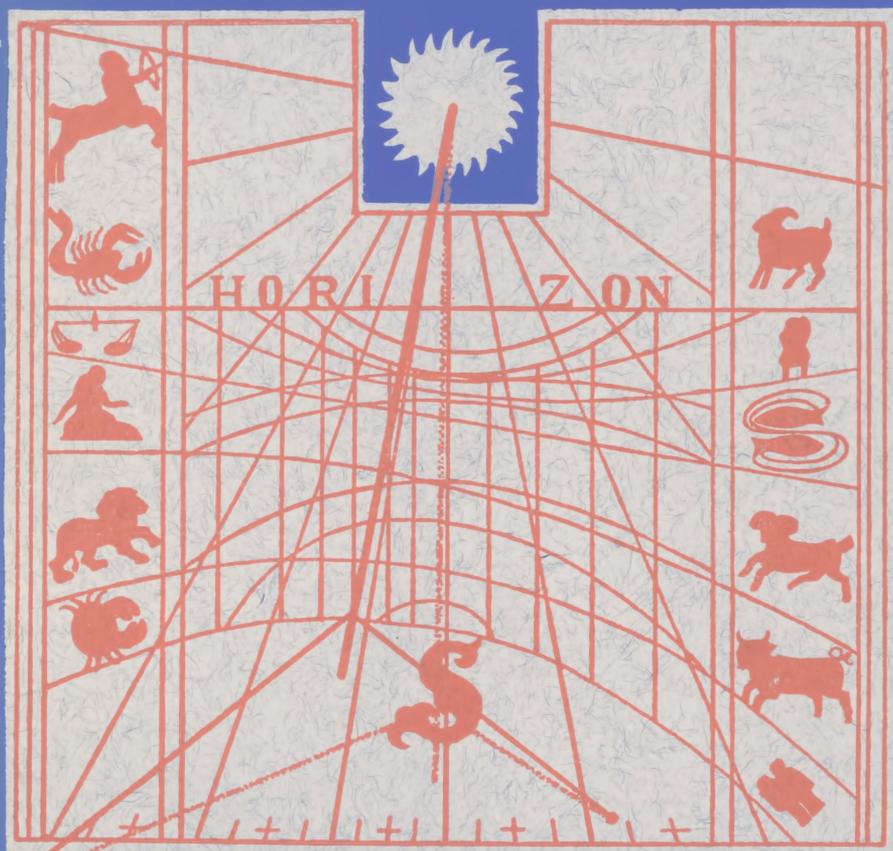


EASTER TERM 1939



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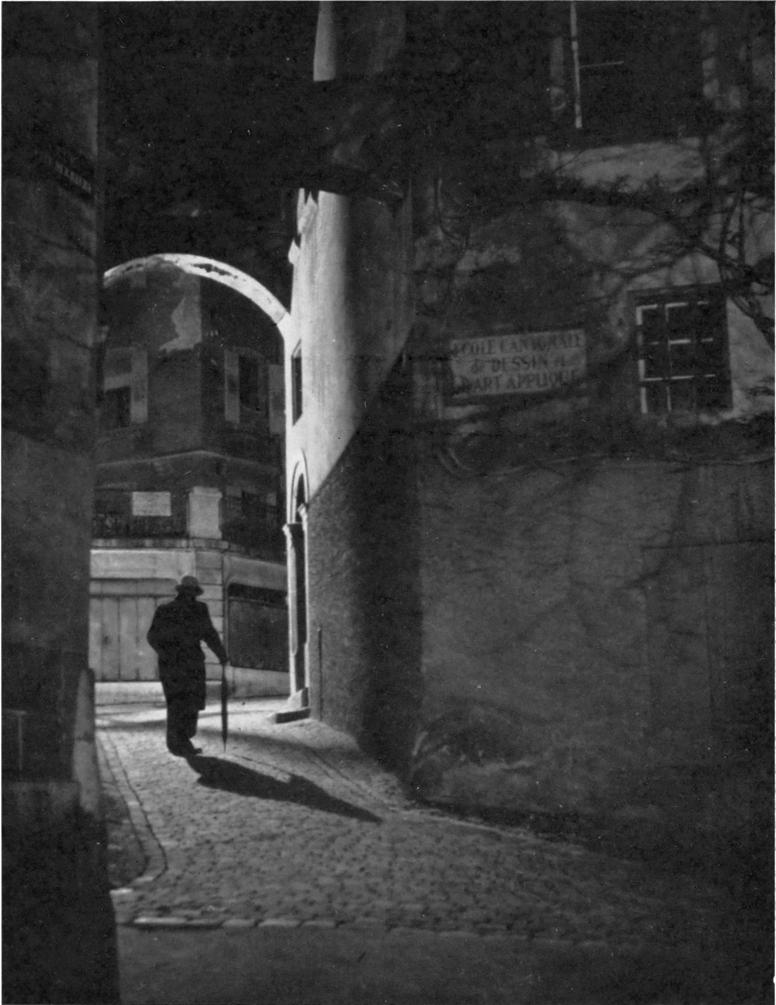
# THE DIAL



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NOCTURNE

*Photo by*

K. F. LINDLEY

# THE DIAL

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No. 92.

EASTER TERM 1939.

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## EDITORIAL

*When is the Dial coming out?*

*What sort of Dial will it be?*

WE have grown strangely sick of these questions and any gratifying delusion that they denote real interest was swiftly dispelled by the contributions sent in. For your information gentle reader (a) We don't know, (b) It will not be an International Dial, a European Dial, a Political Dial, a Comic Dial or even an Erudite Intellectual Dial—it will be principally an Editorial Dial because, with the exception of some of the briefer Club Reports practically every scrap of prose or verse in this issue is written by past, present, sub or future Editors.

“The world,” as we sagely noted in our last, “is becoming smaller,” and if the single-minded fervour of the rulers of those Nations, who have progressed from ignorant savagery to unenlightened barbarism without an intervening pause for civilization, continues at its fever-peak we may yet have the honour of presenting to our

acquiescent, if not eager, readers yet another war time *Dial*. With this in mind we have sought to banish politics from this issue—our anxiety to accomplish this was sharpened by a knowledgeable if embittered defender of democracy who opined that unless so purged its contents would be withheld from Queens' College Belishamen by the protective vigilance of the Military anxious as ever to protect its youthful charges from deleterious contact with the more sordid theories of life.

Belishamen, Scholars, Oarsmen, Teamsters and Collegiate Democratisers may all derive comfort and entertainment from a glance at pages 21 and 22 where we reproduce College Bills over a century old; for John Tile, Esq. never after running four hundred yards to take a telephone call found the box occupied; and one may be pardoned for assuming, in view of the self-generated scholastic fervour which served him in place of a coal fire, that as a topic of interest the temperature of the bath water left him cold.

