

# THE DIAL

LENT TERM 1936

*We believe that we shall be expressing the feelings of the members of the College when we record that we very deeply regret the passing of the late King, George V; that we feel every sympathy for the Queen; and that we welcome loyally the new King, Edward VIII.*

# CONTENTS

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	PAGE
Editorial . . . . .	5
The Building Rises ( <i>photo</i> )	
Reginalia . . . . .	6
Honorary Fellowships . . . . .	7
An Interesting Discovery in the College Library	9
Day and Night (Poem) . . . . .	10
The Problem of Palestine . . . . .	11
Unemployment and Us . . . . .	15
Summer Morning, Sea (Poem) . . . . .	18
Summer Evening (Poem) . . . . .	18
The Arms of King René . . . . .	19
Harvard Criticism . . . . .	23
Snow and Flood in Cambridge ( <i>photo</i> )	
Life (Poem) . . . . .	25
Crossword No. 1. . . . .	26
Going up . . . . .	28
My Stream (Poem) . . . . .	29
Eternal Eve . . . . .	30
A Silly Symphony (Poem) . . . . .	32
A Chapter on Eyes . . . . .	34
The President's Secret (Poem) . . . . .	37
A Contrast . . . . .	39
The Course.....? (Poem) . . . . .	42
Chess . . . . .	43
Queens' House . . . . .	44
St Bernard Society . . . . .	46
St Margaret Society . . . . .	47
The Ryle Society . . . . .	49
Guild of St Bernard . . . . .	49
The Science Society . . . . .	50
The Historical Society . . . . .	51
Q. C. B. C. . . . .	52
Q. C. R. U. F. C. . . . .	54
Q. C. A. F. C. . . . .	56
Q. C. H. C. . . . .	57
Q. C. A. C. . . . .	58
Q. C. S. R. C. . . . .	59
Q. C. R. F. C. . . . .	60
Q. C. E. F. C. . . . .	60
Q. C. Rifle Club . . . . .	61
Q. C. Chess Club . . . . .	61
Correspondence . . . . .	62

# THE DIAL

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No. 82.

LENT TERM, 1936.

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## EDITORIAL

IT seems inevitable that an Editor should be philosophical. The not-to-be-missed opportunity of providing the very essence of his ideas in a form that will, probably, be read by all, generally proves too tempting. With this sop to the Cerberus of Tradition we attempt to avoid a recapitulation of the term's natural history, or a discourse on Life, with a capital letter to prevent us from falling into the trap of imagining that it is in any way connected with the real thing.

We have received a large number of contributions this term, of which a fair proportion have found their way into the following pages. It is a pity that an Editor rarely hears the many criticisms of his production, and that even if he does, he is by then sitting back and watching another colleague pass through the anxious period. We can rarely tell what is universally popular—and we use this meagre excuse to fill our pages with highly heterogeneous material. This policy is of little value to *The Dial*, or to its Editor, but it is a line of least resistance—and if one more burst of philosophy is pardoned—who, in Cambridge, could choose any other?

## REGINALIA

WE congratulate the First Boat on finishing 7th, as high as it has ever finished before, in the Lent Races.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to R. S. Cranston on being awarded his Hockey Blue, and to P. L. Trevorrow on being elected Captain of the C.U. Hockey Club. It is a long time since we last had two Hockey Blues simultaneously.

Further, we congratulate M. M. Scarr on again winning the 100 yards race in the University Sports.

\* \* \*

As a result of the last General Election, two old Queens' men now sit in Parliament, Allan Chapman for the Rutherglen district of Lanark, and C. T. Culverwell for Bristol, West.

\* \* \*

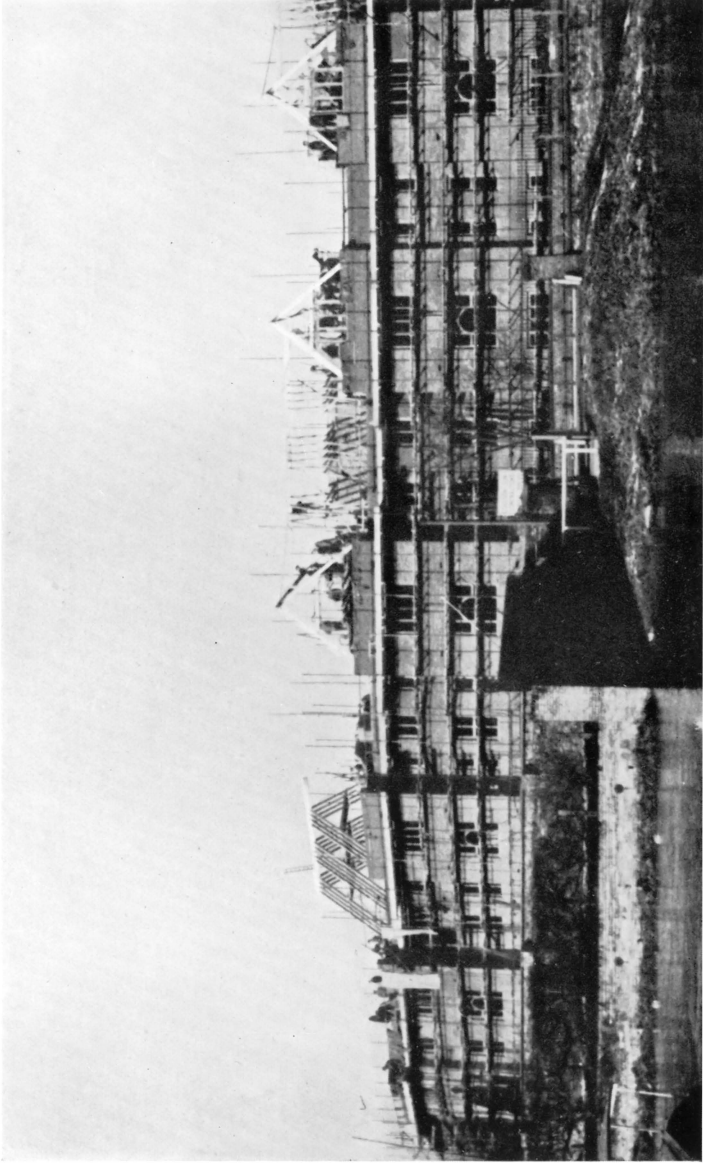
In the New Year Honours List an O.B.E. was conferred upon Captain Laurence Holbeck, D.S.O., M.C., Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of South Rhodesia, an old Queens' man.

\* \* \*

The new buildings are now progressing steadily. In spite of a five weeks delay, due to frost, it is expected that the exterior will be completed by the beginning of the Easter term and it is hoped that all will be finished by the scheduled time. They will be equipped with a very recent innovation in roof insulation, which consists of a compound aluminium and asbestos sheeting.

\* \* \*

Work has started on the new Squash Courts,



*Photo*

THE BUILDING RISES

*Rodney Jones*

The recently acquired portions of the playing field have been levelled, and will be sown during the Easter vacation.

\* \* \*

We notice with relief that the Dokett gate to Queens' now closes at a more reasonable hour. Is it too much to suggest that in Summer it should not close before the Bridge gate?

\* \* \*

The May Concert has been arranged provisionally to be held on Wednesday, June 10th, at 9.0 p.m. The Concert in Hall will be followed by refreshments and music from the river.

\* \* \*

The Rev. E. L. Andrews has been presented to the College living of Sandon, Essex.

\* \* \*

The President has issued an appeal for help in the preparation of "Alumni Cantabrigienses" (Part II), which will include as far as possible biographies of all who entered Cambridge University between the years 1752 and 1900. Anyone in possession of, or with access to, any information which might be of value should communicate with him at once.

\* \* \*

We regret to report the deaths of the Rev. H. V. Farnfield, and J. A. Farnfield, Esq., two members of the famous Farnfield family, who have been so closely connected with Queens'.

\* \* \*

G. W. Tory (1931—5) was placed 11th in the Home Civil Service Examination, and has been appointed to the Dominions Office and Colonial Office.

## HONORARY FELLOWSHIPS

ON the 26th November, 1935, Sidney Smith, M.A., F.S.A., Sir Charles John Howell Thomas, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., and Sir Thomas Shenton Whitelegge Thomas, K.C.M.G., O.B.E., were elected to Honorary Fellowships of the College.

Mr Sidney Smith was educated at the City of London School, Queens' College, Cambridge, and Berlin University. After serving throughout the War he took part in the excavations at Ur from 1922—1933. He was Director of Antiquities in Iraq from 1929 to 1930, and has been Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian at the British Museum since 1930.

Sir Charles Howell Thomas served in the R.F.A. during the War. He was the British Member of International Committees under the Treaties of Versailles, Trianon, Neuilly and St Germain. Since 1927 he has been Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, and he holds many posts on Committees and Governing Bodies.

Sir Shenton Thomas was educated at St John's, Leatherhead, and Queens' College. He entered the Colonial Civil Service in 1909, and was Governor of the Nyasaland Protectorate from 1929 to 1932, and of the Gold Coast from 1932 to 1934. Since 1934 he has been Governor of the Straits Settlements and High Commissioner of the Federated Malay States.

## AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

*For the substance of the following we are grateful to  
Mr H. Loewe.*

**A**N important fragment of medical manuscript has been found in the Library, in the binding of a composite volume, which was bound in the early part of the seventeenth century. It consists of two portions of a parchment sheet, which, when joined, are continuous. The fragments were skilfully removed by Messrs Cox & Allen without detriment to the binding. The fragments needed careful treatment and have been handed to the expert care of Mr Wilmot, of the Bodleian Library, who is specially skilled in dealing with fragile manuscripts. They will be mounted between glass.

They consist of prescriptions, mostly of the Theraic class of medicine and seem to belong to the school of Galen. They are written in Maghebrine Hebrew Script and in the Hebrew language, the technical terms being those of the usual lingua franca employed by early mediaeval physicians. So far, the prescriptions appear to be antidotes for poison, called "Mithridates cakes", and remedies against snake bites.

From the writing and language, the date of the manuscript may be placed in the XII—XIII centuries; the scribe was a North African or Sicilian. The connection with the school of Salerno is not improbable. This may well be the earliest medical manuscript in the College Library, if not in Cambridge. When the manuscript is available, the question of publication will be considered.

## DAY AND NIGHT

DAY is a golden grain of corn  
Which the sun sows ;  
Night is the crow that eats the corn  
Before it grows.

