



THE DIAL

MICHAELMAS TERM 1938

THE DIAL

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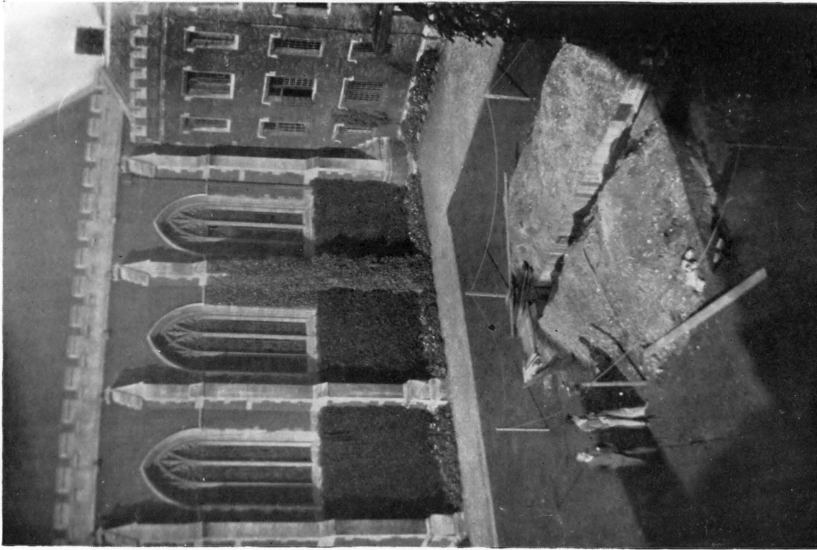
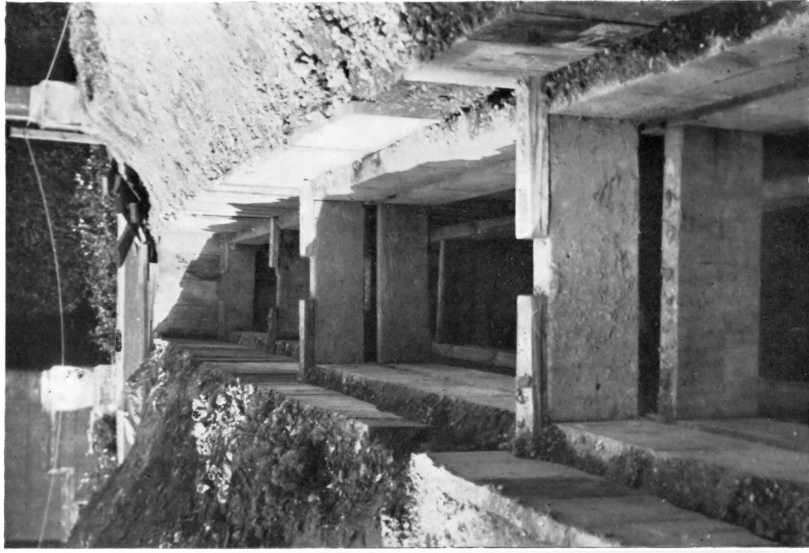


Photo.



C. J. A. DUNGATE

THE A. P. TRENCH CONSTRUCTION IN
WALNUT TREE COURT

THE DIAL

No. 90.

MICHAELMAS TERM 1938.

EDITORIAL

IT is customary to reflect on the sad state of letters, the strange lack of contributions and the general apathy towards college magazines in the wide open space reserved for the Editor's own private use. It is customary also for the ordinary reader to reflect on the sad state of college magazines, their stupidity, their turgidity, their unoriginality—implying thereby that the Editor and his hirelings fill up such productions with their own puerile outpourings in order to satisfy an insatiable lust for fame, honour or notoriety.

Now this is all very well. Dryden's feelings may have been similar when he wrote to that excellent gentleman Rochester: "How easy 'tis to pass anything upon an university, and how gross flattery the learned will endure." Alas, we may scarcely be learned, but the gross flattery we all endure is pathetic. The

literary aspirant notes "Ha! 'The Dial!' My first step to fame!" and he writes a masterpiece. The Editor surveys the masterpiece and says: "Thank heaven, one *article* at least has appeared. The reader scans it—and feels that one more imposition must be endured.

Not so this term, however. The Editor has scourged his literary experts into action and presents the best that Queens' men *at present* can produce. The masterpieces may not be great works of art, but great men have written them—men whose lucubrations will be well rewarded in after years when the Laureateship or the Nobel Prize descends worthily upon them, men whose efforts to carry on a tradition deserve a speech like Henry V's. But the present Editor cannot do this because, unlike Bacon, he is incapable of thinking in blank verse.

One excuse only may be found for those who criticize the present production. It is an excuse which contains a deal of truth and mark it well, all you who sit back and wait for *The Dial* to appear :

"They who write ill, and they, who ne'er durst write,
Turn critics, out of mere revenge and spite."

The faults in this production are yours, not ours.

* * * *

This term has been unique in the history of the College. It is a uniqueness which can scarcely pass without comment. September saw an agitated dictator beating a martial tread on a Nuremberg dais and as the sound of that tread became louder, so the chances of a return to Cambridge became less. Finally, as a precautionary measure, notices were despatched warning all members of the College that the Senate had decided to postpone the date of return indefinitely.

Some of us may have been tempted to think about that small piece of paper. At the present moment, it may seem so very trivial, even unnecessary. But last October it symbolised an end of university life. There was a small hope that the warmongers might come to their senses, but very few conceived such a hope. "It *must* come now," was heard in every part of England and every person of reasonable sanity grew resigned to the thought of a war, worse and more destructive than the last. Cultural annihilation was one of the smallest disasters which might have followed so great a disaster.

Suddenly, however, after feverish and often ineffective preparations, the crisis passed. For the first time in the history of the university, the radio informed us that we should return. University life—and college life especially—began again: and now, that period of lassitude which follows any emotional stress having

passed, we have settled down to await percussions and repercussions.

This is no place for moral sentences. The crisis taught its own lesson more effectively than any amount of political chatter about ideals and ideologies. Yet was it not strange that men who ordinarily are the first to shake angry fists at mass hysteria and 'patriotic' emotion, *allowed* themselves to applaud Mr Chamberlain one day and attack him mercilessly the next? Wherein lay their reason? Obviously no excuse lies in the fact that emotion, too, allowed their convictions to perish.

* * * *

One mark of the crisis remains in Queens'—excepting, of course, numerous gas masks which various owners put to highly questionable uses. Many visitors notice the earthiness of the grass in Walnut Tree Court. Here, to our surprise, an A.R.P. trench was dug and in this issue two pictures will demonstrate to the unknowing with what thoroughness this was carried out. The chief clerk very kindly supplied the photographs.

A private "crisis" over building arrangements has most fortunately been averted. For some time past Essex's famous corner has been in danger of extinction. The Minister of Transport, however, turned down the

Town Council's scheme for widening Silver Street on the Queens' side and the college authorities, of necessity, reconsidered their plans. The Essex Building—more beautiful inside than out—now stands on a firm foundation—to the Editor's profound satisfaction. For the proximity of the Cam had caused him moments of anxiety. Except for occasional traffic blocks and noisy exits from the Anchor at 10 p.m., K staircase sleeps in silence. One question only remains to be asked. Why, pray, were four men employed for four days to throw stones in the river? One does this sort of thing at Brighton for nothing.

* * * *

At this point the ugly thought of contributions again presents itself. Let me resolve it finally. "The promises of authors, that they will write again, are, in effect, a threatening of their readers with some new impertinence....." Therefore let us be thankful that most of the promises received by the Editor have not been carried out. After all it is very near Christmas and it is more fitting for an editorial benediction to go forth than an editorial reproach. And as there is really nothing whatever to chat about except weather or bedders or both, let me pass into obscurity in funereal silence. Cleomenes hath it nicely :

"A rising vapour rumbles in my brains"

Brought on no doubt by literary dissipation,—or the ugly thought that I may have to compose the whole *Dial*, including the club reports.

From which evil, may all just men be delivered.

