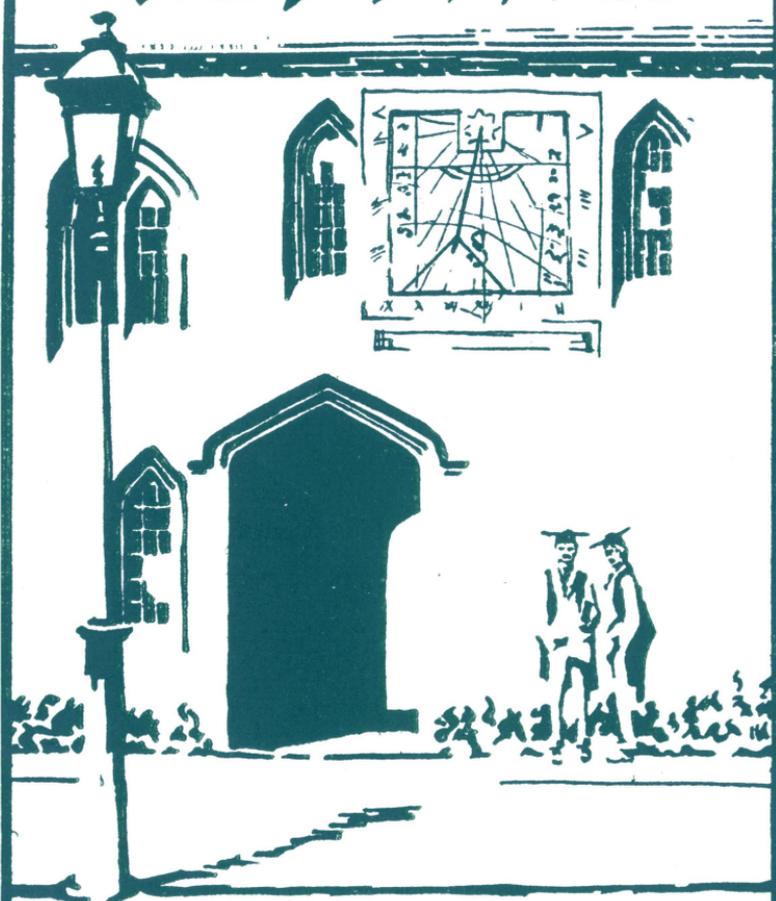


THE DIAL.



Queens' College.

Easter Term,

1920.

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The Dial

No. 36.

EASTER TERM, 1920.

Editorial

TO many of us the Easter Term is like the plot of a perfect tragedy. It starts with the Spring, and Spring in Cambridge is peculiarly beautiful; it climbs gradually to moments of thrilling intensity (known as a Tripos). Then follows a pause of dramatic relief in May Week; and finally as the curtain falls, all is in confusion again, the Class Lists are published and there remains only the final pronouncement...“Go bid the soldiers shoot!”

On the whole most men are glad that this year is over. The third year men want to be earning a living once more; the second year are thinking how much better they will fill office than their predecessors and the Fresher rejoices in his freedom and the prospect of patronising those who are coming after him. Nor is there

any need to grow sentimental and to lament that "the old order changeth." It is a good thing that the old order changes, at times a pity that it is so slow in the process. People really live quite long enough; no one would honestly approve of a world where all our great-grandmothers survived; and the thought of four great-grandmothers-in-law is too terrible to contemplate.

We would not venture to pass judgement on the past year. One thing, however is obvious; there is plenty of life in Cambridge and the year will be remembered chiefly for its rags; some of them perhaps rather regrettable. But rags are strictly a tradition and we even heard one authority bemoaning how different modern rags were from the dear old days when "we burnt every shutter in the Market Square to celebrate the fifth." Earlier still they sighed at the passing of the pleasant custom of discharging arrows at the Proctor, which Authority disliked so intensely that it used to send men down for the offence.

But we grow anecdotal. The men of the year which is going down are not perhaps remarkable individually; but at the beginning they found Queens' a little sluggish, they leave it as flourishing as ever; they may have done something.

The Map, which accompanied the article "A battle at the Dykes" in our last issue is reproduced from Atkinson's History of Cambridge. We wish to thank the publishers, Messrs, Bowes and Bowes, for their kind loan of the block and regret that this acknowledgement was not made earlier.

The *Dial* has started to publish a series of pencil sketches of Queens'. The first—the Erasmus Tower—was brought out at the beginning of the term and has sold well. One hundred only of these sketches will be reproduced at a price of 5/- signed and 2/6 unsigned. Next Term we hope to publish the Christmas Cards and the second of the series. The object of the Committee is twofold. Firstly to produce good pictures for the benefit of the College at about half shop prices, and secondly to realise a small profit in order to place the *Dial* on a sounder financial basis.

The Editor regrets, to announce that in future the *Dial* will cost 1/6 a copy. Old Queens' Men please note.

