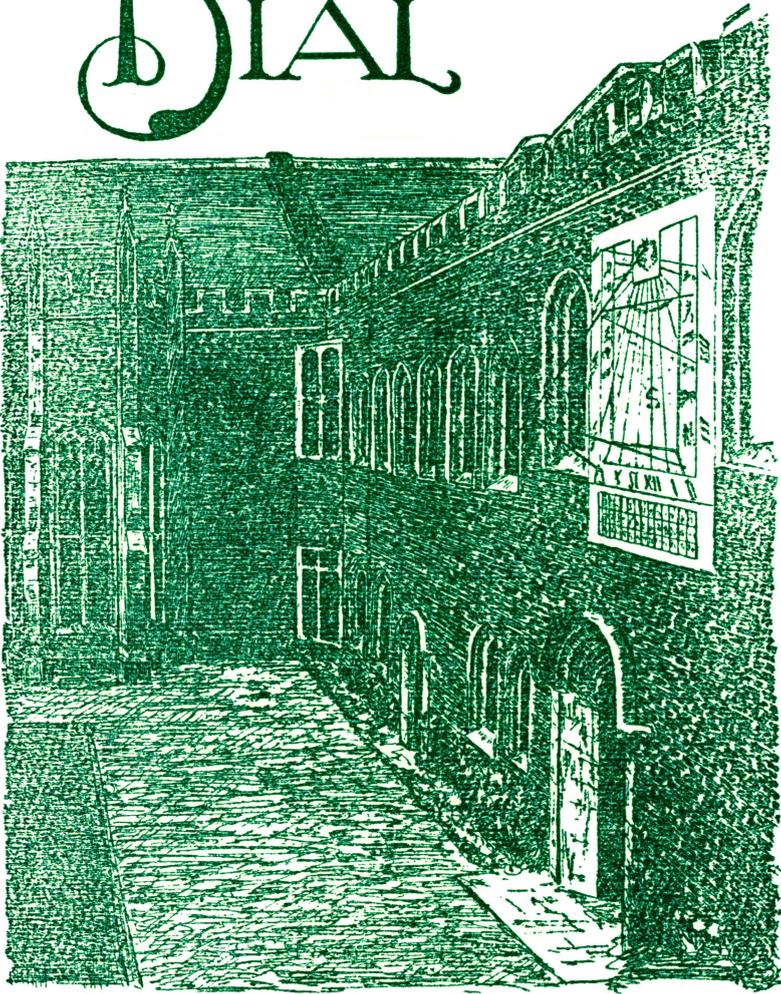


The  
DIAL



Queens' College

Michaelmas Term, 1916

## Contents.

	PAGE
Editorial . . . . .	I
Dialiana . . . . .	3
Roll of Honour . . . . .	4
Kinmel . . . . .	13
Tripes List . . . . .	16
Selections from a War Diary . . . . .	17
Concerning the Cadets . . . . .	25
College Cats . . . . .	28
Man of Mark . . . . .	31
Old Queens' Men . . . . .	34
Queens' Mission . . . . .	35
St. Bernard Society . . . . .	36
Q.C.B.C. . . . .	37
Correspondence . . . . .	38
Advertisements . . . . .	39

# The Dial.

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No. 27.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1916.

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## Editorial.

THE Philosopher, the Inquiring One, and the Editor sat round the fire. The Philosopher and the Editor were smoking their pipes, and desiring peace.

“What about *The Dial*?” said the Inquiring One.

There was a long silence.

“Have you written the Editorial?” said the Inquiring One.

“Let me see,” said the Editor, blowing an imaginative smoke-ring, “The Editorial—Oh! yes, the Editorial. But what after all, *is* an Editorial?”

“Reduced to the ultimate,” muttered the Philosopher, gazing abstractedly into the darting flames, “what, after all, is *life* but a mouthful of——.”

Nobody was listening. The Inquiring One was reflecting on the inadequacy of the Editor, and the Editor was reflecting on the inadequacy of all possible Editorials.”

“—tintacks?” said the Philosopher.

“I suppose we *can't* publish without an Editorial,” mused the Editor, his mind intent on the day after to-morrow. “What would *you* consider the minimum essentials of an Editorial, O Philosopher?”

“An Editorial,” replied the Philosopher, at last realising that he was there on business, “Have you *forgotten* what an Editorial is? Most interesting . . . I should like to test your memory in the Psychological Labs.”

“But to get back to the point” interjected the Inquiring One, “for I *must* be getting into my rooms—.”

“What point?” said the Editor and the Philosopher, thinking for once the same thing.

“The Editorial, I mean.”

“Oh, the Editorial! I had forgotten the Editorial,” whispered the Philosopher and the Editor in unison.

“When *I* was Editor,” began the Philosopher, “An Editorial was a fortuitous concatenation of subjective—”

“That’s *just* the thing,” crowed the Editor in triumph, “I’ll write an Editorial which will be—”

“Absolute rot, I fear,” said the Inquiring One.

*And so it is.*

At any rate, here’s *The Dial*.

## Dialiana.

**S**IMULTANEOUSLY with this number of *The Dial* will be published the revised Queens' College War List, which has been made so far as possible complete up to November 20th. The price is sixpence.

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The Rev. Canon Kennett, D.D. preached the sermon in the College Chapel on the occasion of the Commemoration of Benefactors.

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The war has brought about some wonderful things. F. W. Gentle, now in the 1st Life Guards, turns out the guard daily in Whitehall.

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On Sunday, December 3rd, 1915, an organ recital was given in the Chapel by B. S. Maine. Violin solos were given by Miss Kathleen Wallis. A collection was taken for the College Mission.

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M. Tin-Tut has entered the ranks of literature. He is translating Burmese Fairy Tales from English into Burmese, and the result will, we understand, be published shortly.

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The Rev. R. G. D. Laffan is at Salonica as a Chaplain to the Forces.

N. S. Kidson and M. L. Wilkinson have been in Cambridge this term as Officer Cadets.

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An eight has been out frequently this term, and on December 2nd raced C Company, No. 2 Officer Battalion, beating them by a length.

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This number of *The Dial* makes its appearance after the end of full term, owing to the fact that the printer's staff is reduced by more than half its number.

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## Roll of Honour.

[June 8th to November 22nd, 1916.]

### *Killed.*

Bailey, W. G. W. Hampshire Rgt, Capt

Walter George William Bailey, who was killed in action in Sept., 1916, entered Queens' in 1914. After keeping one term he accepted a commission. Son of W. E. Bailey, Esq., Boscombe, he was born in 1895, and educated at Bournemouth School.

Botwood, Rev. E. K. Chaplain to the Forces

Edward Keightley Botwood, who died on 28 July, 1916, in Sark, from an illness contracted while serving as Chaplain to H.M. Forces in France, was born in 1872, and entered Ayerst Hall in 1891. He migrated to Queens' and proceeded to his B.A. in 1894. He was ordained in 1895, and was curate of Friezland, Yorks. He was Vicar of St Mary, Spital Square, 1901—3, and of St Mark, Bow, 1903—10, and was Vicar of Kilmington, Axminster, at the time of his death. He became T.C.F. in 1914.



