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The Journal of the University of Leeds



THIRD SERIES
Volume 6 Number 3

December 1940

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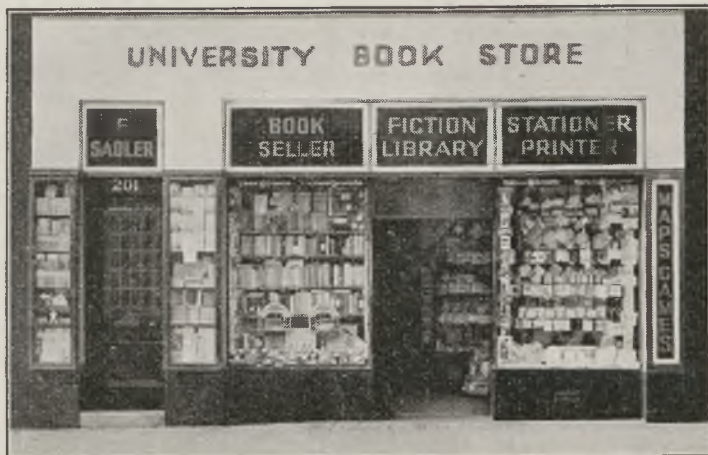
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The Gryphon

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

ONE of the most outstanding events in the world of Student politics was the Annual Council of the N.U.S. held early in November.

The year 1939-40 was a somewhat chequered one for the N.U.S. It first fell into disrepute on account of the campaign for the Defence of the Universities—not because of any faulty ideology, but through misinterpretation of motives. The Leeds Congress made matters worse—valuable suggestions and decisions were obscured in the blaze of publicity surrounding two entirely unnecessary political resolutions. Then came the internal dispute with the Trustees, and by the beginning of the session 1940-41 many unions were seriously considering disaffiliation.

At the Annual Council the prospect seemed to brighten. The Trustee squabble and all unpleasantness associated with it was resolved and a constructive policy for the coming session outlined. Probably the most important point was made by the retiring Senior Vice-President when he pleaded for tact. However good one's motives may be, however fine one's ideals, and even when one is entirely in the right, one's case is jeopardised by insolent insistence on those rights. The general public views students with reserve, and their deliberations with an air of patronising tolerance. It is only by persuading the general public that most of our deliberations and decisions are sound that real progress will be made. One is always proud of one's own ideas; if N.U.S. can reach that height of diplomacy whereby the man in the street feels that a Council decision is just what he had been thinking for months, then the road to consolidation and further success is assured.

We shall watch the doings of the N.U.S. with very considerable interest, and we wish it an even greater measure of success without the attendant difficulties of the previous session.

Notes and Comments

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

Vale

We record with regret the resignation of the Secretary of the Union, Norman B. Belshaw, who has recently joined the Forces. During his short tenure of office he did a considerable amount of groundwork, and it is a great pity that he will not be able to see the results of what is always the most difficult part of any Union official's task. Mr Belshaw was also the very able Chairman of the National Education Students' Faculty Committee—one of the most constructive sub-committees of N.U.S.—and by personal representations, to the Board of Education he succeeded in having some grave anomalies in the treatment of evacuated Education students corrected. We wish him the best of good fortune in his new sphere.

Bar

The most significant innovation this term was the establishment of the first legal and constitutional bar at the Union Ball on November 1st. The worst prognostications of the pessimists were (again) confounded; there was no unfortunate incident, and everyone was pleased to see the end of an exceptionally futile piece of "ostrichism". There is no doubt that people want a modicum of alcohol at some social functions, and some will go to almost any length to get it; it is infinitely preferable to recognise, permit, and so control what then becomes a harmless indulgence than to forbid and try to stamp out a vice whose bottle-shaped hydra heads then appear behind every available curtain and in the back seat of every available motor car.

Reparations

We seem to have trampled on some corns with the feet of our November Editorial, which were intended rather to deliver a K.I.P. to those young men—and no one, unfortunately, can deny that they exist—who have suddenly realised that medicine, with its seven years training as a reserved occupation, is their vocation. The article, at the time of publication, was true; the Medical Company of the U.T.C. was the smallest, and we ourselves heard junior medicals refuse to join "as we shall soon be reserved". Now, with the moral support of the Professor of Anatomy, the Medical Company is by far the largest. Credit is especially due to the second year, with 60% of its available men in the ranks. We hope that other faculties, and particularly that influential section of the University community—the Engineers—will follow their inspiring lead.

Stimulation

At present the only activities inspired directly by the Union are purely social—if we except the gramophone recitals which are really under the ægis of the Music Society. It is intended, however, to obtain the services of prominent men and women to speak upon a wide variety of subjects in the hope of arousing interest therein. It should not be difficult to arrange a series of lunch-hour addresses, and we are sure that such opportunities would be appreciated. The address by Lady Maureen Stanley on the Balkans was a preliminary move in the right direction, although we were disappointed in the content of her speech.

Isolation

We understand that the edict has gone forth that there shall be no communication in the Dissecting Room between preclinical students of Leeds and Middlesex.

“No infiltration” was the term we heard used, and we understand that a formidable barrier has been erected across the room! Such a position appears strange in the extreme to those who were brought up in a D.R. whose popularity as a place of social intercourse rivalled that of the Medical Refec, the old J.C.R. or Marshall’s on a Saturday morning.

Privilege

The social whirl is well on its way; there have been several socials, a Union ball, we hear rumours of the Engineers’ dance early in January, and the Medical dance will be held on November 29th. There is bound to be a certain amount of criticism of the holding of such functions in time of war; we are entirely opposed to this, and feel, as long as it is possible, such functions should be held. They only become anti-social and selfish when people attending them fail to realise that but for their contemporaries in the Forces they would probably be cowering in air raid shelters. It has been said almost *ad nauseam* that students are a privileged class; one of our privileges is that we are able to lead a life less shaken by the rigours of war than most people. So long as we remember the reason for this, remember who makes it possible, and how, and, remembering this, put our backs into our particular job of work, there is no reason at all why we should not exercise our privileges almost to the full. It is only through arrogant insistence upon our rights and half-hearted attention to our duties that we fail to justify our position.

Reproof

An “extract from the Union Committee minutes” not published in the official excerpts is the deplorable statement at the head that “a quorum not having assembled by 2.0 pm, the meeting did not start until 2.10 pm”. Not only was there a bare quorum throughout a short meeting, but there was a shifting population most of the time, as members left for lectures or turned up late. This kind of behaviour is not good enough; the Committee controls an income of some £6,000, estates at Weetwood and Swillington, the Gymnasium, the Refectory and the Union; it employs in whole or in part about two dozen persons—and the elected members of the Committee cannot give one afternoon a month to its business. Mr C. L. Lewis made a bad impression by appearing over an hour late at his first meeting, whilst Mr Hodgson, another new member, did not appear at all. The manner in which a large Medical contingent withdrew for a four o’clock lecture was deplorable, as was the somewhat surprising silence of the majority of the ladies present. We would remind them that their function is not purely decorative. We would again urge students to attend at least one Union Committee meeting and see for themselves how their elected representatives behave.

Fact

One of the bombs which was inadvertently released over a north-western town recently, unfortunately hit a College of Technology, destroying, among other things, the portrait of the former Principal, one B. Mouat Jones, Esq., D.S.O., M.A.

Blood

We note with approval that the recent appeal for volunteers for the Blood Transfusion Service has met with such a favourable response; large numbers of students have enrolled and have been grouped but there still are many more who have not. This service is one of the most vital preventative measures which can be taken against wholesale loss of life through traumatic shock; we hope that by next year all students who possibly can will have been enrolled and grouped.

Extracts from Union Committee Minutes

Business arising out of the Minutes of the 25th October N.U.S. Annual Council Meeting—Miss Wilde regretted she was unable to attend the Council Meeting on the 9th and 10th November.

Mr D. T. Milnthorpe was selected to attend in her place.

Business arising out of the Minutes of the 10th October—Women's Hostels—As the Hostels had conceded two late nights per term, it was decided that the Union would run two late functions in each term.

It would be recommended to the Halls Committee that the time for returning to Hostel should be 11.15 pm on these occasions.

Concessions to members of H.M. Forces in Leeds—A circular had been drawn up outlining facilities open to the Forces, this was to be circulated to all Units in Leeds.

"The Gryphon"—Mr Rivett said that Messrs Chorley & Pickersgill, the printers appointed in succession to Messrs Gardham, had printed the November issue satisfactorily. Sales had not been so good as for the October issue.

Executive—Limitation of Bye-elections—This question was to be referred to this meeting without comment. It was proposed, seconded, and carried—

"that bye-elections shall be limited to two per term."

