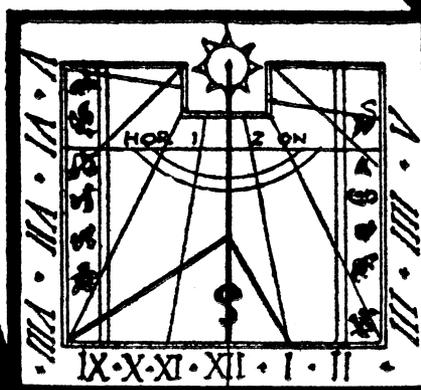


# THE DIAL

Queens' College



Easter Term 1930

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# THE DIAL.

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No. 65

EASTER TERM, 1930.

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**A**N editor's life is not a happy one, especially if his duties have to be fulfilled at the end of the Easter Term. When others are enjoying a well-earned rest after the arduous toil of examinations, he leads a strenuous life chasing bashful contributors and even more bashful secretaries of clubs. However there is one in the present case who is more difficult to bring to conclusions than any of these—the Editor himself. The last article has long been safely gathered in, the last secretary has yielded up his report, but the editorial paragraph is still wanting. Again and again its composition has been deferred, in the hope that some brilliant idea will be forthcoming. But our mind is devoid of all ideas brilliant or otherwise. The characteristics of an editorial should be wit and brevity; being incapable of the former we intend to make doubly sure of the latter. So we will conclude hastily and ask the reader to pass on to things more deserving of his attention.

## Dialiana.

IT has been a great pleasure this term to see how completely the President's health is restored. This was noticed especially at the Queens' Club Dinner, and again at breakfast on Degree Day.

\* \* \* \*

Mr Laffan has resumed his duties here this term after his long absence. We have all been very pleased to see him back.

\* \* \* \*

We were sorry however to have to give up Mr Stuart Smith, who deserves our thanks for filling the Chaplaincy so well and entering so actively into the life of the College.

\* \* \* \*

The annual dinner of Queens' Club was held in the College hall on Saturday, June 21st. It was well attended by Old Queens' men and third year men about to go down. Many of the former renewed old associations by staying in College over the week-end.

\* \* \* \*

The Assault at Arms of the C. U. B. & F. C. was again held in the Grove this year, on Saturday, June 14. A large attendance witnessed a clever and often thrilling display.

\* \* \* \*

The Ryle Reading Prize has been divided between H. Sutcliffe and R. de B. Welchman; *proxime accessit* J. de Blank.

\* \* \* \*

Queens' has been favoured with a large number of visitors this term. Some of their comments have been very interesting. "I like Queens'," a lady was overheard to say, "it seems such a *homely* college." Again, a gentleman in the Old Court waving his hand round in an impressive gesture said, "It must have a wonderful effect on young men, living in such surroundings."

The following are to be congratulated on being placed in the first class in their respective Tripos lists :—

CLASSICS, Part 1	...	...	W. L. Clough
CLASSICS, Part 2	...	...	R. E. Wycherley
HISTORY, Part 1	...	...	D. E. Lupton
MATHEMATICS, Part 1	...	...	M. S. Bartlett
			W. T. Holloway
MATHEMATICS, Part 2	...	...	G. H. Bonser
MECHANICAL SCIENCES	...	...	C. P. Holder
			H. S. Thackray
MODERN AND MEDIEVAL LANGUAGES			J. C. Aspden
NATURAL SCIENCES, Part 1	...	...	E. W. Chanter

.....

## **floreat Domus.**

### *News of Old Queens' Men.*

#### ORDINATIONS.

*F. A. Casson* (1925—28), to the Parish Church, St Helens,

*E. N. Ducker* (1925—28), to St Stephen's, Nottingham.

#### MARRIAGES.

*The Rev. N. H. Copestake* (1920—23), lately head of Queens' House, Rotherhithe, to Miss Stratton, on July 5.

*H. H. Fisher*, M.B., B.Ch. (1916—19), on July 23.

#### OBITUARY.

*A. T. Langston* (1925—28), died on March 27, five months after his marriage.

## SPORT.

*R. W. V. Robins* (1925—28), has amply justified his inclusion in the team which represented England against Australia in the test match at Nottingham. In the first innings he scored a very valuable half-century, though in the second he was unsuccessful. In Australia's first innings four wickets fell to his bowling for 51 runs, in the second three for 81. This fine all-round performance has secured him a place in the second test match.

## GENERAL.

*E. G. D. Wright* (1903—6), accompanied by his wife and children, paid the College a welcome visit in May Week. He is on the staff of the São Paulo Railway in Brazil.

*P. G. Dore* (1920—23), is the Borough Organist of Bournemouth and is to be heard at the Pavilion there. He gave a very much appreciated organ recital in the College Chapel on June 22.

*L. J. Haydon* (1920—23), has taken over a practice in Kensington and is residing at 16 Launceston Place, W.8.

*S. C. Manchanda* (1924—27), is practising at the High Court at Lahore. He writes that Cambridge men in the Punjab gather for an annual dinner.

*S. Nadaraser* (1923—26), is on the staff of University College, Colombo.

.....

## Appointments, etc.

In the hope of keeping in closer touch with members of the College going down permanently at the end of this term, it has been decided to ask them for information concerning the posts to which they are proceeding, and forms have been sent round for the purpose. Unfortunately many have been unable to supply the required information, some perhaps through bashfulness, some because it has not yet been decided who is to have the benefit of their services. We shall be very pleased to hear from any of the latter as soon they have definite news for us.

*O. C. Allison* is assisting at the Cambridge University Mission in Bermondsey.

*E. H. Burbidge* is going to St Augustine's Theological College, Canterbury.

*J. H. J. Crosse* is going to St Bartholomew's Hospital.

*W. D. Kerr* is continuing his medical course at Middlesex Hospital.

*L. F. W. Knight* has been appointed to the examining staff of H. M. Patents Office.

*W. H. Macartney* is spending September 1930—July 1931 at London Day Training College (Educational) and subsequently going to Ridley Hall.

*W. B. Mumford* is continuing his medical course at St George's Hospital, London.

*D. C. C. Roberts* is starting his articles to a chartered accountant on January 31st, 1931.

*C. E. H. Sparrow*, being already in the "Sappers", had secured his appointment before coming up, and is returning to Chatham for instructional courses till he is posted to a unit in January.

*R. de B. Welchman* is going to Wycliffe Hall, Oxford.

*W. B. Wigram* is teaching at the Leas Preparatory School, Hoylake, Cheshire.

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## Books.

TALES BY STRINDBERG (Phoenix Library), translated by  
L. J. POTTS.

These stories are delicate in conception and have the usual sophisticated simplicity of fairy tales meant for adult consumption. It is strange to think that the man who could produce these airy trifles was also the savage misogynist who wrote "The Father." Mr Potts deserves the thanks of English-reading people for giving them this new light on Strindberg and even more for his admirable and virile translation which makes his book a pleasure to read.

