

# E.L.C. MAGAZINE 1919.

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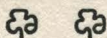
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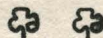
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E. L. C.  
MAGAZINE  
1919.

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# E.L.C. MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1919.

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## EDITORIAL.

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East Londoners of the future will look back on this last year as a year of Wonders, a year of light after darkness. A renaissance has taken place in the spirit of the College, and history repeats itself on a small scale. Mediaevalism is over; after long years of comparative gloom, hardship, bereavement, restraint, College has really woken up. Old students, always inclined to think the 'old College has gone to the dogs' since their day, must admit that there is a swing in every movement of College life, which was not there in pre-war days. Meetings are well attended—sometimes even by Engineers. New societies have been formed, and the uninitiated try to look as though they understand such terms as 'symposium,' or can appreciate Wagner. College socials have developed from chilly affairs where people sat in isolated groups, and looked unhappy, into really sociable affairs. Four years ago, what would have been the fate of the bold adventurer who proposed a College dance?

\* \* \* \*

Romance has not been unknown. Had the walls of the old Arts Library ears to hear, or the tables (not the one "reserved for Women Students only") tongues to speak, they could a tale unfold . . . . . In the quiet hush of the afternoon, amid the whirrings of the propeller (in reality the fluttering of Cupid's wings), the careful listener may detect strains of the plaintive ditty, "I'm ower young to marry yet."

\* \* \* \*

Changes are still in progress. We shall all miss Miss Warren, who has unfortunately been obliged to give up, after a sojourn of six and a half years in the College. We take this opportunity of congratulating Miss Halket heartily upon her elevation to the dignity of Deputy Lady-Superintendent. After Christmas, we hear, we shall welcome Miss Murphy to the College, to the mysteries of the Library Catalogue, and to the little room, and all that therein is.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Smith has done well for the College again this year by maintaining her place as Centre in the U.L.A.U. Netball Team. This is the third year that the conspicuous brilliance of her play has secured her this position. We offer her our warmest congratulations.

\* \* \* \*

The busy bees (otherwise the Journalism Students) who 'buzz' in and out of our Alma Mater and hive in other Colleges are, we understand, about to produce some honey. This will take the form of a paper, appearing every three weeks, the first number to be published early in next term. Watch the Journalism notice-board.

'Results' are the absorbing topic of the moment. An expression of ineffable bliss illumines the faces of the fortunate—the same that a week before final wore a look of suicidal gloom as they assured you that they "didn't know a thing," and expected you to believe them. Mr. R. W. King led the way by distinguishing himself in his M.A. last summer.

\* \* \* \*

In numbers, the College has increased almost beyond recognition. Scientists complain that the labs are hopelessly overcrowded; the Principal on the first day of term lamented the fact. To those who spend most of their time at the London—Don't forget you are East Londoners! In the Armistice "rags" College did not distinguish itself. "There's many a slip . . . . ."

\* \* \* \*

In conclusion, a word to all patriotic Union Members: Make the Magazine pay its way. For every copy you obtain, see that you compel your neighbour on pain of death to obtain two. Let not the Editorial Board descend in sorrow to its grave.

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## Advertisements.

Have you never considered the amount of brain-power you waste while travelling to College? Now I once made up my mind to exert the minimum amount of energy, mental or physical, on the journey in order to arrive at lectures with a brain absolutely fresh from slumber . . . . . It didn't come off! And I don't advise you to try it; because in the resultant state of mental inertia you are the very person advertisements are crying for . . . they've been waiting to come on you in an unguarded moment for months; and once they have hold of you they won't let go.

When you get into your train of a morning they start straight away at you, prying into your most intimate affairs and harrowing up your tender emotions. One thing you will find very annoying . . . they tacitly understand that you are not clean! They persistently ask if you've polished your boots this morning? and if you've used Pear's soap yet? (Carbolic or Monkey-brand in reserve for extreme cases); . . . . . To add insult to injury, they even tell you the best disinfectants on the market, and where you can get your old clothes cleaned to look like new; perhaps they don't like the colour of your hair and advise the procurement of a walnut stain.

Not content with your personal appearance they set to work on your diet. Here again they understand you are a wreck, a broken-down specimen, with anaemic organs and a chronic digestion. At first they only suppose you are delicate. Smirking hair-oiled gentlemen recommend you to "Begin the day with Cafe au Lait (Kaffay o Lay)"; the "World's Cow" and the "Milk-maid" (unsweetened) warn you off the shilling a quart milk. Fulcream or Bird's Custard are not too heavy. But really, you know, you are very weak . . it's no good deceiving yourself . . . . . the truth is you need something to buck you up! Tonic suggestions are hurled at you from all sides. If you want to look an interesting patient take Wincarnis, or Hall's Wine, or Phosphorine or Fort revivers. By this time you will realise that slops are your only salvation. "Benger's Food for Children, Invalids, and Old Ladies" will be just the thing. And if you don't feel better then, the sole remaining refuge is the "New York Life Insurance"! There are very great odds against your dying after that; but should you still persist in so doing you have still the satisfaction of knowing that 'Harrods' or Selfridge's or any of the great London stores will bury you promptly and decently.

Now is it any wonder after this daily probing, hinting, catechising process that you arrive at the educatory edifice absolutely worn out in mind as in spirit? . . . . . and then on the top of all that, to meet the College posters!

M.B.

(Not an Advert.)

## Exceat Bridge—Sussex.

A little hollow in the Downs  
Where a little stream runs to the sea ;  
A clear blue sky where a single lark trills,  
These cling in my memory.

For a man may stand on the bridge—as I stood—  
With the sea but a mile away,  
And the Weald to the north, and east and west  
The South Downs grave and gray ;

And feel the heart of Sussex there  
Beating close to his own ;  
And though there be nothing that moves but the ripples  
He will not be alone.

And a man may gaze in the stream—as I gazed—  
Standing quite still, and think  
Of the Sussex land and the Sussex men,  
Till the world will seem to shrink

Into a vague and colourless frame  
For that one green spot in the hills,  
With its bridge and its stream that runs to the sea  
And its sky where the one lark trills.

And I know that all my life there will be  
A corner of my mind  
Where bitter thoughts will have an end  
And grief become resigned.

