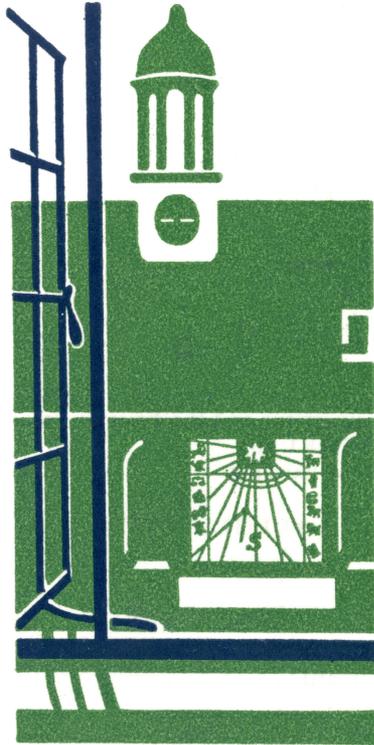


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# THE DIAL



MICHAELMAS TERM 1937

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THE EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA ON HIS  
VISIT TO QUEENS' THIS YEAR

*(Photo. M. A. P. Wood)*



# THE DIAL

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No. 87.

MICHAELMAS TERM 1937.

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## EDITORIAL

“**A** THING of shreds and patches” but by no means “a dreamy lullaby” might well be the definition of the motley that we lay before you, and we ask you to take it as it is, and make as many allowances as your charity will admit. We know that if you, gentle readers, had had the task, it would have been “a far, far better thing,” but that is not the way, for life is full of Hamlets, and few men fill their rightful stations.

At the end of this year, we realise that we have lived through one of the most important twelve-months of our time, and our three years here have seen some startling events. As ‘Freshers’ we came up with the sound of Gustav Holst’s “I vow to Thee my country” still ringing in our ears from the Silver Jubilee. In January we mourned the King whom we had accepted as the one unchangeable throughout our childhood, as we stood in the rain at Hyde Park, and saw the one we thought would reign over us walking bareheaded behind

the coffin of his father. Hardly were the stamps of the new reign issued than we heard strange tales, and as we were going down this time a year ago, we were stunned by the news of the abdication. Our Second Year was not ended before our present King and Queen had been crowned, and many of us, standing in the Mall, must have thought of that wet January day eighteen months ago, and wondered at the instability of things. In these three years we have seen Ethiopia become the Italian Empire, Spain become a holocaust, and China a desolation.

But Cambridge remains the same, apart from a few changes in the way of Buildings, Bedders, Bikes and Beards, and we are truly fortunate, for none of these, we trust, will vitally affect us.

And that is one of the few justifications for this Magazine that we now lay before you. We, in our foolish Editorial pride, undoubtedly think it has a snap and verve sadly lacking in past numbers. We set out to bring you something that would make you catch your breath with a whistling noise between your teeth; we fear it may only come out slowly between your open lips in a long yawn. But there is a silver lining, for we know you will laugh once; so with the faint sound of that laugh ringing in our ears we pass out into the Elysian Land where all good Editors go, to meet those who have written these same words since *The Dial* began.

R.I.P. and let R.I.P.

## REGINALIA

**W**E congratulate E. L. A. Folker on gaining his Blue for Rugby Football, and wish him every success for the University Match on Dec. 7.

\* \* \*

We congratulate E. S. Washington on gaining his Blue for Association Football and also wish him the best for the following day.

\* \* \*

We congratulate P. C. Kirkpatrick on gaining his Trial Cap for the third time. We trust it will be "third time lucky," and that he too will get his Blue.

\* \* \*

We also congratulate A. R. Abraham on playing in the University Association Football team more than once this term.

\* \* \*

We congratulate N. E. Mitchell on gaining his Relay Colours in the 4 × 880 race against Oxford on Nov. 27.

\* \* \*

We congratulate C. M. A. Bathurst and G. P. S. Mellor on gaining Freshman's Rugby Trials and on representing the LX Club on a number of occasions.

\* \* \*

Mr Potts has pointed out that the College is represented in almost every University Team this term—Rugby and Association Football, Hockey, Trial VIII's, Relays, Lacrosse, Fencing, Shooting, Swimming and Ju-Jitsu.

We congratulate J. C. T. MacRobert on editing the *Varsity Weekly* in such an exemplary manner.

\* \* \*

We congratulate Mr M. Ingram, M.A., an old member of the College, on his marriage to Miss Joyce Eyles of Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks, on September 4th, 1937.

\* \* \*

We congratulate P. R. Noakes on being such a successful Secretary of the Union.

\* \* \*

We congratulate the College on coming 8th in the list of Poppy Day Collections, with £104. 8s. 5d. This is thought to be a record.

\* \* \*

Since the Long Vacation the Kitchens have been completely overhauled and rebuilt, and the changes have greatly contributed to the smoother running of that side of the College.

\* \* \*

We congratulate D. G. Wraith on gaining an £80 scholarship to St George's Hospital, and A. Ll. Armitage on his Commonwealth Fellowship at Yale.

\* \* \*

We congratulate the printers.

\* \* \*

Finally we would like to congratulate ourselves and every member of the College on not being sent down this term. A noble record, men.

## FLOREAT DOMUS

- T. Anscombe.* Ridley Hall, Cambridge.
- A. Ll. Armitage.* Timothy Dwight College, Yale University, New-haven, Connecticut, U.S.A. Commonwealth Fellowship for two years to Yale.
- P. Bamford.* Churt House, Westcott, Dorking. Articled Clerk to solicitors.
- J. M. Beloe,* Holkham, Norfolk. Egerton Hall Theological College.
- J. Bromhead* Douglas House, Petersham, Surrey. 2nd Lieut. R.E.
- R. W. Chapman.* 14 Lovaine Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 2. Advertising. (Maximum time at H.Q. so far 8 days on end).
- R. S. Cranston.* 27 Antrim Mansions, Hampstead, N.W. 3. Articled to firm of chartered accountants.
- H. S. Davis.* Russetings, Wall Hill, East Grinstead, Sussex. Royal College of Music.
- G. Fingland.* 27 Park View Crescent, Leeds, 8. King's College, London University.
- J. E. H. Griffiths.* 47 Liverpool Road, Kidsgrove, Stoke on Trent. St Mary's Hospital.
- A. H. Henson.* 45 Lartwood Road, Balham, London.
- J. A. Henman.* 48 Billesley Lane, Moseley, Birmingham. Assistant Works Engineer, John Wilkinson's.
- A. G. Hort.* Westcott House, Cambridge.
- P. J. E. Jakes.* 3 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2. Articled clerk.
- D. D. Law.* School of Artillery, Larkhill, Salisbury Plain, Wilts. R.A. Officer.
- A. C. Lewis.* c/o Lloyds Bank Ltd, 6 Pall Mall, S.W.1. R.E. Officer.
- G. S. Lloyd.* Ferndale, Ferrers Road, Oswestry, Salop. Cuddesdon Theological College, Oxford.
- A. G. G. Long.* Aldington Rectory, Ashford, Kent. London Hospital.
- R. M. Marsh.* 1 Cantelupe Road, Bexhill, Sussex. Colonial Service Probationer. Trinity College, Oxford.
- G. H. Parkinson.* 147 Queens' Drive, Wavertree, Liverpool, 15.
- S. M. Plotnick.* Cecilienallee. 10, Berlin, Dahlem, Deutschland. Teaching at a German Private School.
- P. G. Pointer.* Morton House, St Neots, Huants.
- J. D. Porter.* 59 Sutton Court, Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey. Prep. School master.
- A. G. Pouncy.* Little Sunnymeade, Hayes Lane, Wimborne, Dorset. B.C.M.S. Theological College, Bristol.

- E. Reynolds.* 92 Abingdon Road, London, W.8. Film Industry.
- C. G. H. Rodgers.* Ferndene, Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire. Cadet Engineer, Kenya & Uganda Railways and Harbours.
- R. C. Spalding.* 10 Dudley Grove, Epsom.
- G. E. Spear.* 4 Ennerdale Road, Richmond, Surrey. St Thomas' Hospital.
- J. Taylor.* 347 Manchester Road, Astley, Manchester. Royal Aircraft Establishment, S. Farnborough.
- A. A. K. Whitehouse.* Research Chemist with Bakelite Ltd, Birmingham.
- F. A. Whitlock.* 73 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5. St Thomas' Hospital.
- D. G. Wraith.* 41 Branksome Wood Road, Bournemouth. St George's Hospital.

