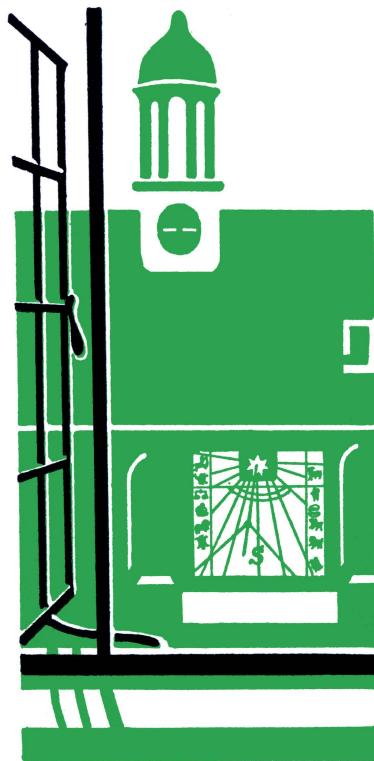


This copy contains an article on Mr. A. H. Moore



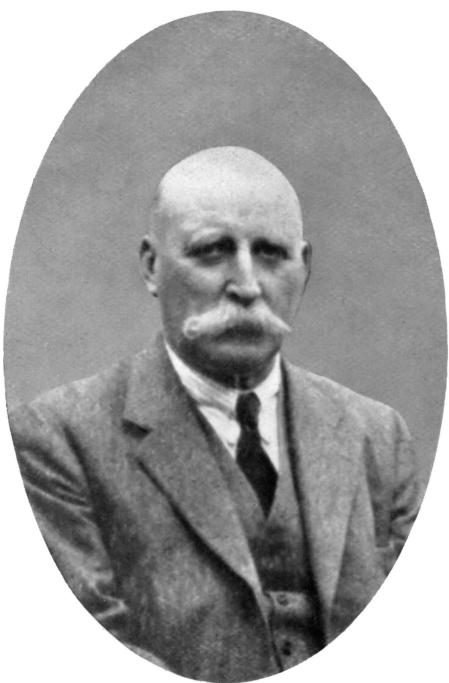
# THE DIAL

MICHAELMAS TERM 1935

## CONTENTS

---

	PAGE
Andrew Munro ( <i>photo</i> ) . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Editorial . . . . .	1
Reginalia . . . . .	2
Floreat Domus . . . . .	4
Obituary . . . . .	5
Irises . . . . .	11
Says Steve . . . . .	12
A Legend of Johnny Prye . . . . .	15
From New Zealand . . . . .	17
With Apologies . . . . .	20
Collective Security . . . . .	22
Reminiscence . . . . .	25
Her Life was like a Haunting Tune . . . . .	28
Queens' House . . . . .	29
Guild of St Bernard . . . . .	31
St Margaret Society . . . . .	32
The Ryle Society . . . . .	32
The Science Society . . . . .	33
Q. C. B. C. . . . .	34
Q. C. R. U. F. C. . . . .	36
Q. C. A. F. C. . . . .	37
Q. C. H. C. . . . .	39
Q. C. S. R. C. . . . .	40
Q. C. E. F. C. . . . .	40
Q. C. Rifle Club . . . . .	41
Q. C. Chess Club . . . . .	41
Correspondence . . . . .	42



ANDREW MUNRO

# THE DIAL

---

---

No. 81.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1935.

---

## EDITORIAL

SUMMER dies hard in Cambridge. The first fortnight of the Michaelmas term brings little change in the costumes and activities of undergraduates from those of the May term. True, where once were seen white flannels and cricket bats, now rugby goal posts reach skywards, and the pad of tennis shoes along the college paths has given place to the clump of soccer boots. But these are arbitrary changes; the spirit of Summer is still with us. Pullovers and polo-jumpers have not yet reappeared in the streets; an occasional punt moves along the Granta, and tennis players may still be seen making the most of every hour of sun remaining.

Steadily the scene changes. The chestnut by Queens' bridge loses its leaves early; the walnut stands bare by the first week in November; a sudden sharp frost strips the creeper on Friar's Building of its leaves and lays

them in red masses at its foot. Then the Michaelmas term really begins for us as we shall afterwards remember it: days of sharp cold and faint mist, long evenings, coffee parties by bright fires, 'flicks' and occasional 'blinds'.

And so we welcome this first term of the academical year. Queens' has renewed her youth with the annual influx of Freshmen; the Second Year men look round with a more expansive air, while the old hands are grimly determined to fill every minute to the full. Examinations still lie below the horizon. So let us in this term profit by the opportunities afforded by our University years, in order that when we have gone down we remain for ever grateful to the College which has shaped us for life.

### REGINALIA

F. H. CULPIN (1925—28) was married last summer to Miss Dorothy Dowd of America at Christ Church, Yokohama.

\* \* \*

A. C. Thackray (1932—35) has been awarded the Senior University Scholarship to the Middlesex Hospital, 1935.

\* \* \*

We congratulate the Boat Club on the victory of its entry in the Clinker Four Races.

\* \* \*

David B. Keith (1932—35) is at present with the Oxford University Arctic Expedition in N. E. Land as surveyor and ornithologist. He will not be returning till September, 1936.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to P. C. Kirkpatrick on his Trial Cap, and to M. M. Scarr on running in the Relay Races against Oxford.

\* \* \*

Three acres of ground have been acquired from King's adjoining the Barton Road ground. They will be used for a new hockey field and additional tennis courts.

\* \* \*

The two squash courts to be erected by the New Building are to remain open till 10 p.m.

\* \* \*

On Poppy Day the College collected £86.

\* \* \*

## FLOREAT DOMUS

News of old Queens' men who went down in 1935.

*H. W. Adenby* is a medical student at the London Hospital.

*F. Barber* is an Assistant French and Games Master in Manchester.

*H. C. Bibby* is a Master at Oulton School (Co-educational).

*W. N. Bronner* is an Assistant Master at Winchester College.

*H. R. Carter* is a Master in the English Mission College, Faggalla, Cairo.

*D. G. Cox* is working for the Civil Service Examinations.

*L. A. Elliott* is at the Divinity School, Dublin University.

*J. A. Esam* is a Law Student.

*G. Gneditch* is studying architecture at University College, London.

*D. W. Harris* is apprenticed to a firm of Marine Engineers on the Tyne.

*W. A. Heap* is an Accountant's Articled Clerk and is studying for his LL.B.

*T. L. Herdman* is a Research Engineer in the Television Laboratory at Pye Radio Works, Cambridge.

*J. V. Inglesby* (formerly Vredenburg) is reading Industrial Chemistry for one year at Oxford.

*J. M. Jennings* is at work in James Hartnoll Estates Ltd., London.

*J. R. C. Kenyon* is articled to a Chartered Accountant. His engagement to Miss Olga Winther was announced on September 20th.

*P. A. Lee* is an Engineering Apprentice in Manchester.

*J. S. Long* is training for Holy Orders at Addesdon Theological College, near Oxford.

*A. W. N. Oatway* is studying medicine at St Thomas's Hospital.

*C. Shaw* is an Assistant Master at Burton Grammar School.

*P. C. Sheppard* is a Modern Language Master in Swansea Grammar School.

*W. C. Stokes* (1931—34) is now an Assistant Master in Poole Grammar School, Dorset.

*W. K. A. Taylor* is a Science Master, Scunthorpe Grammar School.

