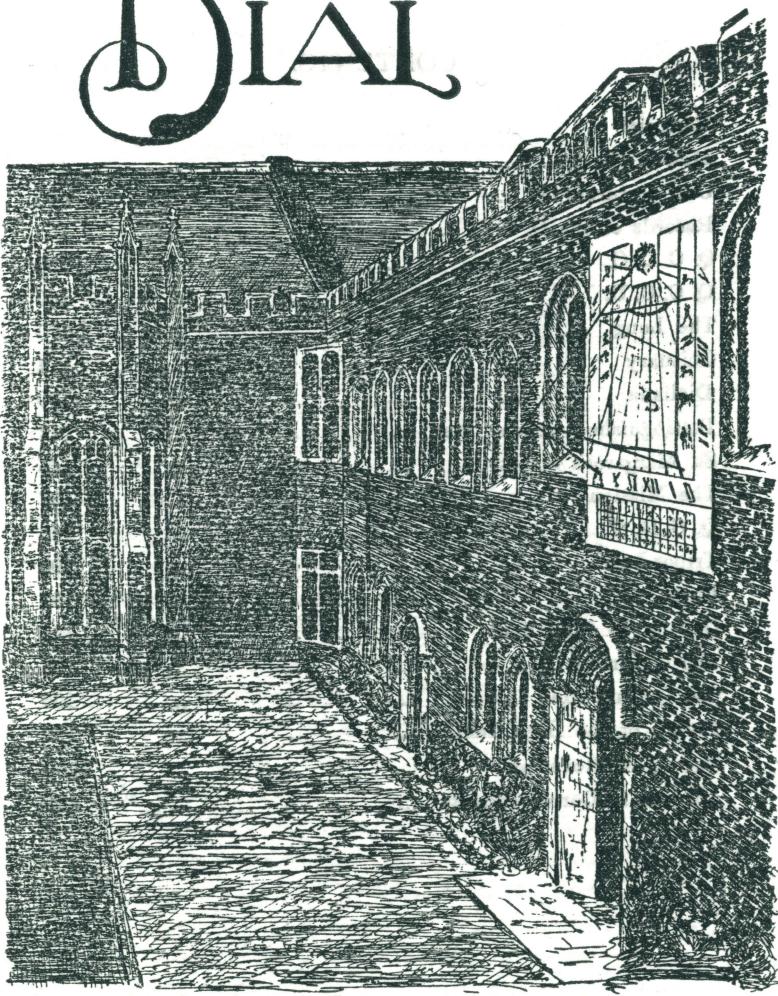


the

# DIAL



Queens' College

Michaelmas Term, 1911

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# The Dial.

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VOL. II. No. 12.

DECEMBER, 1911.

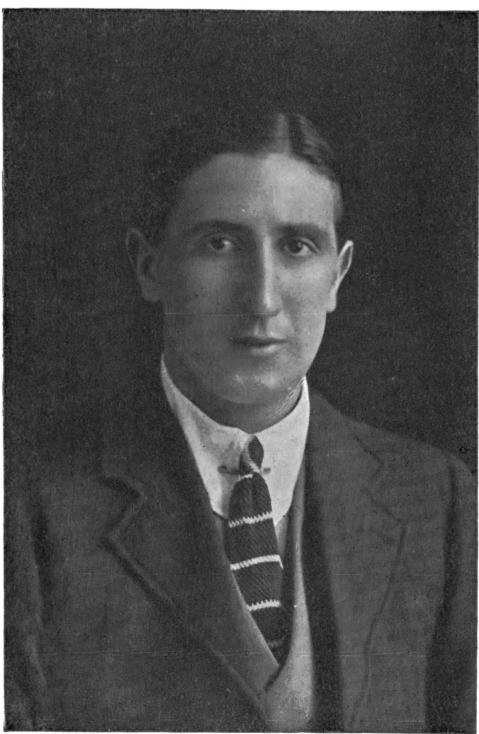
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## Editorial.

WE were astonished recently to hear somebody say that it was far better to read for an ordinary degree than for honours. Being essentially orthodox, we shivered at such a paradox. But, after giving the matter a little consideration, we decided there was more in it than appeared at first sight. Undoubtedly the man, who reads for a Tripos examination, is apt to confine himself to one subject. If he be conscientious, he sets himself an ideal of work, so many hours a day,—say seven, eight, or nine. If he remain true to this ideal he will have little time for the other things of University life. Just think of the eminent men who come up to Cambridge every term to this society or to that. Here a brilliant preacher, there a great politician, here a famous *homme de lettres*, there a connoisseur in everything and nothing like G. K. C. Our unhappy Tripos man takes down his books, while his more fortunate and withal more sensible comrade, little troubled by thoughts of his Special, goes off—or at any rate can go—to broaden his mind on many things. Our paradox grows more and more plausible. True it

is that most men, who are reading for honours, make time to attend some of these many attractions, but it is usually with a feeling of duty not done. Certainly such an ideal as that of striving simply and solely for a first in one's Tripos would not have been accepted by the ancient Athenians. Rather they desired an education which produced an all-round man in whom the social life had a place, while knowledge, art, literature, athletics were not neglected—and to him who combined these things in true Greek harmony they gave the title of the perfect man. If we could imagine an ancient Athenian of the average standard at Cambridge to-day, we should probably find that his attentions were not confined to the Rugger field, to the Lecture room, to the Union or even to the Queens' Musical Society, but each thing would have an ordered place in his existence, which would thereby be fuller, deeper and more appreciative than that of almost any modern man. The age of specialization only came with the decay of Greece: to-day conditions have changed and we can scarcely prevent ourselves from being specialists, deplore it though we may. At the same time we fancy most men would be glad if some method of education existed, by which we could quit our specialising and study more comprehensively. But unfortunately to-day the tendency grows ever more and more towards specialization, and those whose fate it is to spend the three years of their Cambridge life specialising in some Tripos may well envy their brethren, who at any rate have the power—even if they fail to use it—of winning the best from their 'Varsity days.

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**Men of Mark.**

## XI.

## B. S. FARNFIELD.

B. S.: since the days of Grace there has been no one else so universally known to lovers of sport by a brace of initials as is the subject of our present sketch. It is as easy to conceive W. G. as denoting someone other than William Gilbert Grace as to imagine B. S. to refer to anybody but Bernard Stanley Farnfield. Indeed so familiar has his name been to all followers of amateur football for the last half dozen years that we are sorely tempted to assume in our readers a knowledge of the B. S. that all the world knows and so to have at our disposal the more space to tell of B. S. as we know him here. But precedent is against such a course, so we must say something of his doings on the soccer field.

His exploits at school we pass over; so extraordinary were they that any tales we told you of them you would accuse us of having invented—and you would be right.

An occasional appearance for Clapton more than six years ago introduced him to first class football, but it is from the formation in 1905 of the New Crusaders' club that his career really dates. Trained between such a brace as his brother H. V. and H. G. Yates,—both at that time in residence at Queens'—he owes to the unsparing rudeness of brotherly criticism the

mathematical accuracy which is at once the outstanding feature of his play and his sole connection with mathematics. He quickly learnt all that can be taught of the business of an inside left, he scored even in his first season with almost incredible regularity, and he needed only a big match or two to harden his nerves and to render him fit for any field. That his nerves did need hardening his first cup-final proved; in that match he was about as useful as "a sack of potatoes taking a airing on a pair of legs wot somebody 'ad thrown away," if we may borrow the description of the night watchman by the enemy with the tongue "not clever, but nasty." But the one match was enough; it was a draw, the replay found him at the top of his form, and since then if nerves have troubled him they have rarely affected his play.

