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# THE GRYPHON

The Journal of the University of Leeds



May 1941

THIRD SERIES  
Volume 6 Number 5

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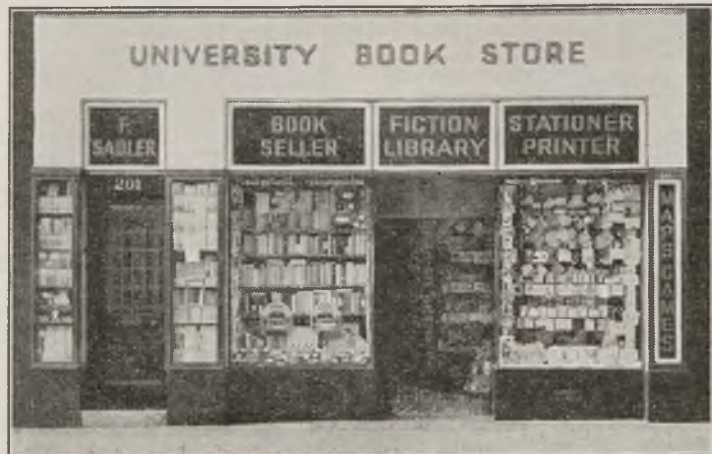
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# The Gryphon

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

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*"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

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## Editorial

WHEN asked to write an Editorial, one is tempted to seize the opportunity with both hands, for there is much to be written about so many subjects. We must break with the past and cast aside such windy futilities as "Apathy", "Tradition", or even "Co-operation". "Tradition" was dealt with this session in the first issue; "Co-operation" between the Medical School and University Road has been accomplished by Medical students taking most of the important offices in the Union, and co-operation with the senior Educational Institutions in the City—a subject for editorials new this session—is already under way; there is nothing to be added to what has already been said on "Apathy" except, perhaps, to list new examples which, unfortunately, are numerous.

It was a pity that the series of "Spotlights" promised us in the first issue of *The Gryphon* was short circuited so early in the session, for the power of the printed word is not denied even to *The Gryphon*. The "Spotlight" on the Infirmary raised a storm of protest, but when the storm subsided, the students' common-room was cleaned, decorated, and made fit for Medical students in which to take their leisure. So I am tempted to wash more dirty linen in *The Gryphon*. For the advantage of the public washing of soiled linen is that some of the dirt is removed.

The Women's Hostels are a good windmill at which I might have tilted, but, happily, my only experience of hostel life is the three months spent in the University's Hostel for Maternity students. (You remember, Mr Editor, the two houses knocked together, where for a room and board we Medical students pay £2 15s. 0d. a week; £1 a week is spent on food—we are told, 5s. on cleaning, and the remainder on "overheads". It's fantastic, £1,200 a year for the "overheads" on two middle-class houses in which live 16 students; and they have only recently granted a rebate for the week spent working at the Hospital at Cookridge—but enough of these asides.) It is the only Hostel with no rules, or if there are any, they are kept secret. It is a mixed Hostel and the doors are never locked. Are Medical students the only students who do not require suspicious supervision? I wonder why the inmates of the Women's Hostels are not trusted more. Surely one cannot be thrust out into the world and expected to be a normal responsible adult, unless in the three or four years spent at Oxley or Weetwood one regularly fails to keep to the straight-laced and narrow-minded path fenced in by the Hostel rules and regulations. As I do not wish to write on Hostels I might, perhaps, have written on the Refectory.

*Continued on page 116*

## Notes and Comments

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

### Officers

For the first time in history, Leeds University Union has elected a woman to its highest office. The reform of the constitution which made this possible was long overdue, the Press publicity was vulgar and quite unsought, and the misgivings of the more conservative menfolk quite unnecessary. There are few women capable of discharging the duties effectively and with dignity, and in a University with a majority of men there should be no danger of an incompetent female being returned. When, however, there is in the Union that *rara avis*—a woman who is at once pleasant and capable—it is a pity to be constitutionally unable to utilise her abilities to the full. Well, the reform is made, and Miss Wilde is elected; her life story is on another page—suffice it for us to congratulate her on her election and the Union on its good fortune. Mr Sugarman, who becomes Senior Vice-President, is President of the D.R.C., and one of the less torpid members of the Union Committee. Miss Howitt, the Woman Vice-President elect, is Chairman of Debates, and, among other things, wrestles with the domestic intricacies of the Catering Committee.

### Liaison

Our February Editorial was criticised on the grounds that it was a typical example of the fault which it decried; we were accused of "woolliness"—of "crying aloud for a leader instead of leading". We congratulate our critics on their perspicacity. The article was intentionally vague. We deliberately refrained from putting forward a concrete scheme for co-operation between the Leeds Colleges, partly because we wanted it to evolve itself and partly because we did not want to give the impression of the University doing a little intellectual slumming in condescending to notice the other Colleges. A scheme did more or less evolve itself; representatives from the Colleges of Art, Technology, Commerce, and Domestic Science met Union representatives and were mutually surprised to learn of each others' existence. It was decided that more inter-college activities should be arranged, and more joint functions held. A Co-ordinating Committee was *not* set up, experience having shown that such bodies relapse all too rapidly into a state of suspended animation—with very little of the latter commodity. The Union Committee was asked to give its blessing to the project, which it did with great magnanimity and indifference. It is proposed to hold an inter-college dance early in the summer term and to invite the Colleges to help us in the "Rag". An inter-college debate is being arranged, and clubs and societies are urged to arrange reciprocal fixtures with the colleges. We feel that this is a promising infant and we hope that it will not be allowed to die either from lack of attention or through the defection of its progenitors.

### America

It was with great satisfaction that Medicals learnt of the Rockefeller scheme to enable twenty-five British medical students to do part of their clinical course in the U.S.A. Twenty-five, of course, is neither here nor there, and we hope that the scheme is as disinterested as it appears; even if it were a complete racket, however, it shows that somewhere someone has got the right idea. It opens up a completely new field—from more intimate Anglo-American relations, in the social as well as the political sense, to first-hand experience of the methods of Dr Potter, of Buffalo. When it gets under way, incidentally, we hope that the young doctor will not be overlooked; it would be a strange anomaly if only honoraries and junior students were to receive encouragement to visit the New World!

## Debate

*"Democracy Has Proved Itself a Failure."* The University Staff actually refused to participate in an academic debate on this motion. Possibly they suspected fifth column influence at work. The Debates Secretary was told that the motion was "indiscreet" and that she would be wise to abandon the idea. Now, the motion would have been thrown out, there is little doubt of that; but that is not the point. Why on earth should a University—and therefore presumably an intelligent—Debating Society *not* debate such a motion? Are we to be limited to fatuous motions of the "Men are too much addicted to wine, women, and song", or "Emancipated woman is no longer feminine" variety? Had the motion been the subject of a Union Meeting, that would have been quite another matter, but to frown upon such a discussion by the Debating Society is quite incomprehensible. This "Democracy in Pawn" business can be carried too far; we are all for the suppression of subversive elements, and we realise that dictatorship or near-dictatorship is necessary if we are to win this war, but only on the principle of countering evil with evil. Let us use near-totalitarian methods, but let us avoid totalitarian minds; the danger is that we shall become so used to that line of thought during the war that we shall not be able to escape from it afterwards. And then we shall either be Fascists or we shall react violently to the other extreme—either way we lose any democratic social system. Here again it is a question of the easy way out. It is so easy to close down a debate, so easy to kill the spirit of free discussion—and so difficult as to be almost impossible to resurrect it. Pawn our democratic rights—yes; but keep the ticket in full view on the mantelpiece and take the first opportunity of redeeming the pledge.

## Refugees

Refugee relief, a hardy Union Committee annual, blossomed at the last meeting of that body. (*"Body" is the word.*) There are two schools of thought. One says that part of the current Union income and possibly part of the reserves should be devoted to the maintenance of refugee students; the other holds that the Union Committee cannot either ethically or constitutionally devote the Union's money to such ends—however worthy. Miss Jervis's argument, that "if *we* were in *their* position we should think differently", smacks of insurance against hell fire—charity with an eye to the main chance; Mr C. L. Lewis's "appeal to sympathy and let's cut the red tape" was more effective, but we still contend that by no stretch of the imagination can "refugee relief" be read into the objects for which the Union fees are paid. Surely the answer is for the Union energetically to back the efforts of the existing Refugee Committee, giving it publicity among both Staff and students. We are told that money is desperately needed; the majority of people in the University have never even heard of the contributory scheme. The easy way out is to eye the Union's reserves and try to tap them; the integrity of "easy ways out" is usually in inverse proportion to their plausibility.

## Hush!

The Vice-Chancellor has been called up; it comes to us all sooner or later. He is (*hush!*) in charge of A Laboratory, Somewhere in England (that place must be getting somewhat overcrowded), and Rumour hath it that the job compares unfavourably with the Vice-Chancellorship. We do not know what he is doing, but he is sure to be doing it well, and we wish him every success. Professor Priestley, the Pro-Vice-Chancellor, is now level with his brother, who is Vice-Chancellor of Birmingham University.



