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The Journal of the University of Leeds



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# THE GRYPHON.

## THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

*'The Gryffon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sicke feathers; yet have wee ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when wee know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curtesie which wee have ever found than to the preciseness which wee ought to feare.'*—LYLY.

---

### Editorial.

O, England!  
Sick in head and sick in heart,  
Sick in whole and every part,  
And yet sicker thou art still  
For thinking that thou art not ill.

—Anon., c. 1675.

We think that this is a good time to speak about ourselves, for we are in an expansive mood. An excellent lunch and a fragrant cigarette has done much to bring us into that mood when we feel at peace with the world. So we will begin!—at least, we will begin when our dog has removed its head from the Editorial knees.

Perhaps this will seem an unconventional type of Editorial. But we always hated convention. In fact we should have left out the Editorial altogether had we not wished to talk to you. Readers should know something about their Editor. We know, and shall know, a good deal about you. Yet, as we proceed it becomes more and more difficult to talk about ourselves. We will change the subject, with becoming modesty, and speak of our friends.

Among a host of acquaintances we have two friends, a man, and a girl. The man takes part in our pleasures which we call "masculine"; the girl shares all the others. Both share our troubles. At the beginning of our University career we considered the acquisition of two such friends to be as important, perhaps more important, than the winning of a degree. For why trouble to win a degree if you have no-one to be happy at your success? And if you fail in your degree—"divided sorrow is no sorrow." We have no time for the man or the woman who has none to call friend. Friendship is the test of character. Do not, we beseech you, readers, think that we become sentimental. But if, at the end of your student days, you have made no friend, then you may as well have never come to the University.

We are not Pacifists, but we should hesitate before we killed a fellow-man. Certainly we have an ideal for which, at times, we feel that we might fight to the end. But we are also human, and fond of life, and we remember that "Honour hath no skill in surgery." We would defend our ideal, but we would force it upon no-one. We would not fight for a system which has the exploitation of men as its basis.

We cannot say if we believe in an after-life. We have seen much hypocrisy among "those who call themselves Christians." We have, too, seen many good men. The former would never have behaved as they did, had they believed what they preached. The latter have our admiration. Do not shout with horror: we have not yet declared ourselves Atheists. We would like to see an example in this age which we can follow. We have looked to organised religion,



## UNION NOTES.

**I**N welcoming the new Vice-Chancellor, B. Mouat Jones, Esq., our good wishes go with Sir James and Lady Baillie for a happy retirement. During his 14 years as Vice-Chancellor, Sir James has always considered the affairs of the Union as of great importance and has spared no effort for its advancement.

Freshers will have an opportunity of meeting the new Vice-Chancellor at his reception for them on the 5th of October. Another important social event at which we hope to meet him is the Union Ball on the 28th of October, when it is expected he will be host at this function.

It must be with feelings of great satisfaction to ourselves that one of the dreams of past generations of students will be realised in our time. I refer to the New Union Building. We ought to be in occupation next session.

There is still the considerable sum of £22,725 to be raised before its cost is cleared and, although this responsibility does not devolve upon us, we must continue to make every effort to contribute towards this sum by Appeal Efforts as in the past. If you have something new in the way of ideas for raising money for this purpose, let us know about them.

Ordinary members of the Union will be able to attend the Meetings of the Union Committee in future. They will, of course, not be allowed power of voting or discussion. This innovation should have the effect of engendering interest among the student body in its affairs as handled by the Committee. As accommodation is restricted, previous notice of intention to attend will have to be given. If the applications exceed the accommodation, seats will be allotted in order of booking.

The existing athletic facilities are to be extended in the near future. A Swimming Bath and Squash and Fives Courts are to be built near the Gym. Union Funds have contributed £1,000 towards the £25,000 required. Of this sum, £12,000 has been granted by the National Fitness Council, the remainder being raised by subscription.

What promised to be a record collection in our series of Charity Rags, was spoiled by the withdrawal of *The Tyke* from sale on the advice of the Chief Constable. The matter has been taken up with the watch Committee with a view to obtaining some assurance that such a position will not again arise. It should be borne in mind that the content matter of *The Tyke* was not in question. The reason given was that a flag day for a local Charity was being adversely affected. It may be necessary to take up the question this session as to whether the Charity Rag should be discontinued.

An appointment of importance to all students who desire to keep fit has been made to take effect this session. The appointment is the one of Director of Physical Education. Voluntary "keep fit" classes will be organised in all branches of physical education. All students are urged to take advantage of the facilities offered for their physical well-being that will arise from this appointment. The Director will also keep an expert eye on coaching and organised training for the various athletic clubs.

Since the end of last session it has been necessary to appoint a new Union Outfitter. The firm selected, Messrs. Hardy Ltd., has its shop at the junction of Merrion Street and Briggate.

Two important alterations are made this session in connection with the Union Handbook. For the first time the Union Constitution will appear within its pages. Your attention is especially directed to the preface drawn up by last year's Secretary of the Constitution Committee. The second alteration affects

Club Fixture Lists. These will now be available in booklet form, one for Winter and one for Summer Clubs. There will be a small charge for them, to cover the cost of printing, but your General Athletics Committee consider that the advantages of the booklet form of Fixture Lists are well worth the small charge.

Considerable use was made of the Book Exchange last session considering this was only in its experimental stage. Although only 1d. in the shilling was charged for working expenses, the account showed a credit balance of £4. This balance is to be donated to the U.B.A. Fund. Before buying new text books you should give the Exchange a trial; it has been established for your benefit, use it.

I. M. G. WILLIAMS,

*Hon. Secretary,  
Leeds University Union.*

## President's Appeal.

**Y**EAR by year this Appeal is written, exhorting all students to take part in all phases of Union activity. Year by year this appeal is unanswered by so many. But there is reason to believe that this coming year will bring to life an increased interest in the Union and its affairs.

The ensuing Session will see the completion of the new Union Buildings, for which we have waited so long, and for which past and present students have worked so untiringly. With their completion, the responsibilities of the Union are increased tremendously. The administration of these buildings is a test of the capabilities of the Union, and at a time like this, the interest and constructive criticism of every student is needed all the more.

For the first time, the Constitution, Laws and Regulations of the Union Committee have been printed in the Handbook. These, we hope, will receive your serious consideration, and at the Annual General Meeting we will have a completely revised Constitution to place before you for your approval. It is most desirable that we should enter into our new life in these buildings with our Constitution as sound as possible.

The near future will see the erection of a Swimming Bath, Squash and Fives Courts.

In short, the Union will be soon in possession of accommodation of which we will have reason to be proud. It is the duty of every one of us to take advantage of this splendid opportunity, and to conduct ourselves in a manner worthy of the surroundings in which we shall soon find ourselves.

Finally, a word to the Freshers. Looking back to one's first year, it is realised how apt one is to regard a University education merely as a means of obtaining a good degree. Day Students in particular are inclined to adopt this attitude—a mistaken one. A good degree is, of course, of fundamental importance, but it is the broadening of one's attitude to life, the strengthening of one's character, and the sense of camaraderie, which are only obtained by mixing with ones fellows, that is the very essence of a true University life.

Whether this contact with other students is obtained on the athletic field, in the meetings of the various societies, or in the Great Hall and Refectory on social occasions, does not much matter. I ask you, therefore, to participate fully, within the University, in those things which interest you.

You are entering the University when the Union is rapidly expanding. Its future, whether good or ill, rests with you.

T. H. HENRY.





### 'Struth !

"Excuse me, but I think I've sat on your hat."

"You think you've sat on me 'at. You THINK you 'ave! You know damn well you 'ave."

\* \* \*

### Horror-torio.

They had suddenly become rich. What more natural than that they should desire to see life and share its fulness. One of their first outings was to a Bach Oratorio. Approaching an attendant the very talkative one said: "Isn't Bach wonderful; I am thrilled with his music; do please tell me, has he composed anything in recent years?"

"No Madam," replied the attendant, "I regret to say he has not. All his recent years have been spent de-composing."

\* \* \*

### Gleanings.

"The turtle lives 'twixt plated decks  
Which practically conceal its sex.  
I think it clever of the turtle  
In such a fix to be so fertile."

(OGDEN NASH).

\* \* \*

"Women make me tired because they are the wives and mothers of the men who will be killed in the next war, and they do nothing about it."

(ETHEL MANNIN).

\* \* \*

"Much time will pass before there is born—if there is born—  
An Andalusian so fair, so rich in adventure,  
I sing of his elegance with words that sigh  
And remember a sad breeze that passed through the olive-trees."

(From the works of GARCIA LORCIA Spanish poet,  
who was shot by the Fascists).

\* \* \*

"Liberty's in every blow,  
Let us do or die."

(BURNS).



“A left-arm young bowler called Clover  
Bowled seventeen wides in one over,  
Which had never been done  
By a clergyman's son  
On a Friday, in August, at Dover.”

(A correspondent to *The Times*).

\* \* \*

“Freedom is the recognition of necessity.”

(ENGELS).

To Remind You . . .

**The Union Ball**  
Friday = = October 28th

---

Charlie Steel and His Music

---

Reception 8-15

Dancing 8-30

Tickets 10/= (double)

## A Message from The Vice-Chancellor.

**A** MESSAGE to the students of Leeds University from one who is not yet a member of it must be lacking in background and local colour. But to the students of any University I would say: "Put first things first." A University is primarily a seat of learning. Its members are a fraternity for the spread and advancement of knowledge. It is thus a spearhead of progress: for true progress must be based on knowledge. This applies to the individual and to the community. Put, then, your studies first. Knowledge is the foundation of leadership. It is to acquire the quality of leadership that you come to the University. But book-knowledge is not enough. Leadership needs a knowledge of other men's minds, their natures and ways of thought. This can come through the societies, games and communal activities of the University. Put into these all you can: the more you give the more you will get. Fill your time doing things that are worth doing. You will have but one University life: it is a pity to miss anything of value in it: the opportunity will not recur. In all things act for the greater good of the University: your own interests are one with hers. Service to her is service to a high ideal. Capacity for service to high ideals, for service to humanity, is what the world needs from youth to-day perhaps more than ever before. University youth has a special opportunity, and so a special responsibility, to serve its generation. I count it a high privilege and honour to be associated with you in service to the University, and I look forward with the utmost pleasure to our future collaboration.

B. MOUAT JONES.



B. MOUAT JONES.





T. H. HENRY.



I. M. G. WILLIAMS.



I. D. HODGSON.



G. L. MIDDLETON.



MISS VALENTINE.



M. H. SCARGILL.



MISS CHILD.



F. N. SHUTTLEWORTH.



R. T. HEYLINGS.

## Who's Who. 1938-39.

T. H. HENRY, B.Sc. (President of the Union, 1938-39). 1st Class Honours Chemistry, now doing research. M.D.S.A. Committee, 1936-38. President M.D.S.A., 1937-38. M.R.C., 1937-38. Entertainments Secretary, 1937-38. Secretary: Refectory Enquiry Committee, 1937-38. Rag Stunt Leader, 1938.

Popular and brilliant: has some interesting things to say in his Appeal: should have great success in his responsible position. Tells us that he is serious minded, but likes to relax at times. Very fond of music, although "jazz" appeals to him only because of its rhythm. Likes tennis and football. Is proud that he received his University education through scholarships. Well liked by the opposite sex, in spite of his theory that there is safety in numbers.

JOAN VALENTINE, B.A. (Vice-President of the Union and President W.R.C., 1938-39). Union Committee, 1937-39. W.R.C., 1936-39. Hon. Treasurer W.R.C., 1937-38. Joint M. and W.R.C., 1937-38. President W.D.S.A., 1937-38. Net Ball Club, 1936-38. Club Colours, 1937-38. Athletics Club, 1936-38. Basel Team, Swiss Inter-'Varsity Athletics, 1937. Societies: Music, French, Education.

One of our most popular Day Students. In spite of her demure appearance has been known to "go gay." As a result of her athletic tendencies may often be seen limping round J.C.R. Fond of dancing. Likes Wagner, especially "The Mastersingers." Has a pack of Wolf-cubs whom she leads around the country. A Pacifist and Democrat, but has revolutionary leanings. Cold-hearted.

G. L. MIDDLETON (Vice-President of the Union, 1938-39). Devonshire Hall House Committee: President 1937-38; Secretary 1936-37; Assistant Librarian 1935-36. Chairman L.U.U. Rag Committee, 1937-38. Secretary 1936-37. Secretary Devonshire Hall Rag Committee, 1935-36. Societies: Medical, Dramatic, Photographic.

Entered University in 1933 as a student of medicine. Graduated B.Sc., Hons. Physiology, 1937. Now doing Clinical Medicine. His main hobby is Photography: but he may often be seen tearing round the Medical School as if he had other business than the afore-named. Drives an enormous car, and, we gather, is not always alone! One of the few medics to make use of our J.C.R. Does not believe in the "splendid isolation" of the majority of Medical Students.

I. M. G. WILLIAMS (Hon. Secretary to the Union, 1938-39). Union Committee, 1937-39. M.R.C., 1937-38. L.U.R.F.C., 1936-37. N.U.S. Hon. Sec. L.U.U., 1937-38. S.C.M. International Secretary, 1937-38. New Union Building Appeal Committee, 1937-38. Church of England Society, 1936-39. L.N.U., 1936-39. "New University" Representative, 1937-38.

An H.O.R. stalwart who makes his presence felt in 'Varsity. Hails from South Wales. A keen sportsman, and a lover of peace. Has a deep voice and at times an aggressive look, but is really quite mild and always willing to help. Will be rather lost without a certain attachment who is now teaching.

W. H. GOLIGHTLY (General Athletics Secretary, 1938-39). 1st XI A.F.C., 1934-38. Colours, 1934-38. Captain, 1936-37. 1st XI Cricket, 1934-38. Colours, 1934-38. Captain, 1938. M.R.C., 1937-39. Union Committee, 1937-39. G.A.S., 1937-39. Natural History Society: Chairman, 1938-39.

An imposing record as a sportsman; one equally imposing as a Zoologist. Has a way with Committee-members who can't get to the point. Possesses a cheery grin which immediately inspires confidence. Fights shy of women, and has a habit of standing on one leg at dances. Sits in the Library.

I. D. HODGSON (Hon. Student Treasurer, 1938-39). Union Committee, 1936-39. President D.R.C., 1937-38. Secretary D.R.C., 1936-37. Boat Club, 1933-39: Vice-Captain, 1936-37; Secretary, 1935-36. Treasurer Dental Students' Society, 1936-37. Entertainments Committee, 1936-37. M.D.S.A. Committee, 1936-37. Constitutional Reform Committee, 1936-39. Union Finance Committee, 1937-39. Rag Censor Committee, 1937.

A Dental who refused to tell us much about his private life. Takes a great interest in the working of the Union, and is proud of his connection with the new Union Rooms. Fond of rowing and swimming. Has also a weak spot for motor cars.

MARGARET CHILD (President M.W.R.C., 1938-39). M.W.R.C., 1936-39. Secretary, 1937-38. Union Committee, 1938-39. Hockey Club, 1934-35. Athletics Club, 1934-39. British and Northern Universities Teams, 1938.

Tall and efficient; has a reputation for being quiet, but isn't once you get to know her. Has been seen holding patient's hands at the Infirmary. Fond of Badminton and Tennis. On the fifth year of her Medical Course.

K. CHILD (President M.R.C., 1938-39). M.R.C., 1937-38. Book Exchange Committee. Entertainments and Hospitality Committees. Ist XV Rugger. Colours, 1937-38. President of the Classical Society.

H.O.R. student—proof, we've heard him swear. Used to collect beer-mats as a hobby, but found it too expensive. His second love is "Fats" Waller; he didn't give us the name of his first love, but we have ideas. Refused to send us a photograph thus spoiling our beautifully arranged page, for which we bear him a great grudge!

R. T. HEYLINGS (President D.R.C., 1938-39). D.R.C., 1935-39. Secretary, 1937-38. Dental Society Committee, 1935-39. Secretary, 1937-38. Swimming Club: 1st Team, 1935-38. Colours, 1936-37. Boxing Team, 1935-37. Medical Rugger Club: 1st Team. Vice-Captain, 1937-38. Captain, 1938-39. Athletics Club: 1st Team, 1937-38. Colours, 1937-38.

Lives in Batley and has our sympathy for this misfortune. [Tells us his private life won't bear repetition. [We've been to Batley, too!—Ed.]. Used to collect stamps, but now prefers throwing the hammer, for which feat he was awarded his colours. Fond of Youth Hostelling and Camping. Has not much respect for Medics. who play for outside clubs in preference to their own. We imagine his Rugger experience will stand him in good stead when he gets into a scrum with a pair of molars!

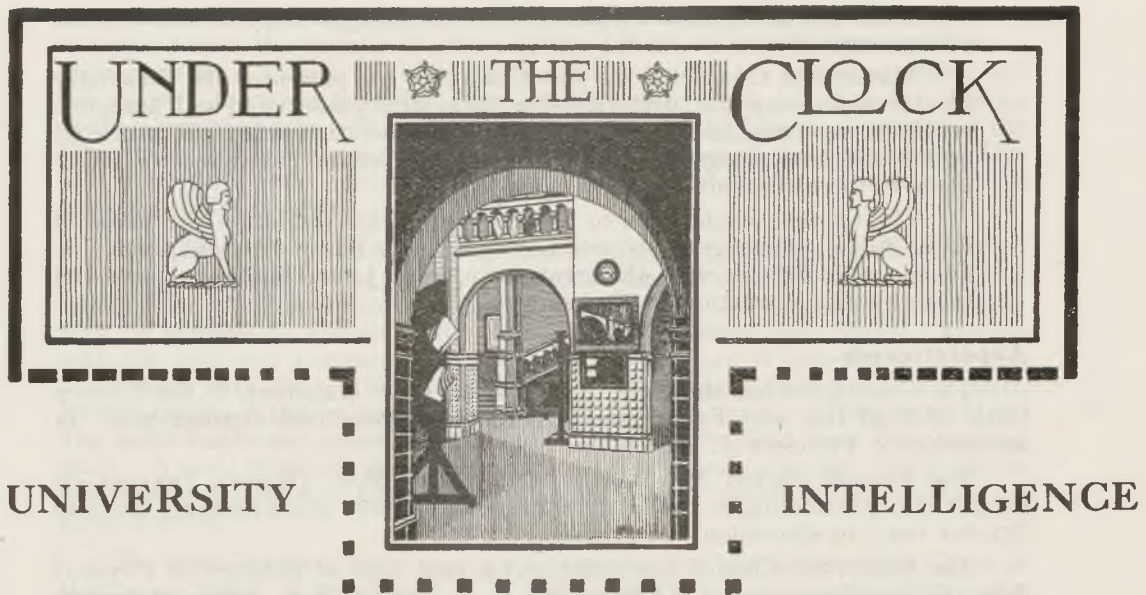
F. N. SHUTTLEWORTH (President S.R.C., 1938-39). S.R.C., 1936-37. Medical Ball Secretary, 1937. Hockey Club: 2nd XI, 1936-37; 1st XI, 1937-38. Tennis Swimming.