REGINALIA

IN April 1938 it was discovered that serious damage had been done to the Essex Building by water erosion beneath the foundations. Messrs Hearst were called in as consultative engineers and work was immediately begun on bracing the outer wall of the building with wooden baulks and steel rods. Messrs Mowlem were then employed to repair the damage done to the foundations, a coffer-dam was constructed and a diver was set to work. The structural repairs were completed early in November and the whole building will again be in use in the Lent Term, 1939.

* * * *

An old member of Queens', Mr W. W. Gibson (1895) of Newcastle-on-Tyne has presented the College with the munificent gift of £100 to help towards the expenses of reconditioning the Essex Building.

* * * *

Lieut-Col. R. Temperley, O.B.E. (1880) has presented three Ackermann prints of Queens' to the College. Mr C. H. Thompson (1922) has given a water colour painting of the Essex Building by Vulliamy.

* * * *

“An old chorister” has made an annual gift of £5 for the purchase of books for choristers, while Dr A. R. Roches (1897) has given 500 Spalding tulip bulbs for stocking the beds round the Fisher Building.

* * * *

We extend our heartiest congratulations to Professor F. Goldby—now Professor of Anatomy in the University of Adelaide—and Mrs Goldby on the birth of a son. Also to Dr and Mrs Maxwell on the birth of Denis James.

* * * *

Our best wishes to Dr and Mrs McCullagh, who were married on April 2nd, 1938. We fear we omitted mention of this important news in the Easter Term *Dial*.

* * * *

We hear that two old Queens’ men have been appointed Bishops. The Rev. C. D. Horsley (1927) has been elected Bishop of Colombo and the Rev. D. J. Wilson (1924) has been appointed Assistant Bishop of British Honduras.

* * * *

We have noted a book published by The Highway Press on Bishop Bullen, whose death was announced in last term’s *Dial*. The book has a foreword by Lieut-Colonel Sir Steward Symes, Governor-General of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

* * * *

Congratulations to F. K. Forrester (1937) who has been appointed to the cataloguing staff in the Department of Printed Books at the British Museum.

* * * *

Congratulations to Clifton Robbins on the publication of an omnibus volume of detective stories.

* * * *

We congratulate H. B. Parry (1933) on being awarded a Commonwealth Fund Fellowship tenable at the University of Wisconsin from September 1938.

* * * *

The musically minded will be glad to hear that the St Bernard Room is to be used as a College music room. Their chartist manoeuvre, therefore, will not be necessary.

* * * *

This year's Poppy Day efforts reflect great credit on all concerned. Last year £86 were collected: the year before £104. This year all records have been broken and Queens' contributed (or extorted) no less than £119 from the unwary.

* * * *

We congratulate D. C. Snow on captaining the University Lacrosse team, a game for which he was awarded his half-blue in 1937. The team so far has an unbroken record of victories and has hopes of winning the South of England Championship this season.

* * * *

Old Queens' men who were light sleepers will be overjoyed to hear that the Chapel bell has been muffled.

* * * *

FIRST CLASSES 1938

TRIPOSES

- Classics, Part I. D. M. Annett
 ,, Part II. F. W. Garforth
 Economics, Part I. G. S. Somerset
 Mathematics, Part I. F. E. Brown
 Mechanical Sciences. E. Butterworth
 Modern Languages, Part I. German. J. D. Simmonds
 History, Part I. N. Digney
 Natural Sciences, Part I. A. d'A. Bellairs, H. Butler, D. F.
 Kelsall, D. W. Millington, C. R.
 Rivers-Moore, H. L. K. White-
 house
 ,, ,, Part II. J. P. Bull
 Oriental Languages, Part II. A. S. Eban
 Theology, Part II. A. G. Hort

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS

- Mechanical Sciences. G. A. M. Hollis, A. Swinburne, G. N.
 Ward
 Modern Languages. J. McC. Nair
 Natural Sciences. C. W. Furneaux, E. Rollinson, R. H.
 Wheeler

* * * *

The Editor apologises for the omission of the 'Floreat Domus' but the early publication date of the *Dial* (Dec. 2nd) has necessitated overtime work at the printers. The 'Floreat' will be included in next term's *Dial*.

* * * *

The Editor, too, would like to thank Mr J. N. Ross for his most useful help as proof reader.

IMPORTANT CONCESSION

FOR some time past it has been felt that the College magazine does not fulfil a proper function for Old Queens' men. At the moment very few indeed read the *Dial*. To increase our "outside" circulation, therefore, we have evolved a scheme whereby all Old Queens' men may receive the *Dial* at a reduced rate.

For a small subscription of nine shillings the *Dial* will be sent to any address for three years. We hope that all present third year members of Queens' will note this concession and benefit by it. It means, briefly, that you will receive your *Dial* at half the ordinary cost, but this can only be done if you will co-operate by taking the *Dial* for *three years*. No concession can be made for a smaller period on economic grounds. Old Queens' men who receive the *Dial* regularly should note our scheme and aid it by subscribing for three years. All communications should be addressed to The Chief Clerk, Queens' College Office.

BACK TO THE DIALECTS!

THE position of the dialects in England is a subject to which far too little attention is paid. It is a position which is apparently unique in the world. Nowhere else it seems have dialects been suppressed as here. By dialects we mean not the slang, ungrammatical language of provincial illiterates, but English with those shades of pronunciation and turns of speech peculiar to the various counties, but spoken, alas, only by the more sturdy who succeed in resisting the battery to which they are subjected from their prep. schools onwards.

In the continental countries the local differences are objects of pride, jealously retained, proud proclamations of the origin of the speaker. How different here! Our speech, if not already hereditarily emasculate, is rubbed and shaved and filed and snipped in a greater or less degree, unconsciously by environment, or wilfully by parents and teachers to produce the amorphous speech known as King's English. How this has finally asserted itself is a fascinating question—it is certainly spoken naturally in no part of England, and the fact that its perpetration has been brought home alternately to Chaucer and Inverness, is probably enough said.

Even more remarkable is the way this abomination has attached to itself the complacent virtue of being the "educated" pronunciation. How it has done so is clear; the reasonableness of its success can be assessed by two seconds thought. Remarkable too, how it has degraded the dialects into vulgarity, comicality and even the position of monstrosities—rather like a manufactured doll poking fun at a child in a garden with indissoluble links to family and the scenes amidst which it plays.

The incredible effrontery of this position needs only to be pointed out to be felt, but the really positive dangers it is impossible even to estimate: we do not yet know, for example, the influence of language on the development of the human mind, (it has even been given creative powers) but the possibility of a gradually developing type in character, the disappearance of individuality cannot be lightly ignored. What we can assert with certainty is an increasing lack of colour in our daily lives and daily speech, and a hideous, fanatical attention to the norm, that is to say, to the herd, a distressing fear of being "different".

Theoretically a switch-back would be easy—in practice we should find the tide of decades of prejudice very strong; but what is everyday experience in Europe should not be impossible in the land where every Mr Smith fondly trumpets that his house is his castle.

D. H. HOBSON.

“I WILL TELL YOU WHAT LOVE IS ”

I WILL tell you what love is : Love is the cry
in the night of the man who would be free,
who would loose himself in the fathomless sea
of his lover, and there, tranquil, die.

I will tell you what love is : Love is the kiss
on the lips which is not broken
when the obstreperous cock has woken
the lovers. Yet it is more than this.

It is the fleeting touch of fingers
in the queue waiting for the ballet ;
or the humming of a tune after the Hallé
concert, where the Faune's memory lingers.

Love is the whispering of the wind among the willows,
or the clutching of hands at tear stained pillows.

STEPHEN H. COATES.

TROUGH OF LOW PRESSURE
by the Hon. J. C. Stamp



OF BAD SHOOTING

IT was a long time before I would admit it, even to myself. For months I clung to a gradually dying hope that one day I should acquire that feeling of careless confidence which, I have always been told, characterises the sportsman who has at last mastered his sport. But as the seasons sped by, and as covey after covey of birds streaked scornfully over my head in safety, the bitter truth could no longer be concealed. I am a bad shot. I am probably one of the worst shots that ever squinted feverishly down the barrels of a 12-bore, with a prayer on their lips and terror in their heart.