Organisation of Debates and Lectures—It was decided to adopt the Executive's recommendation that the Union should organise a series of lectures and debates at which the speakers should be people of some prominence. The M.O.I. had been approached with a view to showing its films in the Union during the lunch hour. The first exhibition had been fixed for Thursday the 7th November.

Use of the Union Building by outside organisations—The Executive had with regret refused a request by the College of Housecraft that they be allowed to use the Riley Smith Hall for their annual dance. There was some discussion on the general question of letting parts of the Union to outside bodies.

The Honorary Secretary said he had discussed the matter with the University authorities and he had been informed that, now that the Union had been granted a Club Licence, to allow outside organisations to use the Union would raise legal difficulties. A member reminded the meeting that a previous decision was against letting outside bodies use the building for the duration of the war. It was proposed, seconded, and carried—

"that the President and Honorary Secretary fully investigate the legal aspect of hiring rooms in the Union building to organisations not belonging to the Union."

It was agreed to withhold permission to any outside organisation to use the building until the result of the investigation should be forthcoming.

The Executive Report was adopted.

Cafeteria—It had been decided to charge the undermentioned amounts against the profits shown in the Cafeteria Account—

£53 to a Depreciation A/c to be held by the Accountant for the Union.

£70, proportion of Union building maintenance.

£25, proportion of salary of Miss Masson for general management.

Elections to sub-committees—House Committee—Mr J. C. Cooper, member, and Mr R. T. Heylings as Honorary Secretary. **Catering Committee**—Mr A. Robinson and Miss D. Howitt. Miss D. Howitt was elected Joint Honorary Secretary. **Advisory Committee**—Mr R. T. Heylings.

Continued on page 65

The National Union of Students

NOTES ON THE NOVEMBER COUNCIL MEETING

P. A. H. Rivett was elected President of N.U.S. for the present session at the November meeting of the Council. All those who know Mr Rivett will feel sure that N.U.S. will regain the respect it has lost through the bitter controversies of the past year. Leeds students will feel proud that one of their own leaders has now become the leader of British students. Congratulations!

At the November meeting the end came to the controversy which has caused much disturbance in all constituent organisations. A resolution declaring the July Council Meeting unconstitutional was discussed at great length for three hours, and finally defeated by 29 to 30. From the speeches it was soon obvious that there was much behind the motion and that it was not to be decided on a constitutional point. It became evident that the issue at stake was the wish to reject *in toto* the resolutions passed at the July Council. The constitutional quibble was hardly relevant to the discussion. Some of the speeches were examples of hypocrisy in its most blatant form. The defeat of the resolution was followed by a generous attempt to patch up the quarrel. Those elected into office at the July meeting resigned and new elections were held. The sting from some of the decisions reached at Sheffield was drawn, and others were rescinded.

The report on student activity during the past year, both general and in the faculty committees, showed that the N.U.S. is playing a vital part in organising student thought and action. The financial position is as sound as can be expected under the difficulties caused by closing down profit-making branches of activities.

Plans for the present session include an extension of student help in emergency services. The London representatives made an eloquent appeal for volunteers from the safe areas to aid them in their work in the East End canteens, rest centres and public shelters. This is work that Leeds students could do during the coming vacation. Medical students are to maintain their organisations, the British Medical Student Association and the London Medical Committee, and to continue to press for further opportunities to play their part in the emergency medical services. It was resolved to ask the government to maintain its grant to the Universities that education might not become a casualty. The council also felt that N.U.S. has a duty to fulfil in those Universities where, as a result of evacuation and reduction in numbers, serious difficulties have arisen and where complete closure hangs as a sword of Damocles.

After some discussion the resignation of the trustees was accepted and two of the retiring trustees, Mr de Paula and Mr Macadam, old and valuable workers for N.U.S., were re-elected, together with Professor Carr Saunders and Professor Wood Jones, two eminent University teachers whose great interest in student activity and experience of University problems from another angle will prove of great value.

Leeds is one of the few Universities that under the present circumstances is able to take an active part in national student life, and with the President of N.U.S. in Leeds there is no reason why it should not.

S. KEIDAN

“The Gryphon” Committee needs new members. Watch the notice boards and help to improve YOUR Magazine



Overheard in the Medical School—

Professor, to Junior Medic, inclined to be sleepy—"Stop yawning".

J.M.—"Good morning".

* * *

"Regular reading of this paper is the safest insurance against nerve strain or despondency in air attacks."—*Daily Worker*.

* * *

A lot of observers regard the new French regime as Vichyous.—*Dallas Morning News*

* * *

. . . if no other suitable rodent is available, it will attach itself to a human being.—
Gardner's Bacteriology

* * *

It's most imprudent to know a student,
It's even worse if you're a nurse.

Correspondence

THE UNIVERSITY
LEEDS 2

11th November 1940

To the Editor of *The Gryphon*

Dear Sir

It was my privilege to-day to eat my lunch in the University Refectory. Going in with the "rough and tumble" at 1 pm, I made my way to my usual place in the right-hand part of the Refectory. To-day, for no apparent reason, I was greeted by an unusually prolonged banging of spoons and a number of derisive remarks. It seems strange that these members of the male sex who have no objection to consorting with women in the Union should object to the appearance of a "skirt" in that section of the Refectory. Is it that they wish their gluttony to be a private matter, or that they are just the band of foolish sheep, one imitating another, that they seem? It would be interesting to hear their reasons, if they know them, for such childish and amusing behaviour.

Yours sincerely

DOROTHY S. OGDEN

A CHOSEN smoke by any Connoisseur
Is TOM LONG 'baccy, fragrant, cool and pure.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOL

To the Editor of *The Gryphon*

LEEDS

Dear Sir

As Junior Medical Students, it was with a great deal of disgust that we read your Editorial in the recently published *Gryphon*, and in particular your scurrilous and libellous statement with regard to the alleged "bleating of junior medical students that they would be reserved at twenty", inferring thereby that they were not supporting, and had no intention of supporting, the University Training Corps.

We would like to point out the following irrefutable facts—

Firstly, that the Medical School, as a whole, has given whole-hearted and continued support of the University Training Corps, both prior to and after the declaration of war, despite the fact that the Medical Course is the longest course of the University.

Secondly, such support must of necessity have come and still does come from the pre-registration and pre-clinical student, because of the absolute necessity of the adherence of the clinical student to his studies.

Thirdly, at the present time, no other Faculty of the University has as many members in the University Training Corps as the Faculty of Medicine.

In conclusion, we would add that if your remarks were intended to stimulate recruiting, we are of the opinion that rather than stimulate, they will hinder such recruiting by being so very obviously untrue, and we would point out that, as on previous occasions, it has been the Medical School, and in particular the junior medical students, who have "shown the way" to the remainder of the University.

Yours truly

Jack McKennell, M. H. Harrison, Henry J. Dawson, A. K. Daniels, G. W. J. Hawbrook, A. G. Roberts, W. L. M. Garsia, D. S. Smith, L. Langton, G. C. Brown, R. Blyth, W. Walker, R. L. Gibson, J. R. Groves, F. G. Lindley, S. Lewine, L. B. Robinson, Arthur A. Cohen, G. R. Outwin, B. J. Nathan, O. G. Jones, J. Linton, H. Shooman, J. J. England, H. Lodge, W. Niman, G. R. Fryers, J. G. Pearson, T. D. Lumb, E. C. Brewin, O. P. Zermansky, G. L. Bickler, Ian Butler, J. R. Heseltine, J. D. Holdsworth, J. G. Spink, H. Walker.

[See Notes and Comments.—ED.]

* * *

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The People's Convention

THE "Guilty Men" are supposedly in retreat—the Labour leaders have entered the Government with many announcements of War Socialism. In September 1939 the British war aims were to preserve the independence of Poland and of all small nations. Since then no other declaration of aims has been elicited from the Government save that of "winning the war". The invasion scare having passed and (having effectively covered up the fiascos of Dakar and Somaliland) we are now told quite openly that the real struggles of the war will take place in the Near and Far East, in Egypt and Greece, in Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies. So the war extends—Poland is forgotten while the different groups of Powers fling all their resources into a desperate struggle, on the one hand to maintain, on the other to gain, control over the natural resources of the entire world. The immense oil reserves of the Middle East and of the Dutch East Indies, the wealth of India, the great trade routes, flanked by Egypt and Gibraltar—these are now admittedly the points at issue between the Powers.

