

November 1941

Nov. 1941

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Nov 1941

THE GRYPHON

The Journal of the University of Leeds



3rd series
? Vol 1 no 2

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The "Gryphon," Nov., 1941.

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The National Union of Teachers is the largest PROFESSIONAL organisation in Britain. It is accepted by Parliament, by the Board of Education, by Local Education Authorities, and by other States as representative of the whole of the Teaching Profession in this country.

Membership is open to ALL qualified teachers, in whatever type of work they are engaged, and includes University, Technical and Secondary Teachers, in addition to the great mass of primary teachers in the country.

The Union protects its members in every phase of their professional life. To young teachers with high professional ideals the Union offers every attraction.

In September, 1939, the Union initiated a policy of Service Hospitality for all teachers, organised an emergency scheme of sub-associations to minister to the necessities of evacuated teachers, commenced the issue of a monthly bulletin of information to all educational institutions, and planned its own administrative machinery to deal with normal case work and, in addition, the difficult special cases due to war conditions :—Students difficulties of all kinds, educational problems in evacuating, neutral and receiving areas, Salaries, Pensions, Tenure, Billeting, Holidays, Travelling Vouchers, Relief for Evacuated Householders and many other matters that demanded immediate attention and the effective use of resources.

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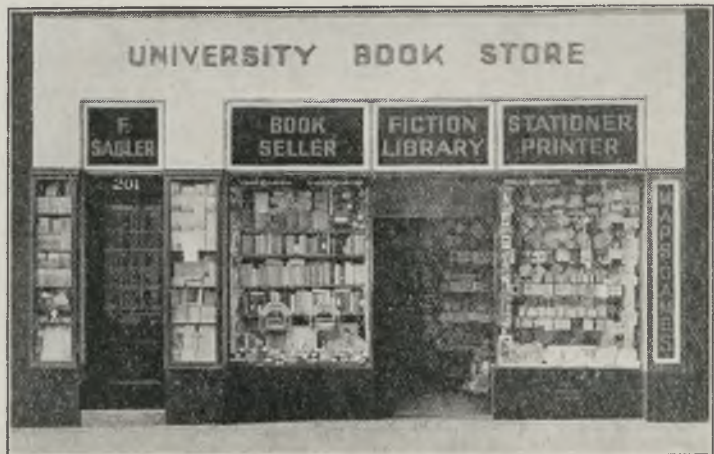
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N.U.S. DISCUSSION GROUP
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IF NOT—WHY?



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

*"— and all our days
Sin, and have hunger, and die infatuated.
For madness have ye given us and not health,
And sins whereof we know not ; and for these
Death, and sudden destruction unaware."*

THE "Gryphon" this term is spreading her wings a little further and hopes to shelter a new venture which we consider will prove welcome to all active members of the Union. This is to take the form of a wall-newspaper to which any student may contribute. For some time now we have been striving to get a University newspaper, but, owing to rising costs and the shortage of paper due to the war, this was found impracticable. We are, therefore, introducing this project in an effort to provide something to take the place of our more ambitious aim.

War and politics din in our ears day-long, week-long, year-long. The University, part by choice and part by pressure, is involved in the general struggle. From small guillotine frames hang sacks of straw for bayonet practice in sight of the Alma Mater itself : on Saturday mornings our car park is covered with files of young men—mostly in civilian clothes carrying civilian gas-masks—being taught the business of war. The "Gryphon" too is become a battling ground for politics, but we agree with a predecessor of ours in stating that "We feel that a University Magazine should not be a training ground for journalism," and it is our earnest wish that the newspaper will provide more scope for this type of writer. It is not that we desire to confine the newspaper's activities to this type of work, or to cut it off completely from this magazine, but it is a step towards making the "Gryphon" more of a literary and less of a political publication. We hope to include in the wall-newspaper a sports column, and a column for societies or other immediate Union activities, and any other news for which there is a demand.

By now Freshers will have started to settle down and will have begun to realize some of the responsibilities as well as the pleasures of living in a university society. In connection with this, I would urge Freshers not only to attend important meetings but also to find out how societies are run and to take their share in organisation. Your years at a University quickly run by, and, before you know where you are, *you* are the one who has to do all the thankless labour, *you* are badgering others to help, *you* are organising a meeting or—editing the "Gryphon."

Notes and Comments

*"A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And faith he'll prent it."* BURNS.

"Across the Road."

The President, with her usual clear-sightedness and energy, has launched a scheme for reuniting the body which has been split up into "The Union" and "The University." This latter has been variously referred to as "the people across the way," "the brass hats," or just vaguely as "them." To counteract this deplorable state of affairs a reminder has been sent to all members of Staff and other functionaries of the University, recalling their attention to the fact that they may become members of the Union with all its attendant facilities. We are hoping that this will induce a greater friendliness between Staff and Students—that the former will not feel like intruders if they want to attend some function in the Union buildings—that the latter will know and be known by those whose business is not solely to mark their examination papers. We can even imagine a state when professors will "coffee" in the Tea Room and lecturers attend lunch hops and enquire for lost property at the Union H.P.'s office. We even put forward a mild suggestion that anyone heard uttering the blasphemous words "Students' Union" be made to pay 6d. to the Red Cross and write out the words "University Union" fifty times. Well—it's an idea, anyway!

"Gryphon" Contributions.

Of late there has been much adverse criticism of this publication. We wish it to be understood, once for all, that this magazine does *not* merely represent the views of the Editor or even of his committee. It is your magazine and we can only print what you send us. If you have talent in any direction won't you send us one contribution? Nearly everyone can write an article of some description—sentimental, political, historical, romantic, humorous—or something with a nostalgic flavour. For the benefit of Freshers we print a few points to bear in mind:

- 1 Contributions should be written on one side of the paper only.
- 2 Names, nom-de-plumes (if desired), and faculty should be appended.
- 3 Contributions may be of any type. We are willing to branch out in any direction if we get the hint from you. Drawings and illustrations as well as written material will meet with a warm welcome.
- 4 The box for contributions is by the men's pigeon-holes, downstairs in the Union. If you feel they are safer, hand them to a member of the "Gryphon" staff—names will be found on another page.
- 5 Remember—last day for copy is last day for copy.

We wish to put it on record that contributions may be submitted by Students and STAFF.

Leningrad.

An Extraordinary General Meeting of the L.U.U. was held in the Riley Smith Hall on Thursday, October 16th, 1941, at 1-20 p.m. The following resolution was passed:

"That this Special General Meeting of the students of Leeds University Union expresses its admiration for the part being played by their fellow students of Leningrad

in the fight against Hitler ; and that we pledge our fullest efforts in support of the common struggle. And this Union calls upon the Government to do all in its power to safeguard against the prolongation of the war and consequent misery and suffering for Britain. On our part, we pledge ourselves to do everything in our academic work, military training and all other spheres which will mobilise the universities for the war effort. Motion carried—148 for ; 0 against ; 6 abstentions.

International Youth Rally for Victory (by a Leeds Delegate).

Six thousand representatives of the youth of Great Britain, the Empire, the Occupied and Allied Countries, attended the Rally on October 11th in the Royal Albert Hall, London. Programme :—

(1) Messages to the Rally from the King, Mr. Churchill and Ambassadors and Ministers of Allied and friendly countries.

(2) Opening Speech by Mr. Bevin, Minister of Labour and National Service.

(3) Onward to victory : 1. An impressive and symbolic tableau in which one representative dressed in service uniform, of each of the Allied Nations, gave a victory message in their native language, including Great Britain, Czechoslovakia, France, Poland, Greece, Norway, Belgium, U.S.S.R., etc. The U.S.S.R. representative in Air Force uniform won tremendous applause. 2. A collection of national songs, dances, and messages by such groups as the Polish Army Choir, Chinese students, Free French, Free German and Austrian Choir, Spanish Youth, Canadian Army Choir, Czech Youth, Hungarians, U.S.S.R., Greece, British factory-workers, etc.

(4) Declaration of Purpose to the Youth of the World, spoken by a young man and woman of this country. Extracts from this declaration :—“ We young people from many lands, gathered together in this great international rally for victory, take this solemn pledge. We will never rest until the world has been freed from the plague of Nazism and Fascism.” “ We will be the spearhead of the fight for freedom.” “ We fight also for the future. In every land young people have known economic crises, depressions, and wars for which they were not responsible. We strive for a social order in which there shall be justice, freedom and security for all, where man is equal to man, irrespective of colour, race or creed.” “ We build up to-day the brotherhood of youth which will overcome all barriers. United we will work, pray and fight for victory. We pledge ourselves to fight on together until victory is won.”

