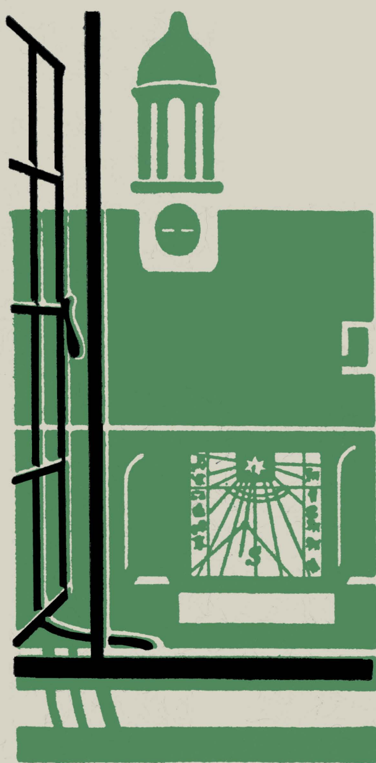
THE DIAL



MICHAELMAS TERM 1939

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THE DIAL

No. 93. MICHAELMAS TERM 1939.

EDITORIAL

THE war has come, but Queens', and with it *The Dial*, goes on much as usual. Changes there are. Strangers are within our gates and our own numbers are somewhat depleted. As an air raid precaution the gate on the bridge is open all night. Under the same heading women may not be entertained in college after 7 o'clock. (What happens if an air raid occurs during tea is not stated !) But we fully appreciate the very real effort made by the Dons to make life pleasant and the amount of work and thought they have put into it. Not least, our Mr Chamberlain has excelled his own reputation as a caterer. Our grateful thanks are due to the whole staff.

Our benefactors commemorated, to our editorial paean !

The war has, however, made us think about Cambridge and led us to revalue its function. London undergraduates, evacuated here, have been criticising our irresponsibility. They accuse us of refusing to organise ourselves democratically and do our own administrative dirty work and of submitting complacently to a medieval discipline. They have failed completely to understand us and we

have only just learnt to understand ourselves. We may be 'younger' than our London and American opposite numbers, but ultimately, we think, we come out better.

At the beginning of this term the senior tutor of 'another place' expressed his regret that he could no longer encourage "that general sense of irresponsibility which makes Cambridge life what it is, which we so much admire and, in ordinary times, encourage." We have meditated much whether this spirit is the same as that to which Mr Wells refers when he attributes the troubles of this age to the presence in the community of an extensive class of bored youth, a slave to its social and economic environment, denied by the system an emotional outlet in married life and psycologically only too conscious that it is degraded in the eyes of society from a craftsman to a mere hand. The youth of the world seeks some new and extra-ordinary emotional outlet which will in part redress its psychological balance. This enormous accumulation of latent emotional energy is fostered by many of the powers that be and canalized to their own ends. The explosion when it comes is terrific.

It is our humble opinion that Cambridge life functions to check this attitude to life. The atmosphere of irresponsibility in which we revel here enables us to adopt a true academic posture, to study the problems of life more objectively. The degree of scholarship tends to be deeper when it is a man's sole concentration. Not having to make constant decisions we can continue the

shaping of our philosophies for another three years. We criticise our own nascent philosophies and those of our friends and elders. The "irresponsible attitude which we so much admire" is, rightly conceived, a form of questioning the philosophy of our fathers' generation. If we are unable by destructive criticism to prove them wrong, we go through the process of proving, by a *reductio ad absurdum*, the value of conventional beliefs. If we succeed it can only be by improving on them. Whatever the results we are spiritually the gainers. In fact Cambridge enables us to develop as well-balanced individuals. Such conceit!

Similarly we learn here that, while we may disagree radically on fundamentals, there is very close agreement as regards details. Furthermore, so far as the conduct of everyday life goes and the solution of our immediate problems, the things which are fundamental over which we disagree are not essential; the more immediate details on which we are agreed are what really matter. In fact we learn the lesson of toleration: the lion lies down with the lamb and the small child plays with the asp. The presdestinarian and the believer in human free-will, the religious symbolist and the moralizing materialist, even the pacifist prepared to do humanitarian, non-combatant work and the fighter of an ideological war with sentimental scruples about killing his fellow men, all can sit round a fire after Hall sipping coffee and reach a unanimous decision on war-aims. Such is the spirit of Cambridge!

M. G .M. S.

QUEENS': SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER 1939

BEFORE the crisis of September, 1938, no preparations for war had been made in the College. At that time Mowlem's men were working on the foundations of the Essex Building, and they were employed to dig two trenches, one in the Walnut Tree Court (see frontispiece to *The Dial*, Michaelmas Term, 1938), and one in the President's garden. After the crisis had subsided, these trenches were finished, covered, and grassed over.

During the succeeding year a committee, consisting of Mr Laffan, Mr Browne, Dr Maxwell and Dr Ramsay, took active though not spectacular A.R.P. measures. Plans were drawn up, and the material prepared, for making the cellar under the Hall and the basement of Dokett into shelters at short notice. Large supplies of sandbags, and of dark paper and cloth, were bought. The porters were trained in fire-fighting and various members of the staff went to demonstrations and courses. The hoses were fitted with up-to-date connexions and nozzles, and A.R.P. stores were laid in.

In the summer the Colleges, acting together under the then Vice-Chancellor, Dr Dean, considered their general plans for what was then officially called "a national emergency". It was part of the Government plan that Cambridge should provide a home for students from Universities in evacuation areas, in particular for the pre-clinical schools of some of the London hospitals. We agreed, as our contribution, to house 160 Bart's students. Owing in no small measure to the wise guidance of the President, the steps taken in this period have left us in a better position than most other

Colleges; but little progress had been made in the detailed plans before the war was upon us.

The Long Vacation term ended peacefully on August 19, and every one went away on holiday. In a week most of the Fellows and College servants were back. Mr Browne became, by common consent, officer in charge of fortifications, and the present unfamiliar appearance of the courts is largely due to his planning and organization; he is reported to have filled two sandbags himself. The most pressing work was the darkening of the windows of all the College rooms. Our neighbours, St Catharine's, were invaded by their guests from the London Hospital a few days after war began; fortunately for us and for themselves, Barts looked before they leaped, but there was some hectic telegraphing between our President and their Dean. By the time they arrived the College was ready for them.