**A.R.P.**

We were sorry that the students did not make the first offer of help in public services after a "blitz", and that we were offered *in toto* by the Vice-Chancellor. However, when at last the Union Committee did realise that it was up to them to do something about it, the reaction on the part of the authorities was well worth recording. A letter was sent to the Regional Commissioner to the effect that there would be willing student volunteers for emergency work. A magnificently phrased reply was received, full of admiration for the fine sentiments expressed, and a smartly dressed and beautifully spoken minion of the Regional Commissioner visited the Union Committee. Progress, we thought, at last. We were soon disillusioned. The minion had delightful manners and no information. Creditable assets in a Civil Servant, but not quite what we wanted. For the benefit of the Town Clerk, the Secretary of the Union, and anyone else who may happen to read this—How about students relieving report centre staffs and switchboard operators for short periods so that they can have a well-earned rest? Cannot a few more students help the W.V.S. and the Y.M.C.A. in their canteens—either as relief workers or as permanent members? We are convinced that there are plenty more things which students can do if only we look for them.

**Rag**

The Charity Rag is still in very embryonic form. We have already mentioned that the other Leeds Colleges are going to participate this year—they have done in the past, on a small scale, but this year their assistance will be both official and, we hope, considerable. We also hope that Union members will turn out in force, both on Tyke Day and Rag Flag Day. There will be no "organised frivolity" this year—a pity, but it really would be out of place; besides, we managed relatively well last year without it. There will be a Rag Show, which needs enthusiastic support from the ladies; a Rag dance; and probably a "Treasure Auction". This is a new venture and depends on a variety of factors—from need of things to sell and a place in which to sell them, to people who can be persuaded to buy them. The hospitals, unfortunately, rely on us; the merits of the system are doubtful, but whilst it exists and whilst we accept it, we might as well do our best to make it successful.

**Hospitals**

The Ministry of Health and the B.M.A. have recommended that where possible students in their senior years should be appointed to junior house posts to relieve qualified men. Such appointments are held under direct supervision, of course, but are a welcome step forward in the medical course, and the system should do much to alleviate the shortage of doctors in civilian practice. It was, incidentally, suggested nearly a year ago by the Medical Committee of the N.U.S.

**Editorial—continued from page 113**

In view of the difficulties experienced by our Refectory in normal times, I have often wondered how the catering establishments in town that give reasonable value for money can continue to exist. The increasing popularity of the Union Cafeteria shows that students, few of whom can be considered affluent, expect value for money. I wonder what percentage of the Refectory's regular customers are from Women's Hostels and so are compelled to lunch there.

As already I have taken up my ration of *The Gryphon's* valuable space discussing what I might have discussed, I feel that I have said sufficient, and so I thank you, Mr Editor, for your courtesy in allowing me this Editorial and hope I have not started any hares too swift to catch.

S. KEIDAN

*President* Leeds University Union

## University Intelligence

Meeting of the Council, Wednesday, 19th February 1941, the Pro-Chancellor (Colonel C. H. Tetley) in the chair.

The Council assented to a request that the Vice-Chancellor should for the time being be released from his duties at the University to enable him to take up certain Government work.

The Council gratefully accepted an offer by Mrs Percy Leigh to present to the University Library her collection of music. This valuable collection includes, amongst other things, works by modern composers, with the composers' direction marks for chorus singers.

Report was made of the gift by the Baines family of a collection of 856 volumes from the Libraries of Frederick Baines and his son, Talbot. The books are mainly works of English Literature, History, and Geology. The Council expressed its gratitude for this gift, and for other gifts to the Library, including—

£25 from the Institution of Electrical Engineers (North Midland Centre).

Deeds and Indentures, dating between the years 1705 and 1791, presented by Mr A. Garside, of Shipley.

An original and unopened packet of Dr James's Powder, dated London, 3rd March 1780.

The offer by the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company to provide another scholarship next session, tenable in the Mining Department, was gratefully accepted.

The Council learnt with pleasure of the decision of the East Riding County Council to renew their grant of £500 to the University for the financial year 1941-42.

Mr J. Crossland, Lecturer in Mining, was appointed Acting Head of the Department of Mining, in consequence of the recent resignation of Professor Atkinson.

\* \* \* \*

Meeting of the Council, Wednesday, 19th March 1941, the Pro-Chancellor (Colonel C. H. Tetley) in the chair.

The Council recorded its regret at the death of two Honorary Graduates—Mr Norman Walker, M.Sc., who retired a few years ago after 46 years' service in the University, during which he devoted considerable time to Adult Education Work in Biology; and Sir Walford Davies, upon whom the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred in 1904.

The following resolution was passed—

The Council records its deep regret at the death of Dr Alexander Campbell, whose name stands high in the list of those who have served the University. He was a member of the Council from 1920 to 1940, and as Chairman of the House and Estates Committee during the greater part of that period, he carried a major share of the responsibility for the planning and execution of the University's scheme of building development. At that stage in its history the University was fortunate in having the ideal man for this key position, and both the University and the community as a whole owe much to the practical wisdom and the watchful care which he devoted to an undertaking by which the City's architecture is enriched and the University's purpose is more completely fulfilled. Not only has the University lost a wise counsellor, but its members have lost a valued friend, for Dr Campbell had a great capacity for friendship, and his kindly, generous personality, his unselfishness, and his appreciation of the efforts of others endeared him to his colleagues. To his wife and family the Council offers its most sincere sympathy.

Mr W. E. French, Senior Lecturer in Electrical Engineering, was appointed Acting Head of the Department of Electrical Engineering.

Mr F. C. Happold, D.Sc., Ph.D., Lecturer in Bio-Chemistry, was elected to the recently instituted Readership in Bio-Chemistry.

The Council learnt with pleasure of the renewal of annual grants to the University by the West Riding County Council and the Huddersfield and Barnsley Education Authorities.

## Correspondence

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ST. GEORGE'S PLAIN NORWICH

27th February 1941

To the Editor of *The Gryphon*  
Sir

There have been many occasions in the last twenty years when I have been tempted to write to the Editor of *The Gryphon*, but after reading the letter of Evelyn Gow in the February issue I feel it necessary to drop you a line. May I say at the outset that this lady has no authority whatsoever to write on behalf of the life members of L.U.O.S.A. In fact, by exhibiting the greatest vice of all, intolerance, she displays her unfittedness for any such task.

I feel certain that I am speaking for the great majority of Leeds graduates when I say that the granting of a licence to the University Union was something that was overdue from the time when the Union was formed. Personally, as one who was associated with the original redrafting of the Union Constitution after the last war, I am particularly pleased to know of the facilities available now—facilities which seem absolutely luxurious by comparison with those enjoyed in my time, and it is here I come to a point of criticism.

From reading *The Gryphon* it has been obvious for many years that all is not well and that the spirit of apathy towards Union affairs amongst the undergraduate population generally seems to be growing greater and greater. This is a matter which I personally deplore, and I feel sure that many graduates of the University will share my feeling. We always felt that with the placing of Union facilities in Leeds on a footing equal to those available elsewhere, the corporate life of the Union would be greatly developed and show itself in greater athletic prowess and general student keenness. From my reading of *The Gryphon* in the last few years I have come to the conclusion that things are not working out as they should. It is well to remember that intemperance is a vice, and intemperance in academic reading to the exclusion of all other aspects of life may be numbered amongst vices.

As a member of the L.U.O.T.C. during the last war, I am very interested in the statistical survey you have been making and hazard the suggestion that you are on the right lines in your footnote to the letter from the Secretary of the Engineering Society. All strength to your efforts as Editor, and I do hope that you will bear in mind that we Old Students like to read about what is going on in the University and reports of student activities, which are of much greater interest than articles, however well they are written, particularly in these days when circumstances change so rapidly and what is written for a quarterly magazine may be out of date or nearly so before it is published.

Yours sincerely, W. H. SMITH (B.Com.)

*[This is one of the few "Student Apathy" articles which are really justified; when they originate inside the University, they usually mean that the writer is aggrieved because people do not think as he wants them to think; Mr Smith is perturbed lest people are not thinking at all.]*

\* \* \*

EDITOR]

WHY NOT have a suggestions book in the Union?

- .. Enforce the rule about "quarto notices" again?
- .. Make better use of the Union Committee Room?
- .. Dispense with the Radio Relay in the Tea Room?
- .. Encourage the ladies to keep the door of their Cloakroom shut?
- .. Install an amplifying system in the Riley-Smith?
- .. Encourage Union Officials to dig allotments on the ground round the Union?

## Why cannot WE go to it?

SINCE the war began, much has been said concerning the position of the Universities. They have been attacked as "funk holes", and glorified as the sole producers of the leaders of the Brave New World. Eventually, the present position has been reached where it has been realised that the student body as a whole has no desire to evade its responsibilities, but merely wishes to see that the best use is made of its potentialities.

Scientists, engineers, agriculturists, doctors, all are vital for the needs of the country, and even those who will serve in no specialised capacity serve their country best by obtaining all the education possible before being "called up". In a few weeks, however, the University will close for the summer vacation. In a country involved in total warfare large numbers of students, some of them on the reserved occupation list, will find themselves compelled to take three months' holiday. It is true that during that three months they will be encouraged to take part in some form of war work, and many of them will do so, but their most important work, their University training, will be completely suspended for that time.