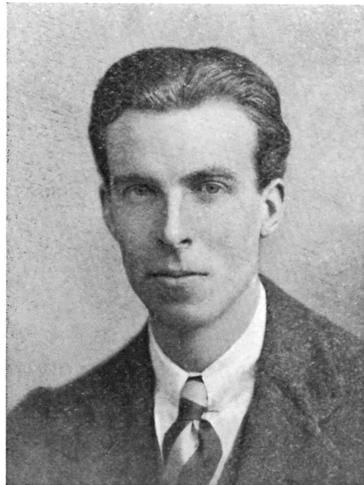
C. H. SKEY.



T. B. COULTAS.



R. A. EADIE.



E. H. KING.

Catmur, H. A. F. V. Royal Sussex Rgt, attached M.G.C.,  
Lieut

Harry Albert Frederick Valentine Catmur was killed in action on 2 July, 1916. Born in 1894, he was the only son of Mr. A. Val Catmur, of 18, Ebury Street, Grosvenor Gardens. Lieutenant Catmur was educated at the City of London School and at Queens' College, where he graduated B.A. in 1914. On the outbreak of war he enlisted in a Public School Battalion, and in May, 1915, received his commission in the Royal Sussex Regiment, and later was seconded for duty with the Machine Gun Corps.

Coultas, T. B. E. Yorkshire Rgt, Lieut

Thomas Bestwick Coultas, killed in action on 26 September, was the only son of the late Tom Coultas and Mrs. Coultas, 15, St Peter's Hill, Grantham, and was educated at King's School, Grantham, Haileybury, and Queens'. He came up in October 1912, but in September 1914, having been in the O.T.C., he accepted a commission in the East Yorkshire Regiment. He was Captain of his House football team at Haileybury. He was wounded at Gallipoli in July 1915, returned home then, rejoined his regiment in Egypt in January of this year, and from there proceeded to another theatre of war. His Colonel writes "He had been with us all through, and was one of the best and most reliable officers I had, and we were all very fond of him," and, speaking of his death, "It happened last evening. There had been an attack, and a party of Germans with bombs and machine guns had been left behind. As his company was making a communication trench behind the advancing line, the concealed Germans opened fire on our men. Your son very gallantly led his platoon against them, but in so doing was shot and killed instantly. His platoon carried on, and surrounded the place, killing several Germans with smoke bombs and taking an officer and 33 men prisoners. The platoon lost heavily but had the satisfaction of avenging the loss of your son and of their comrades." Lieut. Coultas was a general favourite with all the officers of his Battalion, and had applied for a permanent commission.

Eadie, R.A. Lincoln Rgt., Lieut.

Robert Allan Eadie, who was killed in action on 15 August, 1916, was the son of the Rev. W. E. Eadie; he entered Queens' in 1912 and took his degree in 1915, obtaining a commission afterwards. He was 25 years old when he died. Eadie was one of those who helped the College through the difficult period in which

things had to be modified to suit war conditions. He was a man whom no-one knew without being glad to know him, and he exercised a powerful influence for good on those who knew him. Everyone knew that in him was to be found an example of a Christian gentleman. He was married on 27 May, last. We extend to his widow the most heartfelt sympathy.

Fearnley Whittingstall, G. H. Northumberland Fusiliers,  
Lieut

George Herbert Fearnley Whittingstall, who was killed in action on 4 August, 1916, was born in 1893, educated at Sherborne, and was the eldest son of the Rev. and Mrs. H. O. Fearnley Whittingstall, Chalfont St. Giles. He entered Queens' in 1910, taking his B.A. in 1913. On the outbreak of war he took a commission in the A.S.C., and was transferred to Northumberland Fusiliers, June, 1915. He was wounded at Hooze, 15 June, 1915, and invalided home. He rejoined Jan., 1916, and went out to France 12 July, 1916. He had been stunned and concussed by the explosion of a shell a few days before he was killed, but refused to be sent back to England, and stuck to his post.

Ingle, R. G. Lincolnshire Rgt, 2 Lieut

Roland George Ingle was killed in action on 1 July, 1916. He was the only surviving son of Mr. Robert Ingle, 92, Hills Road, Cambridge. He was the youngest brother of the late Mr. N. L. Ingle, Fellow of Christ's College. He was educated at King's School, Ely, where he was captain of the cricket eleven, and obtained a classical scholarship at Queens', taking his B.A. in the first class of the Classical Tripos of 1908. He showed considerable ability, and was a very good scholar. He was attached to the O.T.C., and obtained a commission in the Lincolns on the outbreak of the war. He took part in the Dardanelles campaign, and was invalided home, and rejoined in France early in the year.

King, E. H. Royal Sussex Rgt, 2 Lieut

Edmund Harold King died of wounds in France on 3 July, 1916. He was hit in the thigh during the advance on the previous day, and was taken back to the dressing station the same evening. It is good to know he did not suffer much pain. "Gazeka" was every one's friend. It is given to few men to win such universal love and admiration, or to show so radiantly the attractive power of a selfless Christian life. "I loved him dearer than my own life," says

one fellow-officer. His former Company Commander writes: "We Officers of the same Company, who knew him so intimately, loved him as a brother,—his men positively idolised him and would follow him anywhere." His Colonel calls him "a most splendid fellow, capable, reliable, brave, determined." When he was wounded, a Private of another Platoon volunteered to try to carry him back; "but Mr. King told him to go on, as his place was to go on to the front." Of course he did! He was the same "Gazeka" as of old.

He was born in 1889, and was educated at Bradfield School; but he overgrew his strength which was never very great, and was troubled with delicate lungs. When he joined the Public School Battalion as a Private, some of us were anxious about his health; but he was never anxious himself, merely believing that if he gave his life, it was the sacrifice he should be ready to make, whether he died in battle or from ill-health. As a matter of fact, the outdoor life made him stronger than he had been for a long time.

He came to Queens' in 1910, but his work was so much broken up by illness that he was four years in getting his Degree. In spite of this, he was Captain of the Tennis Six, played for the second Eleven at Association, and won several events in the College sports. But it is as President of the Q.C.C.U. that we remember him best. Men of every sort and set in College loved him; he never shrank from speaking home truths, but it was done with such humble selflessness and such a kindly smile, that no one resented it. He gave the Q.C.C.U. its right place in College life, keeping it free from "religiosity" and extremes, and making it appeal to a wide circle. What was the secret of his power? It is hard to define, as personal magnetism always is. His delightful humour, free from any desire to "score" and allied to a sympathy that made him incapable of hurting any one: his warm humanity, his absolute unselfishness and humility, his gentleness and consistency of character, partly learnt in the school of ill-health,—all these his friends will never forget. But supreme above all was his power of drawing the best out of every one; he quite unconsciously made us feel that here was a man who lived much with Christ. His influence lives on in the lives of many; we simply thank God for him. Best of all descriptions of him is the couplet printed on a paper sent to his friends by Mrs. King:

"E'en as he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth  
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth."

Simms, W. Warwickshire Rgt, Capt

William Simms was the eldest son of W. Simms, Esq., of Blackheath. He entered Queens' College in October, 1910, and

took his degree in June, 1913. He entered upon scholastic work, the profession to which he intended to devote himself, but his strong sense of duty led him to offer himself on the outbreak of war. He made himself an efficient soldier and rose rapidly to captain's rank. His death, whilst leading his men into action, was announced on 31 July, 1916.

Skey, C. H. Black Watch, Lieut

Charles Harland Skey, reported as killed, was the son of Mr. E. V. Skey, Cliftonville College, Margate, and the late Mrs. Skey. He came up to Queens' in 1909 and took his degree in 1912 on the General Examination and the History Special. He took a conspicuous part in many of the activities of the College; he was especially prominent in the musical life of the College, being for some time Vice-President of the St. Margaret Society. He also played cricket and Association football for the College. He was for a time Lieutenant in the Public Schools Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, and was wounded on 8 February, 1916. His commanding officer wrote of him to his father in these words: "We have lost a very dear friend and comrade . . . . He died the death of a hero leading his company in an attack."

