contains article on "The Dial"

THE DIAL

QUINCENTENARY, 1948

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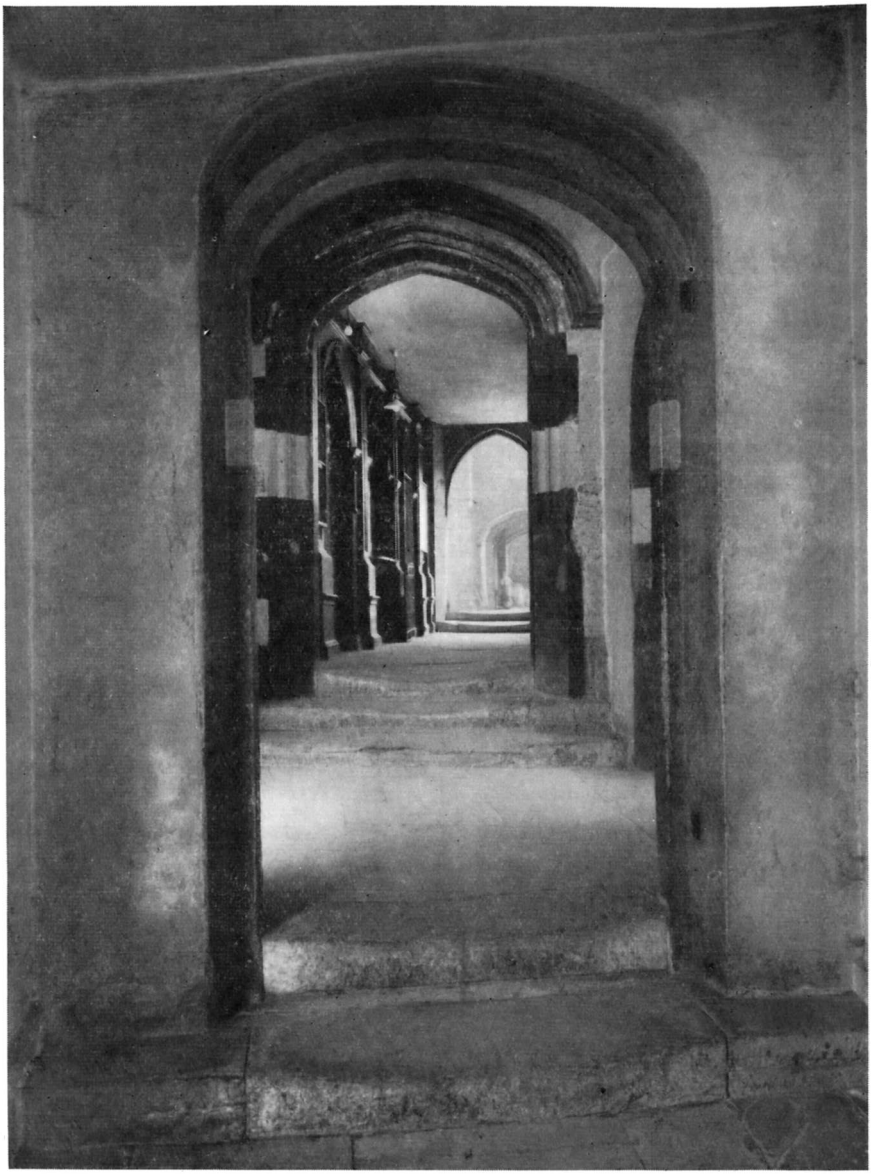


THE DIAL

No. 97. EASTER TERM, 1948.

EDITORIAL

"THE meaning doesn't matter," sang Bunthorne, "if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind." In *The Dial* the chatter is often idle and sometimes the meaning doesn't count for much; but it is rarely transcendental. For in normal years anything that aspires is apt to be considered precocious; and to be accused of precocity is, for an undergraduate, a fate worse than death.

Yet if there ever were a time for transcendentalism, it should be the occasion of the fifth centenary of the College. It is now that we might expect the poets to produce their most heroic strains. It is now that we might expect the philosophers to vie with each other in discovering the Platonic essence that distinguishes this College from all others. But there has been no such efflorescence. Nor is this the place or this the pen to attempt it. We may even question whether it ought to be attempted; for this is not a creative age, least of all for the university undergraduate, and we might be wise to wait until once again we have Muses rather than coal-sacks on our shoulders. Some may say that whatever it is that they have acquired from being members of a College is so personal and subjective that any attempt to reduce it to a common denominator would be unsatisfactory. If this were wholly true it would be another reason for silence; but just as national character is not made by race, collegiate character is not made by the fact of our all being students. There is such a thing as the *genius loci*. It is true that this may affect each individual in a way peculiar to himself; but to deny that its effect on everyone is to some extent the same would be logically to deny that the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers are now Americans. Yet a common environment is not all that distinguishes one group of individuals from another. There arises from it, in the course of time, common habits of mind, which,

when translated into activity, give to the history of those living in that environment its own distinctive tradition. "So," said Richard Hooker, "the act of a public society of men done five hundred years sithence standeth as theirs who presently are of the same societies . . . we were then alive in our predecessors and they in their successors do live still."

In the world at large traditions are not now in vogue. We are still in an age where the criterion is utility, and where problems are solved by the application of a dispassionate reason. Even in age-old institutions we hear occasional murmurs of reproach, suggestions that everything possible is not being done. Whispers of radicalism disturb the placid air. Yet much of the criticism is misdirected, for it is one of the chief characteristics of a tradition that it is never static. It changes with every generation. Some have more to contribute than others; but all the time the essential consistency is maintained. This is not achieved by being consciously retrospective (or "hidebound" as some prefer to call it). It is to a large extent inevitable. Yet even if we may appease the impatient by these considerations, we must take care not to justify the attitude of the apathetic. Fortunately, there is at present no need for the warning. The present generation of Queens' men is worthy of the moment. Whether their achievements are to be attributed to a happy coincidence of the right men and the right year, or to the influence of the year on quite ordinary men is a question which many would like to answer with the second alternative.

REGINALIA

The following is an extract from the Court Circular column of *The Times* of April 16th :—

" A dinner was held yesterday in the Hall of Queens' College, Cambridge, to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the college. In addition to the President, Dr. J. A. Venn, and the Fellows, the guests were :—

> The Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire (Captain R. G. Briscoe), the Vice-Chancellor (Dr. C. E. Raven), the High Steward (the Duke of Devonshire), the Deputy High Steward (Lord Wright), the Masters of Pembroke, Gonville and Caius, St. Catharine's, St. John's, Magdalene, Trinity, Sidney Sussex, and Downing Colleges, and many other holders of office in the university.

The foundation-stone of the College was laid on April 15, 1448, by Sir John Wenlock, acting for Queen Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI."

When Her Majesty the Queen visits the College on June 7th she will travel by car from London accompanied by her Secretary and a Lady-in-Waiting. The Royal Party will be met at the borough boundary by the Mayor of Cambridge and the Lord Lieutenant of the County. The party will then proceed to the Main Gate of the College where Her Majesty will be met by the President at approximately 11.45 a.m. The Fellows and the whole College, assembled in the Old Court, will greet Her Majesty as she walks to the Lodge. In the Lodge, Mrs. Venn, the Fellows and the Fellows' wives will be presented. At 12.30 p.m. Her Majesty will attend a service in the Chapel ; her route from the Lodge will be lined by the College servants. The Queen will lunch in hall with the President, Mrs. Venn, the Fellows and their wives, the Foundation Scholars, and representative members of all years. During lunch the President will propose Her Majesty's health.

After lunch the Queen will make a short tour of the College. She will visit the Library, the Old Chapel, the Kitchens, and the Fitzpatrick Hall, where the three cups now in the College's keeping will be on show, and where the captains of the winning teams will

be presented. Her Majesty will return through the Fellows' Garden and the Grove to the President's Lodge. Other members of the College, representative of all activities and interests, will be presented to Her Majesty in the President's Garden, and Miss Janet McCullagh will present the Queen with a bouquet. At about 4 o'clock Her Majesty will tour the main Garden Party which will by this time be taking place in Walnut Tree Court, Friars' Court, and on the Bowling Green. Music will be provided by the Band of the Black Watch, of which regiment the Queen is Colonel-in-Chief. During the tour impromptu presentations to Her Majesty will be made. Her Majesty will then return to the President's private garden party. Shortly before 5 o'clock guests will have an opportunity to see Her Majesty leave the College and will be invited to assemble in the Cloister Court and the Old Court. On their way back to London the Queen and her party will be escorted by the Mayor and the Lord Lieutenant as far as the borough boundary.

Also as part of the Quincentenary Celebrations, a dinner will be held on June 10th in the May Ball marquee to enable all resident members of the College to be present. Speeches will be made by the President and an undergraduate.

Mention of the Quincentenary was made by " Peterborough " in the *Daily Telegraph* of March 17th. The following is an extract :—

> " 'As You Like It,' played by members of the college, with wives or relations of Queensmen in the women's parts, is to be one of the celebrations. It will be set in the picturesque early-Tudor Cloister Court.
>
> " Producer is a Queens' third year historian, Mr. H. C. Parker, who has worked with the Marlowe Society. Two performances are to be given on the evenings of June 14th and 16th."

The Quincentenary Ball will be held on the night of June 15th. A large marquee will be erected on the Bowling Green, and dancing will take place to the music of Geoffrey Howard's Band. Owing to governmental restrictions it will be impossible to floodlight the buildings, but coloured lights and Chinese lanterns will be placed in the Grove and in the Courts. It is expected that the majority

of tickets will go to present and past members of the College, though a few may be available for other guests.

The Committee is :—Dr. McCullagh, Mr. Findlay, B. A. G. Target (*Hon. Sec.*), P. N. Blackaby, P. J. Cox, E. A. G. Warlow, and C. B. Walker.

The final celebrations in connection with the Quincentenary will be a dinner for old Queens' men on June 19th, and a Garden Party for the College Servants in July.

On the 28th April, Mr. Browne delivered a lecture to the " D " Society on " The College," to which the Chairman extended an invitation to the whole College. Mr. Browne illustrated the lecture with his fine collection of prints, which were later brought from the Upper Fitzpatrick Room, where they had been on view, to the Old Chapel, and added to the exhibition prepared by Mr. Seltman.

This exhibition, which will be on view until after the 19th June, so that old Queens' men will be able to see it when they attend for their dinner on that date, includes a wide variety of objects, all of great interest. There is a dower chest whose exact age is unknown, but which it is thought may have belonged to the Lady Margery Roos. When it was lent to the Victoria and Albert Museum some years ago, the authorities ascribed it to the early fourteenth century, so that it may be older than the College itself. Then there is a cabinet of medical materials which belonged to John Francis Vigani, the first Professor of Chemistry in the University. These materials most of which are in a fine state of preservation, were made the subject of a lecture given to the Cambridge Antiquarian Society in 1934 by E. Saville Peck, Esq.

There is a fine collection of illuminated MSS., including a twelfth century commentary on the Psalms by Gilbertus Porretanus, a fourteenth century Book of Hours, both with very lovely illuminations, and a fourteenth century Sarum Missal, all in their original bindings. The Librarian is also exhibiting several works by Erasmus, among them two of the books on which he was engaged during his residence in the College. There is also a pamphlet in Dutch, published in 1504, probably the only extant work of Erasmus in his native tongue. There are some rare editions of English authors, notably a fine manuscript of Thomas Occleve's poems,

an edition of Chaucer's works, published in 1542, and a Third Folio of Shakespeare. One of the rarest items is the fragment of an account of Mary Tudor's wedding to Philip of Spain. The only other copy of this, also fragmentary, is in the British Museum ; but the Queens' copy has two pages not found in the other.

Perhaps the case of the greatest interest in view of the Quincentenary Celebrations is that containing the original documents concerning the founding of the College. These include the charters and commissions authorizing the foundation, on which autographs of King Henry VI, Queen Margaret of Anjou, Queen Elizabeth Woodville, and King Richard III are to be seen together with some fine specimens of their seals.

In the *Cambridge Review* of April 24th there appeared an article by Mr. Laffan, entitled : " The Queens of England and Queens' College."

About thirty of the plates from the Quincentenary Pictorial History of the College, prepared by Mr. Browne and Mr. Seltman, have been specially bound and are to be presented to Her Majesty the Queen on her visit.

We are glad to record the following distinctions :—

O. C. Allison (Matric. 1927) has been appointed Assistant Bishop to the Bishop in the Sudan.

R. W. Lacey (Matric. 1919) has received a Knighthood.

H. Constant (Matric. 1924) has been elected to a Fellowship of the Royal Society.

It was found possible to print the College Record again this year. We regret to say that news of further war casualties has since reached the College and will be publicized in due course.

On February 29th the Sermon was preached in the College Chapel by the Reverend Professor C. E. Raven, D.D., Vice-Chancellor of the University and Master of Christ's. On April 25th the Sermon was preached by the Right Reverend H. E. Wynn, D.D., Fellow of Pembroke and Lord Bishop of Ely.

The following baptisms have taken place in the College Chapel :—

January 25th .. Carolyn DuBois Firth.
February 29th .. Priscilla Chadwick.
May 16th .. Carol Anne Manistre.

About thirty members of Queens' House, with the Warden, and the Club Leader, visited the College over Whitsun week-end. They camped on a site along the Barton Road. They were entertained to a trip on the river on Sunday afternoon, and in the evening attended Chapel and second Hall. Many members of the College helped to make their visit a success.

The College has received a miniature portrait of the Rev. Thomas Pestell (B.A., 1632) from his descendant Mr. T. G. Lilley (B.A., 1921), and an engraving of the College from Mr. G. G. Phillips, great-great-nephew of Dr. George Phillips (President, 1857–1892). Mr. E. I. Finch has made a gift to the College Library of a pamphlet, with an engraved portrait of the Rev. Samuel Lee, D.D., of Queens' College, Regius Professor of Arabic. Mr. Martin A. Buckmaster has presented two Charles II spoons for use on the High Table.

Pye Radio, Limited, is to give two television sets to each College in the University. It is understood that in Queens' one will be placed in the Green Room for the use of undergraduates and the other in the Combination Room.

It is pleasant to record that this year Queens' has six Full Blues. They are :—Rowing, P. A. de Giles ; Rugby, W. B. Holmes ; Hockey, J. D. W. Melhuish and D. I. Pearce ; Athletics, C. E. Piper and H. L. Wallace.

P. R. Gibson was also awarded his Blue for Hockey but was unable to play owing to injury.

Half-Blues have been awarded to F. S. Aldercotte for Squash and Rugby Fives ; to R. Halstead for Athletics ; to G. S. Walton for Swimming ; and to E. F. Murray and A. J. E. Rigby for Lacrosse.

Two old members of the College—P. C. Kirkpatrick and A. S. F. Butcher—were in the crew which won the Head of the River Race on the Thames and, we hope, have chances to be considered for the Olympic boat.

Many members of the College were overjoyed when Gate Fines were abolished in the Lent Term.

After forty-eight years' faithful service Mr. Wood's bicycle has been replaced by a new and even more efficient model.

Getting out a magazine is no picnic.
If we print jokes people say we are silly.
If we don't, they say we are too serious.
If we publish original matter, then we lack variety.
If we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write.
If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.
If we do print them, the magazine is filled with junk.
Like as not, some fellow will say we took this from another paper.
We did. (*Dial, Easter*, 1933.)
So did we. (*Ed.*)

CORRESPONDENCE

The Queen's College,
Oxford.

February 1st, 1948.

Dear Sir,

On behalf of the Undergraduates of The Queen's College, Oxford, we would like to congratulate Queens' College, Cambridge, on the occasion of your Quincentenary. It is perhaps a happy and fitting coincidence that we are here at present engaged in the preliminary preparations for a Summer Commemoration Ball, which we hope to hold in celebration of our Sexcentenary, which took place in 1940. A mere difference of one in the number of our respective and respected Founders (as in the number of centuries of our existence) can, we feel, be most adequately compensated by the contrast between the youthful vigour and enterprise of your College and the wisdom and experience of our own.

We take this opportunity to wish you ever-increasing prosperity, and we are at the same time confident that our excellent mutual relations will continue to flourish as they have done in the past.