The Picture of the Lodge, which we publish in this number will be reproduced separately next term and will be on sale at the College Office.

Dialiana

CONGRATULATIONS to H. W. S. Cotton on winning the Bell Scholarship, and also on being bracketed first for the Winchester Reading Prize.

Also to H. F. Rutland for winning the Stewart of Rannoch Scholarship for Sacred Music. He has been asked to give an organ recital in King's Chapel.

H. D. Hake was awarded his half-blue for racquets. He has been playing for the 'Varsity Cricket XI. this term.

H. Sandon has represented the 'Varsity Swimming Team this term.

Men of Mark

ADAM BRUCE TODD.

IT is presumed by Adam Bruce Todd that he was born in 1894, but having no memories of that year he shrinks from being categorical, thereby displaying the canny Scot. Since his earliest memories are of Canada he is prepared to assert that he is a Canadian, a statement which only a fool would gainsay in his presence.



He believes that it was sometime in the early part of the present century that he first went to the Huntington School at Boston, Massachusetts, where he distinguished himself in that city of many schools by rowing in the Boston Interscholastic Eight, an honour greatly coveted by the budding oarsmen of the States.

On leaving school he wandered far north, bent upon building railways on the shores of Hudson Bay. Here with characteristic foresight and caution he took with him sufficient camp-kit and equipment to delight the heart of a Major-General; all to no purpose, for on reaching the railhead he was faced with a hundred-mile tramp and had to leave his kit mostly behind. He declares that on reaching Hudson Bay he had the greatest shock of his life, for among his discarded goods he had left his stock of chewing-gum. This almost cost him his life, for he wandered into the Bush in search of Tamarak gum for chewing and for twenty-four hours was lost, only finding a track again by the merest chance.

In February 1915 he joined the Ranks of the Canadian Army and found himself in France a year later. There he proved one of the mainstays of the Canadian Corps in the Ypres sector and on the Somme. Deciding, towards the end of the year, to try a change of uniform, he came to England, passed through the Bisley Cadet School, and found himself and a Pip back in France with the Machine Gun Cavalry in November 1917. It was in the retreat of March 1918 that he showed that true resourcefulness so typical of Canada. His brigade was being shelled by our own howitzers and the Brigadier was not to be found. Todd, sent back by his C.O., commandeered the horse of an obliging M.P., appointed

himself Temporary Brigadier, rode hard for the offending howitzers and pointed out their error. Only language of Canadian brand could rise to cope with such a situation. It is certain that the "hows" changed their target.

Invalided home owing to the effects of gas he discovered that a delightfully paternal organization had been set up by the collaboration of the War Office, Ministry of Labour and University; and, in Michaelmas Term 1918 under their joint auspices, came up to Queens'.

The Lent Term of 1919 found just the job he wanted and the job that wanted him, for it was then that he organized, worked up and captained the Boat that came out from its long years of hibernation gurgling with joy. That year he rowed in Lents and Mays, and this year's Mays were to have seen "the Skipper" in the first eight again. Unfortunately illness delayed his return to College this term and so disappointment is his and the crew's as well.

Among other activities Todd boasts of being a Cherub and burns the midnight oil in his rooms and his fingers in the Engineering Labs. What man is a hero to his Bedder? Yet, when "Our Representative" called on two occasions seeking an interview he was informed in a voice of awe that Mr. Todd was out at a lecture; Mr. Todd always went out early to lectures. What better testimonial to hard work could be found?

At the end of next Term he is leaving us to take up an engineering job—probably in South America. We wish him all good luck in his future. Queens' will always remember him as the man who skippered her Eight in those bright days when her old life came back to her.

They'll none of 'em be missed.

With sincere apologies to the shade of Sir W. S. Gilbert.

AS each term there's a custom that a victim must be
I've got a little list—I've got a little list [found,
Of social offenders who might well be underground,
And who never would be missed—who never would be
missed.

There's the Backhannalian reveller who sings from eve
till morn

Belonging to the Navy—to judge from garments
worn,—

All setters of the Trip. papers who floor you with 'em flat,
All persons who in taking Trips. never trip up like $\mu\eta\epsilon\tau'$
And all these persons who on holding post-mortems
insist,

They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be
missed!

There's the Cherub serenader and the others of his race

And the jazz-band pianist—I've got him on the list!

And the people who wear plus four bags with "rags"—
a sad disgrace,

They never would be missed—they never would be
missed!

Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,

All 'Varsities but this and every college but his own;

And the lady (dare I name her source?) who dresses like
a guy

And who doesn't think she twinkles—but is sure and not
too shy!

And that benzol-fuming thunderer, the scorching
motorist—

I don't think he'd be missed—I'm sure he'd not be
missed!

And that nasal-drawling nuisance who just now is rather
rife,

The gramophonophilist—I've got him on the list!
And "funny" fellows, punting "hogs" and clowns of
river life,

They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be
missed!