(5) Britain's Determination. The pledge formally taken aloud by all representatives was to “ work, train, serve and fight for victory.” (Information from 18, Grosvenor Place, S.W. 1.).

Union Notes

Dances and Socials.

After feverish efforts, there are now definite lines on which socials, etc., can be run to the satisfaction of the authorities. Eight major dances and twenty socials can be held in the Session. Your Society should be looking after your interests.

Red Cross Appeal.

A Penny-a-Week scheme has been launched by the U.C. Your continued support is solicited.

Union Policy.

Provision is now made in the U.C. Agenda for general discussion on matters affecting Union Policy. Union Policy is YOUR policy.

Gryphon. Idea.

It has been suggested that a wall-newspaper be started ; consisting of matter pinned on the Notice Board and changed weekly. See Editorial.

£1,000 Loan, Free of Interest, to the Government.

The University Accountant has been asked to arrange this second loan.

N.U.S. Subscriptions.

Recommended that the subscription to the N.U.S. for the current session be raised to £5 per 100 paying members of the Union.

Resignations.

Mr. J. O. Wolstenholme having gone down, Mr. J. E. Hartley has been elected Hon. Secretary of the Union.

Mr. C. L. Lewis tendered his resignation as Hon. Student Treasurer ; Miss E. M. Lowes has been elected to the position.

Some of these notes are from the Union Committee Minutes, anyone can attend U.C. meetings ; why not get first hand information ?
J.E.H., *Hon. Sec.*

Obituary

It is difficult to write of Tom Willetts without eulogy, however closely one adheres to fact. In a catastrophe which involved the death of so many brave men it may seem foul to single out one for special mention ; but there are not a few who will remember, and remembering, feel amid the general loss a sense of personal sorrow.

When H.M.S. Hood blew up on May 24th, 1941, Tom Willetts was 24. A member of the English Honours School at Leeds since 1938, he joined the Navy as a sub-lieutenant in February, 1940. From that time until the early part of this year his leaves brought to the University an incongruous note ; for Tom was by nature a man of the hills and the seas where he had spent and enjoyed so much of his life. Even whilst feeling that it would be an insult to lavish on the dead an undeserved praise, one cannot but record that he was beloved of all who knew him, loved for his firm strength and generosity, his capacity for friendship and in mental outlook both robust and yet delicate in appreciation.

But to write of Tom means little, to have known him, and counted him as a friend, is a privilege which will not be forgotten.
S.S.

University Intelligence

Meeting of the Council, Wednesday, 15th October, 1941, the Pro-Chancellor (Colonel C. H. Tetley) in the Chair.

The Council recorded its regret at the death since the last meeting of two Life Members of the Court—Mrs. E. G. Arnold and Mr. William Sykes, J.P.

Professor Colin Barnes was appointed to represent the University at the Centenary Celebrations of the Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

The Council was gratified to learn that Messrs. Rowntrees of York had made a grant to Dr. Happold, Reader in Bio-Chemistry, of £150 a year for two years for research work in the Bio-Chemical Laboratories on nutritional problems.

Professor Hughes was appointed Pro-Vice-Chancellor of the University for a period of two years.

Mr. R. Rawidowicz, Ph.D., was appointed to the Lectureship in Mediaeval and Modern Hebrew established at the University through the generosity of members of the Jewish Community.

The title of Emeritus Professor was conferred upon Colonel Harold Collinson.

News about N.U.S. activities in Leeds organised by the Union Committee

1. The Union Committee voted unanimously in favour of paying an increased annual subscription to the National Union of Students in view of the financial situation. Subject to the approval of the Union Finance the subscription for the present session will amount to £80.

2. The Secretary of the Leeds N.U.S. Sub-Committee spoke from the platform at the Freshers' Reception.

3. Miss Gale, the Secretary of the N.U.S., visited Leeds on October 20th to speak to leaders of discussion groups and department representatives of N.U.S. work in Leeds University Union.

4. Meetings have been called by the Union Committee of representatives of Departmental Societies in the Arts and Science Faculties with a view to organising :

1. Faculty Discussion Groups.
2. Student help in the Youth Service Corps.
3. Student-lecturers under the Army Educational Scheme.

5. N.U.S. discussion and service groups have also been initiated in Devonshire, Oxley, and Weetwood Halls, and in H.O.R., by speakers from N.U.S. Sub-Committee of the Union Committee.

6. Miss Cooper has been appointed agent and correspondent to "Student News" and Mr. Richardson publicity agent for N.U.S. in Leeds.

7. The climax of the N.U.S. work in Leeds will be a local Conference in the Spring Term which will prepare Leeds delegates for the N.U.S. Annual Congress.

8. The Union Committee's invitation to the N.U.S. to hold the November Council in this Union on November 1st and 2nd has been accepted. Leeds will be allowed three delegates at that Council, but an unlimited number of observers may attend.

9. The N.U.S. Sub-Committee of the Union Committee is composed of :—

Chairman : Miss Wilde. *Hon. Secretary* : Mr. D. H. Lewis.

Committee : Mr. L. Cohen, Miss Howitt, Miss Cooper, Mr. Hartley.

Correspondence

"WINDEREMERE,"

FERRIBY HIGH ROAD,
NORTH FERRIBY,
EAST YORKS,

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR MADAM,

Oct. 6th, 1941.

I think perhaps the present students may be interested to know how old students are carrying on the traditions of our Alma Mater in the very heart of the battle. So I am enclosing a copy of a letter about Gordon Ince, B.Sc., 1933-37, who was in No. 1 Malaria Field Lab. in the Middle East Forces, and was posted missing on June 2nd in Crete.

I am glad to be able to tell you that we now know that he is a prisoner of war. I hope the present students will play their part in as noble a manner.

D. MYRTLE TAYLOR, B.Sc. (née Robinson).

*Copy of letter from Lt.-Col. C. Macdonald, No. 3 Malaria Field Lab.,
Middle East Force. June 20th, 1941.*

DEAR MR. INCE,

I have been unable to write to you before to express my deep sympathy on the posting of your son as missing, and to tell you how it happened.

I was separated from the main party at the time, and have had to collect the story from others.

During the attack on Crete he worked caring for the wounded at a hospital in a convent at Haleppa, a suburb of Canea, and I have heard from several people how well and tirelessly he did work.

His party left Haleppa in ample time, 9 a.m., on 26th May. They reached Kalibes next morning and on the day of 27th May did not make much progress—resting most of the time. Throughout that night they marched again and made good progress until 7 or 8 a.m. next day. They marched over the rough mountain road and during all the time he kept his constant gameness. One of his friends had sore feet and finally became totally unable to walk. Your son carried him on his back for a long distance so that he was never allowed to fall out. The next day, 29th May, they again made little progress, but set out to complete their journey by nightfall.

Here my informant became separated from the main party, none of whom came safely out. So from this time I know little of them, beyond the fact that they did reach Sphakia, the port of embarkation.

It is impossible to say why they did not embark; it was not for lack of space, because on June 2nd early morning, they were being searched for to take their places, reserved for them on the boats, but they did not come forward to take them, and could not be found.

During the two previous days German land forces had been attacking in this area, and I believe they were captured in a group. Other members of the unit who were so captured but escaped say that they were well treated.

My sympathy for you in your anxiety is very real. I had learned to know and like him very much during the past year. Always cheerful, though sometimes straining under enforced inactivity and impulsive, he proved his value in Greece when he was given a responsible job to do, and became the backbone of the mobile unit with which he worked.

Major Tredie and I developed a great admiration for him during that time, and only regretted it was impossible to give him the advance he deserved. This would have entailed leaving the unit and his friends, and he preferred to stay with them.

Your son has proved himself in difficulties a very worthy one, and I offer my deepest sympathy.

Yours,

C. MACDONALD.

Union Committee 1941-2

OFFICERS.

President and Chairman : Miss D. Wilde.

The Hon. Treasurer : Mr. W. R. Grist.

Senior Vice-President : Mr. P. B. Sugarman.

The Hon. Student Treasurer : Miss E. M. Lowes.

Junior Vice-President : Miss D. Howitt.

General Athletics Secretary : Mr. R. B. Booth.

The Hon. Secretary : Mr. J. E. Hartley.

MEMBERS.

Administrative Staff : Mr. A. E. Wheeler.