*W. T. Walker* is engaged in medical practice.



MR A. MUNRO (right) with MR J. S. MUNRO and family (left)



MR A. MUNRO, MRS WALLACE, MR WALLACE

## OBITUARY

ANDREW MUNRO, Vice-President and Bursar of the College, died on the first of July, five days short of his sixty-sixth birthday. Never a robust man, he had of recent years felt the tug of a lessening tether. Golf had to go, motoring followed, even the Highlands were left unvisited. Little by little, too, failing health had curtailed his teaching activities, though while strength held out he never spared himself in the discharge of duty and to the last kept in touch with the intricate details of his official work. His friends however were only too well aware that his mind was more competent than his body, and when, halfway through March, he retired to his favourite haunt, the Dormy House at Sheringham, they felt that he was then, as always, doing the wise thing and taking the one chance open to him of partial recuperation. But it was not to be. The gradient was steep, and the end came swift and merciful.

To undergraduates of the second and third years 'Mr Munro' was a familiar figure, leaving the lecture-room, crossing the court, sitting in Hall, frequenting the football-field or the tow-path. Men who came back to take their M.A. found 'Munro' the most courteous of hosts with a remarkable memory for past achievements in athletics or otherwise. Their seniors, whose privilege it was to share his life from month to month and term to term, knew 'Andrew' for a man and a brother, hard to lose, impossible to replace.

Academic life has adventures and even romances of its own, but they are of the mental, not physical, order. The actual happenings of such a career are soon told. Munro was born on the sixth of July, 1869, at Invergordon in Rossshire, where his father, Andrew Munro senior, had married Margaret Small, sister of John Small the Librarian of Edinburgh University. Young Andrew was sent for a couple of years (1879—1881) to the Royal Academy at Tain, and for twice that time (1881—1885) to the Chanonry School in Old Aberdeen. The Principal of the latter school was a well-known man, Dr Anderson, whose brothers founded the Orient Line. But the greatest influence brought to bear on the boy was that of a master, ‘Johnny’ Mackenzie, who showed much interest in his obvious gift for mathematics. The link between them was so strong that, when Mackenzie passed on to The New Grammar School in Aberdeen, Andrew Munro followed suit and boarded with him for another year (1885—1886), as did his younger brother William Ross Munro. Schooldays over, he spent the next four years (1886—1890) at King’s College, Aberdeen University, where he graduated M.A.

In mathematics, as in classics, the ablest Aberdonians, prompted perhaps by unconscious desire to emulate bygone border-raids, are apt to flock southward and see what prizes they can carry off from the strongholds of Sassenach learning. Munro, successful in open competition, won a Foundation Scholarship for Mathematics at Queens’ in 1890. Two years later he took Part I. of the old Mathematical Tripos and was bracketed fourth Wrangler with Pocklington of St John’s. In 1893 he was placed in Class I, Division ii, of Part II.— a position which within a month led to his election as a Fellow of Queens’. Here for the next twenty years he

devoted himself with unflagging industry and singular success to the duties of College Lecturer, Director of Studies, and Supervisor in Mathematics, working throughout in close association with the Bursar and Senior Mathematical Lecturer, William Montgomery Coates. On most things these two saw eye to eye, or at least stood shoulder to shoulder, and at a memorable debate in the Senate House in 1909 both made a determined effort to 'save the Senior Wrangler'. In 1912, on the death of his friend Coates, Munro succeeded to the Bursarship, and to his admirable tenure of that office the College owes much of its present prosperity. It was at his advice that in the years following the War most of the College farms were sold and the proceeds invested in Government stocks. And thanks to his bursarial tact large reserves were gradually accumulated, which have recently enabled the College to enter upon a programme of notable expansion.

These are the bare biographical facts. But thus stated they convey a most inadequate impression of what was really a very exceptional character. It is seldom easy to unravel the threads of personality. But in Munro's case it does seem possible to note a few well-marked causes which at least contributed to the main effect. For one thing, he came of a banking family. His father was a banker. So was his elder brother, John Small Munro. So too is his younger brother. Financial acumen ran in his very veins. And this, I fancy, intensified two further qualifications—on the theoretical side a distinct talent for mathematics, on the practical side an ultra-Scottish attitude of caution and reserve.

His mathematical powers I am of course quite incompetent to appraise. But his former pupil and

present successor, Dr Maxwell, tells me that he was a very sound mathematician who, while not the author of any original contribution to the subject, left lecture-notes on a wide variety of branches, arranged and indexed with minute care. ‘He was, at any rate in later years, more interested in Applied than Pure Mathematics, though the notes include advanced work in Geometry, and his library contained most standard books recently published. Pupils will remember his curious faculty, when presented with a problem new to him, of writing down seemingly irrelevant symbols, contemplating them, and suddenly (but almost infallibly) producing the answer.’

Munro’s instinctive prudence, acting on a nature essentially kindly and sympathetic, gave him a rather pawky sense of humour, which prevented him from fostering undue hopes even in his most promising scholars. I recall one such who, taught to the uttermost, was sent in for the Tripos with a final word of encouragement: ‘Well, you must do what you can do’—and then *sotto voce* the warning ‘it won’t be much!’ But on occasions the pupils too could score. Once, not so long ago, it was observed that the black-board in the lecture-room behind the Chapel bore a single half-obliterated line *ORA PRO NOBIS*, a *graffito* variously interpreted by various minds! Of course caution, Caledonian or otherwise, can degenerate through successive stages of ‘look before you leap’ and ‘wait and see’ into what Sir James Mackintosh dubbed ‘disciplined inaction’. Worse still, the sequel may be inertia, atrophy, and ultimate stagnation. Munro used to admit, half in jest but also half in earnest, that he always voted against any change. However, in a society like ours this vice was something of a virtue:

at least it served as a useful check on rash experiments. And it must be conceded that, when the distasteful innovation had been duly proposed, seconded, and carried, nobody accepted it with better grace than the man who had blocked its beginnings. Munro was a Conservative, but a Conservative of the right Cambridge breed.

Having once settled down to the life beside the Cam, he was true to his principle *j'y suis, et j'y reste*. As Bursar he had of course to go round the College estates. But he did not often travel far afield even in the 'Long', being mostly content with annual visits to Scotland. There he was a member of the Lossiemouth Golf Club, and at Elgin a welcome guest in the house of his cousin Dr G. Dickson, whose father Professor W. P. Dickson of Glasgow University (the translator of Mommsen's *History of Rome*) had many years before married a sister of Munro's mother. Latterly he had somewhat widened his range. He went with Dr and Mrs Fitzpatrick for the 'grand tour' round the Riviera to Naples, Constantinople, and on through Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. He went with the present writer to Switzerland, and—together with Mr A. D. Browne—to Italy and Sicily. He accompanied Mr E. B. Grant on a visit to North Africa. And lastly he travelled with the President and Mrs Venn, north to Scandinavia, south to Spain and Morocco. But though he thus sampled three continents, these trapings were only like the epicycloid that comes back and back to its parent circle. *East, West, home's best.* Munro's thoughts centred about Cambridge, and for him the centre of Cambridge was Queens'.

And this brings me to mention what I believe to have been the deepest-seated and most consistent trait in his

character—sheer loyalty to his friends, both individually and collectively.

