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The Journal of the University of Leeds



November 1940

THIRD SERIES
Vol. 6 No. 2

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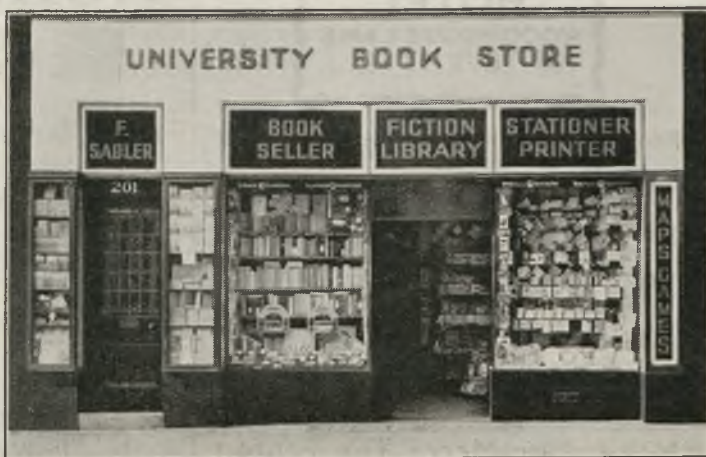
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The Gryphon

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

THE STUDENT AND THE UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS

"The Government has recently appealed to all University students to undertake military training at their University, and the establishment of the University Training Corps has been greatly increased for this purpose. Students in war-time are, to a certain extent, a privileged class of the nation's youth. Other young men between the ages of 18 and 20 are asked to give up their careers and to join Home Defence Battalions, and with the extension of military operations it is not improbable that this service will be made compulsory in the near future. All men between 20 and 25 years of age are now conscripted for some form of national service either in the fighting forces or in industry. Students are allowed to continue with their studies because it is the wish of the Government that they should do so, but the Government has now decided that in the national interest they should also receive basic military training. Every student should understand, therefore, that his duty to the country, and especially to all those other young men who are now training to fight the nation's enemies, compels him to join the ranks of the U.T.C."

WE make no apology for breaking the Editorial tradition by quoting and emphasising the above notice from the Adjutant of the Leeds University Training Corps. At a time like the present, there can be no nice political differences between young men of our generation which should be allowed to interfere with our fitting ourselves for a part which we may soon have to play. In the past, the intelligentsia have seen fit to jibe at the O.T.C.; their jibes were allowed to pass unnoticed by the members of the Corps, who knew exactly what they were worth. Now, however, the tone of the dissenters has changed. No longer is their predominant cry "No Militarism", rather does it tend to be "Our careers must not be interrupted". A University the size of the University of Leeds could and will support a Training Corps the size of a regiment. There must be no more of this bleating from junior medical students that "we shall be reserved by the time we are twenty". It is the obvious duty of every young man in the University who is not physically or morally disabled to try and assimilate the rudiments of military training and discipline; let us put an end to this dreadful inertia which is apparent in various places. To quote from the War Policy of the National Union of South African Students ". . . . when one's country is at war, according to the legal decision of Parliament, it is our duty and privilege to lend the fullest support". Our country is at war; we are in a privileged position; to borrow a phrase "GO TO IT!"

Notes and Comments

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

No Night Work

Although essentially a social centre, the Union has been blacked-out for nearly a year. As yet there has been no suggestion that any part of the Brotherton Library is going to be blacked-out—it will soon have to close at about 4.30 pm. The papering of the clocks was an example of pure escapism—it helped people to forget the early hour at which the Library closes.

Our Guests

We are pleased to welcome the preclinical medical students from the Middlesex Hospital Medical School. It must be rather a shock to be evacuated to the wilds of the West Riding, but they seem to be settling down rapidly. We understand that their material for anatomical dissection has been evacuated twice now—once to Bristol, and once to Leeds. Whoever is responsible for the journeyings of these "subjects" must be extremely relieved when they arrive at their destination.

Hauteur

Alone among the public institutions of this city, the University of Leeds still retains its identification marks—there are no less than five of them in University Road alone. Still, it is good to know that one is at home, and the U.T.C. can no doubt cope with any stray parachutists before they assault the H.Q. which is now so prominently signposted.

University Sermon

The Autumn Term University Sermon will be delivered at Emmanuel Church on Sunday November 17th at 11 am by the Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Ripon.

Distinguished Visitors

The Visitors Book, though not used as much as we could wish, was considerably enhanced on the occasion of the first Moynihan Lecture, when the University was honoured by the presence of H.R.H. The Princess Royal, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Harlech, the Honourable Dorothy Moynihan and her sister the Honourable Mrs Wynne Parry, the lecturer, Surgeon Rear Admiral Gordon Gordon-Taylor, and many notable members of the medical profession.

Union Committee

In spite of the valiant efforts of Mr Keidan, the first Union Committee Meeting dragged itself out over the usual five and a half hours. We were surprised at the poor attendance of members—at the first meeting of the session there were never more than twenty-five members present out of a possible thirty-four. Among those present were several passengers—it was their first meeting, so they shall remain anonymous for the time being, but this "silent column" will come in for a certain amount of criticism unless it takes a more active interest in the proceedings. We would urge ordinary members of the Union to avail themselves more frequently of the rule which permits them to attend these meetings; they need not stay to the bitter end, but they could soon see who was not pulling their weight.

Ladies Too

The facilities of the Union are to be extended to all members of H.M. Forces. This is a continuation of the move which was made last year when the Union was

thrown open to the B.E.F. We hope that "All Members" will be interpreted in its fullest sense to include A.T.S., W.A.A.F.s, F.A.N.Y.s, W.R.N.S., and any others whose initials we do not (yet) know.

Likker!

The Union is at long last in the process of becoming a registered club. Mr T. Haw's contours need now no longer be desecrated by bottle-shaped bulges in the manner he so plaintively described at the last A.G.M. when he put the resolution which set all this machinery in motion.

Rhythm

We understand that a Rhythm Club is in the process of formation. Meetings are to be held in the lunch hour, and will include "Jam Sessions" and no doubt lots of "Boogie Woogie". Some of the Union Pictures might well be used to decorate the walls of the meeting-place. Seriously, we wish the society every success—it will cater for many tastes quite outside the scope of the Music Society and the midday hop, which latter is at present the only opportunity the Union offers for hearing "swing" records.

The Gryphon

Will contributors please note the following points—

- (i) All contributions must be accompanied by the name of the sender, not necessarily for publication.
- (ii) Only one side of the paper must be used, and the writing must be reasonably legible. Otherwise the work of *The Gryphon* staff is trebled.
- (iii) In view of the recent reduction in size of the magazine, articles should be as concise as possible.
- (iv) The published "Last Day for Copy" **MEANS** the last day.

Union Notes

Rag Fund

Despite the restricted nature of the Rag last term, the results of the efforts of those who took part were good. Altogether the sum of £1,275 was available for allocation. This money has been allocated as follows—

Hospital for Women at Leeds	£200	0	0
Leeds Maternity Hospital	200	0	0
Leeds Public Dispensary	200	0	0
Leeds General Infirmary	500	0	0
Leeds Jewish Hospital	45	0	0
Lady Almoner's Fund	50	0	0
Red Cross	75	0	0
Northern Police Orphanage	5	0	0

Union

The Union now remains open until 7 pm, except on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. There was not sufficient demand for a later hour, but in the event of a Society Meeting or Social it will be possible for the Society concerned to continue the function until 10 pm. This term the small committee rooms have been blacked-out.

The Assistant Porter, Mr Day, joined H.M. Forces in the guise of A.A. on October 16th. We all wish him the best of luck in this new sphere of activity.

His departure has necessitated the appointment of a new porter, which position Mr W. J. Magee now occupies on one month's probation.

By-elections

There are three vacant seats on the Union Committee, two of them open seats and the other the representative of Men Day Students at home. All these vacancies should be filled by the time these notes are printed.

Union Ball

It was decided to hold the Union Ball on November 1st, and delegates are to be invited from other Universities. It has also been decided that, if the legal arrangements are completed, the first official bar shall be at the Union Ball.

Union Library

So far the use of the Library by students has been very slight. This was felt to be due to the scarcity of books, and it was therefore decided to allocate £30 for the purchase of books. It is hoped that this will result in more books being borrowed.

Facilities for H.M. Forces

All the facilities of the Union are to be opened to members of the Forces, and the charges for games at the Union are to be reduced by 50%. Moreover, units that would like fixtures with the clubs are to be asked to get in touch with the Secretary of the appropriate club.

It is hoped that Societies will co-operate by opening their meetings to members of the Forces.

Debating Society

The Debating Society has recovered from a bad legacy left from last year and is now functioning properly. All members of the Union are members of the Debating Society and all students should take this opportunity of developing their voices.