Around, around that field the world  
Ever the crow  
Follows the sower as he walks  
Still to and fro.

O look behind you, sun, to see  
Who follows black—  
Ironic and laconic—on  
Your patient track.

He will not turn—he will not see—  
Or does not care ;  
Ever he flings his seeds to be  
Night's golden fare.

And if someday the sun should tire,  
With dark wings furled  
The crow of Night would pause and perch  
Upon the world.

B. D.



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## THE PROBLEM OF PALESTINE

OF all the knotty problems which confront the British Commonwealth there can be few more difficult than that of Palestine, and nowhere do the difficulties present themselves with greater force than Palestine itself.

Two peoples are packed into that small country. In view of past pledges, how can justice be done to both Arab and Jew? Much of the trouble is due to the fact that during the War the British Government made two distinct sets of promises, and ever since she has been trying to reconcile two sets of obligations.

First came the pledge to the Arabs through the late Colonel Lawrence of Arabia and others, that, in view of the Arab participation in the War against Turkey, in the event of an Allied Victory, Great Britain would help the Arabs to set up a unified state, or states. Then came the famous Balfour Declaration of 1917, when the British Government pledged herself to help the Jews to set up a "National House" in Palestine. Exactly how the two policies were to be made to dovetail into one another is not yet known, nor could it have been clearly thought out by the directors of the British High Policy during the War.

Today, all who seek to improve existing relations between the two related races are met with complete refusal of the Arabs—Moslems and Christians—to have any contact with the Jews until their grievances are redressed. The recent prosperity of Palestine is mainly due to the Jews. The organizing ability of their race has accelerated development.

Palestine, says the Jews on the other side, must be a bi-racial country, like South Africa. The two nationalities must have an equal voice in its direction, but not according to population, for the Jews are only 320,000, whereas the Arabs are 925,000. But the 320,000 Jews represent as great material interests as the 925,000 Arabs. The Jewish need for a National Home, the Jew insists, is greater than ever—there are thousands of Jews waiting to come to Palestine. Not only in Germany is anti-Semitism rife, but since Germany has embarked on her anti-Jew policy the demand for somewhere to go has become a matter of extreme urgency. “Why all this bother about Jewish immigration? Has not every Jewish immigrant found work? So long as there is work for all, the Arabs cannot complain, for in the long run they will share in the increasing prosperity of the country.” Such in brief is the Jewish case, and it is a strong one on the face of it.

This is how the Arabs reply: “The ideal of a Jewish state in Palestine is impossible, and will be obtained only over our dead bodies. We have been in the country from time immemorial. We refuse to believe that Great Britain, after the solemn pledges she gave us, will permit Moslems and Christians gradually to be dispossessed of their birthright. The existing so-called prosperity is not enduring because it is extraordinary, and incidents are already showing that unemployment will be rife, and will be intensified by the Jewish immigration, legal and illicit. The Commissions of Enquiry sent by the British Government have all reported that there is no more room for settlement. The acquisition and possession of land by the Jews is not a normal process, for it is not a process of private ownership. Whatever land the Jews obtain becomes

automatically the property of the Jewish National Fund, and as such is inalienable. This we consider unfavourable to economic interchange, and therefore dangerous. The bulk of the Jewish immigrants are atheists, with Bolshevist tendencies which they are spreading amongst the population of the Holy Land. This is contrary to our religions—Islam and Christendom. Owing to the vagueness of the ‘Balfour declaration’ and such statements of policy as the ‘absorption capacity’ there was, and still exists, much room for arbitrariness. We think that owing to the superior representations of the Jewish case the British electorate does not really understand the points at issue.”

So much for the two sides. The Mandatory has done excellent work since the War, but some of her acts have shown a lamentable tendency to work outside the principles of the Mandate. One example is the granting of the Dead Sea and Rutenberg Concessions by extraordinary means to International Financiers, at the bottom of which there is often a Jewish control. The mineral resources of the Dead Sea are far greater than are generally realised—so great in fact as to be hardly credible, and certainly of a scale precluding foreign economic competition—the money value in all being estimated at a quarter of a million million pounds, and there are no great difficulties of extraction. Why then has this property of great potential wealth been taken from the British people and the Arabs, and handed over to a group of foreign international financiers? It is obviously a grave mistake, and a miscarriage of justice, but what is Great Britain to do in her attempt to keep faith with both parties? Time alone can provide an answer to that question.

One possible solution appears, however :

A Legislative Council should be set up in Palestine forthwith. It would teach the population the rudiments of self-government. Great Britain should give a formal undertaking to the Arabs that the Arab majority in Palestine will be maintained and guaranteed. A gesture of friendship and an attempt to carry out the British promises to the Arabs would have wide repercussions. It is essential that the Arab case should be fairly presented in Great Britain. An Arab Committee should be set up in London to represent Arab interests. The task before Great Britain is to be scrupulously fair to both sides. The general problem of Jewish migration must be regarded with sympathy and every effort made to forward Jewish immigration to other parts of the British Empire, where the Jew has always become a useful, loyal and integral member of the community. There is undoubtedly a rising tide of feeling against the Jew in Europe, and not in Germany and Central Europe alone. Mob antipathies are catching. Sooner or later, homes will have to be founded for hundreds of thousands of Jews. Where are they to go? Palestine cannot absorb them, and for the solution of the problem of finding an outlet for all the Jews who wish to leave Europe, one must look elsewhere.

A. DAUDI.

## UNEMPLOYMENT AND US

THE slave of Rome was allowed by law a minimum allowance of a coenix of grain per day. That is now worth  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., which is just about as much as a member of a family on the dole can afford to spend on food after he has paid for rent, fuel, clothing and insurance. Of course, it was in the interest of the slave's master to keep him clothed and fed sufficiently well to be fit for work, even if the extra food was only scraps. The unemployed men of today are slaves of a blind economic process which substitutes machine for human muscle and may even benefit if its victims are exterminated.

The tragedy of Unemployment, however, lies not so in the lack of worldly wealth which it entails, but rather in the fact that men and boys begin to feel that they are not wanted, that no one has any use for them, that they are in the way at home and their brothers and sisters, if in work, are denied the simplest enjoyments to keep them. Nothing seems worth doing, and in any case they lose the strength and concentration which is necessary for even the simplest manual task. If they do not develop criminal tendencies before they lose the stamina to do anything, good or bad, keen, promising youths become so weakened in body and mind that they fall to the ranks of the Unemployable. Those who have exceptional spirit can still put a good face on it, but many can scarcely look a man in the face after a year or so.

This situation is not passing so quickly as it is sometimes supposed. When an industry is reorganised to hold its place in the world market the place of many men is taken by machinery. The men are thrown out of work and their wages are no longer available to buy the

goods which are turned out so much more numerously. A vicious circle is set up, and many years are required for adjustment to the position.

In the meantime, what is to be done about it? Some advocate Socialism, others Nationalism; but, apart from political theories, there are plenty of practical things which we can do.

No one can deny that we, in the greatest university in the world, are living on the fruits of the present industrial order. There is probably no other set of people who have gained so much from, and have given so little to the economic welfare of their fellow men.

There are numerous voluntary schemes whereby we can help to better the position; schemes for working on the land—to start small-holdings for individuals, families, and communities working co-operatively; schemes for Unemployed Camps of the recreative and restorative nature; and schemes for allotments and small-holdings on an international scale, for example in Austria, where the situation is infinitely more serious than it is in this country.

Much has been begun and experiments have been made, but they have all been on a small scale, and could all be improved with more enlightened encouragement from so-called educated people. The camps and the international scheme, mentioned above are dependant upon students for their very existence; the business man has no time for this sort of thing; and, although the men can do a great deal on their own, it has been proved again and again that if students and working class youths work together on the same kind of occupation, living in the same conditions, a new hope is born in the workers, and a new outlook on life is acquired by the students, and both have gained something which is

invaluable. Friendships grow across class barriers, and, as far as individuals are concerned, go a long way to breaking them down. The influence of even the recreation type of camp has often had a marked effect, indirectly resulting in the men obtaining whatever work is available for them, as they leave the camp more alert and fit than when they entered it.

Why should not we, who have a twelve week vacation, deny ourselves of some of the more delicate pleasures of culture, and slightly deviate the course of our hardier adventures to do what little we can for those who need our help most, and to learn things which no purely academic training can make us understand?

E. G. M.

## SUMMER MORNING, SEA

THE sun leaps out of the Eastern hills,  
 The dewdrops shimmer with light,  
 Throw back the sun with a thousand jewels—  
 The day is awake in its might.

Running barefoot in the smooth wet grass,  
 Weaving a path to the sea—  
 Dewdrops like ice on your knees as you pass  
 Under a solitary tree,

Sparkle and shine; Sun-dappled, a wave  
 Gleams on your pure white skin—  
 Plunge in and revel. O! who'd be a slave  
 To a city when summer comes in?

## SUMMER EVENING

WARM dusk of summer eve—  
 The sun has sunk below the poplar trees.  
 Wood smoke curls slowly up  
 From smouldering embers, while an errant breeze  
 Fans them to little flames.  
 Resting from hot roads hazed with dust,  
 While Night comes stealing down,  
 I sleep on England's fields; I sleep on trust.

M. A. P.



*Photo*

THE ARMS OF KING RENÉ

*A. Oswald*

## THE ARMS OF KING RENÉ

THREE Queens' men, of whom the writer was one, spent a holiday last summer on a lovely but little known island off the Dalmatian coast, a few miles north-west of Ragusa. Its Roman name was Tauris; but it is known today as Shipan, or, in Italian Giuppana. In the great days of the Republic it was the summer resort of the Ragusan aristocratic families, whose villas, ruined now, are strewn among the pine woods and olive groves. We were not looking for antiquities: on this lotus-island you want to "cease from wanderings" and only bathe and eat and read and sleep in a leisurely rhythm of dreamful ease so difficult for most of us to compass nowadays. But, one morning, guided by our inn-keeper, the local cicerone, we set out to see "the sights," rising at six so as to be back before the heat of the afternoon.

Our objective was the village at the opposite end of the island, named after the patron saint of another island better known to all three of us—St George. Our walk through the vineyards and under the silvery olive trees took us past the ruins of a bishop's summer palace and the remains of a deserted monastery before it brought us eventually to the village, the second largest on an island that only boasts of two. The principal distinction of the place is the possession of a pair of Renaissance villas—castles rather, for each had linked to the main building a four storied keep into which their owners might retire when pirates were about. But enchanting as these houses were with their walled gardens and terraces, their vine arbours and trellised walks, they must not seduce me from the subject of this article

which I have already been overlong in approaching. Above the doorway of a small house a short distance away from the finer of the two castles we saw embedded in the wall a carved shield, which to our astonishment, bore the arms of our own College with all the six familiar quarterings.

