

THE DIAL

MICHAELMAS TERM 1934

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Photo]

FALLS OF LOCHAY

[J. L. M. Hote

THE DIAL

No. 78.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1934.

EDITORIAL

THE Michaelmas Term is perhaps from many points of view the best term in the year. Examinations for instance are distant by what seems to be an infinitude of time. We hope you will not dissolve this blissful illusion by carefully calculating the number of work-hours there are in a year, how many pages you can read in an hour and therefore how many books you can read in the year. If you did you would probably discover you could read nearly 10 per cent. of the books your lecturers told you were essential.

Even Freshmen will probably not dissent when we say we think the Michaelmas Term is the best term—indeed how can they? Freshmen have no doubt had a good many delusions dispelled. The popular misconception—Hollywood-bred—that life in a university is simply a succession of fast cars, frequented bars, faster women and more frequent rags takes little time to disappear, if it ever did so appear. A Freshman will

at least have discovered how tolerant a university is and it is fitting that it should be. Is there anywhere in the world where such different types live in such close proximity? Is there any town in the world in which there are so many worlds, different worlds, worlds which are so near to each other in space, so far from each other in fact. One world is in ecstasies because it has just destroyed the indestructable atom, another because it has just reconstructed some forgotten phase of the past, another because it has just proved its latest theory, and yet another because it has just disproved the latest theory but one. Do we smile as we hear the two greatest authorities on a subject formulate two different theories or deduce two different facts? Perhaps we do just a little, but only because we know that they too find time to smile at their own revolving world.

We do not feel quite so sure now that the Michaelmas Term is the best in the year. Perhaps the Lent Term is a better term or the Easter better still. Perhaps it just depends on the way you look at things.

* * *

The Dial Committee on the recommendation of the Treasurer has decided to reduce the price of *The Dial* from 2/3 to 2/- per copy.

REGINALIA

MR E. A. Maxwell took his Ph.D. degree on
December 1st.

* * *

Mr Goldby has been appointed a University Lecturer
in Anatomy.

* * *

The Boat Club is to be congratulated on the victory
of its entry in the Clinker Four Races.

* * *

R. C. Spalding won the 100 yards race in the Fresh-
men's Sports in 11 seconds, and was placed third in the
Quarter-Mile.

* * *

R. O. Gordon was placed third in the Three Miles.

* * *

M. M. Scarr won the 200 yards Open Handicap from
scratch in 21 seconds, and was chosen to run in the
Relay Races against Oxford.

* * *

H. O. Rodgers was chosen to run in the Cross-country
Race against Oxford.

* * *

We are asked by a member of the College, Mr Donald Livingstone Macdonald, who took his B.A. in 1922 and his M.A. in 1926, to announce that a Donald L. Macdonald who was found guilty on 11 August, 1933, of obtaining a post as temporary physics master at the Sloane School, Chelsea, on false pretences, is in no way connected with him. The false pretence was that he was a graduate of Cambridge University.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE PORTER'S LODGE AND STAIRCASE E.

DURING the Long Vacation some important reconstruction was carried out on E staircase. A new stairway was built, utilizing the square turret on the Queens' Lane side; the approach to the rooms was thus greatly improved, and the sets were modernized and some of them entirely remodelled. Lavatories and wash-basins were installed in the basement. At the same time a new and spacious Porter's Lodge was constructed on the north side of the Gateway; and the old Porter's Lodge was converted into a cloak-room for members of the College approached from the Gateway, and a Ladies cloak-room approached from A Staircase.

The entire work was planned and supervised by Mr G. C. Drinkwater and a number of interesting facts are to be found in his report of the work. He writes: "Although it is faced with brick it would be hardly fair to call Queens' a brick college, for the walls, where they were cut through to form windows, were found to be built almost entirely of clunch, and were only faced with $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. brick, apparently in old English bond,

but with all headers cut and nowhere bonded into the clunch, the only connection between the two materials being the very fine lime mortar. The turret is definitely an afterthought for its gin. side walls do not bond in to the main wall face. How long after the main structure it was added is a matter only for conjecture, but it was probably not long. At one time it contained on the ground floor a baker's oven with vaulted ceiling and two flues against the outer wall, but whether the turret was built to house the oven or was put to that use at a later date it is impossible to say".

Mr G. C. Drinkwater himself painted the figures on the roof of the Gateway. Of this he writes: "The vaulting of the porch is a very fine example of late perpendicular work carried out in clunch and divided into two bays. At every joint of the ribs are carved bosses, the central ones of each bay representing St Margaret and St Bernard respectively. St Margaret, wearing a crown, stands on a dragon into whose mouth she thrusts a sword, part of which is now destroyed. The background to the figure is a design of oak leaves and acorns. St Bernard holds a crozier in his right hand, a book in his left. The remainder of the bosses consist of Tudor roses, lilies, oak, ivy and vine leaves, with other conventional leaf designs."

"It was decided to wash the whole of the walls and vaulting with distemper to the colour of the new Ketton stone used in the windows and doorway of the new Porter's Lodge, and to pick out the bosses with gold leaf and oil colour. The colours used are malachite green, the oldest and most beautiful green on the palette, for the leaves, ceruleum for the blue of St Margaret's robes, and Chinese vermilion for the Tudor roses."

FLOREAT DOMUS

News of old Queens' men who went down in 1934

J. O. Ackroyd is a member of the research staff of the General Electric Co., Ltd.

P. Allen is to be congratulated on being placed first in the Home Civil Service Examination. He is at present working at the Home Office.

S. Andrew is a Schoolmaster at St Helen's College, Southsea.

E. W. Brittain is with Boots, the Chemists.

L. H. E. Bury is in the investment department of an insurance company in the City.

D. T. Casson is studying for Ordination.

J. H. Cooper is in the County of London Electric Supply Co., Ltd.

O. G. Curl is a Medical Student at St Bartholomew's Hospital.

J. Drummond is seeking reeducation on the Tigullian Gulf.

D. A. Findlay is a 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Army Service Corps.

P. E. Hadow is an Assistant Instructor in a coaching establishment for potential army officers. He is at present in the Supplementary Reserve.