Extracts from Minutes of Union Committee Meeting, held Thursday October 10th.

Club Levies

It was decided that all club levies should be discontinued as from October 10th.

Cost-of-Living Bonus

It was decided that the principle of a cost-of-living bonus to be paid to employees of the Union should be approved and that details should be fixed when the University authorities have made their decision. In the case of a bonus being granted, it shall be retrospective to August 1st. Meanwhile, consultations should be continued with the University authorities.

Weetwood and Oxley

The question of the hour at which women students living in hostels had to be in was discussed, and it was decided that the President, the Woman Vice-President, and the Vice-President should make investigations and take steps to endeavour to secure permission for the Women's Hostels to be open as late as possible; that the reason for doing this is particularly to allow women to attend Society functions.

NORMAN B. BELSHAW
Honorary Secretary
Leeds University Union

The Boat Club Comes-of-Age

THIS Session one of the most progressive Clubs in the University grows up. The Boat Club started, as all these things do, in a small way in November 1919, when a few courageous people went over to Saltaire on the 15th to the headquarters of the Bradford A.R.C. and launched themselves forth in tub fours. Now, in 1940, after 21 years of steady progress, the Aire at Swillington Bridge, the headquarters of the L.U.B.C., is busy on Wednesdays and Saturdays with all descriptions of craft of our own from sculling boats to eights.

For the first year the Boat Club, under the presidency of Professor Barker, were given hospitality by the Bradford A.R.C., but in 1920 an old army hut was bought and erected on the banks of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal at Rodley, and, under the presidency of Professor Walter Garstang, Leeds University Boat Club started life on its own. For the next 16 years, still with Professor Garstang and then with Mr Wheeler at the helm, until 1937 when the old hut slowly began to disintegrate, it was the home of the Boat Club, and one of which old members of the Boat Club have many memories. Since October 1937 the home of the Boat Club has been moved to the other side of Leeds and now stands on the banks of the Aire at Swillington Bridge.

The Boat House, a palatial building, bears no comparison to the former one and comprises a boathouse, for fours and eights, and a changing room with showers and heat laid on. No longer does one plough through the puddles and mire of the canal bank in all types of weather; no longer can you get into the Boat House through some gaping void in its side; no longer does one wait for the rest of the crew before the old coke stove, shivering and cold; and no longer does one have to chase back to Rodley, wet through, unwashed, and in the dark. To-day, men may not appear to the old "stiffs" so tough, for there is now a bus service to the very door, there are showers, and all can wash in hot water before catching their bus home. Instead of the old coke stove there is a gas one, and now, instead of hauling in the tubs by lantern glow, electric light illuminates our path.

Nothing has been mentioned yet of the efficiency and standard of rowing of the Club. This has, under the untiring efforts of Mr Wightman and then of Doc. Spence, gone on from strength to strength. The Club also has made a name for itself on the Continent, for in 1925 the first crew was the first provincial University crew to travel abroad, and at Pavia, rowing on the Ticino, they came in second to Warsaw, beating both Zurich and Genoa; and again, in 1936, the first crew travelled to Denmark, but this time were not so successful.

It wasn't until 1925, still rowing in Clinker boats, that the Club began to shine in open regattas, and for the next three years, chiefly under the leadership of H. O. Andrews, L.U.B.C. went ahead and owned their first fine four, and still shone at regattas; but from then until the early thirties there was a slight relapse, and then, once more, the Club became conspicuous amongst the rowing clubs of the North, and has never lost the position created in 1935 when Leeds, for the only time in history, won the "Grand" at Durham.

Since 1936, when "Old Dunning" and company left us, a new régime has been in charge of the activities of the Club, one in which "Hodge" has played an important rôle; and it is during this latter period that so many additions have been made to the Boat Club. It is during this period that a new boat house has been erected, *Lucy Garstang* has given way to *Kate*, just as *Jezebel* gave way to *Lucy*. Two eights and two cutter skiffs have been added to the flotilla. *Kate* already has a tradition to her credit—after three years she has never been holed and she always

Continued on page 39



U.T.C. Orders

"Every cadet if possible will bring with him one large safety pin." In *our* day we held our stripes on with paper clips, and our trousers up with pull-throughs. Or is this just another secret weapon?

* * *

"Will . . . cadets . . . hand in their names . . . for subsequent *rendition* to H.Q." This is one of the purest examples of officialese since "pokers, iron, officers for the use of".

* * *

It is not so important to be serious as it is to be serious about the important things. The monkey wears an expression of seriousness which would do credit to any college student, but the monkey is serious because he itches.

President R. M. Hutching, University of Chicago

* * *

I can't help liking Rudolph Hess
Less and less and less and less.

* * *

An Economics class waiting impatiently in the Baines Wing recently for their lecturer suddenly saw in the doorway a lurking figure of what they took to be a student. With loud cries of "Go away, we don't want you", and other ribald remarks, the intruder was finally driven off, the look of pained surprise on his face only equalling that of the Economics class when they discovered that he was a University lecturer.

* * *

When one little rheumatism met another little rheumatism, said the former to the latter "C'mon, pal, let's get outa this joint".

* * *

Don't ask me to love the gaffer
Of the Luftwaffe.

* * *

For the benefit of Freshers who do not know their way about, the Riley Smith Hall is in the Union just above the *Gryphon* office.

"NO thanks! No other brand. I've **TOM LONG** here
To which grand smoke I faithfully adhere."

The National Union of Students

THE National Union of Students is again in a crisis. A special Union Committee is being convened to discuss the matter fully, and to avoid discussion whilst the matter is still *sub judice* only the bare facts of the case will be given in this report.

Some constitutional points must be borne in mind. Firstly, the Union is controlled by the Council, which is the representative body of all the constituent organisations; when it is not in session the affairs of the Union are carried on by the Executive, elected by and from the Council. The property of the Union is vested in not less than two Trustees; at present Messrs I. MacAdam, de Paula, and R. Nunn May. Mr MacAdam and Mr Nunn May are both past Presidents of the Union, and Mr Nunn May has for many years been permanent secretary. Council meets not less than three times a year, of which one meeting to be held in the autumn is the Annual Meeting. It is usual, but not specifically stated in the constitution, that one meeting of Council be held in each term—that is in November, February, and July.

In the session 1939-40 two ordinary meetings and two extraordinary meetings have been held, and it was arranged that the third meeting of the Council should be held in Hull during the week-end of July 6th-7th. A week before it was to take place, the venue was changed to Sheffield. Two days before it took place in Sheffield attempts were made to cancel it. They failed. Representatives from constituent organisations met in an hotel in Sheffield, and heard the steps leading up to the attempted cancellation.

It appeared that the Trustees had consulted by telephone, telegraph, and by word of mouth with certain members of the Executive, and they had together agreed that under the circumstances then prevailing it would be wiser and in the best interests of the Union if the Council were not held, and if the control of the Union were to be vested in the Trustees for the summer—until the Annual Meeting in the autumn. The reasons given were that there was a new secretary who had not completed a month's service with the Union; that members of the Executive would not have time at their disposal during the long vacation to devote to the affairs of the Union, and they would not be in town; that it was most undesirable to hold a Council meeting in any big town at the moment (*this was shortly after the collapse of France, when the invasion scare was at its height*) and that the Trustees were competent and responsible individuals, having been closely associated with N.U.S. since its inception.

The meeting at Sheffield called for the resignation of all members of the Executive who had been associated with the Trustees in their attempted "coup"; for the resignation of the Trustees themselves, and it discharged those members of the Staff who had assisted them.

The following are matters of fact, and require no discussion—

(i) The Trustees were quite outside their province in attempting to take over the control of the Union.

(ii) No constitutional meeting of the Executive was held to discuss the proposition of the Trustees, and the President was not informed until last.

(iii) The meeting at Sheffield was not a constitutional Council because the requisite notice had not been given and all constituent organisations had not been invited.

A special Union Committee Meeting is to be held to discuss the attitude of the Union to N.U.S. Discussion will centre upon whether or not the Trustees were justified, in the circumstances which at the time were very grave, in attempting

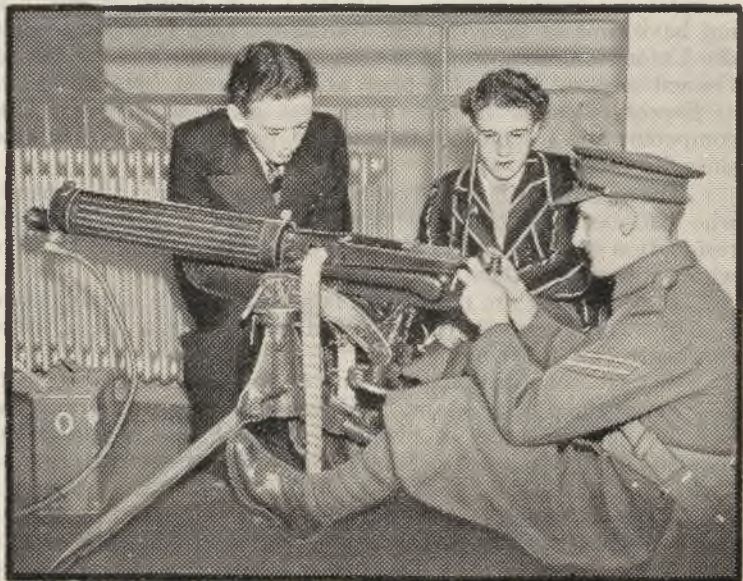
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Scenes at the Union, where the University Training Corps were recruiting members to the ranks of the U.T.C. at the beginning of the Christmas term. They aimed at a strength of 600, compared with a peace-time establishment of 120.

