



The Grapdon

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

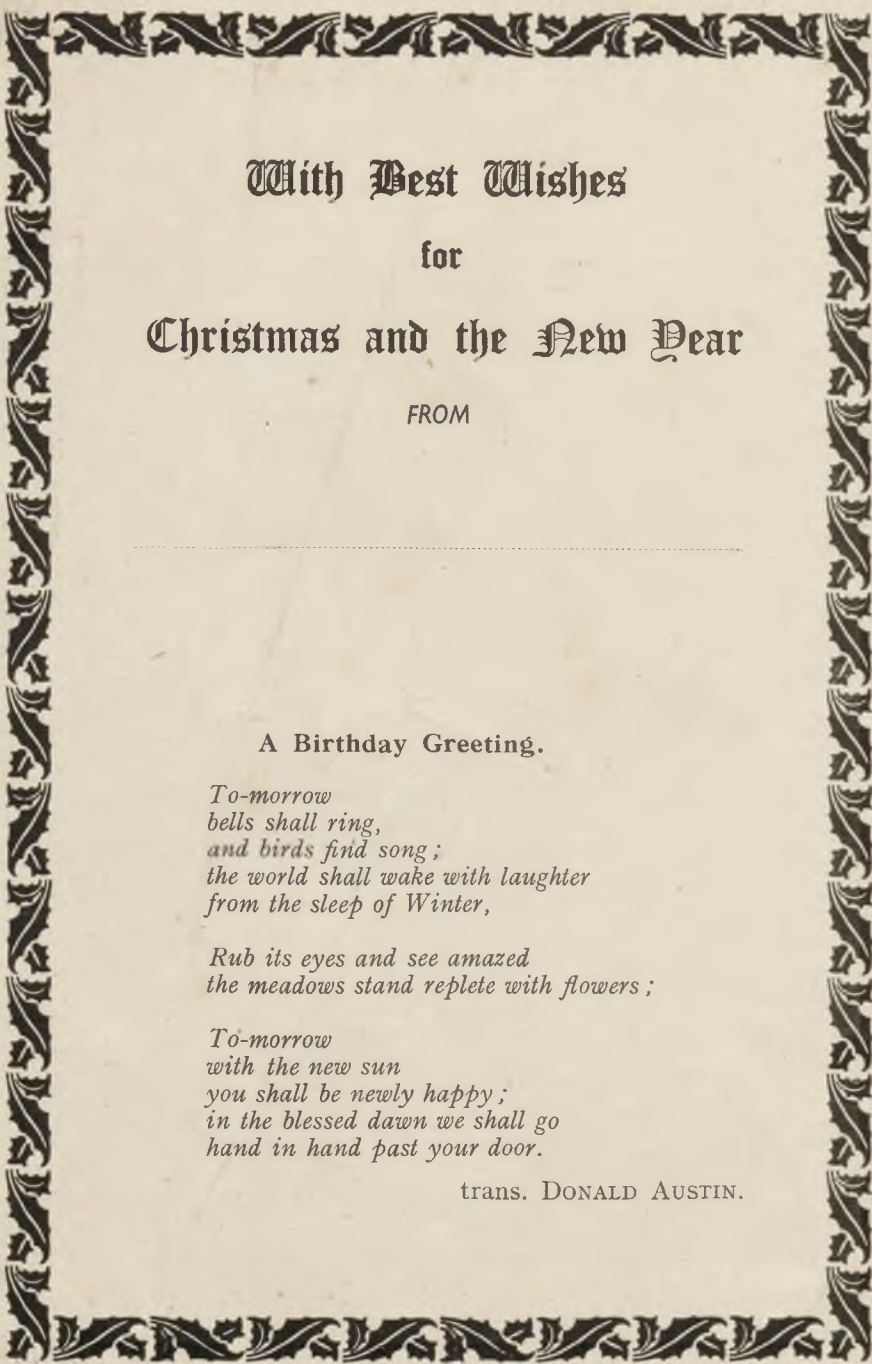


"WINTER BALL"

by E. C. Smith

International Christmas Number

DECEMBER 1947.



With Best Wishes
for
Christmas and the New Year

FROM

A Birthday Greeting.

*To-morrow
bells shall ring,
and birds find song ;
the world shall wake with laughter
from the sleep of Winter,*

*Rub its eyes and see amazed
the meadows stand replete with flowers ;*

*To-morrow
with the new sun
you shall be newly happy ;
in the blessed dawn we shall go
hand in hand past your door.*

trans. DONALD AUSTIN.

The Gryphon

FOUNDED 1895.

"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.

INTERNATIONAL XMAS NUMBER

DECEMBER 1947

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OUR COVER POEM: A translation from "Ein Namenstagsgrus," by
Donald Austin.

OUR COVER PICTURE: A fine attempt at scraper board by E. C. Smith,
which we hope will be an encouragement to artistically-minded contributors.

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AMONG THE NATIONS

by

THE EDITOR.

ONE Christmas Eve during the First World War a platoon of cold and weary British Tommies sat in their trenches. As they sat their thoughts turned to their homes and families across the sea, to the games they used to play and the songs they sang at Christmas time. Then, from beyond the dismal plain before them was wafted a familiar melody, and a chorus of male voices singing:—

*"Stille nacht, heilige nacht
Alles schlaft. einsam wacht. . . ."*

Like frost at daybreak the cold veneer of hate and inhumanity dissolved away and with a surge of fellow feeling in their breasts they joined in the refrain:—

*"Rest in Hea-ven-ly Pe-ace
Re-st in Hea-ven-ly Peace."*

Among the causes of International strife, economic factors are indubitably the most important. In a world which can comfortably support twice its present population each great power, distrustful of the economic demands of the other is broadcasting, on gullible human soil, the seeds of hate and selfishness. Less powerful nations, exploited for generations or struggling for their very existence, are exhibiting those extreme nationalist symptoms which arise from the fear of slavery or extinction.

While half of the world is starving, the other half is destroying its surplus food. Religion is in some places regarded as the only salvation for mankind while, 24 hours away, it provides an excuse for the slaughter of thousands of men, women and children.

In this world of obvious and pathetic contradictions we spend Christmas, 1947.

Those of us who are so fortunate as to mix intimately with representatives of many nations soon discover each other's way of living and gain an insight into the varying and peculiar problems with which humanity is faced. We become convinced, in a very short time, that our demands from life are all basically the same, and there inevitably matures within us a newer and more profound faith in the early realisation of universal peace and good will among nations.

BULLS



AND



BANANAS

One Aspect of Spanish Life.

by

R. METCALF.

MOST OF MY MONTH in Spain was spent in deploring the Spaniard's indifference to my English reverence for food. He knows nothing of proteins. He has never heard of points. I have seen Englishmen moved to tears by the sight of their weekly ration of meat, value 1/4d ; but the Spaniard watches dry-eyed the exit from the bullring of half a ton of prime beef.

We English are undernourished, some say. So be it. We do at any rate take care to undernourish ourselves at least three times a day. Our food stocks may have vanished, but we still make a pretence of having breakfast each morning. The Spaniard, however, finds this business of eating so unpleasant that he breakfasts cautiously on coffee and dry bread, does not feel strong enough to face a *real* meal until two o'clock in the afternoon, and will not take another bite before ten at night.

The hungriest hours of my life were spent in Spain...!

It is 1-0 p.m. in the Pensión Pepita. Five hours since I broke my fast (or slightly dented it) with a solitary dun-coloured crust. Another hour before I can hope to see food again. I am starving, and trying to do so quietly in my bedroom. I lie on the bed and, reading Calderón, try to persuade myself that "Life is a Dream." I am still unconvinced at two o'clock. Calderón falls defeated to the floor, and I listen for the knock of Maria, the maid-of-all-work. Not until 2-15 does her face beam round my door. She is an understanding soul, but she understands my Spanish no better than I understand hers. In sign language, therefore, she tells me that lunch is served.

This, I know, is Spanish hyperbole. But I make my way towards the dining room, trying not to run.

I pass the kitchen. There is a smell of food here—but then, there always is. I note with dismay that the patrón is still peeling potatoes (“the kitchen is under the personal supervision of the proprietor”). This genial, grey-haired old man works furiously from dawn to midnight, yet the two daily meals are invariably late. Dare I tell him that in England we often have four meals a day? I think not. We exchange courtesies, I pat the dog that lives under one kitchen-table, pretend not to see the hens that dwell beneath the other, and pass on.

The dining room is empty. The clock says half-past-two. This is confirmed by the radio, which then proceeds, in well-fed tones, to warn me not to miss Ingrid Bergman at the Cine Cervantes. General Franco, well stocked with calories, looks down at me from between a still-life of some swollen fruit and a stern notice about bread-rationing.

Two-forty. Maria enters at a breathless speed and, beneath the Generalissimo’s very eyes, slaps down a long loaf beside each plate. I have eaten half my loaf before she vanishes again. I look up from the last crumbs to see my Spanish table-companions reluctantly taking their seats. I wish them a bread-embroided “buenos días.”

Two-forty five. At last! The patrón, breathing benevolently into my ear, ladles soup on to my plate until it will hold no more. My Spanish friends indignantly refuse more than a ladleful. Yet my plate is empty before either of theirs. They ask me if I liked the bullfight. I say yes. In this first ecstasy of soupy satisfaction I am prepared to like anything. One of them, however, shakes his head. He does not like bullfights. Bullfights, his manner seems to say, are all very well for Englishmen. The fish course appears and I withdraw from the conversation, leaving my friends to discuss whether El Gitanillo speeds his bulls from this world with a prettier wrist action than Belmonte. The fish is tunny and heavy going. It is the smell from the kitchen in very solid form, but in no time at all I am free once more to join in the discussion.

Do I not think bullfighting cruel? they ask me. No, I say sturdily. The bull dies swiftly, and the picador’s horse is well armoured. Ah, they say, it was not so 20 years ago! In those days, *hundreds* of horses died in the bullring! Even to-day. . . . The patrón chooses this moment to bring our meat. It seems unaccountably tougher than yesterday’s, but I dispose of it in a matter of seconds and sit back to await dessert.

It arrives promptly at three o’clock—a magnificent banana. It goes the way of all bananas, in rather less time than most.

Within two minutes my meal and I are luxuriously arranged upon my bed. Within three, I am asleep. . . .

It is 9-0 p.m. in the Pensión Pepita. Another hour before I can hope to see food again. I am starving, and trying to do it quietly—but this is where we came in.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITY

by

J. E. WILLIAMS.

THE Franco-Prussian war of 1870 is a landmark in the history of warfare. Even at the beginning of the war Prussia and her allies were able to deploy some 475,000 men with adequate reserves behind them. In contrast to this, the British army estimates in the previous spring, based on the older conception of warfare, provided for less than 110,000 regulars and reservists to be available for service abroad, including all those needed for our many overseas garrisons. Ten thousand was the largest possible expeditionary force and this could only be mobilised with difficulty. The new arms, artillery and tactics employed by the Prussians were equally revolutionary. War no longer consisted of a few skirmishes between gallant little bands of professional soldiers. War was developing into a combat which required the entire resources of nations to be mobilised. It was becoming more deadly as a result of advances in weapons and technique.

The war of 1914-18 was an even greater step forward in the science of mass slaughter with its tanks, rifles, machine guns and heavy artillery. The scale and intensity of the fighting was such that it involved the wholesale destruction of towns and villages and the death of civilians. Moreover, even where civilians were not actually within the battle areas, war became capable of reaching out with its insidious tentacles in the form of bombing-zepelins and later,— aircraft. Poison gas was another innovation

which could at any time have been directed against civilians far behind the battle lines.