The arms that make our Queens' blazers so resplendent are, with the addition of the "bordure vert," those that were borne not only by our foundress, Queen Margaret, but by her father, King René of Anjou; and the six quarterings—Hungary, Jerusalem, Naples, Anjou, Bar, Lorraine—represented his widely scattered inheritances, the first and second of which were never more than purely nominal. Our stone shield, still almost as fresh as on the day it left the carver's hands, was surmounted by a crown, and beneath it was the inscription: RENATUS REX IUSTUS. Undoubtedly it was the shield of King René; but how did it come to be where it was? The local story, as retailed by our innkeeper, a highly intelligent man, was to the following effect:

King René, towards the end of his long life, retired from the cares of government, and went into voluntary exile. He made the refuge of his last years this enchanting island in the Adriatic, where he built himself a house, which though now in ruins, is still known as the house of King René. Some fifty years ago, Sir Arthur Evans, when visiting the island, discovered this stone with the shield lying face downwards amongst the ruined walls. There was also found another stone bearing an inscription. This, according to our innkeeper, Sir Arthur Evans had taken away and presented to the British Museum. The shield was subsequently set up over the door of the house where we saw it.

Curiosity has sent me researching in a somewhat desultory fashion, but I cannot claim that my investigations have been very successful. The British Museum had no knowledge of the missing inscription, and Sir Arthur Evans, to whom I wrote, politely but firmly denied that he had ever carried it off, and, moreover, at this distance of time could not remember what the inscription may have been. So one line of enquiry failed. The other, into the life of René himself, leaves it practically certain that he never set foot in Dalmatia. From documents that have been preserved an itinerary has been drawn up that makes it possible to trace his movements from month to month and often from day to day throughout the greater part of his life.

The nearest he got to Dalmatia was during the years 1438—1442 when he was fighting Alphonso of Aragon for the throne of Naples, which had been bequeathed him by Queen Joanna II shortly before her death. After his failure he made his escape back to France by way of Leghorn and Florence. His second expedition to Italy in 1453 took him no farther than Cremona and Piacenza, and he was out of France for less than six months. When his son Jean, Duke of Anjou, made another bid for the throne of Naples between 1458 and 1463, René did not accompany him. He continued to style himself King of Naples, however, until his death, and his court at Aix-en-Provence remained a rallying ground of Neapolitans and Sicilians of his party. He died at Aix on July 10th, 1480.

The mystery remains unsolved. Yet one or two facts emerge which might help to throw some light on it—evidence of links between Dalmatia and far-distant Anjou. In the fourteenth century, when the House of Anjou reigned at Naples, the throne of Hungary was

occupied by the elder branch of the same family, both lines descending from Charles II, King of the two Sicilies. Ragusa thus found herself placed between the two Angevin courts, and in 1358 she signed a treaty with Louis, King of Hungary, placing herself under his protection, and thus freeing herself from the tutelage of Venice. In 1384 she revealed her power on the seas when she captured two galleys belonging to Louis D'Anjou, René's grandfather, who was making an attempt, unsuccessful like that of René himself, to gain possession of the throne of Naples. The subsequent negotiations for the release of the Angevin prisoners necessitated a special embassy being sent from France to Ragusa. During the struggle between René and Alphonso of Aragon for the illusive Kingdom of the Sicilies I have not been able to discover with which side Ragusan sympathies lay: the little republic was always a dark horse, maintaining her independence by astute diplomacy. But the shield on the island of Shipan shows that at least someone recognised René's claim to be the legitimate King—"Renatus rex *iustus*," if the emphasis should be laid on the final word. Had he an ambassador in Ragusa, who owned a villa on the island? Or did he really possess property there himself—property that had been granted him by the Republic in some obscure diplomatic negotiation, but which he never saw.

The last suggestion is not so far-fetched as it may sound, for René's court was a cosmopolitan affair. His love of poetry and his patronage of the arts made Aix-en-Provence a brilliant centre of culture, and attracted, among other artists, the great sculptor and medallist, Francesco Laurana, who first introduced Renaissance art into France. Laurana was a Dalma-

tian, a native of Zara, who had worked in Naples (for René's rival, Alphonso), in Urbino and in Sicily before migrating finally to Provence to remain there for the rest of his life. With him, too, went Pietro de Martino of Milan, who in earlier days had worked on the Rectors' Palace at Ragusa, a building that like so many others in that city drew artists from Italy as well as natives of Dalmatia. These are but faint clues, if clues at all; but they rub a few corners off the sharpness of the surprise that was ours when we stood and stared at the familiar escutcheon, found in so unlikely a place.

ARTHUR OSWALD.

## HARVARD CRITICISM

*In spite of the fact that the writer is not entirely familiar with the examination system of this University, and especially with the difference between Honours and Ordinary Degrees, the Editor feels that the following will be a welcome relief from the rather tiresome criticisms that are flung at this institution by members whose meagre learning is a poor reflection of this sole University's teaching.*

THE pleasant easy life found at Cambridge must inevitably appeal to a foreign student. I, for one, have been particularly impressed by the informal academic atmosphere—the comparatively small emphasis placed upon examinations. You may smile at this, but to the American student, fresh from an examination infected existence, the Cambridge undergraduate does not appear to really know anything

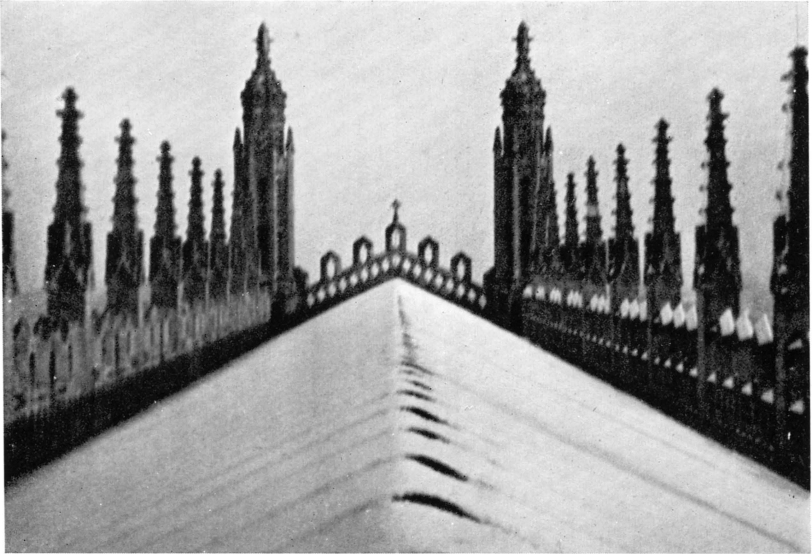
about exams. Judging from my own observations, the Cambridge man enjoys a richer life than his fellow in the American university. But this freedom is offset by the rigidly confined curriculum.

In his three years the Cambridge man reads, at best, two subjects, not infrequently, only one. This has, I believe, a narrowing influence. He knows his one or two fields fairly thoroughly—an advantage not to be ignored—but all other fields, at least so far as university training is concerned, are closed to him. The student of English unless he is willing to devote a whole year to them, must remain ignorant of the sciences. The Science student cannot study the arts or literature unless he is willing to devote whatever spare time he may have to them. Nowhere is it realized that for some it may be far more profitable to study several subjects—to acquire a background in several fields as a basis for post-graduate study.

It may be replied that the student has had a wide education before coming to Cambridge, but, with all due respect to the public and grammar schools, they offer only an elementary training, not to be classed with the quality of instruction found at Cambridge.

I would recommend a disposition whereby a student could receive "general" Honours, involving a knowledge of one subject in particular, and of several more generally, as well as receive Honours in one or two fields as at present. Most certainly I would suggest the establishment of "survey" lectures in the various departments, thus permitting students to acquire some broad and general, though admittedly, none too thorough, knowledge of outside fields.

A. H.



*Photo*

*M. A. P. Wood*



*Photo*

*R. F. Walters*

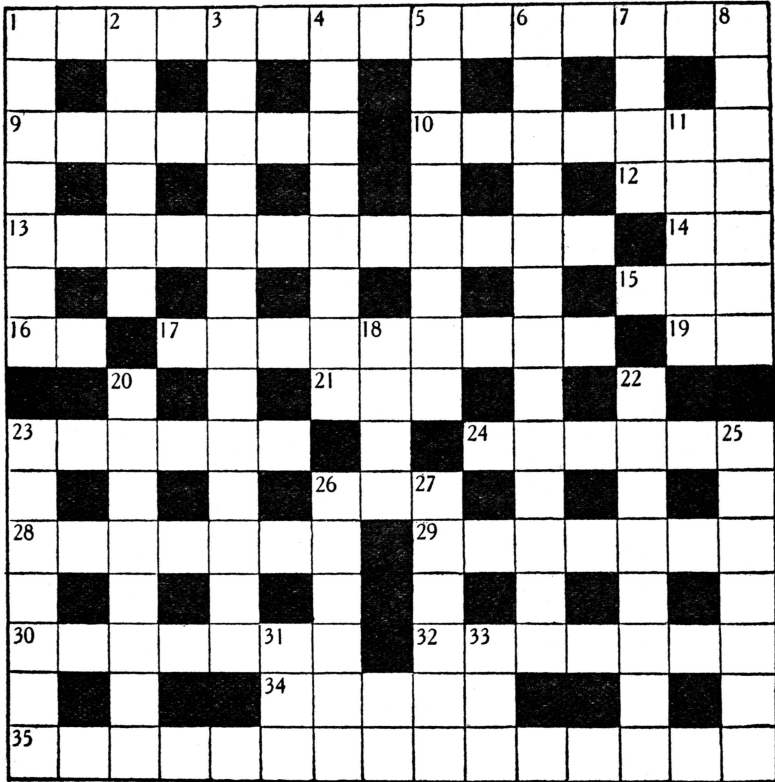
SNOW AND FLOOD IN CAMBRIDGE

## LIFE

LIFE is the song of a curlew calling over a lonely moor ;  
Life is the way of a river falling down to an open shore ;  
Life is the moan of a brown leaf dying out in the scorching  
sun ;  
Life is a heart that is broken, crying, after the dream is done ;  
Life is the look of a girl as we passed her going the other way ;  
Life is a fire that is burning faster under a heap of hay ;  
Life is the note of a bugler sounding " Retreat, I know not  
why " ;  
Life is the tap of a drummer pounding " Charge, for you can-  
not fly " ;  
Life is the thing that we know not, knowing ; sight that we  
cannot see.  
Life is the way that we go not, going ; being we cannot be.

