

E. L. C.

MAGAZINE

1915

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We send congratulations to Professor Lamb who has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. Unfortunately no details are at hand as to the occasion of the reward, but we shall hope to hear the full story when Professor Lamb is back with us again at E.L.C.

We send congratulations also to Mr. Hodson who, acting as Deputy Assistant Director of Railway Transport in France, has been "nommé Officier de l'Instruction Publique" and has been given permission by the authorities to wear the ribbon—which is violet with rosette.

Before we finish we should like to express our regret that owing to our very limited means, we are unable to publish any cartoons or other drawings.

And so to your consideration.

Roll of Honour

Names of members of the College who have lost their lives while on active service at the front are printed in heavy type, and an asterisk is placed against the names of those reported wounded.

The letter *p* denotes a student in attendance at the College at the commencement of the War or subsequent to the commencement, or else a member of the staff.

p S. G. J. Adlam	3rd Lond. Reg., Royal Fusiliers.
p C. H. Asbury	2nd Lieut., 3rd S. Staffs.
S. J. M. Auld	Lieut., Royal Berks, 4th Bn.
V. R. Baker	Royal Engineers, Naval Div.
R. J. Barker	2nd Lieut., Glos., 3rd Bn.
p B. Barnes	2nd Lieut., East Surrey, 10th Bn.
p J. Barrett	Corpl., H. A. C. Service Bn., No. 4 Coy.
*C. W. Bartram	2nd Lieut., Bedfords, 1st Bn.
F. L. Bassett	2nd Lieut., Royal Engineers.
*E. T. Bateman	Lce.-Corpl., Royal Engineers.
G. Bava	2nd Lieut., Northumberland Fus., 14th Bn.
p N. K. Bell (Lecturer)	2nd Lieut., R.G.A.
p R. Beresford	2nd Lieut., Staffs., 3rd Bn.
p S. G. Betts	Staff-Sergt., Royal Fusiliers, 10th Bn.
A. E. Birch	2nd Lieut., Royal Fusiliers, 13th Bn.
F. R. Bloor	Lieut., Army Ordnance Dept.
A. S. Brasted	L.R.B.
F. E. Brasted	H.A.C.
p J. W. Brittain	2nd Lieut., Leicesters, 5th Bn.
p E. W. Britten	Capt., Middlesex, 10th Bn.
W. E. Brown	2nd Lieut., R.F.A.
p T. Buckley	2nd Lieut., 1st Field Co., W. Riding Div., R.E.
E. J. Buckton	Lieut., R.G.A.
A. S. Buckton	2nd Lieut., R.G.A.
H. H. Buckton	Lce.-Corpl., Essex, 1st Bn.
p J. H. Burdon	R.A.M.C.
p A. E. W. Butler	2nd Lieut., Royal Berks, 7th Bn.
p W. A. Butler	2nd Lieut., Staffs., 3rd Bn.
B. H. Buttle	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists).
W. S. Cammack	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists' Section).
p *R. K. Cannan (Demonstrator)	Lieut., East Lancs., 3rd Bn.
R. Catmur	Capt., A.S.C.
F. W. Caton	2nd Lieut., South Staffordshire, 11th Bn.
p *A. P. Cattle	2nd Lieut., Duke of Cornwall's L.I., 1st Bn.
p R. Caukwell	R.A.M.C.
p S. Causley	Royal Engineers.
B. Cheetham	Corpl., Chemist, "M" Co., R.E.
A. E. R. Church	Corpl., Chemist, "M" Co., R.E.
H. L. Clark	Gunner, H.A.C.
J. H. Clark	Royal Engineers.
A. G. R. Clarke	2nd Lieut., 3rd S. Staffs.
p C. V. Clarke	2nd Lieut., Devon Regiment, 11th Bn.
p W. O. Clarke	Royal Fusiliers, "C" Co., 10th Bn.
p G. Cleverley	Essex Yeomanry.
p H. Clewly	Sergt., Army Service Corps.
p A. W. Clubb (Porter)	R.A.M.C.
p H. Cohen	Royal Flying Corps.
p M. Cohen	2nd Lieut., Royal West Kent.

E. L. C. MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1915



With due diffidence and humility we launch our little bark once again into the open sea of college criticism and ask for it the kindly wind of sympathetic consideration. The particular circumstances of publication this year deserve a certain amount of explanation. It seemed at first sight that financial considerations would prevent the appearance of the Magazine, since the number of students to support it has considerably diminished. This difficulty was solved by the generosity of the College Council who agreed to buy 250 copies to be sent to all students, past and present, who are serving in the Army or Navy. We appreciate very much the action of the Governors in coming so opportunely to our aid.

The Magazine has been faced with another difficulty less concrete but still very real. We feel that the whole-hearted enjoyment of a College Magazine springs from the fact that it is the embodiment of the healthy, joyous and untrammelled spirit of college life. The student devours with fearful joy the mysterious allusions to past "rags," social occasions, well-founded jokes and institutions. We do not imply that the spirit of college life is dead amongst us but it is necessarily curtailed. Even college youth cannot escape the new element of seriousness and restraint. Much of the material for publication has then to stand on its own intrinsic merit—rather a strenuous test for student efforts.

This Magazine as we have said is being sent to all our men who have answered the great call of King and Country. We send to them with it our sincerest wishes for safety and good fortune ; E.L.C. is more than proud of its Roll of Honour and of the O.T.C. from which so many officers have been drawn.

