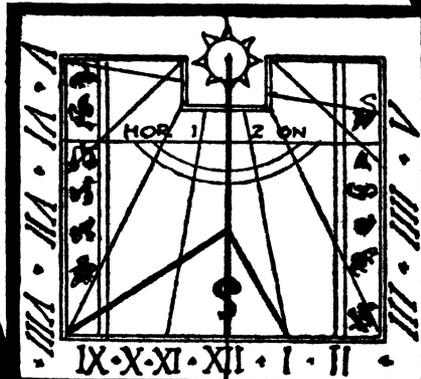


THE DIAL

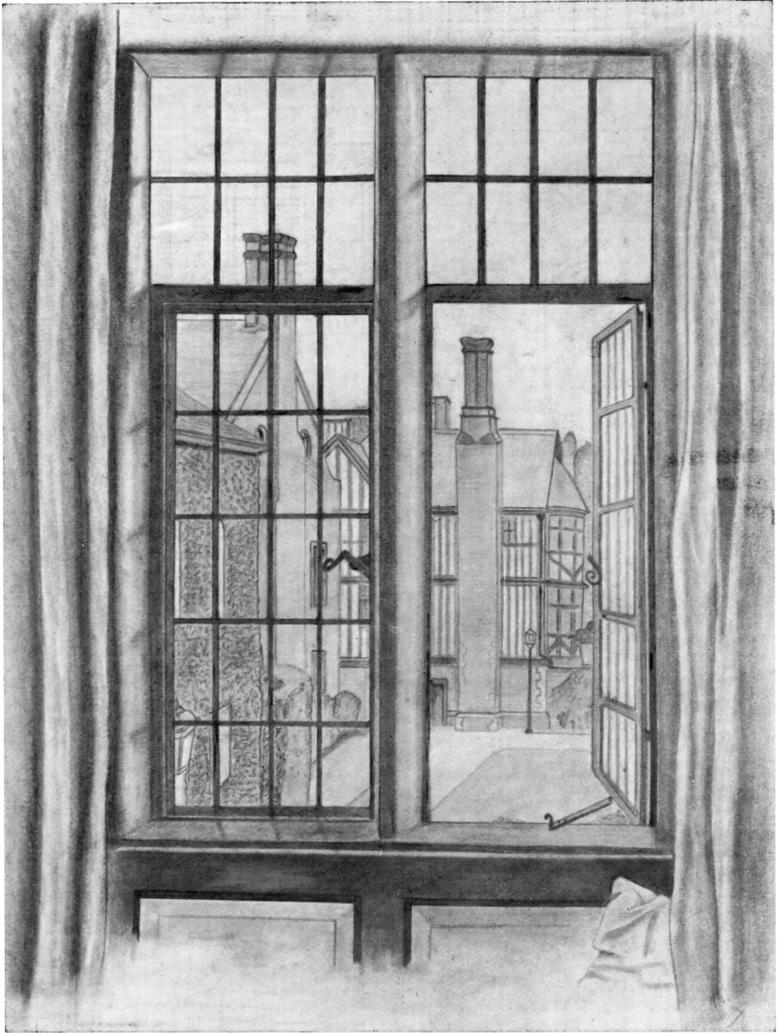
Queens' College



Michaelmas Term 1930

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THE DIAL.

No. 66

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1930.

CUSTOM rather than necessity seems to dictate that the first page of the *Dial* shall be given over to the Editor—enough rope, as it were, to hang himself and the secretaries of college societies on a charge of dumbness—and we do not presume to interrupt this time-honoured custom. Let us therefore get as quickly as possible through the usual contortions with the rope and then turn to the pages that follow. Persuasion has at last succeeded in eliciting reports from most of the secretaries, though some have resisted to the end, and it is time to put the finishing touches to a somewhat patchy vessel and launch it on the rough waters of criticism. It remains simply to thank those members of the College who have sent contributions, and to hope that the *Dial* will reach its readers in time to wish them a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

A

Dialiana.

WE have missed both the Vice-President and Dr Cook this term; illness has enabled them to put in only an occasional appearance. We most heartily wish them speedy recovery.

* * * *

The Oxford University Sermon was preached by Mr Laffan on October 26th. A full report of the sermon appeared in the *Church Times* of November 14th.

* * * *

Mr Potts was married to Miss Mary Chrichton on August 12th at Wallasey. We would congratulate him and extend a very warm welcome to Mrs Potts on behalf of the College.

* * * *

Congratulations to :—

G. Gray on his Trial Cap.

C. Bicknell and J. O. Fielding on their Relay Colours.

I. C. Fletcher who played in the Seniors' Trial Match.

R. G. Bullen who represented the University against Oxford at squash-rackets.

* * * *

The histrionic and musical efforts of Queens' men on Poppy Day realised the goodly sum of £88. This is £2 more than last year's total.

* * * *

The governing body of the College has decided that no more permits for the keeping of motor vehicles by undergraduate members of the College shall be given. In spite of the verdict of the Union we cannot help feeling that in joining the group of colleges which have already taken this step the College joins a movement which has the support of a majority of the members of the University.

.....

Floreat Domus.

News of Old Queens' Men.

(The date after each name is the date of taking B.A.)

ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Rev. W. T. Farmiloe (1886), late Archdeacon of Sudbury, has accepted the British Chaplaincy at Rome.

The Rev. R. G. Johnson (1889), Rural Dean of Sudbury.

The Rev. F. H. Cooke (1902), Vicar of Hooton, Cheshire.

The Rev. E. H. Williams-Ashman (1911), lately Vicar of Christchurch, Rotherhithe, and Warden of Queens' House, has been appointed by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London to the living of St Peter's, Bethnal Green.

The Rev. R. A. Marsh (1912), Rector of St Mary's, Wavertree.

The Rev. H. C. White (1913), Vicar of All Saints, W. Dulwich.

The Rev. N. A. Bligh-Hill (1920), Vicar of Bethersden, Kent.

The Rev. L. Hills (1920), lately working in the Mission Field, now Vicar of Christchurch, Rotherhithe, and Warden of Queens' House.

The Rev. G. W. Boddy (1921), Vicar of N. Ormesby, Middlesborough.

The Rev. G. N. Brunmitt (1923), Vicar of St Mark's, Southampton.

The Rev. V. H. Copestake (1923), formerly Head of Queens' House, to be curate of Dunster in charge of Alcombe, Minehead.

The Rev. M. C. Garton (1927), sailed for Pekin at the beginning of December.

ORDINATIONS.

- R. D. Thompson* (1923), St Barbara's, Earlsdon, Coventry.
L. S. Thorp (1926), St Simon's, Plymouth.
J. M. Cartwright (1927), Christ Church, Gipsy Hill.
A. S. Gribble (1927), St Mary's, Windermere.
R. R. Bailey (1928), St Anne's, Manchester.
P. H. Duke-Baker (1928), St James's, E. Cowes.
C. Marr (1928), St Luke's, Redcliffe Square, S. W.
J. F. D. Trimmingham (1929), Christ Church, Gipsy Hill.
A. Scott (1929), Harpurhey Parish Church, Manchester.
C. F. Walters (1929), St Mary's, Bideford.

GENERAL.

C. T. Regan, F.R.S. (1900), Hon. D.Sc. of Durham, awarded the Geoffrey St Hilaire medal by the *Société nationale d'acclimatation de France*.

R. J. Green (1913), Headmaster of Crypt School, Gloucester.

B. S. Maine (1916), musical critic of the *Morning Post*, and *Spectator*.

G. B. Harrison (1920), appointed Reader in English Literature, London. In 1929 he was Frederick Ives Carpenter Visiting Professor of English Literature at Chicago University.

