

CANDOR

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Then Full Knowledge Came

TIMOTHY SAYERS groaned sleepily from under the covers of his bed, and as he raised eyes, heavy-lidded with sleep, he was almost blinded by the sunshine streaming through the shutters of the window. "That was a peculiar dream just before I awoke," he thought, as he gradually came out of his semi-comatose condition. "It's the first and probably last time that I'll dream about seeing a little torn-off piece of paper against a deep hazy-blue background—looked like a piece of newspaper." Then, as he remembered the details of the dinner he had attended the previous night, he confessed to himself that it was not surprising he had crazy technicoloured dreams. The family physician had warned him too that an overdose of bottle-parties was taboo, but Timothy was a sociable young man, and could not resist the invitations of his fellow-journalists.

"Queer dream," he thought again, as he hauled his long body out of bed and promptly forgot about it.

But he only forgot about it during the day, for the next night he had the same dream again—only more vividly this time. "I'll have to lay off the liquor," was Tim's thought as he dressed that morning, and grinned as he realised the date was that of Joan South's monthly bottle-party. Joan was professionally known as "Aunt Joan" of the Women's Page, but she gave good parties and he was almost certain to get even more tipsy than usual. "I'll go very slow to-night," he promised himself, and promptly forgot that also. The dream did not return the compliment, however, but returned as usual, and by this time he realised clearly that this dancing image which disturbed him so much was definitely a little snip of newsprint with a few lines on it, which he could not remember at all. The fantasy gave him a few thoughtful moments, but as it was a good conversation subject, Timothy told of it to all his friends, and received the caustic comments he expected. "D.T.s," said his fellow-reporters cheerily. "Blue crocodiles and pink elephants next," grinned another, and the morose, sarcastic sub-editor grunted that he had not noticed that Sayers was so keen on his work that he had to go home and dream about newspapers! Tim's friends quickly tired of his dream story, and he soon ceased to relate it, but the dream still came, and Tim now knew that each morning he was striving hard to remember what was said on the paper—but try as he would, he failed. He could recall the exact shape of the image, and its queer blue surrounding, but the words themselves remained a mystery.

The dream was soon unduly affecting his whole life and thought. Tim saw his doctor and was sternly ordered "Less late nights, less dancing, less drinking and more sleep and fresh air!" These orders were faithfully carried out, but the dream persisted. Sometimes it did not come at all, but it always appeared vividly on Thursday nights. The young reporter was now almost a neurasthenic case and decided a holiday was needed, but the change of air at the Eastbourne Hydro was only effective for three nights, and the dream returned with full force. Sleeping pills, tonic draughts, and even staying up all night were all tried but all in vain, and every attempt by the now pale, haggard Tim to forget the dream during the day only made it obvious that he was constantly thinking about what the words were. Worried friends advised psychiatric treatment, but Tim was one of those people who consider psycho-

logy the fake science of this era, and pooh-poohed the idea, though he persevered with his tonics and sleeping draughts.

Day after day, he became more and more distraught and his condition was in no way improved after one Wednesday morning. This particular morning, he had managed to recall two things that were on the paper—the word “son” and the date “28th June.” This discovery gratified him to a certain extent, because he saw that with a great mental effort he might one day recall, in a flash, all the words on the paper, and he told himself that once he had done that, he could relax and forget the whole business. The few words tantalised him, however, and of the rest, he could only picture that blue background, three lines of print and a particularly hazy heading in larger letters. The date “28th June” teased him also, for that day was only twelve days off, and he desperately wished to know what the paper said before that. He tried hard to joke to himself about it. “Who knows?” he said, “it might be something like a report of the engagement between Countess Blagworthy’s son and Lady Reazle. If I could correctly prophesy that before the date, I would definitely be promoted! Or perhaps it is from the Agony Column. ‘My son, you are expected home for great-grandmother’s 115th birthday on 28th June, and please come sober’ or some such nonsense.” But even when joking, Tim could not deceive himself. He was very very anxious to know what it said, and the whole business was ruining his health.

On Friday, 21st June, however, the dream did not come, nor did it on any night as far as Thursday. Tim hoped against hope that he had got rid of the bogey of his life, but the crucial test was Thursday night, the 27th. His health had improved slightly and he decided to face the possibility of the dream and go to bed normally, despite the temptation to stay awake all night. Tim spent a quiet evening with two friends in the “Dawn Inn,” Hammer-smith, and religiously kept to beer. When he reached home, he went immediately to bed, read a little and dropped into a calm sleep.

