

Prof Barber

THE GRYPHON

NEW SERIES.

VOL. 1. No. 1.—NOV. 1919.

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

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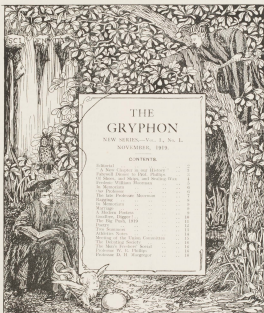
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THE GRYPHON

NEW SERIES.—Vol. I, No. I.
NOVEMBER, 1919.

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"The Gryphon never speaks but sings in the music when she back any idle fancies; yet have we noticed it present our attention before your judgments when we know them full well of weak matter; yielding answers to the queries which we have ever found them to the processes which our sight is forced."—LALY.

Editorial.

In days of old, the press once informed us that Leeds University was advancing "by leaps and bounds," and THE GREAT indeed, we did increase ADVANCE, and prosper exceedingly.

Judging by the unparalleled rush of new students this year, however, by the frantic efforts of the authorities to cope with them, and by the fifteen landladies a friend of ours interviewed, we should imagine that the guardian sprite of our institution had donned those Seven League boots we used to read about in fairy stories. The animated scenes on the three Registration days, the dense crowds which surged through hall and corridors on the opening morning, and the fact that some lectures are being run in triplicate, all serve to indicate the totally unprecedented state of affairs which prevails.

It does not seem long since our first Registration day when we went creeping gingerly around the building with a handful of forms, deeply impressed by the all-pervasive learning-laden atmosphere. Twixt then and now the great Armageddon makes an ugly gap, and countless changes have taken place. We stand, indeed, at the beginning of a new and glorious era in the history of our *Alma Mater*. Leeds is moving forward with ever-increasing momentum towards a premier position among the Universities of Britain, and it is the bounden duty of every individual within its walls to aid the advance by all the means in his power.

We are firmly convinced that one of the chief secrets of our past strength, and the surest foundation of our future greatness, lies in that "spirit of friendliness" alluded to by the Vice-Chancellor in his Degree Day speech. Professors are notoriously a shy, retiring

conservative body of people. What is not sanctioned by precedence is about as palatable to them as the pill without the jam. "I don't know any fruit," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "that clings to its tree so faithfully, not even a froze-'n-thaw water-apple, as a Professor to the bough of which his chair is made. You can't shake him off, and it is as much as you can do to pull him off." Happily, our Professors need no such violence to induce them to descend from their pedestal—they are, we believe, alive to the fact that a sound co-operative spirit fostered between staff and students, cannot fail to lead to increased all-round efficiency.

Nevertheless we should rejoice to see an even more marked rapprochement between students and staff, and EN AVANT! particularly should we like to see the latter take a livelier interest in University Athletics. We hope the day is at hand when the Students' Union will admit the Staff to membership, so that those of the Staff who are able, may take a more active part in our sports. Nowhere is the vital, innermost spirit of any student institution more faithfully mirrored than in its games, and an alliance of Staff and Students cemented on the playing-fields would give an incalculable impetus to that friendliness which we feel to be the right sort of basis on which to build up our greatness. Away then with everything which hampers progress! Let us fix our eyes on the goal, and head straight for it. *Tousjours en avant!*

"The Gryphon" Committee.

Editor: CHARLES H. MOORE, B.A.

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"A New Chapter in our History."

The Vice-Chancellor's Message.

THIS month the University enters upon a new chapter in its history. Its numbers are nearly doubled. In every Department there is an increase. We look forward to the future with hope and confidence. But we need urgently enlargement of buildings, a new Students' Union, a new University Library, new laboratories and ample resources. In the meantime, we can show what great things can be done with limited means and restricted accommodation. The essential thing is the spirit of the University, the spirit of comradeship and of service. The old tradition is strong. It will now express itself on a larger scale.