### ECCENTRIAD

THE wimples and the willow bucks  
Are dancing in the shade,  
They love to make welkin ring  
Because it's British made.

G. R. H.

## REGINALIA

WE regret to record the death of *the Rev. J. W. Oman*, D.D., for many years a member of Queens' College, Hon. Fellow of Jesus, Emeritus Professor and Principal of Westminster College, Cambridge, on May 17, 1939.

\* \* \* \*

*The Rev. H. St J. Hart* preached the sermon at Mere's Commemoration, on April 18.

\* \* \* \*

We congratulate :—

*Dr J. A. Ramsay* on his engagement to Miss Helen Dickson of Stockholm.

*Mr R. Northam* on the recent publication of his book "Conservatism the only way".

*Mr A. W. G. Kean* on gaining first place in the Bar Examination.

*J. de C. Guillaume* on being awarded the Kennett Hebrew Scholarship.

*R. Latham* on being awarded the W. A. Meek Scholarship.

\* \* \* \*

## FIRSTS

*Agriculture*

First Examination. D. B. Wallace.

*Classics*

Preliminary. W. T. Hillage.

*Economics*

Preliminary. J. M. Reynolds.

Part I. W. Durham.

*Engineering, Mechanical Sciences*

A. Swinburne.

G. N. Ward (Distinction in Structures).

Preliminary, 1st Year. R. Richardson.

B. J. Prigmore.

Third Examination. A. B. McG. Houston.

R. F. Sanderson.

A. Whaley.

Second Examination. M. H. Petty.

First Examination. J. J. A. McLaren.

R. S. B. Madeley.

*Geography*

Qualifying. P. W. Kemmis.

*Law*

Part II. M. G. Martindale.

*Mathematics*

Part I. T. E. Dean.

Preliminary (Second Year). F. E. Brown (4th)

*Modern and Medieval Languages.*

Part I : J. McC. McNair (French).

Preliminary. Part I : A. G. Chapman.

E. W. Herd.

J. N. P. Kennett.

G. Sunderland.

Preliminary. Part II : D. H. Hobson.

J. D. Simmonds.

*Natural Sciences*

Part II. D. F. Kelsall.

H. L. K. Whitehouse.

Part I. C. W. Furneaux.

N. F. Hughes.

E. Rollinson.

B. Samways.

Preliminary (Second Year). L. J. Rowley.

---

Mr Potts

Has lots

Of admiration

For the letter of a regulation;

Mr McCullagh

Is less thorough.

## THE HORSE

THE horse has attained, since Victoria reigned,  
 And the carriage developed a motor  
 A place in Debrett with the Leicestershire set,  
 A position of sleek-sided hauteur.

For its fodder it hastens to Fortnum and Masons  
 And its neigh is extremely affected.  
 Its as socially narrow as Eton and Harrow,  
 And its riders are all well-connected.

For successful transition to such a position,  
 Besides being healthy and thrilling,  
 (Since its hard to be smart having once pulled a cart),  
 It must call for the very last shilling.

The lowest bred wretch can appear in the *Sketch*,  
 Reading from left to the right,  
 He must only recourse to riding a horse,  
 And make the photographer tight.

Success is assured to those who're insured  
 Against breaking their necks in the Row,  
 And debutante daughters of jampot importers  
 Are around when the hunting horns blow.

Stray politicians with social ambitions  
 Because they have heard it is chic  
 Endure riding-lessons with strange acquiescence,  
 Though they cannot sit down for a week.  
 While Tom, Dick and Harry, despising the charri'  
 Aspire to the equinine clique.

A horse, it is clear, though its frightfully dear,  
And it does not develop your mind  
Is sure to deliver some shocks to your liver,  
And broaden, my dear, your behind.

G. R. H.

---

You bring in fresh flowers to freshen,  
Clear and cool and spring and wet water,  
Clean on the table to brighten,  
All uselessly.

You cannot bring in soil, damp, dark,  
Only flowers cut from growth,  
Dying to decay and mould,  
Not living.

You water red pots with water,  
Pipe, lead water, on the soil,  
Flowers open to sick scent,  
But dying.

Soil is under the trees, damp, cold.  
Rain falls on leaves and petals,  
Refreshes, not waters. They live,  
Even dying.

## REPRESENTATIVE COMMITTEE

A FEW weeks ago a circular was sent round the college proposing the formation of a 'Representative Committee'. This was followed up by a petition, which has been taken round to the majority of the members of the College. To date, well over 150 people have expressed their general sympathy with the proposal by signing. Therefore, it is probably worth while explaining why this scheme has come forward at this moment.

The scheme for a 'Representative Committee' is not the product of an individual whim, but of a feeling which has long been in the subconscious of many people's minds. It has sometimes been suggested that when the College grew larger, its social life was bound to be badly damaged ; it was bound to degenerate towards a boarding-house, whose only conscious existence would be in its sports. Fortunately, it has never gone anything like as far as that, but strong criticisms can be made.

A common social life is very lacking ; cliques are unnecessarily powerful. There is, in the College, far less contact than there ought to be between people of different years, between Fellows and undergraduates, between those who play games and those who don't, between those who work and those who don't, between those who climb in and those who've never found out where (they do exist!). It is not desirable that the university should be divided up with each person in his own sport, political or religious club until he thinks that his own interests are the be-all and end-all of life, and doesn't want to meet people of different interests with whom he is afraid he may not be able to get on. The situation has not gone as far as that, but that is the

tendency of the present day. Therefore college life must be stressed again as the best way of broadening the outlook of each individual.

The difficulties of Queens' House at the end of last term crystallised this feeling. Although there must be a fair number of people who do not approve of such Missions,\* the majority of the College ought to be able to support it with interest and money. The movement to change the committee of Queens' House from a self-coopting to a democratically elected committee has led on to the demand for the formation of a 'Representative Committee' which could centralise interest in the various College activities and give everybody the possibility of playing a part in the running of college life.

The 'Representative Committee' has been proposed as a part of the United Clubs because they are the centre of college life, and it would be impertinent and stupid for any group of people to try and form a representative committee outside them.

There are lots of things for the 'Representative Committee' to do. As permanent jobs, it ought to have control of the *Dial*, it ought to be closely connected with Queens' House, and it ought to revive the St Bernard Society. (For the benefit of the number of people who apparently do not know what the St Bernard Society is, it is a society for providing college debates and entertainments).