## BETWEEN OURSELVES

### PEOPLE WE MET WHEN SOLICITING CONTRIBUTIONS FOR *THE DIAL*

MR BROWNE was adamant, and the following conversation took place :

"Oh please write just a little, Sir."

"Certainly not." (Walking rapidly).

"Couldn't you even write a few notes on the History of the Boat Club?"

"Certainly not." (We passed the Screens). "And anyway," (we moved down the Cloisters) "it would all have to be censored." (We left him going to L).

MR S. C. BONNETT, owing to pressure of work, is at present unable to contribute anything this term. "Goodbye," he said, "I wish this venture every success although I am unable to write for it."

AN UNKNOWN FRESHMAN asked if we were selling anything, and on being told who we were, replied "I have never heard of this magazine."

MR E. G. GOODRICH was kind but non-committal. He left us with the strange words "I'll try and think in a lecture."

We next visited MR B. H. HUNTER who was unable to help us. "Sensible as I am to the misfortunes in which you may find yourself, I am unable to grant you that support, which, were I in a position to do so, I should be only too willing to render."

We visited MR BEVAN JONES, but it was at the Wrong Time.

We then met a 'Pemmer' man with whom we pleaded in our distress; but he, too, was firm though kindly. "I'm afraid not, old horse, my English is so appalling; that's why I failed School Cert. at school—but I'll willingly buy a copy." We therefore anticipate a Sales Jump on last term.

MR BUCKINGHAM, being questioned astride one of his bicycles, said "I don't write *light* verse."

We then accosted a man we didn't know in the Old Court. He drew himself up stiffly and replied "I think you've made a mistake. I'm a member of the Jesus Boat Club."

So that was that.

M. A. P. W.

TAKE ENCOURAGEMENT, AND PASS ON,  
BROTHER

THE poor, grey-haired Editor  
 Begged, "Write, chaps, if you would ;  
 A poem, say, or anything."  
 Write a poem? Yes I *could* !  
 So I wrote a little effort  
 About nothing very much,  
 Having no idea of Rhyming schemes  
 Or What's-its-name or Touch.  
 The Editor said, "Well, old man,  
 It's not so bad as such :  
 Try making it less vague you know,  
 Give it Purpose if you could."  
 .....But as it stands, I think it's good.

R. S. A.

SAYING OF THE GREAT

"I'm all for Law and Order ; down with the Cut-throats." MR L. J. POTTS.

"I've lost my bags again." A WELL-KNOWN CLERIC.

"I'm thinking of abdicating." (No reason given).  
 MR H. KING-HEDINGER.

"I'm intending to hold a Scandalavian dance." THE  
 CENSOR.

"I feel I'm a born snake-charmer." Mr P. N. SHULDHAM-SHAW.

"Beer is NOT Best." THE CROCUS CLUB. (The Cherubs and the Kangaroos say the same, but from a different view point).

"I am interested in the Green Belt round London." Mr J. G. BUCKINGHAM.

"I hope to be a Policeman." Mr J. G. F. CLEWS.

"Cocoa round the Camp Fire keeps *me* fit." Mr C. J. D. HOOPER.

"Ooh, wait till I have colonised England." Mr W. E. A. OFORI ATTA.

"I can't understand it." Mr I. MACDONALD.

"I am at present unable to make a statement." Mr D. H. B. BEVAN-JONES.

"The 5th went off like a damp squib. I have nothing to report." Mr J. J. C. BANGS.

"Oh, we're tough, mighty tough, in the West." Messrs E. G. GOODRICH and J. G. NICHOLLS.

"I wear a kilt on Sundays; so that I can stitch my trousers." Mr C. N. MACINTOSH.

"What rotter's pinched my satchel?" Mr G. A. M. HOLLIS.

"I came to Queens' to study Civilisation." Mr A. K. MUKARJI.

"Good old Ghandi," said Cox Richardson, swathing himself in a Boat Club scarf.

"I want a barmaid for my Poet's Pub." Mr J. F. L. LONG.

DOGGEREL WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF  
A VISIT FROM THE EDITOR

“WRITE something for *The Dial*.”  
I’m sure it’s not worth while  
Wasting time  
Making rhyme  
For *The Dial*.

I gazed into the ember  
—’Twas cold in November—  
In concentration  
For inspiration  
For *The Dial*.

Still nothing came, my friends;  
Yet this poor writer sends  
Best wishes  
Love and kisses,  
For *The Dial*.

N. E. M.

THE PASSING OF A YEAR

**I**N front of us as we write is a rather pathetic pile of post-cards. It represents what was Queens’ until last June. It is in fact made up of many cards on the back of which is written:—

Date of going down :

Present Address :

Occupation : (*any details or remarks that may be useful or interesting to present members of the College will be welcome*).

It is rather a sad little pile. All the hopes and aspirations of a Cambridge Year are boiled down to a number of slips of pasteboard; all the early excitement of the first evening up here, of being a Fresher, of walking noisily down K.P. for the first time with old School friends who had come up with you, the thrill of being swindled by Mr Cl..... into buying a more expensive gown than you could really afford, of the new square, which was lost so quickly during Hall one night from the Cloak Room in the Gate Tower; all the excitement of that is here.

As we turn over the cards old familiar names conjure up memories; memories of people who were magnificent at Rugger, who were beautiful Oars, who ran and swam and played Hockey invincibly to our eyes. We run over the heading "Occupation", and we find they are articed to a firm of Chartered Accountants, or Advertising in the Soap-making Industry, or researching into Bakelite, or teaching Mathematics in a German Private School, or in the Film Industry with National News at Sound City, or making Razor Blades, and our minds wander and wonder how much they got from the College, and if their three years has made them any better Soap Advertisers, or Razor Blade makers, and we think of the day when we shall be a slip of pasteboard, and we grow sad and wonder whether we shall have to put "Unemployed" against the word "Occupation" and so we go and row and try to forget.....for this is the use of rowing.

M. A. P. W.

## CEYLON IN TUTELAGE

O ISLE OF PEARL and palm, O sea-built plain  
 Supporting an unconquered mountain heart,  
 Throughout thy story, lacking not in pain,  
 Folk after folk approach, instruct, depart.

Ages ago Vijaya came and drave  
 The Vedda cave-ward, and possessed the land,  
 Leaving a line of Kings by Tissa's wave  
 Where R'anwelisaya and Abhagiriya stand ;

Parakrama Bahu greatest, at whose word  
 Arose among the eastern forest trees  
 Beyond Minneriya and the mighty herd  
 High Polannaruwa's shrines and palaces.

Then caravels of Portugal had power,  
 Beneath the blazon of a Cross of Awe ;  
 Next, Holland's citizens enjoyed their hour,  
 Their legacy, the lawyer and the law.

Now thou art linked with England, not unwise  
 Mother of mighty Daughters, fore and far,  
 Nor wholly skill-less in perplexities,  
 World-knots of Truth and Justice, Peace and War.

Slow tutelage, how slow ! But sure the goal ;  
 Lanka, have patience, thou shalt win thy soul.

A. C. M. A.

THE PRESIDENT'S LODGE

*(Photo. M. A. P. Wood)*



## QUEENS' 1900—1937

THE Editor of *The Dial* obviously thinks that I have reached my anecdotage ; for he asks me to write a short article on life in Queens' since I came from Pembroke in 1900. At the opening of the century, the College was a very different place in one particular : there were then less than a hundred men in residence, and they were practically all in College. This made College life a much more intimate thing : everyone knew everyone else, and the custom was for the whole second year to call individually on every Freshman during the October term. I often regret the loss of this family atmosphere ; but it was inevitable : increasing numbers make for increased efficiency. Everyone who read Honours (a smaller proportion than now) took one of about six subjects : now there is a choice of more like fifty. There was however no regulation requiring a man to pass the whole of Little Go before coming into residence. One famous rowing-blue of my time never passed Little Go during the whole of his four years in Cambridge (he was not at Queens' : it would not have been allowed here) ; yet he clearly had some genius, for in one paper he spelled ' wife ' YPH.

The Friars' Building and Chapel had been built about ten years : where Dokett now stands, there was a row of Almshouses, to which we were required to appoint " mulierculae " : Dr Ryle, then in his last year here as President, had a fight with the Charity Commissioners about the legality of giving preference to retired bedmakers : of course he won, they were surely " little old women." Some of the Bedmakers were great characters, notably Mrs Marshall on Staircase C.

She treated her men as if they were her small sons ; rated them soundly if they spilt ink or indulged in graver misdemeanours (I heard her scolding for an ink-stain a Headmaster who had formerly been on C) ; and she loved them all their life and hers.