The process of disillusionment has been so painful that I can recount it only with difficulty. In the enthusiasm of my early days, every hare that started up from beneath my feet, every pigeon that had the temerity to dart within range of my 'hide', was to me already a cold, inanimate parcel, neatly labelled 'Perishable', and hastening through the post to convince some influential friend of my boundless worth. The fact that the quarry was never in the least put out by the murderous blast which I loosed in its wake did not at first trouble me; I told myself, laughingly, that I was a beginner, that the light was bad, that the bird had not been flying straight, that I had hiccuped at the crucial moment. The days went on, and my gay excuses lost their freshness; but my self-confidence, though shaken, still stood firm. I merely loaded my gun with what I considered to be an expression of stoical indifference, and turned to face the next victim.

Nor was I altogether indifferent to the physics of the thing; my mind sang with good advice, and as I stood

waiting in the cold winter air I would admonish myself to swing naturally, to refrain from pressing, and to wait (for my knowledge of theory had been drawn from many sources) for the whites of their eyes. But even as I did so, there would come a soft beat of wings, two random reports in rapid succession, and yet another fortunate bird would wing its way, chuckling gently to itself, into the distance. Morosely I would eject a pair of smoking cartridges into the damp bracken, and begin to consider, without much enthusiasm, how I could explain away my latest failure.

Since I took up shooting I have given employment to many an honest cartridge maker, and a new lease of life to hundreds of wild creatures. But there are times when I feel with a sudden sense of hopelessness that, beneficial though my well-meaning efforts have been, there is something sadly lacking. At such time the double crash of my fowling-piece takes on a more sinister note, as of some demon roaring in baffled fury; I raise my clenched fists to heaven, and imprecations—no longer the drab dictionary words of the croquet player, but the fine, colourful oaths of the golfer in his rage—burst unchecked from my lips. At such times, too, it seems to my distorted fancy that the birds of the air join together in a wild, bizarre conspiracy against me; that they rush shrieking by out of bravado, like children playing ‘Last Across’ on a London by-pass. My fellow-sportsmen will stand all around me, their barrels shining and unsullied, for hour after hour; but it is always to me that the birds will come. They have tried many expedients; they have placed me at the end of the line; they have placed me in the middle of the line; they have made me walk with the beaters; they have suggested that I should stay behind to look after the lunch. But the birds, with that

uncanny sagacity common to all wild things, have sought me out and added to my humiliation with their mocking laughter.

There is no sport in existence in which the miserable incapacity of the tyro is so cruelly broadcast to the world. That happy creature, the Squash Rackets Rabbit, can conceal his lack of skill, even from himself, by engaging opponents of a lower standard even than himself; and the success which meets his wild smashes and his weird, stunted scoops off the back wall will more than suffice to convince him of his prowess. The swimmer who has never learnt to dive, and feels already that it is too late, may hide his cowardice from all but himself by waiting till nobody is looking and slyly entering the water via the steps, or projecting himself feet first with eyes tightly screwed up and nose firmly pinched between thumb and forefinger. But for the Bad Shot there is no escape; no amount of desperate explanation can cover up his empty-handedness; and the contempt of his more gifted fellows is none the less galling for being unspoken. For it is impossible, even with the finest upbringing in the world, to avoid looking when a fellow-sportsman has fired his gun; and the swift delicacy with which the true gentleman looks away again cannot deceive a wretched creature who has just missed for the thirtieth time.

The shifts to which men will go in order to escape the unspoken condemnation of their fellows are pitiful indeed. They will allow their safety-catch to jam; they will carefully look the other way when they suspect that game is near; they will discover dust in their eye, or be seized with a migraine or synthetic apoplexy, or drop their cartridge bag into a pond. The depths to which they have descended are the more horrible when we consider

that all of them once trod the plough of England with a light step and the gay confidence of the pioneer in their heart.

But their case is not quite as black as I have painted. The sport of shooting has its compensations for the worst of us, and therefore we follow it with enthusiasm and a hope that never quite dies. For it is only on the field itself that we are outcasts; from the moment when we step back into our cars, crushed and beaten, to the time when we emerge confidently to face another day, we have our glory. Only those who have carried their guns proudly along the King's Highway, to hear an infant voice cry 'Look, Ma! Shooters!' can know what it is to be set apart from their fellows; and this is the type of experience that is not denied to the worst of us. I, no less than the next man, can talk lightly of 'My syndicate', and 'That duck I pulled off at a hundred and thirty yards'; and not even the bitter glint in the eyes of my fellow-members can dash me, for I know that between men of the chase there is an unspoken law which seals their lips, and leaves me to build up my dream world as I think fit.

I have other joys, too, which the expert will never know. Not for me are the pangs of conscience that condemn the killing of God's creatures; the sport that I follow combines the glamour of the chase with the realisation that seldom, if ever, have I done anything that would bring a word of reproach from the Secretary of an Anti-Field Sports Society. And on the few occasions on which my shot has found its mark, I have known a wild elation which those, to whom success is a common experience, have never dreamed of. My fleeting pride, and the incredulous murmurs of approbation that await me, are my ample reward.

J. C. STAMP.



SNOW WHITE

SAYINGS SURREALISTIC.

STRIKE while the sun shines.
 Lay eggs while the iron is hot.
 Mother is the necessity of invention.
 One hair on the head is better than two on the
 tooth-brush.
 Do unto others before it is done unto thee.
 Why should beards appear and disappear in Queens'?

M. S.

FRANKIE

A story about a Scillonian who knew how to diddle all trippers. Much of the dialogue is true and Frankie actually exists—but the plot is the invention of the author who had, perforce, to read the *Daily Mail* during his insular vacation. Literary experts and those who study "influences" will therefore be able to indulge in their favourite antics, even if they do not condescend to read the story which, according to Aristotle, has a beginning, a middle and an end.

FRANKIE was a Scillonian fisherman who had long forsaken fishing to meet the more popular demand of sailing—with the aid, of course, of a three horse-power engine, which made sailing so much easier for a bow-legged sailor. Frankie was quite clever. He charged twenty shillings a day for sailing—and five shillings extra for the use of the motor. And as he made sure that his boat never went, however strong the wind, Frankie made twenty-four shillings and sixpence profit every day during the summer months.

Peter, John and Allen were sitting with Frankie in the "Puffin", a nice little fourteen foot sailer, painted

pale green above the water line and black below. Frankie was trying to make "Puffin" sail, but "Puffin" knew her job and wouldn't.

"That woman goes tomorrow" Alan whispered to Luke.

"Thank heaven" Peter replied.

"Which woman?" John asked.

"Don't you know? Alan has fallen for someone at the hotel. She's very pleasant and all the rest of it, but Alan's just discovered that she's married. And now he doesn't know what to do. He can't go on with it."

"No, I suppose he can't" John said. "Has he compromised himself in any way—yet?"

Alan was not listening. Peter replied.

"Not yet: he's a wary player."

"Nothing's been said then: nothing fixed?"

"Nothing."

Frankie sat in the back of the "Puffin" and drank a pint of beer in two motions. It ran down his throat so easily with a pleasant gurgling sound that Alan was forced to stare.

"Where can you take us?" Alan asked, as he turned away from Frankie and looked over "Puffin's" side to see her shadow creeping along the sandy bottom fifty feet below the water line.

"Can't take 'ee anywhere without the coffee-mill" Frankie said, nodding a shaggy white head at the motor. "That's five shillings extra" he added emphatically.

"We can afford that" Peter said.

The coffee-mill spluttered and exploded as Frankie tried to crank it. At last, however, it started, and "Puffin" moved forward at less than three knots.

"Now where can we go?" John requested "what about the Outer Isles?"

"Can't take 'ee there. Tide's too strong."

"Well, where isn't the tide strong?" John returned, "what about the Western Rocks?"

"Can't go there, thorn's would get in the screw."

Alan didn't think they could go much slower than they were.

"Thorns? oh weeds!" he said "what about turning the engine off?"

"Tide's too strong" Frankie said hotly. "And there's no wind."

"What about the Bishop?" Alan asked facetiously.

The Bishop Rock was at least seven miles away.

"G'd damn'ee" Frankie said, "I haven't enough brandy in the engine for that."