Already an International, and familiar to Cambridge footballers not only by reputation but also as an opponent, he came up a brace of years ago to take his place in a 'Varsity side of which no other member had then been capped, though the distinction has since been conferred on the other four forwards and on the goal-keeper. The moment of his life was reached in his first Inter-'varsity match, when forty seconds from time he ended an unaided run by scoring a winning goal. It was precisely the favourite trick of the story-book hero, and in real life how few story-book heroes there are.

After that, alas, ill luck dogged him for a while. Crooked badly at the very beginning of last season, he was laid up till after Christmas, and though he did play during the Lent Term he could not shew his true form

or add to his young collection of caps. This year finds him "fair to mod" in health, and already playing for the south, so we may hope soon to find referees again sending for a young billiard-marker—a sheer necessity when dealing with a man who once helped himself to eleven goals in a single match against Paris—to keep count of his points against Wales or France or Belgium or anyone else who may have the temerity to put an eleven into the field against England.

Though he has toured with the New Crusaders, with London and with England, and has played the game in every part of Europe where football can be played, as well as in not a few parts, to judge from his remarks, where it cannot, we have no room to write of his travels. Perhaps it is as well: chroniclers, at any rate faithful chroniclers, are proverbially *de trop* in Paris and Monte Carlo, and we all know what is meant by Bohemian! Rumours have reached us: here a young Frenchman tries to kill him for pulling his beard, there a young German would lock him up for pulling his leg, elsewhere his attempt to steal an overcoat involves the whole party in disgrace, and to this day we cannot think without a shudder of what might have happened at Barcelona. We have said enough, it may be we have said too much.

We must leave the footballer now, with a bare acknowledgment of the College debt to him. Not his to add the touch of genius to a strong side and to have the satisfaction of leaving us at the head of the League. He has had the harder task of holding us on his own shoulders in the First Division when but for him we should have sunk, and for his reward there is only our thanks,

As a cricketer B. S. has been of hardly less value to the College than as a footballer ; though he is a safe bat and a brilliant field, he is best known for his lobs—which, by the way, have sometimes taken wickets. His use in hockey of a glide between the legs has more than once evoked wonder from us, not to mention thanks from our opponents. Runner-up a brace of times in the College Lawn Tennis Singles, he has often figured in our first brace and a half of brace, and would unquestionably have been known to the 'Varsity as a tennis player had he not preferred to devote his spare time in the summer to the services of College cricket. As a final example of his athletic versatility, we may reveal that did the College run a Lacrosse team he would be requisitioned—but that is another and domestic story !

Let us now spend a short time indoors with B. S., seeing aspects of him perhaps less familiar to most of our readers than those already sketched.

Where he kept during his first term certain it is that no one has ever discovered : hauled by the Dean he excused himself on the plea of being unable to attend morning chapels without leaving his rooms before six or evening chapels without breaking twelves ! But his second term brought him into a region of comparative civilisation, and nowadays his rooms are to be found not far from the Dean's own. But because from these rooms can be heard the organ and the choir at all hours of the day and the wailing of cats at all hours of the night while the neighbouring sets are owned by a brace and a half of pianos, a young banjo, and a fiddle,\* we

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\* Violin, sir, violin ! C. H. S.

would recommend visitors if they do not find him engaged in earnest theological controversy under the dial to enquire first at his best known haunts and to try his own staircase only as a last resource. For indeed, he is not the lover of music he would like us to think him. On the other hand, his merits as a dancer are so great that we have heard of private lessons—*not* “ball-room dances only,”—and we tremble to contemplate what might happen if some subtle opponents were to conceal a band with orders to perform a dreamy waltz whenever he was in possession!

His literary tastes have been influenced largely by his unusual powers of acting, the result being a cover-to-cover knowledge of many of Shakespeare's plays which those of us who have devoted more time to lesser writers may well envy. Here let us add that his philosophy of life is summed up in the truly Shavian-Chestertonian phrase: the finest philosophy of life is to have no philosophy of life. For a wide study of the works of the world's two great philosophers has convinced him that each of them has uttered but one deep truth, namely, that the other's views can be held by no sane man.

In character we have indisputable evidence that B. S. is still as innocent as when in his first examination paper, invited to correct the sentence “The toast was drank,” he suggested “The toast was eaten;” for he is in much request as a god-father, and scouting the idea that any base belief in the possibility of his future affluence prompts this demand, we ask what stronger proof of moral worth could be desired?

With all his abilities—and we have said nothing of his sense of humour, of his handicap at carpet golf, or

of half a hundred other matters on which we might dwell if space allowed,—modest to the extreme of being quite unusually fond of donning a mask, small wonder that he is a centre of social life in the College, and that even the Dean has come under his spell and urged the propriety of a visit!

Of B. S. may be said with truth what was written of a Bernard of romance: "every man he ever knew seems to have loved him." Let him be sure that when he leaves Cambridge he will enter life strengthened by the goodwill of us all.

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"I DO FEEL"

(SUNDAY, 11.59 P.M.)

## Our Lecturers—2.

**SCENE:** *The Old Chapel.*

**Time:** 9 a.m. (any morning).

A crowd of jocular and moderately intelligent-looking Undergraduates sitting round the tables ; books, papers, etc. ready for the fray.

9.5. Scene as before.

9.10. Scene unchanged.

9.14. Scene still unchanged.

9.15. Loud scurrying noise heard in Walnut Tree Court. Almost immediately the lecturer enters, a regular rose-bud. He is seen to be wearing pumps, and neatly creased trousers.

The deafening applause having in some degree moderated, he begins in a somewhat quavering voice :

“ Um-er, I think perhaps I am a little late : I’m sorry, but . . . yes, . . . Brookside . . . held up by a sparrow . . . brakes jammed.

At this point he seems to lose himself for a moment, but suddenly gathering himself and his books to-gether, begins :

“ Er---er’um, I, er,” suddenly breaking off on hearing two men laughing loudly at some small local jest, “ ’m, wretched fellows.”

Begins again : “ Er, gentlemen, as I promised you last time, I have brought some things in with me to illustrate my lecture. There is a new Hymn-book—I mean a new Hebrew Grammar (*deep groan*) to replace the one we at present use (*enthusiastic*

*applause).* I must call your attention to this grammar; the one we have used up till now is quite useless, gentlemen, for it is written in pure Scotch, I do feel I don't like Scotch." Cries of "shame" from audience, at which the lecturer looks puzzled. "But this one *must* be a good one, for I notice, incidentally, that it is written by a man with the same name as my own." At this point the applause becomes ear-splitting, and so much dust is raised, that the lecturer is lost to view. Out of the thick darkness, however, he is heard to explain, "Now let me get on with those "Pe yod" verbs:—and so on *ad nauseam*.

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## Records of the Q. C. B. C.

(continued).

In 1843, however, there was not only the trouble with the recusant captain of the second boat, but there was considerable dissension in the club as a whole. In the minutes of the Division Meeting of the Easter Term, there is a tantalising reference to the conduct of a certain Mr. Evans, to whom a written vote of thanks signed by the chairman, on behalf of the Meeting, was sent "for his conduct in the races just ended." But when it was proposed to waive Law IV. *pro hac vice* and elect the said gentleman a member, "such election not hereinafter to interfere as a precedent," the motion was adjourned to the next Division Meeting, when apparently it was forgotten. Mr. Evans was not re-elected till February, 1844.