It is a good sign to see that, in one department at least, it has been realised that this break is both wasteful and unnecessary, and that by working throughout the last summer vacation, a number of men were able to take their B.Sc. in Engineering three months earlier than would otherwise have been possible. What has been done in one department should not be impossible in other departments.

The most glaring case is that of the pre-clinical medical students, selected persons who, otherwise liable to be called up for military service, are allowed to start upon a medical course and be reserved from the outset. It is true that we all hope that the war will be over long before anyone starting a medical course to-day could be qualified, but this may not be so, so that a man reserved for medicine to-day is also reserved for a minimum of nine months "reserved" holiday. Without any alteration in the syllabus it could be made possible for a student to take a degree in medicine in practically one year less than it now takes him or her. Similar but less glaring anomalies occur in all University departments, whilst an increasing number of students is becoming dissatisfied with the present position.

Objections can be raised that, during the summer vacation, the staff released from its teaching duties can give their undivided attention to their research, and that more work would be thrown on the laboratories staff, to avoid duplication of classes. It would also involve changes in the University administration as regards new entrants. Objections might also be raised by the small number of traditional hedonistic "varsity men" who, thankfully very much reduced in number, still grace our ranks. They need not seriously be considered.

The success of the Engineers shows that these difficulties are not incapable of solution. The University student is ready, willing, and able to "Go To It" in the way that he should, but at the moment he is handed a privilege which he does not desire, and whilst others are working seven days a week, laboratories and lecture theatres are completely closed to him from June to October.

\* \* \*

For the information of those members who attended the recent Congress at Cambridge, King's College is the building just opposite to the N.U.S. offices.

## “To-morrow we go to\_\_\_\_\_”

IT is an old custom that, when one has no reply to an argument, the easiest way out is to ridicule it; and, after all, it is so easy to ridicule statements invented by oneself! But we take it as a compliment that the best reply which was forthcoming came firstly from one of our “intellectuals”, and secondly, was a mere attempt at ridicule.

What are we to say to this parody of our efforts? Briefly, we would like to take this opportunity of assessing the present position, and particularly the results of the People's Convention held on January 12th. But first about ourselves—we do not contribute to *The Gryphon* to exhibit our literary style or our political prowess. Both of us, like the rest of the youth of the nation, are now absorbed in different parts of the inexorable war machine. We are concerned with our own future—and that implies the future of our generation and countless generations to come. Now, as the bloody struggles get even more fierce, as the destruction of the things man has built, and even of man himself, proceeds ever apace, we would ask you who read this journal one question—Can you see any solution to the problems of society, national and international, under the present régime?

When overgrown schoolboys take it upon themselves to attempt to ridicule the fate of the people of this country and of the world, the question arises as to what we can expect of the academic population of our Universities. Does the misery and suffering of the people of this country and of Germany mean nothing to their academic minds, or do they merely sit back and say, “An historical event”? Now, when our cities are being razed to the ground, is it possible there are people prepared to ridicule bomb-proof shelters? In most cases it is only when one is caught up in the machinations of the existing order that results about the ultimate conclusion begin to dawn upon the consciousness.

What of the People's Convention and the happenings of the past month? On January 12th there assembled in two of London's halls over 2,000 delegates from all over the country—representatives of innumerable organisations. These people did not come to enjoy a day in London, to hear speeches, and go home contented. They came because, driven by the contradictions of the present system to see misery, death, and disease sweeping over our cities, they felt there must be some “way out” of the appalling tragedy. They came and went away pledged to endeavour by every means in their power to show the people of this country that this struggle is the direct consequence of the failure of the present economic system of five-sixths of the world. They came to warn the people of this country that the present administration is treading the path of Fascist reaction in no uncertain manner. And who were these people who came? Intellectuals, communist agitators, moribund officials—no, they were the ordinary men and women from the factories, the fields, workers with hand and brain, who, in their own experience, had seen the chaos of a system old and outworn. They came from the armed forces, where they had seen for themselves “the great democracy” for which they are fighting. An hour before the Convention assembled they were queueing up to go into the hall. Such was their enthusiasm!

What did they do? Briefly, a programme of action was drawn up which would serve as a guide in the struggle of the workers of the community for a new kind of government. Here were enunciated the eight points of the programme—

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**Pilgrim Players—Riley Smith—May 15th**

- 1—To raise the living standards of the people, including wages, pay of armed and civil defence forces, dependants' allowances, compensation, etc.
- 2—Adequate A.R.P. and recompense for air-raid victims.
- 3—Restoration, safeguarding, and extension of democratic rights and civil liberties.
- 4—Emergency powers to take over the banks, land, transport, armaments, and other large industries.
- 5—National independence for India and ending of enforced partition of Ireland.
- 6—Friendship with U.S.S.R.
- 7—A people's government able to command the confidence of working people throughout the world.
- 8—A people's peace won by the working peoples of all countries and based on the right of all people to determine their own destiny.

To those who ask, is it possible to achieve peace? we would say this—We are not pro-Hitler as the censored Press would have you think. We were fighting Fascism when to you it was a mere name (to be treated intellectually as a world phenomenon)—in Spain and China the struggle of the people against Fascism went unheeded by large sections of our population; it was left to a progressive section of the community to give its aid by its contribution of men and materials. The Labour leaders "sold out" Spanish democracy to the ruling class just as they have now "sold out" their own people to the ruling class again.

But we do believe that if the German people are to lose faith in their own reactionary government, they will only do so when that see in this country some semblance of a people's government. They will not take the side of any government which openly supports Sir Robert Vansittart in his aim to decimate the German people and split up their land into a hundred parts. No, they will only be encouraged to overthrow Hitler when they see here a genuine people's government.

But what if there is no response? Then we shall defend this island against the attack of Fascism both from within and without. We shall not fight to maintain the subjection of India, but to defend ourselves against Fascist reaction. But make no mistake—it will be infinitely harder to deal with the Fascists in our own country than with those outside. To those of you who said, "It's not possible here", we ask you, is the suppression of the *Daily Worker* an example of our democracy? The suppression of the only working-class newspaper in the land is an augur of the temper of the Government. And it is significant that a "Labour" Minister suppressed this paper on the same day as industrial conscription was introduced. Moreover, the *Daily Worker* was the chief instrument for the dissemination of news of the People's Convention.

But now worse things are here. The B.B.C. bans entertainers who are supporters of the Convention. So this is the democracy for which we are fighting!

The attack has begun—it will not end here. Industrial conscription for the workers is an accomplished fact, but the employers are still free to please themselves; and now we are confronted with the conscription of women from 20 to 23. Trades Union standards are abolished, and the rights of the working class are sold overnight by the Trades Union leaders. It is not enough that we mourn this state of affairs, we must fight to repeal and prevent reactionary measures being introduced. The rights of the working-class will only be safe in the hands of a people's government—a government which will eliminate profit as a motive for the working of industry, and relate its actions to the interests of the Community as a whole.

JOHN W. FLETCHER

\* \* \*

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—

*Bishop Hall, circa 1600*

## Nazi Germany and the Greater Bolshevik Revolution

"MANY voluntary and involuntary propagandists for Hitler are trying at the moment (1939) to frighten the Western Powers into the notion that the only alternative to Nazism in Germany is Bolshevism. . . . The truth is that this is not the alternative to Nazism but its inevitable and predictable consequence, and that whatever may happen to a conquered Germany a victorious one must go that way. . . . Russia to-day is in many ways already Nazi, and the Nazi second generation already Bolshevik, bar, in both cases, the nomenclature."

(SEBASTIAN HAFNER—"Germany, Jekyll and Hyde")

"Communism and Nazism are not opponents but rather competitors. Their bitter enmity springs from rivalry, not from ideological hate; from their both wanting the same thing, not from each wanting the reverse of the other. Both travel with the same stream; both are borne up by the same mass-psychological waves; by a weariness of civilisation, by an eclipse of the ideals of tradition, freedom, and justice, and by the itch for a festive orgy of destruction, by the charms of the new and different."

(*Ibid.*)

The distinctive phenomenon of our age is the entrance of the masses into the political drama, no longer as decorative "supers", but as active characters who call the tune because they are only too well aware that they invariably pay the piper. Politics, once the paid profession of the few, while European man, in the intervals of fighting a few wars that seemed irretrievable catastrophes at the time, progressed laboriously towards the universally (if theoretically) accepted ideals of freedom and justice for all, now rival the cinema in the hectic thrills they can be made to provide; Jews are pogromised, capitalists expropriated, workers united, and anybody you like made to sit up, all twice nightly with continuous shows on Saturdays. Such is the curse of universal literacy. It has released all the crude and destructive instincts of society, hitherto simmering obscurely beneath the surface, and set mankind off on a course leading to heaven knows where, but certainly not to the realisation of the traditional deficiencies. It has paved the way for the spectacular demagogic roughnecks, the Hitlers and Mussolinis, who seize and maintain power by playing up to the craving for excitement, anything to fill the half-felt vacuum, of the politically immature who have no tradition, no ideals, to guide them. The dictators themselves are the prototypes and chosen representatives of the international "Lumpenproletariat", the class of the pathologically disgruntled and disoriented, who, making use of the institutions of universal suffrage and free education, now have the power to wreak their resentment-complex on society. The marks of this class are its inability to adjust itself intelligently to life, its hatred of the "bourgeois", i.e. the adjusted, its assumption of contempt for moral values and for law and order, its mental laziness, its boredom with civilisation, and, beneath it all, its baffled unhappiness; to such a class the only use for an axe is to smash something, the only value in life excitement—the excitement of vast collective action (much easier than the effort involved in creating one's own private circle of self-fulfilment), of marching and flying, of tearing about in super-charged cars, and violently shocking the law-abiding. This is Bolshevism—or, if you like, Nazism.