The Government's foreign policy has all but isolated Britain. Towards the 200 million people of the Soviet Union it has maintained a persistently hostile attitude, coming close to open warfare in Finland, and illustrated by the freezing of the assets of the Baltic States and the harbouring of a so-called Polish Government which considers itself at war with the Soviet Union. Everyone should realise that the Soviet Government will never enter a war in order to help in a colonial share-out in the interests of either Power. The sunshine propaganda merchants who gave us the "low down" on the unity of France, now concentrate on making us believe that the Soviet Union and Germany are about to clash—in our interests, i.e. to do the fighting for us. The same circles are busy boosting the Czech Government consisting almost exclusively of politicians discredited in their own country, some having even served in Hitler puppet governments.

Meanwhile, in London the people are called upon to sacrifice with "blood, toil, tears and sweat" in preparation for the great offensive—for the campaigns of '42 and '43. In Berlin and Rome the call goes forth for greater endurance until the final annihilation of British plutocracy. But the great industrial enterprises continue to show increased profits, despite E.P.T., the Government controllers or the slogans of National Socialism. The railways increase their fares and the purchase tax effectively carries out its declared task of lowering the standards of life of the mass of the people. Fabulous sums are spent on the winning of the war, drawn in every country from those who can least afford to sacrifice.

On both sides, not only are millions of young men mobilised and sent to fight thousands of miles from their homes, but the whole population is in constant fear of sudden death from the air. Aerial bombardment and blockade threaten them with death and injury, loss of work, homelessness, disease, and starvation. The people, at their work and in their homes, are truly the front-line soldiers. Effective air-raid protection is now a necessity of life.

Spain, China, Abyssinia, Poland, and Holland all clearly demonstrated the methods of modern warfare—that the only real protection lay in deep bomb-proof shelters. What protection has the Government provided for the population?—gas masks, ear-plugs, Anderson shelters, surface shelters, and shored-up basements. In London it was left to the people themselves to ensure their own protection by seizing the tubes, by avoiding the surface shelter "death-traps", by organising to obtain deep bomb-proof shelters. The Government has replied by police intimidation of the shelter committees set up by the people to provide better comfort, sanitation, and feeding. To the people who ask for bomb-proof shelters,

Government spokesmen have responded that only cowards and fifth-columnists could make such demands. Mr Churchill's declared intention is to teach the people to use the brick surface shelters.

Such is the situation which faces the people of Britain to-day. The Government offers them no way out—the Labour leaders are now a part of that Government and follow no independent line. Parliament has given itself another year's lease of life. There is no necessity for the people's "representatives" to consult their constituents, and consequently there is no way in which the people can express, at least through the usual channels, their approval or disapproval of the Government's policy.

But the people are beginning to find their own way out. On 7th July 1940 the Hammersmith Trades Council and Labour Party called a conference of Trades Unionists and Labour representatives at which it was decided to hold a great People's Convention in January 1941. A manifesto was drawn up in preparation for a fuller programme to be decided at the Convention. It comprised the following six points—

- 1—The defence of the living standards of the people
- 2—The defence of their civil liberties and trade union rights, conditions and practices
- 3—To secure adequate air-raid protection
- 4—To develop friendship with the U.S.S.R.
- 5—To establish a People's Government
- 6—To work for a People's peace

and was signed by 500 prominent people drawn from all walks of life, among whom were Michael Redgrave (actor), Lew Stone (band leader), Prof. H. Levy (Prof. of Maths. Imper. Coll.) and Arthur Horner (President S. Wales Miners' Federation). This is a call to the people, a call which cuts across all party ties and political affiliations, a call for a new sort of Government—a People's Government containing no friend of Fascism, of foreign or home variety, which will have as its first consideration the interests of the mass of the people, i.e. 90% of the population.

Students can play their part in this movement, whether it be in defence of the democratic control of the N.U.S., in the prevention of the militarisation of the Universities, or in working and organising in the Universities and among the mass of the people for the January Convention.

JOHN W. FLETCHER
R. H. SPENCER

* * *

Reunion

To-day is yours.

Yours is the joy, the blush of warm delight;
Yours are the parted lips, the swift-drawn
breath,

Eyes sparkling now in fond anticipation.

Yours, too, the trembling voice, unnaturally
soft,

The racing heart that fills your throat
And cries out gloriously within your breast
To one who comes.

What do you know of pain, of deadened
hope,

Your very singing causing new despair?

S. SHARP

Extracts from Union Committee Minutes—*continued from page 60*

Societies—S.C.M.—Recognition was accorded this Society. It had submitted its balance sheet and had complied with suggestions regarding a non-Union member on its committee. **Pharmacy**—Recognition was accorded this Society. **Catholic**—Recognition was accorded this Society.

Sunday opening of the Union—A motion that the Union should be closed on Sundays was defeated.

A motion that "the time for closing on Saturdays should be 2 pm instead of 1 pm" was carried unanimously.

Barney the Bulldog

(A YORKSHIRE ANECDOTE)

MR HUMPLEBY put the last finishing touch to cleaning his counter, and then, leaning his beefy elbows on the bar, he paused with a gleam of pride in his eye to take a look at Barney, the only being on whom he lavished his affection. Now Mr Humpleby, or Bert as we shall call him from now on, was a widower and host of the "Golden Lion". Since his wife's death he had acquired on the one hand two barmaids, who did not interest him in the least, and on the other Barney, without whom he could not have carried on another day.

He had picked Barney up when the latter was a mere pup and he never tired of telling how "that there dog 'ad been trained".

"When I fust got 'im", Bert used to say, "'e wor a mucky little beggar, but I browt 'im 'ome and bathed 'im and brushed 'im, an' 'e's nivver been mucky since. 'E's clever an' all, 'e is. I knew that fust time I saw 'im. I thowt 'tha' might be nobbut a bull-pup but tha doesn't look so daft', so I snapped 'im up like that. But yer see ther' wa' one difficulty, and when I've told yer this, yu'll just see 'ow intelligent 'e is. (Here Bert's listeners would draw closer and his face would take on a mysterious air.) Well, I thowt, seein' as I've got a bulldog I sall 'ave to train 'im to be a watch-dog, 'cos I mean a bulldog wot doesn't bark's nobbut a pansy, is 'e now? But 'ow the 'ell can yer 'ave a watch-dog in a pub? I mean wi' fowk going in and out all t'time during opening hours it 'ud be fair miserable wit' dog barkin' all t'time. So I 'it on a plan and what d'yer think?" (At this juncture Bert was in the habit of looking round his circle of cronies just to impress them, but they all knew better than to anticipate his words, so after an awed silence he would continue.) "Well, I trained our Barney to bark just at certain times! That sounds odd I know, but I'll explain. If anybody comes to t'door before 'alf past eleven I let 'im bark like mad, but at 'alf past I say to 'im, 'Quiet, Barney, lad,' and 'e nivver barks no more until three o'clock, when I tell 'im it's O.K. until 'alf past five. Yer'd nivver believe it but it's true, I've trained 'im that well 'e allus waits for me to give 'im t'word."

At the end of this little narration Bert would take another swish at his beer, and lean back with his arms folded awaiting the approval which was always forthcoming.

Unfortunately, one day something happened which upset Bert's daily routine. Coming in at four o'clock after taking Barney for a stroll he encountered a white-faced Rosie (Rosie was the barmaid with the platinum blonde hair which is the peculiarity of many barmaids) holding a telegram.

"Ee, Mr 'Umplesby," she said (they always do anyway), "I do 'ope it's not bad news."

Bert opened it diffidently and then let out an exclamation of surprise.

"Well, I'm blowed, it's mi' aunt Fanny, she's dead at last. I'll 'ave to go over straight away. Yer'll be able ter manage won't yer?" Rosie nodded and helped him on with his coat, and out dashed Bert eagerly enough, because he happened to know that aunt Fanny had left him a bit in her will.

Poor Barney, meanwhile, had gone unnoticed in the bustle (alas! when money is in the offing how soon man turns from those he loves) but for all that he had been taking everything in. The time drew on to half past five, but to-day there was no master to say "Quiet, Barney, lad," and the poor misguided dog thought he would have to protect the pub until his master's return. Consequently he took up his stand outside the door and refused to budge. First Rosie tried to move him, and then Florrie (she was the dark one of course), but it was all of no avail.

Then the customers started to come. First there was Joe Perkins, little Joe, who was a welder, and came straight from work in his dirty overalls just dying for a drink.

"Barney," he said, "come on lad, yer know *me*."

