

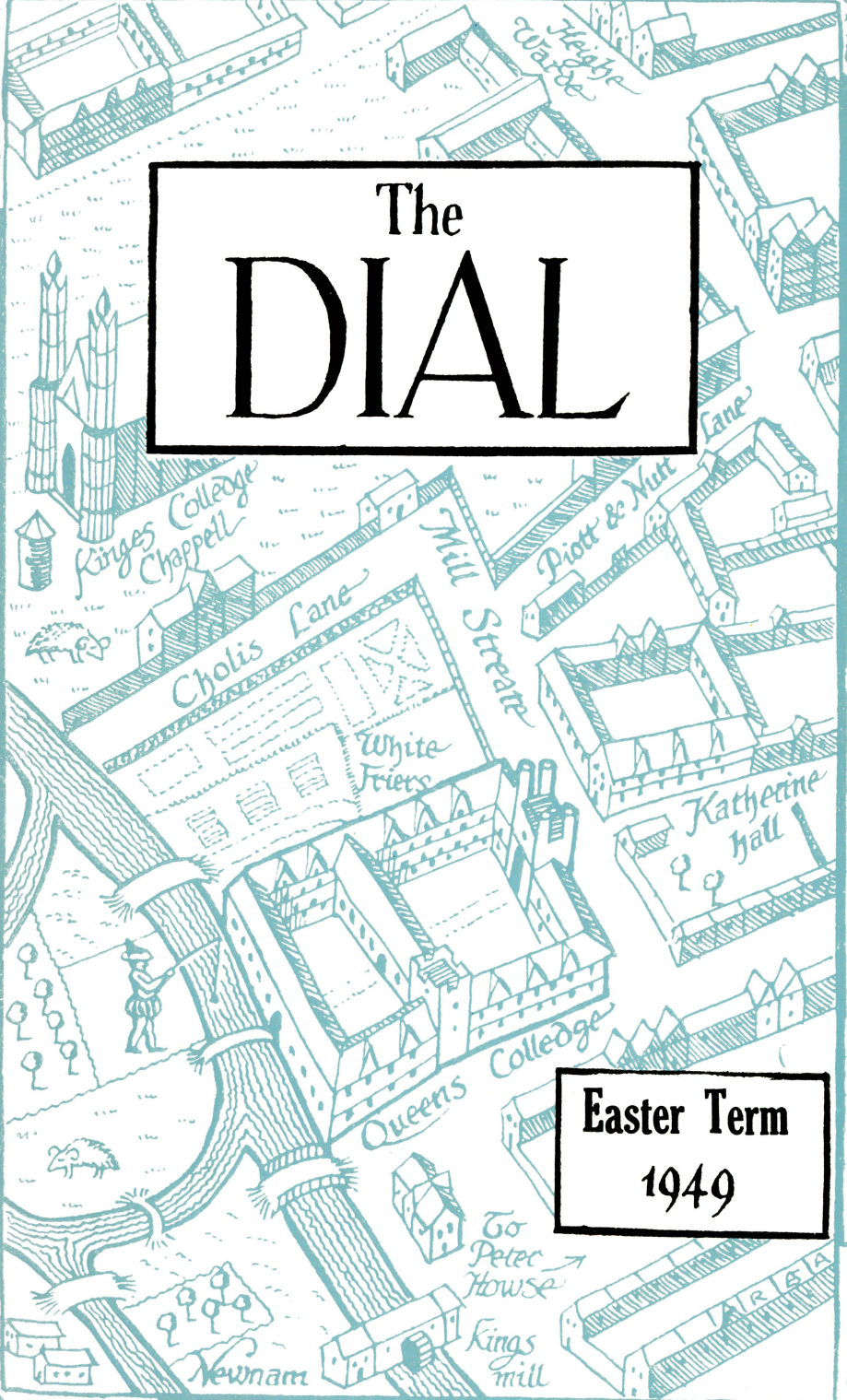
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The
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Easter Term
1949

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Drawing by]

[A. J. Wilkinson

THE DIAL

No. 99

Easter Term, 1949

EDITORIAL

“WE have already passed the stage where there is barely enough material of any kind to cover the pages,” wrote the triumphant Editor of the last issue of *The Dial*. That is a statement well suited to the comparative leisure of the Lent Term: with the Easter Term we pass the stage in the opposite direction. One must presume that it is the Revision Plan that cripples the creative spirit, for by the closing date (admittedly bogus) for submitting material the file marked “Dial” contained little more than a reminder about cover paper and a rejected manuscript submitted by last term’s Sub-Editor. The response, however, has not been too discouraging, especially when one can gratefully record that it has been possible to obtain certain material to “order,” in accordance with the requirements of what one hopes is a balanced content. Unfortunately this issue is thin in fact as well as fiction: but, as was pointed out to the Editor, Dr. Maxwell is the Keeper of the Records, not the Maker.

Would-be contributors to the next issue are strongly recommended to direct their energies to producing articles and stories: there is always more than enough poetry, which comes in two distinct categories: post-Eliot and Brooke. Anything that does not require two pages of footnotes, or threaten spontaneous combustion by its emotional content, however, is usually worth consideration.

REGINALIA

IT is with great pleasure that we again begin this section of the magazine with a report of a royal visit to the College. Her Majesty the Queen showed that she considered Queens' to be truly her College by graciously expressing a wish to pay it an informal visit on Wednesday, February 16th. Unfortunately the President was away, but the Lodge was quickly got ready to welcome the Patroness. Her Majesty came accompanied by her secretary, Major Harvey and the Lady Hyde, and, in accordance with her wishes, was received by a small group of Fellows and their wives: Mr. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Laffan, Mr. Browne, Mr. Seltman, and Dr. and Mrs. McCullagh. As ever, the Queen radiated a happy kindliness and made the luncheon party a delightful event and memory for all who were there. Afterwards Her Majesty spoke to Mr. Chamberlain, who had done so much to make the occasion a success, to Mrs. Chamberlain, and to Mace, the high table butler, whom Her Majesty congratulated on his birthday. Accompanied by Mr. Seltman, Her Majesty then visited the Library, and before leaving for King's College spent some time in the Gallery. At King's Her Majesty was met by the Provost and Tutor, who conducted her to the Chapel to listen to the Choir. May Her Majesty visit Queens' often in the future to delight its members with her charming presence.

On Tuesday, March 15th, the President returned to College from British Guiana, where he has been since early in December as Chairman of a Commission investigating problems in the sugar industry. Since his return Dr. Venn has been appointed to the Borough Council of Cambridge as a University Member until 1952.

Sir Gerald Canny, K.C.B., K.B.E., for many years Secretary of Queens' College Club, has been appointed a member of the Royal Commission on Betting, under the presidency of the Rt. Hon. Hugh Willinck, Master of Magdalene.

In September Dr. McCullagh will represent the University at the Commemoration of the centenary of the foundation of The Queen's University of Belfast.

A gift of £600 has been made to the College by Dr. and Mrs. A. D. Lucas-Smith to found an annual memorial prize in Law bearing the name of their son, Roger Brian Lucas-Smith, B.A., LL.B., a member of Queens' from 1942 to 1946, and also to provide for and maintain a law section in the College Library.