We welcome those who have joined us for the first time. We shall keep fresh in our memory those who have left us. Especially do we mourn the deaths of Professor Moorman and of Dr. Angus. We offer our deep sympathy to Professor Rogers in the illness which has made it necessary for him to resign his Chair. And we wish to Miss Passavant, after her many years of devoted service to the University, happiness in her retirement. Our good wishes go with Professor Phillips in his new work in Egypt, to Professor Macgregor at Manchester, to Mr. Rodwell Jones at the School of Economics and to Miss Grier at Cambridge. We rejoice to have Professor Gordon amongst us again. We welcome many new members of the staff: among them, Dr. Whiddington, Professor of Physics; Dr. Strong, Professor of Education; Professor Hughes, the Head of the Department of Law; Professor Harry Jones, the Head of the Department of Economics and Commerce; Professor Milne, the Head of the Department of Mathematics; Mr. Foxcett, Lecturer in Geography; and Mr. Offer, the new University Librarian. In the Tutorial Class work we welcome Mr. Dainton and Mr. Stewart; in the Department of Classics, Mr. Bibby; in the Department of Philosophy, Mr. Hallett; in the Department of French, Mr. Soltan; in the Department of Chemistry, Mr. Tatham, Mr. Harley and Mr. Wheeler; in the Department of Engineering, Mr. Cowan, Mr. Craig, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Naylor, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Somerscales; in the Department of Botany, Mr. Pearsall, Miss Evershed and Miss Armitstead; in the Department of Geology, Mr. Versey; in the Department of Physics, Mr. Morton; in the Department of Coal Gas and Fuel Industries, Mr. Summers; and at the School of Medicine, Dr. MacAdam, Mr. McLeod, Mr. McSwiney, Mr. Shuttleworth, Mr. Kay and Mr. Gordon.

On November 20th, the University will confer Honorary Degrees upon a number of distinguished men:—Mr. C. J. Holmes (Director of the National Gallery), Mr. J. R. Ford, Mr. Charles Lupton, Mr. John Mews, General Sir Herbert Plumer, Mr. J. G. Baker, Professor W. H. Bragg, Admiral Sir Henry Jackson, Surg. Gen. Sir Alfred Keogh, Sir Almonro Wright and Mr. F. V. Hall. The ceremony will take place in the Town Hall at 3.30 p.m. M. E. SADLER.

Farewell Dinner to Prof. Phillips.

A FAREWELL Dinner was held at the Conservative Club, Leeds, on Friday, 25th July, 1919, to afford past and present students of the Law Department an opportunity of saying Farewell to Professor Phillips. Twenty guests attended and some fifteen messages were read from others unavoidably absent. Mr. James Sykes, of Huddersfield, took the Chair.

After denying the many qualities which he said were so unblushingly attributed to him, Professor Phillips recalled the early days of the School of Law, when it was in opposition to the private coach, and gave an interesting account of his first meeting with Dr. Chapman, the leading coach, now one of his staunchest friends. He said that the character and temperament of the School had been astonishingly high despite its classroom with its "inspiring" outlook on to a West Riding backyard.

The Chairman wished Prof. Phillips the utmost success in his new sphere, and added his appreciation of the Professor as a teacher and as a lawyer; these remarks were endorsed by Mr. Scriven, representing the Yorkshire Board of Legal Studies, Dr. Robson, and Messrs. Beaton, Couchar, Milner and Talbot also expressed their regret at the departure of one so universally esteemed.

The Dinner was organised by Messrs. H. R. Barril (Leeds Law Students' Society), C. Scriven (Yorks. Board of Legal Studies), and F. Webster (Leeds University Union).

Many Thanks!

THE members of the Gryphon Committee beg to thank the following students, who so kindly helped to advertise our magazine on the Registration days:—

Misses Barton, Meadows, Wilkinson and Allsopp;

Messrs. Cook, Gresham and Sowrey.

