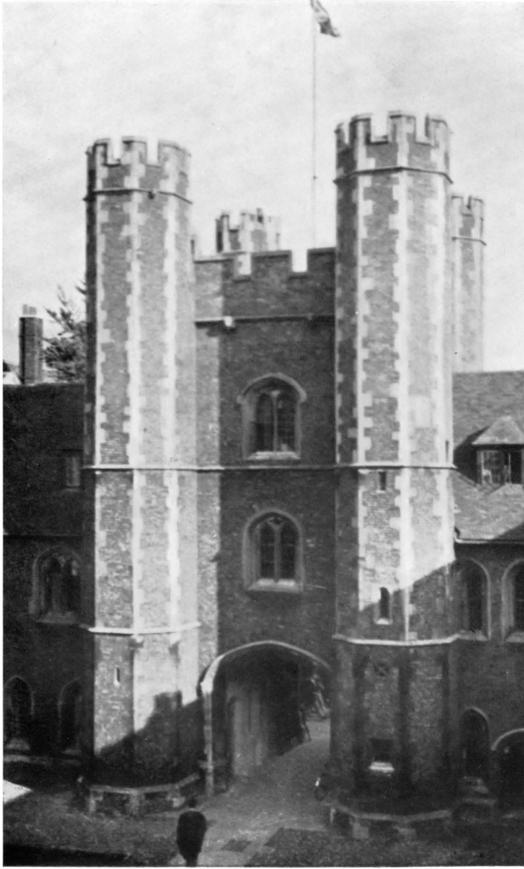


THE DIAL

LENT TERM 1935

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Photo

J. A. Hulme

THE "DIAL" EDITORIAL OFFICES

THE DIAL

No. 79.

LENT TERM, 1935.

CAMBRIDGE is our Alma Mater, and to us Cambridge means Queens'. We love the mother of our minds, which is school and 'varsity, as we love the mother of our bodies. But what do we think of the man whose only boast is his parentage? The man whose only claim to fame is that he was at this or that college? No wonder the music halls jeer at the old school tie. A man remembers his parents with pride and affection while he builds up his own career, but he does not make their distinction his career. The question we must ask ourselves is: shall I ever give Queens' as much cause to be proud of me, as I have to be proud of it? Every graduate takes away something that his college fees have not bought him: he takes away some of the glamour of Cambridge. How many of us will ever pay it back?

REGINALIA

THE new deal in crocuses has thoroughly justified itself this year, and a brilliant orb of purple, yellow and white surrounds the miniature walnut tree.

* * *

The College congratulates:

C. F. Beckingham on winning the Members' English Essay prize with an essay on The Sense of Locality in the English Novel;

The first Lent Boat on winning its oars;

P. L. Trevorrow on gaining his Hockey blue and on being elected Secretary of the C.U.H.C.;

M. M. Scarr for representing the University against Oxford in the Relays and in the Sports, and for coming in second in the 100 Yards in the University Sports.

* * *

The elevation and plan of the new Queens' building on the Newnham side of the river are not yet published, but it is officially announced that the style will be similar to that of the rooms in Walnut Tree Court. There will be 74 sets for students and three for Fellows, besides baths and lavatories. Two new squash courts will be erected at the same time. Mr G. C. Drinkwater, the architect, plans to have the new building constructed and ready for residence by October, 1936.

* * *

The first floor of the red-brick Georgian building adjoining the Fellows' Garden is to be converted into a hall for concerts and other social purposes in memory of the late President. A large number of subscriptions to the Memorial Fund have been received from old Queens' men; but the cost of the work will considerably exceed

the sum collected, and the Fund is still open. The attention of members of the College is called to the tablet erected last year in memory of Dr Fitzpatrick, on the south wall of the Chancel in the Chapel.

* * *

We give no credence to the rumour that the Victoria and Albert Museum is to reconstruct No. 1 Newnham in their gallery of great men's dwellings.

* * *

We wish success to Mr E. S. Warner (Queens' 1927) and his brother (Caius), who are taking over a preparatory school at Langton Matravers, Dorset.

* * *

Mr Michael Barkway was seen at a Promenade Concert last season; he is still a gentleman of leisure, it appears, and has recently returned from the United States.

* * *

The College was honoured by a visit from the Rev. J. R. Walkey, Chaplain in Chief to the R.A.F., at half term. Mr Jessop held a tea party to meet Mr Walkey, at which 110 Queensmen were present.

* * *

The Editor thanks an anonymous gentleman for his threats, and will be happy to accommodate him at any time.

* * *

The Queens' College May Week Concert is to take place on Thursday, June 13th, at 9 p.m. A celebrated artist(e) is to be engaged, and the remainder of the programme will be given mainly by Queens' men. After the concert the Grove will be illuminated, and an orchestra will play light music. Tickets, at 3/6 and 5/-, can be obtained from the Hon. Sec., Q.C. St Margaret Society.

H. C. Davis, the organ scholar, would be glad to hear from any Queens' man who is interested in the formation of a glee club.

* * *

We have received the following news of old Queens' men:

W. E. Evans (1933) has entered the Colonial Service, and is in the Audit Office, Lagos, Nigeria.

P. B. Monahan (1934) is an assistant master at King's College, Taunton.

E. M. F. Payne (1930) is on leave from Mauritius, after which he will return to East Africa.

* * *

We have pleasure in announcing the birth of a daughter, Christina Manuela Florence, to Mr and Mrs Ralph Izzard, of Berlin.

* * *

Obituary

CHARLES BIDDLE

We regret to announce the sudden death in Budapest of Charles Biddle. Biddle was a Derby man and came up to Queens' in 1890, where he read mathematics and law. Some years before the War he went to Budapest and spent the rest of his life there, teaching English. He was appointed Professor of English at the Budapest School of Technology.

Biddle was deeply attached to the country of his adoption, and he supported its demands for treaty revision. He achieved a rare mastery of Magyar, and completed the translation into English of a volume of poems, which we hope to see published. He married an Hun-

garian operatic star, and had five children, who all survive him.

[We are indebted for these notes to Mr T. G. Agoston of Jesus, one of Biddle's former pupils.]

WILFRID LLOYD DAVIS

The friends of W. L. Davis will be deeply grieved to hear that he was killed, instantaneously, in a motor accident on Sunday, March 17.

He was educated at Bedford Modern School, where he was Head of his house for three years, a School monitor for two years, and a sergeant of the O.T.C. He played in the School cricket XI for four years, being captain for the last two; in the hockey XI for three years, being captain during the last; and in the rugger XV in his last year.

He came up to us in 1929; and read for the English Tripos, Part I, 1932, in which he got a II, ii; and for the History Tripos, Part II, 1933, in which he obtained the same result, graduating in June of that year.

Davis, who took life with a smile and was a genial and popular companion, entered gladly into the social life of the College, particularly of the Kangaroos, at whose meetings his usually quiet demeanour sometimes forsook him. Hockey and cricket were his games. He had his full colours at both, was secretary of the cricket club in 1931, and occasionally played cricket for Bedfordshire.

He kept a fourth year, to obtain the Teachers' Training Certificate, and then became a master at Hillstone School, Malvern.

Our sincere sympathy goes out to Mr and Mrs Thomas Davis, of Bedford, whose only son he was.

R. I. P.

JOHN FISHER (1487),
PRESIDENT OF QUEENS' 1505—8

QUEENS' will shortly be unique amongst the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge in having among her past members one who has been officially canonized. And Fisher is, I believe, unique in being the only Cardinal who has suffered death for his faith. Before he is raised to the ranks of the saints of the Roman Church, let us remind ourselves of the career of this greatest of Queens' men.

He was the son of a Mercer of Beverley and probably received his earliest education at the school attached to the collegiate church there. The date of his birth is disputed, but 1459 seems to be the most probable year, even though this makes him unusually old at the time of his graduation B.A., which occurred in 1487. He was a member of Michaelhouse. Taking his M.A. degree in 1491, he was elected Senior Proctor in 1494 and Master of Michaelhouse in 1497.

Cambridge was then in a sad condition of inertia and impoverishment. Erasmus, a few years later, had a low opinion of her academic life; and Fisher himself says that "there had stolen over well-nigh all of us a weariness of learning and study." New energy was needed and the acceptance of all that was good in the New Learning, which, having conquered Oxford, had not yet revived Cambridge. For this purpose it was essential to procure funds and powerful patronage, which Fisher obtained through his friendship with the Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and mother of King Henry VII. That saintly lady chose Fisher as her confessor, and for fourteen years they

co-operated in beneficent schemes for the welfare of our university and country. Of her Fisher wrote that "though she chose me as her director, to hear her confessions and to guide her life, yet I gladly confess that I learned more from her great virtue than ever I could teach to her."

Advised by Fisher, the Lady Margaret endowed chairs of Divinity at each of the Universities. One of Fisher's chief desires was to encourage men who would "preach the Word of God gravely and with an evangelical spirit." To that end he persuaded his patroness to endow a preachership at Cambridge for popular preaching in the vernacular at Cambridge and eleven other selected towns.