Baptized in Queens' College Chapel on Sunday, April 24th, 1949 :—
Peter Sanderson Fallon, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Fallon.

We congratulate :—

A. C. Lowe, on being awarded an English-Speaking Union Fellowship in post-graduate research in agricultural economics at the University of Minnesota.

J. H. Swallow, on winning a Price University Scholarship at the London Hospital Medical School.

The " D " Society held a dinner in the Erasmus Room on May 7th to celebrate its hundredth meeting, at which the Master of Jesus College and Professor Willey were the guests. Speeches from Mr. Potts and Dr. Tillyard, and the presence of Professor Willey, gave the occasion an English faculty flavour ; indeed, the Society has been edified and entertained by Dr. Tillyard, Professor Willey, and Mr. Potts on a large number of occasions since its earliest meetings. Dr. G. P. McCullagh and R. E. Austin also made speeches in light and serious vein, on the traditional form of the meetings, and on the purposes of the Society.

Much Ado About Nothing, the annual open-air production of the "Bats," will be performed in the Cloister Court on the evenings of June 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th. During the year the Society has been represented in the Marlowe Society's Lent Term production of *Henry VIII*, the Footlights' May Week Revue, and the Cambridge Theatre Group's revue, *Hey Nonny No!* Mr. J. W. Beament and A. J. Bristow are to be congratulated for the highly successful music and lyrics they produced for this latter show.

The St. Margaret Society's May Week Concert will be held in Hall on Friday, June 10th.

We are pleased to be able to report that the licence for the rebuilding of the river bank has now been obtained. The work will begin in July.

It is regretted that a mistake was made in the last number of this magazine concerning the award of an International Rugger Cap to W. B. Holmes. It was stated that Holmes was "the first Queens' man to attain this honour." We have to thank Sir Shenton Thomas, an Honorary Fellow of the College, for pointing out that N. C. Fletcher (1896-1900), and T. A. Gibson (1899-1902) were both capped for England at rugger. However, as these Caps were awarded in 1901 and 1905 respectively, W. B. Holmes has the distinction of being the first Queens' man to be so honoured while still in residence.

Just before going to press we were very pleased to hear that Queens' men had won both the singles and doubles Finals in the Cambridge University Grass Court Open Tournament. In the singles match K. G. L. Isaacs beat G. de Freitas, of Clare, 6-3, 6-4; and in the doubles Isaacs and S. P. O. Kumi beat B. Carter, of Trinity, and R. Hack, of Pembroke, 6-1, 3-6, 6-4. We congratulate them both on this fine addition to the honours they have already won for the College.

RAVISHMENT

MRS. Partridge had said that tea was not to begin until her nephew Ronald arrived. The conversation was not yet self-confident and the party on the lawn was capable of little more than restrained sympathy in response to Mrs. Partridge's accounts of Ronald's activities at Oxford, from where he was going to motor over for the afternoon.

A series of hoots from a green sports car and a shout of "Hallo, everybody," signified Ronald.

"I say, what a jolly afternoon," he said, after he was introduced to the company. "And tea on the lawn, absolutely ravishing."

Ronald had brought the word "ravishing" with him in his sports car from Oxford as a kind of offering, and soon everyone was using it. It was his bounty and he lavished it on everything that fine afternoon. What more natural than that the gift should be accepted and used? Even the young poet in the eccentric *suède* shoes occasionally let it slip out of his tight lips. The racing man evidently thought it a safe bet for social success and applied it to all the favourite "nags" which made up his conversation. The ladies saw in it a rallying point to concert their talk, and in the corner where the Miss Daghishes and Miss Morrisons were clustered in orange-striped arm-chairs it hissed as a comfortable refrain in intervals between enthusiasm over the weather, China tea, common acquaintance, or the new rector.

"Ravishing tea, Aunt," confirmed Ronald, turning keenly from the questioning of Peter Daghish, who wanted details about university clubs, so that he could know where to meet the right men when he went up.

"Ah, just wait for my *pièce de résistance*." Mrs. Partridge had a good French accent. "You see, this *gâteau*. Something very special. I'll put it on the lawn here, in case it slides off the table." And she placed it in the middle of one of those bands of alternate light and dark which run across a mown lawn.

"There!" and she smiled a promise of pleasure to her guests.

Before another mouthful of anything, before even the daintiest sandwich could be consumed, it had to be unanimously asserted that

the gâteau was ravishing. It lay on a blue and white plate with puckered corners, a delicate confection covered with flaked nuts and sliced cherries, waiting until the elegant company was prepared for it. As though elevated by the dedication of this luxury, the guests pointed their limbs with a new grace as they addressed one another.

The young poet rose with determination from his deckchair to circulate the last plate of diamond-shaped sandwiches, and employed the claim which his services gave him on the attention of the others to take up again a subject in which he had several times tried to interest those sitting near him without managing to explain fully what he considered *significant*. Now was his chance.

"All this stuff written after the Romantics is not significant," he affirmed. "There's an awful gap which yawns right across the last century. The people have been denied the true expression of its emotions: its perceptions have suffered the hebetude of inexpression." Here he warmed greatly and accompanied his tirade with pounding gestures. The Miss Daglishes looked alarmed—really they had no idea.

"We have neglected the pulsating rhythms of the machine. If you charge the poet with failing to write for our industrial generation what can he answer? Most of them stand guilty; I tell you, guilty!" And he turned emphatically to include all present, but unfortunately included the gâteau too. One eccentric suède shoe had gone through the middle of it and splayed it out, a squash of sponge and cream and broken china over the lawn.

It would be difficult to say who suffered most in a silence in which one could hear for the first time the noise of a rookery at the end of the garden. "Caw, caw, caw," came drifting over the scene of embarrassment.

It was Ronald who saved the confusion: "I say, how ravishingly funny!"

Dear Ronald: of course, it was ravishingly funny, but it took a Ronald to say so. Now the company knew and followed the hostess's nephew in laughter.

"Wait till I tell my wife about this," said the racing man, his hot tweeds heaving.

“ Oh, my dear, what a scream ! But such a pity all the same ; it looked an absolutely ravishing cake ! ” So spoke a Miss Daghish to a Miss Morrison with the simple unreflectiveness which is cultivated in some beyond childhood by the daily discipline of tea-time conversation. It seemed indeed that for her the changing scenes of life had become, as it were, the passings to and fro of sugar-basins and milk-jugs.

So the party ended in smiles. On the firm countenance of the modernist poet the smile was rather ironical. He realized that this served him right for being concerned about the opinions of the public. But let them laugh. What did it matter ? It was the true rhythm which mattered... His eyes lifted in a suspense of inspiration as he heard a motor starting ; it slid deliciously from gear to gear until it zoomed away in a throb of true lyricism. Then he looked round to realize that Ronald had driven off and the party was filing across the lawn towards the house. He moved after them, turning over his shoes as he walked to remove the line of creamy cake crumbs.

The party went quietly, treading the soft grass and looking towards the west where the rooks were raggedly silhouetted against the first ruddiness of sunset as they gyrated round the elms.