Probably the most important function of the 'Representative Committee' in many people's eyes will be making proposals for the running of the College. In this College luckily there are very few 'grievances', but there is no shortage of constructive suggestions. For instance, could we have a Common Room where

\* [? Ed.]

one could go and talk (instead of whispering among a lot of newspaper readers), play darts, and have drinks and tea? Clearly desirable, but there are many technical difficulties which need discussion. Or could we have seats in the courts or the Grove? Again desirable, but there are aesthetic problems. With a Suggestions Book for an inspiration, the 'Representative Committee' could sort out the practical from the impractical proposals, and make many welcome reforms, about which nothing is done at the moment because nobody can be bothered.

Nobody would pretend that the 'Representative Committee' will be a panacea for all evils, or that there wont be many difficulties, but it will be a great step forward in increasing a consciousness of corporate existence in Queens'.

---

WAITING in the queue is a long waiting,  
 Waiting for the lights to flicker.  
 Time in the hour-glass is a precious liquid,  
 Little to be spilt. Rather than waste  
 We make poems—sitting—in the little note-book,  
 And people look on wondering.  
 The mass-observer would write down talking;  
 Poets talk in clever language,  
 Hoping some day to be published,  
 Knowing the joy of making.

STEPHEN COATES.



P. J. B.

## COLLEGIATE DEMOCRATISATION

“ All the while  
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :  
 At which the universal host up-sent  
 A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the reign of chaos and old Night.”

*Paradise Lost*, Bk I, 539—543.

THIS term more rumours have been circulated, more crises experienced, more crises laid at the doors of the dictators Hit and Miss, that the present move for Collegiate Democratisation can scarcely come as a surprise to the least politically minded person. But what, pray, is *Collegiate Democratisation*? What is the meaning of this deplorable piece of diplomatic jargon?

Everyone has received a sheet of typescript and a lengthy notice of golf-club rules has been posted telling us exactly what is in the promoters' minds. But the business seems so hazy and the wording so nebulous that we can but wonder if the promoters' themselves have any *exact* conception of this so-called democratisation. For, in the first place, it seems to be a grand Fascist move, aided by gold from the U.S.S.R., to take away the liberties of each member of the college and to hand them over bodily to some peculiar committee with phenomenal powers, a move of the have-nots to seek the haven of have, a piece of political trumpery to create a feeling of dissatisfaction in the college when, for five hundred and one academic years, through civil wars and international strife, metaphorical fire, brimstone, storm and tempest, a President and an able body of Fellows have discharged their duties with remarkable ability and delightful waywardness.

If greater co-operation is desired, we must lose our most cherished ideal—the indifference of persons *in statu pupillari* to the governors and government of this ancient foundation, what then is the use of setting up another government when unobtrusiveness is the greatest asset of any government?

Do not take this too seriously! But glance, if you will, at the typescript which, by the way, makes an excellent firelighter. Apart from the wordiness of the first sentence and the doubtful metaphor and continued wordiness of the second, it is suggested that “such a committee, as part of the United Clubs, *could*” do about six things, most of which seem surprisingly naïve in their pontifical seriousness. The committee is to be *responsible* for reviving the St Bernard Society and to “have control of the XX *sic* (St. deleted) Fitzpatrick Memorial”. To have control of the Fitzpatrick Memorial? For what reason? To satisfy the socialite with a buffet bar or the unsociable socialist with a coffee stall? To upset the pleasant silence of a memorial with radios, gramophones or even a college dance band? To permit the high and low of Cambridge to congregate in a branch office of the Union indeed! And like the A.R.P. posters in the Corn Exchange—including the notice announcing that that gay piece of jerry built greenhousing and its statue is “licensed for public meetings and *entertainments* (*v.s., cf. examinations*)—we learn that the committee “could be *prepared* to discuss” any important matter which Mr Y on Z staircase may be worried about (*e.g.* whether it be in the interests of the college kindergarten that the hall bell-clapper be recast in rubber; whether the college be a good thing or *vice versa*, etc., etc., etc.) Then this committee proposes to “be closely connected with the committee of Queens’ House” and with the

committee (?) of the St Margaret Society, yet it ignores the committee of the *Dial* completely and supposes it will "appoint the Editor of the *Dial*". (Beware Mr MacRobert!)

Presumption indeed! If this is an instance of Collegiate Democratisation, then I suggest this democratic committee understand forthwith that the committee of the *Dial* is a more animated body than the wraithlike committee of the St Margaret Society, and that if it imagines that its own selection of an Editor will be more democratic and so—how fallaciously reasoned—increase interest in the *Dial*, then I can only snap my fingers in its face and smile at its simplicity.

It forgets that those who want to help in the production of the *Dial* can easily do so if they are keen and good enough, that the editing of a college magazine must necessarily be a personal matter—for no committee on this earth can make a body of apathetic men write to order nor has it any power to stimulate them so long as a strict censorship is observed. If this representative committee wishes to aid the *Dial* then let it be "closely connected" with the *Dial* committee and cease to exhibit those despotic leanings shown implicitly in § 2.

So much for a few paragraphs of detailed obstruction. The only useful thing such a committee might do is to ensure that the bridge gate be kept perpetually open! And I would rather it were permanently shut than allow a committee to open it!

JOHN LAWRENCE LONG.

## THE IMPROBABLE END OF A MAGNATE

**K**ING JOHN died through eating too much. Mr Gorgon died through working too much. The monarch enjoyed eating. The magnate enjoyed working. All pleasure kicks back in some form of misfortune.

Like all successful men in these times Mr Gorgon had been, as a youth, a seller of newspapers. He sold newspapers better than any other newsboy of his day, except perhaps young Mr Twinkelbaum, whom many know now as Herbert Bull, sock-magnate and art-connoisseur. The result was that many people considered him to be a good species of newsboy, which though nice enough in its way was by no means good enough for young Mr Gorgon. He desired to work all day and all night as well. Since no existing newspaper was brought out at night he had no option but to start one himself.

Mr Gorgon gathered himself together, and wrote about the general goings-on in London at night. All this was written out in his own silver-plate hand-writing on rolls of toilet paper provided by a fascinated public convenience attendant. That it was a Ladies' Convenience worried him not at all, for he was a man entirely without scruples. This vulgar publication he sold to the various dissolute men, that one finds about the streets when the nice type of fellow is in bed. This was the coarse origin of the famous *Midnight News*, though it is now printed on quite ordinary paper, as you may have noticed.

In due course Mr Gorgon became seemly, rich, and generally bulging with currency of every kind. He was allowed into quite high-class circles, and spoke very

much like an English gentleman. His ointment however had a large fly in it. Having cultivated the odd habit of working all through the night, Mr Gorgon found that he could not work in any sleep at all. As everyone knows, sleep is an excellent thing for all classes of people, knitting up, as it does, the ravelled sleeve of care. As time went on Mr Gorgon's sleeve got more and more ravelled, until he grew very miserable about the whole thing.

