping up the white of an underboiled egg—a sinister warning to those who would have us believe that happiness lies in undercooked foods. Turning to the Bible, we find even St Paul posing as an expert on dietary, for he advises Timothy to “drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities”. I do not know whether his recommendation would be approved by modern experts.

Emperors seem to be especially liable to indigestion. Even the mighty Charlemagne was not exempt therefrom; according to his biographer Einhard, “he paid more attention to his own wishes than to the advice of his physicians, when they advised him to eat boiled meats instead of his favourite baked dishes.” Fasting he held to be harmful rather than beneficial to the body. Of Otto the Great, the analyst Widerkind tells us merely that his *venter commodus erat*. Yet another Emperor—Charles-Quint—had a strong stomach: but he used it so ill that after forty years of gluttony it refused to perform the functions still imposed upon it: and his re-

volting exhibitions of gluttony, with surfeits of sardine omelettes, Estremaduro sausage, eel pies, pickled partridge, fat capons, quince syrups, iced beer and flagons of Rhenish, were invariably followed by copious draughts of senna and rhubarb. The same weakness appeared in his son, Philip II. of Spain, for we are told that his embarrassed, suffering manner was due partly to a natural haughtiness and partly to habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry.

To complete the list of gluttonous emperors, we must mention Charles VI., who is said to have died from a surfeit of stewed apricots—a fate curiously similar to that of our own King John, whose death was ascribed to a feast of peaches and sour beer provided by the monks of Swineshead.

The moral is a sad one; we are forced to realise that the greatest kings and the noblest men are no more immune from the ravages of dyspepsia than the humblest reveller. It is only in fiction that Gargantuan appetites bring no penalties in their train.

D. E. L.

.....

Another Cautionary Tale.

THERE was a boy; his name was James.
 Come! Listen to his story.
 A story of frustrated aims
 And unaccomplished glory.
 Come! gather round that you may know
 The fate of people who
 Join lots and lots of clubs and so
 Have far too much to do.

* * * *

A likely lad was sonny Jim,
 An intellect—a wit.
 He also washed himself in Vim
 To keep his muscles fit.
 But night and day he nursed one hope,
 One high ambition he ;
 To climb preferment's slippery slope
 And be J. Smith, M.P.
 At school when youths sat on his head
 He never swore or shouted,
 He only wandered home to bed
 To frame a bill about it.
 With blazing eye (though black and blue)
 He'd proudly say : "A pity!
 "I must refer the matter to
 "My medical committee."
 When slipped from education's chain
 On life's tempestuous ways,
 His high ambition did not wane
 But steady burned and waxed amain
 The compass of life's stormy main
 The lighthouse of his days.
 But see the cunning fates that shape
 His path towards the Cam !
 Where wolfish *interests* ever gape
 Around the hapless lamb.
 Where *openings* yawn about his feet
 And *outlets* suck his blood,
 While crowds of intellects effete
 Erupting with fermented heat
 Pour out their wordy flood.
 Alas! how quick does ruin run
 Like fire from ground to attic.
 One coffee *squash*, and it is done ;
 The rest is automatic.
 The vultures spotted little Jim.
 And thought him rather sweet.
 They'd thoroughly dissected him
 Before he'd found his feet.
 When rowing and the O.T.C.
 Had done their level best.

The C.I.C.C.U. and Geography
 Divided up the rest.
 His soul in Henry Martyn Hall
 His mind in Downing Place
 His body heeds the River's call
 Nor lets within the Union fall
 The radiance of his face.
 And now you'll never see him scan
 The leaders in the *Times*,
 He turns as quickly as he can
 To cricket scores and crimes.
 Derating's lost its magic call
 To set his pulses beating,
 And safeguarding begins to pall
 With overmuch repeating.
 He wanders in an aimless way
 And suffers from the gout
 And 'flu, and mumps and fever (hay)
 And says his luck is out.
 Poor James! Your happiness is gone
 You've lost your guiding thread;
 England is minus statesman one,
 And you will soon be dead.

J. E. L. N.

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Life as an Adirondack Lumber-Jack.