"You could have a bathe off the Bishop" Peter said helpfully, looking at the caked dirt on Frankie's neck.

"Thirty years since I went in the water" Frankie replied truthfully "and then I fell in,——all!"

John looked at his map in despair. They were half a mile from one of the largest Eastern Isles, Great Ganilly.

"Great Ganilly" he suggested. "No thorns there."

Peter laughed. Alan agreed. Even Frankie smiled.

"All right" he said, "I'll take 'ee to Greht Gahnilly. But I hope ye'v got some lunch for me."

"The old bounder" John whispered to Peter. But Peter wasn't so polite in the expression he used. Frankie sailed round one or two rocks and anchored "Puffin" on the protected side of Ganilly—an uninhabited island which rose a hundred and ten feet out of the sea, covered with heather and sea fowl.

The holiday makers shared out their scant rations and presented Frankie with four sandwiches, a pint of beer, and a green apple. He rowed them ashore with a glint of triumph in his eyes.

Alan saw a small motor launch drawn up on the beach.

"Whose boat's that" Alan asked, as Frankie's dinghy bumped off a submerged rock.

"H'll, I dorn't knor" Frankie replied. "Stranger here, I 'xpect. Nor one who knors the corst w'd draw 'is bort up that 'igh. 'E'll have to wait till 'igh tide to git'n orf."

"When's that?" Alan asked.

"Six hours time, I guess" Frankie said. "But I want to be home be afore then."

Alan thought hard. Six hours from noon and Jim's Bar would be open. Frankie's appointment had become a tradition.

Frankie returned to "Puffin" and the three sat down to their depleted meal. Alan finished first.

"Excuse me" he said. "But I'm going to sunbathe up beach a bit."

"Fool" John and Peter commented. "We're already so sore we can only just sit down."

Alan wandered up the beach, kicking the dried, spiky seaweed out of his way and shuffling his toes through the hot sand. John and Peter began clambering up to the highest point on Great Ganilly.

"I hope they enjoy their excursion" Alan said to himself. "But give me the lazy life every time."

He stretched himself out on the sand and half-closed his eyes. John and Peter soon disappeared out of sight and Alan suddenly felt an intense loneliness. He had not felt like this since he had heard the sad news that

Barbara was married—and, as he learned afterwards, to a physical brute who had treated her so badly that she had left him. This fact had made Alan feel worse and he wondered how on earth he was to exist without her.

This present loneliness became more intense. He shut his eyes tightly and tried to forget. He could not. The exotic South Sea atmosphere of the Scillies pressed upon him: the sun shone so intensely that his brain whirled: he wished only for Barbara. That was not possible.

In his stupor, he thought he heard the delicate crunching of footsteps on the sand. "Only John or Peter returning." The footsteps came nearer and soon he became conscious of someone lying down beside him, silently, carefully. "Peter, it must be" he thought. "But I'll teach him to throw seaweed on me this time."

Alan rolled over quickly and grappled with Peter. "Put that seaweed down immediately" he shouted, "you did that once before out in the Bermudas."

"How simply sweet you are" came a voice, most unlike Peter's. "Do do that again."

It was a woman's voice. But Alan had already discovered that it was not Peter with whom he was contending. Peter never wore low cut bathing costumes: nor had Peter that peculiarly shaped figure.

"Come on, kiss me" the voice said again. Alan reluctantly obeyed before he opened his eyes. He imagined he might yet be dreaming.

"Open your eyes, you silly" came the voice. It was Barbara's voice.

Alan jumped up with unwonted vigour. The phantasy had come too true.

“What are you doing here, Barbara? How did you get here? Why did you choose.....”

Alan stopped. His eyes had alighted on Barbara's boat. He saw the words “Frankie . . .” printed carelessly on the back seat.

“You horrid little girl” he said. “Fancy you troubling to do this. Why did you do it? Think of my position—you married and everything” . . .

“Don't trouble your silly head about that” Barbara replied, running her fingers through his hair, “my physical brute of a husband was a figment of the imagination. I knew you'd never say what I wanted you to say before I went. So—well—I did this.”

She paused. “I go to-morrow” she said.

Alan scarcely understood. He took Barbara in his arms and kissed her again.

“You're very horrid” he said, “you're awfully horrid, but will you” . . .

“Of course” murmured Barbara. “But why don't you go on?”

Alan couldn't. Frankie was roaring with laughter in “Puffin” and toasting them with a bottle of beer.

“You old bouncer” Alan said, waving his fist, “you deserve hanging”.



EVACUATION IDYLL,
SEPTEMBER, 1938.



APRIL

FULNESS of time and time's activity
have loosed his hands. April importunate
has now his fields again, his fair estate
of English green and English forestry.
A thousand flowers joy his ascendancy
with dew-bright eyes, and lightly captivate
his dancing feet. April the runagate,
what revelry he keeps for you and me!

But when the dust of him who's last to be
is blown across the hills, his calendars
and man-made reckonings of seasons strewn
upon the Earth; April shall live to see
the latest glitter of the frosty stars
and burst the golden kernel of the moon.

THE BOTTOM OF THE GARDEN

WHEN I was small I was taken to a house with a big garden. It was one of those gardens with a high wall all round it so that it seemed all shut in and private and very warm. It was a long garden with a lot of trees in it and a lot of flowers: to see all of it you had to walk about a lot and you were always getting surprises. My mother was not very well so they told me to go and play in the garden whilst they sat on the terrace and talked. It was hot and I was thirsty so when, suddenly, I found myself in the kitchen garden I asked the old gardener who was working there if I could have a drink. He said if I went to the house Alice would give me a drink but if I liked he would pick me some strawberries. I said yes please, and he got me some, fat juicy ones. Then he

took me into the greenhouse where there were some tomatoes. It was lovely in the greenhouse, hot and damp with a lovely green smell. He gave me a small one and I ate it there, like an apple. It was nice eating it warm and soft, much nicer than eating with a knife and fork when they are cold.

Then the gardener said he must get on with hoeing the gooseberries and did I know there were fairies at the bottom of the garden? I said no, so he said yes there were if I looked hard enough, and in the right places, and told me to look.

So I went to the bottom of the garden. It was a long way from the house and it was very quiet and hot. There were trees all over the place but at the very bottom was a little lawn not very well looked after, with an old sundial in the middle and an old mossy garden seat at the edge of the lawn. There had been bluebells under the trees and the new pale green leaves of the ivy showed up among the rest which climbed and sprawled everywhere. The wall was near the lawn, it was very old and crumbly and very hot. There were old trees grown as espaliers on it but very neglected, the ground was covered with rotten apples. A little path, hardly discernable amongst all the overgrowth, led from the lawn. I followed it and found it led to a gate in the high wall. The latch was high up and rusted almost solid and I could not move it, so after wandering about I decided that, as I had seen no fairies, if there were any they must be through the gate. I did not worry much and soon went back to the house as the sundial said it was nearly time for tea.

I was not again at that house for nearly ten years and then, one day, I found myself there. Much had

happened in those years, much had been learnt and much forgotten. Old pleasures were dull but new ones took their place. This time I was staying for some days, and one afternoon, as hot and sunny as the other I remembered the gardener and his tale about the fairies, and went down to see again the little overgrown lawn and the old sundial and the rickety garden seat. There was very little change. I sat down on the rickety seat thinking of those early days when I thought I believed in fairies. The sun was scorching and in such a sheltered place the heat was immense, so, soon, I quickly took off all my clothes and lay sun-bathing in the grass. It was good to feel the cool grasses stroking me gently and the sun burning into me.

After some time I suddenly remembered the little path which had led to the gate in the wall. The path had almost disappeared by now and, not noticing it, I had forgotten it. Now I hurried along until I came to the gate. This time I could reach the latch and with a little effort lifted it and pulled open the old door.

I had often dreamt of what might be behind that door, a ploughed field, a bed of nettles full of tin cans, a golf course, a back garden. What I found was beyond my wildest dreams: there was a meadow high with tall sunbaked grasses that came to my waist, I wandered into the field which was quite empty. The gardener was quite right. I came upon you suddenly, the sun, the grasses, the afternoon, were so beautiful that I was not looking where I was going particularly, and the tall grasses hid you. Suddenly there you were, my fairy, lying, as I had been, drowning in the sun, and you were very beautiful with the sun shining on your fair skin, and your clean limbs relaxed exquisitely in the grasses.