With acknowledgments to "The Daily Mail"

In spite of the apparent dreariness of the Car Park parades, there is a great deal of interest in the study of infantry weapons; the U.T.C. is also a good "keep fit" class.



With acknowledgments to "The Daily Mail"

FLOODLIGHT!

“On the Infirmary” and for the Medical Student

A SPOTLIGHT may serve a useful purpose, but its use neglects all background save that of blankness and tends to dazzle the operator with its glare. The author of the article “On the Infirmary” has suffered unduly from the defects of the method.

He is correct in stating that the position of the clinical medical students is the most outstanding anomaly in the University, but incorrect in his assumption that the Board of the Infirmary is entirely responsible for this state of affairs. The University of Leeds and the Infirmary gain much from their association, mutual prestige and status and the eminence of their Staffs, but the author is wrong in suggesting that the Infirmary receives financial support from the University. In the majority of teaching hospitals it is customary for the students to pay a hospital fee or for a portion of their fees to be paid to the hospital for the privilege of clinical facilities. This does not apply in Leeds. Students cost the Infirmary no small sum per annum. Their presence necessitates extra laundry, extra stationery, the wasting of much nursing time taken up in chaperoning during the examination of patients, time which would be more profitably spent in attending to the sick, of porters' time in attending to cases utilised for teaching, and the cost of caring for patients admitted mainly for teaching or examination purposes. The inference that the assistance given by the students in the routine clinical work of the hospital lessens labour costs is likewise unfortunate. It is well-recognised in the hospital world that a teaching hospital is compelled to carry much larger consulting, resident, nursing, and administrative staffs than a hospital of similar size and scope without teaching facilities. A non-teaching hospital comparable to the Infirmary could efficiently supervise an equivalent number of patients with the aid of a medical superintendent and ten residents, all well-paid, or considerably less than half the present resident staff and with no greater cost. There is also the patients' point of view. Whilst there are a few individuals who do not disapprove of their abdomens being utilised to warm the hands of the eager medico, the majority of patients abhor the presence of students. The Infirmary constantly receives complaints arising from the presence of students in the hospital, complaints which are detrimental to the prestige of the institution.

The Students' Common Room is certainly an anathema. In an old building it is difficult to provide a modern common room, but if one could be provided—does the conduct of the student body warrant the providing? A few years ago a very tastefully furnished common room was established in another portion of the Medical School; the furniture had been made by skilled craftsmen. Yet to-day the room is rapidly assuming the “Pentonvilleish” aspect of the Infirmary common room. Is this because the majority of students do not appreciate good furniture? I think not! It is because in every community there are a few thoughtless individuals—who are incapable of taking care of anything that is not personally owned by them—and a few others, who in moments of drunken revelry, destroy the work of years. Until the student body undertakes to control its own members, to take responsibility for the foolishness of the thoughtless members and to make just compensation for wilful damage, it cannot expect Hospital Boards, University Authorities, or individual members of the board or staff to view sympathetically their aspirations and creature comforts.

LEEDS LOINER

In the interests of topicality the article on Hostels has been held over.

The Tunnel

JOHN TRENTON walked briskly along the platform, selected an empty compartment at the rear of the train, and entered its dingy interior. He buttoned his overcoat more tightly, staring out at the cold misty morning. He never relished catching this early morning train—his only comfort being the morning paper, which was pretty cold comfort on a November morning. John was muttering hard words about heating on the British Railways as the train, somewhat jerkily, began to move. He gazed out through the dirty window at the deserted platform and station buildings. There was something dismal, something bleak—almost eerie—about a British suburban station. As the train moved slowly past the booking office, a man clattered across the platform, wrenched open the door, and stumbled into John's compartment.

"Close shave" he muttered, as he sat down facing John, and opened a newspaper.

John followed his example, and commenced reading his own paper. The front page was liberally splashed with head-lines of the latest developments in the tunnel murders. Gruesome accounts were given of how a mangled body had been found each day during the past week in a train tunnel. The police were unable to trace the culprit or culprits.

"Detective Inspector Kenway, who is in charge of the tunnels case, when interviewed to-day by our representative, said that he was expecting sensational developments during the next day or two."

John knew what all that meant. Nothing.

"Pretty grim business", said the stranger, suddenly folding his paper. John raised his eyes from the paper and watched the other as he lit a cigarette.

"Yes," continued the man, "might happen to anyone—to you or to me—we never know, do we?"

John wondered. No, he was not that type of man. He was wearing a bowler hat and brown shoes. Horrible, thought John. No murderer would ever wear brown shoes and a bowler.

The train was ploughing through the fog; the rhythmic tapping of the wheels over the rail-joints impressing itself monotonously on the ears. John knew every inch of the line, and he knew of Armington Tunnel about three miles ahead. He knew Armington Tunnel, for he often made a point of timing the train. It always took just three minutes to travel through the tunnel. He knew, too, the famous bend near the far end, and the little station of Armington just beyond—where the train always stopped, rather as if it wanted to regain its breath after the headlong plunge through the tunnel. John knew all this, looked at the stranger and found that he was watching John, suspiciously, and with a cold steel-like glint in his eye.

The train was gathering more speed. It could be but a minute from the tunnel mouth. John's muscles became taut. Perhaps it was wrong to let one's nerves play tricks like this—a perfect stranger—but

Both men were staring closely at each other as, with a crash, the train shot into the Stygian darkness of the tunnel. John counted the seconds, one, two, three his finger nails biting small white semi-circles in his palms. He took his weight off his feet, prepared for anything—ready to spring. Roaring through the black, screaming like something from hell let loose, the train thundered through the tunnel. Sprigg, the engine-driver, peered ahead, the lurid glow from the fire-box colouring his face a blood-red till he resembled some fiendish devil at the reins of an unleashed beast. Sprigg spat on to the footplate.

They had not reached the bend yet, for he could not see the small circle of light which was the far end of the tunnel. His hand was poised—poised to shut off the steam and bring the train to its stop. His eyes tried, in vain, to pierce the inky gloom, the glare of the fire reflecting itself on the clouds of dense smoke and steam which enveloped the engine. Sprigg coughed and spat again.

Half-way down the tunnel at least—John had counted as far as ninety. He waited, cat-like.

“May we have the window down, please?” said a voice. The hot breath fell on John’s face. Damn silly question, he thought; sure to be a trap. He sensed a movement, a click, and the window dropped. The scream of the wheels instantly increased; clouds of fumes entered the compartment. John spluttered—something brushed against him, tried to hold him, but he sprang. The two men struggled. The train pounded onwards, the noise of the clattering carriages and couplings echoing from the hard, damp walls of the tunnel.

Suddenly the whole train lurched, the timbers of the old carriages creaking and groaning as if in complaint. John felt the other’s grip slacken as both men fell. Their was a piercing, horrible shriek that might have been the train whistle. Way ahead, Sprigg shut off the steam, and tamed the monster till it seemed once more to come beneath his power. The train swished into the open. John sat, somewhat dazed, in an otherwise empty compartment. He stared at an open, swinging door and a crumpled, crinkled paper.

A seaside holiday poster stared him in the face from the carriage wall—a girl in a bathing costume winked, mocked him.

Mocked him like the evening paper mocked him that same night.

“The mangled body of Detective Inspector Kenway was found this afternoon in Armington Tunnel, just beyond the bend.”

GEORGE F. HODSMAN

* * *

Epilogue

The hot blue sky defies all glances,
The burning sun rides unchallenged;
The ominous black of the waters,
The threatening height of the mountains
Advance to crush us.

How dare we suppose that we are elect,
Divine and protected?
We stand helpless, watching the lightning,
Justly corrected.

How self-righteous we are, and proud,
How mean

And petty
And full of ourselves
And our grievances
And precocious talk of
Power and Justice.

Our thoughts and actions are so small
As to defy the power of
The strongest microscope;
Yet we will not see,
We have not even the courage
Or the sense to see
What is.