M. B.

DAYS ON DARTMOOR, by C. W. PILKINGTON-ROGERS  
(Methuen & Co.)

This book provides a much-needed description of one of the most charming parts of England. The opening chapters deal with physical features, antiquities, occupations and other subjects treated in a general way. The author then divides the area into seven districts and deals with each in detail. The book is not a mere guide. Its author's aim is not to present a mass of facts but to convey a real impression of the character and charm of the district; and in this aim he succeeds admirably.

R. E. W.

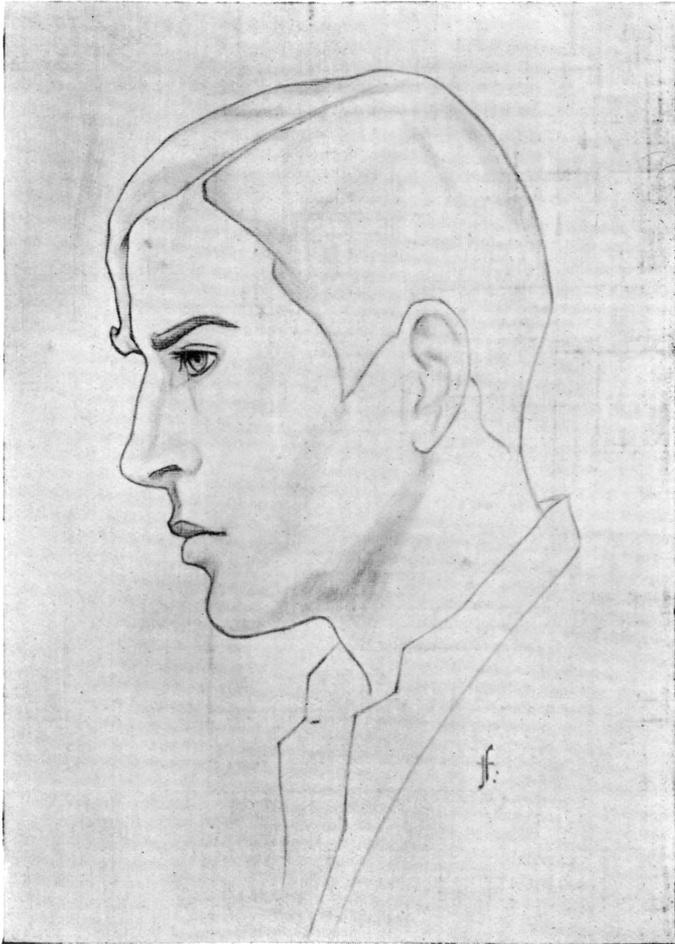
**Man of Mark.**

FRANCIS BAKER-SMITH.

**I**T seems to me that I am here perpetrating the height of egotism, by publishing the combination of a self-portrait with an autobiography. But I would hasten to explain that neither of these things was my own suggestion; indeed only the most concentrated persuasion and necessity have brought me to do so. Moreover, I would explain that I did not ask to be made Man of Mark, and cannot imagine why I should be, and I would like any one who may read this to believe that there are many of my year who are more worthy of the title.

However, since it has fallen to my lot to give an account of my life, I had best begin at once.

I was born at Cambridge in 1907, but sickening of the climate I was taken across the sea at the age of one year to my mother's home seven miles or so from Killarney, the beauty of which few can realize. Here I was happy, but as is the way with life I could not remain long. I proceeded at the age of eleven to a preparatory school in Leicestershire, where I was consistently unhappy for two years. I could do nothing that the others did so well; I could not play rugger, I could not hit a cricket ball to save my miserable life, nor could I run without becoming sick with fatigue. Yes, I freely confess I was a weakling. But I had my moments, like the donkey in G. K. Chesterton's poem, and during off-hours I would sit and draw portrait after portrait of the admiring boys surrounding me. These I often exchanged for a bar of chocolate. Still I was



miserable and at the end of the War it was felt that radical changes should be made ; so I was transferred to my public school, the Perse, in 1918.

From this time happiness began for me. No one seemed to mind whether I ever appeared on the playing fields. They were more interested in whether one could write poetry, make a speech, or draw. All these I tried, but only succeeded to any degree in the last. For the poems I wrote were dreadful things—truly dreadful ! I found some of them the other day and—well, I won't quote them. I wrote plays too ; one was about a master I didn't like and I gave it him to read ; we didn't get on very well afterwards.

It was proposed about 1923 that I should try for a Scholarship in Classics. I was fond enough of the Classics and learned to appreciate them, for which I can never be sufficiently grateful to my Headmaster, Dr. W. H. D. Rouse. But it was clear that I would never get that scholarship. I spent all my free time in drawing. Painting I tried, but deciding that it was useless unless one could really draw first, I abandoned it. I also did a little scenery designing.

In the Spring of 1925 I visited Paris and Rome and returned with some ideas on the subject of architecture. The next term I was initiated into a very highbrow and eccentric set in Trinity, who wore scarlet ties and light blue coats and talked much about those mysterious words " Art " and " Beauty." It took me a great deal of time to unlearn the nonsense with which they crowded my impressionable mind.

About the same time I discovered that a scholarship was being offered by the School of Architecture, and I finally decided to become an architect. So I left school, very quietly, at the end of the Christmas Term of 1925,

and in the following June entered for the Scholarship. The kind-hearted authorities saw fit to award it to me, and I sat down to work for the "Little-go" with considerable optimism. Parts I. and III. I did with ease, but the Mathematics seemed to drag out my brain by the roots, and I failed in Part II. A tragedy was at hand, for I was unable to come up the following October and the scholarship was lost. Twice more I failed in Part II., and the ever-patient authorities of this College began to give me up as a bad job. However, I besought them to give me one more chance, and passed at last in June.

So it was that at last I came into that blissful life from which I now reluctantly depart—whither, Heaven knows! If the gods are willing, I trust that I shall soon find myself in America, either as a rich and successful architect or as someone's valet. At any rate, life *is* rather fun!

F. B.-S.

[The modesty and self-depreciation apparent throughout the autobiography of our Man of Mark has made him break off at the point at which he entered this College. However, most of us are acquainted with the activities which have brought him into prominence here. His talent for drawing and designing has found new spheres, and instead of school-boys he now draws undergraduates, who do not however yield to the former subjects in their admiration for his art, though whether his recompense still takes the form of chocolate we strongly doubt.

His theatrical work too has been extensive and varied. Besides appearing on the stage himself occasionally, he has designed scenery for the Marlowe Society's performance of *Coriolanus*, and for the Festival Theatre. He has produced much literary work too in connection with the theatre.

However his greatest achievement is the part he has played in founding and establishing the Cambridge Film Guild, which is doing such noble work in helping to rescue a great art from the horrible fate which threatens it.

