

# THE DIAL

LENT TERM 1934

## CONTENTS

---

	PAGE
Editorial . . . . .	I
Fellowships . . . . .	3
Reginalia . . . . .	3
Floreat Domus . . . . .	5
To B. W. R. M. . . . .	5
An Editor's Plaint . . . . .	6
Queens' Bridge in Spring ( <i>photo</i> )	
Amazing Revelations . . . . .	7
Types . . . . .	8
Down, Wantons, Down! . . . . .	9
Blood . . . . .	9
Verse . . . . .	10
The Granta and the Cam . . . . .	11
Evening Incident . . . . .	11
The Mystery of the Blue Rhombus . . . . .	12
Simple Fairy Story . . . . .	16
Verse . . . . .	17
Appalling Depression . . . . .	18
Queens' House, Rotherhithe . . . . .	20
Timber ( <i>photo</i> )	
St Bernard Society . . . . .	21
Erasmus Society . . . . .	21
Guild of St Bernard . . . . .	23
Phoenix Club . . . . .	24
The Ryle Society . . . . .	25
The Science Society . . . . .	26
Chess Club . . . . .	27
Q. C. A. F. C. . . . .	27
Q. C. B. C. . . . .	28
Q. C. H. C. . . . .	30
Q. C. R. U. F. C. . . . .	31
Q. C. S. R. C. . . . .	33
Q. C. Eton Fives Club . . . . .	34
Q. C. Rugby Fives Club . . . . .	34
Correspondence . . . . .	35

# THE DIAL

---

---

No. 76.

LENT TERM, 1934.

---

---

## EDITORIAL

**W**INTER has gone, and the cheeky crocus mocks his going. Nature's new year has begun. The gaunt tracery of the trees will soon be clothed in the friendly green of Spring, and many a cruel scar will disappear in the Grove. The May Term lies before us, and "muddied oaf" must soon give way to "flannelled fool". Old Scudamore is busy patching leaky punts. We fondly dream of lapping wavelets, twittering birds, and drowsy summer afternoons, and already in our fancy our

". . . . sliding chariot staves . . .  
By the rushy-fringed bank,  
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank."

Too soon the vision will change, and stern Tripos will frown upon our vain deluding joys. Under the eye of grim invigilator we shall sigh—

“Alas! what boots it with uncessant care  
 To . . . . .  
 . . . meditate the thankles Muse,  
 Were it not better don as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neera's hair?”

This is a morbid thought. Joy is seldom unmixed with sadness. The last term has been a particularly happy one in many respects. On rugby-field and river the College has won outstanding success. But in the midst of our rejoicings it is meet that we should shed a tear for the passing of our magnificent lime avenue, which has gone to join the old walnut tree in that arborial paradise where ivy and dry-rot are unknown. It is unfortunate too that we shall miss our crocuses this year. They were planted a fortnight late, and will now waste their glory on the Easter Vacation.

There was some mention of a “Who's Who?” of the Magazine Committee this term. Unfortunately this has not materialised, perhaps because of the strategic advantage of the Committee, or perhaps because its members are completely colourless.

We shall continue to issue *The Dial* at the beginning of the term, rather than during the Vacation.

## FELLOWSHIP

ON the 27th January, 1934, Professor J. B. Buxton, M.A., F.R.C.V.S., D.V.H., was elected to a Professorial Fellowship at Queens'.

He was elected Professor of Animal Pathology in this University in 1923. His position as Director of the Institute of Animal Pathology includes the supervision of the Field Laboratories in Milton Road. His chief work consists in combating animal diseases. When he is not teaching in Cambridge, he spends most of his time travelling round the country, giving advice to scientists, animal breeders and farmers.

He is one of the principal figures of the College of Veterinary Surgeons in London.

## REGINALIA

QUEENS' men will have noticed the changes which have taken place on the Island. A great number of the trees in the Grove were found to be rotten, and had to be cut down. The whole of the old lime avenue has gone, and a beech avenue is to take its place. We have the consolation of knowing that two new trees have been planted for every single tree cut down.

\* \* \*

We learn with amazement that there are no less than 60,000 bulbs round the walnut tree alone. There are roughly 70,000 in the Grove.

\* \* \*

M. S. Bartlett (1933) has won a Rayleigh Prize for an essay on "Some uses of the moment-generating function in Statistics". This is one of the highest distinctions attainable in Mathematics.

\*            \*            \*

We congratulate W. J. P. Shirehampton on being awarded his Blue for Hockey.

\*            \*            \*

We also congratulate the First Boat Crew on winning their oars in the Lents, and the Rugby XV. on reaching the semi-final of the Knock-Out Competition.

\*            \*            \*

For the first time for three years it has been decided to hold a May Ball. P. B. Monahan is the Organizing Secretary. Applications for tickets should be made to the Hon. Treasurer, N. K. Hardenbergh.

\*            \*            \*

A. W. G. Kean has been elected to the Committee of the Union Society.

\*            \*            \*

We regret to announce that Davis, who was for thirty-nine years a porter of the College, died on Friday, December 15th, 1933, at the age of sixty-eight. He had to retire in the Spring of last year owing to ill-health.

\*            \*            \*

New books :

"Art in my Time," by Frank Rutter.

"The Nature of Mathematics," by Max Black.

We also notice the publication by the University Press of a study of "The Estates of Crowland Abbey," by Miss F. M. Page, based on the Rolls preserved in the College Muniment Room.

## FLOREAT DOMUS

*News of old Queens' men who have recently gone down.*

The date after each name is that of taking B.A.

*G. G. Mountain* (1933), Spanish master at Canford School, Dorset.

*R. Oliver* (1933), Merchants' assistant with Messrs Turner, Morrison & Co. Ltd., of Calcutta.

### ORDINATIONS

*G. L. A. Hick* (1931), to Bentley near Doncaster.

*P. L. C. Price* (1932), to Selby Hill near Birmingham.

## TO B. W. R. M.

I do not mind what people say  
About my hat,  
Or what they say about the way  
I wear my hat.  
It's mine, it's good enough for me,  
It suits my personality ;  
That being that,  
I'll never mind what people say  
About my hat.