B. J. R.

The Boat Club Comes-of-Age—*continued from page 33*

wins a race of only one heat, but in a regatta she has never lost the first heat; she is also the admiration of all Northern Clubs.

In 1939 Leeds put their first Eight on the water and went down to the U.A.U. Eights at Reading. That year the first Four was elected to row in the Yorkshire Eights at York regatta.

At the outbreak of war the members of the Boat Club were among the first to be called to the Colours, and of the famous 1939 crew only one was left at the University. Many of the old members are serving in all parts of the world.

BIRTIE

Correspondence

THE UNIVERSITY
LEEDS 2

To the Editor of *The Gryphon*

12th October 1940

Dear Sir

In years past, it seems to have been the editorial policy of *The Gryphon* to despise "day-students", as such. The arguments advanced against the day-students have long since become familiar. The "day-trippers", as they are dubbed, with their attaché cases, arrive on the 9.12 am and disappear on the 5.20 pm. They miss the full benefits of their University education—learning only Physics or French. They miss that broader, fuller life of the hostel, the other-fellow's-point-of-view, the social whirl-dances, tennis parties, and treasure hunts. But, sir, is this really quite fair to the day-students? Is there not, perhaps, the other side of the picture?

At five pm the hostelite disappears to the depths of his residence to consume coffee and see the other-fellow's-point-of-view. This, apparently, consists of discussions about new orders in a hypothetical world—discussions with people of his own type, University students. Meanwhile, the "tripper" has disappeared on the 5.20 pm. But, surely, his education only just begins. The trippers will tell you of a thousand contacts made with life in dirty rail compartments and shaking bus seats.

They will tell you of the builders' trade-union official, travelling North to a joint conference with employers. They will tell you how they learnt more about capital and labour problems in a thirty-minute rail journey than the hostelite learns in a year of coffee and common-rooms. This, sir, is no isolated example. The trippers will tell you of the traveller for the cigarette firm, who insists on handing round free packets, and of the man who "arranges" for Henry Hall, and of the bookie with his bag from Wetherby, and of the hairdresser from Scarbro' who showed mere males the intricacies of the permanent wave; and of the pub-waiter, stockbroker, accountant, and dustman.

It is this contact with people in so many different walks of life that the day-tripper values so highly. He is able to bring the spirit of the University to them, explaining its work, its aims and ideals. In return, he acquires a store of anecdotes and experiences as well as gaining a true insight into the lives of an unending variety of people.

A University resembles some fantastic Brobdingnagian octopus whose "tripper tentacles" spread forth by rail and bus into the farthest corners of the county. Tentacles which are binding the University to her people in trains, in cinemas and pubs—in Pudsey, in Barnsley, and even in Cleckheaton. Tentacles through which the University perceives the outer and greater world—tentacles which are the life blood of a living, vibrant institution.

It is earnestly to be hoped that you, sir, through the powerful pages of *The Gryphon* will demonstrate conclusively that the trippers have a great, a just, and a proud place in the University of to-day.

Yours faithfully

GEORGE F. HODSMAN

Certain anonymous contributions have been received. We would again remind our readers and contributors that no article or letter will be published unless the Editor is aware of the sender's identity.

PEARL CHAMBERS EAST PARADE
LEEDS 1 12th October 1940

To the Editor of *The Gryphon*

Dear Sir

As a life member of the University, and also a person with more than a passing acquaintance with the ideals of Unity Theatre and the nature of its vital and even revitalising contribution to modern drama, the writer feels that the puerile politics and antiquarian sarcasm which appear in the current issue of *The Gryphon*, masquerading as a criticism of the revue "It's Possible", should not pass unchallenged along their route to journalistic obscurity.

There are, of course, to be found pseudo-scientists who believe that in some lost world prehistoric monsters still survive; there are present-day fanatics who still support the society for propagating the belief that the earth is flat; and it is therefore not surprising, though none the less regrettable, that there are people, outside certain curative institutions, whose bigotry is represented by your report. That such a blend of insults and ignorance should feature in a University magazine is, however, a matter for serious concern.

As for "glaring inconsistencies", they are not in the revue but in the report. The working class have never lived on fish and taties, except in the misguided humour of what your reporter would no doubt refer to as the legitimate theatre. As for cooking and washing and the dreadful toil of the workers and their wives, the diseases brought on by malnutrition and overwork are so well known that it is only the blind who will not see.

It is difficult to tolerate stupidity which accuses all the workers of possessing enormous (why enormous?) radios and only listening to dance music. In actual fact, the standard of reading and culture among the workers is much higher than in other classes, and at this very moment the workers are studying politics while the rich are listening to dance music in the protected basements of their luxury hotels and shelters.

One point, however, is true. The children are lucky if they get a bath once a week; but this is because the enlightened slum landlords have refused to install baths, and it has taken air-raids to destroy the slums, unfortunately complete with their occupants.

Finally, your reporter may be aware that universal military service is now the law of the land, and if young men are not in uniform they are obviously engaged in vital work sanctioned by the Government.

By the time this issue is in the hands of its readers the revue will have been succeeded by Sean O'Casey's "The Star Turns Red". I presume they would not tackle such a difficult and ambitious production if they did not possess the support of the very class of which your reporter suggests they know so little about.

Yours truly SAMUEL ABEL B.A. LL.B.

[Mr Abel seems to have missed our reporter's point; he had no quarrel with the undoubtedly high standard of acting ability displayed by the Unity cast. Rather was he amazed at the incredibly blatant propaganda and the ponderously unsubtle method of putting it over. He was fully aware of the miseries of the poor, but felt that the attempt of Unity to improve their wretched lot would meet with greater success if they had greater practical experience of the conditions of life among them, and if the torrent of abuse and invective were to be stemmed and the energy given to its production diverted to the more difficult and infinitely more productive task of helping poor folk to make the best of what little they have got.—EDITOR]

* * *

It is well when one is judging a friend to remember that he is judging you with the same godlike and superior impartiality.

Arnold Bennett

France—after the débâcle

"The use of recriminating about the past is to enforce effective action at the present"

(Winston Churchill 29th May 1936)

IN a previous article, and at the General Meeting of the Union, I attempted last session to explain the significance of the internal position in France, then our inalienable ally. The result was a howl of patriotic indignation from the bright boys, and a scathing indictment of my attempts to separate the two nations from no less a person than a reformed B.U.F.-er. How that gallant 300 must have blushed, or at least will do so if they read this and find with a start that the French are no longer our allies!

Not but that such sentiments were excusable. One cannot deny that to blow bubbles about "Moscow gold" is infinitely easier than to look beyond the M.O.I. dope. The purpose of this article is not a personal one, nor is it concerned with vague recrimination. It is to draw a moral from the past; to develop a clear picture of the present.

In February's article there is one sentence worth quoting—"the policy now being followed . . . represents the reaction to the Popular Front advances." There lies the key to the present. The collapse of France was political more than military. This has been generally admitted in all sections of the British Press. The *Daily Telegraph*, for instance, remarked (25th June) that "Once more the vision of social revolution deterred French policy (as has so often been the case since 1935) from an accurate appraisal of what Hitlerism meant and was going to mean for their country." Not that such admissions were possible before the collapse, although the pro-Fascists and pro-German defeatists were set at liberty and put in positions of power. Berthoin, who conducted the anti-Communist drive, was one of the most prominent members of the C.S.A.R. M. Blum at the Bournemouth Labour Party Conference made specious excuses for this policy, and drew ecstatic cheers from his audience, when he spoke of Communists as agents of a foreign power. Doriot, De la Rocque, and Bonnet almost took on an odour of sanctity.

Suddenly, the news of retreat, of capitulation, of Dunkirk. The whole Press turns round, just as the whole French ruling-class had turned round, but not so rapidly. The scales, by a miracle, fall from the eyes of the *Times*. "By the grace of Hitler, reaction rules in France." The French had now joined the camp of Germany.

If the British Press almost contracted vertigo as a result of this change, it was that the real situation in France had been hidden from both British and French people. The change was not a sudden one in reality. It represented a development over a number of years. Nor is the personnel of the Government now at Vichy a new one. All the old reactionary cliques reappear—Petain, Weygand, De la Roque—Croix de Feu Fascists all; Doriot and Flandin—pro-German Fascists; Laval, who bolstered up Mussolini in Abyssinia. These are the people who have been itching for years for the chance to impose on France a Fascist régime, a Corporate state, a New Order, call it what you will. From 1919 onwards they had been faced with a contradiction which they could not solve—the preservation of their property from either the people or from their Imperialist rivals. To do this, they supported intervention in Russia up to 1921 and built up a system of alliances with middle-European White Governments—Poland, Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia against Germany, while at the same time building up German big business against the people's movement. In 1935 they tried to carry this policy to a logical conclusion by an alliance with the U.S.S.R., but boggled at the thought of staff conversations with the Red Army. By 1936, German industry, always superior in concentration of capital and

productive capacity, had been restored to a position where it was able to challenge its rivals. France, isolated, formed an alliance with Britain, supported Fascism by non-intervention against the Spanish Republic and by appeasement at Munich.