The great game of the College down till the War was Soccer. One year we had five Blues in the 'Varsity team ; and we won the League (I think) three times between 1900—1914. I shall never forget one match : at the end of the season, Queens' and Caius were equal on points, and an extra game was decreed on the last day of term to settle the victory. On time, the score stood at one all, and it was agreed to play ten minutes extra time. Still neither side scored, and so they went on and on for two hours and forty minutes : the players were by that time staggering about the ground. Finally our centre-forward made a fine shot, which unluckily hit the Caius' cross-bar and was cleared by their goal : up *via* the back and centre-half to their centre-forward, who kicked a feeble shot along the ground, but alas ! our exhausted goalie was too spent to reach it.

Baths, of course, there were none. One stood a two-gallon can of water in front of the fire before a game ; and on returning sat there to wash in a "saucer" bath. Queens' however had one great advantage over most Colleges, in that it already possessed electric light. I never can understand why Colleges were not burnt down by upset oil-lamps or early forms of electric flex. I remember one fire in the Kitchen after midnight, and how the Kangaroos bounded to the rescue in dress-clothes with one of the lately installed fire-hoses : the noise of the plates, falling under the impact of the water, woke me from my sleep, though Dr Wright, our Tutor of immortal fame, slept through it all in the

rooms above the Kitchen. Many stories, true, untrue, and half-true, were told of him, with his long beard and shy silent ways, with his undeviating truthfulness and uncompromising love of duty. Mischievous imps would go and ask him for an "exsit," and when he indignantly protested, would say, "Sorry, sir, I meant an 'Abeat'". He had splendid large feet in huge square boots: and none present will ever forget a sermon in which he told us how he had bathed in the Dead Sea and found that his feet would not sink.

In January, 1915, the Westmorland and Cumberland Yeomanry were billeted in Queens': their C.O., fixing his eye-glass firmly, said in his most courteous voice to Dr W. "I am afraid, sir, we are giving you a lot of trouble": straight came the truthful answer, "You *are*."

Professor Kennett was one of the most vital of the Seniors: often his rooms were full of men discussing problems till 1 a.m. But I have no space for more than one anecdote. Our present Vice-President, for whom we thank God still, was then on Staircase K. One term he was annoyed by a recurring smell in his rooms: a dead rat under the floor, of course. Who had the most acute sense of smell in College? Obviously Dr Kennett, to judge from his flair for Old Testament sources. At a solemn 11 a.m. coffee party, the latter crawled round the room, nose to the floor, and presently said "*there*." A carpenter was summoned to take up the floor; alas, all their bag was one small mouse, a skeleton of many years' standing. Ultimately the smell was traced to its source, which was—the smell of cabbages being boiled in the Kitchen.

Of myself, many delightful anecdotes have been made up or improved by my friends. One true story may be allowed: a telephone ring—it came from Ridley Hall,

as I discovered later : “ Are you the Queen of Deans ? ”  
“ No, the Dean of Queens’.” “ Splendid, I am the Queen  
of Sheba,” —then silence !

One Organ-Scholar lived on H in the rooms opposite those usually assigned to him. Opposite me on G was a greatly venerated but dignified undergraduate, whom we will call C. At 2.15 p.m. one day, up my stairs, came the then organist in haste. “ I am afraid,” said he, “ that C. is seriously ill : the most dreadful groans have been coming from his rooms, and the door is sported, and I can’t make him hear when I knock ” (C. was rather deaf). Hastily I secured the staircase keys : we entered, only to see a blushing C. engaged in voice-production practice

The War made a terrible void. There were still men in residence who for one reason or another did not go into the Army : but the last year numbers were down to eleven. We had then a hundred Cadets quartered in College,—about four to each set of rooms, and they took a training course for future Officers. In 1919 there were about two hundred Freshmen, with War Service behind them. They were at the same time eager to find out and keep old College ways and traditions, and yet very suspicious of all the pre-War generation and its beliefs.

Ever since that time I think that on the whole men have been taking their own work more seriously : fewer come here merely for social advantages, and the standard for entrance has gone up greatly. Far more than ever before have had their way smoothed by Scholarships and financial grants : and I am certain that it has been sheer gain to us all to secure men from a much greater variety of schools. Of the Seniors, several physical forms have grown larger, with this expanding Universe.

Can anyone forget how one of these some years ago went with the boat to Henley, and how the Press photographers next day published a picture entitled "The Beauty of Henley"? It depicted the river-bank, but a large portion of it was filled with the familiar face of one endeared to us all—our Senior Tutor.

I must stop. One Queens' man, who went in his fourth year to a Theological College at Oxford, told me later: "I don't understand Oxford mentality. The University is everything to them, and they don't seem to mind what College they were at. To us, Queens' is Queens', and we couldn't feel at home anywhere else." I wonder how far my readers feel this now?

For my part I echo it ardently: '*floreat domus.*'

C. T. Wood.

## POET'S THOUGHT

How strange to think that all my yesterdays  
 Might still have been to-morrows,  
 And I might not have known or seen  
 My little joys and sorrows.  
 If Time had altered in his earthly plan  
 My fate, my time, my life,  
 I might have been a Mongol Llama,  
 Or married Hitler or divorced a wife;  
 I might be having luncheon down at Ranelegh,  
 Or skipping a tramp across the sea,  
 Instead of living quietly as I have done  
 And really being simply—Me.

J. E. H.

## THOUGHTS OF FLORENCE

THE road from Bologna to Florence leads over the Apennines. Austere and barren though the countryside is, until with the gradual descent, olive-groves take the place of bare fields, this makes the most impressive approach to Florence, for the panorama obtained from the foot-hills of Fiesole is quite unrivalled.

As one looks over the Arno valley with the ancient city on its banks, one's eyes come naturally to rest upon the cathedral towering high above all the buildings around it,—upon the square campanile of Giotto and upon “the huge dome, airily hanging on its ribs of masonry.” Now Florence is a much-frequented tourist-resort, and of the huge crowd of travellers that gaze upon Brunelleschi's dome every year, there can be few who do not admire it, and few who, if they bear in mind the period of its construction, do not wonder at it still more. Yet scarcely any tourist is aware of the long story behind it, or of what was the significance of its successful completion for future art.

Brunelleschi came to Florence from Rome at a time when all architects were wondering how to build a dome to cover the vast area of the tribune in Arnolfo's half-finished cathedral. He decided that this should be his own *magnum opus*; but partly because he wanted all the glory for himself, and partly on principle, he refused to take the normal step of joining the guild of architects. His chief rival, the great sculptor Lorenzo Ghiberti, very prudently matriculated in the guild of masonic masters, and was thus looked upon more favourably than Brunelleschi. But as time went on, it became evident that only the latter was capable of the great

work, and with some reluctance his designs and rulings were accepted. Not content with drawing up the plans, Brunelleschi himself directed all the actual construction, and it is interesting to note that during the course of the work, he invented a machine lift for raising marble blocks to the dome, and a kind of boat with derricks for conveying Carrara marble up the river from Pisa; amusing, too, to read of the celebrations which the company of masters held at every fresh stage in the building. When they first set to work on the masonry of the cupola, for instance, or whenever one of the numerous models was safely constructed, they deemed it essential to *fave honore di vino*. Brunelleschi, we read further, prudently forbade all workmen on the dome to take wine that had not previously been mixed with a third part of water.

Of course, the guild prophesied that the cupola, if it were ever completed, would fall in; but when, some five hundred years ago, the tribune was covered by a dome which manifestly was not falling, there were enormous celebrations, and Brunelleschi, who had been imprisoned for not paying his matriculation fee, was joyfully released and loaded with honours. The value of his stand against the guilds was to prove to the world at large that since education in architecture could not be universal, it must no longer remain shut up in convents and secret guilds. In the past guilds had undeniably been of great service in protecting and providing scope for men of talent, and in preserving traditions. But henceforth, they would serve merely to hamper genius. Brunelleschi demonstrated what he almost alone realised, that a new era in the history of art and craftsmanship had begun.

J. G. J.

## MONDAY AT NINE

A LECTURE ROOM at Nine on Monday.

Row upon row

Of sombre yawning faces cupped in hands ;

The Voice rolls gently on

With dust and sunlight trapped by walls,

Four solid walls below a roof.

The North Wall

Out, out and up the land

Through sombre wooded lanes in mist

To the silence of the frowning hills

To the North, circling.

Lost in a stone's throw in a mountain lake ;

Lost in the circles of the dead stone's tomb.

The South Wall at their backs

Steal out and down away ;

Down away to the open sunlit spaces.

Of the rolling Downs.

