



"The Gryphon never stretcheth her wings in the course when she hath any sickle feathers; yet have we continued to present our exercises before your judgements when we know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the censure which we have ever feared than to the preference which we ought to fear."—LELY.

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For the last time the present editorial staff greets the readers of the *Gryphon* in an official capacity. It is with great regret that we lay down our editorial pen, for, while the conduct of this journal entails a fair amount of responsibility and worry, especially in the collection of suitable "copy," the compensating pleasures are many. We have taken a genuine delight in editing, and our labours were greatly lightened by the enthusiastic assistance and devotion of our staff, whose self-abnegation when it comes to taking any credit for the work, is little short of extraordinary. In conducting this journal we have always given our opinion fully and freely on University matters, and have tried to entirely dissociate ourselves from any previous prejudices and interests. If, then, any member of the University feels himself or herself aggrieved by any of our outspoken comments on men and things, we trust they will forgive us and accept our statement that we were entirely disinterested and were only actuated by a whole-hearted desire for the betterment of our *Alma Mater*.

In taking a contemplative survey of University affairs for the past year, we find that there has been steady progress, and those who remember the University four and five years ago will realise that the growth of public spirit has been enormous. Student opinion, thanks principally to the labours of the last two Chairmen of the Union Committee, has become a factor in University life. The unprecedented number of voters who exercised the franchise at the last Union election is a sure sign of the times, and the future is bright with promise.

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The expansion of Union work is clearly shown by the number of extra society representatives elected at the first meeting of the new Committee. The late Committee, still in power until October, can look back on a year of good work. They have lived in stirring times, and have encountered each fresh difficulty and carried forward each new plan with zeal and determination. With a strong chairman enthusiastically backed by a business secretary, they have remedied abuses and inaugurated new schemes and have shown themselves to be worthy sons of Leeds University, whose name and honour we hope and expect they will worthily uphold when they go into the world without, where their responsibilities will be greater and their reward less.

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The progress of the *Gryphon* was to a certain extent described in our last issue. Each year now we go from triumph to triumph, and each daring venture carries in its train greater financial success. Our latest enterprise, the special Installation Number, is

probably our greatest effort, and also, thanks to willing helpers, our greatest success. The preparation of the soiree was in the hands of a small informal Committee consisting of Mr. C. M. Gillespie, Mr. A. H. C. Ellis, and the editor; and while every credit is due to Mr. Ellis for his valuable assistance, he himself will be the first to acknowledge that the major portion of the credit rightly belongs to Mr. Gillespie, the moving spirit of the venture. The actual sales were carried out by a small and select band of enthusiasts who kindly came forward and immolated themselves on the altar of public spirit. The most persistent and successful of the workers were the ladies, captained by Miss Kirtland, to whom be given our best thanks, their zeal and courage in pushing the *Gryphon* were great, as also was the success they achieved.

* * *

Our feelings at the end of a session are always a mixture of joy and of sorrow. Of joy because we see the steady progress which undergraduate feeling is making, and of sorrow because we see so many of our old friends depart. This session is no exception to the rule; indeed there seem to be more prominent people going away than ever before. Perhaps this is because there is a bigger percentage of them in the University. Nevertheless when we re-assemble for the session 1910-11 there will be many well known faces missing and many gaps to be filled. The outgoing generation has been a hard working one in the student cause, and we trust that their spirit will continue to inspire their successors to still greater efforts. We firmly believe that Leeds University has a mission to perform in these cold, bleak Yorkshire dales, among an equally cold and suspicious people, and, in spite of hostile comments from press and people, we know that our *Alma Mater* will go from strength to strength, and keep alight the lamp of learning and culture in a county sadly given over to materialism. The outgoing generation has done its work, and for good or for ill the work is done; the future, its unfinished schemes and its brilliant prospects, rests in the hands of future generations. May they always in all things be a light unto the Gentiles.

ADIEU!

The Installation Ceremony.

On Friday, June 10th, the *Gryphon* received a very peremptory command from Comrade W.H.P. to proceed to the Townard in order to learn how to be a steward. Now this patient animal had heard that "stewards" were people who looked after "grub," or alternatively chemical apparatus. On the off chance that it might be the former he decided to comply. On arriving at the Townard he at once lost himself in what he took to be a rabbit warren, and eventually ended up by involuntarily interviewing the Town Klark in his den. After many other trials he succeeded in arriving in a hole larger than the rest, which he took to be the bottom of Gaping Ghyll, but was quickly undeceived by beholding many of the leaders of the people assembled together. When his

eyes had become more accustomed to the gloom of the cavern, the *Gryphon* was able to distinguish a large platform surmounted by a large and imposing organ, so he abandoned the idea of Gaping Ghyll and plunged for York Minster. Soon, however, his geographical musings were interrupted by one in authority, who taking him aside, broke it to him gently that he was attached to the bodyguard of a great chief called the Vee-See, and after giving him sundry instructions dismissed him with the admonition to "come early and bring music" on the morrow.

After an interval of sixteen hours or so the *Gryphon* was again due at the Townard, and deciding to "swank" took with him in a raba thousand copies of the special edition of his journal, containing photographs of all the Chancellors of the University of Leeds, the Vice-Chancellor, and the honorary graduates, &c. (see small bills).

Arrived at the Townard the *Gryphon* borrowed a table from no one in particular, and assisted by Messrs. Gillespie and Brunwell, set up a receipt of custom opposite the Great George Street entrance. Here he was joined by ten willing helpers, six ladies and four gentlemen. These were provided with copies of his journal and were sent out into the wilderness in search of prey and shillings.

The *Gryphon* soon found that a steward had no connection with "grub," nor with chemical apparatus—in fact it was exactly the contrary. A steward is a man in undergraduate cap and gown with a white staff, who stands propping up walls and starves *pro bone publico*. Of course there were lady stewards (or should it be stewardesses?), but they did not prop up walls, nor did they presumably starve.

But to come back to business, about eleven o'clock the performers in the pageant commenced to arrive. There were Doctors of Divinity, Law, and Trinity, Science, Letters, and Medicine. Inside the hall a lusty choir of lasses and lads rendered popular University hymns (ancient and modern) for the benefit of those unwary ones who had come too early. The *Gryphon* was particularly impressed with the confectionist skill of Herr Billamovitch, who so successfully tamed the wild singers. The particular anthem perpetrated jointly by Billamovitch and one of the *Gryphon's* sub-editors brought the remark from a Massachusetts visitor, "Say, boys, that's fine. Great execution, ain't it." To which the only Britisher of the party replied, "Your remark, dear chappie, is like your usual method of expression, ambiguous. The only adjective which one could apply to their execution, at least the only one capable of expressing my feelings, would be 'desirable.'" So far as the *Gryphon* could see, this latter remark was not endorsed by the general public.

On going into the passages the *Gryphon* found that everywhere the magazine was selling like hot cakes. He observed one fair vendor ambush most of the honorary graduates, not to mention members of the House of Lords, &c. Two others were observed big game hunting at one of the main entrances of the hall, and, as their receipts afterwards proved, the bag was heavy. One lady, partridge shooting out of season, bagged twenty-nine brace, one and a half brace being with one barrel. At the same time he mentioned

that during the temporary absence of the headquarters staff certain members of the Court mistook the special edition for a free pamphlet on the temperance question.

Meanwhile, our soldier boys were being reviewed by General Nicholson, and the entire squad looked at infinity with great *édot*.

At last, all the robing, &c., having been successfully accomplished, to the strains of the great organ, the processions began to file into the hall. First the civic dignities of the city of Leeds, followed by civic dignities of minor towns, &c. Convocation, Senate, Court and Council, Honorary Graduates, Mr. Ellis and the Mace, the Vice-Chancellor and the Registrar. Be it noted that this list is not necessarily in "order of merit."

The Vice-Chancellor briefly addressed the congregation, and then commanded the Acting Honorary Marshal to summon the Chancellor elect. The latter entered the hall, preceded by a number of well-known people, among whom one recognised (with difficulty) Crowthor and Hartnell.

The Registrar, in the manner of the ancient Thugs of India, gracefully slipped a noose round the Duke's neck, thus investing him with the degree of Doctor of Laws, this being subsequently confirmed by the Vice-Chancellor. The Chancellor having been installed, the choir greeted him in their own peculiar way with a selection from Bach's "Dramma per Musica."

The Chancellor having delivered an interesting address, the gentlemen, whose photographs appeared in the Special Installation Edition, received honorary degrees.

Mr. Asquith was next called upon to address the meeting and impressed us with the fact that he was born at Morley. We, of course, restrained from offering our condolences, as it probably was not his fault. We expected great things from Mr. Asquith, and we were not disappointed.

After another vocal effort in the shape of the National Anthem, we departed, as we came, in processions, and the great function was over.