“ Ravishing birds,” ventured the racing man with assurance to Mrs. Partridge.

Mrs. Partridge said nothing, but she tightened the corners of her lips coldly. That was Ronald’s word, and Ronald had taken it back with him to Oxford in his sports car. Any use of it now was like imposture, even a kind of theft of personality.

Everyone understood that now, without its being said. And the bright assent which the youngest Miss Daghish was about to give to the remark about the birds dropped unfledged off her pink tongue.

So when the guests left they all said what a *nice* or *wonderful* party it had been.

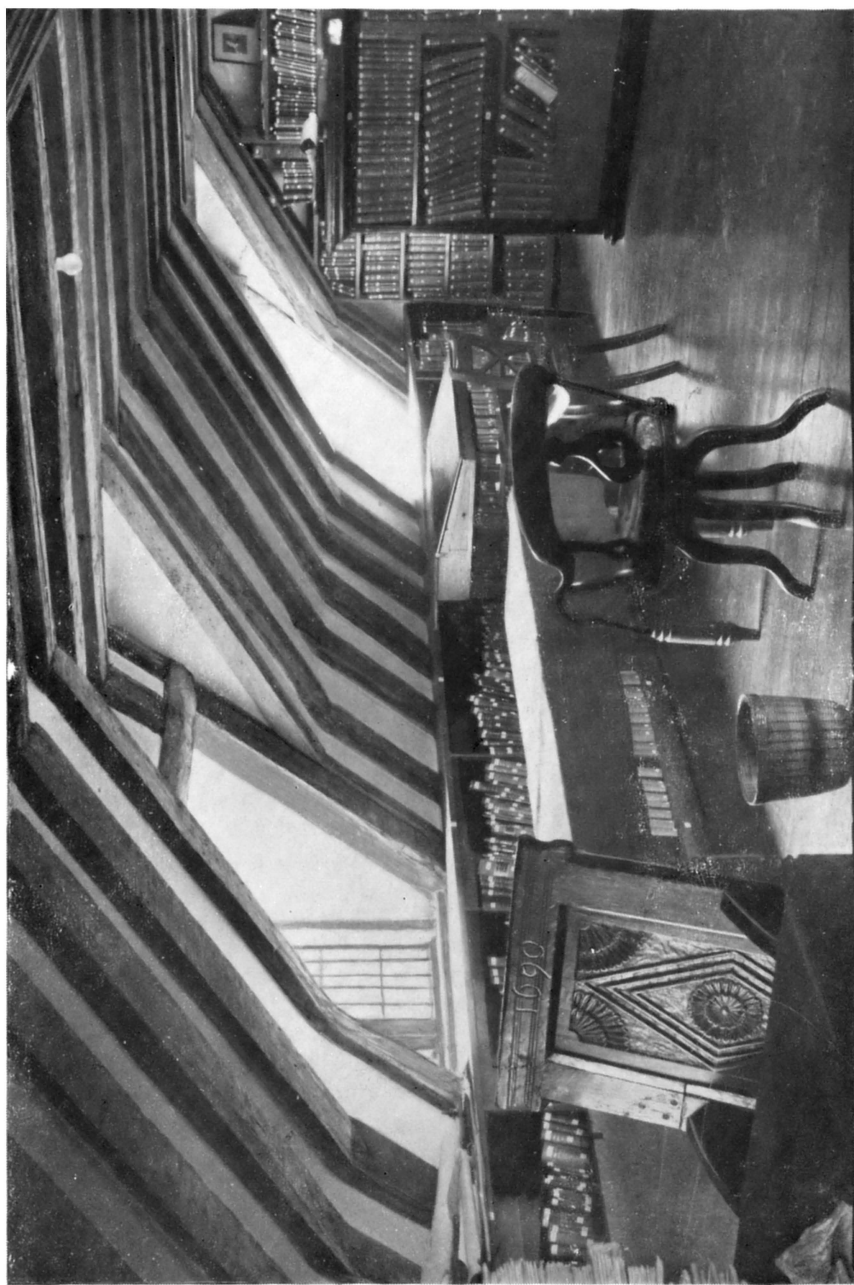
Philotus

THOMAS FULLER

IN 1829 Charles Lamb borrowed three folio volumes from Gilman, Coleridge's host. The works so fascinated him that he read the three folios in three days. These folios were early editions of some of Thomas Fuller's works. When Lamb returned them he wrote to Gilman, "Pray do you, or S.T.C., immediately write to say that you have received back the golden works of the dear, fine, silly old Angel, which I part from bleeding . . . I shall be uneasy till I hear of Fuller's safe arrival." Coleridge, who had read these folios in the summer before, thought of them as highly as Lamb did. "Next to Shakespeare," he wrote, "I am not certain whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotions of the marvellous . . . Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men." This Thomas Fuller, who to-day is almost unknown and whose works are very rarely read, was a Queens' man.