By now Fisher was the dominant personality of the University. Elected Vice-Chancellor in 1501, he was elected Chancellor in 1504, re-elected annually for ten years, and then elected for life. In 1504 he was elevated to the bishopric of Rochester, and in the next year elected President of our own College. It was while he was with us that he carried through a much more ambitious plan for the Lady Margaret, the foundation of Christ's. Money intended for the monks of Westminster was diverted to the endowment of learning; and the statutes of the new college present the first endeavour to introduce into Cambridge an element of Renaissance culture. Perhaps Fisher's asceticism is to be seen in the provision that the Fellows were forbidden "to keep dogs or rapacious birds in College or to play dice or cards, except in the Hall at Christmas." The Lady Margaret's last generosity was to provide in her will, of which Fisher was an executor, for the foundation of St John's. The rapacity of her grandson, Henry VIII, who was the residuary legatee, came near

to frustrating her intention ; but Fisher fought the case stubbornly against the King and Wolsey. He even gave "diverse dyners to the cheff juggis and other lernede counsell." At last he obtained a favourable judgement from Warham, the Chancellor, and in 1516 St John's came into existence.

Of Fisher's three colleges, Queens', Christ's and St John's, Erasmus, no indulgent critic, wrote that at them "youth was exercised, not in dialectical wrestling-matches,...but in true learning and sober arguments" and from them students "went forth to preach the Word of God with earnestness,...and to commend it to the minds of learned men by a weighty eloquence." And Erasmus, whose presence at Cambridge and at Queens' was due to Fisher, also tells us that it was Fisher who introduced the study of Greek at Cambridge without provoking that riotous opposition of the medievalists which this innovation had aroused at Oxford.

His work at Cambridge finished, Fisher devoted himself mainly to his duties as a bishop. Chapuys, the imperial ambassador, described him as "the paragon of Christian prelates both for learning and holiness." But he could not confine himself to the congenial work of a pastor or to his library at Rochester, accounted by some the finest private library in Christendom. He was a lord of Parliament and felt obliged there to cross swords with the powerful Wolsey, whose personal and public extravagance he denounced in the sessions of 1517 and 1523. Also, much as he had in common with the new Lutheran writers, he was utterly opposed to their break with the historic Church. He wrote at least three works in opposition to Luther and was even supposed to have been the real author of the treatise which gained for Henry VIII. the title of *Fidei Defensor*.

Lastly, in his old age, he found himself compelled to present a heroic resistance to the despotism of the King, an excellent account of which can be read in J. Gairdner's *Lollardy and the Reformation*, Book II, Chapter 4.

It began with the divorce, over which Fisher has been described as the only adviser on whose sincerity and honesty the unfortunate Catharine of Aragon could rely.

Then followed the long parliament of 1529—1536, in which Fisher was the outstanding, almost the solitary, opponent of the King. In the early debates over clerical property, he boldly declared that the Commons (stimulated by the King) sought "not the good, but the goods, of the Church"; and it was due to him that Convocation only agreed to the new royal title of Supreme Head of the Church on condition that the words "so far as the law of Christ allows" were added.

It was at this time that rumours of Fisher's impending assassination got about. And one unpleasant incident occurred. Some porridge intended for the bishop and his household was poisoned. Two of Fisher's servants died of it. But he himself escaped, having been too occupied to partake of food. There is little doubt that it was a plot against Fisher's life; and that it was to disarm suspicion that the King pushed through an act, with retrospective effect, by which poisoners should be boiled to death.

The last phase of Fisher's life began in April, 1534, when he was summoned to take the oath of succession. The Act of Succession had settled the crown on Henry's children by Anne Boleyn, but had provided no particular form for the oath of acceptance. Fisher was

prepared to accept the Act as being a purely political matter, within the competence of Parliament. But he was required to take a form of oath which disparaged the papal authority and denied the validity of Henry VIII's first marriage. For refusing that oath Fisher was imprisoned in the Tower.

He was now old, frail and dying. But he lingered on for over a year. In November the King got two further Acts through Parliament. The first gave him the Headship of the Church of England with no qualifying clause; and the second made it treason maliciously to deprive him, by word or writing, of any of his titles. Imprisoned as he was, Fisher could hardly make any malicious attempt to infringe the new laws, and he might have been left to die in the Tower. But on May 20, 1535, Pope Paul III. conferred a Cardinal's hat upon him. The red hat had the same effect on the king as a red rag on a bull. Fisher was brought to trial on June 17. His offence was that on May 7, when interrogated by Cromwell and others of the Council, he had refused to accept the royal supremacy. He was quickly condemned to die the traitor's death, hanging, disembowelling and quartering. That gruesome performance was, however, not carried out. The aged prelate was beheaded on June 17.

Opinion will be divided, of course, with regard to the worthiness of the cause for which he died. But no such division is possible with regard to the consistency and heroism with which he faced the consequences of obedience to his conscience. Fisher was English of the English; and his countrymen, of all schools of religious thought, have long held him in honour and confirmed the judgement of Sir Thomas More that in that age there was in England "no one man in wisdom, learning

and long approved vertue together, mete to be matched and compared with him”.

On December 29, 1886, Leo XIII added Fisher's name to the roll of those whom the Church of Rome calls "Blessed". On February 1 last Pius XI declared in favour of his canonization, which is to take place on May 19 next.

Nor will the four hundredth anniversary of Fisher's death go unobserved in Cambridge. Queens', Christ's, St John's, and Trinity (which absorbed his original home at Michaelhouse) are uniting to celebrate his memory, by having a lecture on the saint from the Master of St John's, to be followed by a lunch in the Hall of Trinity. Thus, with appropriate academic reserve, will his Colleges commemorate the scholar and administrator who lifted Cambridge out of the ditch, into which she had fallen at the close of the Middle Ages, and set her in the paths of virtue and good letters.

R. G. D. L.

LIFE

THE hawk's slow shadow passed an hour ago;
 A thin death rustles in the wheat below;
 Stark Winter lies behind, and waits before.
 For these things is the lark's high song the less?
 Is not his song the more?

From his soared heaven of light, with heart elate,
 He cries God's challenge to the winds of fate,
 While from blue heaven, and life's unconquered song,
 Death learns, for all the bitter doom he bears,
 He is not quite so strong.

B. DHINGRA.

THE DIAL QUESTIONNAIRE

AT first the staff could not decide whether to pronounce it Kwestionnaire or Kestionnaire, but the office boy had taken a day trip to Boulogne, and gave his casting vote for spelling it with a K. A trained gang of interviewers next combed the College, each armed with the following set of questions:

1. What is your favourite pastime?
2. What would you do to enhance life at Queens'.
3. What is your favourite beverage?
4. What is your favourite dish?
5. In what century other than this would you live, if given the choice?
6. Who is your favourite character in Fiction?
7. Have you ever tried to write poetry?
8. In answering these questions, have you tried to be funny?

MR ABRAMSON.

Mr Nicholas Abramson was discovered beside an exotic red-shaded light in a room whose comfort belied his athletic calling. Above his head Ingres' La Source poured out her crystal stream. "You are, I understand, President of the Q. C. Athletic Club." said our representative. "Yes," replied Mr Abramson. He then answered the questions in the following manner: 1. *Not* answering a questionnaire. 2. Introduce Turkish baths. 3. Absinthe. 4. Boeuf bouilli aux carottes. 5. Ice age. 6. Mr Bloom. 7. Ask Dr Cook's opinion of my Greek verse. 8. Was I really expected to be serious?

MR CRANE

Mr Francis Crane was standing by the fire smoking a pipe, clad in an elegant plus four suiting. He wel-

comed our interviewer cordially. "You are President of the Q. C. St Bernard Society, I believe?" "I am." Mr Crane then answered the questions as follows: 1. Butterfly catching. 2. Have a coal fire in the Bernard Room. 3. Coffee. 4. Boiled Salmon and Prawn Sauce à la Chamberlain. 5. The twenty-first. 6. David Copperfield. 7. Yes. 8. No.

MR HARDENBERGH.

Mr "Nap" Hardenbergh was in his bedroom reviewing his club ties. "You are, I understand," said our reporter, starting slightly as the Spanish Society Tie flashed in the sunlight, "You are Secretary of the C. U. Conservative Association, President of the Kangaroo Club, Secretary of the South African Society, College Representative of the Swedish and Anglo-Dutch Clubs, Secretary of the Royal Empire Society, Member of the Mummies, President of ——" "Enough," said Mr Hardenbergh. "I am." He then gave the following answers to the questions: 1. [Answer censored]. 2. Raise the quality and lower the quantity of its members. 3. Kaffir beer. 4. Mealies on cob. 5. Paleolithic times. 6. Jock of the Bushveld. 7. Yes. 8. No.

MR JESSOP.

The Rev. Gilbert Jessop was just finishing a mid-morning snack of hot chocolate, cake, sandwiches and sugar biscuits when our representative called. On the walls hung various sporting prints, including the famous "Cutting the Cloth." "Are you the Chaplain of Queens'?" was the question. "I am," answered Mr Jessop, continuing with the following answers: 1. Sleeping. 2. Lay out a golf course around, in, on or over the College. 3. Milk. 4. A bath bun. 5. The seventeenth. 6. Jeeves. 7. [No answer]. 8. Impossible.

MR KEAN.

Mr Kean was standing in a Napoleonic attitude contemplating a picture of a naked woman who floated, with eyes and hands bound, in a river. Similar cartoons covered the walls. "You are President-elect of the Union Society, and President of the C. U. Law Society, I believe?" "I am." Mr Kean answered the questions as follows: 1. Swedish sweets. 2. Keep the baths open till midnight. 3. Ethyl. 4. Pouding Queens'. 5. Late seventeenth. 6. Burnt Njal. 7. Not for *The Dial*. 8. No, I do it naturally.