By their aid over 800 regular subscribers were obtained in the three days.



THE outer court of the Heavens was filled with a surging mass of would-be academic humanity.

Falling an invention by the Engineering Dept. for entrance to each Lecture Room from College Road, on the switch-back principle, the queue system seems to be the only solution of the "serum" problem.

The latter method seems particularly undesirable. It would necessitate assembly before dawn for the first lecture, and afternoon lectures would prohibit lunch.

Ugh!!!

Et ego in Arcadia xixi.

The only advantage we can imagine is a financial one to the *Gryphon* through the influx of advertisements for "Queue Cloaks" or "Automatic Queue Scooters, fitted with radiators."

Peter o' the Keys beamed on all.

One goodly youth held the Freshers' code *succus* in his left hand, and in his right a printed sheet of weird hieroglyphics headed "Time-Table" enough!

He means to get all the *advantages* he can from his years at Leeds

40 Geo. Inst. . . U.H. 2 Econ. Geog.

What does he mean to give?

2s. 6d. yearly subscription to the *Gryphon*, we hope.

. . . . Has to conform to no antiquated code of rules.

U.H. . . 3 . . Law, Prop. . . and Coy.

Will quickly find his level

Fuel . . Fuel Ha.

But I'm only taking Philosophy!

[Certain classes are not mentioned in this Time-Table.]

It will prove a delightful and happy time.

It will!!!

As the body requires food so indeed does the *Gryphon* require sustenance in the shape of contributions.

Some of our correspondents seek inspiration in strange quarters, however.

See the following.

"You are to me the eternal fount,
Of light of love, of mystery,
You are the steps on which I mount
To poetry."

We have no desire to borrow the steps.

Apropos the Freshers' Snicker, we are interested to learn that "a week next Monday is a fortnight from last Monday."

Also that it was laid down in the Debating Society, that "of course there are some (army) Science men who remember something they have forgotten."

A medical correspondent writes "It may be due to undeveloped vocal chords, but I incline to the opinion that it is hereditary." Digger informs me that the war cry of his aborigines is very similar It is disastrous to attempt singing in public."

What does he mean? the fact is Shur-rup!

To our would-be wit and heckler also we say Shur-rup!!

And you, we expert, will wish to say to us

Shur-rup!!

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Frederic William Moorman.*

It is a strange and a sad task that the Editor of the *Gryphon* has laid upon me in asking me to write a few lines on Professor Moorman. We had been intimate during the whole of his residence in Leeds. During the first year of his life here we were in the same lodgings at 13, Cromer Terrace; we were joint tenants of the cottage at Hawksrick at the time of his death. During the twenty-one years that separate these two events we had co-operated constantly in all manner of enterprises inside and outside of the University walls, and on all great questions we were almost always in agreement. He was not only much the younger man, but also much fuller of energy and the fire of life. It never entered my imagination that I should survive him.

I expect that some other pen will write of his work in his own department of English Literature and Language. He saw a great and successful Honours school develop and no one contributed to its success more than he. His attitude to academic questions was always much influenced by his residence and graduation at Strasburg University. He was never, even before 1914, a blind admirer of the German system, but it was his practical experience of the free intellectual atmosphere of a German University which made him eager to break away from our strangling and cramping examination system. When, on the break-down of the Victoria University and the establishment of the independent Leeds University, we set to work to re-organise our courses and our methods, his influence was strong for the adoption of the dissertation as a central and all important part of the Honours Course. I remember that when I wavered (for I had had no experience of the working of the system) it was a conversation with Moorman that decided me to adopt it for History. Both in History and in Literature it has more than fulfilled the expectations that were entertained of it. Moorman always remained dissatisfied with lectures as a method of teaching literature. During the last summer he was working hard to secure the adoption of a method that should give more personal intercourse between teacher and pupil and more discussion; and he was full of jubilation because Mr. Cowling's appointment was, in some measure, a realisation of his hopes.