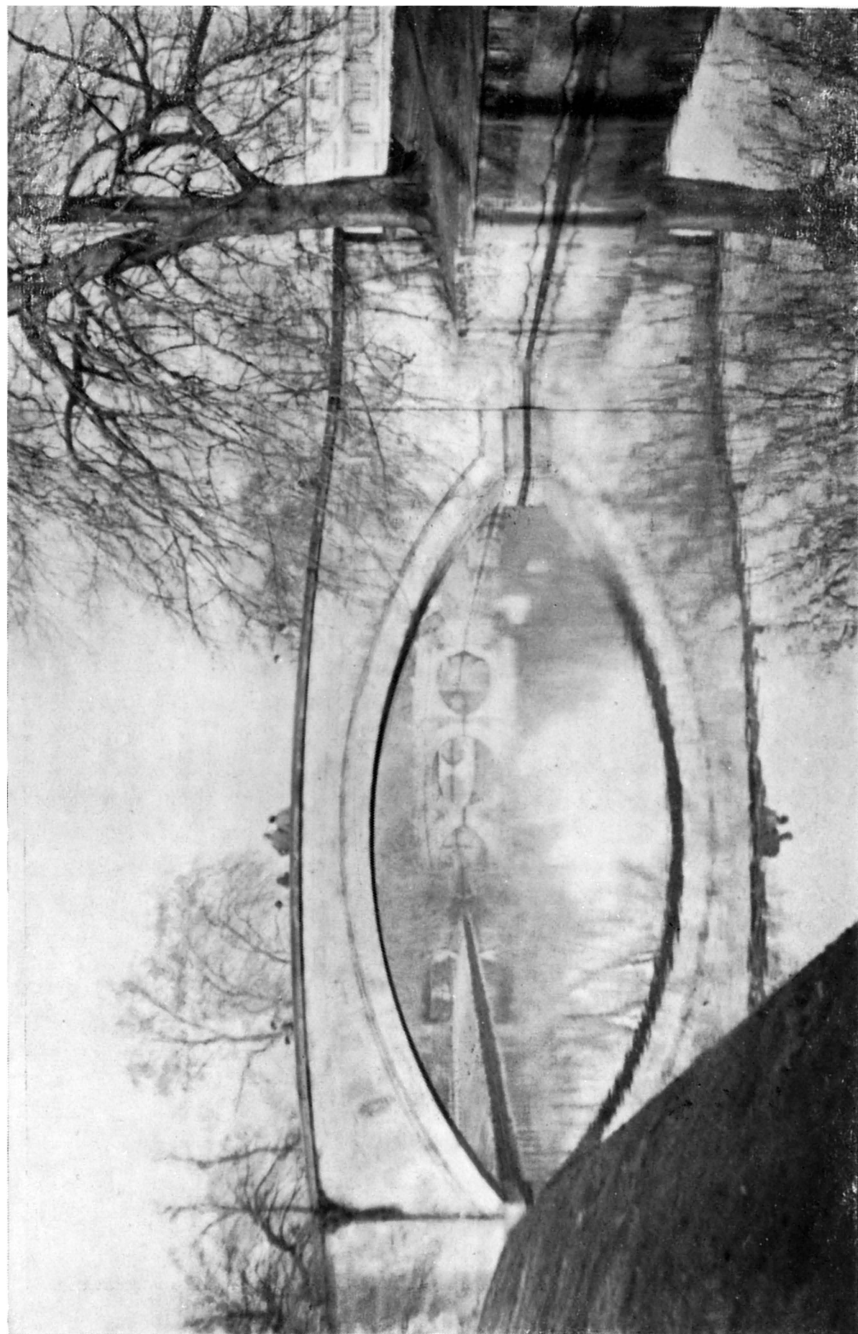
Thomas Fuller was born in June, 1608, at Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, where his father was rector of St. Peter's. His father was also a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. His mother was the sister of John Davenant, a Fellow of Queens'. At an early age he was sent to a private school in the village, where he remained four years and apparently learnt little. He was afterwards taught more successfully by his father. He was a precocious youth. Aubrey, who was a friend of both the Fuller and Davenant families, gives a delightful description of the young Fuller in his "Letters of Eminent Persons." "He was a boy of a pregnant witt, and when the bishop (John Davenant) and his father were discoursing, he would be by and hearken, and now and then put in, and sometimes beyond expectation, or his years. He was of middle stature, strong sett, curled hair. A very working head : insomuch, that walking and meditating before dinner, he would eate up a penny-loafe not knowing he did it."

On 29th June, 1621, when he was just thirteen years old, Fuller entered Queens'. At this time his uncle, John Davenant, was President of the College ; he was also Lady Margaret Professor and had just been nominated to the bishopric of Salisbury. The tutors



Photograph by]

[M. C. F. Proctor



Photograph by]

of the College were Edward Davenant, Fuller's cousin, and John Thorpe, who seems to have been Thomas's tutor for he later referred to him as "my ever honoured tutor." At this time Queens' was a prosperous college, containing about 230 persons; only four other colleges had as great a number. It was also famous as the college that had housed the great Erasmus, "who, no doubt," wrote Fuller, "might have picked and chosen what house he pleased." Erasmus disliked the beer at Queens' and Fuller agreed with him: "In my time scholars continued Erasmus his complaint; whilst the brewers (having, it seems, prescription on their side for long time) little amended it. The best Erasmus had was his lagena or flagon of wine (recruited from his friends in London), which he drank sometimes singly by itself, and sometimes encouraged his faint ale with a mixture thereof."

Fuller remained at Queens' for seven years. He seems to have been a diligent student for he took his first degree at the early age of seventeen. He also seems to have been popular and was described by a contemporary as "a pleasant facetious person, and a bonus socius." At the annual Commencement on 1st July, 1628, Fuller received his Master's degree. He would have liked to become a Fellow of Queens' and he wrote for help to his uncle, who had already obtained the election of Fuller's cousin, Robert Townson, to a Fellowship. The bishop wrote several times to Dr. Mansel, the President, but without success. Finally, in October, 1628, he wrote to Dr. Ward, the Master of Sidney Sussex, and asked him to take Fuller "unto your Colledg there to live in fellowes commons, till hee shall bee otherwise disposed of." The reason for this request, he told Dr. Ward, was that "I am informed that they have made a late election at Queens Colledg, and utterly passed by my nephew. . . I am loath that Mr. fuller should be snatched away from the University before hee bee growen somewhat riper. . . (his father thinks) it will be some disparagement and discouragement to his sonne to continew in that Colledg, where he shall see many of his punies stept before him in preferment." Thus Fuller left Queens' for Sidney. He was never bitter, and, in later life, affectionately concluded his notice of Queens' in his history of Cambridge, "And

thus I take my farewell to this foundation wherein I had my education for the first eight years in that University. Desiring God's blessing to be plentifully poured on all the members thereof."

In 1630 Fuller took orders and he was appointed to the curacy of St. Benet's by Corpus Christi College. While curate there he buried the Cambridge carrier Hobson (of "Hobson's choice" fame), who died of the plague in the winter of 1630. In 1631 Fuller was appointed to the prebend of Netherbury in Ecclesia in Salisbury, and in 1634 he became the rector of Broadwindsor in Dorset: both the appointment and the gift were the results of his generous uncle's exertions. It was customary in the early seventeenth century to give a feast on the occasion of receiving a B.D. degree. Unfortunately Fuller had so many friends and old parishioners in Cambridge when he received his, in 1635, that his hospitality cost him £140. In 1641 Fuller, who had by then married, left the country and settled in London. He preached first at the Inns of Court and later at the Royal Chapel, Savoy, where he soon became the curate. There he gained a reputation as a preacher: his sermons were so popular that a contemporary said that he had two congregations, one in the church, the other listening through the windows. Fuller was a moderate churchman inclined towards Arminianism, and on several occasions censured the Puritan zealots. However, he continued to preach until 1643, when he was ordered to take an oath promising not to join the Royalist forces. He refused, and withdrew to Oxford, where he settled at Lincoln College.

By 1643 Fuller had made a name for himself as an author as well as a preacher. He had published a book of verse, "David's Hainous Sin, Heartie Repentence, Heavie Punishment," in 1631; in 1639 he had published the first of his historical writings, "History of the Holy Warre," a study of the Crusades; and in 1642 his "Holy and Profane State" had appeared. He had also printed some of his sermons. His verse was never good and was never popular, but his other works, particularly the "Holy State," were best sellers, mainly because of his curious style that has a peculiar charm of its own. It is an unusual mixture of epigrams, unexpected similes and metaphors, free use of alliteration and puns. A few extracts will give some idea

of this extraordinary style. In the "Worthies" he writes that he has not "wittingly, willingly, or willfully shut the door against any worthy person which offered to enter unto my knowledge; nor was my prejudice the porter in this kind to exclude any who brought merit for their admission." In his description of a worthy he writes: "He had many choice books, and (not like to those who may lose themselves in their own libraries, being owners, not masters of their books therein) had his books at such command as the Captain has his soldiers; so that he could make them at pleasure go or come, or do what he desired." Writing of the Puritans he says: "What won them most repute was their ministers' painful preaching in populous places; it being observed in England that those who hold the helm of the pulpit always steer people's hearts as they please." And commenting on Chief Justice Coke's legal fame he said: "His learned and laborious works on the laws will last to be admired by the judicious posterity whilst Fame has a trumpet left her and any breath to blow therein."

