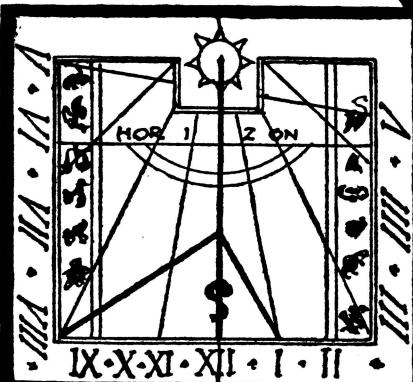


# THE DIAL

Queens' College

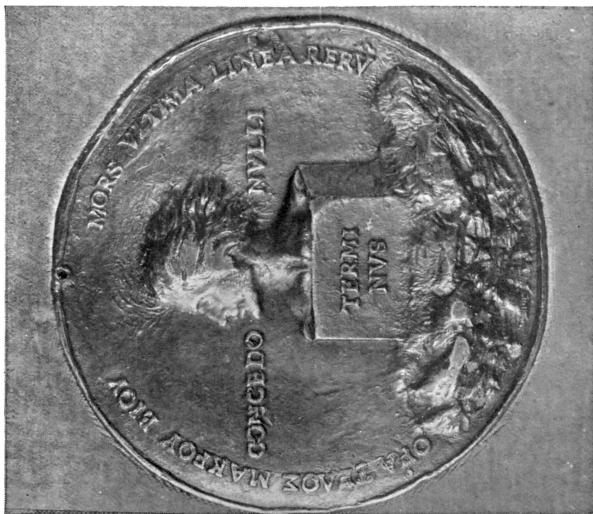
Easter Term 1931



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# THE DIAL.

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No. 68

EASTER TERM, 1931.

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## Editorial.

THE pursuit of knowledge is indeed mortifying. After a diligent perusal of previous editorials, and still unenlightened as to the precise nature of an editorial, we turn, with a thoroughness that indicates an entire lack of inspiration, to the fount of knowledge, the Dictionary. As well might we have studied the Directory, for our reward runs thus:—"Editorial. n. An article written by the editor." Shades of Johnson! Disappointment at so meagre a dole from ultimate authority speedily dissolves before the pleasurable realisation of the simplicity of the editorial (adj.) function. Apparently he must write. Beyond this, nothing. In the absence of instruction he may pen aught that be proper and decent, though our definition would release him from even this mild limitation. His subject is Everything. Then to what frailty may we attribute the fact that an Editor's halting ineptitudes invariably concern Nothing.

But precedence indicates one topic. So we offer our sincere thanks to those who have temporarily disregarded the urgency of examination to give us of their wit and wisdom, and to those College Secretaries who have been prompt in submitting their reports. For these, as for the equally industrious though less accommodating, we pray all success, and a pleasant vacation.

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### Dialiana.

**W**E take this opportunity to congratulate Dr Fitzpatrick upon the completion of 25 years as President of Queens' and to convey to him, on behalf of the College, our best wishes for the future.

\* \* \*

The interior of the Combination Room has been most aptly decorated by a plaque showing the head of Erasmus. This is an electro-type facsimile of the one in the British Museum, and is the gift of Dr A. H. Lloyd. We offer him our hearty thanks. A photograph of the plaque appears in this issue.

\* \* \*

We congratulate the Boat Club upon the attainment of its centenary. This was celebrated by a Ball, held in the Fellows' Garden, on Monday, June 15th. An account of the Ball will appear in our next issue.

\* \* \*

The Annual Dinner of the Queens' College Club was held in College, on Saturday, June 20th.

\* \* \*

We are pleased to congratulate C. R. Tuckey on playing tennis regularly for the University and on gaining his Half-blue.

\* \* \*

Mr H. M. J. Loewe, who was up at Queens' from 1901—1904, has been appointed to the newly established Readership in Rabinnics. We offer him our congratulations on this appointment.

\* \* \*

It is earnestly desired that Old Queens' Men will communicate their whereabouts and occupations to the Editor of the *Dial*. This request has been made before, but has elicited little response.



**Floreat Domus.***News of Old Queens' Men.*

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

**GENERAL.**

*H. M. J. Loewe* (1904) has been appointed Reader in Rabinnics.

*H. L. Watkinson* (1914) has been appointed Headmaster of Marlborough Secondary School.

*C. W. Ward* (1929) has received an appointment from the Siamese Government as Instructor in English on the Ministry of Public Instruction in Bangkok. His address is : c/o The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China, Bangkok, Siam.

*S. G. Budgett* is taking over Sandgate School, Esher.

*H. Coombes* (1930) is teaching English at Wednesbury High School.

*K. T. Jenkins* (1930) holds a post with the C.S.S.A., Strand.

*F. G. Moult* (1930) has obtained a post at the Empire Marketing Board.