*There* will be always the Sussex hills  
And the nameless stream ; and I  
Shall always stand on the bridge in the hollow  
Where the one lark trills in the sky.

Q.

---

## How to Write Poetry.

Before you begin to write poetry—Don't !

I published my first poem in Form Two. I published it on the blackboard when the master wasn't looking. It was a great day for me, and one on which I shall always look back as a milestone in my career. Nothing I did in my schooldays impressed me half as much. As soon as the schoolmaster read it he became impressed too. As soon as he was finished I was so impressed that I preferred to stand up for the rest of the term. But that, of course, was because of the total want of tact in choosing the headmaster himself as a subject.

And, right here, let me impress the fact that a great deal of tact is required in choosing a subject. Don't for instance write several verses asking the question "Why was I born ?" Your readers are already asking that question, and their conclusions might be painful. And then, if a reason could be found it is too late to blame anybody.

But if you refuse to take my advice, and for some reason best known to yourself desire to take up the art the following hints will be useful.

1. Everyone knows a poet is born not paid—er—I mean made. Therefore the first thing necessary is to be born. Having arranged this to your own satisfaction you invest in a fountain pen and borrow a note book, taking the fountain pen to the nearest post office and carefully filling it.

2. The next thing is to cultivate a temperament. I don't know where you get it exactly. But Gamage's might get it to order.

Having obtained it you carefully test it. At 7.30 one might look into the western sky. If you merely remark that the nights seem to be drawing in and then go indoors and switch on the light—then your temperament is no good.

But if the beech trees shimmer in the afterglow of eventide, and the sweet scent of the balsam bough is borne in upon you, and the distant hills seem to fade beneath a reddened, sinking, sun—then you've got it !

You are now qualified to be a poet either for a living or for a weapon. All you need now is a suit of armour and a life insurance. Having these there is only one thing to do, Give it up and drift into some useful occupation.

---

## College Armorial Bearings.

*Crest.* A book uncut dusty.

*Supporters.* *Dexter*, a Lady Superintendent proper, regardant observant.

*Sinister*, a Registrar gules, passant regardant.

*Escutcheon.* 1. A heart transfixed gory (Faculty of Arts).

2. A retort cassee odorant, on a heraldic tripod proper, over a Bunsen flamboyant forgotten (Faculty of Science).

3. A maiden improper retrousse, crined couped bobbee, fumant flagrant.

4. A pack of cards greasy thumb, impaled with a dogfish kippered fragrant (Faculty of Medicine).

5. A tennis racket controversial on a field asphalt, impaled with an oilcan unusual, suggestive of "virtual work" (Faculty of Engineering).

*Motto.* Aliquid nisi labor.

S.

---

## Another Nonsense Novel.

In a wretched little house on the top of a Whitehill beyond the east Town-end, there lived a little Girl(ing). She had a very Harrising time, for every Morgan at cock Crow she had to partake of a hasty meal of Jeal and ham pie with Lee and Perrin's sauce, and Curried Rice. Then, feeling Fuller, she Daly prepared for her journey West to the enchanted castle. One Hayesy Mundy she tidied her unKempt hair, put her New Green Caute and Hatton, and set forth. She had barely reached the Hoyle Wells when, through a Gapp in the Stone-bridge which spans the Turling Brooks, there sprang from the wood a Savage Woolf followed by a Lusty Fox. "Good Evans!" she cried and uttered a Piercing yell as she swooned upon the mud. Just then a Hunter's Horn shivered the air, and a young and handsome Prince emerged from the "Weaire and Jolly Miller." "Great Scott!" he ejaculated, drawing a couple of Bigg(s) Spiers from his Double(t), "what have we here?" With one Fell swoop he slew the obnoxious quadrupeds and proceeded to Berry them in the nearest Warren. Then rushing back he bent over the prostrate damsel and applied his ear to her Hart to discover where she was Hurt. She opened her Violet orbs and gave him a Gentle Ogle, murmuring "How's every little thing in Dixie?" After finding that though Aitken in every limb, she was in no Pain, he plucked a Rose and fastened it among her Lockes with a Silver Pinhorn, saying, "My Landau awaits you: come with me to the enchanted castle. My father is a King and has a lot of money Owen to his Creditors. When I am Alder I shall inherit a Wedgwood coffee-set." During the drive they partook of sugar Candy, Cockles, and Skipper sardines, which left sMears on their cheeks. Soon the castle hove in view, conveniently situated opposite the Bancroft Arms. Narrowly escaping the onslaught of a Clubb, they entered

the sacred precincts. "Welcome to Almamater!" cried the Prince, "let us Potter about and cull wisdom at the cracks of the doors." At this moment the Chancellor in cap and gown and Wig(a)n'all flying after him, nearly Cannaned into them in search of his sweet Williams and his Clarke. "That was a near Shave: another Hack would Doouss in quite. However, as I'm a Freeman and not a bad Horsman, let us mount the marble staircase."

Presently along fluttered an Archangel to Turner thoughts in the next direction. "I Cant hear much, but they seem to be reJoycing about some eLeesian fields. Perhaps the bearded one is a very Crossman, and they want to make him Moore so." In the next room Duke Ringwood was in audience with the Pope, but it sounded more like Butchery, and a continuous chant arose, of which the only word distinguishable was "Conick." Presently a murmur like the rising wind Griew to an uproar till at length from every door rushed forth a herd like wild Cattle. The Prince and his fair companion held on Grimley to the radiators to avoid being flattened out by a hefty youth with a Pipe. It was only, however, the usual rush for Lunch. This was served by Bright Janes in lieu of Butlers, Waring White aprons. The Stern-visaged Cook tried to Hyder bulk by staying in the Mines below and sending up at rare intervals plates of Cunning-ham disguised as Whiting and filleted Soal, cold Lamb and Calder Murphys, with a dessert of juicy Mellins. After having washed the sMudges away with Hudson's soap purchased from the Chapman, and brushed the Lesser mud-marks from her Taylor-made costume, our heroine executed a Morris dance which would have delighted a Bishop, and ascended pantingly to the giddy heights, chEarping gaily the while. Her companion paused before a door labelled "COMMON ROOM—WOMEN." "What is the matter?" she asked, "isn't this the Wright place? You look like Napoleon amid the ruins of Moscow. Have you mislaid your Fixture Card?" He pointed to the baleful inscription over the lintel, saying "This is the limit! Beyond this I dare not go till the Sands of the desert grow cold." Strange sounds, as if a children's party were in progress, penetrated from the inner sanctum to his ears. Shrieks of mirth, accompanied by rhythmic thuds, to the strains of the "Barkerole," led him to exclaim "Music hath charms to soothe the Savage breast—I.D.T.!" Slowly they turned from the sacred precincts and proceeded to Wend(en) their way across to the outer Barnes. He seized a Mallett from the Privett bush near by, and began to beat a tattoo upon the door of a red-brick edifice, calling "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" "Stop that Rowe," exclaimed a 'monstrous little voice,' and the portal opened to emit H<sub>2</sub>S. and a stuttering refrain about the moon shining on the kitchen door. Behind a fuming Bench stood a fearsome ogre, 6 ft. 3 ins. in his socks, brandishing a flaming pestle which propagated a Hisee noise. "Come away," yelled the Prince, clasping the agitated female creature in his arms, "'tis Barbarossa, who has an objectionable habit of blowing up unoffending little girls!" But too late! How it quite happened we shall never know, but, with a mighty roar, they 'all went up in smoke.' 'Sic transit gloria girli!'