In present circumstances we both have numerous difficulties confronting us, some more transient than others. Cramped conditions, the enforced but necessary sharing of rooms, overcrowded J.C.R.s, and a none too ample, albeit adequate allowance of calories and Government Grants—these hardships are our common lot. We in Queen's must contend, in addition, with such cruel burdens as the closing down early in the War of the Queen's Brewery.

But the lack of "Chancellor"* notwithstanding, our College has achieved some notable distinctions recently. Among these may here be mentioned our 16 Firsts in Finals during Trinity Term 1947, and the victory of the Queen's Association Football team in the Inter-College League last Term for the third year in succession. You will no doubt recall their meeting with your own team last November, and the cordial relations then established.

* "Chancellor," we understand, is a special concoction of beer, port, etc., consumed by the College on important occasions.

In addition to this, much reflected glory has fallen to our lot as a result of the appointment of our Provost, Sir Oliver Franks, K.C.B., as Britain's Representative in the discussions on the Marshall Plan in Paris and in Washington.

College Societies, too, are displaying encouraging activity. The Eglesfield Musical Society has been invited to perform on the last day of the coming Musical Festival here.

You will appreciate, Sir, that our years by no means weigh too heavily upon us, and we know that the same is true of yourselves.

Once more we wish you well for the future of your College, and offer you our most willing co-operation in all you undertake, whenever you may desire it.

We remain, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

T. B. Edwards, *President.*

H. E. Gardiner, *Secretary.*

John de Quidt, *Treasurer.*

The Queen's College Taberdars' Room Committee.

UNSOUND EFFECTS

Although I have been here before,
The first time I was not aware
That the *rara avis* we knew of yore
Was soon to be so much less rare.

MILK-A-PUNCH SUNDAY

ALDERNEY, the island on which I live, is the smallest, the most barren, the most neglected, and by far the most charming of the three larger Channel Islands. During the last war it was evacuated and used as a concentration camp by the Germans. Even before the war its population was only about 1,400 : it is now 900. At the best the island must always have been a cavernous, waste shore. Now, amid the gun-emplacements, ruined cottages, fortresses and general devastation, the returned nine hundred are doing their best to rebuild their own civilisation—in the teeth of the Privy Council, of beaurocracy, and of the present Government.

Theirs is a peculiar civilisation. The first Sunday that I ever spent in Alderney was the first Sunday in May. A Sunday is about the only day in Alderney when the pubs are theoretically supposed to close ; so I asked my hosts at the small hotel whether they could recommend me to a pub with a convenient back door. They said, certainly they could ; I was to come with them after dinner. We went together, to find in the bar a steaming jug of milk punch, made from rum, milk and nutmeg. After we and the other customers had drank gallons and gallons of this mixture free, I really began to feel that I ought to pay for something. I was not allowed to do so. " Don't you know," they said kindly, " that to-day is MILK-A-PUNCH SUNDAY? " I did not know, but I have found out since.

From the Middle Ages, from the time of William the Conqueror, or for that matter from the time of Duke Robert—from whom most of the customary laws of the Channel Islands still derive—Milk-a-Punch Sunday has persisted. In the old days, on the first Sunday in May, you were allowed to go out with a pail into any field, and to milk any cow. Then you were allowed to take the free milk to the nearest drink shop and to demand free rum. Nowadays the pubs even provide the milk—but this habit has been going on probably since *before* the first date in " 1066 and All That."

Now that I am a property-owner in Alderney, I have a splendid means of defending my claims. Should anybody encroach upon my property, all I have to do is to collect two witnesses, kneel on the church steps, recite the Lord's Prayer, and cry with a loud voice,

" Ha-ro ! Ha-ro ! à l'aide, mon prince ! On me fait tort ! " At this, Duke Robert (or his tradition) instantly comes to my aid. The man who is building a house on my holding drops the brick from his hand. The Judge of Alderney pauses paralysed, with the fork half way to his mouth. Practically the whole life of the island stops. Until my plea has been investigated, and, if possible, satisfied, nothing can be done. Incidentally, one of the Kings of England—I think it was the Conqueror himself—was turned out of his own grave by this cry—which is called the *clameur de Haro*—and they were unable to bury him until the claimant to that grave-ground had been satisfied.

But to return to Milk-a-Punch Sunday. When we got back to the hotel from that orgy of rum-punch, we fell to talking in the midnight hours about witchcraft. I was foolish and rude enough to express some doubts about the existence of witches. My hosts were more shocked than insulted. " But, Mr. *White*," they said, in pained and earnest tones, " Margaret, in the corner there, was bewitched only ten years ago ! " " How ? " " Why, her mother fell out with Mrs. . . . . (and even I dare not tell you this wise woman's name, for fear of suffering the like disfavour), and on the morning afterwards Margaret was *covered with lice*. She was not lousy before," they explained—and this was only too obvious in so clean a house. " The lice came all at once," they said, " and in billions."

Since the midnight conversation I have discovered from books that Alderney witches have been famous from at least the end of the seventeenth century for just this particular feat. But here is the charming thing about it. The Alderney witches can't give you the evil eye, can't kill you or your cattle, can't afflict you with any diseases. The lice are the only trick they know—and, after all, there is D.D.T. for that.

T. H. White.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN

SOME of us don't play games, some of us never meet the scientists in the College, some of us never get to know the artists, but we all eat. There may be a member of Queens' who has never taken a meal in College, but it is doubtful; and it can be more or less taken for granted that the one thing the members of Queens' over the past thirty-one years—great men, little men, athletes or aesthetes, studious Dons, or irresponsible undergraduates—have in common, is that Mr. Chamberlain has at one time or other been responsible for their food.

His association with the College began in 1902, when he joined the staff as Assistant Pastry Cook, so that when in 1917 he became Kitchen Manager, he had ample experience of the inside working of the association he was now to supervise. In 1929 he took on the duties of the Butler, up till now a separate position, which included supervision of the Hall and Buttery.

Looking back over those years, and comparing the conditions with those of the present day, is rather like looking at a succession of the *Punch* cartoons, *The Changing Face of Britain*, Then and Now, but it's not really so very funny for Mr. Chamberlain. When he first came to the kitchens there was no modern equipment. Where a highly efficient gas oven now stands was an old-fashioned spit turned by the action of the warmth and smoke. But that same old-fashioned spit held thirty-six chickens, and those chickens were obtainable at an hour's notice; and thirty-six chickens made quite a reasonable main course for a hundred-odd undergraduates and Dons. More than reasonable when preceded by two courses and followed by a further two. Because in those days the Kitchen Manager, just as he does to-day, planned his menus a week in advance, but there was one small difference. Then menus were planned with careful consideration for each meal, each meal was contemplated as a series of courses, and courses were chosen because together they formed a balanced, appetizing meal. Now, Mr. Chamberlain supplies his butcher with notice as to how many rations he has, and his butcher supplies him with what meat he can give him, and the menu must be constructed around this meat. All the artist in Mr. Chamberlain's soul revolts against such a method

of planning, but what can he do about it? (And anyone who doubts his artistic approach to his duties has only to look at some of the menus he used to produce Then.)

The excellence of Queens' catering was well known outside the College, and Mr. Chamberlain was often called upon to organize functions for other bodies. Some of these have included the University Boat Club Dinner, the Cambridge O.T.C. Battalion Ball at the Liberal Club in London just after the 1914–1918 War, and King's College Chetwynd Society. It is easy enough to imagine the pleasure with which he would set about organizing such a function, or planning for the occasions when famous people have visited the College. He remembers, for instance, the Emperor Haile Selassie lunching in Hall, and another time Queen Helen of Jugoslavia, who came as the guest of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

It was pleasant to sit in Mr. Chamberlain's office discussing these things, in spite of our somewhat morose shaking of heads over the comparison of Then and Now; and though the several interruptions made continuity difficult at moments, they showed another aspect of the Kitchen Management—the good relations Mr. Chamberlain enjoys with everyone. People were constantly coming through the two doors leading into his office, one from "C" Staircase and one from the Kitchens—Dons, undergraduates, cooks, waiters—all with some query to make or problem to clear up, and all were dealt with cheerfully and competently. Naturally, staff is a problem, as anyone with any present-day catering experience knows only too well; but on the whole Mr. Chamberlain and his Chef, Mr. Cash, who have been together now for twenty-four years, with all the rest of his staff, are a cheerful, hard-working team, who cope with their difficulties astonishingly well.

J. A. S.

FOR TO-NIGHT

If when fencing dear old Brian
  Scarce the target hits at all,
Still, by Gad, he keeps on tryin',
  And now at least he's on the ball.

THE SHADOW

THE light was hard in the corridor :
It bored the windows through
And stemmed the wall, stiff.
Many leaning columns of light
Across the corridor, and I must pass.
And if a cloud should batter
The base of the colonnade
And the pillars fall upon me ?
I stayed, hot-pulsed, for I had no helmet.

I saw them come in the distance,
Children of light with night's haloes,
Jumping, ducking, sidling in and out,
Up and down, readily making a passage.
Coming towards me but distant,
They were hard like the columns they gripped ;
They had no shadow, no bending,
Changing, feeling part ; and they came towards me.
And if they reach me, jutty and sharp
In their cutting brightness,
Must I be severed and bleed here
Their life's mote-dust, give no more
Than their pebbly atomies ?
Or worse, like them, live ever
In the sun's glare and never throw shadow :
Their prisoner, must I be caged
In the public prison of noon-day ?
I trembled, having no sword.

. . . . .

I have fled to a private darkness.
A moon, I think, lies curled
In the night's hair and the stars
Sequin her gown with radiance ;
But I will not see them in this cave.
I will not dance with the night,

But lie embryonic in her womb.
There is no world here but me and the dark.
But I sigh, for I have no shadow.

. . . . .

I felt God's breath in a sunbeam :
It was the first day of my re-creation.
Born in the blessing sun
Whereof each ray is a crucifixion
And each dust speck a martyr
Burning for God.
See, the light bends, pliant
Like a flute note, swells through
The lattice and encloses softly
The long-stalked flower in the vase ;
Kisses a rainpool and lingers along it.
I quiver, disbelieving the goodness :
There behind sways my shadow.
For the tree is in leaf by the river ;
I am the branch reaching towards the sun
And my shadow undulates
Rippling under at my root.

I am full-armoured ; may the sun not rust me.

J. M. M.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE LIBRARY OF QUEENS' COLLEGE

THE history of the library begins in the year of foundation, 1448, when the Chancellor, Marmaduke Lumley, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln, gave a very beautiful MS. Bible in three volumes, and many other books. Its only recorded loss is in 1643, when Parliamentary troops removed books to the value of £10 from the chambers of Mr. Coldham, a Fellow. To-day the library numbers over 50,000 volumes, and future plans are for a large reading-room and shelf-stack in the Old Chapel, where the 20,000 books that are in most constant use currently will be concentrated.

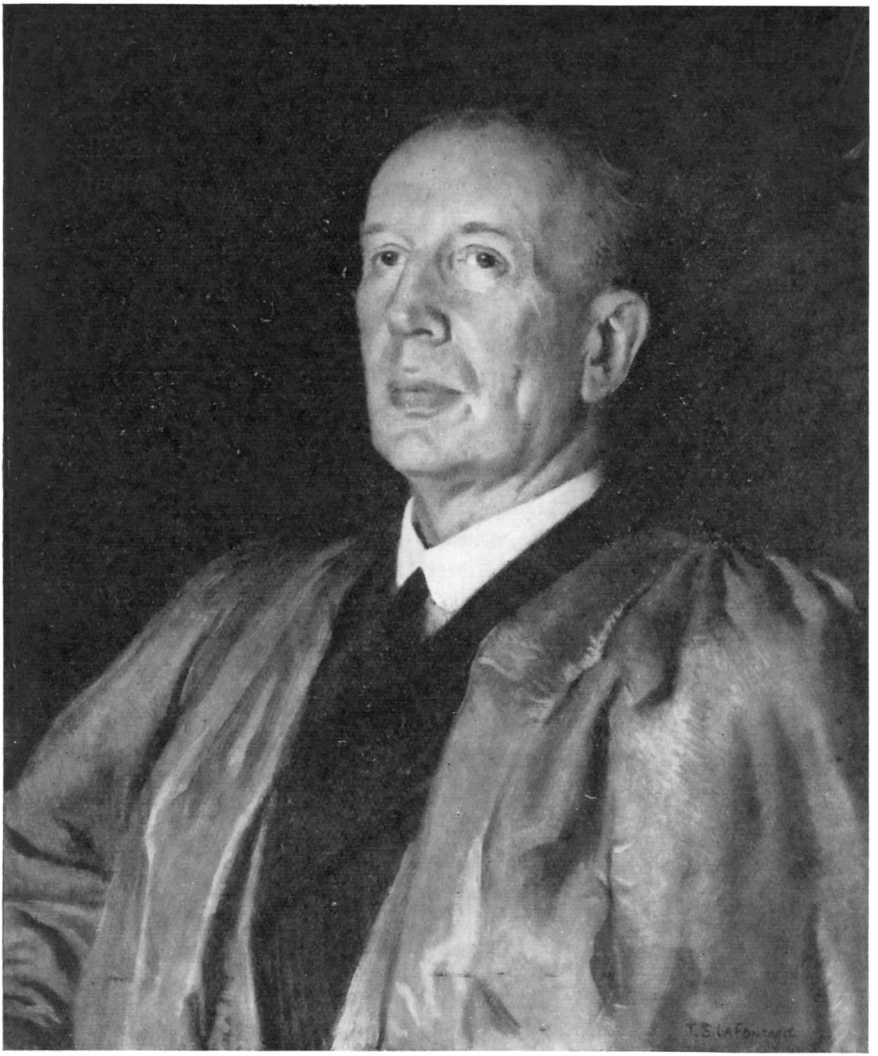
Like all other Cambridge college libraries, the financial backing comes almost entirely from benefactions, and the Directors of Studies submit annually, or more frequently, their lists of requirements to the Librarian, who can usually meet them out of the funds available. The list of benefactors is mainly of past Presidents and Fellows, and titled Students of the College, and is continuous from Dr. Lumley, and Lady Margery Roos, of the fifteenth century, down to the gifts of mathematical and Oriental books by Mr. Munro and Mr. Quibell in 1935 and 1936. The seventeenth century was relatively the most fruitful; the nineteenth century, apparently not reflecting its generally prosperous nature, was the least, although including the Milner bequest of 3,000 volumes, and in 1898, a gift of £400 by Edmund Haynes, M.A., and the major structural alterations.

Full details of the various bequests would turn this article into a copy of the Service for the Commemoration of Benefactors, or an Index to Gray's "History" of the College.* It has been a custom that distinguished Fellows and Presidents have left us their libraries; Erasmus's works are now again after 400 years and six years of war brought out into the light of day; and the 600 volumes of the famous John Smith, Cambridge Platonist, and perhaps our most distinguished and learned member, were incorporated in 1652.

The library buildings have also undergone the slow improvement of the centuries' progress. In about 1540, five stained-glass windows were brought in from the Carmelite house, whose land we purchased

* A list which is thought to be complete is appended.

ANDREW DOCKETT



JOHN ARCHIBALD VENN

in the ecclesiastically unstable reign of Henry VIII. The original library was the present upper floor only, not including the small west room vacated for the benefit of the library by the present President. In 1775 the inclusion of part of a set of rooms belonging to a Mr. Thwaites extended the library towards the Old Chapel, a space marked by a higher floor level. In 1810 the library was re-roofed at a cost of £300, and shortly afterwards the present ground floor was occupied and a catalogue printed of the 30,000 volumes then held.

When in 1886 the Old Chapel became too small for use and the construction of the present Chapel planned, the Old Chapel was released as utilisable space for the expansion of the library, and one of the first moves was to put into it some bookshelves from the Gallery overlooking Cloister Court, during which process two Folio Shakespeares were discovered. More shelves were fitted in the Old Chapel in 1926, and at present the side walls are fairly lined with the overflow of books from the other two rooms.

Besides the works of Erasmus and the Shakespeare Folios, the library has some very rare volumes of Latin poetry, printed in the earliest days of printing, in fifteenth century Venice. Other early books of great interest are Occleve's poems, and some Wycliffe MSS. Early editions and first editions of Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher show that an interest was taken by Jacobean members in the plays of the time—there is a long tradition of school and university acting in this country. Among many ancient Bibles are Vulgates printed in fifteenth century Venice and a seventeenth century Antwerp-printed Polyglot. The museum, to be displayed this year for Her Majesty the Queen after war-time storage, may be placed permanently in the present lower floor of the library which is to be renovated and cleared of books for use as an exhibition room or a common-room.