At Oxford Fuller became a Cavalier cleric. He was welcomed by the Royalists, and preached before the king. In December, 1643, he became chaplain to Sir Ralph Hopton, one of the most moderate of the king's generals. Whilst in Hopton's service he was present at Basing House during the siege in 1644. Later in that year he was with Hopton in Exeter when the queen's fourth child, Henrietta, was born. Charles appointed Fuller chaplain to the infant, so he remained in Exeter with the princess's household, preached a little, wrote, and in 1645 published, another best-seller, "Good Thoughts in Bad Times." After the fall of Exeter he returned to London where he led a miserable life, as his book entitled "Good Thoughts in Worse Times" shows. In 1648 he was presented to the perpetual curacy of Waltham Abbey, in Essex, by the Earl of Carlisle. In 1658 he became rector of Cranford, near Hounslow, and chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley. During these ten happier years Fuller was busy writing and publishing: "A Pisgah-sight of Palestine", "The Church History of Britain", "History of the University of Cambridge since the Conquest", "History of Waltham Abbey", and collections of various sermons followed one another in rapid

succession. His works sold well, and he was able to write, "Hitherto no Stationer hath lost by me." He had also married again. During the Civil War his wife had died, and in 1651 he married his second wife, Mary, the daughter of Viscount Baltinglasse.

In 1660 Fuller appears to have accompanied Lord Berkeley to meet Charles II at the Hague. To celebrate the restoration he wrote and published a poem, "Panegyrick," and a book, "Mixt Contemplations in Better Times." In August he was created D.D. by letter from the king, was appointed "chaplain in extraordinary" to the monarch, and resumed preaching at the Savoy. It was there that Pepys heard him preach on several occasions. These were some of his last sermons, for, in 1661, soon after he had returned from a visit to Salisbury, he was attacked by typhus fever. "He died August 16th, 1661, aged 53, at his lodgings in Covent Garden, of a violent fever, crying out for his pen and ink to the last."

After his death his son, John, who was a Fellow of Sidney Sussex, published his father's most noteworthy work, "The Worthies of England." This was a topographical and biographical survey of the shires: in it he enumerated the natural resources, the great towns, the wonders, the battles, the proverbs, the saints, the authors, and the famous men of each county in turn. It is a wonderful book, and it is still fascinating to read. It is by this work that Fuller is usually remembered. "By his particular Temper, and Management he weathr'd the late great Storm with more Success than many other great Men. He was a general Scholar, an extensive Historian, and a walking Library; and had a prodigious Memory, a most quick wit, and a luxuriant Fancy and Invention, but not the most exact Judgement: he published many pieces, but was most of all distinguished by that laborious, but imperfect work, "The History of the Worthies of England." In fact Fuller was probably the most scholarly and certainly the wittiest man that Queens' produced in the seventeenth century.

Anthony Neville.

"NOW WE ARE EIGHT"

NO one will pretend that the Fitzpatrick Hall has an enormous capacity, but the smallness of the auditorium can in no way detract from the "Bats'" success in filling the house for all six performances of their revue *Now We Are Eight*. This success is a measure of the "Bats'" growing reputation both inside and outside the College.

A revue is the trickiest of stage presentations to put over ; so much depends on the mood and reactions of the audience. And on the night when I attended, they might, I felt, have shown greater appreciation of this first-class show. However, the high standard which the "Bats" set themselves forbids that failings should be passed over in complacent silence. There were moments, happily brief, when inertia threatened ; there were moments, too, when over-acting produced its uncomfortable effect. But the most grievous shortcoming of this versatile and hard-working team was the lack of a female voice—though here it must be admitted that Kay Robertson bluffed her way most charmingly through her Escapist number.

To turn from the not-so-good to the good—Ivor Hussey's various appearances were justly acclaimed by the audience. Making full use of his physical attributes, he convulsed us as Nero, Billy Bunter and a modern-age witch ; but the highlight of his performance came when he took up the baton of the boy-conductor. Scenically, l' Enfant Terrible was contrived with excellent effect, and its visual appeal, coupled with a brilliant lyric, provided the best laugh of the evening. Frederic Smith was notable for his accomplished stage presence. He impressed in everything he did, whether stepping his vitals as a Restoration playwright, striking a graceful bargain with Kay Robertson—(was this, incidentally, a delicate compliment to the Professor of Industrial Relations?)—or parodying with exquisite fatuity the earnest Bloomsbury aesthete's vision of "that other side of things." It should be mentioned that, owing to illness, Frederic Smith was unable to appear on the first four nights, when his place was very competently filled at short notice by Adrian Bristow.

The ladies were decorative throughout and all had their moments. Anne Jacobsen's attractively farouche detachment as the heroine of an opera without music will be remembered. Kay Robertson made a delightfully languid Venus, Olympus 1949, but in the closing number of the first part failed, I thought, to display that degree of abandon without which it would surely be difficult to become "The Idol of Paris." Joyce Quinney acquired merit by striving manfully to keep one foot on the ground in her "Careful Rapture" with Frederic Smith.

Many other individual performances might be mentioned, notably that of Howard Letty as an Exterminator, or Rodent Operative, but suffice it to say that those who did the lion's share of the work were always ably supported. Adrian Bristow deserves high praise for his lyrics. They showed great talent and a nice understanding of the revue medium. No less successful was James Beament's music, which he and Robert Glen played with vigour and precision on two pianos, while Hugh Wallace dealt immaculately with the tympani. Ivor Hussey produced, and is to be congratulated on arranging his excellent material so well and creating a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment. Nor must credit be denied to those who worked unseen, for to have presented an ambitious show such as *Now We Are Eight* practically without a hitch under the limitations of the Fitzpatrick stage is no small achievement. Those who saw this revue will not fail to support future "Bats'" productions, and those who did not can confidently be assured that they missed something.

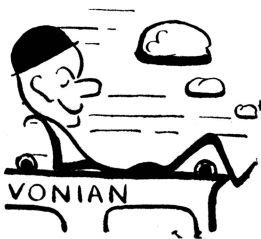
G. M. L.

THE JOYFUL FOOL

NOW who will see the world like me,
 And wander out of season,
 With hate intense of all good sense,
 Against all rhyme and reason ;
 To prize th' absurd before the word
 Of logic and the school
 And ever tend the worthy end
 Of being a Joyful Fool.



The tide doth flow, the foam doth blow,
 The wind is in the South,
 And I would swim, but find it grim—
 The seaweed in the mouth.
 So let us stand upon dry land
 Until a man appears
 Content to raise a song of praise
 For water in his ears.



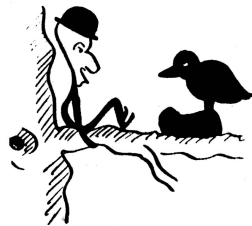
Oh Muse of Fire, why dost aspire
 T' ascend the brightest heaven
 When I can fix, for five and six,
 A day return to Devon ?
 Let sonorous verse harmonious roll
 Provided it's insane ;
 " For Jack is down a rabbit-hole,
 And I am down a drain ".