And that energetic p*erson of the grass-preserving kind
Who collects half-crowns from laggards who cut short
the Walnut grind

From an undergraduate's window with an advantageous
view—

(The task of filling in the name I'd rather leave to you!)

But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,

For they'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em
be missed!

OLD QUEENS' MEN

Rev. Canon J. H. Gray took the chair at the dinner held after the Oxford and Cambridge Sports on March 27th, at the Imperial Restaurant.

Rev. Basil Bouchier declared his sympathy with Anti-Prohibitionists during the last vacation, by publishing his opinion that every Union Jack should be inscribed with the words "Long live the King, and beer for the working-man."

Rev. H. C. Threlfall, formerly Chaplain of Dr. Barnardo's East London Homes, has now been appointed Governor.

Rev. E. M. Guilford, has resigned his living, and been appointed head of a club for club-servants, in connection with St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Rev. W. T. Fowkes has gone to a new living at Kislingbury, Northants.

W. S. A. Robertson has returned from St. Paul's College, Calcutta, and is due to arrive at Westcott House.

J. T. Scott is engaged on research work for Messrs. Pilkington at their glass-works at St. Helen's.

C. O. Skey is teaching at Ross Hills School, Banstead, Surrey.

H. J. Thomson is now studying art.

R. J. Tillyard (B.A. 1903) engaged in Botany work in New South Wales has been approved for the degree of Doctor of Science.

The following Old Queens' Men have been in Cambridge this term :—

D. W. Cutler, who is engaged in research work in Zoology for the Government in Hertfordshire.

E. B. Grant, second master of Giggleswick.

J. R. Harris, returned from four years medical service in Mesopotamia.

The following are at home on furlough :—

Rev. Myers Grace, formerly College Missioner at Rotherhithe, now working under C.M.S. in Uganda.

Rev. L. H. B. Staveley, working in Alberta, in search of Queens' men who will go abroad before ordination and help in the work in the West Canadian Mission.

The following were ordained on Sunday, May 30th :—

J. C. Thomas at Windsor Parish Church.

R. P. Tinsley at Wingfield, Derbyshire.

W. E. M. Williams at St. Jude's, South Kensington.

April 8th, at Holy Trinity Church, Ilfracombe, the *Rev. H. M. Johnson*, Vicar, officiated at the marriage of *J. S. Wane* and *Miss Nancy Rees*, daughter of the late *Rev. A. W. Rees*, Vicar of Exmoor, and *Mrs. Rees* of Ilfracombe. *Major F. E. Briscoe*, D.S.O. acted as best man.

B. S. Maine has two publications being produced this month; "Two Irish Love Songs" and "Entr'acte for Twelfth Night," for Violin and Piano. They are being brought out by the Oxford Music Company. We wish him every success.

Queen Mary at Queens'

ON Monday, May 10, Her Majesty the Queen, Princess Mary, Prince Albert, Prince Henry and Prince George paid an unexpected visit to the College, so unexpected that the first information that the President received was that "Her Majesty the Queen is in the Court and wishes to see the Lodge."

The President had the privilege of conducting the Royal Party through the Lodge. Her Majesty spent some twenty minutes in the house and even viewed the Hall from the peep-hole in the study and went into the wig-room by the river. The visitors arrived by the Dockett Gate from King's and so they left by the College Gate. Her Majesty was pleased to say that she was delighted with her visit.

The President was interested to hear a few days later from an unofficial source that what had pleased Her Majesty most on her visit to Cambridge on May 10, was the Lodge at Queens'.

Whitsun Week-end.

THE visit of thirty Scouts from the College Mission with their four officers to Cambridge at Whitsuntide was greatly appreciated on both sides. It would be no exaggeration to call it an unqualified success. They were in Camp in the College grounds—the first time in the history of Queens' that such a thing has been permitted, but their signally good behaviour thoroughly justified the innovation.

The programme of entertainment included a boisterous sing-song in the Bernard Room, meals privately in men's rooms or in Hall, a trek round the Colleges, a trip to Byron's Pool and a bathe above it, an afternoon's cricket (150 for 28!), and a ride in the Newnham 'bus. The glorious weather contributed in no small measure to the success of this short holiday visit; which was made both possible and mutually enjoyable by liberal contributions in Hall, and by the generous hospitality of men in College.

Some of us are looking forward to renewing at Camp in August (after the 'Long') acquaintances made during their short stay in our midst. All information about Camp to be had from F. A. Bird (I3), who will be up for the 'Long' and is prepared to receive the names of all who would care to come, if even for a few days.

It is hoped that Queens' men will avail themselves of any opportunity to 'return the visit,' for at Rotherhithe a welcome awaits them just as cordial and sincere as that extended to the boys here by them.

Another College Mystery.

nec dulcis amores
sperne, puer, neque tu choreas
donec virenti canities abest
morosa.

HORACE.