A. Hooton is reading for the Bar at Gray's Inn.

E. Kahn is an Economist in the Export Credits Guarantee Department.

A. P. Kitchin is a Medical Student.

J. W. T. Lilley is a Solicitor's Articled Clerk.

S. A. Malins is a Schoolmaster.

P. B. Monahan is a Schoolmaster.

P. V. Ormiston is a Sales pupil—for service abroad—with the British-American Tobacco Co.

G. R. C. Peatfield is a Medical Student at the London Hospital.

R. J. Porter is an Additional Mathematics Master at Stretford Grammar School.

C. E. B. Pugh is a Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, posted to the 4th Company.

W. L. Seaborne has been appointed an Assistant Master at St Bartholomew's Grammar School, Newbury.

J. C. P. Sloan is teaching at a Preparatory School.

J. E. Steel is apprenticed to the British Thomson-Houston Company at Rugby.

B. J. E. White is apprenticed to the Metropolitan-Vickers Electric Company at Manchester.

J. B. Williams is training for a Diploma in Physical Training.

E. A. Youatt is teaching at the Cambridge and County High School for boys.

TO TAGORE

You make a music of all things you see :
A cowherd loosely sprawled beneath a tree
Is sung immortality.
There where he sleeps and dreams
The morning sunlight gleams
And the small willow softly trace
Patterns upon his face.
You sing rude peasants in their mire, nor gloss
Their uncouth ways with comfortable speech ;
You reckon their small gain and infinite loss,
Consider them, nor preach ;
Souls robbed of loneliness and light, flung down
By circumstance to weave Earth's harvest-crown.

True poet of our people, proud to sing
Of various life, and aims
Diverse ! frank prophet of an age
That too much glory for its folly claims !
Acceptor of the gaze
That ugliness will ever proudly fling
At dreamer's feet ! Passionate, yet serene,
Your songs pulsate with beauty, nor alone
The beauty of fair surfaces, forms seen
Contentedly by eyes that light to grace
And cloud at a marred face ;
But the thwart loveliness in meanest things,
The stifled music in the harlot's moan,
The restless beat of unavailing wings,
The still lute's ruined strings—
These, these you make your own.

B. DHINGRA.

“ONE MAY SMILE AND BE A VILLAIN”

THE matter began in a trivial way. He had thrown my precious glass of white wine full in the face of our venerable head waiter on Bump Supper night, and whether it was to see such dignity outraged or such waste of good liquor I cannot remember, but thenceforth I knew I could never like the man. Do not imagine that I hated him for this. No, many were our happy outings afterwards and many times did we drink each other's health after a particularly strenuous outing, or with less excuse; many times did we face each other in Hall and politely proffer vegetables; but all the while there was stirring, like a cankerous growth gnawing at the very vitals of my brain, the insidious desire to be rid of him and his hearty well-meaning demeanour. Wisely I endeavoured to suppress such festering thoughts. How I struggled and strove to feel towards him as I felt towards my other colleagues. What efforts it cost me to restrain myself; and in part I was successful. We lived at peace.

Then came the races. By now he had risen to a position of lofty authority, while I struggled lamely in the most junior boat. The continual activity owing to the many distractions besides rowing gave my thoughts little opportunity to brood on him. Flushed by the unexpected success of our humble crew, I went down half hoping, and half believing it possible that when we again met, we should meet on terms of sincerest friendship. Do not imagine that our relations were not cordial; to the casual observer, and indeed to many of our mutual acquaintances, they were warm and understanding. In that lay, as time was to show,

my immense power over this loathsome insect, though clothed he was in mighty form.

Months passed, and we regathered and were soon enjoying the usual routine. My old passions, so long dormant, again stirred within me. How I hated his jovial attitude, his kindly criticism, his confidential stories, his invitations to tea, his very existence. How I longed for the time when entering the Boat House I should not find him already in possession, and eagerly making way, and when I wished to use a fixed tub, it would not have to be he that jumped out and so graciously relinquished his seat. I could have forgiven all these, but not the one hideous crime of negligence, too odious to set to paper, which delayed me of my proper and time-honoured due, and caused the fire of passion to burst forth and burn again within me with a roaring, seething flame. But he, in his sublime ignorance, saw it not.

Then, as a flash, the Idea came to me. At first I rejected it. It would need too much preparation. I could not bear to wait so long. It might not bear fruit. It was impossible. Worst of all, it might half-fail. Many were the times when it came to me as a spectre of the night as I lay tossing on my sleepless bed; many the times when I saw it in the foaming bubbles of the river as I spurned them with my oar. Gradually, however, the conviction that it would succeed possessed me. I no longer saw it as a vague idea, but as a cold fact that needed only time for realisation. Spurred on by the feeling of suspense, and the desire to be once and for all free of the whole matter, I craftily considered the details.

With a disarming smile on my face (how carefully had I schooled myself to behave when with him) I

approached him one day and casually enquired of his sculling. In this sport he had always been outstanding; but lack of practice in view of the energies required for rowing proper had cramped his form. Nevertheless he gaily welcomed my suggestion that he should compete in the races, soon to be decided. Even more gladly did he accept my offer to coach him, and the next afternoon saw us engaged on our task.

I was as a man inspired, and no pupil more apt than he could have been found. Assiduously did he practice, and carefully did I coach him. At first he had but little confidence in me, owing to my humble rowing position, but gradually I convinced him that in every way I was to be trusted. Under my guidance he improved out of all recognition. His form was so outstanding that soon his fame had spread the length of the river, and mine too was not without mention. Carefully did I train him, allowing no one else ever to take a hand, so that, as the races drew near, it was as if both of us were to participate, he in the flesh, and myself in the spirit. Not a mishap did we have, and two days before the race he created an unofficial record for the course. How great a satisfaction this was for me! How much that evening and the following day did I gloat over the fact; and how much did I congratulate him and assure him that his task would be easy. So much did I alleviate his natural uneasiness, that it was with an almost unprecedented calm he prepared himself for the start of this, the greatest race of his life.

The course was the usual Colquhoun one, though sculled in the reverse direction owing to the unusually heavy stream that was flowing. Steady rain was falling, and no one was about except the contestants and their coaches. The issue of the race was never in

doubt. His challenger—for my pupil had won the race the year before—was no mean sculler, but he would have had to be supreme to have beaten the combination we presented; urged on as I was by my all-powerful Idea, nothing could have withstood us. But I was taking no risks. How carefully did I pilot him round Ditton—at which a good hundred yards had been added to his lead—not too wide, and not so close as to strike the shallow water (what hours I had spent studying this river)—it was a masterpiece of guidance and response. Even more remarkable was the skilful way we pulled round the interminable Grassy, never needlessly losing an inch of ground. First Post was a repetition of Ditton—never once did he stray from the ideal course my diabolical power was setting him. Well he knew this and great was his appreciation of my efforts. But the gruelling race was taking toll of even him, and his actions were mechanical. I urged him to greater efforts, and so implicit was his faith in me that even then he answered to the call.

I felt the surge of mastery within me as we sped down the Ditch, our opponent not yet having rounded First Post, and as we entered the final straight I knew victory was mine. I implored, begged, cursed a final effort out of him. He turned a pitiful white face, with eyes that did not see in my direction; and how I thrilled at his agonised glance! But I heeded it not. I gave him a ‘ten’.....another ‘ten’.....and yet another—even his mighty efforts were flagging. I shouted whispered, besought, cajoled.....‘Not much farther now’, I cried, ‘not much farther.....’. Too exhausted to resist, his faith in me triumphed and a further burst of encouragement from me brought a final phenomenal spurt. Little did he reckon where he was. Even my

heart, hardened by the continual repression of my wonderful Idea, faltered as he neared the end. But the knowledge that naught could stop him lifted me on a wave of exaltation.