What do I see? What can it be,
 That creature over there,
 With sweater rose, uplifted nose,
 And *such* a lot of hair?
 Whose aim is use of terms abstruse,
 Whose shirt and tie so tight—
 Oh! ghetto him within the “W * * *”,
 “He does offend our sight!”

But, hey! What fun, when day is done
 To bait an angry man!
 We'll go carouse outside his house
 And wallop on a pan;
 And we will jump and we will thump
 And beat upon a tin,
 Play merry hell upon his bell
 And all for love of Din.

Some steps I took, to ask a rook
 From Sidgwick Avenue
 If he possessed a cosy nest
 And if he liked the view.
 At once he said (his points he made
 With adjectival claws)
 “The ladies there, though bright and fair,
 Will not support our caws”. or





“ Because I think, therefore I am ”—
 Although my thoughts appal—
 Yet some I know don't give a damn
 And cannot think at all ;
 So let us take a cherry-cake
 And roll it round the town,
 Or climb up King's with—certain things—
 And leave them, upside-down.

A man of parts (degree in Arts)
 Reviled me for my folly ;
 “ Your state is sad ; you must be mad ”,
 Said he, “ to be so jolly !
 We perish all ; we're miseraball ;
 Yet you'll be fooling still—”
 But I arose and punched his nose,
 And punched it with a will.



I spread his snout all round about
 His physiognomy,
 Then with my feet addressed the seat
 Of—all his dignity ;
 Then, much surprised, I realised
 I'd made him howl and curse ;
 Said I “ Your state was ill of late,
 And can it now be worse ? ”

But come, fill up the can and cup !
 The windy ways of men
 Are but as dust, which, rising, must
 Be lightly laid again ;
 And though you roam as far from home
 As ever you are able,
 The Frenchman's dish, his April Fish,
 You'll find at every table.



But since my muse is on the booze
 Perhaps I should have done ;
 Perhaps my strains afflict your brains—
 Perhaps, like me, you've none—
 Take no offence, for there's no sense,
 In throwing bombs at flies ;
 Your Joyful Duffer gladly suffer,
 Just to prove you're wise.

L'Envoy—Apologia pro vita sua.

I did not "pester" (Butler) for my birth ;
Against my wishes I was dumped on earth ;
And you must know (or if you don't, you oughter),
The Everlasting's canon 'gainst self-slaughter ;
So, though my living is a bane to you,
I really do not see what I can do—
And you, of course, would plunge your soul in sin
If you should take a gun and do me in.



Yet, there is hope ; perchance, a passing lorry—
And meanwhile—well, it's just too bad ; I'm sorry.

Tom O'Bedlam.

TEDIOUS ENCOUNTER

IT was late afternoon when we left Paddington, and, as we hurried through the suburbs and out into more open country, dusk gradually darkened the clouded sky. The train was full but not crowded, so that it would not have been difficult, by asking for a light or for the window to be opened or some such triviality, for me to get into conversation with my next door neighbours in our compartment. But I don't like talking to strangers in trains.

The girl opposite me did. Although my attention was fairly well held by the novel I was reading, I soon noticed that she was determined to talk to somebody, no matter whom or no matter what. I thought, as I read, "I hope she doesn't drag me into it". But I need have had no fear of that. In the same compartment were three airmen, and it soon became obvious that her attention was directed towards them. Without looking up, I could hear her insinuate herself into their conversation. They were talking about the time of a connection at the station where they were to change. She butted in with the unnecessary information—she knew this part of the line well, travelled over it very frequently, could, and did, expatiate on the fastest trains from here to there at all times of the day and night. This subject did not last them long, and there was silence again. Then the men began to speak about the R.A.F. station they were bound for : again she took up the thread—she lived not far from the place, knew a lot of people up at the station and had been attached to it when she was in the W.A.A.F. during the war. One of the men asked her, did she know—he mentioned the name of an officer at the station—? ; no, she didn't, but she did remember old so-and-so—was he still there? No, he couldn't say he'd heard of the name. The conversation meandered a little further and stopped. By now I was half-listening as I read, wondering how she might introduce a new subject. But she changed her tactics ; and, with the air of one who comes prepared for all eventualities, produced from among her personal luggage a small wad of magazines, which she distributed among the three. They took them, thankfully perhaps. They had not seemed very interested in what she had to say, but it was quite dark by now and one could not avoid conversation by looking out of the window.

So they read their magazines dutifully and exchanged them among themselves. Periodically she would interrupt the man who sat beside her to tell him some anecdote of herself, her job or what she used to do during the war. He always went back to his reading as soon as she'd finished, but she never seemed to lose heart.

I wondered as I sat opposite her, sometimes reading, sometimes listening to her conversation, why it was she behaved like this. The sight from my point of view—for I luckily could stand aside and look on and was in no danger now of being involved—was half pathetic, half ludicrous. To the unfortunate three, it must have been infuriating. It wasn't as if she was a particularly unattractive girl who had to work hard to attract men's attention. On the contrary, as I gathered from her conversation, she was engaged and would soon be married: she fiddled half nervously, half ostentatiously with the ring on her left hand. She did not give many details about her fiancé. I wondered whether he'd been talked, unwillingly, into the engagement. But on further reflection, I thought it unlikely. She was not even adept at "picking up" strange men. Her methods were too naive, too painfully obvious. And I felt sure that she could not have held any man who was only faintly interested in her. Anybody but a born idiot could have escaped her if he had thought it necessary or worth his trouble. Was she, then, the sort of girl who imagines herself attractive to every male who sees her? Maybe. Or was it just that she was one of those tiresome people who cannot resist telling their life history to strangers? Maybe. Or was it that she had something on her mind and wanted somebody to talk to about it? Hardly, seeing that she addressed herself to three people at once, in a voice clearly audible before the possible audience of the rest of the compartment. Or was it just that, for all her talk of the airmen she knew up at the station and the good times she had there and her engagement and her fiancé, she was lonely and wanted the reassurance of the sound of her own voice and somebody else's? Perhaps.

I was roused from these speculations by the sense that the conversation, now that the magazines had been disposed of, had taken on a more playful air. She had brought out a packet of sandwiches, and was distributing them among her three friends. Under this fresh

stimulus, talk changed from a monologue of anecdotes to a lighter give-and-take of rather obvious wit. The three airmen were good at it in their way—they teased her on all manner of things, pretended to find fault with her, assumed hostility at what she said. She seemed to enjoy it enormously: her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks flushed, partly with excitement and pleasure, partly because the compartment was getting close and stuffy. So they went on, lumbering along with the soon-wearisome “You did—I didn’t” type of repartee. I for my part was getting more and more uncomfortable. It was partly the close atmosphere; but more specially the growing sense that the pretence of laughing with her was no longer a pretence. Wearied and bored by her attentions the men were taking their revenge: they were laughing at her, and in the knowing glances that passed between them was a hard private delight at the almost childlike unsuspecting pleasure she took in what she thought was a little sophisticated badinage.

