

THE GRYPHON

The Journal of the University of Leeds



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July 1943

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THE GRYPHON

The Journal of the University of Leeds

"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sick feathers ; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgments when we know them full well to be of weak matter ; yielding ourselves to the curtesies which wee have ever found bound to the preciseness which wee ought to feare."—LYLY.

Editorial

There is always a slightly reminiscent quality in any action which is done for the last time, but we hope that those of you who are now reading your last *Gryphon*, as students, are getting more out of it than an orgy of sentimental retrospection. We do hope that the majority of you will be joining the O.S.A. so that 'forty years on' we shall not be 'afar and asunder' spiritually, even if we are geographically. The *Gryphon* wishes you all the very best of luck, and hopes that you will avail yourself of the opportunities 'she' offers for keeping in touch with each other, and with the University.

The past year has not been an easy one; during the past three years we have watched the *Gryphon* growing smaller and smaller, and appearing more and more rarely, regretfully but helplessly. The ever-increasing burden of duties, academic and otherwise, has absorbed so much of our energies that bitter words have been said about the alleged disappearance of the old esprit de corps. But at least things have been kept going: not, perhaps, as they were before, or as we hope they will be after the war, but our institutions have been kept going with an efficiency, which even if we may grumble, is really surprising. If we accomplish nothing more positive than merely holding the fort until the war is over, and those whose studies have been interrupted can return, we shall not need to reproach ourselves. We said at the beginning of the year:—*"Though the Gryphon is in whole-hearted agreement with those who demand greater effort, she feels that the student body is beginning to pull its weight and that we should not be so completely absorbed in meriting our privileges that we do not leave ourselves time to take full advantage of them."* That is our opinion still.

Nobody knows what the next academic year will bring, either within or without the University. As far as we know the *Gryphon* will continue to appear, even if in a somewhat abbreviated state. Those of us who are remaining at Leeds, though we do not, of course, hope to convince those who are going down that everything will be of the same-standard as 'in my day,' will yet do our best to keep the University recognisable.

As we are allowed to shelter from the full blast of the economic and political storm in what, compared with many spheres, is a veritable haven of peace and tranquil learning, that is the very least that we can try to do in return for the magnificent fight that our brothers are putting up in more dangerous and demanding fields of battle.

Notes and Comments

*"A chief's among you taking notes
And faith he'll prent it."*

Annual Production.

The University Dramatic Society presented "The Importance of being Ernest" on three successive nights, and proved once more to be a great success under the able direction of Mr. Kenneth Muir. Each night the hall was packed with an eager audience well able to appreciate the good work and excellent acting of the cast, and some material sign of the success of the show is to be seen in the fact that for the first time for years a profit was made, and given to the RED CROSS Prisoners of War Fund. Two of the women's parts were duplicated, and it would be a bold critic who would say whether one night's performance was superior to another.

S.T.C. Dance.

One of the most successful dances of the session took place on the 5th of March, enthusiastically organised by the S.T.C. Committee who spared no pains to make every detail perfect, We're looking forward to the next time, Corps!

Dental Dance.

This dance was held during the Easter Vacation, and therefore lacked the enthusiastic support of term-time, being attended by only those mournful few who were unfortunate enough to be up during the vac. either to take exams. or to start a new term. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that these few obtained full enjoyment from it.

Art Exhibition.

The Art Society which formed just before the War, held its Annual Exhibition in the Union building early this March. Although the number of exhibits submitted by student members was somewhat disappointing the quality of the work showed considerable talent. "Phantasy" by Miss Evelyn Sneyde was of especial interest, as the subject was rather unusual. In Mr. P. C. Barbier's exhibits a distinct improvement was observed upon his last year's work. Attention was drawn by the fine contribution made by members of the

staff of the University, and their wives. Particularly outstanding were works submitted by Mrs. Dobree, Mr. R. S. Bradley, Mr. G. Priestley. A Tapestry by Miss M'Laren, Enamels by Mrs. Hemingway and carvings by Mr. A. E. Wheeler were very much appreciated and added variety to the exhibition.

Politics and Literature.

Mr. Kenneth Muir, M.A., Department of English, gave two lectures last term on the relation of literature to politics. The lectures—one to the Socialist Society, and the other to the International Society—were complementary and students had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Muir's translations of some of Aragon's poems from 'Le Creve Coeur,' Auden, Spender, Macneice, Aragon and the contemporary novelists Rex Warner and Olya Ehrenberg were the culminations of discourses beginning with the political thought of Milton. Mr. Muir's wide knowledge of contemporary letters and his stimulating way of presenting his material, should encourage art societies to ask for lectures on single authors representing new trends.

Presidency.

We apologise for a mistake in the last issue of the *Gryphon* when we stated that Mr. Edmonds was the first General Athletics Secretary to become President of the Union. Actually, Mr. S. G. Smith (President 1930) went through the same stages in his career in the Union.

* * *

The Rag Office,
The University,
Leeds, 2.
5—5—43

To the Editor of the Gryphon.

Dear Sir,

We would be greatly obliged if you would, through the columns of your magazine, draw the attention of your readers to the Annual Rag Effort which, this year, will be held from June 26th to July 3rd inclusive.

We feel that it should be pointed out to your readers that the writing and selling of the Tyke; the selling of flags; and full support of all other Rag Activities is a responsibility which should be shared by all.

We think also that you might draw their attention to the fact that out of 1,500 students last year less than 300 turned out on Rag Day. We think that this is a "bad thing."

Yours faithfully,

KENNETH F. WOOD.

MAX. H. HARRISON.

* * *

Reincarnation?

The Editor was somewhat shaken to receive a letter signed "William Shakespeare." Will the person or persons responsible for this lifting of the veil please communicate with the Editor, as she is anxious to get the low-down (no double entendre intended) on the Dark Lady. Seriously though, we cannot accept anonymous contributions. If you're too shy to sign your article, you can just whisper your name in the Editor's sympathetic ear.

Union Notes

The Rag.

Preparations are now in full swing. The dates have been fixed as follows:

Tyke Day	Saturday, June 26th.
Rag Day	Saturday, July 3rd.

The week coincides with the Leeds *Wings for Victory Week*, and a greater effort than ever will therefore be necessary if a success is to be achieved. However, as the University does not go down until July 6th, large numbers of Women Hostel students will be available on Rag Day—we hope.

Dances will be held at the Capitol, Meanwood, on the following Tuesday, July 6th, the Astoria on Thursday and the Town Hall on Saturday—the last with the R.A.F. band and at a reduced price to collectors.

The Dramatic Society has again agreed to produce a play in the Riley Smith Hall, on the Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Rag Week, this time "French without Tears."

The number of "Tykes" available will be the same as last year—22,000—so there should be no difficulty in reaching last Session's record of £960.

The A.G.M.