F. K. F.

## THE DIAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 1.



The solution of this puzzle will appear in the Easter term '*Dial*'.

NOTE.—Figures in parentheses denote the number of letters in the words required.

## ACROSS

1. An easy one to start with—home of *'The Dial'*. (6, 4, 5)
9. Disbelieving, I fled in. (7)
10. Conceive a picture with in removed. (7)
12. Turn over and spread out to dry. (3)
13. Worse than lock-to-locks? (12)
14. With 16, resident in 35. (2)
15. Anagrammatically this refers in past and present to itself. (3)
16. See 14. (2)
17. A fragment of food in the heather is decaying. (9)
19. Designates Evans. (2)
21. When it's turned round, its still before. (3)
23. The girl and the pot could scarcely fail to provide this merry dish. (6)
24. From the irrational, silly! (6)
26. This saucy vault loses its tail, but still retains its curve. (3)
28. '\_\_\_\_\_ 's himself again!' How topical is Shakespeare! (7)
29. Henry and I upset a boat and catch a fish. (7)
30. Characteristic of our French country cousins. (7)
32. Cricketer's hope? (4, 3)
34. 'Of the Bath,' here apparently 'close at 11 p.m.' (5)
35. A White House, with dark timbers. (10, 5)

## DOWN

1. The least possible amount of insolation usually accompanies this festival. (7)
2. A note in a dish of this kind comes from the Bursar. (6)
3. Calibrate badly? (13)
4. Let me see electrically! (8)
5. Half the prophet stands over the disturbed waste waters, and is suitable. (8)
6. In Cambridge, scarcely tintinnabulations. (8, 5)
7. Denier of Trinity, without denier of consubstantiality. (4)
8. Kangars, beware! (3, 4)
11. 'Dead, and \_\_\_\_\_ called me 'Mother'!' (?) (5)
18. Rabbit's brother. (4)
20. A tin vice (anag.). (8)
22. Unable to appreciate 1 down, or merely planetary over-indulgence? (8)
23. This yellow flowered plant might be equally cut. (7)
25. The amount owing includes the less beastly part of the statement. (7)
26. This is no place for publicity, but it might stick. (6)
27. Another timbered house—often well glazed. (6)
31. This bush is a popular rendezvous all upside down. (3)
33. Self-effacing, if true. (3)

## GOING UP

“**G**OING UP,” said the lift-boy, slamming the gates and pressing the button in the corner.....

Going up, going down. Everything seems to be going up or going down; and the Sun. He goes up: up gradually and then sinks down behind the sea to give his light unto the nether world. Going up. Yes, in their hundreds and darting into taverns, cinemas and lecture rooms.

“First Floor,” said the lift-boy, “Going up.”

Going up, up, still further, still darting into taverns, cinemas and lecture rooms, developing, expanding and all bubbly on top.

“Second Floor,” said the lift-boy, “Going up.”

Up, up, but not so quickly now, and the liquor disappears into a sea of froth which rises, rises gently as the last few drains trickle in from the green bottle.

“Top Floor,” said the lift-boy; and the froth in the tankard rises and overflows, and the liquor trickles golden over the edge. “Going down.”

Going down. Yes. But suddenly, with a quick darting trickle. “Ground Floor” and the golden trickle finds itself no longer in the green bottle and the silver tankard which contained, restrained it. It is free, alone. Free even of the silver wall to which it clung, persistently, desperately.

And so, alone, cut off from all the rest, it fades away.....evaporates, or oozes round the tankard and makes its mark, serene and circular, on the polished table which is life.

GITANE.

## MY STREAM

ALL day on earth's unyielding face  
The foot has beaten ; now a space  
Is won for the responsive grace  
Of water. O, to thee, my stream

I come, where under age-old walls  
A boat rides, and the sunset falls,  
Tree-tangled on thy green and calls  
The evening scent of thee, my stream.

A touch of oars—the lover's kiss  
To water given—with splash and hiss  
I swing and glide on thee, and this,  
This is my tryst with thee, my stream.

Fiercer and fast the oars I ply ;  
From rhythmic strokes the waters fly ;  
For we must travail, thou and I,  
Before our peace is won, my stream.

And then—for tryst must know each phase—  
In ripple-haunted, greening haze  
Beneath the shady-trees we laze,  
With oars at rest on thee, my stream.

Sun draws from thee its glowing heights  
His mirrored, iridescent lights ;  
Water, dream on ! So, all the nights,  
Thou givest thy grave peace, my stream.

B. D.

## ETERNAL EVE

THE interest in the fair sex members of our College have recently shown has caused amusement in some quarters, surprise in a great number, and horror in the rest. The horror-stricken have come to the conclusion that the interest in women "has increased, is increasing and ought to be diminished". I dissociate myself entirely from those who can bring themselves to argue in this manner; neither do I think should so natural a behaviour cause one to be either surprised nor amused. The mutual attraction of the sexes is the very essence of life, and everything else merely accidental or accessory: yet only too often in the jostle of the world, in the trough and tossing of the waves of time, the accidental smothers the essential, and life turns into a commonplace instead of a romance.

Many bitter things, since the beginning, have men said of women, though neither so many, nor so bitter, as the witty Frenchman cynically remarks, as the things women have said of one another. Poor Eve has paid dearly for that apple; the only wonder is that she was not made responsible also for the Flood: but we have not the whole of that story: Noah's wife may have dropped some incriminating documents into the water, for the Higher Criticism to unearth by and by: the Eternal Feminine may have had a hand in it after all, as she is generally to be found somewhere behind the scenes, wherever mischief brews for mortal man.

When she finds her spell working—when she is sure her personality tells, she lets herself go: never dreaming what interpretation her victim puts to her behaviour: and then, all at once, she awakes to discover what fire she was ignorantly playing with. And then it is that,

she recoils on the verge: and it is then that, thwarted in the very moment he deemed triumph secured, the baffled lover falls into fury and abuse, because he imagines her to have been all along clearly aware of what she was about, which is exactly what hardly one woman in a million does. Not being a man, she does not understand; her end is only his beginning: his object is possession still to come: her's is already gained in the form of a tribute to her charm: she was only playing—every woman is a child—he was in deadly earnest and took her purely instinctive self-congratulation for a promise deliberately made. Suddenly illuminated, she lets him down abruptly with a bump, all the harder that she never meant to do it (the *Coquette* does; but she is a horrible professional, methodising feminine instinct, for prey, a psychological ghoul, feeding on souls instead of bodies).

When Aristotle was reproved, by some early political economist, for giving alms to a beggar, he replied: "I gave not to the man, but humanity". Admirable retort! Which is exactly the point here. When she requited your homage with such encouraging smiles, it was not *you*, but the man in you, that appealed to her. And because you are *a* man, are you necessarily *the* man? Not at all. And argument is mere waste of time: reason is not the court of appeal. *If of herself she will not love, nothing will make her.* Yet why draw the poet's ungallant conclusion? Why should the devil take her? Because she was weak (were *you* not weak?) is she therefore to be damned beyond redemption? Because flattery was sweet, must she give herself away to every male animal that confesses the spell? Surely that is not only harsh, but preposterous, even outrageous. Are you sure that your merit is worthy of such generosity?

And yet, here is the human catastrophe. Why did the Creator scatter this sexual attraction so anomalously that it is so seldom reciprocated, each lover pursuing so often another who flies him for a third, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*? Was it blunder or design? Why could He not have made action and reaction equal and opposite, as they are in Mechanics? For if affection could not operate at all unless it was mutual, there would be no unhappy, because ill-sorted, marriages. Had mutual gravitation been the law of the sexes, as it is of the spheres, this Earth would never have stood in need of a Heaven, since it would have existed already: for the only earthly heaven is a happy marriage.

B. D.

### A SILLY SYMPHONY

"It was a bright and sunny day in April," quoth the elf,  
 "When Donald Duck and Cuthbert Pig and Pluto and myself  
 Set out to seek adventure in a nearby garden plot.  
 We took our sunshades with us, since the day was very hot.  
 Potato plants, like forest trees, above our heads did sway  
 And in and out of brussels sprouts we slowly made our way.

And soon, by chance, we came upon a green and grassy glade  
 Where dainty rustic palaces were lurking in the shade  
 And little dolls in pinafores (they were such little dears !)  
 Were running in and out of doors and up and down the stairs.  
 Some were playing at Blind Man's Buff, and, seeing that we  
 were tame,  
 They cordially invited us to join them in the game.

Cuthbert was the blind man, and we were running here and there,  
 When suddenly the dolls stood still and listened, hand to ear.  
 'It is the Magic Scarecrow,' they exclaimed, and scattered fast.  
 A shadow fell across the glade. We felt an icy blast.

But Cuthbert Pig saw nothing, and he still ran round and  
 played,  
 Until he gripped a skinny foot which stretched across the glade.

'Hurrah! I've caught you now,' he cried, and clung with all his might.

The foot rose up with Cuthbert Pig and vanished from our sight. 'Aha,' a deep voice grated, with an awful kind of scrunch, 'A little pig, why, that's just what I wanted for my lunch.'

We heard giant footsteps treading on the onions far away ;  
We heard a porky little scream of anguish and dismay.  
We all put down our sunshades and we tightened up our braces ;  
We clasped each other by the hand and pulled ferocious faces.  
We set off, at the double, through the beds of seed potatoes  
And artichokes and cauliflowers and slushy ripe tomatoes.  
We saw the Scarecrow running in a wild ungainly canter.  
By a short cut we caught him up among the polyantha.

We gripped his hindmost foot but could not hold it in its place ;  
With his next stride he lifted us and carried us through space,  
And with a nasty little twist he kicked us far ahead.  
We waited where we landed, in a disused cabbage bed,  
Until he overtook us, then again we gripped his toe,  
And by that painful process we kept level with our foe.