Another man who would tell us only very little about himself. Used to play Rugger for the Old Leodensians until a damaged shoulder made him turn to Hockey. Has a large American car which can never be forgotten when once seen. Takes finals in Medicine next March.

M. H. SCARGILL (Editor of *The Gryphon*).

Speaks with a foreign accent owing to prolonged study of Old Norse. Now doing research in Old English. Private life is extremely interesting, but not fit for publication Democrat with revolutionary tendencies. Was sober on Bazaar Day last year.





#### The Late Chancellor.

At its meeting last session the members of the Court recorded with profound sorrow and regret the grievous loss which the University has sustained by the death of the Chancellor, the Duke of Devonshire. They gratefully recalled the devoted and loyal service which he rendered during his tenure of the Chancellorship for the long period of twenty-nine years. He witnessed with pride and satisfaction the progressive development of the University from the small estate of its early career to the larger influence and usefulness of later days. From first to last he identified himself closely and whole-heartedly with its interests, with its welfare, and with its aims. The Court realised that the University owes its present position in no small measure to his encouragement and support, to his active participation in its affairs, to the wisdom of his counsel, and to the prestige of his commanding personality. The whole University mourned the passing of a Chancellor who upheld the dignity of his high office with impressiveness and distinction; who was honoured and esteemed by all its members; and who has bequeathed a treasured memory to enrich the traditions of the University.

#### Sir James Baillie.

At a meeting held on Wednesday, July 19th, the Council of the University expressed in the following unanimous resolution its appreciation of the work of Sir James Baillie during his occupancy of the office of Vice-Chancellor.

The Council desires to place on record its great appreciation of the services rendered by the Vice-Chancellor, Sir James Baillie.

During the fourteen years he has held the office the challenge of the post-war expansion in student numbers has been met by a building scheme, generously conceived, wisely planned and admirably carried through. Whilst such a scheme has only been rendered possible by the public spirit of Yorkshire communities, both civic and county, and by the noble generosity of private benefactors, the Council recognises the qualities of mind and temperament in the Vice-Chancellor which have enabled him to take a conspicuous share, both in guiding the University endeavours and in bringing

to a focus the goodwill and generosity which have made possible this great achievement.

Throughout this period the Vice-Chancellor has presented the University ideal in such a way that, without losing the austerity associated with academic tradition, its compelling significance to a new generation in a great industrial centre has been recognised; and thus the University has taken its fitting place in the community which it seeks to serve.

The Council would wish to associate with this resolution the name of Lady Baillie, whose gracious presence and kindly hospitality will always be linked in recollection with the great services Sir James Baillie has rendered to University education in Yorkshire.

### **Appointments.**

The Council elected Mr. D. T. A. Townend, D.Sc. (London), to the Livesey Chair of Coal Gas and Fuel Industries, to take office from October next, in succession to Professor J. W. Cobb.

The Council elected Mr. Ivor D. O. Arnold, M.A. (Wales), Docteur de l'Université, Strasbourg, to the Chair of French Language and Literature, as from October next, in succession to Professor Paul Barbier.

The University Council has instituted a new post of Director of Physical Education, and has appointed thereto Mr. R. E. Morgan, B.A., who is at present Lecturer and Athletics Coach at the Carnegie Physical Training College, Becket Park, Leeds.

### **Gifts.**

The Pro-Chancellor (Colonel C. H. Tetley) has undertaken to provide a sum of £200 a year for ten years to be used for a postgraduate Studentship in the History of Art in Yorkshire.

Dr. Herbert Thompson has presented to the University the greater part of his library consisting of between 900 and 1,000 books and scores. There is an extensive collection of biographies of musicians, which includes the first published biography of Mozart printed in Leipzig in 1828, with the autograph of Stumpff, who was a friend of Beethoven. There is also a large Wagner collection, a number of miniature scores and a miscellaneous collection of books on music, including operas, church music, instruments, and a long run of programmes of the Leeds Musical Festival with analytical notes.

Dr. Thompson has also given to the University a signed etching of a portrait of himself by Malcolm Osborne, and a cast of the death mask of Beethoven.

A further gift to the Library acknowledged by the Council to-day is an autographed copy, presented by Sir Ernest Bain, of Sir Nevile Wilkinson's book in five volumes dealing with his work in connection with Titania's Palace.

The Turner Tanning Machinery Company Ltd., Bramley, have just installed in the Leather Industries Department, without cost to the University, their latest model Leather Shaving machine.

Major W. M. Levett, Executor of the late Rev. T. P. Levett, Lord of the Manor of Packington, has presented to the Zoology Department the latter's collection of butterflies, moths, orthoptera and hymenoptera.

### **Extensions.**

After many months of careful preparation the University is now in a position to embark on the most spectacular stage of its building scheme. Much as some



admire the external appearance and setting of the University Library, it is recognised that the present frontage of the Library facing Woodhouse Lane is incomplete as it stands. It calls for the construction of a new wing which will link up with the stone-faced buildings already erected, will dominate the exterior of the Library and be a fitting entrance not only to the beautiful interior of the Library but to the central portion of the main buildings of the University. This new wing forms the culminating feature in the architect's conception of the reconstructed University.

The proximity of this building to the Library has largely determined its purpose: the wing will be mainly devoted to the work of the Arts Faculty, the members of which make constant use of the Library. Its accessibility and style make it suitable to accommodate appropriately a Council and Senate Chamber with the necessary Committee rooms. The architecture of this central block is in harmony with the portions already erected and may be described as a modern interpretation of the renaissance period, simplified to meet contemporary ideas. The main fronts are faced in Portland Stone to correspond with the existing work. A wide flight of steps leads to the main entrance in the centre of the frontage to Woodhouse Lane, which has three large entrance doors within an Ionic Portico.

The main entrance leads through a vestibule into the large central Court or Hall, some 200 ft. in length and 30 ft. high, with Doric columns grouped in pairs supporting a decorative cornice and ceiling. At the ends of this Court two staircases and lifts lead to the floors above, while opposite the main entrance is the vestibule to the Brotherton Library, which will be approached through the Court.

The first floor accommodates the Council Chamber and Committee Rooms, approached from a gallery round the Court.

The second floor contains 12 Lecture Theatres of different sizes, the two largest having a stepped floor and seating 150 persons.

The third floor is set back from the main frontage forming flanking blocks to the tower, and the principal room for mathematical studies is approximately 2,300 sq. ft. in area and capable of being divided into two parts by means of a folding screen. There are also five small Lecture Rooms on this floor, the largest of which is approximately 1,200 sq. ft. in area.

On the top floor, setting back still further from the road frontage are 18 small staff rooms.

A lower ground floor extends over the whole area of the site and contains the main central cloakroom accommodation and lavatories for the students.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

The Editor gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following publications and apologises for any omissions:—

*The Sphinx* (Liverpool), *The Student Voice*, *The Limit* (Loughborough), *The Auricle* (Witwatersrand), *The Morleian*, *The Palm* (Leeds City), *Nunthorpe School Magazine*, *The Owlet* (Leeds Modern), *Wu's Views* (4) (Witwatersrand).

All these may be read in J.C.R.



## Exclusively for Women !!

### ADVICE TO FRESHERS !

**I** SUPPOSE an article with such a title will probably attract the attention of all the male readers of this to me! Well, I hope a few women will read it too. Most of the points in my article seem to be don'ts.

- 1.—If you get lost or muddled, don't be afraid to ask assistance. People generally still have vivid impressions of their own first few weeks up, and are only too willing to help. Don't be shy!
- 2.—On the other hand, don't be bumptious. It is rather hard sometimes to find oneself a Fresher after being Head Girl or somebody important at school, but one soon fits in.
- 3.—The method of work is probably entirely different from any you've known before, and you'll feel a little confused at first, perhaps. Don't worry, you'll soon get into the running of things.
- 4.—Don't be just an *academic* student. You don't come here merely to plough through books—take part in the social and athletic side of college life. There are clubs for almost every game. Lists and notices are posted in the Joint Common Room (known as the J.C.R.) on the lefthand side as you go in. You'll feel much better for a little strenuous exercise!
- 5.—BE FIRM, especially on Bazaar Day, with people who attempt to inveigle you into joining societies!! They will try to sell you membership cards for all sorts of things, and are most persistent—(I know, because I've done it myself!)—then, when you come to study them you'll probably find that at least three of the societies meet on the same day of the week. Therefore, choose carefully. Don't be alarmed if you don't join a society the first day or two. Go along to the first meeting. Society notices are generally found on the large notice board in the entrance of the University.

Other important matters are:—

- 6.—Attend all the principal socials for Freshers if you can—they're good fun and you'll get to know people. The Women's Representative Council (W.R.C.) Social is on Tuesday, October 18th, and we hope to meet all Women Freshers there. You'll find that the conversation at the first socials is not about the weather, but turns on the questions: What course are you taking? What are you Reading? (Don't reply as the Yank at Oxford did, with the title of your latest literary delvings!). You get accustomed to it after a while, and begin to ask questions yourself. But don't be too withered when your partner (whom you took for a fellow-fresher) says: "Oh, I'm 7th year—doing Ph.D.," or words to that effect!
- 7.—Make use of the J.C.R.—it's there for your spare minutes. Don't think everyone will stare at you when you go in—they're all much too busy with their own affairs. The pigeon-holes at the far end of the room are for Women. Look in yours occasionally (also on the letter board, which is for mailed letters and urgent notes only), and collect your epistles to save over-crowding.
- 8.—Across the road, almost facing the main entrance, are the Women's Rooms. These can hardly be described as palatial, but I'm afraid we'll have to put up with them until the new Union Buildings are finished. You'll find there, besides Mrs. Thompson and mere rooms, a piano and music, a gramophone and records, ping-pong apparatus, magazines, sewing and shoe-cleaning equipment, crockery, and wonder of all wonders—a bath! Explore the

place at your first opportunity. Sometime in the near future we hope to get sleeping accommodation, so that more Day Students will be able to attend late dances. There are other cloakrooms up the steps past the Hall Porter's (H.P.'s) office.

- 9.—Buy *The Gryphon* regularly. (Be it known that I don't get paid for advertising it!) [Not in the regular way!—Ed.]. The support from present students is generally poor—it's up to you to back up your own publication, both by writing for it and by buying it. It tells you all the news, and provides good reading. Get a Handbook, too; it's full of useful information.
- 10.—A special notice for Day Students—there's a small room reserved for you in the Women's Rooms, where you can eat your packed lunch, write, read, etc. Do try to take an interest in University affairs—I know it's very difficult sometimes for people who live a good distance away; but on the whole, Day Students are rather apathetic, especially with regard to their own Association.
- 11.—Important matters concerning students should be referred to the Union Committee or the W.R.C.

JOAN VALENTINE,  
*President W.R.C.*

## The Chancellor.

**A**T the age of forty-three, the tenth Duke of Devonshire follows his father as Chancellor of this University. During the last twenty years he has played a full part in the greatest affairs of the realm, as a Member of the House of Commons of long standing, and for two years as Parliamentary Under-secretary for the Dominions, and Chairman of the Overseas Settlement Board.

We understand that it is his intention to carry on the work and traditions of his father in connection with the University; and he will take up his duties after the Installation Ceremony to be held later in this term.

## The Vice-Chancellor.

**L**EEDS University is indeed happy in its appointment of B. Mouat Jones as Vice-Chancellor. Fifty-six years old, he has had a variety of experiences in educational work. For seventeen years he held the post of Principal of the Manchester College of Technology, where he established for himself a reputation which is held in high honour the world over. He is Chairman of the Northern Branch of the National Library for the Blind, and in 1930 was President of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society.

Although the new Vice-Chancellor is a scientist, he has great interest in art and literature, and we are certain that the appointment of a technologist does not foreshadow any change in the policy of the University.

"One of my chief pleasures is travel," B. Mouat Jones informs us, and we understand that he is familiar with almost every European country. He is also interested in golf, tennis, and walking.

He has played a large part in Manchester's social life, having a great name as an after-dinner speaker, and is well-known for his spontaneous wit.



of peace in 1919-1920, they created out of part of the old Austro-Hungary, the new State of Czecho-Slovakia, so-called because more than half of the population in the new State were Czechs or Slovaks. But with the seven and a half million Czechs and two and a half million Slovaks there were included in the new State three and a quarter million German-speaking inhabitants living mainly on the frontiers between Germany, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. In addition, there were also included about 750,000 Hungarians who were forcibly detached from Hungary; 500,000 Ruthenians or Russians living on the slopes of the Sud-Carpathian Mountains, and about 200,000 Poles and Jews mainly in Silesia. The new State comprised about fourteen and a half million inhabitants, composed of at least six different nationalities, each speaking a different language.

### **When the Sudeten Germans First Protested.**

The question has often recently been raised as to why this Czecho-Slovak problem has become so suddenly acute, threatening to plunge the whole of Europe into a general war. Is it all due to the ambitions of Hitler to include in Nazi Germany all the people of German race who live contiguous to the German frontiers? It is true that the demand for Home Rule and self-determination on the part of the leaders of the Germans in Czecho-Slovakia has become insistent and claimant since Hitler achieved power in Germany in 1933 and particularly acute since Austria was forcibly attached to Germany last March. It is also true that Hitler is deliberately using the Sudeten German question to weaken, if not completely to destroy, the one remaining definitely democratic State in Central Europe—Czecho-Slovakia.

But it is not true to say Hitler has created the Sudeten German problem. It was created by those responsible—including our own representative, Mr. Lloyd George—who made the peace treaties in 1919-1920. Under the Treaty of St. Germain, these three and a quarter million Sudeten Germans were forced against their will, and without being consulted, into the new State of Czecho-Slovakia. When the first National Assembly met in Prague to draw up the constitution for the new State, the Sudeten Germans were not even invited to attend. They were ignored. On their part, the Sudeten Germans were holding demonstrations, protesting against being included in the Czecho-Slovak State. They demanded to be included in Austria, and send their representatives to Vienna. Finally, they were forcibly suppressed by Czech soldiers, with considerable bloodshed.

When the first Parliament met in Prague at the end of 1921, there were 67 German deputies out of a total of 330. Included in the 67 Germans, there were fifteen National Socialists (this was before Hitler had been heard of), 31 Social Democrats, and 21 Christian Socialists and Agrarians. It is interesting to recall that at the first meeting of the new Parliament the spokesmen of every one of the German parties—including the Social Democrats—placed on record their unswerving determination never to accept the constitution of the new State which had been imposed upon them without their consent.

### **Czech and German.**

The foregoing is a brief account of the background out of which has arisen the present crisis which is threatening the peace of Europe. It would not, however, be adequate unless one remembers that before the Great War the Germans were the dominant ruling class in Bohemia. Since 1919, the Czechs and Slovaks, with ten million people in the new State, to the Germans' 3¼ million, have occupied that position. The Sudeten Germans have felt themselves reduced to an inferior status. It is admitted that since 1920, in spite of the very democratic



constitution of the Czecho-Slovak State, they have suffered real grievances. It is not disputed that they have not had anything like a proportionate share in the administration of national and local affairs. With a powerful Germany over the frontier, and the rise of the Sudeten leader, Henlein (he now commands from 85 per cent. to 90 per cent. of the Sudeten Germans), the day of reckoning has come. It is not too much to say that Czecho-Slovakia must constitutionally and administratively be either entirely re-constituted as a State, or she may perish. It becomes more evident every day that her rulers are now convinced of this. Hence the various proposals which, during the past few weeks, have been submitted one after the other by the Czech Government to the Sudeten leaders. The pity is that any one of these proposals was not made years ago, when it would have been welcomed by the mass of the Sudeten Germans. Now nothing short of complete national autonomy for the Germans within Czecho-Slovakia appears to be acceptable. There seems a possibility that even a plebiscite may yet be demanded on union with Germany. Such a demand has not yet been put forward by the Sudeten leaders, but we may hear something about it in the speech which Hitler is to deliver at Nuremberg on September 10th.

### **The Czech Proposals.**

In the meantime, it is instructive to recall what has been taking place in Prague. So far as one can follow the almost day to day proposals which have been announced as coming from the Prague Government to the Sudeten Germans, they may be summarised as follows:—

1. The Nationalities Statute.—This proposal offered legislation whereby the various nationalities, such as the Sudeten Germans, Hungarians, etc., should be officially recognised by the State as national entities with all the legal rights to the use of their own language, culture, education, religion. This was rejected out of hand.

2. The second proposal was that instead of the State being centralised as it now is, it should be divided into four territorial, legislative, and administrative divisions with a separate parliament or Diet for each. Thus Bohemia, including a considerable portion of the Sudeten land, would have formed one division, including Czechs, and Germans; Moravia and Silesia another, including Czechs and Poles; Slovakia, a third, including Czechs, Slovaks, and Hungarians; and fourthly Ruthenia for the Ruthenians and Jews.

This proposal was rejected by the Germans because it was clear that in not one of these four Diets could the Germans ever obtain a majority. Moreover, this proposal did not meet the German demand for German control in the territory occupied by Germans.

3. The third proposal which seemed the most promising is that in place of four regional Diets, the whole country should be broken up into about 20 separate cantons on the model of Switzerland. Each canton would have a canton parliament, with both legislative and administrative powers. Under this cantonal proposal the Germans would be able to get complete control in those cantonal areas where there is a German majority. For example, in most of the Sudetenland the proportion of Germans to Czechs ranges from 80 per cent. to 90 per cent. Germans.

Notwithstanding, this proposal has also been rejected, apparently on the ground that the cantonal system would break up the oneness and unity of the German folk. This in spite of the fact that it works all right in Switzerland, where there is an overwhelming German-speaking population in the German cantons.