Within the space of 50 years war had become a horror which involved whole nations. It is not, therefore, surprising that whole nations turned their minds to the problem of international security. The period following the First World War was one in which it was unanimously agreed that war should never again be tolerated. Yet in 1939 there occurred the outbreak of a second World War with even more disastrous repercussions upon the civilian population than the first.

WHY had the world failed to establish a lasting peace? The reason must surely be that the forces which were militating for peace were singularly futile and ineffective. The whole philosophy of passive resistance which was developed to its fullest extent in the 'twenties and early 'thirties could only have been successful if it had become universal. With pacifists in a minority in all countries it was possible for governments to override their wishes. Moreover, in England for instance, the only effective entry to the pacifist movement was through the doors of church or chapel. The law, as applied during the war of 1939-45, made provision only for those who objected to war on conscientious grounds. Those who had no conscience but objected to war on purely rational grounds were thrown into prison.

Religion was a force which might reasonably have been expected to prevent war—yet its failure has been lamentable. Disregarding the fanatical Shintoism of Japan and the godless Russians, Dr. Emery Reves, in his "Anatomy of Peace," has pointed out that the majority of the nations which participated in the second World War were Christian. He argues that the divine and civilising power of Christianity was its monotheism, its universalism. That the doctrine which teaches that all men are created equal in the sight of God, with one law over all men, was the one really revolutionary idea in human history. He shows that the Christian churches have deviated from their universal mission and have evolved into national organisations supporting everywhere the pagan, tribal instincts of nationalism. Dr. Reves states that nationalism has become identified with Christianity and in most countries nationalist policy is recognised as Christian policy. Thus, during the war, in thousands of churches, Catholic priests and Protestant preachers of all denominations were praying for the glory of their own nationals and for the downfall of others, even if they belong to the same Church. It is true that many of the German clergy were thrown into the concentration camps, but they were voices crying in the wilderness of collaborators and compromisers. Dr. Reves goes on to say:—

"A universal moral principle is neither universal nor moral, nor is it a principle if it is valid only within segregated groups of people. 'Thou shalt not kill' cannot mean that it is a crime to kill a man of one's own nationality but that it is a virtue—to be

blessed by all Christian churches—to kill a man of the same faith, who happens to be technically the citizen or subject of another nation-state. Such an interpretation of universal moral principles is revolting." (Op. cit., p.78). One is driven to the regrettable conclusion that Christianity has failed to achieve anything approaching a universal brotherhood.

POLITICAL methods have likewise failed to establish international security. The League of Nations like pacifism and Christianity lacked universalism. Its failure demonstrates two facts of the utmost importance in world affairs. First, international law must be based on fair and reasonable principles and second, it must be capable of being enforced by some form of international police organisation.

The causes of modern wars are mainly economic. Countries are not yet organised on commonsense lines which ensure that the needs of their people are fully provided for. Production for profit, with its faulty system of distribution, ensures that an artificial surplus of manufactured goods is always available for export. Colonial markets are needed for these artificial surpluses. Colonies are needed, too, as a source of cheap raw materials. If the manufacturing countries could produce real surpluses and exchange these amongst themselves the necessity for markets would not arise. Thus, in 1914, Germany was a comparatively young nation, arriving late in the field and faring sadly in the race for markets, even those she managed to obtain were taken from her. Hitler's cries for "Lebensraum" were in reality cries for markets. The ideology with

which he surrounded himself subordinated everything else, including the industrialists. To this extent the war of 1939-45 was an ideological struggle—but “Mein Kampf” reveals that Hitler had plans for a vast ring of slave states which would play an integral part in an expanding German industrial economy. Thus, an essential prerequisite of international security will be economic planning between nations, and within the nation.

BETWEEN the two wars it was fashionable for pacifists to paint harrowing pictures of future warfare. Poison gas, bacteriological warfare, death rays and many other devilish devices would be employed against civilians. H. G. Wells believed that the next war would destroy civilisation and he was strongly supported in his gloomy prognostications by such writers as A. A. Milne, Beverley Nichols and the Rev. “Dick” Shepherd. Fortunately these horrifying pictures never came to life, but the people of England endured the horrors of rocket projectiles and the inhabitants of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were practically wiped out by the atomic bomb.

Modern warfare is undoubtedly becoming more deadly and more extensive and the problem of international security is becoming proportionately more acute. It has been suggested that an international agreement between the scientists of the world would ensure that their knowledge would no longer be

prostituted to such lethal activities. It is self-evident that the scientists of all countries should be collaborating in work upon the peaceful uses of atomic energy. Even if these minds, unschooled in the subtle niceties of modern diplomacy, were applied to world planning instead of world destruction their efforts could scarcely be more futile than those of our statesman. But the scientists are in a minority and in the hands of war-minded governments. Last year, Dr. May, a prominent nuclear physicist, was sentenced to 10 years’ penal servitude for communicating information to Russia. Such secrecy in branches of science that would have an application in any future war can only breed mistrust and suspicion.

Such narrow-mindedness and secrecy springs from the present conception of “the state” and “sovereignty.” These ancient tribal concepts must undergo radical alteration. Indeed, under present conditions the phrase “international security” is a contradiction in terms. There can be little or no security so long as nations regard themselves as individual entities. The world has been rendered comparatively smaller by twentieth century development in transportation and communication. The time has come when it can be regarded as an administrative whole. The sooner individual states and sovereignties are abolished and the whole world is governed by a representative assembly the sooner *world* security will become a reality.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING

by

LORNA DOOLER.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE OF HOUSECRAFT.



CHRISTMAS, with all its traditions and customs, is approaching once again. Many housewives are scanning their larders and poring over their recipe books in the hope of discovering miracle recipes, capable of producing delicious puddings and cakes out of a handful of dried fruit, a packet of dried egg and an ounce or two of fat.

Plum pudding is perhaps one of the oldest Christmas dishes that exist. It has not always been served resplendent upon a dish surrounded by sauce and flaming spirit, and garnished with a sprig of holly. It began life as "Humenty" or "Furmenty," a mixture of boiled wheat, milk and yolk of egg. With the addition of sugar, fruit and spices, the mixture was served in a tureen as the regulation Christmas Eve supper in Yorkshire up to the beginning of the 17th century.

Later, this concoction stiffened slightly into "plum-porridge," made with similar ingredients but also brown bread. This delectable dish was served as late as 1806 at St. James' Palace and is mentioned several times in *The Spectator* by Sir Roger de Coverley. Gradually, the prunes or plums which formed an essential part of "plum-porridge" became supplanted by raisins and other dried fruit, so that nowadays a plum-pudding may be defined as "a pudding without plums (and other ingredients)"

Many people believe that Christmas "pye" was the forerunner of Christmas pudding but the former was merely an early stage in the evolution of the mince pie—another Christmas delicacy with an interesting history to its credit.

Perhaps by reading through the "King's Empire Recipe for Plum Pudding," which follows, we may catch a whiff of its rich aroma, strong enough to revive the faint hearts who regard the prospect of catering this Christmastide with dismay.

2½ lb.	Raisins.	1¼ lb.	Flour.
2½ lb.	Currants.	10	Eggs.
2½ lb.	Sultanas.	Spices to taste.	
10 oz.	Candied Peel.	1 gill	Brandy.
1¼ lb.	Demerara Sugar.	1 gill	Rum.
1 quart Old Beer.			

Hurrah for the "Good Old Days!"

A FAIRY STORY

FROM ENGLISH HOUSE

by

C. E. WEST.



ONCE UPON A TIME there was a word. It was a very well-connected word, descended from Anglo-Saxon and having a great deal of the old patrician blood of Rome in its veins. A sturdy word, and one which did not let itself be influenced by bad company. In fact, it was so sturdy that it only worked for sturdy, down-to-earth people, who liked to say things clearly, and who disapproved of long, intellectual words. And in this way, for many years, the word went on its daily round, and people used to say: "*That's a good, solid, sensible sort of a word.*"

But the life of a word is usually much longer than the life of a man, and a new generation grew up who believed that it was beneath their dignity to associate with anyone or anything that was not big and fine and important-looking. And these people scorned the word, and thought it common, and, despite its noble ancestry and its long pedigree, they no longer used it, preferring rich, new flamboyancy to old, dignified worth. And the poor little word, through getting no exercise, went—to a decline, and began to fade away.

One day, however, a poor poet, who spent all his money on books and all his time in reading, found the word in a volume of old plays, where it had crept away to die. The word was already faded, but the poet managed to make it out. As it was nearly dead, its meaning (which is the soul of a word) had almost gone out of its body, but the poet was entranced by its voice, and set it to work in one of his poems. And, despite the fact that he had not been able to get its soul quite back into its body, so that it found itself doing different work from that which it had done in its youth, the

word was very happy and glad to be recognised again.

Now it happened that the poem in which the word was working became famous, so that wise men began to talk about it and write about it, and they praised the word and said that it was beautiful, and that its work in the poem was very important. At first the word was a little uncomfortable (it never is comfortable to have your soul not fitting your body properly) but after a while it became used to this, and began to work for other writers. In fact, it became rather vain, and would only work in poetry, and if it was put in prose it used to become very angry and awkward, and cause as much trouble as it possibly could.

So it gradually grew older and older, and, just like a human being, the older it grew the more awkward it became, until at last it was a general nuisance. It became lazy, and refused to do as much work as it had done before, and it spent all its time sitting arguing with its cronies. Then it found a relation, quite a young word, which it insisted on calling "auntie," or, as it liked to say "anti," and the two of them always used to take opposite sides in every question that arose and cause a great deal of disturbance. In fact, everybody became so tired of the word that they were thinking of sending it away where nobody would ever see it again.

But just in time, a fairy appeared. "No," said the fairy, "*don't send it away. Give it to me.*" So they gave it to the fairy, who waved her magic wand and transported the word into a book. And it looked at the title of the book and saw that it was "*The Usage and Abuse of Language.*" And the word thought "*What a fine book,*" and it stayed there and lived happily ever after.

THE VIRTUES OF CLUMSINESS

translated from the Czech of Karel Capek.

by

A. DRESSLER.

SOME PEOPLE are subject to a particular malice of fate: we say they are clumsy—as if it were their fault that things somehow became animated in their hands, and manifest a somewhat wanton and devilish temper.

It would be more appropriate to consider them magicians whose mere touch invigorates inanimate things with an incalculable exuberance. Whenever I try to knock a nail into the wall, my hammer becomes endowed with an odd and unruly vivacity, breaking the wall, my finger, or a window at the other end of the room. Whenever I attempt to tie up a parcel, the string tries to confound me with an almost serpentine cunning: it twists and wriggles, extricates itself from my grip, and finally plays its favourite trick, making me bind my finger fast to the parcel. A pal of mine who meddles with high politics (evoking thereby rather noisy surprise among his friends) simply does not dare to remove the cork from a bottle: he knows that he would be left holding on to the cork while the bottle, with unexpected dexterity, would slide out of his hand and leap to the floor.



People are stupid: instead of acknowledging this remarkable magic, they deride those who have an enlivening relationship to

matter, and consider them awkward, whimsical, boring, clumsy, good-for-nothing, doltish and crack-brained.

In reality the whole difference lies in this: these awkward people handle lifeless things as if they were alive, i.e., as if they were intractable, rebellious and, possessed with a will of their own, while dexterous people treat them as really lifeless and subject to their will. Well, look at any shop-assistant: he never handles a piece of string in the same way as he would handle a savage and insidious snake; he treats it always as docile and dead string—he has finished with it before you can say knife. A hammer in the hands of a joiner isn't a peevish and obstinate ram butting into anything it just happens to fancy; no, it is a lifeless and passive tool hitting precisely where it is aimed. From the blockheads' point of view this taming of matter is, of course, real sorcery; but even clever people should admit the magic and mysterious powers of awkwardness.

