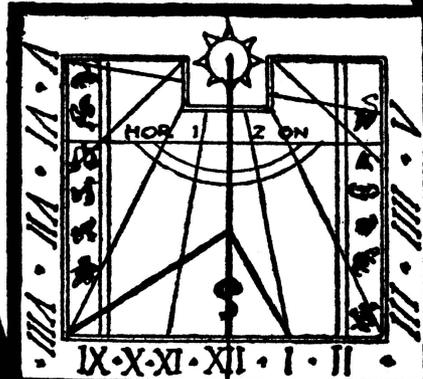


THE DIAL

Queens' College



EASTER TERM 1932

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The President	<i>frontispiece</i>
Editorial	1
The President	3
Reginalia	5
Floreat Domus	7
Gifts to the College	8
Canon Gray	9
The Last News of Arthur Feltingdon	13
Triolet	18
A Cycle Tour in Greece	19
Queens' House, Rotherhithe	22
Guild of St Bernard	23
Q. C. A. C.	24
Q. C. B. C.	25
Q. C. L. T. C.	27
Correspondence	28



By permission of J. Palmer Clarke

THE DIAL

No. 71.

EASTER TERM, 1932.

Editorial.

AT a book trade dinner some time ago a distinguished speaker told us "There is no more workmanlike product than British books. As to their contents—well, English literature stands beyond question as one of the great literatures of the world."

Patriotism is in the air these days, and England expects that English literature will do its duty. No True Blue Briton will demean himself by purchasing the handy and cheap Tauchnitz Galsworthy or the handy and cheap Tauchnitz Shaw, still less the handy and cheap Tauchnitz Kipling. Buy British Books: Public Prefers Patriotic Poets.

It should be a source of some satisfaction to the Empire Marketing Board that those reading Latin for the Previous Examination generally use an English

translation. We anticipate the establishment of a Utopia in which Radio sets will be guaranteed to receive NO foreign stations: Cambridge will boycott (by imposing a revenue tariff) the Modern and Medieval Languages and Oriental Languages *Tripodes*: the Latin Grace will be abolished, and instead a scholar will intone a slogan from the *Daily Mail*, extolling the superior quality of home-grown commodities—‘Wiltshire Veal for Vitamins’: Professor Cook will be asked to support home industry by lecturing on the Sculptures of the Trumpington War Memorial: at the beginning of term we shall go to sign the He-has-returned Book: at last we may hear English spoken at the Cinema, and perhaps even the Hall menu—but let us not jest about sacred things.

But, sir, we perceive that you yawn. Can it be that this pure flight of loyal fancy has led us to digress? What is all this about? you ask. What indeed, if not *The Dial*? *The Dial* is decently, if a trifle austerely, printed for you: it is written for your delight by a vast army (a conscript force) of contributors. “There is no more workmanlike product” than *The Dial*. “As to its contents—well,.....”

.....

The President.

ON Saturday, March 12, John Archibald Venn, Litt.D., was elected President of Queens'. We published a short notice of this event in our last number, adding our best wishes to the new President and Mrs Venn.

Dr Venn is the son of John Venn, Sc.D., F.R.S., Fellow of Caius, and was born in Cambridge in 1883. He comes of an old Cambridge family: his great-great-grandfather, Henry Venn, was elected a Fellow of Queens' in 1749; his grandfather, another Henry Venn, was elected a Fellow of Queens' in 1819, and was a Lecturer, and Dean. His great-uncle, John Venn, was also a Fellow of the College. Dr Venn himself was at Eastbourne College, and afterwards at Trinity, where he took the Historical Tripos, and graduated as B.A. in 1905. From 1906 to 1914 he worked in the University Registry on the University Archives, and also devoted time to the Study of Statistics and Economic History. During the War he served from 1914 to 1917 in the 9th Northants Regiment of which he became Assistant Adjutant; he was then, as Captain, invalided from the Army, and appointed Statistician to the Food Production Department. Subsequently he was in charge of the Economic Division of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, from 1919 to 1921.

In 1921 he was appointed Gilbey Lecturer in the History and Economics of Agriculture in succession to Professor C. R. Fay. In 1922 he migrated to Queens' from Trinity, and in 1925 he was elected a Fellow. He took his Litt.D. in 1929, and served as Senior

Proctor in 1931—2. At the time of his election he was Director of Studies in Economics and Junior Bursar.