Meanwhile the University was trying to discover the intentions of the Government. We did not know whether work would go on, except for medical students and advanced scientists. The Tutors were summoned to meeting after meeting, until it gradually became clear that there was to be business as usual, More than usual, in fact; for courses began in the middle of September for almost all classes of medical student, including this term's freshmen. Plans developed and altered with bewildering rapidity; one afternoon I got a notice from a Professor that a course in his department would begin *the next morning*, regardless of the fact that the men concerned were scattered all over the British Isles. And apart from these emergency courses we had to try and find out how many of our whole body of undergraduates were coming up for the October term; no easy task, since many of them did not themselves know whether

they would be able to. We had thought that less than half our men would return, and that by doubling up we should be able to house them all, as well as the Barts men, in College; and at first we were glad to hear that our lodgings were being filled by evacuees. But we soon realized that we should need a good many lodgings; I calculated that three-quarters of our men would come back, and even that turned out to be an under-estimate. The Colleges became alarmed lest there should not be enough rooms for our own men, the Regional Commissioner had to be appealed to; and he stemmed the flood of invasion.

Early in the war four of our Fellows left; Mr Laffan and Mr Tennant for civil service, Dr McCullagh as a Surgeon Lieutenant Commander in the R.N.V.R., and Dr Ramsay to enlist in the Anti-Aircraft—he has since been commissioned. We have thus lost our Senior Bursar, our Praelector, one of our Tutors, and our Steward; and this at a time when organization, finance, and catering present most difficult problems. The President has taken over the anxious and responsible duties of Senior Bursar; Mr Browne those of Steward. Mr Hart, having filled the last sandbag and been rejected by the Joint Recruiting Board on the ground that his knowledge of Oriental Languages unfitted him for combatant service and that it was his duty to go and learn Yiddish, has become acting Praelector; and Professor Bailey, hitherto chiefly known for a contempt for all human speech intelligible to any one except himself, has carried out the whole complicated business of billeting with imperturbable precision. Mr Sleeman reappeared from whatever quarter of the globe he had last been climbing mountains in, just when someone was wanted to direct the medical students in residence and make involved calculations in

tutorial finance. Dr Maxwell defaulted for a week, administering to the needs of evacuated expectant mothers, but after that escapade he returned to Junior Bursing like a lion refreshed.

A great burden has fallen on the College servants in the last two months. The bulk of the sandbagging, and all the blacking-out, were done by them. Of the porters, Pinner was called up as a Territorial, and Johncock has since been summoned back to the Navy, but Harding as acting Head Porter has proved more than equal to the occasion. For the last month the kitchen staff have produced probably about twice as many meals a day as ever before in the history of the College. Langley turned out to be the one really expert sandbagger in the College. Gordon, after wrestling for a time with the intricacies of the telephone exchange in the Porters' Lodge, has gone back to run the field single-handed, his assistant having been called up. Besides having to make all the bills out twice the College Office sent out notices for nearly a month at the rate of about one a day (sometimes more); incidentally, later notices occasionally contradicted earlier ones, and I gratefully acknowledge that for the most part the recipients took it philosophically, as they have taken the whole exasperating business, arriving cheerfully with their gas masks and camp beds; usually on the right day well before dark.

That brings me to the most important section of the community, of whom I will not say much, since *The Dial* is their organ and they can speak for themselves. Of our original list, 4 B.A.s, 1 in the fourth year, 24 in the third, 19 in the second, and 14 in the first, were absent when term began, most of them on combatant service. One freshman came up on the Saturday and was called up five days later, and seven other men have left since

the beginning of term. Several have had interesting or exciting experiences on their way back to England by sea or air. Many of the absentees will probably not return except to take their degrees; many others may not return at all; but it is still possible to hope that all of them will one day be back here, discussing their adventures, and ready to play their different parts in a world of peace, order, and justice, unlike the world of recent years.

L. J. P.

FLOREAT DOMUS

NATURALLY when recording the doings of men who have recently gone down the changes brought about by the war must take first place. About half the Third Year are actually in residence, and the Second Year is also depleted. Some are already serving while others are waiting to be called up.

Those who held Cert. B. were called up early. P. H. Ling, I. O'D. Preston and P. C. Horsfall are now instructing militiamen gunners. O. B. Clapham and J. P. Whitehead were attached to their regiments at the time of mobilization and were among the first to go abroad. Hugh Bagott is in an Officer Producing Unit at Colchester. Hughes-Narborough, with S. C. Medrington as his Corporal, has evidently been organising things for the R.A.S.C.; a Corps which has also claimed two other Queens' men, J. O. N. Vickers and R. F. Sanderson, both of whom are 2nd lieutenants. G. F. Rodgers is in the Royal Warwicks. M. V. O. Jackson is in the Indian Cavalry. Bill Browne is ploughing (literally, not metaphorically) in Sussex, while waiting his call from

the Fleet Air Arm. Chris Bathurst, Tony Peploe and A. H. Foster-Smith are in Anti-Aircraft Units. Toye has been given an Artillery commission, and the Artillery Survey has been enriched by the acquisition of N. F. Hughes and K. Hedges. George Pottinger, who passed the Home Civil Service exam. in July, and had just entered the Scottish Office, is training at Aldershot with the Artillery, and hoping to get into the Intelligence Service. Alan Pitt is conveniently near to him at Lark-Hill: two other Queens' men training for commissions are K. Mainwaring, at Catterick, and E. C. Hampson with the East Lancashire Regiment. P. Rowland is serving in the Navy. J. N. P. Kennett is at Bedford in the Militia. Hans Hefner was home in Germany during August and was conscribed for the German medical corps. J. A. Van der Stok is standing by on the Dutch frontier ready to work some sluice-gate.

Annett is senior Classics master at Oundle and John Long is teaching in Gloucestershire. Keelan has had a spell at Denham as a camel-driver. Kirkpatrick has a job with the I.C.I. And P. A. Richardson is up for two terms as a Colonial Probationer in the Nigerian Service.

SUPPORTING COLUMN

MANY men rely for support on one whom they call "The Better Half".

A bachelor Don of our acquaintance insists that the burden is borne by "The Middle Third".

BAZ.

FEDERAL UNION

ONCE upon a time there was a very nice heretic called Pelagius, and he was the only English heretic there has ever been—which means that all English heretics there have ever been have thought exactly what he thought. He said that an Englishman, at any rate, could pull himself up by his own shirt collar or turn over a new leaf without getting someone else to do it for him—which really is very sensible. The idea directly opposed the doctrine that man is the slave of his self-created environment, or of other external forces.

Yet they who refuse to make a real effort for the betterment of their own lives are legion. The cry is raised that, human nature being what it is, it is impossible to move towards an ideal system until man is a more pleasant animal. Whether or not man's unpleasantness is largely caused by his hap-hazard environment is ignored. A civilization, if it is to continue, says Professor Toynbee, must face its problems and solve them. The alternative is revolution and a complete collapse, in which not only that which is bad in the past, but also that which is good, is irretrievably lost.

Change cannot be resisted. On the contrary we must seize it by the forelock and guide it into those channels which will best serve our own interests. Faith in a blind fate or persistent passing-the-buck must be rigorously shunned. Only so can we be certain that we are not plunged into the tragedy of revolution and chaos.