*F. Baker-Smith* (1930) is working in America. We reprint the following extract from the *Morning Press*, Santa Barbara, California :—

' Mrs John Eliot Shaw has invited friends to view a mural decoration by Francis Baker-Smith, M.A. (*sic*) of Cambridge, England, in the old Orena adobe, 39 East De la Guerra street, tomorrow afternoon from 3 until 6 o'clock. Mr Baker-Smith, who has taken his architectural degree at Cambridge, has just finished a mural painting for Dr William Johnston of Reno, Nev. Dr Johnston's sister, Mrs George Whitman, is visiting in Santa Barbara at present, and his sisterinlaw, Mrs Newlands Johnson, maintains a home in Montecito. Mr Baker-Smith is taking a leading part in the Community Arts play, "Meet the Wife".'

**MARRIAGE.**

*G. V. J. Maxted* (1921). June 13th, 1931, to Miss Anne Charlesworth.

**OBITUARY.**

*R. W. Clay* (1927), recently appointed master at Herne Bay College, died after an accident, May 11th, 1931.

### "For King and Empire."

IN the Easter Term Cambridge twice experienced the frown of disapproval of the official Grundyite, the Censor. The Festival Theatre's production of "Roar! China" and "The Blue Express" which was to have been shown privately by the Film Guild, were crushed under the car of top-hatted, side-whiskered Juggernaut. It is to be observed that not even the Censor's pure gaze could find anything indelicate in these productions. No, the rottenness and corruption went far deeper: they were full of the deadliest evil, they were powerful to subvert and disrupt this Empire On Which The Sun Never Sets. They are Russian PROPAGANDA. Oh, Lord Rothermere! They show the British Army and Navy in a bad light! Chrm, chrm.

Is all criticism, fair or unfair, of British manners and institutions to be excluded, and are we to anticipate the banning of M. André Siegfried's strictures on Post-War England, and the more iconoclastic of Shaw's plays? Are passages like the following to escape: 'Every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him master of the world.....He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who possess the things he wants.....As the great champion of freedom and national independence he conquers and annexes half the world, and calls it Colonisation. When he wants a new market for his adulterated Manchester goods, he sends a missionary to teach the natives the Gospel of Peace. The natives kill the missionary: he flies to arms in defence of Christianity; fights for it;

conquers for it; and takes the market as a reward from heaven. In defence of his island shores, he puts a chaplain on board his ship; nails a flag with a cross on it to his top-gallant mast; and sails to the ends of the earth, sinking, burning, and destroying all who dispute the empire of the seas with him. (*The Man of Destiny*).” It would be something if we could confidently hope that the film fiction that America won the war, that English soldiers were without exception philanderers, cowards, and nincompoops, and that President Wilson’s 100% all-singing, all-wise-cracking, all-valiant Doughboys saved civilisation and restored law and order to the world, could be kept away from these shores. But it would appear that only *Russian* propaganda is condemned. The Censors are making of this Russian business a new Tree of Knowledge in this “other Eden, demi-paradise”: let them take care that its fruit is not plucked and eaten in despite of them. The fruit may be deadly: very well, then let us subject it to a chemical analysis, not dangle it out of our reach to be a perpetual temptation.

If the propaganda is so very insidious that it is completely unfit for public consumption, I would then ask whether it is likely to corrupt the patrons of the Festival Theatre and the members of the Film Guild, who may be credited with some education, some degree of sophistication, and some ability to criticise intelligently. Of course Officialdom would point out, with a pitying smile, that if the productions were limited to the Festival Theatre and the Film Guild, it might be lenient: but they are unfit for universal exhibition. The argument is cogent, if genuine: but the management of the Aldwych Theatre is not likely to desire

to withdraw the newest Tom-Walls-cum-Ralph-Lynn farce to put on Roar! China, nor would the good burghers and burghesses of England desert City Lights for The Blue Express. The play and the film, in fact, have no box-office appeal: their interest is confined to a small section of the community: and it is nonsense to obstruct them on the grounds that they would corrupt the general public.

The censorship, as I have attempted to show very briefly, is neither consistent nor impartial. Even admitting, as I do for the sake of argument and with some reluctance, that some form of exclusion is vital to protect the unintelligent from the hypothetical corrupting influences of a hypothetical flood of obscenity, it is folly to argue that the censorship is in proper hands. Plays and films besides being generally censored by the authorities, have to submit to a local scrutiny by Watch Committees, which are almost invariably constituted of acid spinsters of both sexes with the 1860—Nonconformist mentality that equates Pleasure with Sin and Art with Vice. And it may be generally stated that the people who exercise the censorship are far too old. The venerable T. P. O'Connor was a Roman Catholic Irishman controlling the exhibition of films in Protestant England until he died at the age of 82, banning with his last breath. His successor is both younger and broader-minded: but commonsense demands that censors, whatever their particular function, should not be older than 50. Morals and opinions are continually fluctuating between wide limits: and it is absurd to expect a man born before 1881 to understand and sympathise with the freedoms and tabus peculiar to this year of grace.