### The Carlsbad Proposal.

Finally, to-day (Tuesday) we are told that the Prague Government is prepared to negotiate with the Henlein party on the basis of the demands put forward by Henlein a short time ago in a speech at Carlsbad.

These demands consist of eight points. There is nothing in them which the Prague Government has not already expressed its willingness to concede, with the exception of the demand that the State should give reparation to Germans for the injustice they have suffered by not having in the past the rights they are now demanding; and that the Sudeten Germans should have full liberty to profess (and presumably exercise) German political philosophy.

It remains to be seen whether an agreed settlement can be arrived at on the basis of these somewhat vague Carlsbad "demands."!

If agreement is not reached, will Hitler take action? That is the enigma. In my view, he will not use force if he is satisfied that France, Russia, and Great Britain will defend Czecho-Slovakia.

## PUBLIC LECTURES AND MUSIC.

**Thursday, October 13th.** 5-15 p.m. Great Hall.

Inaugural Lectures: Professor J. E. Wood, M.A., Chair of Latin: "Some Aspects of the Classical Spirit in Latin Literature."

**Thursday, October 20th.** 5-15 pm. Great Hall.

Prof. Arnold. D. de l'Univ., Chair of French: "The French Novel and French Life."

**Monday, October 31st.** 5-15 p.m. Great Hall.

Inaugural Lecture. Prof. Townend, Ph.D., D.Sc., Livesey Chair of Coal Gas and Fuel Industries: "A New Era in Combustion."

**Monday, October 24th.** 5-15 p.m. Physics Lecture Theatre.

Prof. H. Dingle, Imperial College of Science: "The Social Relations of Science."

**Monday, November 7th.** 5-15 p.m. General Lecture Theatre.

Dr. Spencer Jones, Astronomer Royal: "Solar and Terrestrial Relationships."

**Thursday, October 13th.** 1-20 p.m. Great Hall.

Recital of Works for Two Pianofortes: Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin.

**Thursday, October 27th.** 1-20 p.m. Great Hall.

Chamber Music: The Stratton String Quartet.

**Thursday, November 10th.** 1-20 p.m. Great Hall.

Pianoforte and Vocal Recital: Margaret Maddison, Maude Heaton.

**Sunday, October 30th.** 10-30 a.m. Emmanuel Church, University Road.

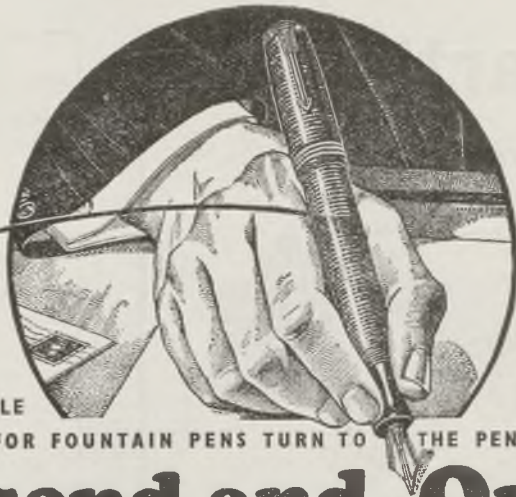
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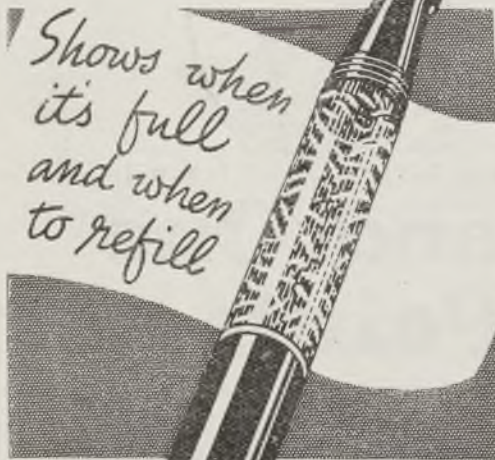
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## “Fellow-Workers.”

### No. 1.—Coal-mine Deputy.

**G**EORGE is a deputy in a West Yorkshire coal-mine, working a thin seam of 24 to 28 inches. He and his fellow-deputies are important men in the mine, for it is on their skill that the safety of the miners mainly depends. They must be firemen and ambulancemen, they must know every detail of work in the mine, and they must above all be blessed with “pit-sense.” They must be prepared to bandage a man’s wounds, lying in a road-way some two feet in height; they must know what to do if gas is detected, and they must know what steps to take if a horrible crackling over their heads gives warning that the roof is none too safe.

At six in the morning George enters the cage; “snap-tin” in pocket, head sunk on chest so as to avoid jerking by the swift movement of the cage, he shoots down into the bowels of the earth.

Half-an-hour later the miners come down, and the deputy’s first task begins. Every man must be searched for matches, cigarettes and anything likely to cause ignition. Woe betide any miner who finds himself at the coal-face with a match in his pocket; and woe betide the deputy who let him through!

As the men are passed, away they go to their respective places in the mine. George now follows them on and sees that all the workers are in safe places. He goes along to the “pass-by” where the full “tubs” are brought from the coal-face; he appoints the “trammers” who attend to the tubs, one to every four or five men; and he visits each miner at the coal-face.

George must test every place for gas with his lamp. If gas is found it must be moved or diluted with a “brattish cloth.” Should two and a half per cent. be discovered the particular working must be sealed off with wooden laths and no man allowed to go there.

All timber supporting the roof must be examined in his area. If, at any time, that ominous crackle, which miners know so well, is heard, George must beat the impending roof-fall with props, or must lead to safety the miners under his care.

Each month, sometimes more often, George and his fellows must take tins and obtain samples of dust in the workings at intervals of twenty-two yards. The samples are sent to the mine-laboratories for analysis, and if more than twenty-five per cent. combustible dust is found, or if the dust is not moist enough, then a thick layer of stone-dust must be spread in order to minimise the danger of explosions.

At ten minutes past ten the haulage-belt stops and the men produce their “snap-tins” and eat “breakfast.” This break lasts for twenty minutes.

At ten-thirty work starts again and George begins his second tour of inspection. This lasts till 2-30 p.m., when the day shift finishes and the men leave the pit. George and the other deputies must see all the men leave the pit-bottom; if any identification cheques are missing then they must go search for the owners. After this, George must sign his report on the condition of the mine and machinery, and then, barring accidents, he is free to go.

But accidents frequently happen, and as no man can stay down the mine unless a deputy is present, George must often remain behind. He remembers well the time when the driving-rope broke and fell down the pit-shaft. It was in 1926 when the machinery was driven by steam from the pit-head, and a driving-rope ran down the shaft to the workings below. “Just before two o’clock,”



said George, "we heard a muffled crack, and then 800 yards of wire rope came writhing and twisting down the pit-shaft, breaking bell-wires, air-conduits and all in its way. I had to stay in the mine for three days on end that time."

But his worst experience was due to that horror—gas. "I was working on the night-shift then," he told me, "and luckily there were not very many of us down the mine. I was just inspecting a group of men who were working near some old tunnels, when suddenly the lamps went out. Gas! Usually the gas could be smelt, but this time it was not so. My own lamp gave a faint glimmer yet, so, telling the men to take hold of each other's belt I began to lead them to the shaft. We had not gone far before my own lamp flickered and went out. Nothing could be seen and there was no-one within calling distance. We knew that the gas was rapidly gaining on us, yet we could not hurry in the narrow tunnels. But I remembered that somewhere near here was a battery for lighting lamps. Slowly the procession of men stumbled on its way and luckily my "pit-sense" brought us up to the battery. I lit my lamp, and then we were in clover and quickly made our way out. We learned then that the fans which suck air through the pit had failed, and the gas had come in from the old workings. It was a wicked experience."

George does not obtain a wage as high as his responsibility. His wife told me that miners ought to be paid for having the courage to go down the pit. They are not. The owners only grow rich on the mines. There is blood on the coal.

M.H.S.

## THE SOCIAL WHIRL.

Thursday,	6th	October.	V.C's Reception to Freshers.
Friday,	7th	October.	M.R.C. Freshers' Smoker.
Monday,	10th	October.	Evangelical Union. Freshers' Squash.
Thursday,	13th	October.	S.C.M. Social.
Friday,	14th	October.	<b>FRESHERS' SOCIAL.</b>
Tuesday,	18th	October.	W.R.C. Freshers' Social.
Tuesday,	18th'	October.	Engineering Society. Smoker.
Wednesday,	19th	October.	Jewish Students' Association. Social.
Friday,	21st	October.	Geographical Society. Social.
Thursday,	27th	October.	Cavendish Federation. Social.
Friday,	28th	October.	<b>UNION BALL.</b>
Friday,	4th	November.	M.D.S. Association Dance.
Monday,	7th	November.	Chemical Society. Social.
Wednesday,	16th	November.	Dramatic Society. Annual Production.
Thursday,	17th	November.	Dramatic Society. Annual Production.
Friday,	18th	November.	Agricultural Society. Social.
Tuesday,	22nd	November.	Music Society. Social.
Friday,	25th	November.	Economics Society. Social.



## Love, Hate and the Student.

**B**ENEATH the spate of advice which will fall upon you from Vice-Chancellor down to Hall Porter as soon as it is known that you are commencing student, you will discover that they want to tell you two distinctly different types of thing. One is purely informative—you will certainly require to know where your lectures and classes will be held, where you can safely leave your coat, where the library is; but the other is more generalised advice—on conduct, morals, on how to get the best out of life, etc.—advice, in short, on how to live your time here most successfully. And it is this I want to tell you about.

Now I, too, am going to give you advice, or, I should prefer to say, I am going to set certain facts before you, and I suggest—I believe, not impertinently—that you should listen to me rather than to anyone else. But do not be alarmed: I am not one of the minor prophets one meets so frequently to-day, nor do I rest my claims as an adviser on my long experience of students at Universities, or because, while preserving a public countenance of immense impeccability, I have managed to amass a large sum of money (a feat of which I freely, and without mock modesty, profess myself incapable) nor even—and this is a frequent qualification—because I possess a venerable look, move slowly and with dignity, and have a nice-looking secretary. But simply because I have devoted a great part of my time to a scientific study of human beings in the contemporary situation, the study called psycho-analysis.

Therefore, at the beginning of your life here, as soon as *The Gryphon* comes into your hands, and for such reasons as may be, you think the title of this article intriguing, you are faced by an inevitable choice: shall I listen to the highly conflicting, empirical, well-meant but-inaccurate, or what is worse, half-accurate advice of individuals, or shall I attend to the scientific findings of men and women who have devoted their lives to the study of the subject upon which others still presume to give off-hand or merely academic advice? (Beware of the academic psychologist—I hope one day to write a book upon the Pathology of academic psychologists). You can—and perhaps, already have—compared this situation to the chaotic state of medicine in the middle ages, coal mining in the 1820's, or politics, except in one large country, to-day; a situation where one man's opinion is as good as another's, a striking tribute to the benefits of democratic freedom; and if you have made this comparison, you will be ready to listen to what science has to tell you. But you may have already decided, although probably without noticing your decision, to take the irrational way; if so I may help to make you aware of that decision, and to point out to you that your reasons for it are inevitably conducive to mental crippling, and are bad for yourself and the world.

Now, ideally speaking, you come to a University for the same reason you go to school or technical college—to get the information, practice and so on, you need for the work you have decided to do in the future. Do not be deceived, and do not mistake me. You will be told—you have already been told until you almost believe it—that school and college are mainly important for corporate life, games, give-and-take, a microcosm of the world you will later take your place in. Ideally, that is marked with the malicious untruth of all capitalist statements: in a properly organised society—and when I said “ideally” I did not mean “utopianly,” for if you will read Dr. Frank Williams' book called, a trifle inadequately, *Fighting Neurosis in Soviet Russia*, you will see how real these ideals can be—in such a society there is no need for the sham world of school and university to be set up (you see they are sham when you are there; after you leave, so deep have we sunk, you look back longingly to them and call them, with a significance no psycho-analyst can miss, *alma mater*). That there is no need is simply because college is part of the real world, and is treated as being so,

At the same time, we are not going to try to change this state of affairs by educational reform—a hoary headed fallacy as to possibility, since society and education are so closely and intricately bound together as to cause and effect; and if on a large scale possible, would only make the chasm between school or college and the outside world almost impassably wide (as is shown by the students of the various advanced schools, where an attempt is made, not unsuccessfully to fit the world to suit the child—unfortunately Mr. Neill's powers do not extend to shaping the world outside the school).

Under these circumstances, it is true to say that University life must be something more than ordinary life plus the attendance at an informative instruction bureau, that it ought to be. And what that life will be depends on several factors. I asked that you would not mistake me when I talked about the work you are going to do. I know quite well that many see no prospect of doing the work for which they are supposed to be preparing; others caught in the Capitalist trap even earlier are not interested in the study they have undertaken, but it is the line of least resistance (mainly Registered Students in Training, and theological Students); still others have chosen, or rather have been unwittingly forced by unconscious mechanisms into studies for which, in reality, they have no aptitude.

Cutting across these divisions, will be, roughly speaking, two personal psychic divisions: those with neuroses, or semi-neuroses ("border-land states") acquired on account of the above, and those with what are called congenital neuroses, which really mean neuroses that have been acquired in early life, and would have become full-blown whatever the pubertal situation: ultimately, their causes, too, will be parallel with those I have indicated as likely to bring a neurotic mechanism into play in a University student. (Cephalesthesia—"brain-fag"—is so rare that any case of illness put down to over-study may, without further investigation, be laid at the door of neurosis: Freud's classical case—*Studien über Hysterie*—of the alleged cephalesthene, whom he found, in reality, to be suffering from an anxiety state, due to his not being allowed to impregnate his fiancée, is typical, ætiologically and with the tacit therapeutics, of many cases of University "overwork.") None of these are necessarily completely incapacitating, and the sufferers may even live with a certain amount of satisfaction—that, after all, is the subject of a neurosis—among their defence-mechanisms and compensatory arrangements. But, quite inevitably, they will be crippled, or become anti-social in behaviour. (I may add here that at Leeds University you will find one very old and prominent "way out" being largely taken—that way which approximates with surprising closeness to the syndrome of the obsessional neurosis, and which Freud has discussed, at length, in *The Future of an Illusion*).

It is obvious, therefore, that University life has to help the individual as much as possible to rectify his situation, and to come to some reasonable terms with the facts of the world and his own future in it. To begin with, the student must realize that such a state exists, and that is one reason why this University magazine exists and asks me to write this article. But it must do more: and I propose, as briefly as possible, to describe to you the latest results of the enquiry into the nature of contemporary man which psycho-analysis, via its therapeutic work, is carrying out, and in this manner to make clear what the student really wants from his University. What he can *get* is a different matter—but students have a certain amount of power (don't let people tell you you run student affairs, however), and by judicious moving many changes could be instituted.

Now the motive force of every human being is two-fold, although it acts as a unity on many occasions: as a whole, we call it Energ, or Libido, and its two components are Love (The Eros, or Constructive, or Unifying impulses), and



Hate (the Thanatos, Nirvana, Destructive and Disruptive impulses). The full impetus of the working of the Libido can best be seen in the baby, when its whole being goes out in love of its mother's breast and body, or when it is torn from head to foot by ungovernable rage at something it dislikes. I need really go little further than that—indeed, it would be quite impossible for me to give any but a garbled account of Ego, Super-Ego, Reality-Principle, etc., in the space at my command. But if we remember that, in varying guises, Love and Hate continue to sway our conduct, thought and lives from cradle to grave, and that any deprivation of outlet for the one or the other is likely to result in grave injury of one sort or another, we shall at once understand part of our present state, the state I have outlined where neurosis develops on account of the economic irregularities of the present European and American situation. For the civilised outlet for Hate is work.

I said that Hate and Love often act in unison: they also re-percuss, and to-day when you find an overplus of hate in the world, this is of special importance. You see, a damming up of Love has also occurred, due largely to the Capitalist corollary, Nonconformism, which to-day of course, includes all religious bodies whatsoever, not excepting Roman Catholicism. Once, Religion was necessary: man had not attained sufficient power, knowledge and control over the universe to give up his dummy-nipple, religion, which soothed him and helped him, by conserving energy that might have been cowed entirely, or, at least, frittered away, by fear, to press forward to a complete mastery of nature. To all intents and purposes, that has now been achieved. In the progress of this, Capitalism came and Capitalism brings the cash-nexus, puts everything on a cash basis—including virginity. Capitalism's favourite religion is Nonconformism, which is particularly clever at using the guilt, which is inevitably produced at an early age (mainly due to the child's fear of his destructive impulses against his parents, whom he also loves), for the purposes of forming the well-known Super-Ego, or Moral Censor. This effectively forbids sexuality from within; the contemporary ethos—it is, indeed, beginning to break down on this point, but to nothing like the extent some would have us believe—does the equivalent from outside, but I need hardly stress this external difficulty, except to say that it, too, has an internal corollary in that it makes the strongest desire of women, not for sexual satisfaction at all, but for monetary security at all costs, but principally at the cost of preserving their virginity. In order to avoid undue strain on, perhaps already weakened, psychic systems, sexual continence should not be continued past, Freud says, the twentieth year, others the eighteenth. (Freud, of course, is referring to positive danger of neurosis, or worse; the lower level is so to speak that of health and happiness). Apart altogether from the resolution of long-standing phantasies and desires, and what are known as "actual" neuroses (diseases of the physical nerves), sexual intercourse disposes of the overplus of Hate, which no amount of work without such release can dispose of; but, on the other hand, damming up of erotic libido will result in the production of quite unmanageable quantities of excitation, which personally bursts out in psychic disease, or, in terms of the group, in war.

What are the answers to these questions, for questions they most certainly are, and not about subjects of small importance? You will often hear it said that Freudianism requires us to return to the jungle state of complete sexual promiscuity; but, of course, the opposite is true. Freud is the complete rationalist, and the society we aim at is one in which every instinct of man is conscious, and there are ways of satisfaction for them. We cannot deny the aggressive part of our nature, just as we are merely blind to pretend that sexual intercourse is abhorrent to us: but we can turn both into constructive channels, at the same time keeping them well in hand by giving them every opportunity for satisfaction.



And we have to remember that such so-called pathological by-products as homosexuality are, in point of fact, ineradicable parts of human nature, but they are minor parts and are, almost entirely disposable of by means of various sublimatory mechanisms.