I consider that they were not dexterous people but just those same bewitched blockheads who invented fairy-tales about objects that can talk. I believe Andersen used to fall from chairs, and this experience gave him the idea that chairs become alive from time to time. Little Hans, who saluted and congratulated the small wooden bridge was certainly afraid it might push him into the river; had he been a member of the Tourists'

Association he wouldn't have addressed the bridge because he would have known without a shadow of doubt that he could cross it safely. Skilful people have the heroic conception of unlimited possibilities; awkward people, however, contribute and preserve the epic notion, actually underlying our fairy-tales, of unlimited difficulties, hazards, impediments and resistances. The image of a glass-mountain, towering behind a precipice, surrounded with black lakes and impenetrable jungles, expresses the blockheads' experience of life; that to get anywhere or to do anything is terribly difficult, and involves the danger of getting dirty and hurting oneself.

BUT IT IS NOT for this imaginative quality that I praise the simpletons. Their significance is much greater. I want to say how much they contributed to the evolution and progress of the world. It was with them that the greatest inventions of humanity originated. Yes, these numbskulls whom you so deeply despise, introduced into the world the division of labour. The first frightful dolt had to be born to be pushed away from working on flint or manufacturing hide by his handier primeval fellowman exclaiming in despair: "*Get away, idiot I'll do that for you.*" Thus it was the clumsy man who made the expert. If all people were

equally skilful, there would be no division of labour, consequently there would be no progress. While some primeval men could dress the flint and others could kill the mammoth and the reindeer, there were rare and progressive individuals who could do nothing. Or, maybe, they could do something that was useless; one who felt bored, started to count the stars; another good-for-nothing produced various sounds which the others first ridiculed but by and by imitated; a third played about with—let us say—some coloured clay and black chalk, and scrawled the first frescoes. These were obviously quite helpless and queer people who could not even chop a marrow-bone. Skilful people discovered that one could produce knives from stone; but the clumsy people made the further discovery that this work can be left to others: they created society. Strong and adroit men recognised that one has to be a hunter and a warrior to keep oneself alive; the dolts then proceeded to prove that a few hunters and warriors were sufficient to keep others alive as well. Man ceased to be a mere hunter when individuals were born who were very bad hunters.

If all people could sew boots there would be no bootmakers. If it weren't for us "cobblers" there would be neither Prometheus nor Edison.



INDIA

HER PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS

by

L. N. SINHA.

INDIA cannot support her population if she continues to be a predominantly agricultural country. Over 85% of her population lives in villages almost unaffected by the great scientific developments in the world during the last 200 years. The grim Bengal famine of 1943 and the almost regular threat of famine that we have had year after year for some time make it only too obvious that far from enabling them to live a civilized life, India cannot even feed her children. The situation becomes startling when we remember that India's density of population is only 246 persons per square mile as against 703 for England and Wales, the most thickly populated province in India, Bengal, having 779 (1941 figures).

To put it quite plainly, India's economy at this moment is in a veritable mess. Hers is an economy that has failed to develop with the rest of the world during the modern age (less than 200 years ago *India* was the manufacturing country exporting her goods, particularly textile goods, to European markets!). The remedy suggested is the rapid transformation of India's economy to a predominantly industrial one, and here we have the example of the Asiatic republics of the Soviet Union before us, who started with an economy worse than India's.

For the building up of industries as such India is in a somewhat fortunate position being, from what we can judge even from the notoriously meagre geological and geophysical informations available, abundantly supplied with industrial resources, fuel, mineral, agricultural, forest, animal, hydro-electric and labour. Like U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. she can be her own raw material producing country. But the industrialisation of India, as of any other similar country, presupposes a large home market for the products of the industries, which again means, in the first place, in India, a richer, educated and healthier peasantry. To this end the present governments are setting into process numerous schemes of water power harnessing (for electricity, and particularly for irrigation of millions of acres of land), for sufficient supply of sulphate

manures, for abolition of landlordism and other cruel burdens on the peasantry. The number of educational institutions have been leaping forward, and it has been estimated that during the next 10 years newsprint demand in India will go up by 400%. Primary education will be free and compulsory. With better health services as contemplated, the Indian masses should emerge a more civilised, educated and healthy lot at the end of the coming five or six years.

THE POSITION OF PAKISTAN from the food and agricultural angle, is a lot better, as it is normally a food surplus area and has the virtual world monopoly of raw jute, besides growing a great deal of cotton and other money crops. With increased production, as contemplated by the Government, it can easily become an important granary of the world, besides being an important place for woolen and cotton textiles, and may be, of oil!

A precarious spot in India's plan for economic development is her excessive dependence on her hard-earned sterling balances, these being her chief means of foreign payments at the moment. This gives a seriously weak position to India in bargaining with foreign countries for goods, machinery, technicians and other things which she so vitally needs at the moment. And the matter is by no means improved by Britain finding herself unable to pay. That money is, however, needed more in India than in Britain and an appreciation of that will help to strengthen that mutual friendship which both the countries desire so much.

Among the social changes necessary, one of the most important is the establishment of responsible governments in the Indian states, 562 of them, accounting for two-fifths of the entire Indian sub-continent in area and a quarter of its population. Amidst the widespread dismal scene in India their autocratic rulers have been living lives of luxury unique in the world of to-day. They have, so says one with a flair for statistics, on the average 4.5 titles, 5.6 wives, 11.2 children and 3.4 Rolls-Royces. In all fairness, of course, it must be said

that some of them, Baroda, Mysore, Travancore, Cochin, were far ahead of the provinces in advancement, but a democratic national government can manage the affairs of those states still far better without having the anachronism of feudal autocracy in the modern world.

THE KEENEST QUESTION in the Indias to-day in the matter of economic development is whether the economies of the countries should be completely socialist or only partly state-controlled. There is no question of unleashed private enterprise, not in any sense. Neither the countries' economists nor their tempers would stand for it. The present governments appear, in different degrees, to believe in the state largely owning the basic industries and transport and letting the rest of the industries be run by private enterprise even in conjunction with foreign capitalists. There are strong forces in the country pulling at this scheme in one direction or another, right and left. The younger blood is strongly for a great distance to the left and their weight will pull decisively in the long run.

The re-emergence of free India is an event of great moment for the bottom group of the world's peoples, particularly, in the first place, in South-east Asia, where another great nation is re-emerging free soon. The countries of South-east Asia can mutually supplement each other's mineral, agricultural and forest resources and there has been an opinion, in India and outside, likely to grow stronger, that South-east Asia treat itself as some sort of economic unit.

Indian Union and Pakistan have shown, and Burma will undoubtedly show when her time comes, in world politics that they stand for the emancipation of the fallen peoples of the world suffering ignominies from contempt to lynching. They will stand not only as moral symbols but also as considerable political weights in favour of the disparaged and exploited nations, races and human pigments of the world.

I have not touched upon the communal problem. By itself it is not a main problem at all, as all honest persons who know much about India would admit, and does not arise unless manipulated by interested agencies.



“ CLEAR THE AIR ”

(Dedicated to the School of English).

by

G. A. OVER.



I KNOW OF NO HOT-HOUSE ATMOSPHERE so stuffy as that of a room filled with striving literary critics. The comparison is a bad one : for there is little room that is productive, much that is sterile about the efforts of such critics. Yet these are the people who still, it appears, work the shortest passage to a limited literary fame. Search out the work of a forgotten poet in your local county, cut it into sandwiches of quotation and generalisation, pepper it with the discovery of “ perhaps the best rhymed-couplet outside Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith and Johnson,” and “ The Northern Review ” will swallow it at once. Venture to toy with the tougher meat that is Milton ; postulate a new theory about an heroic Satan (Good Lord ! *Is there another ?*), and “ The Penguin New Writing ” is yours.

Every student of English is an encouraged dabbler in this art ; and every student must at times have experienced the feeling of solemn smugness which lurks around it. It is a recurrent feeling, but fortunately not a predominant one. There is an intrinsic delight in live criticism. After my first reading of a Shakespearian play, for instance, I have often found a real pleasure in writing down my honest impressions, my weighed judgments, and comparing them later with those of say, Hazlitt. The results merely diagnose the myopia of a critical mind, but the discipline forced upon the mind is wholly healthy, wholly progressive. . . . But on too many occasions I have advanced boldly and dishonestly into the semi-darkness towards an opinion of an author, lighted only by the gleam from a single one of his words, and the borrowed lanterns of Doctor Johnson and Matthew Arnold.

I will try contradiction at times, for effect. Perhaps I imagine this to be the virile course. . . . “ *Johnson, of course was blind enough to think Richardson a genius ; Any intelligent student in this our twentieth century will naturally be better able to assess the worth of this verbose, muddle-headed, pathetic old bookseller, who . . .* ”

The Professors who have to listen in Tutorials to such assertions, must feel stifled by the presumption. Yet who are they to protest ? As they mount the rostrum year after year to introduce new (though identical) masses of students to their first glass of Wordsworth, their first nip of Swift, they must be sickened by the sight of the notes before

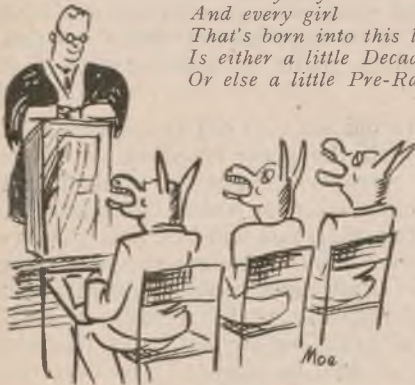
them.... "Of course, this was an 'Age of Reason'... Now the Meta-physicals.... Man as a Social Being.... The Romantics, naturally.... Dryden didn't realise how Chaucer was to be read, you see.... the final 'e'...." (A silly braying laugh here, from the listening donkeys. How *could* Dryden be so obtuse!). There is no rotation of crops here: the same ground is ploughed every October, and the same old tangled crop of wheat and tares appears in the harvest of June. A wand waves the surprised tares into useful citizens; the wheat is stored safely in barns labelled "Scheme A" and "Scheme B."

Yet these terms, these divisions, are not bad in themselves. The lecturer is not to blame. Repeat. The lecturer is not to blame. At the beginning of my second year, I must not let a word in *The Gryphon* scuttle my degree. Other forces, centred round Beowulf, are doing that adequately already....

It is we then, the students, who love our poets to coo from docketed pigeon-holes. With joy in our hearts and a formula on our lips we join Gilbert and Sullivan in a nineteenth century song:—

*"For every boy
And every girl
That's born into this land aright,
Is either a little Decadent,
Or else a little Pre-Raphaelite.*

Fa-la-la."



*" braying
like donkeys "*

The "*Fa-la-la*" is indisputably vital. There is more knowledge of human art in this one line of *Over*, than in the whole of "*Tom Jones*" (or the equivalent weight of "*War and Peace*"). "The guile is the man himself." Without these three humble syllables, this poem would be of a very pedestrian order. The mind of the reader is led to anticipate the climax, and the rhyme brings intense satisfaction as pity and terror are purged in the final Katharsis of a solemn "*Fa-la-la*." This is an experience known only to.... But what on earth are we up to now?.... the habit is part of us.... incorrigible.... (And where the devil, by the way, did we find the Macaulay royal plural?....).