On interviewing our representatives on our retail staff outside, we found that the Installation Edition had been a great success. The Gryphon eleven for the occasion was as follows:—Mr. H. Brumwell (Capt.) Miss Kirtland, Miss Middleton, Miss Lee, Miss Croft, Miss Perham, Miss Longstaff, Mr. Ostrehan, Mr. Speight, Mr. Papworth, Mr. Walker.

The Installation (A Fragment).

(With apologies to Macaulay.)

ATTEND all ye who list to hear our noble students' praise;

I tell of their thrice famous deeds on Installation days, When that great crowd of sages, of dukes, and earls, and lords,

Fee scholarship or statesmanship did reap their due rewards.

It was about the lovely noon of a warm summer day,

There came a gallant Training Corps to be our guard and stay;

The Duke had just reviewed them—when they are on parade

Ill fares it then with any foe who dares our shores invade!

Straight up the aisle they marched, as up the hill those thousand men,

Whom, when the Duke had marched them up, he marched them down again.

But soft, what dulcet sounds are these which greet the raptured ear

With music's soft seductive strains the waiting time to cheer?

Of Devonshire, and Asquith, their song the praises sung,

Of P-r-k-s, B-n-s, and C-m-l, who nuptial bliss have found;

While B-l-m's noble form upon a chair reared high in pride,

With eagle eye, and baton delf, our soaring notes would guide,

With his white hair unbombed the steat Sir Nathan comes;

Behind him steps the Registrar, before, the Senate's dons.

His colleagues round the "Throne of State" make clear an ample space,

For there behoves him to instal our Chancellor, His Grace.

And heartily the students cheer, the organ's raptures flow,

As paces up the aisle the Duke with measured step and slow;

And music's strains arise once more, "Rejoice! again Rejoice!"

And all are urged to welcome him, with heart as well as voice.

Lo, now a solemn stillness falls, the organ's notes are still'd.

While with the great men's praises, our listening ears are fill'd.

They get degrees without exams, oh would to heav'n that we

Might such a good impression make on our revered V.C.!

At last it all is over, we've got a Chancellor;

The Senate march out "two by two,"—and then the Training Corps.

But soft—one word before we close, we can, if so we choose,

Behave ourselves quite nicely—*it's in the "Evening News!"*

"TECAMA."

Scenes from Real Life.

ACT II, SCENE I. Hall Porter's Wigwag.

(O.P. at the telephone.) "Yes?" "...." "Yes?" "...." "No!" "...." "What! Bird-time?" "...." "No!" (With emphasis.) "This is the University of Leeds! We don't keep bird-time here!"

H. HOLLINGS.

The Passing Show.

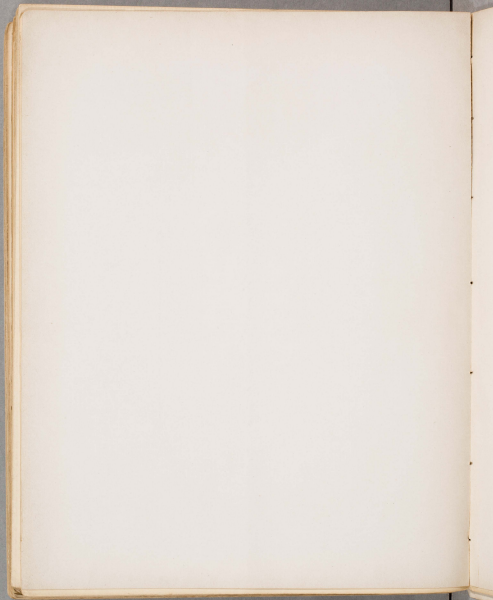
THE approaching graduation ceremony will be the last appearance as students of many members of the most active generation which the University of Leeds has yet seen. The successful achievements of the student body during the last three years have been numerous and praiseworthy. Student functions, instead of being an annual dead loss to the Union, are now uniformly and almost monotonously successful. The Gryphon is in a similar position, and all who crave variety are now looking for extensions and developments, for new activities and new bonds. The efforts of the few leaders have contributed enormously to this position, but along with their efforts there has been a development in *esprit de corps* and in tone throughout the whole institution. Without this advance their work would have been sterile, though it is only fair to recognise that both in public and in these pages the main apostles of *esprit de corps* have been those who officially or unofficially were doing the work of the Union, of the Societies and of the Clubs. The evident improvement in the manners of the student which has been manifested of late, is as pleasant to observe as it was unpleasant to contemplate our deficiencies in the past. There is admittedly still an unregenerate element (generally, by the way, considering itself the social superior of the rest of the University) which mistakes noise and vulgarity for boisterous wit. The student body as a whole may, however, claim with some justice to be more gentlemanly than its critics.

For some years it has been the custom in the evening press of this city to identify every band of hooligans as University students, and make all public gatherings the occasion for editorial sneers, which have previously been met in the only reasonable way—with silence. Apparently, however, the sneers are not to be confined to our public joviality, but to our more sober performances in these columns. The unfavourable opinions which we hold of the literary work of others we generally consider ourselves bound to express in terms which, although they are of suitable strength, are always polite. It is apparently otherwise with our local contemporaries, whose dignity apparently is not sufficiently important to be worth preserving in a matter like the criticism of undergraduate poetry.

This article, however, is not an essay on the manners of the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, but an attempt to review the present and to make suggestions for the future of the awakening and refining student-spirit of our University. The ambition to develop ourselves and to grow in public usefulness has been evidenced by the powers which have been working for social and athletic intercourse during the last years. The great unmet problem is that of decent Union rooms or club for men. In the past it was the universal

habit to grovel at the authorities for not spending several thousands of pounds on our welfare. In the present, however, the idea is growing that in this case we have ourselves the power and the influence to assist the authorities. While they are considering the future geography of the University buildings and deciding where this or that necessary extension shall be built, we may rest assured that, provided the money is obtained, a site can be provided for a building suitable to our dignity which might be called a Union, and not a smoke room. The present duty of the students is obviously to attempt to raise the whole or part of the sum they would like to see expended on their comfort, and there is no reason why the beginning of next session should not see the launching of a students' fund, raised, administered, and controlled by the students, for a new Union building. As an extension of the corporate life of our students, both men and women, it is becoming more and more evident that if there were Halls of Residence, where board and lodging could be obtained for something nearer to one pound than to two pounds a week, they would rapidly be filled with those who find "digs," dull and lonely, but cannot afford the expensive laziness of the present Hall of Residence.

Another direction of activity is suggested by the fact that the University of Leeds sees little or nothing of its old students. Although there is a statutory body, Convocation, provided in the Charter for the gathering together of graduates, many graduates fail to register, and many who are not graduates are deprived of this opportunity of meeting or consoling with their fellow-students and contemporaries. This is a question which might well be studied by a joint committee of the Union and of Convocation. A final suggestion is that Leeds does not know enough of the University in its midst and that it might be worth while for the sake of removing misconceptions, to make ourselves better known. We have devoted a good deal of time and energy to making the better classes appreciate our value as an ornament, but it is quite conceivable that it would in the end be more human and satisfying to feel that we were of some use to the less fortunate folk. The time is ripening for the beginning of a University Settlement, where students and staff and other similar persons may reside or work at some of the social problems to which we may bring our training with great advantage. Housing, sanitation, public health, the care of young children are all matters on which our work may be of valuable assistance to the social organisations and local government of Leeds. If, further, we can, with the aid of our own now developing social unity, assist in the healthy social intercourse of our poor, we shall be doing real student work. The opportunity to begin is ready to hand in the Leeds University Young Men's Club—a body which knows so little of Leeds University as a whole that it might better be called Professor Cohen's Club. Although these prolonged remarks may have taxed the capacity of the Gryphon, the writer hopes that the new Union Committee will find it possible to indulge in pioneer work on some of the lines suggested for the good of its own corporate life, and for the better fame of the *Alma Mater*.



HINTS FOR FUTURE PROCEDURE.



All Graduates shall return thanks

M.

"See I am utterly unworthy..." (loud & prolonged cheers)



MARCH OF THE LAB. BOYS
(A SUGGESTION)



The Plan for Florida
listen to the V.C.'s Eulogy

Professor Goodman.

(Special Interview).

"Come in," cried a hearty voice as the junior apprentice on the reporting staff of the *Gryphon* (an Arts fresher) knocked timidly at the door of Professor Goodman's private room. Our representative entered and looked round the room, but failed to see an owner for the voice. Presently a head of smooth fair hair, somewhat grizzled, rose from behind the American desk at the far end of the room, and Professor Goodman stood revealed. Shaking his visitor heartily by the hand, "Well, sir," he said, "and what can I do for you this morning?" and pointed to a chair. Our reporter replied that he was commissioned to interview the Professor on behalf of the journal he had the honour to represent. His host offered some opposition to this proposal, but at length yielded to the argument that the readers of the *Gryphon* would be grievously disappointed if the journal had no commentary on its portrait. "In fact," our reporter went so far as to say, "if you don't give me an interview, I shall have to invent one out of my own head." But he could extract no biographical details from his host beyond the facts that his Christian name is John, and that he has been Professor of Engineering in Leeds since 1890.