R. J. Mott	Lieut., Army Cyclist Corps, 6th Div.
p A. A. Moule	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists).
p *T. R. J. Mulligan	Lieut., Beds., 3rd Bn.
G. H. Murphy	Corpl., Royal Engineers, Naval Div.
T. F. Murphy	Royal Fusiliers, 18th Bn.
N. C. Myers	Corpl., Rangoon Vol. Rifles.
p E. L. Naylor	2nd Lieut., Staffs., 3rd Bn.
p T. Norton	Sapper, No. 3 Royal Naval Div.
p E. W. Oldershaw	2nd Lieut., Lincolns, 9th Bn.
p A. F. Pain	Sergt., 3rd Middlesex, 10th Bn.
p E. H. Paine	2nd Lieut., Staffs., 3rd Bn.
W. Palmer	Sergt.-Instructor, Machine Gunnery School.
W. T. H. Palmer	Corpl., R.A.M.C.
p H. A. Parkinson	Lieut., "Queen's" R.W. Surrey, 9th Bn.
C. S. Parsons	2nd Lieut., Essex, 12th Bn.
H. Paul	Sergt., Essex, 4th Bn.
p A. F. Pearson	15th County of London.
L. Perry	Sergt., Middlesex, 7th Bn.
p E. P. Pester	Corpl., R.E. (Chatham).
L. I. Pitt	Sergt., Rifle Brigade.
H. Polan	H.A.C.
p J. Portas	2nd Lieut., Staffs., 3rd Bn.
p P. E. Posner	2nd Lieut., 3rd S. Staffs.
W. Pratt	Lce.-Corpl., 3/4th Seaforth Highlanders.
H. P. Presland	2nd Lieut., A.S.C.
J. Pritchard	Royal Flying Corps.
T. Pritchard	A.S.C.
C. O. Read	3rd London Yeomanry, "A" Squad.
R. R. Reed	
P. W. Rees	25th ("S") Co., A.O.C.
p G. Richards	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists).
p J. I. Richards	2nd Lieut., 12th (Res.) Bn., The Welsh Regt.
p H. Riley	Sergt., D. of Cornwall's L.I., 7th Serv. Bn.
p J. Robinson (Lecturer)	Lieut., R.N.V.R.
S. Robinson	Wilts., 5th Bn., "D" Co.
p W. Robinson	Lieut., Essex Regt., 13th Service Bn.
J. Rogoff	London Elec., Eng. (Chemists' Section).
p R. W. T. Rolfe	Middlesex, 10th Bn.
C. B. Roos	London Elec., Eng. (Chemists' Section).
p H. V. Routh (Lecturer)	2nd Lieut., Royal Field Artillery.
p G. R. Rumsey	Royal Engineers (T.).
p T. Salmon	Royal Fusiliers, "D" Co., 10th Bn.
J. B. Salter	Capt., A.S.C.
W. G. Scotcher	2nd Lieut., East Yorks. Regt.
*J. W. Searcy	Sergt., 1st Australian Div.
p L. Seegar	2nd Lieut., Staffs., 3rd Bn.
E. W. Sharp	Royal Air Section.
p H. Sharp	Lieut., Royal Fusiliers, 11th Bn.
p M. A. P. Shawyer	2nd Lieut., Middlesex, 4th Bn.
p S. H. Shawyer	Cadetship at Sandhurst.
p W. C. B. Shinner	2nd Lieut., Artists' Rifles.
E. S. Sibbald	Essex, 6th Bn.
p W. H. Simmons	2nd Lieut., Beds., 7th Bn.
J. M. Simpson	Lieut., A.S.C., M.T.
p Dr. Clarence Smith (Lecturer)	Munitions Work.
*H. A. Smith	S. Staffs., 7th Bn.
p S. G. Soal (Lecturer)	Royal Field Artillery, 23rd Battery.
p W. Staley	Lce.-Corpl., 15th Hussars.
p T. G. Stamp	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists).
*S. J. Steadman	2nd Lieut., King's Royal Rifles.
p H. A. Stern	Middlesex, 16th Bn.
J. C. Stewart	2nd Lieut., Royal Engineers.
G. W. Swanson	2nd Lieut., Hampshire Regt., 4th Bn.
R. Swinton	2nd Lieut., R.F.A.
C. C. V. Taylor	2nd Canadian Contingent.
H. J. Taylor	R.A.M.C.
p A. P. Thurston (Lecturer)	2nd Lieut., Royal Flying Corps, Asst.-Insp., Aeron. Investi- gation Dept.
T. A. C. Trumble	Lce.-Corpl., Royal East Kent.
p A. D. Turner	City of London Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C. (T.).
p A. N. Tyte	2nd Lieut., Connaught Rangers, 3rd Bn.
H. I. Vandell	2nd Lieut.
p S. L. Vincent	2nd Lieut., 13th Kensington Rifles.
p F. E. Webb	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists).
V. Weil	2nd Lieut., Pembroke Yeomanry.
p M. M. Welcher	Cambs., 1st Bn.
H. Wheatley	Lce.-Corpl., R.A.M.C.
p P. J. Whitehouse	2nd Lieut., R.W. Kent, loaned to Northampton.
p R. L. Whitmore	Lieut., R.F.A.
p G. E. Wighton	2nd Lieut., East Lancs., 10th Bn.
L. Wilson	Capt. A.S.C.
S. H. Wilson	2nd Lieut., Royal Engineers.
E. G. R. Wingham	2nd Lieut., King's Own Yorks. Light Infantry.
p G. G. Wise	2nd Lieut., 17th County of London.
p E. W. M. Wittey	R.A.M.C.
p R. J. Wood	2nd Lieut., Staffs., 3rd Bn.
p W. G. Wood	2nd Lieut., Sherwood Foresters, 6th Bn.
*L. M. Woodward	London Scottish.
p N. P. E. Wrightson	2nd Lieut., R.E.
p H. Yeats	Lieut., Royal Fusiliers, 12th Bn.

R. L. Coombs	Capt., R.F.A., 4th H.C. Brigade.
p F. Cowling (Elec. Asst.)	17th County of London.
p H. E. Crane	Sergt., Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.
p W. H. Crossman	Sapper, Lond., Elec. Eng. (Chemists' Section).
A. V. Darby	17th County of London.
p W. A. Darby (Engineer. Asst.)	(Woolwich Arsenal).
p H. Davies	East Surrey, 5th Bn.
L. Davis	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists).
p *A. A. Davy	Lieut., Dorset, 3rd Bn.
C. T. Eaddy	Lce.-Corpl., Royal Fusiliers.
p C. Eastaugh	2nd Lieut., Staffs., 3rd Bn.
*A. G. Edmunds	Capt., 10th London.
J. W. Elliott	Sergt.-Major, Royal Engineers, 16th Signal Co.
p J. Ellowitz	Corpl., Royal Engineers (Chemists' Section).
O. J. Elphick	Corpl., Royal Engineers (Chemists' Section).
J. F. Finn	2nd Lieut., Essex, 4th Bn.
*W. A. D. Forbes	London Scottish.
p V. Fox	R.A.M.C.
p T. Freeman	2nd Lieut., Northants, 7th Bn.
p G. J. Frost	2nd Lieut., Suffolk, 12th Bn.
p F. E. Fulford	Royal Field Artillery.
p L. C. T. Gate	2nd Lieut., Beds., 10th Bn.
p C. A. Geneve (Lecturer)	Aeron. Inspection Dept.
A. E. Gibbs	Sergt.-Major.
p H. T. Gilham	Lieut., A.S.C.
p H. W. Gilhespie	2nd Lieut., Staffs., 3rd Bn.
p R. H. Gillender	2nd Lieut., Royal Engineers.
p G. G. Glanville	Artists' Rifles.
C. W. Glover	Middlesex, 16th Bn.
p I. Goldstein	Aeronautical Inspection Dept.
p S. L. Green	2nd Lieut. (T.F.).
*J. H. Gregory	London Rifle Brigade.
p E. H. Gumprecht	
p T. Harris (Lecturer)	Govt. Observatory Work.
p R. Hart	Kent R.G.A.
C. G. M. Hatfield	Lieut., Middlesex, 18th Bn.
H. W. S. Hatton	(late 1st Rhodesian Regiment), 2nd Lieut., Staffs., 3rd Bn.
p J. M. Hendrie	2nd Lieut., Beds., 9th Bn.
p G. C. Heseltine	2nd Lieut., E. Yorks, 9th Bn.
p J. T. Hewitt (Professor)	Major, Royal Engineers.
p T. C. Hodson (Registrar)	Captain: Deputy Asst. Director Railway Transport.
p R. B. Howard	2nd Lieut.
A. L. Howells	Sergt., Yorks. Hussars, 12th Bn.
W. G. Hughes	Col.-Sergt., R.M.L.I., H.M.S. "Sappho."
p H. L. Hume	2nd Lieut., Hampshire Regiment, 13th Bn.
p H. Hunter	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists).
p G. N. Hurst (Elec. Asst.)	(Woolwich Arsenal).
p A. T. Jarvis	2nd Lieut., Essex, 12th Bn.
p H. Johnson	2nd Lieut., Glos., 11th Bn.
G. P. Jones	Corpl., A.S.C.
G. R. Jones	Engineers, Royal Naval Div.
p G. S. Jones	2nd Lieut., Sherwood Foresters, 12th Bn.
H. Jones	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists).
J. P. Jones	H.M.S. "Minotaur."
R. A. M. Kearney	Public Schools, "D" Coy.
p A. G. Kenchington	Capt., "B" Co., Buffs., 7th Bn.
J. Kenner	Capt., Yorks. and Lancs., 12th Bn.
p R. W. King	Univ. and Public Schools, R. Fusiliers, 19th Bn.
p E. H. Lamb (Professor)	Lieut., Royal Engineers, Naval Div.
L. Lamb	Lieut., West Lancs. Div., Royal Engineers.
p W. Latham (Porter)	R.M., S.S. "Macedonia."
A. Lawson	A.S.C., Mech. Transport.
p T. B. Lees (Instru. Steward)	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists).
D. Lewes	2nd Lieut., Sherwood Foresters, 12th Bn.
p A. Linton	2nd Lieut., 3rd S. Staffs.
p A. J. Lissaman	2nd Lieut., Royal Fusiliers, 16th Bn.
*F. S. Long	Lieut., Essex, 11th Bn.
T. E. G. McCathie	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists).
A. W. F. McEwan	2nd Lieut., R.F.A.
p T. H. F. McKenzie	2nd Lieut., R.G.A.
J. McKimmie	2nd Lieut., Middlesex, 9th Bn.
F. C. MacNaught	2nd Lieut., Royal Engineers.
T. J. Mander	Corpl., Motor Despatch Rider.
p C. C. March	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists).
p F. T. Markwick	2nd Lieut., Essex, 12th Bn.
p G. L. Marshall	Lieut., Lincs., 3rd Bn.
M. Mathew	Lce.-Corpl., A.O.C.
W. E. Mathew	Engineer Lieut.
T. C. Mathew	Sergt., A.S.C.
G. L. Matthews	Lieut., R.A.M.C. (T.).
R. Merkin	South African Army.
p G. Middleton	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists).
p A. D. Mitchell	2nd Lieut., Essex, 6th Bn.
p J. M. Mitchell (Lecturer)	Capt., East Surrey Regt., 8th Service Bn.
p T. A. Morgan	R.N. Air Service.
p A. W. Molyneux	2nd Lieut., 3rd S. Staffs.