He lived under six successive Presidents, Phillips, Campion, Ryle, Chase, Fitzpatrick, Venn and served them with an almost feudal fealty. But the real lode-star of his University life was Coates, who with wise prevision left him as guardian of his children, Mrs Wallace the novelist and Basil Coates of our War Memorial. Other intimate friends included Cowell the Senior Wrangler of 1892, with whom in 1893 he went a walking tour in Scotland and met, among others, the King and Queen then on their honeymoon at Braemar. Common interests and mutual regard bound him also to Mr and Mrs Welsh, Mrs Nevinson and her daughters, and others too numerous to name, for he had a quiet receptiveness that invited confidence. He trusted and was trusted by his subordinates, Dungate of the College Office and Chamberlain of the Kitchen Staff, while the bond of Highland blood united him to Bremner the Head Porter. Towards them all Munro showed a courtesy and consideration too rare in these ‘ram-you-damn-you’ days. And there is not one of his associates who will fail to recall some proof of his unselfish devotion. A trivial example that I happen to remember will serve. Munro was a nervous man, habitually scared about infection and very sensitive to draughts. Yet, when we shared a room at Palermo and I sickened with influenza, nothing would induce him to change his quarters. And when on the way home we had to queue up for the steamer in a biting wind, I felt a hand come over my shoulder and pass me a warm comforter that he had himself been wearing. The little self-forgetful act was just like him.

But if he cared for individuals much, he cared for the

College more. Not only our prestige in the Senate House and our triumphs in the Tripos, but our place in the League, our position on the River, our chances at Henley all meant much to him. And realising, as he did, that the College had suffered in the past from lack of wealthy benefactors, he set himself with silent determination, through long years of abstemious self-denial, to make good that defect and was able to bequeath to us and to those who shall come after us the most munificent endowments that Queens' has ever received.

On July the fourth we laid him to rest in the little graveyard on the Huntingdon Road, side by side with Fitzpatrick, beneath a fine Scotch fir. And so ended a life of single-hearted devotion. Ended? Who shall say? He that is 'faithful over a few things' may yet be made 'ruler over many'.

A. B. C.

### IRISES

ONCE like a rose you blossomed in my heart  
Who now, 'mid shadows of old dreams, fade past  
Into forgetfulness: save when.....there passed  
Even now a laden common Clichy cart  
Creaking to Passy from the clamorous mart,  
And, topping it, in rushen baskets cast,  
Great irises in crowded beauty, massed  
Like purple flame. O sudden tingling smart  
Of memory !.....we, pacing idly down  
The yew-close in the gradual green light,  
And on your form the silken iris gown  
You loved to wear: a-flush, your eyes grey-bright  
With happiness, your hair a russet crown.....  
And yet that day our dream took sudden flight.

B. DHINGRA.

## SAYS STEVE

"**B**UT I *don't* see," said Henry, "*why* shouldn't you have pastry for lunch if I offer it?"

I sighed wearily. "Henry," I said, compassionately, your brain would seem to be decomposing: haven't I told you I'm in training? If I choose to belong to the Walking Club, I must obey Walking Club rules."

"Well," replied Henry, "I'd be obstinate. What are you in training for, anyway?"

"Really, Henry, you know there are times when you pain me. For the twentieth time, be informed that Maurice has arranged a walking tour for the 23rd, and that I have decided to go on it—"

"All right, I know," Henry cut in, "but what are you training for?"

"Well," I said, sadly, "of course, if it had been left to Maurice, nothing desperate would have happened—but when Reggie barges in, you can expect anything..."

"You mean that Steve bloke?" queried Henry.

"Yes," I answered, with (I believe) a grim look. "That Steve laddie just came along and said he'd arrange everything. So nicely, too. Yes, walking on the 23rd, training begins on the 10th. Very essential, training rules: first, cold shower—vital——"

"Great Scot!" ejaculated Henry, "you mean, you have a cold shower every morning?"

"Ay, lad," I said, patronisingly.

"*Every* morning?"

"Sure. Don't ask me why. Steve says it's an Excellent Practice—what else matters?"

"Lord," said Henry, "you coward. So you don't eat a meringue, because Reggie thinks Steve is a Big Bug. Well, I reckon you deserve all you get."

"Henry," I explained, with infinite patience, "these things are hidden from babes, such as you. You seek to subvert one of our oldest institutions. You are dangerous. You are an anarchist."

Quelled by this outburst, Henry contented himself with asking meekly, "Will you have a doughnut?"

This was the last straw. Doughnuts and I are inseparable when I'm not in training. I leapt up in a frenzy and shook him by the shoulders. "Henry! You've touched me on my tender spot. Almost would I give up training, for a doughnut. But Steve says doughnuts are bad for me, and Reggie orders a gallon of beer instead. Put it away. You anger me. You irritate me horribly."

"Beer?" echoed Henry, "You mean to say these bottle parties are *training* parties?"

"You bet your life," I told him. "Mind you, I know it sounds a bit off the rails, but if Steve says beer is The Thing, well, we must pour it in. But no doughnuts. Bah!" The last remark came savagely from one as peaceful as I. "And no flicks, either. Avoid crowds. 'Flu. Hall's all right, of course—I mean, no-one in Hall would dream of having a cold. But an afternoon show with an audience of about two is infectious beyond words." The phrase was meant to be witheringly satirical, but Henry seemed merely puzzled. "I can't see the fun of doing all this," he said. "What do you train *for*? I can't make any sense of it."

"Henry," I rejoined, pityingly. "Suffer me to give you a glimpse of Things To Come. On the 23rd inst. the great day will have arrived. We shall partake of an enormous breakfast—one of Steve's ideas, this—and set off buoyant. It's really superfluous to point out that the dyspeptic human frame refuses to sanction such enthusiasm after an enormous breakfast. An impression as of one tying

many complicated knots in the interior of the eating apparatus becomes so vivid at the first pub that a halt must perforce be made. The lucky accident of the proximity of the pub, it may be remarked, is a godsend. At the second pub, the digestive system seems to be definitely decrepitating. ‘Beer!—Beer!—Quick!—Never mind, chaps, well walked!—Keep it up!—Nearly half-way now?—Stop again, another half-pint, Bert!—Soon home!...’ So the tour proceeds, dismally and jerkily, punctuated only by lively rounds of pub.”

Henry’s eyes goggled. “But what on earth is it *for*? he asked helplessly.

“Henry,” I said, “kindly imagine with me for one moment the joy of the *end* of that day. Training is over. Cigarettes, sherry, theatre, women, bed till mid-day, welcome relief—what a prospect! No shower tomorrow ...Steve forgotten...”

Enlightenment spread over Henry’s countenance. “You mean to tell me that these here blokes put all their guts into training just for the sheer relief of getting *out of it again*? ”

“That,” I replied, “is exactly what I do mean. Destroy that theory, and seven-eighths of the training rules become the work of a lunatic. And I don’t suppose that even Cambridge is as yet completely denuded of common sense.”

This revelation was too much for Henry, who was still gazing blankly into the fire when I went off to do my afternoon’s skipping.

D. V. S.

A LEGEND OF JOHNNY PRYE,  
OR  
GREAT ST MARY'S BELL

SAINT MARY's bell hangs in the tower  
Of Great St Mary's, whence, each hour,  
With slow and weary-sounding knell  
It tolls Time's endless passing-bell.