EX ORIENTE LUX.

---

Golden lights on a sun-lit sea,  
 A dripping arm in the morning air,  
 Cutting the waves with a motion free;  
 And the laughing swirl of sea-kissed hair.  
 The roar of the waves in the great white caves;  
 And the stir of life in the sandy pools.

These were ever the days for me!  
 To feel the breath of the summer sea,  
 And follow the line of the golden corn  
 Beaded with dew in the early morn,  
 Down to the edge of the cliff to lie  
 And watch the ships go sailing by  
 Away to the lands of the west.

INVICTA.

## Waggles.

This is the story of a hard-hearted lady, and a warm-hearted dog. It is a tale of true love if ever there was one, and as we all know "The course of true love never did run smooth," prepare to bewail with me the bitterness of fate.

The hard-hearted lady was named Eleanor—a hard-hearted name—and she was exactly twenty-three—a hard-hearted age. The name of the warm-hearted dog was Waggles, his age was nine months, and, I ask you, could any name, or any age be more warm-hearted than his?

I picked Waggles up out of a pool of his own blood, and having chastised the four youthful, but hardened criminals whom I found busy stoning him to death, tried hard to persuade him that he was still alive. He rewarded my efforts by opening one eye, and feebly banging his tail against my elbow. From that minute he was "Waggles" to me; no other name was worthy of a dog who could wag his tail under such circumstances.

I took my new friend home, opened the drawing-room door, walked in, and deposited him tenderly at Eleanor's feet.

"Look what I've brought home for you!" I said.

I will own that on this occasion I may have been rather tactless. Waggles was both bloodstained and dirty, Eleanor's carpet was both beautiful and new. Also there were several faultlessly-attired lady visitors in the room, who found it their bounden duty to shriek in several different keys at the appearance of a man and a dog in their sanctum. But even so, can the most feminine of my readers find it in her heart to excuse Eleanor, when I say that she regarded my Waggles with an air of disdain, turned up her aristocratic nose, and remarked

"What a horrible, filthy mongrel! Take him away, and never let me see him again!"

It was in vain that I pointed out his many good points. He had the ears of a grey-hound, the back of a bull terrier, and the eyes of a human being.

She merely reiterated her former remark, "Take him away, and never let me see him again."

All this time Waggles had lain looking at her, his eyes expressing unbounded admiration, and as I picked him up in my arms to take him upstairs I distinctly *felt* him say,

"I agree with you, old fellow, her heart is of stone, but she's perfectly adorable for all that."

From then onwards we occupied our minds with nothing save the wooing of Eleanor. Next morning a clean and carefully combed dog greeted her at breakfast, and when she sat down at the head of the table, shoved his cold velvety nose into her hand. I grieve to say that she snatched her hand away, and glared at me.

"Robert," she said in a tone of icy calm, "if you insist on bringing every stray dog you happen to come across into our house, I must at anyrate beg of you to train them to behave themselves, without molesting me."

After this, Waggles never touched Eleanor again. He would lie for hours with his nose between his paws, his eyes following her every movement, but that was all. He was a perfect gentleman.

How long this warm affection would have taken to melt Eleanor's hard heart, I am not prepared to state, but the following incident brought affairs to a crisis. It took place one month after the first appearance of Waggles.

We were walking down the Strand, closely followed by our faithful attendant, when Eleanor suddenly cried.

"There's Mrs. Baxter on the other side, I've been wanting to see her for ever so long. Quick, Robert, before we miss her in the crowd."

Calling Waggles to heel, I piloted her across the road, dodging through the endless stream of traffic. As we gained the pavement she exclaimed

"My bag! I've dropped it in the middle of the road!"

I looked round, but before anything could be done felt my arm grasped again.

"Look!" breathed Eleanor.

Waggles had darted back to rescue his mistress' property. For one moment I thought he would reach us in safety, but a taxi-man shouted at him; distracted, he turned first this way, then that, and finally with a frightened yelp, disappeared under the wheels of the car.

It was all over in a twinkling, a policeman stopped the traffic, and together we brought poor Waggles to the pavement. He still held Eleanor's bag between his teeth, and with a little gasp dropped it at her feet.

Then the hard-hearted lady did a strange thing. She dropped on to her knees, took the head of the "odiously ugly mongrel" on to her lap, and kissed the top of his nose.

"Poor dear old fellow," she murmured, "I loved you all the time."

Into the eyes of Waggles came a look of ineffable joy, he licked the hand that held him so gently, gave one feeble little beat of his tail and—died.

P.H.D.

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## Topical Tables.

ONE Office optic ogling opulent oafs  
TWO tennis tribes, treasuring traditional tracts  
THREE and thirteen 'thinkers' thronging thankfully to theatre  
FOUR ferocious Faculties fighting to a finish  
FIVE fat females flapping floors with feathers  
SIX students stony-broke sipping steaming soup  
SEVEN superintendents seeking to succour seraphs  
EIGHT empty epicureans existing on elderly edibles  
NINE and ninety naughty nibs nab a national nuisance  
TEN trembling tiros treading on tender toes.