At seven o’clock in the morning, he awoke and immediately remembered how clear the dream had been that night. He concentrated hard and sat tensely up in bed, with his eyes closed and his fists clenched, and for just one moment all the words on the paper stood out crystal clear in black lettering on the white page, then the blue haze, more intense than ever, slowly merged over the paper. Timothy Sayers relaxed and with a long sigh, slumped back on his pillow, for then full knowledge had come.

In the mid-day papers on the following day, Sayers’ friends read with horror an obituary notice which read:—

“SAYERS, Timothy—beloved eldest son of Mr and Mrs Sayers, Wistaria Lodge, Eastham, Berkshire, died in London, 28th June 1947, from natural causes.”

R. H. C.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Principal D. N. Wimberley: Our Principal requires no introduction. His record of public service and his readiness to cooperate in all student activities have marked him down as a "live wire" of boundless energy. In "Our Native Heath" we see glimpses of that irrepressible sense of humour which is an essential feature of his personality. Under his resourceful leadership, students will add fresh laurels to our College, conscious that in all their undertakings they have the resolute support of one who within the brief space of two years has proved himself to be their invaluable friend and mentor.

Arthur Bryant: The best known of our historians, with a wealth of publications to his credit, amongst the more recent of which are "English Saga," "Dunkirk" and "Years of Victory." He succeeded the late G. K. Chesterton as writer of "Our Notebook" in the "Illustrated London News," in which his article appeared.

Neil M. Gunn: Formerly in the Civil Service. Very fond of the sea and now lives in Dingwall. Has had published a whole host of successful novels among which mention may be made of "The Silver Darlings" which has been filmed.

William Montgomerie: A true Scot, Mr Montgomerie is author of a collection of Scots poetry, "Via" and "Squared Circle." He has also produced a collection of Scots Nursery Rhymes, which has been most successful and of which three impressions have been made. A second collection is in course of preparation, the illustrations for which are being executed by Mrs Montgomerie. We wish this new work every success.

J. A. Qusklay: JAQ—These initials are familiar and beloved by all in College. Our Director of Physical Training—a former U.C.D. Medical student and Physio-Therapist—he has seen life in many shades and many lands. Ex-Scots Guards and Boxing Champion of the Brigade of Guards, once professional fighter, expert with foils and bayonet, he did yeoman service as Sports Officer of the University Air Squadron during the war years, of which he may be justly proud. Much more could be written about this all-rounder. He is a Dunbartonian and a credit to his City and his College.

J. B. Salmond: A Graduate of St. Andrews and student editor of "College Echoes." A member of the University Court and recently appointed Chief Warden of Residences. Has edited many publications, probably best known as editor of "Scots Magazine." Has written a most important historical work on General Wade—has had published a volume of poetry and amongst his best known works are "Flower of the Flax" and "The Toby Jug," both with an Angus setting.

Douglas Young: A lecturer in Latin within the College, he is perhaps best known for his verse in Lallans Scots and his enthusiasm for the cause of Scottish Nationalism. He is a brilliant classical scholar and has shown his willingness to contribute to the cultural activity of the College.

Seonaid Cameron: This young lady—4th Year Medical—hails from Southern Rhodesia. Her descriptive prose successfully captures the atmosphere of the scenes of her childhood. We trust we may be privileged to have more from this young lady's pen.

Robert H. Carnie: 2nd Year Arts student. An active participant in the social life of the College, he is Vice-President of the Literary Society, where his voice may be heard in council and debate. A keen student of English Literature, Mr Carnie's matured judgment and literary tastes are held in high esteem.

David Coles: To most of you the name of Mr Coles (2nd Year Arts) may be unfamiliar, since he has always with success avoided the spotlight. His charming personality and good advice have always been valued by those harassed people who are editing College magazines or running Literary Society debates, where the heavy armour of his wide experience (ex Silent Service) has deflected many a shaft of a distraught opponent.

Alexander George: 2nd Year Arts. Ex-Army and saw service in the wilds of Persia and other theatres. In addition to being President of both the German Club and the Geographical Society, and a sub-editor of "College," Mr George has succeeded in carrying out the editing of this magazine in a spirit of lighthearted enthusiasm which belies the really intense work he put into it.