Let's return to the Lecture Theatre, then. Here I have often been seated on a winter's morning, idly watching the men at work on the scaffolding outside the window; and have wondered whether their's was the more worth-while pursuit. Were they pitying us, in our unproductive groping? Probably not. After all, they were building an Arts Wing for the breeding of still more of our type.

A few weeks ago, the English Society, having forgotten their usual tea, in a bun and tea-cake fracas, were quietly listening to a talk on Conrad. Two ladies from the Cafeteria entered, gently collected cups and fragments, looked with awe at the speaker, and withdrew. I felt very small. . . . The stuffy feeling came again. What possible end were we serving in probing at Conrad's aims and beliefs, his faults and his merits? Where were we heading in a country faced with a crisis? The women did seem to be doing something constructive. (Illusion! Keeping us going with a few more calories?). Yet they went out, I would hazard, with an odd sort of reverence in their minds. . . . "I say, luv; Did yer 'ear 'im? 'Ow on earth would you like to stick that there stuff from five while six int' ev'ning?" The respect was probably mutual for one moment.

The Gryphon is no stranger to our cult. I seem to remember a writer grappling with the Crucifixion as a piece of drama; and finding it wanting in effect, according to Aristotle, his God. . . .

. . . . In the last issue we discovered that "Darwin is one of the best prose writers of his time." (And that on the evidence of the few examples of this prose, good only in that they were simply expressed, and appealing in that they led the mind, through no more than adequate description, into exotic worlds denied it by experience.) Read it again for yourself. . . . No! Please don't! You might be infected; for our disease of criticism is on us again. . . .

Then what is the solution? A very old one; as old as the clichés of criticism themselves. I set out to pluck the geese who lay no eggs; the geese who only cackle. Critical perception, honestly applied and productively used, is salutary. It must either provoke, culminate in, or be born of creative force. This is a truism. You will find it in Quiller-Couch; you will find it in many another book. Among students, you will rarely find it put into practice. Pull down only to construct: criticise only to create. Remember, in humility, that "*to judge of poets is only the faculty of poets; and not of all poets, but the best.*" If Johnson intended that for critics of critics too, as well he might, I can take the hint, and make my exit now. I have, at any rate, let off steam. Not wholly idle steam, I hope. . . . It may stir an odd turbine or two.

" . . . Interred with their bones."

CURIOSUS, IS IT NOT, how bodies so carelessly squandered when animate, become so precious in corporeal decay? And then if you happened to have been a great soldier, there's more fuss still.

I knew a great man once. A bearded giant (he was so in so many ways) of a leader, guerilla fighter, adventurer. No ordinary mortal he, part prophet, part devil, strong, courageous, inspired, ruthless; whose restless energy seemed to generate itself in conflict. He appeared the calm-centre of every storm. Within him religion and strife, vision and

judgment were inseparably mixed to form a rich hard quiet kernel ; but without, wherever he went, was conflict, distress; war and death. Such a man could only die in storm. He did. On a Lushai mountain side, in an aircraft—nearly three years ago. The Commission found his remains the other day. What a squeal of triumph was raised ! Here was gold indeed ! The news flashed round the world—a victory for civilisation if ever there was one.

Well they brought his bones (there could have been little else left after three monsoons had done their work) back to the capital of the State and buried him. Not without a struggle though (I told you this man was a troublemaker) for the country of his birth demanded his corpse. The Nation's hero should have a National funeral was the cry. The controversy raged for some time until they finally resolved that he should be buried in the land he helped to liberate. And so he was, with much pomp and ceremony and a salute of so many rifles. He who perished in that storm-racked moment three years ago, the down-beating rain for a shroud, a peal of thunder for a requiem, was laid neatly among the ordered rows of the rest. Another cross, another name and rank, probably another number (are Generals numbered ?) and another R.I.P. Truly man had triumphed over Nature. The barbaric termination of his life had been compensated by a dignified military funeral : the flowers, the march, the pop of rifles.

From an article on The Imperial
War Graves' Commission by
ROBERT MANNEL.

A Daughter of India.

PIERCING through the enveloping shadows of twilight
She came upon me as a bright vision,
Her forehead shone like the morning glory,
Night's pure dew commingled with the glow on her face,
The suppleness of mercury in her limbs, in her eyes
the flash of lightning.
In her raven black hair she wore a "fiery star."
"From which other world do you come?" Thus I asked,
"That flower that you wear, by what magic did you
pluck it from heaven?"
As she smiled, a silver ray scattered on her lips,
Like an ocean-wave of light traversing the horizon.
'A daughter of India am I'—she replied,
'Not a Caravan, but the bell of the Caravan, am I.
You see in my hair not a heavenly star,
'Tis not a spark from the Sun's fiery heart—
Engraved upon this banner are steadfastness and determination,
Their golden letters cast from the mould of life :
An omen of gladness, without dead lustre,
Coursing young blood, passion compressed,
The heart-throb of Revolution,
O Harbinger of Unity—
Flower of Freedom, Peace and Progress."

ALI SARDAR JAFFER
(Translated into English by
M. S. IYENGAR).

UNIVERSITIES IN EGYPT

by

M. I. SHEHATA, B.A. (Cairo).

THE FIRST UNIVERSITY founded in Egypt dates as far back as the year 322 B.C., when Alexander built the city of Alexandria, and meant it to be the new centre of the world's activity and thought after Athens.

Its situation brought it into commercial and cultural relations with all the nations lying beyond the Mediterranean, and made it the one communicating link with the wealth and civilisation of the East. In the days of the Ptolomies, Alexandria was a centre for men eminent in literature and philosophy, who went there from all parts of Greece, and were given every facility for the prosecution of their learned researches.

The foundation of the great Alexandrian library and the museum made the city in many respects not unlike a modern university, and made it convenient for the men of letters and the philosophers to contribute to the intellectual activity of the world. During the Christian era, the Alexandrian school developed a new movement which was characterised largely by its philosophic and theological studies. This school of Alexandria retained its cultural and intellectual importance till the Arab-conquest in 640 A.D.

The second University in Egypt, in order of time, but not in importance, is the mosque El-Azhar, in Cairo, built in the 10th century A.D., by Jawhar, and immediately converted into a university. With now over 12,000 students from all Moslim lands, it still remains the largest and most important theological university and its influence is unique.

Now El-Azhar is regarded as the chief centre of learning in the Mohammedan world. Its subjects of study are mainly the theology of Islam, and the complete science of religious, moral, civil, and criminal law as founded on the Koran, and the traditions of the Prophet and his successors. Students also study Arabic language and literature, rhetoric, logic, philosophy, versification, mathematics, physical science and other theoretical subjects. During the past ten years, El-Azhar has been run on modern university lines. New buildings for its various faculties and departments have been built, and new studies including

European languages have been introduced. Physical training is not neglected.

El-Azhar is the link between the old and new type of university education in Egypt. It remained the only acknowledged university in Egypt till 1908, which marks the establishment, as a private enterprise, of a national Egyptian university in Cairo, devoted to scientific, literary and philosophical studies. In 1925, the modern Egyptian University, called, since 1941, the University of Fouad I, was enacted by royal decree. It comprises schools of law, science, arts, archaeology, medicine, dentistry, pharmacy, engineering, veterinary surgery, agriculture and commerce, with now over 10,000 students of both sexes. It differs in no way from any modern university in the Western world.

The new university was staffed by professors and specialists from Egypt and abroad. It is worth mentioning here that as far as I know, at least three of the Leeds University staff contributed to the educational progress of the university there. PROF. B. DOBREE was once the head of the department of English Literature there. MR. JEFFERSON joined the staff of that department until 1946, and MR. ABERCROMBIE left Cairo University only in April, 1947, both to join the Arts staff at Leeds.

On the same lines Farouk I University, in Alexandria, was established in 1942, to meet the ever-increasing numbers of students seeking admission to the Cairo University. It was felt most fitting that the new centre of science and culture should rise in the second capital of Egypt, and that the Farouk I University would restore to Alexandria much of the ancient glory it knew as the centre of learning of the old world. Since its establishment it has grown to the full status of a recognised university, and now it houses over 2,000 students.

Besides these two new universities in Egypt, there are over 55 colleges for higher studies with over 20,000 scholars all over the country. Steps are now being taken to establish a third modern university in Assint in Upper Egypt, and another one in Zagazig, Lower Egypt.

IN THE MEANTIME, to face the ever-increasing demand for education, another important step towards "education for leisure" has been the establishment of a "People's University," a centre for adult instruction. Here every aspect of modern learning is open to the student and there are no conditions governing admission. The "People's University," together with many branches in the provinces has been magnificently equipped to stimulate adult education throughout Egypt. Its success has encouraged the authorities to take steps to establish more universities of the kind.

To talk about universities without mentioning physical training and sports is a big mistake. But to show how far the University authorities there are encouraging sports and how much the students themselves are interested and taking a great part, I shall only quote the results of the Inter-Universities Olympic Games held last summer.

In football Egypt beat Belgium by 6—2, and the Egyptian team was second.

In Basketball Egypt was third; and in Diving, first, third and sixth were Egyptian students.

Angélique.

*L*à-bas seul dans la grisaille grillagée
 Un bout de passé patiemment m'attend ;
 Une forme de femme en tapette noire penchée
 Dans le noir plus noir du néant des néons.

*C'est comme cela qu'elle m'appelle
 Sans geste sans parole en S majuscule
 Sachant qu'en pantin impuissant vers elle
 Mes pas m'amènent toujours et nul.*

*Et nul ne sait quels mots brulants
 Quels baisers sous les gaz papillotants
 Ses lèvres ses mains sa mollesse diaphane
 Autant de pansements pour mon coeur sans tain.*

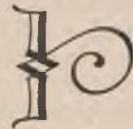
*Soir
 trottoir étoilé
 voilés
 par
 un rideau
 tarlatane*

*Et...
 l'aube pâle qui à contre-coeur se lève au loin.*

S. J. COLLIER.

CONGRATULATIONS !

AUSTIN.—On September 25th, at the Christopher Nursing Home, Wigan, to Jeane (née Williams), wife of Donald Austin—twin son and daughter (Timothy John Eastham and Alison Eyre).



STUDENT LIFE AT DUTCH UNIVERSITIES

by

J. DE HEER.

IT SEEMS RATHER BOLD trying to write an article under this title when only 800 words can be used. Bold, because for a good understanding a preliminary knowledge of many factors, *e.g.*, the Dutch character (in general so totally different from the British one), the history and traditions of our Universities and students' associations and the great influence of the churches in our country (which for example makes it practically impossible for some orthodox-religious students to be a member of a "general" students' society) would be required. My aim can only be to mention some characteristic features which might be of interest to the readers of *The Gryphon* and which, as I hope, will not cause too much misunderstanding.

According to our ideas a University education must not only involve the training for certain professions but must aim at including the totality of human intellectual and creative capacities.

I must immediately add to this that the University as such does not provide much more than professors and lectures, and does not interfere at all with the private and group life of the students. If a student does not want to attend a lecture (for example because the professor concerned is a bad lecturer), he does not go there, learns the subject from a textbook and spends the hour in question as he likes. Nearly all the students live in digs and the University has no responsibilities in this connection. As for the University a Dutch student may come home as late as he wants (actually life in the most typical Dutch men-students-associations, the "corporations," starts only at about midnight!) and may entertain his girl-friends at any hour he wants, even at such very late times as after 7-30 p.m. ! The University admits everyone who got his final certificate of a secondary school and releases everyone graduated after a course of at least six years, if he or she managed somehow to pass all examinations.