To-day we are slaves of our environment because we have not established co-ordinated control. A man steals because he is not so well off as his victim. Society, while trying to remedy the problem of economic

inequality, nips revolution in the bud and penalizes the action of the thief. Our present troubles are only different in degree, not in kind. Until Federal Union becomes a fact the forces of peaceful change have only a very cumbersome, painful and costly process for action. Change is inevitable. We must each immediately take over direct command of our own lives, stop drifting, plan out our own course to Federal Union—the prerequisite for all other change—and, as captains of our own souls, make at full speed ahead for that goal.

M. G. M. S.

ESPERANTO

IN the present international tragedy, and amidst the hopes and fears for the future, thoughts naturally turn to the value of an international language. Esperanto is deservedly the most popular and, if any is to succeed, Esperanto will be the one. The time seems opportune to contradict the most flagrantly ignorant, and often mischievous, criticisms at present levelled against it.

The possibility of such a language being accepted may be doubtful, the advantages should be apparent. English has no real chance, not only for reasons of national prestige, but because of its illogical pronunciation and lack of fixed standards. Esperanto on the contrary is ridiculously simple, has one conjugation of the verb, one declension of the noun, a fixed and unvarying pronunciation of one letter for one sound, a mathematically logical grammar, and absolutely no exceptions to any of the rules.

It cannot be too often reiterated that Esperanto has no claim to supplant native languages, even were

that possible. It claims only to be a second language. As such it has no desire, either, to displace other second languages. So far from there being any chance of its discouraging the reading of foreign literatures, it has actually been established in London schools that second languages are picked up with greater speed and far greater pleasure once Esperanto has been first well learnt—a process which takes a relatively short period. Languages in fact are afterwards living things and not mere words in a grammar-book.

Esperanto claims primarily a utilitarian value though its use for literary translations is obvious. Its political value can be realised to some extent by considering the results if all continental travellers could make themselves understood fully during all their stay: if they could exchange their most significant thoughts with foreigners instead of being confined to the ridiculous gibberish of an idiot child. It is only too easy to be content to know a foreign language well enough to buy stamps, get into scrapes, and amuse or annoy the inhabitants; in reality the position is pitiful in the extreme and could easily be remedied; it should be humiliating to any intelligent person to be barred from expressing more than his crudest physical needs when abroad.

Professional linguists, who almost alone know the joy of perfectly understanding a foreigner, are unfortunately often the first to run down Esperanto on allegedly linguistic grounds: it is in fact a highly scientifically constructed language, based on the purest linguistic principles.

The practibility of Esperanto is beyond doubt if only two nations would agree to teach it as their first secondary language. For most modern purposes the state of affairs which ordains that years of a lifetime should be spent learning to communicate imperfectly with a Frenchman,

and that the whole process should be repeated for a German, is the most deplorable stupidity.

The effect of such a universal second language is hard to overestimate: at last real, personal contact could be effected across frontiers, intelligence in one country would not speak like half-wit in another, international relationships could speedily be perfected, political speeches might at last read the same in two countries.

Whether future efforts at international co-operation will miss this chance, as the League of Nations has done so far, depends entirely on how much intelligent people the world over will seriously and honestly face up to all the implications of this question.

D. H. HOBSON.

DEATH OF A DON

LECTURES over,
" Sups." behind,
Halls forgotten,
Exeat signed.

No more rediit,
Terms all gone,
Gown hung up—
That's the death of Don.

" SMART ALICK."

DEVICES OF ATTACK AND DEFENCE

WHEN we think of war we immediately think of shells and bullets, possibly also of bombs: but what we probably do not think of is the variety there is in these things. The modern shell, for example, is employed in four different ways, although all look very much the same externally. The four types are, time fuse, delayed explosion, and contact explosion in the explosive range, and incendiary for setting fire to objects. This last type is not now used very much, being chiefly confined to "tracer" bullets used in machine guns which are of quite a different type; they burn immediately they leave the gun, and so enable the gunner to see the trajectory of those bullets not of the trajectory type thus ensuring greater accuracy of shooting. The time fuse shell is used in anti-aircraft guns and contains shrapnel, the fuse being set according to the height of the planes to be brought down. Delayed explosion shells are used for penetrating armour; the shell penetrates into the armour some distance before exploding, with disastrous results to the armour-plating. The contact explosion shell is often of the shrapnel type and is used for attacking lightly-armoured objects and troop concentrations; it does not, however, take very heavy protection to give almost complete immunity from such attack, for the penetrating power is low.

The torpedo is one of the most complicated of modern weapons, costing up to £4000; woe betide the ship that cannot give a good account of the use of its torpedoes. The torpedo is driven by compressed air, giving a pressure of nearly two tons per square inch. The gyroscope for keeping the torpedo on its course is also driven by compressed air. Hydrostatic apparatus keeps the tor-

pedo at a predetermined depth below the surface of the water, and two opposite pitch propellers are used to eliminate any tendency for it to rotate on its axis. In order to make a torpedo safe to handle when being loaded into the torpedo tube, a small propeller at the front has to be turned by the movement of the torpedo through the water before the torpedo becomes "alive". A similar device is used on aerial bombs. The normal range of a torpedo is about 500 yards, but this can be varied; a high speed, fifty or sixty knots, can be used for short distances, or a lower one for long distances. The tubes from which torpedoes are fired are of two types, surface and submerged. Compressed air is used for firing from submerged tubes, which are, of course, permanently fixed to the ship, and a cordite charge is used for surface tubes, which are carried on a rotating carriage, enabling the torpedo to be fired without the ship having to sight itself on the target as is the case with submerged tubes.

"Bulges" on ship's sides afford effective protection against a single torpedo, but a "shoal" of torpedoes, of course, shatters the bulges and penetrates the hull. In wartime torpedoes sink if they miss their target, but in peacetime dummy heads are fitted; these, giving off smoke and flame as well as keeping the torpedo afloat, enable it to be recovered.

The effective defence against torpedoes fired from submarines is the destruction of the submarine concerned. Its location is effected by means of hydrophones, or under-water microphones. These are directional and enable two or more ships, generally fast destroyers, to plot the course and speed of the submarine. Depth-charges are dropped overboard in such a way that, however the submarine may try to escape, at least one depth-

charge is near enough to destroy or damage it severely. Should the submarine stop its motors and rest on the bottom, the destroyers can " drag " for the submarine with electric feelers which detect metal by generating a small current when in contact with it.

Depth-charges are steel canisters containing 300lbs of high explosive, which can be set to explode at varying depths up to about 250 feet. The terrific strain imposed on a submarine can be imagined when it is realized that most modern submarines are tested to a depth of 300 feet, at which the pressure is nearly ten tons per square foot, and a depth-charge will crush a submarine from a distance of twenty to thirty yards.