But Barney wouldn't have anything, he bared his teeth and growled, and poor little Joe went running off to find some of his more stalwart pals. Frank Johnson, who was a road-mender, brought his pickaxe, and Harry Smith brought a shovel, and one or two came along with pokers, and all together advanced to the "Golden Lion". Windows opened, heads popped out, and the excitement rose. People began to make bets as to who would win, but Barney had it from the start. He leaped forward courageously, digging his teeth into the first thing he saw, which luckily turned out to be Harry Smith's shovel. At each fresh onslaught Barney parried their blows until the thirsty men began to lose patience, and, in spite of the gestures of Rosie and Florrie from the inside, set off down the road to the "Mucky Duck"; but every cloud has its silver lining, for just as the crowd of weary and thirsty men reached the bottom of the hill a taxi rounded the corner and to the surprise of everyone out jumped Bert wreathed in smiles.

"What's oop, lads, are yer going to build an air-raid shelter", he inquired brightly, his eyes on their various implements.

The replies hurled back at him were in language of a varied hue, but at length he got the whole story out of them.

"Well," he said, "I allus told yer Barney were an intelligent dog, I'd niver lose owt with 'im about. But yer mun all come back wi' me and 'ave a drink, becoss mi' aunt Fanny's left me five 'undred quid, and t'first thing I'm going to do is to buy our Barney a little green jacket, so 'e doesn't get cowed when 'e's on guard."

S.

Lysistrata

IT is truly amazing how a work so ancient in its origin applies so aptly to the conditions of to-day. Lysistrata is the story of women who struggle against the unjust conditions in their country—Greece. By refusing to live with their husbands they force their men-folk into the knowledge that war is evil, but that it can only be uprooted by a change in the existing social conditions. They solve this problem by "getting rid of the old gang", and by establishing a people's government with the aim of peace and equality.

Manchester Unity Theatre gave a magnificent performance of the play, and the title-rôle was well performed by a woman whose personality needed no limelight. The "old gang" certainly knew their job, and the rest of the women aptly represented types of womanhood varying from the Amazon to the sophisticate. Altogether it was a clever job of work performed by people convinced of the truth of their statements.

* * *

D. S. O.

Prologue to a work unfinished

The wind is in the autumn leaves
Like fat frying on the fire;
The rain is arguing in the roof-spouts
And smashing on the flagstones;
The empty houses have signs,
'For Sale', but no hope of sale;
The people huddle by
To rest, but no hope of rest;
And the day festers into night,
Infected with the pus-like fog.

Street lamps like clouded, tearful moons;
With every gust they wane;
And underfoot (the damp and chill-dead foot)
A trickling pavement,
Tombstones end to end;
From the road, the painful motors' moan,
And in the dark,
A shout of nations
Falling.

E. G. HAUGER

We deal with a dog

CHATSWORTH'S portly figure appeared in the smokeroom doorway. He glanced round, paused, and then pounced. He bore down upon us with something approximating to the speed and force of a typhoon.

"I say, Embridge, Hodge, Tomlinson—just a minute."

Seeing that further attempts at retreat were impracticable, we settled into the deep arm-chairs as Chatsworth steamed in our direction.

"I say," Chatsworth always began with 'I say'—nobody ever knew why, "the wife's having a few friends to tea next Monday; we wondered if you'd care to come. You might stay and have dinner perhaps?"

Tomlinson suddenly remembered an urgent appointment with his banker and fled.

"I won't take 'no' for an answer Hodge, or you, Embridge," commanded Chatsworth, "—see you about four."

He shuffled out of the room, leaving Embridge and me to brood over our fate. The last time we visited Chatsworth, Embridge broke a vase—a family heirloom or something. Mrs Chatsworth has never forgiven him. However, there was no escape, and Monday afternoon found us ringing the door-bell at the Chatsworth's.

Gribble, the butler-cum-valet, opened the door, eyeing us with some disfavour.

"Good evening, Dribble", I said breezily.

"Gribble is the name, sir", he replied pompously. "Your coat, sir."

As we moved forward, Embridge stumbled over what seemed, at first sight, to be a rather dirty and disreputable door-mat. This theory was soon exploded as Gribble picked up the object and stroked it, soothingly.

"Mrs Chatsworth has a great affection for Billikins, sir", he said, among other things. We recognised it immediately—'it' was Horace, the most disgusting dog I've ever seen. Embridge and I christened it Horace, the last time we were here. It looked rather as if it had been born as a clothes-brush but had developed into a floor-mop. There had been a very ugly scene when Gribble discovered us holding the wretched beast under the cold tap in the bathroom.

We were loosed into a room containing a mixed assortment of females, together with Chatsworth. There was much introducing and a good deal of hand-shaking.

"Terribly good weather we're having", said Mrs. Pinkley.

"Terribly good", I affirmed.

"We've had a lot of frightfully bad weather recently", she said, turning to Embridge for support.

"Frightfully bad", agreed Embridge.

A long pause.

"I suppose there'll be a lot of awfully good weather to come", I suggested.

"Yes", agreed Mrs Pinkley, as Embridge gulped down a giggle. At precisely that moment, the tension was relieved by Horace who shuffled into the room. Horace never walked—he was built too low for that, and he didn't quite crawl, yet he somehow managed to cover the distance between two given points by an obscure method of propulsion, known only to himself. Embridge smelt him coming, and by a rather well-timed and surreptitious dig in the ribs he managed to steer him under an arm-chair, where he began to consume large quantities of carpet. Embridge didn't like Horace, and we decided quite early in the evening that the beast should receive suitable treatment—something more drastic than the cold-water tap, this time.

A somewhat unsuccessful attempt was made just after dinner when Embridge squirted the hound, at point-blank range, with a soda-siphon. This was unfortunately marred by the fact that Chatsworth himself chose to enter the room at the very moment when Horace was making a hurried exit, a few paces ahead of Embridge. Consequently, Chatsworth received the full force of an admittedly strong jet of soda-water. We expected him to let forth a long string of oaths—but, to our surprise, he beamed.

"That's the spirit I like to see," he said, "I wish you would do something really terrible with that beastly dog—I never could stand the thing. Couldn't you machine-gun it or something?" He stopped to dry his trousers by the fire. Embridge thought for several minutes.

"Got it!" he announced suddenly with the air of one who had just swatted a fly. "How about smuggling it out of the house." Then he turned to me and added, with a wink,

"You could always give it to Sheila."

"Kindly leave Sheila out of this," I said, "the present of a frowsy object like Horace isn't calculated to improve one's relations with any girl. She has never forgiven me for giving her that tin of my favourite cigarettes for a Christmas present."

"Never mind that," said Chatsworth, "the question is how to get the thing off the premises without the wife knowing." We decided, eventually, to take it out in a small attaché case which Chatsworth would lend us for the purpose. It was quite a squeeze inserting the animal into the case, for he seemed to resent the treatment, and only acquiesced after taking a surprisingly large lump out of Embridge's finger, and utterly ruining Chatsworth's case.

I carried it into the hall and we got away quite well, in spite of a continuous sniffing which caused Gribble to eye the case with a certain amount of suspicion.

"I rather fancy that that case resembles one belonging to Mr Chatsworth, sir", he said thoughtfully.

"Yes," I replied shortly, "it does. Good-night, Gribble."

"Good-night, sir—shall I inform Mr Chatsworth of the whereabouts of his case."

"Go to blazes", said Embridge.

"Very good, sir."

We gave Horace to a home for stray dogs and I threw the case into a pond. Chatsworth absolutely radiated kindness to us during the next week—he even bought us drinks. But about a fortnight later he appeared round the smokeroom door in a different and more purple mood.

"Look!" I said to Embridge.

"Air-raid warning, action stations!" he replied, as Chatsworth descended upon us like some giant eagle swooping on unsuspecting prey.

"Blithering idiots!" he cried, "the wife's bought a 'Great Dane'—I'll give you ten pounds to get that out of the house."

* * *

And the surprising thing is—we did—but, then, that's another story.

GEORGE F. HODSMAN

STOP PRESS

Miss D. Wilde has been elected Secretary of the Union.
J. W. Fletcher has been elected Union N.U.S. Secretary.

University Training Corps

COMMANDING OFFICER	CAPTAIN R. SPENCE
ADJUTANT	LIEUTENANT J. SATTERTHWAITE (<i>The Duke of Wellington's Regiment</i>)
PERMANENT STAFF INSTRUCTORS	C.S.M. J. TELFORD (<i>The Green Howards</i>) P.S.M. G. W. MOODY (<i>The Duke of Wellington's Regiment</i>)

NOW that the U.T.C. is able to lift its head from the obscurity to which it had fallen—possibly hidden in shame at the failure to realise even one half of the number which was expected to enrol in its ranks—we hope to feature regularly an article or at least odd notes of interest in each issue of *The Gryphon*.