Finally—and this concerns us most closely—he was elected to the Committee of *The Dial* in his first term and has been one of its most valued members. He undertook the Editorship at an awkward moment and before his due time, and to him are due three very effective cover designs.

We wish him every success in America, where, we anticipate, there will shortly be a great architectural revival.—EDITOR].

## Modern Greece.

A JOURNEY to Greece is still as much a pilgrimage as a pleasure. Outside Athens the country is very backward, totally lacking in the refinements of civilisation. A bath is neither a national institution nor a social luxury, but an unknown quantity. Baedeker puts his finger on another sore spot: 'travelling here' says the worthy Teuton, 'is made uncomfortable by bugs, fleas, flies, mosquitoes, beetles, cockroaches, lice and pests of every description'. Food, too, is another drawback. The Greek spends most of his time drinking thick, black coffee, and his only substantial meals are taken just before the mid-day siesta, and late at night. Yet even in the dirty, but picturesque villages that cluster on the rocky hills, excellent omelettes can sometimes be obtained from a Greek who kept a restaurant in America, and a peremptory demand for 'beefteki' produces a joint so soused in olive-oil that it is only faintly reminiscent of beef. Veal and lamb are the main joints, but they too suffer from the prevailing fashion of dressing everything in oil, and the same perverted taste peeps out in the wines, which are made pungent and bitter by the addition of resin.

Moreover, it is not an easy country to travel in. Most of the interesting and beautiful places are not served by the railway, many are inaccessible even to a car,—and the roads are pathetic at the best,—and some are only to be reached on foot, or on the back of a mule. The country is one mass of mountains and valleys; the hillsides are bare and rocky, with no vegetation except shrubs that only a goat can eat, and higher up there are pine forests. To go from village to

village you set your compass and walk—up one side of a mountain range, down the other, taking your chance of fording the river at the bottom, and following the dried-up beds of the streams that in the rainy season dash down the innumerable ravines.

There are however many compensations. The country has great natural beauties; the mountain ranges are vast and impressive, with here and there some majestic giant lifting up a snow-capped head. The bare lower slopes are dotted with cultivated patches that the indefatigable Greek steals from the barren earth, and, higher up, the herds of goats, their necks hung each with a different bell, make the hillside play an incessant symphony. And now and again, lying snug in the bosom of the hills, there stretches out some rich plain covered with vines and olive and orange-groves. The peasants are vigorous and ingenuous: they are often embarrassingly generous both in their curiosity, and their well-meant offerings of wine or goat's-milk cheese or dirty bread. There is a wholesome peace everywhere; the trains meander leisurely through the plains and twist up the hills with no thought of speed—time costs nothing here; and at noon only the hot sun seems to be alive, and the harmony of the browsing goats, like some Debussy prelude.

Then there is the romance of it all. In England you may imbibe Homer's spirit: here you breathe Homer's air. It is exhilarating beyond words to climb the Acropolis of Athens, not only in the wake of Pericles and Socrates, but of the great men of all time who worshipped at this Mecca of beauty; or to see the eagles at Delphi, to explore Mycenae, the castle of Agamemnon. The very plains are rich with the blood of men who were the first pioneers for freedom. Every

harbour too bears a trace of the faded glory of the Venetian lion, many a hill bristles with a Turkish fort. Perched high up on the mountain there is here some monastery redolent of the middle-ages, there some pretty Byzantine chapel. The peasants dress still in a quaint national costume, and there are oxen drawing ploughs such as Hesiod described. There are touches of orientalism even in Athens, and at Candia the only cinema is in a converted mosque. It is one of the few European countries where mediaevalism still lingers and romance is not yet dead.....

The train from Salonica skirts the Aegean before passing beneath Olympus, the mountain of the gods. Then comes Tempe, perhaps the loveliest of Greek valleys, next the Thessalian hills, the haunt of bandits till only a few months ago, soon the mountains of Boeotia, marking Thermopylae, then Thebes and the mountains of Attica. After passing Mt Parnes the Acropolis comes slowly into view.

Athens needs a long stay. Besides the art treasures there are many excursions,—to Eleusis; to Sunium where the setting sun prints on the mind an unforgettable picture; to Marathon, now threatened by an American army which is building an enormous dam. Athens itself is a minor Paris, with innumerable cafés and squares; hot, dusty, busy and very enchanting. Men sit and play with beads; there are hosts of shoe-blacks, hosts of foreigners; priests and monks, here and there a peasant. There are broad avenues with elegant modern buildings, dirty streets with squalid shops. Money-changers line the streets; here and there is a face of true classic beauty. The electricity supply is by an English firm; there is an underground railway. Such is the jumble of modern Athens. Towering above

it all is the Acropolis, its beauty hallowed, not decayed, by the passing of countless years.

It is a lovely journey to Delphi by train and car, over the only decent road in Greece: it was built by the British army! The ruins are most awe-inspiring, resting as they do high on a spur of Parnassus, dwarfed by huge giants of rock, with eagles, snakes and wild dogs to contribute an atmosphere. The dogs are savage, as a foolhardy Englishman discovered to his cost when trying to walk the fifteen miles to Itea in the dead of night.

For the boat leaves Itea early. It is delightfully independent of time, running to no schedule, and stopping 'by request'. Sooner or later it reaches Aigion on the south shore of the gulf, and the train leaves for Olympia. The ruins are large, but not so impressive as Delphi as they lie in a plain. From here to Andritsaena, a picturesque village isolated in the mountains, is a twelve hours walk, over rocky hills, beneath a merciless sun. One inhabitant possesses a bath. Megalopolis is in the plain below, and is on the railway which goes to Kalamata.

Between Sparta and Kalamata it is eighteen miles as the crow flies, but there intervenes the vast range of Taygetus, and the walk takes fifteen hours. It is indescribably lovely, rising through snow to a height of over seven thousand feet, with a vast panorama of sea and plain backed by the distant blue of the sea, and it descends to the broad dancing lawns of Lacedaemon through the famous Langada gorge. A car runs over the hills to Tegea and Mantinea, and the modern Tripoli, where the train starts for Argos and Nauplia, a beautiful coast town reminiscent of Naples. From here it is easy to visit Tiryns and Mycenae,

Tiryns with its amazing walls, and Mycenae with the Lion gate and the tombs of Agamemnon and Clytaemnestra. Then the railway goes to Corinth, now being rebuilt after an earthquake, and so on to Athens, past Megara and Eleusis, and always in sight of Salamis and Aegina.

The harbour of the Peiraeus shelters ships of every nation. From it, it is sixteen hours to Crete and the palace at Cnossos. Or one can turn westward at last, through the Corinthian canal, down the gulf, long in sight of Parnassus on the one hand and Cyllene and Erymanthus on the other, and creeping slowly past the western isles, take a farewell of Greece at Corcyra. For from here the steamer sails in Italian waters, driving before it the dolphins of the Adriatic into Brindisi, and Brindisi means Paris and home. So we leave this land of sunny skies, of ageless mountains and agelong temples, where beauty of mind, spirit and body once built a noble civilisation. It is a splendid pilgrimage to the sacred relics of that faded beauty.