It will be seen that I am leaving political ideas *per se* out of the discussion altogether. Indeed, nothing is more true than that the old party and theory labels have quite lost their intellectual connotations; with the growth of a political consciousness in the masses, which has leaped far ahead of their general culture,

ideas have receded more and more into the background, and instincts and emotional attitudes have taken their place. We must reckon now, not with opposing rational systems, but with masses of men murmuring, shaking their fists, and making a revolution overnight simply because the twin influences of heredity and environment drive them to do so. Party programmes no longer make their appeal to groups with a common intellectual conviction, but to groups with a common mentality, of a common psychological type. It is thus evident that Communism and Nazism, sharing as they do the cult of revolution *ad infinitum*, the implicit negation of morality, and a marked preference for violent methods whenever possible, are going to make a precisely similar appeal to the bored, maladjusted, and ripe-for-anything classes, and are going to use their common source of energy in a precisely similar way. The Nazi-Soviet pact, then, is not a masterpiece of realistic diplomatic somersaulting; it is the confluence of predestined affinities; two self-conscious social pariahs meet, and, on the basis of their common hostility to the traditional values of civilisation, embrace one another. So long as there remains an object for this common hostility, Communist Russia and Nazi Germany are natural partners.

How did the tide of raw barbarism from Asia thus come to sweep over Germany? To answer this question adequately demands a rather detailed analysis, delving deeply into cause and effect of the various social upheavals in that unhappy country since the last European war, and that cannot be given in the space of this article. Let us be content with a sketch of the psychological background to the events themselves. Weariness with four years of a war in which Germany fought the rest of the world virtually single-handed, the atmosphere of moral and material defeat that prevailed at the end, the feeling that the world had gone mad as one watched the antics of the currency during the inflationary period, the sense of insecurity consequent upon the initial failure of the Weimar Government to keep order, the lingering agony of the world crisis, all these factors combined to infect the Germans acutely with the mass-psychological malaise described in the first paragraph. Civilisation stood revealed as a thing of shreds and patches; and freedom, justice, decency, morality, and all the rest were merely the inventions of hypocritical liars. It was in this frame of mind that millions of Germans, in the twilight years of the thirties, voted alternately Communist and Nazi, and stood aside while the two factions fought it out in the streets like vultures over a lost desert caravan. And then, in January of 1933, Hitler and the Nazis walked into power. Oh, the cannibal feast, the beatings and burnings! Sieg Heil! Death to the Jews! Down with plutocracy! Down with everybody! To hell with Goethe and Schiller, Bach and Beethoven, give us a run for our money! I thank my Maker for having created me without what they call a sense of objectivity! Eight years of this jack-booted sansculottism, and the organs of German statehood—her churches, her social organisations, her schools, her Press, her private family circles—have perished and corroded like fine steel in vitriol. Eight years of this disciplined disorder, and the Greater Bolshevik Revolution has swamped Europe, and its deadly miasma is assailing the nostrils of the Western Hemisphere.

Facile generalisations à la Vansittart, which, by skilful special pleading and the citation of incidents torn from their historical context, seek to saddle the Germans with all the sins of humanity, are misleading and do not touch the fundamental problem at all, which is that of the validity of civilisation in general—and particularly civilisation as it has developed under the capitalist evolution of the last century. At the end of a long period of vast mechanical and scientific advances, during which it was almost universally held that Providence and the new knowledge were guiding man, independent of his own efforts, towards a sure earthly paradise, Hitler and his

*Continued on page 125*



## Congress Commentary

**B**ETWEEN eleven and twelve hundred students from all over the country attended the 1941 Annual Congress of the National Union of Students at Cambridge early in April. This fact is in itself remarkable, since there were more than twice as many people as were present at the phenomenal Leeds Congress of 1940, and it is all the more noteworthy since there was none of the accompanying exploitation and misrepresentation which was such an unhealthy feature of the Leeds congress. The Commissions were organised on a Faculty basis, and specialist subjects were discussed. Speakers of such widely different points of view as Aleck Bourne, a Royal Engineers Staff Colonel, Beatrice King, and the Deputy Secretary of the B.M.A. addressed audiences, who criticised and argued freely and, in general, constructively. An interesting feature was the good-natured laughter which the inevitable impassioned Marxist oratory produced; it would appear that at last we are beginning to see through these "realists" and their very blatant revolutionary stuff. Unfortunately, most of the more subtle propagandists still remain undetected. Congress was a prime example of the vast amount of moderate thought—progressive, essentially decent thought which exists in the Universities and Colleges, and is all too often either canalised by extremists, or else allowed to stagnate. It may be wishful thinking, but it did appear that this fact was becoming apparent to many people who attended Congress; it is certainly being realised more and more throughout the universities. Perhaps some day there will be a great revulsion of feeling against Party Politics and its attendant propaganda, exploitation, and intrigues—and then perhaps moderation and genuine progress will prevail. All of which sounds very altruistic and Utopian, though it only implies the selection of the best points from each of the various -isms and the firm rejection of their bad points, the latter, of course, being the more difficult.

A detailed report will be published by N.U.S., and will not be attempted here. It should be well worth reading; suffice it to record the condemnation of Dr. Stead, the Director of Education of Chesterfield, of the escapist doctrines of the "Period of Reconstruction" school—condemnation usually applied to people who live in the past, but equally applicable to those who dream exclusively about the great changes which are to be wrought in the future without ever giving thought to immediate possibilities; his advice, "Think, think till it hurts"; the tolerance and enthusiasm and, in general, the moderation displayed in the debates; the keen interest in society, and the desire to do something to help; and finally, of purely local interest, the enthusiasm of some of the more prominent Leeds delegates for their new policy of co-operation with Leeds colleges.

\* \* \*

## Recitals

### LEEDS CONCERT SOCIETY

A Series of Recitals will be held in the Riley Smith Hall of the University Union.

Monday, May 19th	...	Isobel Baillie and Gerald Moore (song recital).
Thursday, June 12th	...	Moiseiwitsch (pianoforte recital).
Monday, June 23rd	...	Griller String Quartet.

Single tickets, 4/-, will be obtainable at Messrs Barker's, Albion Place, and at the doors.

*Gallery tickets, 6d (obtainable at the doors only), will be issued to University Students presenting Students' Union membership cards; to any full-time Student presenting credentials; and to members of H.M. Forces in uniform.*

## The President-Elect



By courtesy of  
"The Yorkshire Post and Leeds Mercury"

Miss Wilde has been a member of the Union Committee since 1939, and sat upon various sub-committees before becoming W.V.P. in 1940-41. She was President of the W.R.C., was awarded full colours for Hockey and Cricket, is a Vice-President of the English Society, and a prominent member of the Dramatic Society. She was awarded a Frank Parkinson Scholarship shortly after the award of a First Class B.A. degree, and is now in the middle of her Edu. year. Is an inmate of Weetwood Hall, and though she feels very strongly that "there is something rotten in the state", did not make the ridiculous remarks about Hostel conditions attributed to her by the popular Press. She is a very direct young woman, who makes no bones about telling people where they disembark, and she receives more respect than any other speaker—man or woman—at Union meetings. In spite of all these attributes, she is as human as most Union officials, and "out of school" is more human than the vast majority.

### Nazi Germany and the Greater Bolshevik Revolution—continued from page 123

Nazis have interposed themselves as a savage and disillusioned question mark. Plainly enough, they are in themselves the most positive proof that all is not for the best in this best of all possible worlds; perversity on such a large scale as theirs is inconceivable if nineteenth century liberal tenets were in any way applicable to present-day conditions. Is it not time that we re-examined the moral bases of our civilisation and made a serious attempt to find out how far it itself is responsible for some men being happy and others not? A lot can be done by individual self-adjustment, it is true, but there remain manifest anomalies in the general system, forcing-house of the anti-social inhibitions that spawn the Hitlers. So long as the irritation of poverty amidst plenty persists, so long as countless thousands who want to work usefully are thrown idle each time the systems of an uneconomically obsessed society break down, so long as thousands more have a valid reason for thinking that their unhappiness is not their own fault, just so long will the Vienna down-and-out, who became a dictator, rise with each generation and wreak his real, exaggerated, and farcical grievances on society, until one day it grows weary of the continual effort of crushing him. If that happens, and the mentally crippled nihilist inherits the earth, healthy state organisms will perish everywhere and the private sanctities will be trampled into extinction; the world will become a camp of bosses and bossed with a yawning vacuum between them, and over it all will stride the Robot Horde, unable to feel the quickening warmth of the sun on their empty faces.

In Germany it *has* happened.

DONALD N. MITCHELL

\* \* \*

Dignity is one of the few things which cannot be preserved in alcohol.

## Hell, it was wet!

Of course, all this happened years ago, before the world went mad. It happened when curtains were chosen from a decorative viewpoint, and not with an eye to their practical value as shields; when bright lights glinted into the sky at night, and puddles shimmered with reflections. Puddles that you watched, silently. Puddles that gave you and me, and people like Mickey, food for thought.