Then with but two yards separating him from his doom he realised his awful position—how I had gulled him, deceived him, and how now he hovered on the brink of Baitsbite weir. How frenzied were his efforts to stay his all too rapid progress! But arms that were exhausted could do little to arrest his headlong flight. One soul-shattering glance he gave me, and then his frail craft plunged into the seething pool beneath. I cannot forget the look of horrified surprise and childish wonder in his eyes, and the thought of it is drawing me to that bubbling pool, that creamy, frothing bubbling pool.....

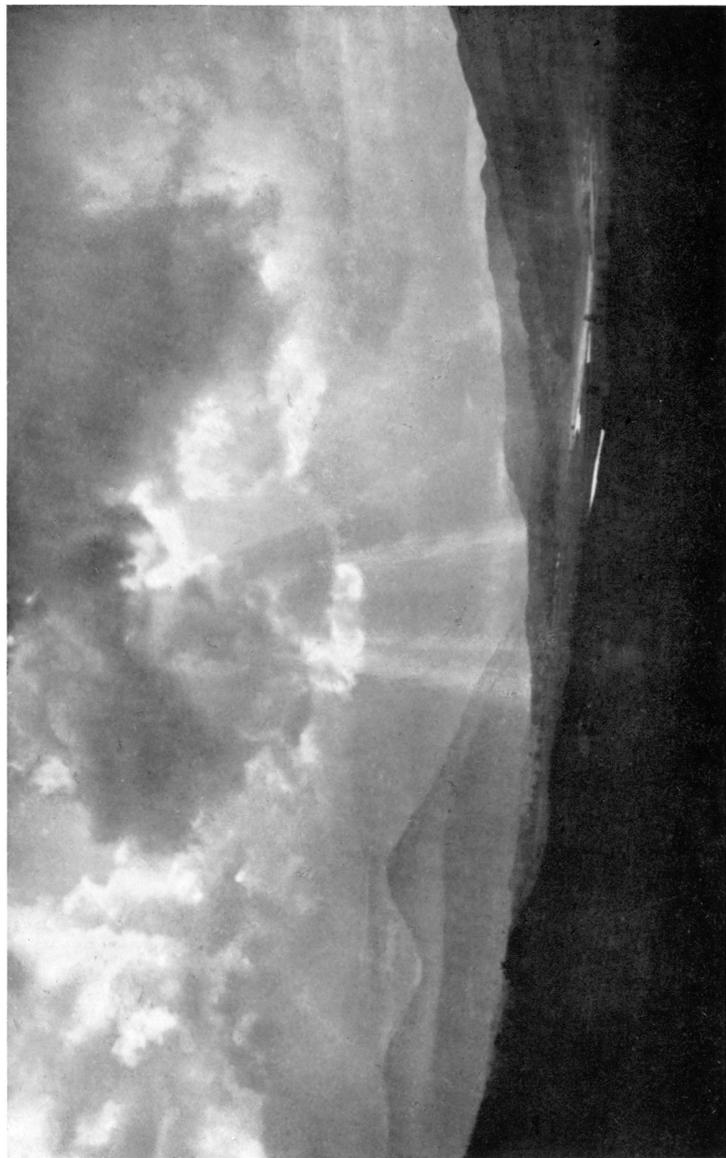
T.

PRIDE

DRUNK with free-will, drowsed in his pride of power,
 Man cried, "I will not serve Thy heavenly need!"
 God hid his dauntless patience in each flower,
 His hope in every seed.

"I will not serve Thee!" . . . startled echo ran
 From star to star and filled the hollow night.
 God answered the tempestuous voice of man
 With silence on the height.

B. DHINGRA.



Photo]

STORM CLOUDS IN GLEN DOCHART

[J. L. M. Hole

POEM

Tox with it, sacrilegious fiend,
Before you throw it in the fire.
Trample down those memories in the mire,
And stamp upon the one on whom you madly leaned.

Falter not! drawn your memory's cries—
Complete the massacre you've made.
Time will ease your conscience; old senses fade.
Forget the grief-dug sepulchre wherein she lies.

Think not of how you vowed her true
Until she gladly risked her heart,
Sighing contentment till your foul dart
Slew her who thought she had a sanctuary in you.

Wait no longer. In the fire hurl
That helpless token of past days.
Go your way; and from your memory rase
The horror of burning a dead love's curl.

W.

TIMOR CUERNO

TIMOR PIETRE liked all unusual things but especially was he moved by colours; indeed his earliest memory was of some tomatoes in the afternoon sun, which shone ruddily in the gloom of the kitchen in which he was playing.

As he grew older this liking for colour was shown in his choice of clothes so that the village nick-named him, "Timor Cuerno," or Timor-the-coloured, but his father encouraged him to wear whatever took his fancy for he said it was far easier to tell where his flock was if Timor should wear a coloured coat.

As soon as he was seven years old Timor had begun to herd his father's sheep, for old Gregori Pietre had lived in the village of Sonnenzio all his life and had inherited the flock from his father and was determined that it should continue in his family; furthermore there was no reason why Timor should want to leave so fascinating a place as Sonnenzio. The village was perched high up in a pass on the Italian side of the Dolomites and was known even in Milan for the excellence of its cheese and butter; the slopes of the mountains were covered in sweet, thick grass during the spring and summer and the herds wandered far afield to find good pastures for the numerous flocks. It was a hard and dangerous business to shepherd a flock safely over the high passes and across the steep, moraine strewn slopes of the mountains, and nimble footed as the goats were, they sometimes fell into places where the herd boys had to be lowered to rescue them.

Timor used to be very glad when his turn came to mind the flocks since it meant that he would probably be away for a week, wandering where his fancy took

him, exploring new things as much as finding new pastures. Especially did he treasure up in his mind impressions of the beautiful things he sometimes saw, a clearing of the mist on Monfalone which had shown him the multi-coloured intricate pattern of the hills and valleys, the fields and villages, of the plain stretching away to the distance, or that never-to-be forgotten time when he was pasturing the flock on the slope above the waterfall on the Pia Manelta and the setting sun had struck the fall to gold and silver fire against the dull green background of the mountain, and the darkening evening sky in which the first faint stars were beginning to appear.