Famous names in Oriental Scholarship have been those of Lee, Loewe, Wright, and Kennett. Mr. Quibell, mentioned above, was a distinguished Egyptologist, and Queens' has the present Professor of Sanskrit, and Mr. Hart, the Dean, by whom our tradition of orientalism is being maintained.

The upper floor of the library now presents, from the small west room outside the President's study, an imposing vista of fine

Jacobean shelves. It is hoped, on the conversion of the Old Chapel into the Memorial Library, to remove the shelves and wall at the east end, thus taking away all traces of the eighteenth century " set " of a Mr. Thwaites, and opening on to a Gallery in the Old Chapel, which will extend the vista obtained from the west end right through to Queens' Lane and St. Catharine's. It was with a view to this effect that some Victorian " hammerhead " shelves were recently removed from their unsightly position on the ends of the shelves in the upper room and placed in the small west room, previously used as the President's phone room, where they were found to fit exactly, and to have been, indeed, crying out for removal from their previous location, obscuring some fine old woodwork. The splendid fifteenth century adze-hewn flooring is still in position.

In the present critical situation as regards building materials, labour, and permission to build, it is unlikely that a great deal can be done towards bringing the library of Queens' College up to a high standard in equipment and convenience very quickly ; but we hope at some future date, and that none too distant, to see the Memorial Library reading-room and shelves in current use by undergraduate members, and the old upper library in an improved symmetry and condition for housing the older and more valuable books, with the lower room utilised in the ways indicated above. The need of a larger library, and of a reading-room, is keenly felt by all, and it is hoped, will soon be satisfied.

P. S.

BENEFACTORS OF QUEENS' COLLEGE LIBRARY

14—. Lady Margery Roos " gave books."

1448. Marmaduke Lumley, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln, and Chancellor of this University, gave £220 to the fabric, a Bible in MS. (illum.), and other books.

1536. Desiderius Erasmus left by will his works in 10 vols.

1577. Sir Thomas Smith, LL.D., Latin and Greek books and " his great globe, made by himself."

1589. Willm. Chaderton, D.D. (Pres.), Bishop of Lincoln.

1613. Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon.

1613. Roger Manners, Earl of Rutland.

1614. Humphrey Tindall, D.D. (Pres.), Dean of Ely.

1625. Edward Davenant, Fellow.

1626. John Davenant, Bishop, gave £100, which purchased 130 volumes.

1646. Hubert Palmer, B.D. (Civil War Pres.).

1652. John Smith, M.A., Fellow, left 600 volumes.

1662. Edward Martyn, D.D. (Pres.).

1674. Matthew Andrew, Fellow, gave all his medical books.

1674. Thomas Clarke, M.A., Fellow, gave estates whose rents purchased many books.

1717. Henry James, D.D., left all his books and £50.

1775. Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke.

1777. David Hughes, B.D. (Vice-Pres.), left us 2,000 volumes and founded the Hughes prizes.

1789. Robert Plumtre, D.D. (Pres.).

1820. Isaac Milner, D.D. (Pres.), left us 3,000 volumes.

1845. Thomas Penny White, Fellow.

1898. Edmund Haynes, M.A., Fellow, gave us £400.

1913. William Searle, M.A., Fellow, presented his two-volume history of the College, 1446—1662.

1924. Arthur Wright, D.D., gave us all his books.

1932. Robert Hatch Kennett, D.D., Fellow, Regius Professor of Hebrew, left us all his Oriental books.

1935. Andrew Munro (Vice-Pres.), left us by will all his mathematical books.

1936. James Quibell, M.A., left us many Oriental books.

Other valuable books and sets of books have been given separately at various times.

POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT THE COLLEGE

1. *That the Mathematical Bridge was not designed by Newton.*

MUCH painstaking, but needless and misplaced scholarship has gone to proving this on many occasions " once and for all." But the weight of popular and traditional opinion must, on this occasion, be allowed to prevail over labours of the scholars. As well say that the Forth Bridge was not designed by John Forth, as we all know that it was, or that Chippendale chairs were not made in the village of that name, near Nantwich. The fact is that Newton, then an old man, got tired of walking all the way up Silver Street from the Fisher Building where he was lodged, to collect his mail at the Lodge, and, one afternoon, like the genius he was, he realised that there was a shorter way over the river through the College. He built the Bridge himself, single-handed in one day, using a size one fretwork set given him by his Aunt that Christmas. All that about the Bridge originally having no bolts, but the Dons having dismantled it only to find that they could not reassemble it without the use of them, is also wrong. What really happened was this : Newton did use bolts, two tons, in fact, from the Chancellor's bolt-hole near what is now the Dug-out Café, but a jealous senior wrangler removed them shortly after the Bridge was built, and it fell down. Naturally when it was rebuilt, not by the Dons as is commonly thought, but by a firm by the name of Donne—John and his brother Len—bolts were again used. Who ever heard of a boltless bridge? As well talk about a toothless denture, or a prize sow being disgruntled. It is not generally known that in his will Newton left this, " my second-best bridge," the first being Auction Bridge at Sidcup, to his old College, Trinity, who are expected to claim it from Queens' any day now. In case the claim should be successful, Mr. Browne has alternative plans all ready, and equally ingenious. He tells us that he has in mind an underwater bridge of ferro-perspex, and that it will almost certainly be known as Browne's Bridge. We mention this in order to make quite sure that posterity does not make the same mistakes about this bridge, when it is built, as it has done in saying, and believing, that the Mathematical Bridge was not designed by Newton.

2. *That the Captain of the Boat Club is always a rowing man.*

If you turn up " Kleenex, Kennedy " in the President's " Cambridge Alumni " you will not only be instructed, but shocked. It appears that in 1752 there were two Kleenexes in the College, not related, or only very vaguely, one a keen stroke, and the other a swot and altogether impossible. By accident, the wrong Mr. Kleenex was elected to Captain the Boat Club, and nothing could be done about it until the next elections. But Kennedy Kleenex was not entirely devoid of College spirit, and, it is recorded, actually put in several appearances at Banham's in order to carry out his very exacting duties, with disastrous results. To foster the team spirit he had alternate stretchers reversed, so that two men rowing face to face could cheer each other on : as a consequence, amid friendly gossiping from the crews, several boats just broke up and sank. On another occasion he had the blades of all the oars sawn off to lessen water resistance. Being a stickler for religious observances, he wanted to give up racing for Lent, but luckily, was persuaded to enter at the last moment : that was the only occasion on which a Queens' crew has been seen to row kneeling up in the boat, using punt paddles instead of oars. This strange story ends sadly for Kleenex, K., but propitiously for College rowing. Just before his last scheme—to use trained dogs for coxing in order to reduce total weight—was put into operation, he was found accidentally drowned with his legs tied together at the bottom of the Cam near the present " Pike and Eel."

3. *That the Dial was ever intended to tell the time.*

Nothing of the sort. What could, by a stretch of imagination, be likened to a sun-dial, is actually a medieval device for curing fish, known as a fische-cureour (see relevant entry in Prof. Alka Seltzer's "An Investigation into Folk Eating Habits and Nourishment Trends of the 15 C."). The method of use was simple yet effective, and in its own crude way ingenious. To the tail of each fish about to be cured was attached a length of cordage, and the fish was then hung, head down, from the horizontal bars of the " dial " by a skilled " fish-hanger," as he was known, who went up on a ladder roughly the same as is now used for cleaning the gutters. The fish were left hanging until completely cured, when they were

taken down, gutted, salted, and used as book-marks. This also explains the presence of the fish in the College arms, which must have puzzled many unfamiliar with heraldry: Podz has an interesting theory to explain why, although the fish used invariably to hang head down, that depicted in the crest is shown head up. It is thought that the artist who was originally commissioned by Andrew Dockett to paint the fish, did so from a prone position on the Chapel roof, in order to avoid the stiff neck which he would undoubtedly have got in those medieval days from constantly looking up at the hanging fish which he had chosen as his subject.

4. *That Gowns are only symbolic survivals.*

If we were to tell you the number of uses to which a gown can be put—very real uses—you wouldn't believe us.

5. *That the Cam flows past the College.*

Quite wrong: the College merely happens to be next to it. As this is customary and traditional, several times in the past when the Cam has unexpectedly changed its course the College has been shifted bodily in order to occupy the traditional relative, adjacent position. This has happened in 1459, 1563, 1672, 1733, 1857. The Dean informs us that we are shortly due for another move, but that arrangements for eating in Hall will be only temporarily affected. It is understood that Rattee and Kett, who have always been employed on this work by the College in the past, will again undertake our removal. It is not known whether our slow progression nearer Newnham is a good thing or not, Mr. Hart informs us.

Eric.

Andrew Dockett
Had a plan in his pocket;
He muttered, "Lord, help us,
If we're stuck at Corpus."

KANGAROO CLUB

ANY club is a good thing if it gives pleasure to those who belong to it, but it is, perhaps, even better if it makes an attempt to perform a function beyond the circle of its membership. This, at any rate, is the idea behind the Kangaroo Club, which was reconstituted at the beginning of the Lent Term in a mood of high purpose. It was whispered at the opening meeting that it was not intended that the club should renew the Bacchanalian reputation of yore, but that it should exist for prominent sportsmen in the College, and that its purpose should be to stimulate and co-ordinate all College sporting activity. As a gesture to its past, however, the club does all its stimulating and co-ordinating over beer. The Kangaroos owe a very considerable debt to W. Ackroyd, who took the initiative in re-forming the club, and who is our President. He is aided by A. J. Poole as Secretary and C. E. Piper as Treasurer. Membership is by election and is restricted to a maximum of thirty. The meetings, which occur four times a term, beginning at 10 p.m., are occasions for sustained and convivial sports gossip. So far it has always been possible to begin each meeting by congratulating some particular club on a conspicuously fine effort, and we hope that this will continue, if only because it serves to dispel the jaded ten o'clock feeling which we all suffer after two hours' work since Hall!

C. B. W.

EXCAVATIONS IN THE OLD CHAPEL

IN order to make the detailed plans for the reconstruction of the Old Chapel as a War Memorial Library, it was necessary to explore the firmness of the Chapel floor. It was known that several former Presidents and Fellows of the College were buried in the Old Chapel, but the size and strength of the vault were uncertain.

Accordingly, during last Easter Term the entrance to the vault was uncovered. It lies below a large stone slab in the centre of the aisle of the Ante-Chapel. The vault was found to extend from below the screen which divides the Chapel from the Ante-Chapel to a point some fifteen feet from the East wall of the Chapel.

The vault, which is eighteenth century brickwork, has a sand-covered floor. In it are the coffins of Isaac Milner, who was President from 1788 to 1820; Henry Godfrey, President from 1820 to 1832; and David Hughes, Fellow of the College from 1727 to 1777. The coffins are fine examples of the workmanship of the period, being made of wood and lined with lead. The outer surface of the wood is leather-covered, with ornaments and handles of brass. Each coffin bears an inscription.

Careful photographs of the coffins and of the vault were taken, and the stone slab was then replaced. It will not be necessary to disturb the vault again when work on the library begins. Since the supports for the gallery in the library are to be built further toward the East wall of the Chapel than the vault extends, a trial excavation was made in the centre of the Chapel floor, a few feet from the East wall. Below the floor were found many signs of other burials. One coffin was in a small brick vault, while others were without any such protection. Since it was confirmed, however, that the foundations for the gallery supports could be made satisfactorily, these excavations were not pursued. It is very likely that these were early burials; the body of Andrew Dockett probably lies below the East end of the Chapel.

J. W. F.

AUTUMN POEM

HOW gently the autumn is declining into winter!
If I sit here I can feel the sun on my face through the branches
Pattern-worked, like a high cathedral window.
The leaves are scurrying over the mounded earth,
The grass-bare thicket and the road to the end of the world,
And they chatter along like a crowd of school children.

Yet you, the beautiful, under the trees,
With your smile cynical and forgiving,
And your hair disordered in the wind
That piles the autumn round your ankles,
Speak little what you think and speak it laughingly.
The wind is blowing to an end around you,
Blowing the autumn out like a pale candle
That will plunge us in the dark bravery of winter.
And yet the beautiful eyes are full of mirth,
And the beautiful lips are cynical and forgiving.

E. G. R.

" Monotony has its own grace "

IN an England that is becoming every year more urbanised, it is not surprising that there should be considerable anxiety over the preservation of our countryside. The more rugged and mountainous parts of the country have for long been favourite haunts of holiday-makers, and now we are realising what a wonderful heritage has been passed down to us in the ordinary, typical English landscape.

The chequer-work of hedges enclosing the tiny fields, the noble oaks and beeches, the village with the houses built haphazardly yet fitting into the general plan so well, the " Big House " standing rather aloof in a park by itself, representing the taste and culture of the eighteenth century, perhaps, or the superiority of the Lord of the Manor in Medieval times ; all these features of the countryside are known and loved by millions.

But how many of them would have a good word for the bare expanse of Salisbury Plain ? Not a few have been there for military purposes, these being apparently the most important uses for the Plain in modern times. It is dull and uninteresting country, with wave after wave of gently undulating downs stretching out for miles in front of you, like a great sea of green turf. You will not find any of the attractive features of the countryside here ; the downs have no hedges and very few trees, the few villages are untidy collections of houses, and there are certainly no " Big Houses," for no gentleman would choose this part of the world for an estate.

Yet, in spite of all this, a few people have found Salisbury Plain attractive. W. H. Hudson, for instance, had a great affection for it, and its uninviting features only seemed to make it more attractive for him. In his book about the Plain, *A Shepherd's Life*, he describes his attraction for a certain village thus :

> ". . . I liked it more and more because of its very barrenness—the entire absence of all the features which make a place attractive, noble scenery, woods and waters ; deer parks and old houses, Tudor, Elizabethan, Jacobean, stately and beautiful, full of art treasurers ; ancient monuments and historical associations. There were none of these things ; there was nothing here but that wide, vacant expanse, very

thinly populated with humble, rural folk—farmers, shepherds, labourers—living in very humble houses. England is so full of riches in ancient monuments and grand and interesting and lovely buildings and objects and scenes, that it is perhaps too rich. For we may get into the habit of looking for such things, expecting them at every turn, every mile of the way."

Perhaps the greatest attraction of the Plain to us living in this high-pressure, split-second age is its permanence, and its seeming timelessness. Its aspect has changed little in the last thousand years, ever since sheep first grazed on the green slopes, making the springy downland turf, so favoured by hikers. The large number of pre-historic works, the chief of which is Stonehenge, scattered in great profusion, remind us of the time when this was the most thickly populated part of the country. In fact, here above all places, the spell of the past seems to permeate the whole atmosphere. We might echo Kipling's thoughts :

" What sign of them that fought and died
At shift of sword and sword ?
The barrow and the camp abide,
The Sunlight and the sward."

One almost expects to see groups of ancient Celts treading the eternal tracks across the downs. The twentieth century has, as yet, made little difference to the landscape, always excluding, of course, that part used as an artillery range.

Long may it remain so, unheeded and " undeveloped " by the modern world, and be left as it has always been, a bleak and inhospitable place, with a beauty all its own for those who seek it.

P. D. S.

If all the canes used by old Queens' men who are now schoolmasters were planted in the Grove, in fifty years' time the Bursar would be able to furnish every room in College with a bamboo bookcase. (*Dial*, Lent Term, 1927.)

POEM

THE root of the tree is cold
Clasping the exantlations of a planted sigh
Searching for the truth which lies
Underground . . . . . .
By the mulcted bones of a dead cathedral.
Pallid, the fulgency which fled
Along the spade's rim—
Ribs rimed with the frost of a bailiff's breath,
Its flesh candied like the fruits of time.
O do not think you are reading
A serious modern poem,
As I am sure you must;
For I am only trying out my new,
my beautiful new,
fountain pen.

Eric.

WHAT IS THE "D" SOCIETY?