At one time, the most difficult part of the job of the President of the Union was trying to keep a semblance of order at General Meetings; however, this is rapidly becoming a sinecure. This year's A.G.M. was even more quiet and orderly than the two General Meetings of last Session. Is it due to the present shortage of paper, tomatoes, dried peas and chalk, or are students really becoming more responsible—or is it just lack of interest? We have no desire for the return of the days when not a word spoken at a General Meeting could be heard, but a bit more liveliness would be welcome.

Prisoners of War.

The Union Committee has decided that the *Gryphon* should be sent at the expense of the Union to members and past members who are prisoners of war. A register of these is at present being compiled by the University; this probably will not be complete, and we therefore appeal to readers who know the names and addresses of any to inform the Union Office.

J. MENKART, Hon. Secretary, L.U.U.



University Intelligence

Meeting of the Council held on Wednesday, 17th, February, 1943.

The Pro-Chancellor (Colonel C. H. Tetley) in the Chair.

The Council recorded its regret at the death since its last meeting of Emeritus Professor L. R. Braithwaite, formerly Professor of Clinical Surgery, and Mr. W. H. Spice, a Life Governor of the Yorkshire College and a Life Member of the University Court.

The Pro-Chancellor reported that Mr. Henry Ellison had offered to the University the munificent gift of £50,000 with a request that, if accepted, the income should be used to promote research in pure and applied chemistry and in physics in the University by the endowment of a number of post-graduate Fellowships to be held by suitably qualified persons wishing to pursue research in any of these branches. The Council expressed its warm appreciation of Mr. Ellison's offer and the following resolution was passed:—

The University Council has received with great satisfaction the offer by Mr. Henry Ellison to create an endowment fund of £50,000 for the provision of post-graduate Fellowships for research in pure and applied chemistry and in physics.

The Council gratefully accepts the gift and readily undertakes to administer the fund (which will be known as "The Henry Ellison Research Fund") in accordance with the general conditions proposed by the donor.

The University shares Mr. Ellison's opinion as to the necessity in the national interest of increasing facilities for research in those branches

of science, and looks forward with confidence to the prospect of training within its walls a succession of students worthy to benefit by the opportunities now so generously provided by Mr. Ellison.

The Council's thanks were expressed to the East Riding County Council for their decision to continue their grant of £500 to the University for the financial year 1943-44, and to the Barnsley Education Committee who had announced the renewal of their grant of £200 for the corresponding period.

Gifts to the Library by Mr. Harold Whitaker, Lady Snowden, Dr. H. Bailey and Miss Merry were reported, together with a legacy from the late Mr. R. A. Freeman. The Council expressed its gratitude for all these gifts.

Dr. W. E. Adams, Lecturer in Anatomy in the University, was appointed to the newly-instituted Readership in Histology.

Mr. P. L. Shanks, B.Ss. (Aberdeen), M.R.C.V.S. was appointed Veterinary Investigation Officer.

The British Medical Students' Association Congress

The British Medical Students' Association held their first Congress on December 18th, 19th, 20th 1942, at B. M. A. House, Tavistock Square, London.

Friday, December 18th, with Professor A. V. Hill, F.R.S., M.P., in the Chair. the speakers were Mr. Ernest Brown, The Minister of Health and Dr. Charles Hill, the Deputy Secretary of B.M.A.

Mr. Ernest Brown stated that he had great projects in mind and had great ideas about medicine which he intended to see carried out. Medicine, he regarded as a calling rather than as a profession. His speech was "Medical Students and the War."

Mr. Brown commenced by stating that he was glad of the opportunity to talk to such a fine gathering of young people. His first topic was preventative medicine; he regarded prevention as better than cure, in discussing the Beveridge Plan he stated that Sir William Beveridge's assumption "B" was important, the assumption being that comprehensive Health and rehabilitation services will ensure all necessary medical treatment for everybody needing it; and this, of course, includes the Hospital service. He considered that some sort of national medical service was inevitable. Various surveys on Hospital resources are in progress and government policy is now taking a more definite shape.

He now dealt with the Male Medical Student and his qualification for reservation, with his admission by a recognised Medical School and with the importance of satisfactory progress. With regard to Women Medical Students he said there could be no denying that more women should have the opportunity of entering the Profession. He went on to say that this could be accomplished, as in the last War, by the opening of certain hospitals to women or by increasing the quota of women in those hospitals already admitting them. The question of opening certain hospitals to women is under consideration by the Inter-Departmental Committee on Medical Schools, it would be necessary to

fix a quota; this quota is the average annual number of Women Students entering Schools in the years 1937-8 to 1939-40, the three years before the operation of the Registration for Employment Order which provided for the withdrawal of women from certain occupations. For the academical year 1940-1, the total quota of Male Students for England and Wales was 1,244 and the total number of acceptances was 1,019. For the academical year 1942-3 the first year for which the quota arrangements for women has been applied, the total quota for women is 308 and at present the acceptances have reached 323. In reply to several questioners he said he did realise that there were such large variations in the conditions of reservation in the various Schools. He said he would look into it.

He next dealt with the Emergency Hospital Scheme which, it appears, has done very good work in the London Area. He thanked students for their co-operation in this case.

Dealing with the question of students as Housemen he stated that he thought it was inadvisable to place more than 50% of the Junior House Officers by students. He added that the appointments should be held for three months only, the rate of pay not more than £50 per year, board and lodgings, not to exceed in cost more than £100 per year. The number of final year students acting as Junior Housemen has varied from time to time. At the last formal count 120 were being used, 30 of these being in London.

"So much for Medical Students and the War from the purely official point of view."

He then embarked upon a dissertation upon the difference between "Laws" and "Acts" and upon the duties of a Minister. Firstly, the Minister shall interpret the general public to the public official, a Minister shall interpret the public official to the general public and finally that the Minister shall interpret himself and his colleagues to the public. He ended by wishing: "The Association God speed in all its work."

Questions were then asked of the Minister, some of which were helpful and others merely foolish; he answered these jovially but without committing himself to any definite line. A copy of these questions is in the Library.

Dr. Charles Hill spoke on the B.M.S.A. and the profession. He said "that the presence of the Minister of Health was a compliment to a young and vigorous organisation." He stressed again and again that in the Medical profession there is a need not only for men and women of clinical excellence, but for men and women of a statesman-like outlook. He stated that the Medical profession had an interest in social questions which were not essentially clinical and that it must make a contribution to the common pool of knowledge.

There followed a history of Medical Legislation in relationship to the Medical profession. He stated that health education was a subject in which he was deeply interested and that only by proper education could we hope to bring about positive health.

He ended by saying that the British Medical Association welcomed the creation of this new and vigorous organisation and that it had no desire to intervene in our affairs, and no intention of doing so.

A complete report of the proceedings is to be found in the Medical School Library.