A. L. C. Smith (1924), Assistant Master, Crypt School, Gloucester.

E. S. Hoare (1925), played for England in all the International Hockey Matches.

A. A. Taylor (1925), has returned from British Columbia, and is now working for Toc H. in London.

T. L. Rowan (1929), passed 7th in the Civil Service Examination. Appointed to Colonial Office.

MARRIAGES.

P. A. Cortois (1914), to Miss Emily Mary Norman, on August 16th.

The Rev. L. Hills (1920), to Miss Margaret Miller, on July 10th.

H. R. Youngman, M.D. (1922), to Miss Mildred Adams, on May 7th.

The Rev. G. N. Brummitt (1923), to Miss Cook, on July 1st.

A. F. Alsop (1924), to Miss Margaret Shaw, on July 22nd.

A. F. Doggett (1925), to Miss Betty Horder, on July 15th.

OBITUARY.

The Right Hon. J. F. E. Goodeve-Erskine, Earl of Mar, (1856), premier earl of Scotland, on July 16th. He was the 27th holder of the title from 1115, and was in his 95th year.

The Rev. T. D. Gray (1865), a wrangler in 1865, on September 14th.

The Rev. John Watson (1872), Sub-Dean of York, on August 21st.

The Rev. W. M. Baker (1879), a wrangler and stroke of the College Boat, in March, 1929.

The Rev. S. J. H. Newman (1879), in September.

The Rev. Canon G. Shorting (1879), Diocesan Secretary, St Albans, on June 25th.

The Rev. H. A. Brewer (1900).

H. C. Bathurst (1909), in Penang, F.M.S.

Capt. W. L. Dyson (1915), late Border Regiment, on September 5th.

The Rev. G. D. D. Watt (incorp. 1917), in December, 1929.

BOOK.

Frank Rutter, "El Greco", 1930.

.....

Sainte Margarete vergine and martir.

THE writer and, possibly, others present during the Commemoration Service, when they heard the names of the patron Saints of Queens' read out, wondered who St Margaret was and how she became connected with the College.

One may suppose that Queen Margaret of Anjou, our original foundress, chose St Margaret as her patron saint because she had the same name and because she wanted her to look after the interests of her foundation. The question then arises as to which particular St Margaret is indicated.

Documents still extant in the College Museum make this fairly certain. In Queen Margaret's request to Henry VI. for permission to found our College we

read: "Plese hit therefore unto youre highnesse to give and graunte unto youre seid humble wif the fondacōn and determinacōn of the seid collage to be called and named the Quenes collage of sainte Margarete and saint Bernard, or ellis of sainte Margarete vergine and martir and saint Bernard confessour.¹" The saint in question therefore was St Margaret the virgin and martyr. She is sometimes called Marina, and has an interesting history, although it is difficult to know which parts of the legend are true.² It seems certain that she was living in Pisidian Antioch during one of the early Christian persecutions but in what exact year is not known. Her father, a pagan priest called Aedesius found that she held Christian views, and at once turned her out of her home. She took refuge in the house of her old nurse who had first taught her the elements of Christianity.

Here she lived for many years in peace, tending sheep upon the grassy slopes of Pisidia. But one day the governor of the district, Olybrius, saw her at her work and instantly fell in love with her. He determined to win her whether a slave or free-born. When he asked her if she was a slave she replied, "I am a servant of Christ." Whereupon Olybrius threw her into prison and had her tortured. In prison it is said that the devil appeared to her as a dragon, and that she fought against him with all her might. Some say that she was swallowed up by the dragon but that her cross failing to pass through the beast's throat, his agony was so great that he burst asunder and so she was released. In the end, however, she was executed by Olybrius' orders.

1. Searle, *Hist. of Queens' College*, 1446—1560, p. 15.
2. In the Calendar of the Book of Common Prayer her day is July 20th.

Her body, which was considered to have miraculous powers, is said to have been preserved in the Cathedral of Monte-fiascone near Viterbo in Italy where it is still shown. But those who give this version of the story state that the body was brought from the Antioch in Syria, whereas it seems certain that our St Margaret lived in Pisidia. During the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries, when the cult of this St Margaret grew in Europe, and especially in England,¹ many relics, bones and skulls believed to be from her body were found, with the result that there are now enough to make many complete bodies.

However, the account of her persecution is probably true. Her fight with the dragon may have arisen from a confusion of popular artistic representations. The traditional picture of Aphrodite rising out of a fish or dragon, holding a dove, may well have been thought to be St Margaret, who is now always represented as rising out of a dragon with a cross in her hand, and sometimes a dove upon her.

R. C. P.

.....

A Dutch Book of Hours.

A VERY valuable illuminated MS. was presented to Queens' College Library last April by a former Scholar of the College, Joseph Yelverton Dawbarn, Esq., M.A., LL.M., who graduated in 1878. This MS. belonged to Thos. Craddock, Esq., a former graduate of the College, who bequeathed it to Mr Dawbarn.

It is a Book of Hours and Kalendar containing 207 vellum leaves ($6\frac{3}{8}$ in. \times $4\frac{1}{4}$ in.), very finely written in

1. In England there were over 250 churches.

black with capitals, etc., in blue and red. There are initials and borders of good decorative work in blue, red, green, gold, etc. On seven pages appear excellent illustrations with decorative borders all in brilliant colours. A plate from a photograph of one of these seven pages is given here as a specimen.

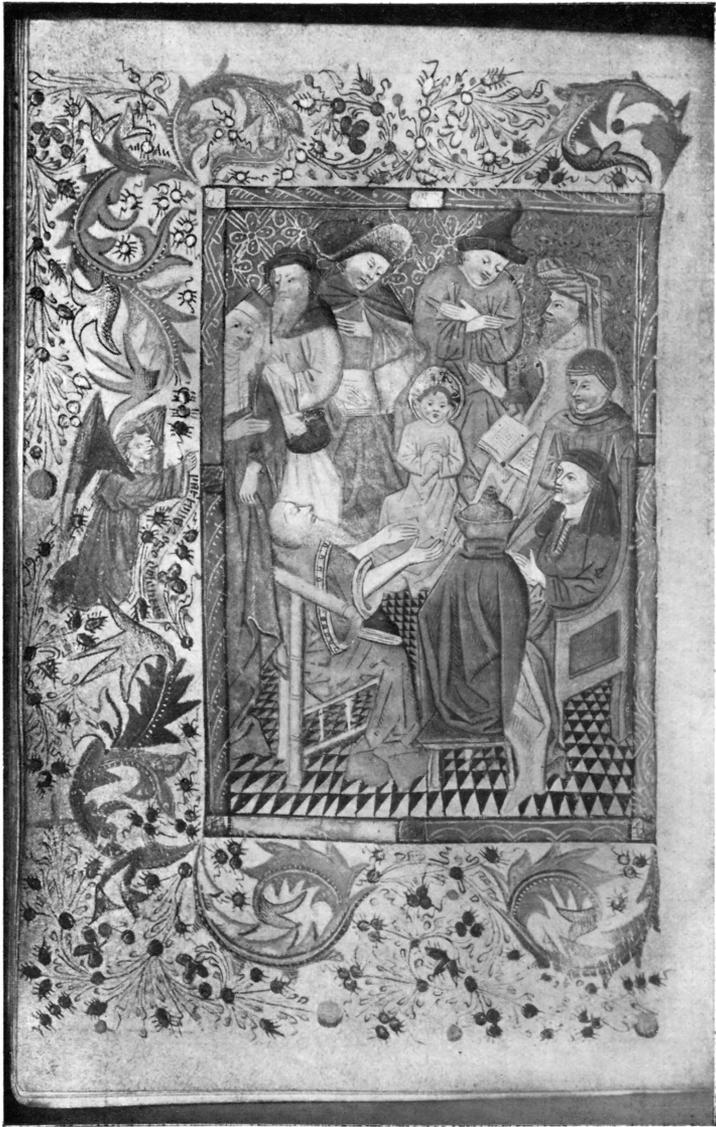
The central picture represents Joseph and Mary finding our Lord "in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions". In the left hand margin is a kneeling figure apparently reciting the story given by St Luke, for on the scroll are the words *Pater tuus et ego dolentes*, which come from the Vulgate.¹ The costumes in this and other illustrations in this MS. are those worn by the Netherlanders about 1453 (which is the date given in the colophon)².