Lest the sentiments I have here expressed should cause me to be arraigned for political heresy, I hasten to add that I am and continue to be a Conservative and a Loyalist: but I hate the vulgar shams which fools and knaves have allowed to deform Patriotism, one of the noblest and most inspiring of human feelings: and I despise a system which seeks to form public opinion by depriving it of knowledge and information.

GEO. EDEN KIRK.

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### Holder.

WITH the death of Mr Herbert C. Holder on May 11th there passed away a devoted servant of the College and a figure which had become an institution not only in Queens' but in Cambridge. Holder was one of those persons who attain the distinction of being known as "characters." Not that there was anything abnormal, still less anti-social, about him. But he had acquired that ripeness of experience and fatherly wisdom, which marks the better college servants in the old Universities. For half a century he had observed the succeeding generations of undergraduates and the less swiftly changing generations of dons. He had reflected on and absorbed the life of the place. Never rich in money, he had become rich in sympathy, in understanding and in friendships. Like many men who are tolerant of persons, he was severely intolerant of opinions and classes, being an ardent Conservative and nationalist, ever ready to pour his cheerful sarcasm upon foreigners and self-styled progressives. A life of good-humour, with enough sport in it, and not too much hurry; the bonds of old friendship and old tradition; a stable society of ordered social ranks, these were the things he loved. He

used to dwell with enjoyment on the past, when dons still had the taste and time for shooting and he used to spend afternoons loading for that reverend figure, Dr Wright. The care of the College silver, though varied by anxiety when a fork had temporarily disappeared, was a source of pride and satisfaction to him. More than forty years spent in the pleasant, if unobtrusive, duties of the College buttery, produced in Holder a mellow personality, whom old Queens' men were ever eager to greet on their return to Cambridge.

Another side of Holder's life was his home. For forty years he and his wife lived in the cottage beside Queens' and brought up a happy, laughing family of five sons and a daughter. Despite straitened means, they managed to launch them all on successful careers : and it is high praise for the training they received that three of the sons held His Majesty's commission in the War.

Holder was struck down by his last illness in November, 1930. The long months of inaction and weakness were a terrible trial to him. At first he longed to be back at work. But, as he grew feebler, he only wished for death. His virile constitution kept him alive week after week ; but at last he got his wish and slid quietly out of this life.

His funeral at S. Botolph's was attended by a large congregation of his colleagues at Queens' and other colleges. Very many wreaths were sent, including a large one from the undergraduates of his College. The President read the lesson. Dr Kennett took the service. Mr Laffan, whose gyp Holder had been, gave a short address. The notes of the service were those of calm and of thanksgiving for a good friend, for a man typical of old England and of the historic continuity of Cambridge life.

R. I. P.

### The Function of Tragedy.

EVERY philosophy of life is based on the tragedy of life. The first speculators strove hard to reconcile the unhappiness and misery of the world with the idea of a beneficent creator, and ever since philosophers have sought to explain the meaning of pain, sometimes by denying deity, sometimes by bowing to ideas of chance and destiny. Yet whatever philosophers may say, the most ardent optimist seems compelled to concede that chance and fortune play a large part in our everyday life, and that for the most fortunate there is always something lacking from perfect happiness. “*Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*”

A feeling and an experience so universal as this must of necessity occupy a considerable place in that art which tries to depict life in miniature. Man is shown in all his weakness pitted against the overwhelming forces of nature, or against defects in his own character which threaten to drag him down. The essence of tragedy is this conflict with man on the one side, and on the other the might of the universe or inherent vices of character; because he is fighting the inevitable he must inevitably be defeated—herein is the tragedy—but from the spirit he shows and the moral courage with which he opposes these forces we derive inspiration and exaltation. The highest type of tragedy always has this inspiring and exalting influence. *Antigone*, when her natural instincts came into conflict with the established laws, still had the courage to face death rather than sacrifice her principles; when *Ajax*, slighted by his fellow-soldiers and mocked by a goddess, steals himself to die as he had lived, a warrior, the reader or the hearer catches something

of his fearlessness and finds fresh hope and inspiration even from his death. All the great tragic characters of Ancient Hellas add their quota to this lofty feeling. Old Oedipus, who like Lear was "more sinned against than sinning," has the moral courage to withstand the ghastly news of the oracle's truth, and he goes to his grave tottering and blind, yet "every inch a king."

It is precisely the same with more modern tragedy. Dr Faustus and Macbeth, steeped in vice though they are and consumed by ambition, cannot win our sympathy, but they earn our admiration for a courage, perhaps a foolhardy recklessness, which recalls the stark boast of Henley: "I am the master of my fate. I am the captain of my soul." In a very modern tragedy, "The Riders to the Sea," J. M. Synge depicts an old Irish fisherwoman who, though deprived of her husband and all her sons by storms at sea, yet acquiesces in fate with a fine defiance which offers by its example inspiration to us to face the misery and the suffering which philosophy may explain but cannot cure.