Dr Venn has done important work outside Cambridge. He is a member of the Economic Committee of the Empire Marketing Board, and of the Scientific Council of the International Agricultural Institute at Rome. He has also been a Lecturer at Bonar Law College, Ashridge. He has contributed papers to the Economics and Agriculture sections of the British Association and many articles to the *Economic Journal*, and is the author of "Foundations of Agricultural Economics." But his opus magnum is *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, begun in collaboration with his father, but in the main his work: a complete biographical register of all known Cambridge men. Of this monumental work (it contains 160,000 names) the first four volumes have already appeared, and it is hoped that Part II. (1752—1900) will be completed within the next ten years. The volumes so far published speak for themselves; their value and the ability of the editor are obvious to anyone who looks inside their covers.

Last, but not least, Mrs Venn is the daughter of Sir William Ridgeway, Disney Professor of Archaeology and one of the greatest Cambridge men of his day. To many of us she needs no introduction; we are proud, and lucky, to have her in the Lodge.

.....

Regalia.

IT is with regret that we record the death of Canon Gray. An appreciation of him appears in this *Dial*.

* * *

The President and Mrs Venn took up residence in the Lodge during the Easter Term.

* * *

The appointment of Mr Munro as Vice-President will give general pleasure. He has been a Fellow of the College for thirty-nine years, all of which have been spent in active work within its walls; his teaching has borne fruit in the brilliant achievements of many pupils; in the management of College finance his wisdom, experience, and untiring vigilance have made him an invaluable Senior Bursar; and his personality marked him out as the obvious successor to Canon Gray.

* * *

Mr E. A. Maxwell, formerly a Research Student of the College, has been elected to one of the vacant Fellowships, and Sir William Peel, K.B.E., C.M.G., Governor of Hong Kong, to an Honorary Fellowship.

* * *

The following were placed in the first class of their respective examinations:—Mathematical Tripos, Part II: M. S. Bartlett (with distinction in Schedule B); Part I.: E. C. R. Kahn, R. I. Porter. Classical Tripos, Part II: G. E. Kirk (with distinction in Group C). Natural Sciences Tripos, Part I.: M. Ingram, J. R. Rose, C. H. Westcott. Historical Tripos, Part I: R. C. Latham (with distinction), P. Allen. Modern and Medieval Languages Tripos, Part I.: J. E. Pater (in French), G. W. Tory (in French and German). Mechanical Sciences Tripos: W. T. Holloway. English Tripos, Part I.: J. L. Beevers. Inter-collegiate examinations: T. Crippin (Mathematics), E. Rushworth (Classics), H. Leaderman, J. O. Ackroyd (Mechanical Sciences), J. G. Walker (Economics), E. H. Nutter (English).

* * *

The Penny White Prize of £30 for Mathematics has been awarded to M. S. Bartlett.

* * *

A. R. Oliver has been awarded a Goldsmith's Exhibition, A. Hooton a James William Squire Scholarship, and C. G. R. Pouncey a Steel Studentship.

* * *

We offer our congratulations to C. R. D. Tuckey on receiving his full Blue for Lawn Tennis, to R. G. Bullen on being elected captain of the University Squash Rackets Club, and to the Third May Boat on winning its oars.

* * *

STOP PRESS. We congratulate the President and Mrs Venn on their adoption of a daughter (Elizabeth Avis), and Mr and Mrs Potts on the birth of their daughter (Margaret) on June 30.

.....

MARGARET and ELIZABETH of yore,

Red Rose and White Rose made our Courts complete.

Rose-time comes round again, and lo, once more

BETTY and MARGARET, rose-buds both, we greet.

Q. ED.

.....

Floreat Domus.

News of Old Queens' Men.

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

CIVIL APPOINTMENT.

Sir Shenton Thomas (1901), C.M.G., O.B.E., Governor of Nyasaland, appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Gold Coast.

ECCLESIASTICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Rev. L. M. Andrews (1909), Rector of Stoke Climsland, appointed Hon. Canon of Truro Cathedral.

Rev. B. M. Dale (1926), to be Vicar of St Andrew's, Handsworth.

ORDINATIONS.

A. W. H. Moule (1925), to St Luke's, Hampstead.

F. S. A. Etheridge (1930), to Parish Church, Trowbridge.

W. D. Kerr (1930), to Parish Church, Rotherham.

L. W. Matthews (1930), ordained in Liverpool.

R. D. Shorten (1930), to St Wilfrid's, Leeds.

OTHER NEWS.

J. L. Hinton (1931), Assistant Master at St George's School, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

BOOK.

H. G. Q. Wales (1922), Ph.D., late of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, Court of Siam, 'Siamese State Ceremonies.' (Bernard Quaritch, 1931, 25/-).

MARRIAGES.

C. T. Eddy (1927), to Miss Margaret Liversidge. Jan. 9.
Rev. E. N. Ducker (1928), to Miss B. M. G. Payne, at Nottingham.

OBITUARY.

Rev. J. H. Gray (1879), Vice-President, and Hon. Canon of Peterborough. Mar. 23.