Lieut. G. L. MARSHALL, Lincs., 3rd Batt.

Lieut. Marshall died of wounds sustained during the severe fighting in Flanders about the 25th September. We quote from a letter written by his Adjutant: "As Adjutant I very soon got to know your son, and found that under any conditions he proved himself to be a fine soldier. He was always full of cheerfulness which gives confidence, a most valuable asset under the conditions prevailing out here. For that alone he would have proved valuable in the Regiment, but when such a fine character has in addition such keenness and energy for his work as he had you will, I am sure, realize how hard it was to lose him. . . . Himself one of the first to enter the German trenches in charge of a bombing party his pluck and enthusiasm helped considerably in the success of that part of the operations."

Sergeant L. I. PITT, Rifle Brigade.

Sergeant Pitt was killed in action at the Battle of Hooge, on the 30th July. Unfortunately, as with Mr. Markwick, little actual information is available, but the following high tribute was paid by an officer of the Regiment who wrote: "He died as only a gallant soldier and English gentleman can, leading a charge against great odds."

Lieut. H. SHARP, Royal Fusiliers, 11th Batt.

Lieut. Sharp was killed in action in France on October 5th. Letters have been received from his Colonel, Major and other Officers speaking in the highest terms of his courage, coolness and popularity. Such was the devotion of his men that L.-Corpl.—went out four times to get his body back from against the German trenches (for this action he has since been recommended for the D.C.M.). His Major concludes his letter "he died as he himself would have wished to do, in action with the enemy, and going out to assure himself of the safety and well being of his own men."

2nd Lieut. M. A. P. SHAWYER, Middlesex, 4th Batt.

2nd Lieut. Shawyer was killed on the 14th October, 1914, and his death was recorded in last year's Magazine. No further details are available except the personal one that the sword presented by the University on the occasion of his passing the "B" Army Examination has never been returned from France.

2nd Lieut. P. J. WHITEHOUSE, R.W. Kent, loaned to Northamptons.

Lieut. Whitehouse, like Shawyer, was killed at the beginning of the war (November 2nd, 1914). His death was also recorded in last year's Magazine. His promising career was tragically short, and little information has ever been received. All that is known is that he went up in a draft which joined the Regiment about 3 a.m., and before 8 o'clock there were fifty casualties in that same draft.

He sat there all alone in the cold dim conservatory and waited. She was late to-day but when hope was nearly spent she came. Slowly and gently he greeted her and meekly followed her to the table. Gracefully she drooped upon her chair and drew him to her. Blissfully he raised his face to hers and with contented murmurs nestled his head against her shoulder. With one soft hand she stroked back his hair and with the other tempted his ardent lips, then looking into his lovelit green eyes thought how like his smile was to Phil's. But Love in mercy left her not blind and so with sudden shrinking she saw his neck that once was white had now grown grey. Firmly she bade him leave her—and with tail erect, the cat returned to Chef.

INNOCENTIA.

In Memoriam.

A glance at the Roll of Honour will show that E.L.C. has not escaped the heavy toll of war. It is with sincere regret that we hear of the loss of our old companions and friends : and from our hearts we honour their memory, and pay silent tribute to their great sacrifice.

Capt. BRITTEN, Middlesex, 10th Batt.

Capt. Britten was killed in action on Tuesday, August 10th. He joined as a 2nd Lieut., and was promoted to Lieut. and Capt. in a few months. He was killed at Gallipoli while giving water to a wounded comrade, and was buried on the side of a hill facing the Aegean Sea. The following is an extract from a letter written by his Colonel :—

“He fell with the advance last Tuesday, rendering aid to another officer who was at the time wounded and ultimately killed. He died a noble death as at the time they were under heavy fire, and to remain in our position for a moment meant certain death.”

The tragedy of his loss is rendered more poignant by the fact that his only brother who joined the Public Schools' Battalion, died through an outburst of spotted fever last spring.

2nd Lieut. G. J. FROST, Suffolk, 12th Batt.

2nd Lieut. Frost died from wounds, the result of an accident on September 9th. We quote from his Major's letter, Frost “who has just been promoted Lieutenant, was bomb expert for the Battalion, and had been asked to give a demonstration with a new kind of bomb on September 9th. He threw one which fell short of the trench aimed at, and lodged on the parapet ; on the spur of the moment, no doubt realizing the danger to those standing near he rushed forward to place it in the trench, but just as he reached it the bomb exploded, causing such injuries that he passed away the same evening.” As one of the officers expressed it, “He lost his life in saving his men.”

E. H. GUMPRECHT, London Rifle Brigade.

We have been able to ascertain that Mr. Gumprecht was killed by a shell in France sometime in May, but no details are available.

Lieut. F. S. LONG, Essex, 11th Batt.

Lieut. Long was reported wounded and missing on October 2nd, and on November 16th, it was finally reported that he had been killed in action on September 26th. After taking Physics Honours at E.L.C., Mr Long went to Cambridge where, when war broke out he had already taken Mathematical Tripos in the 1st class, and was looking forward to sitting for the Physics in the following June. While in France he seems to have gained the affection of all by his cheerful and uncomplaining work. A Memorial Service was held at Forest Gate, attended by representatives from his School and Colleges. “Though young, he has done much.”

2nd Lieut. F. T. MARKWICK, Essex, 12th Batt.

2nd Lieut. Marwick was killed at the Dardanelles early in August. There seems very little information available, but what little there is seems to point to the fact that Mr. Markwick returned safely from an engagement, but was shot when back in our own trenches. He was very popular and much missed by his men and fellow officers.

Overheard at the High Table.

PROFESSOR, LEFT WITHOUT HIS STAFF, SOLILOQUISING.

Now I never larf and I never smile
And I never lark nor play
But stand and talk, and watch and walk
Throughout the livelong day.

For I am the cook and the captain bold
And the mate of the *Note Book* brig
And the bo'sun tight and the midshipmite
And the crew of the captain's gig.

D. O'K.

With apologies to W. S. Gilbert.

The Fallen

Youth is not dead ; if we their death deplore
'Tis in forgetfulness of their new state ;
The forest whispering their glorious fate
Will swell its music with impassioned roar
When the untamable West wind doth blow ;
Day, night, harvest and seed-time come and go—
Their dust is laid to rest beyond our shore
Their memory lives among us ever more.

Nothing we know in earth or heaven can die ;
There is no death ! Meteor-like we sweep
In splendour from the heaven's remotest deep.
Rushing from Space's past infinity
Scattering the radiance—as in swiftest flight
Our fervid star burns warmest and most bright—
To that which must inevitably be ;
Ever to our immortal destiny.

Nothing we know in earth or heaven will fall
But there is resurrection. Every Spring
Follows some frozen winter murmuring
“I come ! I come !” and drags away the pall ;
Then is the blackest forest clothed anew,
And the fresh buds drink of the morning dew.
Young birds make answer to the Season's call
When Spring is come and Life is all in all.