On other topics Professor Goodman was more communicative. "You have views of your own, I understand," said our reporter, "on the teaching of mathematics to engineers, advocating the use of the photograph or photographs, or some other kind of graphs as an adjunct to the lantern."

To our reporter's surprise a violent access of laughter greeted this remark; the Professor apologised for it, saying that the ignorance of Arts men always amused him, and added, "You just come into the Engineering Department and we'll teach you what graphs are. You see, those mathematicians puzzle their own heads, and ours as well—a far more serious matter—with their *dx's* and *dy's*, whereas," and he pulled out his Vernier, seized a sheet of paper, and began drawing curves on it, "the whole thing is as clear as daylight if you do it in this way." (In the MS. follows a condensed lecture, which we will spare our readers.—Ed.) "I have heard that you hold a low opinion of architects."

"Quite so. I have no use for architects; they will insist on putting in unnecessarily heavy and expensive stuff; if they would come to us, we would teach them all about strains and stresses."

Asked whether the Department had had any opportunities of putting their theories into immediate practice, "Oh yes," he replied. "Just look at Myers and his tug-of-war team. And we built the lives-eat for Stroud." Our representative assured the Professor that this piece of work was much admired, and that the Union was thoroughly grateful to him for the great trouble he had taken over the matter.

The Professor modestly remarked that he was glad to have been of use to the students; "they are good boys—or the whole," he added with a smile, "but some of them are terrible slackers."

At this moment there came a knock at the door, and a sun-tanned, hercely-moustached man of about

thirty-five entered the room. The Professor sprang up to greet him. "Hello, Smith, where have you sprung from?" "I thought you were laying monoliths in Tierra del Fuego." He then introduced the newcomer as an old engineering student whom he had not seen for many years. Mr. Smith desired to withdraw till the chief should be at liberty, but was asked to stay, as the business was neither long nor confidential.

"Talking of boys," resumed our reporter, "I am given to understand that you take your own special boys up to Beamsey by relays nearly every week-end; don't you find it rather a bore?"

"I can tell you something about that," broke in Mr. Smith. "I was at the College in the old days of the cottage at Barden; we used to have a royal time there—walking, bathing—you remember the photos Samuels did of us in the Strid, Professor? By the way, what has become of all those fellows, Campbell, the Middletons and the rest?"

Professor Goodman gave the required information.

"I believe you know what has become of every man who ever passed through your Department from the beginning," said Mr. Smith; and then, turning to our reporter—"These days at Barden meant everything to me. I came to Leeds a complete stranger, and if you are stranded in a big, dirty town, knowing nobody—"

"Come, come," the Professor interrupted, "this is not business."

So to business they returned, and Professor Goodman delighted our reporter by his outspoken views on a variety of topics, all more or less interesting to members of the University. We have not space to reproduce his words *in extenso*, and merely jot down the headings of some his remarks. Thus, if you wish to heat a large building, the Barker system—hot water, not steam—is by far the best; only don't have a Worthington pump to work it—they are always going wrong; get a Barker pump—it is a float pump. Here the pencil and paper were again brought into requisition to illustrate the principle. Some interesting remarks followed next on the subject of contractors who put in bad concrete; but we have taken the opinion of the Professor of Law, who advises that it would be dangerous to print them. Our reporter gathered that the Professor of Engineering has a strong distaste for everything in the way of public ceremonies. The political situation he refused to discuss, but hinted that he had a very qualified belief in politicians of all kinds. He believed in freedom. Our reporter inquired, as delicately as he could, whether this last remark meant that his host did not intend to follow the example lately set by the Professor of Latin, the Clerk to the Senate, and Mr. Perkins, to name no higher authorities, but could get no unambiguous reply.

Many other topics of general interest were touched on by Professor Goodman, but by this time our reporter's notebook was full, and much study has so impaired his memory that he was unable to give the Editor a connected account of what he heard, so that our readers must do without this information for the present.

Ants and a Noble Lie.

He had made a curious undergraduate: he made a still more curious curate. His idiosyncrasies and his deeds of absent-mindedness ran the weather close for first place in the conversation of his East-end parishioners.

He had been spending the day on Box Hill, reading "Diana" as he lay in the sunshine on the grass— "getting the atmosphere of Meredith," he called it—and had rushed down into Dorking just in time to catch his train back to London Bridge.

His eyes becoming accustomed to the darker light of the carriage, he noticed that there was a lady in the far corner opposite him, looking at him curiously; but he had often observed that far-away look in the eyes of his lady friends, and curacy had made him cynical; so he paid no particular attention to it. Once more he gave himself up to "Diana" wholeheartedly.

He read a couple of pages. Then he thought he felt something bite the back of his neck. There! he was sure it bit him, confound it! Just when there were ladies about and he couldn't scratch, too! Something moving on his coat caught his eye. Great Scott! There were ants swarming all over his coat. He jumped up and was on the point of pulling it off, when he remembered his fellow-traveller.

"Excuse me," he said with rather haughty politeness and somewhat pathetically. "I've been lying in the grass and got ants all over me. Do you mind if I take my coat off?"

"Oh no. Not in the least," she said, smiling. And she looked out of the window.

Humbly he took his coat off, shook it well out of the window on his side of the carriage, and was satisfying himself there were no more ants on it, when—zipp, whizz! a train rushed past on the other line.

In his fright he bumped his head frantically against the top of the window-frame—for a moment he thought the train had hit him, and all was up—and his coat joyously sailed away from his nerveless grasp far in the rear.

He sat down and rubbed his head, groaning inwardly. Deuce that train! Why did it want to come past then of all times? Pride asserted itself. He stole an angry glance at the lady in the corner; his heart leapt for joy; she was still gazing out of the window. But soon man's natural pessimism swept away his only hope.

"She must have seen," he swore inwardly. "She's looking out of the window to laugh at me." His inward self cursed him for a fool; his best friends never said behind his back what now he said of himself.

"They're all alike, women," he grumbled to himself. "their greatest joy is to see a chap in a beastly hole. But there will be one," he consoled himself, his face lighting up, "waiting for me at London Bridge, and she won't laugh at a chap's rotten luck."

His consolation was brief. Something crawled over his chest. His heart sank like lead. They were inside then. He groaned about this time; then

quickly tried to turn the groan into a cough; it was a sad failure, he knew. For a long time he sat still in a cold agony, still as a martyr at the stake, whilst that ant played havoc with his chest.

Suddenly the lady addressed him, and in his utterly unprepared condition he trembled at her words.

"Would you mind telling me where we are now? I am blind and cannot see for myself," and she turned her eyes to him, then sadly away again to the window.

The reaction was tremendous; his ecstasy was unbounded. Never in his life before had he given unpaid-for information so gladly. Hang it! He might have known those eyes were wrong. Then he felt ashamed of his rejoicing at another's misfortune; but this feeling soon passed; the "call of the ant" was in his blood!

No longer a curate, but a tortured animal, he feverishly tore his shirt open, plucked that ant from out his bosom and slew it. Slew it with unchristian, almost diabolical joy, tearing it limb from limb, solemnly as he would have read the burial service.

* * * * *

They were at London Bridge. He jumped out of the carriage right into the arms of his fiancée. Greetings over and it being explained he was wearing his "mac" because his coat was lost, he turned to offer his aid to his unknown companion of the journey. To his unutterable astonishment, his fiancée rushed in before him, with outstretched arms.

"Why, Lucy, it's never you, is it?"

"Goodness gracious! Gertrude!"

The usual babblings-in-concert that accompany the greetings of the sex followed.

"George dear, isn't it funny? This is my old school chum you travelled up with."

"George dear" thought it was funny; just like his luck, in fact. They were introduced; he began to stammer something; his cheeks grew red, but beside hers they were ghostly pale. He thought of that open shirt; she thought of that unavailing fib. A moment's strained silence, then they laughed—uproariously.

The tale ended (of course George had to tell it, and to his credit he left nothing out), he decided it was his turn to get some fun out of the business.

"Miss Harrison, your soul is in a parious state, you know; why did you tell me such an awful fib as that?"

"Well, you see," she interrupted, "it really was too funny, and I felt so sorry for you when they began to bite. Besides it was only half a lie," she pleaded. "I am terribly short-sighted, and I broke my glasses this morning—I am on my way to the oculist. I can really only see men 'as it were' trax walking."

It was unanimously decided they should all go to Box Hill together and spend a day there amusing themselves slaughtering ant hills and donkey riding.

"You forgive me that fib?" she asked as they parted. "It was told in the spirit of Christian charity, I assure you; and besides, I looked out of the window."

He pronounced her absolution.

"It was a noble lie," he said.

SEE DEE.

Bill Bunker.—An Absolute Fiction.