IOVANNES.

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## Splashes from 'Oilcan.'

We have lately been compiling some notes on the life and habits of the engineering students, as a whole, in each year. We publish some excerpts below from our monumental and laborious research (*vide* Press).

1. *Studentes Ingenio Domestico* :—

Common or garden Intermediate Student; a partially domesticated animal; will feed from the hand; amphibious; found in the backwaters of the Engineering Department, and on the dryer portions of the Main Building; also found roaming in the purlieus of the Common Room (about maths. time):

may be recognised by its sleek glossy hair ("toppin stuff, Anzora, y'know, old bean); on rare occasions with the help of the photo-micrographic apparatus, tiny hairy particles may be distinguished on upper lip, and even when all sharp instruments, bits of glass, and College knives have been scrupulously kept from the S.I. Dom., it has been known to apply its engineering science in making use of the well-known abrasive properties of sand-paper and emery cloth for the surreptitious removal of these hairy minutiae:

It wears a light waistcoat, cardigan G S., r., fancy socks, a soft hat, and smile to match. Skilled at (a) Tennis, (b) Lab. result manipulation, (c) Rapid and painful projection of calcareous cylindricules, (d) Auction bridge, (e) Whist, (f) Noughts and Crosses, (g) Other athletic games.

Diet:—Loney, Briggs and Bryan, Starling, Low and Bevis, Low (solo) and other highly nutritious food stuffs. Goes through the Inter stage every June. Results—(a) Swelled Head, (b) Swaggering Slouch, (c) Silly Snigger.

## 2. *Studentes Ingenio Martio*.

Common or garden 1st year final (Eng.) Student: Very similar to S.I. Dom.

Chief points of difference:—(a) No glossy hair, (b) No fancy socks, (c) No work.

Struts about machine shop, frown on face, slide-rule in hand; stands in front of machine, looks as if it knows all about it, coughs, says 'Ha' and 'Hum,' manipulates slide-rule (wrong end up), pounces on defenceless S.I. Domestico and dilates, free gratis and for nothing, on aforesaid machine.

Has two nasty habits, the first a form of insidious disease:—(a) Working Overtime, (b) After periodic raid ( $T = \frac{2\pi}{\mu}$ ) on domains of S.I. Feroce, leaves said domain (r) in an untidy condition (secondary effect), (2) in deficient condition, i.e., minus several books, papers, pens, etc.

## 3. *Studentes Ingenio Feroce* (3rd year Final Eng.).

A nasty Norrible creature—hefty, large-legged, with bristly chin: found in the tropic swamps of the Boilerhouse, basking in the warmth on k\*n\*\*\*n's best Wallsend Cobs Grade 2 also lurking in the cave, far corner Department of Engineering (Lat. 52° 14' 70", G.M.T., N.H.C.B.—o—o—o—1—1—3—3—3, 2 plain, 2 purl, knit one, slip one, cast off).

A sullen sulky beast; generally grunting sounds approximating to "Rankine-Gordon," "Euler-Wohler," "Launhardt Weyrand," "Claxton Fidler," and the names of other notorious characters. Very fierce and morose. (Please do not throw buns, or rattle sticks against bars of cage): The word 'work' should on no account be mentioned in its hearing, except in the phrase "Theory of Least Work" (Rankine). The words "Moment of Inertia," "Principal Axes of Stress," "Elastic Line," "Between the Limits," "Equivalent Evaporation," from and at "and" "Intermееjit Cylinder," will always succeed in rousing it to a state of blind fury, in which it will roll its eyes, tear its hair, also its pal's hair (if any), lash its tail, foam at the mouth, and even bite its slide-rule. Its trainers, whom it regards with suspicion, always succeed in reducing them to a state of abject servility; they will stand on their hind legs, purr, write up their course-work and make a noise like a drawing pin. The method of one trainer is to treat them with "lamb"-like patience to a course of dentistry, including the drawing of three or four teeth—spur-wheel design! The method of another—applying the thin end of the wedge—is to put them through, within an hour, with the help of a hypothetical indicator diagram, a (carnots) cycle of (a) sorrow, (b) penitence, (c) humiliation, (d) grief, returning to (a). This trainer has been heard to remark: "If nothing else would tame them, the "wedge wood." The S.I. ferocious goes through its last stage in July and leaves soon after. Sometimes returns years later with a hard felt hat, double collar, 15 × 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  × 3/32 ins., and other signs of prosperity, to gaze upon its former haunts.

OILCAN.

## Reconstruction.

I found him restoring the furniture of the three rooms on the south-west front. 'What's the idea?' I said: 'doing a little reconstruction? Making a new world perhaps?' 'Well, yes; something like that,' he said: I think you will admit that the arrangement of the rooms after all is different, say, from yesterday for instance.'

'Well, yes, so they are; but then they are the same tables and the same chairs.' 'Quite true,' he said, 'but then is not that after all very similar to the facts of life?' 'How is that?' I said. 'Well, have you not got the same old earth, the same old sea, the same old sky, and, what is more important, largely the same old human species, that are all factors in any structure of any world, new or old? You have seen these rooms;' he said; 'what I want you to see is not merely the chairs and tables, but the underlying ideas which their arrangement embodies: do they suggest comfort? Does that chair for instance seem to invite you to sit down, do those games encourage the spirit of playfulness, does that room invite you to study? If so, is that not right things in their right relation? All that is in the world either suggests ideas or is the embodiment of ideas. Have we the aspiring spirit? then go on. Do we feel depressed by this piece of furniture or that? then move it, but remember, whether we remove it or let it stay, the arrangement after all is but a reflection of ourselves; the more usable and serviceable we are the larger our reconstruction, and not merely a re-arrangement?'

I came away feeling that any scheme of reconstruction demanded of all their very best.

ALFRED WALTER CLUBB,  
*College Porter.*

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## O.S.A.