NOW Prof. Marley, like his famous Dickensian prototype, was dead as a door nail. Otherwise there would be nothing wonderful in what I am about to

relate. Yet why a door-nail should be deader than any thing else like Dickens I too will be content to leave amid the limbo of unexplained things. However the whole mysterious affair depends on Marley's being dead in more ways than one. First and fore-most had Prof. Marley never been dead, his college rooms clearly could never have become vacant, and Dr. Scrooge could not have taken them. Therefore but for Marley's death it was hardly likely that Scrooge would have found himself crossing, a bundle of Tripos papers under his arm, to those particular rooms one sultry night in June 19 .

Now Scrooge was a hard man, a dreadful old skin-flint in fact. The terror of examinees and the admiration of examiners. There never was such a man for scenting out just the tricky little sentences that a candidate would be likely to miss in his preparation of a book and setting them in the Tripos. As for compositions the sarcastic tongue of Scrooge would have made an undergraduate Cicero feel small. Albeit he was a most distinguished man. A remarkably successful undergraduate career had culminated in tripos papers of exuberant brilliance, and Scrooge had passed on from academic triumph to academic triumph. His little thesis, running to several hundred pages, on "Some suggested explanations of divers apparent anomalies in the use of certain particles by the later Alexandrine writers" had indeed earned him a world-wide reputation.

Scrooge was accompanied to his rooms on this particular summer night by mingled feelings. His Reason—and no one had ever confessed himself as a more fervent worshipper at the shrine of Reason—told him that he had every cause for self-congratulation. Firstly in correcting that year's Tripos papers he had shewn even

more than his usual acumen. He had found two inaccuracies overlooked by his fellow-examiner in the work of one who had been reputed a promising young scholar. Scrooge had felt it his duty to maintain the standard of the first class. By sheer force of personality and brilliance of dialectic he had compelled his too kind-hearted colleagues to deny the ordinary degree to several men, the depth of whose ignorance even he had been unable to plumb. Lastly the Regius Professorship of Classical Literature was shortly to become vacant, and a hint had been conveyed to him from authoritative quarters that any day now the ambition of his life might be realised. None the less he was not quite happy. He had been haunted throughout the day by curious or disquieting memories of the late Prof. Marley in whose rooms he kept. Marley's quaint personality hung about him like stale cigar smoke round a curtain. Finally it followed him to bed and did not even leave him when he had fallen into a troubled sleep.

* * * *

Presently Scrooge awoke with a start. The College clock was chiming midnight, but it was another and stranger sound that caused him to peer into the darkness with a ghastly fear clutching at his heart's strings. Surely it could not be the clanking of a chain that he heard. There was a damp, eerie feeling about the room! And what was that! A gaunt figure in cap and gown stood at the end of the bed. At first Scrooge lay spell-bound and then he thought about "Reason," and tried to convince himself that it was some undergraduate, probably the worse for liquor, who had invaded his rooms at this untimely hour. At last he took his courage in both hands, and, adopting a blustering air, to which his

throbbing heart too readily gave the lie, addressed the figure irritably:—"Who are you! What are you doing here at this time? If you want an exeat, you must come between 9-30 and 10-0." "In life, I was your colleague Jacob Marley. In these very rooms, Ebenezer Scrooge, I led the life that you are leading now, and as a punishment I wear this chain."

Scrooge gazed intently at the apparition and knew at once that it spoke the truth. It was Marley without a doubt, but his face was even gaunter than of old, and his feet and hands were chained together. Hence the clanking sound by which the midnight quiet had been sent! Scrooge had scarcely time to murmur "quantum mutatus ab illo," when Marley was again speaking:—"I led the life which you are leading now,—and as a punishment I wear this chain for ever unless I deliver from a thralldom like my own one soul at least. I am minded to make trial of you, whose footsteps fate has cast in the same paths as my own. To-night at one hour's interval, you will be visited by powerful spirits. The first is even now at hand! Farewell." As he spoke the ghost of Marley melted away, and his place was taken by an even stranger figure in a tattered cap and gown and the garments of Scrooge's youth. This time Scrooge made no effort at Bluster. "Who are you," he fluttered nervously. "I am the ghost of tripos past," the spectre made answer. "See I have something to shew you." Now a quite unbelievable thing happened then. The front wall of Scrooge's bedroom seemed to fall out. Scrooge was just waiting to hear the clatter of bricks in the court below, and wondering what was the use of his scientific colleagues, if they could not foretell an earthquake even a few hours before it came to

pass, when he saw that beyond his bedroom lay not the court, as he had always supposed, but another old-fashioned college room vaguely familiar. "Why! it's my old undergraduate rooms," he cried. "But who is that working at the table by the dim light of an oil lamp." "Behold yourself," said the spectre. And Scrooge it was, to be sure, a different Scrooge, but yet the same. There was a little more fire in the hawk-like eyes. The face bespoke human passions not so easily countered as now, and the hair, flecked to-day with grey, was raven black. The self of thirty years back gave him one look of mingled reproach and fear, and bent once more over the book-strewn table. As he gazed on the younger, the brain of the elder Scrooge seethed with a thousand memories of the stern self-suppression that marked his undergraduate days, of one brief summer term wherein he struggled triumphantly with temptations "as others use, to sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Neaera's hair." I should remark that all this happened in the days before Neaera bobbed her hair, and sporting with its tangles was therefore still within the compass of human possibility.