WILLIAM HENRY BUNKER, of 17, Sheepscot Terrace, Otlington-in-Airedale, was a student of Leeds University, of meagre accomplishments and of insignificant appearance. Had these qualities been united with suitable modesty of manner and kindness of nature he would not now have been the subject of discussion. But, unfortunately for himself, he assumed that the possession of scholarship rights in the University was proof positive that he was a paragon of all the virtues and graces. Since his fellow students and fellow townsmen did not appear to pay to him the honour which was the due of such genius, his early student days were mainly occupied in describing his brilliant youth and his fame in Otlington to a group of sceptics in the smoke room. At Otlington in the same way his evenings were spent describing how he was rapidly becoming one of the "blooms"—scholastic, social, and athletic—of the University of Leeds.

Incidentally, his attempts to dress and spend on the scale of the "blooms" led him to be a source of much self-denial and care to his affectionate though impoverished parents. They were content with plain bacon for breakfast; he must have ham and eggs and always "something nice" for tea. He began to despise his mother's home-made socks, which, though durable, were rather coarse and always plain in colour. He finally found the family tailor "too utterly rotten," and transferred his patronage and his father's money to a more aristocratic one in Leeds. The really painful fact was, however, that he was so simple as to be deceived by the rhabdomy of his fellow students and the winks and smiles of his old friends at Otlington. The prowess of which he boasted so much was long in being exhibited to his University. His "crooked" knee prevented him from showing the 1st XI. how to play "footer," he was conveniently sick for the terminal examinations, and the only direction in which he tried to shine, that of fascinating the ladies, was one in which he mistook their amusement at his conceit for attraction to his personality. What would have been the end of this it is hard to say, but the ordinary course of events was probably accelerated when he was persuaded to honour the O.T.C. with his membership. Otlington shortly knew him as Lieutenant Bunker, while at the same time instructor and officers of the corps were finding difficulty in convincing him of their superior knowledge of the way in which the various evolutions of the parade ground should be performed. The climax was reached when his uniform arrived. Although on his first appearance his puttees were wrong way round, he was much more concerned about complaining of the bad fit of his "bags," which being made to fit a normally shaped individual did not exactly coincide with his figure. These, however, were in the end more or less modified, and our hero had never greater pleasure than on the days when a 5.30 parade was announced. On such occasions he rose half an hour earlier than usual, and by 7 o'clock he was resplendent and ready to stroll down the street to the station with great dignity. The whole day through he was an object of admiration—at least,

so he believed. In the laboratories—where he appeared for fifteen minutes in the morning and then departed—in the smoke room, on the tennis court, and across the quadrangle—which he traversed many times—he was of course the sight of the day. On such occasions he made a point of lurching in town, and at mid-day he would waylay some guileless woman student and walk down Woodhouse Lane with her, his nose in the air and his puny chest expanded to its fullest extent. In the evening at Otlington there would be a similar display—often with irregular additions such as a pair of obsolete spurs or a red ribbon on his khaki jacket. There was no one to repeat these phenomena to headquarters, and so he began actually to gain a peculiar respect from the easily deceived Otlingtonians. It happened, however that one Saturday afternoon in the company of two ladies he met the sergeant of his section cycling through the town. As in addition to the spurs and the red ribbon he was adorned with a heavy naval cutlass, he was not surprised on the following Monday to be invited to interview with the colour sergeant and a few other prominent members of the corps. Exactly what took place it is impossible to say, but Cadet Bunker is now a greatly chastened individual, less obtrusive and more diligent, and never by any chance appearing in his uniform unless he really means business.

Otlington hardly knows what to make of her famous son, who is now so resigned and modest. Probably he is still expected to achieve some great and mighty deed for the honour of his native town. But for the present we have reason to know that his greatest desire is to be unobserved.

How It WAS Done.

Said Bartle to Billam, "Say, let's write a song!"
Said Billam to Bartle, "Right O, come along!"

So Billam shirked Plato, and Bartle cut verse,
The former for music, the latter for verse.

"Art ready?" cried Bartle, "then, one, two, three—
go!"

"Pom-pom-ti" hummed Billam, "uf, ray-mie-deh!"

* * *

"Do they fit," whispered Bartle, "my metre, your time?"

"Do they fit," murmured Billam, "my bars and your rhyme?"

"They'll do!" chuckled Billam; said Bartle "That's so!"

"The Union, eh Billam?" "Yes, Bartle, we'll go."

"And sing it 'em {Bartle! " } together they said—
But poor Bartle-Billam, the Union had fled!



Leeds University Union.

Union Committee Tell-Tale.

14 Meetings.

Prof. B. M. Connal	12	A. H. C. Ellis	13
Mr. C. M. Gillespie	12	C. Hartnell	14
Miss M. Wilson	14	J. A. Hickey	11
Miss I. Gray	14	P. Hinckley	13
Miss H. Bendrey	12	E. A. Hopkins	10
A. Appleyard	13	F. A. Hyde	12
J. S. Bainbridge	13	F. M. Rowe	13
H. Curtis	14	G. W. Stainesby	14
H. Duchesne	11	A. E. Woodhead	13

Representatives from the S.R.C.

12 Meetings.

W. E. Crowther	2	J. M. Foord	2
H. H. Brown	3	C. G. Reinhardt	1
C. J. H. Little	1	J. P. Walker	2
G. V. Stockdale	5		

Union Committee Elections, June, 1910.

ELECTED.		NOT ELECTED.	
H. Curtis	283	J. P. Twining	95
*S. C. Layzell	241	*W. Rintoul	92
F. M. Rowe	215	A. E. Bevan	91
A. Appleyard	208	N. M. North	89
P. Hinckley	198	E. A. Bearder	85
*H. Pettit	189	E. F. Wilkinson	82
*C. A. Boden	163	*A. E. Warren	75
*A. Sowden	141	J. H. Wilson	74
*J. S. Pilley	130	*B. W. Pency	70
G. P. S. Crofts	128	*G. J. W. Moss	69
H. Heaton	119	*V. H. Atkinson	68
J. H. Marriott	113	J. L. Tomlinson	67
L. W. Shout	111	H. S. Houskeworth	63
		B. Hickson	62
		*O. B. Wilson	59

* Indicates First Year Students.

83 per cent. of the voters polled.

Representatives from the W.R.C.

Miss D. M. Kartland (President W.R.C.).
Miss D. K. Wallace (Hon. Sec. W.R.C.).
Miss M. Wilson.

Representatives from the S.R.C.

(To be elected in October.)

The first Meeting of the 1910-11 Union Committee was held on June 8th. The following appointments were made:—

President and Chairman of Committee: A. Appleyard.
Hon. Secretary: H. Curtis.
Hon. Treasurer: Prof. B. M. Connal.
Staff Representative: C. M. Gillespie, Esq.
Rugby Football Representative: S. C. Layzell.
Association Football Representative: P. Hinckley.
Cricket Representative: G. B. S. Crofts.
Hockey Representative: L. W. Shout.
Tennis Representative: H. Pettit.
"Gryphon" and O.T.C. Representative: F. M. Rowe.
Debating Society Representative: H. Heaton.
Swimming Representative: A. Appleyard.
Gymnastics Representative: H. Curtis.
Lacrosse Representative: J. H. Marriott.
Fives Representative: C. A. Boden.

Union Rooms Committee:

H. Heaton (Sec.) P. Hinckley.
C. A. Boden. J. S. Pilley.
G. P. S. Crofts.

Entertainments Committee:

J. S. Pilley (Sec.) J. H. Marriott.
C. A. Boden. H. Pettit.
S. C. Layzell. F. M. Rowe.

Athletics Committee:

A. Sowden (Sec.) J. H. Marriott.
P. Hinckley. L. W. Shout.
S. C. Layzell.

The President and Hon. Sec. are *ex-officio* members of the above Committees.

Union Representatives on the Refectory Committee:

P. Hinckley. H. Pettit.
C. HARTNELL, Hon. Sec.

Swimming Club.

At a General Meeting held on June 16th, 1910, the following were elected officers for next session 1910-11:

Captain: A. W. Rhodes.
Hon. Sec.: H. J. Wilson.

Committee: A. Appleyard, J. S. Dobson, L. Shout, W. Maddock, F. Wigglesworth (Med. Sch. Rep.).

The Annual Gala will take place in October next. We beg to remind swimmers that the long vacation affords a splendid opportunity for training for races.

A trial race will be held early next session to choose five men to represent Leeds in the Inter-Varsity Competition for the Whitworth Challenge Shield, at present held by Manchester. A. A.

O.T.C. Notes.