Academic Staff : Dr. H. Burton.

S.R.C. : A. C. Knight.

M.W.R.C. : H. Blyth.

H. H. Collins.

P. Wynne.

D.R.C. : J. E. Hartley.

Middlesex : B. Webb.

R. B. Booth.

J. Kirk.

TEN OPEN SEATS.

A. Clarkson.

F. Hambrey.

J. Tiplady.

E. S. Cooper.

C. L. Lewis.

G. Filderman.

L. Cohen.

E. M. Lowes.

D. Plows.

(1 seat vacant)

Men Day Students at Home : No representative. *Devonshire Hall* : G. Bott.

Men Day Students in lodgings : D. H. Lewis. *Middlesex Hospital Students* : W. B. Webb.

Women Day Students : B. Gray.

J. Kirk.

Hostel of the Resurrection : G. S. Northcott.

Debates Secretary : D. Howitt.

Weetwood Hall : D. Pratt.

Editor, "Gryphon" : Mrs. Keighley.

Oxley Hall : J. M. King.

Sub-Committees of the Union 1941-2

"Every Sub-Committee shall keep minutes of its proceedings and render reports to the Union Committee."

Executive Committee : Carries out the decisions of the Union Committee and prepares the agenda for the U.C. Composed of President, Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Student Treasurer, G.A.S., Senior and Junior Vice-Presidents. Stands in the same relation to the Union as the Cabinet to the country.

Finance Committee : Considers all matters of finance before they are brought before the Union Committee. Responsible to the Union Committee for the expenditure of Union income.

General Athletics Committee : Has control on behalf of the Union Committee in whom rests the ultimate control, over all Athletic Clubs in matters affecting athletics as a whole. Composed of the President, Secretary, Treasurer, Student Treasurer, G.A.S., and captains of recognised clubs.

House Committee : Responsible for discharging the Union's responsibility for the management of the Union building, including the control of staff, the assignment of rooms in the Union, the discharge of any duties assigned by the Union Committee, as with regard to the library, periodicals, billiards, etc. Secretary : A. Clarkson.

Gryphon Committee : Responsible for the production of the "Gryphon," under the bye-laws laid down by the Union Committee.

National Union of Students' Committee : Responsible to the Union Committee for all matters relating to the affairs of N.U.S. as they concern this Union in relation to the other student organisations of this country. Secretary : D. Lewis.

Other Sub-Committees : Disciplinary, Constitution, Revision, Overseas, Book Exchange, Rag Committee.

Committees composed of student representatives and the University Authorities and Members of Staff :

Catering Committee.	U.A.U.
Union Building Advisory Committee.	W.I.V.A.B.
Athletics Grounds Committee of Council.	O.S.A.
Working Men's Institute Committee.	Etc, Etc.

Who's Who 1941-2

DAPHNE WILDE, B.A., 1st Class Honours English. President of Leeds University Union, 1941-2. Now reading for an M.A. with a Research Scholarship.

Past activities in Societies and Clubs, etc :

English Society : 1937-40, Committee member and Vice-President.

Dramatic Society : 1939-41, Committee member. Played Lady Utterwood in "Heartbreak House," and Volturna in "Coriolanus."

Classical Society : 1937-39, Committee member.

Women's Hockey Club : 1937-41. Full Colours. Treasurer ; Secretary ; Captain 1940-41.

Women's Cricket Club : 1937-41. Committee, Treasurer, Lancashire 1st XI, 1938. Leeds full colours.

Co-ordinating Council : Secretary 1938-9, Chairman 1839-40.

Weetwood Hall : 1937-42. Committee member. Union and W.R.C. representative. Entertainments Secretary.

Union Committee work :

Member for Weetwood Hall 1939-40.

Women's Representative Council 1939-41. President 1940-41.

Senior Vice-President of the Union 1940-41.

Sub-Committees 1940-41 : Executive, Finance, G.A.C., N.U.S., Catering, Advisory, House.

Has represented Leeds at : N.U.S. Congress 1940, N.U.S. Congress 1941, Nottingham University College, International Youth Rally, Two N.U.S. Councils.

Present duties as President of the Union :

Chairman of the Union Committee ; Executive Committee ; Finance Committee ; General Athletics Committee ; N.U.S. Committee ; "Gryphon" Committee ; House Committee. Ex-officio member of the Debates Committee ; Advisory Committee ; Catering Committee ; Entertainments Committee ; Overseas Students' Committee ; O.S.A. ; etc., etc.

Chairman at General Meetings of the Union ; Debates ; Public Lectures and Meetings in the Union.

Emmissary from the Union to the University Authorities.

Delegate from Leeds to N.U.S. and other representative meetings.

Interests, etc. Comes from Manchester : metaphysics ; modern poetry ; acting ; prefers to be addressed as Mr. Chairman ; energetic, capable and above all vitally concerned with the future of the Union ; often regrets the labels ; a delightful personality. Project of the moment is to bridge the gulf between the Union and "over the road." Believes in freedom of speech and honest dealing.

P. B. SUGARMAN, Senior Vice-President of Leeds University Union. 1941-2. In his Final Year at the Dental School. Came up in 1936.

Past activities :

Dental Students' Society, Assistant Secretary 1937-8, Secretary 1938-9.

Medical Magazine Committee 1938-40.

Dental Representative Council, 1939-42. President 1940-41.

Union Committee 1940-42.

Finance Sub-Committee 1940-41.

Present duties : Ex-officio members of Executive Committee ; Catering Committee ; House Committee ; Advisory Committee ; O.S.A.

Has represented Leeds at N.U.S. July Council.

Interests, etc. : Born in Bradford, lives in Beech Grove Terrace, fond of dancing. A most conscientious Vice-President.

*" Nowhere so busy a man as he there was
And yet he seemed busier than he was."*

DOROTHY HOWITT, Junior Vice-President of Leeds University Union 1941-42. Faculty of Arts 1937-41. Now in the Education Department.

Past activities :

Oxley Hall 1937-42. Secretary 1938-40. Vice-President 1940-41.
Union Committee 1940-42. Secretary W.R.C. 1940-1. Catering Committee, Secretary 1940-1.
Debates Committee 1941-42. Chairman 1940-41. Secretary 1941-2.
Societies : Dramatic, Committee 1940-42. Annual Production 1938.
Church of England, Committee 1938-39.
Art, Committee, 1939-41.
Socialist Society, 1941-2.

Has represented Leeds at : N.U.S. Congress, 1941, Debates at Nottingham, Liverpool and Sheffield.

Present duties as Junior Vice-President : Ex-officio member of the Executive Committee ; N.U.S. ; House. Secretary Debates Committee.

Interests, etc. : Comes from Carlisle ; dignity and experience ; fishing ; infinite capacity for jobs ; prefers the rustic life.

F. E. HARTLEY. Hon. Secretary to the Union 1941-2. In his Final Year at the Dental School. Came up in 1937.

Past activities :

Dental Students' Society 1938-41.
Dental Representative Council 1938-42. President 1941-42.
Medical Rugger Club—has played in about 40 1st XV matches.
Medical Cricket Club—1st XI 1941.
Table Tennis Champion of Dental School since 1939.

Present duties as Secretary to the Union :

Secretary to the Union Committee.
Secretary to the Executive Committee.
Ex-officio member of the following committees : Finance, General Athletics, Overseas, Students' House, Catering, Advisory.

Interests, etc. : Comes from Castleford, Yorkshire ; exams. ; sport ; lives in Beech Grove Terrace ; energetic President of the D.R.C. Calm and efficient in his secretarial duties.

R. B. BOOTH, General Athletics Secretary 1941-42. Now in his Final Year at the Dental School. Came up in 1938.

Past activities :

Gym. Club, 1938.
Fencing Club, 1st Team 1938, Colours 1938-41. Secretary 1939. Vice-Captain 1940.
Captain 1941.
Medical Cricket Club. 1st XI 1939-40. Vice-Captain 1941.
Dental Hospital Cricket Club Captain 1941.
Dental Students' Society 1939.
Dental Representative Council 1941.

Present duties : Member of the Union Committee ; ex-officio Secretary of the G.A.C. Ex-officio on Finance Committee; on "Gryphon" Committee ; on Athletics Grounds Committee of Council ; on Committee of Physical Training ; on Executive Committee.

Interests, etc. : Another Yorkshireman. Reticent manner belies his prowess at games and bureaucratic talents.