TO describe my life as lumber-jack in the Adirondack
 Mountains of New York State requires first that I
 should explain the position and character of these moun-
 tains, and then the nature of the people who form the
 indigenous population. The Adirondack Mountains are
 situated in the eastern part of New York State along the
 entire western shore of Lake Champlain, which stretches
 one hundred and fifty miles from north to south between
 New York State on the west and Vermont and Mas-
 sachusetts on the east. This mountain clump falls

roughly in the northern half of the eastern side of the state, and its southern extremity, between the narrowest part of the end of Lake Champlain and the northernmost narrow of Lake George, shaped like a tongue, can be reached by express train from New York City in about eight hours; although one usually makes the journey at night and takes ten hours, by stopping casually along the way north of Albany.

It was on this Tongue Mountain that I spent the two years of 1917—1918, lumbering and doing the seasonable chores during the winter, and driving teams and looking after cows during the summer. The circumstances of my finding the place and being accepted for employment there require no further explanation than the fact that it was war time, and I under age for military service had to earn my own living in the best way that I could for the time being until the ending of the war should reinstate me in my former condition of life.

The country may best be described as consisting of a series of high narrow peaks, none of which was over six thousand feet high; between these mountains stretch valleys occupied usually by a lake of not more than three miles in length and two miles wide. The valley which contained the lumber camp in which I worked was occupied by the largest lake for some fifty miles around, and was shut in on three sides by slanting mountain sides rising to peaks, whereas on the fourth side there was an easy slope down to the lake shore of Lake Champlain for a distance of five miles or more.

The first growth of timber had been largely removed in the days of General Burgoyne, when he and his army marched down from Fort Ticonderoga to Fort Anne. The road used by him can still be dimly discerned in the

depths of the forest and is useful in winter for sledding, as it provides a track which is independent of natural features and yet continuous from one township to another. In the place of this first growth of timber there is now second and third growth of pine, birch, cedar, beech, maple, oak, fir, chestnut, and a few wild fruit trees—relapsed from an abandoned pioneer settlement—and the sumach bush, with blue-berry shrubs, ferns and bracken for undergrowth. It is in the middle of winter, when there is a blizzard raging and the wood is ever so slightly green, that the dead standing sumach, even when ice-coated, proves invaluable for lighting the fire upon which one's very life depends in a temperature of from twenty to thirty degrees Fahrenheit below zero.

The conditions of actual living are a strange combination of the most primitive with the most modern and improved. Thus, whereas there is a telephone in the main hut of the encampment, yet we have to draw every drop of water used for washing or drinking in buckets from the lake after chopping a hole in the ice with single-bladed axes. The very barn in which the horses and cattle are stabled has been constructed by ourselves out of logs of uneven length nailed together, with manure to stop up the chinks and crevices between them. This is roofed with crude boards of home-sawing, covered by the most up-to-date tar paper to be obtained from a mail-order store like Sears, Roebuck and Co., and applied with great care by the stagger-rivet method of tacking. So also my log cabin was made of logs laid one upon the other up to a height of six feet and overlaid with log crossbeams at a distance of four feet apart from each other, and covered by boards, upon which the same modern expensive roofing was tacked as that used

for the barn. The floor was of pure white pine matched boarding, skilfully nailed together at the diagonal with flat nails, (a piece of carpentry in which we took huge and innocent delight, because we had tried to do it so perfectly). The chinks between the wall-logs were stuffed with moss rendered more impervious to wind and rain by the addition of crude water-proof concrete. The heating of this cabin was ostensibly effected by means of a large, and ornate stone fire-place, but in reality by a cheap, modern but very efficient sheet-iron stove, in which the proper manipulation would cause a single log two feet by one to burn all night. When I took my weekly bath on Saturday night the stove had to be full to the brim with burning wood and red hot,—literally red-hot: otherwise the process of bathing was colder than in Cambridge last memorably cold term. Likewise our food was a strange contrast of the roasted beef or pork derived from the heifer or pig which we had ourselves butchered,—with the most modern of tinned milks, (in an emergency, if the cow dried up), and breakfast foods such as Force. More home-made than the pork home-butchered was the maple syrup and sugar, which we had made after terrific sweating over the boiling furnaces, and endless tramping with sap-pails through the forest from tree to tree, three times a day to each. As primitive as can be imagined was our method of storing the carved remains of our heifer and pig in a disused flour barrel, carefully cleaned, in which the meat froze, of its own response to the environment, so solid that we had to chop discontinuous sections apart for our daily usage and thaw them before we could prepare them for the women to cook. Once a week we descended the mountain on an all-day journey