Since the publication of the last number, the Medics' Company, then the "baby" of the family, has rapidly outgrown its bigger brethren, and is now the strongest Company in the Contingent. Good old Medics!—Or out of deference to their "year", should we say "Good *young* Medics"?

Admittedly, the Technologists, with a particularly strong consignment of Engineers, and the Science Group are pursuing the Medics hard, but what is the matter with the Arts? Are they so immersed in their own studies that they are as yet unaware that there *is* a war, or are they so satisfied with the present situation and the future outlook that they are content to leave matters to their seemingly more conscientious and more patriotic colleagues?

It is some slight consolation to know that our strength is now well over 300 and is even "knocking on" towards the 400 mark. Apparently the spirit of Leeds is not quite dead, but I ask every *man* amongst you who is not already a member of the Corps, is this good enough? Are you satisfied that you are doing your bit for your Country, and to maintain the worthy traditions of Leeds of the past?

Let every one amongst you who is a non-Cadet seriously consider his position, and the privileges which accompany it. Do you believe that equal freedom and privileges can still be enjoyed in certain countries of Europe? If you do, you had better see our valiant Medics, who are quite capable of administering the necessary treatment. But if you realise that the lot of your contemporaries on the Continent is not all that you-would wish yourself, then it is your moral right and duty to fit yourself to defend those very rights for which England and the Empire are now fighting. Hesitate no longer—join the U.T.C. now, before it is too late.

* * * *

The total number of ex-Cadets known to be serving with His Majesty's Forces since the beginning of the war is 102. Of these 56 have already obtained Commissions, and a further 18 are at present undergoing training with a view to being granted a Commission on completion.

* * * *

Despite the fact that the permanent staff has already been increased this term by the addition of a new Adjutant, Lieut. J. Satterthwaite, and another P.S.I.,

P.S.M. G. W. Moody, both from I.T.C., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, it is now rumoured that there is likely to be a further increase of both Officers and Sergeants.

* * * *

Evidently training is likely to be even more intensive and concentrated next term with such a promised selection of specialists.

* * * *

Our congratulations and best wishes go to Mr R. T. Lee (Faculty of Technology) who has been Commissioned with the R.A.O.C. since publication of the last issue of *The Gryphon*. "Arty" Lee was formerly C.S.M. of "C" Company.

* * * *

Enrolment Forms and full particulars of the
LEEDS UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS

may be had on application to

HEADQUARTERS 41 UNIVERSITY ROAD

In Defence of De Gaulle

"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 . . ."

After explaining the Pétain-Laval Government as being, quite rightly, the inevitable reaction to the Blum Government, Mr Spencer concludes by making a totally unwarranted attack upon General De Gaulle. This attack, which I have quoted above, is most unjust; for De Gaulle is the only man who can and will rally the French to clear away the mess created by the "Guilty Men" of France.

De Gaulle is no politician, but a soldier of outstanding brilliance who, even in 1934, was far too "independent-minded" to be popular at the War Office. It was five years later before his ideas were championed by a politician and no-one can say that Reynaud was a supporter of the reactionary Action Française. Neither is De Gaulle a "clerical reactionary" or he, too, would have followed Pétain and Weygand; some Catholics surely are patriots—and among them is De Gaulle.

Does Mr Spencer realise that his depreciation of De Gaulle applies to a man who, along with all the other Free Frenchmen, is under sentence of death; whose family is in danger; whose property is sequestered? It was General De Gaulle himself who founded the Free French National Committee on his own initiative; or does Mr Spencer prefer us to think of men of such calibre as Admiral Muselier and General De Larminat as "pickings" of the British Government?

We do not know much about the action at Dakar but, it is unwise to talk deprecatingly of De Gaulle's "heaven-inspired generalship". We could as reasonably well criticise our own Admiralty and Secret Service.

After all, Joan of Arc was also French, and "heaven-inspired", and she won. So there is hope.

MICHAEL N. TEMPEST

The LAST date for copy is January 15th

The Defence of Democratic Rights and Civil Liberties

"The price of liberty is eternal vigilance"

THE importance of a Conference on this subject need not be stressed, and it was evident from the wide representation at this meeting, from Labour Party branches (in spite of an attitude of hostility on the part of the leaders), Co-operative Guilds, Trades Unions, etc. that the need for vigilance was never greater.

In opening the discussion, Mr H. D. Dickinson stressed the fundamentals of the hard-won democratic rights which have been bequeathed to us after long struggle by our fathers; freedom to organise, right to criticism, freedom of association and assembly—things which were now liable to be filched away at a moment's notice—nay, even in many cases had already gone. The rigid censorship was showing its Fascist roots in the arrest by the police of many people, and their detention without charge or trial; the case of Johnny Mason, Mexborough shop steward, imprisoned for six months or more without charge or trial; the arrest of Walsh and Siddons in Bradford on the charge of insulting language and false statements prejudicial to the conduct of the war, when in fact they had made a mere statement of personal opinion. The fact was that our liberties now more than ever before were in the hands of the police who were not slow to use the dictatorial powers vested in them.

On the other hand, the Press was stifled both by censorship and by the directors of its policy. A recent case in point—the *News-Chronicle* attacked the *Daily Worker* for stating that a child had been killed in a shelter scramble in the East End—a statement later admitted to be in doubt by the *Daily Worker*. But the *News-Chronicle* has never yet (or any other newspaper except the *Daily Worker*) published the news that a mass deputation on shelters to the Borough Council next day were baton-charged by the police.

A host of other examples could be quoted—inadequate A.R.P., the use of the powers of economic controllers, victimisation, abuse of police powers, suppression of the Press by the decision of one Minister, and the surrender of Trade Union rights. These, coupled with the treatment of C.O.s and the refugees, were the thin end of the wedge—we must be on guard lest the tragedy of France was repeated here.

Speakers from the floor underlined with more concrete examples the fundamental principles which Mr Dickinson had indicated. It was not only a question of an attack from without, by the reactionary governing classes of the country, but also from within by the Labour leaders who had surrendered their rights for a mere promise. The Trades Union Congress banned the *Daily Worker*—the Leeds Watch Committee had forbidden the use of its halls by the *Daily Worker* or the Communist Party, anti-Semitic propaganda had appeared in the London Tubes—here in clear example was the menace of Fascism. And as one speaker put it "we are not only concerned with the Fascists who come by parachute, but also with those who came with William the Conqueror".

Resolutions were passed unanimously calling for—

- (1) The release or trial of Johnny Mason.
- (2) A general protest against the attacks on free speech and other democratic rights.
- (3) A condemnation of the policy of internment of genuine anti-Fascist refugees.

It was also decided to send the local Secretary—Councillor J. Craig Walker—of the Committee of the Defence of Democratic Rights and Civil Liberties to the People's Convention Meeting in January.

K. DOWNEY



LEEDS UNIVERSITY
ENGINEERING SOCIETY

ANNUAL DANCE

SATURDAY 18th JANUARY 1941

in the RILEY-SMITH HALL

Reception 5.45 pm

Dancing 6 to 10.45 pm

SPECIAL DECORATIONS AND
NOVELTIES

Westbourne Players

(The Swing Band of the North)

Prize-winning Ten-piece Band

TICKETS 10/6 DOUBLE

(supper included)

Late Buses

BAR



Twilight of the Press

TO say that the Press is dying would not be accurate. As an industry, it has probably never been more alive. Circulations of the national dailies have never been greater than they are to-day. Every year, vaster quantities of newsprint are fed into the presses. But it is as an institution that the Press is dying; slowly, like Charles II, but surely, nevertheless.

It might seem that with readership of over two millions becoming a common phenomenon in Fleet Street that the influence of any daily newspaper could continue to be vast. But the influence of the Press depends on the faith of its public in what are, supposedly, its considered judgments. Before the war, that faith was already slowly waning. As soon as it was realised that war was inevitable, it was given a further downward push.

It is an old story now, how during the pre-war years obvious warning signs were withheld and the public mood of complacency gently fostered. As a short-term policy, it probably paid. Advertising agents were satisfied and circulations maintained. But the show-down had to come one day. And when it came, the decline in newspaper prestige became a rot. Perhaps the Press is not entirely to blame for its own downfall. Even leaving aside the political field, a newspaper has, by the nature of things, to present a cheerful face—no-one wants to exchange a penny for a good dose of gloom. There may have been large sections of the Press, too, who sincerely believed that the new era of prosperity and international peace was just around the corner and to be had for the asking. If so, the fact that, even with sources of information unavailable to the layman, they made a hopelessly wrong judgment only helped to swell the tide of mistrust.