Long years ago, in days of yore  
There lived an undergrad who swore  
That come what might, that bell should stay  
Its brazen clangour for *one* day.  
He pondered long, he pondered oft  
On ways and means to climb aloft.  
He knew the dangers that he ran—  
He knew that if the clock began  
To strike the hour with thunderous din  
While he was climbing still within  
Small hope had he to reach the ground  
With all his limbs both safe and sound.

The fatal night comes round at last,  
And Johnny Prye, heart beating fast,  
Sets off to climb St Mary's tower.  
The clock has struck the quarter hour  
Before midnight, when he appears,  
Armed, not like knight with shield and spears  
But with a mighty file and hacksaw

(For with that tool he was a crack saw).

He picks the lock, he climbs the stair,

Attains the belfry platform where

That noble bell in silence lay

Waiting to usher out the day.

A short ten minutes he may spend

Before he must in haste descend ;

And so he sets to work amain

To cut the clapper's rusty chain.

He labours long, he labours fast

And often on his watch does cast

A fevered glance, lest still he strive

When dreaded midnight hour arrive.

Alas ! his watch too slow is set ;

The clock begins to strike while yet

He plies his file..... !

And that is why

That bell still chimes with sad monotony.

'SPASMODIC'.

## FROM NEW ZEALAND

SOME memories of Queens', mainly of the Boat Club, over sixty years ago may be of interest. When I entered the College in the Michaelmas term, 1871, the Boat Club could only raise one eight! There were not enough rowing men for trial eights and we joined with Downing; four Downing and four Queens' men in each boat. What a difference!

In the Lent term our sole boat was very low in the Second Division. At that time there were three divisions: the Second and Third rowed in the Lent term and the First and Second in the May term: the Second on four days and the First on six. We had a good crew and went up four places, and by rowing a very fast stroke—bucketing in fact—all the bumps were made before or while rounding Grassy. This style of rowing did not meet with the approval of the C.U.B.C. who protested that we were endangering the University rowing. They did not however see their way actually to forbid it and the style was not modified. On the Sunday after the races we filed out of Chapel to the strains of "See the Conquering Hero comes" played by Charles Villiers Stanford, choral scholar and organist, who afterwards migrated to Trinity.

It was, I think, in 1872 that sliding seats were introduced at the Universities. The Second Division boats had them fitted, but this was stopped by the C.U.B.C. A member of the crew, whose name I cannot recall, hit upon a brilliant idea for evading the rule. The grooves in which the sliding seats moved were filled in, so as to enable the oarsmen to slide on the seats aided by a liberal application of grease! The

device did not have the success it deserved. On our return to the boat-house one afternoon, we were met by a deputation from the C.U.B.C., who after inspecting the arrangement—there was no concealing their grins at the sight of the state of the flannels—decided that although we had obeyed the letter, we had offended against the spirit of the law, and the old fixed seats were refitted. Three bumps only were made in the May term 1872. We had the bad luck to miss getting into the First Division by only just failing to bump, at Ditton, Christ's, the sandwich boat, which was stroked by Shafto, who afterwards stroked the Cambridge boat against Oxford. Our boat did not keep its position, and by the end of the May term 1874 it had gone down several places.

But that is anticipating. One of the three boats we bumped in June 1872 was a Lady Margaret boat in which a brother of J. H. D. Goldie was rowing, who had coached the boat, and who during the race ran alongside shouting encouragement in a voice heard above the usual roar from the towing-path. Goldie was, I suppose, the finest stroke Cambridge has ever had. He could detect any fault in the rowing of the men behind him and would shout out corrections. It will be remembered that it was he who stayed the long run of Oxford victories. He failed in 1869, but he succeeded in the three following years. It was, I think, in 1872, that one of the stays of his outrigger snapped in half just after the start of the race and he could do little more than set the stroke. Foul play was suspected; an enquiry was held, but nothing came of it.

Trinity at this time had a Second Boat Club which was understood to be composed of reading men. While I was up a second club was started at St John's,

familiarly known as the ‘Pigs’, because I think, of the colour they chose—yellow and red. We changed our colour from green and white to green and black. R. J. G. Freeborn, who stroked our boat in 1873, I believe, was afterwards tutor to the Duchess of Teck’s children, one of whom is of course our present Queen.

Is there I wonder a Noah’s Ark still afloat? It was a six oar in which some of the Dons used to take exercise. Two members of the crew were G. Pirie, Tutor, and E. Temperley, Bursar, and also Professor Fawcett of Trinity Hall, who afterwards became Postmaster General. As he was blind he rowed stroke.

There was not a Football or Cricket Club. One Long Vac. we got together an eleven. One of the matches played was against King’s School, Ely. My recollection of this is that they beat us and gave us a very satisfactory lunch. We played croquet and tennis and quoits on a piece of ground alongside the Fellows’ Garden. On summer nights the nightingales delighted us—or some of us—with their song. Their descendants, I hope, still sing there.

The older members of Queens’ will remember the incidents I have jotted down, yet it may be pleasing to have them recalled to their memory. This is my response to your invitation for contributions from abroad.

ALFRED CROOKE.

## WITH APOLOGIES

IT is a frantic Editor,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
“ By thy working hands and slavering mouth,  
Now wherefore stoppest thou me ?

The late Hall doors stand open’d wide.  
And I have a place within ;  
The guests are met, the feast is set :  
May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
“ There was a mag.,” quoth he.  
“ Hold off ! unhand me, trembling fool ! ”  
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
The Faithless One stood still,  
And listens like a three years’ child :  
The Editor has his will.

The Faithless One sat on a stone :  
He cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that harassed man  
The bright-eyed Editor :

“ You promised me a week ago,  
Scurrilous knave ye be,  
A stunning smashing article  
To fill my heart with glee.

You promised me with show of zest  
The wait should not be long—”  
The Faithless One here beat his breast  
For he heard the deep Hall gong.

*J. L. M. Hole*

SUMMER IN THE ENGADINE

*Photo*



The Dons have paced into the Hall,  
Wrinkled are they and bent ;  
Nodding his head before them goes  
The reverend President.

The Faithless One he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that worried man,  
The bright-eyed Editor :

“ An orphan’s curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high ;  
But oh ! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in an Editor’s eye !  
Seven days, seven nights, you saw that curse,  
And yet you would not try.”

“ I fear thee frantic Editor ! ”  
“ Be calm, thou Faithless One :  
’Tis but a warning now I give ;  
But ere the morn, if you would live,  
Your duty must be done.”

“ O spare me, spare me, holy man ! ”  
The Editor swelled his chest.  
“ Say quick ” quoth he, “ I bid thee say—  
My power wilt thou attest ?

From this time forth whate’er I bid  
Thee think or speak or write,  
This shalt thou do, nor blink a lid ;  
Thou art my slave this night.”

The Editor whose eye is bright,  
Whose brain is crazed with care,  
Is gone : and now the Faithless One  
Turned from the Hall’s warm glare.

He went like one who has been struck  
By lightning from the sky ;  
But worse, far worse than such bad luck  
Is the curse in an Editor's eye !

G. M. T.

### COLLECTIVE SECURITY

A SUB-COMMITTEE was appointed to examine the question. The business of the session was pressing and the protest had not been lodged in time to be included in the agenda of the meetings. So a sub-committee sat on it and incubated it. Meanwhile the main business was discussed at length. The assembly dealt in due course with all the pressing matters of international significance put before it. After nine months deliberation some momentous decisions were reached, and greeted with unanimous applause. A commission was established for the assistance of belated migratory birds, a private firm was given a monopoly for the distribution of anti-seasick pills on all the seven seas, a letter of condolence was sent to the survivors of a flood in China, and a consignment of mittens was despatched to the Esquimos in the distressed areas about the magnetic pole.