How can such a University attitude be conformable with the "ideal" University education, defined above? Taking into account that Holland too asks for more technicians, medical doctors, lawyers, etc., and that more and more people are rushing to the University, is it in this way then not unavoidable, that a University just becomes a sausage-machine, where at one end a herd of nameless people is crammed in, to come out at the other end as just capable of satisfying a customer, who has not always a good taste? That this is not the case has its most important reason in the educational impact, which the vital closebound community-life of various students' associations makes upon the students; students-life is an integrating part of our University education.

FOR CENTURIES the "Corporations," of which one can only become a member after having gone through a very weary hazing period ("green-time"), have been the central organisations of the life of Dutch men-students. Such a community cannot be "described"; you have

to "live" the Corps-life. It is with the Corps as with your mother or your girl-friend: "You are enthusiastic about her, but you are unable to give people who don't know her a description that gives them the impression you want." Dutch students were often considered, even by many of their fellow-countrymen, as a group of persons who could only drink a lot and mostly were too gay, but during the recent war many of the Societies have shown their great unity and strength. Of the 500 members of the Delft-Students-Corps alone (to give an example) more than 50 died in the underground movement.

From year to year these "corporations" continued to make their mark on student life, even when they no longer included more than a minority of the students. For in the beginning of this century many other societies were founded, some on an orthodox-religious basis, in addition special associations for women students. Many students, the so-called "nihilists," remained outside all these student activities.

Since the war vigorous attempts are being made to reduce "nihilism," to attain a greater unity between the existing associations, to found a real academic community and to make this community aware that the culture upon which life depends transcends the beliefs of every group within its gates. The way in which one tries to reach the end in view differs for the various Universities. Some professors are assisting in building up the new community, but the independent character of our students' life is unaffected. I cannot enter into details here.

We are far too self-critical for not being aware that much has to be changed, but...with great care. We try to find the right structure for a students life, a structure that appreciates the style and all those gay and vivid attractions that have grown through centuries, but at the same time that takes into account the special responsibility that will rest upon all who had the great privilege of belonging to this academic community.

After Conflict.

*When the small harsh cries of men burdened with triumph
Do seem to shake the structure of your dreams,
Think on your Autumn Lady's lamentations,
And weep with her beside the silent streams.*

*When the savage men your sons, are marching forth,
Their feet upon the memories of Spring,
See how the sun is dazzled by their lances,
And folds her head in cloud while no birds sing.*

*At the closing of the time of bitter fighting,
When multitudes are lain beneath the earth,
Observe the calm, unwrinkled face of heaven,
The laughter in the leaves; assess your worth.*

VERNON SCANNELL.



PARIS TO-DAY

by
STAN COLLIER.

((*Tu n'as pas maigri : tu n'as pas
gros, Tu es toujours le meme Paris*))



SO SINGS JEAN SABLON, whether one hears his voice from some ultra modernistic radio on the Boul " Mich " or from a Juke box Arcade somewhere between the Place Pigalle and the Buttes. No, Paris has certainly not put on weight—whether she has lost any only the Société d'Hygiene Scientifique could tell you. One thing is certain—despite the ((*chaleur caniculaire*)) despite the meagre rations, despite the far from rosy future, the Parisians contrived during the Summer, at least, to give the impression of gaiety, of a devil-may-care-tomorrow-is-another-day attitude which blended to perfection with the flaming candles on the chestnut trees, the gaudy awnings of the cafés (how many *are* there I wonder within the city haunts ?) and the groups of musicians who beat out tango after tango and then end by selling you a copy of ((*Les Belles Chansons de Paris.*))

You, yes, you with your beard, your crimson velveteen trousers and white socked feet thrust into floppy sandals, do you think you can ever reproduce with your puny palette the scene you gaze at so long ? Or you with your pencil poised above a virgin set of foolscap on the handrail of the bridge, why do you stare so long at Notre-Dame and its ivy-covered walls ? Is it a Phoenix you await ? Know then that every bouquiniste has the seeds of Victor Hugo within him, every batelier is a poet in his own right yet Paris defies them all because (do you remember Jo-Jo, how you said it yourself ?) ((*Paris c'est un poème qui s'écrit chaque jour.*))

The monuments, so many names in school-books until one stands beneath them, have been restored, re clothed, illuminated, L'Opéra, Concorde, Louvre, Les Invalides, and looking down upon them all, Sacré-Coeur, symbol of a faith which has survived the jack boot, the thumbscrew and most worthy of all, the " *je m'en fichisme* " that frozen fingers, pinched cheeks and gnawing hunger bring. Theatres are re-opening, Sartre at the Vieux Colombier, Marivaux at the Edouard VII ; cinemas push up like mushrooms and advertise " *Brave Rencontre,* " " *Autant en emporte le Vent* " and (what headaches for the poor little man who writes the sub-titles !), Monsieur Bob Hope in " *La Princesse et le Pirate.* "

Do you remember the quaint little restaurants where the wine rushed out of the tall dusty bottle as though delighted to be free and the

((omelettes aux champignons)) were a dream of culinary bliss? They are still there but the meal, despite the miracles wrought by Madame, is but a shadow of the days before ((*they came.*)) To look around the large shops, Galérie du Printemps or Lafayette, there seems no shortage of goods, but all this is mere window dressing. Paris in 1947 is rather like a piece of imitation jewelry, under the shaded lamps, a rare and glittering thing, but once held up to the sunlight the flaws and chipped gilt begin to show. Beneath a veneer of polished sophistication her people are tired, cynical, hungry, and the spectacle of well-fed tourists in their Buicks and Packards hooting down the Champs-Elysées doesn't help.

YET TO MY MIND what recalls most vividly the atmosphere of France's capital, that which is hers and hers only is the Métropolitain—the Paris Underground. Other capital cities, I know, have Underground systems, yet for some strange reason the Métro is more than just a system. By looking at the Michelin Guide I could tell you how many miles of passages there are—that is not what I mean. The Métro is the life blood of Paris, in its half-moon tunnels lie her poetry, the rhythm of her music, her tragedies and her comedies—a subterranean scene whereon are enacted the daily dramas of her children. Gaîté, Plaisance, Montparnasse, Châtelet, the very names of her stations evoke a host of memories. The buff ticket with its neat round hole is your passport to the breathing, throbbing heart of the city.

Once the little gate has sighed and closed and the green and red caterpillar moves off, you are enmeshed in the destinies of the men and women clutching their long bread-loaves, their *Figaro*, their bottles of red wine, or their string bags of grapes and peaches, who share your carriage. Then as you step out at Montparnasse and walk along those high vaulted echoing corridors you may be lucky enough, as I was, to hear ethereal music soaring to the arched roof and slipping down the shafts of sunlight from the high windows.

Then, as you turn the corner there is . . . only an old white-bearded man with a fiddle beneath his wrinkled chin! It is hot, the café across the way is open, and his greasy béret lies empty in the dust. The crumpled ten franc note leaves your fingers and the génie of the Métro smiles . . .

Outside in the sunlight the dust is thick, the waiter places on the chequered table top your tall ice-cold glass of Luxembourg ((*blonde*)) and flicks a fly from the dish of hard-boiled eggs . . . twenty francs and you take the risk . . .

Around you is the peculiar smell of a Seita cigarette, and you make a mental note that to-night you will write a long newsy letter to D . . . , you will try to ((*capture the real atmosphere of Paris*)) you will ((*put Paris in a box*)) as the French say . . . but somehow you just never can!

NIGHT OF THE BATH

by

KENNETH SALINSKY

JAMES BURDEN contemplated his stomach. Or, rather, as a medical man, he contemplated his abdomen, avoiding the inaccuracy of the layman. Lying full length in the bath, occasionally twitching his feet, to send a wave of warmth and comfort over his body, he felt distinctly philosophical.

Had he tried to explain how he knew that he was feeling philosophical, he would have found it difficult. Perhaps he would have referred to a certain light-headedness, or he may have mentioned nothing other than that he felt rather liverish. In any case, the result was meditation—very comforting meditation. He pondered over that quantity of James Burden that showed itself as abdomen and allowed that he was not a very clever man. He also conceded to the hot water tap that he was not a dominating personality. But he thought he knew of few who were quite so—well, decent, as himself. "Philosophical" was perhaps the word. "A reasonable philosophical sort of chap"—that described him rather well, he thought, especially when the voice rose in pitch during "reasonable" and "philosophical." Life at fifty was curious, but if one had the presence of mind, occasionally to step out of one's little rut, and examine the groove with some aloofness, it was still a reasonably fascinating business.

He sent another luxurious wave over himself, and watched it travel to and fro, until it gently melted away around his feet. Outside the steamy bathroom, it was dark and cold, for the hour was late. He thought of his wife in bed in the room off the silent landing. She usually complained that he lingered too long in his bath, and that he disturbed her when he came to bed. This made him feel slightly depressed, and he tried to think of an amusing side to the situation, but failed.

With a sigh, and casting one reproachful glance at his self satisfied abdomen, he levered himself to his feet and stepped out of the bath. Briskly, he rubbed himself down, humming a tune. He shivered a little—December was not the best month for getting out of warm

baths. Slipping on his dressing gown, he cautiously opened the bathroom window. It was a moonlit night, and the cold clearness attracted him.

Then the shrill tinkle of the telephone from the darkness downstairs broke into his reverie.

Dr. Burden was not quite fitted back into his rut, and so, still philosophical, he closed the window, and opened the bathroom door. He crossed the small stretch of carpet to the stairs, felt his way down and, then through the chilly hall. He entered the surgery and switched on the light. The room looked back at him, through the uncurtained windows. Hesitating for a moment, he moved across the faded carpet to the excited telephone.

No words answered his glib enquiry, and puzzled, he pressed his ear closer to the receiver. His straining sense caught the sound of sobbing. With growing curiosity, he recognised it as something more than the irritable complaint of a child. These were the sobs of a woman, stunned by shock and fear. They were gasps that were snaken from the depths of the creature on the end of the telephone line.

Dr. Burden was startled. He shouted an urgent "*Hallo,*" but there was no reply. Then, horrified, he distinguished a noise of stumbling like a chair being kicked over and then dry hoarse panting as if someone were struggling. There was a throaty grunt and, for a second, all was quiet.

Then, finally, came a convulsive sob; a horrid prolonged gasp shook and quivered in the doctor's alert ear. A thousand delirious howls vibrated in every cranny of his sensibility. The sensation slowly died away, leaving him exhausted. There was a *click* as the 'phone went dead. Dr. Burden suddenly felt undescribably cold.

A wave of coldness passed over him, as he twitched his feet, and with a start realised that he had been asleep in the bath. How long he had lain there he could not tell, but the water was now quite chill.

"*Strange,*" he thought, as he levered himself to his feet and stepped out.

He was a little shaken and as he rubbed himself down, he asked himself why he should have had such a nightmare.

"Unless," and he bared his teeth at himself in the shaving mirror, "unless it's a foreboding of the future," and he wondered what his abdomen would think of that. He shivered a little—December was not the best month for getting out of warm baths. He stopped for an instant, sensing his thoughts to be strangely familiar—as though he were repeating a part of his life over again.

Slipping on his dressing gown, he cautiously opened the bathroom window. It was a moonlit night, and the cold clearness attracted him, and then Dr. Burden realised why his actions were familiar.

But now he was tense and his ears strained for the sound, which even as he listened, began to ring in the darkness downstairs.

With a determination, which surprised him, he closed the window and opened the bathroom door. He crossed the small stretch of carpet to the stairs, felt his way down, and through the chilly hall. He entered the surgery and switched on the light. The room looked back at him, through the uncurtained windows. Hesitating for a moment, he moved across the faded carpet to the excited telephone.