Scrooge was turning away with an unfamiliar choking feeling in his throat, when the spirit bade him: "Look again! I have something else to shew you." The scene had changed. He caught a glimpse of himself still young, but flushed with triumph. The tripos lists had just been published, and a senior classic hurried back to his rooms destined to receive only the tentative congratulations of his bedmaker. He looked up, this time with an open groan, but the vision had left him.

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Scrooge was alone and pommelling the bed clothes in an effort to assure himself that it had all been a dream, when the clock struck one. Another visitor stood beside his bed, a pale and haggard youth in the garb of the present day. His fingers twitched nervously, and his hair almost stood on end. This time Scrooge had no need to ask, but knew at once that he was faced with the ghost of Tripos Present. "Arise," said the haggard youth, "and follow me." Scrooge was inclined at first to refuse, but an unseen force impelled him to follow. They went out and crossed the silent court. The ghost beckoned Scrooge to pass up stair-case after stair-case.

The first room they visited belonged to the man whom Scrooge had excluded from the first class. Anxious and feverish the unhappy examinee tossed on a sleepless couch. "This man," said the spectre, "is the son of poor parents. The ambition of his father's life has been that his son might secure a fellowship. If his name had been placed in the first class, he would have done so." Scrooge was about to mutter a defence or an apology, when the spectre motioned him to be silent. They passed from room to room, and the history of each candidate's life was unfolded. One of the men, to whom Scrooge had denied the ordinary degree, proved to be the son of a widow. He had been promised employment as a schoolmaster, if only he gets his B.A. "As it is," said the spectre, "fate and you have sentenced him to die of malaria in a West African mango swamp." "All the same," said Scrooge, "the standards of the University must be maintained." "Stay, perhaps you would like to see the end." At this moment the clock struck two and Scrooge was once more in bed.

He confessed years afterwards that the most awful of his three visitants was the ghost of Tripos Yet To Come. At first he thought the last visitation was spared him. The clock struck two, and nothing happened for some minutes. Soon, however, he became vaguely conscious of something white in front of his eyes. It seemed to grow lighter, and Scrooge discovered a long hand holding a newly-printed copy of *The Times* before his eyes, and pointing to a marked paragraph with its hooked forefinger. And this is what he read :—

“We regret to announce the sudden death of Prof. Ebenezer Scrooge, for many years Professor of Classical Literature at Cambridge, which occurred with sad appropriateness on the morning of the 19th inst., when the lists of the classical tripos were read out. We have no hesitation in affirming that English scholarship has not suffered such a loss since the death of Bentley. Prof. Scrooge made his reputation early by a masterly thesis entitled “Some suggested explanations, etc.,” but will be chiefly remembered for the lengthy and far-reaching controversy he waged with the distinguished German scholar, Prof. Durner-Welter-Uber-Unter-Hinter-Berg. It was in the course of these lectures that he first propounded his celebrated Thucydidean theory. Starting, as every school-boy knows, from the traces of ritual drama to be found in Thucydides’ history, Prof. Scrooge went on to shew with unanswerable logic that the whole Peloponnesian War was in origin a nature myth, of which the first earthly localisation must be found on the Steppes of Southern Russia. A full account of his life-work will be found in our Educational Supplement.”

This obituary at first tended somewhat to restore

Scrooge's equanimity, but his sense of re-assurance did not last long. For, as he lay in bed and thought of what he had seen, voices became quite plainly audible below his window. The first words he was able to catch distinctly appeared to be spoken by unknown undergraduates. "Going to old Scrooge's funeral to-day, Sid." "Not I," was the reply, "I'm playing tennis at three. No time for Professors' funerals." The voices of the undergraduates died away; the next speaker Scrooge could recognise easily as one of his colleagues in the Combination Room: "So Scrooge is dead at last. A wonderful scholar! Dear me, I wonder who will be the next Professor."

* * * * *

Of the strange things that happened the next day in a certain Cambridge college there is no need for me to tell. How Scrooge invited the May boat to breakfast, how he purchased tickets for the College dance at two guineas a head, how he finally succumbed to the charms of a pupil's sister, how a huge wedding breakfast was given in the Combination Room, in what emotional tones he offered up thanks to Marley's ghost and wound up by quoting the very lines of Horace that I have prefixed to this story—are they not written on the memory of all who were then in the College! It was only the voice of malice which whispered his thanks were really due to the '64 port.

College "Parish" Council.

AS the result of needs felt during the Mission, "Churchwardens" were elected throughout the various Colleges, to co-ordinate and extend all activities of the Church of England in the University.