Centuries make no difference

And Kipling's folk are there.

The East Wall

Fading in blinding dawn

With the Sun fresh in his new found glory

Daubing the world with a ray of light

New hope as the sun rises

Gleaming and gold

From its golden horizon.

The West Wall.  
 Fade through the West Wall  
 Out to the broken shore  
 Out to the edges of a tired day.  
 Low on horizon  
 Sun over Sea  
 Waves spring to life in its light  
 And fade  
 In the warm beauty of a western sky.

The Roof  
 Up, out, and whence I know not.  
 And I feel afraid  
 And the Voice  
 Goes on and on.

TONI.

## TEN YEARS AGO IN QUEENS'

**T**HERE is something so refreshingly modern about this extract from *The Dial* of Ten Years Ago, that, with a few minor alterations, we reprint it for our readers' edification. It is intended to be, it seems, a guide for the Americans who still seem to visit us.

Start from the University Arms before closing time, and visit Queens' College via the Post Office; by taking this route it is possible to include Ye Olde Castel, The Red Lion, Morley's, The Red Cow, The Bath and The Bull: all very interesting edifices inside.

Behind the Bull is Queens' College, which is a college; it was invented by Erasmus who also invented tooth-paste and Greek. He lived on the fourth floor with a black hat, and disliked beer. He was always considered very famous. Others have thought that Queen

Margaret of Anjou, sometimes known as Elizabeth Widville, who married Bernard, was really the inventor of this college; Bernard has been identified with Dr Barnardo who was also very famous and built colleges of the same sort. This is very obscure.

There is a sun-dial in one of the courts which is very novel, and is surmounted by a clock; the clock is used for telling the time, and the sun-dial has the times of the London trains written on it, so it is very useful. Sir Isaac Newton was not allowed to make this sun-dial because he was not born, and he was not allowed to repaint it because he was dead. This has always been considered very bad luck. In revenge Sir Isaac Newton made a wooden bridge without any nails in it, and when the president of the college, whose name was Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, walked across it she fell in. She then threw an apple at Sir Isaac Newton's head, and he cut bench holes in a door for some kittens. They were an odd lot in those days.

Another famous man was Andrew Dokett, who built the lavatories.

There are no other famous men in this college, except Mr Laffan who knew Mr Chesterton, Mr Potts who saws wood, Mr Wood the boy scout, and Mr Browne the famous cox.

There are several societies in Queens' College which commemorate its famous men. The St Bernard Society exists only as a figment of imagination, at present in the President's brain; the St Margaret Society exists to commemorate music of any sort, and the Crocus Club commemorates Eternal Spring (the Boat Club motto). The Cherubs' and Kangaroos' Clubs are of a religious character.

The whole college is very beautiful and very old, so

that writing on the walls, or even taking away a few bricks, is not considered quite nice; also it is not right to tip the old gentlemen who walk about, because they may not be gardeners, and it is very annoying for them. Now you can return to the University Arms by the same route (if it is still open!).

T. H. W.

## MISTER PEPYS OF QUEENS'

HIS DIARY. c. 1937

To Rotherhithe. Nr Thaymes.

Wed. y<sup>e</sup> 24 daye of Nov<sup>r</sup>.

4 p.m.

This daie did we (being y<sup>e</sup> Chaplain and five poore fellows of y<sup>e</sup> colledge) visit Queens' House in Rotherhythe in London. It proved so jolie a tyme, in soothe, and soe full of Innocent Joies that I here write of our journie in g<sup>t</sup> detail. To witte. We didde arrive in state at London by steam trayne (the common invenciou of one Watt) and thereupon did proceed underground (whiche did afforded me mightie funne and vi<sup>a</sup>). But lord! did ever ye see such masse of people; so tuff mightie toughe was y<sup>e</sup> crowde that I be-thought me on a game of Rugby (I once saw). Master Chap-lain did shelter us under his wing; which was Prettie. But woe! Fate causeth us to lose our waie near Y<sup>e</sup> Ald-Gate; whereupon we did mourne our unhappie plite and didde kick our heeles and (as some malicious persons hath it) the heeles of others Nereby. I was remarkinge me that y<sup>e</sup> worlde was right full of foe when Fortune did cast uponne us a faire damsel (a seemly wench methought and winsomme withal) who seeing our woe and (as it proved) Master St John, did thereupone lead him in the Right Waie: we following dis-creetly and distantly talking to Parson, who for ever and anon did count our number and if he found we were sixe would rejoyce mightilie and 'warble forthe,' (as Milton hath it) in

a Tongue strange unto us. Anon Master S<sup>t</sup> John and Help lead us underground again and it was not longe ere we came upon Rotherhithe. Friends from y<sup>e</sup> Clube were awaiting us and tolde us we were  $\frac{3}{4}$ hr layte: to which we deined noe replie being right full hungrie. As we walked we smelled Bran and Sack at whiche I ventured y<sup>e</sup> intelligence that we were in Wharf land: veryfied by y<sup>e</sup> tooting of merchantmen in y<sup>e</sup> Thaymes nereby, which made me Proude to find I was right. When we came upon y<sup>e</sup> Clube there did go up so longe a roar of Welcome that we felt right merrie(y) to find soe long a journie was met by so longe a chier. We partooke of a full bountiful sup (of iv courses) after whiche Master Parson did saie he was readie for Anything: but he did say it in soe slinking a waie that methought some Matter laie heavie uponne him. Did embrace the Reverend Mister Captainne Barch (or as *he* would have it spelte Bach), a frendlie man and a merrie I wot and one mindful of y<sup>e</sup> boys. He didde show us all parts of y<sup>e</sup> Clube and we did esteeme him a luckie fellowe to have so wapping a Plaice; and the laddes alsoe. Full manie were the games we did plaie and lord! how it did rejoyce me to see soe many younge soules in such sweet and Innocent sport. Master Parson did ridde him of his outer garment and didde allow y<sup>e</sup> boies to push and pull at him: soe great was his hart: 'twas a prettie sight withal and a jolie. Did mind me of my younge daies when I did luve to rompe and plaie. But, O! a good sight and one that did rejoyce our harts, when we did repaire upstaires to y<sup>e</sup> Boys Chapel; the beautie and simplicite of it did most deeply edify me. Time did come for us to goe—v. muche to y<sup>e</sup> boys miserie. We said: others would come againe! they said: hoped manie colledge sizars would comme for g<sup>t</sup> concert there on Dec. 8th: we said: we would saie to All “Doe Come.” And (as Kitchener hath it) That means YOU. But lord! how we didde have to runne for y<sup>e</sup> train. Home Midnichte. And soe to bedde supperlesse, to-morrow beinge lecture daie (9 a.m.).

J. K. C.

## SCATTERED FRAGMENTS

THE DEAN got out of bed  
 And shook his head,  
 He said  
 "Really,  
 7.30's a bit early."

Mr Henry Hart  
 Plays Squash  
 With Art.  
 His age and his Hebraic fame  
 Do not impair his steady game.

Professor Bailey  
 Speaks quite freely  
 In Gaelic and in Spanish,  
 Chinese and Yiddish,  
 But his Dutch  
 Isn't up to much.

Mr Seltman's foibles  
 Are drachmas and roubles  
 And cataloguing them  
 Is not the least of Dr Maxwell's troubles.

## CROSSWORD SOLUTION No. 2.

*Across.* 1 Dial. 5 Boss. 8 Innate. 9 Sheba. 11 Dyed. 12 Personal.  
 15 Date. 17 Alum. 18 Fulcrum. 19 Act. 20 Fan. 21 Animals. 23 Loaf.  
 24 Open. 27 Fernando. 30 Sapo. 31 Eaten. 32 Rupees. 33 Deed.  
 34 Test.

*Down.* 2 Inept. 3 Liar. 4 Unto. 5 Bedlam. 6 Speculate. 7 Used.  
 10 Beef. 13 Soldier. 14 Nirvana. 16 Anchorage. 21 Afford. 22 Soda.  
 25 Potts. 26 None. 28 Nnev. 29 Nest.

This Crossword was set in the Easter Copy of *The Dial*.

## THE TALE OF THE WICKED SUPERVISOR AND THE FAIRY BEDMAKER

(N. B.—The characters of this story are entirely fictitious)

ONCE upon a time many years ago, there lived a supervisor in a dank, musty attic at the top of J Staircase. He was swarthy and handsome, but he was a very wicked supervisor, for he would lure young undergraduates into his lair, chant strange tongues over them, and turn them into the most frightful creatures called B.As. (for short). He was indeed a very clever supervisor and used to slide down the banisters when nobody was looking. However one fine day the fairy bedmaker saw him sliding down the banisters. "Aha!" thought she, "now I know who it is that scratches my newly polished banisters. I must have my revenge." So she turned him into a pumpkin.