.....

### Men Like Birds.

THE earth was already approaching middle age and its accompanying calm and serenity. No longer for her the shimmyings of youth. With Vesuvius a cinder and seismologists as obsolete as trousers, scientists had long decided that the earth was as bad as moribund. Afterwards of course they found a thousand reasons why the events I shall describe should have happened, spoke glibly of potential discontinuities, levitation layers and what not. Never-

theless not one of these savants foresaw these events or even understood them while they were happening.

They said, when it was all over, that the trouble began in Budapest at a performance by the Grand Ballet. Never had the Pallula, the divine ballerina, danced as on that September evening in the Opera House. Her silver shoes were flashes of lightning. In the boxes all conversation stopped. It was superb. Now she was a goddess, now she was a flame. The audience went mad, climbed down from the gallery, overflowed across the orchestra, and carried the Pallula head high into the great square outside the Opera House, where she danced again by torchlight. The watching crowd applauded till their palms ached and their throats creaked. Then they too danced, like devils, like bacchantes, with wild leap. Greengrocers, prostitutes and diplomats twirled and whirled like a great Catherine wheel round Pallula as the hub.

Next morning's newspapers which announced the Budapest riot also informed their readers that the world's high jump record had been smashed. "BULOW'S AMAZING FEET," they screamed; "WORLD'S HIGH JUMP RECORD BROKEN BY 12 INCHES!!! SWEDEN'S WONDER JUMPER INSURES FEET FOR MILLION DOLLARS!! CHALLENGE TO ENGLAMERICA'S ATHLETES."

The same afternoon, the world's long jump record championship was being decided in Athens, U. S. E. Smith, the Nordic champion, was confidently expected to retrieve EnglamERICA's lost prestige. Everything was ready. Smith had broadcast to an interested world the way he felt, folks. Twenty-five times he had repeated his greetings for the twenty-five film operators and now he stood at the beginning of the grass run which ended in the long

sand pit. Silence in the crowd. A pistol shot and Smith is moving, Smith is running, Smith is about to break the world's long jump record. He reaches the sand pit, he leaps forward. Now he is breaking the record. But he does not stop! He stays in the air, rushing forward at a great speed like a duck in flight, leaves the pit a hundred yards behind and crashes at a height of three feet into the brick wall which surrounds the ground. Smith has broken the long jump record, by three hundred feet, and his neck as well!

An examination was being held at Cambridge, Eng.; the day was very hot, the students perspired, the windows were shut. At last someone asked for the windows to be opened. Permission was granted. A light zephyr entered the room and blew the students and their desks like feathers to the opposite wall, where they remained fluttering in a confusion of examination answers. The men gasped, found their legs off the floor and went swinging across the room at the mercy of every puff of wind and with many a painful collision. The caretaker in the corridor, hearing the noise inside the room, opened the door and soon he too was flying about like an overgrown sparrow, eyes popping incredulously, coat-tails flapping in the wind.

By the evening of that day, the upward movement was universal. Amazing reports from the whole world confirmed the general levity. It affected the young first. A crowd of ten thousand Spanish school children, collected together for patriotic community singing, were later seen as a cloud, flying at a height of about three feet above the ground. In Russia omnibuses left the ground and floated gently waist high. The Slav nation hailed the phenomena as a divine revelation and sang hymns. Scotsmen signed the pledge in millions, but

Anglamericans were seized with convulsive laughter. Small urchins took a great delight in prodding policemen when they were not looking, for what could be more delightful than an officer of the law making a forty foot leap?

At first it was feared that the general weakening of gravity which had begun so gradually and unexpectedly would end in its total disappearance and that the earth's atmosphere would be thrown off by centrifugal action, but these fears happily proved to be unnecessary. After a week affairs settled down. It was found that gravity had ceased to act for a height of six feet above the surface of the earth. Below this level material objects had no weight, while above it matters were as in the old "Heavy Days". The results were queer. A normal man could jump ten feet and it was possible to fly with great ease but with little stability near to the earth's surface. After the early days of panic and hysteria the human race with its usual adaptability to catastrophies accepted the new condition of life. Special airways were built close to the earth's surface and business men with propellers attached flying to work became a common sight.

Then even more suddenly than this phenomenon had appeared, it vanished. At one moment all over the world gravity began to act again as though it were turned on at a tap. It happened to be the busiest hour of the morning in many cities of the Western Hemisphere and thousands of business men sustained injuries to the knees through sudden falls.

M. BLACK.

.....

## Philosophy of Art.

(continued.)

THUS far we have dealt solely with the nature and function of art. Art, it was discovered, is the expression of the highest spiritual realities in terms of Beauty. But to have arrived at this conception is not to have enunciated a philosophy of art. There yet remains a more difficult investigation: to develop the general conception in such a way as to lay bare its implications. An attempt will therefore be made to take the results of the studies in the other spheres of human activity—the scientific and the ethical—and exhibit them as forming one single system.

### 3. ART AND SCIENCE.

A revolutionary is first cherished as an idealist, then suspected as an iconoclast and finally ignored as being antiquated. The scientist has been subjected to the same vicissitudes, but in the reverse order. At the hands of the poet he has been in turn ignored as altogether unimportant; scorned, as by Nietzsche who refused to recognise him as a human being; and, more recently, applauded as the omniscient mechanic of the universe. It is by no means clear which treatment has been the most damaging to his usefulness. Certainly the fond embrace of Mr I. A. Richards<sup>1</sup> has not been without embarrassment to the humbler men of science. There is noticeable a certain hesitancy—amounting at times to a reluctance—in receiving these lavish compliments and some of the less adventurous have even resisted the affectionate overtures of the poet.<sup>2</sup>

1. cf. his *Science and Poetry*.

2. As J. W. N. Sullivan, *Gallio*.

For an understanding of this situation it will be necessary to trace, in the briefest outline, the history of the relationship between poetry and science.

In the early days, when science had not yet cast off the swaddling-clothes of alchemy and was committed to the theory that man was helpless to co-operate with the irresistible mechanism of nature, the writers of the period resolutely ignored its teaching. Untroubled by the coming scientific avalanche, Milton confidently proclaimed

“Just are the ways of God  
And justifiable to men.”

Similarly, Pope, half a century later, displayed an optimism in his view of the universe which can only be explained by a complete refusal to take science seriously.

“A mighty maze ! but not without a plan.”