M. O. D.

## AN EDITOR'S PLAINT

THE editor, wrapt in despair,  
As yet has received not a jot.  
It is painfully obvious talent is rare  
In this formerly erudite spot.

The sweat stands in beads on his brow ;  
Round his gills there are traces of white.  
There is only one way for the poor devil now,  
The whole thing himself he must write.

He fetches pen, paper and ink,  
And scratches his poor tortured head :  
He attempts unsuccessfully clearly to think,  
And finds that the Muses have fled.

O pity this poor creature's fate :  
His lot is heart-rendingly sad.  
Please send him an entry before it's too late,  
Or the man will go utterly mad.

G. W. T.



*Photo]*

*[P. E. Hadow*

**QUEENS' BRIDGE IN SPRING**

## AMAZING REVELATIONS

THE Editor slunk silently into my room. Taking off his false nose and beard he flung them in the corner, drained my whiskey bottle and sank into a chair.

Later, with three absinthes inside him, and a cigar between his teeth, he began to pull himself together. "It's about an article," he explained. "*The Dial* feels that it must keep up with the best traditions of modern journalism, so I am asking you to write up some amazing revelations about the College." "Thanks." This last remark referred to a long swig which he took from the bottle of absinthe. "We want, in short, a fearless, outspoken article."

"Fearless and outspoken?"

"Fearless and outspoken. Whoopee!" The Editor took a long pull at his cigar and replaced the lighted end in his mouth. He then tied the false nose round his neck, and put the beard in his pocket. "I disguise myself like this," he said, "because no one must know who wrote the fearless, out—excuse me—outspoken article. Whoopee!"

Outside my door was a crate of empty bottles. The Editor took this up in his arms. "Well, good bye, my dear, dear friend," he murmured, "We must leave you." I shut the door with a pained expression, as a series of thunderous crashes and the tinkle of glass told me that the Editor was going downstairs.

I mused for a while, and when I was thoroughly bemused, I sat down to write the article. I thought of revealing that the Dean was a dope fiend or the Junior Bursar a cocaine king. I planned a description of an opium orgy in the Senior Tutor's room. But

these were too usual, and besides, if they happened to be true it would be awkward for all those concerned. As my cigarette burned its way into the arm of the college chair, I heard a faint whoopee in the next court. What about alcoholism in Editors? The idea was a winner.

### TYPES

IF orange shirts, unshaven cheeks, and quite a lack of soap,  
Denote the clever undergrad., then I can only hope  
That orthodox untidiness, born of a cleaner school,  
And cheerful-hearted rowdiness do not denote a fool.

At times we see another type with neatly-parted hair,  
Cursing the Union cocktail bar. Thank goodness he is rare.  
While the huntin' shootin' gentleman, with riding boots of  
course,  
Is often but a hollow sham and never on a horse.

Most swollen-headed of the lot are those who only sing  
"Red Flag" or "Internationale," and not "God save the King,"  
Reville *The Times*, the B.B.C., and talk of "Trenchard's Men,"  
Scorn games and flicks, use walking sticks, and go to bed at ten.

But most of these misguided lads you're pretty sure to find,  
On growing more experienced will shortly change their mind.  
And turning from aesthetics to that common sense they hate  
Will all wear spats and bowler hats, as pillars of the State.

O. J. C.

## DOWN, WANTONS, DOWN !

“DROWN, drown,  
You plaguey rats !”  
And yet they live on water ;

“Down, down  
You wingless bats !”  
Their flight becomes no shorter ;

“Die, die,  
Sweet-lipped death’s head !”  
And yet with death it gloweth ;

“Fie, fie,  
Lank love-sick lad !”  
But still my passion groweth.

## BLOOD

THE fire cast a fitful red glow on the ceiling, and winked wickedly from a tankard on the bookcase. With every gust of wind the rain spattered viciously against the windows, and a loose pane rattled dismally. A vigorous game, a hot bath and a heavy haul, washed down with a pint of beer, had done their work. The light was out, and I had abandoned myself to the glorious buoyant sensation usually experienced when dozing in front of a huge fire. I was oscillating between consciousness and oblivion. Suddenly I was jerked into sensibility by a spitting sound, followed by a prolonged hiss. This continued intermittently. Though interested for a moment, I lapsed into apathy. The hissing ceased, and was replaced by a persistent

splashing. I turned my gaze lazily to the ceiling above the fireplace, and saw a stain gradually spreading over the plaster. I looked down at the hearth and saw a dark pool on the hot fender. My thoughts leapt to the room above, the room behind the screwed-up door. There might be something in the bedder's legend after all. My gaze returned to the stain on the ceiling. Was it really red, or was that due to the firelight? I tried to throw off my lethargy. I was like a man in a nightmare, chased by some indefinable horror, and unable to move. Was it red? I reached for the switch, and with my eyes fixed on the sinister pool I turned on the light. I laughed a little hysterically. The tension was relaxed. Leaping to my feet, I ran out of my room and up the stairs, past the screwed-up door. Flinging open the door of the room above mine, I peered inside. It was as I had thought. The man's kettle was boiling over.

G. W. T.

## VERSE

“ LA lune ne garde aucune rancune ”  
And this is doubtless true ;  
But all the same she might have shone  
When I walked home with you.

M. O. D.

## THE GRANTA AND THE CAM

THE Granta and Cam are by no means the same,  
Though common their banks and their waters ;  
They differ in purpose as well as in name  
For rejoicing their sons and their daughters.

The Cam's mighty tide is stirred up to its mud  
By the oars of an eight or tub pair,  
While its banks echo daily and blush at the flood  
Of abuse from the coach riding there.

But the Granta flows limpid past willow and lime,  
Where youth, in its summery dress,  
Lies in punts and behaves like the youth of all time—  
The river bank blushes no less.

Here's to you, bonnies all, whether you be the sort  
Who seek pleasure in sculler or eight  
Or in punt or canoe, may you taste of youth's sport  
Before the eternal too late.