Sowell, A. D. Duke of Cornwall's L.I., 2 Lieut

Arthur Donald Sowell, officially reported killed in action on 4 Sept., 1916, was the only son of the Rev. R. H. Sowell, vicar of St. Kea, Cornwall. He was admitted to Queens', and was to have been in residence in October, 1914, but received his commission the month previously. The Major of his battalion writes: "We were being attacked at the time, and there was a very heavy bombardment going on and he was struck by a shell, or piece of one, and killed instantaneously. He was a bold and plucky officer, one of the few left who joined the battalion originally, beloved by his men, and very keen in his work."

Warner, A. W. London Rgt, 2 Lieut

Archibald Warner, a member of the Society of Friends, fell on 1 July, 1916. He was the son of John Warner, Waddon House, Croydon, and was educated at the Whitgift Grammar School, Croydon, and Leighton Park School, Reading, and Queens' College, proceeding to his B.A. in 1905. He was a solicitor by profession, and served his articles with Messrs. Trinder, Capron, and Co., London. After qualifying he joined the staff of Messrs. Bennett and Ferris, solicitors, London. He

was a keen all-round sportsman, captain of his college boat, and a well-known swimmer. In September, 1914, he married Norah E. Goodbody, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Perry Goodbody, of Inchmore, Clare, King's County, Ireland. Mr. Warner obtained his commission from the Artists' Rifles, and was gazetted to the battalion of the London Regiment to which his brother, Sergeant Evan Warner, who was killed in December, 1914, had belonged.

Walker, A. N. R.A.M.C., Lieut.-Colonel

Arthur Nimmo Walker, who was killed in action in Sept., 1916, was a scholar of Queens', taking his B.A. in 1895 in the Natural Science Tripos and his M.B. and B.C. in 1899. He was well known in Liverpool, where he had done much skilful work at St. Paul's Eye and Ear Hospital, specializing in the treatment of infantile blindness. He had acted as assistant lecturer in anatomy in the University of Liverpool and Civil Surgeon to the S. African Field Forces.

Eagle, G. C. Suffolk Rgt, 2 Lieut

Gerald Charles Eagle, officially reported on 23 Oct., 1916, as killed, was admitted at Queens' but did not come into residence, as he obtained a commission in the Suffolk Regiment on 29 Sept., 1914. He was the son of P. Eagle, Esq., Risby, Bury St. Edmunds, and was educated at Forest School, Walthamstow.

Binks, B. H. K.O.R. Lancs. Rgt, 2 Lieut

Basil Henry Binks, officially reported on 1 Nov., 1916 as killed, proceeded to his degree in 1909 in the First Class of the Mediaeval and Modern Languages Tripos. He obtained his commission on 9 Oct., 1914.

*Missing.*

Clark, E. H. L. R.F.A., 2 Lieut

Joyce, G. E. Leicester Rgt, 2 Lieut

*Wounded.*

Atkinson, R. H. Durham Light Infantry, Lieut

- \*Blee, E. L. York. and Lancs. Rgt, Lieut  
 Boswell, P. R. R.A.M.C., Lieut
- \*Cassells, W. C. Worcester Rgt, Lieut  
 Challenor, B. H. Lincoln Rgt, 2 Lieut  
 Cowell, S. T. R.A.M.C., Lieut  
 Crow, A. D. East Surrey Rgt, Capt
- Davies, D. H. S. R. Warwickshire Rgt, attd R.F.C., 2 Lieut
- Eley, H. G. Sherwood Foresters, 2 Lieut  
 \*Ellison, H. S. R.F.A., Lieut  
 \*Evans, A. L. Monmouthshire Rgt, Capt
- Fawkes, R. B. Northamptonshire Rgt, 2 Lieut
- Glover, J. G. Cheshire Rgt, Lieut
- \*Hughes-Games, J. B. Durham Light Infantry, Capt
- Inglis, W. M. Sherwood Foresters, 2 Lieut
- Kennett, B. L. A. Border Rgt, Lieut  
 Knight, F. H. Queen's (W. Surrey) Rgt, Lieut
- Lambert, H. E. Gloucester Rgt, 2 Lieut  
 Langley-Smith, N. H. Gloucester Rgt, Lieut
- Marley, F. L. Royal Warwickshire Rgt, 2 Lieut  
 Moyle, T. Gloucester Rgt, attd. T.M.B., Lieut (*twice*)
- \*Norden, F. L. R. Scots, Rgt, Lieut
- Oliphant, G. R. S. Lancs. Rgt, Lieut
- Proctor, S. H. A. R. Royal Engineers, Lieut (*twice*)
- \*Rodway, A. R. Machine Gun Corps, 2 Lieut

Shelton, A. T. K.O.Y.L.I., Lieut  
Skelton, N. A. Queen's (West Surrey) Rgt, Lieut  
Sleigh, G. B. K O.R. Lancs. Rgt, Capt  
Smith, Rev. C. M. Chaplain R.F.A., 50th Division  
Smith, Rev. Mowbray, Chaplain to the Forces  
Smith, S. Middlesex Rgt, 2 Lieut  
Smith, W. W. A.S.C., 2 Lieut  
Snape, W. R. C. Leicester Rgt, attd. T.M.B., Lieut  
\*Stileman, D. F. R. Berks. Rgt, Lieut  
Symonds, E. T. Bedford Rgt, 2 Lieut  
  
Taylor, R. R.E., 2 Lieut  
  
Upward, L. V. Royal Fusiliers, Capt  
  
Watson, N. W. E. Yorkshire Rgt, 2 Lieut  
Westall, B. C. Essex Rgt, Lieut  
Williamson, T. R. Royal Fusiliers, Lieut  
Whitty, L. W. Lancs. Fusiliers, Capt

*Prisoner of War.*

Spencer-Smith, P. London Rgt, Lieut

AWARDED THE MILITARY CROSS.

Pearson, A. H. L.N. Lancs. Rgt, Capt

For conspicuous gallantry. During an assault he led his men with great dash and skill. He and his party were almost the last to leave the enemy's trenches, and then only when his bombs were exhausted. He himself descended an enemy mine shaft and brought up four prisoners.

\*For the second time.

Skey, C. H. Royal Fusiliers, Lieut

He led his company with great dash in the attack and entered an enemy trench immediately one barrage lifted, thereby completely surprising the enemy. During the following day he did fine work under shell-fire.

Clayton, Norman W. Machine Gun Corps, 2 Lieut

For conspicuous gallantry in action. During an attack on enemy trenches in a wood, he got his gun in position and then, taking command of some men without officers, organized bombing parties and did fine work.

Colchester, G. V. R.E. Lieut

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in keeping his working parties together under heavy shell-fire. Although severely wounded he continued at duty, and his gallantry and courage inspired all working under him.

Snape, W. R. C. Leicester Rgt, Lieut

For conspicuous gallantry in action. He followed the attack into a wood with two guns and was wounded. He stuck to his post and took up a new position under very heavy fire. Finally, he was seriously wounded and carried away.