Mickey was most definitely troubled. After all, it is not a very pleasant sensation to feel the wet pavement through the hole in your only pair of shoes. He shivered gently, as a wayward raindrop meandered aimlessly down his neck, and, turning up his greasy collar, edged a little further back into the gloomy doorway which offered little protection from the ruthless rain. He sadly contemplated the offending shoe, and felt in his pocket for the half-cigarette rescued from the gutter before the deluge began. Another pocket yielded a begrimed match. His hands felt unnaturally warm as he lit the cigarette. He watched the glowing end of the match describe a vivid arc as he flipped it regretfully into oblivion, and allowed his gaze to rest reflectively on its watery grave.

He was still very puzzled about the whole business. They needn't have given him the sack at all; business wasn't half as bad as they tried to make out. And, after all, they only paid him a kid's wage. Well, it was only a kid's job, anyway. "Errand boy" flattered it; "slave" would have been more like it—carting groceries around to flat-faced women, who wouldn't be satisfied if the butter was churned in their own blasted yard. But all that was three months ago; three months of hell ago, he told himself, savagely dragging at the wet cigarette. He didn't know why on earth he'd drifted back here again after all that time. Perhaps it was his "spiritual home"! And that fat old crab, Miller, would be in there now, beaming all over his damned face and pinching the shop-girls as they put on their evening faces. It wasn't fair, that's all! Miller probably had a nice warm pair of slippers to go home to, and a good tea—and what had he? He'd just have to throw his shoes into the corner and hope they'd dry by morning. Then Doris would tell him all her troubles again, as he shivered on the cold, cheap linoleum in his bare feet.

Life just wasn't worth living. To hell with love on the dole! He wished to God he had the courage to drown himself, but he hadn't even that. His feet were sodden. Hello, they were pulling down the blinds.

\* \* \*

Mr Eustace James Miller, managing director and half-owner of Miller's Ltd—housewife's goods at the housewife's price—was distinctly ruffled. The car was away for overhaul, and he'd have to take a bus home. It really was most undignified! And as if that wasn't bad enough, it had begun to rain. He had speculated with himself all afternoon as to whether it would clear up or not, as he pressed his little, bulbous nose to the belettered window of his private office, thereby dislodging his pince-nez, to his extreme annoyance. He permitted himself a mild "Blast!" as his umbrella failed to open at the first attempt. Surely *that* wasn't going to fail him, too! He really felt as if an evening at the theatre would be too much trouble. He must tell Margaret that he'd caught a chill, due to the beastly weather, and that a warm fire was the best thing for him to-night. He practised a slight cough, and wondered about his ability to introduce a suggestion of huskiness into his squeaky voice. Looked as though it wouldn't be necessary, though; he was actually going to sneeze! He searched frantically through his pockets for a handkerchief,

ferociously dragged one out, and applied it just in time. As he did so, a small piece of paper fluttered through the air, and landed on the greasy surface of the road, unnoticed by his beady eyes.

"Toujours la politesse" was a slogan at Miller's Ltd. "Manners makyth man". Couldn't go around the town sneezing one's head off. Infra dig! Mr Miller was proud of his linguistic abilities. He hurried on his way to the crowded bus stop, resolving to write to the local paper about the transport arrangements at his earliest convenience. He'd show them!

"Greasy little swine" thought Mickey, as Mr Miller's dumpy figure bobbed past him. But he wasn't looking at Miller. Christ! Who'd want to? His eyes were glued to that piece of paper in the middle of the road. He mentally calculated how far away it was; about six yards. It was getting wet. Was it—yes, it was folded. Then suddenly his body stiffened. "Well, I'll be ——" he began to whisper. No, it couldn't be. The rain must have got in his eyes. He'd been thinking about money too much, that was it. What was that he read—association of ideas, or something. He was going crazy; at last this damned life was getting the better of him. But he could swear—yes, by Hell! It was! A ten-bob note! This was luck. Now he knew why he was standing here shivering fit to catch his death. He had been meant to come to this corner. It was Fate! Some kind, understanding Fate had made a belated entrance into his life. Well, better late than never!

He took a step forward; then drew back suddenly. He shouldn't, really. He'd never swiped anything before, and this would be swiping. He shrugged his narrow shoulders and leaned back dispiritedly against the black, unsympathetic stone. That was Life! Michael Hopkins develops a conscience—that was something to write home about. He was certain he had another cigarette-end somewhere. Hell, it was wet! Wish he had a good warm raincoat like that swine Miller!

The shops were all closing now. First one, then another bright window died. They were all going home. Home! To nice, warm fires and cosy chairs. How long was it since they'd had a fire? It seemed years. He didn't even know the price of coal, these days. Well, it couldn't be more than ten bob a bag, that was certain; perhaps it was only two. Lights danced on the wet road, as the cars edged sullenly by. Pictures rose up before his watery eyes—Doris, in that cheap, stripey, blouse she always wore; Doris in a thick, warm jumper that he'd seen in that wool shop over the road; Doris in one of those cute little hats—there were only three and six, he'd seen the price tickets that same morning—Doris, her eyes dancing over a well-filled table. Doris laughing! How long was it since Doris had laughed? Or even smiled? The kid hadn't much cause to smile about anything nowadays. And that note was within six yards of him. Two days of joy staring him in the face, and he hadn't the guts to snatch them. Damn it! Why should everybody else have the fun and him nothing? He'd take it, that's what he'd do! And blast Miller; blast morals; blast every damned thing!

Staring, fascinated, at the sneering note, he moved forward out of the doorway and across the pavement. Looking neither to right nor left, he shambled towards heaven. He stumbled off the pavement edge—but there it was! He bent—reached—grabbed—finding's keepings! Then somebody screamed; he caught a vivid glimpse of the robot on the corner, green—yellow—red, red—yellow—green; the colours burned into his brain. The green light grew bigger and multiplied—there were millions of green lights dancing crazily in his brain; he saw Doris smiling at him with happy eyes—then a dense, black cloud engulfed everything and he lay still. . . . .

\* \* \*

*Continued on page 129*

## Spring Song 1941

(A LITERARY EXPERIMENT)

NOW is the time when young men sit in stuffy rooms in the centre of large industrial areas throughout the long watches of the night, penning verse and still more verse on the subject of Spring, the freshness of her mornings, the beauty of the love she kindles, the joy of this great reawakening. . . .

"Every endeavour must be made to . . . produce the greatest volume of food of which this fertile island is capable . . ."—*Winston Churchill*.

In the Coffee Room—

HE—"Yes, we've started a 'Dig for Victory' campaign at Devonshire Hall now. We've taken over one of the lawns."

SHE—"Have you really; what are you going to grow—onions?"

Speaking in the House of Commons, on 25th January 1940, Mr Lloyd George said—

"This is not the time to enter into recriminations, but several of us have been repeatedly warning the Government about the danger of going into a war with our arable acreage down 2,500,000 acres as compared with 1914, the number of agricultural workers down by 250,000, and what is almost worse, I think, our grasslands neglected to such an extent that there are millions of acres that have lost their fertility, are cluttered up with weeds, or waterlogged. This was going on before our eyes. . . . The first effort to deal with it was the proposal put forward by the Minister of Agriculture for 200,000 acres a year to be converted from grassland into arable land—200,000 acres a year at a cost of £500,000."

. . . . Powerful tractors are chugging across vast tracts of land, tearing apart the smooth, undulating, green surface of the English countryside, and churning up the rich brown soil which lies beneath. The brown and green chessboard which was once our landscape is rapidly giving way to a great area of ploughed land with here and there an isolated patch of pasture . . . .

"Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring

The Winter Garment of Repentance fling."

. . . . He tapped his pipe against the fence and gazed mournfully at the cows, seeming to respond to the subtle and mystifying influence of their facial expressions. "Ay," he announced at length, "things are terrible backward this year, mind."

. . . . There was something in this old countryman's comment on the progress of the seasons which helped one to gain a true sense of perspective. The present situation is often alluded to as one of the great turning-points in the history of mankind. People are apt to regard their own age as being cataclysmic. The detached point of view of the countryman prefers to concentrate on that which is permanent. Wars may come and wars may go, but the eternal cycle of spring, summer, autumn, winter, goes on for ever. . . .

Or, as some of our more flowery "emotion boys" might explain it in the Sunday papers—

". . . . and as I wandered through this beautiful garden caressing here a shy daffodil and there a tiny crocus, my eyes filled with tears as I realised that this year the flowers were reluctant to come into this dreadful, harsh world".

. . . . The German bombers roar nightly over the peaceful rural areas to wreak havoc on our ports and manufacturing centres. Town and country are both playing their part in the effort to maintain the nation's strength, but there are forces at work in the country which cannot be checked by the fall of bombs. . . .

"It has now been disclosed that amongst well-known buildings which were damaged during recent raids were . . ."

"The field breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,

Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,

In every street these tunes our ears do greet . . ."

"The capital yesterday had its first daylight alert for eight days, when raiders reached the outskirts, but were quickly driven off."

Overheard on the tram—

"You know, I don't think old 'Itler's so bad; it's this 'ere Furor that causes all the trouble."

*Daily Noise*—"Invasion within 90 days."