Thus, in 1940, French troops were already needed to defend three fronts. That did not prevent their leaders from despatching material to Finland, and twenty divisions of men to the East. At the same time they consolidated their position against the people at home.

These "leaders", these petty "Fuehrers", were not traitors. They were simply working out the best method of preserving their money and lands. One section of the French industrialists has always been in alliance with German industry. For instance, the De Wendel combine, part of the European Steel Cartel, carried on a lively trade through Belgium in iron-ore (exchanged for coke) up to May 10th *this year*. Similarly, bauxite, of which Germany has a great lack, and which is essential for aircraft construction, was exported in vast quantities to Germany through Switzerland, even after the war had begun.

No wonder they were ready to evacuate Paris rather than "see the city destroyed" but were anxious to leave their police in charge to hand over to the invading forces, lest there be some movement made against this capitulation. No wonder they are now discussing their new corporate state with its slogan of "Travail, Famille, Patrie". To avoid a new commune, they made themselves vassals of Hitler. So completely have France's rulers allied themselves with Germany that only De Gaulle, an obscure clerical reactionary of the Action Française, has been picked up by the British Government for their Free French leader (Duce v Duce).

What are the issues facing the French people (those in France)? They could give their support to a revolution to be led by De Gaulle, hitherto unversed in such business, and with the benevolent approval of the *Times* and Lord Halifax. Reports show little evidence of any mass longing for such heaven-inspired generalship (cf. Dakar). They could support Laval, Petain, Flandin and the rest in a policy of indemnities, economic devastation, and continued war (the militancy of the Michelin workers at Clermont was such as to compel Petain to move the capital to Vichy). The only other alternative is that they should dispense with all the Petains and De Gaulles, all the heaven-ordained leadership, and themselves become their own rulers, demanding a just Peace or continuing resistance to *all* invaders.

* * *

R. H. SPENCER

Freedom

On every side loud ring the cries

Of late enslaved mankind,

In servile toil, and fettered both

In body and in mind;

But 'tis freedom to drive an English plough

And one's own free work o'erlook,

And 'tis freedom to sit by an English fire

And read an English book;

And wherever it be, on land or sea,

Where Britain's ensign flies,

It is freedom to breathe the good, free air

That curls it to the skies.

And a nation that's free is a tower of steel,

That's hard to be made to yield,

When the enemy storms it in iron gyves,

With TYRANNY on their shield.

CLARENCE

The National Union of Students—continued from page 35

to centralise control of the Union; whether their motives were in the best interests of the Union, or whether they were inspired by some more sinister ideals; and if genuine, what is to be done about it?

In view of the disputes which have arisen over N.U.S. in the past, and particularly during last session, it will be interesting to see what the attitude of the Union Committee is.

"The best is yet to be"

A PART from the practical experiences of war, all people are devoting much of their thought to the future. What, we ask ourselves, will be the new order of things? Will the tremendous sacrifices our nation is now making to answer the call against tyranny provide a better world, a better community of nations, in which freedom of expression and action will be the basis of a universally accepted way of life?

We, students of Leeds University, whilst facing these problems as men and women, as citizens of our great Empire, have a separate responsibility weighed upon us to consider the future with relation to our University. We come to the University to equip ourselves with the knowledge necessary to enable us to occupy such high places in the community as lawyers, doctors, ministers, and lecturers. Surely the time that we must recognise our special responsibility to the community is now, when we are students, when we are enjoying special facilities and privileges.

Barriers between students and the outside world, together with an apathetic attitude on the part of the student, prevent the University from fulfilling its proper function in society. At the last Student Congress, a sincere attempt to face these problems, four aspects were considered—the reform and improvement of the University, organisation of free discussion, the development of student activities, and the cultivation of a better relationship between students and the outside world. Each of these is equally important. Students must think about their place in the world, consider whether they are using to the fullest advantage, not merely academically, their opportunities, and discuss vital problems unhampered, all the time mixing with the larger community as true representatives of the University. If students hearken to this call for a wider appreciation of their tasks, the community will benefit from a class which not only grasps social problems with sympathetic judgment, but is enthusiastic to take a lead, to pioneer movements which will be for the betterment and advance of human kind.

Why have we failed? Because of the apathy of the student and that not very representative body of student opinion—the Union Committee. Naturally, it takes the keen urge of the student to provide him with a satisfactory, representative manner of voicing his opinion. I believe that the finest type of Union Committee must inevitably result from a mental "cold douche" suffered by students.

We must develop the idea that the Union shall be divided into departments based on a system of proportional representation. Thus it will be ensured that masses of students who to-day feel that they are not truly represented will have closer contact with their chosen Committee.

Another weapon which will defeat apathy is that of a weekly Union newspaper. This is not a new idea, and is bound to come, but the sooner the better! A newspaper, a Union product, will bind together all students, create fresh interests, and destroy the narrow conception of University life which is that of the student who simply exists in his department between the 8-17 and the 4-25. If the war prevents this becoming an immediate reality, then at least all preparations must be made ready for the end of the war, and the beginning of a new and inspiring period.

I cannot conclude this brief expression of thoughts which have occupied my mind for a long time, without touching an optimistic note. We are on the up-grade, the average student is becoming a more thinking being, alive to his great possibilities, conscious that he must give expression to the urge that we should fulfil our place in the community. May I make a plea to you,

Continued on page 47

The Parable of the Field-Marshal and the Stile

THE scene of this story, a woodland glade somewhere in Bavaria, seemed specially to have been laid out by some paternal Teuton deity for the solace of weary warriors of the Fatherland. The tree-tops meeting over one's head formed a natural sunshade of cool green, and the stream that bubbled along the glade apparently came from a source no more remote than the beer-cellar of the village inn. Naturally there was a path, an amiably drunken sort of path that in several places almost toppled into the stream and then, seeming to realise its inability to maintain its balance for more than five yards at a stretch, drew confusedly into itself to pass through a stile just where the sylvan Asgard came to an end. It was along this path that curious flashes and gleams of light might have been seen advancing in irregular orbit one glorious afternoon in late summer. The phenomenon was not natural or peculiar to that spot alone; it was due to the sun glinting on the medals on the chest of the Field-Marshal, who, having had a satisfactory conference with his Führer, and later dined exceedingly well (at his own expense), had strolled out in this direction for the double purpose of assisting his digestive processes and of perfecting the plans for the Luftwaffe's next devastating stroke.

The Field-Marshal came on at a slow and comfortable gait, broken up here and there by a kind of elephantine step-dance where the path almost plunged him into the stream. He went through this routine quite automatically, however, for his mind was not on earth at all. It was away up in the clouds with an immense fleet of warplanes all roaring along in disciplined mass straight for the heart of the island. In this vivid mental picture, with its huge epic sweep, the Field-Marshal imagined himself barking orders to efficient subordinates, and glared round furiously at the trees and bushes as his fancy set them running to their stations. Now he himself was directly above a city, and, skimming low over it, tore out its entrails with his bombs; now he was alone among a flock of enemy fighters (by this time he had forgotten that he had set out accompanied by ten thousand of his own planes) shooting them down at the rate of six a second as they hurled themselves vainly at him. Through the windows of his bomber he saw the Valkyrie waving triumphantly at him as they rode past, while Frederick the Great and Bismarck poured their guttural exultations into his ears. Dreamily he moved onward towards the stile, dreamily he moved into it, and then moved no further.

Now that his power of physical movement had been thus brusquely arrested, the substance of his embattled day-dream disintegrated as if struck by some colossal anti-aircraft shell. He grunted in startled annoyance, and tried to wriggle free of the aggravating thing that held him. Getting yourself wedged in a stile, however, is in many respects like falling into a bog (though, of course, not such a messy business); the more you struggle to release yourself, the more thoroughly you in the end become embroiled, and this the Field-Marshal soon found out, being obliged to rest, still firmly stuck, after two or three minutes' strenuous squirming. He gave a disconcerted hiccup, and looked round piteously to see if there was anyone within call who might aid him. With every second that passed he was becoming less and less a Field-Marshal, and more and more an embarrassed fat man, wedged helplessly in a stile.