It will be remembered that by 1453 the Renaissance was affecting the Low Countries. In 1453 printing was just beginning to become a practical proposition, but MS. books were freely produced for many years after this date, and there was, no doubt, a great demand for them in the wealthy towns of the Netherlands, which at this time were flourishing under the rule of Philip, the Good, of Burgundy.

Our MS. is written in Dutch. As the Kalendar agrees generally with those in Books of Hours from the Diocese of Utrecht the MS. was probably produced there.

1. *Ecce pater tuus et ego dolentes quaerebamus te.* 2^{de}.

2. It is instructive to compare the costumes in the illustration from a Breviary of Cardinal Grimani (of about the same date as our Book of Hours), which is given by P. Lacroix in his *Manners, Customs, and Dress during the Middle Ages* (1874), Vol. 1, p. 535. This illustration represents St Catharine surrounded by the Doctors of Alexandria. It is attributed to Memling. Similar costumes were in all probability worn by our first President and Fellows.



Utrecht was then a large and wealthy city and its Archbishops were among the most powerful of mediæval prelates. What is left of its huge cathedral is an imposing monument to their splendour.

The Contents of this Book of Hours are¹:—

Kalendar.

Hours of the Blessed Virgin.

Annunciation.

Hours of Wysheit (wisdom).²

Our Lord among the Doctors.

Hours of the Holy Ghost.

Pentecost.

Hours of the Cross.

Kiss of Judas.

Seven Penitential Psalms.

David harping.

Litany.³

Office of the Dead. Lange Vighiliae.

Last Judgment.

St Ambrose's Prayer of the Holy Sacrament.

The Washing of the Disciples' Feet.

Various prayers.



The date of the binding (leather on oak boards) is c. 1550—1560. The rolls on the leather are German. The clasps are missing.⁴

F. G. PLAISTOWE.

1. The subjects of the illustrations are printed in italics.
2. This is very rare.
3. The saints point to S. E. Holland as the origin of the MS.
4. This article is largely a compilation of notes kindly given to the writer by Dr Minns, Disney Professor of Archaeology in the University of Cambridge, assisted by Dr Atkinson and Mr Creswick (both of the Cambridge University Library). Rev. R. G. D. Laffan kindly read and corrected the writer's MS.

The Strange Affair of James Clayton.

ARCHIE Goddard removed his feet from the Physics Lab. bench and adjusted his spectacles. "Listen to this" he said, and he proceeded to read from a type-written sheet in his hand. "Astronomy owes to physics the explanation of the curious phenomena presented by certain stars whose density appears to be many hundreds of times greater than anything known upon the earth. In the light of recent research on atomic structure, it is easy to explain these as being composed of atoms whose outer rings of electrons are missing, so that the heavy nuclei are closely packed together. It is not inconceivable that the physicist of the future may be able to effect the removal of these outer rings, and so to produce specimens of these very dense materials, by a proper co-ordination of electro-magnetic and radioactive energy concentrated upon small specimens of suitable substances."

Through my half closed eyes (the time was 2 o'clock) I watched young Jim Clayton at the far end of the lab. by the big electro-magnet, lost to the world as usual, with one of the two precious radium needles by him on the bench. "So if we accidentally turned on the magnet," I murmured dreamily, "we might have the entertaining spectacle of Jim's density going up to about 200 and his height going down to an inch or two. What would the fair Maggie say?" This last was perhaps not a very nice remark; Margaret Sutherland is one of the best girls in the world and I am afraid we rather envied Jim.

"Well," said Archie judicially, "if we were careful not to lose him I should say Jim would be as good two

inches high as he is now"—and with that he turned on the current. The effect was so sudden and so extraordinary that even now I find it difficult to believe that I was not dreaming. Jim had been standing up when Archie pulled over the switch; for one instant his clothes seemed to stand up empty, like a weird scarecrow, and then they collapsed with a slight thud into a heap on the floor, with the shoes absurdly sticking out at the bottom and the spectacles lying a couple of feet away.

The whole thing left us in the most absurd predicament. It was inconceivable that Jim should be somewhere in that pile of clothes, and only two inches high, and yet no other conclusion was possible. It seemed no use standing and staring at one another, so I walked across and picked up Jimmy's trousers. Something about two inches high fell out of the left leg and struck the floor with a terrific clatter, making all the benches shake. The small object—unmistakably a small scale model of James Clayton—got up and began to walk slowly across the floor towards the leg of the nearest bench, leaving us to gaze at it in complete bewilderment. A toy soldier is all very well, but a toy soldier weighing ten stone and as strong as a man is a different proposition. "The first thing to do is to get him safely tied up where he can't hurt himself," said Archie; "We'd better fetch somebody." Both of us were rather glad to get away and find somebody with whom to share this queer business. Archie was certainly a trifle pale.

We found the lab. attendant, a young man of stolid temperament, well fitted to soothe our shaken nerves. As we were entering the lab. trying to explain to him

what had happened, there was a crash of glass from the far end of the room and we hurried up to find the remains of a beaker and measuring flask on the floor. Jimmy had reached the leg of the bench, and, unable to solve the problem of getting round it, had petulantly and violently kicked it, knocking the beaker and flask off the edge of the bench.

The sight of this foul crawling creature, stamping about on the floor, its deliberate, slow movements, its terrific weight and strength, and its peevish way of kicking and thumping when anything got in its way, revolted me in a way that I can hardly explain. If you can imagine some great loathsome tropical insect, with, in addition, the half-human qualities which make a monkey at once fascinating and revolting, you will perhaps understand my sensations. I stood and watched it for as long as I could, but when it began to make for my foot, my self-control gave way; I forgot all about Jimmy Clayton and my part in bringing this fate upon him, and fled shamelessly from the room.

* * * *

A combination of slight fever with, possible, a good deal of shame, kept me at home during the next day. In the evening Archie dropped in and we had a long talk about the business. It appeared that they had tried to talk to Jimmy, but had failed until someone hit on the brilliant idea of communicating by means of wireless telephony on a wavelength of about 50 metres, which apparently corresponded to the pitch of Jimmy's voice under the new conditions.

"It was only when we got talking to him" said Archie, "that we realised the effect this thing had had on his brain. I've met some dense people in my time,

but this was a revelation to me. It was half an hour before we could make him understand who we were and then he spent all the rest of the time cursing us for preventing him going to the theatre with Margaret last night, talking about breach of promise and a whole string of rot. Margaret has behaved splendidly about it. She went to see him in his biscuit box this morning and was awfully kind and sympathetic. But he's hopeless. He caught hold of her finger and wouldn't let it go;—nearly pulled it out of joint. We had to use a hammer. He hardly felt it, of course, but it's all very unpleasant."