.....

Gifts to the College.

DURING the year several gifts and bequests have been received by the College. In his will Canon Gray left £1,000 free of duty to the President and Fellows, "to be applied at their discretion to augment the Chapel Endowment Fund or to found a Classical Scholarship": he also left certain books to the Library. Canon Kennett left a valuable bequest of books, mostly relating to the study of Hebrew, to the Library; and Mrs Kennett has kindly given a bookcase for them. Mrs Fitzpatrick has made to the Lodge a generous present of books, bookcases, and certain articles of furniture. Mrs Browne has made a donation of books to the Library; and Mr A. D. Browne has greatly improved the appearance of the Erasmus Room by giving a handsome collection of antlers, which have been hung round the room.

We are glad to record our gratitude to all these Benefactors.



By permission of Elliott & Fry

The Rev. Joseph Henry Gray, M.A.

*Fellow and Vice-President of the College,
Hon. Canon of Peterborough.*

THERE are men in every walk of life who illustrate the truth that what we are matters even more than what we do. When Joey Gray (to give him at once the name by which he is known to generations of Cambridge men and to wider circles) ceased to be visibly amongst us any longer, we all felt that a great character had been withdrawn from us. A man is not widely known by his Christian name, and a diminutive at that, for nothing.

Yet his record of service to Church and State is an honorable one. Let me state the facts of his life. He was born, the son of the Reverend J. H. Gray, at Douglas, Isle of Man, on July 26, 1856. He went to King William's College, I.O.M.; and entered Queens' in 1875. He got a first in the Classical Tripos in 1879, and in the same year was elected a Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Queens'. From 1882 to 1907 he was Dean; from 1912 to 1924 he was Tutor; and from 1924 till his death this year he was Vice-President of the College. It was a great night in June, 1929, when the Queens' College Club, of which Joey Gray had been an officer from its foundation, met in record numbers to celebrate his jubilee as a Fellow. The Club presented him with a cheque and two clocks, one of which he gave to the Combination Room, where it stands, four-square and true, a fitting memorial of its donor.

Joey Gray served seven times as proctor and pro-proctor, for which offices he was eminently fitted. He edited the *Epidicus*, the *Asinaria* and the *Trinummus* of Plautus, and the *Hauton Timorumenos* of Terence.

His history of Queens' College (1899, 2nd edition, 1926) is a model of clear and vigorous narration. He was Chairman of the Special Board of Classics 1914—19; and frequently examined for the Classical Tripos. And he sat in the Council of the Senate from 1902 for twenty years.

In his youth, at a time when few dons took an interest in athletics, he was conspicuous for his devotion to rowing, cricket and Rugby football. From 1895 to 1920 he was Treasurer of the University Athletic Club; and from 1895 to his death he was President of the University Rugby Football Club and the shrewd adviser of successive Captains of the University XV. How much his presidency was appreciated was shown when the C.U.R.U.F.C. presented him with £1,000. He used the money to endow a special lectureship in Classics in the University, thus making the gladiators of the football field into patrons of the humaner letters.

One of the great interests of his life was Freemasonry. He was a Past Grand Chaplain of England; and as Provincial Grand Master of Cambridgeshire from 1914 he became the grand old man of East Anglian Masonry.

Such a man could hardly escape the eye of the Lord Chancellor, and in 1914 Joey Gray was made a Justice of the Peace.

Other sides of his life were his priesthood and his home. He was ordained deacon in 1880 and priest in 1881. Successive Bishops of Peterborough retained his services as examining Chaplain from 1901 to 1924, and he became a Canon of that Cathedral in 1919. He was also Chaplain to the Bishop of Ely from 1905 to 1924. In 1887 he married Ada, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. Amos, of St Ibbs, Hitchin. His only daughter married the Rev. F. Hort, for many years Headmaster of the Knoll, the preparatory school near Woburn Sands.

Such is the bare record of a life of which any man might well be proud. Now for the more difficult task of trying to summarize, however inadequately, what he was.

First, then, he was an honest, straightforward Englishman of the Victorian age. With his genial manner, his short side-whiskers and white tie, his passion for athletics, his innumerable friends, his ready flow of after-dinner oratory, his accurate Classical scholarship of the old school, his vigorous Conservative politics, his sound practical judgment of men and things, he might well have been considered an almost perfect incarnation of John Bull in cap and gown. Hearty goodwill to all men, even to individual socialists and foreigners, serenity and courage; those were the qualities that none could fail to perceive in him. He was pointed out to me in the street twenty years ago by the present Dean of Winchester. "That man has got a heart of gold," he said. Of his serenity and courage much could be said. "Joey Gray is an invaluable man to have in a College," said one of his colleagues at a time of considerable anxiety. "When everything goes wrong, he goes off to watch a rugger match." The day before he died, I am told that he said "If they keep me in bed much longer, I shall get ill."