Then the sub-committee delivered its report of which the assembly proceeded to take cognizance. A barbarous member, Rasselias, had protested that his country was being attacked by a civilized member. The sub-committee proved conclusively that this was false because war had not been officially declared. The act was classed under Article XIV. as a crusade of civilization. Hereupon the sub-committee was dis-

solved. Other disinterested members however soon demonstrated that this was a fallacy. Article V. plainly stated that all actions of this kind must be collective; that one civilized nation had no right to forestall its sister civilized nations in the disinterested task of civilizing another, especially when rich natural resources were at stake. The sub-committee was reconstituted to deliver a report on the following questions. (a) Whether all the civilized members should join in the civilizing or (b) whether the accused should be restrained in his excessive zeal. There was an adjournment for tea and biscuits after which the sub-committee reported that in the interests of civilization it was the duty of the other members to join in. They drew up a plan showing how everything would be shared out. This was communicated in full to Maraschino, the head of the disinterested civilizing nation. He surprised the assembly by objecting and saying it was too late and he ought to have been informed before, that he had told his people to increase and multiply in order to inherit the new country and that he must go on or he would have nowhere to put the babies. So he went on.

Then Sir Shamwell Tart, the head of another big nation rose and made a speech. "Gentlemen" he said, "my people have long considered undertaking the very same civilizing mission which has now been embarked on by my friend Maraschino and which we deprecate so strongly. We now consider that far the most practical means of gaining our ends is not by isolation and individual effort but by co-operation with the other members. To show the complete disinterestedness of my country I place at your disposal our whole fleet and fighting forces. We are convinced that only

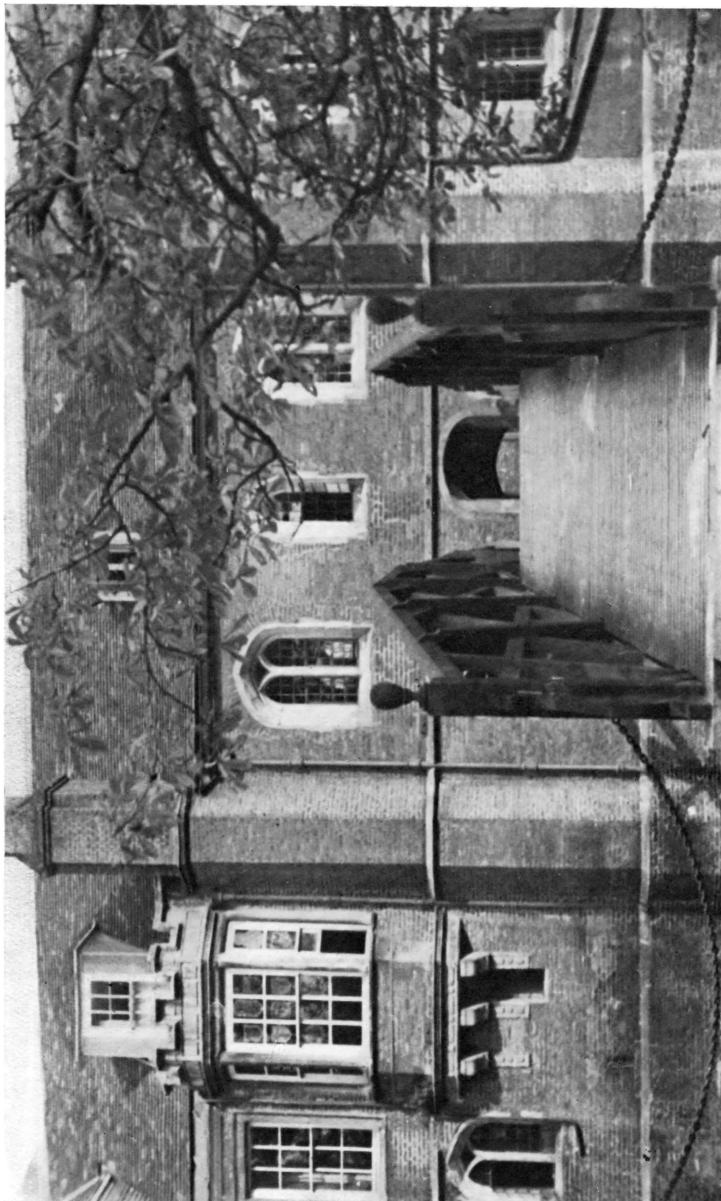
under the collective authority of the assembly can the disinterested ideals of individual members be attained. For the preservation of the freedom of the seas it is essential that our fleet should have them in its control and for the advancement of civilization it is imperative that the government and exploitation of new countries should be placed in our hands." All the deputies clapped and voted that Sir Shamwell was right and that Maraschino was wrong. They told Maraschino that he must choose between stopping or letting them join in. He refused both.

Then they decided to punish him. They voted that his crusade was a war since it was not carried out in the interest of the other civilized nations. Then by unanimous resolution they agreed that the barbarous country was civilized and that Maraschino's country was barbarous. That put them on the side of Rasselas and justified them in accepting Sir Shamwell Tart's offer of military and naval help in the interest of civilization so as to start a crusade of their own under Article XVI. They stopped sending Maraschino bullets and guns to fight with, making him quite uncivilized, so that he had to give up altogether. Then he was civilized again by paying the costs of the campaign to Sir Shamwell Tart. Rasselas showed his gratitude by granting Sir Shamwell large oil and mineral concessions and spheres of influence in his newly civilized country. Fired with the success of this co-operation for collective security the assembly had a group photograph taken and adjourned for cocoa and digestive biscuits. After this routine business was resumed.

P. F. D. T.

*Rodney Jones*

QUEENS' BRIDGE  
*Photo*



## REMINISCENCE

MY greatest friend in College was rather a remarkable man. Soon after his arrival in Cambridge he came to the conclusion that, though university life was on the whole valuable, it also contained a great deal of the ridiculous.

When he went into Hall for the first time and the gong rang and the Latin grace was recited, his chuckles were audible to everyone sitting at his table. It was a disgraceful performance.

I will leave to the reader's imagination my friend's amusement when he first saw a Proctor followed by his Bulldogs; but in this he was not original. The peculiar whimsicality of my friend is better shown by the fact that he was quite as much amused when he first saw a rowing man attired for a night out in evening dress and an unshapely rowing blazer. But even that does not indicate the full extent to which my friend had diverged from the common rut of his fellows, for when he observed that the rowing man was tight he seemed for a moment to have been turned to stone, then he said "damn!" very feelingly, strode off towards his digs and was seen no more that night.

Newnham and Girton were favourite targets for my friend's ridicule. "Humph," he would say, "Five thousand men to five hundred women. It's not fair! What's more, it's unreasonable. The five thousand men quarrel with each other over the meagre spoil, while the spoil itself is spoilt by too much attention." My friend delighted in puns of this kind, though I must say that they never seemed to me as funny as they seemed to him.

He was merciless to any of his friends who seemed to him to be spending an undue proportion of their time in philandering. "What," he would say, "is the object of a University education? I don't know. But I do know certain things that it is not. No man has yet justified his existence by smooth conversation and much coffee drinking. Look at old X, now—he spends the morning in the Dorothy and the evening in Girton. What has he to show for his day's work?—not even the mark of rouged lips on his rugged countenance." And here my friend would break off into a loud and vulgar guffaw.