It was not long before fellow human-beings came upon the scene, though at first sight the Field-Marshal hardly felt that he could explain his plight to them, man to man. They were, in fact, two very small infants dressed in brown blouses

and dark shorts, and they were drawing near with painful slowness, stopping now and then to drop handfuls of acorns into baskets slung over their arms. Such as they were, however, they were the best help available at the moment, and the Field-Marshal trusted that, in their childish innocence, they would be able to view the spectacle of a high dignitary of the land stuck in a stile without any undue levity. With a full-throated roar, which had often made husky storm-troopers tremble in their jack-boots and now caused every bird in the place to flutter wildly upwards and fly round in frenzied circles, he summoned them to his assistance. He was at least right in his assumption that they would take the situation seriously, for, until they caught his eye, which spoke eloquently of his desire to regain his power of movement, they could only stand and gape, as though he were some legendary river monster that had somehow been cast up on the shores of that tiny woodland beck.

Their first efforts to release him were ineffectual. One of them climbed over the wall, and, clasping the Field-Marshal's wrists tightly with both hands, tugged hard from his side while the other pushed. Since these tactics of naked force resulted in nothing more than a succession of breathless grunts and groans from the Field-Marshal, they soon dropped them and fell away from him like lifeboats from the side of a liner, leaving him to lick his wounds and glower at them in impotent suspicion as, whispering earnestly together, they devised a more subtle plan for his release. At length, with many a covert kick and push from the other, one advanced timidly up to him and ventured to speak.

"If the Herr Field-Marshal wishes to be released—", he said with deferential and disciplined precision

"Wish to be released! Naturally I wish to be released, blockhead. How can I smash the Englander, stuck up here for the rest of my life?"

"We thought—that is—will the Herr Field-Marshal approve any step we think necessary to release him?" murmured the child.

"Yes, yes," fumed the Field-Marshal, "only get on with it."

"Then there is nothing else for it, Herr Field-Marshal", answered the small boy with the air of a staff-officer who has just taken a disagreeable but vital decision. "The Herr Field-Marshal's pants will have to come down!"

Having thus announced the scheme he and his companion had produced, he stepped back a pace, clicked his heels and waited for instructions to proceed.

The Field-Marshal swelled and crimsoned until it seemed that the wall in which he was imprisoned would fall apart under the strain. Then his overflowing feelings burst forth in a roar of desperate exasperation that caused the birds to fly in ever more frenzied circles round their heads. "Herr Gott von Mannheim, pull my pants down," he yelled, "but get me out of here." He was in such a state of simmering rage that he had quite forgotten his medals, the Luftwaffe, and what he had said to the Führer at the council of war.

The two surgeons began their delicate operation. First, with infinite care and attention to their task, they disengaged the Field-Marshal's braces, and then, like a couple of sculptors lovingly freeing the nether limbs of a giant statue from their mould, eased his trousers over his stomach until, with a sudden shuddering rush, they shot down to his feet of their own accord. This stage having been reached, they once more applied their former pushing and pulling method. Apparently they were right in their surmise that the thickness of the material in the Field-Marshal's trousers meant all the difference between freedom and captivity for their wearer, for a gradually increasing crescendo of groans from the exalted prisoner, ranging from despair to hope and then from hope to triumph, spoke of the fact that he could at last feel himself moving. Neither he nor his liberators actually knew when the end

came. All that happened was that one moment he was still in the stile, apparently as immovable as ever, and the next at least five yards away from it, hurriedly fastening his trousers up and watching a small boy climb out of the bush into which he had been precipitated. All three participants in this absurd little incident looked at each other, now that it was all over, with exactly the same expression of relief in their faces.

The two infants, who were not yet old enough to understand the realist policies of their rulers and had therefore not yet learnt how to disguise their natural feelings by cynicism or deliberate insensitiveness, felt the relaxation in the atmosphere, and were seized by a hesitant but increasingly irresistible fit of the giggles. The Field-Marshal glared at them, thought for a moment of clouting their heads, and then, humour being as infectious among a group as imbued hatred, added his rollicking, pirate-captain guffaw to their thin tittering. When the Field-Marshal laughed, it was alike a baritone aria from Wagner, and the glade rang with the performance. At last, wiping his streaming face, he said—

"You can be discreet, children! You know that a good soldier is loyal to those placed above him under all circumstances, even though he should see them continually without their pants."

At this reminder of familiar things, the small boys abruptly stopped giggling, drew themselves up stiffly to attention, and, with wooden faces, repeated tonelessly—

"We were gathering acorns for coffee in the woods this morning in accordance with our group leader's orders, when we were met along this path by the Herr Field-Marshal. We did not pull the Herr Field-Marshal's pants down, nor did we at any time see the Herr Field-Marshal without his pants. The Herr Field-Marshal asked what we were doing, and, on being told, commended us for our service to the cause of the Fatherland and gave us ten pfennigs each. Heil Hitler!"

"Here's your ten pfennigs", said the Field-Marshal, drawing the coins out of his pocket and handing them over. "Keep your traps shut. Heil Hitler!"

He resumed his walk. As the memory of his annoying accident gradually slipped into the obscure corners of his mind, those boon companions, Frederick the Great and Bismarck, took the occasion to march forth once again, headed by a squealing drum and fife band and followed by all the Nordic gods in procession. The Luftwaffe once more ploughed the skies, and rained destruction on a whole planet; the Führer once more held millions spellbound with his tortured eloquence, while officials of the Propaganda Ministerium fought truth wherever it moved its ugly head. In short, everything was once more right with the world.

DONALD N. MITCHELL

"The best is yet to be"—*continued from page 44*

student, who reads this? Think, agree, debate, argue, disagree, but do THINK. Feel your responsibility, feel the part that we must play, and the Union will become a height of intelligent thought, a fine example of a system of representation in a civilised, thinking body, and through the Union the University will advance the welfare of the community to an hitherto unparalleled degree.

BASIL M. SANDELSON

* * *

Experience is not what happens to a man. It is what a man does with what happens to him.

Aldous Huxley

Reaction

Clancy, fifty-first baronet,
Bit of an old school martinet,
Known for his frequent attacks of ire,
Loved the Empire.

Didn't mind people having the vote
As long as they read what his editors wrote,
But didn't exactly want to hate a
Successful dictator.

And Lady Clancy, acting a part,
Wore a swastika next to her heart,
Thinking herself super-patriotic,
Not merely neurotic.

But Geoffrey Augustus, eldest son
Of Baronet Clancy fifty-one,
Knowing exactly what was done,
Didn't have fun.

Tired of wasting Pater's resources
Racing his beautiful thoroughbred horses,
And found even cruising around in a yacht
Wasn't so hot.

So Geoffrey, always a dreamy 'un,
Mixes in circles known as Bohemian,
And finds that it isn't quite so funny
Not to have money.

Looks at a world that Picasso painted,
Finds that his Pater's money's tainted,
Decides he can no longer exist
As the son of a bloated capitalist.

Writes his old man a letter hectic,
Full of material dialectic,
Says now he has found his only true pal in
Josef Stalin.

So nightly standing in the parks
He expounds the glorious theory of Marx,
And worries his heart out for the worker,
Shamed that he once was such a shirker.

But Lady Stasia Joyful Gray
Saw him at work in the park one day
And spent a sleepless week in planning
To rope her man in.

Knowing how he despised debutantes,
Put away most of her silken panties,
And, though it was a bitter pill,
Got a job in a mill.

Of course it wasn't as easy as that,
But she was, let's admit, a seductive cat,
So, tipping a wink to the boss's son,
It was done.

And so by these methods rather like cheating,
Became "persona grata" at Geoffrey's meeting,
And into the works of her boss threw a spanner
By going on strike for three weeks and a tanner.

And Geoffrey admired her face, form and figure
(Though this is where all the chorus girls snigger)
And fell for the Lady just as she had planned it,
I can't stand it.

So looking around for some good, honest labour
To live with his Lady as more than a neighbour,
He curbed his fine spirit of late grown refractory
To work in a factory.

And now they both live in a cheap little house,
It's all legally done—he's her man—she's his
spouse,
And all of their people pretend that they're dead,
'Cos they're RED.

And though they teach all their children to sing the Red Flag,
Though Stasia's spirits beginning to lag,
'Cos they're making a fortune (to everyone's sorrow)
By writing a paper called "RUSSIA TO-MORROW". C. L. L.

* * *

China Vase

The sky is drowned in a silver lake
Where a slow swan sorrows,
The flickering mirror of the bending willows
To throw back their hanging tresses.

Clouds of water swamp the lilies
Who gleam across the lake
Like pious nuns in procession at eventide
Towards the breeze-blown vespers.

Silence sweeps the rushes,
The single swan is still
Beside the grass-bank's fringe,
And overhead a wild duck whirrs.

E. G. HAUGER

Society Notes

THE CYCLING CLUB

The Club has already had its first run of the session, when eleven members turned out and spent a very happy day riding through Airedale and Wharfedale to Bolton Abbey and Barden Towers. Unfortunately, the weather was not too kind, but even that could not damp our enthusiasm.