MR KETT

Our interviewer found Mr Bernard Kett in a flowered silk dressing gown. He was arranging some flowers in a green glass vase, pausing now and then to read a paragraph of Crébillon's *Le Sofa*, which he held negligently in his left hand. After declining an offer of snuff, our interviewer said "You, I understand, hold no position at all in the College?" "Dear me, no." answered Mr Kett; he then replied to our questions as follows: 1. Living. 2. Have napkins in Hall dinner (i.e. table napkins). 3. Lapsang. 4. Hors d'oeuvres. 5. Regency. 6. Lady Bertram. 7. Yes. 8. Too, too emphatically no.

MR POTTS.

Mr Potts was alone when our interviewer called that is, if anyone can be alone whose walls are lined with books. There were so many and such interesting books that our representative wondered whether he might not at any moment close the covers and find he had only been reading about Mr Potts. But the answers to the questions were amply alive: "You are censor of *The Dial*, I believe?" "Yes." 1. Digging in my garden. 2. Nothing: for anyone capable of living, life is quite

difficult enough as it is, even at Queens'. 3. The answer depends on the circumstances; in ideal conditions—water. 4. Whitebait. 5. The eighteenth. 6. Mr Bloom. 7. Yes, of course. 8. No; it spoils the game.

MR TENNANT.

Mr Peter Tennant's room in Dokett would look bigger if he did not dominate it so much. It gets no chance to assert itself, neither did our interviewer. "You are a fellow of Queens', and speak six or seven languages, I believe," he quavered. "I am and I do," answered Mr Tennant. He then replied to the questionnaire as follows: 1. Acting. 2. Introduce co-education. 3. Beer. 4. Steak and Onions. 5. The next century. 6. Stephen Dedalus. 7. Yes. 8. No.

MR WARNER.

Mr "Plum" Warner is the rowing man par excellence, if there is such a thing. His room smelt faintly of beer, its furniture lay in ruins, and a few books covered in a shelf. The only things at home were five or six oars and Mr Warner himself. "You are Captain of the Q.C. Boat Club?" asked our representative. "Yes," said Mr Warner, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth for the minimum time necessary to speak this word. He gave the following answers: 1. Rowing. 2. Institute a rowing conscription. 3. Beer. 4. Grassy Corner Pudding. 5. Same one as Cleopatra. 6. Oliver Twist. 7. No. 8. No.



PRIMROSES

NEW YORK is perhaps the noisiest town in the world and a few years ago when I was there, I spent some time searching for quiet places to walk in; in the end I found that the only place where there was a slight diminution of noise was that stretch of the river embankment between the Long Ferry and Brooklyn Bridge.

One hot summer night, I walked down to Brooklyn Bridge. A cool breeze was coming off the water and the noise of an occasional taxi in the silence gave me a feeling that I was back on the Thames Embankment above Chelsea Reach; and it was good to be able to smoke in peace and forget for a short time the incessant twang of voices and the roar and clatter of the skyscraper which was being built opposite my apartment. After a while I realised that I had better start back if I was to catch the last trolley car to Brooklyn.

As I was passing an unlit stretch of advertisement boarding, I heard a car behind me, and as it raced through the deepest shadow of the boarding, something black shot out of the door and I heard the vicious cracks of automatics, muffled by the opening of the car's exhaust, then it was gone—vanished round the corner, and all was quiet again.

I looked up and down the street—there was no one. I wanted to run away, for only a fool gets implicated in gang fights, but it was impossible to leave the man lying huddled across the pavement. He stirred as I bent over him, feeling for shot wounds, and whispered hoarsely "Lousy shooting—did'nt touch me—jus' crack on head", then he fainted again, but his voice had

been English so I picked him up and carried him to the next road junction.

The taxi driver grinned when he stopped at my signal.

“Canned?” he said.

This seemed to be the simplest explanation so I agreed and gave him the address of my apartment. Since I did not dare use the elevator I carried him up the stairs, undressed him, and put him into my bed, fetched a swab and douched him with cold water to bring him to, and then sat waiting; he had a broad face with dark sunk eyes and full lips; he was a sickly white. I judged him to be either a bank clerk or a drug store assistant.

When he began to stir I went to the kitchen and put on some soup, added a couple of sleeping tablets and brought it in; he was lying back with his eyes open and his hands pressed to his head; he looked at me as I came in.

“Who’re you,” he said.

“My name’s Owen Lawler,” I told him, “and I’m English—but we’ll leave the talking for the moment—here, drink this.”

He struggled on to his elbow and began to drink the soup; as soon as he had finished, I said, “It’s late now so we’ll leave the explanation till the morning; you’ll be all right here.”

“Right ho!” he said.

I went out and shut the door.

Next morning I woke to find him fully dressed, laying the table. I got off the couch and ’phoned the restaurant for breakfast. He looked as though his sleep had done him good and it seemed as if he would never

stop eating, but at last he was satisfied, and accepted a cigarette.

"First of all, what's your name," I asked when we had lit up.

"James Trenary," he said, "I think I'd better begin at the beginning, and tell you all about it."

"Well, I saw you thrown out of the car and—"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted, "it was like this. I work in Svenburg's jewellery store, down on 47th Street. You know it—opposite the City Hall?"

I nodded.

"Well, yesterday was the day I had to take the weekly cheque to the bank and I usually drop in at Tony Lozzi's on the way, but this week old Fritz, that's Svenburg, was away, so the books weren't made up and I didn't have to draw the cheque till to-morrow. Somebody must have been watching me for some time, for after I'd had my usual drink yesterday and was leaving Tony's, the lights went out and I was grabbed and hustled out through the back into a car; I fought and struggled with the men who were searching me and knocked off one of their masks and recognised the man for one of Tony's barmen, like a fool I yelled out his name. That settled it—I knew they'd put me on the spot—and as you saw they tried it. God knows why they didn't shoot me in the car, as it is I've got the hell of a bump across the head and here I am, thanks to you."

I offered him another cigarette.

"It's obvious you can't go back to Svenburg's—they'd get you again," I said, "better let them think you're dead."

We smoked in silence. The sunlight was streaming through the window lighting up the pleasant furniture

with a warm glow, shining metallic on my typewriter.

Then I had the idea.

"Can you type?" I asked him.

"Yes, I used to be Svenburg's secretary," he said.

"Well then, here's a way out, I'm writing a novel at the moment; it'll be finished in a couple of weeks, then I'm off back to England; suppose I make you my secretary, you can type while I dictate and when I leave you can come with me."

"Yes, but—" then he stopped.

"But what?"

"Well—I can't pay my passage across."

"Oh, I'll pay that, you can pay me back later," I said.

And so it was decided; I sent a messenger, purporting to come from one of his relatives, for his few belongings, and we fixed up an extra bed in the kitchen. Naturally we were at first a little ill at ease, but he proved to be a capable typist and soon we got along well together; the only thing that worried him was my strict rule that he was not to go out under any circumstances, for I realised that the gangsters would know that he was alive, since his death and subsequent finding by the police had not appeared in the papers. He was a countryman at heart, and came, as I had suspected, from Devon; a town irked him and he used to spend a great deal of his time in arranging the flowers in the apartment and in gazing at the window of the florist's shop on the avenue below, with the aid of my binoculars.

One afternoon a few days before sailing, I came in to find him in a state of great excitement; he would not tell me what was exciting him, but said something about preparing a surprise for me and as I was busy I soon forgot the incident. That night I had to attend

a dinner given by my publisher to herald my forthcoming book, and I left him with renewed injunctions not to go out.

The dinner was extremely good and I returned in a roseate frame of mind at about one a.m.

On the table was a note from Trenary to the effect that he had seen some primroses in the florist's shop and was going to get them for me and that he would die if he didn't go out and get some air; the note ended by saying that he would be back late. I thought somewhat hazily that English primroses were sufficiently rare in New York and retired a little uncertainly to bed.

Next morning I woke with a headache and the conviction that something was wrong: finally I traced this to its source, I missed the noise of Trenary laying the breakfast table, and getting up I pounded on the kitchen door: there was no answer: I opened the door and went in. On the dresser was a bowl of beautiful moist primroses; the window leading to the fire escape was open and Trenary lay on the bed with a knife in his heart.

D. C. HORTON.

EPIGRAM

["Mint or onion sauce is eaten with mutton when roasted, caper sauce when boiled."—*Cookery Book*.]

AN onion for the poet's tears,
A caper for the capering lambs,
Eternity is made of years,
And mint was meant for rams or dams.

M. O. D.

THE VISION

UNTO a poet came
Grave counsel with no mortal stress
That he,
Enrapt with dreams of youth and loveliness,
Might claim
His heritage of service and be free.

Wherefore this gift of thine,
This gift of making language sing like birds,
This magic gift of words,
If not to shape a portent and a sign,
If not to tell the deep, unuttered woes,
The fruitless striving, unheroic pain,
And small defeats of those
For whom life has no beauty,
To whom the world cries 'Duty!'
And giveth labour, but withholdeth gain?
Starlight and silence, sunrise and bright noon,
Cloud-billows on a sky of burning blue,
The sad and spectral moon,
Mountains made mystic in a dreamful haze,
Cypress and peaceful yew,
Stream-lit, wind-music, all the gorse ablaze,
The undulating beauty of the sea,
Cliff fringes ever waving lazily,
The skylarks' spiral climb athrill with song,
Old loves and histories, the radiant throng
Of gods and peerless maids,
Strange fantasies of other worlds than ours,
And wizard faery raids
In battle-fields of flowers:
These might you sing and spill an anodyne
Of beauty for your soul;

Yet O, unshaped the portent and the sign,
 And still obscure the goal!
 For how can you luxuriously take
 These beauties for your themes?
 The world's a broken viol, and its strings
 Snap with confusion and defeat of dreams,
 Oppression, war, and the unresting ache
 And torment of the poor. And One who sings—
 The Infinite spirit of Good—draws cadence sad
 From some still-sounding strings . . .
 And waits . . . and hopes
 For those who have the vision to arise
 And go new-clad
 In robes of Service where the Ideal gropes
 Through glooms of hope and murk and selfish gains,
 Past immemorial shames,
 Towards Love's illumined skies.