to renew the staple provisions like sugar, flour and raisins, etc., but once we were snowed in so completely that we had to fall back upon biscuits for bread, and rock salt (usually given for horses to lick upon), as our sole condiment. Then again our lighting was with kerosene lamps, for which a special trip had to be made on horseback to renew the supply of kerosene when exhausted. Other staples such as potatoes and root vegetables were stored from the autumn gathering below frost line in the cellar. If we drew water for drinking from the brooks instead of from the lake we had to strain it crudely through muslin in order to eliminate the mosquito larvae with which the brook water abounded. Nevertheless, I am sure that I absorbed an entire colony of these "wigglers" during my two winters, with much satisfaction after the event,—because of the millions of yet unborn mosquitoes from whom I could in the nature of the case expect no further inconvenience. Anyone who has tried to hammer nails straight into boards under the combined assault of the Adirondack Black-Fly and the Mosquito, the first of which you can see but not hear, and the second of which you can hear but not always see until too late, will know the satisfaction to be experienced in the knowledge of even having swallowed half a million of their offspring, the potential parents of infinite millions more.

(To be continued.)

CHARLES SHOPE.

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The May Concert.

IN spite of the fact that this year was to see another College Ball, the St Margaret Society decided to hold its May Concert as usual—a course which was amply justified by a full Hall, and by an entertainment in every way worthy of its traditions. The pleasures of a summer concert in Queens' were never revealed more happily. The Grove with its many-coloured illuminations and warm shadows, the river with its gay reflections, were at their best.

The musical programme opened with a Handel sonata for flute and pianoforte, played by J. F. D. Trimmingham and J. S. Dawes. It is a pleasure to hear again Trimmingham's happy use of his rare solo instrument. Next came four "Songs of the Hebrides", sung by Miss Keith, whose freshness and purity of tone were not only delightful for their own sakes, but were also a most arresting change in the usual character of a college programme. These songs were followed by a pianoforte group of Schumann, by Prince George Chavchavedzé, whose second visit to Queens' was enjoyed, if possible, even more than last year's. The first half of the concert then concluded with four Elizabethan madrigals, given by a sextet organised by the Vice-President of the Society, D. D. R. Pouncey.

After the interval Mr J. C. Smith and Mr G. O. Richards, of Trinity Hall, played Cesar Franck's magnificent violin and pianoforte sonata in A Major. It was quietly but convincingly rendered; the more convincingly, perhaps, that it was played from memory. It was, at any rate, most successful, and was the one big work of the evening. The madrigalists, and Trimmingham and Dawes, both gave two other groups in the

second half of the programme; which was concluded by Prince George, with three pieces of Chopin and Brahms' Rhapsody in E Flat.

A word of congratulation may well be added on the remarkable items provided by D. D. R. Pouncey and the sextet which he has recruited in Newnham and Queens'. It is sincerely to be hoped that it will continue and prosper next year. At the May Concert it convincingly showed that the English Madrigal of the sixteenth century was not an aesthetic antiquarian revival, an affair of polished oak and candlelight, but a living and present pleasure. Those who heard "To Shorten Winter's Sadness" or "Awake Sweet Love" could have no doubt of it.

W. W. LILLIE, *Hon. Sec.*

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Queens' House.

THERE is little, in volume, to report about the House, this term. The Whitsun camp took place as last year, in the Grove, when the weather was propitious, and everything went off well. May we express our gratitude and thanks to all who helped to make it a success, in one way or another?

