



Bedford College and the University of London: Advancing a federal university experience in twentieth-century London

Angharad Eyre, Researcher,
Anniversaries Project



‘The New Woman’





**Elisabeth Jesser-Reid,
1789-1866**

Sophie Bryant, 1850-1922

- BSc (Lon) 1881
- DSc (Lon) 1884
- Headteacher, North London Collegiate School, 1895-1918
- Member of University of London Senate, 1900-1918



Q: Then do you contemplate that ladies should be professors?

A: Certainly. I should have thought they would be eligible to be professors in the new University.

Gresham University Commission, Report, London, 1894, p. 152.

Q: Where do the Queen's College students obtain their degrees?

A: They do not obtain them.

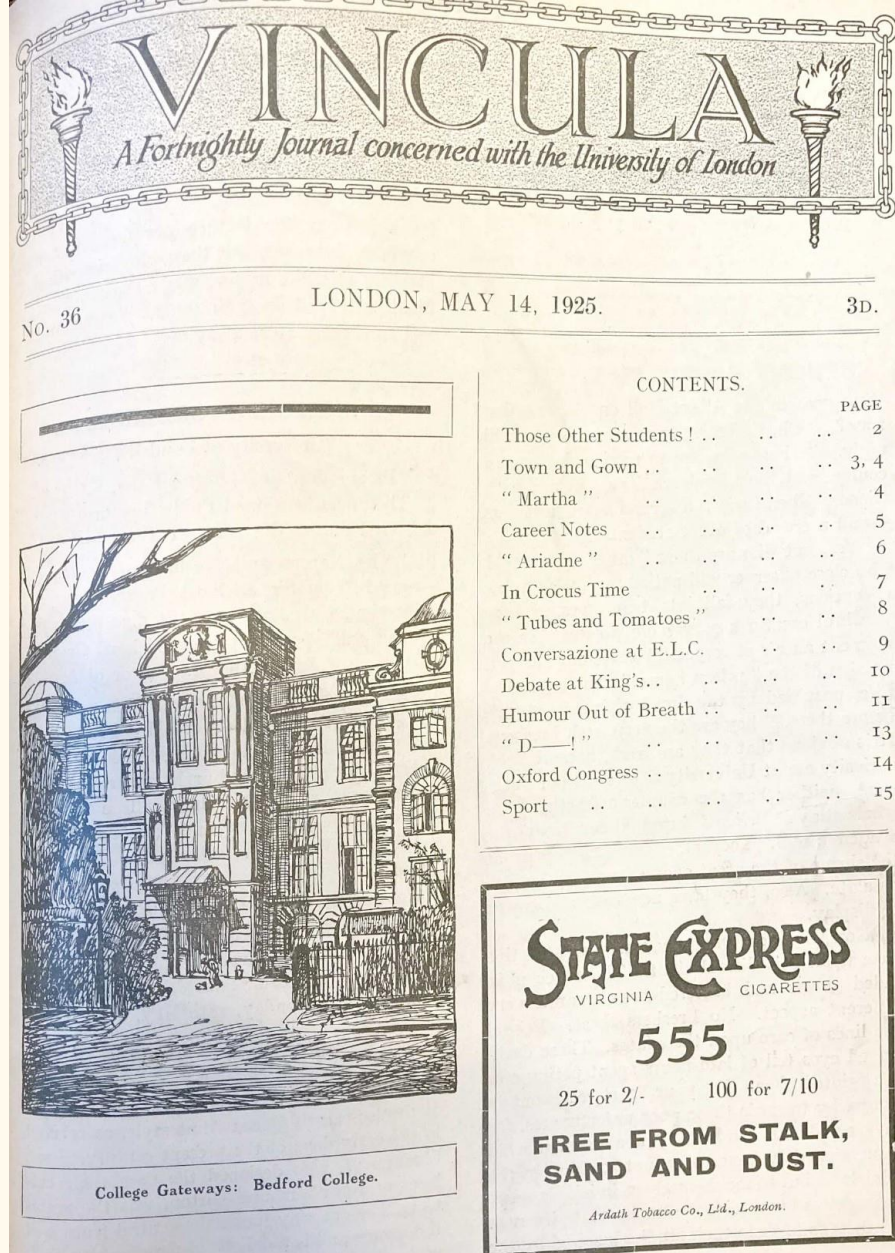
Q: Then what is the object of Queen's College?

A: It ought, of course, to be remembered that Queen's College was the first institution to provide higher education for girls, and has gone on since furnishing some education of that sort. Students attend classes and so on, but I really do not know what they do in particular.