The nineteenth century, however, marked a complete change of attitude. Science was making tremendous strides and asserting its authority over one department of life after another. The doctrine that the aim of science was the detailed explanation of man as the accidental outcome of “matter and motion” was seized upon by the political economists and philosophers of the day and served as a valuable illustration of the inevitability of commercial competition and exploitation. The prestige of science was therefore considerable and was increasing. What was to be the attitude of the poet? To Wordsworth, this doctrine was repulsive. The fact of his own concrete experience disproved these abstractions of science and his intimate knowledge of nature convinced him that science had failed to give a truthful interpretation of the universe. His attitude became one of scorn : science was obsessed

with trivialities and incompetent to deal with the concrete facts of human apprehension, with

“Ye Presences of Nature in the sky  
And on the earth! Ye Visions of the Hills;  
And souls of lonely places!”

With Tennyson, the attitude changed from one of scorn to one of deep perplexity. By this time, the discord between the æsthetic intuitions of mankind and the materialistic mechanism of science was becoming apparent. The world which the scientist revealed was now seen to be different from the world which the poet had imagined. Tennyson was the first to recognise the gulf, though his attempts to bridge it were productive of nothing but a tragic uncertainty. His “In Memoriam” is the record of poetic genius engaged in a struggle with scientific mechanism.

“The stars,” she whispers, “blindly run.”

Matthew Arnold was even more appalled. For him there was none of the exultant confidence of Pope or the bitter satire of Wordsworth: only a gnawing perplexity.

“And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.”

The most revolutionary change of attitude, however, took place in this century. Its origin is not far to seek. Science has unrolled a new panorama of existence. Immensity has swept in on human thought to alarm and intimidate. Man confronts a new world with a sense of desolation and homelessness. He falters where once he firmly trod and he finds his old securities carried away by the raging torrents of evolutionary

science. Science stands triumphant and unchallenged. It is almost inevitable therefore that the poet should turn to the scientist for an explanation of the problem of existence. An attitude of calm indifference, of unthinking condemnation, or of brooding uncertainty is no longer possible. Scientific thought is a most tremendous factor and has to be taken seriously.

The poet has not been content with half-measures. As if to atone for his past apathy, he now unashamedly proclaims his devotion to the scientist. Accepting the utterances (somewhat out-of-date) of scientific philosophers—"That man is the product of causes which have no prevision of the end they were achieving: that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms.....and that the whole temple of Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins—all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand"<sup>1</sup>—the poet resolves the discord between the æsthetic intuitions of mankind and the mechanism of nature by denying the authenticity of the former and pronouncing the latter to be of universal application. The antagonism between the world of the poet and the world of the scientist is removed, but only by declaring the poet's world to be non-existent. The poet, we are further told, must realize that his intuitions are purely illusory; he must reject the possibility of "inspiration" and of a "reality deeper than the reality of science" and must be prepared for the destruction of poetry by science.<sup>2</sup>

1. Bertrand Russell, *Philosophic Essays*, p. 60.

2. Richards: *op. cit.* (cf. J. W. N. Sullivan: *op. cit.*)

The devotion of modern writers to the scientist is as complete as their acceptance of "scientific teaching" is unquestioning. To them whatever in the universe eludes scientific description is non-existent: matter is the only concrete reality: artistic values are illusory. Mr Richards is filled with "a sense of desolation and uncertainty, of futility, of the vanity of endeavour": Mr Bertrand Russell proceeds to build his "soul's habitation on the firm foundations of unyielding despair": Mr Aldous Huxley stands terrified before the pitilessness of African nature: novelists concentrate on the frenzied struggles of men and women caught up in the wheels of a ruthless, mechanized civilisation: poets proclaim with wearisome monotony the cry of William Watson,

" There is, O grave, thy hourly victory  
And there, O death, thy sting."

But these despairing conclusions of modern writers are for the most part unnecessary: more, they are entirely *unjustifiable*. The view that science reveals a purposeless universe composed of bits of matter bare of intrinsic value—a universe, therefore, which has no place for the intuitions of the artist—is based upon a complete mis-reading of science. The fact is that during the period that the artist has been busily engaged in ignoring or denouncing or coquetting with the scientist, the latter has been quietly growing—discarding many of his old beliefs and familiar guises and adopting a new outlook and a more sober mien. According to Professor Eddington, "Materialism in its literal sense is long since dead".<sup>1</sup> Even the conception of natural law which supplanted the old "accidental collocations of atoms" theory and which drives Mr

1. *Science and the Unseen World*, p. 32.

Richards to formulate his depressing doctrine, is quite definitely abandoned.<sup>1</sup>

Thus the attempt to reconcile art and science has resulted in the artist accepting materialism on "scientific" evidence at a time when science itself has unequivocally rejected it.

This problem, then, presents itself: on what terms is a reconciliation between art and science possible? Do the *new* foundations of science provide a basis for such a reconciliation? As far as an ordinary layman can discover, the recent developments in scientific thought do provide this basis and I believe it can be sought in two directions.

In the first place, the scientist no longer pretends to give a comprehensive picture of reality. For two centuries, the scientist endeavoured to define the whole of existence in mathematical terms. If any factor of experience could not be so defined, it was denied real existence. Newton's concepts of Space, Time and Matter were regarded as partaking of the nature of Reality: æsthetic and moral elements were ignored as non-existent, being merely the product of the mind. The Relativity Theory of Einstein insists that Space, Time and Matter are no more fundamental, but "derivative". Paradoxically enough, these concepts are now seen to be dependent upon the mind! Hence, the scientific method is one of abstraction: from the concrete fact of his experience, the scientist abstracts certain factors for the purpose of his science and neglects other factors. He is mainly concerned with the *universal* aspect of things; things are interesting to him, not for what they are, but for what they are

1. *Ibid.* pp. 31—36.

not; that is, for the other things to which they are related.

But Reality contains two elements of knowledge, the *particular* as well as the universal. The scientist, therefore, in attending only to the universal aspect is ignoring some vital element of Reality, and Scientific Truth is not the *whole* of Reality: it requires to be supplemented by knowledge of the particular aspect. Thus, "nearly everything of real importance to man lies at present outside science"—the utterance, not of a poet antagonistic towards science, but of a distinguished scientist.

Secondly, the discovery of the place of *values* marks one of the most tremendous steps of modern science. Until recently the dominant conception in scientific philosophy was that associated with the name of Descartes; and, though never stated explicitly, it still colours much of pseudo-scientific thought. The Cartesian doctrine assumed that bodies and minds were independent and entirely separate substances: bodily substances were therefore set outside the realm of values and they degenerated into a mechanism entirely valueless. The universe was "a structure of blind atoms to their habits enslaved" (Bridges) and aesthetic values were an irrelevant addition.

The revolt against the Cartesian doctrine has been signalled by Professor Whitehead.<sup>1</sup> He proposes to replace for the old notion of "matter" the concept of "organism", which he defines as "the realisation of a definite shape of value".<sup>2</sup> The universe is no longer regarded as "bits of matter bare of intrinsic value" but as an evolutionary process where "patterns of value"

1. *Science and the Modern World*.

2. *Ibid.* p. 241.

emerge. Professor Whitehead's investigation is at present highly technical, and we need not deal with it further. Its main interest here is that it regards values as inherent in reality and insists that unless due recognition is given to them, "the concrete facts of experience are distorted in the scientific analysis".