The little dreams, the beautiful frail dreams,
 In careless moments spun,
 Fled as his spirit saw the awful gleams
 Of the new Vision.

B. DHINGRA.

A FABLE IN THE OLDEN STYLE

“A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH”

THERE was once a beautiful and attractive maiden
 who thought a lot of herself, and foolishly
 despised the cultured but impoverished young man who
 aspired to her hand. He called on her one day, and
 explained how greatly he loved her, and how much he

desired to be worthy of her.

"See," said he, "I am honest and respectable. My hobbies are sane, and unless an earthquake annihilates my bank, my prospects are pretty fair."

"Maybe," replied the maiden, "but for all these things I care nothing. What I require in a man is he-man strength."

So the young man thanked her, and went into training to become strong. He had a cold shower every morning, deprived himself of cigarettes and flicks, played strenuous games, and ate very wholesome foods. And he became very strong indeed.

"See," said he to the maiden, "I have adopted your suggestion, and I flatter myself that I could now contend for strength with Thor himself." And very sentimentally he suggested that she should name the day.

But confidently believing that someone better would offer himself to her, she prevaricated, and said, "Maybe, but I have decided that I am not so much intrigued by brute force as by grace and dignity. And though you could effortlessly lift a hundredweight high above your head, you would do it so inelegantly that I would loathe you."

So the young man went away and sought to acquire elegance and poise. He had the very best dancing instructress, and never missed his gym. classes. He joined in pompous debates, and insinuated himself into the household of grave old spinsters. And he acquired grace and dignity.

"See," said he to the maiden, "my carriage and deportment rival those of Greta Garbo herself. Thus have I acceded to your requests." And he began ecstatically to discuss the place of their wedding.

But the maiden, quite sure that she would find a more illustrious partner than this cultured but impoverished young man, simply said, "Nay, but my views have changed. True, you are graceful and strong and dignified, but I demand knowledge in my future husband."

So the young man went and mugged up Cicero, and studied mathematics, and learnt all about weather maps, and bills of exchange, and Boyle's law, and King Charles the First, and then he presented himself again to the maiden and said, "Behold, your wishes of recent date have once more been seen to, and I am of a truth very brainy, and worthy to be compared with old man Plato." But he had scarcely started making the nuptial arrangements, when she, supposing that a more eligible young man must eventually turn up, butted in, "Nay, though you combine beauty and vigour and grace and learning in this outstanding way, I really must have time to think it all over."

Then the young man went off, and at once fell in love with a young lady of his own rank and station, and they married without delay, and now are very happy, with some remarkably fine children, and quite a fair income.

As for the maiden who was always hoping for someone better, she is still hoping, but her charms are fading fast, and she is unlikely to find anyone, and will remain single.

All of which simply goes to prove that first thoughts would have been best for this young lady, and so her case shows that procrastination is the thief of time.

D. V. S.

STARK TRAGEDY

SOMETHING told me it could be no dream; the scene was too familiar, too realistically natural for that. And yet altogether natural it was not. Never before had that lane seemed so inevitably and forebodingly dark. The distant gas-lamp shone despairingly, and its watery gleams died in their own reflections on the polished ebony surface of the road, which they pathetically strove to illumine.

Something was lacking; of that I was certain. My mind was so occupied with this curious problem, this unfamiliar note in an everyday experience, that at first, it failed to perceive a peculiar quality in my own motion. I was gliding forward of a volition that was not my own. No friendly echo of the beat of my footsteps on the paving broke the ominous silence. No wind stirred my hair, yet the quick flashing of the half-seen black tree-boles past the corners of my eyes afforded evidence of rapid motion.

An unexplained feeling of apprehension crept into the very marrow of my bones. Some dreadful happening was due—could not be long delayed. In vain I desperately spurred my flagging consciousness to recall what was this impending disaster.

Suddenly a chill and hostile voice accosted me in suspicious and unsympathetic tones.

I knew; at last I knew.

My cycle lamp had gone out, and, as was only to be expected in this perverse world, I had met a policeman.

D. L. BLACKHURST.

COLLEGE RITUAL

I WORSHIP you as the Pagans do
 With the incense of my fire.
 Where the gas-ring burns my prayer-wheel turns
 With mad desire.

I worship you as the Pagans do
 With sculptured smiling stone.
 Where your picture stands my uplifted hands
 Cry out—and groan.

I worship you as the Pagans do
 With an human offering.
 On an altar bare, in an empty chair
 Myself I fling.

F. K. FORRESTER.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL DIS-
 COVERY IN THE GROVE

[See descriptive note below]

“Que direz vous, races futures,
 Si quelquefois un vrai discours
 Vous raconte les aventures
 De nos abominables jours ?”

MALHERBE.

STANCES DE LA NYMPHE CHLOË AU BERGER DAMON, QU'ELLE AYME.

AH, Damon, quand je voy tes yeux limpides,
 Et quand je sens tes lèvres, plus humides
 Que la rosée, bruslantes de désir,
 Se presser avec ardeur sur ma bouche,
 Je connois ton amour, ton grand plaisir !
 Damon, je moeurs de joye, quand tu me touches.

Quand je caresse tes cheveux chastains
 Et longs de mes sensibles doigts, tes mains
 Qui me tenoient si fort, tes mains cuyantes,
 Se pourmèment alors avec douceur
 Aimable sur ma chair, vive et tremblante
 De la fiebvreuse amour qui fend mon coeur.

Je n'auray plus la grande joye, hélas !
 D'estre sur le gazon entre tes bras !
 Tu doys partir ? Funeste découverte
 De nostre amour ! Moy, rester en ce lieu
 Sans toy ? Ici ? Après ta perte... ?
 On ne te laisse point me dire adieu.

Et je ne verroi plus ces yeux limpides
 Le coral de ces lèvres, plus humides
 Que la rosée... Damon, le jaloux sort
 En séparant nos corps croyt qu'il enlève
 Nostre fidèle amour—mais quand je dors,
 C'est avec toy que se passent mes resves.

MY DEARE LOVE, I doe not suppose that you will ever
 finde this, as I feare you have allready bin sendt from
 hence. Yet in case you shall still bee here tomorrow,
 I put it in the appointed Place.

Forgive my wicked French, but I thoughte it goode to
 send you my Love for the last time in that Tongue wee
 both love so much to spieke. Allready I had begonne
 the Poeme against our nexte Meeting when my Mayde
 suddenly runs to me with the horrid News of your Des-
 coverie, and that I am to be shut up by my cruel Oncle.
 My deere, I can never see you again nor you mee, but
 hoping that perchance you shalle get to that Place
 once more, I have hastily finished my Poem (with teeres
 in my Eies) and my deare Mayde shall beare it thither

(shee is my onelie Conforte in this sad houre save the Memory and Thoughte of you). This is more than I can endure. Farewell, my love, and live in Happinesse.

These quaint lines, and the note attached to them were found concealed behind the bark of an old tree, cut down in the Grove. They are written on a fine parchment. Their preservation is due largely to the fact that they had an outer wrap of the same material; although this is greatly worn, it is still possible to see the name Damon on it.

Several learned authorities have been consulted on the subject of their nature and authorship. We may with confidence assert that they belong to the early seventeenth century. The spelling, the pastoral setting, the gender of Amour establish this. La nymphe Chloë writes charming French; despite her own deprecation of it, it is more distinguished than her English. Her use of "cuisante" is certainly bold; and the way she breaks the rhythm and indulges in enjambement would hardly have pleased the more academic French poets of her day. But she was not writing for them, but for her dear shepherd, who would be far too much in love with her to perceive faults in her versification.

The fact that she calls herself a Nympe and her lover a Berger makes it clear that she was in a superior social position to him.

It has been suggested that the "cruel Oncle" was a President of this College, and that she fell in love with some "poor scholar," with whom anything but a clandestine affair or a runaway marriage would have been impossible. Anyhow, the discovery of it all led to the locking up of the nymph and the sending down of the shepherd. It is sad to think that he never found her last note, but we should not else have had the pleasure of publishing it.

The young lady's knowledge of French inclines one to think that girls of the early seventeenth century were finished in Paris, as they are today; but in those days they learnt not only to make love, but also to speak French.

A RIVER GHOST'S STORY

WHEN I was a schoolmaster I used to spend many of my holidays sailing single handed in a twenty-foot cabin cruiser. On one occasion, I think it was during the Easter holidays, I was bringing my boat round from the Orwell to the Medway, and ran aground on one of the mud banks in the Thames estuary. This was by no means an unusual occurrence, but it annoyed me at the time, because the gloomy afternoon was already wearing away and I had hoped to make Sheerness before nightfall. The ebb tide still had three hours to run and I had no hope of refloating in less than six hours.