Gresham University Commission, Report, London, 1894, pp. 154-5







King's: Oh, Bedford. I can't stand her. She's so stuck up. I wonder she isn't here already, she's usually so punctual. [...] Bedford has a very different type of girl; prim, proper beings, who scrape their hair back, and wear flat heels and don't consider mixed colleges nice. [...]

Bedford: Been having any more of your disgraceful rags? What a noise you made on presentation day; it might have been funny if it hadn't been vulgar.

'University Spirit', *University of London Annual Magazine*, June 1923, pp. 18-19, UoL UN 5/4



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Monumenta Mascotorum BEDFORD

Adapted
from
Bedford
College
Handbook

BEDFORD'S first mascot, Arabella Trumble, originally belonged to Northampton Engineering College. She was a belisha Beacon, the result of an affair between a No. 33 tram and a Clerkenwell bus, and was found by N.E.C. beneath a traffic light.



photo: Roth
In October, 1950, Bedford was hooped down on N.E.C. common and removed many articles,

Q.M.C. people, and only returned when Bedford vanquished his captors in a battle of tiddlewinks.

Bedford's Rag committee then decided to find a Unicorn, as more fitting mascot for the College.

The Unicorn arrived. Bedford state that its arrival was due to perfectly proper affair between member of the committee and Mr. Marshall (or it may have been Mr. Snelgrove). It became the official mascot in January, 1951 and was introduced to the University at a dance on Friday the thirteenth. Nothing untoward happened on that supposedly unlucky date, but soon the Unicorn adventures began. To redeem Arabella, Bedford put on cabaret for Sir John Cass College Foundation Ball; Arabella came back on a trolley from Aldgate and was restored after a certain amount of ceremony. Suddenly however, an attack was made on the Unicorn, and in the ensuing scuffle, it suffered a fractured spine.

With the kindly help of a laboratory technician, a hasty but skilful surgical operation was performed, and the Unicorn was thus enabled to visit Phineas of University College on the following

LADIES ADOPT LIVE MASCOT

Installation Of "Honeysuckle" At Westfield Gathering

THE official "installation" of Honeysuckle as Westfield's real live mascot took place at the zoo, Honeysuckle's home, on the morning of December 3. Honeysuckle is a three-year-old King Penguin, actually reared in the zoo, and a proud gold medallist. Westfield's affection for her is based largely on the fact that she too wears an academic gown, a tradition of which Westfield is justly proud; she also, possibly, represents certain books and biscuits much favoured by Westfield.

She must have found the actual ceremony confusing; lots of strange "young ladies" surrounding her in an effort to look like penguins too, photographers snapping up her every movement, and finally a procession and a loud proclamation. She was unable to reply to all this acclamation, but as a token of her willingness to accept this high honour she did partake of a ceremonial fish. She also did her best to eat the head of her junior counterpart, the toy penguin kept at Westfield, an over-enthusiastic effort to be friendly which was triumphantly recorded in all the evening papers.

HONORARY MEMBER

Mr. Clee, a Fellow of the Royal Zoological Society, who had kindly donated £10 towards the Penguin Fund, was then made Honorary King Penguin of the Westfield Penguin Club (the standing committee) for 1955-56. He accepted a wax effigy of a penguin from the president, Miss Anne Pickard, and afterwards entertained the senior officers of both Westfield and Bedford to lunch. Warmed by his generosity, Miss Hoad and Miss Pickard decided that Bedford and Westfield should squabble no more, and as a record of this entente cordiale, had their photographs taken sitting on a huge giant tortoise. The actual installation ceremony ended with a spirited

stolen from the L.S.E. by some unknown body.

NO SUCH BEAST!

Westfield may have started a fashion. Bedford, not to be outdone, scoured the zoo for a unicorn, but were thwarted by the discovery that there is no such animal! The L.S.E. has been heard discussing the possibility of adopting a beaver. Battersea Polytechnic, who recently lost their Oscar, have searched the zoo in vain for a similar bird. From a letter recently received by the President of Westfield, it looks as if they might have designs on Honeysuckle herself! If Honeysuckle has achieved nothing else, she has certainly put Westfield well on the map!



Miss Anne Pickard and "Honeysuckle."

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‘Whatever will the aristocratic ladies of the University be up to next? The young gals at Bedford have encroached brazenly into what we have always considered to be a man’s particular sphere. Pipe smoking has caught on. Already there are signs that Westfield may not be far behind it. A tasteful Meerschaum for the young madams there, and faraway, amid the oriental splendour of the Royal Holloway, a carefully chosen hookah will probably be the thing.’