Fresh laughter echoes in the budding trees ;
Pale spring flowers blossom on the rugged bank ;
The naked stems that through the winter lank
And cold have been, sway in the exultant breeze ;
Spring's living voice wakes them to life again
And the whole earth is merry. All were vain
If winter could perpetually freeze—
Life comes, and death yields up his keys.

F.J.D.

The Ways of Students

The College Magazine desires, we understand, some remarks upon the 'Ways of Students.' It would be easy to furnish many such remarks, and not unentertaining; easy, but on consideration a little brutal. A man who watches an ant-hill assiduously can in time give much curious information about the manners of its inhabitants, to the entertainment of himself and his readers; but to the ants themselves his conclusions would probably appear singularly irrelevant and mistaken. And so the lecturer from the remote elevation of his desk, as he watches the generations of students streaming past, learns in time to observe their appearance, habits and activities, and to classify them. "This kind of ant is meritorious and stolid; that agreeable but unretentive; this is timorous but receptive; that self-opinionated and indocile." It would be easy to extend and amplify the list, but the process is even less satisfactory than in the case of the ants. For the Student, unlike the ant, is a "man and a brother" (or in the Arts Department more frequently a "woman and a sister"), and if we press the description too closely into detail, he has feelings which might be hurt. And the details would often be misleading too, for we only see him *quâ* student, *i.e.*, as a thinking machine; of his human habits and affections, the more important part, we catch only glimpses.

However, in this superficial way we see something, and the very fact that we see so little suggests one interesting trait. The Student is a very shy animal; not savage or dangerous—indeed he is often friendly and even playful—but very shy. There are exceptions to the rule, but they are rare and not the finest of the species. The normal student is shy; diffident even when self-satisfied, shy even before his fellows; afraid to hear his own voice (at least in the Class-Room), and still more afraid of his own thoughts; preferring to borrow ideas rather than to form them, to follow rather than to lead; at least in matters of the mind. In this he is perhaps wise for when he departs from this cautious habit, he is often observed to think thoughts which none have ever thought before, or are likely to think after him. And like most shy animals, the student is gregarious, especially in his mirth.

These statements may be disputed. Indignant individuals will rise up and say "This is not so. I am not diffident or shy. On the contrary I am well pleased with myself and conscious of my merits." We will not deny his statement, but still we answer him that he is shy. Shyness is quite compatible with conceit. The extremes of both often meet in the same person. We assure him that he is really shy.

Other traits might be mentioned, but they are familiar and common to the genus student. It will be better to indicate briefly some characteristics of the local species. To speak phrenologically, the bumps of conscientiousness and industry are unusually well developed; the bump of amiability is also remarkable; that of initiative is inconspicuous. But most striking is the development of a singular bump, hitherto unobserved, which may be called the bump of "examinability." It is the sad truth that most members of the genus student, as observed in various ages and countries, regard examinations as a tiresome interruption to the serious pursuit of knowledge or pleasure. The local species recognises them as a chief object of endeavour. This new and admirable peculiarity is deserving of attention. It would be interesting to enquire into its origin; but this must be left to more learned observers.

Past and Present—A Moral Ode

SPASM I.—1914

To the College came some Freshers,
Came some maidens young and
bashful,
And they came with visage humble,
And their legs beneath them wobbled
With the excess of their terror.
Other students, grave and fearsome,
All of most uncertain ages,
Came to meet these tearful maidens,
And to show them round the College.
Little Freshers bowed before them
Listened to their words of wisdom,
Swallowed it all down as gospel.
Went and visited professors,
Awesome creatures, very learned,
Dusty gowned, or patched, or
wearing,
Ties and socks and other garments
Of unnatural hue and fashion
Dating from before the Deluge—
Or of very *latest* fashion.
Kind professors told the Freshers,
Of the lectures they must come to,
And of all the books to study,
Many mighty books in German ;
Others that themselves had written
On the great Elizabethans,
Or on Mathematics puzzling—
Books that cost whole heaps of
pennies
For the Freshers or their Daddies—
Freshers hastened home to Mammy
Told her all the day's adventures.

SPASM II.—1915

Twelve long months had rolled above
them,
They had blossomed out from
Freshers
Into brainy second-yearers.
They had learned to know their
College
And their many fellow-students :
Learned to look upon professors
With the most sincere affection—
(Those who of it were deserving,
Darker passions burned for others)

And their hearts o'erflowed with
kindness,
To the babes who should supplant
them,
And they met them on the first-day
Tried to dissipate their shyness !
Freshers needed no befriending,
Quickly settled they in College,
Took possession there of all things—
Chatted freely with professors,
Patronised them quite benignly
As for students flat they squashed
them.
Squashed them flat with biting
satire,
Criticised their work, their knitting,
And the way they ran the College,
Criticised their play at Hockey,
Criticised their drill in drill-time,
Criticised the whole bang lot of
Students and their institutions.
Poor old Seniors lowed before them,
Bowed before and licked the
blackening
From their svelt and shining boot-
tops.
(Metaphorically speaking)
Knew the while that saintly virtue
Never would go unrewarded,
Knew that pride must have a
tumble—
Thought of Bonaparte and Kaiser.
Judgment came at last upon them,
Zeppelin executed judgment,
Blue them all athwart the heavens.
Gods Olympic, at the prayer
Of forgiving seniors saintly
Placed those erring little Freshers
In the sky above the College,
Made of them a new star-cluster.
Students nightly now in Com-room
With the dear Rep. at piano,
For a mem'ry and a warning
Warble forth this little anthem :—
“Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are.”

*An Aged Believer in the Respect
Due to One's Elders.*

Reviews

"A Life of William Shakespeare." By Sir Sidney Lee. Price 8s. 6d. net. Smith, Elder & Co.

Sir Sidney Lee's Life of Shakespeare requires no introduction to students at East London College; it is a standard work, essential to the student of Shakespeare, yet interesting to the general reader. The new edition now published, just seventeen years after the issue of the original biography, presents in an enlarged and re-written form all that is known about the life and work of Shakespeare. Recent documentary discoveries, many of them made by Sir Sidney himself, have brought fresh light to bear on the questions of Shakespeare's reputation among his contemporaries and the stage history of his time. These questions, together with others more directly literary and biographical, are fully dealt with in the new volume. Sir Sidney has particularly emphasized the fact that Shakespeare's biography rests on documentary evidence. Shakespeare the man, the dramatist, was a prominent figure in the literary and social world of his day; he was no mere nonentity whose name has become attached to the works of another man, whom the world to-day counts, and rightly, a lesser genius. This book certainly gives an effective *coup de grâce* to all who have so far stultified their intelligence, as to adhere still to the Baconian cause.

Shakespeare indeed was a real and living genius; a genius whose comprehension was world-wide, but whose spirit was fired with a love of England, which is incompatible with the arrogant claims of Germany to a monopoly in our national dramatist. To the Englishman, then, every new light on Shakespeare is valuable, and it is for that reason alone, if for no other, that we owe gratitude to Sir Sidney for his comprehensive and trustworthy Life of Shakespeare.

"The New Army in the Making." By An Officer. Price 6d. net. Kegan Paul, French, Trübner & Co.

It is possible that some wide-awake E.L.C.-ites may have guessed that the author of 'The New Army in the Making,' who hides his identity under the modest *nom-de-plume* of An Officer, is identical with a certain, popular fair-haired lecturer in Classics who has since become an officer in His Majesty's army. The booklet describes in that well-known racy language the troubles which beset a certain Blankshire regiment during the first year of war—how at first rifles and uniform were lacking, officers as untrained as the men, everything at sixes and sevens, how eventually the 9th Blankshires, like other new regiments, found itself.

It was an extraordinary achievement to create an army in a few months; yet it was done, thanks to An Officer and men like him. But does the British public realise the unique character of this New Army of ours? The author thinks not, so for any who care to read, he has put on record his own experiences of the soldiers of the New Army, their wit, their optimism, and above all, the spirit of disciplined independence and matter-of-fact patriotism which animates them, and which has made them after a few months the equal of any professional soldier.