Then, all in a moment, when he was nineteen, there was a rumour which swelled to a certainty, that Italy was at war with Austria; and in the frightened village men packed their goods and prepared to leave their homes before they were destroyed; troops began to pass through; trenches and barbed wire appeared and those houses facing across the valley to the Austrian frontier, were turned into machine gun posts. So one evening old Gregori and Maria his wife, accompanied Timor to the road where they blessed him and having kissed him went back to the village crying heavy tears of grief, for Timor was going to enlist.

At first Timor hated his new life with the passionate intensity of a young hawk which has been free to range the air and is caught and caged. He was put into the Bersaglieri because of his mountain training and he hated his tight new uniform, the strict discipline and wearying exercises, and he was not at ease among the other men, being shocked at their drinking and stories. But gradually he became more used to the exercises and took a delight in his uniform because it made all

the girls smile at him ; then one night he became drunk and although he was sick next morning, it marked the end of his uncouthness and he began to find his level among the other men of his company.

When the first snow fell his regiment was ordered up to the line on the Tsonzo sector and he eagerly looked forward to being under fire for the first time. All was quiet, however, except for an occasional shell bursting far behind the lines, for the first few days ; then one morning his platoon was standing to and he had turned to speak to the man next to him, his mouth was opening when there was a sharp hiss ending with a dull thump and the man shook all over as though he had St Vitus's dance, and crumpled to the ground the blood pouring from his throat ; before Timor could bend down to help him, the barrage started and there was no time for anything but the enemy.

That was the first of many hours of nerve-wracking, flinching, desperate forcing of his unwilling body to perform the commands of his mind and when the regiment was relieved to reorganise and recruit, he found himself a Lance Corporal. Timor had carried his love of colour with him into the army and always wore a brilliant coloured vest beneath his tunic, he had already been cautioned about letting it show as it would inevitably attract the enemy to his position.

After a little time the Battalion of which Timor's company was a unit, was moved to Goriffia to act as a reserve counter attack battalion for the Carabinieri, who were to try and assault the Austrian post on Monfalone. The attack had been timed for three a.m., but the advancing Carabinieri were held up by an unsuspected land mine and since the Italian artillery

ceased fire at a pre-arranged time, the Carabinieri were exposed to a withering machine gun fire which caused enormous losses. The Austrians then launched their counter attack just as the sun broke through.

Timor, in his hurry had forgotten to do up his tunic and was vainly endeavouring to hold his portion of the trench with a few men and a machine gun. The gun jammed and he flung himself forward to see to it: it was fatal, his brilliant red vest caught the sun and he was immediately seen and hit twice in the chest. Timor felt two tremendous blows which knocked him backward to the bottom of the trench and an Austrian captain who had been leading his men was hit and staggering over the parapet, dropped on to Timor shooting him a third time as he fell across him. Through a haze Timor saw his men fighting madly only to drop one by one until the trench was empty and the attack had passed on.

He tried to move but it was impossible and he felt strangely detached as he grew weaker. He realised he was dying and scenes flashed across his vision, the sunset the previous evening, the glare in the eyes of the first man he had shot, the vision of the snow coming down on the village, gradually merged into a whirl of confused movements, until suddenly he saw quite clearly and calmly the silver waterfall under the Pia Manelta with the green mountain and the darkling sky behind it, and for a moment of absolute silence he seemed to hear the tinkle of the bells as his flock moved, then his tense body relaxed and he was dead.

D. C. H.

THE WAYS OF LOVE

THE ways of Love are the ways of the world, and the ways
of the winds therein,
That blow from the East and the South and the North on the
sands of the Sea of Sin,
Down from the North like the Tempest, up from the East like
the Day,
Out of the South like Summer—O whither and whither away?
Lust in the eyes of the morning Sun, Love in the songs of the
seas,
Power in the wind that blows from the North—O whither and
whither go these?

When Sunrise 's forgotten
And Summer is past;
When Tempest has ended
The Sun sets at last.

In a magic more glorious;
In a grandeur divine;
In a silence that whispers
"For Eternity—Thine!"

When lust is old and rotten;
When Pride is a thing of the past;
When the dead Desires are forgotten;
The Love of the West shall last.

F. K. FORRESTER.

LET HIM THAT READETH
UNDERSTAND

I HAD always liked old Pringle in a lukewarm sort of way. We didn't have much to do with each other normally, but now and then we would sit next to each other in lectures, and he could usually be relied upon, if the lecturer was amusing unawares, to catch my eye and answer twinkle for twinkle. He had lived above me for a year when he went down for his first long vac., and there was nothing positive I knew to his detriment, except that he would persist in singing at the top of his voice German and Italian songs, of the words of which he was wholly or in part ignorant. I have no doubt that it was largely owing to him that our Tutors decided during the Lent Term to close the baths in Dokett Building at 11 p.m. The only retort I could make was to play my gramophone, a machine I had always used sparingly, and this more to shut out the sound of his brayings overhead, than to offer any direct insult.

Whatever my intention, the result was to stir his baser nature. He preserved what I now perceive was an ominous calm; and we parted smilingly at the end of the Summer Term. He came up a changed man. Some madman, at his earnest entreaty, had presented him with a portable gramophone, and someone else, obviously too far gone to know what he was doing, had given him five pounds wherewith to buy any records he might choose. Pringle too had changed: he had cast off his meek and mild Freshman's attitude, and stalked about with all the swagger of the new Second Year man. It should have been significant that he had

passed unscathed through the green-and-white-woollen scarf stage in his First Term. The storm, long delayed broke the more violently. He was observed to treat Freshers in an offhand way, laugh loudly at Hall, joke condescendingly with the Head Porter when he arrived within five minutes of a broken Twelve; I even believe he wilfully tore the sleeve of his gown that he might the more readily simulate the abandon of a Rowing Man, while all he ever did was to play a few games of soccer when the weather was not inclement.

The change in him, so far as it affected me, was calamitous. In regulation hours and out of regulation hours a blare of music descended to me from his rooms. He had a special fondness for buttery-voiced Italian tenors, and Neapolitan songs mixed with opera, with an occasional burst of Tchaikovsky combined to make life unsupportable. I determined that it must stop. Somehow I must get into his rooms unobserved, and afterwards leave them unobserved also.

Now the four people below me, Gowne, W. G. Grace, Sailor and Quakerswaye I had no need to consider. Cowboy opposite me, I had reason to believe, loathed Pringle's performances as much as I did, and could be relied upon to turn a blind eye. The difficulty was Collie, who lived opposite Pringle and was very thick with him. I must be sure when I made my attempt that not only Pringle but his satellite also was out of the way.

I bided my time. One night my chance came. I met Pringle coming down the stairs on his way to First Hall, and brushing past him went into my room. A few minutes later Collie descended in his usual heavy-footed way. With my heart thumping a little more quickly I whipped up the stairs and into the room

above. A bright fire was burning, giving me ample light for my purpose. There on the table lay the accursed machine, open, the ruddy light of the fire gleaming softly on sound-box and tone-arm. It looked so peaceful and harmless, like a snake asleep in the sun. I seized the tone-arm by the neck, twiddled the screw, and wrenching off the sound-box, slipped it into my pocket. One day, late in the Summer Term, it should reappear upon Pringle's table.