M. O. D.

## EVENING INCIDENT

I STUMBLED up the heaving stairs  
And tripping over several chairs  
I crossed the room with wayward slouch  
And sank exhausted on the couch.  
The pictures mocked me from the wall,  
The ceiling seemed to rise and fall,

While in the corner stood a monk  
 In robes, who said "You sot ! you're drunk !"  
 But when I went to knock him down,  
 I found it was my dressing gown :  
 "I must apologize" I said,  
 And shook its hand and went to bed.

M. O. D.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE RHOMBUS

**I**T was my own fault. I should have provided myself with a decent map. All the paths in the Black Forest are marked by signs, and they appear on the best maps as chains of red or blue diamonds, squares or spots. My map was drawn to a very small scale, and only showed the main roads. When walking along the Rhine I had found it adequate, but in the Black Forest it was useless. For a week I had tramped in the company of Germans, who had possessed the better type of map. When I eventually parted from them I had only one day's march to go. It did not seem worth while buying a map for so short a time. The event showed that it would have been worth while buying half-a-dozen maps.

I was walking from Openau to Offenburg, little more than four hour's journey. Armed with the information that I must follow the blue rhombus, I set out, cheerfully expecting to be in Offenburg by lunch-time. For about a mile I followed the main road, which was lined with heavily laden apple trees. I laid by a store of fruit for light refreshment *en route*.

Suddenly espying the blue rhombus on a telegraph post, I turned sharply left and was soon toiling up a mountain path, which led to the Moosturm, a well-known look-out point. After about an hour, I came to a fork in the path, and, seeing no sign, I took the right-hand way. In half-an-hour or so I found myself going downhill, obviously in the wrong direction. I retraced my steps to the fork, and, pausing to pick a mugful of huge raspberries, I started on the left-hand path. In about an hour-and-a-half I was standing on the Moosturm looking out over the foot-hills to the Rhine plain beyond. The Rhine was a thin streak of silver, and Strasbourg a puff of smoke. In the dim background the Vosges could just be seen, like a bank of low cloud. Behind me lay a vast expanse of undulating forest.

Here my troubles really began. There were about five paths leading away from the Moosturm, none of which was marked by the blue rhombus. They all had sign-posts, but none of the names written on them appeared on my map. I tried them all one by one. Two hours later I was still on the Moosturm, completely mystified. Remembering my Boy Scout training, I calculated that Offenburg must lie approximately on a line between the Moosturm and Strasbourg, and by consulting my watch and the sun I saw that it was roughly South-West. Rashly abandoning the paths, I ploughed my way through the forest in this direction. I was very relieved to hear the sound of an axe about a hundred yards away on my left. The forester was able to direct me to a path, and following this I found my blue rhombus once more. After a lunch of chocolate, apples and raspberries, I resumed my march, determined to make up for lost time. For several

miles the path led straight on without branching, but I soon came to the inevitable fork. Here there was a sign-post, which bore no rhombus but did at least mention Offenburg, my goal. Unfortunately it pointed exactly mid-way between two paths which left each other at right angles. Again I chose the right hand one; again I was wrong. I followed it for about a mile, but finding no blue rhombus, I returned to the sign-post and took the left-hand path. Half-a-mile or so from the sign-post I found my blue rhombus. Whoever is responsible for putting up signs in this part of the world must have taken a fiendish delight in his handiwork. They are never where they are most needed.

I eventually found myself at the head of a valley. One path wound its way down the middle, and another disappeared over the brow of the hill on my left. By this time I should have known better than to take the right-hand path. It was obviously much easier than the other one and so I took it. I met a cheery looking peasant and asked him if I were on the right path for Offenburg. He burst into a flood of dialect, which meant nothing to me. I murmured apologetically that I was a foreigner. He looked mildly annoyed at my interruption, and continued where he had left off. I gathered that I was on the wrong path. He seemed to be saying that the other path divided again, but whether I had to follow the left or the right branch I could not make out. I thanked him, and made my way back to the right path. Finding the fork, as he had said, I again took the right-hand way and walked along the brow of the hill with the valley on my right. Hearing a loud yell from below, I looked down into the valley and saw my friend the peasant waving his

arms. I assumed that I was on the wrong path again, and resignedly plodded back to the fork.

All seemed plain sailing after that, but Fate had yet another blow in store. After walking steeply downhill for some time, I came to a road, and felt at last that Offenburg could not be far away. A little stream ran on the right side of the road, and seeing a pretty little bridge, I passed over it, and sat down on a boulder at the other side, taking this opportunity to tie up a blister on my right foot. Looking up, I noticed a sign-post pointing up the hill, and on the the sign-post "Offenburg—sehr steil" (very steep). I congratulated myself on finding the sign-post, because it was not visible from the road. I distinctly remember consoling myself with the thought that going down hills was much more exhausting than going up them. At the top I sat down and admired the view. Immediately below me was a fair-sized town. I began to smell a rat. Instinctively I looked up at the trees, and saw a sign-post pointing down the path up which I had come; on the sign-post the legend "Offenburg—sehr steil" (see above). I had a word or two with the sign-post, and started down the hill again. I now understood why I had not seen the sign-post from the road. It was meant for people coming down the hill, and for them it would naturally point down the road.

I sat down on the same old boulder, and tied up another blister. Offenburg was just round a bend in the road. As there were no more sign-posts and no more blue rhombuses, I reached my destination without further difficulty.

G. W. T.

## SIMPLE FAIRY STORY

**T**HERE was once a time when we were a very fine nation and we had a lot of Prime Ministers and they all made speeches and said, well, we have ships bigger than anyone else and we have more money than anyone else, and so they fought a lot of wars and won a lot of land and everyone was very happy. But after a time other people began to build ships as big as the Prime Minister's and make guns as well, and so we got tired of playing at fighting and the Prime Minister said, well, what shall we do instead. And so someone said, why couldn't we promise not to play at war any more, and everybody said, oh, that's a good idea, because we've none of us any money and we needn't do anything and everybody will be very happy. So they agreed to have a pact about it and everybody signed it. But somebody said, dear me, I don't think people ought to have guns if we are not going to play at fighting any more, so they said, well, we can stop the wicked people having guns, and we can say *we* won't, only of course we will, but they won't know, and everyone will be satisfied. So they signed a pact about that too, and everybody made speeches and said, we have now made the world a safe place and everyone else shouted, hoorah.