All the more expensively incompetent physicians of the land were well paid to ponder deeply on this problem. In vain however, for Mr Gorgon remained awake. He took enough drugs to kill four men who were not magnates, but on him they had no effect.

One doctor ordered him to be hung up head downwards from the ceiling, but this so preyed on his mind, that he began to imagine himself to be a fly, which is not at all the right thing for a newspaper magnate to imagine himself to be, being bad for prestige. It was some little time before madhouse experts could get him out of this frame of mind.

All the famous physicians called on him every day, and often drank his whisky to such an extent, that they were many a time carried out, quite out.

One time however, it would be in May, '36, a small man with hardly any legs at all, called on him, and said he could induce sleep through the means of hypnotism. Mr Gorgon took quite a good view of this man, and said very kindly that he did not care about his legs if he could in truth make him sleep.

"Oh yes," said the almost legless man, "I can of a surety make you sleep like a happy child."

"Jolly good," replied Mr Gorgon, "that would indeed be scrumptious."

"Perhaps I should start right away," said the hypnotist.

"Hold on a moment. I must get all my expensive physicians to witness this triumph. You will be paid very richly indeed. What do you say to six-and-sixpence?" asked Mr Gorgon.

"I say nothing at all to six-and-sixpence," answered the little man, "but I would say a good deal for six hundred pounds," which shows that he had quite a little will all to himself.

"Well, let's say seven-and-sixpence," said the magnate, which is in itself an object lesson to show how magnates gain their magnitude.

The hypnotist agreed to that figure.

He ate a raw carrot and did a little physical culture in front of the fire, while waiting for the physicians to arrive. He wished, he said, to develop his legs, which he considered too short. This explanation seemed very reasonable to Mr Gorgon, who did not think very much of the fellow's legs himself.

The physicians came in two by two. They were nearly all a little drunk, for the sun had not long gone down, and one actually introduced himself to himself as Helen of Troy.

The eight physicians present seated themselves in a circle round the bed of Mr Gorgon. The hypnotist took a chair right beside the bed, and ordered the lights to be made very low, which was immediately done.

"Your limbs," said the hypnotist, "are growing heavy."

"Oh no they're not," said Mr Gorgon, waving them briskly in the air.

"Please don't talk."

"Well it seems very stupid to say my limbs are growing heavy when they are obviously not any heavier than usual."

“If you interrupt, you may never go to sleep like a happy child,” said the hypnotist, which was very good value as a rebuke to the sleepless Mr Gorgon.

Saying such things as “You’re getting drowsy,” “Sleep, sleep,” “Deeper, deeper,” the hypnotist plied his trade with great enthusiasm. One physician was overcome by mirth, and fell off his chair, but otherwise the bedroom was full of silence.

Half-an-hour went past, and the well-nigh legless man was still droning sweet nothings with no effect whatsoever. Mr Gorgon began to get extremely bored, and commenced to pick his teeth with a fountain pen.

Another hour passed, and yet another, and still the magnate lay awake, quietly picking his now ink-stained teeth. The hypnotist appeared to be tired, but continued quite undaunted while the physicians breathed rhythmically.

Suddenly Mr Gorgon noticed that the drone of the small man had ceased. Thinking however that this was all part of the scheme to make him sleep like a babe, he passed no remark at all.

At last growing very tired of the oppressive silence, broken only by heavy whirring of the physicians’ breathing, he took a look at the hypnotist. This fellow seemed, to all intents and purposes, very asleep. This appeared to Mr Gorgon to be the wrong thing entirely.

“Hi !” he cried in great consternation.

The hypnotist paid no heed to his exclamation, but slept on determinedly.

Mr Gorgon pinched him sharply in the upper thigh, but the hypnotist seemed to care not at all.

Very irate, Mr Gorgon called for his first physician. Here again there was no reply. Taking out his tie-pin he plunged it deeply into the hypnotist’s abdomen. The

small man took it all in very good part, and remained quite immobile. Rising from his bed Mr Gorgon stabbed each physician in turn. They all sat on silent and apparently carefree. In a great rage he ran round madly from physician to physician, slashing and pricking with so much energy, that soon the floor was running with red blood.

If I know anything about hypnotism, thought Mr Gorgon, these men are indeed under hypnotic influence, even the hypnotist himself, which is too bad of him, considering that he was hired to hypnotise me. I will make one more test.

"Get up," he said to the hypnotist with much wrath.

The hypnotist sure enough stood up.

"Stand on your head," he ordered. Which the hypnotist immediately did. Very well too, taking into consideration the shortness of his limbs.

Turning to his physicians he gave the same order. One and all performed the feat very neatly.

Alone in a bedroom with nine upturned men, Mr Gorgon felt somewhat uncomfortable. Nine men in a row balanced cunningly on their heads was a disturbing sight. They made him feel sick.

He went downstairs, and took a shot of whisky. In a large moonlit room upstairs eight very famous physicians and an unknown hypnotist remained steadfastly upside-down. The hypnotist looked the silliest because his legs were so inadequate.

Mr Gorgon left them there, and went to a night-club. This was very bad for their health, and they were all deceased in the morning. Which was bad for the credit of Mr Gorgon, who was taken very much to task about the whole thing, and was later hanged by the neck for long enough to finish him off altogether.

G. R. H.

# Queens' College, Cambridge.

John Tite Esq<sup>r</sup>

BILL due at Midsr. 1837.

It is ordered by the Statutes that every person *in statu pupillari* shall fully discharge every quarter's bill before the end of the next succeeding quarter, and that no person be permitted to reside in College whose account is one quarter in arrear.

The Amount of this Bill may be paid to Messrs. MORTLOCK and Co. Bankers, Cambridge; or to their London Correspondents, Messrs. SMITH, PAYNE and SMITH, to Mr. FENNEL'S Account with the Cambridge Bank.

W<sup>th</sup> W<sup>th</sup> Fenell's Compliments.

	£	s.	d.
Bursar ... ..	9	7	10
Cook ... ..	1	2	6
Butler ... ..			
Porter ... ..	.	9	1
Bedmaker, Gyp, &c. ...	1	.	.
Laundress ... ..			
Shoe-black ... ..	.	8	.
Apothecary ... ..			
Bookseller ... ..			
Ironmonger and Brazier			
Tailor ... ..			
Draper ... ..			
Shoemaker ... ..			
Upholsterer ... ..			
Grocer ... ..			
Hatter ... ..			
Glazier ... ..	.	4	.
Painter ... ..			
Barber ... ..			
Sempstress ... ..			
Coals ... ..	.	18	8
Furniture ... ..			
Lodgings ... ..			
Cash ... ..			
Lectures ... ..			
Private Tutor ... ..			
Tuition ... ..	2	10	.
Arrears ... ..	14	11	5
Deductions.			
Furniture } ... ..			
Scholarship } ... ..			
	30	11	6

# Queens' College, Cambridge.

John Tite Esq<sup>r</sup>

BILL due at Xmas 1837.