Then, my work done, secure in the knowledge of absolute security, a madness seized me. He should be made to pay yet more dearly for the pain he had caused me. I would wreck his room. In a moment his chairs and tables were overturned, his pictures awry, his table-cloth draped over the mutilated gramophone. With a sweep of the arm his mantelpiece was cleared of fixture cards, pipes, ashtrays and other junk; an armful of books from the shelves sailed gaily through the air, and descending, added to the general desolation. His square, I found, sat admirably on top of his reading lamp; the waste-paper basket seemed indicated for his records. I have seen one or two creditable efforts in the art of room-wrecking, but none I venture to think approached mine by the time I had finished. Some sound from without, real or imagined, brought me to my senses. With a hurried glance round I fled, regaining my room a second later.

The next day I met Pringle on the stairs outside my room. "I say," he said, "did you hear anyone go up to my room last night while I was in Hall?" "No," I said, "why?" "Well," he said, "some swine wrecked my room last night." I winced at the word but feigned solicitude: "Good Lord, that's a bad show," I murmured. "Yes," he replied, "I wish I could tell the

fool who did it what I thought of him," and he began swearing frightfully in German—a peculiarity of Pringle's by the way. "Makes you feel like doing the same to his, I'll bet, if you could find out who it was," I said, by way of showing at once my own innocence and my detestation of the unknown's act. He looked at me peculiarly. "I'm glad you feel that way about it," he said. "Collie was in his gyp-room a few minutes after half-past six last night clearing away the remains of the tea he had been standing Crackers, and he opened the door just in time to see your head descending the stairs." With that he strode into my room. Dully I realised that Crackers too had a reputation for heavy-footed descents to maintain. The crash of a much prized reading-lamp on the floor jerked me out of my trance.

G. M. T.

No prize is offered for identifying the characters.—*Ed.*

VERSES TO THE LONG-VAC. TERM, IN THE MANNER OF ROBIN HERRICK

I. JULY 1934

FAIRE summer term, we weep to see
 You haste away so soone,
 E'en as the year of gaiety
 And youth is at its noone.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the winter's grey
 Shall be
 An ending to our song,
 Then back to cold propriety
 And work we'll go along.

But driving through the scented air
Or swimming under stars,
When little thought of age or work
Such lazy living mars,
Then, then,
All time's without our ken,
And murk
Of academic truth
Is left with them in learned lair
Who do betray their youth.

II. NOVEMBER 1934

PALE far off dream of lazy days
You fade away; and why?
Is't you who fails, or I?
Your sweetest fruit has fall'n from me
And left a memory
That will not die.

I never thought the sun could blaze
As warm as it did then :
But it is cold again,
And I must turn my muted mind
To all this ancient grind
Of petty men.

M. O. D.

QUEENS' HOUSE, ROTHERHITHE

THE Annual General Meeting was held on Monday, October 29th, in the Old Chapel, the President being in the Chair.

The Treasurer presented the financial report, in the course of which he commented on the increase in the amount subscribed by the resident B.A.'s and Undergraduates. During the last year this reached a total which constituted a record for the last ten years, and he stressed the necessity for maintaining this standard.

Mr Bache, Head of Queens' House, attributed the Government's recent improvements in the condition of the slums of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe, to the interest raised by such institutions as Queens' House. What have been, in effect, cess-pools in that district are now streets that would be a credit to any provincial town, but he pointed out that although it is comparatively easy to change the conditions under which the people live, within a short time, it takes many years to alter the character of the people themselves. He referred to the restless state of mind prevalent in this area since the War and asserted that the only solution to the problem of this unrest was the influence exerted by such places as Queens' House. This fact, he said, is being increasingly recognised.

He went on to tell us of some of the methods he employs in dealing with the boys in his charge, and also something of the difficulties he is faced with. Among the latter he mentioned the lack of interest on the part of the parents of the boys.

The Summer Camp in the Isle of Wight was a great success and very much enjoyed by 52 boys who were present. There were three undergraduates helping at

the camp, and one or two more stayed at different times to lend a hand. Mr Bache always extends a hearty welcome to members of the College who care to join the camp for however short a time, and those who can do so are urged to visit the camp and do what they can to help.

On Friday, December 7th, a party of twelve or thirteen hope to visit Queens' House and run a concert for the boys, and on the following day a dance is being held in the Princess Club in aid of the Scouts' Funds and Christmas Party. The Christmas Party is fixed for Friday, January 4th, and anyone wishing to go is asked to get into touch with H. G. W. Bache, Queens' House, 47 and 49 Rotherhithe Street, S.E.16.

Mr Bache will always welcome Queens' men, past and present, to the Club, and those wishing to visit the place can stay the night at a charge of 3/6 which covers dinner, bed and breakfast.

It is a fact that all those who visit the Club once are irresistibly drawn there again. In view of this it is a pity that a large percentage of the College takes so little active interest in the place. Although it would be idle to suggest that sympathy and co-operation can replace financial backing, it is certainly true that the value of the individual's subscription would be enhanced by the indication of a little more personal interest.

D. M. HARPER, *Hon. Sec.*

THE GUILD OF ST BERNARD

THERE have been three meetings during the term and they have all been well attended. Rev. A. R. Vidler, of the Oratory of the Good Shepherd and Chaplain to the Guild spoke on "The Aims and Rules of the Guild". Rev. E. Milner-White, D.S.O., M.A., O.G.S., Dean of King's spoke on "The Canonization of Saints in the Church of England". And Rev. E. F. B. Langton read a paper on "The Formation and Growth of the Communion Service".

Four Eucharists have been held during the term and the alms were given to the following causes, 17/- to Queens' House, 11/6 to the Cambridge Fruiting Campaign, 14/- to Little St Mary's and 15/6 to the Universities' Mission to Central Africa.

Breakfasts have followed in Hall as the numbers have been too great for any room in College.

We are very pleased to welcome B. M. Oman and E. Applewhite as members of the Guild.

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

ST BERNARD SOCIETY

IN the normal course of events the first function of the year would have taken the form of a freshmans' debate. Owing to the grim determination of this year's freshmen to work all day and most of the night, this project had to be abandoned: as had the idea of a Dons' debate, presumably for the same reason. Finally, arrangements were made for a Symposium. This took place on Wednesday, November 21st, at 8.15 p.m.