ELSIE M. LOWES, Hon. Student Treasurer 1941-42. Arts Faculty 1938-41. Now taking a Teaching Certificate.

Past activities : Societies—English, Socialist, International, Art, Dramatic. Business Manager of the "Gryphon" 1941-42. Weetwood Hall 1938-41. Women's Hockey Club 1938-42—Committee Member ; Club Colours 1939-40 ; Treasurer 1941-2.

Present duties : Holder of an Open Seat on the Union Committee 1941-2. Student Treasurer and Secretary of the Finance Committee. Ex-officio Member of Executive Committee, Advisory Committee, House Committee, Catering Committee. Business Manager, "Gryphon" Committee.

Interests, etc. : Comes from Cumberland ; tact and a gentle manner much appreciated by colleagues ; ballet ; colours ; people.

MARGARET KEIGHLEY (née Gaskill), B.A., Hons. English 1938-41. Now taking a Diploma in Education. Editor of the "Gryphon" 1941-42.

Past activities : English Society 1938-41.
Church of England Society 1938-9.
Dramatic Society 1938-9.
Arts Society 1940-41.
Socialist Society 1941-
Education Society 1941-
"Gryphon" Committee 1939-41. Sub-Editor 1941.

Present duties : To supervise the "Gryphon" with the help of the "Gryphon" Sub-Committee. To write the "Editorial" and "Notes and Comments." Ex-officio member of the Union Committee.

Interests, etc. : Prefers the narrow and deep to the broad and shallow ; R.A.F. ; English Literature ; Psychology. Comes from Shipley.

A. CLARKSON, Hon. Secretary of the House Sub-Committee of the Union, 1941-2. B.A. Hons. Economics.

Past activities : Secretary Devonshire Hall Common-Room 1939-
Industrial Committee.
Economics Society Committee.
Socialist Society, Secretary 1940-41.

Present duties : Responsible for the work of the House Sub-Committee which is to supervise the upkeep, repairs, etc., of the Union Building, wages of employees, etc. Holder of an Open Seat on the Union Committee.

Interests, etc. : The Proletariat ; dignified and kindly ; inconspicuous and reliable.

THE "GRYPHON" STAFF 1941-2

Editor : Mrs. H. Keighley, B.A.

Staff Advisors : K. Muir, M.A.

Sub-Editors : Miss M. Thwaites.
Mr. C. Barbier.

W. R. Childe, M.A.

O.S.A. Editor : F. Beckwith, M.A.

Business Manager : Miss E. Lowes.

O.S.A. Business Representative :

Dr. R. B. Zachary.

Co-opted Members : Miss E. Cooper.

Mr. S. Sharp.
Mr. D. Mitchell, B.A.
Miss B. Thacker.
Miss E. Allison.

Ex-Officio :

The President of the Union.
The Secretary of the Union.
The General Athletics Secretary.
An S.R.C. Representative.

Hon. Treasurer : W. R. Grist, B.Sc.

We apologize for the omission of the name of Dr. Zachary from our last issue.



" A Society is formed when one person with a bee in his bonnet collects more bees and they all start to buzz."—*Prominent Professor.*

* * *

DECEMBER *Gryphon*, 1919 :

" We wish to tender our hearty thanks for criticisms ; while at the same time we must point out that the excellence or otherwise of the Magazine reflects upon every member of the University." The duty of the Editor and Committee is to select the best contributions for publication."

* * *

TO-DAY'S FAIRY TALE.

It is reported that a student came out of an exam. last June and did not announce to the world that he had scored a third or " pipped."

* * *

" Frightful as the war is, in itself, what seems to me still more horrible is the fact that its pressure has never helped to make man more recognisable, to thrust him, the individual and the mass, face to face with God, as was in former times the power of great distresses. On the level which has been formed since then, the level on which the newspapers have learnt how to give a conscienceless verbal cross-section of all events (a mob in which the secondhand and the conjectural stand side by side with the most incalculable): on this level a perpetual equalisation of all tensions is produced, and humanity is trained to go on accepting a world of news in place of realities which no-one any longer has the time and composure to let grow great and heavy within himself."

—*Rainer Maria Rilke, August, 1915.*

* * *

" IS THIS THE ' BRAVE NEW WORLD ' " ?

" In Russia, there is absolutely NO discrimination between the sexes." (! !)

(*Fitzpatrick Travel Film.*)

* * *

A.R.P. FORM.

To be filled in by the retired and unemployed (this includes students).

England Expects . . .

It all began when my father said—somewhat casually, I thought—"We shall be needing you outside this vac., Babe." Such simple words to usher in three months of hope and disappointment, of achievement and failure, of grinding physical toil and glorious sunlit freedom. Yet, on the whole, haytime was dull. The sunshine flooded down, the grass was cut, piked and led with never a moment's anxiety, never a moment's excitement. I was jolted and shaken, first on the tractor, then on the horse-rake. Last summer to drive the tractor, to feel the eager, urgent power tremble beneath the leash of my oil begrimed fingers, was all sufficing: this summer it was a bore. I groped my way home with the last load of the day along the river-bank, while the water lay asleep, a lithe serpent, gliding sinuously, darkened by the black shadows under the willows, which serve as gracious guides on the long curving sweep down the valley. I stood on the weir, clinging to the wheel, while at my feet the malevolent black river twenty feet deep coiled and hurled itself down to crash in swirling foam on the boulders below. The mill-race roared behind me, and the ice-cold water clutching at my ankles, strove to drag me down. I lay on a half-finished stack, staring upwards, while the dust-caked sweat dried on me and the sequins shimmered in the black velvet gown of Lady Night and her diaphanous wraps floated about my very face.

I worked side by side with an ancient tramp of indeterminate sex—I think it was a woman, once—but no uncertain smell. It had piggy little bloodshot eyes, glaring malevolently forth from puffed and sallow cheeks, though the skin hung loose on the throat coarse and raddled with filth. This dazzling vision of loveliness affirmed that world troubles were due, not to "Mr. 'Itler, bless 'im, but to that there German 'Ouse of Lords." It had skinny brown hands with curving claw-like talons, so I acquiesced. Then a thunderstorm laid the barley and we had to mow it. Johnny went ahead, swinging his scythe, and I followed, binding into sheaves. Soon the two of us were folded away in an intimate golden world of swishing stalks, a world which knew nor place nor time, and language was unnecessary, where Ruth stood in tears amid the alien corn. I could feel the drag of skirts at my ankles and the hair high-piled on my head. I learnt to stack—an intricate process—and swaggered about the stack-yard like any Matador until one dark night my oat stack slipped nearly two feet and had to be propped. And once—just once—I over-loaded Bonny. When I slithered down the rope and saw what a load I had put on her, I almost went back to take the top off, but it was a last load and I and my forkers were tired. I rested her at the bottom of the hill, that sudden, wickedly sharp pull up a sunken track from which there is no turning aside. Then we tried to rush the slope, but half way up she stopped, though she stood her ground, straining and trembling, digging her toes in. I thought of the unborn foal and my heart died. Flinging my whole weight on the bit I pleaded desperately: "Come on, my darling, my beautiful! Come on! Come on!" She plunged forward and fell on her knees. I was so sure that all was lost that I could see the cart going over, the load crushing her, and the shafts breaking and burying themselves in her chestnut side. I could hear my father saying: "To over-loaden our Bonny! And her in foal!" . . . and then . . . and then . . . the muscles in her wonderful chest knotted, and we were there. I laid my cheek on her sweating neck, and cried.

MARGARET THWAITES.

"MILD tho' no eulogy can be too strong"
Say smokers—asked opinion of TOM LONG

Politicians Not Wanted

FROSCH (*Sings*) :—" *The dear old Roman Empire
How does it hold together?* "

BRANDES :—" *A lousy song ! What the hell ! A political song !*
GOETHE (*Faust, Part I*).

A few months ago, as conscientious readers of this magazine may remember, I ventured to parody some major themes from the political symphony that has been blaring its way through the "Gryphon" pages ever since within living memory. At that time I entertained the strange idea that a university magazine had a higher function to perform than that of a thin echo of the leader column of a penny daily. Another equally strange illusion of mine was that somewhere in every human bosom, even in those of the self-important dullards I was satirising, there was a latent spark of humour which would give warning when the bounds of commonsense had been overstepped. On both these points, fellow students, I was utterly and completely wrong.