When I was tired of cursing my charts, the buoys, the Port of London Authority, and everything except my own bad helmsmanship, I watched the smooth water receding from the mud bank. The boat lay over on the port side, and the grey bank on which she rested seemed to be an island; at any rate a wide expanse of water intervened between it and the flat Kentish coast, which was now hardly discernable through the rising mist. Since breakfast I had had no time to eat anything except biscuits, and so I went below to cook a meal.

In the cabin only the oil lamp and the primus stove remained perpendicular, and, by doing so, gave the whole place a drunken appearance. I struck a match

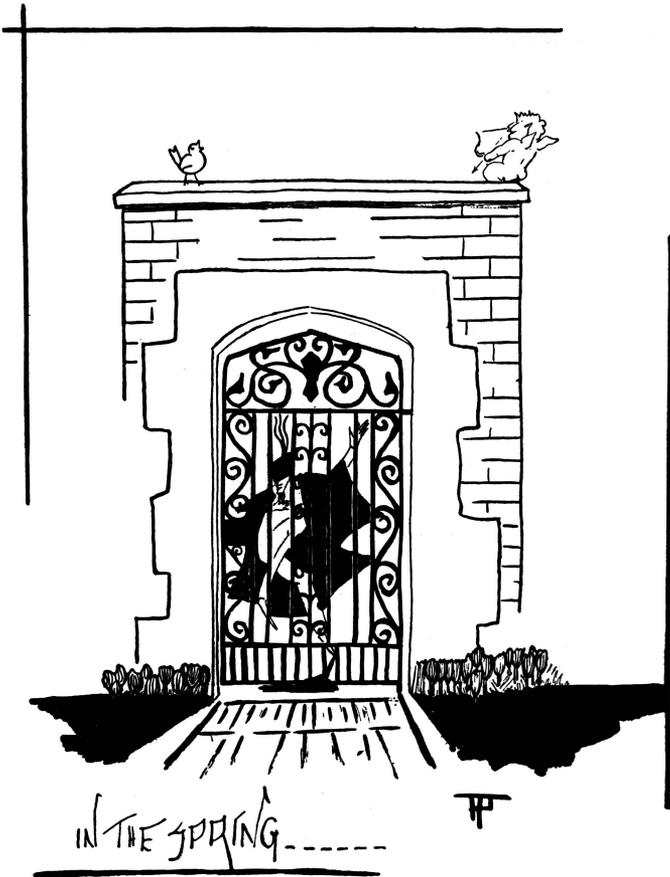
and lit first the lamp, and then the methylated spirits in the cup of the primus. As I stepped back to sit on the port bunk, the boat lurched suddenly further over on to that side. The burning meths. ran out of its cup: the fire caught some scattered drops that I had spilt on the cooking table, and, in a moment the varnish of the galley partition was ablaze.

For a few seconds the sense of danger paralysed all thought and action on my part. At last I seized the fire extinguisher, but the catch on the pump seemed to be jammed. This flurried me, and, when I got it into action I squirted it with desperate carelessness at the flames.

By the time I had recovered any real sense of what I was doing the extinguisher was empty and the fire still increasing; in fact the stifling smell of chemicals was the only evidence that the extinguisher had been used at all. I now realised that if I stepped out of the boat I would sink helplessly into the mud, which by now stretched for at least fifty yards in every direction.

In the cabin there was a flap table, screwed to the floor: this I detached, and, leaning as far as possible over the stern, planted it in the mud with the flaps extended. I let myself down on to the platform thus formed and found that it was wide enough to prevent me from sinking.

What a scene! The boat falling apart in smouldering pieces and the flames scorching me as they licked round the stern: the setting sun casting a red glow over the land which seemed so distant and so desirable: no sign of human activity anywhere; only myself, waiting, like the victim of a heathen sacrifice, to swim for my life when the tide came in.



IN THE SPRING-----

#

IN the Spring, in the Spring,
The Cambridge Backs begin to sing,
And within the Fellows' garden
Even Fellows' hearts unharden.
Woe to Students caught a prying
When their seniors' gowns are flying
Lightly, when, on heel and toe,
Magister and Doctor go,
Past the crocus, past the lillies,
Past the yellow daffadillies,
Dancing, dancing, dancing on . . .
Don is hand in hand with Don
'Till the ringing bell for Hall
Calls them from their Bacchanal,
With puffing cheeks and hearts that sing,
In the Spring, in the Spring.



O LITTLE GIRL

O LITTLE girl,
With golden curl,
When you look down from your window high,
On three young men as they go by,
Why do you only stand and look
Like the Echo nymph by her mirror brook?
We have called, and called again,
Is it to be for ever in vain?

Echo us!
Echo us!

J. A. R.

THE WILL

WHEN I shall die, let not my grave
Be placed among the seats of man,
But rather in some mountain cave
Far, far away. Where only can
The honey-suckle find the place,
To enter where no man may tread,
And weep there in a twined embrace,
'Neath darkened walls in air of dread.
Think not I loathe to see a face,
And revel not in human things,
But Nature will not blend with base.
My every thought some beauty brings
Plucked from the realm of quiet and rest.
A lonely grave I'd love the best.

P. C.

THE LOST BOAT

A BALLAD

“**O** CAPTAIN, listen to the gale that tears the trees about, see, see the rain and see the hail; the boat cannot go out! The waves are rolling down the Reach before the winds that blow; on such a sea 'twould surely be impossible to row.”

The Captain's face was bitter stern, and loud he had to shout: “I am an oarsman first and last, what care I for the stormy blast? Today the boat goes out!” The word went forth, the crew came out (theirs not to hesitate); with one last look upon the shore they stepped into the eight. “Backstops!” cried cox (meanwhile the wind had quickened three times three); the Goldie flitted past like smoke, and ere the last command was spoke, ere they had rowed a single stroke, they reached the P. and E.

They had to back her down to wait for coach to cross the Grind, and even then they moved so fast they left him far behind. Three strokes, and they were down the Reach, the wind grew calmer now; they turned her round and gained the bank just opposite the Plough. The Captain yet was far behind (his name was Brian Warner); Puff went the wind! And there he was blown right round Ditton Corner. Then up and spoke the gallant stroke (his name was Ricky Lack): “I've rowed in many a race,” said he, “but in this wind and in this sea it would be sheer insanity—we can not row her back!”

The Captain's face was stern and set, he was not one to slack: “I am an oarsman first and last; what care I for the stormy blast? Today you row her back!”

He smiled sarcastically and said "Imagine it's a race," but when he turned into the wind the laughter left his face. His bike was blown from under him, his scarf was torn away; the crew were striking forty-five, but they could make no way.

"The waves roll up, the waves roll down; O cox, come back to shore!" But from the eight came back "Too late! We sink to rise no more." The waves roll up, the waves roll down, no crew is seen thereon; upon the tempest's wild lament, a fearful cry the Captain sent—"O God, what have I done?" Then driven by a deep remorse he springs into the river, and clutching on his megaphone to join the crew he sinketh down, beneath the waves for ever.

I. POLEY, BURSAR

I WAS returning to my rooms in Walnut Tree court at one o'clock of a Sunday morning. The night was cool, but the Madeira I had drunk in a friend's rooms on K staircase cast a warm glow about me. As I neared the President's gallery, I heard a low moaning and scratching in the cloister beneath it. I stopped short.

A dim figure in furry robes and a soft befeater hat was kneeling in the cloister, clawing at the ground, and showing signs of great distress. "I must get it back to the chapel, I must get it back to the chapel!" he moaned, and his voice sounded like the wind in a ruin.

"Get what back, ol' boy?" I asked, swaying against the wall. He looked up, and never shall I forget the expression of age-old sadness in those shadowy eyes. Then he was gone.

I put my hand to my head and walked over to the spot where he had knelt. Staring up at me from the ground were the words:

I. POLEY, BURSAR.

THE DESERTED GARDEN

ONCE Laughter danced along your paths and lawns,
 And sang sweet madrigals to listening ears,
 And once you fed the peacocks and the fawns,
 But now you have no dew but glistening tears.

And once upon a time your flowers bloomed bright,
 Your leaves were gay and gently fluttered down,
 Your water gladdened as it caught the light,
 But now you have no blossom for your cro w

Now Sorrow walks along those paths unkept,
 And sings sad ballads to the hanging larch
 For nothing is there left to see except
 The broken arbour and the rusty arch.

J.

TWO POEMS

I

A LITTLE smoke rises behind the hill
 Upwards to the sky
 Where winds are still
 And echoes linger far away
 In hazel woods—and die.

The smoke rises to the upper airs
 And stays no more,
 But stirs the lairs
 In mists, of phantom larks
 Flying over the moor.

II

I WILL buy lands
And till them with my hands
And bring forth fruits.
I will get corn
And sow it in the morn
'Twill grow and will have roots.

Cows I will rear
For milk. And I will shear
White wool from ewes
For clothes. For meat
Young oxen I will eat
Their hides for shoes I'll use.

Cool from the earth
Will spring, with joyful mirth
A brook, at hand,
There will I fill
My pitcher, and I will
There seek for silver sand.

Barns I will build
For grain, which I'll have milled
For daily bread.
A house I'll have
The floors with stones I'll pave
And there will place my bed.

M. H. B. COCKIN.

SOCIETY NOTES

THE following remarks have not been overheard by our staff gossip writer in and around Queens':

"I state without hesitation that cigarette smoking is the foulest habit of a degenerate race." Mr BROWNE.