So everybody was very happy for quite a time and if anyone thought of anything they didn't want anyone else to do they said, why not sign a pact, and everyone said, yes, that's a good idea, and so they signed ever so many pacts and everybody promised to be very good but nobody believed anybody else so they always had to put it down in writing even though it was just what they had promised several times before. But after a time people began to get tired, because they couldn't all agree on the

rules and they began to say, well, after all, we used to have a much better time in the old days when we could fight one another and everything was much more exciting and in any case you can never trust what foreigners promise. And at last the Prime Minister said well we've tried this new idea for a long time and if we build a lot of ships and aeroplanes so that we have a lot more than anyone else we shall be able to stop other people fighting and if we do fight we shall be able to beat them, and we shall have a very good time. So everybody said now that is a good idea because if we spend a lot of money on them it will all circulate at home and we shall become very prosperous and *that* will be all right. But unfortunately a lot of other Prime Ministers had thought of the same thing, so everybody made a lot more things to fight with and matters were just where they were before. But then as they had a lot of things to fight with they said, well, we might as well fight, and so they did, and everybody killed everybody else and there was nobody left and everybody would have been very happy if they had been alive, because there was nothing to do any more and not even College Magazines to write for.

## VERSE

WHEREAS before I was content  
To revel in lighthearted wise  
My peace is gone, and devil-sent  
Were those grey eyes.

And yet I thank that devil; he  
Makes up for it occasionally.

## APPALLING DEPRESSION

“THEY'RE a special line I got in for you, my lovely creature!” said John in response to Peggy's remark about his cigarettes. The silver box lay on the floor in front of the fire amidst a debris of bottles, glasses, magazines, cushions and legs. John's sherry parties, inaugurated to brighten “the appalling depression of an English Sunday afternoon and evening” were, he realised, popular. All his guests knew each other, and by the time they had consumed three bottles of sherry any appalling depression was driven out of the room, where it combined with the rain to beat vainly on the foggy windows.

John knew that his guests had reached that delightful state when criticism of self or others is worn away, when a poor pun or badly turned rhyme is sufficient to set the company in uproar. Peggy's cultivated accent had gradually lapsed, but John did not care for it, and Peggy did not mind about it as she leant her head back on his knee. No one minded—that was the value of good wine and cigarette smoke.

“No more anything to drink,  
Leave those dishes in the sink ;  
What's to do about it ?”

The tune worked itself out and the gramophone stopped. Bertie Chadwick had been deputed to look after the instrument; he rose from his corner and picked his way across the room.

“Why's this record got a red label?” he demanded shrilly, picking one up.

“That's the precious life-blood of a master spirit, to show it's classical, you see” someone answered.

There was laughter, and Bertie cried: "Very well, ladies and gentlemen! I have pleasure in announcing that we are about to play 'Air for the G String', by the well-known precious spirit, Master Life Blood!"

John cried "Not that—now!" but it was lost in the laughter, ably led by Bertie as he shut down the lid of the instrument. Then across the thick fire-lit atmosphere came that rare melody; and whether it was the contrast to the previous record, or the compelling force of the instrument no one knew, but for a moment there fell a silence on the six revellers.

To John it was like a fresh wind on his face. He seemed to see a long windy avenue of trees, where the rain swept across from the sea. It beat coolly on his brow, and turned into the gale.

"Good Lord, the man who played this must have had St Vitus' Dance in his fingers, or a secret vice!" said Bertie. Everyone laughed, glad to break the silence and eager to follow up with a remark of their own.

John looked down at Peggy's curls on his outstretched leg. "Is this good enough, you chaps? Aren't we wasting something, all the time?" was what he imagined saying. But, damn it, he wasn't a hero in one of those pure school-boy stories. This was reality, this was enjoyment.

"O Lord, John's throwing a mood!" cried a girl. "Fill up his glass, Peggy, and comfort the poor young genius. And Bertie, take that bloody caterwauling off and put on some honest music!"

## QUEENS' HOUSE, ROTHERHITHE

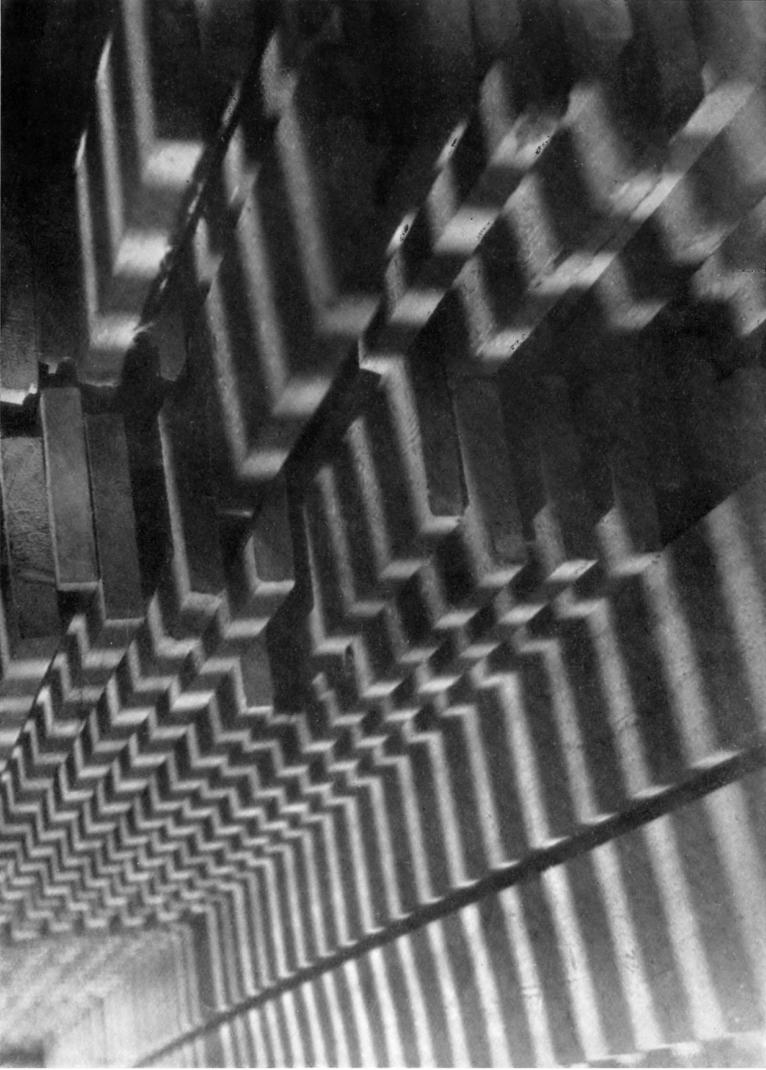
A PARTY of boys from the Club will visit the College during the Whitsun week-end and will camp in the Grove. Undergraduates should take the opportunity of visiting the camp and meeting some of the boys. The organisers are entirely dependent on the hospitality of undergraduates in inviting boys to meals. It is to be hoped that there will be as many offers of assistance as in the past.