But the trouble seems to have been at its worst in November, 1843, when a committee was appointed to inquire into the reasons for which several members had resigned. We append extracts from the letters sent by the said members at the request of the committee.

*November 29th.*

Sir,—I beg to apologize to the Committee of the Boat Club for not having taken notice of your note sooner but my engagements at present are so numerous that I really have not had time. As the committee appear anxious that I should give my reasons for

leaving the club, I beg to state that they are the following :—

(1) It appeared evident to me that it was the object of but very few of the members to raise the boat from its present disgraceful position on the river, and (2) it appeared to be the object of very many to come to the meetings for the express purpose of insulting and quarrelling with each other: not being accustomed to witness such conduct, or hear such language, I felt it to be my wisest plan to leave the Boat Club altogether.

Yours faithfully,

H. REYNOLDS.

*Queens' College,*

II. *November 29th, 1843.*

Sir,—In compliance with the request of the Committee of the Q. B. C., I will mention the reasons which induced me to withdraw from that society, hoping that the committee will excuse my not having done so immediately, as I have been lately much pressed for time,.....My principal reason for acting as I did, was the conviction that in its present state it (*i. e.* the Q. B. C.) could not answer the end for which it was formed, in other words, that it was in such a state of internal dissension that none of its business could be effectually transacted.

I would remind you of two meetings of this term, and ask whether the business of the club could be properly transacted at such meetings, or whether any member of the club could propose at such meetings any measure or discuss any question (no matter with how great moderation) without involving himself in endless

wrangling and exposing himself to gross personalities? My own opinion is in the negative.

On the river also.....the want of unanimity of which I complain has been severely felt. I allude to our loss of two men, who formed part of our temporary first crew this term, one of whom is one of the best oars in the college (and, in my opinion, in the University) and the other is one who, though not this term a member of the club, was likely to have become a valuable acquisition to next term's crew.....I have never deserted the club when in the greatest distress for money and for a boat's crew, nor should I now have done so had I not been convinced that there were internal obstacles to its success, which are insurmountable, and which will continue to exist until all its members feel the necessity of abstaining from personality and unnecessary wrangling at its meetings, and will to a greater extent than they now do sacrifice private feeling to the interests of the boat.....

In conclusion, allow me to express a hope that the reasons I have given will be deemed a sufficient excuse for the measures I have taken.

Believe me, sir,

Yours very faithfully,

M. H. WHISH.

The captain, Mr. J. H. Thompson, in a letter dated November 26, expressed identical opinions with those of Mr. Whish. In fact, there is a singular 'unanimity' of phraseology. Another letter we may partially quote—

Sir,—According to the request of the committee of the Q. B. C. I give my reasons for leaving the club. They are as follows. At the last Division Meeting I was in a most ungentlemanly way accused of having called a meeting of the members of the Q. B. C. in order to further my own *secret* purposes.....

Believe me to remain,

Yours faithfully,

J. B. BURRIDGE.

To any one who reads between the lines, it is fairly obvious that the above four gentlemen met and discussed the nature of their replies to the committee. They were re-elected members of the Queens' Boat Club "provided they shall think proper to re-enter the Club and that too without paying the entrance fee."

In February 1844, a meeting was held to "lay before the Club the necessity of taking the boat off the river unless some members would come forward to pull." In the middle of April it was proposed that the first boat be taken off the river, and the second kept on : an amendment was proposed to the effect that the first boat remain and the second go. Thereat came another amendment that neither boat be taken off but that each captain should strain himself to the utmost to get up a crew and if they were not able, that the committee have power to decide which boat be kept on. This was carried.

So far as the minutes tell us, things went successfully for some time. We learn from the accounts that in the Easter Term, 1844, the Queens' boat was fined

£1 2s. 6d. for not going down, and 5s. for fouling Caius boat. We then come to a meeting held in the Lent Term, 1845, on the 13th of February, when apparently the state of the Boat Club was satisfactory. Then follows a statement that "a meeting of the Q. B. C. was held on the 25th of February, 1845, but no business was transacted." The minutes do not say what happened afterwards, but the following "true copy from Mr. Taylor's MSS. is inscribed."

"Mr. Smith (*i.e.* the Secretary) has not seen fit nor has he inserted any of the minutes of a Meeting of the Q. B. C. held in his rooms the last week in February or the first week in March, neither has he chosen to hand over any account of the same. A committee however was appointed at the same for the purpose of winding up the affairs of the Q. B. C., which committee consisted of Messrs. Cracknell, Byers, Street, Taylor and Seaman, and the Secretary was requested to hand over the effects, etc., and books of the club then in his possession to them."

At a meeting held in March, Mr. Smith, who had been secretary for several terms, was the subject of a vote of disapproval for refusing to give up the books and effects of the club in his possession, and was desired at once to deliver them up. He was then expelled the Q. B. C. on his still refusing and requiring time to consider, and somebody was deputed to receive the property of the club from the late secretary.

The next day a meeting was held of those "favourable to the formation of a new Boat Club." A new committee was elected to draw up the laws and set the club going. The first captain was Mr. Octavius

Bathurst Byers, the “recusant” captain of whom we spoke above. The club then agreed to take all the liabilities of the Old Boat Club, if they be willing to sell them.” It was then resolved

“That the old Q. B. C. be finally dissolved on Saturday next (*i.e.* April 19); that the committee be requested in the meanwhile to apply to those gentlemen who are in arrears in subscriptions, or fines, for the amount, and that they post in Hall those who are now resident and do not pay the same by Saturday next the 19th inst.”

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**Q. C. C. C.**

## BATTING AVERAGES, 1911.

Name.	No. of Innings.	Times not out.	Total runs.	Highest score.	Average.
W. Thursby .....	11	1	542	175	54·2
G. Gemmell .....	12	2	477	79	47·7
D. Hoole .....	13	3	456	89	45·6
J. P. K. Groves .....	10	1	300	73*	33·33
E. F. Duggan .....	9	5	90	39*	22·5
C. E. Durrant.....	13	1	260	76	21·66
D. C. G. Stileman .....	14	0	257	48	18·35
B. S. Farnfield .....	6	2	70	33	17·5
C. H. Skey .....	7	3	65	29	16·25
O. Tindall.....	5	1	34	26	8·5
B. Dreyfus .....	5	1	32	10*	8·
B. P. Thomas .....	3	0	25	23	8·33
H. C. Grace .....	4	1	16	8	5·33

\* Signifies not out.

## BOWLING AVERAGES.

Name.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average
C. H. Skey .....	45	10	135	9	15·00
J. P. K. Groves ...	74—3	9	269	13	20·69
C. E. Durrant.....	57	11	194	9	21·55
W. Thursby.....	82	9	358	13	27·54
G. Gemmell.....	104	10	371	13	28·76
N. A. Skelton.....	32	1	143	4	35·75
O. Tindall .....	100	9	397	11	36·09

The following also bowled :—

G. B. Sleigh.....	42	— 6	— 171	— 3.
D. C. G. Stileman .....	20	— 2	— 81	— 2.
Leigh Clare .....	9	— 2	— 41	— 1.

**Q. C. C. U.**

A REVIEW of the current term's work, which has been encouraging, will appear in the next issue of *The Dial*. The President very kindly gave us his inaugural address in spite of his ill-health during the long vacation.