Many times the question is asked " Why not build a really huge gun to shell towns with big shells from a position of almost complete safety?" Such a gun was used by Germany in the Great War of 1914. The disadvantages are many: the accuracy is low, the shell having to reach a height of twelve miles, the number of shells that can be fired before a new barrel is needed is very small, only about ten or twelve, the gun is so heavy that twin railway tracks are necessary to move it, the cost of firing the shells including the cost of the gun, works out at thousands of pounds per shell, and the damage caused by such a gun is very small; these facts alone will show how impractiable such a gun is. The German Paris gun mentioned above once exploded under the terrific strain, killing the entire gun-crew and many others besides.

Although slightly worn naval guns were used in the last war, the " naval " guns used at present against the Siegfried Line are so called because of their large calibre, and anyway, guns of the same calibre look very much alike, except, of course, for the mounting.

J. B. C-R.

MAN AT ARMS

NOW that Great Britain is at war again, it is interesting to note that nearly all the weapons of destruction used in modern warfare were invented less than a hundred years ago, or are such radical changes from the weapons of that period that it is nearly impossible to believe that the modern weapons have any relation to the original.

Eighty-five years ago, in 1854, Britain was at war with Russia in the defence of a small nation. The Crimean war was the last of the old wars, and from this date the improvement of weapons took great strides forward. The army then was dressed in red, armed with the Minie rifled muzzle-loading musket, invented in 1851 ; its artillery was mainly of a uniform size, smooth-bore muzzle-loading, firing case-shot, an old type of shrapnel that had no bursting-charge, solid shot and common shell, the old type of explosive shell. The cavalry was armed with lances and sabres for hand to hand work, the navy consisted of wooden ships with auxiliary steam-engines.

Towards the end of the war, the British saw the advantage of placing metal plates along the sides of ships, to protect them, and of increasing the range of the gun, which rarely exceeded 1,500 yards. The Minie also was replaced by the Enfield musket.

In 1861 the American war began, the first war to be fought with modern arms, and this war had a greater effect on arms in general than any war since. Sharps had invented a breech-loading rifle in 1859, but this, for some reason, was only issued to the cavalry. The cavalry, however, now equalled the infantry in fire-power, and were used as mounted infantry. The rifled

musket now outranged the artillery firing case-shot, and forced the gunners to use only common shell and solid shot, except in defence lines, where they could be protected by earthworks, and fire case at the advancing enemy at a range of 200 yards. Rifled guns, called Parrots, now made their appearance, going up to eleven inch bore, throwing a shell of one hundredweight. Armoured trains first made their appearance here, and it was also here that the railway gun came into use for long-range work. Balloons were used for observation for the front line, and towards the end of the war, in 1864, a machine gun made by Gatling made its appearance. It consisted of ten barrels turned by hand, but it was not properly tried out before the end of the war.

At sea the first all-iron ships appeared, destroying wooden ships with ease, the spar-torpedo, fixed to the prow of a fast ship proved to be successful, the electric mine was found to be very useful for coast defence and the searchlight was first used.

The Powers were much impressed by the breech-loader, and all armies hastened to convert muskets to breech-loaders. The French also invented a mitrailleuse-cannon, but were so secretive about it that only one-tenth of the mitrailleuse sections had ever seen their weapons when called up in the war of 1870.

For the next thirty years the two powers went on improving their weapons, and the British took the opportunity to test out Gatling's weapon against the natives of the Soudan. The navy discarded sail, and went in for iron-clads, mounting searchlights and small guns as a protection against torpedoes.

In 1891 Maxim invented the first machine-gun to work on the recoil system, and a year earlier Britain had issued the Lee-Mitford, the first repeating breech-loader, later

called the Lee-Enfield. Another discovery of this year, which was to revolutionize tactics, was the production of smokeless powder; this concealed infantry when firing from cover.

In 1897 the Americans proved that naval wars were won by the bigger ships, and tried out the Colt automatic gun against the Spaniards. In the South African war Britain proved the value of the Maxim and the Colt, mounted infantry, blockhouses and armoured trains, and quick-firing field guns were built with recoil springs.

The invention of the turbine led to the fast torpedo boat, facilitated by the gyroscopic torpedo of 1898. In the Russo-Japanese war, the first major naval war since the Crimea, the Japanese first disabled the Russian fleet by torpedo boats, but it was soon found that search-lights and small guns were their masters. The war proved conclusively that the ships with the longest range guns would win. The Japanese outranged the Russians by 2,000 yards. The war saw the first mechanical mines, and barbed wire and iron-plated forts first appeared in defence trenches.

The invention of the submarine, aeroplane and airship occupied the years until the Great War and the armoured car replaced the armoured train. These cars were effective in 1914 in Belgium but were abandoned with the development of trench warfare, except in the desert.

The Great War proved that the machine gun was the infantry weapon *par excellence*, and led to the invention of light machine guns, automatic rifles and revolvers. The tank was produced to defeat the machine gun, the anti-tank gun to defeat the tank. Poisonous gas was only effective against troops without respirators. At sea the submarine proved nearly invincible, but was later made much less harmful. In the last twenty years there have been few new inventions, new weapons being merely improvements on the old.

D. B. W.

SCEPTICISM

A cheerless entity of frozen snow
Sat down by the fire to thaw
His icy soul—ah; muffins for tea
Said Mother Machree—
Gloomy as witch-combed night,
Elfin-tressed, caressed by sorcery.
For a snowman's life is very hard
One darned long knock after another
Since, as every schoolboy knows,
He is not dense but
Possessed only of the sense
Of touch, not much
Is it with which to meet life.
But he feels the heat,
That tropical urge
Which rots his body
To a shivering, shell-blown dirge
Flopping, dismally dropping,
Till you can scarcely distinguish the head, or the limbs, or the features, or the digits.
In fact, he's clever, and never
Omits to mention,
(When philosophically he generalises),
The fourth dimension in his premises.
At times he raves about waves
Of probability of temperature,
Whilst the revelation of his belief

That externals exist only in his imagination
Should cause little sensation.
When thus he decides
It is little wonder he derides
The idea of an ordered existence,
For his every day
Is a meagre subsistence
Replete with blows,
Heat, decay.
And not even his most awful dreams
Reveal his creator,
Cheerful little Tom Machree,
Eating muffins for his tea.

F. E. Brown

PACIFISM

A REASON

TO avoid all ambiguity, I had better say at once that I am speaking directly to Christians who have considered seriously the whole question of war and have decided one way or another after considerable thought. To those who go light-heartedly to kill Germans because they feel it is "the thing to do" or because they think that the power of our Empire should be defended, I have nothing to say. You will not understand me, and I have great difficulty in understanding you.