This Life, This Death

Thomas Rahilly Hodgson, a graduate of Leeds University, was killed whilst flying on May 17th, 1941, at the age of twenty-six. His posthumous volume, *This Life, This Death* (Routledge, 5s.) reveals him as a genuine poet, one of the best poets to emerge since the war. Critics are inclined to be lenient with posthumous volumes, especially when the poet died on active service; but Hodgson himself was a fastidious critic, and the best service we can do his memory is to judge his work with candour.

Nearly all his poems are written in free verse; they are unrhymed, and they are mostly quite short. The form he has chosen suits admirably the subjects about which he writes—landscapes charged with emotion, intimations of mortality and immortality, moments of vision. The lines and the rhythm follow the movement of the thought, and technically the poems are astonishingly mature.

He seems to have been influenced by Hopkins and Joyce, and in some of the earlier poems the Hopkins influence has not been fully assimilated, as for example in the following lines.

Love, love, thou art not of me now.
Flownfireflame, gone from me, leaving
delve of dark.
Out of the night, the silence, voices,
slim, windwinnow voices, calling and whispering
past's long unknown, the intangible mystery
of inner self, blood's swift reaction, and heart's
bound. The hand outstretched to gather
heavenharvest in.

But even here the effect is totally different from that of a Hopkins poem, and in his later work Hodgson finds a style which is completely his own.

Some of the poems are very slight, and I do not suppose that Hodgson himself would have published them. A few of them are too rhetorical. But the best poems in this book, fifteen or twenty in all, are singularly beautiful. "In a Cold Moonlight Barren Trees," "A Sea-grave," the "Fragments from a Poem on the Resurrection," "Time now to Depart," and one or two of the last group of love poems are enough to prove that Hodgson was already a considerable poet, and there will be many to lament that his first volume was also his last.

As an example of his mature work, I will quote the whole of "Buttermere, Good Friday." It is not quite his best, but it is the one that makes an immediate impact:

And here, where the cold wind from the sea
sighs down the western valley
as in sleep, and the lake waters,
stained with the heart's blood of the dying sun
whisper upon the stones, and stir
the greying sedge, I would have you walk
for ever in the evening's quiet, remote
from all the harshness and the bitterness
which is yours because it is the world's—
your heart the windharp of the world's worn grief

Here I would have you live for ever,
girt round with the unfathomable glory
of your tenderness, and sure
in beauty's changeless recompense, unperjured love.

The editor of the book speaks of Hodgson's "fine and brilliant mind." That is certainly apparent, but so also is a character of great integrity and charm.

* * *

The House Beautiful

It was so bravely built—a house to be sought, to be dreamed of, to be longed for.

Slender and tall were its walls, as if their maker, like those of old, aspired to reach heaven on pillars of grace. Its doors were of cedar wood, perfumed and smooth; silver gleamed its windows with piercing brightness. The roof scorned to be regular, but rose and fell in many a turret, watch-towers to spy the silent evening gliding in on slipped feet, betrayed by piquant stars. Birds on the roof sang their evensong, and went, leaving the sentinal chimneys to re-echo the whirr of wings. Clematis and jessamine softened the chaste austerity of the walls. Lebanon gently swayed its censor from the drowsy porch.

The weary one, tainted with dust of the highway, might look for cool comfort of airy halls, carven seats for defeated limbs, red wine for aching lips. No doubt he would find them, for enough of kindness was there.

By day, it was a house for children's laughter, for the patter of care-free feet on the spacious stair. Whether they were there I know not, but quiet niches were found for those grown old to bless the house with calm.

Music was everywhere—distant ecstasy of fiddles, merry chatter of piccolo, solemnity of organ and drum, sweetness of dulcimer and harp. But never was heard the caressing lute, though always here were bells to chime you out of life, softly drawing up, up, in an insistence of perpetuum mobile, to some celestial belfry where flesh fell away like an unwanted cloak at the sun's rays.

Wondrous pictures adorned the halls, rare as to draw the unchecked utterance of sympathy from parted lips: the Virgin with her smiling Babe, depths of tree-fringed pool to light the eyes with wonder. Books were all around, and clear voices talking with youth's wisdom.

I thought to enter, and be free from world-restless-longing, to wrap myself serenely in an holy quietude. Foolish was my thought—as I approached, "the insubstantial pageant" faded. Creatures of the warm earth are forever barred the vision; only those, the transcendent ones may walk therein.

E.A.

* * *

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following periodicals:—The Mask; The Torch; C.R.; The Nonesuch; The Lodestone; Nunthorpe, and the magazine of the University of Dublin; Leeds Girls' High School Magazine; and Clare Market Review. We apologise most sincerely for any omission from this list.

"FINIS FIDEI"

or

"Reflections on the University Mission, 1943"

It is both unjustified and unnecessary to attempt a detailed account of the University Mission held in the Union in February 1943—unjustified, since such a report should be given by those who organised it, and not by a mere layman-spectator; unnecessary, since a mere re-statement would be superfluous. Observations are all that one is entitled to.

Whether we like it or not, and at the risk of stating an apparent platitude, we have now reached a time when, politically, we know that indecision and "hedging" are no longer possible. It is self-evident that especially in time of war we, as students, must know precisely where we stand and what are the issues involved in this conflict. It is obviously insufficient to accept naively the conceptions and ideals passed down to us from our grandfathers, and yet how far are we alert to the implications of this obvious fact? Have we any real and right idea of the ideals for which our fellows, including past members of our own University, are giving their efforts? More important still, have we any real and right idea of the basis on which those ideals must be founded? Or do we merely hide behind empty phrases, probably taken second-hand from the machine of propaganda, in a way ominously similar to the unquestioning mass-embrace of Fascist creeds that we quite justly condemn. Have we a faith that can compare with the virility of the Nazi faith? Do we know the principles on which we reject the Fascist philosophy, and if so, have we really attempted to discover if those basic principles are valid? In fact—are we really bothered?

If only for the reason that the mission was an attempt to answer these fundamental questions, we must in fairness acknowledge the debt that we of the University as a whole, owe to those who organised the week. As one of the now comparatively small number of students who entered the University in the earliest days of the war, one cannot recall any single occasion on which the whole ground and basis of the political, social and economic principles for which we are now fighting, has been so vigorously and systematically called in question as it was in the addresses of the Rev. R. Vidler, and the Rev. Lex. Miller.

Strategically this attack was clever, for it obliged one to discover where, if anywhere, lay the root belief in one's ideals. But what of the reception of this attack in Leeds University? A rough estimation left one with the impression

that on no single occasion were there more than three hundred students present. Assuming, therefore, that on any particular day, perhaps twenty per cent of a population of fifteen hundred could not be present because of the claims of National Service, what of the odd sixty per cent who apparently turned a deaf ear to the challenge? Are we to assume that they considered themselves to have already completely standardised their ideas, or is it not more just to explain this fact by that misused, and highly overworked word "apathy"? The axe to be ground here is not whether the faith proclaimed had any grounds for acceptance, but rather whether or not we have made any advance from the days of the philosophy of liberal democracy to something more active and dynamic. Have we, in short, got anything comparable with the vitality of the suppressed students in occupied countries? Have we made the strenuous efforts they have been forced to make to reach a sound, valid, and coherent basis for all socio-politico-economic judgments? Or are we still, largely, "just not bothered?"