I put down my book and went out into the corridor. It was cool and full of the noise of the wheels, but free at least from the oppressive atmosphere of stupid chatter and ambiguous sniggers. When I returned, the train was slowing down to its first stop. The girl passed me as I entered, bidding a gay farewell to the airmen. They were telling her that she’d missed her station—the train had passed it ages ago without stopping, and she’d have to walk home. She laughed all the more at that.

At last the train moved on away from the station lights, and the compartment was once more a little enclosed world of light and oppressive warmth and faces, gathering speed through the dark night. The airmen were talking in low voices among themselves and sniggering. Once or twice they exploded into shouts of laughter. I supposed that it would become quite a story among them, how they were pestered by a strange girl in a train. I wondered too, how she would look back on those two hours, which had been to everyone but herself tedious, wearying and infuriating. Would she count them time well spent, one of her more successful evenings, one of her “good times”?

D. C. A.

LADY OF EMBROIDERY

BY your head a peacock flies
 And a faded deer, wan-eyed,
 Looks out among the pillared trees :
 Where the artist chose that he always
 Should upon your movement wait,
 The star to light you also did he
 Place, and the looms wove full a year
 The heavy skeins to make your sky.

Have you not enough of glory
 With your castle and your lilies,
 O Lady of Embroidery,
 Without you steal my music too
 And sphere it in your star for melody
 And leave me only half a song
 For my own fantastic tapestry,
 O Lady of Embroidery ?

Even so you look not near
 But ever past me through the sky,
 And though you calmly disregard, you'll not
 Restore what you have charmed,
 Only when your picture is in tatters
 Shall that imprisoning star
 Fall from the woof and I be free,
 Harsh Lady of Embroidery.

Aubani

CLUB AND SOCIETY REPORTS

LAWN TENNIS

AT the time of writing, the Term has not yet run half its course, so it is impossible to give a full record of the season's achievements. A brief assessment of our chances, however, will not, I hope, prove to be too inaccurate a forecast.

We began the Term potentially the strongest College with three Blues or possible Blues and one possible Grasshopper, but a number of good players is sometimes a mixed blessing, as University commitments occasionally coincide with College fixtures. Even so, in the Inter-College League, the first team has won all its three matches so far, with the loss of only one point (in the league table, not in score !); and there is no reason why it should not remain undefeated. With luck, that one lost point may not deprive us of the league championship. The second team, which has more than once been called on to supply replacements for the first, has consequently been less successful; its two defeats, however, have been by a narrow margin, and there is every prospect of improvement.

We can look forward with reasonable optimism to a repetition of our victories of last year in the Inter-Collegiate Knock-Out Tournament at the end of term, and to the gaining of at least one individual success in the Open Tournament at Fenner's. In the Open Tournament in March, K. G. Isaacs won the singles, and he and S. P. O. Kumi reached the finals in the doubles.

The College Tournament, which last year became rather unwieldy and certainly too prolonged, was this year replaced by trials which provided a speedier method of selection. The annual match against the R.A.F., Cranwell, had to be cancelled, and has been replaced by one against The Leys School; another innovation this Term is a match against the Cambridge University Women's Tennis Team.

D. R. C.

ROWING

At the beginning of the Lent Term six Eights were in training, and the 1st and 2nd Boats were showing promise of going up a number of places when sickness and sprains caused two casualties in the 1st Eight. As there were no spare men available, the 6th Eight had to be disbanded and five Eights eventually rowed in the Bumping Races. The 5th Eight, which actually contained a mixture of the original 5th and 6th Eights, won the "getting-on" race and was the only crew to break 9 minutes.

All Eights improved their positions. The results were as follows:—

- 1st VIII Bumped Christ's I and St. Catharine's I. Started 9th, finished 7th.
- 2nd VIII Bumped St. Catharine's II and Clare II, re-bumped by St. Catharine's II. Started 27th, finished 26th.
- 3rd VIII Bumped King's III, Trinity Hall IV and Magdalene III. Started 54th, finished 51st.
- 4th VIII Bumped Fitzwilliam House III, Jesus V and Caius III. Started 63rd in the 5th Division, finished 59th in the 4th Division.
- 5th VIII Bumped by Selwyn IV, bumped Jesus VI and Trinity Hall V. Started 70th, finished 69th.

The two most unfortunate Boats were the 2nd and 5th Eights. The 2nd Eight ought to have won their oars quite easily, but lost much ground at Grassy Corner where an Eight, which had bumped ahead, lay obstructing the river. The 5th Eight, who also should have won their oars on their performance in the "getting-on" race, were bumped on the first day owing to bad pushing out, a strong wind taking them into the far bank.

The term was generally most successful as we were the only College all of whose boats went up.

This term six Eights are training for the Mays. We hope to send two Eights, and possibly a coxwainless Four to Henley Royal Regatta.

C. P. W.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

THE form shown in the Michaelmas Term gave the Club high hopes in the "Cuppers". The team was playing well, and won its way through to the semi-final by beating Trinity and Sidney Sussex. We were then drawn against the favourites, St. Catharine's. The match was a great battle, and well into the second half the score was still even, at 2—2. St. Catharine's managed to score once more, and thus Queens' hopes were dashed again. However, it is now true to say that on this season's performance the Club has once more become one of the leading soccer teams.

Congratulations again to the 2nd XI, who finished top of their league without surrendering a single point. The establishment of such a record as this in the first season of a 2nd XI league, is a great achievement for Queens'.

The two away matches were played in the usual good spirit. The game with Queen's College, Oxford, was lost 2—1, but the Club was too strong for Cranwell, where it obtained a 4—1 victory.

At the Annual General Meeting, the officers elected for next season were: Captain, J. A. Hull; Hon. Secretary, L. A. Newbery; Committee Member, R. C. Peagram.

Colours were awarded to R. C. Peagram, L. A. Newbery, F. H. Perring and D. Cook.

With so much of the talent that brought this season's successes remaining for next year, the Club should indeed look forward to a promising winter.

J. T. S.

CHESS

THE Club has had a fairly successful season, finishing near the top of Division I of the Cambridge and District Chess League.

In the cuppers we were beaten in the fourth round by Pembroke, who went on to win the championship.

Colours for the season have been awarded to R. O. Selby and A. M. Dowler.

B. T.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

THERE were fewer matches this term, and we soon got down to some serious training for the "Cuppers".

In the first round we met Peterhouse, and had a muddy battle on the College ground, eventually winning 11—6.

In the next round we met Downing, who proved too strong for us, and we lost 11—3.

W. B. Holmes played for England in all the international matches this season. M. T. Maloney played for the Varsity in all the matches of the French tour during the Easter Vacation.

The Annual Dinner was held in Hall on March 9th. 75 members and guests were present.

At a meeting held before the dinner, the following members were elected to hold office for next season: Captain, G. A. Sharp; Committee Member, P. Barnes; Secretary, H. P. Gray.

I. W. P.

S. C. M.

DURING the first full week of term, several small informal gatherings were held to consider missionary work abroad.