As one who bases his refusal to fight in any circumstances on Christian grounds my first and most obvious belief is that any war is contrary to the will of God

for man in the world. Thus I do not believe that this war is a "Judgement" save on the Christian Church; because I do not believe in that sort of a God. Again, I do not base my beliefs on any specific texts, but on the whole life, teaching and example of Jesus Christ while on earth. Consequently I do not regard as valid arguments those ambiguous texts which are brought forward to prove Christ's sanction on war. I take as my guide His whole life, and particularly the Cross; for the cry "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," is surely the clearest possible indication of how Christ met aggression and how He expects his followers to meet similar aggression to-day. The supreme symbol of Christianity has never been given its true significance since the days of Constantine, in fact since the Church was identified with an earthly cause. I need hardly point out that the Apostles and early Christians all adopted the policy of "non-resistance", including Paul, simply because they believed it to be the logical conclusion of their Master's teaching.

Finally, I believe that the crucial decision is upon the Church now, urgently and imperatively. It can either identify itself with the tribal or national cause, preach a holy war and degrade its high calling even more than in 1914, or it can act in its historical capacity as a light set on a hill, bringing the Christian message of conciliation and brotherhood to all the world. The Church is the only body that can perform this civilising function—that of keeping this nation, and the French nation, calm and unaffected by the propaganda which urges it to hate its enemies—so that a peace may be established hereafter which is worthy of a Christian civilisation. The Church is a body, we are its members; upon us individuals lies the responsibility I have

stated above. Therefore I do ask all who may have troubled to read this, whether they believe in Christianity, in Federal Union or in Socialism, if they believe that a decent civilisation must be built on this chaos, I ask them to keep their minds, and those of others, free from hatred and antagonism, that mankind, and the world in which we live, may be more worthy of its Creator.

G. P. S. M.

A POLICY

THE principal result of the war to end Kaiserdom was to end mental inbreeding. It brought the average people of all nations face to face—usually at either end of a bayonet—and it began the work of abolishing, in men's imaginations, the parish boundaries which science had abolished in fact half a century before. Since the war increasing numbers of people have been trying to relate this new conception of European homogeneity to some idea of a communal interest, and a communal purpose. Realising for the first time that everyone was in the cart together, the question was " Where are we all going ? " Judging by the energy with which statesmen, having mooted the question, proceeded to shelve it, the cynics might have been excused the obvious reply. This cowardice in evading the real issue resulted in a prodigious expenditure of diplomatic resource upon the building of the League of Nations, whose only real function, as a means of co-ordination, was useless until the European parties were linked to a European policy. The war to end Hitler is no more than a destructive dissipation of the energy which no one would canalise.

The War apologists are their own best illustration of the folly which could find no alternative to an international parish system but an international graveyard. This cannot even be called a war of ideologies; the most constructive war-aim so far offered is the restoration of the system of the sovereign state.

The same over-simplification results in the query which meets every pacifist sooner or later. Is it his purpose to fight Hitler, on his own terms of totalitarian warfare, or will he sit tight and do nothing? The question ignores the existence of a third choice, which the chaos of the times may obscure, but cannot remove. In setting up provisional governments for the Czechs and Poles we yet persevere in opposing and alienating our greatest potential allies. The anti-Hitler governments persist in justifying everything that Hitler has told his victims of "democratic" brutality in defence of "vital interests". Who is to doubt this when R.A.F. leaflets are at pains to point out that—although "we are not fighting against the German people"—we have now perfected the economic weapon with which we propose to blockade Germans into revolt. The German people are too conscious of the horrors of starvation and the bitterness of defeat after the last war, for them to revolt under menace from outside, or to credit wireless sedition when it comes from a hostile government using broadcast and blockade "to undermine enemy morale". International pacifism presents the only means of avoiding this fatal discrepancy between peaceable offers and brutal actions. In its development lies the real alternative to the stalemate of the militarist and the idle martyrdom of the non-resister.

To suggest development at all is to imply that since the last war pacifism has become a movement where

before it consisted in making a stand. Twenty-five years ago it was not practicable to do more than make a protest against the war; this time the job of the pacifist will be to put a stop to it. Mere passivism is not enough; in war-time every pacifist is on active service of which the tribunals are the beginning, not the end. The first pacifist offensive is exposing the futility of this war. Later, when war-weariness is universal, international pacifism can present its united leadership and its plan of European reconstruction as the only sane alternatives to warring governments, lacking alike an agreed peace policy and the means to implement it. That is the national service in war-time in which it is believed men and women can best fulfil their obligations to the State. The question on which pacifism is at issue with the supporters of the war is not that of the existence of obligation to the community, but of the best type of service which can be rendered to the State in pursuance of that obligation. The question is whether the service is through the slavish totalitarian doctrine of unquestioning obedience to the government, or whether, as Burke suggests, having "borne with infirmities" we draw the line when "they fester into crimes". To-day we find ourselves regretfully in the position where true service must be rendered to the community in spite of itself. We may be called presumptuous in taking up such a position, but it is better to suffer the fate of cranks and fanatics whose schemes have been useless, than to let apathy rob mankind of the one road to peace.

J. A. C. GIBSON.

AN OBJECTION

THE pacifist position seems to be of two main kinds : the one depends on an uncompromising Christian point of view, the other on an alleged rational one, usually for political or social reasons. To most non-pacifists the rights and wrongs of the two cases will seem ultimately to rest on personal feelings about which no argument is really possible. The question however, remains as to how far the individual has either the right or the ability to dissociate himself from the national war-machine.

Kant's proposition that the rightness of a principle may be judged by the possibility of its being universally accepted cannot be seriously disputed. In this case the principle that the individual has the right, in certain cases, to refuse to comply with measures which a democratic state considers essential for its continued existence, strikes at the very root of practical democracy. On the same principle he might refuse to black out his windows or pay more than half his income-tax.

Even admitting that the fact of human life being taken is at the root of the refusal, the refusal remains entirely individual and arbitrary, and the refusal of another individual to drive on the left-hand side of the road may conceivably be just as conscientious. The question still remains how far the pacifist can remove himself from the killing; the difference between firing a bullet and paying income-tax to manufacture it is not readily apparent. It is, put bluntly, a matter of degree, of physical squeamishness.

No less a matter of degree is the distinction between "non-combatant service" and "refusal to serve in any active capacity". To save the life of a wounded soldier

so that he may kill more of the enemy, to plough fields to feed him, to refuse to build army-roads in France but to be willing to build army huts in England, and remain a pacifist withal, obviously demands a sense of values denied to most of us. This kind of pacifist may still argue that he is not forcing anyone to kill, but even the man who loads the gun does not force anyone to fire it. Such pacifists are moreover compelling others to risk their lives daily on convoys; to be even remotely logical they should surely exist on the products of their own vegetable-garden. By refusing to shoot down an enemy bomber they may be the cause of the loss of scores of lives: a strange love of humanity indeed.