#### MENTIONED IN DESPACHES.

*30 April, 1916.*

Macdonald, R. London Rgt, 2 Lieut

Saxon, H. K.O.R. Lancs. Rgt, 2 Lieut

*Sir C. Monro's despatch. 12 July, 1916.*

\*Failes, Rev. B. G. Chaplain R.N.

Pugh, C. D. O. R.G.A., 2 Lieut

Temperley, A. C. New Zealand Contingent, Brigade-Major

*Sir Percy Lake's despatch. 19 October, 1916.*

Case, H. A. Dorset Rgt, Capt

\*For the second time.

**Kinmel.**

AFTER the party from Queens' had left Kinmel Park last year, the Y.M.C.A. Hut in No. 1 Camp was taken over by the Hon. Mrs. Brodrick. She with some lady-helpers continued the work of the Hut during the winter and right up to August, when the Dean brought another party of workers from Queens' and Seascale to relieve her for two months. This group of people was remarkably different from that which he brought last year. There seemed to pervade the most perfect and peaceful understanding between the members; they felt from the beginning that, even if certain eccentricities in idea or action did exist, nevertheless they would get to know each other in time—which, after all, is the basis of all true toleration. There was one exception: Miss Lowthian to this very hour cannot understand what made Parnell ruin her favourite song by constant repetition and in no certain key or vocal register. However, he kept the accounts very well, and took Hebrew lessons from the Dean. The work of Miss Lowthian in the kitchen was very wonderful; she stayed for two months and provided all our "favourite meals" with few repetitions. We shall never forget her kindly work. Two other ladies and two scouts came from Seascale with her; Miss Adams as usual did everything that mortal could possibly do; she kept the stores, sang, ran a chemist's shop, did "first-aid," played for sing-songs, provided humour for the meals, and a bicycle for the camp. Amazon in figure and long in temper, she gave to us of her overlapping zeal and energy; after six weeks she went back to her school-duties at Seascale,

and left a big gap which it was very difficult to fill. Her companion, Miss Wilson, gave us another element, that of order and tidiness. One of us was severely scolded for spilling a very little coffee; but yet we knew she was right. Orderliness is the beginning of all great deeds, and though it be severe, yet after all it is the way of nature. Miss Wilson was very good for us. Her French classes were a success and attracted men from the ends of the camp.

The two Scouts, Ronnie and Teddy, were essential to the Hut; they were model Boy-Scouts, fresh in enthusiasm, and natural in humour, with a delight in life and living, characteristic of all healthy boys.

The activities of the Hut were manifold; we had prayers with a short address nightly; concerts were very frequent and so successful that the collections taken at them enabled us to obtain a grand piano on the hire-purchase system; after we had gone, this was removed to No. 4 Hut for some unknown reason. All kinds of people performed at these Concerts; there was the great Tom Thomas, the Welsh tenor, also Shakespearian actors, Mad Magicians, and comedians high and low. Mr. de Souza of Downing came over from Rhyl to sing, and pleased the "Tommies" with his delightfully light tenor songs. On several nights there were organised games; how familiar a sight it was to see the Dean in the middle of a ring of khaki showing the men how to light a candle whilst sitting on a bottle and without touching the ground with one's hands,—ah! he has fallen off! "Never mind, it *can* be done; you try!"

The Bible-classes, although not very well attended, were the means of establishing many real friendships with the men.

Fuller, Thomas, and Rees arrived at the beginning of September. Fuller was immediately given the bath to clean; this daily operation was carefully supervised by Miss Lowthian; his greatest feat, however, was the carrying of a great tank of milk, whilst in all kinds of difficult positions and attitudes, without wasting a single drop. Thomas modestly succeeded Miss Adams at the Stores, and was the bearer of the olive branch during theological discussions. Rees had a humour as kind as it was dry; he also had a camera, which nearly caused him to be arrested.

The men among whom we worked were a great contrast to those of last year. These were distinctly Derby's army as opposed to Kitchener's. Whereas the men last year were solely occupied with moral and ethical problems, these men were inquirers after spiritual things. Whenever they made a friendship with any of us, they insisted on it being a real one; they were not going to write one letter or so after leaving us; they were going to write for the rest of their lives, yes, and very regularly too! Shirking, in their eyes, was a term that could be applied to the ethics of friendship as well as to the ethics of war.

Towards the end of the time Robertson came over from No. 4 Hut to help us, but his engagements all over the kingdom prevented us from enjoying his company very much. Miss Lowthian, nevertheless, had the honour of attending some of the wonderful boys whom he brought, when they were ill. The visit of Mr. Burnett was like the stillness of a summer-night, and as short.

The regret that we felt at leaving Kimmel was tempered with the hope that we might be privileged to work there again soon, if the war continues to provide us with that opportunity.

## Tripos List, 1916.

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*History.* Part II.

B. S. Maine, 3rd. W. S. A. Robertson, 3rd.

*Mathematics.* Part I.

A. I. Gregory, 2nd. S. S. L. Dar, 3rd.

## Part II.

J. Birnberg, 1st.

*Moral Sciences.* Part II.

C. A. Mace, 2nd.

*Natural Sciences.* Part I.

H. Sandon, 2nd.

## Part II.

C. P. Dutt, 1st.

*Theology.* Part I.

W. L. Waterbury, 3rd. G. V. Pagden (allowed  
Theo. Special).

*Economics.* Part II.

P. J. Oldfield, 3rd.

*Diploma in Geography.*

J. L. Wood.

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## Selections from a War Diary.

The following selections have been taken from a diary kept by Sec. Lieut. R. G. Ingle, Lincolnshire Regiment, who was killed in the "Great Push" on the Somme about 7 a.m. on July 1st, 1916. It was thought that selections from the diary of an old Queens' man would have a special interest for readers of *The Dial*. These selections are printed with the consent of his parents.

Saturday, June 24th, 1916, 5.30 p.m.

THE bombardment for the "Great Push" has just begun; I am sitting out here on an old plough in a half-tilled field watching the smoke of the shells rising over the German lines. There is a very wide view from here such as you get from the top of the Gogs, and you can see quite a wide front—our own bit of front and a mile or more to left and right. In the hollow straight in front lies the town with its broken Church, with the long straight road leading to the rear; there is the village that I was in last Saturday in a hollow to the right, with its small Church spire intact shewing among the trees. It is a pleasant, rather cloudy day, after a night of heavy rain; and the light breeze blowing from the West lessens for us the sound of the guns, besides being a protection, as far as we know, against gas. There are poppies and blue flowers in the corn just by—a part of the field that is cultivated, and on the rise towards the town is a large patch of yellow stuff that might be mustard and probably isn't. On the whole the evening is "a pleasant one for a stroll"—with the larks singing.

Sunday, June 25th.

As the time for us to move approaches I suppose we shall be excited and nervous, but now for most people, and I should think for the most thoughtless and unimpressionable, it is just a contemplative pause and a rest. Excitement braces the muscles in healthy people, and that is the feeling you have at the thought of the "Great Push" beginning. As an alternative to trench warfare it is welcome—to me especially, with my doubtful powers of endurance.

Someone made the inevitable remark in the mess the other night (I am in Headquarters Mess of the Battalion we are attached to), that we are taking part in what may be an historic event—for us, personally, of course, historic, but also possibly in years to come a historic event in the Great War. One man's part in any move nowadays is so small that he is not likely to be nervous about the effect of his work on the final result; and fortunately the habit of "carrying on" (that immortal phrase) is by this time so ingrained in him that in spite of the great shattering of everything else he has a hope that he will be able to do it. And no one should forget that a free throwing of yourself into a forward move gives the thing a momentum that nothing else can—beyond any mechanical discipline. If the least thoughtful could analyse his feelings, he would say, I suppose, that provided he was hitting hard he didn't care what happened to him. And the men who are going to be knocked out in the push—there must be many—should not certainly be looked on with pity: because going forward with resolution and braced muscles puts a man in a mood to despise consequences; he is out to give more than he

gets; he really dies fighting, and a man who is used to sport, takes these things—even the great chance of life and death—as part of the game.