"A feudal government and a landed aristocracy is what this country wants." Mr BIBBY.

"There's a *je ne sais quoi* about Ethel M. Dell that I adore." Dr COOK.

"I can't stand these noisy boat club louts." Mr LACK.

"No beer for me, thank you, it's such a coarse drink." Mr SELTMAN.

"I'm throwing a bit of a party to-night . . ." Dr MAXWELL.

"A little light humour is all right as long as it's clean." Mr SPROULE.

"Got a fag on you, old boy?" Mr LAFFAN.

"I gave the room a good dusting." A BEDDER.

"Heil Hitler!" Mr COHEN.

"Hurrah for the Girl Guides!" Mr WOOD.

QUEENS' HOUSE, ROTHERHITHE

IN the course of his speech at the Annual General Meeting, Mr Bache remarked on the improved condition of the slums of London, and said that this was largely due to the interest raised by such institutions as Queens' House. He pointed out however



Photos

J. A. Hulme

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE TOP OF
THE PITT PRESS TOWER

(By kind permission of the University Press)

that, although it has been comparatively easy to alter the conditions under which the people lived, it is not so easy to change the lives and outlook of the people themselves.

It is not too much to say that this can only be effected in the course of time by those who have had more advantages and greater privileges displaying a spirit of real interest and enthusiastic co-operation, without the least suggestion of superiority or condescension.

Mr Jessop has very kindly offered to take parties of three down in his car to Queens' House, on the occasions of his frequent visits, and has thus placed within reach of all who are interested, and who for various reasons cannot go in vacation, the possibility of visiting the House.

In the summer Mr Bache is hoping to conduct a 'Sale on the River,' and would like gifts of marketable goods for this purpose from members of the College. This should provide a suitable opportunity to be rid of many 'white elephants' which have accumulated with the years, and it is urgently requested that the fullest support be given to this enterprise since it is the first of its kind at Rotherhithe, and must not be allowed to prove a failure. Mrs Venn has very kindly agreed to be present, and to open the Sale.

The New Year's Party at Queens' House was held on Friday the 4th of January, and, after a large meal, an entertainment was given by Mr Arthur Ivey, whom Mr Bache had procured for the occasion. The President and Mr Browne were present, together with a few past and present members of Queens'.

The usual camps are expected to take place at Whitsun and in the Summer, and members of the

College are urged to take the opportunity to meet the boys while they are up here. With regard to the Summer Camp in the Isle of Wight it has been decided to make a nominal charge of 2/- per day on all Queens' men attending as officers.

In conclusion may it be said once more that a warm welcome awaits anyone from Queens' who cares to visit Queens' House. Mr Bache is always ready to receive such, and dinner, bed and breakfast can be obtained for the reasonable sum of 3/6.

D. M. HARPER, *Hon. Sec.*

THE GUILD OF ST BERNARD

THIS term, as usual, our four Masses have been said in Little St Mary's Church. Owing to the large numbers at Mass, we have had to continue the practice of eating our breakfast in Hall. The alms have been devoted to The Cambridge Mission to Delhi (14/6), to the Cambridge Fruiting Campaign (13/6), to the Universities Mission to Central Africa (11/6), and to Little St Mary's Church (7/-).

The meetings this term have all been held in K. 10, at which the speakers were:—The Warden of the Oratory of the Good Shepherd, the Rev. Canon Wilfred Knox, on The Incarnation and the Virgin Birth; the Vicar of Little St Mary's, the Rev. C. P. Hankey, on The Meaning of the Eucharist; and the Vice-Principal of Westcott House, the Rev. L. J. Collins, on The Problem of Evil.

J. Taylor and G. S. Lloyd have joined the Guild this term.

J. S. LONG, *Hon. Sec.*

ST BERNARD SOCIETY

ON Saturday, February 19th, a debate was held in conjunction with Girton College Psyche Society.

MR ABRAMSON proposed that "this House deploras the fact that canned Art and tinned foods are undermining the moral and physical welfare of the British nation." He stated that there were fifty-seven ways of approaching the question, and began to revile the entire house, including the President, on the grounds that an early nourishment on the philosopher Kant was preferable to that of "Cow and Gate" tinned milk. The present generation, apparently including the Hon. Proposer, he summed up as being unhealthy and immoral, perverted and paralytic.

MISS ROBERTSON speaking first for the Opposition demanded that the Victorians be returned to the attic with their Photograph Albums and their sackbuts and psalteries, and that the present generation should live a Bacchanalian existence amid the soothing notes of a gramophone. Tinned food she said could corrupt no one's morals.

MISS MALINS SMITH (Pres. Psyche Society) summed up her argument concisely: Tinned foods she said were at the the root of laziness, and therefore one of the seven deadly sins; potted theatres as heard over the wireless are far less enjoyable than sitting in the gallery amid a hailstorm of orange pips, for these latter introduce an element of excitement, if the play does not; and it is to be deprecated that the weak sentimentality of gramophone records is displacing the rough joviality of the ballads of some few years ago!

MR KEAN suspected the Psyche Society of being a branch of the Cyclists' Union, and discoursed at some

length on the virtues of some tinned baked beans of which he offered some samples unsuccessfully to the Hon. Proposer.

MR NOAKES proposed as a change to keep to the motion, and produced carefully prepared statistics on the number of fat men wearing spats. He invoked the aid of the Government in destroying this modern vice of canned cacophony and tinned turbot—they alone he said could carry enough weight to stamp out the tins.

MISS ARMSTRONG preferred the tinned foods of today to the mediaeval custom of tearing a whole roasted cow limb from limb. She noticed that they alleviated the servant problem, but not the bigger and more pressing one of Unemployment.

The following ladies spoke from the House, Misses Simpson, Black, Nanavutty, Malony, Strange and Taylor, and the following gentlemen, Messrs Eban, Cohen, Kenney, Barber, Blow, Chapman, Marsh, Harper, Taylor and Hawkin.

On a show of hands, the motion was passed by 7 votes.

On Monday, March 4th, a debate was held in the Old Chapel.

MR HARPER proposed the motion that "this House deplores the modernistic tendencies in Architecture, and trusts that they will not be perpetuated in the University buildings." He professed himself well qualified for such a task by reason of his being a great student of shapes and a master in the art of criticizing figures. He deplored all tenements, flat roofs, factory chimneys and all buildings of the lewd and basement sort.

MR HAWKIN declared that perpetuation was unnecessary, imitation a sign of decadence, socialism a type of gas factory for all practising and potential politicians

and the system of mass production a matter for depreciation. Architecture, he said, suddenly attacking the point is essentially intended to be useful.

MR D. L. MOSS defined modern architecture as an attempt at massive simplicity, and he deplored the fact that modern architects were fumbling in the dark in an attempt to fill the gap left by the destruction of pre-war tendencies.

MR M. A. J. FAREY said that the charm of Cambridge lay in the fact that it contained a complete history of architecture from Early Saxon to today, and he desired that it might continue so. He demanded that we should stand up for ourselves and put away the sham.

The following members spoke from the House, Messrs Haward, Bays, Herdman, Barber and Noakes.

The motion was won by 2 votes.

R. L. PEEL, *Hon. Sec.*

THE RYLE SOCIETY

THERE have been three meetings of the Society this term, when the subject "Non-Christian Religions", begun in the Michaelmas term, was continued.

On Monday, January 28th, Dr E. J. Thomas read a paper on Buddhism.

On Monday, February 4th, Dr Cook on "Greek Religion in the time of Christ".

Finally on Monday, February 25th, Dr Moule concluded the series with a paper on "Confucianism".

The meetings were all very well attended, and we should like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the Dean for so kindly placing his room at the disposal of the Society, and also for providing us with coffee.

J. D. S.

Q. C. ERASMUS SOCIETY

<i>President</i>	...	B. C. DENNIS
<i>Secretary</i>	...	R. A. F. WALLIS
3rd year representative		P. KIRWIN
2nd "	"	C. W. PHILLIPS
1st "	"	M. R. BOUQUET

AT the general meeting of the Society, held at the beginning of last term, the committee noted with disappointment that there were only five freshmen reading history, and that some third year historians had changed their subject, which unfortunately lessened the membership of the Society.

The second meeting of the Society was held on Oct. 29th, and as Dr Brooke was unable to come at the last minute, Mr R. R. M. Jones (Ridley) lent us his cinema projector, and the Society spent an enjoyable evening seeing films. Mr Reddaway came to us on Nov. 14th, and provided that kind of first-class paper which the Society has been accustomed to hear.

At the beginning of this term there was a regrettable incident when Mr Manning came to speak, but fortunately he took it in good part, and the situation was saved. This kind of thing is very reprehensible on the part of members, when one considers what the Society has been in the past, and how, without its help, the numbers of history books in the Library would be considerably smaller.

The next meeting was held on Feb. 20th, when Admiral Sir Henry Richmond came to speak, and gave an interesting paper on "The Development of Naval Strategy in the 19th Century."

Owing to the scarcity of historians in Queens', and

the seemingly lack of interest in the Society, its future remains in doubt, and will be decided by a committee meeting which will be held later this term.

R. A. F. WALLIS, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. SCIENCE SOCIETY

DURING last winter term we had our usual four meetings. The first paper was by R. Worrall on "Criminal Behaviour." At the second meeting R. Mosseri spoke on "Egyptian Agriculture," contrasting the old and new systems of irrigation very clearly. Following R. N. Haward's paper on "Photographic Chemistry," which was very lucid, we were addressed by Dr N. Feather on "Penetrating Radiation." Dr Feather illustrated the experimental side of his subject by excellent slides and photographs of electron tracks. We are grateful to Mr Sleeman for the use of his room and lantern on this occasion.