MANY of us have at one time or another been to a meeting of the "D" Society for that gratifying mixture of edification and stimulation which it so admirably provides, and few of us have come away without some question concerning the "D" Society itself in our minds. What is the "D" Society? What is it for? How old is it? What does the "D" in its title stand for? To answer all these questions would indeed be a formidable task, even if it were possible, and for that reason this article will make no attempt to do it; but at least a few of them can be answered, and a general outline can be given of its history and functions. The documents are few, and hence the widest possible scope is given to an imaginative interpretation of the facts, with the result that it will probably only be when some colleague (as yet unborn) comes to write a history of what will be the ancient and venerable "D" Society for our millenary edition, that more than a few substantial dossiers will have been filled with the relevant material.

For the "D" Society has not so far had a long history. It was founded in 1940 by the present Dean of the College with the idea of bringing together students in different faculties for discussions of a topic that was neither too technical for the majority of them to understand without previous knowledge, nor too abstruse to kindle the general interest of its hearers. It was upon this existing broad interest of both its post-graduate and undergraduate members that the society was built. Whilst presupposing no special knowledge on the part of his audience, a speaker to the "D" Society is asked to credit his hearers with an intelligent interest in the topic under discussion. By this means, speakers with an expert knowledge of some particular branch of learning are able to address students of all faculties, drawn together as they are by the threads which are the fabric of the society. Founded at a time when the College was for the most part populated by scientists, who, because of the urgency of the war and the call of the various training squadrons, had all too little time for matters of general culture, what was originally a "war-baby" in Queens' can now look forward to a prosperous future, with the continued support and enthusiasm of the College. Although at first the society confined itself to

satisfying the want felt by those who were chiefly scientists for a substantial grounding in philosophy, current political affairs, literature and the other arts, its scope has now been widened after the conclusion of peace and the return of arts students to the University, to give these students unspecialised information on scientific and medical matters. To this extent, the society acts as liaison between the faculties, and provides the all too frequently needed bridge between the diverging arts and sciences, bringing together their members into close informal contact, and encouraging the development of those aspects of knowledge which tend towards a " widening of the horizons of the mind."

There has been much speculation concerning the significance of the letter " D " in the title of the society. Such a problem it is difficult to resolve, especially when the chairman himself confesses that he is in ignorance of its answer. Many have been the suggestions which members of the College have from time to time put forward ; some more ingenious than likely, others which, if we did not know them to be fictitious by the express assurance of those in a position to know, we might accept as veracious. Amongst these is the widespread belief that the " D " indicates that the society is exclusively the property of the Dean, or the equally current notion that it forms the initial letter of " Dons," but such intelligence is best kept away from inflammatory undergraduates of the levelling frame of mind. Neither of these explanations is true. The real explanation is not so much that the " D " does not mean anything, which no one for a moment has maintained, but that if it does mean something, nobody knows what it is. Such an answer may seem inadequate ; but who is to say whether or not it is their curiosity as to the title which impels the first attendance of those later to become staunch members ? And in so many cases, far from being satisfied, their curiosity is merely further aroused ; not this time in the significance of the cipher, but in those very interests which the society sets out to foster.

E. G. R.

A PORTRAIT

AT the beginning of each term we come back to meet undergraduates, dons, porters and, inevitably, the College Bill. After an agonized glance at an impossible total we run our eyes down the various items to see how on earth we could have incurred such a sum, and among them we notice, *Subscription to College Clubs*, £1 16*s*., never more, never less. It is not the fault of one man at least, if we do not get full value for our money.

The choice of Charles Benjamin Walker as Vice-President of the United Clubs for this past year was a singularly happy one. The list of his interests could be long—sports, music, drama, literature, dancing—but it could also be summed up, or nearly so, in two words, Queens' College. It would be difficult to find an aspect of College life in which he does not play an active part. "Let's start a Club," says someone; "Let's revive an old Club," says another, and before very long they're off to enlist Charles's help, which he is only too glad to give. Now we see him rushing off to a *Kangaroo* meeting, now tearing himself away from a cup of coffee to attend a *Bats*' rehearsal for his part of Duke Senior in *As You Like It*. Until even Charles realized that he could not fit forty-eight hours into an ordinary day, he was also Business Manager for the College Production of the play. Then, of course, he must turn out to score the odd goal for the College Soccer Team, and naturally he couldn't miss supporting a College Cupper match, no matter what the sport.

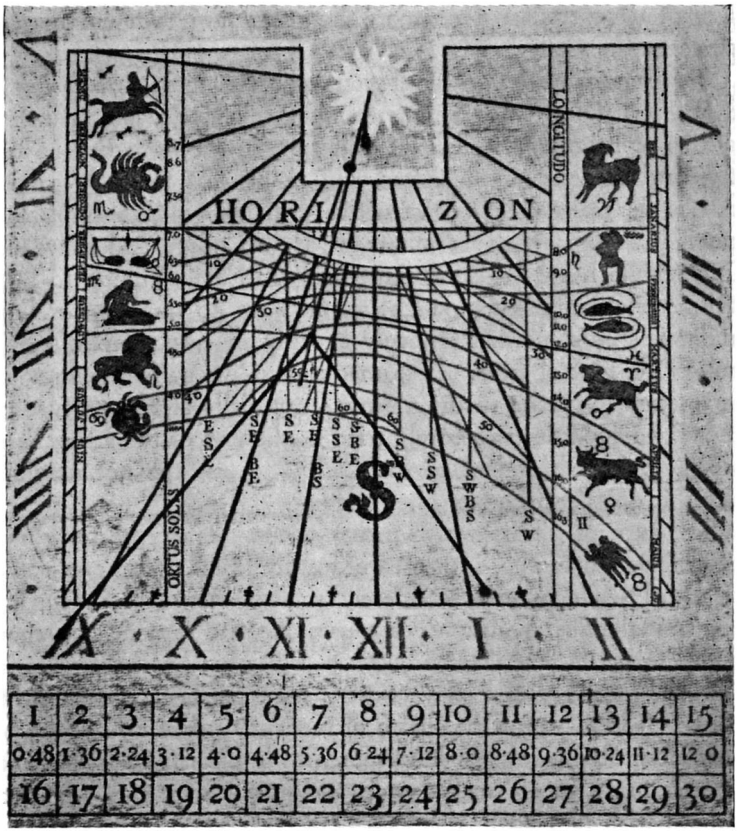
To walk through the Courts with him is naturally a great honour, but it has its disadvantages, especially if the weather is unpleasant. Where the College is concerned he simply has no idea of weather, time or space. The fact that he has only two minutes in which to reach a lecture or appointment five minutes' walk away, that snow is forming in drifts on his shoulders (and those of his companion), that an icy wind is howling round him, mean nothing to Charles when someone approaches him on College Club or other activities.

He was, of course, well qualified by his past career for his present position. He left St. Olave's, London, after a successful all-round school life, and, not wishing to come to the University until his ideas for a career were more settled, he took up small-town journalism

in Sussex until 1945, when he came to Queens'. Here he could not fail to enter fully into the life around him, especially games, and at the end of his first year he was elected Captain of the College Association Football Club for the 1946–1947 season. During the summer of 1947 he captained the Cherubs' Cricket Team. By now everyone knew Charles, and his election as Vice-President of the United Clubs reflected no more credit on him than on the good sense of the College.

He has his faults, naturally enough, the main two being an inability to know when he has enough work to do, and an intense dislike of hearing the slightest criticism of Queens'. But he does try hard to conquer the latter, and in his less violently partisan moods he realizes that constructive criticism, though unpleasant, can help to improve the corporate life of the College, and, as we have implied, he has no greater aim. His vices are common to many of us. He enjoys his pipe (though he gave up smoking for Lent, and was seen somewhat forlornly sucking an empty pipe), and he enjoys his pint of beer. Like many of us, he suffers from a disinclination to get up in the morning, especially after a party. His capacity for parties was sorely tried at the end of the Lent Term, when, as Vice-President of the Clubs, he was the not unwilling guest at one Club Dinner after another.

The turn of phrase which makes one writer's prose style more enjoyable than another's, the cast of feature which makes one woman beautiful while another is merely pretty—these are indefinable, and so is the final quality which causes one man to stand out among his fellows. Is it athletic prowess? Possibly; but haven't we all known brilliant games players who were crashing bores off the playing field? Can it be charm of manner? Again possibly; but how often do charming manners go with insincerity? At any rate, Charles has it in no small degree, and in whatever career he takes up, we wish him no less success than he has achieved with us in Queens'.



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
0·48	1·36	2·24	3·12	4·0	4·48	5·36	6·24	7·12	8·0	8·48	9·36	10·24	11·12	12·0
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30

THE DIAL

MANY visitors to the College, after entering through the main gate, have had their attention attracted by the large Sun and Moon Dial painted on the North wall of Old Court. However, having approximately ascertained the time by it (assuming that the Sun is shining), they invariably ignore the rest of the markings. Even Queens' men themselves are usually quite unable to explain this " dial furniture " as it has been called, and so this article has been written in an attempt to provide the explanation. Certainly Queens' Dial is one of the best examples of Sun-dial art in this country, and one has to roam many scores of miles to find a dial of comparable interest and comprehensiveness.

The Dial is not as old as some imagine. It was originally painted in 1733. It is thought to replace a former dial painted in 1642, but it is not known whether this occupied the same position in Old Court. The Dial was repainted in 1911, and it is hoped that by the time this article appears another coat of paint will have been applied. Owing to bad copying either in 1911 or at some earlier date several curious mistakes have crept into the design, and these will be discussed in due course. Also, a small brass ball used to be fixed to the gnomon, but it fell off a few years ago and has never been replaced. We shall assume in the following description that this ball is in place, since it is hoped that it will be restored to its former position in the near future. Briefly, the Dial may be used to ascertain various astronomical quantities, and we shall now discuss the methods of doing this.

(*a*) *The Time by Day.*

Since the chief purpose of any Sun-dial is to indicate the time of day, it will be worth while going into some details of how this is to be done accurately. The shadow of the gnomon (the metal rod that projects from the face of the Dial) crosses the outer blue border in which the hours are indicated in golden Roman numerals. These numerals refer to the markings on a scale just inside the blue border, and this is subdivided into quarter hours. The time should be read off this scale, and even though the gnomon's shadow is of considerable thickness, by estimating its position between the markings it is

usually possible to determine the time correctly to within three minutes.

However, if the time so determined is compared with that shown by the clock above, a difference of anything up to a quarter of an hour may be noticed. This is not, as may be imagined, due to any inaccuracy in the Dial, but due to a fact well known to astronomers.

Date	E	Date	E	Date	E	Date	E
2 Jan.	+4	1 Apr.	+4	17 Aug.	+4	11 Nov.	-16
4 ,,	+5	5 ,,	+3	22 ,,	+3	17 ,,	-15
7 ,,	+6	8 ,,	+2	26 ,,	+2	22 ,,	-14
9 ,,	+7	12 ,,	+1	29 ,,	+1	25 ,,	-13
11 ,,	+8	15 ,,	0	1 Sept.	0	29 ,,	-12
14 ,,	+9	20 ,,	-1	5 ,,	-1	1 Dec.	-11
17 ,,	+10	25 ,,	-2	8 ,,	-2	4 ,,	-10
20 ,,	+11	2 May	-3	11 ,,	-3	6 ,,	-9
24 ,,	+12	15 ,,	-4	13 ,,	-4	9 ,,	-8
28 ,,	+13	28 ,,	-3	16 ,,	-5	11 ,,	-7
3 Feb.	+14	4 June	-2	19 ,,	-6	13 ,,	-6
20 ,,	+14	10 ,,	-1	22 ,,	-7	15 ,,	-5
27 ,,	+13	14 ,,	0	25 ,,	-8	17 ,,	-4
4 Mar.	+12	20 ,,	+1	28 ,,	-9	19 ,,	-3
8 ,,	+11	24 ,,	+2	1 Oct.	-10	21 ,,	-2
12 ,,	+10	29 ,,	+3	4 ,,	-11	23 ,,	-1
16 ,,	+9	4 July	+4	7 ,,	-12	25 ,,	0
19 ,,	+8	10 ,,	+5	11 ,,	-13	27 ,,	+1
23 ,,	+7	19 ,,	+6	15 ,,	-14	29 ,,	+2
26 ,,	+6	4 Aug.	+6	20 ,,	-15	31 ,,	+3
29 ,,	+5	12 ,,	+5	27 ,,	-16		

The clock shows Greenwich Mean Time (or, alternatively, British Summer Time), whereas the Dial indicates True or Apparent Solar Time. Greenwich Mean Time is an invention of man, but one of great convenience, since it makes every day exactly twenty-four hours in length. The length of time from one " southing " of the Sun to the next is not constant, but varies slightly during the year, being usually a fraction of a minute different from twenty-four hours.

This is due to two causes : the Earth's speed in its orbit round the Sun is not constant, and this orbit is not exactly circular. Consequently the time determined by the Sun, and Greenwich Mean Time, differ during most of the year. This discrepancy is known as the " Equation of Time " or " E," and is tabulated on the opposite page, correct to the nearest minute.

The + and − signs mean that the equation of time is to be added to or subtracted from the time indicated by the shadow on the Dial.

Thus :—suppose that on August 17th you observe the shadow of the gnomon crossing the scale at the point 1 hour, 43 minutes. Since " E " is + 4 minutes, the Greenwich Mean Time is 47 minutes past 1 o'clock. Consequently the clock above, which will be showing Summer Time, will read 2.47 p.m.

From the table it will be seen that the Dial only reads Greenwich Mean Time on four days in the year, namely, April 15th, June 14th, September 1st, and December 25th. Between October 27th and November 11th, it is more than 16 minutes in advance of G.M.T.

(*b*) *The Time by Moonlight.*

Below the Dial are some rows of figures for determining the time by moonlight.

The method of doing this is as follows :—

Suppose that the Moon casts a shadow of the gnomon on the Dial. This must be read in hours and minutes on the outer scale in exactly the same way as when one is determining the time by day. We now have to determine the age of the Moon in days. You can do this with moderate accuracy near a " quarter-moon " merely by looking at it. Take the first quarter as occurring when the Moon is $7\frac{1}{2}$ days old, full moon at 15 days, and last quarter at $22\frac{1}{2}$ days. When it is nearly full moon it is advisable to refer to a diary to find its age, since an error of only one day upsets your calculation of the time by more than three-quarters of an hour.

Now find the age of the Moon in days in the first or third row of the table of figures below the Dial, and read off the corresponding hours and minutes in the second row. In the case of fractions of a day, allow twenty-four minutes for half a day, twelve minutes for a quarter, etc. With a little mental arithmetic the necessary calculation can be made. This time is to be *added* to that determined

by the Moon's shadow, and then, after the correction mentioned in paragraph (a) has been applied, the result will be an approximation to Greenwich Mean Time.

For instance, earlier this year, at about 11 p.m., on the evening of February 26th, I noticed that the Moon was casting a shadow that gave the reading 9 hours 35 minutes. From my diary I found that there was a full moon on Tuesday, 24th February, at 5.16 p.m., so that the Moon was approximately 15 + $2\frac{1}{4}$ days old. Now 17 days (in the bottom row of the table) corresponds to 1 hour 36 minutes in the second row, and the quarter day (12 minutes) gives 1 hour 48 minutes in all. The Equation of Time (see paragraph (a)) on February 26th was + 13 minutes, and so the Greenwich Mean Time determined by moonlight was 9.35 + 1.48 + .13 = 11.36 p.m., whereas the clock above showed 11.50. Not very accurate you will remark! I'm afraid not, but if you get the time correct to within half an hour, you have something to be proud of! The Moon's motion is very irregular, and no one (not even the most skilled computers allowing for hundreds of possible sources of error) can predict it completely. Consequently, as a Moon-dial it is to be chiefly regarded as providing a little mental exercise rather than an instrument of any practical value!

Moreover, since the sky is usually clouded over, and the Moon is very rarely bright enough to compete with the electric lights in Old Court, the opportunities for trying the instrument are very rare.

Just one last remark—when estimating the age of the Moon, reckon from the nearest quarter or full moon, since the maker of the Dial assumed that the month is exactly 30 days in length. If you take the *actual* age in days, your resulting time may be many hours in error.

(c) *The Azimuth or Bearing of the Sun.*

On the face of the Dial are a set of vertical black lines marked E.S.E., S.E.B.E., S.E., S.E.B.S., S.S.E., S.B.E., S., S.B.W., S.S.W., S.W.B.S., and S.W. in this order, letters referring to the points of the Compass. If the shadow of the small brass ball falls on one of these lines, the direction of the Sun is indicated by the corresponding letters. In this manner the Sun's bearing can be determined

correct to a point of the Compass, and intermediate bearings can be estimated by eye.