‘Pipes at Bedford’, Sennet, 1 February 1955

“Romantic love is dead” proclaimed Westfield College in the U.L.U. Debating tournament, but we are glad to hear that the ladies are not all of this opinion as this motion was firmly denied by that other great feminine institution, Bedford College.’

‘Bury Romance’, Sennet, 24 January 1956







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"SENNET" SOMNAMBULATIONS

A trifle reluctantly and wearily we sit at our typewriter once again. Even nearly four continuous weeks of Spring sunshine has not really caused our inspiration to run freely. Drearly we note that the news is much the same as ever. Nothing really sensational has happened, apart from our revered Editor claiming to have done some work. So you can see what we have come down to.

By next week we shall even have run out of articles and shall be reduced to printing the photo of the new Union building again. For those admirers of the contemporary Senate House "strait-jacket" style of architecture, may we say that you will not be disappointed. Yet another good example of the "Whitehall monolith" is about to be completed.

While on the subject of University buildings we should like to report on the progress of rebuilding the People's Palace in the Mile End Road. This famous edifice was recently acquired by Q.M.C. and is now undergoing vast rebuilding in an effort to provide the College with adequate Union facilities. The firm of contractors who are performing the face-lifting certainly seem to be efficient. To an outsider it rather looks at the moment as if there are two sets of workmen busily engaged on the operation with distinctly opposite tasks.

One team is starting from the inside and appear to be hammering their way out; the other team

The World University Service took place in conditions which could hardly have been more favourable. The threat of rain disappeared, and summer sunshine brought forth the brightest dresses and most flamboyant shirts.

The lawns of Bedford can rarely have looked more inviting, and it could not have been a surprise to any latecomer to find the college grounds swarming with students from all parts of the globe.

were it not for the fact that their float was so large that it could not get under the Poly gates! but there it was.

MILK MAID

The fete continued, amid periodic peregrinations to the ice cream stall—which sold out at an unprecedented early hour—with the final round of the milk-drinking contest. The object of admiration was the "milk maid" herself, Miss Zoe Newton, impeccably dressed and unfailingly polite. She showed genuine delight when given cap and gown to wear, and,



Cavemen in Carnival—a good idea for a very warm day.

W.U.S. Carnival At Bedford

Reflections On A Crowded Afternoon



Ready for the start. Finalists in the milk-drinking contest.

ATTRACTION ENGINE

Imperial, never to be left out of anything, rolled in with the traction engine mascot of the Royal School of Mines. Mr. Michael Neale was just recognisable beneath the oil and grime as the chief engineer, and he proceeded to extol the beauties of the machine to anyone who would care to listen. It developed a pull of over twenty-eight tons, and it was going in for a traction engine rally in the Midlands in the near future; even if it took a month to get the thing up there! It was originally bought for

BUGS v. BLANCO

An unusual statement you may think, but then the first dance of the Summer Term at Royal Holloway College, certainly gave good cause for its mention.

Held as it was in the lofty Picture-gallery, quite a contrast was provided by the gay dance floor atmosphere and the more sombre reproductions of the old masters which adorned the walls.

The dance got off to a good start, due in no small measure to the enthusiasm of the band, and the able M.C. work of the dance president, Miss Dorothy Walters.



Profile

MISS JEAN ROOK

BEDFORD COLLEGE

The University of London Revue has had its first airing (with due apologies to the producer) and one is left with reflections on what it was, was not, or might have been. One fact is outstanding—the University have a revue star of the highest quality in the person of Miss Jean Rook, who was not only responsible for performing many of the acts on the stage but also for the production of many of the scripts.

As far as the University is concerned, Miss Rook has been hiding her light under a bushel. She has been a student at Bedford for four years (she is at present working on an M.A. thesis on the effect of T. S. Eliot on modern drama) and as far as anyone can tell, she rarely put her snub nose far outside the railings of Regent's Park.



[Photo: J. J. Dunn]

EVERYONE IS DARLING

Miss Rook is a well proportioned young lady—rising twenty-four years old, falls in and out of love regularly twice a week (her opinions of any one person have been known to change as many as four times in the space of half an hour) but refers to everyone as 'darling.'

She was born, for the record, in Hull on November 13, 1931 and went to kindergarten and primary school in the usual manner. She moved to a village school high on the Yorkshire dales and in due course took the first scholarship there for seventeen years.

ACTING CAREER

She went back to Hull to the Malet Lambert Grammar School, where, in the manner which has become second nature to her, she took over everything. She was in

Evangelist in 'Man Born to be King.' Almost as a matter of formality she became head girl for two consecutive years. She took a State Scholarship to Bedford, and arrived in London in 1951, with an effect which she herself describes as 'Dynamic.' In less time than it takes to tell, she had taken over 'Bedford News' and the literary magazine 'Unicorn.' In her own words again she 'ran the lot.'