This inspiring force is the primary characteristic of great tragedy. If we feel that the action leaves us depressed and with a sense of morbidity, the tragedy has failed in its main function. For according to Aristotle, "Tragedy is the imitation of one entire, great, and probable action, not told, but represented, which, by moving in us fear and pity, is conducive to the purging of those two passions in our mind." Such a definition can hardly be wholly accepted in modern times. If it is true that tragedy leaves the mind purer it does not do so by expelling pity, nor do we generally feel fearful when seeing or reading a tragedy. Rather is our feeling one of awe and exultation: fear and pity would bring depression. In the case of Macbeth, his crimes and his ambition awe

us; they do not frighten: but when finally he so far triumphs over the evil side of his nature as to recognize that he is following a mistaken path, we are exultant because he has won his victory, and we feel encouraged because he does not tamely submit but fights on with a courage born of desperation.

If, moreover, the writer started out with the definite intention of purging our minds, it would savour too much of the preacher. We do not read tragedy because we desire to see problems solved and ethical principles taught ; "drama" writes Synge, "is not taken up with problems, but it gives the nourishment, not very easy to define, on which our imaginations live. We should not go to a theatre as we go to a chemist's, or a dram shop, but as we go to a dinner where the food we need is taken with pleasure and excitement." This "problemising" and preaching in the so-called intellectual drama of Ibsen and Shaw seems to be affecting drama for the worse. "On the stage one must have reality and joy, and that is why people have grown sick of the false joy that has been given them in place of the rich joy found only in what is superb and wild in reality."

It is this rich joy which it is the function of tragedy to give us. There may be pathos and pain for the moment; but the final feeling must be joy as for a victory won. In his preface to the "Tragedy of Nan," Masefield writes, "Tragedy at its best is a vision of the heart of life." The heart of life can only be laid bare in the agony and exultation of dreadful acts. The vision of agony, or spiritual contest pushed beyond the limits of the dying personality, is exulting and cleansing. It is only by such a vision that a multitude can be brought to the passionate knowledge of things exalting and eternal.

### Hypdermatrocity.

L AMINATE, laminate  
Noble heart,  
Being inanimate—  
Iron, steel and metals various  
Heavy, light and omnifarious.  
Dweller in edifice precarious  
Take care, take care  
Beware !  
Beware the heaven's fulmination,  
Beware the sky's illumination,  
Beware the immortal's lamination.  
Oh, take care !

Buccaneers in compotation,  
Cheer and laugh at each citation  
Quite free of care.  
Then comes celestial punishment—  
Lightning and thunder  
Stars and rain.  
Buccaneers go down and under ;  
Business men in banishment  
Run on to miss the train.

Office boys on office stools,  
Goose-faced, lily-livered fools,  
Tremble, quail and cower,  
Dread and fear this awful power—  
Divine and heavenly consummation,  
Heaven's external mastication,  
Workmen down their tools  
Policemen drown in pools ;  
Bugs and beetles, squirming things ;  
Sausages and mash and kings.

PAUL WESTON.

### The Mongrel.

I HAD often wondered what inspired thoughts chase themselves through the tenacious mind of a bulldog. At the beginning of my last year at this University, my curiosity got the better of me; and it may be news to many of you that the faithful buller who has made you so ceremoniously don your dirty squares was no-one else but my humble self—a wolf in a bulldog skin. A little subtle bribery of the regular peripatetic, and a few hours with the Festival make-up man, enabled me for a whole year to patrol the streets, and I am now in a position to offer you some sensational disclosures obtained at immense personal risk, which are, of course, exclusive to this magazine, and copyright throughout the United Kingdom.

My readers will realise how impossible it is for me to paraphrase even a moiety of the interesting conversations we had together, but it will readily be appreciated how stimulating is the conversation of the really intelligent bulldog to the ordinary proctor. On one occasion we discussed the possibility of equating the idea of Determinism with the Einstein theory of Relativity; on another we investigated the nature of Aristotle's First Cause in its relation to the Platonic Ideas; and you can imagine my delight on hearing some jocose remarks of my own on the problem of the Three Spheres, seriously and proudly re-produced in the lecture-room a few days later. I shall never forget with what eloquence my companion discussed the similarity between the paintings on red-figured lekythoi and the second style of Pablo Picasso, and with what

discernment he drove home his remarks with examples drawn from the figures of ‘birds that pass in the night’—to use a somewhat poetic phrase. We investigated other kinds of form as well: on one occasion a too well-satisfied reveller tipped us a good ‘un which was soon afterwards scratched, and the child-like delight my superior took in extracting the sum he lost, at the three later meetings we had with the false prophet, was affecting in its simple sincerity.

Yet we had small-talk too. A theme like ‘If I were a little tom-cat’, can bring out the best eloquence in a man, and we did it full justice. Can you imagine how we chuckled over the following :

A Magdalene don of divinity  
For bull-dogs had an affinity.  
He went to shows canine;  
“I’m an owner”, he said, “an’ I kn-  
ow the dogs in the vicinity ”.