(*d*) *The Altitude of the Sun.*

The altitude of the Sun is its height above the horizon expressed as an angle in degrees. This is indicated by the position of the ball's shadow relative to the red curves (hyperbolae) painted on the Dial, so that if the shadow lies on the curve marked "40," the sun is 40° above the horizon.

Thus the curves give the altitude correct to 10° and intermediate altitudes may be estimated.

(*e*) *The Sign of the Zodiac in which the Sun lies.*

If it were possible to see the stars by day as well as by night, the Sun's position among them would be seen to alter slightly from day to day. In the course of a year the Sun makes a complete circuit of the heavens relative to the stars, along a path called the Ecliptic. As is well known, groups of stars are called constellations, to which the ancients gave the names of mythical creatures or heroes. These names (in a Latinised form) are still used by astronomers, despite the fact that to modern eyes they bear very little resemblance to the objects they are supposed to represent.

The Sun's yearly path passes through twelve of these constellations, each one of which originally corresponded to a month of the year. Unfortunately, owing to reforms of the civil calendar, and to an effect known to astronomers as " precession of the equinoxes," the months and constellations are now completely out of step. Names still linger on, however, and the Sun is said to be at " The First Point of Aries " on March the 21st, even though it is nowhere near the constellation Aries at that time. Hence, conventionally, we divide the Sun's yearly path through the sky into twelve parts starting at the Vernal Equinox on March 21st. These parts are called " Signs of the Zodiac," by name Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius and Pisces. These signs of the Zodiac no longer correspond to the constellations of the same names, and their only use seems to be in casting horoscopes !

The English forms of the names of the twelve signs can easily be remembered by means of a rhyme which gives them in their correct order :

The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins,
And next the Crab the Lion shines,
The Virgin and the Scales,
The Scorpion, Archer and the Goat,
The Man that bears the Watering Pot
And Fish with glittering scales.

It is of interest to determine in which sign of the Zodiac the Sun lies, and this is easily accomplished by looking at the Dial on a sunny day. Crossing the face of the Dial are a series of green curves running outwards as far as the border marked with the months. The black line running between the pictures of the Scales and Virgin on the left, and between the Fishes and Ram on the right also belongs to this system of curves. If the shadow of the ball falls between two of these green lines, run your eyes along to right and left, and note the drawings lying between the same two green lines. Since you know whether the days are lengthening or shortening, it is easy to deduce which of the two signs is to be taken. If they are lengthening, the drawing on the right, and if they are shortening, the drawing on the left, indicates the sign of the Zodiac in which the Sun lies.

By each of the small pictures corresponding to a sign is a symbol ascribed to it by ancient astrologers. For reference these are : Aries ♈, Taurus ♉, Gemini ♊, Cancer ♋, Leo ♌, Virgo ♍, Libra ♎, Scorpio ♏, Sagittarius ♐, Capricornus ♑, Aquarius ♒, and Pisces ♓. For further remarks on these symbols, see below.

(*f*) *The Date.*

It will be apparent from the description given in section (*e*) how the date is to be determined from the Dial. Merely run your eye along the green curves to the right or left as far as the border, where the names of the months are printed in Latin vertically. The correct side is determined as before. By estimating the position between the green lines the date can be ascertained to within a few days.

Owing to the fact that the Sun changes its sign on the 21st of the month, it has been necessary for the painter of the Dial to split the names of two months—December and Junius. These occur in two parts, one on each side of the Dial.

(*g*) *The time of Sunrise.*

Just inside the column of drawings representing the signs of the Zodiac on the left-hand side of the Dial is a column marked " Ortus Solis." Using the green lines as guides (as in (*e*) and (*f*)) the time of sunrise can be read in this column. The modern undergraduate has little interest in the time of sunrise however, and to him the time of sunset, when proctors begin to prowl, is far more important. This may be determined by subtracting the time of sunrise in hours and minutes from twelve hours. These readings are only approximate ; an error of up to 20 minutes often occurs.

To illustrate some of the points raised in the last three sections, we shall discuss the reading of the Dial when the shadow of the ball falls on the intersection of the vertical black line marked S.W.B.S., with the red curve marked 50, and we shall also assume that it is known that the days are lengthening. We deduce at once that the Sun lies in direction South-West by South, and it is 50° above the horizon. Since the days are lengthening, we note the sign on the right-hand side on the Dial, which in this case is Taurus, the Bull. This is the sign of the Zodiac in which the Sun is lying. The date (by estimating the position of the shadow on the scale of months at the right) is about the 6th of May. The time of sunrise is 4.25 a.m., and thus the Sun sets at 7.35 p.m., which compares favourably with the correct G.M.T. of sunset on that day (7.30 p.m.).

(*g*) *The Right Ascension of the Sun.*

Then we notice that the shadow of the ball corresponds to a reading of about 15.0 in the column marked " Longitudo " on the right-hand side of the Dial. From this we can deduce the Longitude or Right Ascension of the Sun in its path through the heavens. This Right Ascension is measured in hours from the first point of Aries. To find the Right Ascension we have to make the following calculations. If the length of the day is increasing, add or subtract twelve hours

from the reading of the Longitudo column, whichever is required to make the result less than 24 hours. If the length of the day is decreasing subtract the reading from 24 hours.

Hence, on May 6th, the R.A. is 3 hours, whereas if the shadow had been in the same position, and the days decreasing in length (about July 30th), the R.A. would be 9 hours.

(*h*) *The distance of the Sun East or West of the Meridian.*

There now remains only one set of lines on the Dial whose function is to be explained : those radiating from the point where the vertical line marked S. meets the line marked HORIZON. These are of little interest, since they are not numbered, but they were presumably added so that one could tell the distance of the Sun in degrees East or West of the Meridian. It is scarcely likely, of course, that anyone should ever want to know such a queer quantity !

In conclusion, a few words must be added about some of the mistakes and unsolved problems about the Dial, though, presumably, some of the former will be corrected when the Dial is repainted this year. Firstly, the sign for Taurus has inadvertently been " closed up " to form a figure 8. The other two 8's on the Dial remain complete mysteries, however. Two of the quarter-hour divisions are missing, and the plotting of these, together with some of the curves near the upper right-hand corner of the Dial is " shaky," to say the least. A few planetary symbols occur amongst the signs of the Zodiac, the meaning of which remained obscure until recently. It now appears that they indicate the positions of the planets in April, 1725, implying that the Dial was designed in that year. Sir Isaac Newton died in 1727, and it is therefore just possible that he was responsible for the design, though he did not live to see it painted in 1733.

If these remarks have in any way helped to explain some of the mysteries of the Dial, they will have fulfilled their purpose. If any of you are requiring a few minutes' amusement one sunny day, why not try reading the Dial in all its detail ? I think that the pleasure derived will amply repay the trouble that is taken.

G. C. Shephard.

THE SCHOLERE

THER rode a scholere with us on our weye,
Curteys he was, a worthy man and gaye,
That was from Cantebrigge y-come, I trowe.
His college was the Queenes', and wel y-knowe
For that hir scholeres ful of lerning are ;
But he was not so wys, as I was war.
A cloke he hadde, as blakke as any jette,
That he wolde weren when the sun was sette
(For nat to weren it, he sayde, was rashe),
And eek he hadde the fynest blakke moustache.
Wel hadde he foughten in his lordes werre ;
He sayde he hadde a sovereyn armored carre,
And oft therin to mortal batailles went :
Forsooth, I know nat what it was he meant.
He wolde not synge or pleyen on a rote,
But he was lusty and coude row a bote
And eek was worthy for to foote the balle.
He spak a verray parfit grace in halle,
And on his platte he left no greece in seyt ;
I trowe he hadde a manly appeteyt.
Ful wel he loved to drinken ginne and bere,
But therof needeth not to tell thee here.

Geoffrey.

THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF QUEENS' COLLEGE

IN *The Dial* of Michaelmas Term, 1921, there appeared an article by Mr. L. Galley, the purpose of which was to correct mistaken impressions about the coats of arms of the College. While the present author, in the account that follows of the various achievements, is greatly indebted to Mr. Galley, he suggests that there are still errors to correct, and with due deference attempts to do so.

Until 1575, the only evidence of armorial bearings, though highly valuable, are the various College seals. The earliest is the seal made for St. Bernard's College in 1446. It depicts St. Bernard seated beneath a canopy. Beneath him on the left is the kneeling president, and on the right, the figures, also kneeling, of the original four fellows; between them there is a shield bearing the arms of France modern and of England, quarterly. (Fig. 1.)

In 1448, when Queen Margaret of Anjou, the wife of Henry VI and daughter of King René (or Reynard) of Sicily and Jerusalem re-founded the College, a new seal was made, which added the figure of St. Margaret and changed the shield to the Queen's own arms. Since these are the basis for the present coat, it would perhaps be advisable to give a short description. There are six quarterings. The first is that of Hungary, a barry of eight argent (silver) and gules (red), which had descended to Margaret from her ancestor Charles II of Anjou, who had married Mary, the daughter and heiress of Stephen IV, King of Hungary. The second is Anjou-Sicily—azure (blue) semi-de-lis or (sown with gold fleurs de lys), a label of three points gules. (The better opinion prefers red for the label, although M. Renée in *Les Princes Militaires de la maison de France* insists that the label should be silver.) The third is the coat of arms of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. This, in the seal, is depicted as a cross potent between four small crosses potent, all gold on a field of silver. Opinion here differs as to the shape of the small crosses; the coins of René and previous Kings of Jerusalem lend support to the view that the small crosses should be plain. The fourth is the patrimonial coat, Anjou ancient; azure semi-de-lis or, a bordure gules. The fifth, the arms of Bar; azure, semi-cross crosslets fitchy (pointed at foot) or, two barbels haurient

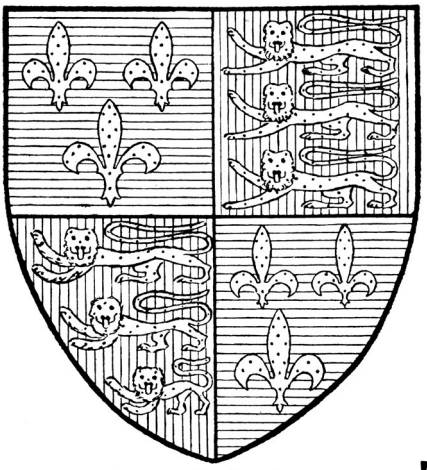


Fig. 1

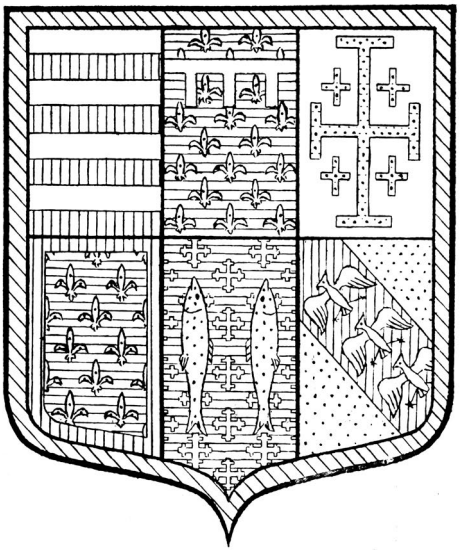


Fig. 2

Azure		Blue
Gules		Red
Vert		Green
Sable		Black
Or		Gold
Argent		Silver

(more commonly called pike or luces), or, René himself, however, bore his cross crosslets fitched at the foot. Such ambiguities will help to explain the slight changes that the College arms underwent in the sixteenth century. The last coat is that of Lorraine, which René bore in honour of his wife, the Duchess Isabel ; or, on a bend gules three alerions (small eagles) argent.

A new common seal was made when Queen Elizabeth, wife of Edward IV, refounded the College in 1465. St. Bernard and St. Margaret stand beneath a canopy ; on their right are the arms of England, on their left, the arms of Elizabeth, again a coat of six quarterings. Elizabeth's mother was the aristocratic Jaquetta of Luxemburg, who, having been left a widow by the Duke of Bedford, married Sir Richard Wydvil (or Woodville), and added to his patrimonial coat the arms of Luxemburg, Vaux, Cyprus, Orsini, and St. Pol. In the base of this seal are the arms of the City of London. There is, it is submitted, little need to explain this away by alleged obscure connections between the City and the College. The engraver was doubtless a Londoner, and in the interests of symmetry a third design of some sort is required to fill up a circular seal. The arms of the City of London must have suggested themselves for the purpose.

In an inventory of 1544 there is mentioned " antiquam sigillum argenteum, ex dono Ricardi scdi, Rex Angliae insculptum porcellis seu apris " (Secundi is an error for tertii). No impression is known of the seal, but the boar was the household badge of Richard III when Duke of Gloucester, and he used two as supporters when King. Fuller notices these arms in his *History of the University :* " . . . . another distinct coat (viz) a Crosier and Pastoral Staff saltyre ; piercing through a boar's head in the midst of the shield. This, I humbly conceive, was bestowed upon them by Richard the Third (when undertaking the patronage of the foundation) in allusion to the Boar which was his Crest, and wherein the Church implements disposed in saltyre and in form of a St. Andrew's Cross might in this device relate to Andrew Duckett . . ." It is doubtful whether this coat was used under the Tudors, for in 1529 another seal was made depicting the two patron saints, and in base the same arms as had adorned the seal of 1446 (i.e., France Modern and England).

In 1575, the President, Dr. Chadderton, invited Robert Coke, Clarencieux king of arms, who was then making a visitation of Cambridgeshire, to make a grant of arms to the College, by which grant the blazoning of the College arms is governed to-day. " Quarterly, the first quarter barry of eight argent and gules ; the second Azur, semy flower-de-lucis gold, a label of thre pointes argent ; the third, argent a cross batune (potent) between fower crosses golde ; the forth Azur, semy flower-de-lucis gold a border gules ; the fifte, Asur two lucis indorsed semy cross crossletts golde ; the sixt, gold, on a bend gules thre Egles displaide argent ; all the which six cotes are inclosed within a border vert." He went on to grant that heraldic anomaly for incorporate bodies, a crest : " Yet nevertheless for divers good consideracions me moving and at the request of William Chatterton (etc.), I have assigned, geven and graunted unto these their saide armes the Crest and cognaissance herafter following, Videlicet, uppon the healme aute of a croune golde an Egle rowsent sable wings golde." (Fig. 2.)

These arms are not the same as those on the seal of 1448 ; the small crosses in the Jerusalem quartering are plain, not smaller editions of the large cross potent ; while the crosses in the Bar quartering are crosslets fitchy or cross crosslets fitched at the foot. Moreover, the grant clearly says the label in the second quarter is argent. Notwithstanding, the College continued to use a red label. In a manuscript history of the Colleges and their arms by John Scott (the Queens' College copy of which is MS. No. 5 in King's College library), written between 1620 and 1622, the label is blazoned gules, and to this day there is an erroneous but popular belief that this should be so.

P. R. N. F.

If all the clergy produced by Queens' were placed end to end, they would stretch from Geneva to Rome. (*Dial*, Lent Term, 1927.)

DIALOGUE

(This, however improbable it may seem, was actually overheard. The number of times the unfortunate adjective recurred was counted and the conversation written down immediately afterwards.)

THE scene is a Lecture Room in Mill Lane a few moments before the lecturer is due to appear. A husband and wife enter and sit down. They are very young, bent on agreeing and being agreeable.

She (brightly) : Oh, darling !

He : Yes, darling ?

She : I heard from Mary to-day. Do you know she's baked a cake—

He (incredulously) : No !

She : Isn't she sweet ?—and she's going to send us a piece.

He (still apparently unconvinced) : No !

She : Yes, darling.

He (sighs) : Isn't she sweet ?

She : Oh, terribly sweet.

He (after a pause) : How sweet !

She : Yes, isn't she.

He (a longer pause) : How sweet !

She (brightly) : I suppose it will be so hard, we'll have to break it into pieces.

He (eagerly) : Yes. What fun !

She (ecstatically) : Yes. Won't it be ! *(A moment of silent rapture.)*

He (has he been searching for a synonym ?) : How terribly sweet.

She : Mary's such a dear.

He : Isn't she. Wasn't it sweet of her ?

She : Ever so.