In two directions, therefore, science recognises the limitations of its knowledge. It requires to be supplemented by the knowledge of the particular aspect of things and of the values inherent in things.

It is my main contention that this knowledge is afforded by the artist. In Art, the scientific process is inverted and an attempt is made to understand the object from *within* instead of through its external relations. Art aims at revealing the value of fact and its method is to isolate the fact from the complex setting in which it is found in Nature. Every work of art—poetry, painting, sculpture, music,—is a monad, a wholly self-contained world which mirrors the universe from a unique point of view. To the artist, an object exists with a being of its own whose relation to other things, to causes, or effects, or laws, is altogether a subordinate matter. He is not concerned, as is the scientist, with the actuality of the fact or with its relations to other facts: his main interest is the *value* of the fact.

Thus it appears that while Science, by its method of revealing external relations, gives us the *truth* concerning facts, Art, by apprehension of facts in their entirety, gives us the *value* inherent in facts. Each offers a significant knowledge of Reality: the one by its concentration on the universal aspect, the other by revealing the particular aspect of things. But full understanding of Reality is reached, and only reached, when there is a union of Science and Art.

WILLIAM WILLSON.

## The Joys of Camping with a Canoe

OR

HOW WE ROUGHED IT IN THE WILDS OF CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

**I**F one desires to keep an extra night, the problem arises how to avoid the usually inevitable seven-and-sixpence which appears on one's College bill. This term we solved the problem with tolerable success; for on our applying for *exeats*, no sooner had we made it known that our intention was to camp, than the Senior Tutor, whose love of the Great Open Spaces may, by the most casual observer, be seen stamped upon his face, was immediately aiding and abetting us in forwarding our project. Mentioning that we possessed no tent, we were supplied with groundsheet after groundsheet from the innermost recesses of the tutorial sanctum. All was propitious for the enterprise.

The business of loading our boat was not the prosaic task that packing can sometimes be. Walking through the courts in shorts, an umbrella in one hand and a frying-pan in the other, one was almost glad that one's friends were not lined up for the occasion to say, "Bon voyage". "Bon voyage", however, without doubt it was.

Passing the lines of dreadfully immaculate and be-gramophoned punts, before we escaped from the civilization of the upper river, was only rendered brighter by telling our friends that we would not be back for a day or two, with that airy superiority with which, no doubt, Livingstone said "Bung-ho" as he waved good-bye and started on his maiden trip into the Jungle. However, the familiar haunts of Byron's Pool and Lingay Fen once passed, the crick in one's back and the blisters on

one's fingers were more than counterbalanced by the entirely new and charming scenery which met one at every bend of the river. Surely there is something in the experience which is missed even by the proud owner of the touring Bentley or Trojan. Something like eight miles of rapids and weedy pools having been navigated, we came to one of the most beautiful stretches of river I have ever seen. An avenue of chestnuts perfectly reflected in the glass-like water, with the grounds of a Tudor (was it?) Manor House running down to the bank, led up to the foam of a mill which seemed to mark our journey's end. However a minute or two's circumspect reconnoitring revealed a path through the miller's back garden by which we could carry the canoe and everything in it and dump it back in the river above the mill. This we did, expecting every moment a raucous bellow from some unexpected quarter intimating that we were trespassing; but the whole place was enveloped in funereal silence.

Since it was now getting dusk, one began to look about for a suitable camp site. The fields however were either under corn or inhabited by herds of cows or horses. Previous experience had taught us that it was impossible to pass a really restful night with the ever present expectation of a lowing heifer seeking to share one's pillow; so the only thing left was to retrace our (metaphorical) steps and seek fresh pastures; while one of us did this, the other ventured forth on land into the neighbouring village to find the milk and water for the evening meal, which was now beginning to take a central place in our thoughts. Having rejoined at the selected site we proceeded to make a fire out of damp wood. It was now ten o'clock, and the dew was falling, but after Herculean efforts, and with the

miraculous aid of partially green grass, a blaze appeared, and the frying-pan was parked. It is extraordinary how intense hunger amid primitive conditions will scrape off the veneer which civilization places upon us. Under normal conditions, our language is unimpeachable, our table manners a model of decorum. But now all was different. We were hungry—very hungry indeed—and the few eggs which had survived the journey, together with sausages which at another time we would have returned to the waiter with sickly murmurs of repulsion, we now consumed like the beasts which, we are told, our distant ancestors were. The suspicion that we had forgotten the tea with which to quench our raging thirst was voiced with horrid oaths, but demoniacal foraging in the bottom of the canoe revealed the missing packet, and with stuffed maws and pipes we relapsed into that contentment which only he who lives in the open spaces knows, when one draws up to the greasy embers of the fire and sinks into a coma brought about by smoke and repletion.

Of the night spent with heads under the upturned canoe, of the periods of wakefulness caused successively by the rising moon, the rising cold, and eventually and gloriously by the rising sun, lack of time, space and patience forbids to tell. These, and the desperate plunge into the chilly river, not too inviting in the early morning, are moments not to be recorded in print. They are things to be experienced for oneself.

W. B. WIGRAM.

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### Queens' House.

THE annual Whitsun camp was held in the Grove from the 7th to the 9th of June. The weather was perfect and the boys seem to have thoroughly enjoyed themselves. There were two excursions up the river, the first involving the use of an immense barge-like affair which bristled with oars and paddles and caused all the other craft on the river many moments of anxiety, and the second being accomplished by the most disgraceful overloading of Mr Sleeman's car. Both, however, passed off without loss of life, though the noises emitted by Mr Vanston, when having blissfully discarded all the conventional appurtenances of the bather, he discovered that he was in the presence of ladies, suggested those of a man convinced that his last hour had come. It was Mr Vanston, too, who summed up the general satisfaction by averring, (an alleged quotation from Horace) that it was good to be foolish in due season, and with that sage observation we leave the matter, pausing only to express the sincere thanks of the committee to all those many members of the college who helped in the running of the camp and who provided such generous hospitality to the boys.

J. E. L. N.

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### Gardening Notes.

ONE of the many good points of gardening is that it teaches one to look ahead continually and provide for the future. To achieve horticultural success one must always think out plans several months in advance. For instance, now is the time\* to set out small plants with a view to producing a gorgeous show

[\*By the time this reaches the reader, the propitious moment will probably be lost for ever.—EDITOR].

in the late summer and "back-end" of the year. For this purpose I have found as the result of nearly half a century's experience that amongst others *phacelia campanularia*, *nemophila insignis grandiflora* and *kochia tricophylla* are most effective. Few of my readers, I think, will be able to dispute this. Of course some prefer the simple pansies, violas, poppies and the like, but the true gardener requires something more ornate in nature and in name.