*Daily Echo*—"Hitler Hesitates."

". . . We are all in the front line now. The invasion has practically started, and every man, woman, and child in this country is liable to suffer from the preliminary bombardment"—Field Marshal Lord Milne, *Sunday Chronicle*, 23rd March 1941.

"The palm and may make country houses gay,

Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day."

. . . Two recent weekly statements of shipping losses were of 148,000 and 98,000 tons. The average weekly loss for the whole of the first year of the war was 54,000. . . .

Meat! Bacon! Butter! Cooking Fats! Tea! Sugar! Jam! Cheese! . . .

*Daily Alarmist*—"Rationing to be extended."

"And much it grieved my heart to think

What man has made of man."

"Cuckoo; jug-jug; pu-we; to-witta-woo!

Spring! the sweet Spring! . . .

J. E. WILLIAMS

**Hell, it was wet!**—*continued from page 127*

Police Constable Albert Williams strode majestically through the rain, eyeing the passers-by antagonistically. Official capes weren't half so efficient as the Corporation made out. Just his luck to be on duty on a night like this. And just his luck to be served out with an accident case again. He never got a nice, juicy murder, or even a good robbery to look into—just stolen rabbits and street deaths. Who cared about an occasional street-lounger anyhow? Albert forgot that, but for a doting mother, he also might have had an affinity to street corners. The local Council School did not guarantee good positions for its "graduates"; it was a free Council School with a free-and-easy attitude.

Pity, though, about young Hopkins; still, such things did happen! People never took any notice of the Safety First Week, these days. He hoped June had made that promised meat pie. Cor! Anyone would take him for a real comic paper copper! Well, maybe he was.

Queer little cove, Mickey. Out of work for months now, of course; practically begging—Constable Williams himself had reprimanded him only the other day, for sticking round the station entrance, offering to carry bags for pennies. Aimless sort of kid. Must have been a bit of a dark horse, though! You wouldn't have thought *he* would have been able to buy a sweepstake ticket. Well, all sorts of strange things happened in this world. Hell, it was wet!

\* \* \* \*

#### FAME AT LAST

"*The Gryphon*" has been quoted on a lavatory wall.

## Ignorance Preferred

"THE misuse of knowledge . . . is the tragedy of Education." In this sentence, from a recent leading article, is contained a stern but entirely justifiable indictment of what a chronicler once called "the state of learning in England". Perhaps, however, there is more in it than that. Whether it is wholly the fault of educational methods that many people profit nothing from the teaching they receive is the question which I propose to put forward.

The leader-writer, quoted above, might have deplored not only the misuse but the entire lack of use to which knowledge is subjected. I always knew that no-one can be *driven* to desire learning, but used to think that, given the correct methods, they could be *led* into that frame of mind. However, having been in daily contact with the literary (?) efforts of people of all ages and types I now realise just this. Incredible though it may seem to the sentimentalists, there are many people who obviously prefer to be ignorant.

For seventy years we have had free elementary education provided by the State. Therefore no-one in this country who is under seventy years of age should lack *all* knowledge of letter and number. Yet thousands of people show themselves incapable of following such completely simple instructions as those concerning National Health cards; thousands could not read with understanding the clear and concise accounts of new postage rates; thousands refuse to spell correctly the names of Britain's best-known towns and cities—names which appear every day in the Press.

Perhaps these three examples are sufficient to make clear my reason for asserting that, before we waste the country's money on extending the period of school-days, we should face facts and realise that there is much truth in an old saying about leading a horse to water. People who care nothing for knowledge deserve to be deprived of it, rather than having the chance given them to refuse it, which is what a large majority do. Our own generation deserve, perhaps, the heaviest condemnation in this matter. So used are most of them to finding, ready-made in Hollywood, their entertainment, political theories and moral (?) outlook, that what intellect they had has rusted unburnished and is now useless.

Educationists fight shy of the fact that among the "working-class" (to use a stupid phrase) there are some who believe that knowledge is worthwhile, and many who do not. Equality of opportunity *does* exist in our Educational System to-day, whatever the Left Wing may assert; chances to excel in learning are denied, not by those in high places, but by those to whom they are offered. There are parents (they are the uncanonised saints of the educational world) who willingly live on a pittance while their clever child takes up his scholarships and completes his University course. There are others—and they are greatly in the majority—who, holding the view that nothing connected with learning is "work", are directly and solely responsible for wastage of talent.

So we return to the question—Can two or more years' extra time at school alter this majority outlook, however near to perfection the teaching may approach? I think not. There is a great amount of paper used over discussions on "the haves and the have-nots". In matters educational it is more useful to consider "the wants and the don't wants".

E. M. C.

\* \* \*

**BOOKS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR DISTRIBUTION IN THE LONDON SHELTERS. GIFTS SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS CHIVERS, BIRKBECK COLLEGE, LONDON**

## The Great War

I am an old maid.  
 My mind is as narrow as my womb is barren.  
 I am intolerant, and generally, if secretly, detested.  
 I delight in chair-backs and antimacassars  
 (Though Brylcream is said to be quite non-greasy).  
 Children annoy me, and I hate the noise they make.  
 I dote on a sleek mean cat, that bears me no affection.

I live in an organised house  
 With a neat precise maid grown old in my service,  
 And nothing to worry me. I have everything—  
 All those trifles, inextravagant luxuries, that make life bearable.

To-day I saw a fat, dirty, slum-poor woman suckling a baby;  
 In my flat-chested bosom, the knife twisted in a gangrened wound.  
 M. T.

\* \* \*

## “Ya no hay pájavos en los nidos de antaño”

Witness the pregnant earth that here was life;  
 Clutching the radiant flower, we said: “Ah, yes!—but see  
 The canker at the root! How shall we know the change of things?  
 Would we could taste the sweet; but who shall pay the price?”  
 Thus triumphs die unborn, and being shrinks from knowing,  
 Clutches the shadow, whilst the fear lays potent hands  
 On all our doing.

Come, we will fight the yoke,  
 Accept the curve of things, grasp unrelated joy,  
 Nor scruple as we thrust the dagger deep, with heart gone cold.  
 Trusting the essence, seize the clear effect.  
 Living, we justify the act.

—If one could but honour the stray  
 Pattern of a day,  
 There would be truer loves  
 And fewer sonneteers.  
 S. S.

\* \* \*

## Christmas 1940

Tho' wayward worlds conspire to dim  
 The radiant glory of the morn,  
 And cynics scoff with mocking scorn  
 At those who still put faith in Him;

Tho', as the blinding bolts are hurled,  
 Man thinks himself the sport of Chance,  
 The fettered fool of Circumstance,  
 And grows more weary of the world:

Pray not that suffering should cease,  
 Pray not to conquer by the sword,  
 Pray only that th' Incarnate Lord  
 Will bend Man's stubborn will to peace.  
 H. B. M.



## Athletic Notes

### Retrospect of Winter Clubs 1940-41

As in the previous year, Athletics were curtailed in the second term by the snow and flooding of pitches at Weetwood; it was therefore impossible for Leeds to finish both the Soccer and Rugger Christie Matches. Fixture lists were fairly full for all teams which managed to keep going, but all teams were rather slow in getting their early fixtures. Is it not possible for Team Secretaries to arrange more fixtures in the first term and so allow for winter conditions cancelling fewer fixtures in the second winter term?

Congratulations to the Netball Club who have once more had an unbeaten season.

Full Colours, as well as Club Colours, were awarded at the end of the season to all Winter Clubs as in pre-war years, it being felt that the year should not be surveyed as a whole, as in 1939-40, but that the Winter Clubs having finished their fixtures should award their Colours to players before they were called up.

### Co-ordination of Fixtures

A letter had been sent to the All Universities and the U.A.U., and W.I.V.A.B., outlining a scheme whereby fixtures should be arranged so that as many teams should travel at the same time to Universities and other cities as possible, and thus cut down expenditure. This scheme was discussed at the last meeting of the U.A.U., when most of the Midland Universities were present, and was rejected on the grounds that it would be impossible for Universities to adhere to dates laid down by a central body when finals of U.A.U. matches played before the war were never played on the dates arranged. There was also a feeling that the central body was setting itself up as a dictator. It was finally suggested that the G.A. Secretaries should try to arrange that all major clubs should travel to other Universities together and so have a "Leeds day" at Manchester, and then Manchester have a day at Leeds, etc.

### Representative Matches

Mr Kerslake has once more provided a series of representative matches for the Northern and Midland Universities. The teams, called the Northern Universities Teams, have given a good account of themselves and have almost reached pre-war U.A.U. standards, so much so that at the meeting of the U.A.U. it was decided that, although the U.A.U. remains closed, the representative matches be recognised as Regional U.A.U. Matches. It was further decided that there be a Regional U.A.U. scroll and tie for players, that two matches be arranged in each of the Sports, and that each player be asked to contribute 1/- per head to pay for overhead expenses. Mr Kerslake was to be asked to arrange these matches and he was also thanked for arranging the representative fixtures.

### Co-ordination with Other Colleges in Leeds

At the last meeting of the Union Committee it was felt that the University should get into touch with the other Colleges in Leeds, and that one of the best means of doing so would be by arranging fixtures with them. Secretaries are therefore asked to get in touch with the respective clubs at these Colleges—these will prove to be further fixtures to fill in any gaps. The fixtures will not be expensive ones so that club estimates will not be upset by them.