* * * *

For a few days after this conversation, I still thought of Jimmy's fate as a horrible and inexplicable happening with which I had no particular concern and about which I could do nothing. I think my feeling of guilt and my determination to rescue Jimmy date from an evening a week after the accident, when I saw Margaret and Archie at the theatre together. I remembered then that I was still a friend of Jim's, that it was my fault that he was as good as dead, and that I was standing by and doing nothing about it. I tried to settle down to work late that night, but the words seemed to be just a meaningless jingle: "Water, and most aqueous solutions, may be readily decomposed by passing a powerful electric current through them between platinum points. The gaseous products of electrolysis are easily collected, and may be recombined by simple ignition to give the original substance....." Original substance! Original.....! I woke up with a start. Here was surely a heaven-sent idea. "Absurd," you say; yes, but not so absurd as a James Clayton

two inches high. I went to bed happily, firmly, desperately resolved to try it on the morrow.

* * * *

As I look back on it, I am astonished at my own conviction that it would work. The thing was clearly quite mad, and yet who shall say that there may not be some kink in the form-lines of our universe, some subtle attraction of molecule for molecule and particle for particle so that they tend always to fly back to the form they took when they first came together to form the human body. Anyhow, it worked.

We had to give Jim chloroform, but after that it was plain sailing. We secured the platinum electrodes to his head and feet, sealed him in a glass tube, and passed current from the big generator until there was nothing visible in the tube but the platinum strips. Then we had to break the tube to let the pent-up gases escape into the atmosphere and resume their normal form. It was a tense moment, for if there had been any hitch the gases would perhaps have been wafted out of the room and Jimmy lost for ever. These thoughts flashed through my mind as I struck a match over the broken tube. Almost simultaneously with the scrape of the match against the box, came the crash of the igniting gases, and as I staggered back the vision of a full-sized Jimmy flashed before my eyes, till the back of my head struck the bench behind me and the vision was blotted out.

* * * *

There is little more to relate. Jimmy was none the worse for his experience. Indeed, whereas he had always been rather small and lean, he was now, owing,

I suppose, to a small error on my part, quite six feet two and proportionately broad. Margaret was naturally overjoyed about this miraculous rescue, and Archie behaved as well as could be expected. Jim seemed to remember nothing at all about it, except that once, when reading Gulliver's Travels, he started shouting with laughter and telling us about a dream he had had. But we didn't encourage him to continue.

.....

Music on the Breeze.

ON Autumn's sweetest breezes borne along
 As through the chuckling corn light Zephyr went
 I heard thy happy voice sing Love's old Song,
 That told me of the wine-sweet hours once spent
 In sunlight, 'mid the whispering grass, that spoke
 Of legends long forgot, of fickle naiads,
 Of Venus' court, Titania's faery folk,
 Of sylph and satyr, fauns and hamadryads;
 Until our spirits, borne aloft on wings
 Of popped damask, far beyond the reach
 Of sordid strugglings and of earthy things,
 Came at the last to that bright golden beach
 Where children play, and Beauty, hand in hand
 With Truth her sister, dance upon the sand.

ANON.

Giulielmi Gilberti

TRACTATUS
DE MAGNETE.

THE writer's attention has been directed by the Librarian to an important and interesting book in our College Library : *De Magnete* by William Gilbert of Colchester, Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge ; M.D., Physician to Queen Elizabeth. This monumental work was first published in London in 1600. A translation, with notes, by S. P. Thompson was issued by the Gilbert Club of London in 1900.

A curious fact in connection with our copy, which is bound together with Maurolycus' *De Lumine et Umbra* and Campanella's *Astrologicorum Libri VII.* is that it appears in the College Catalogue under the date 1600, the date of the *Editio Princeps*, which is worth about £75. Unfortunately, this entry in the Catalogue is an error ; our volume is a German edition of somewhat later date.

The *De Magnete* has acquired considerable renown, having been described by Lord Kelvin as "one of the finest examples of inductive philosophy that has ever been presented to the world." It is the first great work on Natural Science published in England. A famous *alumnus* of our College, Thomas Fuller, says of Dr Gilbert in his *Worthies*, "Mahomet's tomb at Mecha is said strangely to *hang up*, attracted by some invisible loadestone ; but the memory of this doctor will never *fall to the ground*, which his incomparable book *De Magnete* will support *to eternity*." Just about one hundred years after its publication, Dryden wrote :

"Gilbert shall live, till lodestones cease to draw,
Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe."

The work, indeed, marks a new era in the history of magnetism. In it many old theories—one might rather say superstitions—are rejected, and in their place a solid foundation based on experiment is laid. The chief value of the book is its recognition of the earth as a magnet, which is elucidated by analogy with what Gilbert calls the “terrella,” a large sphere of lodestone.

One or two quotations, noted by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* from the Gilbert Club’s translation, may be of interest. One cannot help speculating as to the origin of some of the older ideas; for example, “if a lodestone be anointed with garlic or if a diamond be near, it does not attract iron”; or that “if pickled in the salt of a sucking fish, there is power to pick up gold which has fallen into the deepest wells”—at any rate, a sufficiently difficult proposition to disprove! Whence, too, arose the idea that a magnet had “the power to reconcile husbands to their wives, and to recall brides to their husbands?” No wonder Gilbert could rail against the “figments and falsehoods, which in the earliest times, no less than nowadays, used to be put forth by raw smatterers and copyists to be swallowed of men.”

Let us conclude, however, with a sentence which shews how well he had already realised what is now considered as the very essence of all scientific progress: “It is very easy for men of acute intellect, apart from experiment and practice, to slip and err.”

EDWIN A. MAXWELL.

.....

Christmas Greetings.

DEAR Sirs and Madams, please excuse
(By way of introduction)

This overflowing of the Muse,
To, wit, this 'ere production.
I could have sent you Christmas cards,
(I bought a lot at Heffer's)
With juicy snippets from the bards ;
But (ere I end this preface)
I'd like to know if you prefer
"Some thoughts on Home" (Sweet Home)
And stuff about "the fleeting year"
To this 'ere 'umble pome.
If you want poems starting "IF . . ."
Of if you have an itch
For "precious thoughts" to make you sniff
By Wilhelmina Stitch. ;
If you would like some lines about
"The gulf of bygone years"
I've no doubt I could fit you out
At wholesale rates ;—but Sirs
And Madams, I have faith enough
That you would be as deaf as
A door-nail to such sloshy stuff
To end herewith my preface.

A turkey is a lovesome thing, God wot
And pudding (plum)
Is liked by some
(Though not
By me)
The holly and the Christmas tree
Candles and mistletoe
For some, I know,
Spell Christmas Day.
Some think of tangerines and bulgy stockings,
And early wakings and excited knockings
To see if Who's got What,
Or not.
Some see a baby in a bed of hay,
Shepherds, and three wise men from far away ;
For some it's carols and the frosty air,
And cheerio's to people here and there.
Sometimes it's odd relations turning up
From nowhere, once a year, to sup.
Toffees and tangerines mixed up inside,
New books to read, and what-not to be tried,
And " Thank you for the bed-socks, Auntie Jane,
" How kind of you to think of me again "
(That's four pairs now, but never mind)
" It really is extremely kind "
In fact I must have missed the bus,
For really it's superfluous
To wish " A happy Christmas Day "
When you will have one any way.
But then, if Christmas time is really
A time when words like " yours sincerely "
Are not required, then we can be
Superfluous quite openly.
And so I'll say, while still I can,
(Although I doubt if it will scan)
A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

.....