Just as I came down the hill last night, a big red burst of flame started up on the horizon—an ammunition store hit probably: the bombardment increased in the night and woke some people up, not me. All this morning the firing has been at times intense, and we have got some back into the town—heavy shells throwing up clouds of brick, red smoke and shrapnel. Above it all the chaplains have tried to raise their voices, and the old hymns have been sung—“Fight the good fight” and “O God, our help.” We had our Church Parade on the slope: the colonel read the lesson, the chaplain, who is something of a minor canon, pitched the hymns fairly successfully—and an occasional aeroplane buzzed overhead. The sermon was based on the Lesson about Joshua and the entry into Canaan; the service ended in the usual way with “God save the King.”

The last Church Parade I had on active service was on the beach at Suvla—everyone sitting down, owing to the heat and general fatigue, and no singing because the Turks would hear.

I ought to tell you about the day we came here—which was Friday; we were in the wood that I have often mentioned—the Headquarters being in the Château: the mess was in the old dining-room, leading on to the main entrance and staircase, now well sand-bagged. The Brigadier often used to come in there on his way up to the trenches, and discuss the future operations: swallows were building a nest in one corner and the walls were decorated by very life-like silhouettes of officers in the battalion, cut out in white paper by one of them: also

on one wall was an old aeroplane wheel with pneumatic tyre, riddled with shot. On the wall of the entrance-hall some clever people had made drawings, quite large, of the crests of the different regiments that in all the weary days of trench warfare have occupied that Château.

The doctor all the week had been busy building a dressing station, which we hear now was blotted out yesterday by German shells. This was in the yard of the Château—a well walled yard that you might expect in a country residence. In the Chapel that stood at the end of the yard was A Company mess: and opposite the gate as you entered the yard was the “Dead House,” where on stretchers the dead were brought from the trenches to wait for the chaplain and the last rite in the evening. The cemetery lies on the right of the road going up to the Château; whenever you go by there is some new mound of earth thrown up. The graves are beautifully kept, and the crosses made in various patterns—all carefully done by the pioneer battalion who are responsible for these things. Often you see figures or inscriptions carved in chalk placed on the graves, or, on the cross itself, the dead man’s cap. Often there are flowers, and men (pals from the dead man’s company) tending the graves. The cemetery is in a quiet open space in the middle of the wood, just by the road: on one side were the “cookers”—the field kitchens,—on the other concealed guns, firing their perpetual salute over the graves.

The whole camp is like any camp in England on a Sunday afternoon, except that all the time there is the noise of the bombardment—and I suppose that the Germans have discovered that somewhere along the line there is a “push” coming off and are sitting down

this Sunday afternoon to work out their plans: it is a curious thought: from present accounts we have surprised them. It is a warm, windless afternoon and there are no less than eight observation balloons up on our right; in this Head Quarters Mess a gramophone attends each meal—one of the records is “Comfort ye, Comfort ye, my people”—and besides this there are many of the very latest musical comedy items.

Monday, June 26th.

I went up the hill again last night at dusk, with three or four others and a gramophone; we took up a position and watched the bombardment, which was still lively and had increased to a continuous roar by the time we came down at 11.0: the gramophone discoursing “Comfort ye” was a curious accompaniment to the guns.

Tuesday, June 27th.

On Sunday we fired down two of their observation balloons, which fell in flames: our aircraft have been very busy. On Sunday, too, Sir Douglas Haig and Joffre are said to have come through.

I went up on the hill again last night about 10 p.m.; the firing had died down a bit just then; on our right there had been a heavy cannonade during the afternoon. We are handing in our kit to-day ready to move up this evening. Battle order consists of equipment and side-haversacks on the back in place of the pack. There is a good deal to be done in “drawing” things, such as helmets, torches, bombs.

11.15 a.m.

Every one is busy trying to arrange innumerable things. In our tent is a company "pow-wow," where they discuss carrying up of ammunition and sandbags, occupying of redoubts; the major reads out the brigade or battalion orders in a low voice, and the subalterns sitting round discuss details. Only twenty officers are going forward with each battalion. My servant is packing up my kit which is being sent back to a village behind; another servant, who has done some tailoring, is enlarging my side-pockets; we all carry two Mills bombs and my pockets are puny. I have labelled things and made a list of my property. This diary will be left behind with the kit.

Everyone is pleased with the idea of going forward, it should relieve the pressure on Verdun, which has been applied purely with the object of delaying and embarrassing our offensive. I think I will put this letter in my valise which may accompany us if we establish our position forward. This will mean being able to send off this continuous narrative earlier.

Wednesday, June 28th.

We came up into the redoubt last night; the afternoon I had spent in training reserves and going over points on the map with my two detachments. We left the camp at 9.45, with our usual procession of handcarts and in addition the battalion cooks, who had borrowed five of our handcarts. The town was quite deserted, as all the inhabitants left a few days ago. When we got through it we came across a column of artillery limbers and they were held up for a time, while the guns were keeping up

an intense fire. The flash was blinding, but the artillery horses are used to it. The roads were very muddy and we had two or three halts for "breathers." We reached the redoubt at 12.0, and found a very dirty and damp dug-out with "beds": there I laid down and went to sleep, without feeling remarkably cold. Battalion Head Quarters arrived later and we have been messing with them to-day—in a scrambling sort of way as we have very little room, no "extras," only rations and poor cooking arrangements.

11.45 p.m.

I have just been up on top of the trench; there is not much noise, as the big guns just behind are not firing, but there is always a quick succession of flashes like lime-light, which show up the men and horses moving on the road, and every now and then a quick flash of flame on the skyline.

Thursday, June 29th, 9.10 p.m.

We have just had a "fat" meal, as the result of my shopping—tinned chicken, very little and very expensive at 3 francs, tinned apricots and condensed milk.

To-day one of C Company officers of the Lincolns (the Company I was in) was killed: Rowe his name was. He acted as second in command of the company during the move from G——. I liked him, he was good-natured and straightforward.

Friday, June 30th, 2 p.m.

Another comfortable night in this dug-out: we had a late breakfast and then had the sergeant and corporals

in to discuss operations. A very opportune cake arrived this morning for the other man: with our eggs and coffee we have had good meals.

We sent a party of men into the town this morning to buy 80 eggs for the battery's breakfast to-morrow morning. We have heard to-day that we move to-morrow. We have studied the map and taken ranges: it is difficult of course to make any exact arrangements, only a scheme to be followed allowing for accidents.

I am going up the trenches this afternoon to move ammunitions up into the new emplacements.

7 p.m.

I have just got back from the trenches, which were squelching with mud, and had something to eat. We are moving up to the Château to-night and having breakfast there at 3.30 a.m. We moved 200 rounds from dug-outs to our gun emplacements this afternoon, which took from 3.0—5.30. Our guns were firing all the time and the Huns making some return.

It was a lovely afternoon with a fresh wind blowing: some of the trenches were badly knocked about. I looked over into Hunland as I came out—the wood in front looking like currant bushes with the blight.