He (deliberately) : Well, how sweet of her.

She : She's always doing things like that.

He (astounded) : Well, I never.

She : Isn't she sweet.

He : Oh, she is. *(He is still rather dumb-founded.)* Isn't she sweet ?

She : Yes, isn't she.

He (resignedly) : Well, I'm dashed. *(A mutual friend arrives and sits down beside them to the accompaniment of a final, low, sibilant phrase.)* How sweet !

Shortginus.

TO THE POET 500 YEARS HENCE

IF you read this, think only this of me
That there's a corner of this university
Perhaps we share—a phantom and a man.
So do not judge us harshly. If you can
Think that we lived as you are living now
You may have sympathy, although you vow
You will do better with the life you hold.
Within these walls, we searched the gold
Volumes of the centuries ; reaped the blithe
Glory of the ages with our ardent scythe ;
Paddled the river, chattered in Hall,
Went gaily to the Quincentenary Ball—
And in the Cavendish began
To shower blessings on our fellow-man . . .

In case, my dear young friend, you still exist
(Think of the history you might have missed !)
Not for our clemency, I think you might
Give thanks to us, but for the oversight.

E. G. R.

THE CHORISTER

IT was a day of rain. The rain had taken hold of the city last night and now ravaged it in a dismal usurpation. The sun, the Italian sun, which enriched the dark olive and laid hot dust along the streets was a memory from another land. Assuredly, the rains had come ; and they had turned Italy into a gutter.

Bernard rubbed his forehead and raised his beret to prevent irritation of the unsightly mosquito bites which he had amassed overnight. In the few minutes since he had left the hotel his raincoat had been drenched through ; he now walked on, indifferent to the swaying descent of rainwater from the broken eaves. Obviously, Italy was a place to be left, soon. To be overcharged at the hotel after that purgatorial night with the mosquitoes was a rankling annoyance ; the rain had driven the tormentors into his bedroom, and he had intermittently woken to hear the departing hum of one of them glutted with his blood. Feeding on him was not enough : they had to pump their filth into him as well. He was fretted by the sting and ache of his bumpy, puffed-up brow. His raincoat was sodden at his knees and clung heavily round his wrists. Nothing could withstand the rain ; comfort was banished.

The Arno was flowing like a wide ooze of mud which the downpour beat into a feeble current. The thump of pile-drivers and the gibbering of cranes were sounds that hung between the clouds and the yellow river at the place where the blown bridge was being repaired. The debris looked almost geological in the blur of the rain ; and the broken piers of the bridge were like time-eroded megaliths raised to divert the might of a brutal god from the cringing men who feared his hand. Now the rain tore at the mortar but did not spare mankind.

In the streets figures would occasionally run across from house to house with coats or shawls over their heads. Children cowered on doorsteps and looked at the bubbling puddles on the pavement. It was murky in the city thoroughfares, and the flashy cafés were a glare of fluorescent lighting which lost itself feebly in the drowning atmosphere. Steam rose up behind the counters into the moist air ; refugees from the deluge sipped coffee and stared apprehensively

at the sheet of water they must soon pass through to keep their various appointments. Outside, a beggar with a hideously swollen, bandaged neck leaned his head against a column of the arcade and stretched out a wet hat for the price of shelter; he did not notice the steady drip from a leak on to his shoulder. A woman with glistening hair matted underneath her soaked shawl was trying to sell some lottery tickets which she had upset on the dirt-streaked tiles.

It was only wet comfort for Bernard to see the natives of Pisa as stricken as himself. Had not a calamity hit the city and struck the citizens into a fear of evermore breathing damp air and wearing soggy clothes? Was the remembrance of previous rainy days which had been followed by the unimaginable sunshine a proof that life had not now been transformed into a cold Turkish bath? Phlegm and stuffy minds, blocked noses and slow blood might stifle the soul of Italy and turn a town which gave forth sound and light into a river-fed morass in which every striving was its own suicide. He passed on towards the cathedral, feeling that the world had become uninhabitable for all except aquatic mosquitoes, who would sting one another to death and a streaming grave.

A tram swung down the street, its passengers an uncomfortable *mêlée* of sodden clothes and damp spirits. Bernard mounted the platform and was ferried to the cathedral square, where he got out and ran through the barrage to the shelter of the East doorway. A pair of tourists inside the cathedral were staring up at the roof and wearily fingering their guide-books. They sat down in the heavy, dank seclusion of an aisle and whispered over their plans for further sight-seeing if the weather allowed.

Bernard looked at his clothes and, seeing that he was already saturated, decided to visit the baptistery before returning to the hotel to dry and change. As he ran from the cathedral he felt that a heaviness had been removed from the air, and that the rain, although still fierce, gave a promise of cessation—that it, at least, was not eternal. Inside the baptistery a custodian stood in the half-light, doubtless ready with information about dates and dimensions; Bernard avoided him and walked to the middle of the building from where he could scan the whole of its circular structure. The impression was that an exquisitely carved ivory canister had been

enlarged to greatness. He looked above and saw how the roof swelled into a mighty dome. Suddenly the blended voices of a choir circled round the cupola in an acoustic perfection that sounded ethereal.

Bernard peered about him, delighted, to see if a file of choristers were gliding round the upper arcading. But he saw nothing to explain this surge of harmony which now reverberated away, airily vanishing in a final spiral at the summit of the dome. Again the sound came, and Bernard saw in amazement that it was the old custodian, a drab, peak-capped man, who had thrown back his head and launched those notes on the responsive air of the echoing, marble vault. Bernard came nearer and noticed a look of calmness, almost of beatitude in the face of the singer. Once more the custodian lifted up his face towards the dim light, and before the earlier echoes had faded sent a new ray of song circling up to rekindle them. Bernard smiled at him, and then, as he came up to him, saw that the old man was blind. Here, then, must pass his life, employed for the sightless function of demonstrating the baptistery's sonic qualities. He sang again—a few notes rising to a practised falsetto. Bernard stood in wonder some minutes, feeling exalted and humbled. He bunched some lire notes into the old man's hand and leaned against the heavy door to re-enter the outside world of rain.

But he found that the rain had given over, and there was everywhere the lull which comes upon the ears when the splashing of rain is past, and the townsfolk have not yet had time to bring out prams, carts, toys, balls, and the other equipages of the man-owned streets. The quiet was soon broken as, singly and then in hordes, the evidences of city life reappeared in the public ways which had just been restored from the private siege of the rain.

He walked towards the Campo Santi, hearing as he went a rhapsody sung by a voice which echoed about the town, and sent its harmonics of sound to span the whole world in a rainbow.

J. M. M.

TOWN WITHIN TOWN . . .

THE black earth holds
a vice in the trees,
a memory of primaeval voices,
and although there is only enormous ice
in fields which used to summer me,
nothing can open the fingers
clutching my feet, generations calling,
from the roots of the moon-quiet flowers.

And around the corner, a few steps only
from the grey windows of bored stone
join the other town that jives
its lonely way around the corners of things
to a moment's absence from life
without leave ; for to the stumbling
it is all a question of seizing the grace
of a stolen minute and then not knowing
how to fill in time . . .
Town within town . . .
Eyes ever empty as a market on Sunday . . .

And the old blind beggar within wonders
whether it is better never to have seen
or like the stone windows grown tired of looking,
—even to be born when the giant
thunders destruction from the moment of first-being.
Town within town . . . And space and time
are a mime-show mocking the audience, all
produced by the mirrors on new altars,
—nothing can take the place of altars,—
guilt from the white blood, search for a womb,
sleep in his working clothes.

It is raining in the streets.
Quarried eyes gaze from the dark houses
where the lamps gutter, wind at their throats.
Over the yawning pinnacles hear
the cotton notes of a violin calling.

At this central melody we might win something,
perhaps break the winter over roof silhouettes.
But legs trained for dancing weary of wet roads
here where the towns as if by silent compact
never meet ; pinnacles and dustbins ;
so life's bill comes to coffee at eleven ?

Our wireless brains picked up a signal,
when we were very young,
waves from an indeterminate moment,
something we have never quite forgotten.
They are not now unseen, the audience at coffee,
many who believed they could jump the gun of living ;
some sense that they are intensely looked at,
who feel the signal like a lost quotation,
looked at behind their backs by gaping stars
in an uncomfortable intermission,
see the blind man clearly as he smiles
peering in through the flaking stone.
Light then is not the perquisite of eyes ;
there is more to a saffron crocus
than measurable oscillations.

They must yet ignore the warning, like a mill-race
rushing to mystic mouths of revelation
rapt in their own applause,
waves on the beach, their fingers tearing
the pebbles apart, enjoying the pain,
self-destroying for the sake of the sensation,
because there is nothing better to do.
Leaves are completing a jig-saw on the paths.
The winds gather a secret army
behind the black trees. For on this our breath
the power of the black earth was wasted,
her huge travail was wasted in our birth.
The towns are crumbling, an hour come
when the trumpet cachinnates at walls,
prepares them for sobering centuries of sand.
And the old blind beggar who knows
the last act by heart is softly laughing ;
but even him the black earth holds tightly. *W.*

FOR THE FRESHMAN
ON COMING UP TO CAMBRIDGE

NO young man need be blamed for feeling a little confused on first coming up. Fresh from school or the Services, here he is faced by an entirely fresh milieu in which it is likely he will not know quite how to behave, or what is expected of him. It is in order to help him in his reorientations that the Editor of *The Dial* asked Mr. Gabriel de ffayne, quite the most distinguished undergraduate Queens' has ever had, or is likely to have, to write this article.

. . . . .

Well, and well! Before ever I begin my little article, I must say just how quite impossible it is for anyone really to help anybody else in these matters: one can try, of course, but long experience has shown that as in most other things, how to live in a University in one of the better Colleges is all a matter of taste; and taste, as you know, one either has or has not. It is not even dependent on one's immediate family background. It is rather like one of those symbols of which poor Mr. Freud was so fond. It goes back and back to the days when one savage painted himself better than another, and is most frightfully ontogenetic, Cyril tells me!

First of all, your clothes. Most of the other undergraduates you see will not so much be dressed as merely covered; I think quite the most significant sign of our times, a true harbinger of the fate to which Western Civilization is doomed, Bertrand told my grandfather, is an awful garment described by the fifty-shilling tailors as a "sports coat," but which is really a horse-blanket with an indication of lapel about it. At all costs, avoid it! If you must play at landed gentry, go the whole hog, and wear something really frantically shaggy, cut with just a suggestion of looseness. Otherwise model yourself on the College porters of Magdalene, who are quite the best dressed men in Cambridge. If you are in any doubt about how a collar should deal with the neck, a short visit to Dadie on Saturday morning should put you right. Do not carry sticks, shopping-bags or books, the binding of which clashes with your ensemble. Do not smoke a pipe, however many other people you

see with them. At this point, I might point out that bicycles are still vulgar, and not to be used for going about on.

Conversation. Most young men, you will find, have a tendency towards intensity, which is a phase, and one which I would advise you to avoid passing through. Avoid the speculation, "What does it mean?" as applied to particular things, Dylan's poetry, for instance, because you will find yourself using it generally, and in the end about Life, and you will be a bore, yes, a bore, one of those things which come out at midnight around otherwise quite cheerful fires. It is enough to know what the intellectual or musical fashions are called to enjoy them: one has one's own timeless standards in these things, which, after all, have survived Da-daism, Communism, Picasso, and recently, existentialism; haven't they? It is not necessary to have read a book in order to criticise it. Only the earlier periods of contemporary artists are to be praised, but in most things, enthusiasm is to be avoided. Film, as Gabby calls it, is not art, and not to be discussed.

Food. In Cambridge, the man who has the slightest reverence for cooked food starves, as I found myself, after flying out of Hall the first night, when I was served with a piece of thoroughly fried fish, and seeking throughout Cambridge for a proper dinner as earnestly as those munching scholars I had left behind, sought, no doubt for the Truth. Misguided fellows! Do they not know that food *is* Truth? At last I had to have a portable range installed in my set, where I do all my own cooking, in a most amusing little apron. If you have any sort of code in these matters, I advise you to do the same. About drink, it is enough to say that public-houses are for the public. I keep a few bottles from the family cellar in the coal scuttle, which suffices.

Books, and what are loosely called "studies." *Not* Rilke, Kierkegaard, Kafka, Woolf or Sartre . . . these "date" you as successfully as a démodé sock. But by all means Ebenezer Elliott, Ossiannilsson, Kraptsz and Christie; if you must, a little de Gobineau. Have no truck with the Upanishads. A very dear friend of mine, Fortinbras von R., the court tennis blue, has just gone down with a severe attack of mysticism through lately having picked them up by accident: the risk of doing an Aldous is very real since the Reformation. You may have heard of something called an

" examination." This is largely a convenient fiction invented by the dons to convince the material, outer world that Universities are really purposive, to which you must pay no attention. I remember somebody once pressing into my hand a list entitled " Recommended Reading "—"All absolutely vital," he said. And, you know, not one of those books would I have recommended to my worst enemy, no, not even Desmond! Most of them were text-books, *text-books!* If one is to be tested on one's " subject," as it is quaintly known, a lack of bias is most likely to succeed. Any book, even with the remotest bearing, will tend to give one this, so the best way is not to read anything relevant. I think you will find that most books published by the University Press tend to an unfortunate deepness, and I must, in all conscience, advise you to leave them alone if you are to get the best out of life.

Sport. Court tennis only; no bridge or hacking for you. Only a man of low moral breeding would go foot-beagling.

Sex is generally considered to be rather important (incidentally, I wonder why?), so a few words. Do not put yourself in temptation's way by talking to members of the Women's Colleges.

Where to be seen? Sunday mornings between eleven and twelve at St. Neots. Sedan chairs are on hire at the village green.

Attitudes to other people? Your supervisor is to be treated like a rather distant cousin, your tutor like an immediately senior officer, your fellow-undergraduates like people you meet on the boat. Civility without politeness is the ideal tone in all such relationships.

To sum up, I would say to the fresh undergraduate, " Moderation in all things, where to be immoderate might not prove amusing." And now to a bath just lightly dusted with the palest green aromatic salts. So hope I have been a help.

G. de ff.

THE "BATS"

THE appearance on the screens of notices headed with a "Strange Device," and bearing the mysterious title of The "Bats," has stimulated enquiry into the origin and nature of the Society which has thus suddenly entered the limelight.

"Renaissance and Reformation" would perhaps describe in epigrammatic form the recent career of the Society, and at the same time indicate an earlier existence.

The "Bats," in fact, originated in 1942, rather in the form of an offshoot from the Voluntary Choir. It successfully produced a Light Revue, and then quietly faded into obscurity for the duration.

Its reincarnation may be traced to the Long Vacation Term of last year, and ascribed to the initiative of a group of enthusiasts who summoned a meeting of all interested in the production of a dramatic venture, and whose enterprise was rewarded with a response so encouraging that it was decided to attempt the simultaneous production of a light-hearted revue and a straight play. Hard work and enthusiasm resulted in the productions which were staged at the end of last Michaelmas Term.

Up to this point, however, The "Bats" remained more a name than a Society. It was accordingly decided to reconstitute it on a formal basis. Further organisational effort resulted in the approval of a Constitution and the election of a Committee, with B. G. Gradwell as President, by a General Meeting convened on Thursday, 22nd January.

Having thus established itself, The "Bats," with some twenty-five active members, is now hard at work on the production of "As You Like It," which will be staged in the Cloister Court on June 14th.

Activities are not, however, restricted merely to the production of the Current Venture. The purpose of the Society is rather to afford a common meeting ground for all members of the College who are interested in the stage and the various aspects of the dramatic art, and to mobilise that interest. Meetings do not, therefore, consist solely of rehearsals, but also take the form of theatre visits, together with talks and discussions on relevant subjects.

Members feel that their Society occupies a very definite place in the corporate life of the College, and hope that the tradition thus begun will not again be allowed to decline into obscurity.

S. B.

A REVUE

THE usual idea of College entertainments as rather painful affairs which should be patronised, if at all, solely out of a sense of duty is understandable and often, perhaps, warranted. But the " Bats " Revue of last December showed clearly that this attitude is sometimes quite unjustifiable. This was a College entertainment in every sense of the word.

Revue is possibly the most difficult kind of dramatic activity to present with anything like conviction when resources are limited. There are the dangers of the village hall " entertainment " on the one hand and of the arty Bloomsbury *revue intime* on the other. The " Bats " successfully avoided both of these, and offered a programme which was varied and really entertaining.