You heard me and looked up in surprise and I realised

that I also had nothing on. Then you smiled and I smiled and you asked me to sit down and have a cigarette. I was glad you did that.

STEPHEN H. COATES.

“IF YOU WERE TO COME BACK . . .”

If you were to come back, lily,
Cool, through the heat of memory
To drift again on the still water ;
If the willow were to think again
The thought of green and later weep
For dreams of chastity that caught her ;
If the cool dew were to fall again
On grass bent once with her tread,
Should we ask her what the world had taught her?

Cool, lily, on this coolest evening
We would dream,
And yet not know why we so long had sought her.

STEPHEN H. COATES.

“ SIGNED ”

AN interesting feature of modern correspondence is becoming increasingly common at the foot of American business letters where a flourish, sweeping or staggering, but always of inebrious illegibility is thoughtfully translated by an additional bracketed bit of typewriting. Interesting not only psychologically but from the historical viewpoint.

A psychological question is raised. Why should a person take pleasure in using a meaningless hieroglyphic as a signature—such pleasure that even conscience-stricken at its illegibility he prefers to translate it rather than make it legible?

Historically it is a development out of the past—where writing has gone the way of all fine arts and become a subject for the professional—and a falling back into the past, still further back to the time when illiterate vagabonds (the parallel is perhaps close!) rudely traced a cross, a circle, etc., and then had testified by some learned official that this was “John the Falconer, his mark”.

We can, of course, do far better than that and the possibilities are enormous. We might begin to pick each his rebus and cling tenaciously to it, take out copyrights for it; we might use drawings of some kind or other; we might affix a photo of ourselves—though the dangers of that are too obvious; we might go the full hog and reintroduce monks, parchment, scribes, Pharisees and things.

Yes, the possibilities *are* enormous—it might even occur to us to learn to write.

D. H. HOBSON.

SOLILOQUY

I paused to consider—

Four months had passed since first
 The thirst
 Had swept head and heart swiftly
 Apart.

Three months had passed. Nothing
 O Thing
 I admire, except your own words,
 Could inspire.

Two months : and distance divided
 Perhaps a misguided
 Fond Lover. And I
 Threw present by.

One month—I think
 As I sink
 Still desperately mad, that again
 You may by chance pain.

The present : But I find yet
 That same net.
 Trammel plunge lower and lower
 As I pause to consider.

CHURCH AND PROGRESS

[*Replies are invited to this highly controversial article*].

I HONESTLY regard the Church as one of the great barriers to human progress. It is one, and probably the greatest, of those institutions which crystallize and try to make permanent for all time ideas formulated in very different times than these, times for which they were highly suited as is shown by their immediate successes. Tradition is the arch-enemy of progress. It is a useful sop for those who either cannot, or have a disinclination to, think for themselves. Traditions can never be created in a limited period: they grow. But in time they become formulated and put down on paper, or, in exceptional cases, as those of the Druids, memorized word for word in the minds of an oligarchic priesthood. Thenceforth the letter of the law dominates the spirit. The previous tendency to evolution, admittedly as often deteriorative as progressive, is checked. In fact, tradition has crystallized.

This tendency is not only seen in the development of religions. English common law is a perfect example. With the growth of civilisation it became formulated. No longer was it based on the equitable sense of the tribe, but on a series of lawyer's precedents. Emphasis on procedure and other technical points was carried to excess. In fact, the letter of the law reigned supreme. Fortunately for the development of English civilisation, the nation soon revolted against its fundamental claims and called in first the new equitable jurisdiction of Chancery, and then the new conception of statute law, to redress the balance of the old. Surely Christianity itself in its conception was largely a revolt against the

formularism of Judaism and the Mosaic law as interpreted by the Pharisees.

Until the sixteenth century the Latin Church managed to avoid becoming subject to a written code. Its tradition, doctrinally and institutionally, was still in the process of evolution. The tendency, however, was rather to deterioration than to progressive development. The Reformation was a revolt from this apparently deteriorating institution, on the one hand to the Canon of the New Testament, and on the other to the ascertainable tradition of the early medieval Church freed from the glosses of later ages. Fundamentalist and ritualist alike appealed to a written code. Reformed Christianity was in a rut from its inception.

From this it should be clear that I have no belief in revealed religion. The religious systems of the world have been the products of man's mind, and of that alone. Man is a rational being and is always philosophizing. When his mind is unable to understand the reasons for natural phenomena, he invents possible explanations—in primitive man based largely on belief in supernatural influences. Gradually, as man's knowledge increases and civilization develops, his conception of the supernatural becomes less imposing. Monotheism evolves. That religion develops in a natural state—that is to say, in a state of things unhampered by dominating traditions—is shown clearly in Old Testament history. Jehovah from the tribal God of Israel becomes the God of the whole earth; from the God of vengeance of the Exodus He becomes the God of love of Hosea. Revolutions, such as the advent of Christianity, must occur. There are times when basic principles must be changed. Great thinkers such as Christ realise the needs of the new age and enunciate their new philosophies. They may be carried

away by success and their own enthusiasm, and claim for themselves a mission from the divinity of their respective philosophic systems. For real progress it is no longer sufficient to develop the old ideas. New ones must be evolved.

Fundamentally, then, I believe in the supremacy of the mathematical laws of cause and probable effect. The supernatural plays no part in regulating the course of this world's history. So far as men act through fear of it or in pursuance of its supposed requirements, it is their mental conception of the supernatural and not the supernatural itself which is exercising an influence over them. Deists will ask, "But how about the Creation?" Now, the Creation is the one thing that deists cannot explain. They explain the creation of the world by assuming the prior existence of God. But God's prior existence is not explained. God is above reason, and the matter is left there.

Disbelief in the supernatural implies the denial of personal immortality. Man has from immemorial times been struck by the apparent futility of this life. Evil appears constantly as the victor over Good. There is no reward for ethical uprightness. Man, in search of an existence where ethical principles reign supreme, and for a reward to compensate him for the afflictions he has endured in the world through his attempts to lead such a life here, turns instinctively to such a hope of a life beyond the grave. This desire has found support from those ascetics who regard their bodies as inherently evil and who strive for so-called spiritual perfection. They conceive that the so-called soul or mind of man is capable of a separate existence apart from his flesh. They ignore altogether the questions of the origins of this spirit. Is it present in the pre-natal stage, or does

it instil itself in the infant with his first lung-filling breath? Surely this soul is but the character of the the individual which develops in the course of his education. To imagine that it can exist alone after the death of the body is as foolish as to suppose that a friendship can continue after the final separation of two friends. The memory of the former state and its achievements alone continue. The vital force is dead. So with the spirit of man, though it no longer exists, its achievements both material and spiritual continue.

This is why the Church is to me such a barrier to human progress. In its basic principle of personal immortality it is too individualistic. By diverting human energies to "other-worldliness" it is robbing humanity of much of the motive power which otherwise would be devoted to real progress. Such ideas as predestination which repeatedly crop up add to the general irresponsible attitude of Churchmen.

What do I mean by progress? What constructive philosophy have I to take the place of Christianity? The age is crying out for a new prophet, a man with vision and the keenest of intelligences, who will see the needs of the modern world, evolve a philosophy and, above all, "put it across" in a really inspiring manner. He must cut himself off from tradition and take the modern world, with its ideas of evolution and cause and effect, as he finds it. I can only point out the lines I would expect this philosophy to take.

The happiness of mankind is now an ideal apparently much more capable of achievement than ever before. Material inventions are largely responsible; without such outward forms as a reasonable standard of living, progress to real spiritual happiness is impossible. This aim of spiritual happiness is to be found in co-operation.