M.M.

Athletics

TENNIS CLUB

The Club had a fairly successful season although so many of our keenest members were away serving with the forces, and others had to spend most of their week-ends with the O.T.C. in camp. In consequence the courts were mostly patronised by women students.

Only two matches were arranged with outside clubs, resulting in a victory for us in each case. We had two very enjoyable tournaments and one match in which the Arts and Engineering Students succeeded in beating the Scientists.

In the women's tournament for the University Cup our team was beaten by Westfield College after a good game.

We were very pleased to see that the Freshers turned up in good numbers at Leyton and to find one or two promising players amongst them.

G.E.C.H.

HOCKEY CLUB

We are glad to report that hockey has been taken up this year more enthusiastically than ever. We are able to put two XI.'s in the field every Saturday, and the fixture lists for both are quite full. Our 1st XI. has started the season very successfully, as seen below.

	For	Against
v. St. Gabriel's Old Students	- 7	4
v. West Ham Technical Institute	- 7	3
v. Bedford College -	- 1	9
v. Regent Street Polytechnic	- 9	2
v. King's College -	- 7	3

Of the Freshers three have already won their places in the 1st. Our 2nd XI. under the captaincy of Miss G. Jones is also doing well.

We had hoped that somebody from our College might be chosen for the University XI. but owing to the war it was decided that no Inter-'Varsity matches should be played this season.

BADMINTON CLUB

The success of the Badminton Club of the previous year was maintained last season. The number of members increased steadily, great keenness being shown by all. Out of 9 matches only 2 were lost.

The season closed with a successful all-day tournament.

This season owing to the war most Badminton Clubs are not yet in working order and so very few matches have been arranged; we hope however to fix more next term. We have played one match against London Day Training College, which we won by 7 games to 2.

Great enthusiasm was aroused early in the season by a match between Science and Arts, which resulted in a victory for the Science, 7—2.

L.L.F.

Gems from an English Honours Notebook

"Cato ran for eighteen days without stopping. This was an extraordinary fact."

"Dryden wrote comedies all for money ; at last he gave way to his own idiosyncrasy and wrote *All for Love*."

"The Ode descended from the Attic."

"Cowley wrote Pindaric Odes on Mr. Hobbes—and other large subjects."

"The necessity for two pairs of twins in the *Comedy of Errors* was a great strain on the actors' faces."

"Mistress Quickly has a more human flavour than the men."

"Pistol whose speech was *larded* with tags of foreign phrases was a suitable foil to the *fat* knight."

"Pope was a master of the paws (pause). He followed Wycherley about like a little dog."

Echoes from the Lower Corridor

(i) Now come along ! come along !! come along !!! Look at the clock !
look at the clock !! look at the clock !!!

(ii) I wish you were a more inspiring lot—you give me the jim-jams.

(iii) And when Miss Brown has finished describing her new hat to her next door neighbour we'll proceed with the lecture. It's just the style I like, Miss Brown, with the little cock on the left side.

(iv) Though primarily for ornament, beads were also made for use.

(v) Of courth, thith can only be done provided the theerees ith converthgent.

N.B.—With these are mingled a few "Great Jehosaphat's," "Wangle's,"
"Twaddles," "Bosh's," "What yer m'callit's," "Thing-er-me-bob's."

GRED.

This Report would be incomplete without some mention of the series of highly successful week-end camps at Perivale. A week-end does not seem to offer much opportunity for serious work, but we managed to cram amazing achievements into a Saturday and Sunday.

A glorious fortnight was spent in camp at Christmas when, in spite of floods, wrecked huts, and snowstorms, we were well rewarded for our Spartan renunciation of the usual festivities. At this time most of us made our first acquaintance with night operations, and some of the incidents which occurred seem worthy of record.

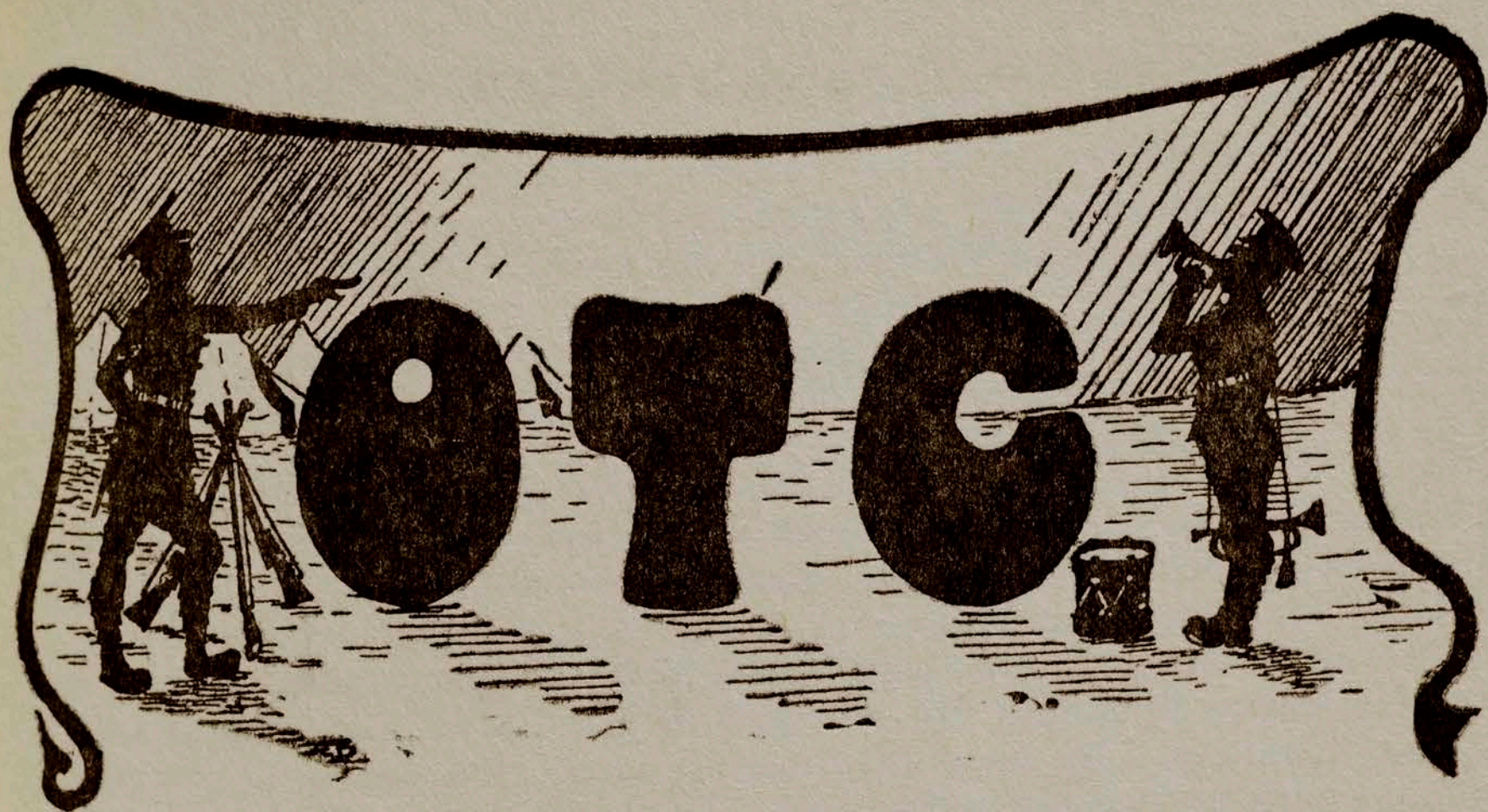
One attack opened by an attempt on the part of a detachment of the attacking force to "scupper" a hostile Advanced Post. This was conducted with considerable ingenuity, the attackers advancing on their unsuspecting victims in the form of a herd of cows. Unfortunately the herd had not studied the habits of the bovine genus and were unaware that migratory kine do not advance in single file nor halt to graze with military precision at regular distances. In fact, the party found this mode of progression attended with unforeseen difficulties. The hindquarters of one cow suffered agonies in his attempts to smother his very human cough—such a noise being quite out of character with the part he had to play.