It would be difficult to comment on particular turns which must make an immediate effect or none at all. They nearly all came off, and the pace was consistently good. In the same way it would be invidious to select individuals for special approval, because the very essence of a show of this kind is its team spirit, which in this case played an important part in the production. But we would like to express an appreciation of the performances of the two ladies in the cast—Joy Fisher and Margaret Kane—who were both amusing and attractive at the same time : a rare combination ! Among other performances we enjoyed John Silverlight's clever characterizations, Tony Wagstaffe's delightfully assured stage manner, and the versatility of Ben Gradwell in so many spheres. We liked Charles Parker better as a devotee of Mr. Noel Coward than Mr. Stanley Holloway ; but then he is by no means the first person to run foul of a Yorkshire accent. But our list of approbations could be indefinite. We might conclude it with a mention of Keith Thomas at the piano, a thankless and exacting task, to which he did more than justice.

The outstanding aspect was the competent and assured production by Ben Gradwell and Brian Target, who were so ably assisted by the Stage Manager and his staff. Intimate Revue demands speed above all things, and Stage Manager John Sutherland and his assistant, Richard Weaver, obviously had matters well in hand. With so much excellence, would it be carping to murmur that the "Bats" had no need to rely quite as much on the reflected glory of the Footlights May Week Revue, or even of Mr. Coward? The original material showed that it lacked nothing in the comparison.

This is a hopelessly inadequate attempt to do justice to an enterprise which we feel deserves every encouragement. The inadequacy of the report we can only put down to the complete adequacy of the event which so successfully defies reporting. Come and see the next one for yourself.

L. M.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE

APPARENTLY since the age of Plato we poor benighted humans have been puzzled by the problem of time. And since at least the fifth century B.C. in Greek thought, and earlier still in the Oriental world, men have wondered whether perhaps there is not an infinite cycle of existence in which by an inexorable destiny, perhaps under the iron control of the sinister Seven Planets, all human and earthly affairs follow a predetermined pattern; so that, as the poet observed, man is

Just a being that moves
In predestinate grooves,
Not a taxi or bus, but a tram.

The problem is obviously that, assuming this to be true, man must find a way to be delivered out of the fated cycle of catastrophe and disaster. Is it to be by magic? Or perhaps by ascetic practices? So, for example, the Roman Catholic saint of the eighteenth century, St. Alphonso dei Liguori, who is reported to have spent so many years in fasting and self-denial that he mastered the problems of space and time, and achieved the enviable capability of being in two places at once, and was able to preach in Rome and Naples at the same time on the same day. (Was it the same sermon?)

Or is it to be by a " knowledge," a *gnosis*, which enables the initiate to break free from the chains of destiny and raises him to a higher level in the cosmic sequence, to swing out into a new time-track and a new mode of experience ? This is the method suggested by Mr. J. B. Priestley in this play.

Perhaps it was largely this fantastic conception which made the main parts seem unreal and unconvincing ; by contrast, the less central figures in this drama of destiny were more satisfactory, and Miss Avice Brindley, as *Sally Pratt*, the good honest Yorkshire woman, and Kenneth Embleton, as her father and keeper of the Black Bull Inn, Grindle Moor, emerged with considerable credit.

However, Philip Cox gave an admirable study of the desperately unhappy *Ormund*, overworking himself in a forlorn attempt to avoid thinking at all costs, and to hide from himself the sordid truth that his wife no longer loves him, nor he her. Stephen Brown, as the young, conceited schoolmaster *Farrant*, and Miss Katharine Whitehorn, as *Janet Ormund* undoubtedly had the most difficult parts to play with conviction, since the Fates demanded that they should fall in love in an astonishingly short space of time, and it cannot be easy to act as seducer or seduced if all is according to a predetermined pattern, a mere repetition of what has already happened innumerable times. Nevertheless, they managed to do it once again very well. The mysterious *Dr. Görtler*, the gnostic German professor, was entertainingly played by Michael Spicer, appearing as the *deus ex machina* to intervene in the fated succession of events, and to liberate the poor puppets in the marionette show by imparting to them his secret *gnosis*. " It is knowledge," he says, " which gives us freedom."

In short, " The Bats," with Ronald Shephard, the producer, and his able assistants (John Sutherland, William Ackroyd, Dennis Holland, and Edmund Piper), are to be congratulated upon an interesting performance. And, at any rate, we all appreciate now the full horrors of the Mikado's decree that a certain class of offender should be

> Condemned to hear sermons from Mystical Germans
> Who preach from ten till four.

H. C.

THE QUEENS' CHRISTIAN UNION

THE year has shown that the Union has met a definite need in the College. The initial large attendance at the main meetings has been well maintained.

Our two visiting speakers for the Lent Term were the Reverend F. Hildebrandt and the Reverend Denis Marsh (of the Society of St. Francis). The ensuing discussions on the practical subjects of "Assurance" and "Prayer" were of the greatest interest.

Only one meeting has been planned for the Easter Term, when Colonel V. A. J. Ravensdale will speak on "A Vocation or a Career?".

To conclude the year's activities there will be a corporate Communion Service, which will be held towards the end of the Easter Term. *D. G. S.*

COLLEGE FACULTY SOCIETIES

THE particular want which it is felt would be satisfied by discussion among students of the subject they have in common is catered for in the faculty society. The advantage that the faculty society within the College has over similar university societies is, that being smaller, it is less formal. That College faculty societies are superfluous, or even unjustified, because they have nothing in common with the life of the College, seems, on the face of it, to be a just criticism, since it would be essential for those bodies which are to be called distinctively "College societies" to have something about them peculiar to the College in which they flourish; but though faculty societies have less of the College about them than, say, a J.C.R. committee or Amalgamated Clubs, yet at the same time each is a creation of the College and is maintained by members of the College.

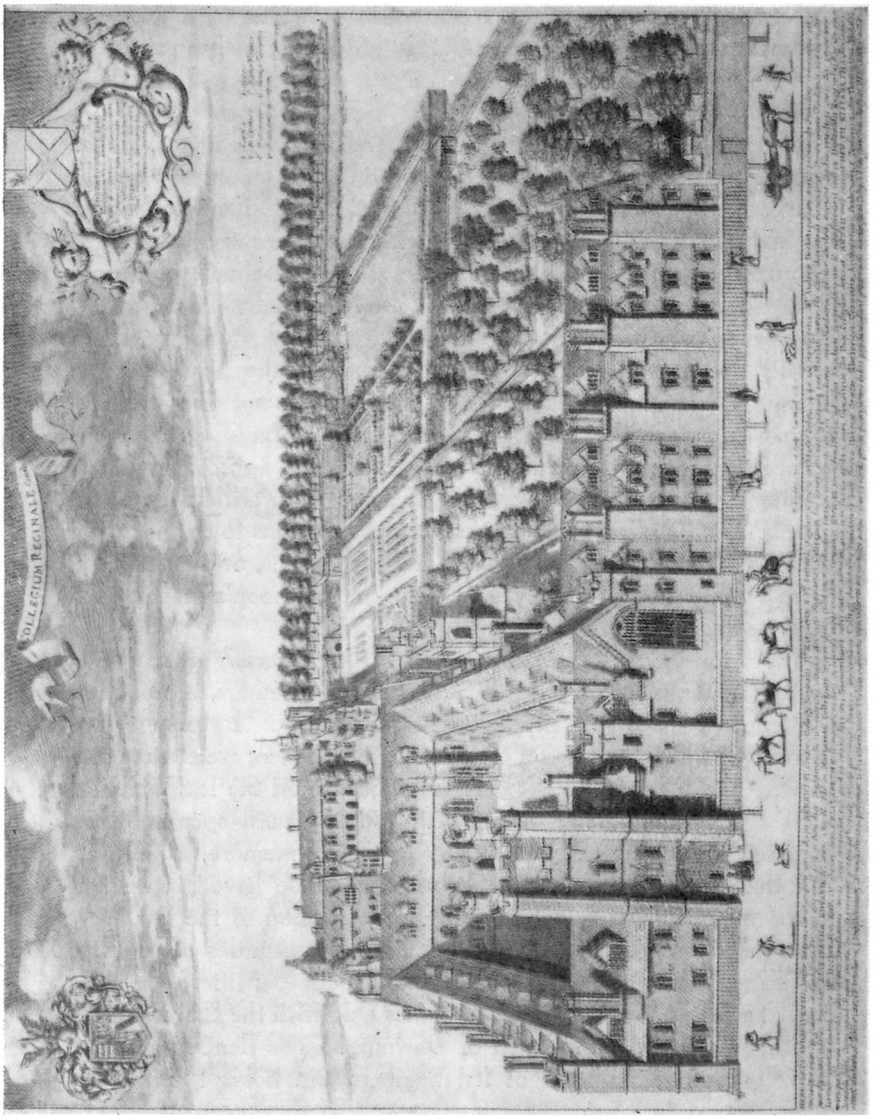
Faculty societies in Queens' are not numerous, but those which are in existence are in a prosperous state, their average membership being in the region of thirty. The Medical Society, with its membership of twenty-eight, has this year, under the guidance of its President, E. Ainsworth, enjoyed something of a revival from its less flourishing condition of last year. While its programme caters chiefly for medical students, it aims to promote an interest in the more general aspects of medicine, with talks by various

authorities designed not so much with an eye to the Tripos as towards a better understanding of its less technical side. In addition to these talks the society plans various visits—last term to the Low Temperature Research Station, and this term to the Maltino Institute of Parasitology. The attendance on all occasions is remarkably good.

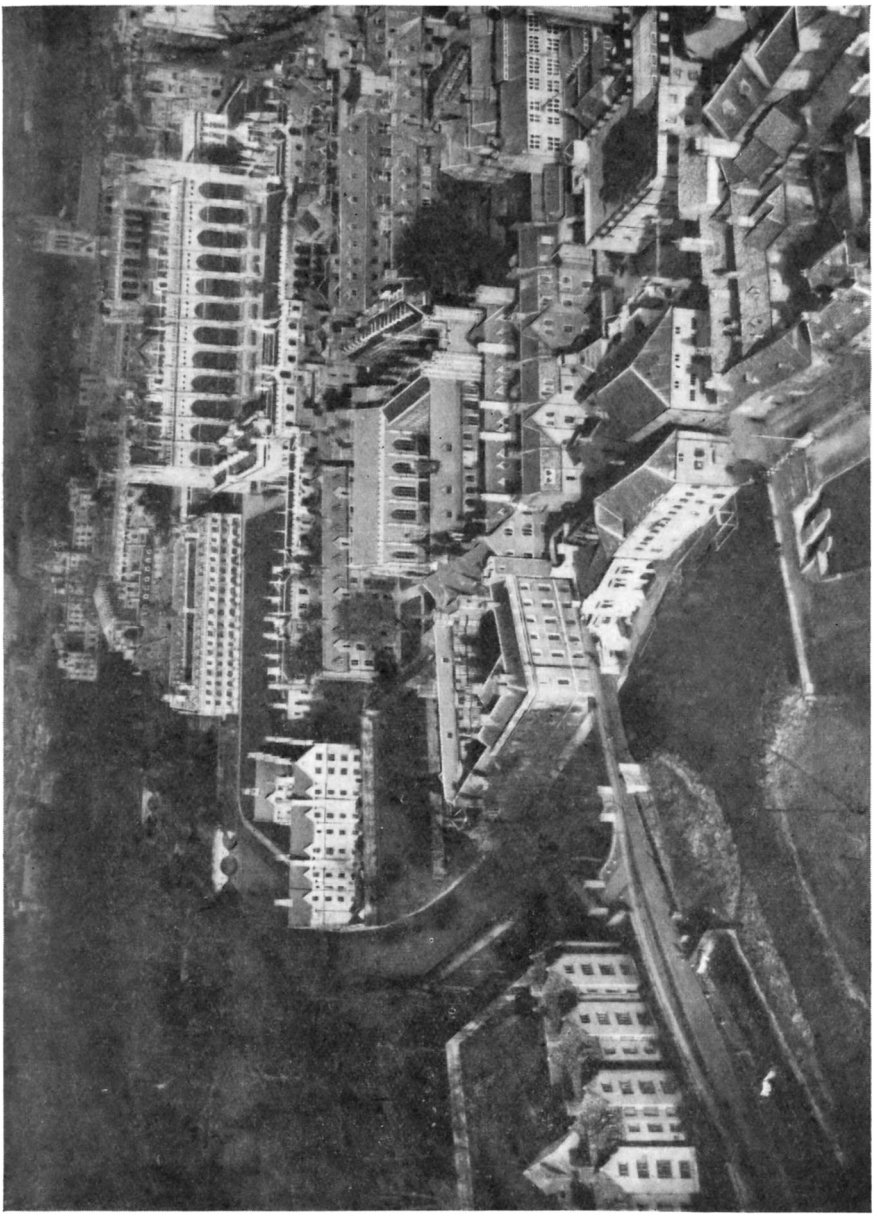
The History Society, which often welcomes members of the Economics Faculty, and, indeed, those of other faculties, also has a large membership. Under its President, Mr. Laffan, the society has had a remarkably long life, although its activities were suspended during the war. Meetings take place at present about four times a term, on which occasions papers are read before the society, ranging from historical studies to modern political problems, which usually awaken a spirited discussion amongst the hearers. The policy the President has adopted of calling upon not only acknowledged experts in the historical sphere, but also budding historians within the College itself, has caused widespread approval amongst members. In addition to reading papers and criticizing them, members continue to make suggestions for additions to the historical sections of the College library, and in their lighter, or alternatively, more serious moments, they indulge in an afternoon's cricket with other teams from the College.

The Law Society, suitably termed The Queens' Bench, also welcomes members of other faculties to its meetings, although it is intended primarily for the lawyers in the College. Its membership is strong, being in the region of fifty, and attendances are consistently good. The President, P. J. Cox, concentrates on the less technical sides of the functioning of the law, and his guest speakers have included a High Court Judge, Mr. Justice Finnemore, a solicitor, and the Chief Constable of Cambridge. These have represented to the members the actual working and execution of the law apart from its theoretical side. Members from the faculties of History, Medicine, Mathematics and Engineering are its most frequent guests, and joint meetings are sometimes held with the Law Societies of other Colleges, such as that of Downing. The Bench purchases Law Reports for the use of its members and holds two dinners each year.

E. G. R.



LOGGAN'S VIEW (*c.*1688)



AERIAL VIEW 1948

PER ARDUA AD ASTRAKHAN

" Here we see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather . . ."

WE deplore the lack of colourful personalities. We seek means of self-expression in the Arts, in Sport, and occasionally in the Union. But even if our egos rarely find their eagerly expected sublimation, there are always clothes left for the would-be giants of our time. The spell of cold weather in February gave a glorious opportunity to those to whom a slight disorder in the dress has always appealed. The wind and frost brought strange, thwarted personalities to the surface—a motley intellectual army clad in the cast-offs of Armageddon.

This cult of service clothing probably arose from emotional conflicts during demobilisation, and the main tenets of its creed stand revealed in the surplus stores sold in various shops in Cambridge. A display that was seen in the Market Place illustrates this tendency. From huge wicker hampers came forth Army socks in stock sizes (large and small men's), forlorn underwear, and khaki shirts that were to be crucified on a background of white naval sweaters, with a gap for the head that varied inversely with the size of the sweater, and miscellaneous warm clothing. The articles which aroused most curiosity were long pants, at once modest and intriguing, in pastel shades of grey or blue, according to the condition of the hamper. To a prejudiced observer they seemed almost indecent hanging there, idly kicking a woolly shin to attract attention. They are, however, quite innocuous. Guiltily worn, they are rarely displayed in public, and usually donned in the relative privacy of the mess-deck, where they serve as pyjamas.

Such garments were openly exposed to view, but the weather brought forth from undergraduate wardrobes queer items that had probably first seen the light of day in some segment of the far-flung on which the sun had not then set. Quantity appears to have been regulated by length of service. We saw greatcoats, duffel-coats, flying-boots, fur boots, black boots, half boots, brown boots, gum-

boots, mittens, mitts, zip-jackets defying description, battledress, woollen caps, American wind-proof jackets (indicative perhaps?), and even an N.F.S. coat was observed slipping stealthily down a dark passage. No doubt the cold was responsible, but there is, I think, a certain bravado in venturing out clad in any, or combination of the above. It stamps a man as the " I was there " type—thus the insidious Hydra raises one of its heads, suitably disguised. An experienced observer can tell quite conclusively by such clothing (and the air of conscious nonchalance with which it is worn) the difference between the man who was shore based and the man from the sea ; the lord of the air and the groundling, and those in the Army whose sinews were stiffened in the van rather than in the rear.