Only by co-operation can the individual give his maximum in the service of the community and develop his individual personality to the full. Materially there is no need to show the advantages of specialisation. Intellectually the modern tendency is to specialise. Roger and Francis Bacons are no longer possible, so intense has intellectual activity become. To enable such specialisation, co-operation is essential. Spiritually, who can doubt that friendship, one of the highest forms of co-operation, is one of the greatest things in life? Both parties retain their individuality, and yet their influence on each other inspires them to greater things. They have, in fact, achieved real happiness. No one who has rowed in a good Eight or played in a good Rigger team can question the happiness and sense of achievement produced by *esprit de corps*. Individualists are those who have been brought up on the sordid principles of competition. Competition is based on strife and hate; co-operation is based on unity, peace and concord. Co-operation is capable of infinitely more. It alone leads to universal progress and real happiness. Perhaps Psalm cxxxiii, *Ecce, quam bonum*, is the best eulogy of team-spirit. Real progress, then, lies in the development of this ideal of universal co-operation for the good of all, civilisation in the very best sense of the word. Only in such a state is the individual capable of his utmost. He must not lose himself in his own specialised activity. Throughout he must preserve a true sense of proportion and conceive himself as but one of the cogs in the great machine. He is responsible primarily to himself to develop his personality to the full, and secondarily to the community to see that he pays into the common pool of goods and services as much as he takes out. Only with such an ideal coming from below, and not foisted on the

individual by the State from above, is the great utilitarian precept of the greatest happiness of the greatest number capable of achievement.

Christianity has fulfilled its task nobly. Its function in the development of civilisation was to bridge the gulf between the competitive individualism of the ancient world and the true co-operation of the age of the future. It has led to many different conceptions; the complete self-denial of some eremitic and monastic Orders, particularly the early Franciscans, and the individualistic Protestantism of the nineteenth century were both its products. But its supernatural basis makes it impossible to develop it to the needs of a new age. Christianity was evolved for a particular end. That end has now virtually been achieved. Man's intellect has grasped its doctrine that love is the greatest thing the world has to offer. What is now required is a new philosophic system to encourage him to take the long view and look beyond his immediate cravings for power and pleasure to the prospect of the ultimate happiness of his race. Man must be prepared to change his institutions in the process of time. An historical sense is not always an asset. It often serves to slow down progress by emphasising tradition. The knowledge of history must be rightly used in the interests of progress and not of reaction. Mankind to-day, as in the days of the later Old Testament prophets, is calling for a messiah who will redirect it. *Benedictus qui venit*

BOOK REVIEW

The Evolution of Man and His Culture. By H. C. Bibby, Esq., late Scholar of Queens' College. Gollancz: The New People's Library. 1s. 6d.

THE task which the author has undertaken in this small volume of under 100 pages is formidable indeed. In the course of twelve brief chapters the author contrives to give a description of mankind in his evolution from the common ancestry which we share with the apes to the ultimate perfection of civilisation which is the U.S.S.R.

Messrs Gollancz, in introducing the New People's Library, make it clear that none of the books contained therein should assume previous knowledge on the part of the reader. Designed, as this presumably is, for the higher forms of schools (although emphatically not public schools) and for adult classes, on the first part of its object the book may be said to fulfil its purpose admirably. It attacks its superhuman task with an engaging air of abandon, and covers the entire field of human development from Piltdown to Moscow without even pausing for breath. For such a confessed beginner in these subjects as I happen to be, the story is a thrilling one.

But when Mr Bibby has to deal with the subject of man's culture his conclusions require a little swallowing—even by one who has no previous knowledge of the subject. For a book which professes to treat upon the subject of culture, thus to dismiss the greatest civilisation the world has known—that of the Greeks—as follows: 'But, taken generally, the rise of the beautiful culture of the Greeks took place only at the expense

of the material and moral depauperisation of the majority of the people' is, to say the least of it, a trifle cavalier. Under two chapter headings—'The Evolution of the State' and 'The Withering of the State'—the whole sordid tale of capitalism from Ancient Egypt to Modern England is revealed in phrases which, had we any previous knowledge of the subject, we would at once recognise as Marx via a careful perusal of the Left Book Club's publications. The Party Line is all very well; but when gaily applied to the whole of man's evolution it seems a trifle inadequate. The book ends thus:

'When it is possible to rely upon the spontaneous goodwill of all citizens to keep order, and when people are willing to work according to their abilities and receive according to their need, society will return in communism to a state of society very similar to that of the earliest tribes, but it will return with all the control over Nature that has been achieved through thousands of years of struggle and cruelty.' If only one could be starting out with all the freshness of outlook and simplicity of heart that this sentiment requires of its readers!

If I did not happen to hold fairly strong views on the subject of so-called 'exploitation' and kindred subjects, I should have enjoyed this book. And after all, you can't please everybody for 1/6.

J. C. STAMP.

QUEENS' HOUSE, ROTHERHITHE

THE Annual General Meeting was held about the middle of term, and was better attended than usual. In addition to Mr Bache a senior member of the Club came down to speak. This he did with sincerity and conviction and our thanks are due to him for coming down. Mr Bache stayed for two further days in which he met a number of freshmen

So far this term there has been one expedition to Queens' House which was enjoyed by all who went. It is to be hoped that more people will volunteer for these expeditions, about two of which take place every term. *All who go up enjoy themselves greatly and are much struck by the welcome they receive and by the spirit of goodwill that pervades the Club.*

It is to be regretted that the Club as usual starts the year with a considerable deficit. With only a very little more support this state of affairs could be banished for good.

P. BELL, *Hon. Sec.*

THE RYLE SOCIETY

FOUR papers have been read this term, two of which have been by undergraduates. This introduction of papers read by undergraduates is an innovation and its purpose is to promote subsequent discussion. The plan has been successful, and stimulating debates have resulted from some excellent papers. Dr Cook was the only Fellow to read a paper this term and as always his inimitable humour delighted all who were present.

The attendance at meetings has been somewhat meagre. What the College does not realise is that the Society is open to all and welcomes all.

P. BELL, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. B. C.

MARLOW AND HENLEY REGATTAS

THE First May boat was entered for the Marlow Eights and for the Ladies Plate at Henley. Two days practice was put in before Marlow Regatta, but owing to a tendency to over-reach after the break in training since the Mays, the boat failed to regain their racing ability. Queens' drew the Jesus and London second boats in their heat and were beaten by one length.

The following Monday, the boat was rowed up to Henley, for ten days practice before the races. Mr W. Williams of Thames R.C. very kindly came to coach the boat for this period. The crew quickly regained its form and by the races, had developed a powerful finish and was moving the boat well.

St Edmund's Hall, who finished fourth in the Summer VIII's at Oxford, were drawn in the first round. Queens' rowed on the Berks station and settled down to a steady row to the mile post. St Edmund's Hall were up half a length at the barrier and had slightly increased this lead at Fawley. From there, however, Queens' began to draw up, and at the Mile Post, the two crews were level. Here, Queens' began to spurt, but were unable to make any impression, and St Edmund's Hall finally won by three-quarters of a length in 7 min. 28 sec.

Our thanks are due to the members of the College, past and present, whose support enabled us to enter a Queens' VIII for the Regatta.

The crew was :

M. A. P. Wood (bow)	11	12
E. T. Allen	11	8
M. G. Mack Smith	13	4
J. G. Nicholls	13	2
J. A. Churchill	13	2
P. C. Kirkpatrick	13	12
R. P. Lester	10	4
W. H. P. Bagott (stroke)	10	8
P. A. Richardson (cox)	8	7

Spare man, W. H. G. Browne

W. H. P. Bagott, who was called upon to stroke the boat at Marlow and Henley, was awarded his First May colours.

MICHAELMAS TERM

With five First May colours still up in addition to some half-dozen members of the Second May boat, prospects appeared quite favourable. It was decided to enter two Clinker fours this term in order to be able to form the First Fairbairn Eight without upsetting the Second and Third boats.

The First IV was practising from the beginning of term, but owing to the interruption of University Trials, it was not finally settled until some ten days before the races. Mr C. H. Thompson very kindly came to coach the boat. The Second IV was put on the river two weeks before the races. Owing to the number of entries for this event, it was impossible to procure another boat, so the two crews had to share, thus making it impossible to practise together.