But just as he pressed his ear to the receiver, there was a click as the telephone went dead.

To Women Freshers

(with the usual apologies to Rudyard Kipling).

IF Devon men can't seem to do without you
But lose their heads and blame it all on you :
If you can trust yourself when women doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting too :
If men can wait and not be tired of waiting
For an upward glance of your appealing eyes :
If you can turn up late without them hating
That clockward glance of innocent surprise :

If you can sit in J.C.R. and keep your virtue,
If all men count with you, but none too much :
If heavy feet at hcp's can't even hurt you
And you can cope with engineers and such.
If you can hate and not make hate your master :
If you can love and not make love your aim :
If you can meet with success and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same :

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With fifty seconds' worth of swotting done :
If you can read a book and know what's in it,
If you can work within the Brotherton :
If you can fill your mind with scraps of learning :
If you your weary brain with facts can cram
Yet fail again without too much heart-burning
That oft-recurring terminal exam :

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are done,
And still hold on when there is nothing in you
In that awful empty hour from twelve to one :
THEN, Fresher, having made your weak beginnings,
Having mastered your mistakes and your misdeeds,
Having balanced up your losses and your winnings—
You will enjoy your second term at Leeds.

MUNGO.

THE INTERNATIONAL CINEMA

by

T. N. S. LENNAM.

British	..	"Odd Man Out," Carol Reed, 1947.
French	..	"Le Quai des Brumes," Marcel Carné, 1937.
French	..	"Les Enfants du Paradis," Marcel Carné, 1944.
Danish	..	"Day of Wrath," Carl Dreyer, 1943.

VIEWING "*Les Enfants du Paradis*" for the first time can be likened to a first reading of T. S. Eliot's "*Four Quartets*." The impact of the film, like that of the poetry, is immediate and disturbing. From the moment one surrenders to the fascination of both these art-forms one is conscious of the power and urgency of their particular messages. There can be few of us, however, who can read "*Four Quartets*," or see "*Les Enfants du Paradis*" once, and only once, and claim a full understanding of either. For this reason the poem has a greater significance to us because it may be approached and re-approached until a penetration is made into the meaning. Our attraction grows greater thereafter in commensuration with our familiarity and understanding. Indeed a great measure of the poem's hold over us is its constant challenge to turn to it again and yet again: it yields its pattern slowly, its true meaning even more reluctantly. Now this demand made by a work of art is legitimate only in so far as that such a work is accessible to our continued approach. "*Four Quartets*" is so, but Marcel Carné's cine-poetry is most certainly not.

"*Les Enfants du Paradis*" is in this particular most unsatisfactory. Having drawn and held our close attention to its complicated (and sometimes disjointed)* succession of themes, the symbolism, the graphic and photographic imagery and the thin narrative, the lights go up and we are jettisoned into reality, our minds in turmoil with the conflict of ideas and the desperate effort to make something whole of them before they fade. Thus however much importance we may attribute to this great film, however much we may recognise the pressure behind it urging us to an apprehension of its theme, it is in essence a failure.

(* Due possibly to unintelligent cutting of the English release).

And the reason is obvious. Carné has ignored an elementary principle in allowing his design to overflow the limitations of the art-form he has selected for its expression. "*Les Enfants du Paradis*" released from this limitation loses shape and proportion. What we are after in the Cinema is coherence. A film must be complete in itself: this completeness has no rigid time limit, but must obviously be achieved in the time an audience is willing to endure its development and fruition.

This is not to detract from the "crude" greatness of the film. We use the word "crude" in the sense that the Director's attempt is immature and raw and that the film is something of an experiment. A search for expression which has not been wholly successful, but which may very well become natural and even conventional later. If Carné can in the future successfully mould another such ambitious theme within the scope of the film "*Les Enfants du Paradis*" will have been more than justified.

"*Les Enfants du Paradis*" and "*Les Visiteurs du Soir*" represent Marcel Carné's romantic excursion into formalism, away from the realistic period in which he dominated the World Cinema with such films as "*Le Jour se Lève*," "*Le Quai des Brumes*," "*Hotel du Nord*" and many others. It is interesting to note that another great European Director was at this time concentrating his energy and skill on a return to realism.

Carl Dreyer in "*Day of Wrath*" presents a moving and sombre essay in religious intolerance. No profit can result from a comparison of Dreyer's technique with that of his French contemporary. "*Day of Wrath*" mirrors in majestic proportion Dreyer's emphasis on the power of camera-concentration. The camera examines with immaculate care and attention the faces of the players, lingering lovingly on profiles, alteration to

facial expression, the beauty of eyes and the imperceptible mobility of lips. This technique admirably suits the spirit and tension of his theme set in the unhurried post-medieval Low Country. "*Day of Wrath*" is a picture accentuated in black and white and despite its harrowing theme unrelieved by humour, has moments of enduring beauty and sweetness.

The summit of British achievement in film realism is generally recognized to exist in two films. "*Odd Man Out*" and "*Brief Encounter*." Perhaps the most significant fact about the former is that it is an outstanding example of a theme and treatment which owes a very demonstrable debt to the French Cinema. We would go so far to say that it not only should be closely compared with "*Le Quai des Brumes*" (produced 10 years earlier by Carné) but that a fair consideration of the two leaves the British film wanting in everything except technical efficiency.

The French production is nearer to nature. There are no loose ends and the powerful narrative is not vitiated by vignettes (however amusing or subtle) of secondary personalities.* Faithful as are the settings of Carol Reed's film, we are constantly aware that they are but settings—the remoteness of the docks, the artistic emphasis on the mean streets of light and shadow. "*Les Quai des Brumes*" makes no such intrusion. From the first we are

involved with the French port-slum. The towering cranes, the hulls of ships, the bulk of warehouses loom up large around us, the clanking of their activity is an essential part of the aural background throughout the story: the dialogue is punctuated by their insistent noise. In short, we feel we are actually observing the real thing and are thus brought into closer contact with the unfolding of the drama itself. The slums, dirt, poverty are real and not accentuated by artifice of either camera or setting.

It is fashionable to adversely compare British films with their French counterparts. It is not our intention here to labour such a comparison, but we feel that too many people ascribe to "*Odd Man Out*" a greatness out of proportion to its real merit. If it be thought to represent a distinct advance in British film technique we must at least acknowledge our debt to the original inspiration. For this reason, too, it will be interesting to see how British Directors will react to the mysticism and symbolism of recent French films, how they will reconcile the fresh, strong surge of realism evident over here with the romantic-æsthetic mystery of the impulse coming from the Continent.

* (i.e., the doctor, the artist, the vagrant—"*Odd Man Out*").

Voices of Birds.

*Voices of birds
 Heard in the meadow
 In the hills heard:
 A lavender shadow
 Crosses the strand
 Where knee-deep in the river
 The cattle stand.*

*Soft thunder shivers
 The quivering air
 Into three silver rainbows
 Over Slievemore:
 Wearing their brightness
 Swans on the lake
 Move to the shore.*

*The swans are still
 Sheltered in willows,
 Still are the birds
 The woods are hollow
 With thunder's word,
 Heard in the valley,
 In the hills heard.*

MOLLIE HERBERT.

PALESTINE

Points from an Article.

by

MOHAMMED A. MULHIM.

IF YOU ASK: What do the people here or anywhere know about Palestine? And if they know anything at all, how did they get to know it? And—what is more important—what amount of truth is there in what they know? You might easily find that the majority know what the Press may, on odd occasions, write or comment, or else it is what I should call Biblical knowledge, dating back thousands of years.

Palestine is primarily an agricultural country which produces fruit: oranges, grapes, olives; vegetables: tomatoes, cucumbers, watermelons, and grain, wheat, barley, lentils, corn.

The area of Arab land under fruit trees is now, according to the Jewish Agency's report, about one million dunums (citrus groves are not included in this figure) with a net income of 5,220,000 pounds, while Jewish fruit-planted land is only about 51,000 dunums and yields an income of 700,000 pounds:

With a lack of metals and coal, it is difficult for Palestine to be the "Manchester of the East," although one tends to believe the contrary, remembering the minerals of the Dead Sea, and Iraq's petrol that flows in pipes to Haifa's stores. Palestine, especially its Jewish community, created an industry during the last war which could not compete with English or American made goods, and mainly for political reasons, foremost of which was the boycott of Jewish goods by Palestine Arabs and others. This made it extremely hard to carry on the enterprise, and resulted in the closing down of many Jewish factories, and caused numbers of unemployed

In Jerusalem, the capital of Palestine, are the synagogues, the churches and the mosques of the three heavenly religions. There you find the Wailing Wall of the Jews, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the most sacred spot in Christianity, and Al-Haram al-Sherif, the Mosque Al-Agser, the first Qibla and the third holiest place in the Moslem world; and nearby is the Dome of the Rock, one of the finest pieces of architecture anywhere.

Jerusalem, the only place which may be called cosmopolitan, has a population of less than 200,000 inhabitants, half of whom are Arabs and the rest are Jews and other minorities. Of the whole population of Palestine, the Arabs compose two thirds, *i.e.*, about 66% or more (the Jews one third) and possess eleven-twelfths of the land. This is to be compared with the percentage of the population in 1917, when the Arabs composed more than 90% of the whole population and the Jews less than 10%.

It is to be hoped that every Palestinian, be he Arab, Jew or any other included in this term, will be as really a Palestinian in Palestine as an Englishman is in England, and help in building up that country, the Holy Land, the land of Peace which has been denied peace for the last 30 years.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

by

GEORGE HAUGER.

VOX MUNDI BOOKS.

"The Planet Earth on Trial" (1/6).

THIS is the first of a series founded by Vernon Bartlett, and, at first glance, the bulk, arrangement and attractive printing and illustration of the book shows it well worth its price. The contents are articles based on broadcasts, unlike those in our august friend, *The Listener*, radiated from many countries—Australia and Turkey, France and U.S.A.—as well as Britain. The motif around which the broadcasts behind this issue are built is the significance of atomic energy.

First comes a short radio-play from America. In this, the scientists and philosophers from Thales of Miletus to Sir James Jeans give evidence to refute the charge of "a conspiracy to destroy the exquisite balance of the Universe by force," which is levelled at the Earth by some cosmic prosecutor. It makes pleasant reading, but is diverting as an historical fantasia rather than useful as a guide to mankind's problems.

A Paris broadcast on the history of microscopy is not worth the space it occupies, but the illustrations in this section are superb. A Turkish contribution on disputes as to the true inventors of various things is hardly better than the French effort—and it has no illustrations. How different is an Australian essay on "Exploring beyond the Stratosphere"; it is at once authentic and approachable, and has both pith and point. An added joy is the photographs of the earth taken at altitudes of 30, 45, 60 and 100 miles.

Professors Cockcroft and Blackett and Sir Henry Dale represent Britain with three illuminating talks on aspects of Atomic Power, its history, its use in primary power stations, its relation to medicine.

However, on the general, serious reader the words of Dr. Penney (Australia) on "Where Is Science Taking Us?" and Bertrand Russell on "The Outlook for Mankind," will produce most effect. Bertrand Russell outlines a method of attacking the problem of atomic warfare

with clarity and plausibility. He declares: "*We have now reached a point where our success in this endeavour [understanding the world in which we live and discovering the laws governing natural processes] combined with the absence of any correlative moral progress has brought us within sight of complete breakdown.*"

Speaking of war, Dr. Penney uses almost the same words: "*... science has pushed it so far forward that ethics and morals are floundering hopelessly behind.*" He asserts: "*What is needed in the world to-day, perhaps more than ever before, is not some new world-shattering discovery in nuclear physics, or some breath-taking discovery in chemistry or medicine. The advance for which the world is waiting, beyond any doubt, is a small advance—a slight advance—in charity, in understanding, forbearance, tolerance, justice and mercy. That is what the world is waiting for, and waiting rather anxiously.*"

It is surely worth 1s. 6d. to read these last two sentences.