On another occasion we had a good illustration of the little ironies of Peace Warfare. The Commander of the Defence was taking a moonlight stroll round his position when he became aware of one of the enemy's scouts performing a silhouette dance on the sky-line. With fine disregard of military tradition, he opened fire on the hapless silhouettist with two machine-guns. The victim, although "dead," was so impressed by the pandemonium his efforts had aroused that he remained erect, surveying the hostile trenches with amiable interest. Eventually the defenders found it necessary to send someone out to reason with the "corpse." The latter, on being admonished, made a motion as though he would strike the messenger in the optic and then beat a precipitate retreat. The defenders, in great indignation, let loose another thousand rounds or so on their own comrade, who had to return and give the "Cease Fire."

Turning from the lighter side of our affairs there remains the tribute due to those of our fellows who have already fallen in the service of their Country—and in as noble a cause as ever occasioned the clash of arms. To step into the gaps they have left seems to be the most fitting tribute to their great example! *Who follows in their train?*

A.L.

'Tis after tea ; a small devoted band
With clanking "ipes," and all but martial pace
Stream down the steps into the gloomy quad.
"Fall in" ! The three bestriped minions cry ;
Fall in, and quickly, lest ye rouse the ire
Of Linton, and in outer darkness fall.
This valient N.C.O. inscribes the names
Of such as deign to honour this parade ;
Then "Platoon, 'Shun !" he yells. A solemn hush
Spreads over the assembled hosts, for lo !
The lengthy ruler of the O.T.C.
(Whom disrespectful knaves call Little John)
Approaches now. "Oh steady there" he growls ;
"You're not at ease !"—then stalks across the quad.
Now does my pale Muse tremble to describe
This thundering demi-god of towering might
Skilful in war, and in philology ;
For hustling vengeance, unrelenting, swift
As hawk or motor-bus, would soon, I ween
Light on her cowering head. Therefore must she
Desist.



O.T.C. Activities

To describe the valorous deeds of "No. 12" during the year, as mere activities would be unjust to the heroes of many a muddy combat. There has never been any occasion for the enemy to taunt us with slacking, for when we have been wiped out by hostile machine-guns it has been due to too great an eagerness to come to close quarters with the Sergeant-Major's "rattle." In some instances the ghosts of the fallen have been known to continue the advance to the complete discomfiture of the foe!

The ordinary parades at the College and at Headquarters have been well attended, and in order to relieve the monotony of this part of the training, we have occasionally ventured on regular route-marches and made the glades of Epping resound with the din of battle.

On these excursions we have been indebted to Professor Lees whose kindness in entertaining us to tea has been much appreciated, and has made these marches the most popular of our activities. There was never cause to complain of the attendance when it was known that the occupation of Woodford was in contemplation. The fact that no one has ever dared to attempt the march home again speaks eloquently of the Professor's genial hospitality.

We are sorry to have lost our Platoon Commander—Lieutenant Robinson—who recently accepted a Commission for special service with the Naval Division. His leadership had won our respect and confidence, for his interest in his men never flagged. The success which attended his efforts is some measure of the ability and energy with which he commanded the Platoon. Much as we regret Mr. Robinson's departure we cannot but congratulate ourselves on getting so worthy a successor as Mr. Orr. Like his predecessor, our new commander has had previous experience of O.T.C. work and there is every reason to believe that under his guidance the success of the Platoon will be well maintained.

The great need of the O.T.C. at present is RECRUITS. The Corps is now no longer restricted to University men and all suitable candidates for Commissions are gladly welcomed. The qualities of a man of education and initiative, are to some extent, wasted in the ranks; he is more in his element and of greater value as an officer. It is urged that all who read these lines (especially the ladies) will make a real effort to obtain suitable men for enrolment.

A goodly number of our cadets have already obtained commissions in the South Staffordshire Regiment. This has been due to the Principal, who through his good offices with Colonel Mitton, is able to obtain commissions for us in this Regiment with greater despatch than is usually the case.

A Visit to Mecca

"Room 14, English" was the inscription that met my gaze. "I wonder what the old place looks like now," I thought, "I'll go in." There were the same old walls, but where was the old familiar odour, where were the benches, the electric lights decorated with shoes, the notice-board with its list of "Lecture notes defaulters this week"? Gone. The old lab. was an arts lecture room.

"I wonder how all our old friends are getting on," suddenly came in a small voice, "I suppose they are the same there as they were here. Practical joking and practical chemistry always went together."

I looked up. The brick which had spoken—for it was a brick, and they were all alive—caught sight of me, and his shiny face reflected his joy at seeing an old friend. "Do tell us some news," he begged, "Do tell us all about the new lab. and the people we used to know."

.
"Yes, nearly all out there—and four gone west. Yes, we expected it. They were the right sort . . . Let us think of them as they used to be. And do tell us about the lab. now!"

"Well, we are very quiet over in the new lab. for nobody seems to think of anything but work. I suppose it's the war, but it does seem as if the good old times have quite died out."

They were silent for a few minutes. "Quiet because of them . . . and because their like have gone too. Don't you think they had rather you kept up the tradition that made the old lab. live? It was they who made it, and they left it as a legacy."

"All those who helped to make it have gone, and nearly all those who knew it. It seems to have gone with them," was my excuse.

"But surely Chemists are the same all the world over, and if they only knew the times we used to have they would let the happy-go-lucky side develop. They only want an example The spirit of the old lab. cannot find rest here now. Will you let him come and inhabit the new lab.?"

"If only he would!" I sighed. "There are many who are strange to him, but when they get to know him I am sure he will give them the time of their lives, and the new lab. will be a place really worth working in, and as dear to us as the old one."

L.M.J.

Whispers from the Winter Gardens

That—

The hare was not "Jugged." It was probably either "Boned" or "Pinched."

The reason why the jam is so thin is that one of the waitresses accidentally mixed a bottle of "Antipon" with a jar of "The Season's Strawberries."

Chef's own perpetrations are called Rock Cakes because when one eats them one feels "Boulder and Boulder."

A race for waitresses will shortly take place in the Winter Gardens. The first prize is to be a piece of "Newmarket Pudding."

Model Exam Papers

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

Time allowed 3 hours. Eight questions only may be attempted.

- (1) Write notes on the persons referred to in the following extracts :
 - (a) His cheekës bulge with tea and haste
And leggës stick out far.
 - (b) If Robin Hood is not at home
Come in and visit Little John.
 - (c) A juggler she was for she knew the strife
Of brandishing teacup, plate, and knife.
- (2) If four distinct and separate "isms" are delivered in one minute, how many "isms" can be delivered in a lecture of $66\frac{1}{2}$ minutes ?
- (3) Does the term "rough notes" (see latest manifesto re foolscap) cover private correspondence, caricatures and poetic effusions produced during lectures ?
- (4) Give authors, approximate date and context of the following :—"Lying like the truth." "Hold your hands up." "The most important event in a man's life is his death." "He has as much interest in work as a criminal about to be hanged, has in the programme of a Church Bazaar 3 months hence."
- (5) If 17 rows of crochet can be done in one lecture how many lectures will it take to finish a corner ?
- (6) Illustrate the law of contrast in colour with special reference to the attire of a recent eminent College actor.
- (7) Given a round table, diameter 3 feet, how many people can it accommodate at one time, taking the average diameter of each person as $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches ? Answer to the nearest person.
- (8) In how many lectures can a student possibly eat chocolate without being seen or heard ?
- (9) What cubic capacity of lungs is required to produce a concussion sufficient to shatter the windows in the Women's Common Room ? In considering this question reference must be made to the November concert.
Vide speech of M.C. : Miss W——s will now sing—will those nearest the windows please open them ?
- (10) What is the correct length of a lecture ? Is overtime arranged for in the Calendar ?
- (11) Discover the connection between the office of Student Rep. and the consumption of "Chef's Own."
- (12) Give the exact position of the Queen Elizabeth during College hours and the ratio between her tonnage and expenditure of gas.