The Summer Camp will be held at Brook in the Isle of Wight from Saturday, July 28th to August 11th. Mr Bache will as usual need the help of members of the college in the capacity of officers. Anyone who would care to attend, either for the whole or part of the time, should get in touch with the Secretary.

Our thanks are due to Mr Pater who is now devoting one evening a week to the assistance of Mr Bache in running the Club.

Mr Maxwell has succeeded the Dean as Treasurer. Our deepest thanks are due to the Dean for his twenty-nine years work in that capacity. Only those who have served under him can have any conception of the time and patience he has devoted to the interests of Queens' House.

J. S. LONG, *Hon. Sec.*



*Photo]*

**TIMBER**

*[R. N. Howard*

## ST BERNARD SOCIETY

Officers for the term were as follows:

<i>President</i>	...	P. E. HADOW
<i>Vice-President</i>	...	G. B. GOSNEY
<i>Secretary</i>	...	M. O. D. HAWKIN
<i>Treasurer</i>	...	K. KENNEY

IT was perhaps unfortunate that three quarters of the officers were active members of the boat club. At any rate, vain and persevering efforts on the part of the President to organise a Dons' Debate have been the Society's only activity this term. The officers much regret their inability to put before the College either a Debate or a Concert; contrary to custom, and consequent upon signs of a demand in the College, they hope to organise some form of meeting in the Easter term.

## THE ERASMUS SOCIETY

<i>President</i>	...	W. C. STOKES
<i>Secretary</i>	...	B. C. DENNIS
<i>Committee</i>		

T. G. BROWNE, B. F. F. CRANE, D. G. COX, R. A. F. WALLIS

THE Society has now virtually concluded its activities for the academic year, and can enjoy a secure retrospect. Particularly gratifying has been the excellent programme provided this term. Our guests have been the most trustworthy of authorities and their papers have all been on subjects essentially modern.

On Wednesday, January 28th, Miss H. G. Wanklyn was due to visit us; and the Committee had the honour of entertaining her to dinner prior to the general

meeting. Her paper—on “The Political Importance of the Universities of Central Europe since the War”—was received almost with reverence! And her story of the hard economic conditions under which Central European students laboured, was one indeed with which many of her listeners could sympathise. The chief points in her paper were the significance attached to the following by the Government of a consistent policy of repression and standardisation towards the Universities, and the Semitic problem, particularly in Eastern Germany, within them.

On Monday, February 26th, the Society welcomed Mr J. D. Ward, of Downing, who added not a little to the knowledge of those present through his paper—“Holstein and the World War”. Though his introduction had a decided inclination to linger, yet the unusual length of the whole paper enabled him to give us a really firm sketch of Holstein both as a man with a dominating, if mean, personality, and as a servant of the State—politician rather than statesman. Wielding great influence under Bismarck, and completely controlling foreign policy from 1890 to 1906 (in spite of his refusal of high office); a large measure of indirect responsibility for the Great War itself and for Germany’s isolation therein, must be laid at his door.

This meeting, incidentally, constituted the longest on record.

On Friday, March 9th, Mr C. R. Fay, of Christ’s, both enlightened and entertained the Society in a naive elucidation of “The Ottawa Agreements”. He concluded that they marked a well-timed “cashing-in” by England on Free Trade economy; and that, on the whole, they had liberalised English economic policy by transferring it from a national to an imperial basis.

This meeting, with its good attendance, was a fitting climax to a more or less successful term. And the Committee wishes to record its thanks to all who.....

Next term, the Society hopes to continue its previous traditions in the holding of an Annual Dinner—probably early in June.

B. C. D.

## THE GUILD OF ST BERNARD

**B**Y the sudden withdrawal of the Chaplain, the Guild was deprived this term of the member who, for the twenty odd years since its foundation, had been the only one permanently in residence, and in consequence the only unchanging figure in the Society for many generations of undergraduates. The confusion among the members at the beginning of the term was not inconsiderable, but our happiness has been restored by the acceptance of the Guild Chaplaincy by the Rev. A. R. Vidler, M.A., (Selwyn), of the Oratory of the Good Shepherd.

The following have been speakers at the meetings this term. The Rev. Gordon Childs addressed the Guild on the "Sacrament of Penance". The Chaplain and the Rev. F. H. Maycock (Chaplain of Sidney Sussex College) read papers, on the "Modernist Movement in the Roman Church", and "John Donne, Dean of St Paul's" respectively.

As usual the four Masses have been said for us in Little St Mary's. At the breakfasts, (like the Masses, very well attended), collections were made for the Cambridge Fruiting Campaign (14/6), Queens' House

(11/-), Y.M.C.A. (11/-), and Little St Mary's Church (12/1½).

F. E. LeGrice, D. P. Barnard, J. Sproule and P. Ralph-Bowman, have joined the Guild this term.

BERNARD KETT, *Hon. Sec.*

## THE PHOENIX CLUB

ON December 2nd of last year, a debate was held in B.3 on the motion "That this House would support strike action to prevent war", proposed by Mr Watson of King's, and Mr Beckingham, and opposed by the Dean and Mr Blow. Forty-three persons were present, and there were speakers from Girton, King's, and St Catharine's Colleges, as well as from Queens'. As a result of this debate, the Club was formed, and has since held two meetings.