How they came to acquire these garments, only God and harassed supply-clerks know. However, this survey is concerned with ends not means, and it would be out of place to question their legitimacy—for we have all been gainfully employed in the past.

The Navy, true to tradition, was there. Members of the Senior Service are the most fortunate, and adaptation of service kit, especially greatcoats and reefer jackets, proved relatively easy. It is simply a matter of buttons. Results are occasionally embarrassing and bewildering, many delicate patterns being wrought upon sundry demobilised breasts. Duffel-coats are inevitably the prey of service personnel of both sexes ; the thin end of the wedge for hark ! what discords follow.They say you can always tell a navy man, but if he is wearing the nautico-civilian suit, shirt and collar to match, land an R.N.V.R. tie, this is by no means so difficult as it appears.

The R.A.F. are not quite so fortunate, but they possess a superior line in fur-lined jackets, which are possibly the most effective warm clothing in the University. Many greatcoats are seen, but normally only uniform trousers and shoes are visible. And, of course, there are those blue shirts . . .

The Army, I think, fare the worst. They have few points in their favour, except greatcoats and battledress, stuffed as usual with incomprehensible data varying from faculty to faculty. The most popular article is the large, lined waistcoat, and the percentage of ex-despatch riders is probably higher in Cambridge than in any part of the kingdom. The greatcoats look tolerably smart, but one will keep thinking that the wearers, at a distance, resemble D.P.s.

Yet we ought not to criticize. All these habitués are relatively honest men ; their present is synonymous with their past. But beware the hybrid ! He is a sallow, shambling man, wearing flying boots, seaboot stockings, one of those shirts, Army trousers, the natty nautico-civilian blazer, and any fur-lined jacket with a zip. Do not (R) not countenance him. Abhor him ; do not entertain him. A final word in your ear. This motley rascal may equally be the large, bland, rollicking type who, on dissection, turns out to be a third year science man suffering from fits. One can never be quite, quite certain . . .

Shortginus.

FROM *THE DIAL*, LENT, 1933

A recent addition to the College Library is a French *Life of Queen Margaret of Anjou*. The following passage is an extract : " Henri IV avait fondé Eton. La reine créa une école similaire pour les jeunes filles ; ce fut le Queen's College placé sous le patronage de Sainte Marguerite."

We did not know before that there was a ladies' college at Cambridge in 1448.

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

THIS season the Club returned to something like its pre-war position. With old matches revived and new ones added, the fixture list showed opponents who varied in strength and reputation. In the main, the teams were extremely successful in Club matches, but the results in the League were not so good. The hard ground at the beginning of the season, and the high percentage of injuries may in some measure account for the fluctuating form.

The " Queries' " XV were ably led by G. F. Grobecker throughout the season, losing only four matches and drawing one. Occasionally the Club produced an extra team aptly named the " Sequins' " XV, which, if it did not glitter with polished football, made up for it in energy and enthusiasm.

It was particularly gratifying to have the 1st XV fixture with Ipswich R.F.C. again, several of whose members are old Queens' men. Among other Clubs played, mention may be made of The Queen's College, Oxford ; King's College, London ; R. A. F. College, Cranwell ; Cambridge R.F.C. ; and the "A" XVs of Rosslyn Park ; Blackheath, and Guy's and St. Bartholomew's Hospitals.

The College was represented in the Freshers' Trials by D. K. H. Prosser and J. F. Kingham, and in the Seniors' Trials by J. R. Trevaskis (captain), W. B. Holmes (vice-captain), and M. T. Maloney. In the Michaelmas Term W. B. Holmes gained his Blue and has since become a useful kicker for the University XV. M. T. Maloney was awarded his LX Club Colours early in the season, and later gained a regular place in the University side. Both Holmes and Maloney toured France with the University XV in the Easter Vacation.

In the Lent Term, the Cupper XV met St. John's in the final of the Inter-Collegiate Cup Competition. In spite of tremendous support from the College along the touch-line we were just beaten by a dropped goal, scored in the last few minutes of the game. Full Colours were awarded to F. D. Bryan-Brown, J. L. Glazier, G. W. Hayward, J. Laird, I. W. Purvis, and J. W. Ridgway.

K. R. E.

Q. C. A. F. C.

IN articles of this kind, one is so frequently tempted to write "if only . . ." but suffice it to say that we were knocked out of the Cupper in the first round by Jesus, after a hard, even match. Apart from this major misfortune, the season has been most successful. We had a fine record in the League, losing only to Fitzwilliam House, and finished second in the First Division. Most noteworthy was a storming match against St. John's, in which Queens' XI showed spells of teamwork and brilliance seldom seen in College soccer. The Johnians were severely shaken for the first time in two seasons, and were lucky to escape with a draw.

Our outside fixtures were arranged with The Queen's, Oxford; the R.A.F. College, Cranwell; and Bart.'s. These matches have become more than just "fixtures"—they are social engagements, which each side eagerly anticipates as an excuse for a really enjoyable occasion, and such they certainly have been.

All our thanks are due to Mr. Gordon and his assistant for their work down at the ground.

J. W. S.

Q. C. B. C.

THE Club started the year with some fifty members, of whom twenty had been members in the past year. After much necessary and perhaps dull tubbing, a Light Four and a Clinker Four were entered for their respective races. Despite the good times they had achieved during training, both crews were beaten in the first round.

The Fairbairn VIII suffered both from the loss of P. A. de Giles and R. W. Morris, who were rowing in the University Trials, and from the fact that many of the crew had been rowing in the Light and Clinker Fours. In spite of these handicaps, the result was better than expected. The stroke, D. T. Holland, held the crew together well, and they finished fourteenth out of sixty-seven entries.

The College events went well, a gratifying feature being the number of freshmen who are taking an interest in sculling. The Phillips Challenge Cup, open to all members of the College, was won by H. B. Cochrane, and the Williams Challenge Cup, open to Freshmen only, was won by J. R. Lloyd.

The College Trial Races, rowed at the end of the Michaelmas Term, was won by " C " Crew, stroked by H. C. Parker. During the training for the Lent Races there was little to choose between the First and Second VIIIs for speed, though the style of the former was more impressive. The Third and Fourth VIIIs did well in the " Getting-On " Race, finishing first and ninth respectively.

The results in the Lents were very satisfactory. The First VIII rowed over each night against keen competition. The Second VIII, having started as sandwich boat between the second and third divisions, made four bumps and so gained their oars, as did the Third VIII, which also bumped each night. The Fourth VIII rowed extremely well, and bumped three of the crews which had beaten them in the " Getting-On " Race. We congratulate P. A. de Giles on the award of his Blue. We have had a man in the University Boat for two successive years now ; let us hope that it has become an established tradition.

A. de B. C.

Q. C. H. C.

THE hockey club has enjoyed an exceptionally successful season. In the Michaelmas Term only one match was lost, and we finished second in the League. In the Cuppers, despite the withdrawal of three members of the team because the 'Varsity match had not been played, we reached the semi-final in which we were defeated by Fitzwilliam House 2–1.

We offer our congratulations to P. R. Gibson on playing for the East of England *v.* The West ; also to P. R. Gibson and J. D. W. Melhuish on being awarded their Blues, and to D. I. Pearce on being chosen as twelfth man for the ' Varsity match. A. J. Poole has also been elected to the Wanderers.

The Cupper team was drawn from the following fifteen :— A. J. Poole, J. E. H. Orr-Ewing, J. D. W. Melhuish, P. R. Gibson, D. I. Pearce, R. S. K. Riddle, J. H. C. Lamb, J. H. Eaton, D. Bryant, F. J. G. Marley, W. D. K. Wilson, T. G. Phillips, J. W. Lloyd-Evans, D. P. C. Stileman, and J. A. Silverlight.

During the season the following were awarded Colours :—Full Colours : I. F. Taylor, R. S. K. Riddle, J. W. Lloyd-Evans, T. G.

Phillips, W. D. K. Wilson; Half Colours: P. R. Glasbey, J. A. Silverlight.

The 2nd XI also have enjoyed a successful season under P. N. Blackaby's capable captaincy, losing only three matches during the season. *J. E. H. O-E.*

Q. C. A. C.

THIS has, appropriately enough, been the finest season in the history of the Club. The strength of returned Colours, and performances on the track in the Michaelmas Term, gave rise to much optimism over the outcome of the Inter-College Competition, optimism subsequently justified by events.

In the first major event of the Michaelmas Term, the Inter-University Relays, the College was represented by four members, and the President was largely responsible for the University's victory in the 4 x 880 relay, breaking 2 mins. for his leg, and being elected to the Achilles and Alverstone Clubs for his performance. In the Inter-College Relays we were placed in Division I and won the 4 x 110, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile team and Medley Relay outright, thus tying with Clare for first place. The time for the 4 x 110 was comparable with that of the University Team.

The Cuppers Competition in the Lent Term departed from precedent in being decided on individual performances rather than by a knock-out system. By packing the finals of the track events, and thanks largely to the fine sprint double of H. L. Wallace, and with second places in the Pole Vault and Weight, the Club ran out easy winners of the Championship for the first time in history with $42\frac{1}{2}$ points against the runner-up, Trinity's $33\frac{1}{2}$. The pleasing feature of the competition was the all-round keenness and strength of the Club, enabling us to enter two competitors in every event, and producing two finalists in the 220, the 440, and 880.

In place of individual handicaps the C.U.A.C. initiated a Modern Pentathlon this year, decided on High Jump, Shot, 100, 220 Low Hurdles, and Mile. Five members of the Club entered, and two were placed in the first six.

There was another large entry from the Club in the University Sports, and our past President, C. E. Piper, of whose services injury had deprived us during the Inter-College Competitions, was back

in form with a splendid win in the 440, on the strength of which he was awarded his Full Blue as first string for the University. H. L. Wallace was clearly set for another sprint double when he was obliged to withdraw from the competition. He was, fortunately, fit enough for the 'Varsity match, and was awarded a Full Blue as first string in both sprints. The President, whose consistent half-miling has been a feature of the season at Fenner's, received a Half-Blue as second string in the 880.

B. T. Pegg and F. S. Aldercotte narrowly missed selection in the Weight and Pole Vault respectively, and D. R. Houseman was a good third to Halstead in the Half-Mile.

With half our Full Colours returning next year, the Club looks forward to another successful season, and hopes to keep the Rouse Ball Cup on the High Table for some time to come.

P. N. B.

Q. C. R. F. C.

THREE pairs were entered for the Inter-College Doubles Competition held during the latter part of the Michaelmas Term. The first pair beat Caius I in the second round, but subsequently lost to Clare I. The second and third pairs were most unlucky in drawing first pairs from other Colleges at the beginning of the competition.

Queens' is fortunate in having two representatives playing for the University—F. S. Aldercotte and R. F. Thomas (at present at Ridley Hall). Both are also to be congratulated on their performances in the Open Competition at the beginning of the Lent Term.

M. G. S.

Q. C. E. F. C.

THE Club has had a vigorous, though not very successful, year. Two pairs were entered for a Knock-Out Competition in the Michaelmas Term, and both quickly confirmed the " knock-out " characteristics of the affair.

In the Lent Term a team of three pairs was entered for another Tournament ; but this team, too, was unfortunately laid low in the second round, by a very slender margin of points. That our conquerors went on to reach the Final is our only consolation.

Next year, though several of this year's foremost players will have gone down, we hope, with an infusion of new blood, to carry on with as much vigour and a little more success than this year.

J. W. E. J.

Q. C. S. R. C.

REPAIR work on the two courts, damaged by last year's floods, began in the Christmas vacation, and ten days after the beginning of term both were ready for use. They had been entirely refloored and played perfectly.

Queens' were unlucky to draw against Clare in the Cuppers. Their team, all Ganders, defeated us 3–0. In the Leagues, playing in the Second Division, Queens' I beat St. Catharine's, Christ's and Magdalene, and lost to Jesus, Clare and Emmanuel. Queens' II in the Fourth Division had a very successful term, beating Corpus II, Christ's II, Westcott House, Trinity II, and King's II, losing only to Pembroke II.

Queens' also played Cranwell on February 14th at home, avenging last term's defeat of 0–5 by a narrow win of 3–2.

At the end of the season Colours were awarded to M. E. Monkcom. The other four members of the team—F. S. Aldercotte (captain), A. R. D. Wright, F. J. G. Marley, and J. A. S. Mowat—had been awarded theirs in previous years.

J. D. A.

Q. C. R. C.

AT a meeting held in January it was decided to revive the Club, and although, owing to lack of rifles and a range of our own, we have been forced to affiliate ourselves to the C.U.S.B.C., we have, nevertheless, been able to organise and help those in the College interested in shooting. E. A. G. Warlow has been shooting for the C.U.S.B.C. First VIII, whilst S. H. Thomas and P. F. Dixon have shot for the Second VIII. In the Inter-College Pairs Competition Queens' finished third; altogether quite a successful start. Up to the present our activities have been restricted to small bore rifles only, but it is hoped that enough interest will be shown next year to enable the Club to embark on the open range.

E. A. G. W.

CHESS CLUB

UNDER the presidency of R. Westley the Chess Club has had another successful year. That the standard and keenness of the chess-playing members of the College is high is exemplified by our having been able to enter two teams for the Cambridge and District Chess League. The first team has finished about third in the First Division; the second team, having won most of its games, cannot finish far from the top of Division II. The latest reward of the keenness of the players has been the winning of the University Championship. Colours for the season have been awarded to B. Tomlinson and J. S. Maddams.

J. K. W.

ST. BERNARD SOCIETY

THE Society has continued to be active in the two terms of this academic year. Though houses have been small and the Upper Fitzpatrick Hall distinctly cold, debates have been keenly waged.

Joint meetings have been held with the History Society, when it was decided that History was not bunk; twice with Homerton Debating Society, when it was agreed that the World would not necessarily be a better place without scientists, and that it was Love that makes the World go round; and with the College Branch of the S.C.M., when probably the best debate of the year resulted in the rejection of the motion that Clergy should keep to their Cloisters. Two debates on current controversial political topics have also been held.

It is planned to hold joint meetings in the Easter Term with the Queens' Bench and with Pembroke Debating Society. Intending audiences and speakers will doubtless be pleased to know that the Society's rule that beer shall be provided at meetings is now strictly enforced.

I. W. H.

ST. MARGARET SOCIETY

A SHORT programme can have but a short note unless musical criticism be allowed to intrude. The Society's activity has been restricted to one concert. This was given in the Chaplain's Rooms entirely by members of the College, and included music for two pianos. Gramophone records have been played in the Dean's Rooms on Sundays regularly throughout the term to a small but appreciative circle. The support accorded to the Society has been more manifested in the use made of the Society's two pianos, which are now both resident in the Upper Fitzpatrick Hall, than at our one concert. This is a pleasing sign that the musical life of the College thrives in a most helpful form—in the making of music.

A. H. M.

Q. C. T. T. C.

ALL three Club teams have enjoyed a most successful season. The first team were placed third in Division I, losing matches to Selwyn and Magdalene, but fully redeeming the losses by beating these teams in the semi-final and final of the Cuppers, thus bringing the Cup to Queens' for the first time.

The Second and Third teams were top of Divisions III and IV respectively, and so gain promotion to Divisions II and III for next year's Competition.

Congratulations are offered to F. S. Aldercotte for gaining his 'Varsity Colours ; and also to K. G. Isaacs for his fine effort in reaching the final of the University Tournament.

The officers for next year are :—Captain, K. G. Isaacs ; Secretary, D. E. Cronin. Doubtless, under their guidance, the Club will maintain and even surpass this year's high standards.

E. A. W.

COMMITTEE

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We wish to thank Mr. Browne for his help and the generous loan of the photographs, which will appear in the Quincentenary Pictorial History of the College now being prepared by him and Mr. Seltman.

Thanks are also due to T. H. White for *Milk-a-Punch Sunday* and to Ian Robertson for the drawing on page 51.

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