In addition to the above scheme, a College "Parish" Council has been formed, consisting of:

The Dean.

The Chaplain.

Three Churchwardens

}	R. Broxton.
	C. M. S. Clarke.
	J. H. Hall.

One Representative from Guild S. Bernard : W. E. Lounds.

One ,, ,, S.C.M. : T. K. Lowdell.

One ,, ,, C.I.C.C.U. : C. R. Sadler.

The object of this Council is to discuss all religious and social questions in the College and to enable the wardens to express the feelings of Churchmen in the College at the general Churchwardens Committee.

The Parish Council held its first meeting at 8.15 p.m. on May 26th, in C. M. S. Clarke's rooms, and a comprehensive agenda produced various suggestions connected with the form of Chapel Services, etc., which it is hoped may be introduced.

The Committee also decided to co-opt F. C. Ray.

The meeting then adjourned.

C. M. S. CLARKE,
Chairman.

Cricket.

THE past season has been fairly successful and a refreshing improvement on last year's results. Of 15 matches played we have won 5 lost 5 and drawn 6. The great weakness of the team has been wretched fielding and most of our reverses were attributed to this, there has hardly been a man in the side who could be trusted to hold more than one catch in three. We congratulate H. D. Hake on being made a Crusader and also on being given a trial in the Varsity XI :

CHARACTERS :

W. A. C. Nurden (Sec.). Unfortunately failed to find last year's form with the bat. Has bowled very steadily but without much luck.

R. Morton. Has batted very steadily, several times when runs were badly needed. His well known witticisms have of course been of great value to the morale of the team.

H. D. Hake. Has unfortunately only been able to play on a very few occasions owing to trial and other matches. Has batted exceedingly well when available.

H. K. Cassels. Has usually opened our innings and has been fairly consistent, but one imagines that he has not shown us quite his best form. Has not had the best of luck.

J. C. Hogg. Played probably the best innings of the year in his 35 *v.* Peterhouse against fast bowling on a very bad wicket. Has also made several big scores and sometimes bowled well.

A. R. Cadell. The best all round man in the side. Has batted consistently well and has also been our most successful bowler. His way of calling his partner for a run is, we hope, unique.

C. S. B. Swinley. Has kept his end up with great determination at times. Has also been a very useful bowler.

N. A. Carr. Has hit well sometimes and has shown more ability to take catches than some people. Has bowled well at times.

G. S. Bull. Unfortunately failed to find his form till nearly the end of term. He has shown us lately that he is a really good bat and should get a lot of runs next year.

E. H. Sale. Has batted steadily but has very few strokes. Would be a good bowler if he could keep a length.

The 2nd XI. have played 11 matches of which 4 have been won, 6 lost, and one drawn. The following have been awarded half-colours; G. E. J. Foster (Capt.), H. B. Burrows, G. R. Smith, C. L. Price, H. A. Hesketh, C. M. S. Clarke, V. W. H. Nunn, F. H. C. Redington.

Q. C. L. T. C.

President: J. E. L. Warren.

Secretary: W. I. Chalk.

THE season on the whole was a very successful one. The 1st VI. won 11 matches and lost 5, the 2nd VI. winning 6 and losing 5.

For the first VI. Warren and Chalk played first pair. They met 45 other pairs during the season, losing only to 5. Cotton and Vawser the 2nd pair met 46 losing to 17, Dixon and Scott meeting 43 and losing to 20. Dixon was an old 1915 colour and full colours were awarded to Scott, Cotton, Vawser and Parry-Jennings. The last named played 2nd string for the College in the Inter-College Singles, Warren and Chalk played 1st and 3rd respectively.

Of the 2nd VI. Parry-Jennings, North and Lt. Paget were easily the best. Half-colours were awarded to Taylor, Gadgil and Lt. Paget.

North and Salmon won their half-colours in 1919.

Hemsworth and Maxwell played in most matches.

Warren was elected a member of the C.O.L.T.C. in the latter part of the Term.

As at least five members of the first six hope to be resident in Cambridge next year we hope for great things.

Chalk is the new President and Scott Secretary.

On Wednesday morning in May Week, the Tennis Club played the Cricket 2nd XI.

The Tennis side batted first making 153 (Warren 65, Parry-Jennings 37). Two minutes before the drawing of stumps Jary made the winning hit. With ten minutes in hand and one wicket to fall the Cricketers required 30 to win. It was an exceptional exciting finish, the Cricketers winning by 1 wicket and 3 runs.

(Jary and Burroughs 28).

Warren got 7 wickets for 67.

The Strike.

THERE had been rumours at the beginning of the term, but nobody took much notice of them. Bands, dancing-floors, marquees, decorations, dinner-tables, seats for theatres and concerts had all been engaged weeks before—and then suddenly and without warning the fiat went forth on the first day of the races that a general strike would commence at midnight, and would last for a week and no more. Of course every one was very grateful that it would not last longer; but many people considered that it was extremely unfortunate that it should coincide with May Week.