Such remarks were naturally irritating to Mr X, and my friend made enemies of all his acquaintances who would not regard such outbursts as mere offshoots of one of his whims, or realise that they were meant seriously and yet kindly, and that, though exaggerated, they usually grew out of a seed of truth.

In term time he maintained an average of eight hours work a day. Of these only six would be devoted to engineering (which was his subject), and the remaining two would be spent in what he called "tuning himself up". That process involved the study of contemporary news, politics and literature, and it always seemed to my friend to be a very serious and important business. In his first term he had attended the meetings of every political society in Cambridge, and had finally come to the conclusion that he was founder, leader, and sole follower of the Mr —— party (I am sorry that I am unable to reveal my friend's name). By far the largest plank in the platform of this unusually single minded party was the abolition of the present University system. "It is rotten to the core," he would say, rolling out the words with considerable relish, "vulgar snobbery

is the governing factor in University life under the capitalist system—vulgar snobbery! the foulest and most decadent vice in the world". And he would pause to digest his disgust in silence. But my present purpose is not so much to summarise the views of my friend, as to illustrate his character.

I never walked through the town with him, or punted with him on a Sunday afternoon without hearing a flow of satire on the people we saw. He never passed the Copper Kettle without a quiet gibe at the faces which peered from its windows, and a person about whom he had nothing to say might indeed feel complimented.

One day I expostulated with him on the subject.

"Do you," I asked, "ever consider what these people think of you?"

"What anybody who doesn't know me may think of me," he replied, "is obviously valueless." "Why then," I asked, "do you spend so much time in making remarks about people you have never met?" That roused him. "You don't mean to tell me," he said warmly, "that you are such a damned fool as to imagine that my random comments are the last words I have to say about the people to whom they are applied? To me that ridiculous looking chap in a teddy-bear coat, on the other side of the road is no more than a flat picture, a kind of caricature. If I was introduced to him, that original flat impression would fill out like a balloon and I expect I should find him quite a decent sort of cove. I try to regard these people impartially, as if I were a departed and omniscient soul revisiting the haunts of my youth, but of course I know perfectly well that my soul is not omniscient."

During the Long Vac. at the end of our second year my friend was killed in a motor smash. It often occurs

to me to wonder whether he now finds that the impressions he collected were at all accurate.

Then I wonder whether he is able to remember what was happening so few years ago. I wonder whether he still exists at all ; and so I continue to wonder.

ANON.

### HER LIFE WAS LIKE A HAUNTING TUNE

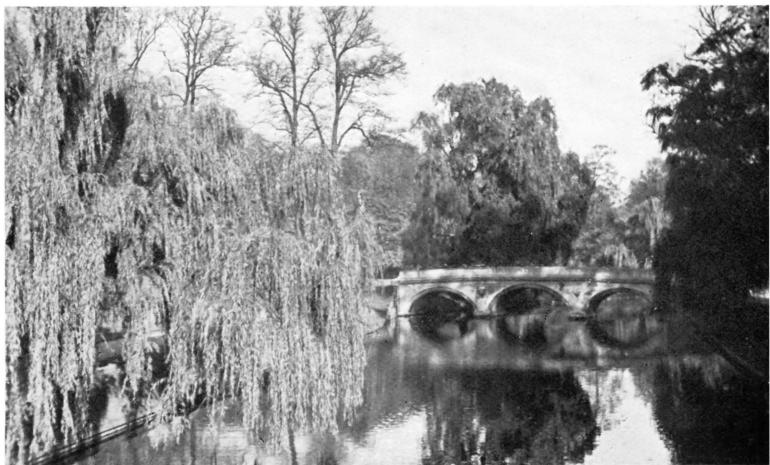
HER life was like a haunting tune,  
Charmed from a spinet's yellow keys,  
A tranquil grace that made my heart  
Dream with a sense of ease.

A face to muse on by the marge  
Of some gold-lilied silent mere...  
To muse on till the daylight ebbs  
And the white stars appear.

The hair was gold, like bracken dead  
In sunlight, when the wind has stirred ;  
The elfin music in her voice  
Made magical each word.

Her life was like a haunting tune  
Charmed from a spinet's yellow keys,  
Now grieving and alone I hear  
Death's grim discordancies.

B. DHINGRA.



*Photo*

WEEPING ASH

*Rodney*



*Photo*

VIEW FROM QUEENS' BRIDGE

*R. F. Walters*

## QUEENS' HOUSE, ROTHERHITHE

THE Annual General Meeting of Queens' House was held on Friday, November 8th, in the Old Chapel, the President being in the Chair.

The Treasurer presented a highly satisfactory financial report, especially from the point of view of resident B.A.'s and undergraduates, whose subscriptions during the last year exceeded those of the preceding year by a few pounds. He sincerely hoped that this standard would be maintained.

In the absence of Mr Bache, Head of Queens' House, who at the moment is at a theological college preparing for ordination and hopes later to return to the Club as a part-time curate of the Parish, a small committee has been set up to be in charge of affairs in Rotherhithe. Mr Pater, a member of this committee, and an Old Queens' man, who faithfully visits the Club once a week, was present to address the meeting.

The basis of work at Queens' House, Mr Pater said, is the Scout Troop, which all are encouraged to join. The activities of the troop include the Whitsun camp at the College, and the Summer camp in the Isle of Wight, which apparently this year was a great success and was very much enjoyed by the 55 boys who were present. There were three undergraduates helping at this camp; and it should be pointed out that a hearty welcome is always extended to members of the College who care to join them for however short a time, and those who can do so are urged to visit the camp in the future and do what they can to help. During the past year there has also been a bazaar in Rotherhithe, kindly opened by Mrs Venn, and this realised £30, the success being chiefly due to Mr Bache's untiring work.

Mr Pater went on to mention the concert that it was hoped would be run for the boys on the last day of term, Friday, December 6th, and said how welcome any Queens' men would be at this time, as at any other, and that he hoped some would stay the week-end at the club. The Christmas Party is fixed for New Year's Eve, and anyone wishing to go is asked to get into touch with "The Committee", Queens' House, 47 and 49 Rotherhithe Street, S.E.16.

Finally, Mr Pater confessed that it was a great pleasure to come and tell us of the magnificent work that Mr Bache was doing, and he called upon the College to assist Mr Bache in this work, by increasing the subscriptions raised, and also by taking a personal interest in the Club itself. That the work was well worth while could be seen from the fact that in the present absence of Mr Bache, the brunt of the management was falling on a boy, living in Rotherhithe, who had been brought up in the Club; which showed how some of the aims and objects of the Mission were being achieved.

Earlier in the term, the Rev. A. E. D. Youles, in whose parish the Club is situated, preached in chapel. In the course of his sermon, he pointed out that the needs of the body are comparatively well cared for nowadays in the slums—cared for at the expense of the soul. What are needed to-day, he said, are men who can show forth in their lives and, if necessary in their words, that Christianity works, and that lives can be changed, even lives in the slums.