There have been days when English Prime Ministers have quaked in their shoes before an onslaught in a *Times* leader; when a newspaper, by concentrating its attack on some topical evil, has raised public opinion to such a pitch that action has had to be taken immediately. Those days have passed. The ownership and control of papers has been concentrated into a few hands and large circulations are a necessity for any paper to pay its way. Vast circulations mean a multitude of tastes among readers. An editor cannot afford to run a violent policy one way or the other; he must try to please every subscriber. And so a newspaper has slowly evolved into what is little different from a family magazine. Editorial policy becomes subservient to the business side. As Colonel Lawson has said, "Newspapers, I think, resemble fashionable ladies of the West End in that they are more concerned with their figures than with their morals." There are exceptions, but they are becoming rarer as the circulation war thins out the weaklings, and those that stay are as often as not subsidised by a wealthier partner.

The loss of faith in the Press has turned the public's ear to the B.B.C. The news is believed to be semi-official (although, of course, it is collected in the same way from the news agencies) and it is concise and up to date. But its increased popularity is a mixed blessing. Its conciseness is a disadvantage in that only one aspect of each item can be given. The B.B.C. is not, unlike the Press, able to comment freely and, if necessary, give strong criticism. And it has even more power than the popular Press to create a mass mind.

The newspaper cannot be entirely supplanted. Local news, photographs, the common desire to "see it in print"—these and other factors will mean there will always be, at any rate, some form of Press. Perhaps the latter, as it feels its position as a public institution slipping away, will make an effort to swing back to its old strong and independent traditions. But the effort will have to be great if the present public apathy is to be overcome.

J. S. SCRUTON

Verse

Enchanteresse

Le sommeil ne vient pas.
Je délire,
Je soupire,
Mes maux sont toujours là.

Je ne vois que son rire.
Je me meurs,
Je ne veux
Qu'elle prenne d'empire.

Cet éternel soleil
M'éblouit,
Et me nuit,
Empêchant le sommeil.

A l'ombre de la nuit,
Curieuse,
Et moqueuse,
Elle approche sans bruit.

Suis-je vraiment heureux ?
Qui le sait !
Il faudrait
Dormir—cela vaut mieux.

Solution à jamais
Inutile,
Et futile,
Je me rends désormais.

Enfin sa lèvre avide,
Douce fraise,
Rouge braise,
Brûle mon front livide.

Mon âme enfin à l'aise,
Mais très lasse,
Je repasse
Dans le pays des rêves. C. P. BARBIER

Wanderer

I

As I foot it on the high road
When summer's sun is low,
I love the trembling night-scents
The cottage roses throw;
And I love the silent hedges,
And the ermine of the snow
In winter, on the long highroad.

As I foot it in the fieldways
I love to hear the rooks,
And the skylark in the summertime,
To see the harvest stooks,
And pause upon the bridges
Where the willow overlooks
The water, in the still fieldways.

There are roads among the mountains
Where no man yet has trod,
Where the wind is like a knife,
And the rain is like a rod,
I will make my lonely way there
And hold converse with God,
In the solitary mountain-ways.

II

Dig my grave in no churchyard,
Where each is confined to his lot,
Nor raise your marble up for me,
That men forget I trouble not,
Tear up no flowers for my grave,
Nor sing your melancholy chants;
Let no eye blush with those tears
Forced not in my living years.

A poplar be my monument,
It is a lovely, living thing,
A valley be my tomb,
And the sad night wind to sing
About my head a requiem,
The rivers be the only tears,
And when this body lies in peace,
Part of the earth I so much love,
I pray God let my spirit rove.

E. G. HAUGER

To Evening

Quiet loiters by the pavement edge
and slowly drifts along the road. The trees
stand limned in mauve, like misty gateways
to Eternity. Even Thought is still,
and lies in darkling pools of reminiscence.
The evening mantle softly covers all,
and Silence listens to the evening mist.

Now stirs the autumn breeze above the stones
to kiss a solitary leaf, which idly turns
and views with burnished face
the twin moons in a window pane.
The distant world is insignificant,
for here is Truth, in leaves and stars
and silent wonder at the evening calm . . .

S.

The last thoughts of a condemned man

NOT much longer now, to hear the tick, tock of the white clock on the table next to me, with a slight pause between the tick and tock, tick-kk-tock. This room with its bed, chair and table, the window with one of its four panes distorted so everything seen through it appears twisted, and the splash of sky I can see through it have been the limitations of my world for eight weeks and three days—an uneasy world of tottering values, beset with moods of desperate hope and utter blackness. And now it is to end. When both fingers of the little white clock close on twelve the torments of the past will resolve into a final calm certainty . . . Rain against the window, snowdrops in the little quadrangle white against the black soil. There were snowdrops that day, and rain. Rain on her face as my hands closed round her white throat and her body fell heavily against mine, surrendering herself at last. The sound she made when her throat was seized! Mustn't think of that, my own will be seized soon enough.

The times we had when Bennett and I climbed and swam and rode together . . . Home—little town set like a jewel at the foot of great hills hanging over it like guardian spirits—the days when Bennett—curse him! should be with me now—and I climbed over them and stole lumps of ginger cake from the pantry to eat while we climbed. Lovely hills, sometimes vague in mist like corpses beneath a shroud, sometimes carved out of the sky . . . The smell of the box where mother kept her handkerchiefs and gloves . . . The fluted silver teapot, used only on special occasions instead of the brown one with three chips on the lid . . . The firelight gleaming on father's spectacles that night after dinner when he discovered . . . Good joint that had been. Oxford, black gowns and grey stone. The black gowns and grey wigs of the trial. Strange how the whole machinery of British law was set into motion on my account. That endless, inexorable questioning, the sweetness of the judge's bouquet as he passed, the knowledge the pans were weighted against me . . . How calm his voice was when he directed how they should treat my body—why should it worry him? Nothing existed then except the black square on his head and the brightness of his flowers.

I must stop those hands from meeting, meeting to cut me off from all the simple glorious things of life like a yacht on the sea, a friend's smile, the wind's song—but nothing now can be of any consequence. The birds will still sing in the eaves outside my room this spring, and the next and the next, what matter to them or me if I shall not hear them? Though perhaps even now . . . oh God! the sound of the key turning in the lock. No hope. It is finished. D. J.

* * *

Social Whirl

November 25th	Middlesex Hospital Social.
November 29th	MEDICAL DANCE.
December 3rd	Law Student Society Social.
December 7th	Refugee Relief Committee Social.
January 9th	International Society Social.
January 17th	ENGINEERS' DANCE.
January 21st	French, English, and German Societies' Social.
January 24th	NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY DANCE

Society Notes

DEBATING SOCIETY

Debates have been held at frequent intervals throughout this term, and on the whole they have been well attended, although the number of speakers from the floor has been disappointing.

A very enjoyable meeting was held in Oxley Hall, and we are hoping to, visit Weetwood Hall and Devonshire Hall in the near future.

Under the auspices of the Debating Society, well-known speakers are to be invited to the University to speak on subjects of interest. This term, Lady Maureen Stanley addressed students on "The Present Situation in the Balkans".

Next term we hope to continue the practice of holding an Inter-Varsity Debate—January being the month provisionally selected. Once more may I appeal to all students to continue to support this Society.

JOYCE ADAMS *Honorary Secretary*

FRENCH SOCIETY

The French Society has held three meetings this term, and all these have been very well attended. Particularly do we welcome the freshers who have rallied enthusiastically, and we hope they will continue to give their support.

After the election of Miss N. Whyte as president, Professor Arnold gave a topical address at the first meeting, while, at the second, various members described their impressions of life in war-time France. The "Soirée Musicale" was a great success and brought to light considerable talent among first year students. Other activities have included two hikes, one through the Washburn Valley, and the other in the direction of Ilkley; while several members have shown enthusiasm by knitting garments for the forces of General de Gaulle. We hope to conclude this term with a Christmas Party.

Next term's programme will be announced soon, but in the meantime we extend to all a hearty invitation to the joint social of the German, French, and English Societies to be held early in January.

G. DRINKWATER *Honorary Secretary*

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Our activities since the last issue of *The Gryphon* have been many and varied. Rambles have been held almost every Sunday and have proved a great success. We have had two visits to the Grand Theatre to see the "Maid of the Mountains" and "The Gondoliers". Both were well attended and were enjoyed by all. On Friday, October 18th, there was a most interesting and entertaining talk by Miss Scott on "Sea Weeds", whilst on Friday, November 1st, Dr. Versey gave an interesting account of "The History of the North Sea", admirably illustrated with lantern slides. Teas before meetings are now being held in Botany House by kind permission of Professor Priestley.