A Roll of Cloth.

(A SKETCH IN THE RUSSIAN STYLE.)

THE front door shut with a bang—of good humour and not of anger—and Fyodor Ilyitch Tcheprakov having stamped his feet once or twice to get them warm, set off for his office in a most splendid temper. His wife had been in a good mood too. His razor had behaved excellently, and now there was a bright sun. Everything was agreeing together to make a pleasant day.

The crisp snow crackled beneath his feet, its surface smooth and gleaming since it was still early in the day. The women at house doors were trying to clear away the snow to make a path as far as their little green garden gates. Their hands and faces were blue with the cold. At the thought of the cold Tcheprakov shrugged his shoulders to work them even deeper into the recesses of his overcoat, and took a large pull at his cigar. "Thank goodness," he thought, "for overcoats." That reminded him of the need for a new one. The Spring was coming—indeed the sun suggested this morning that it had come already—and he needed a new spring overcoat. Then, as he was in such a fine temper with the world he said, "Why not go this instant! The office can spare me for ten minutes. I'll go to Semyon Kolpakov on the way." And on he marched, greatly pleased with his clever idea, stamping on the snow with an increased vigour, the blood tingling in his genial veins and the steel blue smoke of his cigar gently wreathing away into the frosty air.

As he turned into Ognev Street a large snowball,

hurled at this prosperous figure by a small ragamuffin selling papers, hit Fyodor Tcheprakov in the small of the back.

“The little devil,” he exclaimed swinging round to see where the snowball had come from. The boy vanished round the corner by the butcher’s shop and Tcheprakov’s face broke into a smile. It began from his fat red lips and gradually spreading all over his round face, seemed at last to reach as far as the tips of his ears and even the tips of his glossy black moustache. He was indeed in a genial mood this morning, for he exclaimed, “Oh, yes. I was young once I suppose.” And he patted the middle of his tightly drawn overcoat at the very thought of being young and active like the paper boy.

He turned at last and entered a low door into Kolpakov’s shop. An assistant was busily sweeping the floor, raising clouds of dust which at once began to settle again—not on the floor but on the neatly ranged rolls of cloth that filled the shop. There were so many of them indeed that, what with the counter, and the assistant with his broom, and Kolpakov himself and Tcheprakov, and the chair that Tcheprakov sat on, there was scarcely any room left for the cat that followed the little tailor out of the room at the back of the shop.

“My dear Fyodor Ilyitch,” said Kolpakov with great feeling. “How good it is to see you again. How you do honour my little shop.” And Kolpakov leant over the counter to embrace his customer, but so wide was the counter and so fat the tailor that only with difficulty could their salutations be accomplished.

“What may I have the pleasure.....” went on the

tailor bowing continually, and rubbing his hands together with enormous satisfaction at the presence of so important a customer as the timber merchant Fyodor Tcheprakov.

“I want,” said his customer, interrupting the flow of words, “I want a new overcoat.”

“Delighted! Delighted!”, murmured Kolpakov hopping nimbly round the counter and pulling down rolls of cloth that were nearly as big as himself. So great was his enthusiasm, you see, that he did not even wait to hear what kind of coat was needed.

In a few minutes the tiny shop was strewn with pieces of cloth unrolling in every direction. Each piece was wrong! Some were too heavy, others too thin. One too light and another too dark. This one was too coarse and this one too fine. Tcheprakov was a difficult customer, even though he was in one of his most genial moods. At length the tailor was at the end of his resources. He stood scratching his head in despair while his customer stared through the door at the grocer’s shop on the far side of the street or traced lines on the wooden floor with the ferrule of his umbrella.

Suddenly Kolpakov had an idea, and clapping his hands with delight, he darted off into the darkness of the back room. Tcheprakov continued to draw his invisible lines on the floor. The assistant came in and cleared a space among the rolls of material on the counter. Then the tailor entered carrying in his arms, very tenderly as though it were a pet cat or a baby, a small roll of brown cloth. He placed it carefully down and said in a low voice:

“This, honoured sir, is the very thing you require!”

Tcheprakov looked up.

"The whole length was made," continued the tailor, "for just listen....." He beckoned with his finger and whispered into Tcheprakov's ear.

"Really!" said the timber merchant in great surprise, "I am astounded."

"There is just this piece left over. Think! Just enough for three coats."

"But I don't want three coats," protested his customer.

"Oh come," said Kolpakov in a coaxing voice. "Surely you do! One for yourself, and one for your charming wife..."

"Yes."

"...and one for...for little..." his voice dropped very low, "...one for little Zinotchka."

A cloud came over the merchant's face as though he was going to be very angry with the tailor for knowing anything about little Zinotchka, (How do tailors know about these things, he thought?). Then quite suddenly he broke into another of his broadest smiles.

"Good! good! of course! yes!" he exclaimed rapidly, beaming at the tailor and tapping on the floor with the end of his umbrella quite excitedly. "Well, and how much is the piece?"

Kolpakov named the figure.

The merchant tried to look grieved at this. Secretly he was very pleased at such a low price, but he did not like spending money, and so he pretended that it was too high. He began to haggle over it. Kolpakov whined a protest but Tcheprakov was firm.

"And now may I take your measure," asked the tailor with great deference.

“No, no, oh not to-day. Let me take the cloth to show my little -er, my wife, and I will return it to-morrow with the necessary measures.”

Kolpakov protested that this was a most irregular proceeding, that the measures would be wrong, that... but Tchepprakov was again firm and insisted that the cloth should be packed up. He decided that he would call on little Zinotchka on his way home to lunch. For once his wife could wait for five minutes for lunch although she liked to be punctual. It would be a splendid surprise. Zinotchka might...last time she had not been very pleased to see him.

Five minutes later he left the shop with a neat brown paper parcel under his arm and a fresh cigar between his lips. He entered his office and said good morning to his clerks with unusual warmth. As he passed into his inner room they whispered to one another as to the reason.

“Perhaps he has made a good deal in pine logs,” said one of the girls.

“Or had an evening with his mistress...with little Zinotchka,” suggested Nikolay Petrovitch the ledger clerk, whose mind was always rather coarse.

“Or his wife has had twins,” said Mihail, the office boy to cap the sequence.

Tchepprakov applied himself to his work with great energy. He was immensely pleased at having obtained such a good bargain. And so cheap! And little..., he smiled at the thought of her face when she saw the beautiful piece of cloth and heard about the coat. She would turn to him and say, “Oh, little Fyodor, you are too kind.” He called for his secretary and began to dictate a letter to his agent in Siberia. Little

Zinotchka and spring overcoats must not be allowed into the office.

Nevertheless several times during the morning he glanced up at the brown paper parcel which lay reassuringly on a chair by the wall. The morning would not go fast enough. Because he wanted to get to little Zinotchka to show her his present the clock seemed to be going most irritatingly slowly.

At last he was back into his overcoat and walking very fast towards the cottage near the station where Zinotchka lived. The parcel was once more tightly under his arm. He thought of the great surprise and wondered how he could make it seem its best. He began to rehearse how he would meet her. "My darling Zinotchka," he would begin, "Can you conceive what..." Yes that would do excellently. Quite soon the whole performance was worked out and had been rehearsed right through twice. He wondered what the old men at the table in the beer-shop window were thinking—and saying. Perhaps they nudged one another and said, "There goes old Fyodor T'cheprakov the timber merchant. He looks pleased. Perhaps he has made a good bargain. I wonder what is in that brown paper parcel that he has under his arm." They *might* say things of that sort. He rather hoped they *would*.