Apparently all that the acute minds of our would-be Lenins could make of my efforts was that they represented a somewhat unorthodox line of competition from a rival establishment across the way. At any rate, the only reply which was forthcoming was a huge dose of further "enlightenment" for which a volley of personal abuse was a very inadequate cover. I forbore to put this clumsy farrago, first because I did not wish to subject readers to an arid and protracted controversy which could not fail to bore them in the long run, and secondly, because I hoped that, with the departure from our midst of Pompous Fusspot No. 1 the nuisance would abate of itself.

However, in the current issue of *our* magazine (and I use the possessive pronoun deliberately, for the benefit of those among you who think that you have to produce a party membership card to get a show in the "Gryphon") the following literary feast is spread before us :—

- (1) Some more variations on the "Song of India."
- (2) A further instalment of "Daily Workers Leaders You Might Never Have Read."
- (3) A review of the agricultural situation which (quoting "Notes and Comments") "treats the . . . problem from an interesting angle."
- (4) An editorial in which the inoffensive student who minds his own business and does not presume to meddle with his neighbour, is ceremoniously guillotined, while the "thinker," i.e., the domineering political lapel-grabber, is exalted into a judge and ruler of mankind.
- (5) Some tendentious dust-cover "blurbs" masquerading as book reviews.

In addition to the above, it has been found necessary to advertise the activities of six profoundly uninteresting nobodies who called on an M.P. and, it seems, assailed him from all sides with "got-up" leading questions. In these circumstances, is it surprising that the latter is represented as agreeing with everything they chose to say? Finally, as if this surfeit of what we call "educational" matter were not enough, a challenge is issued, in the "Notes and Comments," to the opposite members of the Right to come along and shout it out, the benefits of sun and wind to be shared equally by both sides. We may well ask where we, the non-political majority of "Gryphon" subscribers, come in on this proposed ideological tournament.

Before I proceed any further, let me make clear the grounds on which I oppose these sustained attempts to make us all politics-conscious. I am not concerned with whether the idealisms in question are in themselves false or true; what does disturb

me deeply is the fact that any ideal, no matter how honest or noble it was originally, always becomes false in the hands of these people. Whether we fall for the trade-patter of these intellectual cheapjacks or not, however, some of their stock-in-trade fails to impress us even in the most casual examination. We cannot accept unreservedly the editorial thesis that it is the function of the individual to be of value to the community—we want a definition of community first, one which would make it clear that what is meant is not the soulless state ant-hill of the Nazi but a healthy living organism.

It seems to me that the main point of difference between myself and the posturing smart-allicks in our midst, is that I still draw the old-fashioned distinction between practical means and ideal ends. I believe that it is in the Divine Scheme that everyone should give according to his capacities and receive according to his needs. Ask our friends, however, for a similar declaration of principle and you will get an obscure party shibboleth dangled before you like a carrot to entice you into their polling-booths. This masterly dialectic dismisses as beneath its purview aberrations of the human personality as toleration, humour, the unprejudiced outlook, rational sympathy for all in God's image. Looking through the pages of the "Gryphon," the "University Forwards," and similar publications, one is tempted to call this the silly-clever age.

Since the politician is always prepared to sacrifice the higher spiritual values in favour of shallow opportunism, it is not surprising to discover that truth, as an abstract and impartial principle, with no immediate usefulness, is a concept that appears to him meaningless and unrealistic. His aim is to persuade, lure or trick us into thinking on lines he suggests—the technique by which he sets about achieving this end is interesting because it shows that the dexterities of the card-sharper profession are not necessarily limited to the physical sphere. One cannot but admire the virtuosity with which it first works upon our minds with emotionally coloured words (e.g., a successful business man = a capitalist, a highly educated man with a critical turn of mind = an "academic") and then by skilful manipulation of selected fact and glamorous metaphor, makes our inferences for us, and ties up our conclusions in neat and symmetrical parcels. For an example of this technique in operation, I advise you to listen every night to Hamburg or Deutschlandsender—or better still, look up the effusions of Pompous Fusspot and others in pre-June 22nd numbers of the "Gryphon." The underlying assumption, of course, is that we are not on the mental level of yokels at a fair, dazzled by the prospect of acquiring a gold watch on the cheap, that really ticks and swings on the end of a chain; is it not written that in the land of nitwits the one smart man is king—or dictator? But the whole subject of the stupidity of mankind and the methods of turning it to political profit has already been so exhaustively dealt with in "Mein Kampf," that there is no need for me to dwell on it here. For clarity's sake, however, I wish that our friends would come out from beneath their barrage of specious talk about the importance of the community, the necessity of political education, and beneficent state supervision of industrial and social undertakings, and face the logical consequences of the view of human nature implicit in their propaganda, namely, denial of absolute criteria, and of spiritual values, and rule by force and fraud. In a word, blinkered state totalitarianism quite on the Nazi pattern.

As far as the future status and dignity of this magazine are concerned, considerations which were the primary motives of this article, I feel I cannot do better than conclude with the engaging device of block-letter slogans, and lashings of exclamation. Will all those interested join me in shouting

WE WANT A PEOPLE'S "GRYPHON" !

D. R. MITCHELL.



UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE,
C.P. BARBIER,
1941.

Society Notes

UNION DEBATING SOCIETY.

Few people will disagree that the Union Debating Society should be the greatest force for the exchange of opinion and moulding of judgment among the students of the University. If we are not to become a body of mass produced "yes-men" we must have some stimulation of independent thought and reasoning.

The Debates Committee, who strive to provide subjects to suit all tastes and interests, not only ask for your sympathy, but your active support. If the subjects do not appeal to you, make suggestions to the Committee for new ones. Above all, do not stay away. Be unselfish. We cannot know all our tastes.

Every member of the Union is automatically a member of the Debating Society. Let YOUR ENERGY and YOUR SUPPORT help to bring new life to the Society.

DOROTHY HOWITT, *Hon. Secretary.*

SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

This Society is very active this term and already has a very full and interesting programme.

A popular feature is the "Brains Trust" run on similar lines to its namesake on the radio. The idea is to ask lecturers to come in and answer any questions either general or political. It takes place every Monday during the lunch-hour.

They are also organising a series of educational lectures—the first one to be given by D. H. Lewis on "The Meaning of Socialism." Already they have visited the Soviet play "Distant Point" at the Unity Theatre—to which they are affiliated.

One of their chief aims at the moment is to seek co-operation with other societies—e.g., the S.C.M.—on modern problems, especially those raised by the war. In connection with this Mr. Maxwell of the S.C.M. Industrial Section, will speak on "Problems in Industry." An occasion to bear in mind is the speech by D. N. Pritt, President of the U.L.F., who is speaking in November.

Athletic Notes

BOAT CLUB.

An apology must be made for the absence of Boat Club Notes from the last issue of "The Gryphon." In spite of this fact, we have had a very large number of Freshers and others down at the Boat House this term, but there is still room for more.

There has been a grand turn-up of veteran members, as coaches, and our official coach, Major Spence, has once again been encouraging everyone with his wise words, on the art of rowing.

Last term the club had a really good season. The 1st IV remained unbeaten, also winning the Wootton Cup from Glasgow University and becoming Christie Champions by beating Manchester University. In all, there were five crews representing the 'Varsity, and out of 22 races 16 were won.

We have every hope that this term we shall be able to organise some Inter Faculty Races, and the crews representing their various Faculties will be mainly picked from Freshers, so come on Engineers, Science, Agrics., Leather and Medics., we want at least one crew from each!

Also this term there will be the Handicap Sculling Competition for the Wheeler Cup. This competition is open to all members, and should provide good sport both to competitors and onlookers.

It is hoped that the Inter Faculty and Wheeler Cup races will be held some time towards the end of November on the same Saturday as the Boat Club Dinner. G. I. ISAACS (*Hon. Sec.*)

CYCLING CLUB.

The first run of the Session, despite a poor turn out of members and bad weather, was quite a good opening for the club year. This was a day run, but it is hoped that a week-end run to Malham Youth Hostel will be arranged before this goes into print; this is one of the most modern Youth Hostels in the country and should be visited by everyone interested in the Y.H.A.

Y.H.A. enthusiasts will be interested to note that the latest list of "Hostels open" is put up on the Club Notice Board every month. G.S.P., *Hon. Sec.*

Greetings to the Medical Students of Leningrad

Last week the Students' Representative Council of Leeds Medical School handed to the Soviet Embassy an illuminated message to their fellow medicals—in Leningrad.