On Friday, November 8th, we held a society hockey match at Weetwood. The game was enjoyed by all—both players and spectators provided many humorous incidents. Professor Priestley's beat Dr. Sledge's 4—3, and tea followed at Oxley Hall. On Monday, November 11th, we played our friends of the Geographical Society.

W. T. DALE *Honorary Secretary*

REFUGEE RELIEF COMMITTEE

This time we should like to make a special appeal to the Physics and Chemistry Departments, in which we have been trying for some time to obtain collectors—so far there have been no volunteers. How is it that two of the largest departments in the University find it harder to be generous than other smaller departments? Physics and Chemistry, please remedy this state of affairs by sending in your names to the Secretary or by signing the posters on the notice boards.

December 6th is St. Nicholas Day and celebrated throughout the continent as Christmas. We are therefore trying to preserve the illusion for the benefit of our continental friends by holding a Social on Saturday, December 7th, in the social room of the Union. If you are still in Leeds on that date come and celebrate Christmas *à la continentale*.

D. S. O.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

By this time, both our annual social and the hockey match with the Natural History Society will be over, but we are looking forward to a return match next term. If possible, we are holding a rambling week-end during the Christmas vacation, so watch for details. We should like to see more freshers coming on our rambles—in previous years it has always been the freshers who were keenest. Maybe you don't like the routes, maybe the day doesn't suit you. If so, give the Rambles Secretary your suggestions. The Society has been invited to go round Mr Hodsman's museum, and the visit will be made next term. At the recent freshers' election, Miss K. Heap was elected first year representative on the Committee.

J. S. SCRUTON *Honorary Secretary*

ECONOMICS SOCIETY

The activities of the Economics Society have been varied, interesting and topical. Mr W. L. Andrews, the Editor of *The Yorkshire Post*, addressed the Society on "The Press in Wartime", and the subject of Professor Jones's Presidential address was "Population Movements in Peace and War". It is hoped that the first talk next term will be by Professor John Hilton—the well-known B.B.C. commentator.

Works visits have been paid to Messrs Montague Burton's and Messrs Alf. Cooke's the printers. More works visits will be arranged, war conditions permitting.

The Economics Society social, held in the Riley Smith Hall on October 11th, was extremely successful. It was the first social of the year, and over two hundred people were present.

At a special general meeting, Mr P. Salinsky was elected President of the society, and Mr E. Hemsworth, Assistant Secretary.

N. LODGE } *Honorary*
E. HEMSWORTH } *Secretaries*

GERMAN SOCIETY

Thanks to the kindness and tolerance of those present, a calamity was averted at our last meeting, when through a slight misunderstanding about the radiogram, we were obliged to give our gramophone recital on the musical-box from the Women's Common Room. In spite of this, we heard a varied and enjoyable programme of records ranging from Wagner to Strauss.

On Wednesday, November 13th, we held our annual party at Weetwood Hall. Numerous Austrians and Germans lent the right atmosphere, which, combined with the usual gaiety of the German school, meant that we had a good time. There will most likely be another meeting this term, for which we repeat our invitation to all those who are interested.

D. S. O.

Hostel Notes

WEETWOOD HALL

The term is flying away in its usual rapid manner, and our more studious members are beginning to mutter of forthcoming exams. However, it is not too late to welcome the freshers very sincerely and to wish them every success.

The Freshers' Social gave everyone a very enjoyable evening. Particularly were we impressed in the Film Titles Fancy Dress by the glorious apparition of "The Awful Truth" and an inspired rendering of "Sixty Glorious Years". We bow to the wit and ingenuity that prompted both.

Our plague this term is mumps. We extend our heartiest sympathy to the victims, wish them a speedy recovery, and sincerely hope they will have no further use of their gas masks.

Hostel Dance is to take place in the near future, and other social events are being planned. In enumerating our many pleasurable activities let us not forget to mention, finally, that frequent light entertainment may also be had in Weetwood whenever the sirens blow. JOSEPHINE KELLY

DEVONSHIRE HALL

In spite of the fact that many of the senior members have not returned, the activities in Devonshire Hall have been maintained. We welcomed in traditional fashion some sixty freshers who, judging from their efforts on Freshers' Day, are not lacking in the true Devonshire Hall spirit.

The Common Room has held two excellent meetings, Professor Evans speaking on "The Scientist and Society" at the opening meeting, and Lord Harlech on "America". The Dramatic Society is also very active, several well-chosen plays having been read.

Although the Association Football Club has not played many matches, it has, however, shown its strength by beating H.O.R. 18-0. Consequently, when the team has had more practice, we hope for even better results. A squash match v. Middlesex Hospital resulted in a 4-1 defeat.

A tea-dance, better known as a "Hop", held on October 26th, was a great success, and we hope to run another before the end of term. R. O. CALVERT *Honorary Secretary*

LYDDON—OXLEY HALL RE-UNION

Dinner at 7 pm, January 4th, at Oxley Hall, 2/6. Accommodation for the night may be obtained. Dinner, Bed, and Breakfast, 5/6.

* * *

Grand Theatre Programme

November 26th "Dancing Years", with Ivor Novello.

December 24th "Jack and Jill", with Arthur Askey.

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Athletic Notes

THE BOAT CLUB

Much water has flowed under the bridge since the last report of the Club activities, though perhaps there is little of general interest.

The season's prospects are now materialising, and the first fixture consists of a fours race between St. John's, York, first crew and one of our crews, which event we hope will mark the opening of a season of activity.

The Boat Club Dinner, which is to be held at the Griffin Hotel on November 30th, has been mentioned previously, but is worthy of repetition by reason of its intrinsic twenty-first nature, which should be of interest to University sports enthusiasts.

There is quite a promising nucleus of first year rowing men, in spite of present demands upon a large proportion of time normally devoted to sporting activity; we rest confident that the traditions will not be lacking in supporters or extension.

We can do no more than to urge students to take a more active interest in the Boat Club, bearing in mind that Leeds University has been, and should be, to the fore in the U.A.U.'s rowing spheres.

K. ELLIS

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

The Club has had a useful selection of new members this season, and although it is only possible to run two teams there has been a good attendance at practices. It is very much hoped that those who are not in the actual teams will continue to turn up to the practices. The first eleven has played four matches, two of which have been lost, one won and one drawn. The only Inter-Varsity match against Nottingham was lost by three goals to two, but a draw would have better represented the game. The first eleven results are not yet good enough, considering the high standard of individual play, and it is hoped that better team-work will result from serious practice. The Club is handicapped by having no referee and would welcome a willing volunteer (male or female).

D. M. WILDE *Captain*

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

The first eleven was expected to be greatly handicapped by the going-down and joining-up of so many of last season's players. Surprisingly, this year's eleven is better than ever; nine matches have been played, seven of them won, one lost and one drawn. The team has rallied round the Captain, R. E. B. Noble, and a record season is hoped for.

Three Inter-Varsity matches have been played. Loughborough and Liverpool were beaten 5—2 and 3—1 respectively; while the redoubtable Manchester had to concede a draw.

The four freshmen, W. B. Knox, G. H. Mann, B. N. Turvey and W. Middlemass are extremely capable, and Knox has to his credit 23 of the 43 goals scored. All other members seem to have improved on last year's form, especially P. B. Taylor, K. Hammond, and G. H. Briggs.

A second eleven was impossible this year, but with just five more keen men a reasonably good second eleven could be raised; and any prospective members will be eagerly welcomed.

Honorary Secretary

RIFLE CLUB

A good start was made at the beginning of the season, and soon afterwards we were joined by the members of the Middlesex Hospital Medical School R.C. whom we are pleased to welcome.

Unfortunately, ammunition is extremely scarce at present owing to the Government withholding supplies. Practices have for this reason had to be discontinued until further notice. We hope, however, to obtain supplies next term.

G. W. LEWIS *Honorary Secretary*

* * *

Premonition

I tell you, Death is here
 Lowering from the eaves, lurking in the ware-
 house-cellar, grinning thinly from the lamp.
 I tell you, the star you trust
 Is but the chink of window in this prison cell.
 See how the choking fog drives men before it,
 Oh! shriek as the bat-wings drive across your
 face.
 The assassin lifts his hand to strike—
 I tell you, Death is here!

D. N. MITCHELL

LEEDS UNIVERSITY

Old Students Association

News from Headquarters

CHRISTMAS FUNCTION—SATURDAY DECEMBER 21st

WE are hoping for a record attendance at the O.S.A. LUNCHEON on DECEMBER 21st, in the REFECTORY—TIME 12.45 p.m.—PRICE 3/- each.