Dear Editor,

You ask me to write something about Old Students. I am not sure that my task is an easy one, because I fail miserably if I do not persuade your readers that we are a distinguished and illustrious band of patriarchs. I find myself envying the war-time writer of this page. He could write bravely of us, being sure of your interest while he described how A— was making a corner in frightfulness and military crosses somewhere down Arras way, how M— had blossomed out in red and was somehow concerned with the rum ration, and as he told of B— in Mesopotamia who walked with kings nor scorned the common Gold Flake, of another who was busy at such and such a hospital and—"in somewhat more heightened tone"—of that once irresponsible chemist whose name we were left to guess, who had so far misused a brief spell of leave as to take unto himself a wife and a grievance. We felt that as present students read thus of us they would say "Fine fellows these. See how they make things hum." And we would whisper to ourselves "That's us." Perhaps we assumed a gayer swagger for a day.

Alas, all this glory has departed. Now you rub shoulders with us. You sway on the end of the same strap in the "District." You like the same kind of chocolates. Some of you have spent an evening with us at College (that is why we know about the chocolates). And so, dear Editor, how can I swagger? Perforce I must be truthful and dull.

Tell me what you thought of the Concert on November 15th. Great, was it not! The Men's Common Room has not known such a foregathering of Old Students, and if its walls had listened—as surely they did—they must have heard such a torrent of gossip and scandal as will make even the hoary sophisticated old Science Library envious. The "Job Lots" of pre-war days were magnificently revived as "More Job Lots," and I hear that they are cooking a wonderful programme for the night of our Dinner. This will be held at the Abercorn Rooms, Liverpool Street Hotel, on January 10th, whilst February 21st will find us back at the same place for the Annual Dance. The Dinner has always been our great event, but this year, as everyone is coming to both Dinner and Dance, these functions must be content to share first place.

Our ladies are playing you at hockey some time or other, but as they have not let me into the secret I cannot tell you the date, nor by how many goals they will win. There is also a Soccer Match late in the winter, and we hope to come down to Tennis during the Long Vac. to inspect the patches you've made on the courts.

Many thanks for your invitation to the Union Dance. About twenty of us are coming along.

From all of this, dear Editor, you will agree that we are going to have a good time, and in order that we should be on the popular wave of profiteering we've raised the subscription to 7s. 6d., pour encourager les autres (I don't know where I picked that up, but I manage to work it in rather usefully now and again). By-the-way I'm told that there are still a few students who have not yet sent in their subscriptions. That seems a pity. But I would not have your readers erroneously conclude that I am on the Committee and am indulging in indelicate propaganda, so I avoid enlarging on the unique advantages of belonging to the O.S.A., and am now content to disclose myself as yours youthfully,

AN OLD FOGGY.

P.S.—Have you heard about the Old Student who forgot? I'll tell you on December 13th.

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## The Pools of Silence.

On these clear waters a breath came down ;  
It has stilled in a night the rippled wave ;  
The grim trunks loom like a massive frown,  
And the seedlings shrink in their quiet grave.

Over the naked splendour drawn  
The gaunt curved branches are warped with frost ;  
Yet in all the ashen buds is born  
A hope that trembles but is not lost.

This solemn temple of quietness  
Where vigil is kept through Winter's gloom  
Will stir at the touch of Spring's caress,  
The pools give drink and the flowers bloom.

Enough for them is Earth's own fire ;  
It has fed their kind since Time began ;  
Troubled by no unquiet desire  
They flourish, working the perfect plan.

W.S.C.

## To Stanley.

Pray for me ; for He must hear,  
Though enwalled by cliffs of stone ;  
Through all space between us thrown  
Would that music soar and stray ;  
Till He start ; till even He  
Grieve perhaps awhile on me  
Long-forgotten ; darling, pray.

For thy being is a gay  
Peal of bells, with laughter clear,  
Where my spirit finds release :  
If perchance thou smile on me  
As upon a brother, dear—  
Then the fettered bird wings free,  
Flies to rescue, home in thee,  
Furleth close his wings in peace.

EDWIN ROSE.

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## Hey, Ho, the wind and the rain, . . . . And the rain, it raineth ev'ry day.

It was a bleak watery morning, with a dull grey sky, when we assembled on the pier at Richmond for our expedition up the River to Chertsey. But in spite of the outlook everyone was feeling cheerfully determined to be merry in spite of the heaviest and wettest rain. It was interesting to note the varying degree of optimism of our students expressed in garments ranging from straw hats to oilskins and sou' westeres.

However, we embarked cheerfully aboard the "England," and concentrated towards the stern to watch the final frantic scurryings of the late comers. Great disappointment was expressed that no one was forced to make a leap for life, or was left breathless at the pier head.

We steamed away bound for Chertsey with the weather promising to brighten. In fact, as we passed by Hampton one enthusiast is said to have seen the sun.

Thus, without adventure, we reached Molesey Lock, where the ship was joined by several members who had failed to reach Richmond in time. Soon after this it began to rain in earnest, and it became necessary to vacate the more exposed portions of the deck. In more sheltered spots we collected and soon were singing Student Songs, ditties and chanties of various varieties and in various keys. The piano, situated so that every ambitious vocalist successfully obscured the Steersman's view of the river, became a congested centre of mirth and song.

By the time we reached Walton it was raining with considerable vigour, and the last part of the voyage was enlivened by endeavours to discover pieces of blue sky to promise brighter things at Chertsey, and certainly by the time of our arrival there the rain had ceased and the sun almost appeared. This tempted the greater number of us to sally forth o'er the countryside in search of adventure. One party even attempted a footpath. History discloses no more. By the time we were fairly scattered round the Chertsey lanes the weather had changed again and we were soon crouching under the thickest available trees and bushes to escape another deluge.

After this outburst, things improved, and numerous boating parties appeared on the river, while the investigation of the artistic and historical associations of Chertsey became a less aquatic pastime.

We gathered for a jolly tea at the "Cricketers' Hotel," all in the best of spirits, and later re-embarked successfully, though Mr. Huntingford, who so

splendidly managed the whole affair, seemed considerably delayed and disturbed by a large and prosperous cigar bestowed upon him by the Hotel Management. No further details of his activities are available.

We returned under much the same conditions as prevailed on the outward trip, alternate rain and shine, and perpetual songs, classical and otherwise, from the ship, and finally returned, happier if somewhat wetter, again to Richmond, where to the final chug, chug, of our trusty engine cheers were given for the guides, philosophers and friends who had so successfully managed our expedition.

H.J.K.

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## Colours.