"Neither love your enemy, nor hate him, but try to understand him," said Spinoza. This was the way in which we regarded the Christian faith in the University Mission. It is probably true to say that the question of Christianity splits any University population into three sets of people: a minority who accept it wholeheartedly, a slightly larger minority who reject it equally wholeheartedly, and a vast majority to whom it means nothing, neither one way nor the other. Such masses, fearing the complication of belonging to any extremist party, complicate the issue for both Christian and non-Christian, since for the most part they attempt the impossible by trying to steer a mid-course in endeavouring to maintain the Christian ethic while rejecting the Christian dogma. Such a "liberal" conception of Christianity was given short shrift by Vidler and Miller, who proclaimed the "totalitarian" demands of this Biblical faith. In the presentation of the Christian Credo which was made by the two speakers, there was an atmosphere of philosophic realism which attacked all conceptions of "ethic without revelation," and which made obvious the fact that Christianity cannot be accused and rejected on the grounds that it does not allow a sufficiently realistic and comprehensive interpretation of the war's situation, for, as Lex Miller said: "The criticism that one must make of Marxist philosophy is not that it is too revolutionary, but that it is not revolutionary enough, for it does not seek in the last resort to measure the political, social and economic conditions in terms of human sin and of man's eternal destiny."

Whether or not we accept or reject the Christian creeds we have been presented with the opportunity of fulfilling what, in Spinozan terms is the first necessity—understanding them.

Such are the random reflections on the Mission of 1943.

N.S.D.E.



The Ballade of Ballade Writing

In these days the traditional forms of verse are at a discount. The contemporary poet makes his lines of no particular length, rhythm or pattern, and has little use for rhyme. Probably the *démodé* forms will come into their own again, but whether they do or not, they, and not least the most artificial of them, have a permanent interest and value to the veriest dabbler in the craft of verse. The ballade is one of the most amusing, and gives good scope for exercise in rhyme, lilt and metre. In French and in English it has won high honour, especially in French. I wonder what Villon would have thought of the savage ballade recited, and very well recited, by a broadcaster from the Vichy Radio-Paris, a week or two ago, with the bitter refrain "Nous sommes morts pour le Roi d' Angleterre," containing topical gibes at Mr. Churchill and others?

Well, all the Ballade requires is three eight-lined stanzas—the lines can be of any length, with the same rhyme-pattern running through them, followed by an "Envoi" of four lines, which is usually, in deference to courtly tradition addressed to some imaginary prince. The last line of each stanza, and of the Envoi must be the same, and form the refrain. Choose your refrain and your rhymes wisely and the thing is easy enough. In fact:—

It is hard, I suppose, to obtain
A Panda in distant Peru;
Or to dance a gavotte in a train;
Or to lure Dr. Inge to the Zoo;
Or to find a good book-shop in Crewe;
Or to publish the works of de Sade;
Or to take Bernard Shaw for a Jew
But it's easy to write a ballade.

To impose prohibition on Spain,
To invent a new sin; to sit through
With enjoyment, again and again,
The most topical recent revue;
To repair a smashed fiddle with glue;
To concoct a new kind of pomade;
These exploits are hard, it is true
But it's easy to write a ballade.

It's hard to train up a Great Dane
To stand on his head in a queue;
To induce Mr. Wells to refrain
From instructing the world what to do;
To supply Scotland Yard with a clue;
To a burglary done in Belgrade;
Such feats, are, alas! for the few;
But it's easy to write a ballade.

Envoi.—Prince, life must be often to you
But a weary and shallow charade;
Come, try a diversion that's new,
It's easy to write a ballade.

J.W.H.

A Communist Poet of France

One of the most notable publications of contemporary poetry has recently been undertaken by Horizon and La France Libre—the publishing of Louis Aragon's *Le Creve-Coeur* in a limited edition at a cost of 6s. The first poet to speak with authority of this war, to realise the defeat of his nation transcended the political views which earlier made him condemn the war as another imperialist struggle, Aragon, at the age of 42 years, expresses in these poems what no English poet has yet voiced: the tragedy of the occupied lands. The voice he has gained from his disinheritance is exemplified in *Plus Belle Que Les Larmes*:

J'empêche en respirant certaines gens de vivre
Je trouble leur sommeil d'on ne sait quel remords
Il paraît qu'en rimant je débouche les cuivres
Et que ça fait un bruit à réveiller les morts.

Ah si l'écho des chars dans mes vers vous dérange
Sil grince dans mes cieux de'étranges cris d'essieu
C'est qu'a l'orgue l'orage a détruit la voix d'ange
Et que je me souviens de Dunkerque Messieurs.

C'est de très mauvais goût j'en conviens Mais qu'y faire
Nous sommes quelques-uns de ce mauvais goût-là
Qui gardens un reflet des flammes de l'enfer
Que le faro du Nord à tout jamais saoula.

L'orage qui sévit de Dunkerque à Port-Vendre
Couvrira-t-il toutes les voix que nous aimons
Nul ne pourrait chasser la légende et reprendre
La bauge de l'Ardenne aux quatre fils Aymon.

Nul ne pourrait de nous chasser ce chant de flûte
Qui s'élève de siècle en siècle à nos gosiers
Les lauriers sont coupés mais il est d'autres luttes
Compagnons de la Marjolaine Et des rosiers.

Dans les feuillés j'entends le galop d'une course
Arrête-toi fileuse

The publication of this volume has a history. Only two hundred and fifty copies of the book were published in France, and the Nazis later suppressed the edition as being "too patriotic." One copy was smuggled out and brought to England. Aragon himself is in Switzerland. Being a known Communist, and considered to be dangerous, the men who, more than others, helped to bring about France's downfall, sent him to a particularly perilous post. He distinguished himself by his bravery and was awarded several decorations. When the end came, he moved to occupied France and from there to Switzerland.

Le Creve-Coeur contains poems addressed to his wife, which form the first part of the book, and poems, forming the second part, in which France is his theme. His work shows the same concern for craftsmanship which distinguishes Eliot in our own tongue. New words from contemporary researches, from sciences and their devices fit into the structure of his revived medieval forms, and deliberate echoes of earlier poets—notably Apollinaire and Baudelaire—are in keeping with the song he has wrought from defeat.

Of Shoes and Ships and Sealing-wax

The strangest things can be gleaned from the notes taken down by the conscientious student. For instance:—

'Spearman's Common Relations are seven in number.' Quite a family, in fact. Though we are not told with whom.

'A horizontal position is needed for really deep sleep.' Not in some of the lectures we go to.