The change, instituted last year, from a dinner to a luncheon, which avoided the difficulties of black-out travel, proved very successful, so come along in large numbers and make the 1940 luncheon an even greater success (remember there will be an extra hour of daylight this year). Since we were reluctantly obliged to cancel our Summer Function, this is our only opportunity for a general gathering of Old Students this year. We hope to have as guests representatives of all the Active Services from the ranks of Old Students. You will notice that we have been able to keep to our usual date after all, instead of the earlier one mentioned in the last number of *The Gryphon*.

The Annual General Meeting will follow the luncheon and will be held in the Union Building. The agenda will be brief and there will be ample time for members to linger in the O.S.A. lounge and chat with friends. If Branch Secretaries have any matter for discussion at the Annual Meeting will they please notify Headquarters.

Arrangements for the luncheon will be informal, and payment may be made on arrival at the Refectory.

PLEASE NOTE—Will members who intend to be present at the luncheon kindly send a post card, or telephone, not later than Monday, December 16th, to the Honorary Secretaries, L.U.O.S.A., The University, Leeds 2 (*Telephone 20251*).

War conditions permitting, may you all have

A Happy Christmas

MARJORIE 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.)

COPLEY—The latest monograph to be issued by the Leeds School of English Language is an edition of "Seven English songs and carols of the fifteenth century" by J. Copley (English, 1935-8), at the price of three shillings. It is noticed in the *Times Literary Supplement*, p. 547.

READ—Mr Herbert Read's latest book is entitled "Annals of Innocence and Experience" and is an autobiographical account of his early Yorkshire days. It was published by Faber in November, and costs 10/6d.

RAYNER—G. W. Rayner has two contributions in the volume of "Discovery Reports" (vol. XIX) just completed.

THOMPSON—Professor Hamilton Thompson is the editor of two volumes just issued, one by the Surtees Society (Archbishop Greenfield's Register, part V) and one by the Lincoln Record Society (Visitations in that diocese in the early sixteenth century).

WOLEDGE—The *Illustrated London News* of November 9th gave a long account of the discovery, due to Mr Geoffrey Wolegde, of a missing folio of the Codex Climacus, a very early "Palestinian Bible fragment".

HULL AND EAST RIDING LETTER

227 PARK AVENUE
HULL YORKS

As this will be the last issue this year, may I take this opportunity, on behalf of the Committee, of expressing to all members of the branch and others the SEASON'S GREETINGS and with the hope that, under God's guidance, the NEW YEAR may see the beginnings of peace which we all so earnestly desire.

Yours sincerely
E. C. FROW
Honorary Secretary

MERSEYSIDE LETTER

Telephone WAVERTREE 823

55 PRINCE ALFRED ROAD
LIVERPOOL 15

There isn't a thing to write a letter about so we'll pass straight on to the postscript—

P.S.—We are all living such a literally "sheltered" existence that meetings are impossible. We have not, however, abandoned hope, and one of these dark nights we may yet be able to don our best siren-suits, tin hats and stirrup pumps and have a cheery cellar party—if I can find any of our members with a big enough cellar and sufficient buckets of sand and long-handled shovels, to keep us all happy till the all-clear goes. I trust I haven't given away too much information to the enemy! Though they do mention Merseyside now on the wireless.

Meantime I should like to hear from any of our members with a moment to call or telephone me. If there are any newcomers to the district feeling disconnected I hope they will do the same.

ETHEL M. WORMALD
Honorary Secretary

WEST RIDING LETTER

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY
THE UNIVERSITY
LEEDS 2

The Committee's decision to carry on in spite of Hitler has been fully justified by the attendance at the two meetings held this term. On November 12th a large gathering enjoyed a show of most excellent colour films of holidays on the Continent, very kindly shown to us by Dr. Lissimore. Unfortunately, the walk arranged for November 2nd was literally washed out by the weather, which seems to have damped everyone's ardour too much to arrange another at present. The last meeting of the term will be a Christmas Party, on Tuesday, December 10th, starting at 5 pm, in the O.S.A. lounge. Please bring enough food for one person's tea, and ideas for games.

KATHLEEN M. MATTINSON
Honorary Secretary

ENGAGEMENTS

The engagement is announced between Walter Andrew Le Clerc, elder son of Mr Walter and Mrs Sawyer of Derwent House, Hale, Cheshire, and formerly of Kingstown, Ireland, and Elizabeth Judson (B.Sc., 1933), younger daughter of Mr and Mrs Thomas R. Judson, of Holme-on-Swale, Thirsk, Yorkshire.

The engagement is announced between John W. Fletcher (Chemistry 1936-) and Dorothy S. Ogden (Modern Languages 1938-).

MARRIAGES

BARON-GALES—George Baron (Mods., 1930-33, M.Ed.) to Margaret E. Gales (B.Sc., Durham, 1937) at Gateshead, on 14th October 1940. Mr Baron will be remembered for his many Union activities, including the Secretaryship in 1933-34. Address—10 Ettrick Grove, Sunderland.

DOWNEND-ANDERSON—Joseph A. V. Downend (Geography, 1933-37) to Margaret Anderson, of "Thornfield", Bingley, Yorkshire, on July 27th, at the Parish Church, Bingley. Address—"Laurel Bank", Keighley Road, Bradford.

SCHOLEFIELD-SHUTTLEWORTH—Flight-Lieutenant James Scholefield, R.A.F. V.R. (Medical), of Truro, to Dr. Mary Shuttleworth (M.B., Ch.B., 1939) of Bramhope, at Harehills Lane Baptist Church, Leeds, on October 10th.

DEATHS

ARMES—It has been reported that Miss Jane Prue Armes (B.Sc., 1906) was among those who lost their lives when the ship taking children to America was torpedoed in the Atlantic some weeks ago.

CARRUTHERS—October 13th, at Royal Hospital, Sheffield, aged 25 years, William Leyland Carruthers, M.B., Ch.B. (Leeds), D.P.M. (London), only son of Mr and Mrs W. H. Carruthers, of 19 Cunliffe Terrace, Bradford. Dr. Carruthers graduated in 1938 and held an appointment at the Dispensary before going into practice at Pontefract. He subsequently was appointed Assistant M.O. at the Park Side Mental Hospital, Macclesfield, under the Cheshire County Council, where he obtained his D.P.M.

FERGUS—Lieut.-Surgeon Samuel Paul Fergus (M.B., Ch.B., 1938) has been reported missing, believed killed on active service. He was a Leeds man by birth and education, and was married only last December to Joan, only daughter of the late Dr. Exley, formerly of Armley.

NICHOLS—Old students of his generation will be shocked to learn of the death, early in October, in tragic circumstances, of H. E. Nichols (B.Sc., 1928) who was for some time a member of the staff of the Department of Agriculture, and at the time of his death was a Ministry of Agriculture inspector. He was shot as a result, apparently, of mistaken identity by a Home Guard after a melee in a field where a German aeroplane had crashed. The man who fired the shot which killed Nichols has been committed for trial at the Essex assizes.

IN MEMORIAM—MISS ALICE COOKE

Miss I. B. Horner and Mrs E. A. Haworth have collected together a number of tributes to the memory of Miss Cooke and have added the few simple facts of her career to form a connected narrative. The memoir is not long or tedious, but aptly befits its subject, being a spontaneous tribute to a lady whose graciousness was not less than her learning, and both were great. Her appointment to a Lectureship, and ultimately to a Readership, at Leeds was not only a happy event in her own life, it was an equally happy choice for the development of historical studies here. It was more, it was a pioneer's activity on behalf of women's claim to share higher educational posts, and faith was justified by works. She was a first-rate scholar, born to teach, a lover of books and at heart a librarian. Her output seems surprisingly small, if all first class, but she had her heart in teaching and administrating rather than in book-making. She was not merely a person of great zeal and industry on behalf of her chosen life-work, the religious life of the Middle Ages, but also (and the two frames of mind do not always go together) a choice spirit of great charm and modesty. Such spirits are all too rare, not least in the Universities.

Price List of Union Blazers etc

	£	s	d
Striped Gabardine Blazer and Badge	2	6	0
Blue Flannel Blazer and Badge	2	0	0
White Colours Blazer (Badge extra)	2	7	6
Union Tie, with sphinxes	3	6	
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

	£	s	d
Rugger Jersey	9	6	
Football and Hockey Shirts	7	0	
Lacrosse Jersey	8	0	
Sports Hose for above (feet unshrinkable natural wool)	5	3	
White Rugger Knickers (untearable)	6	6	
White Football Shorts	3	6	
Harriers' and Athletic Shorts	2	9	
Athletic Vest	2	6	
Ladies' Gym. Tunic and Girdle (our own make, to measure) from	1	5	0

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