THE annual training in camp of the Leeds University contingent will commence on Saturday, July 23rd, for the usual period of fifteen days, and in view of the fact that this is the first camp to be attended by Leeds it is hoped that as many men as possible will make a point of being present for the whole period. Leeds will join with Manchester, Birmingham, and possibly some other Universities or University Colleges. The district chosen for the camping ground is Alresford, on the Tichborne estate, Winchester, where, in the summer of last year, manoeuvres on a large scale were carried out by regular troops. We understand that the Adjutant of the Corps, Captain Nugent, is thoroughly familiar with the country in the vicinity, having been present on that occasion.

The following cadets have received promotion:—
Colour-Sergeant H. Duchesne, Sergeants H. K. Boyle, E. A. Hopkins, N. M. North, G. N. Stockdale, Lance-Sergeant C. Hartnell, Corporal E. C. Cockburn.

On Monday, June 27th, a Dinner is to be held at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, by the members of the Union Committee and of the O.T.C., when the guests of the evening will be Major E. Kitchin-Clark and Captain Nugent. The committee responsible for the dinner take this opportunity of expressing the hope that all members of the committee and of the Corps will make a special effort to be present on that occasion.

A shooting eight will visit Manchester on Tuesday, June 28th, to compete for the Whitworth-Glazebrook Cup, at present held by Manchester. Other teams competing are Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham. The Leeds team will be picked on the results of the class firing now taking place on the Baildon Range.

The University has reason to congratulate itself in that the first inspection of the Officers' Training Corps was performed by General Sir W. G. Nicholson, Chief of the General Staff, and First Military Member of the Army Council. The inspection took place in Victoria Square shortly before the arrival of the Duke of Devonshire on the recent occasion of his installation as Chancellor of the University, when, it will be remembered, the O.T.C. furnished a guard of honour. The General was pleased to express his entire satisfaction with the Corps.

A. W.

Textile Notes.

At the last meeting of the Students' Textile Society, held in the Refectory, on Tuesday, March 1st, papers were read by Mr. Kelly on "Methods adopted for the revival of Irish Industries," and by Mr. V. Carmouche on "A Comparison of English and Continental Worsted Spinning."

These meetings, which are run entirely by the students, form a most pleasing feature of the work of the Textile Department. Quite apart from the educational, there is also the social side, which draws students together and interests them in their work.

Another pleasant feature in connection with them is the readiness with which our foreign friends, both Eastern and Western, give papers on the special textile industries in their countries.

An Association for Old Students has been formed this season. Over a hundred assisted at the inauguration dinner held on November 18th. The Pro-Chancellor, Mr. A. G. Lupton, presided, and there were present also Sir N. Boddington, Sir Wilfrid Hepton, Mr. J. Lowden, Mr. J. G. Chadwick, Mr. M. Stables, Mr. J. R. Williams, Prof. A. G. Green and Prof. R. Beaumont. Mr. H. P. Holloway has been elected secretary, and a strong working committee has been formed, which has done much of the necessary spadework consequent on the formation of such a Society.

One has much satisfaction in referring to the winning of the Cohen Inter-Departmental Shield at the annual Swimming Gala, and also to the success of the Football team in carrying off the Inter-Departmental Championship.

The Annual Farewell Dinner is fixed to take place in the Refectory on June 17th, and will be, I suppose, the usual pleasant function it has been in past years.

V. C.

The Gryph.

(Tune: "McPherson")

The Dawn.

To Kirkstall's stream long gone
Came trooping then the meadows,
With rod and line in hand,
The Abbey's jolly fellows;
Though they were resolute
To con the book of learning,
To angle and to loave,
Set all their hearts a-yearning.

Chorus.

Oh! Lydden's a merry wag,
Medicals upvarious,
College joins in the rag,
And fair De Greys enroute us.

The Birth.

When years had roll'd away,
A Gryphon big with knowledge
Spread wings across the Aire
To found a dandy college;
And she did absolve
Us from the rule despotie,
At times to pass the bowl
And draw the cool narcotic.

Chorus.—Oh! &c.

The Future.

So brace your limbs and thwos,
And come to a decision,
That Leeds shall distance all
The prophet sees in vision;
On us has devolv'd
The spirit of the dawning,
So pull together Leeds,
Create a glorious morning!

Chorus.—Oh! &c.

TARTAR.

How a Fresher Triumphed.

O the long examination !
O the crowd examination !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Grew the crowd about the portal.
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Sunk the spirits of the lost ones.
And our Fresher, too, was present,
Speaking with his boon companions,
Till his voice sank to a whisper,
Sunk to silence, cold and gloomy.

O the wasting of the moments !
O the fleeting of the moments !
Whilst the eyes of supervisors,
Like the eyes of wolves, glared at him.
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze, and fell not.
Then it was an hour past noonday
Forth from out the place of torment,
Forth from out the hall of terror,
Rushed the maddened, tortured Fresher.
Out into the empty salway
In his brogue shoes strode he forward.

By the stairway widely columned,
By the entrance to the temple,
By the wigwam of the porter,
In the pleasant summer evening,
There a Fresher stood and waited,
With him were his faithful comrades ;
With him were his boon companions ;
Solemnly they stood and waited.
Waited what ? Ah ! stay and listen.
Silently a brave approaches
Joins the throng ; and then another,
Till the concourse swift increases.
From the braves a gentle murmur
As of creatures in the forest.

Tells a story of impatience.
Then a brave would stir another,
Draw a bitter "Haja puchin."
Suddenly the angry murmur
Grows to one of discontentment,
As the wind among the tree tops
Strengthens as a storm approaches.
Louder still until the war cry
Bursting forth like many waters,
Fills the heights and fluted arches.

For the black-robed chief approaches
With a sheaf of picture-writing,
Frenziedly the waiting concourse,
Frenziedly they give him greeting.
"Read the list ! Ah, read it, stranger !"
"Read !" and "Read !" the voices thunder,
Till they sink to sudden silence.
Then the black-robed chief, the prophet,
Told his message to his people.

Only one are we concerned with,
'Tis our Fresher—gladly hearing
From those lips the wondrous message,
"Those who passed the Intermediate"—
(Quite a list) and then "A Fresher."

Thus departed our beloved,
On the threshold then he lingered,
Turned and waved his hand at parting,
Then with speed he darted forward,
And the waiting world received him.

K. K. K.

Diary of a Dictionary.

By Lewis and Short.

In red and gold, none prouder than ourselves
We stand upon the dictionary shelves.
We are replete with gems of prose and verse,
From Virgil, Caesar, Tacitus, the terse,
Our function is when not in snug repose,
To help some weary student with his prose.

On Monday morn an eye our title scanned,
And we were captured by an eager hand.
"Ha ! ha !" one said with loud but vulgar shout,
"Come here you fat 'uns—Glad that you're about."
And seizing us with not a gentle jerk,
Went to his place and settled down to work.

"This Horace is a *Hepicore*, the brute
(I say you chaps, does *tebt* mean a flute ?)
Look, here again he's asking *tebt* to dine,
He always jaws about his Massio wine.
What's that you say, the rugger ain't no catch ?

But then, you see, we won the soccer match.
Shut up, you ass, this ain't the place to jape,
I've got to lick this fellow into shape.
—Um, *propter hoc*. Ah ! 'on account of this'
Well, *propter hoc* I'm giving this a miss.
Shut up your books and take away that die.
And come and have a smoke—I say, be quick."

We were put back, but as we settled down,
A lady came and took us with a frown.
"Good gracious ! there's the bell I do avow,
I'll never get this prose completed now.
Now, let me see—Then Caesar came to Rome !
Why can't the silly fellow stay at home ?
Now do they say *seute is or wd* ?
I know these Romans had some precious fad.
What's that you say ? Do I like Lizzie's hat ?
Well, no, I don't—it's far too square and fat.
I can't abide that bow towards the back,
And then that feather hangs too limp and slack.
That bit of lace"

[Here the diary ends. Whether the English of our
worthy friends fail them we cannot say.]

Cricket.

Up to the present time the team has had a very successful season. Twelve matches have been played, of which five have been won, two lost, and five drawn.

For the Mayo Robson Cup the three Universities have tied, each having four points. Whether the competition shall be brought to a definite result is at present unsettled.

The second team have also had a good season, having only lost one match. The following are the scores in matches played up to date:—

May 7th, v. HYDE, at home Drawn

THE UNIVERSITY			
C. A. Boden, c Ibbittson, b Thorne	40
G. P. S. Crofts, c Barber, b Woolley	37
A. C. Day, b Mercer	29
G. R. Walker, c and b Mercer	10
A. Sowden, not out	7
H. Pettit, 1 b w, b Mercer	5
G. Atkinson, not out	1
Extras	10
Total (for 5 wickets)	129
Innings declared.			

HYDE C.C.			
D. Barber, b Atkinson	6
A. F. Mohun, b Pettit	3
J. E. Parkinson, not out	5
R. K. Knowles, b Atkinson	1
E. Harrison, not out	4
Extras	10
Total (for 5 wickets)	27

May 11th, v. DURHAM UNIVERSITY, at Durham. Match drawn.