'Darwin sat on his evidence and thought for twenty years.' Cushions provided?

'While Joseph Chamberlain was Lord Mayor of Birmingham he introduced parks and libraries into the public conveniences.' Highly considerate!

'The conditions of the girls' private schools were very bad. They were taught to get in and out of coaches without showing their ankles. A Commission sat on this.'

Miss Buss carried on in her mother's school.' While the cat's away?

* * *

The Eighth Army Version.

"I'm dreaming of a white mistress."

* * *

No Comment Necessary.

"Farm hand, married, wants work with Socialist, crank, or progressive school."
(*"New Statesman and Nation."*...Feb.)

* * *

The Modern Student as Others See Him

We have heard much, of late, about "the student." We would appear to be in the news; people—largely Union officials—have been uncomplimentary. So we decided that we would try to find out exactly where we stood. We wrote to a famous sociologist who has no connection with the University. He replied:—

The Editor asks me "to give my opinion of modern youth." The idea that the young are not what they were, either for better or worse, is a common delusion of the old and is due either to sentimentality or envy. The essential characteristics of youth and age have not changed very much since Cain killed Abel, or Enoch at the age of 365 walked with God, or Phaedrus by the stream under the plane tree discussed with Socrates the nature of love. It is the environment of youth which changes, the problems which the old bequeath to them and the equipment which the old have given to them. It is and nearly always has been a terrifying inheritance, for the stupidity and savagery of the adult human being have proved to be illimitable and persistent. What distinguishes modern youth from its predecessors is that its inheritance is more than usually appalling. It has been given, I think, a better equipment than previous generations, but the world which surrounds it and into which it is forced to plunge out of schools and universities is more chaotic, uncivilized, and unstable. The problem before modern youth is how it is to deal with the bloody chaos which is its environment and its inheritance. I do not know that there is anything which age can usefully say to youth about that. The problem is as clear as it is grim, and if it is not solved the mess which modern youth hands on to its successors will be even bloodier and nastier. The test of its success or failure will be peace or war. It will fail unless it refuses to be deluded by the stupid and barbarous myths commonly called politics and economics, unless the grimness of its inheritance has given it a fanatic attachment to reason, common sense, tolerance, justice and humanity. If it applies, and gets others to apply, these unfashionable and forgotten methods and standards to the shambles of nationalism and economics, it will have something rather better to hand on to its children than what it received from its fathers. The choice is still, I believe, between Cain and Phaedrus.

LEONARD WOOLF.

We Approached the Church.

My contemporary experience of undergraduates, especially the English variety, is slight to a degree. My general view of them is from a platform, on fleeting visits to various universities, and from that angle they tend to look, if I may say so, faintly bovine, though I have good ground for believing that this is due, on the part of the men, to an attempt to look intelligent, and to the prevailing style of hairdressing on the part of the women.

There is, furthermore, what might be called a vast hinterland of undergraduate of which I have no knowledge at all, because there is always a quite inexplicably large majority of students in any given college who feel that they can go on living without hearing me speak, and who have an infinite variety of fruitier ways of spending an afternoon and evening, apparently, than in the hearing of the Christian testimony, and the related analysis of contemporary life.

When I do smell them out in their hostels and common-rooms, I am awed by the variety of devices in use for dodging the main issue. Sex and the syllabus are only two alternatives to asking ultimate questions, and the U.T.C. has no equal for taking one's mind off the war.

Perhaps the modern translation of "Repent!" is "Snap out of it!"

LEX MILLER.

We, with some slight diffidence, be it admitted, enlisted the aid of a member of the Senate:—

Modern Undergraduates As I See Them

One is bound to use the plural expression, not only to avoid the highly misrepresentative masculine pronoun, but because here, as so often, the singular falsely simplifies the variety of the type. *The* modern undergraduate is a misleading abstraction, like *the* Englishman or *the* Capitalist. There are many sorts and kinds, even in a modern civic University, and the mischief is that there one sees too little of them. These are busy days, and there seem too few opportunities of informal meeting. Hence instead of impressions I should prefer to offer a number of conjectures, shot out more or less at a venture.

Are undergraduates thinking much about the peace that is to follow

victory? Are many (most?) of them bored and exasperated by the ceaseless stridency of propaganda, with its perpetual note of crisis, and glad to immerse themselves in their own more private concerns? If the distinguished scholar is right (and I suspect that he is) who calls the last four years the most disastrous that Europe has known since the fourteenth century, it would be a pity if a good many students, whose generation will after all be in the front line in the decade that will follow the armistice, are not exercising their minds on the question what sort of world we want after the war.

These are harassing and distracting days, but are we making the fullest use of our opportunities to exchange ideas and points of view about all sorts of matters of common interest? For to be such a forum of exchange is after all one of the functions of any University. Do undergraduates find enough time (or make it, if they don't find it lying about) to get together, talk together, ruminate together? Groups of all sorts ought to spring up like mushrooms in a University, and it matters less that they should be serious than that they should be alive.

And how about reading for pleasure? Is it true that the vogue of the detective novel is well past its peak? Do students to-day read Shaw or Wells? Who is the most popular novelist? How many have decided that perhaps they should tackle 'War and Peace'?

There is much that is enigmatic about undergraduates to-day, a chariness of belief, a suspicion of sentiment, an impatience of unreality. They represent a generation for whom much may be feared, but from whom much may be expected: indeed, must be, for Plato's word stands true, "The contest is well worth while, and the hope is great."

A MEMBER OF THE SENATE.

And then we went down to the Medical School.

Undoubtedly much of the apathy complained of is due to present-day conditions—uncertainty and fear; the student tends to make sure of his academic progress at the expense of his own progress. But there is another factor which is not new—not associated with the war, viz., our students are in the main day students and do not have the fullest opportunity of developing a University spirit. Many of them indeed are only part-time members of the

University community—they suffer, and the University suffers. The main hope for the future is the establishment of many more hostels or Colleges—call them what you will—to get most if not all students for a period to live apart from their home-ties and develop some individuality. So long as we have a preponderance of day students always rushing to or from trains and trams then we shall continue to find apathy. A better spirit cannot be produced to order—it will grow insensibly when the environment is right—it will remain stunted otherwise. This same problem exists in other Universities where the population is similar.

The Medical student of course is different in some respects—mainly in his own estimation. Being essentially an average man's job Medicine attracts in the main average men: the better brain tends to go elsewhere. We do not therefore have amongst Medical students the same variety as in other Faculties—or if we have variety it ranges from medium to poor—not medium to good. We do not therefore have the same critical attitude to the humanities—we are resigned to good blotting-paper types who want to earn a comfortable living with a bogus handle to the name—changed or otherwise.

These remarks will insult some people—why not? There are plenty of exceptions to all my generalisations. But there is no exception to my next statement: the University depends for its life and existence on the students—and I hear the students are dissatisfied with themselves; the cure must be in the hands of the students—no weight of advice from others will help one jot or tittle. So I don't see why I should say any more at the moment.