The first, on February 5th, when Mr Maxwell took the chair, was held jointly with Girton Socialist Society, Miss Simpson proposing, and Mr Le Grice opposing, the motion "That Christianity has no place in the Socialist State", Mr Haward speaking third, and Miss Scott fourth. After a very lively discussion, the motion was lost by six votes.

Mr Potts was chairman at the next debate, on March 3rd, when Mr Loewe, Mr Northam, Mr Lewis, and Mr Abramson, were to have spoken on the motion "That it is better to be happy than wise". Illness unfortunately prevented Mr Loewe from speaking, but a very efficient substitute was found in Mr Elliot. The meeting rejected the motion by four votes.

H. C. BIBBY, *Convener.*

## THE RYLE SOCIETY

**T**HE Society did not throughout the term confine itself to one subject, but attempted to see three aspects of sin.

At the first meeting, held on Monday, January 29th, Dr Bouquet, the eminent theologian, gave a paper on the Origin and Conception of Sin, in which he showed the permanence of delegated spontaneity throughout the super universe; this free will suggested the existence of sin. Throughout Dr Bouquet emphasized the cheerful side of this system: on discussion the Society showed a marked tendency to see the gloomy one.

The next meeting was held on Monday, February 12th, when Leslie Newbiggin, Esq., late of Queens', gave a paper on the Christian Attitude to Social Abuses. They arose, he maintained, through autonomous worlds of economics and politics where the Will of God had no sway: all the Christian could do was to enter these worlds though hating them and serving God in them.

The last general meeting was addressed by Canon Raven on the Christian Standard of Sex Morality, on Monday, 26th February. The Regius Professor of Divinity said that the modern attitude had been transformed by the emancipation of woman, the existence of birth control, and the new psychology. These would he was sure lead the younger generation to a newer and finer ideal of marriage.

A business meeting was held in the Dean's rooms on Monday, March 5th, at which it was decided to arrange for next Michaelmas and Lent terms seven talks on comparative religion and a final summing up.

The meeting elected as officers for the forthcoming year:

*Secretary*: J. D. SPROULE.

*Committee*: The DEAN, Mr MAXWELL, the SECRETARY, A. G. REYNOLDS, E. L. DARTON, F. E. LE GRICE. H. W. ADENEY. I. B. BROWNE.

A. GRAHAM REYNOLDS, *Retiring Secretary*.

## THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

WE have had a very successful term, all the meetings having been well attended. The first paper was given by W. R. A. Taylor, on the subject of "Chromosomes". He made special references to the changes in plants arising from accidental alteration in their chromosomes, during growth. An easy method of cultivating double-size tomato plants was described.

Despite its awe-inspiring title, the second paper, which was given by Mr C. H. Westcott on "Observational Technique in Atomic Disintegration", was quite understandable to mere mortals. We learnt a lot about what goes on in the mysterious depths of the Cavendish, under Dr Searle's Lab.

The third lecture, on "Isotopes", was given by L. E. Price. At the last meeting of the term, we are going to have the paper on "Carotinoids", by Dr F. B. Kipping, which had to be deferred at the last minute last term, owing to the sudden illness of the lecturer.

W. N. BRONNER, *Hon. Sec.*

## CHESS CLUB

**T**HIS season, the promise shown by the Club last year has been fully maintained.

The results of the twelve matches so far completed have been favourable, five having been won, three drawn and four lost. We were, however, unfortunate in losing our match with King's in the first round of the Knock-out Competition.

A tournament run on the American system, which was organised last term, is still in progress.

A club tie, which has been under consideration for some time, has materialised during the term.

Two members of the Club have represented the University in recent matches.

T. L. HERDMAN, *Hon. Sec.*

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

**I**N spite of the excellent prospects last term for the "Cuppers" this year, we lost to Peterhouse in the first round by 3 goals to nil.

The match was played on our ground on February 9th and we were unfortunate to lose the toss, which was the deciding factor of the game. Playing against the wind, the side did well to keep Peterhouse out until they scored from a free-kick in the closing stages of the first half.

After the interval, however, Queens' did not take full advantage of either the conditions or of their opportunities: for, close on the resumption of play, we were awarded a penalty, which was unfortunately missed. Soon after this, Peterhouse increased their lead by two more goals.

Two changes were made in the side for the "Cupper". S. Andrew replaced Walters in goal and R. I. Porter came into the forwards.

The 2nd XI have on the whole had a very successful year, suffering few defeats. As usual a team was entered for the "Getting-on" competition and at the moment of going to press they have won the final and are waiting to play the Challenge Round.

Full colours have been awarded to P. Allen, J. C. Frost and R. I. Porter.

Half colours have been awarded to W. C. Stokes and A. Z. Nuseibeh.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing season :

<i>Captain</i>	...	F. BARBER
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	...	G. M. TINGLE
<i>Committee</i>	...	G. W. TORY

G. W. TORY, *Committee.*

### Q. C. B. C.

THE progress of the Lent Boats has been quite satisfactory this year. The First Crew gained their oars by making five bumps, the Second made two, and the Third Crew made three bumps and narrowly missed winning their oars.

On the first night the First Crew started second in the Second Division, and bumped Lady Margaret II. in the Gut. They then became Sandwich Boat and so started bottom of the First Division. They were again successful and caught Trinity Hall just round First Post Corner. On the next night they went up very quickly on Pembroke II. and registered their bump near the

Ditch. On the third night they bumped Peterhouse I. in the Gut. On the last night they had their hardest race against Jesus II., but managed to catch them at the Railings.

The Second Crew did not show much promise during training, as they did not get together in their proper order, owing to illness, until late in the term. They rowed well during the races, however, and succeeded in bumping Peterhouse II. just round Grassy Corner and Lady Margaret III. on Ditton Corner on the last two nights of the races. The first two nights they rowed over.

The Third Crew were unusually fast. On the first night Jesus V., who were in front of them, bumped First Trinity V., and the Third Crew had an excellent chance of making an over bump, but Selwyn III. bumped at Ditton, so they rowed over.