DURHAM			
F. S. Lidderdale, c Stockdale, b Kenworthy	43
M. Cusance, b Atkinson	35
S. Littlewood, c J. P. Walker, b Atkinson	40
C. Soden, not out	57
H. T. Hunter, 1 b w, b Atkinson	6
B. Leacy, not out	20
Extras	21
Total (for 4 wickets)	202
Innings declared.			

LEEDS.			
C. A. Boden, b Nuttall	0
G. R. Walker, c Sub, b Markham	75
G. P. S. Crofts, c Markham, b Armstrong	30
H. C. Day, 1 b w, b Hunter	4
J. P. Walker, c Nuttall, b Markham	13
A. Sowden, not out	7
G. V. Stockdale, c Cusance, b Nuttall	1
G. Atkinson, not out	0
Extras	8
Total (for 6 wickets)	136

May 14th, v. DEWSBURY AND SAVILE, away.

The University—79 out.

J. P. Walker, 27; G. Atkinson, 21.

Dewsbury and Savile—57 out.

Hinckley took 5 wickets for 14 runs.

JUNE 15th, v. LEEDS SPRINGFIELD, at home.

Springfield—236 for 2 wickets, declared.

The University—182 for 8 wickets.

H. C. Day, 35; F. Forsell, 32; G. V. Stockdale, 24; G. P. S. Crofts, 22.

May 18th, v. LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY, away. Drawn.

LEEDS.			
C. A. Boden, b Newell	17
G. R. Walker, c and b Clarke	69
G. P. S. Crofts, b Beckett	11
J. P. Walker, c Seddon, b Danson	35
H. C. Day, not out	12
G. Atkinson, b Clarke	3
H. Pettit, not out	6
Extras	4
Total (for 5 wickets)	137
Innings declared closed.			

LIVERPOOL.			
G. G. Howard, not out	39
J. Rumpall, c Day, b Scargill	3
R. S. Ellison, not out	4
Extras	10
Total (for 1 wkt)	46

May 21st, v. W. A. Best, Esq.'s XI, at Angram, Pateley Bridge.

W. A. Best's XI—45 out.

Hinckley took 7 wickets for 17 runs, Pettit 2 for 20, and Kenworthy 1 for 7.

University—38 for 5 wickets

J. P. Walker, 25 not out; G. V. Stockdale, 15;

H. Pettit, 15.

May 25th, v. MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY, at Manchester.

LEEDS.			
C. A. Boden, b Storey	3
G. R. Walker, b O'Brien	30
G. P. S. Crofts, b Jameson	35
J. P. Walker, b O'Brien	47
H. C. Day, b Cocker	40
G. V. Stockdale, c O'Brien, b Cocker	18
H. Pettit, 1 b w, b O'Brien	7
A. Sowden, not out	28
G. Atkinson, run out	0
P. Hinckley, b Storey	18
T. R. Kenworthy, not out	5
Extras	19
Total (for 9 wickets)	256
Innings declared closed.			

The Gryphon.

MANCHESTER.

L. Moss, run out	35
W. H. Wood, run out	29
A. E. Steele, b Hinckley	6
J. F. Cocker, not out	61
R. Storey, b Kenworthy	3
G. Budden, b Atkinson	38
F. Lawrence, not out	6
Extras	28
Total (for 5 wks)	206

May 28th, v. LEEDS SPRINGFIELD, at home. Draws.
 Springfield—231 out.
 The University—115 for 9.
 H. C. Day, 31; J. P. Walker, not out 31.

May 20th, v. LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY, at home.

LIVERPOOL.		Won by 8 wks.
G. G. Howard, b Atkinson	33	
J. Rumjahn, b Hinckley	3	
W. E. Jones, b Kenworthy	8	
C. Denson, c Hinckley, b Kenworthy	29	
R. S. Ellison, b Atkinson	0	
G. G. Clarke, c Sowden, b Kenworthy	9	
H. Seddon, b Atkinson	11	
R. Lee, 1 b w b Atkinson	2	
J. Batson, b Atkinson	0	
H. Beckett, b Kenworthy	4	
W. Newell, not out	7	
Extras	13	
Total	119	

LEEDS.

A. Sowden, c Rumjahn, b Denson	4
G. R. Walker, not out	117
G. P. S. Crofts, c Rumjahn, b Jones	36
H. C. Day, b Beckett	5
J. P. Walker, c Rumjahn, b Jones	8
C. A. Boden, c Beckett, b Denson	8
P. Hinckley, not out	8
Extras	5
Total (for 5 wks)	188

June 4th, v. DENSURRY AND SAVILE, at home.
 Densbury—127 out.

Sowden took 3 wks for 5 runs.

Leeds—115 out.

G. P. S. Crofts, 35; J. P. Walker, 28.

June 11th, v. OLD LEEDSIANS.

Old Leodiansians—103 out.

Hinckley took 4 wks for 10 runs.

The University—160 for 2 wks.

G. R. Walker, 17; G. P. S. Crofts, 87; H. C. Day, 47 not out.

June 8th, v. MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY, at home.

LEEDS.

C. A. Boden, run out	10
G. R. Walker, c Wood, b Cocker	2
G. P. S. Crofts, c and b Cocker	8
H. C. Day, b Storey	21
J. P. Walker, b Milner	17
T. Elliott, c Jameson, b Milner	1
A. Sowden, c Cocker, b Storey	12
P. Hinckley, b Cocker	0
G. Atkinson, c Robinson, b Cocker	0
G. V. Stockdale, b Cocker	14
T. R. Kenworthy, not out	2
Extras	5
Total	93

MANCHESTER.

L. Moss, c Day, b Hinckley	1
S. W. Jones, b Atkinson	1
F. Lawrence, c and b Atkinson	5
W. H. Wood, b Elliott	29
J. F. Cocker, b Sowden	12
G. Budden, c J. P. Walker, b Hinckley	12
G. S. Jameson, not out	25
S. Milner, c Crofts, b Elliott	6
H. R. Eaton, b Elliott	0
Total (for 8 wks)	121

June 14th, v. YORKS. GENTLEMEN, at York.

Yorks. Gentlemen.		Won by 5 wks.
C. E. Anson, c Elliott, b Atkinson	0	
R. A. Legard, b Elliott	9	
R. D. Slater, c Day, b Atkinson	13	
Capt. Hayley, 1 b w, b J. P. Walker	29	
Sir A. W. White, b Elliott	3	
Major Raitt, c J. P. Walker, b Elliott	21	
Capt. Lupton, c Day, b Atkinson	26	
A. H. Anson, not out	15	
J. M. Dawson, b Atkinson	8	
E. G. Tew, b Elliott	1	
L. Thompson, b Elliott	1	
Extras	8	
Total	136	

THE UNIVERSITY.

G. R. Walker, 1 b w, b Lupton	2
C. A. Boden, b Lupton	34
G. P. S. Crofts, b Lupton	0
H. C. Day, b Raitt	99
J. P. Walker, c C. E. Anson, b Lupton	11
A. Sowden, b A. H. Anson	1
G. V. Stockdale, c Raitt, b Anson	10
T. Elliott, c Slater, b Anson	4
G. Atkinson, b Anson	1
F. Forsell, run out	12
E. F. Wilkinson, not out	11
Extras	22
Total	207

G. P. S. CROFTS, Hon. Sec.

Second Eleven.

This season a number of useful players have been available for service, with the result that on all occasions we have been able to place a fairly strong side in the field. So far the programme has been carried through most successfully, and some highly creditable performances have been achieved. In every branch of the game a marked improvement on the standard of cricket set up by the 2nd XI's of several previous years has been shown. Eight matches have been played, and of these six have been won, one lost, and one drawn. This speaks well for the keenness of the players who have turned out.

L. W. SMOUT, *Captain*.

The Union Committee, 1910-11.

Seniores veteres.

The Treasurer: The same old firm, with rather less time to devote to tills now as "it" requires part of his leisure. Considers Horace the finest poet of all time; carries him in his waistcoat pocket and induces Morpheus thereby when feeling depressed by mal-pronunciation of quantities after unburdening his wrath with "Great Scott! You say that after you have left Leeds and I shall get the blame."

The Top of the Poll (283 votes): Always famous as Rugger mudlark. Goes into hysterics at the mention of "The cross-examination of Tomlinson." A cheery little soul save when he is wound up to sing "Kelly." Is thinking of joining the S-I-E-T-A Army. Has been heard to say "Am training for the light-weights, once played against 'Oatla Aa'." Laughs with a double semi-quaver trill on the second note.

Freddy (215): Still dye(ing) practices on his friends' socks—favourites salmon-pink and purple. Looks like a Belvedere Apollo, but must use the playing fields a little more or have recourse to "Auldipon." Hopes to be made a cook when he goes to camp. Gumbles something about his O.T.C. cap hiding his parting. Has a hard year of "grind" to expect; pore fellah.