M. Kraensky received the message and expressed his thanks to all those who had compiled it. Then, speaking calmly, without emotion, he told of the sufferings and heroism of these Russian medical students.

The battle was for life and death now, the freedom of the peoples of all countries was at stake, he said. Many of the medical students in Leningrad were serving as doctors with the Red Army. But they were not mere doctors, for there were no non-combatants in this struggle. They tended the wounded with rifles in their hands and when the Panzers surged forward the student doctors fought shoulder to shoulder with the men of the Red Army. For the rest of the students the main task was to complete their studies ; to work all day in lecture room and clinic. But when evening came they laid aside their text books for hand grenades and petrol bombs and went forward into the front line.

Hearing what the Russian students are doing we must realize that this is a time not for words but for action by all freedom-loving people. For the front where they are dying guards not only Leningrad, but also London and Leeds. How many of us must feel as I feel, that we have a grave responsibility to master our academic work and to do our best in military training, first-aid, and all other spheres where we can be useful.

In the East victory and defeat hang in the balance and we must face the hard fact that this balance can only be tipped in our favour by a blow struck now, here in the West, by Britain. Let us play our part so that this decisive blow can speedily be delivered.

D. H. LEWIS.

ON OMAR

Turn then the delicate page
With the thin pointed script
And the faint air
Of cedarwood.

Look ! A sweet, dead anemone,
Coffee-coloured,
Flat,
Slipped there by idle fingers in a Spring
Dead as its flower.

O lovely book of specious whisperings
Beguiling all reality with dreams.
O come with old Khayyam
Dream in the soft insistent melancholy ;
Gaze on the flowering colours in the wine ;
In vino veritas ; sweet, sweet

O scented song !
Remote from very life,
Luxurious monstrosity !
Exquisite freak !
Incongruous in the strife.

" The rose that once has blown for ever dies."
Truth in a lax philosophy
Given by a liar ?
And yet the foolish tears spring in my eyes.

IDES.

Hostel Notes

WEETWOOD HALL.

Weetwood this term seemed very strange at first because so many Senior Members have been sent out of Hostel. We welcome the large body of Freshers who take their places, and wish them every success in their University careers.

Plans are already afoot for providing amusement for winter evenings in hostel. The Entertainments Secretary and her assistants have drawn up a very fine programme. The first play-reading was well attended and very much appreciated.

In an effort to co-operate with the University Debating Society, students interested in debating have been encouraged by the formation of a hostel discussion group. Meetings are quite informal so that eloquence and brilliance are not demanded, and they precede the more formidable gatherings in the Union. Keen debaters are thus given an excellent chance to set forth their opinions and clarify their ideas before braving a more exacting audience at University. The idea seems popular, and should give us some very interesting evenings in Weetwood. J.K.

H.O.R.

At the beginning of our third year under war-time conditions H.O.R. can still proclaim the well-worn slogan "Business as usual," and though we extend a welcome to fewer Freshers than usual we have great hopes that this year will be in every way as successful as past years. With the support of enthusiasts of both games, Rugger and Soccer teams have been formed again, though up to the present aspirations have somewhat outstripped results; even the increased demands of U.T.C. have not proved an insuperable barrier to this aspect of hostel life.

Meanwhile the mention of Carol Night already causes the Precentor to assume a thoughtful aspect . . . "noises off" testifying to the fact that rehearsals are already in progress—the outcome of which we await with great interest. B. HOPPER, *Senior Student, H.O.R*

OXLEY HALL.

Welcome to this new session which—though it may have difficulties in store—is so far running most smoothly! All night watchers and fire squads are active, but our wartime knitters are less in evidence now (because of coupon difficulties, no doubt). We aim at retaining our entertainments in Hall; a successful games party has already been held, and a tea dance is being planned for November 8th.

Welcome to our host of Freshers who have already fallen into line! We rejoice in the varied interests they show in University affairs and hope that they will in time bring distinction to our name. We even boast ourselves unique in having an engineering Fresher.

Welcome to the Old Students who come back to see us occasionally! Several have already been, and we expect to see others in the course of the term.

Welcome, finally, to our increased feline population! They are proving good mousers. N.W.

* * *

At the last of the light that was clean with the love everliving
Which awakened at first to thee;
In the watch of the death that is quick, the immortal thanksgiving
Two shall be three.

For the man in his flesh, my unloved, my dull longing
Is to join with the hopes that are free in a glad third thronging

There in the heights, the dreamt hills' aspect hiding
Awakening shall mean
But a stirring in rest, but the cloudy soul's rising
Love-borne to thee, the queen.

RUTH.

On reading "The End of it all" by Francis Thompson

Let us destroy !
That is the goal,
The brilliant terrible vision
Of the young Adam.

Let us destroy !
Behold the lurid flickering flames of death
Which dance upon the wracked and twilight world
Rolling upon the edge of the Inferno.

Let us destroy !
That is the thunderous cry
Of the world race. So screams the individual,
The wry, fantastic moth
Twisting and twirling in the magnet flame
Of naked instinct.

Let us destroy !
O triumph of despair.
They whom we designated gentle, wise
Frail lovely guardians against denial
Of God's eternity,
Spirits of a potential paradise
They
Have cried aloud and held the very torch
That burnt away salvation.

IDES.

The Royal Road

Love is a high king and a mighty master :
Great is his law, but gentle as a child ;
His yoke is sweet beyond all dreams and visions,
His way is perfect, pure and undefiled.

His way is through the pathless wildernesses,
Where dragons crouch amid the thorny wastes,
But when with radiant innocence he blesses
The desert, lo, each barren spine-bush hastes

To open into roses fresh with dew,
The fanged snakes crawl to kiss his shining feet,
The salty pools reflect the sudden blue,
A young wind blows divinely cool and sweet.

Love is a high king of a mighty master—
But, O, how gracious is his tranquil way !
Blesséd are they who follow in his footsteps
Into the realm of everlasting day.

C.R.

Her Name was Womanhood (Spenser's Faerie Queene)

Your hands are the hands of Mary, cradling a child in slumber,
Your hair the deep dark shadow of brooding, dream-locked pine woods,
Your eyes are unfathomable pools set high in a crystal mountain,
Your lips the desire of ages, and your breast eternity.

M.T.

The Poppy

I bend above the flower with outstretched hand
 Sudden arrested in my onward flight
 A daring scarlet banner makes me stand—
 A poppy I must pluck for my delight.

What ! shall she die to soothe my restless heart ?
 Her brilliance flaunted dares my hand to fall.
 Shall I uncheered, and she uncheering part ?
 Dare we not buy our joy with sorrow's pall ?

There is a surging force with agony blent—
 There is an urgent song strains to be sung.
 Craving expression 'ere my youth be spent,
 For youth is passing, yet I have no tongue.

Bend ! Bend ! then coward. Take the scarlet flower,
 But, no ! my hand seems strong yet I lack skill.
 Though I resign myself—" 'tis not the hour ! "
 The flame-inspired poppy tortures still !

STORM.

Black Eyes

They follow as I move :
 They meet me as I turn.
 And when I smile they smilingly reply.
 Each time I err, with suffering they reprove.
 For me with passion burn,
 And if I go, they die.

M.T.

LECTURE

MISS PHYLLIS BENTLEY

will speak on

"AMERICA TO-DAY"

On NOVEMBER 18th at 4-30 p.m.
 in the WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM

ECONOMICS SOCIETY—All members of the Union invited.

Wer-Wolf

The moon shone, high, bright and serene over Yorkshire. It lighted the lonely moorlands where a few sheep, their bearded faces and long curling horns just visible above the bracken, wandered eternally, like the Jew. It strove to penetrate the smoke and grimy fog that hovered above the woollen-manufacturing towns, and fell on the interminable roofs of long rows of houses, which rose above the black shadows of the streets as the gaunt backbones of hungry whales might rise above the sea. It sailed above the square Norman towers of innumerable straggling villages, each of which resembled some old, abandoned settlement.

There was one particular village which lay a mile from the main highway and was connected with civilisation only by a narrow second-class road. To a casual observer this road seemed to end in the yard of the most outlying farm, and a notice some quarter of a mile up the village informed the world that there was no point in following it further. But those who knew ignored officialdom, and went on through the yard, down a narrow green lane, which deteriorated into a cart track and then into a mere path, winding its way across the fields to a lonely farm.