In case there may be any misunderstanding as to the chief objects of the Q. C. C. U., we should like to take this opportunity of stating them.

They are:—(1) To unite as far as possible Christian men of all “schools of thought,” for the purpose of mutual encouragement in the Christian Life; and

(2) To afford a means of information upon, and opportunity of discussing the various aspects of religious thought.

We should also like to draw special attention to the Tuesday Devotional meetings, which are of vital importance to our work.

There is no definite membership: any member of the college is most welcome at the meetings.

The committee hope to arrange Missionary study circles for the coming term.

Sincere thanks are due to all the men who have kindly lent their rooms.

## The Long.

ON looking back over our memories of the Long, the only thing that we could at first remember was the heat. For weeks on end it was much too hot to think of doing anything except nothing, and one longed to be able to take off one's skin and sit and work in one's bones. Every night the Courts crawled with persons carrying sheets, pillows and mattresses about : some sybaritic gentlemen, presumably in terror of those dreadful black insects (I do not of course refer to the other members of the college) under the walnut trees, even indulged in camp-beds. When at six o'clock the bedders arrived, regular as Chanticleer, a well-known cheery voice hailed them each by name, "Good morning Mrs. So-and-So, yes thank you. Such a good night, you sleep *so* well," and so on with variations.

Soon after we came up the President very kindly invited us all to meet the members of the Technical Institutes, whom he was hospitably entertaining one evening. The Courts and the Presidential gardens were magnificently illumirated ; the May concert illuminations being completely eclipsed. Refreshments were served at many tables to the accompaniment of soft music, dispensed by the Cambridge Silver Band ; and the ices left nothing to be desired but a regret that one's physical capacity for their reception was not larger. Altogether a most enjoyable evening for which our best thanks were due.

The other entertainment that deserves special attention was the Mammoth Show, which took place as

usual on Bank Holiday. This year unfortunately—owing no doubt to the extraordinary drought—no Mammoths were exhibited. However the motor bike races provided thrills in plenty. The way those less skilled performers got off on their heads at the corners, while travelling at anything from 30 to 45 miles an hour, simply made the blood run cold, in spite of the sun's temperature of 150° odd. The fireworks with which the show ended proved so seductive that they were the direct cause of a short interview between the Dean and certain members of the college, on the following day.

As regards sports, Hoole ran the Minor Colleges' Cricket side, with what aggregate result we have entirely forgotten, if indeed we ever knew. An informant tells us that he (Hoole) made a great many centuries, and that he thinks the Minor Colleges won one or two matches. The Tennis VI. played about eight matches, with varying fortunes, its strength being considerably impaired by Batstone's stubborn refusal to withdraw his head from the interiors of corpses, for the purpose of representing his college. The President however was a tower of defence and played regularly for our first pair. The Captain also begs to thank Mr. Munro and Mr. S. P. Schooling, architect designate, for valued assistance on different occasions. As only eight gentlemen voted for a tournament, this regular event had to be jettisoned.

*The* great sporting and musical event of the Long, was, of course, the Gyps' cricket match and concert. Dodson is to be congratulated on the number of his excavations, whereby the gyps' batting side was brought

up to nearly seventeen. Unfortunately, Gordon, the hope of his side got a good one from Tindall (I don't mean, needless to say, that he only bowled *one* good one) and was out for three or four. The enemy were routed for 70 or 80, Jeaves playing a notable innings, indeed he smote one of Schooling's rotten long hops back to him so hard that he broke most of his fingers and sent him to the Pavilion for a space, whence he soon returned bandaged, to try and get some of his own back as umpire. The most salient feature of our fielding was Browne's catch at square leg (not one that appeared on the score sheet). The College knocked up over 100 in varying styles, which is as accurate a score as can be expected to be given at this distance.

After the two teams had dined together in Hall, we all adjourned to the Bernard room for the concert arranged by Dodson, who took the chair. One remembers songs sentimental and otherwise (mainly the latter variety), the passionate and dramatic recitation of "Boots" by the Chairman, sundry cynical comments on performers and performances by Ephraim, and opaque clouds of unusually nauseating (to a non-smoker) tobacco smoke. Mr. George's renderings of "Poor old Joe" and "The Grecian Bend"—the latter by special request—were much appreciated, and everyone, suitably lubricated, enjoyed themselves hugely.

The numbers of the college were increased for a short time by the advent of two dogs of somewhat diverse stature, who were regular attendants at the 'Varsity Bathing Sheds, "keeping" out of college, at Mr. Wallman's on the Barton Road. They added considerably to the excitement of bathing. The com-

munistic hound, participated in equally by Thompson, Bigger, and Browne, met a sudden and tragic death at the hands, or rather the wheels of a passing taxi. He was a sad loss. Little Scipio went down early in August. Mr. Ben Tillett was good enough to permit us to go down about August 15th to cooler latitudes.

As to work—Eh? What's that you said, Mr. Editor? Long enough? Oh! all right. But just one word of advice to Freshers, "Keep a Long, if only for the joy of walking on the grass under Tucker's nose with impunity."

A. E. P. S.

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## Obituary.

THE past summer has been one that has cast a dark shadow over us: two members of the college have been claimed by death. No one can estimate the loss that we have sustained in the sad death of Stanley Grocock. It is with difficulty that one realises that his life, so full of energy and health, has been cut short when it had arrived at its maturity. But so beautiful was that life, that none who knew him can ever think that its shortness impaired its usefulness.

Born in Northumberland, and educated at Morpeth Grammar School, Grocock entered Queens' College in October 1907, after a brilliant period of school life. His life up here was quiet and retired; but wherever he went he made friends who deemed he was honouring them by his friendship. A brilliant intellect coupled with a kindness and good humour that knew no bounds, could not fail to leave a striking impression on those with whom he came in contact. Never was so much scholastic ability united to such modesty; and never could one meet a man so alienated from all that was uncharitable or selfish.

Of his numerous successes up here we need not speak. His claim upon our love and respect lay more in his wonderful character than in his supreme intellect. And of all his characteristics, the most prominent was his absolute sincerity. Though not seeing eye to eye with many of us in religious thought, yet his stedfast

determination to follow such light as he was vouchsafed, ruled his searchings after truth. If such honesty as his were brought to bear upon vital questions by all men, the world would be a far different place.

He was devoted to the study of literature, and his gift for languages enabled him to exercise this appreciation to its utmost. That a great future lay before him was certain. His tutor—a man, under whose notice had passed many very clever scholars, among whom indeed are three or four professors—said of Stanley Grocock that he was the cleverest man with whom he had come into contact. His serious outlook upon the social questions of the day, his keen sympathy with suffering, and above all, his habit of deep thinking, made conversation with him an education which was certainly not lessened by his huge sense of humour.

As we ponder over his life, with all its possibilities for the future, we are tempted to rebel against the decree that took him from us: let us put such thoughts from us. Let us own our indebtedness to him for an example of what a generous nature may be: let us remember that the memory of what he was lives after him, to help us on to higher things; for the best memorial that can be raised to his name is the impression left by him on the hearts of his friends.