In the races, the First IV drew Christ's and the Second IV drew Clare I. From the start, Christ's gradually went up, to win by 12 seconds in 8 min. 12 sec. The Second IV rowed well but were beaten by 20 seconds.

THE DIAL

FIRST IV.

R. P. Lester (bow)
 W. H. P. Bagott
 F. A. O. Gaze
 J. A. Churchill (stroke)
 P. A. Richardson (cox)
 C. H. Thompson (coach)

SECOND IV.

W. H. G. Browne (bow)
 I. O'D. Preston
 M. G. Mack Smith
 E. T. Allen (stroke)
 J. C. Leigh (cox)
 R. P. Lester (coach)

In the Fairbairn Cup the First boat were unfortunate in only going up from 17th to 16th place, despite passing the boat in front at the finish. The Second boat rowed very well, and went up seven places, to 35th. The Third boat went over really hard, and, passing one boat nearly managed to pass a second, finally going up nine places, to 52nd.

The First boat won the Crock Pot Races by 7 seconds. The Third boat ($2\frac{1}{4}$ min. handicap) was second, and the Second boat (1 min. handicap) third.

Queens' have had three members in the Trial Eights this year. J. A. Churchill stayed in for one week, and F. A. O. Gaze and R. P. Lester for two days.

FIRST BOAT

W. H. G. Browne (bow)
 I. O'D. Preston
 F. A. O. Gaze
 E. T. Allen
 M. G. Mack Smith
 J. A. Churchill
 R. P. Lester
 W. H. Bagott (stroke)
 J. C. Leigh (cox)

SECOND BOAT

J. N. P. Kennett (bow)
 A. C. M. Ameer
 J. McC. McNair
 R. C. Henderson
 O. B. Clapham
 S. R. S. Godkin
 T. H. de Winton
 P. E. Conant (stroke)
 G. C. Wardale (cox)

THIRD BOAT

K. V. Borg (bow)
 D. B. Wallace
 J. A. van der Stok
 G. L. Walker
 G. W. Parry
 J. R. Spencer
 D. S. L. Cooke
 H. W. G. Hefner (stroke)
 M. O. B. Herbert (cox)

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

<i>Captain</i> ...	D. R. CARTER
<i>Hon. Sec.</i> ...	C. M. A. BATHURST
<i>Committee</i> ...	R. A. PITT

OF all the college sides Queens' alone remain unbeaten. Eleven matches have been played and all have been won. The points scored are 172 for and 48 against. At the beginning of the term there were eight old Colours in residence, of these D. R. Carter, the Captain, has been unable to play as he broke a finger in his first practice game of the season; C. M. A. Bathurst, the Hon. Sec. has only been able to turn out on two occasions during the term, as he has been on the verge of the 'Varsity team; A. G. S. Wilkes has been almost permanently absent since he broke a nose playing for the University Vandals early in the season. Of the remaining five, R. A. Pitt on the right wing has been a tower of strength, his tackling and defensive covering being irreproachable, while in attack each match brings him nearer his true form. R. S. Allen and G. P. S. Mellor the half-backs have been the real backbone of the team; the ubiquitous Mellor will be extremely unlucky if he does not get a Seniors' Trial next season. I. Macdonald has again proved his worth as a solid scrummager. I. B. Donald, the full-back, has been replaced by J. H. Gibson, a freshman, who has played each Saturday for the Old Alleynians.

Of the rest, S. L. C. Medrington has proved invaluable to the side as a place kick. His rigger sense is good although he is rather slow off the mark, a fault which can be cured with constant practice next term. J. McLaren who has deputised for Wilkes will prove an

able substitute should either of the centres get injured. The left wing position is still open, and will be filled by either Maynard or Paterson. The latter is a sprinter and is running in the Inter-Varsity Relays next week. Of the forwards, I. Macdonald, M. A. P. Wood and P. H. L. Ling have proved the best of the solid scrummagers while L. Fleming Jones, E. Hughes-Narborough and J. A. H. Nicholson have all proved themselves to be lively forwards in the loose. D. H. Hobson and D. W. Millington have also played regularly for the team.

This term's success lies in good team spirit and not in the brilliance of any individuals. Another great asset is the high standard displayed by the reserves, a fact which gives confidence for next term, since it means that a few injuries will not upset the whole team. Perhaps greatest praise is due to the forwards who, although usually lighter than their opponents, have always proved superior in the loose. Their tackling and forward rushes have been a joy to watch. It bodes well for the future that in every match played at least one try has been scored by a forward. With some well organised practice next term the side ought to develop into an efficient team with excellent prospects for the Cuppers.

Owing to the fact that the First XV have constantly taken their best players, the Second XV have not been quite so successful, having won 3 matches, lost 5 and drawn one. The Queries have plodded along steadily also losing rather more matches than they have won.

C. M. A. BATHURST, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. A. F. C.

Captain ... P. L. J. ROWLAND
Hon. Sec. ... J. DAINTY
Committee ... C. R. SHAW

AT the beginning of this season only five Old Colours were in residence, but, fortunately, we had a very good response from the Freshmen, about eighteen of whom are playing soccer this term. As a result of this increase in playing members we have been able to run two teams quite successfully, having had to scratch only one match.

There has, however, been a slight difficulty about goalkeepers; Good, who capably kept goal for the Second XI last year, unfortunately has cartilage trouble, and C. R. Shaw has not been able to turn out very often. K. Hind, a freshman who plays centre-half for the First XI has filled in the breach and has played in goal for the Second XI on numerous occasions.

So far both teams have had a moderate season, the results being as follows:—

First XI.				GOALS.		PTS.
P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	
League games	5	2	2	1	7	11
Other games	3	1	1	1	5	6
Second XI.	8	4	2	2	17	10

We have two more League games to play and in order to remain in the First Division we must win one of them.

E. S. Washington, last year's Captain, is up this year and is playing for the University. Unfortunately, next term he will not be coming up and will not be able to help us in the Cuppers.

Our congratulations to C. R. Shaw and J. Dainty on their Seniors' Trials, and to K. Hind, J. Upsdell and H. N. Horsfall on their Freshmen's Trials. C. R. Shaw has played for the University, and D. F. Kelsall, J. Dainty, J. Upsdell and H. N. Horsfall for the Falcons, this term.

Full colours have been awarded to R. A. Johnson.

Half-colours have been awarded to K. Hind, J. Upsdell and H. N. Horsfall.

J. DAINTY, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. H. C.

<i>Captain</i>	...	C. T. WADE
<i>Hon. Sec.</i>	...	G. B. KENYON
<i>Committee</i>	...	A. COXON

THE Club has been very fortunate in obtaining many useful Freshmen and with six old colours left the side should develop well. The results of the matches already played have, however, been very disappointing, but it is true to say the side improves. We hope that it will be really good by the time of the Cuppers.

The Second XI captained by J. K. Cavell passed through two rounds of the Cuppers, beating Downing 4—3, Pembroke III 6—0. In the third round, however, they met Clare and lost 0—6.

Congratulations are due to:—C. T. Wade, G. B. Kenyon and J. C. Tyrrel who played in the Seniors' Trial. P. R. Gibson, K. S. Dimmer and C. P. Sullivan who played in the Freshmen's Trial. G. B. Kenyon and P. R. Gibson also played in the Final Trial.

G. B. KENYON, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. A. C.

<i>President</i>	...	N. E. MITCHELL
<i>Hon. Sec.</i>	...	P. F. THOMPSON

OWING to the fact that a number of Seniors joined the Club this term, our numbers are well up on last year's. We managed to enter teams for all the Inter-Collegiate Relays with the exception of the 3 x 120 yds Hurdles, but were not successful in gaining many points.

Two of our members met with success in the Freshmen's Sports. Aldercotte won both the Javelin and Pole Vault and was third in the Weight, while Paterson was second in the 100 yds and third in the 440 yds. These two were both chosen to represent the Cambridge Freshmen *v.* Oxford Freshmen, and we offer them our congratulations. In the Seniors' Sports, the Club was well represented. Buckingham won the Weight and Houston the High Jump.

Houston is also to be congratulated on winning yet another Open Handicap.