Now Pluto had a piece of string—a good stout length of twine  
(His foresight in such matters was a great deal more than mine)  
With one end he lassoed the Scarecrow's leg, below the knee.  
The other end he fastened to a nearby walnut tree.  
The Scarecrow cantered on until the string was tight as whip-  
cord.

And then the Scarecrow tumbled with a far resounding dis-  
cord.

His long, thin fingers clutched the dust. He swore an awful lot.  
'You think you've tricked me, eh?' said he, 'Sez you! And  
how! So what?'

Then Cuthbert Pig leapt from his grasp, and, while our foe lay  
flat,

We pinned him down with croquet hoops, and a hop-pole  
through his hat.

So now the dolls can play their games, and now the birds can  
sing,  
And now you see what can be done with brains and a piece of  
string."

J. B.

## A CHAPTER ON EYES

(APOLOGIES TO LAMB)

I HAVE no eye.

No, dear reader, don't slip up. My ocular apparatus is quite satisfactory, thank you, and spectacle-makers despair of extracting lucre from me. My opening remark must be construed to mean that I have no eye—for "modern art". This does not mean that I find good, honest line-drawing meaningless, that colour schemes pall me, or that my mental make-up is devoid of aesthetic taste. Nor must you infer that I am insensible to the manly beauty of Ralph Lynn as portrayed outside modern houses of entertainment. This would be grossly to misunderstand me.

What I do mean is that I have no appreciation for lopsided, angular productions which have attached themselves to the name of art, and for which the further explicative epithet "modern" has been found necessary. Now I have a sneaking fancy that pent up in my bosom is a wholesome and highly commendable regard for things contemporary, and I would anathematise anyone who would condemn ideas merely by reason of their modernity. I am anxious to give the present age a square deal, and even in the matter of art I am prepared to go as far as my nature will allow. I feel certain that I have *some* conception of modern art. At a recent inspection of this year's masterpieces I readily identified the bull in "The Bull and the Peacocks": or, to adhere more strictly to the truth, I identified *a* bull, though subsequent leaned towards the theory that my bull was really a peacock's tail, and that the real bull gazed at us soulfully upside down from the top left-hand corner,

But the whole inspection was something of a strain, and left me with an unpleasant sensation that I was really isolated in a world whose standards of judgment and taste were beyond me. I am constitutionally susceptible of fine art. I am convinced of this. I have received pleasurable sensations from the contemplation of pictures showing a cow in a field, a tree in summer, or a lady in nothing. They made their impression because they were *pictures*, and my eye readily drank in the beauty that the artist put before me. But when a cow in a field no longer resembles in any particular the bovine species, and when its surroundings utterly lack the rural simplicity which should enshrine every cow; when, instead of enjoying the spectacle of a piece of prospective prime beef, my eye falls on a series of cubes, of circles, of twisty lines that form themselves into crescent moons melting into squares and parallelograms, I confess I am at sea. I say, "The title of this picture is *Cow in field*, yet to me it is but a geometer's March madness." I ache to possess an eye worthy to consort with those who observe the same picture and breathe ecstatically, "Art! Art!" when I see no art. It is unendurable to think that I alone of intelligent beings should be denied that faculty with which others seem to be so richly endowed.

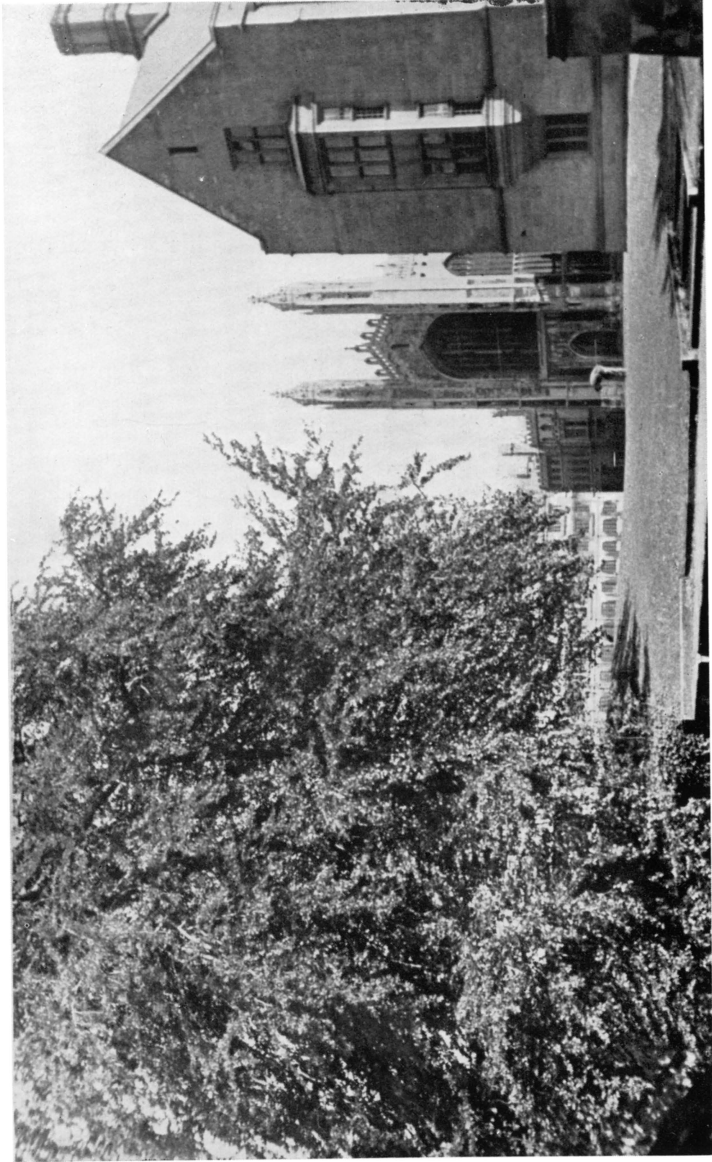
You fail to follow my reasoning? Think again of the young and handsome Ralph Lynn, whose face on our hoardings it is a sheer joy to behold. A picture of him gives all the satisfaction and perfection that the artistic soul can demand. Devise now a means of having Mr Lynn painted by a modern artist: the result is horrifying. The splendid curves of the noble face have been replaced by fantastic shapes suggestive of nothing whatever: the scintillating smile is crushed by

an overwhelming attack of cuboid fever: instead of that air of intelligence and refinement is a meaningless array of noughts and crosses. "Ah!" say my friends. "But that is how it *should* be done. There is a *symbol*."

Everything, it seems, must be symbolic these days. Gone for ever are simple beauty, photographic accuracy, sensory intoxication by sheer passive contemplation. We may no longer *see* a thing and *enjoy* it: we must *look* at it and *interpret* it. And I realise sadly that I have no eye—not for this. I have been driven to desperation by one whose eye is truly artistic and who has conducted me round modern exhibition speaking jargon of which I apprehend nothing. His speech is one mass of foreign phrases, and not the most frantic effort on the part of my brain will compensate for the lack of that eye which stamps me as not of my own day and generation.

So I must continue a martyr to blindness, an unappreciative hog in a world of new art. I must see Maurice as Maurice, and not as a being of mystical figures and symbolical possibilities. For me the cow must remain a recognisable domestic animal in a pleasant picture. To me is denied the faculty of perceiving in the modern *Blue Boar* some strange presage of spiritual regeneration. Spare me a tear, kind reader, for I am the unhappy survivor from an unimaginative former age. I have no eye.

D. V. S.



*Rodney Jones*

*Photo*

## THE PRESIDENT'S SECRET

## A LEGEND OF QUEENS' COLLEGE

MANY have wondered, few have heard,  
What is the meaning of the bird  
That sits in dignity and state  
Upon the post of Queens' back-gate.  
There are two of these birds, as you may see,  
Birds such as never perched on tree.  
To solve the riddle as best I can  
I'll tell you the tale of the brothers Mann.

In days of yore, long years ago  
Big Brother Bill, and Septimo  
Were both Queens' men of low degree  
Who lived in the Court of the Walnut Tree.  
It happened one night as I've been taught,  
They passed very late through the Cloister Court,  
And as they passed they saw a light,  
A sinister gleam, pour from the height  
Of the corner turret of the Lodge  
Where lived the President (name of Hodge).  
High in the turret a window lay,  
And from this window came the ray,  
A radiance ruddy, a ghastly gleam.  
The brothers stood silent—did they dream?  
Why was the President's Lodge alight  
With a grisly glare at that time of night?  
They paused, they listened, they heard a moan  
A distant, pitiful, muffled groan.  
"Someone in trouble—what's amiss?"  
Said Big Brother Bill—"We'll look into this!"

## The Dial

The door of the Lodge they found unfastened  
 So on, up the turret stair they hastened,  
 With quaking hearts and stumbling tread,  
 (Septimo's hair stood up on his head).  
 They tip-toed on till they reached the top—  
 And there of course they *had* to stop.

Before them was a small dark room  
 Lit by a lamp which pierced the gloom  
 With beams of a dismal bloody red.  
 All round the noisome den were spread  
 Test-tubes, bottles, a great retort,  
 And books of magic of every sort.

Over a bench stooped an old, old man  
 Stirring a brew in a copper pan,  
 While high on the beams of the ceiling sat  
 A great black cat which growled and spat,  
 As the brothers stood dumb and terrified there,  
 Peering in from the topmost stair.  
 The old man turned with a sinister scowl  
 Whereupon young Septimo uttered a howl  
 Of wild dismay as he saw that the bent  
 And bearded old man was—the PRESIDENT!  
 In vain the brothers turned to flee  
 The wizard chuckled with fiendish glee:  
 “You shall never escape, your tale to tell!”  
 And he chanted a charm, and he spoke a spell—  
 Hence the birds that sit so still  
 Watching the waters glide by the Mill.

“SPASMODIC.”

## A CONTRAST

(The following were to have formed the nucleus of a symposium concerning Cambridge under various régimes, but we feel little, if anything, would be gained by the addition of further ideas, or Editorial comment.)