It is ordered by the Statutes that every person *in statu pupillari* shall fully discharge every quarter's bill before the end of the next succeeding quarter, and that no person be permitted to reside in College whose account is one quarter in arrear.

The Amount of this Bill may be paid to Messrs. MORTLOCK and Co. Bankers, Cambridge; or to their London Correspondents, Messrs. SMITH, PAYNE and SMITH, to Mr. FENNELL'S Account with the Cambridge Bank.

Wm W. Fennell's Compl<sup>ts</sup>.

	£	s.	d.
Bursar ... ..	5	18	8
Cook ... ..	1	2	7
Butler ... ..			
Porter ... ..	.	4	8
Bedmaker, Gyp, &c. ...			
Laundress ... ..			
Shoe-black ... ..	.	8	.
Apothecary ... ..			
Bookseller ... ..			
Ironmonger and Brazier			
Tailor ... ..	.	7	6
Draper ... ..			
Shoemaker ... ..			
Upholsterer ... ..	.	11	.
Grocer ... ..			
Hatter ... ..			
Glazier ... ..			
Painter ... ..			
Barber ... ..			
Sempstress ... ..			
Coals ... ..			
Furniture ... ..			
Lodgings ... ..			
Cash ... ..			
Lectures ... ..			
Private Tutor ... ..			
Tuition ... ..	2	10	.
Arrears ... ..	12	9	4
	23	11	4
Deductions.			
Furniture } ... ..	22	8	.
Scholarship } ... ..			
	1	3	4

## DOUGAL

DOUGAL had drink taken. The walls of the bar parlour shimmered and swayed before his eyes. The uneven stone floor heaved under his feet. The rough but contrasting voices of the fishermen from Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Leith, Montesore, Le Havre, Peterhead, Stornoway and Aberdeen rose and fell in his ears; he dozed fitfully. Down below in Darroch Bay a high bowed, salt caked, steam trawler went full astern to avoid the turning mail steamer; and the four angry blasts of her siren startled him into speech.

No, he said, he would drink no more, he feared the curse laid on his family. Polite scepticism stung him to speech; and soon the soft voiced urgency of his tale stilled the cheerful interruptions.

It was of the days of old that he spoke, of the dawn of the Celtic peoples, the days when men lived by skill in battle and skill on the sea, when they fought and lived and loved secure in ways of their Fathers—holding fast to the wisdom of the ancients, garnered like fine honey through the ages; the days when Cuchulin strode like a young giant through the forests of the Isles, Bran his brindled hound at heel, the days before Deirdre of the Gael set her spell about the hearts of men, the days before Eric the Red set out for the lands at the edge of the World beyond Ultima Thule.

Dougal's forbear Neil of the Brazen Throat was own cousin to Neil the son of Neil and his was the proud duty of mounting each evening the roof of his chief's Keep and bellowing across the still waters of the bay the insolent taunt :—

*“Hear ye—ye Kings, Princes, Prelates, Potentates and*

*Peoples of the Earth, the great Neil the son of Neil  
the son of Erack Lord of the Isles and the Western Seas,  
father of Kings and Kinsman of Warriors has dined—  
and all the World may dine."*

When the son of Neil of the Brazen Throat was grown, he killed his first bear and the great carcass falling on his spear crimsoned it with spurting blood and so they called him Neil of the Blood Red Spear. They sang and feasted in honour of his manhood, and the singers that night sang the old song of the young hunter :—

*"Tell him of his father's joy when the bristly strength  
of I-Thorno rolled on his lifted spear, tell him of his  
people's pride when the blood of the beast stained the  
crumbling peat and dripped from the shining rocks,  
tell of his foeman's fears when he strode conquering  
across the mountain tops, and when his proud feet turned  
and checked the rushing stream that sends its sullen roar  
by night through Gormal's misty vale."*

Even while they sang, the galleys of Kenneth of the Granite Heart crept up on the flood tide to the shore, and his men burst into the hall and slew all but Neil of the Brazen Throat and his son Neil of the Blood Red Spear.

Kenneth, grown weary of his lowland wealth, had set out as others before him in search of the secret of the wine of the west, the golden brew made from the moorland heather, that jealously guarded secret of the Islanders.

Laughing softly into his yellow beard Kenneth demanded of them the secret of the Heather wine, Neil of the Brazen Throat denied him scornfully and still smiling Kenneth stabbed him as he strained in the arms of the Lowland Warriors.

Life seemed very sweet to Neil, his son; he had hardly yet savoured the joys of manhood, and, gripped by desire for life, he told to Kenneth the secret of the Hebridean heather wine while his dying father lay coughing on the floor. And as he died he cursed Kenneth of the Granite Heart and he cursed too, and bitterly, his craven son with the curse of the dying father. "This wine," he said with the acrid knowledge of death heavy on his soul, "this wine which has comforted your fathers will be comfortless and a curse to you and your children though they be my children too; you and they will reap death and shame from it, and wisdom to use it wisely will be withheld from you and from them. And you, Kenneth of the Granite Heart, will die by it and you and yours will curse the night you came by its secret."

And as Kenneth's galley sailed south Calum his steersman drank deeply of the Heather wine, and the wine in him deceived him and he mistook the Island of Lunga for the Island of Luing and, missing the sound of Pladda, sailed west of Lunga towards Scarba, and the seething flood tide gripped the keel of the galley and bore it swiftly into the racing whirlpool of Coirbhreacon Beg where the steep hollow waves smothered it and dashed it against the Skerries of the Seal Men; and Kenneth and his men were drowned there.

"And from that day to this," continued Dougal MacNeil, "the sons of Neil of the Blood Red Spear have gone without the comfort of the wines that God gave to man to ease his lot, or else they have been destroyed by them.

Some have gone to far lands and they have drunk too deeply, and fevers have preyed upon their wasted bodies and they have died like rats in the sewers. It was an uncle of mine who led his battalion to their deaths at

Cambrai, and though he lived he was wounded in body and broken in mind for he knew that because of his drunkenness have men died uncomplainingly but without purpose. My father was a sea captain and he lost his ship, for in a storm he was drunk on his own bridge and I—I too have suffered for the cowardice of Neil of the Blood Red Spear and the bitterness of Neil of the Brazen Throat.”