At this point, we should like to offer our sympathy to the President on a recurrence of a back trouble, which, necessitating a considerable rest from Athletics, undoubtedly prevented him from retaining his place in the Relay Team against Oxford.

It is worthy of note that the Club entered a team in the Inter-Collegiate Cross Country, and were placed 7th out of nine colleges. We hope this practice will be continued in the future.

Next term we are drawn against Clare in the first round of the Knock-out Competition. There is no

reason why we should not win this match, if all existing members continue to support the Club.

P. F. THOMPSON, *Hon. Sec.*

STOP PRESS.

After the Secretary had written his report, we heard with much delight that Paterson has been selected to run for the University in the Relays against Oxford on December 3rd at Fenners, and we take this last minute opportunity of congratulating him.

N. E. M.

Q. C. SWIMMING CLUB

THE Swimming Club concentrated this term on Water-Polo. Badly handicapped by the loss of a Blue and of two other outstanding players, we hope nevertheless to be able to make a very good stand in this year's Cuppers.

We had this term, beside the two hours a week general training, 13 practice matches which were regularly attended by all the players, enabling us to get the team into a good shape.

B. M. NICULESCU, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. S. R. C.

QUEENS' moved up from the third to the second division of the League this term. The team has been lucky in securing the services of F. J. G. Marley and F. S. Aldercotte who have played well, F. J. G. Marley being beaten once only. Six matches have been played, of which four have been won. The team when at full strength should be useful and the Club may reasonably look forward to a successful season.

The team has been drawn from the following :

B. A. Maynard, A. D. K. Peploe, M. N. Evans, F. J. G. Marley, F. S. Aldercotte, A. Whaley.

A. D. K. Peploe was given a University trial and it is expected that F. J. C. Marley will also be given one.

A. D. K. PEPLOE, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. RIFLE C.

<i>Captain</i>	...	I. R. A. ADAMSON
<i>Hon. Sec.</i>	...	M. BAREFOOT

THE activities of the Club have continued as usual on three evenings of the week and Saturday afternoons. We have again been able to enter a team for the Inter-College League Small-Bore Competition, which continues throughout this term and the next ; and although we have lost some good 'shots', an influx of new members gives us every confidence.

Several of our members have shot in the various University teams, though so far we have no representatives in the 'A' team.

M. BAREFOOT, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. G. C.

THREE members, A. D. K. Peploe, M. Lawrence and I. S. Keelan, played in the University trials at Mildenhall this term ; on the second day I. S. Keelan lead the field with 79 and has since represented the University. Queens' have entered for the Inter-College Knock-out Competition for the Welsh Cup. M. Lawrence has played well for the Cambridge University Outlaws.

A. D. K. PEPLOE, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. CHESS CLUB

THE Chess Club had a successful season. In the Michaelmas Term we played a series of friendly matches without sustaining any loss. Unfortunately we were put out in the 'Cupper' by Magdalene II. The Club has received an encouraging response from new players this term, and we have so far survived the term without being defeated.

J. E. TOD, *Hon. Sec.*

CORRESPONDENCE

A PLEA FOR INEFFICIENCY

To the Editor of 'The Dial.'

SIR.—To no journal could we consider it more fitting to write than to yours on the subject which we at present have at heart, a subject on which we should be grateful for your co-operation to Warn England.

Sir Kingsley Wood must, we imagine, be our *bête noire* No. 1 for after we had muddled through in the most thrilling, glorious and successful fashion for centuries, the rot set in immediately with this gentleman's appointment as Postmaster-General when he promptly set a dastardly example of efficiency, efficiency and ever more efficiency. Mr Hore-Belisha quickly allowed himself to be lured on to the same slippery path. The result? We now find both with the chance to ply their nefarious trade in wider spheres; more and more otherwise harmless folk are ensnared by this insidious poison, the cry is being taken up on all sides and the good old adages of Merry Old England are being thrown out one by one. No more "Put off from today all that you can do tomorrow" but "Hustle and do it now".

And let there be no mistake. Efficiency merely means difficulty—has not the sole result of Mr Hore-Belisha's efforts been to make it more difficult for the motorist to pursue his

appointed task of educating the pedestrian? It is an encroachment, we maintain of the professional, the mechanical, the modern on the chivalrous romantic traditions of our native land.

How commonplace if British buses and trains were ever to time! Gone would be the joyous uncertainty of travel, gone the joy of chasing trams, of suitably addressing their departing rear—the man whose watch *never* loses a second, instead of being as now, no better than the rest of us, would be in clover. I imagine even the possibility of a Rugby Union game beginning on time, of never getting the wrong number or eavesdropping on a crossed wire. Consider the appalling prospect of efficient Income Tax supervision, of those sacrilegious hands being laid on our English law, our English law which from time immemorial has rejoiced in being an Ass.

The triumph of efficiency would mean a Cambridge without its traffic jams, without a single unlocked bicycle for our use, would turn dons into a fleet of fashion-plates, would begin all lectures on time, end the joys of stamping-in the late lecturer, the hopes of making a niner* before him. And nearer home too we may contemplate the curse of efficiency—for only ITS thrice-cursed promptitude has prevented our Essex building now being in its proper place at the bottom of the Cam†, then there would be no longer the excitement of propaganda wars on our screenlet, no longer the glee of visiting our college library to find every book unfindable and the noble librarian himself cheerfully announcing the hopelessness of his catalogued chaos.

Real efficiency, Sir, would throw half our population out of work, blast all our hopes of a comfortable and useless career by giving all posts on merit, and raising a new generation of examiners who would deal us the *coup de grâce* by eliminating all our hopes of accidents and putting us in the class we really deserve.—Can England, especially Young England resist our call?—we think not!

We are, Sir,

Yours negligently,

D. H. HOBSON.

* The Editor fears he does not understand the meaning of this word.

† Nor can he agree with this view.

To the Editor of 'The Dial.'

SIR.—It is not often than any member of this College can feel justified in making any criticism concerning the amenities supplied to him by the authorities, but is it not time that the present situation regarding telephones was taken into consideration by those responsible. Surely it is not right that residents in Fisher Building should have to make a pilgrimage to the Porter's Lodge at the main gate of the College every time they receive an incoming telephone call? It is not only in the interests of my fellow residents that I am writing on this subject but also on behalf of the extra expense [*sic*] also involved as far as the caller is concerned, as the time taken over the journey to the other side of the College detracts considerably from the usefulness of a three minute trunk call and adds a great deal to the expense, particularly in the case of a call before 1.0 p.m. On these grounds I hope that steps may soon be taken to remedy this matter.

I remain, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

J. R. L. CHARLTON.

P.S.—What happens to a person in Fisher Building who receives a call after 11.0 p.m.? I have never yet found out.

To the Editor of 'The Dial.'

SIR.—I am now in my third year and have had ample opportunity of judging the excellence of our laundry system—that is if there is such a system. I noticed in my first year that all my collars were deplorably frayed by the Easter term. In my second year I discovered unknown handkerchiefs in my laundry parcel—no doubt the outcome of that strange phrase “Name not to pass.” And now, Sir, in my third year my shirts are slowly becoming coloured vests, and alas! I do not feel like paying half a guinea for a new vest. Besides, Sir, my shirts become paler and paler as they grow thinner and thinner: and worse, the neckbands have reached strangulation point.

I understand and fully appreciate the harrowing experiences of anyone employed at a laundry, but I do not see why my

clothes should suffer. I am not a "socialite" so I do not care what I look like—particularly. However, it is deplorable that so venerable a college should allow methods of washing, even more ancient than the worthy foundation itself. Therefore, Sir, I humbly protest and protesting still,

Remain yours obediently,
SPECTATOR.

From the Editor of 'The Dial.'

QUEENS' COLLEGE.

TO ALL CONTRIBUTORS,

In the interests of the printers, may I request all contributors to write on one side of the paper only and leave a margin of at least one inch down the left hand side of every sheet. This term one or two articles have been written—inadvertently, I believe—on both sides. Thus the suggestion.

THE EDITOR.

GIFT TO THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

From Mrs Fitzpatrick—

H. Rackham, *Thomas Cecil Fitzpatrick*, a Memoir, 1937.

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CAMBRIDGE

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