## A FEUDAL CAMBRIDGE.

It is said that moralists went into exile when Victorianism was dethroned. But in an age of cynicism, frayed temper and falling sovereigns, it was high time there was a return to the old ways and the old standards of respectability. Now this is not mere word-spinning, having neither relevance nor point. Return to the past and countless rosy images and gilded pictures will flit across the mind. Even Chesterton can be 'out-Chestertoned'. So feudalism will gather its crowd of votaries and earn its need of toasts. Perhaps some ardent devotee might come to dream of a Cambridge feudalised and in glowing phrase describe it thus :

“It is not on the threshold of some fair Elysium that the undergraduate steps when he clasps the hand of his academic overlord. On no bed of roses does he joyfully repose. The hours are not whiled away in the pursuit of the meretricious trappings of a garlanded existence. It is no Venetian cycle of pleasure. *Auxilium et Consilium* are his heraldic signs, for it is only *per ardua* that he can reach *ad astra*. Wherefore the mathematician rambles through the endless permutations of the College income clutching the staff of the binomial theorem ; the scientist brings all his mystical lore to that *arcanum domesticum*, calories and nutrition ; and the economist steers the bark between the Scylla and Charybdis of the laws of supply and demand.

For failure, a contrite heart avails nothing, for there is an academic Damocles who will not fail to use his sword. Yet this is duty. No tyranny holds the seeker after knowledge in a merciless vice. For his aberrations he does not flinch beneath the stony gaze of a line of senatorial dignitaries which sit in judgement upon him. '*Judicum parium,*' he cries, and none can refuse him his right. He hopes for mercy from those that feel the same things and share the same temptations. Before the bench of fellow men he pleads his cause at the bar of a house which has put away the irresponsible air of youth and assumed the gravity of the judge. Guilt brings repentance; he does not make retribution a cause for lustful shouts of mere bravado. But for those that dispense the fruit of the tree of knowledge, all is not an earthly beatitude. If the mantle of learning fits them well, the burden of duty sits heavily upon them. Those that listen need not swallow the indigestible pill of tedious peroration. Yet it is not distraction which brings the errant to self-confession, but the sombre and forbidding walls of the judgement seat. "Guilty," resounds the room, and the sound wave carries it into the recesses of his mind. Even the learned must stand their trial in a feudal régime.

#### CO-EDUCATION IN CAMBRIDGE.

Extract from the *UNIVERSITY REPORTER*, 2936 A.D.

##### **ACTA.**

March 3rd, 2936.

THE Vice-Chancress in a ravishing ermine tippet and a pale blue moiré toque, attended by the regis-tress, and preceded by the Lady Bedelles, entered

the Senate House by the South Door shortly before 11 o'clock. There was a fashionable attendance of Heads of Houses, Doctors, Professors and Members of the Senate and their gentlemen friends.

The Vice-Chancellor then read the following proclamation. "Girls and boys, whereas it has pleased Almighty God to unite with the solemn bonds of holy matrimony our dear sister Héloïse, Mistress of Queens' College and our beloved and learned brother Abelard, doctor of laws, Provost of King's College, we are gathered together here today to solemnize the happy union of these two ancient institutions, not only by the personal bond now created between them, but also by act of his gracious Majesty in Parliament and in accordance with the jurisdiction of this ancient university."

The proclamation was greeted with thundering applause and the Choir of King's College, reinforced by the Queens' College Brownies sang "For she's a jolly good fellow" under the leadership of the university choir mistress.

After this, men and women students of the respective colleges danced a ballet entitled "Conquering Kings" and symbolizing the union of the colleges. The Vice-Chancellor then distributed prizes for deportment, handwork and cleanliness to students selected. She then left the Senate House by the South Door, attended as before. On the steps of the Senate House she was greeted with a shower of confetti and was escorted to her domicile by bands from the local contingents of the Y.M. and Y.W.C.A.

The company then dispersed.

EMILY HENRICIFILIA, *Registress.*

## THE COURSE . . . . . ?

THE lover stood and gazed and sighed  
 A melancholy sigh ;

The lady sat and tried to hide  
 The laughter in her eye.

The lover knelt and vowed again  
 If she'd not marry him,  
 He'd go to where a maid's disdain  
 His pleasures could not dim.

The lady rose and vowed, in turn,  
 That she would also flee,  
 If he the lesson would not learn  
 Impatient not to be.

The lover (like all lovers true)  
 Continued his complaint ;  
 The maiden (like all maidens do)  
 Preached doctrines of restraint.

For them, to argue was a joy  
 And (unlike Time) they tarried,  
 The maid preferring to be coy  
 Instead of safely married.

At last, when life began to bore,  
 Milady said she'd wed :  
 Alas ! the lover was no more—  
 Surprise had struck him dead

ATIR.

## CHESS

("as played by you and me" ; dedicated to R.C.S.)

ARGUMENT : The White Queen, insulted by the Black King decides upon a battle. By the most elementary trick in chess the White forces check-mate the Black King in four moves.

## THE BATTLE

Of bravest deeds upon the chequered board,  
 Of bloody acts committed not with sword,  
 Sing, heavenly Muse, of my adventurous song.  
 Concerning what was done to right a wrong.  
 The White King's force, instructed on the plain,  
 Prepares to win itself a greater fame,  
 Once for all to avenge their wrongéd Queen  
 And overthrow the victims of their spleen.  
 On counter side there rose a darker force  
 Hoping to win the fight without a loss.  
 Behold eight Pawns in knavery revered  
 Across the board, at one another leered :  
 Behind them, there in single line drawn up  
 Were others bold who deem'd their strength enough  
 For each to each o'ercome with half a fight,  
 Each first relying on his skill and might.  
 Come the Kings and Queens, gracious stately pairs  
 Each couple looks athwart the field and glares,  
 As when, before two forest beasts do fight,  
 Still, each regards with eagle eyes alight.  
 The squat yet comely castles guard the flank ;  
 Shark-like bishops, whose form betrays their rank  
 Protect the King and Queen on either side ;  
 And fiercer knights, their valour yet untried  
 Strain eagerly ahead towards the foe  
 Impatient, waiting word to go.  
 When at last a move is made by white  
 (The King's Pawn steps boldly into light)

The Black King's Pawn, in order to withstand  
 Two steps advances into no man's land.  
 Then the pale bishop moved four paces on—  
 His groove with lurid light of battle shone.  
 The darker King, his object not perceived,  
 Moves on his knight: the White Queen looks relieved—  
 Across the plain on a white line she goes,  
 Hoping to catch the King in woeful throes.  
 The Blacks not yet can see her reason good ;  
 Their hardy Knight advances, not withstood.  
 The White Queen, as a vulture on its prey,  
 Swoops on a Pawn which happens in her way.  
 And now, forsooth, the battle's lost for Black,  
 For, just as when Horatius turned his back  
 And found no sturdy bridge to bear him home,  
 So now the Black King finds himself alone :  
 But no stream gives itself for his escape  
 And not one single movement can he make—  
 He cannot strike that dark tall foreboding Queen  
 For she is guarded by the Bishop keen—  
 Nor can another move the stately Dame.....  
 Thus won she back the honours of her name.

C. D. C.

## QUEENS' HOUSE, ROTHERHITHE

**T**HE New Year's Party at Queens' House was held in  
 the evening of December 31st. There were about  
 80 members of the Club present, and nearly 30 visitors,  
 including Mr Browne and the Rev. G. L. O. Jessop and  
 a few past and present members of the College. A very  
 good entertainment was provided by a firm that caters  
 for such occasions, and the party ended about 10.30 p.m.,  
 much enjoyed by all those there.

In case there are still some who have not yet realised what an opportunity we have of seeing Queens' House for ourselves during term, may I once again mention Mr Jessop's weekly visits to the Club? By taking parties of three down to town with him in his car, Mr Jessop has, in this way, very kindly placed Queens' House within the reach of all. Surely such an opportunity should not be missed by any undergraduate; and having gone once he will probably want to go again.

The usual camps are expected to take place this Easter, Whitsun and in the summer, and the boys are already looking forward to their Easter camp to be held in the usual Rectory in Buckinghamshire. No definite plans have yet been made for the site of the Whitsun camp in Cambridge, but whatever is finally settled, members of the College are again urged to get into touch with the lads while they are up here by asking them out to meals. The Summer camp is to be at the Mottistone Farm, Brook, in the Isle of Wight, from Saturday, July 25th, until August 8th. Any Queens' men will be most welcome at this camp for the whole or part of the time; and this is undoubtedly the best way for us to get to know and understand the boys, and so perhaps be of help to them. Thus while making arrangements for the Long Vacation, please remember these dates for the Summer camp.

In conclusion, let it be pointed out once more that a warm welcome awaits anyone from Queens' who cares to visit Queens' House. Mr Bache, or in his absence, Miss Haslam, is always ready to receive such; and dinner, bed and breakfast can be obtained for the reasonable sum of 3/6.

GEORGE E. SPEAR, *Hon. Sec.*

## ST BERNARD SOCIETY

**A**N informal concert was held on Saturday, February 15th, and proved on the whole a great success. A small section of the audience came to mock and stayed to cheer; most were thoroughly appreciative throughout. The first item was a song entitled "The Queens' Boat Club" with words adapted to the tune of "The King's Horses." This tune was more or less adhered to by a stalwart "four", a cox and a coach. Their time was not good but they were vigorous and well-balanced, getting away well at the end. It is not true that several have since received offers to row in the First Boat.

Several popular song-hits were then rendered by Mr Hulme, whose golden-syrup baritone is well-known to members of the college, and after this Mr Graty of Downing College showed just what can be done with a violin in the hands of a really expert player. The next item involved Messrs Wood and St John and the Secretary in strange antics on and around a chair, which they persisted in calling "The Turret". Another sketch, "The Cure" was performed by Messrs Kennett, Hume, Palmer and Wood. Mr Kennett gave a very realistic performance and 'hiccupped' as in the manner born. The four members of the Committee then gave four separate but simultaneous broadcast talks, producing a nightmare of inconsequentialities on the diverse subjects of medicine, music, baking and bus-driving. Mr Wood and the Secretary did another sketch without words, in which they visited the fair, tried their strength, played hoop-la and finally careered round the stage on the roundabouts. After German songs by Mr Plotnick, the last item was put on. By

special request Dr Ramsay and Mr Reid played traditional Scottish airs on their bagpipes, displaying a virtuosity on these curious machines which amazed and delighted even the most benighted Sassenachs among us. The concert was brought to a close with the National Anthem.

The officials for the term were: President, J. D. Sproule; Vice-President, R. N. Haward; Hon. Sec., P. R. Noakes; Treasurer, R. M. Marsh; Committee, M. A. J. Farey.

P. R. NOAKES, *Hon. Sec.*

## ST MARGARET SOCIETY

TWO meetings of the Society were held during the Lent term, each evening being given to an informal concert in a member's room. The first meeting was held on February 8th when W. H. D. Moore of Pembroke College gave a violin recital. His programme included works by Mozart, Hurlstone and Veracini, and was much enjoyed by those present.