### Summer Term

Although it is yet too early to say much about the Summer Clubs, it is urged that as many people as possible take advantage of the facilities of the Union and play some sort of game. The Tennis Courts will all be ready for the summer term, and the fixture lists of all clubs are fairly full and of a good standard.

G. R. T. BIRTWHISTLE *General Athletic Secretary*

### THE WOMEN'S CRICKET CLUB

We extend a hearty welcome to everyone, whether you have played cricket before or not. Now, Freshers, here is your chance! We look to you to maintain our reputation! Watch the notice boards for times of practices and help us to make the coming season a successful one.

MARY W. BATLEY *Honorary Secretary*

### NETBALL CLUB

The Club has had a very successful year in spite of unfavourable weather conditions and inoculations. We managed to fulfil most of our fixtures by playing off matches at the rate of two a day. The first team is to be congratulated on winning all 18 of its matches, whilst the second and A teams have won 16 matches and lost 4. A special vote of thanks is due to all members who have played in these latter teams, as in many cases they have been called upon at very short notice. Their record is especially good when we remember that in trying to give everyone a chance to play, we have had to interchange the players frequently. The first team in particular give a special vote of thanks to Pegasus!

V.K.

### BOAT CLUB

Training is now in full swing, and several members of the Club are taking on the guise of social reformers, inasmuch that they regard with horror such thirst-quenching places as P—s.

The first crew has been very fortunate in securing the coaching services of Mr Roach, of the Agricultural Department, late of University College, who, along with the Ethereal Spirit of Oars (G.R.T.B.) is doing his best to give four men perfect dogs' lives. The Air Squadron, possibly with thoughts of the English Channel, have started a course of oarsmanship which may result in the formation of two or more crews (perhaps they may let us play with a Link Trainer some time). The Captain has been heard to remark that the Club is full of licentious soldiery, but the newcomers may cause him to retract. The second crew is already in existence, and third and fourth crews are to be picked next term, so that eventually the river will assume an appearance of Saturday afternoon at Knaresborough; so come along all "pansy oars" and get some work done. *In hoc signo vinces.*

K. ELLIS *Honorary Secretary*

## Union Notes

The following appointments have been made in connection with the Annual Charity Rag—

Chairman ... ..	P. A. H. Rivett
Treasurer ... ..	Dr J. Stubbs
Producer of Rag Revue ... ..	C. P. Haigh
Business Manager of Rag Revue ... ..	D. A. Richardson
Revue Programme Manager ... ..	E. Lyons
Editors of <i>The Tyke</i> ... ..	G. W. Knight
	P. Friedman
<i>Tyke</i> Business Manager ... ..	G. I. Isaacs

Representatives from Faculties and Departments will be called for early in the term; anyone with ideas on the raising of money for charity should communicate with any member of the Committee. Representatives have also been invited from the Leeds College of Technology, the Leeds School of Commerce, the Leeds School of Art and College of Architecture, and the Yorkshire Training College of Housecraft.

## Inter College Dance—May 10th

## Hostel Notes

### DEVONSHIRE HALL

The past term has certainly not been one of stagnation at Devonshire Hall. A scheme of fire-watchers has been inaugurated and, from the number of criticisms and suggestions received from numerous members of the Hall, it is evident that the safety of this noble pile is a matter of almost universal concern. Visits from the Working Men's Club, the University Employees' Club, and Hulme Hall have taken place, and against the latter both our soccer and rugby teams won by convincing margins.

At the Devonshire Hall debate with the University Debating Society, the proposition that "the Spirit of True Learning is passing from among us" was defeated in spite of many orations upon the excellent philosophy of the Greeks and Chinese.

The Dramatic Society's production was well up to the high standard of previous years, and our thanks go to Mrs Smith and to those who worked so hard to make the production a success. One of the plays, "Midnight News", written by two members of Hall, T. L. Sands and J. Williams, was subsequently produced in the Riley Smith Hall.

Towards the end of term a Hop was held, to the music of a radiogram.

In an endeavour to grow more vegetables one of the lawns has been dug up by the members of Hall.

We regret having lost Mr J. W. Fletcher and Mr J. W. Wright from our midst. Both have been members of the House Committee for a number of years and have rendered valuable service to the Hall.

R. D. CALVERT *Honorary Secretary*

\* \* \*

## Society Notes

### SOCIALIST SOCIETY

The Soc. Soc. was again active during last term, and a number of successful meetings were held. During the Christmas vacation the U.L.F. held its 21st Annual Conference at Leeds, in the Union, and this served as a convenient starting point for future work.

A new venture was a film show held in the Social Room. This was quite successful, and a two-hours' programme of films was shown, including the well-known Russian film, "Road to Life". We are hoping to show some more films this term. A joint meeting with the Economics Society was held at the end of term in preparation for the N.U.S. Congress at Cambridge, the subject being "Economics and the Social Sciences". A visit to Messrs. Burton's clothing factory has been arranged during the early part of next term.

A. CLARKSON *Honorary Secretary*

### NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Since our last notes we have had several successful meetings, Professor Comber and Dr. Woodger (of Middlesex Hospital) being among our lecturers. We again met our friends, the Geography Society, on the hockey field, and returned victorious by 3 goals to 2.

At our Annual General Meeting Dr. Versey was elected President, Dr. Sharman, Vice-President, and Miss Fairclough, Chairman. Our thanks were expressed to Messrs. Hodgson and Dale for their excellent services during the past year.

During the summer term, despite examinations, we hope to hold a Tennis Tournament and a Going-Down Social.

H. W. BUSFIELD *Honorary Secretary*

\* \* \*

### Middlesex

Northerner II, in the *Yorkshire Post and Leeds Mercury*, was insulted on behalf of the Middlesex Medics because of our "Lilies of the Field" Valentine, which he compared unfavourably with Mr Wood's pleasant letter of thanks. We were not being rude; the Valentine was—and still is—apt, but that does not mean that we do not like having our guests about the place. Far from it. The Middlesex people themselves, incidentally, were quite amused—even to the extent of reprinting the Valentine in their Journal—so Northerner II seems to have got hold of the wrong end of the stick.



"There was a time when we were not; this gives us no concern—why then should it worry us that there will come a time when we shall cease to be?"—*William Hazlitt*.

\* \* \*

"The U.L.F. 'neath greenwood tree  
Once sipped its Socialistic tea;  
But now it cries, 'This pap won't quench us—  
We must have vodka, it's more Pritt-entious!'"  
—"gorse" (*Student News*)

\* \* \*

"Whatever men see the majority of their fellows doing, that they call Morality; whatever they see done by the minority outside that compact majority—a minority which is of course partly in advance and partly behind the main body—that they call Immorality".—*Havelock Ellis*.

\* \* \*

*What deeds of obstruction, unlisted as yet,  
Turned "reactionary" into an epithet?*

\* \* \*

The *U.L.F. Bulletin* says—"As socialist students we are not merely political gas bags". We have never heard of any *non-political* gaseous activity of any branch of the Federation.

\* \* \*

### Veni Vidi Vichy

\* \* \*

In an article on *The First Co-educational, Co-residential Medical School*, a writer from University College Hospital, London, says—" . . . it was obvious from the first week that the experiment would not only be exhilarating socially, but also had great educational possibilities". He could not have expressed it more delicately.

\* \* \*

"The trouble with so many foolish virgins  
is that they never cease to be either"

\* \* \*

The main object of Education to-day seems to be the development of the memory at the expense of the imagination.

---

**E**XPERIMENTS with every 'baccy tried  
Have left all TOM LONG smokers satisfied.

## Sonnet

As through a beggar's eyes the world was seeming  
 Who once a noble child, to cushioned youth became  
 In idleness, attired in silks rich-gleaming,  
 And so; soft-wrought, averted manhood's claim.  
 The wealth that promised ease did beckon cares  
 And property called dispossession after:  
 The master of a hundred hearths sought lairs  
 In woods that recked not childhood's laughter.  
 Oh, dull and monstrous world where mirth is dead,  
 Where faith is lost to view, where age doth creep,  
 Where all the fervent veins of hope are bled,  
 Where all do rest save those who pray for sleep.  
 So, weak and courage-spent, my heart is crying  
 Without the room where love and you are dying.

RUTH

\* \* \*

## Vale

I shall not weep again  
 Now that I know my little span of days;  
 I am clear of it all,  
 Free from the endless horrors of the maze.  
 I am escaped from tears,  
 And all the fretful turmoil of the brain.  
 Music and loveliness can bring no more  
 Their old insistent pain.  
 I have few hours,  
 But they will be of peace.  
 My heart is stilled for ever,  
 And my mind  
 Can savour quietly that which is good,  
 Till all life cease.  
 My soul reclaimed is mine,  
 Serene, and still, and sane,  
 I shall not weep again.

IDES

\* \* \*

## January Morning

I saw a sad and silent bird  
 Clinging to a frosted bough,  
 Bare and black and fringed with snow,  
 Against the blue and empty winter sky.

Silence, like a heavy sea,  
 Was restless deep inside the woods,  
 Where, in their penitent assemblies,  
 Tall trees bowed in holy supplication.