Our real problem does not really concern either, the Eros impulses; although they are of prime importance, paradoxically enough, in our present situation, it is clear enough that we have to start with the other side—the Thanatos components. The revolution with regard to sex began, we may say, with Havelock Ellis's monumental, and somewhat misleading work on *The Psychology of Sex*, almost a quarter of a century ago. But that revolution must still go on, and the other one which, from our point of view will make our talents and aptitudes once more useful to ourselves and to the world, will, in short, provide us with an end at which to aim our studies—this other revolution must be undertaken wholeheartedly by undergraduates, for only by this ultimately constructive use of their destructive energies, can a future in which their studies will be of any vital use be envisaged. If both revolutions are carried on simultaneously, on the level of theory as well as practice, the resulting release of various psychic tensions will enable them to devote clearer and more complete attention to their particular study. Such a course of action is, of course, bound to alter their views as to the particular courses they have chosen to study—may even compel them to change them: no person who is not an essentially immoral time-server will be able to persist in preparing to enter the Church, and such studies as those of Classics and the Arts in particular are in for a searching examination that will be quite clear and unprejudiced. Such minor details in University life—as turning dances into brothels, or obsessional pursuit of such forms of mysticism (psychologically speaking, the inverse of masturbation) as cricket, or unuseful sublimations of homosexuality as football will equally be seen in their true lights as we recognise, and force others to recognise, our right to a field for our love-making, and complete sublimation of homosexuality in a social system which provides a place for every man in fellowship of labour and happiness.

I have not discussed those who have already taken the course of neurosis—complete neurosis—before coming here; I hardly think it is necessary, since they could scarcely have passed the required tests in that state. But some—more than we are apt to think—do take that path during their time here, and one can only beckon them away from the majority of “Nerve” specialists to a certificated and licensed practitioner of psycho-analysis.

Nor have I mentioned, perhaps, the most important factor of all. The University student to-day tends to think he is all the world, and that from him alone salvation can come. But anyone who troubles to read the classic expositions of the economic bases of society by Marx or Engels will be in no doubt that the real motive force for the Revolution will come from the classes who sustain society, who are the major part of it, and who are being pushed further and further away from the results of the labours of ten generations of their ancestors which it has fallen to them to bring to a final potency of fruition. It is from them the impetus will come; it may be our part to assist them by pen, which is particularly ours, as well as sword which they will for a time have to assume. In the next twelve months you will find that this magazine will try by means of articles, stories, etc., to tell you something about the life of the workers of this neighbourhood: each will be written by someone who knows his subject from A to Z, having lived his life among the people he writes about, and in addition has a true journalists' sympathy and power of description. The first of these, aptly called, *Fellow Workers*, appears in this issue.

C.K.Y.

## The Power of Music.

**I**N a high wind on a road in the outskirts of a suburb, four men were trying to get a grand piano on to a cart.

"A bit more your end, Joe," said one in a bowler-hat, his face pressed close to the polished end of the piano. His navy blue coat shone coldly: stretching and undulating, it marked him uncomfortably as the foreman-boss of the four.

"Werrup," breathed Joe, through his thick moustache, and somehow got a foot of the piano between his legs.

The horse in the shafts clattered a hoof, and turned its poignant brown face inquiringly.

"Nah, dahn a bit," shouted bowler-hat, his pipe smacking the side of the piano.

The third, whose chin stuck out rigid over the top, muttered, "He—ell," jerkily, as he pushed upwards with his hands beneath the keyboard.

Then, quite as if some sort of mental telegraphy had ordered them, all four seemed to let go, and the piano came down with a bumping, melodious jangle on the pavement. There it stood quiet, like a black jewel. And the curious music of its fall was whipped away, and faded into the eaves of the houses.

A startled flight of pigeons flapped into the sunless sky. The wind took bowler-hat's grey hair, as he removed his bowler, and flattened it out over one ear till it looked like the wing of a strange variety of hen; he tried to wipe the sweat from his forehead with the side of his hand, but the sheaf of hair got in his way.

Joe rustled into his moustache; his face, thick-featured with great fair eyebrows, was all over innocent moisture. His baggy behind was one of those that seem made only for sitting on: when its angle changed from forty-five to ninety, it did so protestingly, always offering to sit down again. He looked at bowler-hat for guidance. The other two had retired imperceptibly and were leaning nonchalantly against the railings; they lit black-stubbed tab-ends, one holding the other a light in his cupped hands. Both had thin, secret faces, one with a worried tuft under his nose, the other with a slight hare-lip.

"Damn it, damn blast it," said bowler-hat finally irritated beyond control. He threw his hat down frenziedly, and kicked the elegant legs of the piano; like a frustrated child. Sweat poured from him, and he blasphemed wildly, with a painfully impotent straining after the most dreadful expressions he could conceive, infuriated further when the wind blew them back into his jaws.

Joe looked on anxiously, his mouth open below his thick moustache, his ludicrous great brows rising showing his pale, innocent cow eyes. He said,

"Nay, Alfred."

He moved his large feet slowly up and down on the same spots.

Alfred turned from the dints he had made in the piano, and pointed at the two younger men on the railings, who had begun to look so far interested as to be idly considering the probable consequences of this bout of anger.

"Yer damned idle louts...." he shouted to them, "Yer....," he raved.

"Get 'old o' that . . . pianner"; he pointed to the black jewel, while the wind snatched away his words, and raised his hair in two great horns as he came towards them.



They snapped into action, like two electric machines, their slim dark faces immobile again.

"And you, yer lazy old ——," shouted Alfred, turning to Joe.

Joe hastened, rocking on his short legs, using his arms as if they were to help his body along.

The piano gave a curious musical moan as the wind somehow got inside it: then when the wind dropped, you could not help thinking of it as a strange ventriloquist because its unwinking aspect seemed to pretend it had not made the sound, but you knew it had.

"Nah," said Alfred, clasping the corner left for him. "When Ah say lift, lift."

The four strained into action, Joe's bandy legs curved out grotesquely.

"Nah, oop," commanded Alfred, quivering with the strain. His hot breath had misted a little circle on the shiny black.

They lifted it steadily and unevenly, about a foot. The young men's foreheads were damp, their eyes fixed and glittering, their mouths half-open. Alfred was straining frantically, not with the strong upward push, but with a nervous motion.

The piano swayed up a little more, a little more, then down at one side.

"Ooop, oop, oop," screeched Alfred.

Instead it went down shinily and equably, but with certitude, and then suddenly with a musical crash hit the ground with three of its legs.

Alfred, still holding the fourth, ordered them back, but seeing them unmoving let his side down with a crack that split a paving-stone across.

In the middle of the vituperation that looked as if it might turn to blows, the quavering shriek of a window being flung up made itself heard above the noise of the wind.

All four men turned and looked at it, Alfred's fist still raised. Only the horse was unmoved, nuzzling a flea on its left flank.

A woman with a broad smooth forehead and fat cheeks was smiling down at them; as she leaned out of the window, her big silk breasts nodded towards them. Her hair blew behind her, a big brown sheaf.

"I say," she said, and her voice was deep and comfortable and heavy like a tree with fruit: somehow, in spite of that tearing bull of a wind, they heard her plainly. She almost seemed to be singing a low, joyful song as she said:

"I say, you're not going about that right."

Joe's mouth, which had gaped wider than ever, below his surprised straw thatch of a moustache, snapped close, as if he were coming out of sleep. The two young men's eyes had sparked with interest, and they now regarded her, hands hanging loosely by their sides. Only Alfred stared up at her as an intruder.

"'Ow would you do it, ma'am, if I might make so bold?"

Joe leaned forward so as to catch her reply: he had a bit of deafness at present.

She smiled and her thick rich arms came out of the white silk kimono she wore.

"A-a-ah," she laughed, pleasantly.

"Well," she said, as if she had decided to be kind to them, "Get *under* it—all four of you: lift it on your backs this way." And she lifted herself up, stretching, so that her breasts made fascinating silken arabesques.



Their eyes followed her as though they were bewitched.

"Like that," she said, suddenly lowering her arms, and smiling at their wonder.

She gave them a tiny wave, and went in and shut the window. The curtains fell into place with, it seemed to them, a faint intriguing suggestion of underclothes.

"Blimey," breathed the rapt Joe.

"What d'yer mean 'blimey'?" demanded Alfred, turning on him aggressively. "It's a dam' good idea! Get your back bent! And you too," he shouted to the young men, whose faces by now had got sly expressions as they watched to see whether the woman would reappear.

She did not, and they removed their eyes from the window, as they met Alfred's eye.

After maddening preliminaries, they began to crawl under the black monster. Alfred on hands and knees glared through the dust,

"An' this time, push like 'ell."

The horse with the intelligent face looked round; it felt hungry and there was that green hedge where the four men had been looking. Its gaze travelled interrogatively over the blue paint of the neat gate, and the brass plate which was fastened to it.

By now each man had moved to his position. As Joe got to his, the ball of his hand felt a tiny soft something. It was tightly rolled cotton-wool. He gazed at it in the dust, and it struck him that it had come from his own ear where he had placed it that morning, soaked with olive oil, to cure his bit of deafness. He poked a thick forefinger into his ear. Ay, it was, it'd come out, but his deafness seemed to have gone, he thought.

They began to lift, shrugging their backs beneath the hard board.

It started to ride splendidly, easily, and the four were soon half-crouching, one knee off the ground, finger tips touching the road.

Even Alfred was speechless, doing his job, rising slowly, steadily. They had it right on their backs now, bent like old men, their eyes searching the ground. The feet of the piano were nearly level with the cart; a few more inches, and the two young men, who were on that side, began to move it over the edge of the cart.

Meanwhile the horse had been regarding the dust blowing up in the white road and the irregular row of red houses with their green and blue and white paint, and aggressively separate gates—and they seemed grown distasteful to it. Moreover, it was quite ravenously hungry. An eye flickered on to the lady's hedge, an eye that showed up bloodshot and disingenuous.

The horse made a tentative half step.

Nothing happened. The four were still panting and dusty and dishevelled beneath the heavy black gem: they had got it six inches over the cart now.

"Lean them legs on it," ordered Alfred. The two young men did so. The piano rolled ungainly on their backs, partly on the cart.

Suddenly, the horse decided to reap the benefit of its intelligence. With a half-look over its shoulder and a slight pricking of its perky ears it pressed forward and bit a huge mouthful from that succulent green hedge.

There was a tremendous clatter as the piano slid off the cart, and dropped heavy on top of the four men. The legs split off with momentum as it hit the pavement, and the heads of the men were caught and plunged down and crushed

into the grey dust by its weight. The piano moved a little more, and gave one or two feeble groaning noises, most unlike a piano. Then it lay still, a trifle awry now, but with the same black gleam.

The horse had finished cropping, had looked up and down the windswept deserted road, and was now standing head lowered, moving shortsightedly before the brass plate. It was a *very* intelligent horse and it began to try and pick out the letters on the plate. This it could do only by describing them semiotically with its head, its thin black hair blowing with a straying wildness the while. But when it had picked the words out, it seemed to itself as though its intelligence was not going to be very productive this time, for the signs only formed this pattern :

“MRS. CYREN—TEACHER OF MUSIC.”

C.K.Y.

## COMPETITION.

**E**NTRIES for our Photographic Competition were remarkably few. The prize has been awarded to “Lambourne” for an excellent study, “Evening on the Broads.” Congratulations.

EDITOR.

### What We Like About Women.

- (1) They kiss better than men.
- (2) They are nicer to hold than men.
- (3) They smell sweetly.
- (4) They are decorative.
- (5) They flatter men.
- (6) They satisfy some instincts.
- (7) They make good dancing partners.

### What We Dislike About Women.

- (1) On being taken out they often offer to pay for themselves but invariably forget to.
- (2) They are frequently underdeveloped.
- (3) They cannot smoke cigarettes without chewing them.
- (4) They come late to lectures.
- (5) They are not very funny.
- (6) They think the Staff are “sweet.”
- (7) They pretend they are asexual and moral.
- (8) They sit in the J.C.R. with their frocks above their knees.
- (9) They cannot whistle.
- (10) They are usually illiterate.
- (11) They lead men on, but not far enough.
- (12) Their clothing is suggestive but not revealing.

C.K.Y.  
M.H.S.

## What I Dislike About Men.

**T**HEY are completely selfish, and at the same time hypersensitive to self-indulgence in women.

They combine brutality of appetite with sentimental glorification of it under the name of Love.

They leave wet towels crumpled up in bathrooms.

They cannot understand why women delight in telling each other about their operations and confinements (probably they have never had any themselves).

They objectify their own emotions into an insistent belief that woman is tempting them.

They exhibit an inherent reluctance to do anything which will single them out from the herd.

They elect certain of their number to worship as gods, and at the whim of these allow themselves to be killed, blinded, or mutilated.

They combine an intense pre-occupation with the future of mankind, with studious disregard for its present.

They mask their inefficiency in little things by assuming that they are concerned only with the larger things of life. They hitch their wagon to a star and omit to release the brake.

They persist in a belief that cigarette-ash is good for carpets, and that their own watch is always right.

They affect to dislike cosmetics only because they do not notice the women who dispense with them.

They are conceited, and know it, and take no steps to remedy it.

Their outbursts of chivalry invariably synchronise with their becoming aware of the presence of a young and attractive woman.

They are unable to cope with

- (a) their own ties.
- (b) old razor blades.
- (c) a trayful of crockery.
- (d) bandages.
- (e) weeds (in gardens).
- (f) collar-studs.
- (g) Income-tax forms.
- (h) babies.

They are a glorious company of martyrs!

B.E.K.C.  
L.E.C.

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**SEND UNION CHRISTMAS CARDS.**



## New Dawn. No. 1.

"These things shall be; a nobler race  
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,  
With flame of freedom in their hearts,  
And light of knowledge in their eyes."

Half-past eight, and the beginning of another heart-breaking day in the life of a weary and despondent Labour Bureau official. I clattered downstairs, ate a hasty and indifferent breakfast, and hurried out into the brilliant early-morning sunshine. Somehow things looked different outside; people were walking briskly to work, and they seemed to radiate a feeling of happy confidence; the street had turned into a spacious avenue, lined with fine sycamores. The corner, habitual meeting-place of out-of-works, was deserted, and there I stopped, amazed. Gracious heavens, I thought, I must surely be either crazy or dangerously ill. For there, instead of the usual depressing vista of dark narrow streets, with grimy ignoble offices and shops climbing up on either side, I saw long wide roads and noble well-designed buildings—huge factories, clean and unpolluted by the old inevitable pall of smoke; fine stores, in the place of decadent little shops; and large blocks of flats.

I rocked on my feet and my head swam; like a drowning man I grasped a passer-by by the arm and asked him feverishly where I was. He told me. It was my home town.

He looked at me kindly. "You a stranger here?" he asked. "I'll show you round."

As we walked along the busy street I remarked in a dazed voice that car sales seemed to have gone up in spite of the depression, to judge by the number of fine new cars on the road.

"Oh," he replied, "we never have depressions now. And cars are cheap enough, since we stopped all those inefficient little capitalised competitive plants and started one big nationalised plant for the whole of the country. There's been a terrific increase in production, and big improvements. We can afford to do research now, and yet produce a good car for £50. You see, in the old days, it wasn't in the interests of the capitalist manufacturers to sell cars so cheaply; now we do it at cost. We are no longer making cars for other people to pocket the cash. We're making them for ourselves."

"But," I objected, "surely the employees must work very long hours if production has been so enormously increased?"

The man laughed. There was something joyful in his laugh. "Oh no," he explained, "you see, in the old days of many little competitive factories—and this goes in all spheres of mechanised industry, not only in the manufacturing of cars—owners couldn't afford to install new costly labour-saving machinery—at any rate, it was not in their interests to do so. Labour was cheaper then.

"But now our working hours are cut down tremendously; we work on shifts." His tone was jubilant.

"But what do the workers do with their spare time?" I asked. "And if they have such a short working day, how do they earn a living wage?"

"They earn a much better wage, and an assured one, nowadays," he replied patiently, "because they are working, not for small wages to make big profits for the capitalists, but for themselves, for the nation. And as for their leisure hours, come and see." And he led me through a beautiful park, stretching for several acres in the centre of the city. "We have several of these scattered all

over the town," he said. I remarked that the gardens were magnificent. "Yes," he said, "large scale gardening is the only worth while kind. You can get big effects with masses of flowers, extensive lawns, and fine trees. That stupid little garden-plot idea where every man had his own rotten little lawn-mower and no one could afford decent plants, was no earthly good. So inefficient. Now these huge gardens belong to everyone. We all take a proprietary pride in them, and think how much more noble and spacious they are than those old back-gardens." I nodded. They were indeed.

"But," he went on, "please don't think that people spend all their spare time in places like these. Since we got this country on a socialised basis everything worthwhile has just forged ahead. Now we have fine theatres and great concert-halls where the workers go to hear Beethoven in the lunch-hour. And without paying a snobbish price for the ticket," he added with a smile. "People don't bother to get seats in the stalls, or to go in evening dress. They go to listen to Beethoven and Chopin, not to be seen by the other people. Now culture is not strangled by class differences, it is free and universal. People are encouraged to attend lectures given by first-rate men and women who can really *teach* them something worthwhile. Not as in the old days," he added sardonically, "when crowds used to flock to hear conceited fools tell how they had flown across the Atlantic to get publicity and a fat wad from the capitalist press.

We have big public libraries, fitted up with fine reading-rooms and rest-rooms, where people are encouraged to study literature, science, economics, history, philosophy, everything they want. There's one," and he pointed to a large white building standing back from the road in a park.

I looked around me, trying to absorb all these wonders. I noticed that there were many people walking in the boulevards, all pleasantly dressed, and without exception looking happy and contented. I missed the strained look of worry and anxiety to be seen on the careworn faces of the people I had known. These people had unlined faces, a buoyant and erect carriage, and a look of courage and assurance in their eyes. Moreover, they all seemed to have some goal in view. Gone were those despondent loafers, their spirit broken by long years of the same old answer: "Sorry, nothing doing to-day."