The annual summer camp, which is, perhaps, the focus of personal relationship with the boys, and which is certainly an extremely enjoyable event for all, is to be held in an ideal spot, at West Runton, Norfolk, during the second half of August.

We here take the opportunity of mentioning that the block of the photograph of last year's camp, which

figured in *The Dial* two terms ago, was very kindly provided by C. M. Hobson, Esq., who was one of our number in camp. Finally we are very pleased to be able to report that the Rev. V. H. Copestake has enjoyed a speedy recovery from the effects of his operation last March, and is again hard at work in Rotherhithe.

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Q. C. B. C.

THE usual difficulty of finding coaches for the May Boat was avoided this time by "booking early". We have to thank R. L. Leith, K. B. Brown, A. B. G. Stephen, and B. M. Davison for their valuable assistance.

Early in the term the First Boat showed promising form, and reached its best probably a week before the Mays. The boat was stroked by C. W. Ward, who proved his ability to race, with a very sound idea of rhythm.

				st. lbs.
<i>Bow</i>	C. M. Kidd	10 2
2	E. H. Burbidge	10 9
3	K. L. H. Wadley	11 3
4	G. Gray	12 12
5	C. A. J. Barrington	12 13
6	A. G. R. Mooring	12 8
7	A. T. A. Wallace	12 1
<i>Stroke</i>	C. W. Ward	11 0
<i>Cox</i>	R. D. Shorten	8 12

On the first night First Trinity II. bumped Jesus II. on First Post; we were then about a quarter of a length up on them, and rowed over. On the following nights

we bumped Jesus II. at the Ditch, and King's I. on Ditton.

On the last night the crew rowed itself out trying to catch Caius I, and finally made a bump against them at the Railway Bridge.

The Second Boat was rather disappointing. The crew were well together, and, when they exerted themselves, surprisingly good. On the first night they bumped Magdalene I, although rowing at a slow rate of striking. This however proved to be their weak point, and after rowing over on the next two nights, they were bumped by Trinity Hall III, finishing up in their original position.

The standard of rowing this year has been well up to the average; we feel that this is due in no small measure to the untiring effort and enthusiasm of the Captain of Boats, A. T. A. Wallace.

On the result of the Mays it has been decided to enter the First Boat for the Ladies Challenge Plate at Henley. A Henley Fund has accordingly been opened to help defray the expenses incurred. All subscriptions will be welcome.

A. G. R. MOORING, *Hon. Sec.*

.....

Q. C. C. C.

THIS term the club began the season with six old colours available and while the weather has not been too good most of the matches were played and a moderately successful season enjoyed.

Only two games were won, most of the others being left drawn. This was accounted for by a pronounced

scarcity of bowlers, few freshmen of any ability being discovered. The bowling lacked sufficient variety and the absence of a fast bowler was keenly felt. B. E. Towers, however, who was very unlucky last season, found the wickets much more suitable and met with much greater success. The fielding left much to be desired, an unusually large number of catches being dropped. At least three games might have been won if comparatively simple chances had been accepted.

Outstanding in batting have been the performances of A. B. Habibullah who more than fulfilled the promise shown last year. The captain, H. J. Hobbins, also played some very useful innings.

Amongst the freshmen, Brand has developed into a very useful and steady opening bat. His fielding, however, must improve. Hutchings showed himself to be useful all round, his fielding being particularly good.

D. R. R. Pocock was awarded full colours and E. J. Hutchings, G. R. Brand, F. W. Sibcy and R. W. Whitmore.

J. D. Foster was elected Captain and E. J. Hutchings Secretary for next year.

J. D. FOSTER, *Hon. Sec.*

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Q. C. L. T. C.

THIS year the club has not experienced a very encouraging season; only three league matches out of nine being won. Four only of last year's two sixes remained, on which T. L. Rowan, with little help from the freshmen, built a better team than was to be expected. J. Batstone, an old colour, was available, and partnering

T. L. Rowan as first pair, proved fairly successful. The 2nd VI. had a much better season, and with Wolf and Mumford as a useful first pair won most of its matches.