The University S.C.M. has invited a team of distinguished missionaries for the "Vocation Abroad" week, and in Queens' we are meeting several of them, including Professor J. C. Scott of Cheeloo University, Tsinan, John S. Flatt (Agricultural Missionary in Nigeria), the Reverend G. R. Norton from South Africa, and Hugh Elliott of the Colonial Service.

Later in the term, S. Babalola will talk on "Religious Problems in Nigeria," and Frank Wright (Westcott House) on "Christianity, Death and the After Life." In October, study and discussion will have the main place.

Weekly prayers are held, and we are also making contact with Addenbrooke's Hospital, where we hope to be of some help to the chaplain and staff.

B. H. W.

TABLE TENNIS

QUEENS' three table tennis teams achieved comfortable, if not outstanding, final positions in divisions I, II and III of the University League, and the first team reached the semi-finals of the "Cuppers" competition. K. G. Isaacs represented the University against Oxford, and M. E. Monkcom, R. A. Chiverton and D. E. Cronin were awarded University Club colours. The officers elected for next season are :—Captain, D. E. Cronin ; Secretary, P. G. Reed.

D. E. C.

ATHLETICS

TRINITY, our rivals for first place last year, managed to beat us in the Qualifying Round of the College Sports held at the end of January. The result was in the balance right up to the last race : in this, the 440, we had two strong runners, but due to a strenuous half mile earlier in the afternoon, D. Houseman was not able to give of his best, and E. Collins had stomach trouble. So, in spite of the gallant efforts of M. R. Lockett, who stepped into the breach, we were unable to gain sufficient points to take us through to the Final. The season has nevertheless been a good one with a big membership and strong support from members of other Clubs, and with the bulk of the Club still in residence next year, we should retain the Relay Cup and regain the College Cup which was won in 1948

V. P. S.

C. I. C. C. U.

IN addition to the usual meetings for prayer and Bible study, held in the College each week, a "tea squash" was also arranged last term, and was attended by C.I.C.C.U. men and their friends. The speaker was the Rev. Frank Harris, of the China Inland Mission, who had just returned to this country on his first furlough from China,

where he has been working among students. He was able to give a first-hand account of the evangelistic work done by the Chinese Inter-Varsity Fellowship, the counterpart of the I.V.F. in this country (to which the C.I.C.C.U. is affiliated).

In view of the coming Mission to the University, to be held next November, the emphasis of the work in College this term is mainly on preparation for more effectual Christian witness, and it is to this end that the present series of College Bible readings is primarily directed.

Doctor Donald Grey Barnhouse has agreed to come over from the United States of America as Missioner, and he will be assisted by a number of other experienced Christian leaders. This will be the second time that Dr. Barnhouse has undertaken this work, as he was here for the previous Mission in 1946.

A. G. E.

THE ST. BERNARD SOCIETY

THE St. Bernard Society is passing through a dangerous phase of its existence ; it is convalescing after a bout of what might be called sleeping sickness.

Attendance at meetings has leapt from a paltry dozen at the beginning of the Lent Term to some thirty or forty at the beginning of the Easter Term. If this can be maintained or improved the Society will be well on its way to recovery : but attendance is not the only criterion of success. The Society can only be pulled through and put firmly on its feet again if its members (every member of the United Clubs is a member of the St. Bernard Society) take an active part in its meetings. The ability to speak in public is an art that can only be mastered with practice, and there can hardly be a better opportunity for such practice than in the friendly atmosphere of a College Debating Society, where both good and bad speeches can be and are made without anyone being embarrassed.

The Committee realises that the decline of the Society was, in part, due to poor publicity and intends to do its utmost to rectify this.

C. J. C. P.

SQUASH RACQUETS

THE 1st team, though materially the same this term as last, seemed somehow unable to carry off the victory against much weaker teams. As a result we won only two of our six College matches. The 2nd team fared little better. In the Cuppers our first three were defeated in the first round by Magdalene. However, we did manage to repeat our last term's victory over Oxford, beating them by three matches to two on very fast Oxford courts. We also beat the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, in an away match. *D. P. C. S.*

THE RIFLE CLUB

THE College Club has not been active this year, but its members have been successful in both University Full-Bore, and Small-Bore shooting.

H. W. Symons, by winning the Caldwell Cup, brings it back for the first time since 1921.

The College supplied half the Heslop Cup team which shot against Oxford and won. E. A. G. Warlow captained this team, which included S. H. Thomas, P. F. Dixon and H. W. Symons. R. A. Biddulph shot for the 2nd VIII C.U.S.B.C. against the Imperial College, London. *S. H. T.*

THE FRIENDS OF QUEENS' HOUSE

ON Friday, May 6th, the Society's Annual General Meeting was held and the following officers were elected for the year 1949-1950: President, Denys Graebe; Secretary, Michael Wheeler; Treasurer, Peter Reed; Committee members, Frederic Smith and Phillip Holland. Plans were also discussed for receiving a party of Queens' House Sea Scouts here at Whitsun. It is proposed that they should camp on a site along the Barton Road, and members of the Society hope to be their hosts in Cambridge on Sunday, June 5th. We would welcome any assistance from other Queensmen, either on Whitsunday or at the camp-fire which the scouts will have on the preceding Saturday evening. *R. E. A.*

THE HISTORY SOCIETY

LAST term the Society heard three papers after Mr. Fay's. G. A. Cranfield cleared "Walpole the Great Corrupter," from some common charges against him, and showed that all 18th century politicians were much alike. Mr. B. H. G. Wormald, of Peterhouse, read a paper on "Self-examination in History," and, in a most illuminating discourse, advocated universal history written in a spirit of charity, as opposed to a "corrosive contempt" for the past. M. E. Heath, at the 136th meeting of the Society, spoke of "The Fourth Crusade," and discussed the question of who was responsible—Venice or the Papacy.

There were no ordinary meetings this term: the Annual Dinner was held on June 2nd.

J. N. H.

THE QUEENS' BENCH

THE Bench has had two meetings since the last *Dial*. The first, in the middle of the Lent Term, was a moot on libel argued against Trinity Law Society before Mr. Justice Slade. It is pleasant to report that the court, persuaded by the erudite Mr. Yale and swayed by the eloquent Mr. Logue, had no choice but to find the law as they said it was.

At the end of term, the Bench had the pleasure of hearing a talk by Mervyn Griffith Jones, barrister-at-law, on his personal experiences at the Nuremberg Trials.

The Bench was sorry when D. T. Holland was compelled to resign the Presidency—*trop d'affaires*—but welcomed K. Isaacs, who as Vice-President took over the position from him.

D. W.

BADMINTON

HAVING had not very good results in the first year of its existence, the Queens' College Badminton Club was placed this year in the second division of the Inter-College League. Seven matches were played during the season, six being won and only Sidney Sussex defeating us. Members of the Badminton Club are few but keen; it is hoped that results and numbers will be even better next season.

The following have represented the College :—

Old Half-Colours : R. K. Finnimore (Captain), I. W. Hussey (Secretary), F. H. C. Scallon, J. A. V. Richard. New Half-Colours : J. W. E. Jones, R. A. Kidd, F. G. Smith.

I. W. H.

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