M. CABMAN, K. MELCARD, B. V. RAKE, G. RATSWELL,	}	<i>Examiners.</i>
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It was the first fog of autumn, presumably in the last decade, when war was a strange and unknown horror not a familiar evil, and a war-stained warrior a veritable Pied Piper in our midst. I sat on a platform of a dismal draughty —— I coughed curses into the fog. Suddenly my heart stopped beating. Coming slowly towards me was a soldier and something in the tension of his face and the weary droop of his shoulders, made me feel sure that he was newly come from the trenches. The signs of war were hung about his neck, and I noticed that his boots were stained with mud—French mud—my imagination almost painted them with the blood of Germans. He sank down on the seat where I seemed to float in a haze of patriotism. This man had risked his life for his country—perhaps would even be called upon to make the final sacrifice. Fine phrases from the daily press surged through my brains—too strong for utterance. A seedy individual drifted out of the fog and stood silently contemplating the soldier's boots for some minutes.

"French mud, mate?" he said at last in a hoarse whisper. "Mile End Road" was the terse reply.

The seedy individual faded into the mist. His place was soon taken by a cheery citizen in a muffler. "Glad to be back in dear old London fog, eh? Better than the trenches, what? You've brought plenty of mud away with you I see." The soldier raised his heavy eyes "Taint French mud" he said laconically "route march"—"Oh well" said the cheery one in the tone of one conferring a great favour "your turn will come," and he moved off. The soldier had allowed himself to fall into a doze for a minute, and he did not see a damsel dressed in a very short fur coat and a correspondingly high pair of boots who stood yearning over him. Suddenly she gave a little gasp "Oh" she said "I know you've come from France—I can see the mud on your boots." The private opened his eyes with a look of pain, and I felt that I could not bear another explanation so I strolled away to ask the usual futile questions of unsympathetic porters who replied to me in the wise words of Mr. Asquith.

As I paced up and down I saw several people stop to exchange a few remarks with my unhappy warrior, and when I finally went back to the seat I found a bluff-looking parson sitting beside him. "Ah my friend" he was saying "I can see where you have come from." The soldier raised his head and I saw a dangerous look in his eyes. "Yes" he said "there's plenty of mud in the trenches," and he kicked the mud off his boots ostentatiously. "Had a sight of the Germans?" said the parson. "Ay, I've seen 'em—and some of 'em would wish I hadn't—if they could wish any more." "Ah" said the man of peace appreciatively. "I'd three German 'elmets only I lost 'em on the boat—'ad a lovely bit of fighting for 'em—and to 'and—they was all round me and I remember 'ow one of 'em screamed as I stuck the bayonet into 'im." He was warming to his work, and I almost feared he would overdo it. The parson beat his hands on his knees and obviously asked for more—but just then amidst a volley of fog signals the train came in and he could only wring the hero's hand in silent admiration. As we moved simultaneously to the train I met the eye of the hunter of Huns—and we neither of us smiled.

N. L. B.

Social Functions

Despite the fact that many of our men student artistes have joined the Colours, we had several successful Concerts and Whist Drives during last year. This was due largely to the help of the Freshers of 1914.

A very enjoyable Military Whist Drive was held on November 28th, 1914. A Concert, or rather an elaborate "sing-song" took place on December 18th, 1914, when Lieut. B. Barnes introduced a Pierrot Concert Party, and the men students provided a Sketch. On February 20th, 1915, another Military Whist Drive was held, and on March 27th, a Concert and Whist Drive combined.

We hope that this year's Freshers will soon put their dramatic and musical talent at the services of the Social Function Committee. K. S.

A Memory

Put it back within my book
Face downward—so.
Tear-longing eyes must needs rest soon,
As must my sorrow-heavy heart beat slow.
But stay—mark well the light within those eyes
That broad high brow—that manly chin—
Whole face so tender—strong—
Oh, close it deep within.

So merrily passed those summer days ;—
When, on the wind,
Raced cries of the tortured, the trumpet's alarms,
The pleas of the outcast, the call to arms ;
And always the tramp, always the stamp,
With the brisk, firm beat of the hundreds of feet,
Of the columns that proudly marched by.
But above the maddening confusion around,
Thro' the thick lone mist, on the angry wind,
Came the well-known voice retreating, for
The glaring din left me dumb and blind
 "I fight for the Future beloved,
 For liberty and honour true
 I leave you but to win you—
 Then for God, for king, and you !
How strained my eyes—could I have replied !
Nobly forsaken, my arms fell to my side.

Keep the book closed tight—
Beat slower, heart of mine.
Once in the dusky twilight, there
Where firelight gleams, I saw a white face shine ;
And on the bandaged forehead, a red stain showed,
Which as the fire grew greyer, fiery glowed ;
And an unknown soft white Presence
Let but a scarlet cross remain—
Oh, shew me that face again !

V. R. B.

Answers to Correspondents

Dan.—The word "common" as used in "Common Room" has only one meaning.

In Anguish.—It was once a piano. It is now a "paino."

Botanist—Cranberries do not grow on Stepney Green.

Hungry.—Chef tells me that baked potatoes are out of season.

"Prostrate One."—The answer to your problem is that people who are intellectually washed out should be hung on a line of thought to dry and pegged on with parabolas.

Pontes.—You are quite right. It WAS hitting below the belt.

A Delusion

Oft have I thought how happy I should be
If but those halls were open unto me,
Where stores of knowledge pale-faced students seek,
And words of wisdom learned doctors speak.
When Science dwells, where shines the light of Art.
And even Engineering has its part,
But oh, thrice happy did I deem me, when
Three female students sailed into my ken
One morn, and deigned to grace my humble bus.
“Great joy!” thought I, “e’en now will they discuss
Their points of doctrine. I shall hear them speak,
They’ll utter words of Latin or of Greek.”
All sorts of wild surmises filled my head,
And then they spoke, and this was what they said :

1st Student : “I say, let’s write a story for the Mag. ; something full of adventure and love and that sort of thing.”

2nd Student : “Yes, something awfully emotional and soul-stirring.”

3rd Student : “Oh rather, let’s make it fearfully squishy.”

1st Student : “Well then, I’ll begin. We must have a hero ; very dark curly hair,”—

2nd Student : “No, auburn.”

3rd Student : “Oh I like light brown best.”

1st Student : “Oh but I said *I* was going to begin. He *must* have dark curly hair.”

2nd Student : “Have it your own way then. At any rate, I bag his mouth.”

3rd Student : “And I’ll have his eyes.”

1st Student : “All right, now I’ll begin. ‘Vivian Reginald de Vere was a young man of commanding aspect. He had a lofty brow, from which his dark curling hair fell back in long undulating waves.’”

2nd Student : “His lips were full and large, and his firm mouth and square jaw revealed the iron determination that glowed within his manly breast.”

3rd Student : “But determination doesn’t glow !”

2nd Student : “Yes it does, if it’s iron. Go on, it’s your turn.”

3rd Student : “His eyes were dark brown, and when they were lit up by emotion, a purple fire seemed to flash forth from them ; but if that emotion was love, nothing could exceed the tender depths of the windows of his soul.”

1st Student : “What’s that ?”

2nd Student : “What ?”

1st Student : “The windows of his soul ?”

3rd Student ; “His eyes of course, it comes in Shakespeare or somewhere.”

1st Student : “I suppose its all right then if it’s in Shakespeare.” “Well we have got the man, now we’ve got to find someone to give tender depth to the windows of his soul.”

2nd Student : “Yes, let’s call her ‘Angela Evangeline D’Arcy.’ I’ll begin her.” “Angela Evangeline D’Arcy had a sweet young face. Her hair was like burnished copper”—

1st Student : “No, ‘spun gold,’ I think that sounds much better.”

2nd Student : “What about rippling corn ?”