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REGINALD WILLIAM WRIGHT was born at Duffield 21 years ago, and was educated first at the Endowed School there, of which his father, Mr. S. Wright, is the Headmaster. From there he went, in 1902, with a Derbyshire C. C. Minor Scholarship, to

Wirksworth Grammar School. Here he remained four years; during that time he obtained the prize for the best candidate at the Nottingham Centre for the Oxford Junior Locals in 1905, and the corresponding prize for the Senior Locals the following year. He was also Cricket Captain, and, though barely 16 when he left, was regarded by the Headmaster as having a great influence for good in the school. With a Derbyshire Intermediate Scholarship, and the Ogden Scholarship, awarded by the Wirksworth Governors, he came in 1906 to Nottingham High School.

Hitherto he had not specialised in any subject, and finding the time left too short to do so with success, and having long intended to take Orders, he continued an all-round course and won the Derbyshire Senior Scholarship of £60. For two of his three years at Nottingham, he was Cricket Captain, in succession to J. P. K. Groves, also a Queens' man, and his last year Sergeant in the N.H.S.O.T.C. His influence throughout the school was extraordinary, and in the Headmaster's words, "He did splendid work for the School as Senior Prefect and Captain of Cricket."

Coming up to Queens' in October, 1909, he commenced work on the Theological Tripos. Here again he showed great promise, for in his 2nd May's he gained a high place and carried off an exhibition, which looked very well for his chances in the Tripos.

He had played for the Duffield Cricket team for some time, and it was hoped that he would be a great strength to the college eleven, but he felt with regret, that to play would interfere too much with his work.

Though not actually participating in any games he always followed every branch of the athletic life of the

college with the keenest interest. As a Scoutmaster in Cambridge he was known and beloved in circles outside the 'Varsity. Commencing his career with the Barnwell Abbey Troop as Assistant Scoutmaster in the Lent term of 1910, he was impressed with the value of such work that he formed a troop at his home during the Easter Vacation. On his return he pioneered the work of reorganising the local association, and, largely owing to his ability, Cambridge has now a very sound governing body. He was elected District Scoutmaster in May of this year, and as such he took a prominent part in arranging and carrying out the very successful rally on May 20th., when some 600 scouts gave displays before Sir Robert Baden-Powell. He organised several Scout Camps, and it was while conducting night operations with the Duffield troop and the local C.L.B. that he met his death. It was an extremely dark and foggy night, and, in spite of his intimate knowledge of the district, he, with another Scout, lost his bearings. Realising this he made his solitary companion halt while he went forward to discover the position, and, taking a false step, fell down the face of a quarry. Assistance was speedily obtained, but it was apparent that his injuries were fatal. He passed away shortly afterwards. The funeral took place with full Scout honours at Duffield, on September 27th—representatives of the college being present. We can scarcely realise that he has gone from us. He was at once so strong and so loveable ; above all, he possessed a radiant faith to which, undoubtedly, he owed the influence he had on all who knew him well. The college can ill afford to lose such men. We miss him. What can we say more ?—

Crush that life, and behold its wine running!  
Each deed thou hast done  
Dies, revives, goes to work in the world; until ...  
Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long over  
shall thrill  
The whole people, the countless, with ardour, till  
they too give forth  
A like cheer to their sons: who, in turn, fill the  
South and the North  
With the radiance thy deeds were the germ of.

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### **Dialiana.**

**C**ONGRATULATIONS to F. C. Clare on being *proxime accessit* for the Carus Greek Testament Prize. The examiners were of opinion that his work was of almost equal merit with that of the successful man.

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The Tutor utilised the Long Vacation to make a tour of the Northern capitals of Europe. The Muscovites are reported to have hailed the vision of his picturesque figure with cries of '*Tolstoy Redivivus*'.

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We make no apology for reprinting the following paragraph from a local paper:—

"It was one afternoon recently that a Metropolitan train drew up at Chorley Wood, and a lusty lunged young porter announced the name of the station for the benefit of all whom it might concern—"Chorley Wood! Chorley Wood." Suddenly a window was let down with a bang, a greasy capped head was shoved through and a gruff (?) voice exclaimed:—

"All right, young feller, that's my name. Wot's the bloomin' row?"

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The exterior of the Lodge has now been finished, and Queens' men may well be grateful to the President for adding to the pleasant beauty of our College. A picture and account will be found in our next number.

Those whom duty took out of College on the evening of November 5th had the unique pleasure of seeing the Junior Bursar escorted back to Queens' by a couple of stalwart policemen—Many thanks to him for solving the question *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*

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Congratulations to W. H. Ferguson and E. J. B. M. Kennett on staying so long in Trials, and especially to H. W. Arden on rowing in the winning trial. Queens' rowing is indeed on the up grade!

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As a proof of the truth of this remark, may we quote a little story. One of our B.A.'s, a man devoted heart and soul to work—we mean "research,"—and a late boat captain, was fired with the desire to prove that it was possible to come forward slowly on fixed seats. On the floor he placed a full box of club matches, to represent the said fixed seat, then right weightily he sat down thereon. Lo and behold there was a terrific explosion, and a flame shot up to the ceiling, while the crest-fallen B.A. retired for sadly-needed repairs.

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Congratulations to J. Batstone and P. A. T. Simey on playing in Rugger Seniors and Trial matches respectively, to N. Langley Smith on playing in a Soccer Trial Match, and to E. F. Duggan and J. P. Dalley on playing in the Seniors and Freshmen's Hockey Matches respectively.

B. S. Farnfield has been playing regularly for the 'Varsity Soccer XI.—A. C. P. Medrington is a regular member of the 'Varsity Golf Team, for whom W Thursby has also played. G. R. Sandford has been running with the Cross-Country Team.

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A new Musical Society has been formed in Queens'. A suitable motto (from a popular Bernard room song) is suggested

"This 'igh-class music is so very melancholly, but it's allus so refined."

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The Editor wishes to take this opportunity of thanking his many contributors, but his task would be much relieved if secretaries would send in their reports earlier.

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## Distinguished Queens' Men.

H. T. BOVEY, F.R.S.

QUEENS' College possesses few sons more patriotic, few members more distinguished than Henry Taylor Bovey, F.R.S.! Born in Devonshire and educated privately, he entered Queens' College in 1869 and graduated 12th Wrangler in 1873. He was elected to a Fellowship shortly afterwards, but, as he had chosen the profession of a Civil Engineer, he did not remain in residence. Mr. Bovey joined the staff of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Works. He was appointed an assistant engineer, and in this capacity had charge of some of the most important structures undertaken in Liverpool at the time. This period of practical work won Mr. Bovey a reputation as an engineer. In 1887 he accepted the professorship of Civil Engineering and Applied Mechanics in the McGill University, Montreal. The new Professor soon shewed in Canada his powers of organization. When he went to Montreal, Engineering was a branch of the Faculty of Arts, without buildings or equipment. In 1888 an independent department of Applied Science was created, of which Professor Bovey was Dean. Under his management and advice this department rapidly developed. McGill University attracted students of Engineering from all parts of Canada and many from the United States. The department was endowed and equipped by the munificence of the Redpath family, and the youngest Miss Redpath

became Mrs. Bovey. Professor Bovey's pupils filled nearly all the important Engineering posts in Canada and many in the United States. The Professor's own reputation stood so high that it is almost literally true to say that there was hardly an important professorship of Engineering in America which was not at one time or another pressed upon his acceptance.

When the Imperial College of Science and Technology was founded, Professor Bovey was asked to become the first Rector, the highest possible recognition of his eminence in the scientific world. He accepted this important post, returned to England and organised the work of the Imperial College with a success that was acknowledged on all sides. But having been ordered abroad for his health he resigned his post rather than allow the College to suffer from his enforced absence.