The Athletic Committee have decided, subject to the approval of the Union Committee, to institute the practice of awarding colours, for all branches of College Athletics.

The conditions of award are as follows :—

1. All playing members of any athletic club affiliated to the Union Society, shall be eligible for the award, provided that the club plays matches.

2. Half-colours shall be awarded to all members who shall have played in two-thirds of the matches, or to members of athletic and swimming teams representing the College at University meetings.

3. Full colours shall be awarded on the recommendation of the Captain and Committee of the club concerned.

Recommendations should be strictly limited to players of outstanding merit, and the number of full colours awarded shall be entirely at the discretion of the Athletic Committee.

4. Half-colours shall consist of a navy blue blazer and the College crest, with the date of award above and the initials of the club below, with the addition of a blue cap for cricket.

5. Full colours shall consist of a striped blazer in the College colours, and the College crest, with the date of award above and the initials of the club below.

6. The Union Secretary shall keep a record of the awards.

As soon as the authorities concerned shall have decided upon the crest to be adopted, an attempt will be made to arrange for its production immediately.

W. H. CROSSMAN,

*Hon. Sec.*

*E.L.C. Athletic Committee.*

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## Athletics.

The University of London Athletic Union (men's branch) was revived at the beginning of the present session.

It was decided at a general meeting of the Athletic Representatives, held at University College, to reorganize all the affiliated clubs and to encourage athletic activities throughout the University in every way possible. Colours will be awarded as usual.

A start has already been made with the Association Football Club and the Athletic Club.

With regard to the former the Tournament for the Inter-Collegiate Cup has been started—East London College obtaining a bye in the first round, and arrangements are being made for trial matches between players chosen from College elevens, so that a London University eleven may take the field as soon as possible.

Once again let me point out that it is up to all men to play for their College before playing for outside teams, so that the best players in the College may represent it at these trial matches.

With regard to the Athletic Club it is hoped that the Athletic Meeting will be held at Stamford Bridge as in pre-war days.

In order to prepare for this, we propose to hold a College Meeting first, at Leyton. Permission for the use of the ground has already been obtained. All that is now required is a little enthusiasm on the part of students, and a consequent large number of entries. A list of events is being prepared and will be posted on the notice-board, so that intending competitors may sign up.

There is every prospect that success will attend the efforts which are now being made to extend the athletic activities of the University, but it must be borne in mind that its continuance in the future will depend on the 'freshers' of to-day.

W. H. CROSSMAN,  
*Ath. Rep. U.L.A.U.*

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## **Reports of Clubs and Societies, 1918-19.**

### **NOTES ON THE ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCCER CLUB FOR SEASON 1918-19.**

At the commencement of the season the outlook was far from cheerful. Few of the men then in College were available for athletics, fixtures were not at all easily arranged, and travelling conditions were decidedly abnormal. On the whole, however, the season may be said to have been progressive, and that it was satisfactory may be judged from the fact that the state of the club in October, 1918, was lower than it had ever been before, while in March, 1919, almost the pre-war standard had been regained. This was, in a great measure, due to returned war students.

During the first term little success attended the efforts of the team; but with continuous practice the standard of play rose appreciably, the result of which was more noticeable in the second term. At this time war students were returning in small numbers; many of these took an active interest in the club, so that a far stronger team was placed in the field. These men met with more success and avenged many of the defeats suffered earlier in the season.

A word of thanks is due to all those who though working in such adverse circumstances, managed to keep the club alive until the second term.

Now that the club is fully re-established, and the University Cup is homeless, every student is urged to make himself acquainted with the intricacies of this sport; and if he cannot convert his energy wholly into useful work, let him turn out every Saturday and beam upon the team, and make mention of the theme "carry on."

Up to the time of writing, the success of the club has been very gratifying to those responsible for its management. Over fifty men signed up to take an active part in the club, and they are all endeavouring to do so. Unfortunately, owing to difficulties of ground, we can run only two elevens, but others can usually get a game on Monday afternoons. The 1st XI. has won 3 matches out of 4, and the 2nd XI. 2 out of 4. The first round of the Cup is now over, and in the second round we are playing Guy's Hospital. C.W.R.

### **HOCKEY CLUB, 1918-19.**

This season, owing to the difficulty of numbers, we were able to run one eleven only. We played the usual Inter-Collegiate matches with, we regret

to say, rather disappointing results on the whole. Several mixed matches among the different faculties were held, which, owing to the masculine element, were much swifter than is usually the case.

We should like to wish the new "Men's Hockey Club" every success, and to thank them for numerous Monday practices, which are of the greatest help to us. For their invaluable coaching this term we should like to express our special thanks to Mr. Hunter and to Mr. Kelly, and also to those members of the men's team who have acted as referees in home matches for us.

Might we suggest that spectators are a considerable incentive to players during a match? It also shows that a little enthusiasm is felt for College athletics.

W.M.P.

#### MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

In view of the fact that last year's Rugby fifteen was not a success, and that it was found impossible to raise one this year, it was suggested early this term that a Men's Hockey team should be run. Consequently a meeting of men students was held to discuss the matter, and the suggestion was unanimously accepted. It was found rather difficult to get fixtures at such a late hour, but we have managed to get ten up to the present.

So far we have played two matches, our first being against University College on November 8th. The team had only played one practice match the previous Saturday, so that the encounter resulted in a loss of seven goals to two.

On Saturday, November 22nd, we played Beckenham County School Old Boys, and defeated them 12 goals to nil. In the interim between these matches we have been able to hold several practice matches, and thus get together a more representative team.

#### TENNIS REPORT, 1918-19.

The season opened with the usual discussion as to the number of courts available for our use. The women's team opened the season with a couple of matches, which were lost owing to lack of practice during the winter months.

A number of matches were arranged during the season:—

*v.* University College (Women), lost 9 sets 0, home; *v.* R. Holloway College (Women), lost 8 sets 1, away; *v.* King's College (mixed), won 5 sets 4, away, lost 5 sets 4, home; *v.* Staff, won 8 sets 1, home; *v.* Bedford (mixed), won 8 sets 1, away; *v.* Westfield (mixed), won 8 sets 1, away; unfinished (hard court); *v.* King's College (Men), won 5 sets 4, home; *v.* Engineering Society, won 7 sets 2, home; *v.* University College (Men), lost 9 sets 0, home; *v.* National Physical Laboratory, lost 5 sets 4, away.