NORTHERN REVIEW,
Vol. No. 2. (1s. 3d.).

This brave magazine which began as a small monthly, is now an attractive large-sized quarterly, full of attractive articles, illustrations and decorations. Its interest to University folk here is apparent when one realises that it is devoted to the activities, past and present, of the North, and when one looks at a list of its past, present and future contributors, Wilfred R. Child, Kenneth Muir, Kenneth Severs, Vernon Scannell—and even the present writer, whose recommendation of the magazine is genuine, not partisan.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL GAZETTE
September, 1947.

A further number of this beautifully produced journal. *En passant*, what a pleasure to read of medical research workers who, when called upon, can perform Brahms's A major violin sonata and Handel's E major sonata, the first in a "truly expressive rendering," the second "nobly."

ROUND THE HALLS

WEETWOOD HALL.

In Weetwood, the first two weeks of the Autumn Term have been coloured by the numerous coffee and supper parties, which normally attend the beginning of a new session. These have done much to alleviate the tremendous task which confronts us all, Freshers and non-Freshers alike, namely, that of trying to fit forty or so new names to a corresponding number of new faces!

The Freshers are, nevertheless, rapidly settling down, and already their curiosity is being raised by the mysterious and frequent meetings of Second Years in the Common Room. Preparations are in full swing for the "Second Years' Entertainment," which will be given on Thursday, November 13th.

Now that Christmas is not so very far off, enthusiasm is running high for the Annual Carol Concert, to be held on December 14th. Practices are to begin on Sunday, October 26th, and under the guidance of Miss Brotherton, we hope to make this a record year in the history of Weetwood Carols.

At these various social gatherings we hope the process of getting to know one another will be speeded up considerably, so that by the beginning of next term there will be no further need of formal introductions.

E. M. BROWN
(Hon. Sec.).

WOODSLEY HALL.

Among the changes which have taken place at Woodsley Hall this term the most important is the installation of a new Warden. There was some speculation last year about what effect this would have because though students had, under the *ancien regime*, a large measure of freedom to run their affairs as they thought best, the Warden has a constitutional last word and this freedom could be considerably modified if he decided to take more into his own hands. Events have shown, however, that Professor Ruse is keener on student government than even the students are, and while retaining all its old powers the House Committee now finds itself making important decisions where the Warden might reasonably be expected to exercise a prerogative. Indeed, an excellent arrangement appears to have been arrived at giving him ample

executive worries without, as far as student affairs are concerned, the burden of administrative detail, and he has betrayed no oppressive tendencies whatever so far except, it seems, a marked aversion to jazz music during meal times.

Other newcomers this term are Messrs. Khalsa, Thomas and Rouse, the latter being the only Fresher in the House—which is a pity. For the rest, there has been, a thorough reshuffle of room allocation a manoeuvre designed to suit all tastes and whims and so cleverly arranged that it has, in fact, pleased almost everybody—at least, there have been no complaints.

Hostel activities belong to the future: a social dance has been provisionally fixed for November 15th, while during the winter months the usual tournaments will be played off to find the local champions of billiards, snooker, table-tennis and chess. Matches have been arranged, too, for the new and improved Basketball team.

As we write a Special General Meeting of the Union is to be convened to decide if Woodsley can be represented on the Union Committee. This is long overdue and in the event of any opposition a case has been prepared to meet it. It is hoped that the proposal will be challenged in some way because the case is a very good one and it would be a pity if it were wasted, especially as the President, Mr. Alan Over, who did so brilliantly in the recent speaking competition, will be there to give it. He should sound well on this.

G. A. W.

LYDDON HALL.

We began the session with the Inaugural Dinner, at which the Warden introduced the newcomers, and we bade Johnny Walker, our first president, good-bye and good luck in his medical career. Johnny was quite an institution and he will be sorely missed.

The Dinner was followed by the Smoking Concert, held in the second week of the term. It was then conclusively proved that even though the fresh additions managed to decrease the average age considerably, they had, nevertheless, very little to learn in the provision of entertainment in the form of songs and general merrymaking.

Future sports and social functions at the time of writing include, on the sports side, participation once again with two teams in the inter-departmental Basketball competition and a combined H.O.R.-Woodsley-Lyddon v. Devon Rugged match. On the social side, preparations are proceeding fast for the Smorbrod and the

Winter Dance, both of which will have been held when this is published. With the Matron's help, we hope to make the Christmas Dinner, the last event of the term, at least as great a success as its predecessor.

I.H.E.

Letters to the Editor.

Reply to
MR. YIEND.

Dear Sir,
Your correspondent Mr. Yiend seems to be aware that University students are shy of discussing "God."

Perhaps he has not heard of Shaw's advice to the aspiring, youthful reformer of society:

"First make your competence, then study the virtues."

Most young people of my acquaintance are more interested in exercising their bodies and minds than in analysing their alleged sinful proclivities. And I think they are right. "Abundant life" we all crave for, as the Lord Jesus knew so well, and approved of most heartily. Let those who are sick diagnose their miseries. Let healthy youth be strong and glad and active.

AN OLD STUDENT.

(Name and address supplied).

THE TEACHING OF ECONOMICS.

(The following are extracts from replies to an excerpt which appeared in our last number.)

Sir.

I.

The problems referred to are caused not only by economic but also by institutional and psychological factors. The amount of control over these factors which economists have is largely a political matter.

University education is education in

analytical methods with the aid of a certain factual background. In the case of economists the factual background consists of the broad lines on which the present economic system is run; the analytical methods are there to be used by the graduate's intelligence in filling in and ascertaining the importance of details. As the science grows, for after all it is still a junior science, these methods will no doubt yield better results and, with parallel development in political theory, even booms, slumps and crises may lose their relevance: new economic policy having largely succeeded in achieving one of the most important aims of economics, the maximisation of material welfare.

I. H. ERGAS.

II.

Sir.

"Sometimes we are inclined to forget that great economists, such as Lord Keynes, have diagnosed and cured economic ills only after much consideration in the realms of pure theory. Admittedly, the task of the economist is made far more difficult because his study is essentially a human study, bound up with individual and unaccountable actions: the economist is continually provoked by the politician. Yet, because there have been numerous failures and consequent crises in the past, and because the present harvest may appear scant, surely this constitutes no sufficient reason why the reaping from the economists' fields of research should be abandoned.

A. V. HORSFALL.

SPORT

Report by MAURICE HAYES.

R.U.F.C.

Detailed results not available.

In the first game they were narrowly defeated by York St. John's, 13—11, but have shown improved form and won their last three matches.

Basketball.

Thus far the Club has not had a fixture, but many matches have been arranged and it is hoped that the Club will receive the support it deserves. In watching this game one is not exposed to the rigours of a Leeds winter but can watch from the relative comfort of the balcony of the Gymnasium. We have an excellent team and expect to be very successful.

Fencing.

October 18th the Club had a mixed fixture with Liverpool, which they won comfortably, the score being 12—4. More Freshers are required in this Club and they will be assured of a cordial welcome.

Netball.

The Netball team promises to do great things. In their first game they beat the Bar Convent 35—22.

Lacrosse.

The Lacrosse team is shaping very well. They had their first match on the 25th October, and won 15—3—a very good effort.

Boxing Club.

The Boxing Club is very strong this year, but new blood is required—particularly as fly-weights and heavy-weights.

Cross-country Club.

The Cross-country Club has started the season in their usual manner. The second team scored a resounding triumph over Leeds Training College, the first 4 men home being Leeds men. Rowell was first man home.

The first team was considerably depleted for their fixture against Notts and Loughboro', but nevertheless scored a comfortable victory. Haw ran his usual fine race to win in very good time. A notable newcomer was Leedal, who came fourth in a very good field.

Soccer Club.

October 8th	v. Leeds Training College..	..	Won	6—3.
11th	v. Rawdon Old Boys	..	Won	6—1.
15th	v. Leeds T.C.	..	Draw	0—0.
18th	v. Wortley W.I.	..	Won	6—1.
22nd	v. Hull University College	..	Won	4—0.
25th	v. Booth Town	..	Lost	2—4.

The Soccer Club started the season very well and hope to do great things in the Christie. Their defeat on the 25th was in no small measure due to the fact that four of the first team were injured. Mills is playing in fine form and showing considerable opportunism. He has scored 16 goals.

The second XI is having a rather rough time as they are playing in a League with equal standing with the first XI. They are without a victory in League games, but scored a comfortable victory over Hull U.C., 4—0.

Women's Hockey Club.

1st XI—October 18th	v. Hull University College.	Won	7—0.
	(October 25th, mixed game with men).		
2nd XI—October 18th	v. Hull University College.	Won	6—0.
3rd XI—October 25th	v. Tadcaster Ladies.		

The Women's Hockey Club have started the season in very fine form indeed. Both teams scored smashing victories over Hull U.C.

The team has been considerably strengthened, notably by the inclusion of two Freshers in the defence. The Club is looking forward with confidence for a very successful season.

CHRISTIE MATCHES.

RUGGER.

Leeds, 6 points; Liverpool, 11 points.

Liverpool won practically in the last minute. Their full-back kicked the ball forward, followed it, got in another kick, chased the ball over and fell on it.

The try was a very lucky one and very unfortunate for Leeds, as both teams were well matched throughout. The Leeds three-quarters lacked cohesion whereas the Liverpool threes played a copy-book game. Leeds had the advantage in the forwards, particularly in the takes.

Meredith, the Leeds hooker, had a very good game. The Leeds points were scored by Forrester (penalty goal), and an unconverted try by Dobbs.

SOCCER.

Leeds, 1; Liverpool, Nil.

Leeds attacked practically the whole time and fully deserved their victory. Poor conditions made good football impossible.

The goal was scored half way through the second half by Harrison, the outside right. A very sound defence was ably held together by the captain.

Leeds Team.—Firth, G. V.; Grimshaw, R. E., Wood, G.; Guy, W., Bale, W. A. (Capt.), Thompson, H. M.; Harrison, T. E., Conry, K. V., Mills, W. L., Bishop, G. E. G., Harding, J. H.

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UNIVERSITY OPINION ON INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A Survey by the International Society.

THE PURPOSE of the Investigation on "University Opinion," recently carried out by the International Society, was to find out students' general interest in international affairs and their opinions on certain aspects of international politics.

Method of Investigation :

The method of investigation employed by the organisers of the enquiry is open to criticism. No one realises this more than the investigators themselves. One or two of the questions are rather ambiguously worded, and no provision was made to allow the expression of reservations and comments. In fairness to the investigators it should however, be borne in mind that it was their first experiment in "Mass Observation," and that the investigation had to be carried out very quickly in order to complete it in time for inclusion in the International Christmas number of *The Gryphon*.

Students' attitude to the Investigation :

The Organisers' thanks are due to all students who were questioned for their co-operative attitude. About 40 of the returned questionnaires contained comments in addition to the information required. All these comments were fair and serious; only one questionnaire was used for abusive "comments," *i.e.*, for anti-Semitic slogans that are becoming familiar from newspaper reports on Fascist meetings held in London. Only three forms had to be invalidated because the "students" concerned belonged to a sex-category for which no provision had been made by [either God or] the investigators, and because their ages, 0, 102 and 1,060 years, showed them to be either under or above the level of intelligence and education required of a student.