Professor Bovey became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1902; he is an honorary D.C.L. of Lennoxville, an honorary LL.D. of McGill and Queen's Universities, a member, ordinary or honorary, of various Institutions of Civil Engineers in this country, Canada and the United States. Amongst his published works are *Applied Mechanics* (1882), *Theory of Structures and Strength of Materials* (1893), 6th. edition, 1905, and *Hydraulics* (1895), 5th. and 6th. editions, 1904.

The first official act of our President after his own election was to assist in the election of, and admit as Honorary Fellows of the College the Bishop of Ely and Mr. Bovey. Mr. Bovey spent last winter in Italy, and as a practical engineer motored out and home again. He acquired at Rome a fine bust of Marcus Aurelius,

which was brought home on top of the car. Mr. Bovey wrote that "they had given the distinguished Roman the longest motor-drive which he had ever had and that the journey had been borne with true philosophical calmness"!

It is pleasant to think that, though he may make motor tours on the Continent in winter and trips to Canada in the summer, Mr. Bovey's home is in London within easy reach of his old College.

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## St. Margaret Society.

THE Annual May Concert was held in the Hall, by the kind permission of the College authorities, on Saturday, June 10th. There was a large audience, although some of the College had gone down. The College grounds were beautifully illuminated as usual, and the Grove looked exceptionally fine.

There was more local talent in the programme than there has been in past years, and it was all highly appreciated. We are especially indebted to the visitors who came, and we are glad to hear that we shall soon have an opportunity of hearing Mrs. Murray and Dr. Hare again, in the concert that is expected to take place in the Hall this term.

Below we give the programme of the evening's entertainment.

### PART I.

1. PIANOFORTE DUET Schiller—Marsch ... ... Meyerbeer  
L. R. PEACE and F. C. CLARE
2. SONGS { (a) "The Brook" ... Edward Löder  
{ (b) "Hark! Hark! the Lark" ... Schubert  
Dr. DOROTHY HARE.
3. SONGS { (1) "No sweeter Life"  
{ (2) "Shall I, wasting in Despair?" } H. Lane Wilson  
A. AITKEN CRAWSHAW
4. VIOLIN SOLO ... "Légende" ... ... Wieniawski  
C. H. SKYE

5. SONGS  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} (a) "O Peaceful England" \dots \dots \text{Ed. German} \\ (b) "Queen of my soul, art thou" \dots \dots \text{Joh. Brahms} \\ (c) "Aprile" \dots \dots \dots \dots \dots \text{Tosti} \end{array} \right.$   
Miss EFFIE MARTYN
6. PIANO SOLO ... "Aufschwung" ... ... Schumann  
Mrs. F. M. MURRAY
7. QUARTETTES  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} (a) "The Goslings" \\ (b) "An old rat's tale" \end{array} \right\}$  Sir J. F. Bridge  
E. H. W. ASHMAN G. H. CRUMP  
C. L. NIGHTINGALE R. J. GREEN (*Queens'*)
- 

## PART II.

8. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Arabesque" ... ... Debussy  
Mrs. F. M. MURRAY
9. SONGS  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} (a) "World that once was a Garden" \\ (b) "Time was I roved the mountains" \end{array} \right\}$  Hermann Löhr  
S. C. BLACKDEN
10. SONGS  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} (a) "Gather ye rosebuds" \text{ } W. Lanes (1590-1645) \\ (b) "Lullaby" \dots \text{ } Tune—Mayfair (traditional) \end{array} \right\}$   
Dr. DOROTHY HARE
11. VIOLIN SOLO "Mazurka Impromptu" ... Howard Hadley  
C. H. SKEY
12. SONGS  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} (a) "Know'st thou the land?" \text{ } Ambroise Thomas \\ (b) "Soothsayer Marguerite" \dots \text{ } Daisy McGooch \end{array} \right\}$   
Miss EFFIE MARTYN
13. SONG ... "In summer-time on Bredon" Arthur Somervell  
A. AITKEN CRAWSHAW
14. PART SONG ... "Haste thee, nymph" ... ... Handel  
(from "L'Allegro")  
Q. C. M. S.

## The Mission.

WHEN the readers of *The Dial* last heard of the Mission, Rotherhithe had been selected as the spot for our activity, where a very suitable house had been taken, and matters were at a standstill, until we could find somebody to take up the work there. We have now been fortunate in securing as Missioner, H. M. Grace, who is personally known to a great number of us. He heartily invites Queens' men who can, to come down and spend a little time at the Mission, where he can put several up if they will let him know before hand. It is hardly necessary to say much else as the Mission Report has just been placed in the hands of every member of the college, except perhaps, that the Mission is sorely in need of funds, as we have to raise £35 a year more than has been done previously. Surely this could be accomplished with ease if everybody realised that the Mission is the only effort made by the college as a whole for the betterment of that large section of the community towards which each one of us, one way or another, is responsible. Hence no excuse can be adequate for the shirking of such a duty.

W. S. T.

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**Q. C. B. C.**

THIS year the Boat Club belied its usual character, by retrieving, on slides, what it lost on fixed seats. The May Boat went up three places. On the first night we bumped L. M. B. C. II. at the "Plough," the second night we ran into 1st Trinity III. on getting into the straight above "Grassy." The third night we succeeded in getting within a quarter-of-a-length of Sidney at "Grassy," but they drew away, and, once round "Ditton," we went to pieces and allowed them to increase their lead. About the "Glass Houses" Sidney got their bump, and we paddled over to the "Big Horse Grind." On the last night we had the double satisfaction of getting a "Gallery" bump and a representative boat, succeeding in bumping St. Catharine's. Thanks are due to the Rev. F. C. Kempson for his able coaching.

The "Getting-On" Boat unfortunately did not come up to expectations, and was beaten in the first heat of the "Getting-On" Races by the Christ's boat, which eventually got on.

We regret that this year, owing to the scarcity of Freshmen willing to row, and also to the sad falling away of many, who rowed last year, it was only possible to get three "crock" eights out. We sincerely hope that this will not form a precedent for future years.

**FIRST MAY BOAT CHARACTERS :**

- Bow* *M. H. B. Scott.* Quite a pretty oar, but might disturb the waters of the Cam a bit more.
- 2 F. A. Williamson.* Speak nothing but good of the departed.

- 3 *P. H. Turnbull*. Short and rather slow at the finish.  
Keeps his back straight.
- 4 *E. J. B. M. Kennett*. Has a good firm finish, works hard, but in moments of excitement rushes forward badly.
- 5 *L. W. Wood*. Must realise that 13st. needs pulling through. Is frightfully slow with his hands at the finish.
- 6 *O. H. Robertson*. Worked hard, but always looked dismal.
- 7 *W. H. Ferguson*. "Washed out" beautifully. Should realise that "7" is supposed to watch the time, not the bank.
- Stroke* *E. A. Cook*. Stroked well and pluckily. Kept the boat thoroughly awake.
- Cox* *L. A. Wainwright*. Might have coxed better.
- "GETTING ON" BOAT CHARACTERS:
- Bow* *F. A. Page*. Has a weak back. Might improve in time.
- 2 *F. R. W. Hunt*. Very short, and was inclined to rush forward. Gets a fairly good beginning.
- 3 *C. L. Nightingale*. Very short forward. Should not need to be reminded so frequently that work is necessary.
- 4 *W. H. Sparling*. Has no control over his body. Might make a good deal more use of his weight.
- 5 *H. W. Lee*. A hard worker, and one of the mainstays of the boat.
- 6 *W. D. Rogers*. Incorrigible.
- 7 *G. W. Arnold*. The other mainstay of the boat.
- Stroke* *E. A. Barltrop*. Keen and hard working. Should not allow the men behind him to set the stroke.
- Cox* *W. N. Craigs*. Inclined to usurp the position of coach. Used his rudder well,