Away matches arranged with King's and University Colleges men's team were abandoned owing to rain.

The season was highly successful from the attendance point of view, as well as from the standard of play. The numbers were far in excess of any other year, and it is to be hoped that the Drapers' Company will recognise this fact by granting us the use of more courts next summer.

A. H. POPE.

#### THE NETBALL CLUB.

Last season was quite a successful one for the Netball Club. The majority of the practices were well attended, although during the first weeks of the Spring Term they had to be temporarily suspended owing to the persistency of the rain. The team played several Inter-Collegiate matches, and only one, that against the London School of Medicine, was lost. We were again

represented in the U.L.A.U. Netball Team, the East London representative being the London Captain. We also had one member in the reserves. We have only played two matches this season, both of which we have won ; there are several more arranged, and we hope that the team will put up a good fight in these also.

I should like, however, to remind the club that it is the practices, not the matches, that are going to make the season a successful one.

H.J.S. (*Captain*).

#### THE WOMEN'S CRICKET CLUB.

Most of the members of the Women's Cricket Club showed a keen interest last season, but many more people could, with advantage, get up a little enthusiasm and come down to Leyton. It is hoped that inter-faculty matches will be arranged next year. There were several very promising players in the team last season, and I hope these will distinguish themselves in the future. For *all* players net practice is essential, and I should advise as much of it as possible.

Owing to the lack of other Women's Cricket Clubs we were only able to procure one outside match, which was against Loughton High School. In this, however, we came off victorious. The men magnanimously agreed to give us one or two games, after they had been handicapped in various ways. The match against the staff was spoilt by the rain.

At present the 'bete noire' of the club is the inability of obtaining fixtures. Would those students who could suggest possible matches, let the Secretary know as soon as they can ?

A.W.J.

#### WOMEN'S BADMINTON CLUB.

In spite of the fact that there were several new members in the team last season, by dint of hard practice we played many enjoyable matches, although not all were successful. Towards the end of the second term we played several inter-faculty matches, and one against the men, which we won by seven games to two.

We have been somewhat handicapped this year, because the court has not been available for matches, but now a new arrangement has been made and we are hoping to have some matches very soon. We hope that Freshers will support the club to ensure its success in the future.

K.R. (*Sec.*).

#### WOMEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.

Last season saw the inauguration of the Women's Swimming Club.

The Union supplied us with one hundred tickets for use at the White-chapel Swimming Bath, and weekly practices were held there during the Summer Term.

The work of organising the club occupied the first two weeks of the term ; next season, however, practices will be held right from the first week.

For the benefit of the more advanced swimmers, the club was affiliated to the Royal Life Saving Society, and several members hope next season to obtain the Society's Bronze Medallion.

E.D.

#### CRICKET.

For the first cricket season after the war the College was able to put a fairly good eleven into the field, and played through a full fixture list with varying success.

Fielding proved to be our chief weakness, and although this improved towards the end of the season, there is still much to be desired in this direction.

The presence of a certain humorist in the team added considerably to the interest of the matches, and his criticism of our batting as "religious," or words to that effect, was unfortunately often justified by a happy disregard for the science of the game, which some of us exhibited.

It is to be hoped that next season a serious attempt will be made to remedy these faults. No report, however short, would be complete without reference to the fine play of Mr. Frazer of the Australian Air Force. He undoubtedly *will* be missed next season.

We are indebted to Mr. Rogers for his work on behalf of the club, and to Mr. Townend for undertaking the thankless task of official photographer.

In conclusion, let me appeal to all cricketers to give the College first option on their services next year, so that a really representative eleven can be chosen, and a determined effort made to build up a reputation in this and in every other branch of athletics.

W. H. CROSSMAN.

### SOCIAL FUNCTIONS, 1918-19.

As far as social functions are concerned, the session 1918-19 was marked by two important events. During the latter part of the session—immediately succeeding the Armistice—the College was thronged with demobilised students. Their advent, though welcome, confronted the Social Functions Committee with a seemingly impossible task, viz., to provide entertainment for  $x$  people in a space intended to accommodate  $y$  where  $x=2y$  as the maths people would put it; and students are notably irrepressible. Fortunately the College Council came to our aid, and with their kind assistance, we were enabled to use the Cripplegate Institute Hall for the last social function of the session. The hall is already booked for four socials this session, the expense being borne by the Council; but, although we are greatly indebted to the Council for their kindness, may we gently remind them that there is no place like home, especially from the financial point of view, and urge the erection of the proposed College Hall as soon as possible.

In this session too, dancing was officially sanctioned at E.L.C., with the result that two informal dances were held, to the unbounded delight of the majority of students; more are promised this session.

Among the five functions held last session, two stand out pre-eminent. On the suggestion of the Principal, the first function of 1918 was given as a real College welcome to those students who had returned after service in His Majesty's forces. The last and perhaps the greatest function of the year was the dramatic performance of "She Stoops to Conquer" at Cripplegate Institute in aid of E.L.C. War Memorial Fund, which benefited to the extent of £19. It is to be regretted that the actors' really fine performance was not witnessed by a larger audience.

F. W. TURNER

(late Hon. Sec., S.F.C.).

### LITERARY SOCIETY REPORT.

The Secretary for 1918-19 is to be congratulated on a year of exceptional success, as much due to the exploiting of College talent as to outside help. The first meeting, a Dickens' Festival, took the form of a dramatic entertainment, preceded by an address on Dickens' humour. Two scenes were taken from Nicholas Nickleby, and the trial scene from Pickwick Papers. This is the most ambitious attempt in the history of the Society, as a charge was made for admission, and by the sale of tickets and souvenir programmes £13 12s. 6d. was realised, which was sent to the Dickens' home.

In January, Mr. Maurice Hewlett gave a reading of his own poetry, which was much appreciated. This is his second visit to East London. Other

visitors during the session were Mr. George Whale, who gave an address entitled 'Round the town with Dr. Johnson,' and Mr. Whitehouse, who lectured on 'Ruskin as a force in modern life.'