It is the master’s hand: you will recognise the intellectual subtlety, the mental élan, and you will give the same ungrudging admiration as we did.

The duties of a bull-dog are manifold; at times full of excitement and interest, but at others dull and boring. Boat supper night generally provides some good hunting. I remember chasing a Blue, who instinctively made off in the direction of the river, past the gas works, under the railway bridge, where he ran into rough water and I gained several lengths, until I finally lost him in the neighbourhood of Fen Ditton. Rowing men know Ditton Corner only too well. Once I unearthed a quarry near the fountain in the market-square: he ran down the passage into Trinity Street, and finally climbed up the side of a house in Portugal

Place, and although the proctor backed up my suspicions by raiding the A.D.C., it was full of such nice boys that I felt really ashamed of myself. In the summer term we found a gentleman lying in a punt some way behind the town bathing sheds, but instead of showing fight he took to the water, and, of course, we annexed the punt, and I, with my usual chivalry, brought it back alone. We once stopped a man who was walking arm-in-arm with a nurse-maid, but he put forward the unanswerable excuse that, as he was a Perambulator, it was only natural, and when I told the lady that she need not have been so pushing, she replied that that was what she was paid for. What with Kangaroos and Hawks, you never knew whether you were in a menagerie or an aviary, but it was almost incredible for a man to be a perambulator.

November 5th is not as funny as is popularly supposed. It is true that the proctor mistook the nose of a gentleman from the Pitt Club for a squib about to go off, and that he confused a policeman with one of the guys that were being paraded round. The altercations that ensued on both occasions were worthy of report, though I fear the victory went against us in spite of unrealised funds of language on the part of the proctor; *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Childish, all this, you may exclaim; but you have really no idea how the mind revels in what is petty, what a 'picker-up of ill-considered trifles' it becomes, after the soul-destroying patrol of the streets.

Raiding is, of course, on occasions, interesting; it is always thirsty work, and more than once, we have so spent ourselves and our substance in the cause of the moral welfare of this University that we have had to engage a taxi to bring us home. Some of the most

interesting moments I have spent were passed in timing the proctor during the official sermon, in prodding his ribs at the psychological moment, and noting his reactions. Only once did he protest: "Ooh! Don't be so familiar." The official speeches in the Senate left us cold, though I was once asked "Why does he keep saying 'My Heye'? It's both coarse and colloquial." You will understand, of course, that a knowledge of Latin is not indispensable to such duties: the phrase *in stat. pup.* is all one is required to know and this is eminently bull-dog Latin.

In ending these reminiscences, I should like to put on record my gratitude to the proctors for their never-failing courtesy, my admiration for the facility with which they could construe a Limerick, invent a merry quip, or turn a neat phrase, and my thanks for the refreshments which invariably began and ended the night's work. Of course, circumstances forbid me to subscribe my name to these personal revelations, so I must sign myself—

PINKIE.

.....

## Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9—10.

THE silence is complete.  
One voice alone  
Still speaks—  
A low unceasing drone.  
All else is  
Meditation,  
Dreams.

Time cannot deplete  
The store of knowledge whence the streams  
Of words flow on  
Without the slightest hesitation.  
One power and only one  
Can now defeat  
This chorus,  
All-powerful spell—  
The great clock's rude alarm,  
The clang of passing hours.

PAUL WESTON.

.....

### An Undergraduate in Barbary.

I WOKE with a start at the first threatening rumble. The room, still in darkness, was rocking dizzily, and my bed was shaking up and down. Dim memories of accounts I had read of earthquakes in New Zealand and other places came rushing back, and in considerable panic I jumped out of bed. To my horror the floor appeared to have disappeared completely. I found it, some time later and rather painfully, just about three feet below where it ought to be. Then I remembered. This was the spare cabin of the good ship "Louis Mercier", one of the less lovely flowers of the French Mercantile Marine, and was situated just above the rather noisy old steering engine. It must have been about five a.m. on a singularly cold and beastly April morning, and we were trying to get out of Port Talbot—the reader who knows this unlovely spot will understand our eagerness to do so. I staggered out

on deck to watch the last of the muck-heaps and coal-tips disappear in the mist, and repaired to the saloon to take some bread and butter and thick black coffee with the skipper and chief engineer.

As soon as we were clear of the port, giant seas took hold of us and tossed us to and fro like a cork, in spite of our four thousand odd tons of deadweight. One moment we seemed to be gazing from a terrific height upon the angry swirling waters beneath, the next it seemed that nothing could save us from being engulfed. She proved, however, quite a good sea-boat and in due course Bull Point, Lundy, and the Longships came and went, and we struck out into the Atlantic for Arzeu, on the sun-kissed shores of Algeria.