At this time of the year earwigs are the plague of the gardener's life. For the destruction of these pests the following is an improvement on the antiquated flower pot method:—Pour a little whisky into several saucers and place the latter in the evening at vantage points about the garden. The earwigs will congregate thereon and lap up the liquid greedily, thereby being reduced to a state of helpless intoxication. They may then be destroyed with ease, safety and humanity if one rises early before they have had time to sleep off the effects.

Slugs too and snails should be treated with severity, or their predatory instincts and voracious appetite will cause irreparable havoc. A judicious application of common salt to the caudal appendage will produce the desired result.

"What is the best way of dealing with vegetable marrows?" writes a correspondent. Personally I find the following method by far the most effective:—Prepare ground by digging and manuring thoroughly; insert the seeds in drills and when the seedlings appear thin out to nine inches apart. The plants will grow rapidly and gorgeous yellow flowers will appear. Presently the marrows themselves will commence to develop. When this stage is reached, immediately pull the wretched things up and throw them on the rubbish heap.

**EARTHWORM.**

**St Margaret Society.**

## MAY CONCERT.

**Q**UEENS' has so many advantages for the successful presenting of a May Concert that it is difficult to say that one concert is more successful than another; this year, owing mainly to the innovation of singing Madrigals in the Fellows Garden during the interval, the concert, if it did not surpass previous concerts, easily maintained the high standard set by tradition.

It was an evening never to be forgotten. The Grove was a fairyland of coloured lights and leafy shadows with the shimmering reflections in the river; then across the water floated the song of England's spring-time.

In such a setting as this was the actual programme given, and that it did justice to its setting a crowded Hall and Gallery bore witness. We must take this opportunity of thanking the performers, especially our visitors, who enabled us to present a varied and attractive programme. The guest of the evening was Mr G. T. Foxon whose superb tenor voice did full credit to his songs, particularly to Coleridge-Taylor's setting of "Onaway, awake beloved". It is not often that a tenor voice sounds effortless over its entire compass, but Mr Foxon is one who achieves this, and so enabled us to enjoy, as music, what often becomes painful vocal gymnastics.

We were very happy to welcome once more J. C. Smith and G. O. Richards, of Trinity Hall, who played to us a short piece by Wieniawski and the Handel

Violin Sonata in F. Their playing is masterly, as their performance of the Cesar Franck Sonata last year showed, and they have kept up their high standard.

J. F. D. Trimmingham is now an essential part of a Queens' May Concert and we are fortunate in still having him with us. His playing of Handel's Flute Sonata in A minor was full of vigour and depth showing absolute control of his instrument and sympathy with the music. L. J. Lloyd of Emmanuel joined with him and J. S. Dawes to play a Sonata for Violin, Flute and Piano by Loeillet. This work is full of charming contrapuntal writing for the Violin and Flute, and the players gave it a fine performance.

The Harpsichord has a charm all its own which frequent hearing develops, but even in a short group of Sonata's by Scarlatti, played by J. S. Dawes, it was clear that its merits were not only those of antiquarian interest.

Unaccompanied singing is becoming quite a tradition in the May Concert, and this year we had The Margaret Singers and a Male Voice Trio consisting of V. J. Sanger-Davies, J. R. Stevens and J. W. Poole. No praise is too great for The Margaret Singers, who are a body of singers who have caught not only the idiom but the spirit of the music they sing, and D. D. R. Pouncey must be congratulated on having instilled into them such an understanding of 16th Century Vocal Music. The Trio do not appear so perfectly happy in their interpretation, but their singing is pleasant and vigorous.

In conclusion we must thank the Committee for a very happy evening, which only their strenuous effort made possible.

## The Dial

## PROGRAMME

1. THE CHOIR ... "Summer is a-coming in" ... *Anon.*  
(circa 1229)
2. VIOLIN SOLO ... "Legende" ... *Wieniawski*  
J. C. Smith G. O. Richards
3. TRIOS ... "Since Robin Hood" ... *Thomas Weelkes*  
"Come Shepherd Swains" ... *John Wilbye*  
"The Ape, the Monkey and Baboon" *Thomas Weelkes*  
"In the morning" ... *D. D. R. Pouncey*  
(First Performance)  
The Madingley Singers
4. HARPSICHORD SOLO Sonata in D minor }  
Sonata in B minor } ... *Scarlatti*  
Sonata in D major }  
J. S. Dawes
5. TENOR SOLO "Onaway, awake beloved"  
(*Hiawatha*) *Coleridge-Taylor*  
Mr G. T. Foxon
6. SONATA for Flute and Pianoforte in A minor ... *Handel*  
Grave—Allegro—Adagio—Allegro appassionato  
J. F. D. Trimmingham J. S. Dawes
7. MADRIGALS .. "Lady, when I behold" ... *John Wilbye*  
"Dainty fine bird" ... *Orlando Gibbons*  
"Adieu, sweet Amaryllis" ... *John Wilbye*  
"Hodie Christus Natus est" *J. P. Sweelinck*  
The Margaret Singers
8. SONATA for Flute, Violin and Pianoforte in C minor *J. B. Loeillet*  
Grave—Largo—Adagio—Andante—Allegro  
J. F. D. Trimmingham L. J. Lloyd  
J. S. Dawes
9. DUETS  
"When, lo, by break of morning"  
"Sweet Nymph, come to thy lover"  
"Flora, wilt thou torment me?"  
"I go before, my Darling" } *Thomas Morley*  
The Madingley Singers
10. SONATA for Violin and Pianoforte in F major ... *Handel*  
Adagio—Allegro—Largo—Allegro  
J. C. Smith G. O. Richards
11. TENOR SOLO ... "Serenade" ... *Schubert*  
"Oh, Lovely Night" ... *Landon Ronald*  
Mr G. T. Foxon

J. S. D.

### The Guild of St Bernard.

**A**T the beginning of the term the Guild welcomed back the Rev R. G. D. Laffan.

There were three Masses and one meeting during the term. The Masses were held in Little St Mary's Church by kind permission of the Vicar. At the meeting Mr B. L. Manning of Jesus College spoke on "Obstacles to re-union with the Congregationalists". The offertories at the Masses were given to Queens' House, U.M.C.A. and J.C.F. respectively.

Two new members were admitted during the term, and at the election of Officers it was announced that J. J. Williams had been elected Chairman and L. A. Brown, Secretary, for the coming year.

Two members of the Guild were admitted to S. T. C.

C. CRICHTON, *Hon. Sec.*

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### Q. C. B. C.

**T**HE performance of the Boats in the Mays has shown a slight improvement on that of the Lent crews; but while the First May Boat showed early signs of promise, with five old May colours rowing, its effort in the races was disappointing indeed.