Some figures of general interest :

A total of 340 students were questioned—199 women and 240 men. 35% (88 men and 32 women) are members of a political party, and just under 25% belong to an international association (54 men and 29 women).

The "Neutral" Vote :

The average percentage for those who have not yet made up their minds on various issues is 12%. The firmest attitude is taken to the most controversial issue of British Foreign Policy raised by question one : only 4% reply "I don't know," while the highest percentage of those holding no settled opinion is recorded by question 8, with 29%. It appears that slightly more women than men are still hesitating which side to take.

Replies analysed :

1. Do you advocate greater co-operation with the Soviet Union and the other Eastern European countries?

Yes : 63%. No : 33%. I don't know : 4%.

2. Do you think that the Marshall Plan is a genuine offer of help for the reconstruction of Europe?

Yes : 65%. No : 22%. I don't know : 13%.

3. Do you think that U.N.O. is fulfilling a useful function ?

Yes : 57%. No : 34%. I don't know : 9%.

4. Do you think that the use of the veto is necessary to ensure co-operation between the Great Powers?

Yes : 22%. No : 63%. I don't know : 15%.

5. Do you think that the British and Americans should support the Royalists in Greece ?

Yes : 40%. No : 43%. I don't know : 17%.

6. Do you agree with the partition of Palestine ?

Yes : 54%. No : 35%. I don't know : 11%.

7. Do you think that Democracy can work in Germany ?

Yes : 71%. No : 18%. I don't know : 11%.

8. Do you think that sanctions should be applied against General Franco ?

Yes : 37%. No : 35%. I don't know : 28%.

RACINE'S ATHALIE

RACINE'S *Athalie*, in a new translation by Mr. Kenneth Muir, will be presented by the Theatre Group during the second week in December. A fine cast has been chosen, and with Mr. G. Wilson Knight producing the play, it is confidently expected that the production will more than keep up the standard set by *Agamemnon* last year.

The play, a masterpiece of the French classical tradition, deals with the overthrow of Athaliah, Baal-worshipping usurper of the throne of Israel, and the crowning of the boy-king Joas. It is a mistake to think of a "classical" play as cold and unemotional: *Athali* is strangely moving and forceful and the Queen's tragedy is told with sympathy and vigour. W.E.J.

Leeds University

Old Students' Association

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS.

Christmas Re-union.

In the words of a song well-known in World War I, "Times are hard and getting harder!" Not only are rations being reduced but a "ceiling" has been fixed for the number of persons who may gather round the festive board at any one time. Even Old Students are controlled in this way. However, the song goes on to say: "Still we have fun!" It is up to us to make the second line become as much a reality as the first one undoubtedly is already. To do this it will be necessary to apply at ONCE for tickets for the Re-union to be held on **Friday, 19th December, 1947.** Applications will be dealt with in the order of receipt until the limit is reached, after which it will only be possible to supply tickets for dancing. Full details will be found in the enclosed circular.

Union Ball.

The Union Committee was able to offer us only ten double tickets for this great event and many members were disappointed. So, too, were many more present students. It would need the Town Hall to accommodate all the present and past students who wished to attend the Union Ball, but who would exchange the Riley-Smith and the amenities of the Union for the draughty spaciousness of the Town Hall!

Testimonial to Mr. Grist.

A joint Staff, Convocation and O.S.A. Luncheon in Refec, on Saturday, 5th July, was made the occasion for a presentation to Mr. W. R. Grist, M.B.E., President of the O.S.A., to mark his retirement from the Staff of the University last September. Introduced by the Vice-Chancellor, who presided over the gathering, Professor R. E. Tunbridge recalled the many activities of Mr. Grist during more than a quarter of a century and wished him and Mrs. Grist, on our behalf, a

similar period of health and happiness in retirement before handing him a fine pair of binoculars with coated lenses by Ross, a cheque and a gold-lettered album of signatures. Mrs. Grist was presented with a bouquet.

Mr. Grist in reply, spoke of the happiness which he and Mrs. Grist had found in the University and of their associations with Staff, Students and Old Students, and said that since the end of the previous session he appeared to have retired three times. Though retired he did not intend to settle down in an arm-chair but to continue his work for the Leeds Regional Committee for Adult Education in H.M. Forces, and he emphasised his willingness to do anything we thought desirable to strengthen the O.S.A. He had always enjoyed doing what he could to help the Association to grow up strong and healthy and had made very many friends. He would treasure and make good use of the binoculars and would put the cheque into safe keeping until less austere days, while the album would be shown to their friends with pride and pleasure.

Mrs. Grist, too, made a graceful little speech of thanks.

Dr. RICHARD OFFOR.

To mark the retirement of Dr. Offor from the Librarianship of the University, some of the former members of the Library Staff have contributed a series of articles to the *Journal of Documentation*, which is devoting its September and December issues of this year (Vol. III Nos. 2-3) to this purpose of honouring him, in order to provide a kind of "Festschrift" as a tribute to his long service. Contributors have included, and will include Geoffrey Wolegde (editor), Frank Beckwith, R. S. Mortimer, K. Garside, Stanley Roberts and others. Dr. Offor is expected to take up an important government appointment, in an advisory capacity, in the near future.

Garden Party.

We were unable to linger long over luncheon for we had to get up to Oxley for the Garden Party which by the kindness of Miss McLaren we were holding there for the second year in succession.

A number of attractions out of doors had been arranged but the weather being somewhat chilly Mrs. Grist's cinema show in the Dining Room proved the greatest attraction. Another great success was the Children's Corner, organised by Miss Wilsher, to whom our grateful thanks are due. Tea, of course, was very popular, and so were Granelli's ices. Food left over was very gladly collected by the Rev. P. D. Robins for the St. George's Crypt.

Before leaving we wished Miss McLaren a long and happy period of retirement. We are happy to know that she is not leaving the district and we hope to see her often.

O.S.A. Insurance Dept.

To those about to take out an insurance policy we recommend you to write, before committing yourselves in any way, to the Insurance Dept., L.U.O.S.A., The University, Leeds, 2, for full details of an agreement which we have with one of the leading insurance companies, whereby a considerable rebate on the first premium can be obtained by the member, while in subsequent years a small commission is received by the Association.

A Happy Christmas!

A. E. FERGUSON.

RE-UNION OF OLD STUDENTS OF OXLEY AND LYDDON HALLS.

The Re-Union of Old Students of Oxley Hall and Lyddon Hall will be held in Oxley Hall on Saturday January 3rd, 1948.

Tea will be at 4 o'clock and Dinner at 7 and those who wish to do so are welcome to stay overnight. (The charge will be tea 1/-, dinner 2/6, bed and breakfast 4/6.)

Will Old Students who are able to come kindly notify:

MISS KATHLEEN HEAP,
43, THURSBY ROAD,
BURNLEY, LANCs.

as early as possible, stating for which meals they wish to be present.

A letter which does not require an answer will be much appreciated.

Professor BARBIER.

Those of us who studied under Professor Barbier mourn him with a deep sense of personal loss. When as "Freshers" we first came into his department we speedily realised that here there was to be no trifling, no cutting of lectures, no idle chatter nor scamped work, and the wise ones shaped their path accordingly. A little later, having recovered from the first shock of his rigid discipline, we began to be aware of the humour, kindness and wisdom that lay beneath the apparent severity of his demeanour and to realise with humility something of his great learning, wide interests and phenomenal memory. Not one of us who applied to him in any difficulty failed to receive help and advice and as our own knowledge grew under his guidance we felt his friendly hand increasingly extended until, as final-year students, we wondered that we could ever have been in awe of such a delightful and genial personality.

Student days over, many of us were fortunate enough to keep the friendship green and spend happy hours visiting our dear "Prof." in his home or receiving him in ours to our delight and that of our children who loved him.

After his retirement, he took a keen interest in the O.S.A., of which he was President for five years, and was never so happy as in recalling memories of his students and chatting with them. Retirement made no difference to his activity. He was never idle and during the war years he travelled regularly to Sheffield to help out our sister University whose French staff was less able than his old department at Leeds to cope with the situation.

At the time of his death he was engaged in making yet a further contribution to the knowledge of the world. His life was the embodiment of the motto of the University to whose interests he devoted himself.

By his untimely passing, the world of letters has lost one of its most distinguished representatives, and we, his students, one of our dearest friends.

BETTY FERGUSON.

**LEEDS AND
WEST RIDING BRANCH.**

As we are asked to make this a Christmas Number the Leeds and West Riding Branch takes this opportunity of sending its best wishes to all those Old Students who have spent any part of their lives in the West Riding.

Programme for the remainder of this term :—

Monday, December 1st.

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company.
Grand Theatre.

Thursday, December 11th.

"Athalie," by Racine.
Riley-Smith Hall.

Monday, December 15th.

Mystery Night. O.S.A. Room.

Badminton, Wednesday, 7-0 p.m. ;
Saturday, 6-0 p.m.

L. M. SUTTON, *Hon. Sec.*,
7, Woodsley Terrace,
Leeds, 2.

BECKWITH.—Frank Beckwith is the author of *Yorkshire Historical Fiction* just published by the Yorkshire Dales, man Co., Clapham, via Lancaster, at 4/-. It comprises a bibliography of historical novels relating to Yorkshire with an introduction on the historical novel in general with examples from Yorkshire themes.

JONES.—Dr. L. Wynn Jones, recently retired from his post at the University, has been appointed Professor of Psychology at Cairo.

HEMSWORTH.—Peter E. Hemsworth (Economics, 1939-42) has been appointed Senior Assistant in Economic Market Research to the General Manager of Kenya Farmers' Association, the Marketing Organisation of the Pyrethrum Board of Kenya.

RAISTRICK.—Dr. Arthur Raistrick is the author of a well-produced book entitled *Malham and Malham Moor*, illustrated in colour by Constance Pearson, and published by the Yorkshire Dalesman Co., at the price of 25/-.

SCOTT.—A portrait of the late Miss Townley Scott (M.A., 1934), formerly Headmistress of Bingley Girls' Grammar School, has been unveiled by Mrs. Redman King, at an old students re-union.

BIRTHS.

HALSTEAD.—To Dr. John and Mrs. Halstead (formerly Margaret Bamford), on October 16th, at the Mornington Nursing Home, Bradford, a son.

LINSELL.—To Mr. R. F. (Electrical Engineering, 1935-38) and Mrs. Phoebe Linsell (née Adans), on September 27th, a daughter. Address: 12, Link Road, Sale, Cheshire.

SCANNELL.—To Dr. J. F. and Mrs. Bertha Scannell, on September 30th, at Selby, a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

MOSS-BRIERLEY.—Leonard H. Moss, M.B., Ch.B., of Roundhay, to Joyce Eileen Brierley, of Fartown Grange, Huddersfield, on October 9th, at Christ Church, Woodhouse.

DEATHS.

EASTWOOD.—We regret to announce the death, at the early age of 40, of Dr. Arthur H. Eastwood, research chemist in the Fuel Department, on October 22nd, after a long illness. Dr. Eastwood, who lived at 59, Allerton Grange Way, Leeds, 7, leaves a widow and two children, and to them and his relatives and many friends the Association would express its deepest sympathy in their loss.

HOLMAN.—Mr. Frank Macdonald Holman (M.A., Cantab.), a staff tutor since 1927, died at his home, 18, Crescent Parade, Ripon, at the age of 58, on October 10th. He was well known for his work with the Workers' Educational Association in Yorkshire and for his interest in the United Nations Association. He leaves a widow and a son.

LAND.—Dr. John M. Land, of 29, St. Andrew's Villas, Bradford, died on October 11th.

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