He went out into the night swaying a little as he walked, and a gust of warm dry air swept into the bar as the door closed behind him.

Duncan the lobster fisherman I had come into the bar to seek came in a moment or two later, and consented to take me out next day to lift his creels. Before he started on his never-failing tirade against the robbers in Billingsgate who bought his catch, the inefficiency of the Fishery Cruisers, and the poaching French Trawlers who spoilt the inshore fishing grounds, I checked him by asking him of Dougal MacNeil. He did not relish the interruption, and dismissing him as a drunken ne'er-do-well, opined that he had well deserved the two year sentence just served for being drunk at his post in a Signal Box and sending an express train into a colliery siding, killing thirty people. He returned to his tirade against lawless, damned Frenchmen tearing the guts out of the cod banks while the fishery cruiser rode at anchor in Oban bay.

## FLOOD STREAM

OUTWITH

The arrow tip,  
The lucent curl,  
Of upflung wave  
Wind flecked  
Tide steepened,  
A pinioned missile  
The Solan goose  
Hangs.

Cleaving

The swirling eddies  
Down below,  
Avid for his fifty pounds  
Of salt fish flesh  
Sleek pursuer  
Swims  
The seal.

Parting the tide streamed weed,  
The lobster  
Blue black armour glistens dull.

## A WILD MAN FROM BASLE

OF all the ceremonies, customs and traditions contributing to the romantic character of the Rhine, few are as fascinating or as ancient as the procession of "the three tokens of honour" which takes place annually at Basle.

Its origins go back to heathen times and the ceremony as at present performed bears traces of its long history. At about 11.15 a.m. on a day in early spring there comes down the river which separates Great Basle from Little Basle a heavy raft composed of two punts roped together and bearing a low platform. On this raft is the first of the "tokens of honour" the Wild Man: clad only in a loin-garland of leaves and a hideous mask he carries a fir-branch with the aid of which he goes repeatedly through a series of intricate dance-steps. Beating time stand a dozen or so drummers in 17th century costume and in their midst a couple of standard-bearers. So, ceaselessly firing petards the raft is rowed under the bridge separating the two Basles and moored on the Little Basle bank.

Here the Wild Man is met by his two cronies the Leu (leo) and the Vogel Grypp (griffin) each dressed the part, the latter unfortunate staggering under a huge griffin's head mask beneath which one of his predecessors a century ago gave up the ghost. This pair have an escort of pipes and drums in 18th century garb, and after welcoming their kindred spirit they bear him off in triumph to a feast in the ancient inn on the Little Basle end of the bridge.

A few minutes before noon they again appear and solemnly march to the exact middle of the bridge where

surrounded by the full escort and encouraged by his friends the Wild Man performs in strict traditional fashion an uncouth, wild and thoroughly primitive dance, after which the three worthies retire once more to the inn.

Not only in the variety of garb but even more in this dance can the development of the ceremony be seen. The Wild Man is clearly the demon of renascent nature, his dances bear unmistakable traces of their origin; yet it must be noticed that in course of time his appearance has come to be used to express the rivalry of the two Basles. The raft lands on the Little Basle side, the three tokens dine there, and the last dance has gradually assumed the character of a dance of defiance in front of the Great Basle gates, and the dancer carefully remains on his own side of the middle of the bridge, as does his escort.

The event is first chronicled in the 16th century—even then spoken of as an age-old custom, but only in 1713 is it recorded that the Leu and the Vogel Gruff began regularly to join him: they had previously headed separate processions of their own guilds.

Opposition has not been lacking; in past centuries religious, superstitious, astrological and agricultural reasons have all been brought forward to have the ceremony prevented. The enthusiasm of the local population has however always insisted on its performance and interest today seems in no danger of failing.

D. H. HOBSON

## COLLEGE HUMOUR

**M**IDNIGHT, in the year of our Lord, 1939. Books torn and backless filled the hearth. Empty shelves gaped reproachfully. Ink dripped slowly from a pool on the table onto a newish suede shoe—its fellow lay in a flower-bed eighty feet below. Two armchairs topped a pile of splintered furniture in the corner—almost underneath them the contents of a coal scuttle and two beer-bottles nested coyly in a heap of bedclothes. A score of cigarettes lay trampled on the floor—the rest floated in the tin.

Two bottles of sherry and a half bottle of gin stood empty beside the gurgling washbasin mute testimony to the spirit of great-hearted fun which had animated the wreckers, less fastidious or more acquisitive chaps might have sunk so low as to steal another's liquor, not however your true wrecker—on account of it wouldn't be playing the game—no, they poured it down the sink and went their ways, steadfast, upright and secure in the knowledge that against the purity of a little child the powers of hell can do nothing.

Term end neared—the porter cleared up.

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MAGNETIC eyelashes attract,  
Down draw the eyelids,  
Flicker and flutter.

Chest rises, falls slowly,  
Expiration of old breath.  
Salt water wells.

Muscles curl satisfied,  
Relax, smile, rest,  
Drawn the curtain.

Soft in the night the sand  
Trickles unheeded.  
End of feeling.

DEATH is too much and too many,  
Crowds in on us and seek us out  
From the corners in which we hide.

Death, no liberation for the remaining,  
Drains the laughter and pulls down the smile,  
And puts dark clouds over the bright sun.

Should we remember now the bright sun  
Or only the clouds that obscure it?  
Still the struggle, the clouds now are a balm  
And tears bitter-sweet for the sorrow.

Remember the Danes' queen talking—"death  
Is common"? Death is not common when only  
A few can die in the heart that us-beats.

Reconcile the sun to the shadow,  
Drown the minute in the long hour,  
Lose always the sight, but never the memory.

STEPHEN COATES.

IN our thinking we sort out elements of distress :  
The legless trunk on the clean door-step, blood-  
dripping ;

In our feeling we sort out particles of horror :  
The black pit of loss at the edge of the chair ;  
In our seeing we sort out small pieces of beauty :  
The green dream of leaves on the new tree ;  
In our knowing we find out no ends for living  
But the being a shadow to another object.

Finding distress at the door Othello :  
The crazy tin-whistle asking for more money ;  
Finding horror crawling down the mantelpiece :  
The crack in the wall that continues to open ;  
Finding beauty waiting under the blue light :  
The pink and white apple-blossom behind the wall ;  
Finding that living is no more than loving,  
What life is there in this opacity of separation ?