Some trees were down in our wood. I passed the cemetery as I came back and looked at Rowe's grave. I am moving up by myself at 8.30, having a little time here to wash and have a meal. I had three letters to-night and the *Observer*, rather delayed, all posted on Sunday.

This ends the diary before "the push" as I must pack up.

## Concerning the Cadets.

[*To the Editor of "The Dial"*].

QUEENS' COLLEGE ORDERLY ROOM,

*Nov. 23rd, 1916.*

SIR,—You asked me a short time ago to write something about the Cadets because, you said, it was felt that your College magazine would not be complete without that. It was very kindly said and I took it therefore as an order. This writing, I thought, must come from the Cadets themselves. I can make them "tell off by sections." I called the section commanders and asked them to write me letters about what they thought of their stay in Queens', adding that it did not matter what they said because I should not let anything unsuitable go in. However, I find I have nothing to do as a censor. There is nothing to cut out, only something to cut down, and really not much of that, for they all say the same thing in different words: "As regards our quarters in Queens', the messing and the general arrangements for the comfort of the Cadets, there can be no doubt that A Company of No. 2 Cadet Battalion is the luckiest company of any cadet unit in England." Again, "Every Cadet must have been impressed with the real kindness and courtesy of all members of the College," and "it would be impossible not to make reference to the kindness of the President. One does not readily forget the occasion when he came himself to Hall and personally thanked the Cadets for an alteration in the dining-hour so that a luncheon might be given in Hall."

Another letter says "To most of us this place has been a God-send.....it has become a sort of happy extension of what our schools and universities meant before. Almost before we realised it we were proud of Queens' because we were in it." The same continues "Now if we put these two together, fellowship and conviviality, you will realise what Queens' has given us and how happy we have been here. Of course we've grumbled occasionally—military discipline is always a sore thing at the start; and so is a heavy dinner at the Victorian hour of five, but then that has nothing to do with the main question. The old College has meant as much to us as to any one of its members." 'Then follows the only passage which is at all "controversial"—"What is necessary is to point out to the modern war-time undergraduate, that we are no outsiders, that we can appreciate this place. How we wish the University would realise this, that in spite of our khaki, our mud and our weird drills, we remain English gentlemen, men who, but for the call of war, would—most of us—have been either here or at Oxford, or have been there in the days before the war. We do not know the case of all the undergraduates here at present, we do not criticise their position, but we do ask them to remember what we are and to treat us as such." There is some bitterness here, I don't know on what grounds. But the writer concludes, "Of the rest of the University we can speak with nothing but thankfulness," and he thanks in particular the President of Queens'. Another section voices its appreciation of the antiquities of the College. Speaking of the ancient ghosts, "What, for instance, would their feelings be on beholding members of A Company shaking chocolate-coloured army blankets on the turf, conveying hot

shaving-water across the court in capacious washing-basins, or, most horrible of all, careering round Walnut Tree Court in gas-helmets? The shade of Erasmus, too, must have received a rude shock if he was present at the Company Concert held in his room a few weeks ago. He might well have been tempted, in spite of the Defence of the Realm Act, to repeat his celebrated saying that 'peace at any price was better than the justest war.'

Most of them show a real feeling for the beauties of the place. One is often tempted to doubt whether outside influences do much, but in all these letters the notes ring true. It is not a pose. "One could not fail to be impressed by the quiet dignity and beauty, and, if I may say so, almost the aloofness of the place. To me, whose college life was spent in one of the newer provincial colleges, this fact appealed intensely. The Cloisters and Erasmus Court seemed almost like holy ground and induced a spirit and feeling only possible in these colleges devoted to the Arts and Sciences since time immemorial and having a long history of illustrious and devoted students." And they all look on this calm atmosphere as something which will be helpful to them in the future. In their minds it is blended with their training. "By work, by games, by example has another phase in our lives been moulded and completed, and now that our time has come to take up a greater work, to play in a bigger game, one cannot but feel that every man in the Company is better physically and morally for his training. We have worked hard, have done our best, and our only regret now is that we cannot take with us those with whom we have formed friendships which will last while life does."

All end as they began with words of gratitude both for particular kindness such as the Dean's loan of books, and for their general well-being during their time of preparation in the College.

Yours, etc.

E. V.

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### College Cats.

**M**R. BOSWELL, who had a peculiar antipathy for cats, tells us that Dr. Johnson used himself to go out and buy oysters for his good cat Hodge, lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature. I do not claim to have emulated the great sage's extravagance, but I do claim to share his love for cats, though the love in my case was of slow growth.

To the undergraduate in college rooms dogs, cats and guinea pigs were taboo, though in my time specimens of all three of these species were kept as pets in rooms close to "Erasmus' Tower."

In those days I never adopted a cat, but a cat tried hard to adopt me. On returning from football one afternoon I found a large tabby curled up on my couch. He made himself quite at home and shared Commons with me for several days, annexing my couch as if it were his birthright and swearing at any strangers who tried to sit upon it. I began to think I might become a lover of cats. But this tabby's attentions were rather embarrassing and I wanted to get even with a dyspeptic Scot who lived in a garret above. This Scot had a habit

of coming down at meal times and grumbling at my fare as he ate it. The bedmaker (for a consideration) undertook to buy some meat and feed the tabby with it for several days in the garret, with the result that the cat refused to quit the Scot, and at last he was compelled to undergo the painful ordeal of parting with a half-a-crown to defray the tabby's funeral expenses.

After I had emerged from the chrysalis stage commonly called the *status pupillaris*, one of the buttery cats, which I named Agrippa, became a fast friend of mine. He had been missing from his usual haunts for nearly a week, when one Friday I came upon him in the College Library nearly dead with starvation. Careful feeding soon restored him, and after that he was always pleased to see me and would often visit my rooms.

It would have been better for his reputation had he died in the Library, for he came to a bad end. Next Long Vac. he was caught in the act of devouring the porter's canary and summarily executed.

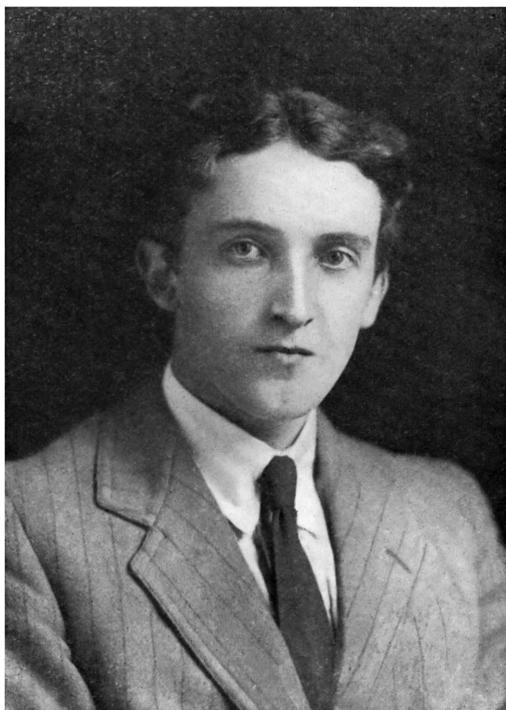
That vacation the College rats and mice were very short of supplies (as they usually are in vacations) and knowing Agrippa was dead, they waxed very bold. One night I was reading at a good-sized table, and, happening to look up, I noticed two mice feasting on a cake, while a third was acting as sentry. The sentry died from over-pressure under my Liddell and Scott, but the other two escaped. Shortly afterwards I noticed a large brown rat skulking around and gave chase. He disappeared in my bedroom cupboard and I searched it to no purpose. My dreams that night would have been envied by Edgar Allen Poe.