Now it happened that this wicked supervisor had a beautiful wife who loved him very dearly; and it was rumoured that it was she who had cast the spell on him to make him be wicked and slide down the banisters; and now that he had been turned into a pumpkin and kept on falling off when he slid down the banisters, she did not know what to do.

That night they were to go to a party to meet some strange magicians, and she felt ashamed at the thought of having to introduce this pumpkin as her husband. So she thought and thought and at length determined to get a divorce and appear at the party as a rich widow. The supervisor did not like this idea at all and so he decided to refuse to slide down the banisters to see if that would annoy his wife. In this he was not dis-



'THE ROME-BERLIN AXIS'  
BY QUEENS' MEN. NOVEMBER 11

*(Photo. By permission of Crisps)*

appointed, and he made her promise to take him to the party after all, and he immediately started to slide down the banisters again for sheer joy.

Well, I am sure you know from bitter experience how difficult it is for a pumpkin to slide down the banisters; and in his enthusiasm he fell off right from the very top. And my goodness, how the fairy bedmaker laughed when she saw the squashy mess at the bottom. She rode off on her broomstick and fetched his wife and showed her the remains of her poor dear husband. Now that her husband was dead, she had no more power over him and could not make him slide down the banisters any more; so she wept loudly and implored the fairy bedmaker to bring him back to life again. The fairy bedmaker, being a kind-hearted old soul, agreed to this on condition that he should give up sliding down the banisters. Thus it was agreed, and the fairy bedmaker chanted a magic spell, and waved her broomstick thrice over the remains of the pumpkin, and immediately there was a terrific explosion; and when all the smoke had cleared away the supervisor's wife found herself in the arms of her husband who had been changed back into an ordinary man, and was as handsome as ever. Of J staircase there remained not a trace, and the fairy bedmaker tactfully retired from the scene and went to live in a small cottage in the country; and so they all lived happily ever after.

P. N. S.S.

## NOVEMBER IN A TEACUP

**S**NOW clad mountains.

Under my bed my dirty socks and the signalling of a tick-tack man. Atoms that palpitate and burn in a market square street lamp and then drip as two pints of bitter in a glass of port, dark as a newly laid egg. The boiled lung of a barmaid calling like an oyster to its young.

A copper with a blue on the balance of justice, one eye peeping on an unshorn don on a bicycle and the rear off-leg of an octopus round the neck of the child. The perforated bladder of a bloater floating in a bed of bananas and eating bread and water.

A green-nailed queen with a lawyer at her feet and lice in her hair. A broken chair in the eye of a crab followed by Stout and Guinness.

OMNIA ANIMALIA.

## A NOVICE AT NEWSHAWKING

**W**E were met early the other morning by a harassed Editor, who demanded a contribution from us. On refusing, he turned nasty and promised to expose some of our more nefarious doings; so we sadly consented to try.

“What shall we write about?” we said.

“Go and interview the important members of the College,” he replied.

There is an old Arab proverb which tough old Mother Arabs beat into the tough hides of their tough little children which runs:

“If you know that he knows that you know you won’t do it, then don’t do it; but if he knows that you know that he knows you will, do it.”

This thought, suddenly striking home to our benumbed conscience, so weakened our powers of resistance, that before we knew what had happened he had gone on, and his “Thanks tremendously, old horse,” was left ringing in our ears.

A good man knows when he’s beaten. We slank.

As it was still very early, we tottered off and rallied the nerve-centres with a pretty strong coffee-and-atmosphere at ‘The Dot,’ and assisted by the stirring strains of Percy Cowell and Co. we settled to the job.

Who ought we to interview first? Mr Philip Noakes was of course one of the obvious choices; so on Monday evening we called on Mr Noakes at Corn Exchange Street (we are told he lives here so that he can drop in any time for a spot of Voice-Production), but he was out, seeing to the Anglo-American Society; so on Tuesday evening we called on Mr Noakes at Corn Exchange

Street (we are told he lives here so that he can drop into the Public Library for a spot of Book-changing), but he was out, seeing to the Union ; so on Wednesday evening we called on Mr Noakes at Corn Exchange Street (we are told he lives here so that he can *not* drop into the Union Library for a spot of Book-changing), but he was out, seeing to the University Conservative Association ; so on Thursday evening we called on Mr Noakes at Corn Exchange Street (we are told he lives here so that he can drop into—but we forget its name) and anyhow, by this time, my surly reader, you will be getting a pretty general impression that this Interview-hunting ‘racket’ is not all beer and skittles and a moistened pencil.

Nothing daunted, however, we determined to rout out another famous character or ‘alumnus’ of the College—none other than that well-known ex-goal-bird, Mr Petty.\*

Following his misunderstandings in the earlier part of November, twelve months ago, we found him suitably incarcerated in the Tower. Still undaunted, we followed the Broad Arrow, and found ourselves at the foot of a small, dark, dangerous, spiral staircase.

“What precautions did you take against disturbances such as marred last year’s celebrations?” we asked.

“I went into strict training,” he replied, “some weeks before the event. I ate steak more and more underdone, until by the end of the second week I was able to look at a piece of nearly raw steak without any visible signs of emotion. We then experimented with a surround of a specially prepared blue gravy and added mushrooms.

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\* See the *Cambridge Daily News*, ‘Shorts from the Courts,’ for November 7th, 1936.

I found I was soon accustomed to this, and was able to put a touch of cauliflower on both sides in the form of ears. Although my blood pressure was up two or three points, my pulse was steady though a trifle fast, and I could hold a wineglass (empty) without breaking the stem.

“Throughout this period,” he continued, “I kept well away from all Cross-Roads, Traffic-Lights, One-way Streets and Cars parked on the Wrong Side with No Lights, and on rising took a little Lemon Water and a Biscuit. In my Training Camp every day I got my sparring partners to hobble my ankles, and then I used to don my blinkers, while they released cap pistols and set off fireworks and shouted at me. I was soon able to stand quite still throughout this turmoil, and in the week before the Day, they would snatch at my clothing, tear a special old gown I kept for the purpose, seize my square from under my arm, blow whistles in my face, and tap me over the shins with imitation batons made from chair legs.

“My final meal on November 4th consisted of raw steak complete with mushrooms, gravy, cauliflower ears, potatoes with eyes, and a subtle whiff of garlic over all. I then went for a trot round the Arena, past every lamp post in sight, and returned to bed early.”

Here we were forced to break in on the story with a breathless question :

“And what happened on the Day itself?”

“Oh,” he replied sadly, “in the end I caught a cold from running round the Arena, and had to stay in all day—so I was never really tested.”

We stole down the winding stair and slank again.

A. L. J.

*DIAL* FORECAST FOR THE WEEK

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SUNDAY. A trying day for many. After effects of the previous evening will cause a certain haziness, but the horizon clears during the afternoon. Conditions will be favourable for late risers, but a busy time is in store for those connected with religion.

Birth Sign : *The Leo*.

MONDAY. Travel will be a great feature to-day. The prevailing tendency will be going down. Do not attach too much importance to the circulars of solicitous tailors; it will not pay you to order your summer underwear now. If the weather is unsettled many will get wet, but dry conditions are likely to have the opposite effect. Bedders and others may look for considerable advantage.

Birth Sign : *The Dot*.

TUESDAY. Travel will again be popular. Considerable financial benefit is likely for those employed in Transport. Trains will be found to progress in a forward direction, but this will not continue indefinitely.

Birth Sign : *The Whim*.

WEDNESDAY. Celebrations will be popular, but uncertainty about your future movements may arise, particularly as the evening advances. General direction will be vague. Your friends will prove of assistance to you in the end. To-day's lucky word : LIME-JUICE.

Birth Sign : *The Greene King*.

THURSDAY. Work will not be prominent.

Birth Sign : *The Anchor*.

FRIDAY. Work will probably not be heard of at all.

Birth Sign : *The Daily Dale*.

SATURDAY. Work—here! what *is* all this, anyway?

R. A. S.

## TRUNK CRIME

(Reprinted by kind permission of the Editor of the *Gownsmen*.)

IT was near the end of term. John had noticed that his coal bin on D staircase had been empty now for well over a week and that further supplies could not be got without having to pay through the nose for them. Sadly he sat down to consider his position.

"No more fires this term," he thought, "Colds, Flu. Anything! I might even die! Dreadful! And wouldn't my supervisor be pleased. I haven't done this week's essay yet."