3rd Student : “Well, I know ; let’s stick in all three. We can say ‘Her hair was like burnished copper, but when the sun shone on it it glittered like spun gold, and when the wind blew it, it waved like rippling corn.’”

1st Student : “Her cheeks were a mixture of milk and roses”—

2nd Student : “Or cream and cherries.”

1st Student : “No, keep cherries for her lips.”

2nd Student : “Well cream and strawberries then.”

3rd Student : “I like russet cheeks best.”

1915 Degree Results

HONORARY (WAR) DEGREES.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

Lieut. H. A. Parkinson.

FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

Lieut. R. K. Cannan.

*2nd. Lieut. G. L. Marshall.

Lieut. H. Yeats.

Private R. F. B. Caukwell.

Lieut. A. A. S. Davy.

FACULTY OF ENGINEERING.

2nd Lieut. G. S. Jones.

*Killed in action.

M.A.

ENGLISH.

Gertrude Hollingworth.

D.Sc.

PHYSICS.

T. Barratt.

CHEMISTRY.

J. Kenner.

B.A. HONOURS.

1st Classes.

FRENCH.

Irene Newland. G. M. Bennett.

2nd Classes.

CLASSICS.

E. L. Gilham.

ENGLISH.

Eleanor G. Mountford. Gertrude L. Walters.

FRENCH.

Bertha R. Baird. Mary W. Hamilton.

HISTORY.

Frances D. Rudwick,

3rd Classes.

FRENCH.

Elsie Greene. A. Dolan.

HISTORY.

Dorothy M. Mather.

B.Sc. HONOURS.

1st Classes.

MATHEMATICS.

S. L. Green (awarded Lubbock Prize). J. K. Fletcher.

CHEMISTRY.

J. M. Hendrie. J. P. Henry. Violet E. Phinn.

BOTANY.

W. A. Dickie. W. W. Tatum. F. C. Wood.

Louise C. Moll.

2nd Classes.

MATHEMATICS.

S. Isserman.

CHEMISTRY.

Laura M. Jacobs. L. Cocuzzi.

BOTANY.

W. B. Crow.

3rd Class.

CHEMISTRY.

A. A. Horwood.

B.Sc. ENGINEERING HONOURS.

SECOND CLASS.

W. C. Mallett.

PASS B.A.

1ST DIVISION.

Emilie Nicolson. Elsie Wagstaff.

2ND DIVISION.

H. P. Bridges. G. B. Enders. I. Fine. Gladys M. Foster.

Catherine E. Fraser. Ethel Jones. W. A. Mephram.

Mary Mobbs. E. Motterhead. Isabel K. Snellgrove.

Kathleen M. Swann. Kathleen M. Usherwood.

Dorothy S. Whittlestone.

PASS B.Sc.

2ND DIVISION.

T. W. Minett. Maude. L. Rasmussen.

PASS B.Sc. ENGINEERING.

T. Buckley. J. E. Pidgeon.

B.Sc. PASS (EXTERNAL).

2ND DIVISION.

H. J. S. King.

N.B.—Once again the honour of winning the French Travelling Scholarships has been brought to E.L.C. The successful candidates are Miss Barnet and Mr. Stonebridge.

Report of the Literary Society for the Session

1914-15

What if streets are darkened early,
What if Zeps are paying visits,
Paying horrid, unkind visits?
Still we will be literary,
Still will hold our evening meetings,
Still will have a good attendance.
Thus the brave committee pondered,
Up and said they'd have their
meetings,

First Sir Sidney spoke on
Shakespeare,
Shakespeare and his Patriotism.
Much the Paper was applauded,
Hearty was the vote of thanks that
All the meeting passed with gusto.

Next was read a paper on the
Poetry of Francis Thompson,
Specially 'The Hound of Heaven.'
Mr. Grace it was who read it,
Kept the meeting spell-bound with
it,

And it too was much applauded.

This a new departure followed

For all Students love to listen
To their own melodious voices;
So the kind committee let them
Talk about this thrilling subject
'That the writings of an author
Shew what kind of chap the man is.'
Very bright was the discussion,
And all said they'd like another.

After this was read a paper
On 'James Stephens as a Lyrist,'
It was read by Miss Covernnton,
And the vote of thanks was hearty.

Then there came the final
meeting,

When Sir Sidney was the Chairman,
Mr. Guthkelch of King's College
Told us tales of Thomas Hardy,
Told us tales about his novels,
And Sir Sidney added other
Reminiscences amusing.

Thus the Lit. Soc. closed its session
Closed a most successful session.

MARY F. MOORE.

The Chess Club

The activities of the above club have been renewed this session. There are at present 20 members. With a view to the election of captain and next year's team, and at the same time to arrive at some knowledge of our strength, a preliminary round has been arranged, each player playing one game with all the other members. All the games have not been played but a fair team seems forthcoming. Inter-collegiate matches will be arranged for next year.

W.G.W.

Old Students' Association

A re-union will be held at the College on Saturday, 18th December, 1915.

Past students are requested to keep the Registrar of the College informed as to the position they occupy and any changes in address.

1st Student : "Oh well, Her cheeks were a mixture of milk and roses or strawberries and cream and sometimes they glowed a russet hue. Her small head was poised on a long slender neck."

2nd Student : "As white as a swan's."

3rd Student : "And as graceful as a lily."

1st Student : "Oh, by the way, we must get some 'isms' in ; it looks awfully learned ; there are plenty of them, because I took down twenty-two in one lecture the other day. Classicism, romanticism, realism, idealism, pastoralism, individualism."

2nd Student : "Yes, but how are you going to fit them in ?"

3rd Student : "Can't you talk about the classicism of someone's nose ? Because you do have Roman noses you know."

1st Student : "It sounds rather weird, but then these learned things generally do. Anyhow, let's put it in."

2nd Student : "Now let's get on to the plot. Supposing we make the hero a captain in the army."

3rd Student : "Oh, I think it would be much more original not to have him in the army at all. Let him work at the munitions factory."

1st Student : "Then we should have to say why he hasn't joined. I know, he can have a mother and two sisters dependent on him."

2nd Student : "Or a varicose vein in his right leg."

3rd Student : "And an astigmatism in his left eye. By the way, that's a fresh 'ism.'"

1st Student : "So it is ! Well then, one day as he is walking home, he hears a Zeppelin whirring in the air, and the next moment everything seems to close in darkness around him."

2nd Student : "Why ?"

1st Student : "Because the Zepp. falls on top of him."

3rd Student : "Oh, but you don't want him killed off at the very beginning."

1st Student : "But it doesn't kill him, it just slightly dazes him."

3rd Student : "What an ideal sort of Zeppelin. Well, go on."

2nd Student : "Oh bother, we're there. Will you come and finish it in dinner hour ?"

1st and 3rd Students : "Rather !"

* * * * *

Alas, it grieves me sore to have say

That e'en the great minds sometimes work that way.

M. L. W.

Social Problems and Debating Society

Before proceeding with this year's report, the Committee, on behalf of the Society, take this opportunity of expressing their sincere gratitude to Capt. G. M. Mitchell, who was for so long Chairman, and who took such a keen interest in all its affairs.

Since last December there have been seven meetings, five of which have been debates. The predominance of debates is a new feature of the Society, primarily caused by the dearth of speakers on anything but war topics, and secondarily due to the all-sufficiency of the College to rise to any occasion. In this case dearth of outside talent has been more than adequately supplied by the alumni.

A detailed account of every meeting, although interesting would occupy too much space ; a valuable commodity in the compilation of a college magazine. Let it suffice to say that the meetings have been well attended and the discussions lively.

No report would be complete without tendering our thanks to the present Chairman, Mr. Le Beau, who in addition to his many activities on behalf of the Union has sacrificed yet more of his time in presiding at the meetings of the Social Problems and Debating Society.

M. D. C. & W. G. W.

Try to save at least one-tenth
of your income, and invest
it in life assurance or in
a pension with the 'Old
Equitable,' a Society with
which the East London
College is already closely
connected through its
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