A. DURWARD.

We are indeed very grateful to all these busy and important people for the friendly and frank way in which they have replied to our enquiries. Perhaps at some future date the Students themselves would like to give their opinion on the same subject?

Four Years

I sat in the train, idly blowing smoke-rings, watching the blue intermingle with the grey, and both go swirling away in fantastic shapes before they finally merged. Strangely enough there was no one to talk to; of the three workmen who had amused me by discussing The Technique of Getting Rid of Foremen, ("catch is foot good an' 'ard wi' yer spide, mite"), two were snoring and one firmly entrenched behind a newspaper. I had nothing to read, and even that most fascinating of all occupations, blowing smoke-rings, can pall. One glance at my carriage-mates and I declined the arms of Morpheus. My thoughts began to drift as idly as the smoke of my cigarette, settling finally on my rapidly approaching last term.

There is nothing more elusive than human experience; you think at the time, "this I shall never forget," but soon it is flung upon the scrap-heap of forgotten things, along with other unforgettable moments. My first day in Leeds? I forget—no, not quite. Faintly comes an incomplete picture of toiling up to Oxley, convinced that I was on the wrong tram, in an agony lest I had gone past the appropriate stop - - - lest I be lost: wandering in a vague manner up to the Sports Pavilion, because it says "Tennis Courts. Private," on Oxley gate; tripping fearfully up the stairs to the room I was to share with two female strangers; sitting down on my unpacked trunk to read Keats because he was the only familiar thing in a foreign world. Since that day I have always loved:

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird,
No hungry generations tread thee down."

not because of its aesthetic significance, but because it conjures up a picture of my very Freshnerified self sitting on an unpacked trunk, wanting my mother, stretching out rather piteous hands to something I knew. And later . . . ! Three people told me impressive stories of the woman, who, having thrown herself out of the window of my room (present occupant please note!) walks the corridor at the grisly hour, with weeping, wailing, low groans and gnashing of teeth. Green, maybe, but not so green!

First Registration leaves no memory, a blurred holocaust perhaps—a cross between the B. H. of C. and a charge by the Scourge of God. Subsequent Registrations a joy indeed—recognitions, yarns of the vac., gossip of old friends.

Exams! Tones might be written on the subject which would not thereby be exhausted. The horribly tightening noose of inevitability; a feeling of fear, yet exhilaration; a devil-may-care swashbuckling bravado; a wildly chattering throng outside a closed door, falling into chilled silence as it opens, the awed creeping within; the sudden sickening gasp as your stomach drops out of you when a paper is laid on the desk beside you; you turn it over, but the letters sway and dance, marshalling into columns and jitter-bugging, so that not a thing you see is familiar; you think to yourself, "Oh! the mean old devil! May his liver sizzle in Hades!"; then you see one thing, just one, that you have a faint suspicion of having met before; then feverish scribbling, and your writing getting worse and worse. "Time!"

The Land Army. Eighteen of us went into Lincolnshire to pick potatoes during our Long Vac. For nine weeks we picked, ate, thought, talked and dreamed—potatoes. The black soil of the Fens settled in our eyes, ears, noses, mouths, hair; we had sand in our shoes, in our pants, in our blouses, in our food-boxes. Training planes from Cranwell used to zoom down upon us, practicing dive-bombing, and down we would drop, flat on our faces in still more sand. The horses bolted; the men swore. The sun shone, all day, every day. At weekends we pedalled the long, flat, endless roads; wandered round the lovely Norman Churches. And the war was a long way off—before Dunkerque.

But Varsity life became more serious. The 'boys' began to go, and schools to dwindle alarmingly. Instead of sitting more or less meekly in the front rows, while the men stamped behind, the women found themselves practically in sole possession, with perhaps one isolated and misplaced male meandering dismally on his own. Came the S.T.C., which was at first viewed with admiration as a glamourising asset, then taken for granted, so that women no longer sidled self-consciously past rows of grinning cadets, but strolled unconcernedly through machine-gun nests and rifle ranges. Not to be outdone, they started their own National Service: they tied each other up in strange positions with bandages; they worked all night in Forces Canteens: they gardened, stoked boilers, educated troops, camouflage-netted . . . if only Hitler knew! H.M.F. invaded the Union; they were to be seen sitting solemnly in rows, their eyes fixed with a far greater reverence than students ever knew, on lecturers, swelling the disorderly rout of the Coffee Room, or skirmishing valiantly in the Debating Society. The condensation of academic courses robbed Finals of their somewhat

awe-inspiring, but fortunately rare terrors; nowadays there is always somebody either just launching into, or just finishing Finals. Degree Day survives, shorn of former glories, but still—Degree Day.

Meanwhile, my 'year' was changing, though precisely how is hard to say. We wore out our sixth form clothes: we spent more time in the coffee-room, we cut more lectures: we played more part in Union affairs. When the next set of freshers arrived, all things being comparative, we gained in self-confidence. The war drew insidiously nearer, we realised that people die, that life, strangely enough, is real and not an amusing game; our friends departed as fully fledged members of the professions, and economic independence, and social maturity began to loom large on the horizon; we came a little nearer to getting our personal lives into perspective with the order of things; we wrote B.A. or B.Sc. after our names, thought for a week how wonderful we were, before deciding that that, like so many accepted standards, didn't mean much after all.

And then, incredibly soon, the last term. What will it be like, one wonders, to leave student-dom behind? To have to go to work, whether one likes it or not? To be accepted as an adult? To have some money, for a change? Probably just routine, while one's unforgettable student days are consigned to the scrap-heap of forgotten things. Meanwhile, the smoke of my cigarette drifts and twists, the blue intermingling with the grey, and both go swirling away in fantastic shapes before they finally merge. M.T.

It Worries Me

Until Easter, I was one of those low creatures referred to with unspeakable nausea by the older inhabitants as a 'Fresher.' Now that I have been up for eight months, and my first year is almost over, this, in my opinion, is a highly suitable time to tabulate the many impressions gained during this enlightening experience. There are a number of things that puzzle me, so I thought I would set them down, and see if anybody could help me. So here goes.

Those poems in the *Gryphon*—who writes them? Are they serious, or are the writers enjoying a huge joke at the expense of people like myself? Are

they supposed to be intelligible to the man whose mind is so sordid that he reads the newspapers, and occasionally (finances permitting) goes to cinemas, or do you have to have special spiritual powers to divine the meaning, assuming same to exist?

How do our esteemed brethren, the Engineers always contrive to have three days' growth of beard, never more, never less? As none I have seen has a full G.B.S., I suppose they shave sometimes, but do they hide until it grows an inch or so, or what? Perhaps they have special razors with a device which makes the blade skim about half-an-inch from the face? There must be some solution.