On the remaining three nights, they bumped First Trinity V., Peterhouse III. and Selwyn III., without ever going beyond First Post Corner.

We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to Mr F. M. G. Stammers who coached the First Boat.

## FIRST BOAT

*bow* J. R. Bigsby  
 2 M. O. D. Hawkin  
 3 T. G. Browne  
 4 R. R. Lack  
 5 P. E. Hadow  
 6 W. D. Cragg  
 7 B. C. Warner  
*stroke* J. C. P. Sloan  
*cox* D. K. Prior

*Coaches*—F. M. G. Stammers (Jesus)  
 B. W. R. Mooring

## SECOND BOAT

*bow* E. N. Bays  
 2 N. K. Hardenbergh  
 3 S. H. Langston  
 4 F. J. Pitt  
 5 G. B. Jackson  
 6 N. J. Blow  
 7 H. C. Wolskel  
*stroke* J. O. Ackroyd  
*cox* P. A. Missen  
*Coaches*—B. W. R. Mooring  
 R. S. Bickerton

## THIRD BOAT

*bow* A. C. Barr  
 2 J. M. L. Hole  
 3 D. V. Skeet  
 4 R. N. Evans  
 5 H. J. Downton  
 6 J. B. Browne  
 7 M. A. Collings  
*stroke* L. G. Huddy  
*cox* J. W. T. Lilley  
*Coaches*—G. B. Gosney  
 R. S. Bickerton

B. C. WARNER, *Hon. Sec.*

## Q. C. H. C.

<i>Captain</i> ...	W. J. P. SHIREHAMPTON
<i>Hon. Secretary</i> ...	L. A. ELLIOTT
<i>Committee</i> ...	T. M. BANHAM

WE take this opportunity of congratulating our captain on gaining his place in the successful 'Varsity side which defeated Oxford 4—1.

Once again many matches have had to be scratched, although the weather was not to blame in every case. A match had been arranged with Pembroke College, Oxford, but certain objections were raised by the authorities of that college, so that the game had to be cancelled.

At the beginning of the term the 1st XI showed signs of settling down into a well-balanced team; but these expectations have not altogether been fulfilled. Nevertheless, the eleven has been more successful than last term, as about half the games have been won. We have been fortunate in having the services of H. B. Parry, last year's captain, and his inclusion has considerably increased the scoring power of the team. Unfortunately

there was a general loss of form in the Knock-out Competition, when we lost to Christ's. The full eleven has been able to turn out fairly regularly, yet the combination of the team has seldom reached a high level. Nevertheless, the forwards as a whole showed more thrust, the individual play being very much better. The defence in general has been sound, but slowness in tackling has, at times, allowed the opposing forwards too much freedom.

The 2nd XI. has only been able to play about half the fixtures arranged, and the 3rd XI has been even more unfortunate. Both elevens have lacked combination, as the same teams were seldom able to turn out for consecutive matches.

L. A. ELLIOTT, *Hon. Sec.*

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

**T**HIS term has been a very satisfactory one from every point of view. The side which last term showed great promise, more than fulfilled expectations and developed into a sound team, which reached the semi-final of the Knock-out Competition for the first time since 1920. Against Magdalene, in the first round, we were nine points down after twenty minutes play, but won eventually by sheer team work. The feature of the play has been the splendid team spirit of cooperation of all members of the side. The forwards have packed remarkably well and have always been fast and clever in the loose. The backs if lacking in scoring power have always been determined in their running, and their defence has been above reproach.

Of the forwards P. B. Monahan and J. B. Williams have been outstanding: R. Fletcher and V. H. Holloway

have worked together very well at half: H. M. Scarr has shown us that he is a fast resourceful runner and A. C. Franks has distinguished himself by his magnificent tackling.

As the side includes eight freshmen and three second year men we may reasonably hope that next year will prove as successful as this.

Colours have been awarded to: J. H. Cooper, C. D. Anderson, R. P. Hendry, D. M. Harper, V. H. Holloway, R. Fletcher, J. Mellor, D. A. Sherriff, A. C. Franks, M. M. Scarr, W. G. Shaw and D. C. Horton.

Half colours to: R. L. Peel and J. M. Crozier.

W. M. WOOD, *Hon. Sec.*

### THE "CUPPERS"

#### QUEENS' v. MAGDALENE

Queens' 16. Magdalene 9

Magdalene, playing with a strong wind, quickly put on nine points from a goal and a dropped goal. Shortly before the interval Scarr scored a fine unconverted try for Queens'.

Immediately after the re-start Franks scored a try which was not converted. Queens' continued to press and Wood eventually crossed for Anderson to convert (11—9). For the rest of the game Queens' were superior and Monahan scored a try after a strong run by Harper. As Anderson converted, Queens' then led by 16—9, and this concluded the scoring.

#### QUEENS' v. CHRIST'S

Queens' 7. Christ's 0

Christ's were expected to win this round but splendid marking by the three-quarters and excellent covering by the forwards prevented a Christ's score throughout the game. In the first half W. M. Wood dropped a goal and ten minutes after the interval the same player kicked a penalty goal.

By defeating Christ's, Queens' entered the semi-final for the first time in the history of the competition.

#### QUEENS' v. ST CATHARINE'S. (Semi-final)

Queens' 5. St Catharine's 40.

Injuries before and during the game handicapped Queens' in this round. For the first time too, the forwards were well beaten in the tight scrums, but still played with much vigour and skill in the loose.

St Catharine's quickly established a lead of eight points, but territorially the play was very even. Queens' were unable to penetrate the St Catharine's defence, chiefly through lack of pace, but defended stubbornly.

In the second half St Catharine's increased their score by twenty-five points and Queens' only reply was a splendid try by Scarr, who beat several opponents after a clever run by Hendry.

The team for the "Cuppers" was:

R. P. Hendry; M. M. Scarr, W. M. Wood, W. G. Shaw, A. C. Franks; V. H. Holloway, R. Fletcher; P. B. Monahan, J. B. Williams, C. M. Dalley, J. H. Cooper, C. D. Anderson, D. M. Harper, D. A. Sherriff, J. Mellor.