The second concert on February 29th was given entirely by members of the College. R. F. Walters sang songs by Bach and Quilter; H. S. Davis played a sonata in E flat by Beethoven, and other pianoforte pieces, and madrigals and part songs were sung by a small chorus. The official programme on each evening was followed by informal music. Notices of future meetings will be posted on the screens, and all members of the College are warmly invited.

The officers for the term were: President, The Dean; Vice-Presidents, E. A. Maxwell, Esq. and R. F. Walters; Hon. Sec., Davis; Committee, Ould, Bull and Bromhead.

H. S. DAVIS, *Hon. Sec.*

## ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

THE Queens' and Downing String Orchestra gave its third concert at 9 p.m. on Sunday, March 8th, in the hall of Downing College. The concert opened with "Six Italian Dances" arranged by Peter Warlock, the first few of which were thoroughly delightful; but the monotonous style which pervaded the work, tended to chill the interest toward the end. W. F. Bowmer's rendering of four *Leider* by Schubert, for tenor voice, was most impressive, the expression being particularly pleasing. The only adverse criticism which might be made, was that the loud passages were somewhat forced.

A. Snelling-Colyer took the place of H. S. Davis to conduct the third item, Bach's Concerto in E major for violin and strings. The soloist, Miss Mina Willmott, interpreted with an excellence which earned in full measure the unstinted applause accorded to it.

The concert was continued after a brief interval with the "St Paul's Suite" for strings, by Gustav Holst. The quaint style of this work combined with a curious conflict between  $3/4$  and  $6/8$  time, to produce a somewhat confusing, but none the less cheerful effect. This was followed by three piano solos by W. H. Mellers (Downing), one of which was of his own composition, and the others by two obscure composers of the modern school. While serving to display to full advantage his good technique, and his powers of extraordinary composition, these pieces, with their vigorous exclusion of all melody and harmony, inflicted a cacophony upon the ears of the audience, which could scarcely be expected to enjoy it.

Finally, the orchestra, conducted again by Snelling-

Colyer, played a suite in D minor by Robin Milford. The pleasant and tuneful effect of this work as rendered by the orchestra formed a satisfying conclusion to a concert, which was both a credit to its performers and a delight to its audience.

J. B. O.

### THE RYLE SOCIETY

THE subject for the term has been "Foreign Missions," and two of the three meetings have been held. On Friday, Feb. 28th, the Rev. Dr J. O. F. Murray began the series with a talk on "Why Foreign Missions?" This was followed on the Friday after with a talk by Mr Oman on "The Difficulties and Mistakes of the Missionary Method." On Friday, Mar. 6th, the Rev. C. F. Andrews will speak on "The New Approach."

The meetings have so far been quite well attended, and discussions after the talk have been most interesting. Our thanks are due to the Dean for his hospitality.

A. G. HORT, *Hon. Sec.*

### THE GUILD OF ST BERNARD

THE first meeting of the Lent term was held in O. A. Hughes's rooms on January 20th, and the Rev. A. R. Vidler of the Oratory of the Good Shepherd, and Chaplain to the Guild read a most edifying paper entitled "What is sin?" He explained the origin and development of sin and suggested the best methods of overcoming it.

The second meeting was held on Feb. 20th, when a large number assembled to hear Rev. E. F. Bailey, Vicar of St Anselm's, Hayes, Middlesex, address the

Guild on "The Sacrament of Holy Baptism." He stressed the importance of this sacrament and said that it was the basis of our Union with Christ. Holy Communion was not the source of that Union, but a strengthening of it.

At the last meeting we were fortunate to have the Rev. C. F. Andrews with us. His subject was "Christ in India." Needless to say, the address was most interesting and inspiring. An alternative title might have been "What contribution will India make to the Catholic Church." The fifteen people present, I feel sure, would not have missed hearing him.

At the time of writing there have been three masses in Little St Mary's Church. The first two were said by the Rev. A. R. Vidler and the third by the Rev. C. F. Walters, priest-in-charge of St Alban's, Leamington Spa, and President of the Guild, 1928—9. The alms have been allocated as follows: 7/6 to Little St Mary's Church; 9/- to Queens' House; 10/6 to the Cambridge Mission to Delhi.

This term, several non-Guild members of the College have been coming to the meetings and masses, and it is hoped that this practice will continue.

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

## SCIENCE SOCIETY

**F**IVE meetings are being held this term. At the first a paper was given by A. H. Henson on "Queer Things: Some Psychological Phenomena." Considerable discussion was provoked by this subject. It was followed by a meeting in Mr Sleeman's rooms, at which we had a very interesting lecture by Dr E. H. F. Baldwin on "The Biological Significance of the Proteins." Next,

Mr Ingram gave a very comprehensive lecture on every aspect of "Canned Foods"; and the fourth paper was given by Dr Clark on "Witches" and was illustrated by numerous lantern slides. We are grateful to Mr Sleeman for the use of his room and lantern for this and for Dr Baldwin's lecture.

At the final meeting of the term A. A. Wood is lecturing on "Some Applications of Piezo Electricity."

The Society also arranged a visit to Chivers' Jam Factory at Histon.

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

## HISTORICAL SOCIETY

*President*: MR R. G. D. LAFFAN

*Hon. Secretary*: N. F. TUCKER

THE Society was revived last term, and has since held five meetings. The first meeting this term was held on February 6th, when the officers were elected. At the moment we have about twenty-five members, of whom some fifteen are usually present at meetings.

Last term there were two papers read: 'St John Fisher and Cambridge' by Mr Laffan; and 'The Mythology of Oxford and Cambridge' by Mr Grierson of Caius. This term, in addition to the Secretary's paper on 'John Wilkes,' two papers were read by visiting speakers: Mr Morris of King's, and Mr Oakeshott of Caius.

One of the objects of the Historical Society is to purchase books for the College library. Three have been presented in this manner this term, and a fourth will probably soon be placed on the shelves.

We should like to thank visiting speakers for the excellent papers they have given us, and especially to

thank Mr Laffan, both for his interesting paper and for his assistance and advice to the Society.

There will be one meeting next term, on April 29th, when Mr Kean (Queens') will speak on 'The History of Hanging.'

N. F. TUCKER, *Hon. Sec.*

### Q. C. B. C.

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

USEFUL work has been done this term on the river, though the results were not as outstanding as in the past two years.

The First Boat rowed over the first two nights and then scored a really brilliant bump on First Trinity II; on the last night it rowed well and retained the ground it had gained. The crew can now be congratulated on finishing as high in the Lents as any Queens' boat has ever done. May next Lent see a broken record! The crew was coached by N. Elliott of Jesus, T. G. Askwith, the old Peterhouse Blue, and J. N. Duckworth of Jesus and C.U.B.C.; we take this opportunity of thanking them for their hard work on the towpath.

The Second Boat, which showed remarkable keenness, retained its place, but had plenty of excitement. The first race was a row-over; but on the Thursday First Trinity III went aground while on the point of making their bump and the Second Boat had little difficulty in catching them. Unfortunately Jesus IV succeeded in robbing them of the advantage on the last night, and the Second Boat remains in its original position.

The Third Boat went down; though bumped four times they never fell victim to a bad boat; Emmanuel IV and Kings II both won their oars. On the first and last nights they were bumped by First Trinity V and L.M.B.C. V. respectively.

The crews were as follows:

## FIRST BOAT

	st.	lbs.
bow E. T. C. Tewson ...	11	3
2 C. G. H. Rodgers ...	12	1
3 P. Bamford ...	11	1
4 G. P. L. Bretherton ...	14	7
5 D. V. Skeet ...	11	13
6 P. C. Kirkpatrick ...	13	10
7 A. G. Bean ...	11	12
stroke J. D. Sproule ...	11	6
cox P. A. Missen ...	8	10

## SECOND BOAT

bow K. B. J. Meaby ...	10	5
2 J. G. F. Clews ...	11	1
3 M. A. P. Wood ...	12	5
4 P. G. Coleman ...	9	12
5 A. T. Al Khalil ...	13	11
6 A. Hertzberg ...	12	8
7 H. J. Downton ...	13	1
stroke J. G. Nicholls ...	12	12
cox R. J. R. Jenkins ...	8	12

Coaches: H. G. Wolskel, M. A. Collings

## THIRD BOAT

bow P. Savory ...	10	1
2 C. L. Bodvan-Griffith ...	11	3½
3 P. E. Hughesdon ...	10	5½
4 J. Bromhead ...	11	0
5 S. C. Bonnett ...	11	4
6 B. M. Kisch ...	11	9
7 L. D. Blathwayt ...	9	9
stroke P. A. Deane ...	10	6½
cox J. O. N. Vickers ...	9	0

Coaches: G. Bowman-Jackson, J. A. Russ

Perhaps the chief difficulty before the Boat Club this year has been that of small numbers; one case of 'flu in

the last week before the races would have been enough to remove a boat from the river. A large membership in a Boat Club fosters a healthy competition, which helps to produce the racing spirit. This racing spirit is, after all, the essence of rowing, and has been the characteristic of the Club during recent years. We must not be content to rest on our oars, but we must continue to show the old determination; otherwise we shall go down. We hope to be able to welcome a good number of Rugger men amongst those who will be keen to row next term, and we look forward to the return of many of those who have already had some experience of the river.

G. BOWMAN-JACKSON, *Hon. Sec.*

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

<i>Captain</i>	...	D. M. HARPER
<i>Hon. Sec.</i>	...	E. L. A. FOLKER
<i>Committee</i>	...	D. A. SHERRIFF

THE loss of the first few games at the beginning of the Michaelmas term would seem to have stood us in good stead; the over-confidence which spoiled last year's chances in the 'Cuppers' was conspicuous by its absence. Instead, the enthusiasm imparted to the whole team by Morrison Harper at the beginning of the term fused a well-balanced side into a concerted team, which it is no idle boast to say came very near to winning the cup. In fact only the successive injuries to Shaw, Harper and Hooper during the first three rounds, culminating in the loss of Noakes during the semi-final, prevented Queens' from reaching the final round where they would have had an excellent chance to defeat St John's.