The distance was short and he arrived quite soon, rather out of breath. He walked up the garden path. He was all a-tremble with excitement. He opened the front door and entered the hall. "Oh, be calm," he said to himself. Zinotchka with a little welcoming cry, came running downstairs to meet him.

"My darling Zinotchka," he began according to his

plan, but he was so very excited that he got no further.

“See here,” he exclaimed, planting the parcel down on the table with a thud. “Open this.”

As Zinotchka untied the string and opened the parcel she gave little cries of delight. “What can it be?” and “How delicious!”

“My darling, how perfect,” she exclaimed as she saw the beautiful brown cloth. Tcheprakov’s triumph was complete. He felt as though he must be smiling and blushing all over his fat body,

He pulled out a large blue handkerchief and began to blow his nose very loudly in an attempt to hide his excitement.

Zinotchka began to unroll the cloth. Her little utterances of pleasure turned to a shriek of dismay.

The merchant’s smiles departed in an instant. His eyes staring and his mouth wide open he darted to the table. What a sight! The first part of the cloth was indeed a wonderful golden brown, but the rest..... it was faded in dull patches and covered with stains. Kolpakov the tailor had swindled him. He groped his way to a chair and sat down with his head bowed between his hands.

Kolpakov had swindled him; his faith in the fine morning and in the goodness of men had collapsed and so Fyodor Ilyitch Tcheprakov the fat and prosperous timber merchant burst into tears and cried until the house seemed to echo with the noise.

E. M. C.

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A Tragedy . . .

THIS is a true story. I am prepared to swear about it:

By paying 5/- I became entitled to go to a country dance party. Some days before the party I took my only pair of flannels to the cleaners. They came back in due course, but when I came to put them on I found to my horror that they had been creased down the side instead of down the front. It was too late to do anything and I had to go to the party with them as they were.

I had over-estimated my powers of endurance. I am not a vain man but I confess that the two hours during which I skipped about in that pair of quasi-pyjamas, were hours of acute spiritual torment. There is no need for me to describe my feelings in detail; suffice it to say that I went home that night with the solemn resolve never to go to country dance parties with flannels creased down the sides.

Next day I took them back to the cleaners. I spoke politely but firmly about my tastes in the way of creases. In a day or two the flannels came back, spotless, white as snow, and beautifully creased down the sides (like pyjamas).

I took them to the cleaners again. I spoke severely, even roughly. I made it clear that I could brook no compromise in this matter, and that I would not rest until I had seen my flannels restored to their pristine elegance and beauty. The other day a parcel came from the cleaners. I tore it open with feverish hands. Inside there nestled a spotless pair of flannels, neatly creased down the sides (like pyjamas). But I had not seen the worst. There was a small tab, sewn to the top of the trousers, and on it the following legend neatly written in indelible ink: "NOTE: TO BE CREASED DOWN THE SIDES, NOT DOWN THE FRONT."

More Potted History—William Tell.

IT'S sad, but there are people who
 Have never heard the story,
 Of William Tell, and of his crew,
 Who bravely rose, and boldly slew
 Their cruel overlords, and who
 Thus won immortal glory.

The root of the affair was this :
 (To put it quite concisely)
 The Austrian tyrants ruled the Swiss,
 And didn't do it nicely.

The Austrian viceroy of the day
 (His name was Gessler, by the way)
 Was not the sort one likes ;
 He dined on oysters every day,
 But made the people live on hay
 And cut their heads off—so they say—
 And prodded them with spikes.

One day the tyrant hung his hat
 Upon a pole, and shouted :
 " Let all the people bow to that,
 " And if they won't, well, tit for tat,
 " I'll have them soundly clouted."

But William Tell was not to be
 Disturbed by all this hector ;
 Said he, " Shall I ere bend the knee
 " To other styles in hats? Not me,
 " Or p'rhaps Not I's correcter."

So spake he, and with bristling hair
 Like one who's swum the Channel,
 He seized the hat suspended there
 And kicked it round the market square
 And down the nearest man'ole.

When Gessler heard, his face was red
 As is the ripe beetroot ;
 In voice of choking rage he said :
 " At forty yards, from his own son's head,
 " An apple he shall shoot."
 An archer rare was William Tell,
 As hasn't lived before or since ;
 He pierced the apple true and well,
 His brave son did not wince.
 But Gessler spied another dart
 In William's breast, intended
 To pierce the tyrant's cruel heart ;
 In case he'd missed the apple tart :
 Said Gessler " That's soon mended."
 He bade his cruel soldiers throw
 Poor William into chains.
 But William's friends said " Ready, go !"
 And rushed upon the Austrian foe
 With sword and spear, with spade and hoe,
 And laid the wicked tyrants low
 And put their bodies in a row
 And shoved them down the drains.
 Thus perished Austria's cruel laws,
 Thus triumphed freedom's glorious cause
 And now you all know very well
 The noble tale of William Tell.

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Queens' House.

IT was feared that the work of the Mission would
 be very much interrupted by a fire which broke out
 in August while the House was closed for the summer
 camp, and which gutted most of the missioner's house
 and slightly damaged the Chapel. Fortunately, however,
 the chapel has already been restored and work on the
 House itself will soon be completed : and meanwhile the
 work of the Mission has started again. The most serious
 side of the matter is therefore the loss to Mr Vanston

who came back from the camp to find all his possessions, furniture, books and papers, reduced to a smoking heap. We would like to assure Mr Vanston of our sympathy with him in this grievous loss.

At the general meeting this term, both Mr Vanston and Mr Hills, an old Queens' man and now Vicar of Christchurch, Rotherhithe, stressed the very great service which Queens' men could do to the mission by a personal visit to Rotherhithe. Mr Hills has very kindly signified his readiness to put up any Queens' men at the Vicarage, and the House itself is provided with a guest room. Accordingly, at the end of term, a party of about ten went from the college to Rotherhithe to meet the boys and to give them a concert. The entertainment really began before we reached Queens' House, when one member of the party attracted a band of children, chiefly little girls who were playing in the street, and intrigued them with a mouth-organ solo in true Pied-Piper fashion. The evening was a very happy one—and not least for the Queens' men there. It seemed extraordinary that boys brought up in those surroundings, going out to uncongenial work and returning to dreary and often unhappy homes, could remain so cheerful and goodnatured: and many ties were formed on that visit which both boys and Queens' men hope to renew at the Whitsun camp.

Finally, an appeal—for books and games. Rotherhithe has no playgrounds but its drab, unhealthy streets, and there is a crying need for these books and games which can, for a few hours at least, lighten the monotony of such surroundings and brighten the winter evenings in Rotherhithe. The address is: Queens' House, Rotherhithe Street, S.E. 16, and anything will be welcome.

St Bernard Society.

THE Society has just concluded one of the most successful terms of recent years. This is probably due to the innovation of holding meetings every fortnight instead of every week. The result has been a larger attendance of members of the College which has contributed largely to the success of the meetings. There have been four meetings, two debates and two concerts. The Dons' debate was held on October 18th, the motion being that in the opinion of this house modern life is over civilised. It was lost by one vote after a good debate. A concert followed on Saturday, November 1st, at which Mr Crichton's impersonations were well received. The Society also enjoyed a jazz band, arranged by the Assistant Secretary. At the Freshmen's Debate on November 15th, ten freshmen spoke in all, some of them well—a good augury for the future of the Society. The motion "That in the opinion of this House the part played by Blood Sports in our National life is a disgrace" was lost, although most of the speakers spoke in favour of it. The activities of the term were concluded on November 29th by the Annual Bedders' Concert to which all members of the College were invited, and a good proportion came. A good programme had been arranged by the retiring President and was enjoyed by all present. At this meeting the change of officers took place, the following committee for next term having been elected unopposed. *President*, I. C. Fletcher; *Vice-President*, A. O. Barkway; *Secretary*, J. O. Fielding; *Asst. Secretary*, J. E. Pater; *Treasurer*, M. L. Barkway.