Against Magdalene J. M. Crozier took the place of J. Mellor and against St Catharine's D. C. Horton took the place of W. M. Wood.

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

**A**T the beginning of the term a Knock-out Competition was instituted. A surprisingly large entry (36) was obtained, probably attracted by the words, "Handicaps will be allotted", on the list inviting entrants. As the form of only a few was definitely known, the giving of handicaps was problematical, but in spite of this the Competition has run very smoothly and the semi-final has been reached.

The club has drawn its team from those mentioned in the last report and has also been helped considerably by Monahan, who has improved to such an extent during the term that he has qualified to play in the final of the Competition.

As regards matches with other teams, we were perhaps fortunate in that the only one reported in the *Times* was one of the two which have been won this term.

Colours have been awarded to C. E. B. Pugh and W. T. Calvert.

It is still hoped that the College will soon have its Squash Court, but at present overwhelming arguments,

both on building and financial grounds, are advanced which effectively dispel any immediate hopes.

C. E. B. PUGH, *Hon. Sec.*

### Q. C. ETON FIVES CLUB.

**T**HIS term A. G. Reynolds was obliged to resign his position as secretary, owing to his work.

The membership list of the Club is still not as large as we should like, but we have played four matches, of which two were won. In the Inter-College Competition we were beaten by Caius in the first round.

M. STRACHAN, *Hon. Sec.*

### Q. C. RUGBY FIVES CLUB.

**T**HERE have been several matches this term, but as members of the Club have been occupied by the Rugger "Cuppers", Hockey, etc., it was impossible to get a regular team together. Consequently the outlook for the Inter-College Knock-out Competition was not too bright. However, the first round was won against St Catharine's, but the second round was lost to Caius. Our second pair did very well to get a game off the Caius first pair.

The College was represented by :

1st Pair. J. Vredenburg, D. M. Harper  
2nd Pair. D. C. Horton, J. W. F. Day

As no members of the Club are going down at the end of this year, there is every prospect for better success next year.

J. VREDENBURG.

## CORRESPONDENCE

*To the Editor of "The Dial."*

THE PUMP ROOM,  
BATH.

DEAR MR EDITOR,

I do hope that you will not think it is too rude of me to write to you. The truth is, I want to talk to you on a very delicate subject. The fact is, I have a son. What I mean is, it is not the fact that I have a son that is the delicate subject, but my son isn't clean. He was such a nice boy when he left school, all my friends used to say that he was a darling. And then alas, he went up to Queens'. He used to have a bath every morning, just before going to bed ; but this term he returned home and told his dear father and myself that he hadn't had one. Of course we told him what a naughty boy he had been, but he said that the two head masters were to blame because they had closed the baths at night on account of noise. We did not believe that, because we knew that there was a great deal of noise made by boys who were pretending to be drunk at night, without the head masters doing anything about it, and they would never shut the baths because of a comparatively small noise. But on making enquiries—*ever* so tactfully, we discovered that what our boy had said was *true*!

Of course, we would not dream of saying that the masters have not done quite right in preventing the little boys from having a bath at night, but we are worried about what will happen to our son. You see, if he is not allowed to have a bath at night, and yet is allowed to disturb everyone else in the college by shouting and singing in the courts to show everyone what a big man he is, we are afraid that he may get a false view of life.

But I have not had the great privilege of a University education, and I do not understand why it is so much worse to

have a bath at night than to behave like a drunken deck-hand, so I should be ever so grateful if you would explain to me.

I am, Yours apologetically,

A WORRYING MOTHER.

*To the Editor of "The Dial."*

DEAR SIR,

I note with regret a series of misguided, pseudo-scientific remarks, published in your last issue, on the subject of your new cover design. "Perhaps I may be allowed to draw attention to some inaccuracies which have unfortunately crept in."

"The sun-dial clearly faces South, and the direction in which it is being viewed is therefore roughly North—actually it must be about  $10^{\circ}$  West of North." As can be seen, however, not from the position of the style, the apparent inclination of which is liable to be misleading, but from a perusal of a plan of the College, this figure should be about  $27^{\circ}$  West of North. Further, the light is shining not from a high angle, but from a low angle, since in the former eventuality the shadows of the cross-bars would fall upon the sill, which they do not. Also it shines in a direction about  $17^{\circ}$  West of that in which the window faces. The light source is thus low down and due North-West.

Now whilst it is true, that in this part of the world the sun never sets less than  $65^{\circ}$  West of North, this is not true of the moon. By virtue of her large deviations from the plane of the ecliptic, the moon may reach a North declination of  $28^{\circ} 47'$ . Allowing an extra  $35'$  for atmospheric refraction at low altitude, the moon will set at apparently  $29\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  North declination, as against rather less than  $24^{\circ}$  for the sun. This extra  $6^{\circ}$  of altitude, operating in late August, when the ecliptic makes its least inclination to the horizon, is sufficient to delay setting until the moon is some  $44^{\circ}$  West of North. The picture is, then, perfectly accurate.

Finally, your correspondent's case, besides being based on two fundamental illusions as to the height and direction of the light source, is not even consistent. He implies that the picture could not be true in any part of the world. Actually a movement of the College a few degrees further north would suffice to render the casting of such a shadow possible, not only by the moon, but also by the sun.

THE MIGHTY ATOM.

## THE COMMITTEE

---

PROFESSOR A. B. COOK.  
C. M. SLEEMAN, Esq., *Treasurer*.  
L. J. POTTS, Esq., *Censor*.  
P. ALLEN.  
E. C. R. KAHN.  
A. HOOTON.  
G. W. TORY, *Editor*.  
J. R. C. KENYON.  
M. O. D. HAWKIN.  
C. F. BECKINGHAM, *Sub-Editor*.  
G. M. TINGLE.  
J. B. BROWNE.

The subscription to *The Dial* is 6s. 9d. per annum, inclusive of postage. All subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer. No copies will be sent out before the subscription is paid.

Contributions, which will be welcome at any time of the year, should be sent to the Editor.

Applications for copies, notices of change of address, etc., should be sent to The Clerk, Queens' College Office.

J. Hall & Son