Next morning I engaged a ratcatcher. His dog scented the rat as soon as he got to my "oak" and

bounded through to my bedroom, where he made a kill at once.

The ratcatcher told me he was sure the ivy with which the Cloisters under my windows were covered was full of rats' nests. So we talked it over with two of the Fellows and decided to have a battue. Two ratcatchers with their dogs came about 5 a.m. next morning, and all the drainpipes, doorways, and other means of egress from the Cloister Court were stopped and guarded. One of the ratcatchers began to beat the ivy, when he saw two or three big rats unite their efforts and push aside a heavy brick covering a drainpipe. Down this they went with their tribe, and with them our sport and our money.

Agrippa's successor, Agrippa II., was a black half-Persian. He cost me three-pence an ounce and arrived when he weighed half a pound. I think he was quite as fond of my buttery milk as he was of his owner. I found him once with his head jammed in the milk jug and nearly suffocated. I pulled him out and thought he would have had enough of stealing milk, but next day I saw him dipping his tail in the jug and licking it afterwards. It was impossible to break him of his habit of sleeping in the fender. One day a red hot cinder dropped on his coat and burnt the left side of it to the bare skin. Being much ashamed of his nakedness he would sidle along with his bare side close to the walls until his fur had grown again. At one time he suffered a good deal from toothache and had a ridiculously swollen face. He would not let me extract the tooth with tweezers and clawed off a handkerchief I tied round his head. A Beecham, however, embedded in a sardine, effected a rapid cure. But shortly afterwards he disappeared and I never saw him again.



**Man of Mark.**

XXVI.

CECIL ALEC MACE.

**A**FTER all what is Birth? Is not a man born many times? Why then do we set apart the day when we began being born and call it our Birthday? A man is not really born until he is dead. So then although the body of Cecil Alec Mace first became a part of the Universe on July 22, 1894, yet this need not be called his birthday, because in writing of men we write of their souls, which are without beginning or end. Especially is this so with the soul of our subject; the Mace that Queens' has known for four years, however awe-inspiring in its silent greatness, is but the smallest phase in a great Evolution. However, let us sing of that part of the Evolution that has already taken place.

The early part of it seems to be lost even to himself. He can tell us very few facts; he merely has impressions: in fact his relating of his early years is like an Impressionist picture with its splashes of lonely grey and life-living vermilion, soul-tragic purple, tender whiteness. He thinks that he dreamed those years and that they were not real; at first they were sad, until he began to evolve a religion, which, like a white bird, led him through the shipwreck days of adolescence. He was never very brilliant at school, simply because at school boys are not allowed to study Moral Science; he often wonders why it is so, because, as he says, meditation on

the Universe is more natural to a growing boy than, say, the pursuits of Natural Science. In those days he found very little interest in persons, only in things. It is true that he once appeared on a football field and amazed himself and many people by scoring the only goal of his life, but his astonishment was due not so much to the human element in the incident—that he had helped his side on to victory—as to the philosophical fact that a leather sphere should leave his foot and enter a goal net, when all the forces of Probability were against such a thing happening !

It was with his advent to Queens' that his interest in human nature began to be pronounced. He came up in October, 1912, and read for the Moral Sciences Tripos, in which he obtained a First Class at the end of his third year. In his fourth year he read Psychology and was appointed Demonstrator in the University Psychological Laboratory.

Men who don't know Mace intimately consider him primarily a Philosopher ; he is a Philosopher, but not primarily so. Essentially he is a Psychologist ; every man who comes into his presence wears his mind upon his sleeve. He is quick to discern Motive, however cleverly contrived and elaborately worked the mask ; yet no man gave more kindly judgment, and this is because he understands Human Nature so well, a compliment which, on the whole, Human Nature does not return. However, he does not live for compliments, but for Ideals. His life is a very real one in which the Battles of the Mind are fought and won and lost ; and in which Standard gives way to Higher Standard until

he at last reaches regions whereon no man has ever trod. His God is an Unknown One to most people; but he knows and his life is strictly in accordance with his knowledge.

Sincerity and Courage are two companion virtues that are vices when they stand apart from each other. To be sincere without being courageous is the same as being very dead; to be brave about nothing is vulgar. In Mace's character these two things are ever-present; he cares not what conclusion he arrives at, so long as he is satisfied as to the trueness of his mental paths; this is real Sincerity; and when his Mind has arrived at these conclusions it will retain them although the whole World be against him; this is refined Courage.

A war in the Universe broke out years ago between Philosophy and Wit for the mastery of things. The army that Wit called up to its lines consisted of multitudinous surprise-words that were versed in the art of Ambush, and that would spring out at sudden moments and surprise and defeat all the careful fortifications of Philosophy; slow-moving Ideals with sure Goal were the recruits of Philosophy. The struggle is still going on and Mace's Ideals are among the forces of Philosophy fighting against reckless Wit. 'Tis not that he despises Wit, but that he is not a Wit; in his own words "Philosophy abides not Wit, and Wit is well without Philosophy." However, Humour pleases his soul well,—sweet, kind, gentle Humour, that is the handmaid of Truth.

His cynicism is of a curious kind: the ordinary cynic sneers at the world and its doings because sneering

is a part of his being ; Mace sneers at the conventions of the World-walkers in the hope that they will reform ; he is neither Pessimist nor Optimist : to be either is to be illogical.

Lest it should be thought that he is merely occupied in abstract thought, let us remind ourselves that he was Editor of *The Dial* during a most difficult year. He is the statesman in practice, because he is the Psychologist in theory. Moreover he is an artist, because he is a critic of Art.

The rest of the Evolution will be too complex a thing to be written about in an Article ; its History will be written in the souls of those who knew him—in the unwritten Book of the Universe.

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## Old Queens' Men.

### MARRIAGES.

*Scott—McGovern.* On Sept. 26th, at Hawarden Parish Church, John Todhunter Scott to Eileen Sheila McGovern.

Congratulations also to *B. H. Challenor* and *N. W. Watson* on their marriages.

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*P. J. Oldfield* is at the War Office.

*W. S. Thompson* and *W. S. A. Robertson* sailed for India in June and November respectively. The former is at Ghorakpur, the latter at Calcutta.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

PREFERMENTS, ETC.

*The Rev. W. W. Partridge*, Curate of St. Luke's, Chesterton, to be Vicar.

*The Rev. P. J. Kelly*, Rector of Whitwood Mere, Castleford, Yorks, to be Vicar of Collingham, near Leeds.

ORDINATIONS.

Sept. 1916.—*W. L. Waterbury*, to St. Paul's, Darlington.

Advent, 1916.—*E. V. Rees*, to Swindon Parish Church.

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## The Queens' Mission in Rotherhithe.

THE object of these few words is not to give a report on the work in Rotherhithe. Should any require this, he can do no better than buy last term's magazine and see what is written there. It is an appeal for more sympathetic interest in a private concern of national importance. We need more men for a spiritual warfare against all the drawbacks of an adverse environment. Homes without a scrap of real home influence are driving those less fortunate than ourselves to satisfy common cravings by doubtful methods. It was to meet this need that the Club was originally founded, and is now carrying out an aggressive work under the Missioner, the Rev. H. C. Threlfall.