Every evening the farmer's daughter, who worked in an office in town, travelled this lonely track. Like all country people brought up far from street lighting, she had no fear of the dark; would never have dreamed of asking to be met. So she came, alone; her shadow falling before her, walking steadily but without haste down the narrow green lane, where the Deadly Nightshade gleamed in the moonbeams, and lithe stoats slid from the approach of human feet. Turning a corner, she saw someone standing in the grass. This someone apparently had nothing to do but stand and stare into the deep blackness of the wood, into which the path disappeared. Country people stand and stare only at strangers, or at crops. For a moment the girl's heart hesitated. As she approached, the stranger—a woman—stepped into the lane.

"Excuse me, but can you help me? I believe I am lost."

"If you like to come with me, I can show you a path that leads straight on to the main road and there you can get a bus. They run every half-hour up to eleven o'clock."

"Thank you!"

Together they tramped on in silence.

"How come you stayed down here so late?"

The stranger pondered the question. "Oh! I don't really know. I thought I would like to see the flowers and birds go to bed, and then before I realised the time, it grew dark."

"Well, you're lucky I came. I'm the only person likely to be about here so late, except on Saturdays, when the farm lads go to town. And I shan't be about much longer, because just as soon as I get a rise I shall get digs in town."

"Are'nt you afraid to come down here at night?"

"Good Lord, no! I'm used to the dark. Besides, you didn't seem to be afraid."

"I am never afraid."

"Well, we'll soon be there now. There's a path branches off just round this corner and that's where we part company."

"Really?" said the woman. "Cigarette?" She whipped out a case and snapped it open.

"No, thank you. I don't smoke."

"Indeed! . . . In these days! . . . Mind if I do?"

"Not at all! Go ahead!"

The woman put a cigarette between her lips and stopped to light it.

"You go on," she urged. "I'll catch up."

The girl walked on. Before she had gone three paces, she heard breath panting. She turned her head quickly, but a long arm whipped round her neck. A hand gripped her throat and another covered her mouth. A knee drove into the small of her back and as she fell a knife flashed before her eyes in a long, cruel, curving thrust. Once! Twice! Thrice, silver in the moonbeams!

The woman's face was twisted in a maniacal mask; the eyes were mere slits in which the pupils gleamed cat-green with the cold hard light of madness; the corners of the mouth were drawn upward in a hideous ravening grin, and the lips dripped saliva. The woman bent over the body, laughing softly. Dabbling her hands in the hot blood she laughed softly. In the quiet peace of the moonlit fields the sound rose, bubbling, so that the birds stirred in their nests. A black shadow glided swiftly and silently among the trees. The woman, leaving behind her a twisted heap, which was once full of the vigour of youth and the promise of life, made her way with unhesitating step through the pathless wood.

The moon sailed on, high, bright and clear, shining serenely over Yorkshire.

M.T.

* * *

DEATH OF A YOUNG COSSACK

"I'm used to something sweet," he said,
 "Raisins, fine ones . . . take them all!"
 And the ardent soul of Russian youth had stood
 Quivering in his eyes.

Proudly, joyously, senselessly, he rode,
 His upright, exhilarant body spent in one desire
 To give itself, glad sacrifice, in service of his land.
 With flashing sabre, madly racing horse,
 And a meaningless happy cry upon his lips.
 A child, he went; what did he know
 Of war and peace?

"Petya, wait for the infantry!"
 He laughed—superior to all
 In the wasted greatness of his moment.
 It passed—he fell—
 For an instant, Russia lay bleeding in the dust.
 As with careless hand, she tossed her gift of life aside,
 Making life more lovely.
 Eternity paused with uncovered head,
 "I am used to something sweet," he said.

FABIOLA.

I had spent the evening reading a book of travels in the Near East. I felt tired and conscious of a mass of thoughts which kept rearing its head up every now and then and interrupting my reading. In moments like these, I usually put down my book and examine the intruders. If I find they are worth while, I write them down, if they are not, I brush them aside. In either case, I find great relief in purging my mind of these interruptions.

So I put down my book. I knew that I was feeling homesick but I wanted to find out what I was exactly homesick about. Sometimes it is just the fact that one misses one's parents and one's family, a feeling which is perfectly natural since, having grown up together, one acquired a sense of intimacy with the rest of the family even though there may be differences of opinion and quarrels even.

No, it was not that.

I suddenly had a picture in my mind. It was of myself sitting on the verandah at home, in the early hours of the morning before the sun had become uncomfortably hot. I was looking at the mosque on the other side of the road, its white walls gleaming in the early sunshine, and I was gazing rather fixedly at the carving in stone over the doorway. Gradually my eyes moved up, past the delicate tracery of the minaret till they rested on the highest point standing clear against a blue sky. Curiously enough, a bird was perched there, and I thought with quiet amusement that it must make an excellent milestone for the birds, for I had never once looked up without seeing a crow sitting calmly there, its wings folded, and as immovable as if it were itself carved of stone. Besides, from that height the view must be rather beautiful, looking down on a white-walled town and on the gardens round the mosque where there were few flowers at that time of the year, but where the long, slender leaves of the palm trees glistened in the sun and cast a cool shade on the earth.

As if all this were a dream where events occur for no accountable reason, my mind switched away to another picture. It was now evening. The sun had set and night was falling quickly, as it always does in the East. The crow, or another of his kind, was still perched on the top of the minaret. The muezzin had called the people to prayer and the door of the mosque was now open, the lights inside revealing the white columns, the white and black pattern in the stone round the inside of the walls, and the bright colours of the Persian carpet on the floor. By now, the stars had come up, not one by one, but suddenly and simultaneously as if a cloak had been lifted from their faces.

I felt restless on a night such as this, for the noonday heat had died away with the setting of the sun, so I went for a drive in the car on to the desert road to Suez. The air had grown chilly, but it was peaceful and quiet and the light of the stars cast a faint luminousness on the road. I stopped at the side of the road and looked back at the twinkling lights of the town I had just left. The huge blocks of flats on the outskirts gave it an air of a miniature New York, and I could imagine the busy streets full of cars, the neon lights over the entrances of shops and cinemas, people walking down the streets, the newspaper boys rushing about, people sitting in cafes with the tables on the pavements as in France, sipping their coffee and reading the papers or discussing the political news—witty and politically-minded, one could be sure that the discussions would be amusing.

The book was slipping from my lap and I was no longer among the stars and the crispness of desert air, but in a study in England, sitting in a comfortable arm-chair before a warm fire. I felt then like the Silent Traveller, Chiang Lee, who was wont to put down the happy moments of his life.

It struck me then that I was remembering my own country in a land that was not my own. I was neither a stranger in it, nor was it a foreign country to me, since four years' stay had caused us both to lose our strangeness and foreignness. But one day, when I am back in my own home, I shall sit again on that same verandah, look at that same minaret and that same bird, and I shall think of another country. I shall remember a study, a comfortable arm-chair, a book on my lap, and a cosy fire, and again I shall remember some happy moments. I shall think of the beautiful colours of the Lake District at Easter-time, enjoyable in spite of pouring rain, of a small little house there among mountains which are not too big to make one feel infinitesimally small, and of a small stream flowing past the bottom of the garden. I shall think of Spring in the valley of the Wharfe where the banks of the river are velvety with green grass and masses of brightly-coloured flowers, and where young leaves are sprouting with new strength from their branches. I shall think of a Summer spent on a farm where, from a bedroom window, one could see men leading in the wheat which had glittered in the sunshine the week before, and had bent its head at the bidding of the slightest breeze. I shall think of the moors in Autumn and of a Winter in a Scotland covered with snow where a loch stretched calmly before my eyes and surrounded by hills looking like white-robed senators.

Happy moments, too, with one's friends, with the shopkeeper down the road, with the newspaperman with whom one earnestly discussed the weather or politics, forgetting all else except the fact that you both belonged to the same human race.

That night in the study, I came to a conclusion which I had known for a long time—human beings, from whatever part of the world they may come, are essentially the same. People point out differences in the habits of life, manner of thinking, language, temperament, but surely these are due to certain environmental factors and not to basic differences of human nature. It is the versatility and adaptability in man which makes him vary from one country to another.

As for friendships, they are as easily made in the East as in the West—perhaps more so in the East where, knowing you come from a different country, people are not surprised at your different customs. You are not criticised on account of them and can practise them as long as they are not injurious to anyone. Adātu : it is his custom—and that is all the remark that you will hear.

Wherever you are, a respect for the good qualities of a nation is an excellent passport for an appreciation of its people. Your kindness will be met with kindness but your harshness with hostility.