A. O. BARKWAY, *Secretary*.

Erasmus Society.

THE Erasmus Society has had quite a successful term, considering the difficulties due to the necessity for a reconstitution of the committee. Several business meetings were necessary before chaos was reduced to order, so no papers were read during the first month of term.

We were fortunate to hear Professor Piccoli speak about "Joachim de Flora." His treatment of his rather obscure subject made it most interesting, as he shewed Joachim as one of the first links in the chain of scepticism which ultimately dragged the reformers away from the Catholic Church.

Mr Charles Shope read us "Julian," his latest play, in which he draws a vivid picture of the mental struggle in the mind of 'the Apostate' between his intellectual leaning towards paganism and his emotional enchantment with the ethic of Christianity. Mr Shope also read his "Osiris" at a subsequent meeting, at which Mr Alstair Cooke was to have given a paper on "Katherine Mansfield." Mr Cooke will give this paper next term. Osiris deals with the advent, murder and resurrection of Osiris, and with the faithfulness of his once human wife Isis, the whole being taken from the mythology of ancient Egypt.

Mr D. D. R. Pouncey read a paper on Thursday, December 4th. This will be commented upon in the next issue.

J. WHITWELL, *Secretary.*

Historical Society.

THIS term saw the President of the society once more in the chair at its meetings after his sabbatical year, and saw also Mr Northam, who was so enthusiastic as chairman last winter, still present to open discussions. On each occasion the society relied on home industry to provide the mental stimulus for the evening, for each of the three papers during the term was read by a member of the college. At the first meeting Mr Laffan gave a most interesting paper on "Archduke Franz Ferdinand" to a large gathering. In a short introduction he explained the complicated nature of the Dual Monarchy, and made clear the unfortunate estrangement between the Emperor and Franz Ferdinand owing to the latter's marriage. He then proceeded to describe the internal policy of the Archduke, and showed him to have been the only statesman capable of making the Empire into a strong state. His ideal was national autonomy and federal unity under the Emperor with internal economic freedom. He was not a sabre-rattler, for he realised that war might well bring the Empire to the ground. He was murdered because he was a bar to Slav aspirations, because his plans might well transform the crumbling Monarchy into an efficient federal union.

The second meeting was occupied by a paper on "Emperor Charles IV." by the secretary, who impartially cast aspersions on the greatness of Charles and Napoleon alike. The third paper, on "Cardinal Wolsey", was given by J. McLellan to an interested audience. He lucidly explained the position of the Cardinal in constitutional history, and laid bare his ambitions and self-seeking character. He showed that Wolsey pursued dignities for their own sake, and aimed at the Papal

tiara because it was the highest in Christendom.

The society has also been able to present the following books to the library this term :

Crisis of English Liberty	Sir John Marriott
Wolsey	A. F. Pollard
Greek Political Theory	E. Barker

J. E. PATER, *Hon. Sec.*

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Classical Society.

IT has been a very successful term. The fact that our late Vice-president, Mr Wycherley, is still in residence, and that there are three freshmen reading Classics, has raised our numbers to a higher figure than they have been for some years past. We have missed Dr Cook at our meetings, but hope that he will be able to be with us next term.

On October 16th an informal meeting was held at which Book I. of Lucian's True History was read. This occasioned a good deal of amusement. On November 11th Mr V. S. Vernon-Jones of Magdalene College read a paper to the Society for the first time. He took for his subject "Herodotos," and made of it an exceedingly interesting and diverting paper. The poor attendance of the Society was made less apparent by a number of visitors.

On November 20th we were honoured by a paper on "The Greek Novel" from Professor F. E. Adcock of King's College, perhaps the most distinguished visitor the Society has had since Sir James Fraser in 1926.

Professor Adcock traced the novel from its origins in Hellenistic times through the Aithiopika of Heliodoros to the 12th Century Hysmine and Hysmenias. This was new ground to everyone, and the novelty of the subject increased its inherent interest.

GEO. EDEN KIRK, *Hon. Sec.*

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Q. C. C. U.

ONLY one meeting of the Queens' College Christian Union was held during the Michaelmas Term. At this meeting, on October 15th, held in the Lodge by kind invitation of the President and Mrs Fitzpatrick. The Rev. E. H. Wade spoke to an audience consisting chiefly of freshmen. He emphasised the necessity for a spiritual awakening during one's university career. This was to be achieved by learning to understand the mind of Christ and by practising the presence of God in one's daily life. Only then would men go out into the world full of conviction and of a sense of their responsibility towards mankind.

The Terminal Corporate Communion was held in Chapel, on November 19th, and was followed by breakfast in Hall.

C. G. R. P.

Query Society.

THE inception of this new society has been encouraging: we endeavour to incorporate anything of educational value within our activities and the interest and attendance at the meetings have fully justified the initiation of this somewhat unconventional society. The papers delivered during the term have been, in consistence with the nature of the society, extremely varied. On October 17th, G. G. Mountain read a paper on "Shakespeare and the Theatrical World of his Day". The paper was a concise and comprehensive survey of Shakespeare and contemporary art on the stage.

On October 29th, D. H. Sconce read a philosophical paper entitled "Indifferentism in every day life" in which he gave us a penetrating analysis of certain works of Butler and Wilde. His interpretations afforded us adequate material for the lengthy discussion that ensued.

Mr Potts kindly presided at the debate held on November 7th. The motion "That this House deploras the low state of modern culture" was defeated, the principal speakers being G. E. Kirk, D. W. Ellis-Jones, F. Stuhl and E. A. Maxwell.

At an open meeting on November 17th, G. E. Kirk gave a paper entitled "An enquiry into censorship," which was an exposition of the manifold inconstancies of modern censorship. He endorsed his indictments by substantial corroboration.

M. S. Bartlett, who wrote on "Fate," investigated the cognation and association of fate with evolution. He discussed the newer postulates of science, correlating

contentions of metaphysics, psychology, biology and astrology with spiritualism and fourth dimensional vistas (! Ed.) This meeting was held on November 26th.

At the last meeting of the term a highly instructive paper on "Automobile Engineering" was given by J. F. Cooke. The members not only showed deep interest but evinced surprising familiarity with the technicalities of the subject. We hope next term to extend the society and obtain a membership even more representative of the various branches of learning than the present one.

F. STUHL, *President.*

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The Ryle Society.

MEETINGS of the Society were held in the Dean's rooms on November 3rd and 10th, when the Rev. E. C. Essex and the Rev. E. C. Hoskyns read papers on the subject under discussion: The Sacraments, with special reference to the Holy Communion. On Tuesday, November 25th, and Thursday, November 27th, the members of the Society met in the Dean's rooms to discuss the papers and draw up findings. Once again the Society tenders its warmest thanks to the Dean for his kindness in lending the room, and in providing coffee.

The two speakers both emphasized the following points:

1. The supreme value of Holy Communion is to proclaim and re-present an historic fact. It actually takes us back to the Upper Room and to the inauguration of the New Covenant of redemption.