STEPHEN COATES

## QUEENS' HOUSE, ROTHERHITHE

THE term commenced with an open meeting at which the new Constitution for Queens' House was put before the College, discussed and finally passed. The most important points in the Constitution are that all sports clubs, political and religious societies, with a membership of twenty or over, should nominate three men (one of each year) for a committee to be elected terminally by ballot.

Work in the House has gone smoothly under Mr Fricker who is an ex-member. Our gratitude is due to him for so ably stepping into the breach after the departure of Mr Bache. There is, however, a chance that we shall obtain the efficient services of a Mr Carson as permanent missionary.

In glorious weather the Whitsun visit was much enjoyed by the boys and thanks are due to those who entertained them during their stay.

The financial state of the club however, is not at all good, and unless better monetary support is given the club will be in a very bad way.

Help is urgently needed at the summer camp which is being held at Studland in Dorset—a delightful place with good bathing. It is to be hoped that a number of Queens' men will go—they will enjoy it.

P. J. BELL, *Hon. Sec.*

## Q. C. LAW SOCIETY

THE Law Society completed the end of its first year of existence this term. It was started by some enthusiastic people who seeing the ruins of previous societies, were frightened lest their venture failed also. However the year has proved that they need have no fear for the Society has gone from strength to strength. The success has been due to the efforts of the President P. A. Richardson and Vice-President A. W. G. Kean. They arranged for notable people to address the Society, they arranged moots and culminated their programme with a superb dinner. They hand over their offices to President J. A. Hooper who no doubt will exceed this very high standard in the next year. We wish them every success.

## Q. C. SOCIALIST CLUB

UNDER the shadow of exams and with a full C.U.S.C. programme, the Queens' Socialist Club has undertaken no very strenuous activities this term. A debate on Conscription with the Q. C. Con. C. was held, at which the Chaplain presided, and occasional lunch-time discussions were held on a wide range of topics. A collection was also organised for the University Labour Federation Unemployed Camps which realised £11.

More generally Socialist Club members, through work on the committee and through collecting, have assisted in the effort made to improve the position of Queens' House; and also in the proposals for a Representative Committee within the United Clubs.

P. C. Horsfall has been elected Secretary for next term.

E. H. BELCHER, *Hon. Sec.*

## Q. C. CON. CLUB

THE Club's usual activities were largely curtailed owing to the distractions of examinations and attractions of the river. However, a meeting was held on Conscription, which was a notable success, particularly as regards the Conservative point of view.

P. Sullivan was elected President for the coming scholastic year.

## Q. C. GOLF SOCIETY

*President* : B. A. A. MAYNARD

*Secretary* : A. D. PEPLOE

THERE was comparatively little activity on the part of the society though we were successful in both matches played. Colours were awarded to Keelan and Lawrence, and the former was elected secretary for next year.

In A. D. Peploe, next years president, Lawrence and Keelan we have the nucleus of a steady side for next year. It is however with regret that we lose M. N. Evans and B. A. A. Maynard at the end of this term.

## Q. C. B. C.

OWING to an epidemic of German measles in the College it was found impossible to make an entry for any Head-of-the-River race at the end of last term. But in the few weeks remaining after the Lents a solid basis was laid on which to build up a crew this term.

T. H. de Winton won the Phillip's Sculls. P. E. Conant won the Junior Sculls.

This term has seen an all round improvement in the general standard of the club and, for the first time for some years, a fourth boat has appeared in the Getting-on races. The first boat, under B. C. Sheen (Trinity Hall), soon found its order. In the first three weeks he went for the elimination of individual idiosyncracies and generally for the development of a long swing and quick handwork. The crew was rescued from a sluggish patch in the first week in May by T. Turnbull (C.U.B.C. and Clare) who, by getting the crew to loosen up and to work, got the boat moving fast. A. B. G. Stephen (Queens') took over for the final fortnight. Under him the crew at last got absolutely together and gave promise of being well above average standard.

The second boat established itself immediately the order of the first boat had been settled. From the start it proved very hard-working. With Preston at stroke, the crew settled down together very well and some good practice times were set up.

The third boat included several beginners from the Rigger club and though it never really got going until half-term, it came on well in the time available. Many new recruits to the club were still excluded and with the help of several old Lent colours a fourth boat was put

on the river. They were together for only a fortnight, and though they worked hard, they weren't sufficiently to gether to beat Magdalene III in the Getting-on races.

### MAY RACES

First Boat. Wednesday, bumped by Caius; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, rowed over.

Second Boat. Wednesday, rowed over; Thursday, bumped St Catharine's 2 (sandwich boat), and rowed over; Friday, rowed over twice as sandwich boat; Saturday, bumped by Pembroke 3.

Third Boat. Wednesday, rowed over; Thursday, bumped St Catharine's 3; Friday, bumped Jesus 6; Saturday, bumped Clare 3.

The crews were:

#### 1ST BOAT

bow	W. H. G. Browne	. 10	6
2	E. T. Allen	. . .	11 12
3	T. H. de Winton	. 11	13
4	C. M. A. Bathurst	. 13	13
5	M. G. Mack Smith	. 13	4
6	J. A. Churchill	. . 13	4
7	F. A. O. Gaze	. . 12	3
str.	R. P. Lester	. . .	10 7
cox	P. A. Richardson	. 8	12

#### 2ND BOAT

bow	J. A. van der Stok	. 11	10
2	M. O. B. Herbert	. 10	0
3	D. B. Wallace	. . 10	6
4	P. E. Conant	. . . 12	4
5	D. S. E. Cooke	. . 11	4
6	J. McC. McNair	. 11	3
7	J. N. P. Kennett	. 10	0
str.	I. O'D. Preston	. . 10	1
cox	G. C. Wardale	. . 9	8

#### 3RD BOAT

bow	A. J. Wolstenholme
2	H. N. Horsfall
3	E. Hughes-Narborough
4	H. W. G. Hefner
5	P. G. H. Trewman
6	L. Fleming Jones
7	O. B. Clapham
str.	S. R. S. Godkin
cox	R. A. Pearson

#### 4TH BOAT

bow	G. Melamid
2	R. C. Henderson
3	J. A. Hallinan
4	G. P. Knowles
5	K. Phythian
6	W. Durham
7	G. W. Parry
str.	G. C. Walker
cox	T. H. de Winton

## Q. C. C. C.

*Captain* : P. H. L. LING

*Vice-Captain* : P. L. J. ROWLAND

*Secretary* : M. L. LAWRENCE

Played 14    Won 8    Lost 1    Drawn 5

THE Cricket Club has enjoyed one of its best seasons this year. For the first time we have been able to raise two sides on one day. There have always been excellent reserves for the 1st XI, which had a strong nucleus of eight old colours, who all played regularly.