Then there is coffee. Until I came up I regarded coffee as a mere beverage, to be quaffed in order to sluice the parched throat, or to still the throbbing head, but here coffee is a tradition. Everybody seems to gravitate at least four times a day to the Union for coffee. Never cocoa. Never tea. There are such drinks, I know, because distant relations tell me they have tasted them, but nobody in a University drinks anything but coffee—except the fire-watchers. If the consumption of coffee goes on at this appalling rate, I fail to see how they will get enough for the Brazilian railway engines.

In a world concerned with great problems, these are but little things. But they worry me. Can anybody throw light on these subjects? R. T. Zann.

(Please, we're very sorry. And suitably crushed. But we didn't mean any harm.—Ed.)

* * *

Leeds University **OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION**

Notes from Headquarters

The Editor of this journal, likewise the printer, will no doubt be gratified to see that we have little to say to members except to remind you to make a note in your diaries of any forthcoming events that are advertised in the Gryphon as, for obvious reasons, there can be no reminder. There will, of course, be no Summer Gathering.

There is room in our files for the war-service records of hundreds of Old Students who have so far been either too busy or too bashful to send us them. Please let us have them now and notify us of changes of rank or appointment as they occur.

D. E. Broadbent,
A. E. Ferguson
Joint Hon. Secretaries.

Hull and East Riding Letter

There has been nothing to report this term.

It is proposed, however, to arrange a day visit to LINCOLN towards the end of JUNE to see the sights of this beautiful old City, provided a sufficient number of members apply to justify it.

Please therefore, make up your minds and let me know without fail soon after the publication of this issue whether you would like to make a party. A further communication will then be sent to you.

Yours sincerely,

E. C. FROW, *Hon. Secretary,*
c/o 227, Park Avenue, Hull.

News of Interest to Old Students.

BLAYNEY.—Flight-Lieutenant A. J. Blayney (Textiles), one of the Spitfire pilots in the Battle of Britain, has been awarded the A.F.C. in recognition of his services.

CURTIS—Dr. S. J. Curtis is the author of a small booklet entitled "The story of the British Army," which is published by Messrs. E. J. Arnold, of Leeds, at 1/6.

DICKINSON.—R. E. Dickinson is the author of a "Penguin Special" on the *German Lebensraum*, just published. From a biographical note attached to the book, it is revealed that Mr. Dickinson, formerly Reader in Geography in the University of London, is now serving in the R.A.F.

DINSDALE.—Allen Dinsdale (Physics, M.Sc., 1937) has been appointed to the staff of the British Pottery Research Association, Stoke-on-Trent.

HODGSON.—The poems of the late Flight Lieutenant T. R. Hodgson (whose premature death was recorded in the *Gryphon* for June, 1941) have now been published by Messrs. Routledge under the title of "This life, this death." The book costs 5/-.

MILNE.—Captain (temporary Major) W. B. P. Milne, son of Professor W. P. Milne, has been awarded the Military Cross for gallant and distinguished conduct in Burma.

PARKER.—Dr. A. Parker, at one time a member of the Fuel staff, has been appointed Director of Fuel Research in the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

WADSWORTH.—Second-Lieutenant J. Wadsworth has been reported a prisoner of war in Malaya. Mr. Wadsworth, who belonged to the Royal Corps of Signals, came up from Castleford Grammar School, and took honours in Geography.

BIRTHS

BROWN.—To Warrant Officer (R.A.F.) and Mrs. Beck Brown (formerly Kathleen May, Geography, 1932-35), of 54 Brixham Crescent, Ruislip Manor, Middlesex, on June 25th, 1942, a son, Robert Stephen.

GRAYDON.—To Rev. H. (Arts, and Rawdon College) and Mrs. Graydon (formerly Molly Rowse), on March 25th, a son. Mr. Graydon is Chaplain to the Forces in N. Africa.

KEIGHLEY.—To Mr. K. J. S. and Mrs. Margaret Keighley (née Gaskill, English Hons. 1938-41, Education 1941-2, *Gryphon* Editor 1941-2), at Shipley, on 20th February, 1943, a daughter.

SANCTUARY.—To Mr. J. R. and Mrs. Sanctuary (formerly Patty Maltby), of 30, Queen's Road, Accrington, on April 6th, a daughter.

SLEDGE.—To Dr. W. Arthur and Mrs. Sledge (formerly Marjorie Smith), on February 2nd, a son.

STEELS.—To Flight-Lieutenant Harry (Physics, 1925-29) and Mrs. Steels, on April 10th, at Scarborough, a daughter. Address: Holin Lea, Hirstead Road, Newby, Scarborough.

ENGAGEMENTS

HUZZARD-HOLDEN.—The engagement is announced between Mr. George E. Huzzard, of Cherry Burton, and Miss Betty Holden (English, 1931-34), of Camp School, Etton, E. Yorkshire.

HENRY-McDERMOTT.—The engagement is announced between Mr. T. H. Henry, (Chemistry 1934-40, Ph.D.) President of the Union, 1938-39, and Miss Barbara McDermott of "Fairhurst," Oxbridge Avenue, Stockton-on-Tees.

MACKAY-BERNIE-HUNTER.—The engagement is announced between Lieut. W. Mackay (History 1936-9) and Georgina Daphne Bernie-Hunter.

RIVETT-STRATHIE.—The engagement is announced between Lieut. P. A. H. Rivett (Medicine 1935-42, President of L. U. U. 1939-40, President of N. U. S. 1940-41), and Elspeth L. Strathie.

MARRIAGES

BAILEY-BELLHOUSE.—Miss E. W. Bailey (Science 1936-9; Education 1939-40) to Mr. C. Bellhouse (Colour-Chemistry 1936-40) at St. Andrew's Church, Farlingham, Aug. 1942.

BELL-MATTHEWS.—Arthur W. Bell (Chemistry & Zoology 1934-8) to Jean M. Matthews of 'Rhiwbina,' Cardiff, on Sept. 19th, 1942, at the Church of St. Mary's, Whitchurch, Glamorgan.

BOWLING-BROWN.—John Charles Clifford Bowling (LL.B., 1934), of Leeds, to Marion H. Brown, of Galashiels, on April 11th, at St. Cuthbert's Memorial Chapel, Edinburgh.

CLARK-FEARN.—On Saturday, April 24th, 1943, at Wesley Methodist Church, Seaham Harbour, Lucy Errington Clark, B.A. (Gen. Hons. 1937-40; Education 1940-41) to the Rev. Wilfred Fearn, B.A., R.A.F.V.R. (Wesley College 1936-40).

DAWSON-SANDERSON.—Dr. Colin Barr Dawson, youngest son of Mrs. H. M. Dawson and the late Professor Dawson, of Claremont Drive, Headingley, Leeds, to Betty Sanderson, of Thornfield Road, West Park, Leeds, on March 27th, at Adel Church.