2. Our Lord's presence with us at Holy Communion is an actual presence, as at all other times, and the purpose of Holy Communion is to make us aware of it. This is achieved through the Act of communicating and not through any peculiar presence in the bread and wine.

3. The Holy Communion is a remembrancing of Christ's sacrifice of Himself, and a seeking of His strength, that we may offer ourselves in sacrifice.

4. It follows from this that neither of the speakers upheld any objective view of the atonement in an *opus operatum*.

5. Their point of view raises the question whether ordination confers supernatural powers to celebrate the Holy Communion, handed down through Apostolic Succession.

With regard to proposition number two, some of the Society maintained that in the act of consecration Our Lord comes into the elements with special intention. The Society agreed that in the Church of England it is possible to hold either of the two views.

Some also of the members believe that the sacrifice of Christ is something more than a manifestation of God to us, and that without the Cross any forgiveness of sins is impossible. In the Eucharist we plead that sacrifice. It is through these conceptions that the service is the Church's supreme act of worship.

A. G. CHAPPELL, *Secretary*.

The Guild of St Bernard.

THREE Guild Eucharists were held during the term in Little St Mary's Church, by permission of the Vicar, and three meetings took place in College. At the first, the Dean of Clare College gave a paper on "The Place of Obligation in the Christian Life," and the lively discussion which followed centred round the conflict of Authority and Personal Reason. At the second meeting Father Conrad Noel, Rector of Thaxted, and for many years a prominent Christian Socialist, spoke on the subject of "Christ and Imperialism", and certainly justified his own hostilities to the whole policy of Imperialism. The third meeting was addressed by the Rev. W. S. A. Robertson, an old Queens' man, now a member of the Anglo-Indian brotherhood known as Christian Seva Sangha. In his address Father Robertson gave a striking picture of the very new and attractive contribution which this Brotherhood is making to missionary work in India.

The alms at the Eucharists were given to Queens' House, the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, and Christian Seva Sangha. One new member was admitted during the term.

L. A. BROWN, *Hon. Sec.*

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Q. C. B. C.

ALIGHT IV was not put on the river this term, as it was decided to concentrate on the coaching of the freshmen.

At the beginning of the term, a Clinker IV and three eights were got out. Soon after this, the restriction on the length of slide to be used in the Lents was removed. All three eights immediately went on to long slides. One eight was a 1st Lent boat, more or less, the other two were Trials. The Clinker had to be given up, owing to three of the crew rowing in the early stages of the C.U.B.C. Trials.

Three weeks from the races another IV was arranged, and coached by A. G. R. Mooring. The IV easily defeated Corpus Christi in the first round. In the semi-final we met Caius IV, which disposed of us somewhat easily. Caius won the final easily from St Catharine's, last year's winners.

CLINKER IV.

bow D. Bailey
 2 J. J. Williams
 3 A. W. Hart
stroke G. U. Hayns
cox D. J. Gamble

The Lent Boat was entered for the Fairbairn Cup race. The race was rowed on November 27th. The Lent Boat put up a good show, though they were not very well together. This was due partly to the number of changes tried in the crew. The Boat was coached by C. A. J. Barrington and A. G. R. Mooring.

The two trial crews were coached by C. M. Kidd and A. F. Martindale. They raced over the Colquhoun course

on Friday, November 21st. The race was won by C. M. Kidd's crew by 4 seconds in 8 mins. 21 secs.

	C. M. KIDD'S Crew.	A. F. MARTINDALE'S Crew.
1ST LENT BOAT.		
<i>bow</i> C. P. Holder	E. F. Waters	G. E. Kirk
2 R. G. Jackson	R. H. Shingles	J. B. Clark
3 B. Brandreth	H. G. Dowler	T. C. Probyn
4 M. T. Terry	J. Simons	S. H. Chase
5 J. E. N. Russell	P. Allen	J. W. Edwards
6 J. New	R. E. Wycherley	J. N. Jefferson
7 H. M. C. Price	E. F. Sawyer	C. H. B. Shope
<i>str.</i> D. H. Sconce	H. R. Sproule	F. G. Howson
<i>cox</i> E. H. Sibson	F. S. Green	A. O. Barkway

The Club would like to take this opportunity to congratulate G. Gray on his Trials Cap, and to wish him the best of luck next term, if he is called upon to row in the University Boat.

A. W. HART, *Hon. Sec.*

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Q. C. R. U. J. C.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1930.

<i>Captain</i>	...	I. C. FLETCHER
<i>Hon. Sec.</i>	...	D. N. MATTHEWS
<i>Committee</i>	...	W. H. DIAMOND

WE started this term with most of last year's pack in residence, and were fortunate in having a number of good outsides among the Freshmen. In fact, the selection of the best team proved no easy matter.

During the term the first fifteen won eight matches, beating King's (29-9), Corpus (19-3), Christ's (17-8), West Norfolk (31-0), Downing (51-3 at home, 22-3 away), Trinity (14-6), and Merchant Taylor's School (13-3). We lost to Trinity Hall (16-17), Peterhouse (12-13), Corpus (8-32), and Selwyn (4-6).

In the home match against Downing they were only able to field thirteen men, which explains our large score, whereas in the return fixture they were at full strength.

The side played very well against Christ's and Trinity, but were not at their best against Peterhouse. There were remarkably few injuries until the return Corpus game. During this match, through no fault of our opponents, three men had to leave the field injured, while two others were mere passengers. In the circumstances, what was left of the side did well to keep the score down to 32 points against a good team.

The side has shown to advantage in attack, passing movements between forwards and three-quarters being a welcome feature. In defence, however, there is still room for improvement.

Given luck in the draw for the Cuppers next term, we hope to do better in this competition than we have done in recent years.

In the University trials at the beginning of the term I. C. Fletcher played in the Seniors' match, and C. E. Powell, R. A. S. Farnfield and T. H. Bell in the Freshmen's match.

Full Colours were awarded to A. M. Lester and E. W. Chanter, and Half-Colours to F. M. Jones, C. E. Powell, R. F. Pilkington, C. S. Thompson, A. S. Wigfield and R. A. S. Farnfield.

SECOND XV.

The Second XV. has had a successful term. Eleven matches have been played and eight have been won. Of the other three games, only that against St Catharine's was lost badly, by a margin of 25 points. The two best games were those against Westcott House

(3—0) and the Leys School 2nd XV. (14—5). The first of these was won only in the last five minutes, after a hard struggle in and behind the scrum. The Leys' fifteen, on their native mud, nearly defeated us in the second half of the game, when the score was 9—5 in our favour. Walker, who scored twice, put Queens' in a safe position a few minutes from full time. Trinity were defeated 5—3 in another fast game.

Amongst the three-quarters, Walker, Ellis and Davies have played consistently well. There have been many changes in the pack, so that forward play has been erratic. Pakenham, Chapman and Lewis have been reliable.

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Q. C. A. J. C.

IT is not a difficult task to write a report of the term's soccer as it is merely necessary to state that we have achieved nothing. Our lack of success has reached such a degree that we are faced with relegation to the third division. No fewer than nine of last year's eleven went down so that without plenty of support from freshers our position was bound to be serious. Freshmen in the required numbers did not appear but the few who did take up soccer have been keen.

Freshers trials were given to C. V. Tillett and W. J. West. Full colours have been awarded to W. T. Holloway and half-colours to J. L. Evans, G. L. A. Hick, J. McLellan and W. J. West.

W. T. HOLLOWAY, *Hon. Sec.*

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