The results have been in keeping with the keenness. Eight matches have been won and only one lost, that by 12 runs. The number of matches won is a record for the College, the previous best being seven in 1936. The 2nd XI had a moderately successful season winning two and losing two of their matches.

The fielding has been at times brilliant and the batting and bowling generally consistent. It is useless to mention names in a side of which every member has played his part. There have, however, been some notable feats. G. P. S. Mellor scored 118 in 55 minutes against Peterhouse and with W. H. R. Jones set up a record opening stand of 169. In this match we scored 196 runs in 82 minutes. P. H. L. Ling scored 73 in 35 minutes thereby winning the match for us against Emmanuel.

There were two new club fixtures this year against Notts. Amateurs and Norwich Wanderers both of which were won. The side has always played enterprising cricket several matches being won from seemingly im-

possible positions, and much of this has been due to the enthusiastic leadership of Ling.

Full colours have been awarded to W. H. R. Jones, G. Mc. K. J. Nicholl and A. G. M. Greenland. Officers for 1940 : Captain, M. L. Lawrence; Vice-Captain, S. L. C. Medrington; Secretary, W. H. R. Jones.

### CRICKET AVERAGES

#### BATTING

	Innings	Not out	Highest Score	Runs	Average
M. L. Lawrence	9	3	73*	305	50.9
S. L. C. Medrington	8	2	66	245	40.9
G. P. S. Mellor	9	0	118	280	31.1
P. H. L. Ling	9	1	73	243	30.4
G. B. Kenyon	10	2	53	188	23.5
W. H. R. Jones	11	1	47	196	19.6
A. G. M. Greenland	6	0	44	110	18.4
E. S. Washington	7	1	33	92	15.3
A. G. S. Wilkes	4	1	24	31	10.3
G. McK. J. Nicholl	8	2	15*	54	9.0
P. L. J. Rowland	8	1	14	60	8.6

#### BOWLING

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
S. L. C. Medrington	57	6	229	14	16.4
W. H. R. Jones	58	1	256	15	17.1
G. P. S. Mellor	103	13	429	22	19.5
A. G. S. Wilkes	75	8	343	15	22.9
G. B. Kenyon	38	2	206	8	25.8

M. L. LAWRENCE, Hon. Sec.

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

THE Lawn Tennis Club has had a very successful season, although weather and examinations have interfered with several matches.

The 1st VI were unlucky to lose their first league match of the term, as only half the team were available. Nevertheless, we have won all our other matches and are looking forward to a long-deserved promotion to the Second League. This year's team is even better than last year's and must be one of the best Queens' has ever produced. J. M. Kantawala has been playing throughout the season in the 'Varsity top Doubles Pair, while M. N. Evans and F. S. Aldercotte have also represented the University. F. S. Aldercotte played for the Grasshoppers against Oxford.

Unfortunately, the Inter-Collegiate Tournament was unfinished owing to rain. We have got through one round in the Singles and stand a good chance when the tournament is concluded on June 6th and 8th of equaling, if not excelling, our performance of last year.

We congratulate F. S. Aldercotte on being awarded his Fenner's colours, A. D. K. Peplow and F. J. G. Marley their Full College colours, and D. L. R. Hutchinson his Half-colours.

Officers for next season : Captain, J. M. Kantawala; Hon. Sec., F. J. G. Marley.

R. L. IBBOTSON, *Hon. Sec.*

## Q. C. S. C.

*Captain* : F. S. CARTER

*Hon. Sec.* : B. M. NICULESCU

THE Swimming Club this year entered teams for the Relay races (4 × 60) and the Water Polo Cup.

In the Relays we had a partly second string team, two of the first string men being prevented from turning up, and we were eliminated in the first round.

In the Water Polo 'coppers' we won the first two rounds and lost in the semi-finals against Christ's, the 1937, 1938 and this year's Cup winners. As only one member of this year's team, David Carter, is going down, there are good hopes of a still better result next year.

Colours have been awarded this year to : D. Carter, K. Hedges, R. Kellie and P. Pugh.

Next years officers will be : B. M. Niculescu, Captain; K. Hedges, Hon. Sec.

## Q. C. SAILING CLUB

THE year started comparatively simply, the principle activity being talent-spotting, and it was the most hopeful beginning I have yet seen. The main improvement on previous years lay in the fact that there were more members of the College with sufficient experience in sail to race a dinghy moderately efficiently than were needed to make up two teams. Previously there has only been just enough of this category to make up the first team. This year all six people were more or less up to any former first team standard, not to mention one or two who had to be excluded and could have been used as a reserve. So the selection of one team as a first and

the other as a second turned out to be extremely difficult and could not be much more than an arbitrary division.

In the Lent Term, the Inter-College races began, and our first team came against Peterhouse in the first round. Only two of their team turned up. So we had no doubt about the result, especially as we were meeting a team inferior in any case. But, even so, it was not an out-and-out victory. We lost one of the races, leaving the score as only 2—1 in our favour.

This term in our second team's race against Magdalene's first there was a misunderstanding about the date and one of our members consequently failed to turn up. Nevertheless we lost one race out of the two, losing 1—2, whereas, if the third member had turned up we would probably have won the third race instead of having to give a walk-over.

Queens' II were knocked out and Queens' I were in the second round with a bye in to the third, and we were waiting to race against the winner of Magdalene I *v.* Clare II. If we won this, we would have to race against the winner of St Catharine's I *v.* Caius I, which, if successful, would take us into the final. Days and weeks drifted by with no news from future competitors. Whether either Magdalene I *v.* Clare II or St Catharine's I *v.* Caius I took place, history does not relate, apparently not, because the first thing we heard about it was that Trinity I had defeated Queens' I in the final. Although no member of Queens' I had yet raced in the final.

For some unknown reason we had been put straight through into the final, without being informed of the change. Consequently, still waiting to hear who our competitors in the third round were to be, we did not turn up to race at the Inland Regatta, where the final

was to be sailed off. The result was a walk-over for our opponents.

I sincerely hope that any impression such an occurrence may have created will be completely eradicated next year. With the material that is going to be available that should not be very difficult.

It would here be fitting to mention one or two achievements. In the first place, spoons (for weekly club racing) are now beginning to appear on College mantelpieces; and two members in particular are to be congratulated: R. C. Aitken, for earning a reputation of efficiency at Burnham-on-Crouch, and N. D. Grogono, for having recently represented Cambridge in this 'sport of kings'. The latter will particularly please third year sailing men of Queens', who are by now tired of seeing people of comparatively small ability selected for the Cambridge teams. As both these members are Freshmen, it seems that we shall soon have some sailing half-blues in the College, and not necessarily only among their year. Good luck to all concerned!

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