The only logical course for pacifists would be to go to the wilds of Tibet, for as long as they are within range of the Nazi fist they are engaged in some degree in the war even if they are content to remain "neutral" and allow others to defend them. Such objections are ultimately sentimental and completely illogical. The possibility of dissociation from the war is quite illusory and the self righteousness of such pacifists becomes absolutely unjustified.

But it may be doubted whether they even have the right to go to Tibet. The advantages of free speech, and other privileges which they have long enjoyed in England are so taken for granted that few have any idea of life without them: those who have think twice before asserting that they are not worth fighting for. Does the sixth commandment refer only to the body, can the mind not also be killed or maimed so that its life is no more than a lingering death? Those who know Germany know that it can and have no illusions about the horror and depravity of the process. To save succeeding generations from this we must not jib at having to pay a high price.

D. H. Hobson

BENES

September 21st, 1938

ALONE he stood, amid the baying wolves,
And eyed the thrusting leader; and behind,
He saw his country, waiting on his word.
(He yet can call to, in that stark hour,
The " big battalions " promised him ere this,
To help, should need arise). Saw, too the fate
Awaiting his fair fields, his circling hills,
His men and women; and not these alone,
But others in far lands, plunged without hope
Into the fiery death that follows swift,
Should he but speak the word. And, in that hour
Of deep distress and agony of doubt,
He seemed to hear a Voice :—" I once, was given
A cup of bitterness, defeat, and shame,
Which, for those others, I had strength to drink."
Slowly, with deep-drawn breath, he braced his soul
To face once the issue, and he spoke . . . .
(But *not* to loose the waiting cannon's roar . . . .
Within his soul that " for those others " rings),
And sadly, proudly answered, " I accept ".

And watching nations see
" How far high failure overleaps the bounds
Of low success "; and one more name is writ
With honour in the ever-lengthening roll
Of noble men.

J. F. T.

ONE-PARTY STATES

THERE are in the world to-day several examples of one-party states in which the single party organises the nation benevolently in the supposedly best intetests of the whole. Leaving Germany out of the question, obvious examples are to be found in Communist Russia, in Turkey, in Fascist Italy and in the ideal of the Indian Congress Party. The two latter cases are questionable, but no one can question the benevolence of the Communist Party.

The idea behind its conception of government is that government is a bad thing; a necessary evil. There is a millenial ideal in which no sanctions need hang over citizens, for all will do just as they should of their own free will. It is an age in which wages will be paid according to need instead of according to efficiency. To achieve this state in which there is no conflict because absolute truth is known, the single party suppresses all who seek to organise opposition to its basic principles. To question such matters of accepted truth is deleterious to progress and makes the ideal more distant. In fact critics must either be reactionaries or anarchic revolutionaries seeking their own personal ends at the expense of the state.

In opposition there is the Western ideal of democracy. We believe that human nature thrives on limited conflict. The millenial ideal, even if attainable, is impractical. We believe in granting the greatest degree of freedom possible to all individuals, both now and in the ultimate future. We dislike forcing a truth on a person; the assumption behind our belief in toleration is our preparedness to admit that we were wrong and that the version of truth preached by the other man was the more genuine. No

belief is absolute. This is in fact the basis of the present attitude to conscientious objectors.

Scientifically we admit that men are not equal. But there is no standard for judging them. For practical politics all, with the exception of lunatics and minors, are considered to be equal. The paradox of a minority of intellectuals dictating to the rest is thus avoided. A body of persons with beliefs in a particular brand of truth must organise popular support. The competition of two or more parties should do more than anything else to educate a community politically. The constitutional prerequisite is that a majority must, when it is in power, protect the minority and not persecute it. Other ideologies, however untrue and reactionary they appear, must be allowed to prove themselves wanting on the touchstone of universal suffrage. Such verbal conflict may appear to be a weakness. In reality it is a strength. Progress by consent is the only real progress.

Single parties are inevitably aristocratic. Efficiency is their end. Individual members may have an equal say in discussion within their own cells, but it is their best member who represents them in the next degree of the hierarchy, and so up the scale. Efficiency cannot be an end in itself. It may be the means to some ultimate end. It is for us to choose whether the sacrifice in the hope of attaining an impossible, if desirable, end is worth while.

M. G. M. S.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MR BATES

A Ghost Story

MR BATES was worried. This was unusual for him. A wealthy retired merchant of pronounced literary tastes, unmarried and blessed with sound health for all his sixty-odd years, in the normal course of events he had small reason to be worried. But something had happened, a strange happening that was worrying Mr Bates. He drew his chair nearer to the cheerful fire which was blazing in his library and sought to drive the worry from his mind by applying himself to the study of a Bannatyne Club Edition of 1831 which his dealer had secured for him only that afternoon. But it was no use, the book, a long-sought prize, seemed dull, and his worry persisted. Mr Bates shut his book and for the hundredth time went over the curious happenings which were occupying his mind.

The day before Mr Bates had found a book. This in itself was a pleasing occurence, for the book was a "Black Letter" of 1631 entitled "Catalogue of Library at 'Olde Lodge'". The book was a treasure, there was no doubt about it, but Mr Bates could not think how he had overlooked it when he took stock of the library on first coming to "Olde Lodge". He could not have missed so rare a book. Sitting by the fire he slowly re-lived the events of the previous day. It was early in the evening when he had found the book. There it had stood among his collection of manuscripts, plain enough for any to see, and the mystery of it was that he had never seen it before. He had examined his find carefully and as he turned over the leaves a thin sheet of paper had fluttered to

the ground. He picked it up, saw that it was dated Dec. 1st, 1638, and that it was covered with shaky handwriting done in faded yellow ink. It ran as follows, "I, Simon Birrell, of Olde Lodge in the County of H—shire have this day parted from my brother Gregory. He died in the library and before he passed, at my suggestion we made a compact with the aid of the master, to appear together in the library on every centenary of his death and to claim our own. Our sister Prue, whom I believe to have become crazy through partaking in our experiments, tried to interfere with our oath. I had to kill her. She died uttering some nonsense about 'warning those to come'. Gregory died in great pain but, I think, comforted by our compact. I was warned that I should soon be called by the master. All is ready when the call comes. Simon Birrell."