"But how are you dealing with the question of unemployment?" I asked. My guide looked at me pityingly. "Under socialism such a thing just can't exist. Don't you see that unemployment is an evil directly resulting from a decadent monopoly capitalism? This degeneration of capitalism was most evident after the Great War, when unemployment became chronic. This meant a grand process of centralisation and concentration of capital, but at the same time the expropriation of broad masses not only of small property-holders, but also a considerable strata of the bourgeoisie, in the interests of a handful of captains of finance. Also, it meant the unprecedented impoverishment of the working class and curtailed consumption by the working class and a shrinkage in sales which, in its turn, increased unemployment. A vicious circle. There never had been such crying destitution as at that imperialist stage of the development of capitalism. Millions of proletarians were deprived of the opportunity to work and earn a living, because the interests of monopolist capital demanded that it should be so. The social relations of imperialism stood like a ghost between the workers and the means of production, dooming the former to inhuman suffering and the latter to inaction. That was a vicious circle which we had to break."

After this long speech my guide suggested that we should take a car out through the suburbs into the country. On the way I was struck by the planning of the trees. Gone were the slums, breeding-grounds of disease; gone were the tiny despicable houses, each with its garden plot, its cheap building materials



You will find it advisable not to discuss your past life with the Warden. She prefers to assume that you have no past, the better to observe the contact of an innocent mind with Reality. You must get used to being treated as a psychological experiment ; and, indeed, you may eventually find a certain pleasure in having your love-affairs counted and analysed by an impartial observer.

While we are on the subject of love-affairs, do not encourage your admirers to ring you up ; it may prove an expensive business. And if your elderly relatives are going to die, you might ask them not to do so after 9 p.m., as the news of their untimely decease will cost you sixpence.

To return to topics of conversation : you will be expected to talk intelligently at meal-times, on such subjects as cats, modern art (you cannot do better than study the examples on the corridor walls, and read the expensive books in the library)—the square root of minus two, life on the Continent, the lighter sides of our professors' lives, the Spanish situation, and so on. If you find this too much for your digestion and/or jaded nerves, you can always cut dinner and consume the contents of one of your tins. (see above).

You will soon find that it is impossible to do any work in the hostel, on account of certain phenomena. Fires and lights have a habit of going out suddenly, sometimes as the result of a fuse, sometimes for no apparent reason, although there seems to be some subtle connection with noises heard by the Warden. At the week-end, you may be startled by a cacophonous wailing from the common room ; the best means of self-defence is to go and join the singers. Coffee-parties are practically always in season ; they are hot-beds of scandal, and, although a good means of self-advertisement, should be avoided by the modest few.

Incidentally, if there is anything you think the Warden should know, tell it in confidence to the Matron.

One final word : remember that students are strongly advised against having kittens in their bedrooms without the Warden's consent.

May these hints save you from mistakes which you will never be allowed to forget, and help you to a realisation of the true Cultural value of hostel life !

LAMBOURNE.

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## Union Book Exchange

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# VERSE

## Te Deum.

**F**OR all the wonders of Thy world ;  
 For every bracken leaf uncurled  
 To greet the sun ; for every breeze ;  
 For rippling laughter in the trees ;  
 For primroses in leafy lane  
 And chest-nut spires begemmed with rain ;  
 For wild rose buds and meadow sweet.  
 And tiny prints of elfin feet  
 In dewy grass ; for rivers free,  
 And all the glory of the sea ;  
 For dawn and sunset, day and night ;  
 For moon and stars and soft twilight,  
 We thank Thee, Lord.

For all the laughter, all the tears  
 That make life lovely ; for the fears  
 Which draw us back to Thee again ;  
 For all the subtleties of pain ;  
 For love and peace ; for joy and truth ;  
 For friendship ; for the bliss of youth ;  
 For music throbbing to express  
 Thine own eternal Loveliness ;  
 For incense burning in a shrine ;  
 For sacramental Bread and Wine ;  
 For all the blessings Thou hast sent,  
 And for Thy Blessed Sacrament,  
 We thank Thee, Lord.

DEIRDRE.

## Wind Jammer.

**O**UT of the sunset down the sky you strode,  
 A lovely lady from the Northern Seas,  
 Trampling the waves beneath your clipper bows,  
 Your top sails swaying in the gentle breeze  
 Which bore you swiftly on until you reached  
 Your anchorage within the quiet bay  
 And there you rested, clad in sunset hues,  
 Proudly resplendent at the close of day.

The mellow hues of twilight died away,  
 And, as you swung at anchor, star on star,  
 Silent and lovely, crept in trembling joy  
 To see your beauty. Every rope and spar  
 Were silhouetted black upon the sky  
 That slowly darker grew. The fairy girl,  
 With golden hair, your carven figure-head,  
 Gleamed in the moonlight like a misted pearl.

All night you rocked upon the oceans' breast  
 Quelling the storm winds with your loveliness,  
 With starry silence as your benediction,  
 And for your lullaby the waves' caress.  
 In early greyness then your sails were set,  
 E'en while the last faint star yet trembling shone.  
 The mists of dawning hid you as you fled,  
 And when the sun rose fully you were gone.

DEIRDRE.

and its own narrow enclosed life. Instead, I saw huge, well-planned blocks of flats, forming spacious sunny courts, and set in pleasant communal gardens, where children played in safety.

"Of course," my companion agreed, "these are much better. It is obvious even to the most ignorant, that it is more practical and ultimately more economical, to build one large block under one roof, with one heating plant, etc., to have, as well as private apartments, several big communal rooms, such as concert halls, lecture rooms, restaurants, rather than dozens of mean, badly-built small houses. The advantages are increased and the waste is greatly lessened. Nowadays women are not tied to their house, bound to tire themselves out in futile unproductive housework and inefficient cooking. The worker's meals are prepared more cheaply, scientifically and pleasantly, in large communal restaurants. And women are free to take their rightful part in the work of society."

I enquired how the medical profession had fared in this wholesale remodelling of society.

"Well, naturally it has become a social service," he said. "We failed to see any justice in the power of rich people to buy expert medical attention when the poor were neglected. And it is essential that a progressive nation should be strong and healthy; it was in our interests to see that the nation's children were well-fed and well cared for. Doctors are now given a fixed salary, just like any other workers, and naturally more money and attention have been given to research. Men and women suffering from cancer, tuberculosis, heart disease, rheumatism, paralysis, venereal disease and alcoholism are a burden on the State, and it is the duty of the State to eradicate these evils."

By this time we were out in the open country. All around I saw, in the place of the small hedged fields, huge open expanses of ripe golden grain, which was just then in the process of being cut by 20/40 foot reapers, drawn by big power tractors.

"You see," said my friend, "these machines minimise labour, and extensive fields cut down the wastage of land that was inevitable under a decadent and inefficient capitalism. Now that we have mechanised agriculture we are growing bigger and finer crops, and are not working so hard for them. Life is fuller and more joyous. This is the Age of Plenty. We do not need to burn coffee and wheat, or throw fish into the sea in order to keep up the prices. We use the food to feed our workers." He stretched out his arms triumphantly to the golden fields.

"But," I ventured desperately, "I am all confused. I must be crazy. This beautiful place, this lovely country full of busy happy people, surely, this *can't* be England?"

The man's arms fell to his sides. He turned from looking at the rich valley stretching out below him, and his face darkened as he said slowly:—

"No. No, England isn't like this. England could be like this. All the world could be like this, if you and the rest would work to bring it about. And until you do"—his voice was deep and strong, "until you do, men and women will go on starving in Depressed Areas, men and women will go through bloody hell in Spain, innocent people will be slaughtered by the thousand in China, put into concentration camps in Germany, and thrown out of Italy. Oh my God, man, don't you see," his voice throbbed with passionate conviction, "can't you see, that the world will never be free until you, and all the rest like you, help mankind to stand up straight on its feet!"

The depth of his feeling beat against my consciousness and for a while I stood dumbly with my chin sagging on my chest, gazing at the ground. I felt him turn away from me and stride away down the hill into the valley, leaving me alone in the quite cornfield.

His rich voice came up to me from under the brow of the hill, ever fainter, until I could scarcely hear him, and this was his song :—

Men of England, wherefore plough,  
For the lords who lay you low ?  
Wherefore weave with toil and care  
The rich robes your tyrants wear ?

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,  
From the cradle to the grave,  
Those ungrateful drones who would  
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood ?

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge  
Many a weapon, chain and scourge  
That these stingless drones may spoil  
The forced produce of your toil ?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,  
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm ?  
Or what is it ye buy so dear  
With your pain and with your fear ?

The seed ye sow, another reaps ;  
The wealth ye find, another keeps ;  
The robes ye weave, another wears ;  
The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap ;  
Find wealth—let no imposter heap ;  
Weave robes—let not the idle wear ;  
Forge arms—in your defence to bear . . . .

[*Shelley*].

HILDRETH.

## A Helpful Talk to Freshers.

**T**HOSE of you who are Day Students will be assured of a certain moral support from home ; on the other hand, those who are entering a " hall of residence for women " are stepping, alone and unprotected, into a new world where dangers lurk on every side. This talk is designed to save you from the worst of them.

In the first place, there are certain indispensable articles which you must include among your luggage. The following list will be found a useful supplement to the official one :—

A spare book-case, in which to put the many useless volumes which (acting on instructions received) you will buy during your first term.

One dozen assorted tins of food, of a substantial nature. (For use see below).

One tin-opener.

Several large cakes. If you are fond of mice, you need not bring tins to put them in ; otherwise you must.

A pair of Wellington boots—for walking up the drive.

The next point to consider is the traditions and taboos of hostel life. There are certain things which you must not discuss. For instance, it is unæsthetic to concern yourself with Food. Never complain if the meat does not go round, or if the brown bread is mouldy : the correct procedure is to withdraw discreetly to your room, and console yourself with a tin of beans (see above).



## J. C. R.

"WELL, they ought to be here by now.  
 "I'm so sorry—what's that you say?"  
 "Oh yes! it caused a frightful row."  
 "Please pass me that paper this way."  
 "I'm so sorry—what's that you say?"  
 "Have you heard the latest rumour?"  
 "Please pass me that paper this way."  
 "Jove! but what a sense of humour!"  
 "Have you heard the latest rumour?  
 Wants to be another Corday!"  
 "Jove! but what a sense of humour!"  
 "Who's that coming through the doorway?"  
 "Wants to be another Corday!"  
 "What's on the air? Can't hear a sound."  
 "Who's that coming through the doorway?"  
 "These people chatter all day round."  
 "What's on the air? Can't hear a sound."  
 "It's a matter for conjecture."  
 "These people chatter all day round,"  
 "So long now! I've got a lecture."  
 "It's a matter for conjecture.  
 Oh yes! it caused a frightful row."  
 "So long now! I've got a lecture."  
 "Well, they ought to be here by now."

LANCE.

## New Notes for Malte Laurids Brigge.

HE walks quickly through the dark doll's city,  
 Here is the post-office, the contraceptive shop, the belisha beacons.  
 He must hurry to catch the train, but why?  
 He feels weary, because it is the last train to nowhere,  
 Which he calls home.

He abuts on the main street at a great pace,  
 Swinging his umbrella, and his forehead prickles under his hat-band  
 Then he cannot move.  
 No, he is going to fall, and holds on to a rail,  
 Four-square on his feet, looking into a darkened shop-window.

Across the tram-track is an hotel with a bad name,  
 Some women and men are walking up and down.  
 He cannot cross the road.  
 He goes round the back of the hotel and hurries  
 To catch his train, which is the last to nowhere  
 Which he calls home.  
 He could not think that she would  
 Not meet him that night, but the night after.  
 So in the afternoon, he did not think that,  
 But looked at the town-hall  
 Which looked withdrawn and sad, as if in an October squall.  
 He did not remember the sweetness of chocolate in his pocket.  
 He did not desire his defences  
 He had no desires to defend.  
 Then a word expanded, paint out of tube, in his brain,  
 And pierced like a mad, swollen pear  
 And roared like a gear-change in a narrow street  
 He was rushed over a stream  
 And felt, "I'm going mad"  
 Then he was safe, because he knew he wasn't.

C.K.Y.

# ARCHIBALD RAMSDEN

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# ARCHIBALD RAMSDEN

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THE GREAT PIANO HOUSE, 12, PARK ROW, LEEDS

## Students Confer in Switzerland.

**T**HE seventeenth annual conference of the International Student Service, concluded recently at Les Avants sur Montreux, Switzerland.

Two hundred delegates assembled to discuss and arrange I.S.S. activities for the approaching academic year, to interchange opinions in a study of "The Student and Society," and to enjoy themselves in the many ways beautiful Switzerland offers.

The most stimulating "Session" of the conference, however, took place not in an assembly hall, but high up on the Alpine pastures near Sonloup. This was on the evening of the 1st of August, the day of the "fête nationale" upon which the entire Swiss people recall with pride and gratitude the evolution of the Helvetic Confederation. The setting for this event was majestic and complete.

### Swiss National Merry-Making.

From the Alpine heights and beneath a star spangled sky one could observe on all sides the bonfires and fireworks, and the processions of illuminated lanterns which were carried by the rejoicing villagers as they made their way down towards the villages and lake shore. Thus delegates assembled from every continent saw how at least one European community may still celebrate its national greatness with wine and song in contrast with martial ceremony.

The occasion was both spectacular and impressive, and the words of the Swiss pastor, who spoke from a lofty improvised rostrum erected near our messenger bonfire, were received with extreme cordiality. As five aeroplanes, each bearing the illuminated cross of Switzerland, passed overhead the pastor emphasised the fact that the development and perpetuation of the Swiss Confederation gives proof that it is possible for people of different characteristics and language to remain welded in a coherent unity respecting certain fundamental principles.

### Student "Rebellion."

In the course of the Sessions stimulating ideas were presented on the attitude of the student towards religion, politics, and social problems. M. Lapie, a French Radical deputy, though dealing in particular with the French student, indicated that an attitude of opposition traditionally characterises all student opinion. While stressing the fact that during the nineteenth century French students participated vigorously in several revolutions, he observed that recently there have again been significant movements among students in the Quartier Latin of Paris. M. Spuhler, a Swiss pastor, proceeded to emphasise that one must differentiate between the students of the totalitarian States, whose activities are carefully controlled, and the students of democratic States who are at liberty to adopt a personal attitude for or against their own Governments. All speakers agreed that Youth movements to-day embody constructive tendencies.

Mr. Kiang Wen-Han, Secretary of the Student Y.M.C.A. in China, in making reference to the student and social problems, said that students were to-day universally interested in social problems. Perhaps the theme of his argument is best summarised in his contention that there is a general movement among students to identify themselves increasingly with the masses. This tendency, though by no means peculiar to the Far East, is being accentuated there by the current trend of international events.

In contrast with the annual conference at Nice last year, which was attended by a large German delegation, the conference at Les Avants was attended by one German delegate and observer. The explanation for this fact is that the



Germans, who at all times have collaborated only precariously within the framework of I.S.S., found it necessary to cancel the attendance of a substantial delegation owing to "technical difficulties." Their absence, however, was compensated for by the presence of a very capable Chinese delegation and, for the first time, of delegates from the recently formed Catalan branch of I.S.S.

### **Effect of Royal Visit.**

In the course of a further stay in Paris I saw that the British flag is still visible in all quarters of the city. All classes of the people respect it as a symbol of the fundamental singularity of purpose which animates the two great Western democracies.

I remain convinced that so long as the international situation continues substantially unaltered we Britishers should welcome and do all within our power to promote the closest collaboration of the British and French peoples. If they display a firm alignment against the threats and encroachments of the totalitarian States the danger of war may yet be obviated. Our own security is dependent upon the maintenance of the security and sovereign independence of France. Moreover, let us recall that to France, as to Britain, ordered freedom is an essential to the self respect of the nation and its citizens. This respect for individual rights, together with an ardent desire for peace, internal and external stability, and the ultimate elimination of force from national policies, can constitute the basis of a firm Franco-British policy against aggression, blackmail, and oppression of the smaller Central European and Balkan Powers.

The chief impression I have gained by participation in a series of Franco-British Conferences is that it is now being more generally appreciated that effective Anglo-French co-operation is essential if the process of further international deterioration is to be prevented. Great Britain and France alone, even at this stage, have it within their power to revive the ideal of collective security and to infuse the smaller powers with a sense of confidence and stability. Indeed, only if the two great Western Democracies succeed in finding that new strength, which must be the outcome of a recognition of community of purpose, will they be able boldly to confront and confound the formidable difficulties with which they are beset. May the Royal visit to Paris assist them to that end.

ALBAN HULL.

## **I Mind the Time . . .**

### **A Note of Resentment.**

#### **I.**

**I**T was a mistake to go back. We cannot go back.

Said I: four years cannot have made a big difference. University in vacation must be as it has always been—sun on warm brickwork, cool smell of the hall, two forlorn notices on the board, vague figures in the library, a bored hall porter in his cubbyhole.

And I should have snuffled like a puppy; and said, Hello, to the hall porter, who would have pretended to remember me; and lounged in the untidy common room with magazines left over from June.

As you say. Such vapid emotionalism was asking for trouble. And got it.

It began with the mechanical shovels. They were ripping up tracts of earth which used to be decently hidden behind hoardings. Lawns had appeared in odd places, and looked far too green. Somewhere in the rear were large new buildings, one of them obviously the new Library. The mechanical shovels made an unpleasant noise.

University Road looked all right...but this was a delusion. Where the Union Office had stood was a gap like a drawn tooth. It had gone, this place where right-minded people could argue for several hours a day about football and Freshers and what happened at the Engineers' Dance. What is left of the block (I was told, for I did not go in) is handed over to the Botany people and others of a scientific disposition.

It was known to me also that the old library was now a common room. A very dreary common room, too, though perhaps the absence of life made it so. Chairs and tables were ranged with an appalling neatness. No doubt in term time the place is alive with gay activity and chatter over the coffee cups. In the vacation it is like a social room in a more than usually austere Y.M.C.A.

So I thought of the sprawling, untidy common rooms that used to be across the road before they became laboratories, full of things in jars: of the J.C.R., which remained for Men Only until one stirring morning the women, asserting their rights, poured in in waves: of the erratic gramophone and tepid coffee, because it was made upstairs and you spilt most of it on the way down.

Is the old library like that? I should like to think so, but it looks too damned efficient.

The New Library (surely it deserves capitals) is so imposing that one has difficulty in finding the way in. With its aggressive silence and the healthy smell of disinfectant, there is nothing for it but work. The annexes are built on a cowardly system, for they are immediately accessible to the main chamber. Aforetime, departmental libraries had a proper seclusion and were recognised by one and all as social clubs for weary second year students. And very nice, too. Once or twice a year a librarian would appear when the singing became too loud, but interruptions were not serious.