The boat was:

				<i>st.</i>	<i>lb.</i>
<i>bow</i>	C. M. Kidd	...	...	10	4
2	G. U. Hayns	...	...	11	7
3	E. W. R. Guymer	...	...	11	6
4	G. Gray	...	...	13	3½
5	C. A. J. Barrington	...	...	13	6½
6	A. G. R. Mooring	...	...	12	12
7	A. F. Martindale	...	...	13	2½
<i>stroke</i>	E. H. Burbidge	...	...	10	7
<i>cox</i>	R. D. Shorten	...	...	8	11

For the first fortnight of the term the boat was coached by Mr H. D. Pennington, of Caius. Mr J. B. Collins, of 3rd Trinity, then took over for three weeks, and in the final stage the crew was coached by Messrs A. B. G. Steven and A. S. Reeve, of Selwyn. The crew reached the top of their form a week before the races when some fast times were rowed. This was perhaps unfortunate as in the last week, and during the races, they showed definite signs of staleness.

On the first night, owing to an accident, we got a very bad start which lost us nearly a length, and consequently we were bumped by Caius. This sudden and unexpected misfortune rattled the crew badly and we were bumped on the second and third nights by Pembroke II. and Jesus II. On the last night the crew recovered some of its form to a certain extent and rowed over comfortably.

We should like to congratulate the Second Boat on their performance.

The crew was :

				<i>st.</i>	<i>lb.</i>
<i>bow</i>	J. J. Williams	...	...	11	3
2	E. E. Cattell	...	...	10	10
3	D. Bailey	...	...	10	1
4	B. Brandreth	...	...	12	0
5	J. E. Blanchett	...	...	12	2
6	G. S. Waller	...	...	14	1
7	A. W. Hart	...	...	12	4
<i>stroke</i>	R. G. Jackson	...	...	9	8
<i>cox</i>	E. H. Sibson	...	...	8	10

On the first night they bumped Trinity Hall III. at Grassy Corner and followed this up by bumping First Trinity III. at the Glasshouses. On the third night they bumped Caius III. at Grassy Corner and looked like winning their oars. However, on the last night they

failed to make any great impression on Clare II. and rowed over. The Boat was well together and improved steadily during the early stages; by the time of the races they were over their period of staleness and again improving. They were coached by A. G. R. Mooring and C. A. J. Barrington.

A third boat was put on the river and was coached by C. A. J. Barrington and G. Gray. It entered for the Getting-on-Races, but was knocked out by Sidney Sussex.

The crew was :

*bow* G. E. Kirk  
2 J. F. Cooke  
3 C. H. B. S. Shope  
4 F. G. Howson  
5 M. T. Terry  
6 H. B. V. Pryce  
7 D. H. Sconce  
*stroke* H. R. Sproule  
*cox* A. O. Barkway

As the performance of the First Boat in the Mays was disappointing it has been decided not to send it to Henley. Subscriptions, therefore, will either be returned in the course of the next few weeks or put into the standing Henley Fund according to the wish of the donor.

C. A. J. BARRINGTON.

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## O. C. C. C.

FROM the cricketing point of view the season has been very successful though from the results it might not seem to have been a good one. Our record of 9 matches played one won, five drawn and three lost does indeed look very unimpressive. But the fact that all the matches lost came round about examination time accounts for our defeats. Of the drawn games we had the best of the game in all except against Caius, in which the scores were 160 for 4 against 35 for 0. We had to scratch a large number of fixtures on account of the bad weather, and we were especially sorry not to have gone to Felsted and taken our revenge for last year's defeat. The Oundle match also could not be played owing to some misunderstanding of dates which had been fixed by our former Secretary E. J. Hutchings who unfortunately could not carry on his duties on account of examinations. The Bury match was again a very pleasant game and we only just failed to win on time after their eighth wicket had made a stubborn stand. The scores were 254 for 7 against 135 for 9.

The team was very strong in batting and we never batted to the last man in any game of the season, consequently some members had not a single innings during the term!

The bowling was good in patches and in H. S. Wigfield we had a very promising freshman all-rounder, who could make the new ball swing late both ways, but when the "shine" had worn off, most of the work fell upon the shoulders of J. D. Foster who bowled very consistently throughout the season and fully deserved the

success that came to him, for on several occasions he was very unlucky. D. A. Gray can bowl very well at times but could not give of his best because of an injury earlier on in the season.

The Freshmen playing this year were well up to standard and W. L. Davis will prove a very difficult batsman to dislodge when he becomes surer of his off-side strokes, for he has the making of a first class batsman. The report would not be complete without congratulating J. D. Foster on his Captancy; his work on and off the field made us a really keen team, and the results of his energy will probably bear fruit next year when all except B. A. Roberts and D. R. R. Pocock will be in residence.

The First XI. was: J. D. Foster (*Capt.*), A. B. Habibullah (*Hon. Sec.*), B. A. Roberts, D. R. R. Pocock, E. J. Hutchings, A. H. T. F. Fullerton, G. Brand, H. S. Wigfield, W. L. Davis, J. B. Trimmer, D. A. Gray, J. G. Boddy, the last three being half colours.

The averages of the team are given below :—

## BATTING

	Innings.	Not out.	Highest.	Total.	Average.
B. A. Roberts	4	2	70	146	73.0
A. B. Habibullah	8	2	100*	340	56.6
D. A. Gray	3	2	35*	49	49.0
J. D. Foster	5	1	62	142	37.2
H. S. Wigfield	4	1	61*	97	32.3
W. L. Davis	7	2	45	134	24.8
J. G. Boddy	6	1	33*	102	20.4
G. R. Brand	9	0	53	171	19.0
E. J. Hutchings	6	2	24	45	11.2
J. B. Trimmer	2	0	8	8	4.0
D. R. R. Pocock	0	0	0	0	—

## BOWLING

	Ov.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
G. R. Brand	28	4	89	4	22.2
J. D. Foster	107	21	364	16	22.7
D. A. Gray	41	3	135	5	27.0
A. B. Habibullah	22	1	112	4	28.0
H. S. Wigfield	58	7	234	7	33.7
D. R. R. Pocock	19	3	69	2	34.5
E. J. Hutchings	17	3	60	0	—

The Second XI. had quite a successful season and half colours were awarded to J. K. Maw.

The record of the Second XI. was : Played 8. Won 3. Lost 4. Drawn 1.

A. B. HABIBULLAH, *Hon. Sec.*

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## Q. C. L. T. C.

THIS year we were fortunate in having four old colours in residence, but were unlucky in winning no more than five out of our nine league matches. T. L. Rowan and A. J. Thomas were the most successful pair, Rowan playing consistently well throughout the term. C. E. Allen and R. G. Bullen playing as second pair and E. W. Ellison and W. B. Mumford as third met with moderate success.

The Second VI. captained by C. E. Foxon had a fairly successful season. Of the first year men R. G. Bullen was the most promising.

Next year's outlook cannot be regarded as bright. It is felt that the construction of a hard court in the Grove would greatly enhance the standard of tennis at Queens'.

Full colours were awarded to W. B. Mumford and R. G. Bullen and Half colours to E. Codling and O. E. Thomas.

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