Almost exactly one hundred and fifty hours later a shrieking band of turbaned sons of the Prophet unloosed the hatch covers and started to pick out, piece by piece, our precious cargo of patent fuel. The days at sea are now just a blurred memory of dull grey skies and perfect peace. They were a very pleasant crowd on board and made me feel thoroughly at home. The captain deserves a whole book to himself. Fat to the point of the grotesque, he spent his days telling me of his heart and stomach troubles, and taking the most unlikely kinds of pills to cure them. The chief was a sad and silent man, and had good cause to be, for was he not responsible for American boilers, half-French, half-English engines, in a British-built ship, the result being that he had to carry a triple set of spanners and spares to fit the innumerable different threads and standard sizes in his engine-room. I saw a good deal also of the cook, a very pleasant and sociable man although an execrable cook, and of the wireless officer. This latter was a young Frenchman

spending an agreeable two years at sea before his "service militaire", and incidentally making a detailed study of foreign femininity. He told me some things about my native town which surprised me.

We soon saw all there was to see of Arzeu, a very small port under the French flag inhabited almost exclusively by Spaniards. In the evening the wireless officer and I went for a stroll. All the world seemed to be doing the same, and the public square was a sea of merry, laughing faces. Here a mysterious, secretive native from the interior would stride unruffled past a group of gesticulating French soldiers, while on the other side of the road an Algerian lady, her flowing white garment trailing in the dust and one eye peering shyly through her veil, would pick her way through a crowd of red-lipped, dark eyed Spanish girls laughing at some joke none but they would ever know. Two days later the rugged beauty of French Morocco was being unfurled before me. The bus had left Oran at a quarter to five in the morning, and by mid-afternoon I was thoroughly weary in spite of the magnificent scenery. The sunny, fertile plains of Algeria had slid past in the cold grey light of dawn, at my normal breakfast time we were circling dizzily the red gorges of Tlemcen, and by eleven we were lunching in cold and dreary Oudjda on the frontier. Now it was four o'clock and a storm was quite evidently coming up fast. On our right were the dim outlines of the Riff mountains, reminding one of Abd-el-Krim and "The Desert Song". On our left we could just make out the distant Atlas range, still seething with bandits and robbers in spite of France's "Legion Etrangère". The bus was full, and a most interesting crowd of passengers they proved to be. Just behind me sat a black-hooded

native, disdainful of the chattering Europeans around him, and in the corner was a lovely Spanish girl, rosy-lipped, with flashing black eyes which threw out a challenge most men would and did accept gladly. She laughed and chatted in broken French almost continuously, and her self-possession was such that she did not hesitate to stop the bus, which was tearing along the narrow ribbon of road at sixty miles an hour, in order to obey one of nature's more urgent calls.

Fez, when eventually we reached it at nine o'clock in drenching rain, proved quite enchanting. I put up at a little hotel in the Jewish quarter of the native town, and the scene from my window might have been taken straight from the Old Testament. Water-carriers, with their bulging goat skins and merry tinkling bells, veiled ladies driving ridiculously over-loaded donkeys with a torrent of Arabic oaths and imprecations, merry black-haired Jewesses taking the evening promenade, occasional stiff little Frenchmen in frock-coats and the inevitable black hat, and proud Arabs in dirty white burnous and sandals, were mingling with businesslike Jews in pink or black robe and fez.

In the course of the next few days I fell completely in love with Fez, and was very sorry to leave it. Rabat I found simply a cheap edition of Fez, but Casablanca proved a most interesting combination of European civilisation and industry, and sheer brute animalism, no less European I suppose.

The hotel which a well-meaning friend had recommended in Tangier proved to be English and deplorable. The place was, however, well worth the visit if only for the wonderful ride from Casa, through the Riff mountains, Kenitra, Alcazar, Larache, where the success of the Spanish Revolution was being noisily

celebrated, and many other quaint spots whose names I either did not catch or have forgotten.

From Tangier I seemed to be back in Cambridge in no time, carrying with me a confused memory of the Rock, full of terrified Spanish Royalist refugees and drunken sailors, of the broad Australian twang heard on the "Oronsay", and of the bewildering maze of Customs and Passport barriers at Tilbury.

Looking back on it all, it seems amazing that I was only away from England three weeks all told. I was very lucky in having introductions to several people, who were very hospitable and showed me a good deal I would otherwise have missed, but I also met a great many interesting people by chance. I often wonder, back here in prosaic old Cambridge, if I shall ever meet again the exotic Spanish girl of the bus, the little Breton paint-merchant of Rabat, the mysterious Italian lady of the cabaret in New Fez who seemed drawn from a different class from the other dancing girls, the little Arab boy in Tangier, the half-drunk officer of the "Glorious" in Gibraltar, or the girl with the hunted look who having watched her friends burn miserably to death in Hastings when the great earthquake came to New Zealand, was returning to England to try to forget. I hope not, for now they are all vague memories around which to weave fanciful dreams of romance and adventure, which would be shattered by a second meeting. I did have a card from the young wireless officer, though. He was in Danzig—studying the ladies.

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## Queens' House.