This term's meetings started with one by M. D. Logan on "Animal Ecology." The subject provoked considerable discussion. W. N. Bronner expounded the new theories of atomic structure with remarkable clarity in his paper on "The New Physics of the Nucleus." E. Cohen shewed, not surprisingly, a remarkable knowledge of his subject when lecturing on "The Gentle Art of Feeding."

We are looking forward to a paper by Mr Turner, well known to those who use the Botany Schools, on "Growth and Gravity."

R. WORRALL, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. B. C.

<i>Captain</i>	...	B. C. WARNER
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	...	J. R. BIGSBY
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	...	R. R. LACK

ONCE again we are pleased to congratulate the first Lent boat on winning their oars. Queens' have now risen to 8th on the river—not a record, as in 1924 the boat finished 6th in the Lents. But it must be a college record for the first boat to have made nine bumps in two consecutive years if not a University one.

The Club has now shaken off its old lethargy, and if the Junior members will follow the example set by their Seniors of going down to the river, with the intention of not only wielding an oar but of moving the boats and enjoying their rowing we should continue to do well enough to do credit to the name of the club. The members of the lower boats must remember that they will compose the first boat next year, and work in such a way that they will be prepared to take their place when their turn comes.

At the beginning of the term the first crew seemed to do an enormous amount of work individually, but did not achieve much in the way of effective results. The greatest trouble the coaches had with the boat were "Time and Rhythm"; several people forgot they were members of a crew and were too eager to get on to the next stroke. Mr L. H. East of Sidney Sussex instilled into the crew the idea of steadying themselves and allowing the boat to run, and after coaching for a fortnight he brought the crew up to such a pitch that Mr J. N. Duckworth was able to add the final polish and teach them to race and row hard in a keen and determined manner.

The first two days of the Lents were rowed in the worst weather experienced for several years. The week before a strong west wind had churned the Long Reach into a sea, which caused several boats to sink during courses rowed on the Saturday before the races, but Queens', if anything, benefited from the head wind and learnt to row steadier and more solidly. The first night a very good start was made and to everybody's surprise Christ's I. fell to Queens' before they got to the Ditch. This early success had the bad effect of making the crew expect to get Caius early on the second night. The crew did not settle down and after a somewhat scrappy row managed to get their bump just round Ditton Corner. The next night Emmanuel were caught in about the same spot. The last night the boat settled down again and St Catharine's were bumped about a length round Ditton Corner after a good row.

During the last three races the boat shot up considerably on the corners. This was due to the able coxing of D. K. Prior who has now had so much experience at bumping boats, that he skims quietly up on the inside on all corners; and when he strikes, shoots his bows up on to the stern of his objective in no mean manner.

The crew was as follows:

		st.	lbs.
<i>bow</i>	E. N. Bays	...	10 6
	2 J. L. M. Hole	...	12 7
	3 H. G. Wolskel	...	10 12
	4 D. W. Harris	...	11 10
	5 M. A. Collings	...	12 4
	6 W. D. Cragg	...	11 6
	7 G. B. Jackson	...	11 4
<i>stroke</i>	R. R. Lack	...	13 3
<i>cox</i>	D. K. Prior	...	8 9
<i>Coaches</i>	L. H. East (Sidney Sussex)		
	J. N. Duckworth (Jesus and C.U.B.C.)		

We should like to take this opportunity to thank the coaches for their very kind assistance.

The second boat's performance during the races was disappointing; true they were handicapped by illness for the last few days of training, but nevertheless they did not have that dash and will to win, which is required in a crew if it is going to do well. During training the boat was very steady and covered its water well when paddling, but there was not enough leg-drive or punch during the rows.

The first night L.M.B.C. III. caught Queens' at Ditton. A bad start was made and the crew did not settle down till after Grassy when L.M.B.C. was well up. The second night Queens' went down to St Catharine's. The last two nights the boat improved tremendously and rowed over on the Friday, keeping well away from Peterhouse II. On Saturday night the crew made a great effort and after a very steady hard row bumped L.M.B.C. III. back again at the Glass-houses.

The crew was as follows :

		st.	lbs.
<i>bow</i>	K. B. J. Meaby ...	10	3
	2 C. G. H. Rodgers...	11	11
	3 P. Bamford ...	11	3
	4 D. V. Skeet ...	12	0
	5 H. J. Downton ...	12	7
	6 J. A. Russ ...	11	12
	7 E. T. C. Tewson ...	11	2
<i>stroke</i>	J. D. Sproule ...	11	2
<i>cox</i>	P. A. Missen ...	9	3
<i>Coaches</i>	J. R. Bigsby		
	B. C. Warner		

The third boat made a very plucky effort, but owing to inexperience and very short training were unable to keep away from their followers.

On the first night they went down to Selwyn III, the next Peterhouse III. and the last two nights St Catharine's IV. and Clare IV.

The crew was as follows :

<i>bow</i>	F. K. Forrester ...	10	0
	2 G. Bean ...	11	4
	3 H. M. C. Every ...	11	3
	4 P. Courtney ...	13	1
	5 D. M. Hallowes ...	13	11
	6 G. P. L. Bretherton	14	5
	7 D. G. Boyd ...	10	0
<i>stroke</i>	M. Strachan ...	10	4
<i>cox</i>	R. J. R. Jenkins ...	9	0
<i>Coaches</i>	J. R. Bigsby		
	N. K. Hardenbergh		

R. R. LACK, *Hon. Sec.*

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

IT was unfortunate that the College team was unable to survive the first round of the "Cuppers" this term, for had it been successful against Trinity Hall, who ultimately reached the semi-final, there was every likelihood of Queens' being either in the semi-final, or even in the final. This match with Trinity Hall was a fast and furious affair, which revealed both the superiority of the pack, which had lost all the slackness it showed in the Michaelmas term, and the weakness of the backs. Unfortunately the ground was very muddy and slippery, and this in itself proved a handicap to the team, which was accustomed to the College's better-drained field.

In spite of these conditions the backs handled extraordinarily well, although they lacked speed and thrust, but it was heavy-going for the forwards. The College pack completely out-scrummaged their opponents, but the hooking was poor, and consequently the three-

quarters seldom had the opportunity of attacking. The match was lost by a goal and a try, to a try, which was scored by W. G. Shaw. Wood failed with the kick.

The remainder of the season has been most successful, and with twelve of the same team up next year there is every prospect of another good season ahead.

Of the forwards special tribute must be paid to D. A. Sherriff and J. Mellor, who were always up to support the backs, and who gave exemplary exhibitions of wing-forward play. V. H. Holloway and R. Fletcher combined very well at half, and W. M. Wood and A. C. Franks were prominent among the backs. G. E. Spear was generally reliable, and has the makings of a very fine full back.

Colours have been awarded to : E. L. A. Folker, M. A. J. Farey, R. J. Burleigh, J. A. Henman, G. E. Spear.

Half-colours to : C. D. Carver, J. W. Findlay, E. B. Greene, D. D. Law, P. R. Noakes, G. H. Parkinson, A. C. Reid and J. Walmsley.

D. M. HARPER, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. A. F. C.

OUR performance this year in the "Cuppers" was better than of recent years in that we reached the Second Round, defeating Magdalene 3—2, before being defeated 3—1 by St John's, who, at the time of writing are finalists. The standard of play in both "Cupper" matches, however, was below that which the team has displayed in other less momentous fixtures this term ; indeed, but for the hard work and good play of Barber, Hardenbergh and Tory, the team would have been thoroughly outplayed.

Other First XI. matches this term, while subordinate in interest to the "Cupper" games, showed an improvement in the all-round play of the team. A victory of 7-1 over Peterhouse in a belated League match is a measure of the progress of the Eleven since the end of October last, when almost the same side beat us 3-0. Other good matches were a goalless draw against Pembroke, and a surprise defeat of Downing I. by three goals to one. Selwyn, as ever, proved too much for us. The record of the team for the whole season is:

Played				Goals	
TOTAL	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
23	12	9	2	61	52

The Second XI. had somewhat better material this term than last, and after winning the majority of their matches in the earlier half of the term, gave a good account of themselves in the Getting-on Competition. Unhappily they were defeated in the final 3-2 by St Catharine's II. They deserve special commendation for the way in which they triumphed over their difficulties.

Full Colours were awarded to: J. M. Jennings, S. C. Compton, N. K. Hardenbergh, R. F. Walters, G. M. Tingle, A. R. Abraham, A. G. G. Long.

Half-colours were awarded to Taylor, Jakes and Chapman.

The following were elected candidates for office for the season 1935-36.

<i>Captain</i>	...	G. M. TINGLE
<i>Hon. Sec.</i>	...	A. R. ABRAHAM
<i>Committee</i>	...	R. F. WALTERS

G. M. TINGLE, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. H. C.

<i>Captain</i>	...	L. A. ELLIOTT
<i>Hon. Sec.</i>	...	V. B. JONES
<i>Committee</i>	...	E. J. ESAM

WE congratulate P. L. Trevorrow on obtaining his Blue, and L. A. Elliott on being elected to the Wanderers.

Thanks to Gordon the ground has been as good as usual, whenever it has been possible; but the weather has not been at all helpful, and a number of games have had to be scratched.