Perhaps by the time these notes appear in print, our second run will also be over. This promises to be an enormous success, for we hope to spend a full week-end over it. Malham, Malham Tarn, the Cove and Gordale Scar, will all be at their best at this time of the year.

It should not be necessary, but we feel that once again we must send out an assurance that this is not a Club of "racers", but that we prefer to roll along at a normal speed, seeing all there is to see, and generally getting as much enjoyment as possible, without getting too tired over it. That girl with the "light tank" need not be afraid, neither will the ironwork be lonely.

Incidentally, you'll hardly believe it, but the President has got a new bike; his other has been gladly accepted as a museum piece.

DEREK V. WORDSWORTH *Honorary Secretary*

DEBATING SOCIETY

A very ambitious programme has been arranged for this session, as we are holding debates every fortnight on a Tuesday evening in the Women's Common Room. To enable this society to carry out the proposed programme, all students are asked to come along and play an active part. A cordial invitation is extended to all, for members of the Union are automatically members of the Debating Society.

JOYCE ADAMS *Honorary Secretary*

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The session has begun in grand style, with a record number of members, and the promise of a full and interesting programme to come.

The play-readings this year will take a more systematic form, and will not, as has been the case in past years, be selected for their individual merits, but for the part they have played in the history of the drama. This term, we shall read those of the Elizabethan and Restoration periods, and next term Modern and Foreign plays. A list of the plays to be read will be found on the University and Union notice-boards.

It has been found that many members of the Society are especially interested in the art of stage-management, and, to further this interest, Miss Barbara Beatty, of the Zoology Department, has kindly consented to give lectures on this subject to those whom it interests. These will be of a practical nature and will take place on the stage in the Riley-Smith Hall once a fortnight. It is to be hoped that as many as possible will take advantage of Miss Beatty's offer and avail themselves of this opportunity of becoming familiar with a modern and well-equipped stage.

The Annual Production will take place next term.

P. E. K.

EDUCATION SOCIETY

The first meeting of the session proved to be a very successful one, when forty-six members attended an address by a Leeds Probation Officer. The Society is very proud to report a record membership this year, and we hope to see even larger numbers at our future meetings.

The first discussion group will be held on Sunday October 27th, and a hearty invitation is given to all members to come along and participate in it. We feel that this part of our programme should be taken most seriously, for it is well known that the typical student's thinking and creative imagination are more productive when carried out in the give-and-take atmosphere of the discussion group. Participation in discussion is stimulating both to the intellectual and emotional development of the student, besides providing stimulus for further study and thought. Topics for discussion should be given to the Secretary, and each will receive its due consideration.

Preparations are already being made for a Social and Dance towards the end of term, and this promises to be better than ever before.

DEREK V. WORDSWORTH *Honorary Secretary*

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

Given support by its new members, the Geographical Society will carry on this session with its usual full programme of activities. Rambles are held fortnightly, sometimes on our own, sometimes with our friends the Natural History Society. Lectures to be given this term are by Señor Irizar of the Spanish Dept., and Dr. Henson of the Biology Dept. Our annual social will be held soon, so watch for the date! It has always been one of the best social functions of the year, and we intend to keep up that reputation. Whether you study Geography or not, you will find plenty to interest you in our wide range of activities. Subscription 1/-. Incidentally, we are famous for our teas!

J. S. SCRUTON *Honorary Secretary*

THE GERMAN SOCIETY

Although the German Society, strangely enough, made its first appearance at the same time as the War, a year ago, it is now a flourishing concern in spite of Adolf and his Gestapo.

This session opened with the reading of a German play on October 10th, and the meeting proved a huge success. The audience was comparatively large, and we were pleased to welcome amongst our ranks quite a number of Germans and Austrians.

The Society hopes to meet every other Thursday in the Union, and at the next meeting which takes place on Thursday October 24th at 4-15 pm we shall have the opportunity of hearing a selection of gramophone records. Anyone who is interested in German or Germany should try to come along. If German culture is dead in its native land there is no reason why it should not flourish in Leeds University. D. S. O.

JEWISH STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

The first meeting of the Jewish Students Association took place on Sunday, October 6th, when Dr. Edelston spoke on "Psychology of Jewish Outlook". This meeting saw the innovation of a new feature—"News Letter", a commentary of the fortnight's news. S. R. Sheffrin was in the chair.

Future plans include a "Symposium of Tel Aviv", Jewish Scrapbook, and a Presidential address by Professor Brodetsky.

The Committee requests that all Jewish freshers, Jewish foreign students, and students from the University of London, who are interested in the affairs of the J.S.A., should contact either B. Sandelson or M. Boyd at the Dental School.

M. BOYD *Honorary Secretary*

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

The Natural History Society has made an excellent start this session. On Friday, October 4th, Professor Spaul, our President, gave a talk on "Biology and the War". This proved to be a most interesting lecture and was well attended. The first of this term's rambles, a joint one with the Geographical Society, was on Sunday, October 6th. The party returned very wet but with its morale unshaken after a successful day. A theatre visit to "The Maid of the Mountains" at the Grand Theatre attracted many members who enjoyed the show. This was also a joint N.H.S.-Geographical activity.

W. T. DALE *Honorary Secretary*

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Whilst no meeting has been held up to the time of going to Press, a full syllabus has been arranged, and subjects already booked are—a demonstration of the oil reinforcement process; a demonstration of methods of portraiture; and an Ilford lecture on colour filters. Membership for this session is so far disappointing, and we invite everyone interested in photography to come along to swell our numbers, as only by giving a decent audience can we hope to get lecturers to come a second time.

Once again we hope to hold our annual exhibition next February, but this is entirely dependent upon the ready co-operation of exhibitors, so that we issue an early appeal to all intending to exhibit to start work on their prints as soon as possible so that we have enough exhibits to make the exhibition really worth while. H. G. W.

REFUGEE RELIEF COMMITTEE

The above Committee is still carrying on the good work which has been so efficiently accomplished during the past two years. The need for money is as great as ever, and we are again organising collections of 3d a week from the students. Anyone who is willing to make collections in his or her department should either apply to the Secretary, Dorothy S. Ogden, or sign the notices which have been posted up in the University and the Union.

This session we hope to run one or more socials, and repeat the film show which was such a success last session. All this, however, depends on how much co-operation we receive from the students in general. Please help us by making the refugee students feel at home in the University, and by remembering how you would feel in their position. Thank you!

D. S. O.

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Athletic Notes

At a meeting of the G.A.C., it was decided that as a policy, travel to distant fixtures should be continued if the match is an important one. Thus Christie Competitions could be continued, and we are endeavouring to start the fixtures again as soon as possible.

Black-out.—This Committee also decided unanimously that the pavilion, women's changing rooms, and gymnasium should be blacked-out as soon as possible. At a meeting of the Grounds Committee, it was decided that because of the rise in cost of black-out material, difficulty in obtaining it, and the urgency of the matter, that permanent blacking-out should be adopted in many instances. This would include the whole of the gymnasium.
G. R. T. BIRTWISTLE G.A.S. 1940-41

BOAT CLUB

In common with others, the Boat Club has lost some of its members to the cause of the War. We wish Wells and Shepherd every success, and trust that the spirit of sportsmanship imbibed during contact with the Club may stand them to good purpose.

The challenge issued to freshers to partake in the most beneficial of sports, has, to some extent, been answered, but, though certain new members have appeared, there are obviously facilities for many more.

The General Meeting, held on Friday 11th October, resulted in the organisation of a Skiff Race to be held on November 30th, so that the Wheeler Cup may be presented to the fitting person. This is to be followed by the Boat Club Dinner, which is of special interest by reason of its commemoration of 21 years of active post-War life.

A record of high order belongs to the Club, and it is every student's duty to carry on.

Freshers need know little or nothing about rowing or its finer points; in fact a Bateman inspiration has been found in the innocent remark:—"Who is Birtie?"

The need is yours as well as ours! We guarantee mutual satisfaction.

K. ELLIS *Honorary Secretary*

CROSS-COUNTRY CLUB

The Cross-country Club is going ahead with an ambitious programme, but we need more new members—either experienced or new to the game.

Good form and keenness are being shown by those who have already joined the Club, and there should be great competition in the Freshers' Race. Although many members of the Club are engaged with the U.T.C. every Wednesday afternoon, we hope to maintain our form and success of previous seasons by racing every Saturday, but
WE NEED NEW MEMBERS.
R. H. M.

NETBALL CLUB

In spite of difficulties arising from the political situation and the inclemency of the weather during the last year, the Netball Club managed to play throughout the season, winning all but one of its matches. We have again started well by winning our first two matches, and hope to maintain this high standard of play throughout the coming season. We extend a hearty welcome to all freshers, and we can assure them that although we can only run two teams, all players will be selected for some matches.