At that moment Peter burst in. "What's the matter?" he asked. "You look cold."

"Cold?" John queried. "*Cold*, did you say! Gad, I should think I am cold! No coal left. Can't possibly get any more. Broke!"

"Dear, dear," Peter said sympathetically. "No coal—and three nice cold weeks to come. Dear! Dear!"

"Dear, dear, my foot," John shouted. "How the hell am I to exist under Polar conditions! I may die!"

"You *may*!" Peter agreed. "But, of course, that would be a poor advertisement for the College. Can't you think of some way out. It just isn't done for a Senior Scholar to die."

"Curse the college," said John. "And curse you, my supervisor, my tutor, my director of studies, my lecturers! Oh, damn everything! Look here, Peter, you've *got* to think of something. We can't have headlines in the *Varsity Weekly*—'Senior Scholar Shivers in Solitude. College coal kills . . . .'*'—and then half-inch capitals ' . . . . A CERTAIN THIRD IN THE TRIP.'*"

"No, it wouldn't be very good, would it?" Peter

said. "But what about pinching some coal. There are nine other people on this staircase, and four are Fellows. You musn't pinch mine, of course."

"Honest Socialist, aren't you," John snapped. "You ought to debate at the Union."

"Uh!" Peter said socialistically. And then, continuing, "cut it, my friend. I'm only a theoretical Socialist."

"As yet I've never seen a practical one. I've heard of many though. But look here, what about pinching this coal. Whom shall we try?"

"Who's the chap at the top? Let's see, Crumplethorpe!—a professor. No! This floor, there's Mr Cole. What about him?"

"Brilliant idea. An eye for an eye and a lump of coal from the Big Bad Wolf himself."

John was relieved. "And," he said "we can do it to-night when he has gone."

Night came, and with it the Deed of Darkness. Peter arrived in D3 at ten o'clock and said that Cole had gone: no lights were on in his room.

"How shall we get it down?" John asked.

"Where's your trunk?" asked Peter.

"Under my bed," John replied.

"Why not use it?" Peter suggested.

"It's full of the most private of private things, you know!"

"I don't, but can guess. However, do you, or do you not, want this coal?"

"I do," John said firmly.

"Then turn your trunk out," Peter commanded.

John disappeared for some moments. The noise of the disembarkation of the holies was enormous; but, in the end, John and trunk appeared, more trunk and less

John. Nevertheless they appeared.

“Now come on,” said Peter, catching hold of one end of the trunk. “Hurry up!”

They issued forth into the darkness of the landing and made their way silently towards Cole’s coal-bin. “Mum’s the word,” whispered John. “Sh!” Peter replied.

John opened the lid and gradually both he and Peter emptied the bin. Suddenly a noise was heard in Cole’s room. A voice said “That will be all for to-night, thank you!” It was Cole’s voice.

The door opened. A Girtonian appeared—and later the Big Bad Wolf himself.

“Good evening, sir,” Peter volunteered.

“Good evening, wherever you are,” Cole returned. “Dark, isn’t it? Let’s have some light.”

He turned on the light.

“Good heavens! What on earth are you bringing this up for at this time of night?”

John faltered: “Senior Scholar Shivers in Solitude.” Peter cut in. “My friend wanted some help with an extremely heavy trunk.” They both puffed in accord as both hearts beat and minds wondered.

Cole looked at their hands sceptically. “Dirty work, eh?” he queried.

“Very,” Peter replied as he and John endeavoured to raise the trunk.

“Wouldn’t it be better if you took some of the stuff out,” Cole asked. “See, like this!”

He made a movement forward to open the trunk. Peter intercepted. “Don’t worry, sir. It’s only books and we’re nearly there. In any case, it’s locked.”

“And I’ve lost the key—unfortunately,” John added unsuccessfully.

"What a pity," Cole replied. "But let me see . . ."

"See what?" stammered John.

"... if I can help you carry it to your room" Cole said.

Whereupon they all took the strain and carried the precious cargo.

"And by the way," Cole said when they got to the door, "Tell the bedder to leave a coal order form in my room tomorrow. My bin is empty."

Cole disappeared. Peter nearly fainted. John looked back at him.

"Good heavens," he shouted, "we've stolen *your* coal."

J. F. L. L.

## CORRESPONDENCE

*To the Editor of 'The Dial'*

DEAR SIR,—May I nervously fling a question at the College Authorities through your esteemed columns?

Why is it that at Queens' we have no 'in and out sign' beside the list of names at the foot of each staircase to indicate the presence or otherwise of the said gentlemen? I submit, Sir, that it is most annoying, when one is in a hurry, to ascend to the top of a flight of stairs (*e.g.* Dockett!) only to find one's friend (or enemy) has flown, when a glance at the list would save time, energy and language.

I trust the College will have the money and energy to take steps about this.

I have just come from the Fisher Building; so I remain,  
Yours breathlessly—"A VISITOR."

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*To the Editor of 'The Dial'*

DEAR SIR,—May I, through the channels of your magazine, put in a plea for a re-organisation of the Queens' College Choir system?

I learn that at many other Colleges in Cambridge, men who volunteer and show themselves to possess a reasonable standard of singing in a choir, are selected and given a small salary. They must be able to keep a part in chant or hymn and be able to learn an anthem fairly quickly.

By giving these men a small salary there would be ensured at all choral services a sufficient number of capable men to support the boys. These men should also attend all choral practices, which are held normally only once a week.

Would this scheme not be possible in Queens'? At present, practices for boys and men are attended by only two or three men on the average, and about the same number of undergraduate members attend for the actual services; Sunday evening being the exception, when attendance is generally good.

I believe that about seventeen men volunteered to sing in the choir this term. When on a Sunday morning there is only one man, one wonders where they all are?

This system would also weed out those men, who are unfortunately unable to keep a part, and so are an hindrance rather than a help. In these circumstances it is very difficult for the Organ Scholar to arrange an occasional anthem or to improve the chanting of the psalms and canticles.

Can the College act? Yours faithfully—A MEMBER OF THE CHOIR.

## CONTENTMENT

OAK-BEAMED ceiling and mullioned windows

Wood-fire leaping in the grate

Tea-cakes, toasted buns and crumpets

Armchairs warmly by the fire.

    The tinkle of tea-spoons

    The kiss of the green wood

    Crackling and flaming

    The warmth of the rug

    Yielding and cosy under the feet.

Voices are murmuring polite conversation

“Do you have sugar and milk with your tea?”

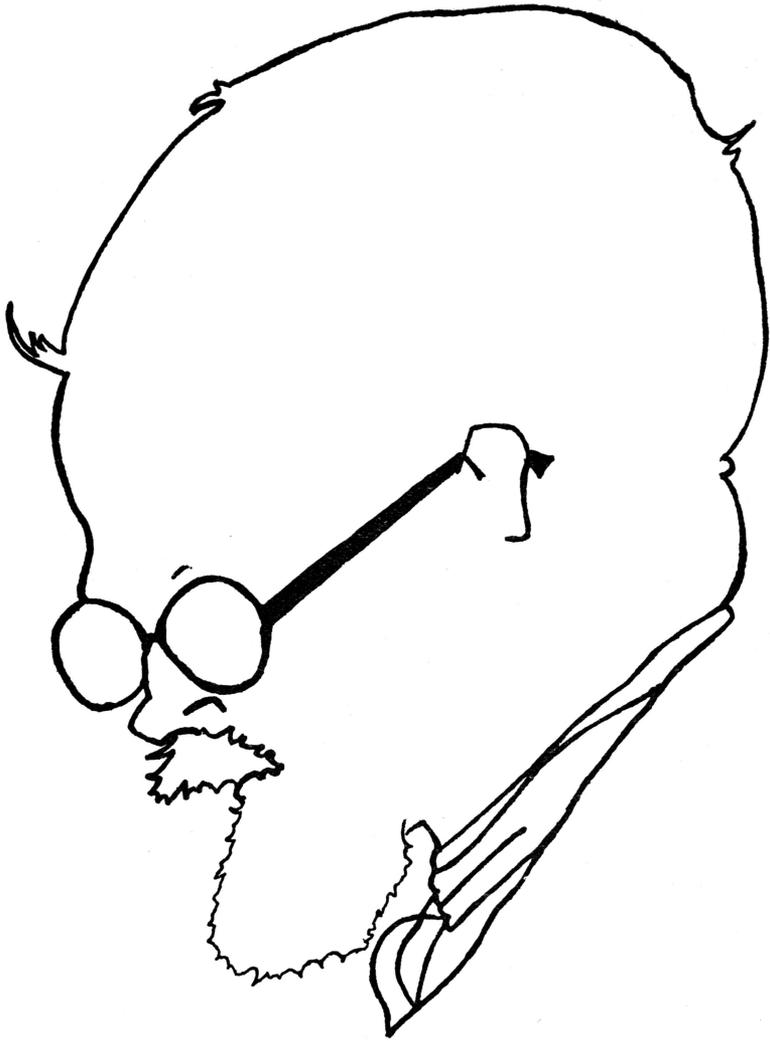
Rain is still falling—faint and forgotten

Utter contentment is reigning within.