The notice "BEER CANNOT BE SERVED IN THE LIBRARY AFTER 3 P.M." remained in front of the Chaucer shelf for a week.

But the old names are still there, and rouse a queer, shameful nostalgia. Elton, Bradley, Hotson, Chambers.... All that remains of them is a feeling that if it were to happen again I should know this time what to read.

I was sorry the chief hall porter was on holiday. Now there is a man for you. What does he think of the spit-and-polish, chromium-plated palace they have built round him? I am ready to believe that nowadays one must fill in five forms and arrange an appointment before collecting a letter.

There were old ghosts in the corridors, but they had some difficulty in finding their way about. They drifted without object, looking doubtfully at the modern clock and recoiling hurriedly from the half-built Union across the road. Splendid things are happening, shining new buildings are shooting up, youth is being served on every hand. In short, time is marching on. I wish it wouldn't.

J.A.

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**SEND UNION CHRISTMAS CARDS.**

# REVIEWS

## English Local Government Law.

**T**HIS is a fourth Edition of "Municipal and Local Government Law," by Herbert Emerson Smith, LL.B. (Lond.), revised and brought up to date by H. Townshend Rose, LL.B. (Lond.), D.P.A., and is essentially a book for the student. It contains an excellent index, table of cases, and statutes, placing any information desired readily at the service of the reader. Chapters on the Nature and sources of Law, the Structure and General Powers of Local Authorities, as well as the miscellaneous duties of such Authorities are capably dealt with. Detailed and general quotations of the Acts governing the Local Government Authorities, including Public Health, Education, Housing and Town Planning, Rating and Valuation, the Local Government Act, 1933, and Air Raid Precautions Act, 1937, all assist in making this book extremely valuable and helpful to the student, the official, and the members of Local Government Bodies.

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**T**HIS is a fourth edition of a book which is already recognised as a standard work, and is used in most Universities. Deletions and additions have been made in every chapter, and some chapters have been entirely re-written.

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A new feature of this edition is the inclusion of brief, historical notes. This will add to the readers' interest, and many names, otherwise meaningless, will assume some personality.

Students will be glad to know that this edition covers exactly the same number of pages as its predecessors.

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H. K. Lewis & Co., Ltd., 28/- nett.

BAILEY & LOVE.

## Reflections on Rag Day.

**R**AG Day is an institution that has become a great tradition in Universities and University towns, and it is unfortunate that the Rag Day in Leeds, compared with similar efforts in other cities, should be so disappointing. It was especially unfortunate that the energetic efforts of many students in an attempt to make the 1938 Rag worthy of a city the size of Leeds should be frustrated by unnecessary obstructions and short-sightedness of civic authorities who appear to do everything within their powers to hinder the Students' Rag and prevent the raising of far larger sums for the Voluntary Hospitals.



One wonders whether the Civic authorities are aware that the University Rag is a voluntary effort. Students, most of whom come from other towns and countries, pay their own by no means inconsiderable expenses and cut short their vacation for the privilege of collecting for Leeds Medical Charities.

The ban on the sale of *The Tyke* was only one of the many ways in which the responsible officials have given a vindictive display of their authority against the efforts connected with the Rag.

Sufficient publicity was given to the ban at the time, but two features present themselves as worthy of notice. The ban came without previous warning from the police and no one could be found in the Police offices with power to revoke it. The complaint against *The Tyke* was without basis and came from no interested organisation. So far the complainant has remained anonymous, no apology has been offered and inquiries were met with "sealed lips."

The other examples of civic indifference and obstruction to the Rag Committee's efforts received little publicity. They were far less sensational but just as serious.

A minor official who, as the Rag Committee subsequently learnt from an authoritative source, has authority neither to give nor to refuse, refused permission for the use of Woodhouse Moor, a desolate heap of cinders, for the use of the original novel Mud-Wrestling Stunt organised for Rag Day. Pressed to give reasons this official gave one at whose futile naiveté the whole Rag Committee gasped with incredulous amazement. Attempts to get in touch with the head of the Parks Department failed, and indirect appeals were unceremoniously rejected. A fresh site for this money raising stunt had to be found almost overnight, causing great inconvenience to the organisers and the public who wished to support this stunt.

Permission to set up a central depot in City Square for the convenience of the collectors was refused and the Central Office for Rag Day was concealed almost as if it were a criminal hide-out in a private back street over which the police fortunately have no control.

One wonders how long the city authorities, prancing smugly on Children's Days and at Northern Tattoos, will continue to ignore and frustrate the University Rag efforts that raise £1,500 and could and ought to raise £5,000 for the Hospitals of Leeds.

Leeds University Rag Day takings are in proportion by far the lowest in the country, and the question the Rag organisers put themselves last Tyke Day must be considered by every student. "Is it worth while—or shall the collecting tins be sold for scrap iron?"

SIMEON KEIDAN.

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**ATTEND THE UNION BALL.**

# CORRESPONDENCE

[The Editor accepts no responsibility for views expressed in the correspondence columns].

## “KEEP-FIT CLASSES.”

To the Editor of  
*The Gryphon.*

THE UNIVERSITY,  
LEEDS, 2,  
June 10th, 1938.

Dear Sir,

One of the important general conclusions arrived at in the N.U.S. publication, *Student Health*, is the necessity of providing facilities for that considerable number of students, who are either not attracted by ordinary games, or who abstain from games through motives of time or economy, but who recognise the value of physical exercise and would willingly undergo some form of physical exercise if it were organised for them.

The Leeds Union is no exception, and it would seem that the majority of students do not participate in physical exercise organised in the University. (I have no proof of this).

It is for this reason that I would suggest the immediate institution of regular “Keep-Fit” classes open to all students. These classes could consist of simple exercises, not complex apparatus work, (students do not usually seek Gym. colours only), and could be held several times a week, say 5-10—6 p.m., so that students so desiring could always fit in one or two visits weekly at his own convenience. Gym. classes in the past have been organised for “gymnasts,” and as such have had only a limited appeal.

It is indeed well-known that the majority of students, through no fault of the Union, obtain relatively little for their annual £3 Union fees. The above innovation would be greatly appreciated by many of this majority.

Yours faithfully,

“BENGY.”

[We would like to express complete agreement with our correspondent's views on this question. EDITOR].

## LA MAISON INTERNATIONALE DES ETUDIANTS.

The Editor,  
*The Gryphon.*

August 13th, 1938.

Dear Sir,

In these days when increasing numbers of undergraduates are going abroad it becomes very necessary to afford information regarding travel and accommodation. In this connection I would like to mention that Geneva, which receives many students both in term and vacations, possesses two very useful student centres, the Maison Internationale des Etudiants and the Chalet International. Both these provide, in addition to accommodation, a student club with excellent clubrooms and libraries, and I am sure that any Leeds students who are contemplating a term or vacation course in Geneva would find either centre a very useful headquarters.

Yours faithfully,

D. T. EDWARDS.

[The addresses of both the above centres may be had from the Editor of *The Gryphon*].

## MISS MAURINE BARNES.

THE UNIVERSITY,  
LEEDS.

The Editor,  
*The Gryphon*.

Dear Sir,

My acquaintance with Miss Barnes was not of very long-standing, but as a contributor to *The Gryphon*, which she edited, I came into not infrequent contact with her. She possessed most of the attributes which make the successful Editor of a University journal—a comprehensive, quite impartial outlook upon all University activities, and a fine capacity for weighing the importance of one interest against another—which served to make *The Gryphon* the well-poised reflection of the life in this University, which in her hands it speedily became. She had a quite invaluable way with contributors, as well as herself possessing definite standards by which, in her Editorials, she judged various aspects of student activity: those Editorials will long serve as models of University journalism of the best sort. She had, too, a personality which, without being aggressive, was quite unmistakeable. Those who were acquainted with the inside of the old *Gryphon* office, will remember that it bore the definite impress of this personality, from the highly individual pastel work on the walls, about which she was so modest, to the arrangement of the chairs, which always seemed to inveigle you into staying much longer than you intended. (If this catches her eye, she will remember at least one occasion!) We may be sure that the warm sympathy for diverse ideas and causes that made talk with her so fascinating will bear her in good stead in her work in the Bermudas, in which we wish her the success she so richly deserves.

C. K. YOUNG.

## PALESTINE.

The Editor,  
*The Gryphon*,  
The University, Leeds.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOL,  
4th May, 1938.

Dear Sir,

The interesting contribution to your March issue by Mr. A. G. Mohammed, entitled "The Egyptians and Palestine," is a praiseworthy attempt to present the situation from a reasoned and sane point of view, based on actual facts.

There is, however, one mis-statement of fact which I ask to be allowed to correct, for I feel it to be an important one. Mr. Mohammed speaks of "murder of both sides," which might be held to imply that the Jews have been as responsible as the Arabs for murder and pillage. The position actually is, that despite intense provocation from attacks on Jewish settlements by Arab bands, involving enormous loss of life and damage to property, the self-discipline of Palestinian Jewry has remained firm, and they have not resorted to acts of retaliation.

I am sure that your correspondent, Mr. Mohammed, had no wish to mislead readers on this point.

Yours, etc.,

H. GOLDSTONE.

[We have had no opportunity of hearing Mr. Mohammed's views upon this point as yet.  
—EDITOR].



**OVERSEAS STUDENTS.**

7, PARKHILL ROAD,  
LONDON, N.W. 3,  
1st September, 1938.

The Editor of *The Gryphon*,  
The University, Leeds.

Dear Sir,

I have read with great interest the paragraph under the caption "Overseas Students," in the current issue (May, 1938) of *The Gryphon*. It is particularly gratifying to note that the spirit which once animated three young men then at the University of Leeds (two of them being Edgar Bell and Abdel Wahab, the latter, alas, now no more with us) is still kept alive. May I, however, be permitted to make one small contribution, and it is this. I would use the expression "Overseas" in preference to "Eastern," because in my view the term "Overseas" focuses one's attention on Britain—the "Home" of the Commonwealth of peoples who, I venture to hope, will be free at no distant future. If you consider this little note worthy of publication, I shall be grateful if you will kindly find a place in the next issue of *The Gryphon*.

Believe me,  
Yours very truly,  
P. K. DUTT.

**RUGGER CHAMPIONSHIP.**

25, CLIFTON ROAD,  
MARCH,  
HUDDERSFIELD,  
25th May, 1938.

Dear Sir,

I wonder if a mere old student might be allowed to draw your attention to a slight error which has been allowed to crop into the last issue of *The Gryphon*? In the Rugger Club notes the very meritorious victory over Liverpool is referred to as the first for fifteen years. I think the records will show on further examination that Leeds beat Liverpool, at Liverpool, by 11 points to 9 during the 1930-31 season, and thereby tied with them for the Northern area Championship. In a replay at Liverpool, the latter were successful by (I think) 24-5, and went on to win the National Championship, defeating Swansea in the final at Cheltenham.

The celebrations which followed the 11-9 victory can be traced in the more lurid sheets of the daily and Sunday press of the time.

I shouldn't bother to publish this letter, but you might check up on the facts if possible in this particular case.

Best wishes,  
R. F. N. HARGREAVES.

# FILM & THEATRE

## GRAND THEATRE.

### “French Without Tears.”

THE story of this comedy is of stuff flimsy enough: a group of gay young students in a French villa, and the havoc wrought among them by an unscrupulous, but charming, young woman. It is distinguished, however, from other comedies, by the swiftness and skill of the action, the consistent wittiness of the dialogue, and the element of satire, which (conveyed by the highest and deftest of touches) is subtle, and in fact two-dimensional. The young men pour exquisite ridicule on everything, from bicycle tours in the Pyrenees to the follies of militarism; and yet they themselves, their wit, their studied sophistication, their helpless susceptibility to women, are pointedly satirised. The dénouement we expected, and found satisfactory; it is a piece of good comedy, in keeping with the general tone, that Diana Lake should eventually seize inexorably upon Alan Howard, the most blasé and self-assured of the men, and the most scathing critic of feminine frailty.

Basil Langton was excellent as Alan Howard; the suave boredom of his voice gave an added pungency to his witty remarks, and his struggles against the enslavement of passion were delightful to watch. Phoebe Kershaw emphasised the coquetry of Diana Lake to a point which seemed, at first, incredible—but the final effect was audacious, charming, and completely convincing. Among the rest, Anthony Drake's study of irresponsible flippancy and good-humoured naïvete was particularly good; and I liked the rather wistful gaiety and fascinating French accent of Jacqueline (played by Helen Franklyn). John Miller succeeded in making the naval commander “a good sort,” without making him either sentimental or absurd. The whole cast, indeed, sustained an impression of extraordinarily polished and entertaining comedy.

L. E. COWELL.

## THEATRE ROYAL, August 22nd—27th.

### “Storm in a Teacup.”

By James Bridie.

IT was well said that Mr. Bridie's plays begin somewhere and end nowhere. This one begins as a problem play and ends as a police court farce, which the illegitimate stage, and especially Rob Wilton, does so much better. The problem was superficially handled and confused with other problems, and also by Mr. Bridie's desire to give it a contemporary slant at the dictators. Should a reporter expose a Provost because the latter in a petty, if symbolical, detail does not carry out the principles he proclaims on his particular tub in Baikie? Mr. Bridie does not give a definite answer: sympathy is evenly distributed, which makes us carry away the impression that Mr. Bridie thinks and wants us to think that both newspaper criticism and Provostorial propaganda-with-temporary-loss-of-principle may be perfectly good for they both achieve their ends and all houses are set in order ultimately, even if the democratic method is occasionally a trifle unfair and slow and stuck up with red-tape. In short, these things are part of our democratic system which, after all, is the best, etc. You will, I trust, recollect that it is under this system that Mr. Bridie himself has made his fortune; and that under a more reasonable system no woman would be so deprived

of the sources of emotional life as to be so passionately fond of a dog (that Miss Georgina Cookson did not convey this makes one respect her character, if not her acting), election would be by reasonable discussion of candidates' abilities, not by holding 10,000 spellbound in Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, and then, somewhat naturally, being unable to live up to your emotional fervour at home, newspaper men would not have to become martyrs to satisfy infantile mechanisms (the poorhouse on the hill).

The confusion underlying the play had evidently made itself felt in the producer, for the climaxes were either fumbled—except the one at the fall of the first curtain—or passed over, and the final act merely petered out. The phrasing, if we may borrow a useful term, was without control and hence vitality throughout. The acting could not be much more than a rehashing of the tricks of the company, and one noticed Mr. O'Madden, who played the Provost, humorously watching himself doing various things—he would assume a gesture, and then grin at himself assuming it. Indeed, that interplay which is so valuable when a real piece of drama is being presented, was in this case the most interesting part of the evening, and one became fascinated watching the private personalities of the main actors being bandied about. But that producer and company do react in this way is very much to their credit. It is, however, wasteful, and the real answer is: choose better plays.

C. K. YOUNG.

**THEATRE ROYAL, August 29th—September 3rd.**

### “The Land of Promise.”

**T**HE connection between the acts of this play, either as regards plot or thought, was too tenuous to give unity, though each act could, with very few changes, have existed on its own as a one act play. The unhappy situation of a “lady-companion,” her failure to fit into the vital living of the Canadian prairie, and the beginnings of Canada's (in the shape of Frank Taylor, played by L. O'Madden) moulding of her into some more useful shape make up the play. You will recognise the old desire for a new life which must affect all writers who are something more than bread-butterers, and, of course, the false solution of the problem—the escape solution of Coleridge and D. H. Lawrence. The play is worthwhile because of Maugham's warm integrity of feeling the bitterness of life. The production was tauter than last week, and the actors realised that there was something quite real about their material: they responded beautifully.

C.K.Y.

**THEATRE ROYAL, September 5th—10th.**

### “The Phantom Light.”

By Evadne Price.

**T**HIS is, of course, a quite worthless play—there is nothing in the first scene that could not equally well have been given obliquely in the second; far too much is left to coloured lights and imitation lighthouse lanterns; and so on and on. There is, too, a “laugh in every line”—which is a strain on the author and ultimately on the most willing audience: but there is no paragraph laugh, act guffaw or reminiscent smile. The acting, on the other hand, was



excellent. Miss Machin, when she comes out of her semi-strangulation in Act Two, attains the rank of "supremely competent actress," for she compels us to see her brain working, and that is the great test. Production, also, was competent, and "spared no expense." This is the best Repertory Company Leeds has ever had, but in its choice of plays it is dogged by worse fate: dentists must be working overtime dealing with the gnashed teeth of the brilliant, but foiled, company.

### COMING ATTRACTIONS.

#### Grand Theatre.

October 3rd. "Winter Sports."  
October 10th. D'Oyly Carte Opera Company.

#### Theatre Royal.

Arthur Brough Players.

### To a Geisha.

HOW memorable is that night  
of the bland heathen moon,  
at which I bowed  
before bed!

You smiled, I remember, and said  
I know not what of beautiful,  
reminding me, O goldenly!  
with round, red-blossomed whispering lips  
and smooth, smooth skin,  
of a tree,  
my monkey-slip!

At which, O all your sweet, sweet face  
up-dawned with surprise,  
and lo! the light of laughter  
broke out of your eyes.

How puzzled you grew,  
my Yokohama chit,  
laughing pert and light,  
when  
from outside in the dead  
drowse of the cool, mooned night  
woke discord, by chance, and song,  
and noise of busy work  
that was to last the whole night long  
till the cock should crow:

A tawny wail of youths  
and noise of their thudding pestles  
as they husked hard barley  
out there in the cool, cool night.

How dear dare I hold you?—  
I shall never quit you,  
nor this quiet rural inn  
of the fragrant persimmons:  
not for the Son of Heaven,  
no, not for all the Emperors in Peking.

But soft:  
see how the charmed night  
makes of your every movement,  
makes every pass of yours  
a ritual,  
a mystic ritual of love  
down-handed from the ages, when  
we unborn clay were—  
wares of shone porcelain in a house  
in China,  
translucent, pure, beflowered.....  
My yellow cotton flower  
with the dark amber eye,  
how memorable was that night!

W.D.H.

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### "THE GRYPHON" STAFF, 1938-39.

*Editor:* M. H. SCARGILL.

*Staff Advisers:* PROFESSOR DOBREEÉ.  
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*Sub-Editors:* KATHLEEN GATENBY,  
S. KEIDAN.