E. SAIGH.

* * *

PIGS

Saliva dripping from his jaws, he whirled
 Low snarling, savage, dangerous, his fierce lips curled
 Behind his fangs, bared in a hideous grin,
 His bristles up, his head down thrust.
 Sure sign of the ferocious mood that he was in.
 Why all this strife ?

She was fat.

Encased, enmeshed, ensnared in layers of fat,
 Voluptuously about her body it rolled.
 She had wallowed in filth till she was filth personified.
 Her snout was bleeding, where the angry dog
 Had bitten deep when she refused to drive. The blood
 Smeared her coarse raddled hide, calling to mind the blood
 Of her last litter, which she ate. The hog
 Stood between her and us. For her our vengeance braved.
 Yet she was nauseating, loathsome, foully fat.

She was his wife.

STORM.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY

Old Students Association

West Riding Branch Letter

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY,
THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

At a meeting held on Thursday, October 7th, it was decided that as so many people are busy with war work it would be better, instead of holding frequent meetings with very few people at each, to hold one meeting each term, and hope to get a large number of members together. The next meeting will, therefore, be a Christmas Party on Wednesday, December 3rd, at 5 p.m., in the O.S.A. Lounge, 38 University Road. Please make a note of this date as individual notices will not be sent out. Will each member please bring enough food for one person's tea?

New members and wives, husbands and friends of members will be welcome.

KATHLEEN M. MATTINSON.

News from Headquarters

CHRISTMAS FUNCTION, SATURDAY, 20th DECEMBER.

Our one big annual re-union has been fixed for Saturday, 20th December. As in the past two years it will take the form of a LUNCHEON in the Refectory at 12-45 p.m. No tickets will be printed. Please pay at the door as you come in. PRICE not yet fixed, but not more than 3/6.

We hope to have as guests the Vice-Chancellor, Emeritus Professor and Mrs. Hamilton Thompson, and the President of the Union.

The Annual General Meeting will be held in the O.S.A. Room in the Union Building after the luncheon. Business will be despatched as quickly as possible to allow time for members to gossip with their friends.

Acceptances.

Will members who intend to be present at the luncheon kindly send a post-card (or telephone 20251) not later than MONDAY, 15th DECEMBER, to the Honorary Secretaries, L.U.O.S.A., The University, Leeds 2.

Insurance Department.

Members who are contemplating taking out an insurance policy are recommended to write, before committing themselves in any way, to the Insurance Department, L.U.O.S.A., The University, Leeds 2, for full details of an agreement which we have with one of the leading insurance companies whereby a considerable rebate on the first premium can be obtained by the member, while in subsequent years a small commission is received by the Association.

O.S.A. Lounge.

Recent enquiries from members of the Association show that it is not generally understood that the Lounge in the Union Building is available for their use daily. Tea and coffee, etc., may be obtained at any time of the day. Why not have your morning coffee and afternoon tea here? The key may be obtained from the Union Porter. Come and enjoy the amenities of this comfortable room which is provided for your especial use!

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

MARJORIE SLEDGE } *Joint Honorary*
A. E. FERGUSON, } *Secretaries.*

News of Interest to Old Students

BELLAMY.—Flight-Lieutenant D. H. Bellamy (Physics 1923-6) is the author of a new work just published by Messrs. Methuen (at 8/6) entitled "Experimental Physics." It is intended for sixth forms of schools and first year students in Universities. In November, 1940, Mr. Bellamy left his post as Physics Master at Normanton Grammar School to become Education Officer for South Yorkshire (R.A.F.V.R.) and he has now been posted to Lincolnshire.

STIRK.—S. D. Stirk, who was for a time a student in the Education Department, is the author of a book about to be published by Faber & Faber, entitled "The Prussian Spirit, a survey of German literature and politics 1914-40," the main thesis of which is that Hitlerism is a continuation of Prussianism.

SYKES.—Major Stanley Sykes is reported prisoner of war. He took his D.P.H. at Leeds in 1921, and with Dr. Lawrence carried out experiments in breathing with helium-oxygen mixture as an aid in cases of collapse after operations.

BIRTHS.

MCAULIFFE.—To Cpl. J. D. and Mrs. McAuliffe (formerly Joyce Wilson, Arts 1931-55) on 26th August, 1941, at Ilkley, a daughter, Margaret.

MCCANDLISH.—On September 14th, to Dr. D. J. and Mrs. McCandlish (formerly Dr. Mary K. Twist), of South Milford, Yorkshire, a daughter.

MURDIN.—On August 30th, 1941, at Peterborough, to Rev. F. Lawrence (History 1931-34) and Mrs. Murdin (formerly Elizabeth Adgie, English 1932-6), of Culworth Rectory, Banbury, a son, Richard Lawrence.

MARRIAGES.

ANDERSON-WALKER.—Matthew Anderson (Commerce 1936-39) to Joan Spencer Walker (Education 1937-41), on September 13th, 1941, at St. Michael's, Berechurch, Colchester.

MULLER-CUMBERLAND.—Sydney Muller (Gas Engineering 1935-38) to Madeleine Nora Cumberland, on August 23rd, 1941, at St. Matthew's Church, Leeds.

STUBBS-CLAPHAM.—Joseph Stubbs, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Botany 1933-38) to Phyllis Mary Clapham, B.Sc. (Botany-Zoology 1933-36, Edu. 1936-37) at Allerton Congregational Church, Bradford, on August 30th, 1941.

Note.—Dr. Stubbs is on the staff of the Department on Agriculture, Staff Treasurer of the Charity Rag 1940, 1941, Member of O.S.A. Committee, and O.S.A. representative on the House Committee.

KEIGHLEY-GASKILL.—Kenneth John David Keighley, 1, Wycliffe Road, Rodley, Leeds, to Margaret Gaskill, B.A. (Hons. Eng. 1938-41), on June 28th, 1941.

DEATHS.

GOTT.—I cannot think that in the University Magazine the notice of the death of Mrs. B. K. Gott on June 28th should be altogether limited to the brief mention in the record of the Council minutes. Of her disinterested contributions to civic life, it is for others to speak—of her tenure of office as Lady Mayoress, and as City Alderman, her membership of various Committees of the City Council, her promotion of the arts by all the means in her power, her numerous, timely and munificent gifts to the City, and, not least, her jealous regard for the good name of Leeds.

No-one better deserved the University's tribute of the degree of Doctor of Laws *honoris causa*, which was conferred upon her in 1934, for besides being a Life Member of the Court, she had made in her lifetime numerous and valuable gifts to the Library, for example, at a time when such gifts were doubly welcome and very necessary. Now by her will she has left a sum of £3,000 to institute a post-graduate scholarship to be named after her late husband, and has bequeathed some very valuable books to the Library. She was always ready to encourage the young, and not merely by good advice and kindly word. Those who had worked with her will, I am sure, not disagree with me when I confess that it was a great and unforgettable privilege to have known her, and that the memory of her will survive as a shining example of that generation which was taught to believe in those forgotten virtues "sweetness and light." For she was a very gracious lady, representative, one fears, of a kind and a phase of English provincial society which has, to England's loss, almost disappeared.

GREEN.—Professor Arthur George Green, F.R.S., formerly professor of Tinctorial Chemistry, died on September 12th at the age of seventy-seven. He was the son of W. J. Green, architect, and was educated at Lancing College, Sussex, and University College, London. He then entered business as chemist in the firms of Brooke, Simpson and Spiller, of London, and the Clayton Aniline Co., of Manchester, where he remained until 1901. He held many appointments in an advisory capacity, obtained many honours in his profession, and wrote a number of books and numerous articles in the scientific journals. But he will perhaps be longest remembered as the inventor of a number of new coal-tar colouring matters.

TAYLOR.—Mr. Eric Taylor was killed in September in an Atlantic ferry crash. He came up to the University from Cockburn High School and took first class honours in Mechanical Engineering in 1922. He entered the Royal Aircraft Establishment in 1926 and at the time of his death was principal technical officer.

ENGAGEMENTS.

WILKINSON-OLDROYD.—Sub-Lieutenant Basil G. Wilkinson, R.N.V.R., to Mabel Oldroyd (Botany and Geology 1933-36), on August 26th, at Thurso.

HAROLD MATTHEW MASON (Agriculture 1938- —) to JOAN PEASE, B.A. (Geography Hons.), London (1937-41).

Look out for the Staff Play

“POISON ON PRINCIPLE”

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on November 27th and 28th, 1941

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