A meeting of College dance and concert secretaries was hastily summoned, at which it was decided that May Week must be held “as usual.” The following narrative of events in a certain College, not half a mile distant from Great St. Mary’s, is typical of what took place throughout the University.

The first important “College” event (excluding, of course, the Bump Supper, at which many strange things happened—for example, the “Omelette aux Reines” compounded by the Captain of Boats, and the most delightful song trilled by the representative of the Exchequer) was undoubtedly the concert. Fortunately the programme, which had been skilfully arranged by the organist (synonymous with Mr. R-tl-nd B-rr-ngt-n, of d'Oyly Carte fame) in conjunction with his father, was very little affected by the strike—or by the heat, which was intense. The proceedings towards the end of the concert were considerably enlivened by the survivors of the Bump Supper, who joined with remarkable verve in

the choruses (and sometimes in the verses), and even contributed a spontaneous item, entitled "The Y--m-n of England." One member of G-rt-n College was so overcome with hilarity that she was unable to give the recitation of her poem, "To a B-bl--th-c-ry," which had won the benign favour of the Editor of the Gr-nt-.

The dance, which took place three nights later, was a great success. The catering was undertaken by a band of enthusiastic volunteers, all of whom had had experience during the recent fracas on the Continent, either as President of a Mess Committee or on the staff of the officers' cookhouse. How the floor was laid in the Hall remains a mystery to this day, though it is believed that the head-porter could throw some light on the subject. In the original contract for the floor, it was stipulated that a member of the firm should slide from one end to the other, as a guarantee of its smoothness. In the absence of the representatives of the firm in question, it is understood that the necessary momentum was gathered by an elderly gentleman of the third year, who was taking the cricket "special." His technical knowledge also came into play when it was decided to admit air into the Hall through the lantern in the roof. After a certain member of the Committee had ascended in an aeroplane, and discovered that no opening could be made by the mere juxta-position of his capillary adornment, the aforesaid elderly gentleman, with complete sangfroid, picked up a cricket ball and, at the third attempt, made a large aperture in the lantern.

The illuminations were in the capable hands of the Navy, who thought nothing of fixing lengths of electric cable in the cloisters where they could most easily trip up the unwary. Mention should also be made of the

gentleman who, in company with a "Robert," spent a most enjoyable night dealing in summary fashion with the rash people who thought that one or two of the small lights along the river bank would look well on their punts. They emerged from the waters of the Cam sadder but wiser.

The place of the orchestra (who, curiously enough, had "struck" because permission was not given to them to carry on till breakfast-time) was taken by Mr. D-k's famous Jazz Band, who acquitted themselves remarkably well at such short notice. Senor Alph-ns- Sp-gh-tt-, the famous Italian impresario, who happened to be passing the College gate while the dance was in progress, was overheard to remark that he could not have done better himself.

Last (but not least) the Dance Committee. The indefatigable Secretary, whose perambulations at Fenner's had evoked widespread comment, perambulated round the Hall as to the manner born, or kept a watchful eye on the chaperons, while he of the auburn locks—but space does not permit to describe the tactful and efficient manner in which the M.C. and Stewards discharged their various duties in the emergency caused by that most unfortunate strike.

EYEWITNESS.

Obituary.

W. S. Thompson: died of pneumonia, April 16th, 1920.

TO many Queens' men the death of Walter Stuart Thompson will bring a sense of personal loss. We often loved him best when we disagreed with him most.

“Curly Tommy” had the heart of a boy, and a boy’s irrepressible love of fun—(who can forget how he met his bedmaker laden with parcels and set her bonnet at a rakish angle?) He had also a boundless idealism, which refused to be quenched by ugly facts, though it often left him dissatisfied with the existing order. Deepest of all lay his goodness, built on a rock of Christian faith.

His father was Vicar of a Church in Didsbury, Manchester, when Tommy came to board at St. Faith’s School in Cambridge. From there he went on to Worcester School; and so came to Queens’ in 1910 to read for Holy Orders. He took a 3rd class in the Moral Science Tripos of 1913; in 1914, he rowed three in the College May-boat which was stroked by Arden and got up into the First Division by four bumps. He stayed on here as Secretary of the Student Movement, of which he was an ardent supporter.

The beginning of the war brought him many searchings of heart. For a long time it seemed to him wrong for a Christian to take up arms in any cause: but as the list of casualties lengthened and many of his friends were killed, he felt it intolerable to remain in Cambridge. He went to Gorakhpur in India, to teach in a C.M.S. College; and he quickly became interested in his work, though dissatisfied with some of its conditions. Six months experience of British rule in India changed his opinion of the illegitimacy of war, and he joined a Gurkha Regiment.