W. H. F.

**Tripos Lists. 1911.****MATHEMATICS. PART I.**

F. R. W. Hunt, 1st.	G. B. Riddell, 2nd
S. R. Humby, 1st.	H. D. Townend, 2nd.

**MATHEMATICS. PART II.**

S. N. Mukarji	M. C. Munesinghe
H. W. Lee	R. B. Sanderson
C. Schwartz	H. P. Sparling

*Wranglers.*      *Senior Optimes.*

**CLASSICAL. PART I.**

L. F. Schooling, II. 1	P. A. Tharp, II. 2
W. P. Pickard, II. 2	H. A. C. Blacker, II. 3
E. G. T. Simey, II. 2	G. B. Sleigh, II. 3
S. Smith, II. 2	O. H. Robertson, III. 2

**NATURAL SCIENCES. PART I.**

R. H. Atkinson, 1st.	P. R. Boswell, 2nd.
J. T. Scott, 1st.	C. A. Herapath, 2nd.
G. Storey, 1st.	F. A. Williamson, 2nd.
R. Taylor, 1st.	C. E. Simmons, 3rd.
Ds. A. G. Veitch, 3rd.	G. L. Grant ( <i>excused General</i> ).

**NATURAL SCIENCES. PART II.**

R. I. Schwarzman, 2nd.	A. M. Macgregor, 3rd.
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**THEOLOGY.**

F. C. Clare, 1st.	E. H. W. Ashman, 2nd.
Ds. T. H. Cleworth, 2nd.	

**HISTORY. PART I.**

S. R. Gibson, 1st.	T. H. L. Stebbing II. 2
C. Robbins, II. 2	B. Heading, 3rd.

**HISTORY. PART II.**

Ds. E. W. Eltham, 2nd.	Ds. J. B. Hughes-Games, 2nd.
	J. R. Powell, 2nd.

**MEDIAEVAL AND MODERN LANGUAGES.**

Ds. S. Grocock, 1st.	
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**MECHANICAL SCIENCES.**

A. D. Browne, 2nd.	J. B. Whitfield, 2nd.
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*Butts,*

BY ONE OF THEM.

I MUST first remove any misunderstanding that may arise from the title adopted above. The thoughts of my readers may wander to what seem cognate objects such as pot, barrel, tub, etc., words of vulgar significance but forming a useful vocabulary in talking of those to whom nature has been kind and whom she has liberally endowed as to their outer man—those in fact, in words made obnoxious by a certain advertisement, who are of “ample proportions.” This little essay is not going to treat of such vulgarities, although of course one might almost say that the greater number of those included in the class of “butts” belong to this unfortunate section of the community which has been badgered about from age to age till now even the newspaper, that unwearied instructor in politics and other useless things, that fountain of mud which is the constant source of that deep well where truth lies hidden (I, like the convict, hope this sentence will soon come to an end) even the newspaper and the monthly magazine, I say, are denied them, for now it is impossible to open a periodical without seeing some tasteless picture in an advertisement of—(no I cannot produce the loathsome name). But live in hope, my rotund brethren, for is there not Sargol? All honour to it.

Literature has made constant gibes at fatness from the time of Shakspere’s Falstaff to Addison’s Club of Fat men, the test of admission being that candidates should be unable to enter through a certain door three

feet wide, like Mr. Punch's country woman who was unable to enter the omnibus. "Try zideways Mrs. Jones, try zideways," said the driver. "Lar bless 'ee, John, I arn't got no zideways." Perhaps you remember that this club of fat men opposed another of thin men in the same town and these clubs got so powerful as to dominate the town, till friction rose so high over the mayoral elections that a compromise was arrived at and henceforth that town had alternately a fat and a thin mayor. But this attitude of literature is downright ungrateful to some of its greatest, no I mean *illustrious* followers. Think of the world without Dr. Johnson and G. K. C.

Someone said of someone else in Boswell's Johnson that he was not only dull himself but that he made the company dull. Here it is that one great prototype has voiced the claims of "Butts" to veneration; Falstaff says, and are we not all like him? "I am not only witty in myself but the cause that wit is in other men." This contains the apology (if apology was needed) for our existence. Who can fail to be funny when we are near? Where would wits be without us? We are the flint to their steel, the charge in their cartridges—and we're made to give momentum to some heavy things at times. Look at Queens' men. Not only do I make the professional wits like B-1- scintillate with unusual energy but even T-rnb-ll whets the blunt edge of his North country humour on me.

I am at present considering my market value as a professional guest and have drawn up an advertisement.

*X. Y. Z. Fat, goodnatured and eccentric, may be engaged at moderate terms by all would-be wits. He offers many points upon which old jokes, family chestnuts, etc., can*

*be hung. A Butt for every shaft of ridicule; opposes a broad surface, so that the most aimed jokes shall not miss; comes out into the open for novices and bad shots. Invaluable at all dinner tables.*

I think I've settled the vexed question of my vocation in life. I shall at any rate always be prominently before the public (free samples like this on application, anyone could make a joke here). Just think of my usefulness ! For instance Mr. X. is a candidate at the next election and wants to impress his constituents at a political dinner. He comes fo me. Ah yes ! farmers, very well. An hour's coaching and then the dinner at which I am present. Supporters delighted—column in local paper, "Mr. X. kept the table in a continual roar of merriment....."—big majority for Mr. X.—big cheque for me. Again a man wants to shine before the lady of his heart, and thinks to batten down her resistance by a fusillade of his wit. A little dinner is managed with me, and all is well. The purpose of these few words is now clear and I think I may claim to have offered a means of livelihood to men hitherto ignorant of the direction in which their genius lay.

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### Queens' by Moonlight.

MILES GRAIE'S old bell, in clear and echoing  
[tones,  
Struck twelve ; and, having now at last achiev'd  
The object of untimely wakefulness,  
Methought, I know not why, ere I retir'd,  
T'would make care-charmer sleep the easier woo'd  
If first I wander'd in the cool night air  
A little space, and clear'd a troubled brain :  
And so I saw a vision oft admir'd,  
The old First Court, and massive gateway-tower  
Lit by the clear calm moon's unclouded orb,  
A beauteous sight no lips can fitly praise,  
Nor poet's pen ; the heart alone can feel  
How lovely are the haunts of old romance.  
And thence I pass'd to where Erasmus' tower  
With all its memories, stood against the sky,  
And through the Cloisters, where the eery bats  
Flitted, they say, aforetime, pass'd beneath  
That strange, still scene of oft-repeated change,  
The long, strait Gallery, a masterpiece  
Of antique work, whose maker no man knows.  
Thence, passing by a stately walnut-tree,  
I reach'd the wide domain of white-rob'd friars,

Where, new in years but old in beauty, stood  
The free-will offering of a pious age.  
And so admiring greatly ancient Art,  
With timeless nature in true beauty join'd  
I turn'd again and pass'd the earlier shrine  
Which now with praise and pray'r no more resounds,  
And so with peaceful thoughts, retir'd to rest.

G. M. W.

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### The Quaerists.