But, if he approached all men with a presumption in their favour, he could be terrible and explosive too, as undergraduate and other malefactors discovered. A Queens' man once, for frivolous reasons, absolutely declined to present himself for his Tripos examination. He was given the choice of doing so or of interviewing Mr Gray. Without hesitation he chose the former alternative.

But there was much more in Joey Gray than the geniality and cheerfulness, which were apparent to all. Those characteristics were the fruit of a deep and simple faith and a love of our Lord, which made him look at all things in the light of eternal values. He loved his ministry in the College Chapel, his episcopal chaplaincies, and his clerical activities and sermons elsewhere. He was the sort of priest whom the natural man would at once praise for being "a man of the world", only to discover soon after that he was also a man of the other world.

And then, if it is not presumptuous to say it, he was that rare thing a perfect husband, father and grandfather. He and that gracious lady, his wife (who died in 1923), made their house at 1 Drosier Road a home of friendliness and of the beauty of goodness. The great sorrow of her death was mitigated by the ideally happy Kentish home afforded him by his daughter, her husband and her children, to all of whom he was devoted.

In his last years Joey Gray had become an institution; welcomed everywhere, circular in figure, vigorous and jovial to the last, honorary uncle to a host of young people, whom he treated to ices at Tunbridge Wells or to a glass of a carefully selected vintage port in his rooms in Queens'. For at the age of seventy-five he still retained the heart of a boy, that refreshing fruit of a clear conscience.

May his wisdom and his prayers continue to support the University and the College which he loved.

R. I. P.

R. G. D. L.

The Last News of Arthur Feltingdon.

IT was on a Monday that I ventured to see Arthur Feltingdon again. The door was answered by his old housekeeper; I could not help noticing the dilapidated Caius scarf which she had had on the last time I saw her,—it began to give me the impression that she would be incomplete without it. She grudgingly muttered something about his being ‘out at the back,’ before she retreated down the passage and disappeared into the kitchen. Evidently visitors were never too welcome.

Going round to the back-yard, I opened the door of the lab., and looked in. It was no use knocking with such a roar going on inside. I could see nothing at first, it was so dark; then I made out his tubby figure silhouetted against the dull red of a furnace. I shouted across to him, but my voice was lost in the hum of the dynamo, so I went over and touched his shoulder. He turned impatiently,—however, he consented at last to come and give me some tea.

This the housekeeper brought when we were comfortable in his parlour. Feltingdon was excited about something, but I did not understand all that he was so volubly trying to tell me. His disjointed explanations, combined with my own ignorance, were quite sufficient to leave me mentally dazed, even without the constant interruptions of the old woman, who would persist in shuffling about in her carpet slippers, and while entirely ignoring me, being solicitous over my friend’s comfort.

Feltingdon, as far as I could gather, seemed to be talking about modern theories of gravitation; about

matter merely being kinks in space ; and he was saying something about trying to push the hollows into bumps and so get negative gravitation. Then he mentioned the companion star of Sirius. I think he said every ton of it was smaller than a cubic inch.

“What the deuce has that got to do with it?” I interrupted, quite bewildered, “you don’t want to make things heavier.”

Here he again got quite out of my depth, and rambled on about positive and negative infinity being the same thing ; about space being unstable if matter is too dense, and curling up round it ; about turning bits of space inside out...

“I’ve brought you some more ’ot water, Mr Arthur,” wheezed the old lady ingratiatingly at this moment.

“Yes, all right,” he said absent-mindedly.

“Then I shall have a piece of matter,” he continued in the same breath, “denser than that of any of the stars, except that it will be repelled instead of attracted. For all we know, there might be stars of such substance, though of course we should never see them, for they would stay repelled in remote parts of the Universe.”

I remained silent, too overwhelmed to know what to say.

“The only trouble is this,” he was saying, “it will be so dense, there’ll be no question of breaking it up when it is finished. But I’ve got a lump of lead exactly my own weight that I’m working on now,—I hope to have it finished by Wednesday—”.

On Wednesday morning I was round there as soon as possible. There was not a sign of Feltingdon at first, but creakings and ejaculations above me revealed him coming down a ladder, holding in a cautious but apparently easy fashion what appeared to be an assort-

ment of heavy weights. His descent was not altogether comfortable, for every now and then one of these weights would swing and give him a nasty whack on the part of his anatomy nearest, this being the cause of the grunts he was emitting.