Full colours were awarded to A. J. Thomas and H. D. Grundy, and half colours to Foxon, Wolfe, Hannington, Hebard, Lorie and Hodgkinson. The officers elected for next year were C. E. Allen, Captain, and A. J. Thomas, Secretary.

C. E. ALLEN, *Hon. Sec.*

.....

Q. C. A. F. C.

FIRST, an apology must be made for the absence of this report in the last issue of *The Dial*. The only excuse to be offered is that influenza prevented it from being written by the prescribed date.

In the Lent term, the chief interest of the 'soccer' was the Knock-Out competition. In the bye-round Queens' drew King's who were defeated by 5-1 in a game played on a ground that was very little short of a quagmire.

In the first round proper we had an excellent game with Caius, in which we eventually proved to be winners by 4-3. This was a thoroughly even game. First one side and then the other taking the lead, until with about a quarter still to go the final score was reached.

As a result of this victory we next met Selwyn. Conditions were not favourable as the ground was exceptionally hard owing to the continuous cold weather. The game was played on the Magdalene Ground, and the result after 20 minutes extra play was a draw 1-1.

The re-play took place on the Queens' Ground, and ended in a win for Queens' by 6-2. Both sides were un-

able to play full sides, but the substitutes played very well, and Queens' thoroughly deserved their win.

This brought us to the semi-final, but we were to go no further, as we had to play Pembroke—the ultimate winners. We were beaten by 5-2, but we put up a very good fight, as we were still not at full strength.

Two League matches from the Michaelmas term were to be played, only one of which came off. We pulled off a second win over Pembroke II. by 4-3, and the other game was scratched by Peterhouse, who could not raise eleven men.

The season on the whole was much more successful than the previous one, as we finished third in the Second Division instead of seventh, and we look forward to still further successes next season.

A. H. HEAD, *Hon. Sec.*

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Erasmus Society.

AT a meeting of the Society, postponed from last term, Mr D. D. R. Pouncey read a paper on "The Vocal Music of the Tudor Period".

Dealing with the early history of music, Mr Pouncey said that from time immemorial the human race had known how to make sounds with the voice, ranging in beauty from the crude yells of the savage to the folksongs of the more civilized races. But it was not until the 14th century that the discovery was made that melodies could be combined with beautiful effect. This new art remained for a long time in the hands of the clergy, and was used almost entirely in connection with the services of the Church, only a little

secular music, amongst which was "Sumer is icumen in," being written. In the 16th century leading musicians, including such consummate masters as John Wilbye and Thomas Weelkes, began to turn their attention to secular music, and more particularly to the madrigal.

In the madrigal, each part sang its own melody regardless of the other parts, but the composition as a whole was so constructed as to effect a good ensemble. This type of unaccompanied music was in strong contrast to the part song so much in vogue 30 or 40 years ago, in which the tunefulness was given to the top part, whilst the lower voices provided an accompaniment of no individual merit or interest whatever, Thomas Morley's "Good morrow, fair ladies of the May" was given as an example and the various characteristics of the madrigal were illustrated.

At the close of the century there began to appear the song for the single voice, a feature of which was the accompaniment, usually supplied by the lute. The aim of the English School of lutenist song writers, which flourished for a short period only, was to set the finest verse to simple music, free from any elaborate device which might distract attention from the meaning of the words. This was in one sense a revolt from the madrigal, in which the words were subordinated to the music. The beauty and simplicity of this type of music were shown by the singing of Thomas Campian's "There is a garden in her face".

Throughout the Tudor Period the art of writing Ballet music was developed. Originally a species of musical form in which singing and dancing both played a part, the ballet survived in the hands of the Italian

and English madrigalists as a formal composition for combined voices, characterised (e.g. "Now is the Month of Maying") by a strongly marked rhythm and a tripping fa-la refrain.

In early days, the Church had led the way in the art of combining melodies. To a well-known Church melody an independent melody ("bassus", bass) would be added, and later a second part ("triplex", treble). This particular style was developed and refined in the masses and motets of the day until it reached its climax in John Taverner (1495-1545). The austere and dispassionate beauty of the intertwining melodies of this music was lost at the Reformation when it was ordained that in order to make services "understood of the people", figured music was banished from public worship. The adaptation of this principle profoundly influenced Church music. The new style made the music keep closely to the words, while the individual parts still maintained their flowing melodic character. It was summed up in the mighty genius of William Byrd who raised English Church music to a level comparable with that of any period or country.