*O.S.A. Editor:* F. BECKWITH, M.A.

*Business Manager:* R. C. V. CLARK.

*O.S.A. Business Representative:*  
DR. R. E. TUNBRIDGE.

*Co-opted Members:* H. S. OTTER.  
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H. d'A. CULLEN.  
A. PETCH.

*Ex-officio:*  
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THE SECRETARY OF THE UNION.  
THE GENERAL ATHLETICS SECRETARY.  
AN S.R.C. REPRESENTATIVE.

*Hon. Treasurer:* W. R. GRIST, B.Sc.



“EVENING ON THE BROADS.”

*Lambourne.*

**Presidential Address delivered at the Leeds  
University Old Students' Association  
(London Branch)**

**SATURDAY, JULY 2nd, 1938 - - by Mr. D. K. DUTT.**

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Ladies and Gentlemen,

You have just now adopted the reports submitted by our Honorary Secretary and our Honorary Treasurer. I think you will agree that our programme for the year has been on the whole fairly successful, and no word of praise from me will be too much for the devotion and self-sacrificing spirit in which our Honorary Secretary has carried out her duties for the last few years. It has not been all "beer and skittles," but I feel sure that Miss Turner can see for herself when she looks round the room that we have not been ungrateful for what she has done for us. I must not forget our Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Cornock, whose unremitting care for our finances has been quite effective; we are a little better off than we were last year. I must not also forget the other members of the Committee who have given their generous support; it has been a pleasure to work with them.

I trust you will now permit me to make a little departure from established practice, and it is this. You will remember our chief guest at the Annual Dinner was Professor W. P. Milne, and I trust I am not disclosing any secret if I say that the responsibility of inviting him rested largely on myself, and I am very grateful to the Committee for extending me that privilege. In the address which Professor Milne gave us in response to the toast, I was particularly glad to note, and I am sure you were also, that the spirit of old which he characterized by the well-known phrase: "Under the Clock," was still alive in the University of Leeds. May this Clock never stop beating. As far as I am concerned, I would like to see that we make a practice of inviting those who are now running the University to come and talk to us periodically and tell us what is happening. It will perhaps quicken our interest in our Alma Mater. I would also like to see the Clock built in a square Tower surmounting a Dome, the four dials of the Clock illuminated at night, thus radiating light—the light of knowledge—to the four corners of the world. Under the Dome, the students, men and women, will hold their daily "Bazaar," and the Faculties—the self-contained departments of knowledge, built radially round the Dome so that students passing from one department to another must perforce meet one another. The Library, the storehouse of Learning, will be located under the floor where the students congregate, so that scholars may study and contemplate in the seclusion of their Cells below. Up above, surging life—young, dynamic, but responsive life—will pass on, to and fro, and be happy, and the motto instead of being "Knowledge shall be increased" will be "Man shall be happy." This is my conception of a University. I am conscious that I shall not be asked to re-build the University of Leeds, and so I may speculate. Let us remind ourselves, however, that for the advancement of human civilization and happiness the amount of knowledge that is required is indeed very small.

For some time now I have been reflecting in my own way—what is the appropriate function of the Old Students' Association! True, we have been dining and tea-ing and thus keeping ourselves together, but in my opinion our duties do not end there. I think we ought to take a keener interest in the affairs of our



Alma Mater, to whom we owe so much. Let me for a moment indicate what the University has given us. As far as I can judge we have received from her:—

- (1) a certain measure of physical, intellectual and spiritual equipment ;
- (2) a certain measure of sense of values : intellectual, social and spiritual values ;
- (3) and above all, a certain measure of sense of duty, loyalty and direction in Life.

These are the three gifts which have enriched us. With all these we came out to the world and in pursuing our daily avocations some of us at any rate must have acquired a certain amount of experience and I trust, wisdom also, and it is my firm conviction that this accumulated wisdom could usefully be applied for the betterment of University life in all its aspects, so that future generations of students might benefit. But how shall we make our offering, because we do not even know how the gifts came to us. Perhaps some of them were acquired by our individual initiative and exertions, whilst others came to us spontaneously, stealthily, in our daily intercourse with others, both fellow students and teachers.

A moment's reflection will, however, convince us that the processes have not been so clear cut as I have stated, and if I were to put it briefly I should say that in the acquisition of our individual equipment, personal efforts have been the preponderating feature—whereas, in the acquisition of the sense of values, our relationship with others has had a lasting influence. On the other hand, in the acquisition of our sense of duty, loyalty and direction in Life, without which life would be without purpose, the most potent influence has been our daily intercourse with our teachers. As far as I am concerned, I can bear testimony that a few minutes of quiet communion with my Professor has taught me more than I have ever learnt from innumerable lectures and discourses. I would also venture to affirm that if each of you were to look for the most potent influences in your own life, you would also come to the same conclusion as I have. If you do, would you not expect to find those potent influences reflected in a collective sense in the composition of the Old Students' Association, both at the centre and at the branches. Look again, do we not see certain tendencies at work ! and, why is it that at our periodical meetings we do not see the newer students—students who left the University long after we did—joining us in large numbers ! In order to find an answer perhaps we shall have to examine carefully what has happened at the University since we left. We all know that the older generation of our teachers who built the University have now left—and the newer generation of teachers have taken their place and perhaps they have not been there long enough to cement together as a team : the time lag is not over yet and there is hope. At the same time, have we not also observed that in not a few instances newer teachers have come and gone and our University may have suffered in consequence ; instead of functioning as a nursery of young life, the University may have become a nursery for teachers. Ladies and Gentlemen, these are some of the questions that have been troubling my mind.

I have so far emphasised only one aspect of University life—one which, in my opinion, appears to be the most important. But the other two which I have enumerated, namely, those two in which the students are the more important actors, will also be found deserving of closer examination. I may now be bold enough to say that all these questions are inviting our attention, study and contemplation, and that the Old Students' Association is, in my opinion, the only competent corporate body in the University that can undertake this task. We should study these questions, individually and collectively, in small groups. I also believe that such study, if undertaken in the right spirit, in the spirit of

co-operation and constructive effort, is likely to yield something very valuable—valuable to ourselves, to our children, and to our Alma Mater—and something that will infuse new life in the Old Students' Association and sustain it in vigour for at least one generation.

You may well ask, why should I consider the Old Students' Association the most capable organisation for the purpose I have now defined. Let me then attempt to find the answer. On closer examination of our composition you will find that we have within ourselves old students of all ages, students who came down before us, with us and after us—of all Faculties, and thus have the requisite knowledge and experience. Furthermore, we have within ourselves those that came down from the University with the Hall Mark of success and also those who were considered to be failures. It is, however, the latter group that is very important for my purpose. Has not the message been given by a great thinker of this country of the last generation—it is the failures that redeem us.

Let those who have failed, failed in the University, then speak and bear testimony from their own lives. Let them then say what Fare they expected when they came to the University and did not find and went away hungry, baffled and frustrated. What they will have to say will perhaps tend to teach the lesson of humility to those who have won the laurels of success and who may have the natural tendency to speak from the lofty pedestal of vanity. This dual effort then will open up before us newer avenues for exploration, newer fields of thought and meditation and it is my firm belief that it is then, and then only, that we shall synthesise new values from the richness of experience of our lives—values that are likely to be dynamic and yet constructive, and likely to be pregnant with Truth. These then shall be our offering to our Alma Mater—our offering of thankfulness for the gifts that we have received.



LEEDS UNIVERSITY  
**Old Students' Association.**

—♦♦♦—  
*Notes from Headquarters.*

**T**HROUGH the medium of *The Gryphon* we wish to express on behalf of the Old Students' Association our welcome and good wishes to the new Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Mouat-Jones. We hope that despite the exacting demands likely to be made upon his time members will have an opportunity in the near future of meeting him and of expressing to him their personal good wishes.

We send greetings from Headquarters to all new members and hope that during the process of settling into their new posts they will not forget to notify the local branch secretaries of their addresses in order that they may receive notices of all branch activities.

### Insurance Department.

Any occasion such as a new appointment, marriage, or addition to the family usually leads to an inundation of visits from insurance agents! Without entering into discussion on the relative merits of wise insurance we would like to draw the attention of members to the fact that the O.S.A. has an agreement with one of the leading Insurance Companies which is of value both to the policy-holder and to the Association. A considerable rebate on the first premium can be obtained by the member, and in subsequent years the Association receives a small commission. We therefore urge all members who are considering taking out a new policy to write for full details and quotations to the Insurance Department, L.U.O.S.A., The University, Leeds, 2.

### The Union Ball—Friday, October 28th.

We hope to repeat the arrangement—so successful last year—of having a certain number of supper tables at the Union Ball reserved for Old Students.

Will you please order tickets from the O.S.A. Office as early as possible, or if obtaining them from the Union indicate your wish to join the O.S.A. party for supper.

### Badminton.

There appears to be every likelihood that the Badminton Club will continue to meet on Tuesday evenings in the University Gymnasium. Unless members of the Club are notified to the contrary the new season will open on October 11th. Will any Old Student desiring to join please communicate with the Badminton Secretary: Miss D. E. Broadbent, c/o The O.S.A., The University, Leeds, 2.

### Summer Activities.

We wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Goode for their admirable arrangements for the Treasure Hunt on June the 18th, and Professor Gillespie for his kind gift of prizes. The Treasure Hunt was a hilarious success and the Flannel Dance in the evening, although not as well attended as we could have wished, proved most enjoyable.

Our tennis enthusiasts much appreciated having the use of one of the courts at Oxley on Tuesday evenings during the summer term.

During the Summer Vacation, Mrs. Calverley, who has been Caretaker of O.S.A. House since it was first opened, and who has always taken a great interest in the members frequenting it, celebrated, with her husband, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. To mark the occasion a number of Old Students who have come into personal contact with Mrs. Calverley presented her with an inscribed clock. A few days later Mrs. Calverley's daughter, Ivy, who from being quite a little girl frequently brought in coffee and biscuits during the West Riding meetings, was married, and our warmest wishes for her happiness took the form of a pair of blankets!

D. G. TUNBRIDGE, }  
A. E. FERGUSON, } *Hon. Secretaries.*

### WEST RIDING LETTER.

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY,  
The University,  
Leeds, 2.

It has been decided to hold the regular weekly meetings of the Branch on Mondays this Session instead of Tuesdays, so as not to clash with Badminton, which is expected to be on Tuesdays as before. It is hoped that this will increase the numbers at the meetings, but if it is found to be less convenient for members the day may be altered again later in the session. If this happens members will be notified either in *The Gryphon* or by circular.



Meetings will begin on Monday, October 10th, at 7 o'clock for 7-30 p.m., and the first meeting will be an Opening Party. Please bring ideas for games, and also your holiday snapshots. On October 17th a Theatre Party is being arranged, to go to the Grand to see "The Mikado." Members will have received noticed about this before this *Gryphon* is published, as seats will have to be booked. The programme for the first half of the term is as follows:—

October	10th.	Opening Party—Games and holiday snapshots.
October	17th.	Theatre Party—"The Mikado," Grand Theatre.
October	24th.	Mr Grist—some new films.
October	31st.	Favourite Prose Selections.
November	7th.	Play Reading—"Badgers Green," by R. C. Sherriff.
November	14th.	Play Reading—"Hay Fever," by Noel Coward.
November	21st.	Professor Hamilton-Thompson—"Sherlock Holmes."

It is proposed to form an O.S.A. party to go to the Union Ball on Friday, October 28th.

New members will be very welcome if they come to the O.S.A. Lounge on Monday evenings. Going down students will find our meetings valuable in keeping touch with the University, and in making new friendships and keeping up old ones. There is no subscription on top of the O.S.A. membership.

KATHLEEN M. MATTINSON.

### LONDON LETTER.

The Annual General Meeting of the Branch was held in July, when the following Officers were elected:—

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	Dr. GRACE GRIFFITH.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	-	-	-	Miss I. FOGGITT, Miss E. E. TURNER, Mr. J. BLAIR, Mr. W. H. S. CHEAVIN, Mr. P. K. DUTT.
<i>Committee</i>	-	-	-	Miss L. CHESTER, Miss E. JONES, Miss E. LANGMAN, Miss L. B. I. M. LAURENCE, Mr. E. BARKER, Dr. W. G. DANGERFIELD, Mr. G. DOUGILL, Mr. T. R. V. PARKIN.
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	Mr. J. REEMAN.
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	Mr. C. H. R. ELSTON.

The Annual General Meeting was preceded by lunch at the "Comedy" Restaurant in Panton Street. The retiring President, Mr. P. K. Dutt, with his usual thoroughness had copies of his presidential address duplicated and issued to those present. His speech was one that we shall all remember and was warmly applauded. The Branch thanked Mr. Dutt for his untiring efforts on behalf of the Association. Regret was expressed by everyone that Miss E. E. Turner was resigning from her post as Secretary. Our newly-elected President, Dr. Grace Griffith, took a party round Regent's Park and afterwards we had a friendly tea-party.

The Annual Dinner will be held on Friday, 25th November, at the Waldorf Hotel, when we shall be very pleased to welcome Professor and Mrs. Matthew Stewart.

We are hoping to increase our membership this year and the addresses of Old Students London will be welcomed by the Secretary—

C. H. R. ELSTON.  
55, Station Road,  
Hounslow,  
Middlesex.

(Please note change of Secretary).

### EAST MIDLANDS BRANCH.

*Secretary*: Miss F. R. SHAW,  
160, Upper New Walk,  
Leicester.

The East Midlands Branch is approaching its first birthday and looks forward to another successful year. During the summer we were rather ambitious in trying to arrange a whole day outing to Leeds, including a visit to the University. Unfortunately it was found impossible to make up a party large enough to carry out the programme—we hope that the visit will be possible at some future date. The Committee will meet shortly to arrange a function during the autumn, and suggestions for this will be welcomed by the Secretary.

## BIRMINGHAM BRANCH.

154, Springfield Road,

Telephon: : HIG. 2567

Birmingham, 14.

September 12th, 1938.

The Annual Summer Motor-car Excursion took place on June 12th. Three car-loads set off from Broad Street at 10 a.m. and we picked up our guide, Mr. L. Ryder, in Kidderminster. He chose our route very well. Avoiding the main roads he unfolded for us the beautiful countryside of the Wye Forest and the Teme Valley.

We had a picnic lunch very close to a cherry orchard and finally proceeded to Barretts' Mill Farm (near Ludlow), where we had tea. Unfortunately the rain descended about this time, but the Mill caters for these emergencies and we played ping-pong and danced to the tune of a gramophone. Our thanks are due to Mr. L. Ryder for arranging this enjoyable outing.

Particulars of the next excursion will be sent out shortly. We would urge newcomers to Birmingham and district to get in touch with us and help to keep the Branch flourishing.

JOHN LAMBERT,  
*Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.*

## News of Interest to Old Students.

Items of news intended for this section of *The Gryphon* should be addressed to the O.S.A. Editor; such items are inserted free of charge.

BARNES.—Maurine Barnes, last session's Editor of *The Gryphon*, sailed for Bermuda on August 25th, to take up the post of English mistress at the Warwick Academy.

FIELDING.—John Fielding (M.B., Ch.B., 1931, M.D., 1935) has been appointed First Assistant Medical Officer to Holland County Council, Lincolnshire.

HAMILTON THOMPSON.—Professor Hamilton Thompson is the author of a new book issued during the summer by Faber & Faber. It is entitled "The Premonstratensian Abbey of Welbeck," and in fact forms an introductory volume to Professor Turberville's book noted below.

JONES.—Rev. K. B. Jones (Arts, 1933-36) has been appointed curate of Christ Church, Harrogate.

KAY.—Noel E. Kay (French, 1928-31) in collaboration with F. W. Moss (French, 1920-23) has written "Le verbe français," a text book of Schjol Certificate standard, published by Heinemann at 9d.

MCKENZIE.—J. McKenzie (English, 1923-26, Ph.D., 1938) is now Lektor in English at the University of Reykjavik.

MILTON.—The "Palme d'Officier d'Academie" has been awarded to Harry Milton (Mods., 1920-23) in recognition of his contributions to French studies and to Anglo-French relations. The decoration was presented to him at Cambrai in April.

PEEL.—Dr. Albert Peel (B.A., 1909, M.A., 1910, D.Litt 1915), the Historian of Congregationalism, has written a book of reminiscences entitled "Thirty-five to Fifty," published at 5/- by the Independent Press this summer.

RAFTER.—Basil Rafter's (French-Latin, 1931-34) thesis, which obtained a "mention très honorable" at its "soutenance" has now been published under the title of "La femme dans l'œuvre de Pierre Loti."

RHODES.—The British Rubber Producers' Association has appointed as its senior technologist Dr. Edgar Rhodes, of the Rubber Research Institute in Malaya. Dr. Rhodes took Chemistry at Leeds in 1919-22 and was awarded the Ph.D. degree in 1924.

TURBERVILLE.—Messrs. Faber published the first volume of Professor Turberville's "History of Welbeck Abbey" early this summer. The first reviews speak of it (and quite rightly) as a most admirable piece of work in every way, and one on which both author and publisher are to be congratulated.

WILLANS.—There appeared in *The Yorkshire Evening Post* of August 6th some impressions of Rangoon from the pen of Rev. H. C. Willans, who was a student at Leeds in 1923-24. From Leeds he went to Birmingham and thence to a Methodist Mission Station in Upper Burma. He is returning to Rangoon this month after a period of convalescence.

## ENGAGEMENT.

The engagement is announced between HAROLD KNOWLSON (Botany, 1932-38, President of the Union, 1937-38) and JOAN ELISE ELTON (Modern Languages, 1935-38).

Dr. Knowlson has left to take up the post of Lecturer in Biology at the new School of Science, Khartoum, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

## BIRTHS.

CARDIS.—To Dr. J. (M.B., Ch.B., 1924, M.D., 1926) and Mrs. Cardis, on September 4th at Chislehurst, 32, Street Lane, Leeds, 8, a daughter.

LANGTON.—To Rev. M. C. Langton, formerly Assistant Lecturer in Greek (1930-33), and Mrs. Langton, on July 1st, at the Mission Hospital, Vellore, N. Arcot, a son. Mr. Langton's address is now: Nazareth, Tinnevely, South India.