The forwards, despite changes, knew the game and combined very well together, excelling both in tight and loose : it is safe to say they have not been defeated by any pack we have met this season. The combination, too, between the forwards and the outsides was effective and showed up the mutual confidence of the halves, Holloway and Fletcher. Both have played this season with untiring energy and have given the line behind them every opportunity to show their mettle by gradually building up their confidence. For it was plain at the beginning of the season that the three-quarters were a shaky lot; now they are really dangerous, and should be even better next season. At back, Spear has shown great coolness in fielding and kicking, but both determination in tackling and running with the ball as an attacking movement could be cultivated to effect.

With seven forwards and the whole back division, excepting the halves, returning next October, we should be able to field a strong side, and if we can find the halves among the freshmen we can look forward to another really good season.

Full colours have been awarded to : G. H. Parkinson, P. R. Noakes, C. J. D. Hooper, D. J. Whitaker and D. W. F. Charlton.

Half-colours to Reid, I. J. McC., Branch, Ling and Coombe.

The following have been elected candidates for office for next season : Captain, E. L. A. Folker ; Hon. Sec., D. J. Whitaker ; Committee, G. H. Parkinson.

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

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

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

**A**LTHOUGH the results of the latter half of the season have not been quite as satisfactory as those at the beginning, the side has played consistently; and had the forwards been as good as the defence, we should undoubtedly have gone much further in the Cup Competition, and made sure of gaining promotion into the First Division. At the time of writing our actual position in the League is not known though it is doubtful whether we shall go up. In the three remaining matches which were to be played this term, it was necessary to win all of them in order to make sure of promotion. We beat Corpus twice and drew with Clare 2—2, and but for a blatantly off-side goal awarded to Clare very near the end we should undoubtedly have beaten them too.

With regard to our cup match we have every reason to be satisfied although perhaps disappointed. We played St John's and at half-time were leading 1—0 having had much the better of the play. After this the forwards became ragged and the defence played extremely well in preventing any score until ten minutes from time. Soon after this they got another goal, the final score being 2—1. It was a good effort against opponents who included several "Blues" in their team.

The results of the matches played this season are :

	TOTAL				GOALS	
	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
This term	9	5	3	1	32	19
The whole season	23	14	8	1	80	52

The Second XI. has certainly improved this term and has been much more settled than last term. They did extremely well in the "Getting-on Competition" and reached the final after a very exciting match against St John's in the Semi-Final. Losing 2—1 until a few minutes from time they drew level and in the extra time Markwick scored an excellent winning goal. Unfortunately they lost against Trinity II. in the final 6—1. A word of praise is due to Dimmer who played and captained the team very well through all their matches.

Full Colours have been awarded to: J. W. Tuchschnid, R. W. Chapman, H. C. Willmott, R. P. Jesse, E. S. Washington, P. J. E. Jakes, M. A. Dimmer.

Half-Colours to: J. A. Hulme, D. Moss and E. Butterworth.

We congratulate Washington on his appearances for the Varsity this term.

The following have been elected candidates for office for next season: Captain, A. R. Abraham: Hon. Sec., E. S. Washington; Committee, A. G. G. Long.

A. R. A., *Hon. Sec.*

### Q. C. H. C.

<i>Captain</i>	...	V. B. JONES
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	...	R. S. CRANSTON
<i>Committee</i>	...	J. W. F. DAY

**T**HE powers which control the weather have looked with extreme disfavour on us this term; consequently thirteen of the First XI fixtures had to be scratched, and the Second XI and Third XI have hardly played a game.

The First XI has had very little chance of playing together this term, but in 'Cuppers' it showed itself to be quite a good side, and need by no means be ashamed of itself for being beaten by a very strong Clare side after extra time, in the Second Round, having beaten Sidney Sussex by 2 goals to 1 in the First Round. In fact, had the inside forwards been able to take their chances, we should have passed on to the next round. The praise goes to the defence who all played at the top of their form.

We offer our congratulations to P. L. Trevorrow on being elected Captain of the C.U.H.C.; and to J. G. K. Harman, E. T. O'Reilly, J. C. Tyrrel, H. E. T. Summers and C. C. Walker on their full colours; and to R. A. F. Wallis, P. H. N. Mathews and A. G. Pouncy on their half-colours.

The following have been elected candidates for office next year: Captain, R. S. Cranston; Hon. Secretary, E. T. O'Reilly; Committee, R. C. Wordsworth.

R. S. CRANSTON, *Hon. Sec.*

### Q. C. A. C.

<i>President</i>	...	M. M. SCARR
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>		R. C. SPALDING
<i>Committee</i>	...	R. O. GORDON

**I**N spite of the fact that but three freshmen have represented the Club this year, it has had a fair measure of success. The general standard of athletics in the College is by no means high, so that anyone with any leanings towards the track, or more particularly the field events, would be welcomed to the Club.

In the Michaelmas term we were able to turn out only two teams for the inter-college relays, but the sprint

team (Scarr, Taylor, Davis, Walters) was very successful in so far that it won the second division race in better time than the winners of the first division. The President is to be congratulated on representing the University in both the sprint relays versus Oxford.

This term we won our first match, with Fitzwilliam House, in the Knock-out Competition fairly easily, chiefly due to the fact that our few representatives showed enough keenness to turn up. In the semi-final with Jesus (the ultimate winner) we were less successful.

Full colours have been awarded to: F. A. Whitlock, H. S. Davis, N. A. Leadbitter, D. T. Whitaker.

R. C. SPALDING, *Hon. Sec.*

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

*Captain* ... R. L. PEEL  
*Hon. Secretary* ... D. G. B. BOYD

**N**INE fixtures were arranged for this term, one of which unfortunately had to be scratched.

The Club has won one match, lost seven, and there is yet one to be played. In the Inter-College Competition we were beaten by St John's II (2—1), R. L. Peel winning his match.

When we have two of our own courts close at hand, many more people should play, and the Club looks forward to better results next year.

C. C. Walker has been elected candidate for Captaincy next year.

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

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

*Captain* ... D. C. HORTON  
*Hon. Secretary* ... T. ANSCOMBE

**T**HIS year the numbers of the Club have swelled to thirty and a very successful season has been enjoyed.

Last term the first four lost no matches at all and the second four, making their appearance for the first time, did very well.

This term the first four have done very well indeed, and at the time of going to press are in the Semi-Final of the Fives Cuppers—having beaten Clare, Trinity and St John's. This performance has not been equalled for over fifteen years and it is felt that even better results might be obtained if courts nearer than those of Portugal Place were available, thus allowing more frequent practices.

In addition to the annual struggle with Newnham in which Queens' was once more successful, a semi-official match was played against a mixed Newnham and Girton team, resulting in a further win for Queens'.

The following nominations for Captain and Secretary for the coming year have been made: Captain, T. Anscombe; Secretary, P. H. H. Ling.

D. C. HORTON, *Capt.*

## Q. C. E. F. C.

**T**HREE matches were arranged at the beginning of this term, two against Magdalene, and one against Emmanuel. These were very good games, but unfortunately did not end in favour of Queens'.

The Eton Fives 'Cupper' does not appear to have started, so perhaps now it will be postponed until next term.

N. I. BARTHOLOMEW, *Hon. Sec.*

## Q. C. RIFLE CLUB

<i>Captain</i>	...	R. A. F. WALLIS
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	...	W. L. COX

THE Club has not been quite so fortunate at the .22 range this term, and has dropped to second place in the Inter-College League (Division I.) There have been some good scores, however. On the open range, P. St V. Tabberner and G. H. English, among others, have shot with distinction.

Colours have been awarded to F. W. Elford.

W. L. COX, *Hon. Sec.*

## Q. C. CHESS CLUB

THE Inter-College Competition has been the chief feature of the term, and the Club's success has been remarkable.

Two teams were entered, and both reached the second round. Here the First team lost to St Catharine's I, by three games to two, but the Second team beat Christ's I., to meet St. Catharine's I. in the semi-final. They then showed their superiority to the First team by winning 3—2. The final was lost to Magdalene, but only after a hard fight.

A College Knock-Out Competition has also been held, but the result is still undecided.

We were unfortunate to lose our Secretary, A. H. Henson, during the term. We wish him a speedy recovery from his illness.

Colours have been awarded to: D. M. Hallows, J. Taylor, E. Butterworth and T. Anscombe.

A. A. WOOD, *President.*

## CORRESPONDENCE

*To the Editor of "The Dial"*

DEAR SIR,

We in Queens' have the good fortune to have what is generally acknowledged to be one of the best "Halls" in Cambridge from the gastronomical point of view, and indeed one cannot but be impressed by the general efficiency of the kitchen organisation. At the same time there are inevitably certain details which the most efficient steward or the most astute kitchen manager cannot possibly be expected to notice and which can just prevent a good "Hall" being really excellent. At the moment, Mr Chamberlain has only the suggestions and comments of a very few gastronomically minded individuals rather than the opinions of the whole College, who are, after all the people chiefly catered for by the kitchen organisation. I suggest therefore, that a Kitchen Committee be formed, which should meet at regular intervals and act as a link between the producers and the consumers of the food, for it is my belief that such a committee could be of very real service, both in suggesting to Mr Chamberlain opinions and preferences at which he can do nothing more than guess, and in bringing before the authorities any reasonable complaint which members of the College may raise.

Yours, etc.,

J. E. KENNETT.

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PRO PUELLIS GIRTONIS.

*To the Editor of "The Dial"*

DEAR SIR,

Arrested by your scheme  
 Of appeal in green and cream,  
 I thought that it would seem a slight excuse  
 To put unworthy pen  
 To paper there and then,  
 And call upon ablutionary muse.

I feel I ought to say  
 That just the other day  
 I found myself in quite an awkward spot—  
 A bright eyed fair young dame  
 Declared it such a shame  
 That in the Ladies' Room there is no "HOT".

Just why, I cannot see,  
 (And I'm sure you will agree)  
 The only water in that room is COLD,  
 And since there's much at stake  
 I would suggestions make,  
 And, if only for my sake, a plan unfold.

It seems but scarcely right  
 Putting beauty in this plight.  
 Since the state of things at sight is very wrong,  
 I wonder if you'd dare  
 To suggest a slight repair  
 Might be carried out in there.....to quiet my song?

Yours truly,  
 J. M. C.

P.S.—And should you dare, and stubborn mules repairs refuse  
 to make,  
 I would that they'd remove the tap that constitutes the  
 fake.

## THE COMMITTEE

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P. F. D. TENNANT, Esq., *Censor*.

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J. B. BROWNE.

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P. R. NOAKES.

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