Throughout the Tudor Period music was a domestic affair. Many of the great houses kept their own "Master of the Musicke", while guests were expected to take a part--as often as not at sight--in the singing of a madrigal. This wide appeal of music has in the course of the centuries been lost and the music of the Tudor Period is thought by many to possess no more than an antiquarian interest. Mr D. D. R. Pouncey's paper showed how far this view is from the truth and Messrs W. W. Lillie and P. M. R. Pouncey, by illustrating with numerous songs, revealed the beauty and simplicity of the music of that period.

At a business meeting of the Society, W. F. Willson was elected President ; C. D. A. Goring, Vice-President ; C. H. B. S. Shope, Secretary ; and E. A. R. Santer, Treasurer.

There will be a number of vacancies at the beginning of next term and anyone wishing to join the Society should communicate with the Secretary.

W. F. WILLSON, *Secretary*.

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Guild of St. Bernard.

THE meeting arranged for the Easter Term was held on Thursday, May 2nd. Fr. Cyril Tomkinson, curate of St. Mary the Less, in addressing the Guild on the subject of "Mental Prayer", emphasised its vital importance in religion and gave some sound practical advice.

There were celebrations of the Holy Eucharist in St. Edward's Church on April 24th, when the celebrant was the Rev. Egerton E. F. Walters, assistant priest at the Priory Church, Great Malvern, May 8th, and May 22nd.

E. H. Burbidge has been elected president and C. McV. Crichton, secretary, for next year.

In the regretted absence of the Chaplain during the next two terms Fr. Tomkinson has very kindly consented to act as chaplain to the Guild.

C. F. WALTERS, *President*.

The History Society.

THE History Society held its annual dinner on May 9th in the lecture room across the river. Mr. C. H. Smythe (C. C. C.) was the guest of the occasion.

Mr. W. F. Russell began an excellent series of speeches by proposing the health of the Society in a very appropriate manner, and Mr. Northam, in replying, raised a laugh at the expense of the three other vice-presidents. The health of our guest was proposed by Mr. A. Chapman, as one ex-editor of the *Cambridge Review* to another, and in a humorous speech, typical of the speaker, he revealed the adventurous career of our guest when editor of that paper. In replying, Mr. Smythe, wittily touched on the speeches of the evening but ended his speech in a tone of deep feeling in appreciation of his lately deceased colleague, Sir Geoffrey Butler, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., M.P., senior burgess of the University.

An enjoyable evening was fitly concluded by a concert arranged by Mr. Chapman, in which Mr. J. F. D. Tringham with his charming flute solos, and Mr. A. B. Habibullah's Persian serenade evoked considerable applause.

W. H. MACARTNEY, *Hon. Sec.*

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Correspondence.

To the Editor of 'The Dial'.

DEAR SIR.—We feel we are expressing the feelings of a large section of the College when we bring to your

notice the deplorable condition of the tennis courts in the Grove.

It is annoying enough to have our sports ground at a distance of two miles from the College, but our chagrin is rendered even more bitter when we consider that, without any appreciable expense, but with a little enterprise and energy on the part of those in authority we could possess at our very door-step four really good grass courts.

The present state of the courts resembles that of a public park rather than of the private grounds of a college of a university. The deplorable condition of the turf, continually trampled on by unauthorised persons improperly shod, the inadequate supply of netting, and the general state of neglect, render any attempt at a game entirely nugatory, and cause endless annoyance to the players, who must spend their time in fruitless efforts to hit a ball which never bounces truly, and in recovering it from the dense mass of neglected undergrowth.

It is hoped that the authorities will take steps to remedy this matter in the near future, for it is admittedly an urgent need.

Yours faithfully,

D. P. BAILEY

S. W. LISTER

A. CHAPMAN

W. F. RUSSELL

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