THIS term has not been a busy one, so far as the Quaerists are concerned. But one thing has been done. A reading society has been established and "A Winter's Tale" has been read, fairly successfully on the whole. We should like to remind Queens' men of our existence, and that we should be glad of new members, especially those who are willing to take part in the readings, since it is essential to have a fair number of men willing to help, if the readings are to be successful.

**Old Queens' Men.****DEATH.**

R. P. Roberts, who took his degree in 1905, died recently in China, where he was engaged in medical work.

**CLERICAL.**

*Rev. R. P. Moorsom, M.A.*, Curate-in-Charge ; to be first Vicar of Cleadon, Whitburn, Sunderland.

**ORDINATIONS.****IN SEPTEMBER.**

*C. H. Jones*, Forest School.

*G. H. Roper*, St. John's, Kidderminster.

*J. Green*, St. Mary's, Rochdale.

*C. F. Carver*, Duffield, near Derby.

*E. H. W. Ashman*, St. Peter's, Elgin Avenue, Paddington.

*H. L. Stevens*, St. Margaret, Ipswich.

*P. D. Scott*, Charles, Plymouth.

*R. J. Hitchcock*, St. Philip's, Heigham, Norwich.

*H. Coulson*, St. Augustine's, Swindon.

*M. H. Edwards*, Bedale.

*E. I. Lewis*, St. Aldhelm's, Bristol.

**IN DECEMBER.**

*E. A. Cook*, Holy Trinity, Margate.

*A. W. Wheeler*, Cheltenham.

*G. W. Arnold*, St. John's, Workington,

- G. A. Chase*, St. Mary's, Portsea.  
*H. C. Perry*, East Leigh.  
*T. H. Cleworth*, Parish Church, Bolton.  
*W. S. Mellor*, Parish Church, Merton.  
*C. A. Page*, St. Stephens, Sneinton, Nottingham.  
*E. W. G. Kemp*, King's Langley, Hertfordshire.  
*H. Farrie*, in Southwell diocese.

### THE LAITY.

We are sorry to hear that *G. D. Roechling* has broken down in health. He has been suffering from dysentery, and is returning to England.

*F. M. Edwards* has gone to Cairo, as a teacher of English. It is a Government appointment.

*O. H. Robertson* has gone to Srinagar to Mr. Tindall-Biscoe, on the short service scheme.

*H. Crick* is shortly going out to Agra.

*E. G. T. Simey* is a master at Twyford School.

*G. B. Sleigh* is devoting his attention to the training of the small boys at Forest School.

*L. R. Peace* is at Sutton Valence School, Kent.

*G. Thompson* is in the Army Service Corps.

*D. L. Board* is Senior Mathematical Master and Junior House Master at King's School, Worcester.

*W. G. Bigger* is at St. Thomas' Hospital.

*F. A. Williamson* has gained a scholarship (value £50) at St. Mary's Hospital.

*J. B. Whitfield* is in the Special Reserve at Chatham.

*L. F. Schooling* is at Wren's, working for the I. C. S. This year two Queens' men, L. Infeld and H. R. Bull, passed. L. Infeld did not accept and is also at Wren's.

*A. F. Ritchie* and *H. Varley* are at Bishop's Hostel, Liverpool, — *D. Hoole* and *G. S. Gwillim* at Ripon Theological College.

*J. R. Powell*, late Editor of *The Dial*, is a master at Forres, Northwood.

*N. A. Skelton* is coaching in Ireland.

*A. C. Champion* has joined J. K. Best, who paid a visit this term to 'Queens', at Egerton Hall, Manchester, and is a valuable recruit to the hockey team.

*C. E. Simmons* passed into the Indian Woods and Forests, and is now at Oxford at St. John's College.

*E. Band* is shortly going out to Formosa, where he will be within 20 miles of F. K. Brownrigg.

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#### NOTICE TO OLD QUEENS' MEN.

There are still some Old Queens' men in debt to *The Dial*. May we remind them that subscriptions (3/-) for the current year are now due.

The Editor would be pleased if Old Queens' men would inform *The Dial* of their movements, and would also like to say that any contributions, serious or light, to *The Dial* would be welcome.

If anybody has spare copies of *The Dial*, Vol. I. 4, and Vol. I. 9, and will forward them, the Editor will esteem it a favour. The copies are wanted to complete a set of numbers of *The Dial* in the University Library.

## Doings of the High Table.

NEWS from the front (from our unauthorised correspondent). Following on the news of fearful massacres in Tripoli, we have to record rumours of wars nearer home. Only a few nights ago in Hall the senior members of the Society were attacked by a savage band of marauding rats. Prodigies of valour were displayed on both sides, but, in the end, the Dons, all of whom were armed to the teeth, gained a decisive victory. Intellect took up a strong position on the table, and among those specially mentioned for bravery were the Dean, who said "Bo!" quite fiercely two or three times, and the Tutor who accounted for three of the enemy by crushing them with that heavy body of learning, his synopsis.

Nor is this the only piece of good generalship emanating from the high table. On matriculation day the temptation to throw all refuse out of the window, so often felt about this date by occupants of the Old Court, was skilfully checked by our Praelector, who pointed out that there were other means of exit from Queens', the wooden bridge for instance. But also that these good old customs should be allowed to die out so easily!

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### **O**ur Xmas Novelties.

**B**UY our portable shaving set—consists of a solid cardboard case, containing one unsafety razor, one stick of soap with brush attached, and one mirror fitted with long hook, which can be fastened to lamp-post or tree if necessary.

**H. J. TH-MPS-N** writes—‘A very useful present. Since buying it, I have not once had to borrow a friend’s shaving materials. You are doing mankind a service.’

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**C**OME and see our new improved alarum clocks, which ring incessantly and squirt water in the sleeper’s face, and finally burst into flame with a loud report (the bell continues to ring). Invaluable to all who keep 9 o’clock lectures.

**H. C. GR-C-** writes—‘I have at last been enabled to rise fairly early. Words cannot express my gratitude. Previously, four alarum clocks all going at once failed to wake me.’

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**D**ON’T go without examining our latest way of supplying news, especially that of a sporting description. The latest news issued on fly-sheets every half-hour. Invaluable for those who wish to be thoroughly up-to-date and yet not monopolise the papers in the Bernard room.

We commend the above to **B. H--L-** and **H. T. C. F--LD.**

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***Amusement while you wait.*** Visitors should not fail to visit the ground circus held every evening between 10 p.m. and 1 a.m. in Mr. R. C. B-ntl-y’s rooms in the Old Court. Special attractions Saturday nights—tumbling and wrestling. Noise no object.

## Answers to Correspondents.

- E. J. B. M. K.—No, finding a moustache does not imply the right to keep it: if you refer to the last copy of *The Dial*, you will find that the advertisement asked the finder to return it at once to E. H. W. A.
- W. S. T.—Yes, we agree, landladies must be kept in their proper places, but why furniture polish?
- G. H. F. W.—We did indeed see you go to the Gallery during the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Yes, you looked superb: quite a number of people took you for one of the actors.
- F. C. C.—The Musical Society needs the help of one who can play a catena. Why not offer your services? It needs all the assistance it can get.
- I. MACN. S.—We should think that pinning up the rules about debates on your bedroom wall to conn while dressing, might help you to gain an acquaintance with them.
- C. S. D.—No doubt it is a tiring walk all the way from St. Andrew's Street, but do at any rate keep up coming to Hall. The College sorely misses you now-a-days.

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## Committee

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