On reaching the ground, he went over to one of his working benches, and after some manoeuvring that I did not then understand, he let fall the lead weights as though they had suddenly become as heavy as they appeared. He remained peering at what I took to be a closed iron vice fixed to the side of the bench, but coming closer I saw the jaws were actually about quarter-of-an-inch apart, and were gripping something about the size of a small pea, perfectly round in shape, and looking rather like a highly polished ball bearing, except that perhaps it was whiter in colour.

“Well, there it is,” he began—

Without thinking, I put my hand on the screw-handle in order to take ‘it’ out, whatever it was, but Feltingdon stopped me abruptly.

“No, you don’t,—I mean to say! What d’you think I’ve been doing messing about on that ladder? I let it go early this morning, and it had gone before I knew where I was. I’ve been ages finding where it was in the roof, and you saw it’s been no easy matter getting it down.”

While he was speaking, he had unfastened from the weights on the floor a small steel case, which he fixed securely to some leather straps that he was putting on. After hooking the weights on to these straps, he managed to get the ‘stone’ to slip into the case, which he adjusted on top of one of his shoulders, although it almost seemed to go there of its own accord.

“What—?”

“Oh,” he replied with a grin, thinking I referred only to his last action, “I must take care to keep the right way up.” “Let’s see,” he continued more to himself, “I don’t want to smash any of the stuff in here.”

Before I realised what he meant, he moved over to the door. But he did this in a most ungainly manner, walking as if drunk, and I noticed one shoulder seemed higher than the other. I hurriedly followed him into the yard. Already he was casting off the weights. The last one he heaved to the ground in very dramatic fashion, but his face showed his surprise as the reaction sent him moving upwards. His sudden change of countenance was so comical that I nearly burst out laughing, when I noticed that he had not stopped, but was still rising steadily. He too had realised this, and looked about him anxiously. For a moment I thought he would be able to get hold of the chimney-pot, but there was a wind blowing, and a gust took him a few feet to one side. He screwed his face round, and gave me a pathetic look before he disappeared over the top of the house. I ran back into the house down the passage, nearly colliding with Feltingdon’s housekeeper, who followed me to the front door. She gazed in dismay at her departing master.

“Oh, Mr Arthur,” I heard her cry behind me as I started to run after him.

Soon, of course, I was no longer alone in the chase. People had no time to stop and wonder what had happened—‘theirs not to reason why’—.

By this time Feltingdon was making great upward sweeps with his arms, as though trying to ‘swim’ downwards, but it was all he could do to prevent any

further rise. I heard Great St. Mary's begin striking, and vaguely realised it was ten o'clock by the swarms of undergraduates who were appearing from lectures. The wind had blown him nearly straight along Trumpington Street and soon was taking him over 'K.P.' A large crowd of bicycles and runners went surging down after him. He seemed to be making frantic efforts, and we guessed he was trying for the church tower. The crowd spurted, and got there first; and we stood outside the railings opposite, near the Senate House, waiting. There he was, slowly drifting during a lull in the breeze towards the flag-pole on top of the tower.

One or two dons, left well behind in the last spurt, arrived panting on the scene. It must have been many years ago that they had ever moved so fast.

"He'll do it yet," exclaimed one of them enthusiastically, mopping his brow with the edge of his gown. But a sigh of dismay escaped us as we perceived he had already got too high. I fancy he turned and looked down on us as he gave up the struggle. He must have become exhausted, for he had ceased waving his arms, and was by his diminishing size evidently rising rapidly. Presently he had become a mere speck in the sky, and at last was no longer discernible.

I have often wondered since what went wrong, but can do no more than guess. At first I thought perhaps he had forgotten the buoyancy of the air, (which even for an average-sized man amounts to about three ounces), but then, of course, he must originally have balanced himself against the lead, and it would be the shrinking of this that would cause any discrepancy; and lead is heavy enough already to make this difference negligible. It seems to me now the more reasonable

explanation, that he lost weight since the Monday, especially as he was so excited over his discovery. A loss of half-a-pound would probably be enough.

A day passed, but there was no further news of him. On the Friday night no doubt you remember the police message that was broadcast :

‘Missing from his home at 1a Trumpington Street, Cambridge, since last Wednesday,—Arthur Rosslyn Feltingdon, age 26, about 5 feet 6 inches in height, stout in build, with black hair, dark eyes and red complexion. Was dressed in a shabby blue serge suit, but had no tie or hat. May be wearing a contrivance of leather straps, similar to imitation horse reins used by children at play. Last seen—er—(I remember the announcer becoming a little doubtful over the next word)—last seen above Cambridge. May be found injured or suffering from shock. Will anyone who can give any information as to his present whereabouts please communicate at once with Cambridge Police Station,—Telephone number, Cambridge 102.’