The proceedings opened in the normal way, and the President explained that fourteen members of the College would read five-minute papers on various subjects, and, if time allowed, there would be opportunity for questions and debate between each paper. In actual fact the length of the papers precluded the possibility of debate, and no questions were asked. The President also introduced the speakers, giving incisive but lenient estimates of their characters and characteristics. The House was, he said, infinitely honoured by the approaching presence of Mr P. F. D. Tennant, Fellow of Queens', and the Rev. G. L. O. Jessop, Chaplain of Queens'.

Mr D. C. Horton rose and read an extremely earnest paper on the Cinema. He pointed out all the conventional ideas and introduced several profound thoughts of his own, such as the dependance of the film industry upon financial backing, the serious lack of competent directorship in Great Britain, etc.

Mr S. C. Liew, of Singapore, produced some interesting observations on Chinese life, and pointed out the parallelism of Occidental and Oriental superstitions, instancing the old old belief in women: he himself, he confessed with a shy blush, believed much in them in "his young days" (laughter). Furthermore, in China, the birth of a male child was considered the happiest event possible, an attitude that had much to commend it and might advantageously be introduced into European society.

Mr D. W. Harris spends his vacations as an extra hand on a North Sea trawler. The voyages are of three weeks duration, broken by two calls at port to land fish. The hands get six meals a day: Mr Harris rather left the impression that the number was in-

adequate, but the House, knowing Mr Harris' gastronomical prejudices, may be pardoned its scepticism.

Mr D. M. Harper lamented the substitution of Law for Justice, and, while granting the necessity of police courts, saw no justification for the magistrate combining the functions of dispenser of law and court jester. If levity were essential, the privilege should be extended to the prisoner and other guests of the court. While the House was left with the beatific vision of Mr Harper escaping scot-free from the consequences of kissing a policewoman on Boat-Race night, by the simple expedient of telling bed-time stories to the magistrates, Mr Harper himself had pursued his intellectual hare as far as Miss Jessie Matthews, who had been called a "vile woman" by some judge. This, Mr Harper maintained, was inexcusable: not only was it untrue, but magistrates had no licence to read characters.

Mr A. G. Pouncey set to work to demolish the fable of "The increasing Paganism of the Modern Undergraduate". In a well-balanced paper, he deduced that the increasing attendance at Missions argued a considerable interest in religion. Having proved his case, he postulated self-discipline and moderation as extreme necessities for the continuity of a civilised community. His paper was perhaps the most loudly clapped: but questions were definitely forbidden, this being in the nature of a sop thrown to the Rules of the Society, which disallow Theological discussion at debates or meetings.

Inevitably, the topic of Rowing cropped up. Mr Richard Lack, Hon. Sec. Q.C.B.C., admitted that rowing was a poor sport, the eight an inefficient machine, and even went so far as to describe rowing as "aquatics."

But—the speaker, having shewn himself to be a reasonable man, now proceeded to become lyrical in praise of his vocation—as a means of attaining physical and mental harmony, rowing was superb, and this was really self-evident in the graceful carriage of the members of the Boat Club. Mr Lack was at times obscure, and suffered from regrettable lapses into Ella-Wheeler-Wilcox-English, but kept the house highly entertained.

Mr J. D. Sproule contributed some remarks on the Symposium. After comparing himself unfavourably with Mr Lloyd George, and plaintively confessing his lack of understanding of birth-control, this gentleman was requested for the third time to come to the point. Mr Sproule, however, fled at the approach of the Chaplain, and the contents of his paper are irretrievably lost.

Mr P. R. Noakes is one of the few members of Queens' with a tendency towards the proper type of equestrianism. In the quietest and wittiest paper of the evening he touched upon the various aspects of hunting; the sociological side, the executive side ("Whips carry whips and are therefore called Whips"), and finally the sport from the hounds' point of view.

At this juncture the President, slightly affected by the heat, vacated his seat in favour of the Vice-President, returning at the conclusion of Mr Kett's speech.

"Ourselves and our surroundings" occupied Mr Bernard Kett's attention. With a wearied and languid air he deplored youth's enthusiasms, and asserted that by the time man was in a position to put his adolescent ideas into practice, experience would have shewn their fallacy. Hence it was an easy and obvious step for Mr Kett to a criticism of the cloakroom and lavatory accommodation of Queens' and a quotation in atrocious

Arabic which neither the speaker nor any member of the House could understand.

Mr P. F. D. Tennant was unfortunately unable to be present, and Mr J. A. Ramsay appeared in his stead, reading a paper on the "Wandering Jew". Mr Ramsay compared his subject with the Flying Dutchman and the Ancient Mariner, and finding no great illumination in the comparison, heartily condemned all three. He then attacked the problem from another angle by contrasting the "modern pathological tramp" with the Wandering Jew. Beyond a superficial physiological similarity, the speaker got of it little support. The Wandering Jew won the contest on points.

The Rev. G. L. O. Jessop was most anxious to suppress sports masters and games coaches. Rowing coaches, he said, were worse than women with tennis faces, and they used the most regrettable language to produce monotonous uniformity, besides checking incipient good manners in their charges by forbidding them to wave to lady friends on the towpath.

Mr C. M. Dalley announced that he would read a paper on the "Habits of Dogs" (laughter). Mr Ezra Pound had said that when considering the habits of dogs he found man the superior animal, but when considering the habits of man he was frankly puzzled. Mr Dalley endeavoured to elaborate Mr Pound's theme: the female mind, he held, was inherently more intellectual than the male, chiefly owing to its freedom from logic, and through the ages man had hindered and restricted woman's mental education so that his own puny powers should remain unchallenged (hiss from the House). This, Mr Dalley observed with characteristically sublime impudence, had been merely a matter of chance and he personally looked forward to a millennium when

the female should supersede the male and all the patriarchal enmity between nations would disappear.

Mr R. W. Haward asked the reason for the Demonstration of November 11th, and his immortal soul supplied as an answer "the strength of anti-war feeling". War was supposed to further Justice, Peace and Democracy, but in actual fact each of these causes visibly shrank at each new offensive. As for fighting on a financial basis, the thing was palpably absurd, as it simply meant the entire abolition of so much money. Anyway, Mr Haward remarked, he categorically refused to fight for the greatness of his country if greatness was never achieved.

2nd-Lt. D. G. B. Boyd, R.E, displayed an unusual faculty for keeping to the point, and as a reply to the pacifist element his paper was singularly restrained. Up to date no effort for a peace of even a semi-permanent nature had been successful. The pacifists desired to effect peace by abolishing armies, but this could not be done in a day, and in the meantime a psychological revolution was needed to abolish ill-will between nations. To this end, a valuable first step would be the correction of the map of Europe (the House forbore to point out that national pride was the quickest way to international jealousy). In conclusion, Mr Boyd was delivered of the pious wish that, if the pacifists wished to eliminate even the formal side of militarism, they would in Heaven's name (remarks censored) begin with the Salvation Army bands.