The Science Representative (208): The Father of the family—still in the swim. Has decided to favour the tennis-courts in the near future with his presence, probably on the 29th June—a little eccentricity of his. A man worth knowing, but needs to come out of his shell and make his full weight felt during the next session.

Phisph (198): Colours for Soccer and Running, and we hope for Cricket too. Once got a straw hat; a sound man of business. Murmurs things such as "Wait until 'Varsity meets College of the Resurrection next season." Occasionally works. Fully in favour of the guinea Union sub. and its consequent beneficial results.

The Ex-President W.R.C.: A lady who gets her own way in 'Varsity affairs. Thereatens possible opponents with a hockey stick and a long flow of Gaelic invective. The proposer of a motion "that all women should be banished in a body to Ireland" (the Gryphon sympathises with the Irish). Performed the "Village Pump Handle" duet with Mr. Ellis at the Conversaz. in February last.

Seniores Novi.

The Tennis Sec. (241): The Agricultural Rep., a thorough sportsman for whom we predict County honours. Puts notices on the board with slight alterations; is taking the Dictation Lectures before N.D.A. Like a true British gentleman, he sighs "A drinking we will go," but spoils it by leaving the flask empty.

The Leather Rep. (180): The golden haired small one; a sound Rugger forward and no bookworm in summer term. Rather fancies himself in a gown and trencher. Has been seen on the courts. A man of whom we have great expectations in Union matters. Known by a war cry—Commonjohnwilly!

The Fines Sec. (163): A weak looking little lad who operates at centre three quarter with considerable success. Attends lectures in Latin and Greek—sometimes. Worked hard at school, so is taking a well earned rest now. Hopes for a commission in the O.T.C. as Chaplain. Practices bat-breaking as a hobby.

The Engineering Rep. (141): An apostle of the slide-rule. A worthy example to some footer players; appearing in clean white pants every match (2nd XV, please note). Hopes to make the Engineers top dogs in the inter-departmental soccer league. You will have a difficult task. A.S. to keep up to your predecessor's standard.

The Textile Rep. (130): *Ave, prime pater textilarum!* May your antrum locks never be turned grey by the responsibilities of your office! Show some of your flock the road to the smoke room; you know them—we don't. Sorry Cuthbert called you Tilly on the voting lists; but of course you won't care a pill, eh?

The Cricket Sec. (128): Fields point and takes a catch amid weird and intricate contortions—sometimes. Smokes a well-worn pipe and studies chess problems. Loves work. Collects C.C. tea snobs, with extreme impartiality, not even forgetting the spectators.

The Education Sec. (See, Who so frightened the freshers last October with his double-barrelled-load-of-the-muzzle flow of language. Flees from any dame who "ought to be settled in life." A good organiser and a sound member.

The Lacrosse Rep.: Not very well known to the majority of fellows. "We've got a home up yonder." Room 103; patronise it occasionally, sir. Disguises himself in overalls to look like an engine-driver.

The other Rep., whose name is a personal characteristic. Has bowled an over or so in 2nd XI C.C. matches. Once run long-distance races—into debt. An unknown quantity in Union matters, but—

The President W.R.C.: Worked with the "Elder Brother Brigade" and the symphonic outbursts. Sometimes takes nearly half the library across the Moor. Uses a hockey stick to back up her authority with the mutiniously-inclined third years.

The Third W.R.C. Rep.: the last of the Mohicans, holding a first class Certif. for department. Has had a hard year's work repressing the Sec. W.R.C.'s jovial spirits and bringing them up to a dignified standard worthy of the post.

FINALE.

Town and Gown.

READERS of the *Gryphon* will remember that in the last number of the University journal one page was devoted to a simple obituary notice of His late Majesty, King Edward VII., together with a short memorial poem. In accordance with the usual practice, a copy of the magazine was sent to the editor of the *Yorkshire Post*. The usual custom of that gentleman is to print in the *Yorkshire Evening Post* extracts which are considered amusing or otherwise interesting. On this occasion, however, he has contented himself with going out of his way to attack one item, the above mentioned poem. Of course, the editor has a perfect right to his opinions of the *Gryphon's* poetry, just as other people have a right to their opinions of, say, the *Yorkshire Evening Post's* prose; and he uses his right. His grounds for complaint appear to be three in number: that the notice is "in a deep black border," that the item is not decent poetry, and that the word "past" appears instead of the more usual form "passed." For the first point suffice to say that the border was not ostentatious, not being as deep as that used by the *Y.E.P.* and by other newspapers which have since been accused of extravagant emotional display. The justice of the second complaint must be left for decision to individual taste; but, since few are gifted with the poetical and critical talents necessary for an "Ed., *Y.E.P.*," the poem, (if we dare still call it so) will probably satisfy most who read it. In spite of its obvious shortcomings it is as good as the bulk of magazine (and newspaper) poetry; it is not every editor who is fortunate enough to secure a gem like the *Y.E.P.'s*:

Be it written, that all I wrought
Was for Britain, in deed and thought.

But it is the use of the term "past" which the *Y.E.P.* somewhat unfortunately singles out for special scorn. In return for similar charity frequently shown towards his own production, the "Ed., *Y.E.P.*," might have dismissed it as a printer's error, which it may well have been. But no! he accepts it as it stands, and mercilessly declares it unworthy of Spring Unions. Well, let "past" stand condemned as intentional; and let us not plead poetic licence to an editor who uses "wrought" and objects to "past." Even so, the *Gryphon* will make a brave effort to bear up under the *Y.E.P.'s* censure, for "those who sit at the feet of learning" are content to know that the ridiculous form was used by Shakespeare, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, Burns, Tennyson, and Fitzgerald, to mention only a few, and is recommended by Sir James Murray, Prof. Skeat, Prof. Wright, by the Editors of Webster's, the Century, the Standard and the Oxford Dictionary, by ex-Presidents of the Philological Societies of Great Britain and of America, as well as by many other authorities. Let an impartial judge, even the "Ed., *Y.E.P.*," say whether the *Gryphon* is justified.

The question of the poem, however, is in itself quite trivial, and only deserves the serious attention here given to it as part of a much wider question, as a straw showing the way of the wind. Between the City and the University should exist the most cordial

relations. There seems to be a tendency in the City, however, not only not to support the University, but continually to carp at it. This tendency shows itself in the matter just discussed. The *Gryphon* expects criticism, and is not offended by the amount it receives; but it does desire fair criticism. The attack of the *Y.E.P.* is clearly unfair; and even if the criticism were well founded, the tone of it is most objectionable. The attitude of the City was manifested also on Proclamation Day. During the reading of the Proclamation there was a certain amount of disorder in the crowd. It was known that among the thousands present was a landful of University students, so indignant citizens at once decided to follow the old tradition of blaming them, and some wrote protests which duly appeared in the *Y.E.P.* Now it so happened that the writer of this article was not in the crowd, but with the O.T.C., and so could see something of what was taking place in one part of the crowd at any rate, and can speak impartially of it. That section consisted of a large number of men and women (not students), of whom most were laughing and shouting, and all were pushing and crushing practically the whole of the time. Surely it is most unfair and absurd to attempt to throw the whole blame on the undergrads. Some may have been concerned in the disorder, but the majority certainly were not, and the remainder formed only a very small minority of the disturbers.

The two incidents discussed are not exceptional, but typical. The University man in Leeds is treated as an Ishmael; and there is a danger that he will begin to act as an Ishmael. He is treated as the City scape-goat; it should not be forgotten that an irritated goat will butt. Will not the City treat the University fairly? At the University are some thousand students; cannot it be recognised that they are, for the most part, reasonable human beings? The citizen of Leeds seems to take his idea of Universities and University men from the extravagant stories which are written in abundance of the older Universities; and he is encouraged in his idea by the press and perhaps by an occasional sight of the rowdier students. But because I see secondaries in Leeds and drunken men in her streets, because I know the City's unenviable reputation, I do not therefore set down the whole population of Leeds as immoral and drunken blackguards. Neither should the City allow itself to be influenced by a few black sheep into a dislike which shows itself in constant slandering of the students, and which apparently cannot even resist attacking the journal written in spare moments by themselves for themselves. It is time for the City to reflect. It rests with the inhabitants of Leeds and with its influential press to decide what the relations between the City and the University are to be. If the University is to remain the worst supported in the Kingdom—Kismet; we must bear it patiently. But the City must reconsider its attitude towards the University student, and decide whether he is to be treated as friend or foe. It must choose between a University of Leeds and a University in Leeds.

E. WOODSOP.

The Lab. Poet.

THE LABS, LEEDS UNIVERSITY.
June 1st.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Anticipating your usual wall about having only two days in which to go to press, and an empty *Gryphon* box to enable you to do it, I have ventured to put my humble Oneto to paper, with the enclosed result. Will you kindly append my *non-de-plume* of "Di-methylceange," and don't forget to italicise the words underlined. With kindest regards.—Yours very sincerely,

J. DALTON-BOYLE.

June 2nd.