Mr Bates had not been pleased to learn that a murder had taken place in his study, but he was not a nervous man and paid no attention to the threat of a ghostly visitation which seemed to be conveyed by the curious manuscript. He had crumpled the paper up and had sat down to re-examine the catalogue. Gradually he had become absorbed in this task and the hours fled as he read and checked the old books which had been in the house when he bought it. He had been surprised when, during a pause in his labours, he heard the hall clock strike one. He remembered having said aloud (for his solitary life encouraged in him the habit of communing aloud with himself) "Dear, dear, it's one o'clock. I had no idea it was so late. I must hurry, for it is morning." And then the second thing had happened—as if in answer to his remark a voice had said, "Yes, Mr Bates, it is morning and you have not

many mornings left." That had been all, just this quiet voice (Mr Bates could not be sure whether it had been a man's or a woman's) just a quiet voice telling him that he, John Bates, had not many mornings left. Of course, it had been fancy. Mr Bates had been sure the previous evening that it had been fancy, but none the less he had quitted the library and gone to bed very soon after he had heard the voice.

All this happened the previous night, the 29th of November to be exact (and Mr Bates was a very exact man). So on the following evening there sat John Bates worrying and fretting over what, to a reasonable mind, seemed a nervous fancy. He had been working too hard of late, his nerves were playing him tricks, he decided. He would just have a cigar now and go early to bed, that was what he needed—a good night's rest. Yet even as he thought these sane and reasonable thoughts a chill of fear quivered again and again in the pit of his stomach. There was no disguising the fact, brave man as he was, John Bates was afraid. Afraid of a musty old paper he had found and a voice which he fancied he had heard.

With an effort he shook off his fears, crossed to his desk and took out a cigar. As he cut and lit it he speculated as to the time. It was one of his few eccentricities that he refused to have either clock or watch in his library, for these things bothered him when in the company of his books. He always relied on the deep tones of the grandfather clock in the hall. After a few satisfying puffs, Mr Bates came to the conclusion that it must be nearly one o'clock. He vaguely remembered having heard Robins, his butler, making his nightly round of the doors and windows before going to bed. It must be nearly two hours since he had heard Robins'

heavy tread in the passage, and Robins always went to bed at eleven. Mr Bates was never disturbed once he had retired to his library. Robins knew his ways and locked up at nights leaving Mr Bates undisturbed. With a sigh Mr Bates rose, threw away the stub of his cigar and turned to the door. His thoughts were still on his butler and his excellent qualities. "Robins is a good fellow," said Mr Bates aloud, "he sees to everything and leaves me in peace." The words were hardly out of his mouth when the voice came out of the shadows of the library. "Yes, Mr Bates," it said, "Robins is a good fellow and you need friends about you now." Mr Bates staggered. Damn it, the thing wasn't fancy this time. "Who are you?" he shouted. "What do you want?" And the voice came again, "You needn't worry about me, I want to help you. Be careful tomorrow, they will be here then." Mr Bates must have fainted then for he remembered no more until the clock in the hall struck three. Then, wearily and unsteadily, he rose to his feet, switched out the light, closed the library door carefully behind him and went to bed.

He slept badly that night and when Robins brought his tea he was surprised by his master's haggard face. "Are you ill, sir?" he asked. "No, Robins, no, thank you," said Mr Bates, "I am troubled by a fancy, that's all." But as Robins left the room his words came back with ironic emphasis. "Just a fancy"—would to God it were! And Mr Bates recalled with a shock of fear that to-day was December 1st—the date mentioned in the old paper.

Throughout the day he was uneasy. His usual occupations seemed flat and insipid. He simply couldn't go through his normal routine and as evening approached,

his dread of the unknown grew stronger. Mr Bates was afraid, horribly afraid. After dinner he sat much longer than usual over his wine and made many excuses to keep Robins in conversation. As the butler said afterwards, "Master seems nervous, and, for him, irritable. He kept talking as if he wanted me to stay but at last he dismissed me quite irritable like."

Some obstinate streak in Mr Bates' nature would not let him confide in Robins and, after all what had he to tell him ? Had he talked of voices and an old paper that he had found, what would Robins have thought save that his master's brain was giving way through his studious and solitary life ? He would say just what Mr Bates was even now repeating to himself, "Fancy. just fancy, that's what it is." But fancy or not, his fear persisted.

He was still sitting in the dining-room when the clock struck eleven and he realised that Robins would be coming on his nightly round and would soon find his master breaking the habits of twenty years because of an absurd fancy. With an impatient gesture Mr Bates rose, and with an effort of will-power little less than heroic he crossed the passage and opened the library door. He heard Robins' heavy tread at the end of the hall, and frightened, yes, terrified as he was, he stepped into the library, closed the heavy oak door, switched on the reading-light, and sat down in his usual chair by the fire. He stared uneasily around him. He could have sworn that in the shadows at the far end of the library two figures stood waiting . . . waiting until Robins had gone to bed and until the house was quiet. Mr Bates made another great effort and, muttering "fancy, mere fancy," he crossed to the sideboard and mixed himself a drink. As he swallowed it he heard Robins going past

the door. For one brief second he thought of calling him in to help him combat the unnamed fears which were surging around him. The solid, reassuring lump of humanity that was Robins would bring his nerve back again. Then his obstinate streak reasserted itself; he would not be driven from his books and his solitude by nerves. The sound of Robins' heavy tread died away down the passage and it seemed to Mr Bates that the shadows drew nearer.

For an hour nothing happened and Mr Bates, sitting uneasily by the fire, began to recover something of his composure. Those two shadows to be sure were very strange. He hadn't seen them before to-night. They leaned towards him from the background of the normal, deeper shadow as if they were menacing him. They seemed to be waiting for a signal. One was taller than the other and somehow more alive. It moved slowly and the other seemed to follow its lead. They looked like men dressed in the long cloaks and tall steeple-crowned hats of three centuries ago.

Mr Bates made the last great effort of his life. He turned from the shadows and resolutely refused to look their way. Really, he thought, those new bookcases must be moved. They throw the most disturbing shadows. An idea struck him—he would walk to the end of his library and would see for himself why his bookcases threw such strange shadows. He would destroy for ever the fear which was ruining his peace of mind. He got up and faced the further end of the library. The shadows were still there. He took a step towards them and fell into his old habit of talking aloud. "Such queer shadows," he said "look quite sinister. I must have those bookcases moved in the morning." For the last time Mr Bates heard the voice. "Mr Bates,"

it said, "there are no more mornings for you; they've come."

Mr Bates swung round. His fine old body stood erect, he was at bay. The shadows were moving swifter now. Desperately he turned to face them. They grew and grew until they dwarfed him and seemed to fill the library. He tried to shout but no sound came. Now the shadows had engulfed him. His face twisted horribly, his arms feebly tried to ward off an enemy that was all around him. The struggle lasted for a second or two and then Mr Bates collapsed on his library floor. The fire flickered and the shadows in the room leaped and then died down again. But at the end of the room two steeple-crowned hats reared out of the darkness and faces were under the hats, staring at their victim on the floor.

There was an inquest, of course. The doctor said it was a clear case of heart-failure. The organ itself was sound but nothing else could account for so sudden a collapse and nothing else could have caused such agony as to twist the dead man's face into so horrifying a shape. The police told of finding a crumpled old document in a corner of the library but this, they said, had nothing to do with the case.