We seek to mould the boys' outward expression of life by the healthy influence of usual club routine; and, as a Christian Mission, we seek to give them some new *causa vivendi* by setting before them our Lord's claims to their allegiance.

Visiting the Mission, getting to know the boys personally, letters, gifts and subscriptions are some of the many ways in which you can help and be helped. We would earnestly ask you to consider this question. The call comes in the facts of an essential work and a great need. On your response to its appeal depends the future of the Club and all that it stands for. The Mission's address is 47—49, Rotherhithe St., London, S.E. The College Secretary for 1916—17 is Mr. H. Collingham.

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### St. Bernard Society.

WE have held four meetings this term—three concerts and one debate—all of which we are egotistical enough to believe have not fallen short of past standards as we know them, either in their intrinsic quality or in the enjoyment they have afforded to the faithful few. The Committee, however, would like to point out to less loyal members that there is such a thing as a monotony of familiar faces which it is in their power to relieve.

The Presidential Chair was early in the term resigned by Mr. B. S. Maine in favour of Mr. A. H. Sewell. It is impossible not to mention the Society's debt to the former of these honourable gentlemen. Mr. Maine in these critical times has meant more to us than can be well appreciated. We are only consoled in that, first, he has only resigned his official connection with the Society, and that, second, he is followed by one who is rightly conspicuous for his oratorical (among other) powers—and a big cigar! The Vice-President, Mr. J. R. H. Cama, has been most energetic in the Society's interests. Mr. V. N. Fenton, Treasurer, is delightfully un-

obtrusive officially, though he has helped much in concerts. The Librarian, Mr. H. Collingham, is the reverse. He has gallantly brought order out of the chaotic medley of newspapers and periodicals, which, however, thanks to the zeal of numerous reformers, are unfortunately more before the footlights than himself. There but remains the Secretary, Mr. H. Parnell, who completes the number of the elect, and has been, in a literal sense, very active.

Time and space alike forbid that one should detail the more prominent of those by whose good pleasure the Committee exists. They serve with us to connect a great past with a happy present, and to imbue with hope our longings for better times to come.

H. P.

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

**A**N eight was put on the river three times a week this term. It is gratifying that sufficient public spirit was shown by some men to keep rowing alive in anticipation of happier days.

Some good material was discovered, which should prove useful in the future.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. de Langdale of Selwyn for his kindness in coaching.

Names and weights :—

			<i>st.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>
<i>Bow</i>	H. W. Pointer	...	9	9
	2 T. H. Thompson	...	10	1
	3 M. Tin-Tut ...	...	9	1
	4 H. H. Fisher	...	10	5
	5 A. I. Gregory	...	11	5
	6 J. Hopewell	...	10	7
	7 H. E. Cope	...	11	10
<i>Str.</i>	L. J. Bendit	...	11	5
<i>Cox</i>	A. H. Sewell	...		x

H. E. C.

**Correspondence.**

*The Editor has received a copy of the following letter from  
Dr. Wright:—*

*June 12, 1916.*

Dear Mr. Oldfield,

I have read with interest your paper on the S. Bernard's Society. The Society was founded a year before I came into residence and I did not hear the paper entitled "A hole in the wall," but I read it afterwards. It was a humorous poem founded on Scott's *Marmion*. Two Roman Catholic monasteries were separated by a single wall in which was a hole for the imprisonment of refractory members. Of course deadly enmity existed between the rival institutions. One of the monks for some outrageous conduct was condemned to be built up in the hole. But instead of expiring in silence, he kicked up such a row that his neighbours pulled down their side of the wall and let him out. They believed his story and admitted him a member of their body. But his conduct was so bad that they restored him to the hole. He tried the same tactics with the same result. He persuaded his old chums that he had been miraculously supported for twelve months without food or drink. They accordingly made him president of their order. The result was not satisfactory, and the poem terminated with the legend "Oft under a cassock the devil doth hide."

Such is my recollection of the outline of the paper. At the time it struck me as being distinctly meritorious. There was a swing about the verses, and the caricature

was not too ridiculous. Periodicals were not so numerous then as they are now, or it might have been published. The author afterwards became a leading clergyman in North London, with decided Evangelical principles. To such a man monks were regarded as fair game. Others might object, for we had some pronounced "ritualists" in our body, though they were a small minority. I do not know whether the paper in question had anything to do with the resignation which followed.

My cousin Sam Rice, who afterwards became famous as a novelist in conjunction with Besant, competed for the three guinea prize which you mention. He was very indignant that his paper was rejected. He demanded that a fresh committee should be appointed to compare the successful essay with his. I remember moving in the matter. He was probably right in his estimate of the worth of his writing. At any rate he became quite popular as a novelist. But he did not gain his point.

I think you may be interested in these recollections.

Yours sincerely,

A. WRIGHT.

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### Advertisements.

**B**IDDY.—Accept play Hockey your rooms, 6 p.m.

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**Y**OUNG GENTLEMAN, of attractive personal appearance, desires to *get into his rooms* with a suitable sleeping partner, preferably qualified Tonsorial Artist. Apply Box H., *Dial*.

QUEENS' HALL, THEATRE OF VARIETIES.  
 Continuous performance daily till further notice  
 of The Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, revised by Messrs.  
 E. L. F-ll-r and J. C. Th-m-s.

The cast includes—

Swanki-Poo, Lord High Tormentor	... ..	J. R. H. C-m-
Pooh-Bah, Lord High Everything Else	... ..	H. E. C-p-
Tim-tum	} (three little boys from school)	M. T-n-T-t
Pitti-sing		H. W. P--nt-r
Ho-pu-el		J. H-p-w-ll
Thomaso Henrico (an energetic gondolier)	... ..	T. H. Th-mps-n
Doctor Dally, D.D.	... ..	Rev. C. T. W-d
Dick Deadeye	... ..	H. L-thb--Sh-pp-rd

NEXT WEEK—

The Grand Revue—SPLASH ME, featuring H. H. F-sh-r,  
 M. T-n-T-t, J. H-p-w-ll, and A. H. S-w-ll in their  
 renowned ensemble “December Morn” (with apologies  
 to *Chabas*).

LOST, in the Dokett Building, a copy of ‘The Ritualistic  
 Clergy List: a Guide for Patrons and others to  
 certain of the Clergy of the Church of England; being a  
 List of over 9,000 Clergymen who are helping the  
*Romeward* Movement.’ Apply Thurible, c/o *Dial*.

Messrs. K-W & L-W.

Matrimonial Agents.

NOTICE to Callers.—I’ve a sort of gone to Thomas’s  
 where there is a decent fire. Do come to coffee  
 there. I provide the food, and please turn off the light.—  
 H. E. C.

## Committee.

A. B. COOK, ESQ.  
A. H. SEWELL, *Editor*.  
I. I. LAW, *Treasurer*.  
C. A. MACE.  
B. S. MAINE.  
H. COLLINGHAM.  
V. N. FENTON.

The subscription to *The Dial* is 3/3 per annum, including postage. All subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer. We should be very grateful if Old Queens' Men who have not paid up to date would do so at once.

All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, not necessarily for publication, but as the usual guarantee of good faith. Contributions will be welcomed at any time throughout the year.

The Committee of *The Dial* have in their possession back numbers covering all the issues since its first publication excepting Michaelmas 1914, Lent 1915, and Michaelmas 1915, and will be pleased to sell such at usual price.

News of Old Queens' Men, extracts from letters of those on military service, and corrections of the War List will be particularly welcomed.