BEDFORD OAR

In the sporting field, she was of course outstanding—with another old Bedfordian, she graduated to the college first boating VIII but, regrettably she did not quite make the University crew, as did her friend and accomplice Miss

As if writing prolifically for the college newspaper was not enough, besides her watery activity, she took up her first love—in the purely occupational sense of the word—once more—the Cho Bromer wer near

Profile

MISS JEAN K. ROOK

Editor Of Sennet

"BORN great, achieved greatness and had greatness thrust upon her," is a description which fits Miss Rook very closely.

GRADE I

The first of these is obvious to anyone who has met or heard Miss Rook (she assures us that she has always wanted to be as thin as a lamp-post). In Kingston-upon-Hull, some twenty-four years ago, Jean Kathleen Rook was born, on the unfortunate date of Friday, November 13. During her early years at the local village school, she only learnt three accomplishments: to ride a horse, drive a straight furrow and milk cows. Later in her school career she followed a more usual curriculum and she tells us that much to her surprise she was Head Girl at Malet Lambert Grammar School for two years.



for "Suburban Autumn," a picture of her present home, she gained a College scholarship to do research. She has just completed her thesis on "The Impact of T. S. Eliot on the drama of his time."

change has taken place—Sennet, believe it or not, is just paying its way, and, dear reader, if you could persuade your friends to buy a copy instead of reading yours, it would probably make a profit.

It is a tribute to Miss Rook's ability that the standard of the paper has been higher during her year of office than ever before.

Her first loves in life were journalism and the theatre. She played a prominent part in the University Revue, writing a great many items and playing in eight sketches. Her ambition is Fleet Street and she determined from an early age that she would rather starve than become a school teacher. Her pet likes are fast cars (the silliest thing she ever did was to put her father's car through a brand new Jaguar), scampi and champagne, and her heroes are Julius Caesar and her father. Her pet aversions are bald-headed men and beetroot.

Profile

MISS JENNIFER COPEMAN

Vice-President Of The Union

PRESIDENT-ELECT

she elected to an important office, considerable speculation are aroused. Many people feel ever capable a woman may be she cannot undertake the administration of an organisation of members are men.

Jennifer Copeland, Elect of the Union, most expelled and nce a growing tion take their command are ard to imagine ls or actions in hared by those

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enthusiasm and softened by her whether she is uston Station to ting horn or up- licate belongings n just outside soon left for a pot in Sussex: of Bexhill-by-the-

Sea, she has retained an affection for London, and the Thames in particular, which she finds fascinating.

J, as she is often called, was educated at a private school on the Welsh border, where she was evacuated, and she became Head Girl and excelled in many sports. Her particular favourite was riding on a pony called Rani. On one celebrated occasion Jennifer rode her backward for over an hour.

It was after a year's teaching at an orthopaedic school that Miss Copeman decided to come up to Bedford College to read English. During her three years not only did she take an Upper Second, but also edited her college magazine and handbook, towed for her college and the University, played the piano, helped with the lighting for the Dramatic Society and debated.

During her final year Miss Copeman was elected Vice-president of the University Union. As such she was hostess for important events in London and responsible for external affairs. Amongst the difficult tasks with which she has been faced, J recalls escorting a party of excitable Bulgarians around Senate House without knowing a word of Bulgarian. She has represented the Union at Manchester, Leeds, Bristol, Birmingham,



By courtesy of the LONDON STAR

ham, Sheffield, Bangor and North Staffs.

Yet in spite of continual duties as Vice-president, J has managed to pursue many of her interests. Her pride and joy is Beetle, a 1952 Morris Minor, painted red inside and black outside. This has had many adventures on the Continent. On Bastille Day wild Frenchmen carried Beetle and its passengers on their shoulders through Arles. On another occasion a bull jumped over the barrier at a fight and charged out into the car park at Jennifer's car.

As the first woman president of U.L.U. for some years, Miss Copeman will be watched critically and no doubt much that she says and does will meet with considerable opposition, but she is not the sort of person

HOP PICKING

KING'S

Rather more armchair accommodation than floor space, patronised by all except King's. Ancient and much frequented cellars—many willing guides.

U.C.

Choice between boredom at one-and-six or two bob. (N.B.—Lounge bar, entrance free). Bring radar for pillar-dodging and spiked umbrella to use spike or hook as occasion calls.

Q.M.C.

Unexplored in the wastes of the Mile End Road. Research fellowship still to be awarded.

The first of our series
"Article of the Week"

Q.E.C.