S. H. Burton.

THE BLACKOUT

NO single thing in this war has affected Cambridge undergraduates' life to the same extent as the blackout. Places of entertainment have been closed, until recently, at the indecently early hour of ten, and proctorial regulations have the University under lock and key by eleven.

Navigation of the highways after dusk has become a painful and dangerous procedure. Excursions are punctuated by collisions, frequently of a regrettable nature depending on the bumper and bumpee. In that outpost of the Empire that is humorously known as Eltisley Avenue, for the good reason that no trees grow there, the Borough Council have decided to dispense with such luxuries as white paint on curbs and obstacles. The result is that the person who has the misfortune to live there forges his way home along murky and unchartered roads; and matters are made no easier by the playful mist that comes over from the river, to do its little bit by shortening the range of vision to a yard or so, and by making footfalls practically inaudible,

Nor is the lot of the cyclist any happier, for natives of this delectable spot appear to be under the impression that the roadway is an excellent place to hold a cosy chat, and the resulting mishaps, due also to the inefficiency of the glow-worm like lamp ordained by the authorities, do not make for peace in this rural spot. As one man observed, on reaching home at last, "Who is this Stanley in darkest Africa, anyway?"

If, by any chance, the night is fine and starry, with or without a moon, the searchlights light up the heavens with a network of beams, which would put the Aldershot Tattoo to shame, and give airmen the impression that they are over London; which must be very nice for London.

It only remains to add to the long list of Famous Last Words a remark heard in Queens' Lane, "It's all right, we can walk in the road, nothing *ever* comes down here."

D. B. W.

SOCIETIES AND CLUBS

THE ST MARGARET SOCIETY

THE May Week Concert was held, with great success, on the 6th June, 1939. The guest artist was Mr Steuart Wilson, who was accompanied by Mr John Lowe. The programme included a Piano Prelude by S. A. Wilkinson, a setting by P. N. Shuldham-Shaw of a poem of Stephen Coates, and part-songs in the illuminated Grove by a male-voice quartet.

At a general meeting this term it was found that there was enough interest in the College to warrant the holding of informal concerts. Two have so far been held, and one is still to come. All items were performed by members of the College, and many were of an impromptu nature. The concerts, which have been held in a room in the Old Court, have been very well attended.

J. C. HUNTER, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. B. C.

ACTIVITY on the river this term has been restricted, not only by the claims of increased work and O.T.C., but also by the C.U.B.C. rule limiting rowing to three days a week for each boat. Nevertheless the Club has been able to organise three regular eights. The first part of the term was spent in training two equal crews for a crockpot race on Nov. 11th, but at the last moment this was found impossible, and training has now been started for the University Eights at the end of term. The first boat is clumsy but powerful; Churchill, who is not rowing this term, is coaching it and it should develop satisfactorily in time for the race. The second

crew, under de Winton, and the third crew, with Mack Smith as coach, are also showing promise.

J. M. McNair, *Hon. Sec.*

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

The College team has been playing in the newly formed League. So far, however, the results have been only fair, Queens' being in the middle of the table with nine points from ten games. This has been due to the inability to field a full side, owing to the call of work and O.T.C. in the afternoons.

The side has lacked weight and energy in the scrum, and has little penetration in the centre. There is a large number of good freshmen, seven of whom played in the Freshmen's trials. Four of them are very promising, J. E. C. Nicholl, G. T. Wright, D. F. Barnard, and R. D. Vasey.

The second XV has suffered from the same disabilities as the first, and is mostly made up of freshmen. It has won three games and lost two.

J. H. Gibson and J. E. C. Nicholl have been playing for the University XV.

L. F. Jones. *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. A. F. C.

With only three old colours playing, the College side lacked weight, experience and combination, and though the freshmen were keen, some Bart's men were included in the League side. The forward line failed to function properly, but the team should settle down in time for next term's cuppers. Results to date are :

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals For	Goals Agst
League games ...	5	0	4	1	13	29
Other games ...	8	2	5	1	19	28

Congratulations to J. Dainty, who played in the Senior trial, and was awarded his Falcon colours at the end of last season, and to A. J. Bradshaw, who played in the Freshmen's trial. Full colours were awarded to G. Good, E. W. Herd, H. Asquith, and half-colours to F. E. Brown, G. W. Martin, R. Middleton and A. J. Bradshaw.

K. Hind, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. H. C.

The College team has been very fortunate in losing only one member of last year's team, and a number of freshmen have shown promise.

Up to date Queens' are leading League I, with all games won, and should remain in the lead, in spite of some difficult matches ahead. The second XI. however, have not been so successful, as it has usually been impossible to field a full side.

Congratulations to G. B. Kenyon, on captaining the University XI, to N. W. Kenyon and J. E. H. Orr-Ewing on playing in the Freshmen's match, to T. M. Humphrey and P. R. Gibson on having a Seniors' trial and also on playing for the University.

P. R. Gibson, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. A. C.

The shortage of seniors at the beginning of term was to some extent counterbalanced by the keenness of the freshmen. Teams were entered in the Inter-Collegiate relays and reached fourth place in the 3 x 150 yards. In the Seniors' trial Ware was second in the Long Jump, and Creaton, J. E. C. Nicholl, G. T. Wright and Powell put up a good show in the Freshmen's sports.

A. B. Ware, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. S. R. C.

THIS season we have been entering two teams for the leagues instead of one as in previous seasons. The first team is in League II and the second in League III. Of the freshmen Hall and Holdstok are outstanding. Marley has been given a University trial.

F. J. G. MARLEY, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. RUGBY AND ETON FIVES

IN addition to the team which plays as usual in the Rugby Fives Leagues, an Eton pair has been established this term and is playing in League I. Creaton has been given University trials.

F. J. G. MARLEY, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. CHESS CLUB

IT has been a fair term on the whole, with one match lost to Christ's (1—4) and a victory over St John's (4½—3½); one match still remains to be played, against Downing. We hope to do well in the Divisional tournaments next term.

A. E. GIBBS, *Hon. Sec.*

Q. C. RIFLE CLUB

THE start this year was late, due to the war, and a number of promising freshmen have come forward to fill the places of men who have gone down. It is hoped to enter a team for the College League.

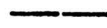
Shooting is carried out at Auckland Road, on Tuesday and Thursday nights and Saturday.

P. G. REDGMENT, *Hon. Sec.*

QUEENS' SOCIALIST CLUB

MEETINGS this term have been lively and well-attended. An open debate on Peace and War voted in favour of continuing the war by 21 votes to 13. The other meeting which has attracted most attention was one on Indian Independence, addressed by Bose. At the end of term, we are having a joint meeting with the S.C.M. on Christianity and Socialism.

COMMITTEE



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