The Editor of the *Gryphon* thanks Mr. J. Dalton-Boyle for his poem, "To a Ballet Girl," but begs to return the contribution, regretting that the *Gryphon* columns are already full.

June 3rd.

Dear Sir,—Re my "Ballet Girl." You say in your letter of June 2nd that owing to pressure on your columns, you cannot print my poem, yet on the notice board appears an appeal dated June 2nd for matter to fill an otherwise empty *Gryphon*. It is evident, Sir, that you do not appreciate my efforts in metre. I should like to point out, therefore, to your decayed (if you ever had any) intelligence, the beautiful rhymes in verse 32, lines 3-6—

"O the lines of those lovely wretches
This as the thinnest of thin *minu-schietes*
And white as
Bouquet"

And again in verse 14—

"Drinking in thy shoe
Be't odd, or a new's
'Twould make a *Don Juan*
To thee, in *accorion*, *plumas*."

If its my split-infinitives you're kicking at, it may be good for your deplorable ignorance to learn that both Sheats and Kelley often use them.—Yours truly,

J. DALTON-BOYLE.

June 4th.

The Editor of the *Gryphon* thanks Mr. J. Dalton-Boyle for his kind note, received just as he was going to take down the offending notice, which must have been post-dated by a careless Sub-Editor to whom cross words shall be spoken. He would beg to inform Mr. D.-B. that the columns now really are full, and to reassure him that on receiving the verses he lost no time in reading them.

June 6th.

Sir,—Your letter is a mere quibble. The "no matter" notice is still up. You are evidently no judge, and quite unable to recognise my split-infinitives as poetic licence.

J. DALTON-BOYLE.

June 7th.

The Editor of the *Gryphon* is truly sorry he is no judge, as otherwise he would sentence Mr. J. Dalton-Boyle very heavily, in addition to endorsing the poetic licence referred to, and which he is surprised Mr. J.

D.-B. possesses. Recognising his own limited intelligence, the Editor submitted the "Ballet Girl" to a few Engineers, but having no asbestos note paper he cannot write their comments. Most of the words are to be found in Shakespeare, although perhaps not in Engineering sequence. The addresses of the Editors of *House Chat*, the *Westminster Gazette*, and the *Warring Fish* are to be found in any Directory. The *Gryphon* has already gone to press.

Purcell's Paderewski.

THIS is Purcell's story. I take no credit for it. I relate it simply as it was told on a good Sabbath evening, when we had settled down to make music with fiddle, piano, and voice.

"When I was up in London I made a point of seeing as much as I could, and one night I was introduced to the chap at the National Sporting Club. I knew his name well enough. It is advertised in all the religious papers as the 'Paderewski of the Organ,' open to give recitals at so many guineas a time."

"Cut the cackle, Purcell," said someone.

"He seemed a jolly chap, with the Viking spirit and robust conscience, that Ibsen talks about; so when I saw him billed to give a recital up here, in a large Mission Hall on Good Friday, I thought I'd go and see the fun. You know—these folks have got no conscience. They'd employ the Devil himself if he could play well enough."

"You are organist at one of their chapels, aren't you?"

Purcell took no notice of the interruption and went on.

"When I got there, they were just starting. He'd picked something appropriate to the season. I don't know whether you chaps know the hymn—perhaps you don't go to church as often as I do—it's called 'O worship the King.'"

"Rather!" said everyone.

"Don't be sarcastic, Purcell," said someone.

Chorus—"Shut up! let him go on."

"Well, he played the first verse just ordinary, to give the congregation a chance—they like to sing something with some 'mahth hod' in the North—and then he started. The lines run, 'His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,' &c., so he gave us a genuine storm. The wind howled. The rain came so naturally that some of the nervous ladies in the audience began to fidget for their umbrellas. Lightnings flashed and thunder rolled. It was terrible. A vivid arpeggio struck an imaginary cow, and it expired shortly afterwards, moaning sulky. Luckily for one old girl who was trying to bury her head in her hymn-book, we got on to the next verse, and the storm ceased suddenly as it came."

"When he came to the lines, 'Thy boundless care what tongue can recite, &c.,' he began a delicate pastoral. Nightingales trilled, cuckoos cucked and oo'd. Butterflies flitted from keyboard to keyboard. Beetles toddled industriously along—in fact, it was the country in mellow June."

"It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain," was suggested by a spell of soft growing weather."

"How did he do it, Purcell?"

"Nay! all I know is, he suggested harvest by the wish of the scythe, and the merry life of the harvest supper."

"Who said 'Liar'?"

"Pon my soul," said Purcell. "It's a fact. The chap's a marvel."

"He played a piece . . . Well let me tell you. This Paderewski of the organ has two specialities, Cuckoo and Russian Patrols. He played amongst other things a movement by one of the classical composers, arranged by himself, which the programme stated was a picture of morning. A dainty little feminine thing it used to be, simply dressed and unaffected; but since she came under the protection of this gentleman, she has become so coloured and gaudy, that her old friends would scarcely recognise her. This is what I made of it. Morning, 7 a.m. The hero is in bed sleeping—snores on the bass clarinet, 7.2. He is awakened by an alarm clock—five-finger exercises on the 'mixtures', 7.3. He gets out of bed—thuds on the pedals; and begins dressing to a dreamy tune—evidently he is not quite awake. 7.5. His attention is attracted by distant music. Is it a concertina? No, it is a regimental band. You can hear the soldiers marching, trampety tramp, ter-amp, ter-amp, nearer, nearer. They are here, so real that you want to rush to the window and see them, but—we are too late. They have turned the corner, and the tramping dies away. That's the Russian Patrol, 7.7. The dicky birds begin. The lark is heard warbling—in whistle stop high up; and then the cuckoo begins. Cuck-oo, Cuck-cuck-oo. Our hero puts his head out of the window, the morning air smells fragrant—pretty andante melody on a soft flute-stop. Oh! another beastly cuckoo, and another. Evidently a flock is about, perhaps a migration. We are surrounded by cuckoos. Perhaps the birds have designs upon us. Had we better get the gun? No, we can hear the melody again, and it comes to a welcome close. Result—loud and vo-chi-ferous outburst of applause. So whilst he was repeating it, I went out for a breath of fresh air and some Vodka."

"By jove! Purcell, there's no doubt about it, the organ is the king of instruments."

"And really, Mr. Purcell," said one of the ladies, "has music that effect on you?"

Purcell here began to get unmanageable. I heard scraps flung about.

"Lion is the king of beasts" . . . "makes most noise" . . . "absolute music" . . . "counterpoint." I rushed off to see if supper was in a forward state of preparation. When I came back Purcell was mopping his brow and saying . . . "to a gentleman of the name of Bach. If this is the last word in organ-playing, I have lived after my time. Give me rather the pantoques and a simple little ditty whistled to a flock of sheep, three small boys, and a dog, on the illimitable veldt, in the cool of a summer evening to the passing of the yellow sun . . ."

"Snip! Ladies and gentlemen, please," I called.

"Why! Hang it!"

"Very eloquent, Purcell. Turn the gas off, will you, old chap, and come along."

LITTLE JOUX.

Souls of students dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Western seas or Eastern ports,
Sweeter than our tennis-courts?
Have ye chocolate biscuits crunched,
Crisper than ye here have munched,
Seated seat upon the grass,
Or tête-à-tête, while round you pass
Mundane creatures talking shop—
(Do some people ever stop?)
Goeth one with worried air,
Seeking partners everywhere,
From the ladies whom his grace
Deemeth fit for such high place,
Venus—smile upon his prayer,
Dark is he, and debonair.
Lotus-land where slackers sleep
While their guardian angels weep;
Seats beneath a whisp'ring tree,
Where beauty smiles on chivalry;
Slippery slope that leadeth where
Plucked ones wall and tear their hair;
Souls of students dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Refuge from disturbing thoughts,
Sweeter than the tennis-courts?

EVE.

Finale.

All the Coll.'s a stage,

And all the students here are merely players!
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the "Fresher,"
Blushing and trembling 'neath the H.P.'s frown.
And then the bashful student, with his note-book,
And eager morning face, tearing like mad
His lecture to attend. And then the lover
Adoring from afar, with sonnet penned
To Angelina's back hair. Then a soldier,
An O.T.C. man—overgrown Boy Scout,
Clothed in his khaki, punctual and smart at drill,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the Leather Quad. And then the second year
Of joyful mien, and heaps of times to slack,
Full of debates and tennis tournaments;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the sad, industrious third year,
With spectacles on nose, and book in hand,
His last year's work well saved, a world too much
For his tir'd brain; and his big manly voice,
Once tuned to "Koomati," now groans and sighs,
Remembering what's to come. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Degree-day in the Hall,—then mere oblivion,
Sans larks, sans prois, sans Coll. sans everything,
"JECAMA."