K. KENNEY, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. B. C.

<i>Captain</i>	...	B. C. WARNER
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	...	J. R. BIGSBY
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	...	R. R. LACK
<i>Committee</i>	...	N. K. HARDENBERG

THIS term has been a successful one for the Boat Club. A Four was entered in the Cambridge University Clinker Four Races and is to be congratulated on winning the event.

In the Head of the River Race the second boat was the outstanding success and is to be congratulated on its tying for 13th place with the first boat. It was unfortunate that the first boat went down four places, but this was not such a bad performance as might be imagined, as owing to Trial Eights the period of training was very short. The Crock Pots were contested for by the 2nd and 3rd crews and were presented to the 2nd crew on the result of its performance in the Head of the River Race.

The crew rowing in the Four went into training on October 28th. Mr M. Bradley of Pembroke coached the boat and from the start it showed promise of being a very good crew. The crew was very steady, and when Mr J. N. Duckworth took over the coaching, the rate of paddling was put up and some good pieces of rowing were accomplished. Unfortunately W. D. Cragg, who was stroking the boat fell ill, and on the day before the race was not allowed to row. R. R. Lack was brought in and the crew had an outing before the race which was quite successful. During the actual races the boat improved day by day.

On Wednesday the St Catharine's four was beaten by the Queens' four by 16 secs. Queens' had the back station and went up from the start and by Grassy

Corner was paddling. The second day was a much harder one, Queens' having the front station beat Clare by 14 secs. Again by striking a much higher rate than their opponents Queens' were 5 secs. up at the Ditch. Meeting Pembroke on Friday under unfavourable conditions, Queens' taking the front station managed to win by 12 secs. On the last day Queens' beat Corpus in the final after a very hard race. At the Ditch Queens' were 5 secs. up and 7 at the half way post, but on turning into the Reach Corpus gained 2 seconds. At the finish, by striking a very high rate, Queens' improved their lead to 9 secs. The time for this race was 7 min. 55 secs., unfortunately not a record as the previous record of 8 mins. had been broken by Corpus on Wednesday.

The crew was as follows :

		st.	lbs.
<i>bow</i>	J. R. Bigsby	...	10 4
	2 N. K. Hardenbergh	...	10 8
	3 B. C. Warner	...	11 3
<i>stroke</i>	R. R. Lack	...	12 8
<i>cox</i>	D. K. Prior	...	8 4

Coaches J. N. Duckworth (Jesus and C.U.B.C.)
M. Bradley (Pembroke)

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking the coaches for their very kind assistance.

The crew of the Head of the River Race eight was as follows :

		st.	lbs.
<i>bow</i>	E. N. Bays	...	10 0
	2 M. O. D. Hawkin	...	10 4
	3 H. G. Wolskel	...	10 9
	4 D. W. Harris	...	11 9
	5 B. C. Warner	...	11 3
	6 N. K. Hardenbergh	...	10 8
	7 J. R. Bigsby	...	10 4
<i>stroke</i>	R. R. Lack	...	12 8
<i>cox</i>	D. K. Prior	...	8 4

Coach J. N. Duckworth

The bow four were tubbed and went sculling during the earlier part of the term. By having long hard outings the crew quickly got together and improved under the able coaching of Mr J. N. Duckworth.

The time for the first and second boats over the course was 17 mins. 14 secs, which compares favourably with last year's first boat time of 17 mins. 14 secs.

The second boat at times during training was very unpromising but came on rapidly during the last few days before the race. They went up to 13 from 19.

The crew was as follows :—

		st. lbs.
<i>bow</i>	S. N. Langston ...	10 10
	2 J. B. Browne ...	11 8
	3 M. A. Collings ...	12 2
	4 J. A. Russ ...	11 2
	5 H. J. Downton ...	12 4
	6 J. Q. M. Hole ...	12 3
	7 G. B. Jackson ...	11 3
<i>stroke</i>	J. D. Sproule ...	11 2
<i>cox</i>	M. D. Logan ...	9 4

Coach R. R. Lack

The third boat was badly handicapped by lack of experience, but nevertheless gave a plucky performance. They went down from 61 to 75. The time for the course being 18 mins. 48 secs.

The crew was as follows :

		st. lbs.
<i>bow</i>	P. Bamford ...	10 7
	2 J. Bromhead ...	10 7
	3 E. T. C. Towson ...	10 10
	4 D. M. Hallowes ...	11 10
	5 R. N. Hadwin ...	11 5
	6 C. G. N. Rodgers ...	11 5
	7 D. G. B. Boyd ...	9 10
<i>stroke</i>	W. N. Petty ...	10 12
<i>cox</i>	R. F. R. Jenkins ...	8 13

Coach J. R. Bigsby

RICHARD R. LACK, *Hon. Sec.*

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

Captain ... W. M. WOOD
Hon. Secretary ... D. M. HARPER
Committee ... C. M. DALLEY

WITH twelve old colours in residence at the beginning of term, the prospect for the season was most promising, and although it has been impossible for various reasons at any time to field all twelve, this term has proved a successful one owing to the number of useful freshmen who were at hand to fill the vacancies.

The strength of the fifteen has lain in the fact that it has played as a team, without any display of remarkable individual brilliance, with the possible exception of the Captain who seemed able to find a weakness in the strongest defence. The forwards especially combined well and should make a remarkably fine pack in the "Cuppers" next term, if only they can be persuaded to put more dash into their play in the loose. The scrummaging has been good, but the tendency to take things easily has been only too apparent. The backs have also combined well on the whole, although owing to the continual changes in the three-quarter line, real combination has not been easy.

It is perfectly fair to say that the occasions upon which the team lost their matches were those when they were unable to field a large proportion of the usual side.

The College was represented in the Seniors' Trial by W. M. Wood and D. A. Sherriff, and in the Freshmen's by P. L. A. Folker and R. S. Cranston.

The record for the term is as follows:—

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points	
				For	Against
16	11	4	1	306	105

D. M. HARPER, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. A. F. C.

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

WE began the season with only two full colours left, and with only four of the Eleven that represented the College in last season's "Cuppers". Fortunately a useful collection of Freshmen joined us, and the First XI. has often contained as many as four of them. We struck a bad patch at the beginning of the season, but since then the team has improved steadily. Frequent changes of position, unfortunate, but necessary, of some of its members, and the difficulty experienced in filling the centre-forward and outside-right positions, have not helped the team as a whole to settle down, but the later results speak for themselves. At the time of writing we have not lost a League match since October 26th, except to the two teams who were relegated from the First Division last year. A drawn game, 2—2, against Pembroke and a victory, 1—0, over Jesus have been the two most satisfying results, while a 7—1 away victory over Cranwell, our equals as individual players, is also a pleasant memory.