G. E. SPEAR, *Hon. Sec.*

## THE GUILD OF ST BERNARD

HERE have been three meetings this term and numbers having been increasing at each meeting. The first meeting was held in J. D. Sproule's rooms and Rev. A. R. Vidler, of the Oratory of the Good Shepherd and Chaplain to the Guild gave a most interesting paper on "The Church and the University with special reference to the Guild of St Bernard and the mission to be held in the University next term". There were unfortunately few people there, but this was due to the fact that there were other meetings and Old Boys' dinners being held at the same time.

Rev. R. Bowyer-Vin, Chaplain of King's College, spoke to us on "The Sacraments" at the second meeting. His paper and the subsequent discussion were most valuable.

The third meeting attracted a large number of men to hear Rev. C. D. Waddams, Chaplain of St Catharine's College address the Guild on the large subject of Reunion and Intercommunion. An admirable paper was followed by a most interesting discussion, as a few members of the Free Church were kind enough to come and present their views.

There have been four masses this term. The alms were allocated as follows: 10/6 to Queens' House; 6/6 to U.M.C.A.; 8/6 to Kelham, and 6/3 to Little St Mary's Church.

We are glad to welcome to the Guild A. J. M. Beloe and R. A. Shone.

R. F. WALTERS, *Hon. Sec.*

### ST MARGARET SOCIETY

*(The Editor regrets that this account was omitted from last term's Dial.)*

THE May Week Concert took place on Thursday, June 13th, at 9.0 p.m. There was a record attendance, and the College Hall was filled to overflowing. The varied programme was greatly appreciated and the two principal artistes were enthusiastically applauded.

Irene Scharrer combined great technical skill with perfect interpretation. Mary Bruce sang some German and English groups with a richness of tone which justifies her fame as an operatic contralto.

The College Orchestra augmented by a few willing helpers from Downing College was well conducted by H. S. Davis. Judging by the applause, the unison songs and madrigals were also a success.

After the concert, exceptionally pleasant weather enabled us to appreciate well-provided refreshments in Cloister Court, and to stroll in the illuminated grove to the strains of the orchestra which played from a floating stage just below the President's garden—an innovation which was a fitting conclusion to a successful evening.

R. F. WALTERS, *Hon. Sec.*  
M. M. BULL.

### THE RYLE SOCIETY

THE Society has held two meetings so far this term; the third is to be held on Friday, November 29th. The subject for the term has been "Is there a God?"

On Friday, October 25th the Rev. J. S. Boys-Smith

read a paper on "The Evidence for the Existence and Nature of God", dealing chiefly with the philosophical side of the question. This was followed on November 22nd by a talk from the Rev. H. Carter on "Some Difficulties in the Belief in God". At the third meeting J. F. Friend, Esq., will speak on "The Value of the Evidence of Religious Experience".

As there has been no fixed membership, attendance has been erratic, but the discussions afterwards have benefitted by a wider variety of opinion.

It is hoped next term to take "Foreign Missions" as our subject.

We here take the opportunity of thanking the Dean for the use of his rooms and for his hospitality.

A. G. H.

## SCIENCE SOCIETY

THREE meetings were held this term. The first paper was by A. A. K. Whitehouse on "The Causes of the Glacial Epochs", when the many theories on this subject were discussed. This lecture was illustrated by lantern slides, kindly lent by the Professor of Geology. At the next meeting A. Standeven gave a very complete account of the processes occurring in the digestion of food, in his paper on "The Fate of Food". At the third meeting two papers were given. G. Mackay's on "The Cathode Ray Oscillograph", including the varied uses of the instrument; followed by R. Latham's on "Microscopy" illustrated with slides of some good photomicrographs which he had himself taken.

We are indebted to Mr Sleeman for the use of his lantern for illustrating slides on two occasions. The final meeting of the term had to be cancelled owing to the illness of the lecturer; but it is hoped that Dr Baldwin will be able to give his paper next term.

A. A. K. WHITEHOUSE, *Hon. Sec.*

### Q. C. B. C.

<i>Captain of Boats</i>	...	R. R. LACK
<i>Vice-Captain of Boats</i>	...	H. G. WOLSKEL
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	...	G. B. JACKSON
<i>Committee</i>	...	M. A. COLLINGS

THE Boat Club has had another successful Michaelmas term, and for the second year running succeeded in winning the Cambridge University Clinker Four Races. In the Head of the River race the First Boat went up two places.

P. C. Kirkpatrick is to be congratulated on his Trial Cap.

The Clinker Four went into training on October 20th and was coached during the early stages by Mr H. M. C. Price. From the first the crew had much difficulty in sitting the boat level, and thus, coupled with the bad weather conditions and the Trial Eights, held the work up considerably. However, Mr J. N. Duckworth took over the coaching on October 31st, and during the last week the crew improved a great deal. The first race, against St Catharine's, was won easily; the second against Corpus, was not so good, and was rather a mad scramble. Saturday's race was the best, for Caius were two seconds up at the Red Grind. The race was won by six seconds after a big spurt home.

The crew was as follows :

bow G. B. Jackson  
2 H. G. Wolskel  
3 M. A. Collings  
stroke R. R. Lack  
cox R. F. R. Jenkins  
Coaches : J. N. Duckworth (Jesus & C.U.B.C.).  
H. M. C. Price (Queens').

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking the coaches for their kind assistance.

During training the Head of the River race boats had to be much tampered with, and this accounted for the fact that no very startling results were achieved. J. A. Russ was brought to stroke in the First Boat during the last ten days, and the crew came on considerably. The Second Boat, which last year tied with the First, did not come up to expectations, and dropped back again. However, the Third Boat went up very creditably. The crews were as follows :

#### FIRST BOAT

bow E. T. C. Tewson  
2 J. D. Sproule  
3 A. G. M. Bean  
4 F. A. R. St John  
5 J. L. M. Hole  
6 D. V. Skeet  
7 G. B. Jackson  
stroke J. A. Russ  
cox R. J. R. Jenkins  
Coach : H. G. Wolskel

#### SECOND BOAT

bow K. B. J. Meaby  
2 J. G. F. Clews  
3 A. Hertzberg  
4 J. G. Nicholls  
5 H. J. Downton  
6 G. P. L. Bretherton  
7 P. Bamford  
stroke C. G. H. Rodgers  
cox G. G. Cragg  
Coach : M. A. Collings

#### THIRD BOAT

bow P. E. Hughesdon  
2 C. L. Bodvan-Griffith  
3 A. G. Cox  
4 M. A. P. Wood  
5 A. T. Al-khalil  
6 P. G. Coleman  
7 L. D. Blathwayt  
stroke P. A. Deane  
cox P. A. Missen  
Coach : G. B. Jackson

The Crock Pot race, between the Second and Third Fairbairn Cup boats, was held on November 16th, and was won by the Third Boat, which was given a handicap of two minutes; it covered the course in 18 min. 52 secs. while the Second Boat took 17 min. 17 secs.

G. B. JACKSON, *Hon. Sec.*

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

**W**ITH twelve of last season's colours available and the promise of several good Freshmen, the prospects at the beginning of the season were good. Unfortunately the team did not settle down until half-way through the term, and this resulted in the loss of the first five matches (although three of these we lost by not more than two points). Early in the season, too, we were handicapped by injuries to V. H. Holloway, R. J. Burleigh and D. A. Sherriff. Since then the team has shown better form. We have won five of the last seven matches and scored 106 points against 50 by our opponents. The best performance was against Caius, whom we defeated 16—5.