In February, at a meeting held in the Women's Union Room, dramatic interpretations of the following poems were given by various students: 'The Nut Brown Mayde,' 'John Gilpin,' 'Sister Helen,' 'The Laboratory,' and 'A Toccata of Galuppi's.' An actual composition of Galuppi's was procured and played in connection with the last poem. This meeting again was most successful, being especially welcome to those who regret the tendency in such societies as ours to neglect the musical and dramatic elements in literature, and to regard it merely as the 'written word.'

D.A.R.T.

### DEBATING AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS SOCIETY.

The Debating and Social Problems Society has had a successful run this session. There were some extremely interesting debates, among which "The degradation of the Modern Theatre" and "Equal pay for men and women" figured largely. In January "That consistency is a vice" was thoroughly discussed. The best and the last debate of the session on "The Nationalisation of Railways" was approached with the gravity of demeanour yet brilliance of intellect which the subject demanded.

M.B.

### THE MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The society was formed after protracted discussion, in the second term of the session. The first meeting was held on January 31st, and took the form of a concert given by students. This was highly appreciated, and spurred the committee to fresh efforts. The second meeting took place on March 26th, when Miss Winifred Smith, the well-known violinist, kindly gave us a recital, assisted by Mrs. Fiori, who rendered piano solos. There was again a very large and enthusiastic audience. The last meeting of the session was on May 9th, and on this occasion, papers (with musical illustrations) were read on Grieg by Mr. G. D. West, and on Brahms by the present writer. Once more the support of the College was whole-hearted.

In concluding these notes, I should like to call attention to the untiring energy of Mr. G. D. West, one of the vice-presidents of the Society. It was largely due to him that the enormous success of the first session of the society accrued, and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking him for all he has done.

LEONARD G. GABRIEL

(Hon. Sec.).

### HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Two very successful meetings of the Historical Society were held last session. On December 13th Miss Thornley, M.A., gave a lecture on the 'Southern Slav Question,' which by reason of its contemporary interest and the clearness with which Miss Thornley treated a very complicated subject, could not fail to be of interest to everybody. On March 5th, Miss M. Murray lectured on 'Joan of Arc as a Witch.' The lecture excited great interest in the subject and was followed by a heated debate, in which the conventional view of the significance of the career of Joan of Arc was discussed.

We are hoping this session to secure the service of Mr. T. Seccombe and Mr. G. E. Gooch, M.A. Other arrangements will be made later.

We ask all, both in the interests of others and of themselves, to support the Historical Society. Evenings spent in its company will not be wasted!

D.B.R.

## PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Philosophical Society was formed to meet the insistent demands of various students for whom informal discussions in the Lab. and round the Common Room fire were inadequate.

The inaugural meeting at the beginning of the Summer Term was well attended, a lecture on "The Aurora" being given by Dr. Chree, Director of Kew Observatory. Rooms 5 and 6 were crowded out later in the term when Mr. G. Bernard Shaw addressed the Society. This term a symposium has been held, four papers being read by students on different aspects of the subject "The Artist and the Scientist." Before this magazine is published the Society will have had the pleasure of hearing Prof. Earp speak on "The Greek attitude towards Religion."

Students are reminded that this Society is a point of contact between all faculties, and everyone's contribution is useful. D.E.B.

## SOCIETE FRANCAISE.

This society is intended for all students, irrespective of faculty, who have some knowledge of French. Eloquence is by no means essential. An earnest appeal is made to all Freshers to attend the "reunions" as regularly as possible, and so make the Societe still more flourishing than the previous year.

During last session, on February 27th, a dramatic reading of "l'Avocat Patelin" was given. The Committee wishes to thank Dr. Dechamps for the keen interest he took and the excellent way in which he rendered his part, and to thank also the late Secretary, Miss Barnes, for all the efforts she displayed in organising this very interesting entertainment.

Reading circles also were held last session. The books studied were "Theatre de Musset" et "Le Grandeur." It is hoped that as many as possible will attend both the "cercles de lecture" and the "cercles de musique" this year.

We accord the heartiest thanks to the President, Professor Mrs. Perry, for all the assistance she has rendered us. A. REDINGTON.

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## 1919 Degree Results.

### M.A. June 1919 (Internal).

ENGLISH.  
MATHEMATICS.  
FRENCH.

\*R. W. King.  
D. Harries (External).  
Miss E. Halket.

### M.A. December, 1919 (Internal).

FRENCH.

\*Emily A. Crosby.

### D. Sc. Engineering.

N. A. V. Piercey.

### M. Sc.

CHEMISTRY.

Mrs. K. E. Stratton.  
A. S. Wood.

**B.A. HONOURS** (Internal).

*3rd Class.*

ENGLISH.

Minnie A. Jarrett.

*1st Class.*

FRENCH.

L. A. Rozelaar.

*2nd Class.*

Nora T. Christensen.

*1st Class.*

HISTORY.

Elnith K. Kemp.

*3rd Class.*

Dora K. Pipe.

*2nd Class.*

MATHEMATICS.

Ruby W. Hayes.

**B. Sc. HONOURS** (Internal).

*2nd Class.*

MATHEMATICS.

Dora Borne.

*3rd Class.*

Dorothy Cook. E. P. Paul.

*2nd Class.*

BOTANY.

F. M. Haines. Ellaline G. Skipper.  
Esther Hockett.

*3rd Class.*

Fanny Deichovsky.

*1st Class.*

CHEMISTRY.

F. L. Allen.

*2nd Class.*

Grace L. Dowsett. Helen A. Filmer.  
D. B. Huntingford. H. J. Cant.

*3rd Class.*

S. S. Woolf. S. Mellins.

**B. Sc. By Research** (Internal).

A. S. Pitt.

**B.A.** (Internal).

*Pass.*

*1st Class.* N. E. Davis. *2nd Class.* E. W. M. Wittey.

\* Awarded a mark of distinction.



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	Mr. STONEBRIDGE.
Asst. Lady Student Representative .. .	Miss TERRETT.
Athletic Representatives .. .	Miss PEARN.
	Miss H. SMITH.
	Mr. A. G. R. CLARKE.
	Mr. W. H. CROSSMAN.
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	Mr. COLLINGWOOD.
	Mr. F. W. TURNER.
	Mr. A. W. PRITCHARD.



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 Mr. LE BEAU.