A keeper crackled fallen twigs  
 And creaked the thinly rat-tracked ice,  
 And, like a cold, beautiful woman,  
 The morning sun pressed its cheek to the ground.

E. G. HAUGER

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LEEDS UNIVERSITY

# Old Students Association

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## News from Headquarters

### ACTIVITIES

Members have been accustomed to read in this issue of *The Gryphon* preliminary announcements of the Summer Function normally held in June. It has been decided that, owing to the difficulties and uncertainty of the international situation, and the consequent unusual demands on the time of most of our members, there shall be no Summer Function until after the war.

This does not mean, however, that we have nothing to do at Headquarters. We are constantly on the look-out for details of the activities of Old Students everywhere, whether members of the Association or not, and we should be glad if all who read this journal would help by sending us any such information which may come their way. Don't be deterred by the thought that we probably have it already—we would rather be told several times than not at all.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

A recent survey of our records revealed the fact that over 160 members had not paid their subscriptions for the year ending 30th June 1941. Over 50 of these still owed for the year 1939-40, while over 20 more had not paid their subscriptions for three years. It will easily be seen from these figures that our task at Headquarters is a difficult one. The subscription, which was established in peace-time, was adequate for our purpose then, but now, with the cost of wrappings and postage on *The Gryphon* (and on reminders) so increased, a severe strain is put upon our resources. It must be obvious that we anxiously await the payment of outstanding subscriptions in order to avoid a serious deficit on the year's working. We appreciate the fact that many people are so fully occupied these days that correspondence and subscriptions are constantly being left until a more convenient season. To them we would suggest that with one stroke of the pen on a Banker's Order they could relieve both themselves and us of any further trouble, or, if they prefer the alternative, a Life Subscription of three guineas, payable in one sum or in three instalments spread over a year, would be equally efficacious.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you do not receive your *Gryphon* at the proper time it is usually because you have failed to notify us of your change of address. In these days, when so many of us are constantly being moved about, a permanent address from which communications will be forwarded is a great convenience. If you have no such depôt will you please keep us informed of changes in your address as they occur. The feeling of frustration which we experience when your *Gryphon* is returned by the Post Office is probably equalled only by your disappointment at not receiving it.

### ERRATA

Those of you who read the Minutes of the last Annual General Meeting, published in the February issue of *The Gryphon*, were given a wrong impression, which we hasten to correct. Minute 2 should read—"The Secretaries reported that, partly

owing to the increased cost of *production* of *The Gryphon*, etc." Minute 4 should read—"Mr Grist considered . . . in spite of the increased cost of administration and of *production* of *The Gryphon*, etc."

*The Gryphon* Committee, to whom we apologise for the omission of those two all-important words, is to be congratulated on providing so good a Journal without increasing the cost to its readers.

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

### MERSEYSIDE LETTER

17 STONEY LANE  
WRIGHTINGTON LANCs.

It will be noticed that the Secretary has once more gone to earth—but this time within daily reach of Liverpool, where, every now and again, there are chance meetings with members of our Branch. So far it has not been possible to arrange a meeting, but after Easter we shall explore the possibility of a Saturday afternoon tea party, when those who are still with us can tell us all their troubles and, if the idea appeals, arrange further informal gatherings of that kind.

Meantime, my sympathy to any of our members who, like myself, have lost such stray items as front doors, chimney pots, and window panes—not to mention loose tiles (in the literal sense, of course)!

I shall be glad to hear from any of our members who have time to write—and can afford the postage after deducting Income Tax!

ETHEL M. WORMALD *Honorary Secretary*

## News of Interest to Old Students

EVERETT—Mr J. H. Everett, Principal of the Leeds College of Technology since 1926, will retire from this post at the end of the current session. Mr Everett graduated in Science at the University in 1905; he will be remembered for his services to Convocation, for which he acted as Chairman of Committee during a period of three years in recent times. The best wishes of the Association and also of Convocation go out to Mr Everett for a well-earned and happy period of retirement.

FOSS—Squadron-Leader G. H. Foss (Physics, 1928–31) has been promoted to Wing Commander. He joined the R.A.F. in 1934.

MOSS—F. W. Moss (French 1920–3, M.A. 1924) is joint author with Miss I. R. Sawyer (French 1931–4) of *La composition libre*, published in 1940 by Heinemann at the price of 3/-.

CAPEWELL—J. G. Capewell (Geology 1935–8), invalided home from Burma, has been appointed to a post at Roundhay School, Leeds, pending his call to the colours.

TUNBRIDGE—Dr. R. E. Tunbridge is now in the service of the R.A.M.C.

### BIRTHS

HAMLIN—To Rev. Gordon and Mrs Hamlin (formerly Bessie Noble, French 1926–9) at 30 Paganel Road, Minehead, Somerset, on July 29th 1940, a daughter, Ann Elizabeth.

RUSHTON—To Captain R. T. (R.A.M.C.) and Mrs Rushton (formerly Clare Cathleen Kearney), at Garfield House, Otley, on January 18th 1941, a daughter.

STOTT—To Mr Herbert (Arts, 1919–22) and Mrs Sybil Stott (*née* Harriss), on April 14th, at the Four Gables Nursing Home, Leeds, a son.

### MARRIAGES

COOK—EVERETT—Pilot-Officer Brian Cook to Constance Everett (Arts, 1933–36), only daughter of Mr and Mrs J. H. Everett, of "Greystones", Bracken Edge, Leeds, on April 12th 1941, at St. John's, Roundhay, Leeds.

COOPER-BARNES—23rd December 1940, at Holy Trinity Church, Bailey's Bay, Bermuda, by the Rev. A. Bell, M.A., John William Harold Cooper, second son of Mr J. Howard Cooper, of Southampton, Bermuda, to Maurine Rosalie Barnes, B.A., elder daughter of Mr and Mrs Harry Barnes, of "Meanwhile", Spencer Avenue, Morley, Leeds. Present address—Heyden Cottage, Somerset Bridge, Bermuda.

*Note*—Miss M. R. Barnes, B.A.—1936-37, Sub-Editor, *The Gryphon*; 1937-38, Editor, *The Gryphon*; 1938-40, English Mistress at the Warwick Academy, Warwick East, Bermuda,

KITCHEN-ARMSTRONG—Ernest D. Kitchen (Science, 1919-21) to Rosina M. Armstrong (Zoology, 1928-31), on December 23rd 1940, at St. John's Church, Menston. Address—"Redlands", Eldwick, Bingley.

VALENTINE-UNDERWOOD—Rev. Theodore Francis Valentine (Arts, 1934-8) to Dorothy Margaret Underwood, daughter of Rev. A. C. Underwood, D.D., Principal of Rawdon Baptist College and Mrs Underwood, at Cragg Baptist Church, Rawdon, on March 26th 1941.

### DEATHS

BODINGTON—Lady Bodington, widow of Sir Nathan Bodington, first Vice-Chancellor of the University, died on January 21st, at the age of 87, at Moulton Grange, Northampton. Lady Bodington was a daughter of the late Sir John Barran, and took a very active part in the social life of the University during her husband's tenure of office.

CAMPBELL—Dr. Alexander Campbell, O.B.E., died on March 14th, at a Leeds Nursing Home, at the age of 71. He was formerly Chairman of the Hunslet Engine Company, and one of the leading figures in the engineering industry. He was Chairman of the House Committee of the University at a most important period, namely, when the Development Scheme was planned and put into operation. In 1928 the University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa*.

DAVIES—Sir Walford Davies, who died on March 3rd, was the oldest surviving Honorary graduate of the University. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him at the inauguration ceremony in 1904. At that date "Dr. Walford Davies" was organist of the City Temple.

STAMP—Lord Stamp, who, together with his wife and son, was killed in the vicious April air-raid on London, was an Honorary graduate (1936); his degree of LL.D. was conferred at the opening of the Brotherton Library.

WOODROW—Signalman Samuel Woodrow was killed, as a result of enemy action, in South Wales some weeks ago. He took his degree in Commerce in 1936, and was for some time on the staff of the West Yorkshire Coal Sales Association.

*It was with very real regret that we received the resignation of the O.S.A. business representative; Dr (now Major) Tunbridge has always been very interested in both "The Gryphon" and the O.S.A., and both organisations will be sorry to lose him—albeit temporarily. We wish him the very best of good fortune.*

EDITOR

\* \* \*

The Editor wishes to acknowledge, with apologies for any omissions, the receipt of the following publications—

*The Journal of Education. The Nonesuch. Arrows. The Inter-Varsity Magazine. The Gong. The Student Movement. The Lister Journal. Leeds Girls' High School Magazine. The Morleian. The Mitre—the Journal of Bishop's University, Canada. Glasgow University Magazine. Tamesis. The Technical Journal. The Torch. The Limit. Student News. The Fulcrum—University of Witwatersrand. The Northerner. The New Northman. Surgo. Shell.*

\* \* \*

### Congratulations

To Professor M. J. Stewart, on his election as Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, and to Professor A. Durward, on his election as Academic Sub-Dean. Our reaction was the same as yours.

To Doc. Spence, on attaining his majority.

To R.S.M. Telford, on his uniform and promotion.

To Miss Overend, on doing a thankless task well and cheerfully.

To J. I. Hardy, one of our Sub-Editors, on his engagement.



## 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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