“EDDYSTONE”.

## CLUB REPORTS

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CORRIGENDUM.

by 

## ST MARGARET SOCIETY

**T**HE St Margaret Society has taken on a new lease of life this term, having met regularly on Sunday afternoons in Mr Shuldham-Shaw's rooms. Meetings, which have been enjoyed by rather small, though faithful audiences, have taken the shape of informal lectures on the history of music, and have all been illustrated vocally, or on the piano, by interesting examples.

Miss D. M. Bird dealt with the origins of modern music and the polyphonic style which culminated in the work of Byrd and Gibbons; Mr Dods of King's spoke on Purcell and his contemporaries, and Mr Illing of Clare on the great age of Bach, Händel and Scarlatti. Finally, Mr Wilkinson discussed the early Romantic composers.

To complete the series, talks on Haydn and Mozart, the latter Romantics, and present-day musicians, will be given next term; and it is hoped that members of the College who are not interested in music as an academic subject will come along to the last lecture in order to hear "Modern Stuff" and have it explained to them.

J. G. J.

## THE GUILD OF ST BERNARD

**T**HOUGH reduced in numbers the Guild has continued its activities this term. Three meetings have been held. At the first the Revd. H. E. Wynn, Tutor of Pembroke, spoke on "What does the Church of England stand for?". The Revd. Arthur Robinson,

O.G.S., was the speaker at the second meeting. His subject was "The Bush Brotherhoods of Australia". Fr. Robinson, who is Warden of St Andrew's Brotherhood, Rockhampton, gave us a vivid picture of life in the Australian Bush, where he has worked for the last twelve years. At the last meeting of the term the Revd. Kenneth Riches, Chaplain of Sidney Sussex, read a paper on "Christianity, Marriage and Divorce".

B. C. L. KEELAN, *Hon. Sec.*

## HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THREE meetings were held in the Michaelmas term, and constituted a very successful season. At our first meeting, it gave us peculiar satisfaction to welcome Mr Potts, who read a stimulating paper on "Lord Chesterfield and William Cobbett," and provoked a discussion which ranged over numerous topics.

Later the Rev. Father Zema S.J. of Christ's, who was to have spoken to us last term gave us a paper on "The Landed Wealth of the Church and the Hildebrandine Reformation." Father Zema put forward some new and interesting theories, and a discussion arose between those Medievalists present.

At our last meeting Mr Rich made a very welcome appearance, and read a scholarly and entertaining paper on "Cambridge and the Accession of Elizabeth." He gave us a very amusing study of university life under the Tudors. After the paper, Mr Rich and the President diverted the Society with reminiscences of Cambridge in the immediate past, and the President told us the inside story of the Newnham Riots of '22.

The Society has decided to buy Oppenheim's "International Law" for the library. Next term we hope to welcome P. R. Noakes, Mr Kitson-Clark and Mr Leatham to speak to us.

N. DIGNEY, *Hon. Sec.*

## SCIENCE SOCIETY

**W**E are once again able to report that the Society is flourishing; and the number of new members this year is satisfactory.

At the first meeting this term, on October 21st, the Secretary spoke about "Insect Pests," a subject of great economic importance. A fortnight later, F. E. Shotton gave an interesting talk on "How animals feed," during which he showed the considerable effect of mice in Labrador, and some other curious results of food chains.

For the third lecture, on November 18th, R. N. Haward spoke on "Crystal Growth." Although handicapped by the absence of a blackboard, he gave a useful summary of the subject; and we were interested by the account of his own work, in which we wish him success in the future. On Friday, November 20th, we are hoping to entertain Dr F. B. Kipping, who will speak on "The structure of Benzene and some allied Compounds."

D. W. MILLINGTON, *Hon. Sec.*

## Q. C. B. C.

<i>Captain of the Boats</i> ...	P. C. KIRKPATRICK
<i>Hon. Secretary</i> ...	R. P. LESTER
<i>Committee</i> ...	J. G. NICHOLLS, M. A. P. WOOD

**A** CLINKER Four was started early in the term, coached by P. C. Kirkpatrick. Practice was continued almost without interruption until the races, when we drew a bye into the second round. We then beat Emmanuel after a hard race by 8 secs. In the semi-finals, we were beaten by Trinity Hall, the ultimate winners, by 16 secs.

Meanwhile the Club was suffering from an almost complete lack of second year members. However, two crews were started, a large proportion of them consisting of freshmen, some of whom had fortunately had previous rowing experience.

When the Clinker Four races were over, the First and Second Fairbairn boats started training, a third boat not materialising until some ten days before the races. A "Crock Pot" race was held this year, all three boats entering. The First Boat started from scratch, the Second Boat had one minute handicap, and the Third Boat two. The Second Boat won by 15 secs, the First Boat coming second, 1 sec. in front of the Third Boat.

In the actual Fairbairn races, the results were not quite as good as we had hoped. The Third Boat stayed in the same position at 63rd. The Second Boat dropped five places, finishing 42nd. This was disappointing, but not discouraging, for the crew consisted of seven freshmen, and with more coaching should develop into quite a good boat. The First Boat went up three places to finish 16th. We hope this indicates



QUEENS' CLINKER FOUR  
SEMI-FINALISTS UNIVERSITY CLINKER FOURS

*(Photo. By permission of Stearns)*

the commencement of a more promising year than last. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking N. Reed of Jesus for his able coaching.

P. C. Kirkpatrick is to be congratulated on gaining his Trial Cap for the third time and J. G. Nicholls did well to row in Trials, until the final two trial boats were afloat.

## CLINKER FOUR

bow R. P. Lester  
 2 M. A. P. Wood  
 3 J. A. Churchill  
 stroke J. G. Nicholls  
 cox P. A. Richardson

## FIRST BOAT

bow L. D. Blathwayt  
 2 D. W. Watson  
 3 M. G. Mack Smith  
 4 W. H. P. Bagott  
 5 J. A. Churchill  
 6 M. A. P. Wood  
 7 R. P. Lester  
 stroke E. G. Goodrich  
 cox P. A. Richardson

## SECOND BOAT

bow G. Melamid  
 2 A. S. Newill  
 3 T. H. de Winton  
 4 R. C. Henderson  
 5 J. B. C-Robinson  
 6 E. T. Allen  
 7 W. H. G. Browne  
 stroke I. O'D. Preston  
 cox { J. C. Leigh  
 { G. F. Green

## THIRD BOAT

bow M. N. Segal  
 2 J. Hamaui  
 3 J. McC. McNair  
 4 G. F. Rodgers  
 5 W. H. Petty  
 6 A. Whaley  
 7 J. C. Phillips  
 stroke J. A. Buchanan  
 cox G. A. M. Hollis

R. P. LESTER, *Hon. Sec.*

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

<i>Captain</i>	...	...	D. T. WHITAKER
<i>Acting-Captain</i>	...	...	C. J. HOOPER
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	...	...	D. R. CARTER
<i>Acting-Committee</i>	...	...	D. W. F. CHARLTON

WITH a clientèle of nearly seventy it has been impossible to give some people as many games as they would probably have liked. This has partly been because many of the matches arranged have been scratched by our less fortunate opponents. However in anticipation of the same energy in the Club next term a considerable number of 2nd XV and Query matches have been arranged.

The 1st XV. forwards led by C. J. Hooper have showed signs of becoming a useful, though somewhat light, pack. Besides Hooper himself P. R. Noakes has been an outstanding forward and any day it is worth going a mile up the Barton Road to see him running with the ball; his hooking is indispensable, particularly when supported by P. H. Ling and H. S. Clarke. The latter's place kicking has been a dream. Of the back-row forwards C. M. A. Bathurst, a new-comer, has been the most successful and we are most hopeful for his future. Another 'find' has been F. A. R. St John whose best position seems to be on the blind-side. In the second row I. J. Mc. Reid has shown great improvement in company with I. Macdonald. Happily Macdonald's prowess in the loose maul is not receiving Proctorial Recognition. We are sorry, however, to be losing C. N. Macintosh who has played cheerfully in many positions; he leaves us in favour of oil. To complete the triangle D. H. Bevan-Jones has shown that he is a really good

player and it is very unfortunate that he has not managed to get fit so far.