The side has combined well and played good forceful football with plenty of dash. The forwards have shown fine form in the loose and provided the backs with a large share of the ball. Nevertheless there is plenty of room for improvement, especially in the line-outs and getting back in defence. The three-quarters have given signs that they should be a really fine line, when they develop a little more understanding between themselves. Fletcher and Holloway play well together as halves, and make a strong link between forwards and three-quarters. G. Spear is safe at back.

The Second XV. have so far had a good season; the forwards, led by Crozier have been mainly responsible for the success of the team and at times have displayed great form. The Third XV. has not been quite so lucky as regards material, owing to injuries and abs. and of the few matches arranged, half had to be scratched.

Our congratulations to D. M. Harper on his Seniors' Trial and Sixty Club colours and to H. S. Clarke on his Freshmen's Trial. D. A. Sheriff and C. J. D. Hooper were unlucky in not playing although picked as reserves in the Seniors' and Freshmen's Trials respectively.

Half-Colours have been awarded to: D. M. Maw, D. W. F. Charlton, H. S. Clarke and C. J. D. Hooper.

E. L. A. FOLKER, *Hon. Sec.*

### Q. C. A. F. C.

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

**I**N spite of the fact that there were only four old Colours in residence at the beginning of this term, the First eleven has been very successful, and deserves due praise for the many good results it has achieved, perhaps the best being a 7—2 victory over Clare. At the present there is every chance that we shall gain promotion to the First Division, if we are successful in the remaining League matches.

The side has played well together, no individual being outstanding and it is to this that we must attribute most of our success. The defence has played steadily throughout the team and the forwards have an

excellent goal record to their credit, though more "life" and effort is still needed if goals are to be scored consistently.

There are still three League matches to play all of which have been postponed until next term. The results for this term are :

	GOALS					
	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
League Matches	11	7	4	0	34	24
All Matches	14	9	5	0	48	33

The number of members in the Club has been rather small—an experience not confined to this College alone—and consequently much difficulty was found in the earlier part of the term in fielding a Second Eleven resulting in all the matches in the latter half of the term being cancelled. Second Eleven matches, however, are already being arranged for next term when it is hoped that there will be a larger membership and a special effort made in order that a team may be entered for the "Getting-on Competition".

In the matches that were played the Second Eleven fared badly, though some of the team showed promise of being much better players with more practice.

The results of the matches played were :

GOALS				
P.	W.	L.	D.	F.
7	2	4	1	10
				14

Washington and Markwick both gained a trial in the Freshmen's match and the former has since played several times for the Falcons.

Half-Colours have been awarded to : H. C. Willmott, E. S. Washington, R. P. Jesse, J. W. Tuchschild, G. A. Ford and G. W. W. Markwick.

A. R. ABRAHAM, Hon. Sec.

## Q. C. H. C.

Played 12; won 5; lost 6; drawn 1

**A**T the beginning of the term the side showed considerable promise, so that of the first eight matches five were won, but unfortunately this form did not continue. The lapse may be partly accounted for by lack of practice as several games had to be scratched on account of the weather. In goal J. W. F. Day is always safe and at times brilliant, while V. B. Jones does much more than his share of the work in defence. The backs show a marked tendency to hang on to the ball too long, but at times exhibit good stick work. The forwards have on rare occasions played together, but as a line fail to combine and often show a remarkable reluctance to shoot, although R. C. Wordsworth often does good work on his own. The prospects for the "Cuppers" are by no means depressing, as with more practice and combination, we should develop into a decent side.

The Second XI, under the captaincy of R. F. Wallis, has lost only two matches this term. In goal Matthews is a tower of strength, while Adeney is a good defender. Among the forwards Pouncey plays a good game. In the "Cuppers", they met a strong Clare side in the second round.

The Third XI, under the leadership of S. H. Langston, was defeated in the "Cuppers" by Emmanuel. They have been unfortunate in having eight matches scratched.

E. T. O'Reilly and P. H. N. Matthews played in the Freshmen's Trial, and J. W. F. Day, V. B. Jones and R. Cranston in the Seniors' Trial.

R. S. C.

### Q. C. S. R. C.

NEINE fixtures were arranged for this term. The College won one match, lost five, and three were scratched. The standard of play is low, and I hope that in the future more people will take up the game, and those who play already will get more practice.

There are 16 entries for the Freshmen's Competition. In the final round C. C. Walker beat T. G. Moulds.

D. G. B. BOYD, *Hon. Sec.*

### Q. C. ETON FIVES CLUB

S EVEN matches were arranged at the beginning of this term. Some of these unfortunately had to be scratched. Matches however were played against Emmanuel, King's, the Old Olavians and another Old Boys' side. Queens' won two of the matches. Only one freshman plays Eton Fives, and he unfortunately got his arm damaged early in the term.

N. I. BARTHolemew, *Hon. Sec.*

### Q. C. RIFLE CLUB

*Captain* ... R. R. M. JONES  
*Hon. Secretary* ... R. A. F. WALLIS

THE Club has had a very successful term at the .22 range this year, and has won four out of five matches, thus being second in the first division of the Inter-Collegiate League. Some members have shot on the open range and we congratulate G. H. English on winning the Fresher's Spoon. We also congratulate R. R. M. Jones on shooting for the C. U. S. R. C.

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

### Q. C. CHESS CLUB

OF six matches already played this term only two have been won. The general standard of play in the Club has been good and our lack of success can be attributed to our lack of outstanding players on the top boards.

The number of Freshmen joining the Club has been very small; fortunately several new members from the Seniors have considerably augmented our playing strength. Of these D. M. Hallowes has rapidly risen to a high position.

We congratulate the President and J. S. Lloyd on representing the University on several occasions.

A. H. HENSON, *Hon. Sec.*

## CORRESPONDENCE

*To the Editor of "The Dial"*

SIR,

May I raise my voice to deplore the gross indifference with which the College regards the St Bernard Society? On November 14th a debate was held to discuss a subject of great social and political interest; the attendance was poor and the most lamentable fact was that not a single freshman put in an appearance (save three who spoke on the paper). There can be only few explanations for this: (a) they may not have been aware that the Debate was to take place; (b) they were too lazy to attend; (c) they were too dull to be interested.

The first explanation is easily ruled out; an appeal for speakers had been issued very early in the term and a decorative poster in two colours had given due warning of time, place, subject and speakers. The second and third explanations are probably both correct, and apply to the College as a whole. Yet I refuse to believe that there is not a place for a debating society in Queens'; there are certainly enough intelligent and public-spirited people to form one. The question is really whether it is worth while for the St Bernard Society to continue the holding of debates, as nothing seems capable of attracting an audience of reasonable dimensions. The whole essence of successful debating is enthusiasm from speakers and listeners alike and no one can be expected to do himself justice when addressing an audience of empty chairs and bottles and a bare handful of human beings.

Yours, etc.,

P. R. NOAKES  
*(Hon. Sec. Q. C. St B. S.)*

[The Editor wishes to remind correspondents that in order that letters may be printed over a *nom de plume*, the writer's name must also be sent in to him].

## THE COMMITTEE

---

PROFESSOR A. B. COOK.  
L. J. POTTS, Esq., *Treasurer.*  
P. F. D. TENNANT, Esq., *Censor.*  
G. M. TINGLE, *Editor.*  
J. B. BROWNE.  
M. A. COLLINGS.  
J. E. KENNEDY, *Sub-Editor.*  
J. W. TUCHSCHMID.  
P. R. NOAKES.

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.

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

J. Hall & Son