The Second and Third XI's have also been deprived of a few games owing to the absence of opponents.

C. Ll. Penn and E. G. Mosseri are to be thanked for their energies in arranging the Second and Third XI's.

There has been an increase in the number of those playing hockey this term, some regularly, others only occasionally; this is very encouraging, and it is hoped that it will continue next year.

The First XI. did not come up to expectations in the Cuppers, which was rather disappointing, as the side seemed to have settled down and was playing as a team; the forwards were combining well and had shown much more dash in the previous few games. But St Catharine's were definitely the better side and we lost 1-3.

The week's tour in Ireland has been arranged, the side is going immediately at the end of term, and has the week-end to settle down, and then there are four matches at the beginning of the week.

Results:—

							Goals	
		P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	
1st XI.	...	11	6	2	3	38	22	
2nd XI.	...	6	2	2	2	15	13	
3rd XI.	...	5	2	1	2	14	16	

V. B. JONES, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. A. C.

<i>President</i>	...	N. ABRAMSON
<i>Hon. Sec.</i>	...	M. M. SCARR
<i>Committee</i>		G. P. L. BRETHERTON

DESPITE the great promise shown by several Freshmen during last term, the Club has had far from a successful record. This has been largely the result of injuries and the fact that the Rugby Cupper was played on the same day as our Match with Downing, who, after eliminating us from the contest, finally went on into the semi-final of the Second Division Competition.

The Club does, however, show a recovery in that we have been able to turn out the full quota of entrants for almost every event. This is a decided improvement on last year. Our weakness appears to be in the Field events and the Club would be very happy to welcome any members of the College who have abilities in this direction or are willing to learn.

Full Colours have been awarded to H. O. Rodgers, R. O. Gordon, R. C. Spalding, J. Taylor and Half-colours to R. G. T. Bryan and F. A. Whitlock.

M. M. SCARR, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. CHESS CLUB

JUDGING by the number of victories gained this year, the Chess Club has experienced a very successful season. Of the ten matches already played, seven have been won, two lost and one drawn. These successes have largely been due to a considerable influx of new members at the beginning of the Michaelmas term and

it is hoped that such a degree of interest and enthusiasm will be maintained in future years.

Unfortunately in the Knock-out Competition the team lost to St John's rather unexpectedly, after having beaten a similar side by a considerable margin the previous term.

Our congratulations to the President, R. N. Haward and A. A. Wood on their having represented the University on various occasions.

Colours have been awarded to the following members: T. L. Herdman, W. A. Heap, R. N. Haward, A. A. Wood, S. M. Plotnick, A. H. Henson.

W. A. HEAP, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. S. R. C.

THE team has been less successful this term than last owing to the fact that it has rarely been at full strength. Of nine matches, seven have been played, and of these only one has been won.

A team of three strings was entered for the Inter-College Competition and was beaten in the first round by Caius II. by 0—3 matches, but again the team was not fully represented.

The following are Squash Colours for the season: J. R. C. Kenyon, R. L. Peel, D. G. B. Boyd, W. N. Croft, R. W. J. Maclure, G. Gneditch.

R. L. PEEL, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. RUGBY FIVES CLUB

IT is pleasing to note that there has been a great increase in the members of the Club; and although the standard of play is not as yet very high, there is every prospect of a good season next year.

The matches this term have been played mainly for practice in view of the "Cuppers". In the first round Queens' met St Catharine's and repeated their last year's success. In the second round Queens' met Christ's and were beaten after a very hard fight.

Under the new rules Colours have been awarded to:—D. C. Horton, T. Anscombe and J. W. F. Day: and D. C. Horton and T. Anscombe have been nominated for election as Captain and Secretary respectively, for the coming year.

D. C. HORTON, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. RIFLE CLUB

<i>Captain</i>	...	R. R. M. JONES
<i>Secretary</i>	...	R. A. F. WALLIS

THE Club has had bad luck so far this term, and has only won one match out of the four which have been shot so far. However, in compensation for this, there have been several individual successes. College clubs have been formed into two divisions by the C.U.S.B.C., and this year, and we have been placed in the first.

It is proposed to do open range shooting with '303 next term, and the Secretary will be glad to give information to anyone who may be interested.

R. A. F. WALLIS, *Hon. Sec.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"THE DIAL"

SIR,—I wish to protest against the existence of *The Dial*, and of College Magazines in general. I am unable to think of any useful purpose that such publications serve or ever can serve.

In the analogous case of School Magazines, two pretexts for their existence are commonly offered. The first is the need for some official record of those school activities which are most likely to delude parents who hear of them into thinking that the pupils are doing something worth while. The second excuse is that some scope should be provided for the energies of young poets.

It is fairly evident that neither argument is applicable to a College Magazine. With reference to the former, there is, in the first place, no need for an independent record of College activities, as apart from the official records given in the *Reporter* and the *University Calendar*, which are easily accessible to anyone. Secondly, few parents have, need to have or can be made to have any illusions about the activities pursued by undergraduates.

So far as poetry is concerned, it is doubtful whether any poetic genius has ever remained silent or unknown, because there was no College Magazine in which he could publish the verse he wrote at Cambridge.

Further, you Mr Editor, know only too well

- (a) That undergraduates rarely write poetry.
- (b) That those who do, rarely try to publish it.
- (c) That those who publish it, very rarely make use of the College Magazine for the purpose. It is only to be

expected that they will value the greater publicity which the far too numerous University papers can offer them.

I do not suppose I shall be able to persuade you to publish no number of *The Dial* this term, but should you publish one, I trust that you will enclose my letter. Should your successor designate to take the trouble to read it, his laziness, if not his sense of logic, will perhaps lead to his responding sympathetically to my suggestion.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

AESTHETE (Retired).

THE LIBRARY

DEAR SIR,—May I suggest that Queens' College should follow the example of others in opening its library to visitors? It is generally recognised that the library—in spite of later additions—is a very fine example of the Medieval Library. It would surely be more public-spirited if this were opened, at stated times, to visitors.

In the library is a door—always locked. A reference to the plan shews that this is a museum. This museum is reputed to contain, amongst other things, the signature of a Queen of England, one of the College's illustrious foundresses.

I suggest that the Museum would be of more interest if we could see inside it.

Yours sincerely,

B. M. O.

THE BATHS

SIR,—I make no apologies for bringing up a well worn subject. The baths are closed at eleven, and they should remain open until twelve.

Yours, etc.,

MORRISON HARPER.

DEAR SIR,—Cleanliness is next to Godliness. From this I argue that Dirtiness is next to Unrighteousness. Thus to close the baths at the hour when they are most wanted is to further the Devil's power in this College.

Yours, etc.,

E STAIRCASE.

BRYANT F. F. CRANE.

DEAR FRIEND,—I was a walking through this here Colledge one mornin', seeing if I could pick up a few fag ends, when I heerd one undergrad say as how the baths was closed at eleven. I'm only a pore cove, but excusin' the liberty, all I wants to arst is, wot are the gentlemen of England coming to?

Yr obt servant,

THE WORKUS.

OLE BILL.

[The Editor regrets that, owing to lack of space, he has been unable to publish all the letters received on this subject].

 THE ST BERNARD SOCIETY

DEAR SIR,—I should like to protest against the poor class of entertainment offered by the Q.C. St Bernard Society. I might add that I have never attended a meeting, and hope I never shall.

Yrs, etc.

DISCONTENTED.

THE MAY BALL

DEAR SIR,—The May Ball last year was a great success in all but one way—the financial. As Queens' is noted for being one of the most beautiful colleges, and as no effort on the part of the Committee was spared, we suggest that the only reason for the financial failure of the Ball was its coincidence with seven or eight other college balls.

We suggest and urge, sir, that another Ball be held, if not this year, then certainly in 1936, and that it be held on a Tuesday or a Wednesday night, In this way the deficit would be amply made up.

Yours, etc., inter alios,

R. L. PEEL

J. A. RUSS

J. D. SPROULE.

THE DOKETT GATE

DEAR SIR,—I imagine that a gate is primarily intended as a means of passage, and that if it is not available as such at the time when most needed, the gate or its controllers are worthy of censure.

I need hardly state to which gate I am referring ; when one comes down Queens' Lane at 7.15 to get one's gown from rooms in Friars, Dockett or Chapel Buildings, which gate would one use ? Which gate is locked ? And why ?

Yours, etc.,

ICONOCLAST.

MISCELLANEOUS GRIEVANCES

SIR,—In response to fervent requests by yourself, I am writing to lay my grievances before you.

At the age of ten, I possessed a high spirited pony. If anyone but myself went near him, he kicked them violently. Is there any engineer in Queens' who can invent a device that I can attach to my bicycle, that will perform the same action upon the scug who pinches it when I have one minute to get to a nine o'clock lecture? Perhaps also, he can invent a trap, which will hurl a heavy bar of wood or iron on to the head of the other scug who absconds with everything I leave in the cloak room by the Porter's Lodge.

Finally, why in thunder cannot something be done about locking the Dokett gate at such an absurd hour?

Yours, in a fairly angry frame of mind,

A. J. TAYLOR.

 NOTE PAPER IN THE ERASMUS ROOM

SIR,—I frequently arrive at the above room in the evening to find that the supply of note-paper and envelopes has been used up. Could not something be done to ensure an adequate supply of stationery?

I remain, sir,

Yours truly,

ANNOYED,

THE COMMITTEE

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The subscription to *The Dial* is 6s. 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.

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