MATHERS.—To Mr. A. Leslie (History, 1919-22, M.A., 1929) and Mrs. Mathers, on July 15th, at 24, Waverley Grove, Finchley, N. 3. a daughter.

SYMONDS.—To Mr. John and Mrs. Symonds, on May 30th, at Newlands, Molesey Avenue, West Molesey, Surrey, a son, Peter John.

THOMAS.—To Mr. H. H. (Dental, 1919-24) and Mrs. Thomas (formerly Gretta M. Wardle, Medical, 1918-23), on April 12th, a daughter, Elizabeth Mary. Address: 469, Street Lane Leeds, 7.

THOMPSON.—To Mr. G. Alan (B.Sc., 1931) and Mrs. Thompson, on August 4th, at Ilford, a son.

WOLEDGE.—To Dr. Brian (Mods., 1923-26, M.A., 1927) and Mrs. Woledge (formerly C. M. Craven, French and Economics, 1923-28), at 43, Don Street, Old Aberdeen, on June 29th, a son, Roger Craven. Dr. Woledge is Lecturer in French at the University of Aberdeen,

## MARRIAGES.

APPLEBY-BUTTERWORTH.—John Appleby (English, 1930-33) to Lucy M. Butterworth (Arts, 1932-35) on August 9th, at St. Ninian's Church, Isle-of-Man. Mr. Appleby will be remembered for his Editorship of *The Gryphon* during two sessions and for other Union activities.

CLARK-WILSON.—Cecil Henry Douglas Clark, son of the late Rev. C. H. Clark, to Lillian Wilson, of Castleford, on September 6th, at Emmanuel Church, Leeds.

ELLIS-SHOTTON.—Dr. Reginald Walter Ellis (B.Sc., 1937, M.B., Ch.B., 3937) to Kathlyn Rita Shotton, of Bradford, on June 23rd, at St. James' Church, Bolton, Bradford. Dr. Ellis now lives in Grove Lane, Headingley, Leeds.

HUGGETT-KILLICK.—Dr. St. John Huggett to Dr. Esther M. Killick (B.Sc., 1923 M.B., Ch.B., 1929) on July 28th, at Birmingham. Both Mr. and Mrs. Huggett will be remembered for their work at the Medical School.

KEIGHLEY-MAHONEY.—Frank Keighley (French, 1935-38) of Bingley, to Dorothy Rosalind Mahoney, on July 23rd, at Bingley Parish Church. Address: 51, Park Road, Bingley.

SEAGER-HENDERSON.—Rev. C. E. Seager, of London Mission, Dombodema, P.O. Box 6, Plumtree, Southern Rhodesia, to Mary Henderson, of Hexham, in September. Mr. Seager is an Edinburgh graduate, but he also took a course at Leeds; he is the brother of Rev. L. G. Seager, whom old students of the early twenties will remember well.

SMITH-FOTHERGILL.—Denis M. Smith to Joyce M. Fothergill, of Dewsbury, on September 6th, at Springfield Congregational Church, Dewsbury.

WOODROFFE-DOWNES.—Ernest G. Woodroffe (Physics, 1930-33, Ph.D., 1935) to Margaret Downes, of Beeston, on July 2nd, at St. Mary's Church, Beeston,

## DEATHS.

BONE.—A former Professor of Coal Gas and Fuel Industries, Dr. W. A. Bone died on June 11th. Dr. Bone was born at Stockton-on-Tees, on March 3rd, 1871, and after passing through Ackworth and other schools graduated at Victoria University, Manchester, in 1891. He spent some time in Germany later on, and after holding various appointments became Livesey Professor at Leeds in 1906, where he remained until his appointment as Chief Professor and Head of the Department of Chemical Technology at the Imperial College of Science, and Technology, South Kensington, in 1912.



CLARKE.—Dr. William Eagle Clark, the eminent ornithologist, died on May 13th, aged 85. He was an old boy of the Leeds Grammar School and later a student at the Yorkshire College. He was appointed to the staff of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art in 1888 as Assistant, and in 1906 became Head of the Department of Natural History, which position he held until 1921.

EXLEY.—Dr. Cyril J. G. Exley, a former student of the Medical School and a member of the Leeds City Council, died at his home in Bardney, Lincolnshire, on May 3rd, at the age of 47.

GORDON.—We regret to have to record the death of Professor E. V. Gordon, at the early age of 42. Professor Gordon was born in British Columbia and educated at Victoria College, B.C., McGill University and Oxford. In 1922 he was appointed Assistant Lecturer in English Language at Leeds; old students of the Department will remember his collaboration with Mr. J. R. R. Tolkien (especially in their edition of "Sir Gawayne") and his appointment as Professor, at a very early age, when Mr. Tolkien went to Oxford in 1925. As Professor at Leeds, Mr. Gordon developed, perhaps inaugurated would be the better word, Norse studies in the University so well that Leeds became the recognised centre for such studies and a system of exchanges was established between Iceland and Leeds. It was through Professor Gordon that the splendid, one is tempted to say unique, Melsted Icelandic library was acquired for the Brotherton Library, and the many contacts he established have been of the greatest value in maintaining the excellence of that collection. It was with regret that we saw him leave Leeds for Manchester in 1931. His "Introduction to Old Norse" is his best known work. To his widow, herself an old student of the University and a pupil of his, we extend our deepest sympathy in her sad bereavement.

HAWKYARD.—Dr. Arthur Hawkyard died in May of this year. He was a well-known and very popular figure in Leeds, where his activities were varied and outstanding; he was practitioner, public servant, magistrate. He was born in Leeds in 1861 and passed from Wortley School to the Yorkshire College and afterwards to Edinburgh University; much later he obtained the degree of M.D. at Durham, and it is sometimes forgotten that he was also called to the Bar of the Inner Temple, although he never practised. After some experience as Assistant Medical Officer at St. James' Hospital in Leeds, he set up in private practice in Hunslet; very early in his career, and for many years following, he was elected a member of the City Council. He gave much of his time to public work and in 1930 he was elected Lord Mayor. Our University conferred the honour of the degree of LL.D. upon him at the same time. He was a vigorous, but fair-minded critic of humanity and its weaknesses, and some of the criticisms he made bear the clear stamp of individuality, charity and sanity.

HODGSON.—Dr. C. E. Hodgson (M.A., 1905), of King's Road, Harrogate, a well-known member of the Society of Friends, died in June as the result of an accident at York. He was Warden of the Swarthmore Settlement in Leeds for some years after the War.

STROUD.—We regret to announce the death in May of Dr. William Stroud, the distinguished Emeritus Professor who gave us his reminiscences in *The Gryphon* a short time ago. He was 78. For the last two or three years he had taken a great interest in the University and made generous donations to the Union Building Fund.

CLUTTERBUCK.—Dr. Percival Clutterbuck, O.B.E., D.Sc., of 7, Warndene Path, Patcham, Brighton, died at Northwood, Middlesex, on January 1st, 1938. He attended the University in 1914, until February, 1916, when he volunteered for service in the Royal Engineers, Gas Warfare Section. After being gassed at the front, he was transferred to the Gas and Trench Warfare Research Station, Porton, Wiltshire. There he received the O.B.E. for his distinguished work.

At Leeds he graduated with first class honours B.Sc. after the War, and gained his M.Sc. in 1923 and his D.Sc. in 1930.

Dr. Clutterbuck was Assistant Lecturer in Chemical Physiology at Manchester University, under Professor Raper. At the I.C.I. he worked under Professor Raistrick at Ardeer, and since October, 1933, was with him at the school of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, University of London. He had attained world-wide reputation in scientific research.

In 1926 he married Muriel North (1917-21), who was also a graduate of Leeds.

To Mrs. Clutterbuck, her two daughters, and the relatives, we offer our sincerest sympathy in their sad loss.

THE OCTOBER "GRYPHON."

Last day for copy - - - Tuesday, October 13th.

# ATHLETIC NOTES

THE Colour Awards for the Summer Clubs of Session 1937-38 were approved by the General Athletics Committee as follows :—

## ATHLETIC CLUB (Women).

### Full Colours.

K. CONNAL.\*  
E. HARRISON.\*  
C. RADCLIFFE.\*  
J. WELDON.  
H. HOUNSFIELD\* (Captain).

### Club Colours.

M. CHILD.  
J. BARTLE.\*

## ATHLETIC CLUB (Men).

### Full Colours.

J. COHEN.\*  
E. L. ELLIS.\*  
I. S. GENUSSOW.\*  
E. A. ROCKLIFFE.\*  
K. H. CHAMPLIN.\*  
J. WILSON.  
R. T. HEYLINGS.  
D. WOODHEAD\* (Captain).

### Club Colours.

D. FAIRMAN.  
K. RHODES.

## SWIMMING CLUB (Men).

### Full Colours.

B. STRMAC.\*  
R. REEVE.

### Club Colours.

A. L. BETTISON.\*  
E. H. PAYNE.\*

## SWIMMING CLUB (Women).

### Full Colours.

A. L. COBBY.  
B. HENRY.  
O. M. HUNTER.\*  
B. R. COLLINS\* (Captain).

### Club Colours.

K. DOWNEY.  
J. M. HODGE.  
P. USHER.

## BOAT CLUB.

### Full Colours.

P. J. ROBINSON.  
E. L. HASTE.  
J. L. C. WARD.  
R. F. LINSELL.  
G. R. T. BIRTWHISTLE\* (Captain).

### Club Colours.

I. D. HODGSON.  
J. P. B. ELLISON.  
L. D. HAIGH.

## CRICKET CLUB (Men).

### Full Colours.

H. METCALF.\*  
W. H. GOLIGHTLY\* (Captain).

### Club Colours.

G. S. ATKINSON.  
M. L. HARE.  
J. H. CHAPMAN.  
R. P. DAVIES.  
E. A. CALDER.

## CRICKET CLUB (Women).

### Full Colours.

B. CLARKE.  
D. WILDE.  
V. J. C. LEE (Captain).

### Club Colours.

E. COWELL.  
—, HOYLE.

## TENNIS CLUB (Men).

### Full Colours.

G. W. REED.\*  
D. SHULMAN.  
B. WALLACE.  
J. PERELMAN (Captain).

### Club Colours.

V. DAITZ.  
D. COTON.

**TENNIS CLUB (Women).***Full Colours.*

A. POSTEL.  
M. BARKER.\*  
E. SYKES\* (Captain).

*Club Colours.*

M. HUTTON.  
M. BRAITHWAITE

**GYM. CLUB.***Full Colours.**Club Colours.*

H. LIPMAN\* (Captain).  
G. FEHER.

We wish to convey our belated but none the less sincere apologies to Miss H. Crown, and to Messrs. J. W. Gwinnett, H. S. Sayer and G. Parzan-Czewski, whose names were mis-spelt in the list of Colour Awards in the last issue of *The Gryphon*, May, 1938.

In this issue of *The Gryphon* the time is opportune to remind Freshers of the achievement of the Athletic Clubs during the past session and to acquaint them of the traditions of this University of prowess in athletics, a tradition which it is their lot to uphold and maintain.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.—Winners of the Christie Cup and finalists in the Universities' Athletic Union Championships, winners of Northern Universities' Championships.

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.—Christie Cup winners, 1st and 2nd teams.

ATHLETIC CLUB (WOMEN).—Northern Universities' Champions, runners-up in Women's Inter-'Varsity Athletic Board Championships.

MEN'S ATHLETICS.—Christie Cup winners.

SWIMMING CLUB (WOMEN).—Women's Inter-'Varsity Athletic Boards Champions; won every match throughout session.

BOAT CLUB.—Christie Cup winners.

TENNIS CLUB (MEN).—Tied with Manchester for the Northern Universities' Championship. Thus, Freshers, help to maintain the high standard of proficiency of the clubs mentioned above, and improve the standard of other less fortunate Clubs.

W. H. GOLIGHTLY, G.A.S.

THE BOAT CLUB.—The Boat Club's first year in its new home at Swillington finished quite successfully, and the results show a general improvement in the standard of rowing. The First Crew again won the Christie Rowing Championship, and the Third Crew won the York Regatta Challenge Cup and the Lady Anne Lambton Plate at Durham. For the first time in its history, the Club produced three "Fine Boat" crews, all of which had some very good races. The Second Crew was potentially good, but was unfortunate in being broken up by an unlucky coincidence of exams. and Regattas; the Third did very well to win twelve of its fourteen races.

J. P. B. Ellison, this year's captain, has propounded some very interesting theories concerning "Eights"; Freshers should note that, by advanced mathematics, "Eights" require twice as many men as "Fours," and anyone who is interested is invited to visit the Boathouse at Swillington during the first few weeks of this term. No previous experience is required and all that is expected is a genuine interest in rowing and ability to swim. The small man aft of stroke holds a position of importance inversely proportional to his size, and as cruelty to coxes is now unfashionable, men of small stature may join without any misgivings. Here again, previous experience is unnecessary.

The Inter-Faculty Races will be held early in December, possibly in "Eights" instead of—or as well as—"Fours"; the Annual Dinner will be held the same evening.

P. A. H. RIVETT, Hon. Sec., L.U.B.C.

WOMEN'S CRICKET CLUB.—The 1938 season was fairly successful; although the Club membership was small, we were fortunate in being able to rely upon the regular support of the First Eleven members. In the Inter-'Varsity Championship, we beat Manchester, but lost to Liverpool. Of the non-'Varsity fixtures, probably the most interesting were those played against the Burley Park Veterans' team, who gave us splendid games and just managed to beat us, both at home and away. These matches were even celebrated in the local and national Press!



Congratulations to Miss Wilde upon her selection for the Lancashire County team, and to the players who were awarded Colours for the season.

We should like to thank Miss Lee for her good services as captain, and we are glad that she has been re-elected.—L.E.C.

**[No further Club Notes have been received.—Ed.]**

## SOCIETY NOTES

**JEWISH STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.**—This year we are celebrating the 25th Anniversary of the Society and we want all past members and Freshers to rally round and make this an outstandingly successful year.

We can only carry out the interesting programme arranged, if all Jewish members of the University take an active interest in the Society. Meetings are held on alternate Mondays at 5-15 p.m. and provide interesting discussions for all members.

All Freshers are especially welcome at a Freshers' At Home, on October 13th. We want every Fresher to turn up at this function and meet the other members of the J.S.A.

The Freshers' Social is to be held on Wednesday, October 19th, in the Refectory.

Any further information can be obtained by pigeon-holing J. G. Goldman at the Medical School or Jenny Keidan at the University.

J. B. KEIDAN, *Hon. Secretary*.

**THE WOMEN DAY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.**—The Women Day Students' Association was formed to give Day Students an opportunity to enjoy some of the advantages of Hostel life which they would otherwise miss. The Day Students count as a Hostel in both social and athletic activities, and several social evenings and a Refectory Social are held during the year. The active support of all Day Students is needed to make these evenings a success, and it is hoped that more members will attend the functions during the coming year than has been the case in the past.

Membership Cards can be obtained from any member of the Committee. Notices of Day Students activities are posted on the special notice boards in the J.C.R. and the Women's Rooms.

**[No other Society Notes have been received.—Ed.]**

## HOSTEL NOTES

**HOSTEL OF THE RESURRECTION.**—It does not seem right somehow to start the new session with reminiscences of the old, and yet it would be an unforgivable omission to pass over the events of the "interim" at Mirfield, which this year especially proved most memorable. The newly-completed Church of the Resurrection, memorial to Bishop Gore, founder of the Community and great theologian and social reformer of his day, was dedicated by the Archbishop of York on July 6th, in the presence of a great congregation in which the University was represented by the late Vice-Chancellor and several of the staff. On July 9th, we kept the Commemoration Festival of the Community and, as usual, presented a play in the Quarry Theatre. This year we gave "St. Joan" (G.B.S.), which Sweet produced, with Delve in the title role. It was quite one of the most difficult plays we have so far tackled, and for its success we must compliment these two especially, who confounded the pre-viewing pessimists and were only beaten on the last lap by a heavy shower which caused an untimely adjournment of the Inquisition Court in Act six. The singers worked hard, sang well, and enjoyed the whole business—that is good.

Senior Student this "year" is Aidan Cross, who comes from South Africa and will be known to some through his work as Secretary of Debates. A more competent man could not be wished for to fill the office and it is with real confidence that we look forward to a "good" session. He is

well supported in the triumvirate by Munro as Sacristan and Roper as Precentor, and to them all we extend our good wishes for the year. To those who are fresh to Leeds, we hope you will be very happy with us, and find in your three years here, as we have found, a life many-sided and infinitely attractive upon which we can only look back with the greatest happiness.—N.G.

DEVONSHIRE HALL.—At the time of writing, last term seems so far in the past, and next term so far in the future, that it is hard to decide which should be considered of the most importance in these notes. Possibly our wisest course is to allow each a little space and so maintain a balance of power between the two.

The chief social event of the Summer Term in Hall was the Summer Dance held on June 18th, and was attended by about 70 couples, who disported themselves in the true Devonian fashion. Among other interests, tennis seems to have taken up a good deal of time, for the tennis court was seldom empty, except on those days when the English Summer in its versatile way, changed it into something more resembling a swimming bath.

And now may we take this opportunity of wishing every success to our new President, Mr. A. L. Bettison and to his work for the cause of Good Fellowship in the coming session. To the Freshers who come to join us we extend a very hearty welcome, and our best wishes for their success and happiness both in the Hostel and the University.—J.H.C.

WEETWOOD HALL.—So many things happen in the Summer term, that we are left only with a confused memory of examinations, school practice, cricket matches, dances, and lazy afternoons among the rhododendrons on the lawn. We remember clearly, however, that we won the inter-Hostel cricket and swimming championships; the swimming result was particularly commendable, since nearly half the Hostel valiantly struggled through nine lengths, in order to gain half a point each for Weetwood.

Our chief memory of the Good-bye Dinner is of an excellent and unusual speech made by the retiring Vice-President. Of Hostel Dance—an excellent and unusual supper made by the Cook (may her shadow never grow less).

May we wish success to all who have gone down, and extend a sincere welcome to the Freshers who have come to take their place.—L.E.C.—B.E.K.C.

**[No other Hostel Notes have been received.—Ed.]**

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#### STAFF VACANCIES.

There are two vacancies on the Staff of "The Gryphon," one for a man, the other for a woman.

Applications should be sent to the Editor from first or second year students not later than October 16th, and should consist of contributions, details of previous experience (if any), and particulars of special interests.

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