We congratulate our Captain on his Seniors' Trial and A. R. Abraham and A. G. G. Long on their Freshmen's Trials. All three have since been called upon by the Falcons.

Results to date are as follows :

	P.	W.	L.	D.	GOALS		POINTS	
					F.	A.	POSS.	OBT.
League Matches	12	6	5	1	30	27	24	13
All Matches	16	8	7	1	42	40		

Half Colours were awarded to Abraham and Long.

The Second XI. have suffered considerably this term. It is extremely doubtful whether they have fielded the same side in two consecutive matches. Injuries in the First XI. necessitating the appropriation of the Second's best men, and injuries to their own men, have often meant their playing with three or more reserves in the side. The more regular members, led by Dimmer, have striven nobly against these difficulties, and on the two or three occasions when they have had what may be called a proper Second XI. they have done well with 4—1 victories over Ridley Hall and Emmanuel II. and and a 4—3 defeat of Caius II. Their defeats have outnumbered their victories this term, but given a reasonable chance they should do well in the Getting On Competition next term.

G. M. TINGLE, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. H. C.

WE started the season with only three old colours, but after the trial games the side was quite easy to choose. V. B. Jones played in the Seniors' Trial, and P. L. Trevorrow and R. S. Cranston played in the Freshers' Trial; we must congratulate Trevorrow on playing for the 'Varsity.

Of the fourteen matches played, nine have been won; this is much more successful than it has been for a number of years, probably not so much because we have plenty of talent, but because the side as a whole, and especially the forward line, has been playing regularly together.

In defence, L. A. Elliott has been playing very well, J. W. F. Day has been sound in goal, and R. Cranston

has a useful habit of turning up on the opposite side of the field to save awkward situations. But it is in the forwards that the greatest change from the last few years is to be seen, for they always look as if they might score, especially J. A. Esam, and they have been combining really well. The only real misfortune was a serious lapse against Trinity, when we lost 2—8, after beating a strong side in the previous game.

The 2nd XI. have only had to scratch three matches, but out of the 11 played only three have been won. In the Knock-out they managed to beat Downing II. with only ten men, but lost to Pembroke II.

With over 40 playing hockey in the College, the 3rd XI ought to have done better than to win only one match, out of 9 played, but fortunately only three had to be scratched.

P. L. Trevorrow and V. B. Jones were elected to the Wanderers.

It is hoped to have a match against Exeter College, Oxford, next term, and arrangements are being made for a week's tour in Ireland at the end of the term.

V. B. JONES.

Q. C. A. C.

SEVERAL promising Freshmen have come up this term and in consequence the Club has commenced the season fairly successfully.

In the First Round of the Inter-Collegiate Competitions we were drawn against Selwyn. After an exciting match Queens' were victorious by 51 points to 50. It was not until the last race that the match was decided and won, our three representatives in the 440 Yards obtaining the three available places.

Less success was met with in the Relays. We ob-

tained third place in the Mile, but in the 600 Yards, the race in which we had the most reason for hope, the baton was unfortunately dropped.

R. C. Spalding was placed first and second respectively in the 100 Yards and 440 Yards in the Freshmen's Sports and M. M. Scarr was successful in winning the Seniors' 100 Yards. Scarr and Spalding have also been elected members of the Alverstone Club.

H. O. Rodgers was eighth in the Inter-Collegiate Cross Country Race; has represented the University Hare and Hounds Club on several occasions this term, and has been chosen to run in the Cross Country Race against Oxford. M. M. Scarr was chosen to represent the University in the Relays against Oxford in the 400 Yards and 880 Yards.

The following are to be congratulated on being awarded their half-colours: R. O. Gordon, H. O. Rodgers, R. C. Spalding and J. Taylor.

M. M. SCARR, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. S. R. C.

THIS term has shown a definite improvement in the Squash Club over last season. Of a total of nine matches, five have been won and four lost. D. G. B. Boyd has been a useful addition to the team, winning every match he played.

There were 28 entries for a Handicap Competition held during the latter half of the term. Though this is fewer than last year, it is pleasing to note that the majority of entries was from those who had played little before, and it is to be hoped that even more members of the College will take an active interest in the game.

R. L. PEEL, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. RUGBY FIVES CLUB

THIS term has on the whole been very successful : four out of the six matches played, have been won. It was not possible, however, to be at full strength in some of the matches, and the Club is greatly indebted to Rev. G. L. O. Jessop for his valuable assistance on these occasions.

Furthermore the reorganisation of the rules has been carried through, and the Rugby Fives Club now exists as a separate unit.

It only remains for us to add that we have once again survived the fixture with Newnham (a good thing!).

The officers of the club for next term are :

<i>Captain</i>	...	J. VREDENBURG
<i>Hon. Sec.</i>	...	D. C. HORTON

J. VREDENBURG.

Q. C. ETON FIVES CLUB

WE are very glad to see an increased interest in Eton Fives this year, although very few Freshmen have joined our ranks. Next term it is proposed to put the Club on a more satisfactory footing, and the College authorities have at last sanctioned the repairing of the College court, which we hope will be done during the Easter Vacation. As many more colleges are realising the increasing popularity of the game in Cambridge, we look forward to an interesting and successful season.

M. STRACHAN, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. R. C.

<i>Captain</i>	...	R. R. M. JONES
<i>Secretary</i>	...	R. A. F. WALLIS
<i>Committee</i>	...	S. R. BAKER

THE Club, which was founded last summer, has had so far, a very successful record. Last June a number of successes were gained in the County Competition, and this term we have shot four inter-college matches and won three.

It is of interest to note that when this Club was formed, there were only two other active college Rifle Clubs, whereas now there are seven.

Our numbers at present are small, but we hope that as people get to know about the Club, the membership will increase.

R. A. F. WALLIS.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of "The Dial."

DEAR SIR

BATHS

Eight baths for twice one hundred men!
 Eight baths, and we're expected then,
 From chasing ball through mud and murky pool for one
 hour ten,
 To come back to our rooms for tea as nice, clean men.

Clean baths? Less joking, please, I pray!
 Clean baths? Good heavens no, not they!
 If sanit'ry inspector were to happen round one day,
 I wonder where our baths would be? I scarce need say!

Queens' men? Of course we are, why not?
 Clean men? A mere illusion, what?
 Well all I say is, my good friends, we don't half stand a lot.
 Why can't they be cleaned up a bit, why not, I say, why not?

New baths? Too radical, I fear!
 New baths! Why men, from year to year
 We've carried on with eight foul baths and antiquated gear
 And one short answer to reform—"Too dear, my friend,
 too dear!"

Queens' friends, I do want you to see,
 Queens' friends, the wretched policy,
 That in past years has guided our good system sanit'ry
 Are we to sit and let things slide? Are we, I say, are we?

Yours sincerely,
 J. M. CROZIER.

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