There was, however, never any reply. Feltingdon has so far not been heard of again.

M. S. B.

.....

Triolet.

NO verse in *The Dial*?
 'Tis the fault of the Muses.
 Commit him for trial!
 No verse in *The Dial*!
 In vain we apply; all
 Pieria refuses.
 No verse in *The Dial*—
 'Tis the fault of the Muses.

(Since this was written, our prayers have been answered by Q. Ed's verses—like Sappho's, "few, but roses.")

A Cycle Tour in Greece.

CYCLING is not a popular pastime in Greece, and is never likely to be. In Athens itself, it is true, bicycles are about as great a menace to the pedestrian as in Cambridge, and in most of the larger towns they are not uncommon; but out on the open road a cyclist is a rare spectacle and an object of embarrassing interest to the rustics. For the roads of Greece are not well adapted to cycling, or, with few exceptions, to any other modern method of travel. The Greeks are a poverty stricken nation, and cannot afford to construct good roads or to keep them in repair. Add to this that almost any given run of sixty miles involves a long wearisome climb over a mountain pass one, two, or three thousand feet high, and you will realise that a cyclist in Greece requires considerable optimism, even in the best of weather conditions.

And when C. and I set out from Athens to cycle to Delphi, early in March, though the sun was shining, snow had fallen within the last few days, and alarming reports had been coming in from Northern Greece—all communications with some villages had been cut off by now; wolves had descended into Thessaly and devoured many sheep and goats.

However, we were determined to carry out a plan formed some time before, and soon were toiling up the pass of Daphni, on the way to Eleusis, with a fierce wind in our faces and a fierce sun on our backs. Dismounting at Eleusis, fourteen miles from Athens, we were surrounded by a group of natives, demanding to know our business, and highly amused when they knew it. Our knowledge of modern Greek was in its infancy (mine at any rate never reached adolescence) but there

was no mistaking their meaning; one of them drove it home by a very realistic snowstorm. The pass of Mt Cithaeron, over which our road led, was under deep snow and almost inaccessible. Declining to take Excelsior as our watchword, we unheroically returned to Athens, and accomplished our journey by boat; taking our bicycles with us, however, in the hope of using them at a later state of our tour.

Delphi lies nearly 2000 feet up, on the southern slopes of Mt Parnassus, and the road leading to it from its port Itea makes the ascent by several miles of wild contortions compared with which the average scenic railway is as uneventful as the road to Ely. As we toiled up it on our bicycles, we were spurred on when inclined to flag by numerous dogs which came snapping at our heels. The native horses too seemed to resent our intrusion, but showed their dislike in a different way—by setting off at a sudden gallop and unseating their startled riders.

We spent several days at Delphi, which looks very impressive in a snowstorm—its appearance in bright sunshine I still have to imagine—and then, after a hair-raising ride down the slope we had climbed so laboriously, reached the port again, and took a boat to Patrae, on the other side of the Corinthian Gulf. Again the transport of our bicycles cost many drachmas, but we paid cheerfully, thinking that they would enable us to save our trainfare to Olympia, our next objective. But just as we were mounting at Patrae, we were accosted by two Americans, who were engaged in a tour of the world by bicycle. They had attempted the road we prepared to take, and stuck in the mud before many miles. So, foiled by mud on the low road as by snow on the high, we made our pilgrimage to

the sanctuary of Zeus by train, leaving the bicycles behind. Did we regret having brought them? Not yet. We intended to call for them in a few days and cycle home to Athens by way of Corinth. The road, we had heard, was comparatively good.

But by the day of our return the weather had broken; it was raining hard when we left Olympia and harder when we reached Patrae. Then we certainly began to think hard thoughts of our faithful mounts; however there was nothing for it but to take them aboard the train with us. Now as students of archaeology and members of the British School we were allowed to travel at very cheap rates, but the generosity of the railway company did not embrace our bicycles, and for them we had to pay fabulous freightage. Not having set out prepared for such expenses we had barely enough to pay. In fact we had not a drachma left between us to buy a morsel of food, and we had eaten nothing that day but a Greek breakfast. This was the hardest blow of all. Greek trains are not ambitious in the matter of speed—on the slower stretches small boys hop on and off while the trains are moving—and for hours we sat hungry and depressed, while all around Greeks produced bread and cheese, hard-boiled eggs, and other delicious things, and made hearty meals. However, we reached Athens at last, and borrowing large sums from sympathetic friends, dashed to the nearest restaurant and demonstrated to the native patrons the full extent of an English appetite.

So ended our cycle tour. Here, too, my tale should end, but in fairness I must add yet a little. Not only had we thoroughly enjoyed our adventures, but a week

or two later we planned a second tour; what is more, by carefully discriminating in our choice of weather conditions and roads, we carried out our plan without a hitch, and so enjoyed two glorious weeks which will always be in the forefront of our happiest memories.