Plenty of floor space in spite of hoards of I.C. Free coffee in the interval—back stair accommodation for those who prefer it stronger.

L.S.E.

Cosmopolitan crowd and jazz for jivers.

I.C.

Medium-sized floor if you can cut your way through profuse wall flowers of both species. Cosy corners curtained with cretonne.

BATTERSEA POLY.

Capacious floor—hot band and atmosphere. Plenty of Beards!

N.E.C.

Infiltration of opticians heavily disguised as engineers. Mediocre floor space and vocalist provided.

ROYAL VET.

If your age is a secret don't forget your false teeth. Horse-tails popular.

UNION HUT.

Ideal for fifth year medics looking for first year sociologists. When the froth-flying finishes bar-props stagger into the fray. Be prepared to polka with a 30 degree list.

S. ORFEET

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Hop Picking from Bedford News (Sennet's College Article of the Week)

'UC: Choice between boredom at one-and-six or two bob'

'QMC: Unexplored in the wastes of the Mile End Road.'

'LSE: Cosmopolitan crowd and jazz for jivers'

'Battersea Poly: Capacious floor – hot band and atmosphere. Plenty of Beards!'

Your New "Sennet" Staff

Editor: J. K. Rook (Bedford).

Assistant Editors: C. A. Wright (King's) and P. Maitlis (Q.M.C.).

Business Manager: B. Hudson (I.C.).

Advertisement Manager: H. Sims (Bedford).

Editor's Secretary: Miss Elizabeth Harrison (Bedford).

Available every Sunday in Sennet Office, U.L.U., from 4 p.m.

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RECEPTION



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WANTED
To Prowl Round
Colleges**



**ON A "SENNET"
SALES DRIVE**
Come Along To The
"Sennet" Office on a
Monday Evening

Women's Place

VENUS

(B.A. Lond.)

OBSERVED

FOR every woman in London University there is officially, two and a third men. Those third of men are enough to cheer any statistical mind, and most women would settle for the other two but, unfortunately, distribution is bad. The mixed academic and social life in the larger colleges like King's, U.C. and L.S.E. makes for unity and strength.

But colleges like Westfield, Bedford and Royal Holloway are ladies only, and in the main, residential. Thus one problem is solved but many others are thereby raised. This week we investigated and interviewed. As a lecturer at Bedford with true male insight, put it:

"It's all right if women do not see very much of men as long as they don't see too much of other women."

Unfair perhaps, but how do women's colleges justify their existence in London University?

OUTDATED?

There is a considerable difference in size and character amongst London women's colleges, and this makes any assessment difficult. Thus some generalisations from our findings are necessary in Westfield and Royal Holloway. The general opinion was that the purpose of these colleges is to provide residential societies. Bedford is in a half-way position. But these societies must not become isolated. They should become an active part of the total University. The result is that separate women's colleges

**ARE THE
WOMEN'S
COLLEGES
OUTDATED?**



Photo:

Bedford College, Herringham Entrance

Fear

offer that a mixed college cannot—some disagree.

The Principal of Westfield defines the purpose of a women's college thus: "To promote study in the circumstances best suited to it—for a limited period only, naturally. Here

they continue exactly as they are? There comes a time when the imagination gets working — more Drakes in Regent's Park?

From Our Reporters at Bedford, R.H.C. and Westfield

NEW FACES At Westfield And C.E.M.

ELECTION campaigns, poster, meetings, "husting" in general have never been a feature of Westfield's presidential elections: this year no-one knew who was putting up until about five days beforehand.

From the three eventual candidates, Julie Redfern, the fourth successive president from the French Department, was elected. Fair and petite, Julie is one of those people who conceal tremendous energy and organising ability behind an affable and unworried air.

Before coming up she spent a year at a tutorial college in Oxford, and this together with several vacations spent at Universities abroad has given her an enviable poise and maturity. She is a member of the air squadron and has many friends in the University as a whole including the President-elect of Bedford. Both have a keen interest in N.U.S. and are anxious to see their respective colleges take an active part in University life.

N.B.—Miss Redfern has not, as yet, acquired a fiancé.

"MR DAVIES by an overall majority over his two opponents is elected President." With this announcement on Monday, January 28, at 5.30, all the tension of the election at the College of Estate Management ceased.

At C.E.M., unlike most colleges, the Presidential elections are truly democratic as most students know the candidates personally, and as such the majority vote represents the true choice of the college.

"Sim" Davies is a Welshman whose ebullient personality tends to make up for his lack of inches, and whose quick wit and personal charm immediately overcome prejudice against "the foreigner." His ability as an orator has been officially recognised by five Eisteddfod awards, and all who



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