SCRUTON-MARTIN.—John S. Scruton (Commerce 1939-42) to Vera Martin, on March 6th, 1943. Address: The Ridings, Riflingham Road, Kirk Ella, E. Yorks.

DEATHS

BEETHAM.—Dr. Herbert Arthur Beetham, who had practised in the Harehills district of Leeds for nearly half a century, died recently in Torquay.

BELL.—Rev. George Wilfred Bell, Vicar of St. Michael's Church, Wakefield, died on March 11th, at the age of forty-two. Mr. Bell, who was a Mirfield man, was for some time a curate at St. Aidan's, Roundhay Road, Leeds. He leaves a widow and a daughter.

HOLT.—Lupton Mark (Science 1930). Killed in India.

KNOWLES.—Killed on active service, R. E. Knowles, M.C. (History, B.A., 1921). It is regretted that there are no further details of Mr. Knowles's death to hand.

MOSS.—Pilot Officer Dennis Oswald Moss, of Rydal, Rein Road, West Ardsley, died on active service early this year. He took a diploma in Textile Industries, and in civil life was a member of the firm of Dennis Moss & Son, of Morley.

"NEB."—We have been informed of the accidental death, on war service, of a young Yugoslav pilot, whose identity is concealed under the above pseudonym. He took his degree in Science at the University and was a keen tennis and football player. He joined the R.A.F. early in 1941, trained in America, and was about to become an operational pilot at the time of his death; he met his death in an act of great self-sacrifice, allowing his crew to bale out while he himself kept his machine flying after an engine had caught fire.

WILSON.—The death on active service of Sub.-Lieut. (A) John L. Wilson, R.N.V.R., brought a sense of personal loss to those who knew him. Sub.-Lieut. Wilson came up to Leeds University in 1938, intending to read for an Arts Degree. He joined the Fleet Air Arm in his second year and in due course gained his wings, and his commission. He was drowned in a flying accident in February. This quiet, unselfish personality revealed itself in a capacity for friendship of which the full extent is difficult to realise, and those of us who knew him deeply regret the loss of his cheerful, unostentatious companionship. His enthusiasm and efficiency in his work will be sadly missed.

Hostel Notes

WEETWOOD HALL

For the last three months our social activities have been somewhat curtailed by more pressing academic matters. Some of us have advanced in academic rank, while the rest, haunted by the shape of things to come, become very agitated and depressed when such items as 'new beginnings' and Degree Day are mentioned.

N.U.S. Congress was well attended by Weetwood personnel, and our representative, Miss Horrocks gave us a surprisingly enlightening account of its academic and social activities.

At Weetwood debate, on May 6th, the motion 'It is better to sin bravely than to be merely respectable' was put before the House. It proved to be altogether an ambiguous subject, as many seemed disinclined to be merely respectable, while the idea of "sinning bravely" appealed only to the more radically-minded.

A few students, when asked to co-operate in the Home Guard manoeuvres, succeeded admirably in sinning bravely as, for the space of a few nocturnal hours, they became Fifth Columnists.

J.M.H.

OXLEY HALL

The imminence of finals for long term students tended to produce in Oxley last term that heightened-tenseness in the atmosphere which one normally associates with the month of May, but in spite of some harassed faces among the third year, and the inevitable struggle of the Edu. students among the toils of School Practice, Oxley seemed to enjoy to the full the glorious weather. Some of us even ventured to sit outside among the crocuses and daffodils, and all of us bore up amazingly well under the strain of twelve long weeks.

Socially we fully maintained our reputation. The freshers gave an excellent performance of Sheridan's 'The Rivals' which must have involved much hard work on the part of producer and actors, and at the end of term the Women's Social which included a performance of that most amusing farce, 'Eliza Comes to Stay,' seemed to go off with its usual success. An interesting innovation in the realm of social activity was made by the appearance of a Brains Trust in Oxley Common Room. Several of the University Professors and one long-suffering student were among the 'Brains' and all was under the august guidance of the Vice-Chancellor himself. This was highly amusing and surprisingly enough, instructive, too!

This term so far has not had time to prove itself, but Tennis is in full swing and already Oxley has distinguished itself in the Athletics field by doing very well in the Women's Sports, and carrying off not only the Hostel Championship, but the Individual cup and the Youth cup too. Nice work, Oxley!

Elections are approaching and unfortunately exams. are on the way too for many of us, so once again that feeling of apprehension is upon us, and a certain resentment that we cannot enjoy the sunny weather as we would like. Still, even Finals cannot loom ahead for ever—so—good luck sufferers—and may you have three weeks of sunshine after you finish!

J.M.K.

BOAT CLUB NOTES

The first event to be recorded is the result of the Wheeler Cup Sculling Races. A fortnight's postponement was necessitated by the lack of a defined course, as the river banks and countryside were under water. There was an encouraging number of entries. In the Final, M. W. Johnson (10 secs.) beat G. I. Isaacs (Scratch), the holder, by two lengths over five furlongs.

A week later, St. and Bede Colleges came over from York to meet two parallel Leeds crews. Success went totally to the home crews who were determined to regain what had been lost at York. These two crews formed the nucleus of this Season's First and Second crews.

Easter weekend saw the beginning of intensive training for both crews, each being out at least once on five consecutive days. The following weekend both crews went to York for some long-distance rowing. Saturday was in the nature of preparation for Sunday. After lunch both crews rowed down-stream, starting in a slight drizzle. The weather and the rowing improved during the course of the afternoon, and the sun was shining brightly when the turning point was reached. A firm paddle took them back to the boathouse for about six o'clock. A pleasant and not unduly frivolous evening was spent in York.

On Sunday, the programme was a row up-stream to Nun Monkton at the junction of the Nidd and the Ouse. A moderately early start was made, and by 10-30 York was left behind. It was a perfect rowing day, sunny, no wind, and not too hot. Following the winding course of the Ouse the crews really got together, and some good form was struck. A halt was called half-way for a rest and in the case of one opportunist, a sleep. We reached Nun Monkton about 12 o'clock. The Second Crew set out for York early in the afternoon, stopping only once on the return trip. Six furlongs from the Boathouse, they decided to finish the day in style and according to their own account found some really good racing form, and arrived feeling as if the twenty miles they had rowed were merely a fraction of what they could have done. The First Crew set off rather later, after staying to enjoy the sun and the surroundings. The row back was uneventful, stroke going cox half way to enable him to coach the rest of the crew. The results of the weekend were more than satisfactory, and both crews have learnt a lot.

Certain fixtures will be passed events when these notes appear in print; for instance, Durham Invitation Races on May 15th when Leeds rows Glasgow for the Wootan Cup, Leeds Invitation Races on 29th of May when Leeds meets Manchester for the Christie Cup. Other fixtures have been arranged for four crews, giving plenty of scope for the junior end of the Club. Finally here is still the best part of the summer left, so why not take up rowing?

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