Behind the scrum F. J. Phillips has improved greatly but is inclined to be worried by fast-breaking forwards. G. P. S. Mellor has shown himself to be a capable and constructive centre and it has been pleasing to see A. G. Wilkes run right into excellent form. S. L. Medrington, however, has not yet shown the ability of which he is suspected. I. B. Donald and P. J. Bell have both played very good games at full-back.

Our best games this term were against Caius and Clare, and it is interesting that our highest score (against Christ's) was obtained when neither our Captain, Acting-Captain, Secretary or Committee were playing. Our reverse against John's near the end of term was regrettable but has probably done us all good; at any rate the Secretary feels unable to criticise.

Our heartiest congratulations to E. L. A. Folker on being awarded his Blue. He is the first Rugger Blue Queens' has produced for a very long time. Congratulations also to C. M. A. Bathurst, G. P. S. Mellor and S. L. C. Medrington on Freshmen's Trials.

Half-colours have been awarded to:—C. M. A. Bathurst, G. P. S. Mellor, F. A. R. St John, I. B. Donald and F. J. Phillips.

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

<i>Captain</i>	...	E. S. WASHINGTON
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	...	P. L. G. ROWLAND
<i>Committee</i>	...	G. W. W. MARKWICK

**A**T the opening of the season, there were but five old colours in residence, and the promotion won last year to be maintained. This aim seems to have

been achieved since in the seven league matches, the Club has won three, lost three and drawn one.

With six places to be filled the Club naturally was in need of a number of promising Freshmen, nor was it disappointed, for not only were there some promising ones, but they filled the vacant positions. The Club was also lucky in having the services of three second year men who had decided to play for the Club this year, also a discovery was found in G. W. W. Markwick, who last year played on the right wing, as an excellent centre-half, thus consolidating a good defence. The main trouble proved to be injuries and recruitments for both the University and the Falcons, which often prevented the fielding of strong sides. This was not felt until about half-way through November, save for one league match against Magdalene, for which the Club was only able to field four of the full side, this being the only match lost until that date. Since then the Club has not won a match.

With serious training and a full team for the "Cuppers" and a little luck in the draw the Club should go a long way; but after last year one does not like to prophesy.

	P	W	L	D	GOALS	
					F	A
League Matches	7	3	3	1	17	16
All Matches	11	5	4	2	28	22

Owing to the extremely small number of members of the Club, the weather and injuries, a number of the second team matches have had to be cancelled. In some of the remainder a number of the first team played, and so the results are not a true statement of the position of the second team.

Our hearty congratulations to E. S. Washington on

being awarded his Blue. Our congratulations also to A. R. Abraham and C. R. Shaw on their Seniors' Trials, and to J. Dainty and S. Gray on their Freshmen's Trials. A. R. Abraham also played several times for the University, and C. R. Shaw and J. Dainty for the Falcons.

Full-colours have been awarded to W. E. A. Ofori Atta.

Half-colours to C. R. Shaw, D. F. Kelsall, S. T. D. Dejani and J. Dainty.

P. L. J. ROWLAND, *Hon. Sec.*

### Q. C. H. C.

<i>Captain</i>	...	E. T. O'REILLY
<i>Hon. Sec.</i>	...	C. T. WADE
<i>Committee</i>	...	P. H. N. MATTHEWS

**A**T the beginning of term it appeared that we should again be lacking a forward line of any merit. However by converting two wing halves into very successful wingers and having a ready-made left-inside in Kenyon, a freshman, the forward line soon settled down. The inside-right position however, is still undecided, there being no one really suitable available.

The defence is on the whole better than it was this time last year and is less of a separate entity. It is also considerably strengthened at times by the appearance of P. L. Trevorror at right back and P. H. N. Matthews in goal, both claimed by the 'Varsity side.

The 2nd XI, run by J. K. Cavell has not had a very happy term, owing to rarely being able to field the same team on two consecutive days. They lost their First

Round Cup Tie after a lamentable display of shooting, at least three-quarters of the game being spent in the King's twenty-five.

W. F. Towell, J. B. C-Robinson and W. J. Dalrymple played in the Freshmen's Trial and P. H. N. Matthews and E. T. O'Reilly in the Seniors' Trial.

C. T. WADE, *Hon. Sec.*

### Q. C. A. C.

*President* ... A. B. HOUSTON  
*Hon. Sec.* ... N. E. MITCHELL

**O**WING to the complete lack of third year men and the scarcity of freshmen, the membership of the Club has been greatly depleted this term. In consequence we could produce only two teams for the inter-collegiate relays and unfortunately were unsuccessful with both.

Of the few that ran in the Freshmen's Sports, Thompson was the only one to be placed, he being third in the Half-Mile final. In the Senior Sports the Secretary distinguished himself by being placed second in the final of the 880 Yards in a time only just outside Alverstone. Later, however, in the relay trial for that distance, he took third place in a better time and gained his Alverstone Colours. Our congratulations are due to him on being chosen to represent the University in the Relay Match against Oxford.

The result of the first round of the Knock-out Competition was a win for Jesus by  $71\frac{1}{2}$  points to  $58\frac{1}{2}$ . This was not disappointing considering the wholesale scratchings at the last moment due to minor ailments and injuries. Further, taking into account our small mem-

bership and the fact that it is our first season in the First Division since the War, the result, we hope, indicates a promising future. In the 100 Yards we took first and third places, Kidson winning easily by two yards. A. Mirsky won the Weight Putt and was second in both the Discus and Javelin events. With further practice his efforts would be much improved. G. E. Londt was second in the Long Jump and High Hurdles. N. E. Mitchell was second in the 880 Yards, and a runaway first in the 440 Yards. D. R. Carter took two places and the rest of the team supported well. We hope that our numbers will be increased next term as some friendly matches might be arranged.

A. B. HOUSTON, *President.*

## Q. C. SWIMMING CLUB

<i>Captain</i>	...	H. T. D. HOLGATE
<i>Hon. Sec.</i>	...	C. N. MACINTOSH

THE resurrection of the Swimming Club which took place two years ago has been so successful that Queens' can now boast of two water polo teams.

We have been unfortunate, this term, in that our Captain and two of last year's team have been unable to play owing to injury; however, under the able leadership of G. W. W. Markwick, last year's Captain, we have won five of the seven matches played to date.

C. N. MACINTOSH, *Hon. Sec.*

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

*Captain* ... C. C. WALKER

*Hon. Sec.* ... M. N. EVANS

WE have had a more successful season than last year. Out of five friendly matches played we have won three, out of four league matches three. The College is in the third league at present, but it is reasonable to hope for a move into League II at the end of the season.

The task of selecting teams would be more easy if greater interest were shown in the ladder. It is hoped that more second-year men and freshmen will challenge players whose names are already on the ladder.

M. N. EVANS, *Hon. Sec.*

## Q. C. ETON FIVES CLUB

THE Eton Fives Club has as usual suffered from lack of support; in fact our appeal for players brought no response from the freshmen. With but six people willing to play it is exceedingly difficult to raise one pair, let alone two. We can seek consolation in the fact that other colleges seem to have equal difficulty in raising a team, and the only matches arranged so far have had to be scratched owing to lack of players. Before this appears in print several matches should have been played and we hope won, the season at present being young, with all next term before us.

P. J. CARPENTER, *Hon. Sec.*

## RIFLE CLUB

*Captain* ... .. F. W. ELFORD  
*Secretary* ... .. C. E. WILSON

THERE are now enough members to form a team for the Inter-College League Small-Bore Competition, but more are still required, so we hope others will join, as it is not expensive, and does not take much time.

F. W. Elford shot for the University in the Inter-University League, and D. W. F. Charlton won a prize at Bisley during the Long Vacation.

C. E. WILSON, *Hon. Sec.*

## Q. C. CHESS CLUB

UP to date we have won four out of five matches played, beating Selwyn 5—1, Newnham 6—0, Clare  $3\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$ , Magdalene 3—1 and losing to Trinity  $3\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$ .

Professor Bailey kindly entertained a number of members in his rooms early in the term.

The Club is flourishing well this year with thirteen playing members, so we can look forward to the "Cuppers" with confidence.

M. BAREFOOT, *Hon. Sec.*

## DIAL TAIL-PIECE

DON'T blame us if you're angry  
 With our matter or our style;  
 DON'T blame us if you're hungry  
 If you *will* not feed your *Dial*.

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