**T**HIS term has seen a great and very welcome revival of interest in the Mission. For this the Whitsun camp was primarily responsible since it brought Queens' into its first real contact this year with the boys of the Mission. It seemed at first as if Queens' men were more shy and afraid of the boys than the boys of Queens': but Mr Vanston brought with him about 30 boys who were so genuinely boyish that all awkwardness and uneasiness vanished at once. It was very pleasing that so many first year men were willing to take the boys for meals. The Summer Camp is to be held at Marlborough on the School camping site from July 27th to August 5th. The presence of Queens' men in camp will make a very great difference to its success. We should be glad to see anyone who would care to come.

The success of the Whitsun camp is, however, partly overshadowed by the resignation of the Missioner. Mr Vanston has done an extraordinary amount of useful work in Rotherhithe. Queens' House is now up to its full numbers and in addition Mr Vanston has successfully started a men's club. We in Queens' who have known the difficulties he has had to face can assure him of our gratitude for his work for the Mission. We are very sorry indeed to lose him. Mr Vanston will however be in Queens' House probably until the end of the Vacation. If any Queens' man would care to spend an evening or two at the Mission his presence will be very much appreciated. The address of the House is 47, Rotherhithe Street, S.E.16, and Mr Vanston will be pleased to meet by car at any station or other centre, any undergraduate who would care to go down.

F. M. Jones has been appointed Secretary for next year, and J. O. Fielding Junior Treasurer.

J. MCLELLAN, *Hon. Sec.*

### Classical Society.

(This report has been held over from the Lent Term on account of the lateness of the last meeting.)

AT the first meeting of the term Mr W. L. Clough read his Vice-Presidential paper, entitled Cybele. Mr Clough's paper dealt very fully with this interesting cult, and was evidently the product of extensive scholarship and research. At the second meeting Mr R. Hackforth, M.A. of Sidney Sussex College read a paper, the subject of which was "Where is the real Sokrates?" The speaker, greatly to the delight of Professor Cook, who is to be thanked for the loan of his rooms and for providing refreshments, assailed the arguments of the Oxford philosophers Burnet and Taylor.

The following elections were made for next year: the Secretary to be Vice-President, and Mr Stephens to be Secretary.

A regrettable feature of last term was the bad attendances, almost half the members being absent on each occasion. It was deplorable that a Fellow of another college should be asked to speak to an audience of six. The Society cannot possibly continue to carry on a useful existence, unless its members, and especially the freshmen members, are prepared to co-operate.

G. E. KIRK, *Hon. Secretary.*



## The Boat Club Centenary.

SINCE 1831, the Club has had three rowing blues and two coxes. In 1880, W. M. Warlow and R. D. Prior rowed 4 and 7 respectively.

In 1886 and 1887, G. H. Baker coxed the crew, and two years later T. W. Northmore was the University cox, also for two years.

In 1912, a IV. won the Clinker Fours. This was the first time that a Queens' boat won a University event. This IV. was re-arranged and entered for the Wyfolds at Henley. The IV. was :—

<i>bow</i>	W. Haig Ferguson ( <i>steers</i> )
2	E. B. J. M. Kennett
3	L. W. Wood
<i>str.</i>	H. W. Arden

This IV. defeated a IV. entered by London Rowing Club in the final. This was the first boat ever entered by the Club at Henley.

In 1922, an VIII. was entered for the Thames Cup at Henley. The crew won two heats by the narrow margin of a quarter of a length and on the post, respectively. In the semi-final the VIII. was beaten by one-third of a length by Worcester College, Oxford. A. B. G. Stephen, who rowed 2 in this eight, is still of immense value to the Club as a coach.

The Club's most recent success was this year, when G. Gray rowed 4 in the University boat, which defeated a strongly-fancied Oxford crew fairly easily.

A. W. H.



**Q. C. B. C.**

**T**HIS has not been a successful term for the Club.

The First Boat was disappointing, and the Second Boat was unlucky enough to lose their stroke, through illness, on the first morning of the races.

It was a fairly easy matter to decide who would row in the first boat, but arranging the order was more difficult. G. Gray and C. A. J. Barrington were obviously well placed at 6 and 5 respectively. In spite of this, much valuable practice time was wasted in making Gray stroke the VIII.

Stroke and 7 were difficult places to fill. G. U. Hayns, who stroked the boat very well at Putney, quite failed to set the rhythm, which he did on the tideway. A. F. Martindale and A. G. R. Mooring were both tried at 7 and in the end Mooring proved the more satisfactory.

A. S. Waller at 4 worked hard, but not very cleverly, being handicapped by his weight. Martindale rowed 3 and was more comfortable in this position than he was at 7.

Hayns rowed 2 and R. G. Jackson bow. Jackson was changed over to bow side about ten days before the races. This hardly gave him time to learn the duties of a good bow.

D. Bailey was brought in at stroke ten days before the races. Considering that he had never stroked an VIII. before, he did creditably as he had a very difficult job to keep a crew with an average weight of 12st. 7lbs. from rushing their slides.

The lack of success of the Boat can be attributed to either, lack of rhythm, or lack of liveliness.