R. E. W.

.....

Queens' House, Rotherhithe.

THE chief event of interest during the Easter Term was the annual camp, held in the Grove at Whitsun. Mr Bache brought about thirty boys up from the Mission. The weather, fortunately, remained fine the whole time. Mr Bache desires to express his thanks for the generous way in which members of the College entertained the boys and helped to make the camp a success.

It is hoped that the camp has excited sufficient interest to ensure the financial support necessary to maintain Queens' House.

F. M. JONES, *Hon. Sec.*

.....

The Guild of St Bernard.

DURING the Easter Term only one meeting of the Guild was held, because of the various examinations. At this meeting, the Rev. C. S. Gillett, Dean of Peterhouse, gave an address on 'Father Dolling,' a great priest of the Catholic Revival. He was born in Ireland in 1851 and worked as a land-agent for some time before he went to London and entered the ministry at the age of 32. He carried on good work in slum districts, and is best known for his wonderful work in Landport, a dirty slum in Portsmouth. Here he stayed for ten years and converted a population of evil-living people into a God-loving community. St Agatha's Church was built and consecrated in 1895, and by his amazing personality and strength of mind and body he made himself loved and revered by his people. He was unsentimental, shrewd and practical, and for this reason he often came up against the higher authorities of the Church. Nevertheless, he did a great work, and many men have since been inspired by him to do similar work.

Three Guild Eucharists were held in Little St Mary's Church, all of which were well attended, and at the last one Robert Ellmer was admitted to the Guild. The alms were given to Queens' House, the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, and Little St Mary's Church.

Breakfast has been held as usual after the Eucharists, at the last of which it was announced that B. Chapman was elected President for the following year, and S. H. Chase was elected Secretary. The Chaplain also referred to the great help that C. G. R. Pouncey, the retiring President, had afforded the Guild during his year of office.

B. CHAPMAN.

Q. C. A. C.

IT is customary for the Secretaries of College Clubs which have not been very successful to precede their report by an account of the bad luck which has been experienced. We make no apology for doing so now.

We were beaten in the First Round of the Inter-Collegiate Competition by Fitzwilliam House, the ultimate finalists, in the absence of our President, who might have reversed the result, in which C. S. Thompson won the High Jump and both Hurdle events. The Club were later entertained at Cranwell by the R.A.F. Cadet College, and we were again unsuccessful after a very pleasant match. Bart's Hospital kindly asked us to send them a team, but unfortunately the nearness of exams made this impossible. We hope that a match may be arranged at a more appropriate time next year, when we sincerely hope that more time will be devoted to Athletics, both by present members of the College and by freshmen.

J. O. Fielding was again chosen to represent the University against Oxford.

At a general meeting, J. W. Perry and A. O. S. Keeling were elected President and Secretary respectively.

Half-colours were awarded to C. S. Thompson and H. S. Wigfield.

.....

O. C. B. C.

AT the end of last term a boat was sent to Putney for the Head-of-the-River Race and was rowing on swivels which had been adopted after the Lents. During the week at Putney the crew shewed a great improvement and was unlucky in losing two members through illness.

The good effect of Putney was noticable at the beginning of this term when the crew, under the coaching of C. J. S. Sergel shewed promise of being quite fast. Unfortunately they never got the boat really properly sat, the rhythm was very erratic and the rate of striking only went up much too late in training. There was a very bad patch in the middle of training in which the crew seemed unable to get together and all the times were very disappointing. However, in the last week they came on again under B. J. R. Roberts. On the first day they bumped Emmanuel I. on Grassy; the second day they rowed over and on the third were bumped by Clare I. at Ditton; the last day they rowed over. We take this opportunity of thanking the coaches C. J. S. Sergel, B. J. R. Roberts and J. C. Wansey. The second boat was also put on swivels at the beginning of the term. They were very unluckily placed and went down on the second day to First Trinity III.

At the end of last term we started a Rugger Boat to enter for the Getting-on Races. At a meeting of the C.U.B.C. this term it was decided to add a fourth division to the Mays and this boat was entered as our third boat, and though a rugger boat it contained five permanent members of the Boat Club—a noteworthy fact compared with late years. The boat gained its

oars, easily outclassing any others near it. This boat rowed on fixed pins.

D. Bailey is to be congratulated on the better success this year; though unfortunately we cannot send a boat to Henley as it was determined not to go unless the boat went up at least two places.

At a meeting at the end of the term the following officers were elected for the next year :

Captain—J. E. N. Russell
2nd Boat Captain—H. M. C. Price
Hon. Secretary—B. W. R. Mooring

Head-of-the-River Race
(Putney) Boat.