V. K.

RUGBY UNION FOOTBALL CLUB

The usual numerical strength was maintained at the Trials at the beginning of the season, from which there will be no difficulty in fielding three XV's. Fixtures for the 1st and "A" XV's have been completed for the whole season, and it is hoped that the "B" XV list will also soon be full. The standards of the teams, as far as can be judged at this stage, promise to be quite as satisfactory as last season.
L. F. C.

WOMEN'S SWIMMING CLUB

There will be very few matches owing to travelling difficulties, and so we propose to practise during the next few weeks with a view to taking the National Life-saving Association's examinations, at the end of term. The Club needs new members, so we hope to see some freshers at the baths—they will be given a hearty welcome.

Secretary L.U.W.S.C.

Hostel Notes

OXLEY HALL

After our rather hurried departure from Hostel at the end of last term, many of us wondered whether we should again see the ancestral halls and green lawns of Oxley. All went well, and we are now once more settled in Hall, and looking forward to a happy year.

Best wishes go out to all those who have departed from our midst. We welcome the freshers, who take the place of those familiar faces, and wish them every success in their University careers. Already, they seem a very real part of Oxley, and we hope they will follow the traditions of Hall, particularly in the field of athletics, where Oxley holds a high place.

It is a pity that the social life of bygone years will have to be somewhat curtailed owing to "black-out" conditions, but we are determined to do our best to "carry on". We are, therefore, looking forward this term to a visit from the Vice-Chancellor and members of the staff, who are to be guests of Hall at a luncheon party in October. Our Freshers' Social will also be a welcome event, together with musical afternoons and other forms of light entertainment, to be arranged if at all possible.

To the question "Are we downhearted?" Oxley's answer is definitely in the negative!

SHEILA W. R. BUTLER

President Oxley Hall

HOSTEL OF THE RESURRECTION

For once we are going to run the risk of seeming presumptuous, in that we claim that already we have an achievement to our credit. After a lapse of one year, the Hostel is again able to field a rugby team, which although lacking in experience, possesses another quality just as essential—namely keenness. It was the freshers who came to our rescue, and we cannot deny that but for them the formation of this team would hardly have been possible.

The freshers' concert was held with its usual solemnity, the Third Year sporting dress suits—some borrowed, some hired—*nihil obstat*. The laurels, however, went to the Second Year, who, taking unfair advantage of their position as stage managers, easily turned the show to their own ends.

This year we have Fr. Blair as our Warden, while Edwin Richards ably holds the position of Sacristan, and Peter Keightley is our Precentor.

The carollers have been heard from various parts of the building, but about Carol Night—more anon.

No Hostel Notes have been received from Weetwood or Devonshire Hall.

Book Reviews

ENGLAND FOR ALL

This is a rather weak propaganda in dialogue form. It centres upon an ardent "Red" motor mechanic; whatever ideas the other characters put forward are second-hand, and have come via their leader. It urges a Socialist Britain, and the prospects seem good, but no mention is made of a practical plan.

B. R.

England for All

H. FAGAN

Fore Publications—Key Books, No. 12

BRITISH FARMING

Here again is the Socialist rant. Apparently Socialism was the creed of peasants in the fifteenth century—though, of course, they did not know it! Everything that has ever gone wrong with agriculture is blamed on the landlords, and whilst it does rightly show up some grave deficiencies, it takes the now traditional line that "the worker is ALWAYS right". This book has more practical ideas in it, but does the writer know what the farm workers think of their Union?

B. R.

British Farming

WILFRED WILLET

Fore Publications—Key Books No. 11

The Editor wishes to acknowledge receipt of the following, with apologies for any omissions—"The Glasgow University Magazine", "The Journal of Education", "Wu's Views", "The South African Student", "The Journal of the Leeds Girls High School".

These publications may be read in the Union Library.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY

Old Students Association

Notes from Headquarters

SINCE the publication of the last number of *The Gryphon* we do not appear to have done anything out of the ordinary, though we have thought a good deal about two things in particular. The first is the increased cost of *The Gryphon*, and the allied problem, for the O.S.A., of making ends meet. In the past, our margin has been very small; now, for the first time in our history, we are faced with the likelihood of a deficit, if our subscription is to remain the same, unless everybody pays up regularly. May we take this opportunity of urging all members whose subscriptions are outstanding to send them along to Mr Grist at once. To those members who feel that they must cut out subscriptions, we would say "Don't cut out this one. Since September 1939 *The Gryphon* has become an even more important link between Old Students of all generations. Let us have news of your own activities to put in *The Gryphon*. The friends to whom you have now no time to write will be glad to learn from its pages what you are doing."

The other matter which has been claiming our attention is the question of the Annual General Meeting and Christmas Function. Before this copy reaches you, your Committee will have decided when and where they are to take place. In the meantime we suggest that you reserve provisionally the 30th November for the Annual (Wartime) Luncheon and Annual General Meeting. If the function is to be held in the University, that is the latest date possible, owing to the early end of term, but if it should be decided to meet elsewhere a later date will be fixed. Full particulars will be published in the next issue of *The Gryphon*.

M. SLEDGE } *Joint*
A. E. FERGUSON } *Honorary Secretaries*

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.

The address of the O.S.A. Editor is: The Leeds Library, Commercial Street, Leeds, 1.

(Contributors are reminded that these columns are subject to censorship by the Ministry of Information).

BAILLIE—An article on "Spiritual Religion" which Sir James Baillie contributed to the *Hibbert Journal* has now been reprinted (price one shilling) as a small booklet in consequence of the great interest it has aroused. The publishers are Allen and Unwin.

JAMES—Professor E. O. James's new book on "The Social Function of Religion" previously announced in these notes has now been published.

WEST RIDING LETTER

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY
THE UNIVERSITY
LEEDS 2

The West Riding Branch has decided to carry on with meetings this session, unless war conditions make this impossible. The first meeting was held on Tuesday October 15th, starting at 5 pm with tea, and ending with a hilarious card game at about 7.30 pm. Everyone was asked to bring enough food for one person, and though most people brought enough for three we managed to eat most of it before going home.

The following dates have been arranged for the rest of the term—Saturday November 2nd, meet at Lawnswood tram terminus at 2.15 pm and walk to Otley by Holt Lane and the Old Otley Road. Tea at Otley and return by bus to Leeds. If this is a success, other Saturday afternoon walks may be arranged later.

Tuesday November 12th at 5 pm in the O.S.A. Lounge, 38 University Road. Everyone is asked to bring enough food for *one* person's tea. We hope to be able to arrange a film show for this evening.

Tuesday December 10th at 5 pm in the O.S.A. Lounge. Arrangements for tea as before. The programme for this meeting will be announced in the next *Gryphon*.

All O.S.A. members and their wives, husbands, or friends will be welcome at these meetings.

KATHLEEN M. MATTINSON
Honorary Secretary

ENGAGEMENTS

The engagement is announced between Clifford Bellhouse (Col. Chem. 1936-40) and Miss Eileen W. Bailey (Science & Educ. 1936-40).

The engagement is announced between G. W. E. Graven (1938-40) and Miss Barbara Dunning (1938-40).

The engagement is announced between David Henry Lewis (5th year Medical), son of Mr and Mrs Lewis, of Jamaica, and Miss Monica Mary Curtiss (4th year Education), daughter of Dr and Mrs Curtiss, of Adel.

DEATHS

ADLESTONE—We regret to announce the death of Cyril Adlestone, who was killed in an air raid on London in September. Mr Adlestone was a student in the School of Medicine and had come up to the University from the City of Leeds School. It is understood that he was serving with an A.R.P. unit when he was killed. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his parents in their sad loss.

MIDGLEY—The death (on September 13th) is announced of Edward Midgley, M.Sc., A.M.I.M.E., of Bramhall, Cheshire, formerly a member of the B.C.I.R.A. at the Shirley Institute, Didsbury, Manchester.

* * *

Grand Theatre Programme

October 29th For two weeks, The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company.
November 11th "Divorce for Christabel", with Frances Day and Naunton Wayne.
November 18th "Plays and Music", with Beatrice Lillie and Vic Oliver.
November 25th "Dancing Years", with Ivor Novello, Roma Beaumont, and Muriel Barron.

WE HAVE A LIBRARY—USE IT

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Blue Flannel Blazer and Badge	2	0	0
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Colours Ties	3	6	
Union Silk Square	12	6	
Colours Silk Square	12	6	
Wool Scarf	7	6	
Small Wool Scarf	5	0	
Gabardine Scarf	7	6	
White Cable Stitch Sweaters, long sleeves, two qualities 16/6 and	18	6	
White Sleeveless Slipover	12	6	
Grey Slipover	8	6	
Union Badge	6	6	
Cuff Links	10	6	

Price List of Sports Supplies

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Lacrosse Jersey	8	0	
Sports Hose for above (feet unshrinkable natural wool)	5	3	
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