The constant changing prevented the crew from getting really fit, as some members were still losing weight

right up to the time of the races. A coach does not like to tell a crew to row a course, which they ought to do, when the order has just been changed round.

The coaches were A. B. G. Stephen, L. Luxton (Pemb.), D. Haig-Thomas (L.M.B.C.). We take this opportunity of thanking them for the trouble they took in coaching an VIII, which did not improve as it ought to have done under their experienced coaching.

R. D. Shorten was asked to cox the boat about a week before the races, fully justified his inclusion in the crew. He did very well to get his weight down 9lbs. in the short time available.

The Boat went down one place, being bumped by Emmanuel I. on the second night.

The Second Boat suffered from being very stiff, while swinging forward. They would undoubtedly have done better, if they had had more tubing. It is an open question whether the time that G. Gray and A. G. R. Mooring spent on practising for the Double Sculls would not have been more profitably spent on tubing the Second Eight. There will only be two old May Colours available for the First May Boat next year, and it would probably have been better for the Club if the more farsighted policy had been adopted.

This boat had done some fairly good times over the course, and it was very hard that J. J. Williams was unable to stroke the boat during the races. F. G. Howson deserves special mention for coming in at 2, when he had not rowed since the Lent Term.

The crew went down on the first, second and fourth nights to Selwyn II., Jesus III., and Magdalene I.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking the coaches C. A. J. Barrington, C. M. Kidd, and A. G. R. Mooring.

At a meeting of the Club, the night before the races the following officers were elected for the coming year.

*Captain* . . . . . D. BAILEY

*2nd Boat Captain* . . . . A. W. HART

*Hon. Secretary* . . . J. E. N. RUSSELL

#### FIRST MAY BOAT

		st.	lbs.
<i>bow</i>	R. G. Jackson	10	0
2	G. U. Hayns	11	8
3	A. F. Martindale	13	3
4	G. S. Waller	14	0
5	C. A. J. Barrington	14	0
6	G. Gray	13	7
7	A. G. R. Mooring	13	3
<i>str.</i>	D. Bailey	10	5
<i>cox</i>	R. D. Shorten	8	8

#### SECOND MAY BOAT

<i>bow</i>	C. M. Kidd	10	5
2	F. G. Howson	10	3
3	B. Brandreth	11	5
4	J. Simons	10	11
5	J. E. N. Russell	11	9
6	H. M. C. Price	13	2
7	C. P. Holder	10	2
<i>str.</i>	A. W. Hart	12	2
<i>cox</i>	E. H. Sibson	9	0

A. W. H.



**Q. C. L. T. C.**

**I**N spite of a late start, on account of wet weather and the lack of a hard court, the Club had a very successful season ; only three matches being lost. Only two old colours remained from last year but there was considerable talent amongst the Freshmen, of whom C. R. D. Tuckey, A. R. Oliver and T. H. Bell were outstanding. In the absence of Tuckey, owing to 'Varsity engagements, R. G. Bullen and A. R. Oliver played as first pair and managed to win most of their matches. The 2nd VI. were unfortunate in having most of their matches scratched owing to bad weather and examinations, and never had a chance to settle down.

C. R. D. Tuckey is to be congratulated on playing regularly for the University and on gaining his half-blue.

Full colours were awarded to C. R. D. Tuckey and A. R. Oliver. Half-colours to B. M. Sixsmith, G. T. M. Mitchell, J. R. Bell and H. A. Easton.

At a meeting of the Club, on June 11th, R. G. Bullen was elected Captain, A. R. Oliver, Secretary and C. R. D. Tuckey to the Committee.

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**Q. C. C. C.**

(As the Secretary's report is not available at the time of going to press, it will appear in the next issue.—ED.).

## Correspondence.

*To the Editor of "The Dial."*

DEAR SIR,—I have noticed with regret that, in recent issues of your magazine, that excellent feature "Man of Mark" has been dropped. As one of those who enjoyed reading about the internal history of our great men, I am sorry to note the omission and would like to know the reason. Surely it cannot be that there are no 'men of mark' in the College? Have they disappeared like the giant men of the past? Surely not—the thought is abhorrent! Have we not still got our Blues, our captains of games, our literary gentlemen and our first-class scholars? Why should we not hear about them, why should not their deeds be dragged into the light? As a member of the year that has been forgotten, why should not our heroes be accorded the same recognition as their forebears?

Imploring you to do something to restore to us the ancient feature of *The Dial*.

I sign myself,

Yours, etc.,

A. OSWALD BARKWAY.

[Let our correspondent rest assured that the omission of the 'Man of Mark' from our columns is due to no lack of Johnsons, nor yet to any dearth in Boswells; but to a decision that the article had but a limited appeal, and that the task of drawing possibly invidious distinctions between the more prominent members of the College was delicate to the point of perplexity. Apart from which, heroes are bashful people.

Further correspondence on this topic is invited.—EDITOR.]

## THE COMMITTEE

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