G. B. Gosney, bow
 2 D. Bailey
 3 R. E. Ellmer
 4 E. E. Cattell
 5 C. A. J. Barrington.
 6 A. W. Hart
 7 J. E. N. Russell
 B. W. R. Mooring, str.
 H. A. Brook, cox

Coaches : P. J. Hewling
 J. C. Wansey

1st May Boat.

R. S. Bickerton, bow
 2 E. E. Cattell
 3 A. W. Hart
 4 B. W. R. Mooring
 5 C. A. J. Barrington
 6 H. M. C. Price
 7 J. E. N. Russell
 D. Bailey, str.
 H. A. Brook, cox

Coaches : C. J. S. Sergel
 B. J. R. Roberts
 J. C. Wansey

2nd May Boat.

G. B. Gosney, bow
 2 J. C. P. Sloan
 3 R. E. Ellmer
 4 F. A. R. Chapman
 5 M. T. Terry
 6 S. H. Chase
 7 A. B. Turner
 F. G. Howson, str.
 E. J. Pitt, cox

Coaches : D. Bailey
 C. A. J. Barrington

3rd May Boat.

B. J. E. White, bow
 2 T. G. Browne
 3 P. E. Hadow
 4 W. A. S. Blackden
 5 P. L. C. Price
 6 C. V. Tillett
 7 J. McLellan
 D. W. Ellis-Jones, str.
 E. A. Findlay, cox

Coaches : J. E. N. Russell
 C. A. J. Barrington

J. E. N. RUSSELL, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. L. T. C.

OWING to the very wet weather, many of the matches arranged for the Easter Term had to be cancelled, the Second VI. only playing two out of some fourteen matches. In spite of this the First VI. although of continually varying composition, due to illness and examinations, managed to win as many matches as were lost. A very enjoyable visit was paid to Magdalen College, Oxford, and the Club were successful by six matches to three.

Five of last year's team were up and, although several promising freshmen came up, it was not found necessary to alter the team very much.

C. R. D. Tuckey is to be congratulated on obtaining his full blue and also on his performance in the 'Varsity match.

We would like also to take this opportunity of congratulating our Captain, R. G. Bullen, on being elected Captain of the 'Varsity Squash Racquets team.

A. R. Oliver was elected a member of Fenner's during the season.

Full colours were awarded to T. H. Bell. and Half-colours to A. T. Brock, H. S. Mellows, K. Privett, C. R. Stephan and W. T. Holloway.

The officers elected for next year are A. R. Oliver, captain and T. H. Bell, hon. secretary.

.....

Correspondence.

To the Editor of "The Dial."

SIR,—Armistice Day has come to be regarded in this country and elsewhere as a day of peculiar sanctity, and yet here in Cambridge, owing to the fact that the collection of money in a good cause has been allowed to degenerate into a competition between the colleges, a degree of licence is permitted which on any other occasion would be unhesitatingly suppressed by the University authorities or by the police.

Every year people are coerced into giving money which they can ill spare or even submitted to personal violence (not least by members of this college on Silver Street bridge) in order that the sum of money collected the previous year may be passed and the "rag" prove a success. This is highly distasteful both to those many people who still hold this day sacred, and to those who wish that throughout the year we might be constantly reminded of the real, the lunatic and disgusting, aspect of war, which tends to be obscured by the hypocrisy of such spectacles as the popular Hendon Air Display or the Aldershot Tattoo, *prima facie* innocent entertainment, but really insidious militarist propaganda. At the time of the last tattoo the *Daily Mail* complacently showed a photograph-caption "Fifty Thousand Schoolchildren see the Battle of Inkerman"!

Last year a senior member of the University made a protest which came to nothing. I suggest that this year Queens' should decline to take part in the usual competition, and confine itself to the sale of poppies

and decent and orderly collection from willing subscribers without using intimidation or spectacular attractions more suited to a Bank Holiday fair ground.

A. Z.



THE COMMITTEE

PROFESSOR A. B. COOK.
C. M. SLEEMAN, Esq., *Treasurer*.
L. J. POTTS, Esq., *Censor*.
R. E. WYCHERLEY.
E. M. COBB.
G. E. KIRK, *Editor*.
H. B. V. PRYCE.
P. ALLEN, *Sub-Editor*.
M. L. BARKWAY.
R. C. PLAISTOWE.
E. C. R. KAHN.
B. W. R. MOORING.
G. W. TORY.

The subscription to *The Dial* is 6s. 9d. per annum, inclusive of postage. All subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer. No copies will be sent out before the subscription is paid.

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

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

J. Hall & Son
Cambridge