The Principal of Westcott House writes of him:—

W. S. Thompson came to Westcott House in April, 1919, with the object of giving himself some opportunity for thinking over the question of taking orders. The

year was not easy for "Tommy;" impulsive and most loveably open-hearted he was always particularly sensitive to the influence of the last book read or the last person met. He was, moreover, in keen sympathy with the divine impatience of his generation against all that seemed to be out-of-date or unreal in the teaching and practice of the Church, while on the other hand the artistic and the mystic which were also strong in him seemed at times to be in conflict with what he thought to be true. It is not surprising that all this resulted in unrest and, occasionally, a dangerous degree of introspection. He had, however, rightly and wisely in my opinion, concluded to put off his ordination for a year and accept the remarkable offer made to him by a professional singer, which would have enabled him to live, and also do some work, at Cambridge House.

But after all it was not the intellectual side on which "Tommie" was really strongest. We knew and loved the man for his grace of soul and body, for his big friendliness, for his childishness of heart, for his many little acts, acts of unselfishness and love.

Thompson had been down with a reading party in N. Devon; the party had dispersed and a touch of bronchitis which he had contracted developed rapidly into pneumonia; his mother and doctor-brother reached him on April 12th, and at once moved him to a Cottage Hospital where he passed away (hardly recovering consciousness) on the morning of April 15th. His body lies in the beautiful little cemetery at Morthoe which looks out over the sea.

Q. C. B. C.

BOTH crews must be heartily congratulated on the success of the May races—seven bumps is a good atonement for last year's misfortunes.

There was some confusion towards the middle of the term, as both crews and coaches were rather frequently changed, but the boats came out with flying colours and in the end the successful Lent crew under Mr. Tower's coaching rowed unchanged in the Mays.

On the first night we just missed Lady Margaret at Grassy and Ditton, but bumped them easily on the second night, and then as Sandwich Boat bumped First Trinity II.

It must be mentioned that four members of the Second Crew rowed the light ship down to Baitsbite from the boathouse with considerable effort and arrived just in time.

On the third and fourth nights we got Sidney and Emmanuel I. without any difficulty.

The Second Crew having done second best time in the Getting-on Races, rowed over on the first night, but on the following nights bumped King's II., Selwyn II. and Trinity Hall III., all at First Post Corner.

The crews would wish to convey thanks to A. B. Todd for his timely return to coach the First Crew and to Mr. A. D. Browne for coaching the Second Crew.

Queens' College Piratical Society.

MINGLED with the usual jargon of May Week and Trips, there has been for some weeks an under-current of conversation in which repeatedly occurred such strange phrases as "sharp end," "tin toob," etc. During the first half of May Week men might be seen carrying strange bulky articles, and with futile steps proceeding to some unknown haunt on the upper river. The outcome of this scheming was seen on the last day of the races, when there burst on the merry Ditton scene a large craft, manned by merciless freebooters, and captained by a morose looking individual (we quote from a distinguished contemporary) of forbidding appearance.

It is not known to what extent this strange ship "held up" the river, but eye-witnesses declare that several College eights were delayed in their passage, and followed later with a dejected appearance, from which it may be concluded that they had suffered at the hands of the Pirates.

Apparently there was some trouble over division of the spoil, as one of the gang was suddenly made to walk the plank, and was left to drown.

A very distressing fact has since come to light: it is said on good authority that several of this blackguardly crew were until recently officers of H.M. Navy.

It is hoped that the whole gang will shortly be apprehended: meanwhile we congratulate Mr. R. M-r-t-n and his accomplices on producing one of the best rag boats ever seen on the river.

The Dance.

THE natural beauties of the College were at their best on Tuesday, June 15th, when the Dance took place. The night was fine and warm, which enabled full advantage to be taken of the Grove, illuminated by myriad fairy lights. It was a tired but happy company that faced the camera at 5 a.m.

The arrangements were admirable, and the supper was excellent; the thanks of all who were present are due to Mr. H. D. Hake, the Dance Secretary, and Mr. Chamberlain—and not less to their many collaborators—for a most successful dance, which we cannot but hope may become a permanent feature of May Week.

Correspondence.

THE LODGE,
QUEENS' COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I hope that you will allow me to express through the pages of *The Dial* the appreciation of Mrs. Fitzpatrick and myself of the welcome given me by members of the College in the Senate House on March 12. We shall never forget it nor the expression of sympathy when our joy was suddenly turned into sorrow on the following day by the death of my dear brother, who had come specially to be with us.

Yours truly,

THOMAS C. FITZPATRICK.



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The subscription to *The Dial* is 5/- per annum. This includes postage. All subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer. We should be grateful if Old Queens' Men who have not paid their subscriptions up to date would do so at once, otherwise we shall be involved in financial difficulties.

Contributions are welcome at any time of the year, they should be accompanied by the writer's name as the usual guarantee of good faith.

All correspondence about the contents of *The Dial* should be sent to The Editor. Applications for copies and notices of change of address should be sent to The Clerk, Queens' College Office.