[* Professor Moorman, who first became a lecturer at Leeds University, 21 years ago, and was for several years Staff Representative on the *Gryphon* Committee, was drowned under tragic circumstances in the River Skirfare, a tributary of the Wharfe, on September 8th, 1919.]

When the tragic news came of his death on the 8th of September, in the waters of his beloved Skirfare, some people may have been surprised at the testimony of affection and admiration which came, not merely from colleagues and pupils, but also from many parts of the City and County. In truth, few members of the Staff were better known outside of the University than he. He was always willing—up to, and perhaps beyond, the bounds of his strength—to lecture on literature, and has planted in a great many people a love for good books. Of late years too, he had devoted himself to the study of the Yorkshire dialect (or perhaps I ought to say dialects) and he had gone with his dictaphone into distant valleys and obscure cottages, and had taken records of Yorkshire speech, which will, henceforth, be preserved in the University. This branch of study culminated in three important pieces of work, his volume on the Place-names of Yorkshire, his collection of poems in the Yorkshire dialect, and his later volume of original poems in the same dialect published under the title of *Songs of the Ridings*. This book seems to me to reveal unsuspected powers of humour, insight and lyrical expression; and in saying this, I do not forget the high qualities of his two plays, *Peter Thompson* and *The May King*. *The Songs of the Ridings* made me feel certain that he was beginning to work a rich vein of precious ore; and his work had improved so remarkably that we looked forward with eager anticipation to his next book. I believe that his plays in the Yorkshire dialect will not disappoint those hopes.

I must not omit to mention his work for the Workers' Educational Association. He had been connected with it for a long time, and of late had been Chairman of the local branch. For several years too, he had conducted a class in literature at Cross Gates. I think of his connection with the W.E.A. as revealing his character and some of his powers in their clearest light. He had in a remarkable degree two qualities which ensured success in this work—sympathy and simplicity—and they won him the confidence and the affection of the Workers' Association as nothing else could have done. He used no finesse or diplomacy, and hardly conceived of the possibility of the need of such methods. With all his heart he desired to open to the workmen of Leeds and of England, all that could be of value to them in the University. He was undeterred by failure, untouched by ridicule, and he had his reward in the rapid advance of the work

in Leeds and in Yorkshire, and in the special devotion of his colleagues on the Leeds Committee and the Cross Gates class. He would be pleased to have it recorded that his last piece of teaching work was to conduct a class in Wordsworth's *Prelude* for the Workers' Summer School at Saltburn, a difficult, and I believe, a highly successful venture.

As I think of him, the simplicity of his character stands out beyond all other qualities. Conscious of high and noble aims he went straight forward to them. University controversies hardly touched him on their meaner side, for he was singularly incapable of jealousy or personal animosity. And next to his simplicity, I think of his amazing energy—his energy both physical and mental. I never knew a man who rested less. He had been a fine athlete at Aberystwith, but later he cared little for games. But he loved the "dear brown earth" with a passionate love. Cycling or walking, he was always alert to mark birds, beasts and flowers or the beauty of the prospect. Gardening was a veritable passion with him, and it is perfectly true (though hardly credible) that he kept three gardens going by his own unaided efforts (one of these was at Hawkswick, thirty-five miles away), and contributed the chief part to the tilling of a fourth. He was never so tired as not to be able to work in his garden. After a long ride from Northallerton to Hawkswick against wind and rain, he has been known to fall to digging while his meal was being prepared. His joy in his garden was the poet's as well as the householder's. Lines from his well-loved Wordsworth suit him well:—

Long have I loved what I behold,
The right that colors, the day that cheers,
The summer growth of nocker south
Suffruth me; her tears, her with,
Her brightest earth and tears.

As a result of a character so happily matched with the work that he had to do—as a result too of a domestic life from which it would be improper to draw the veil—his was a very happy life. Disappointments, for he had them like the rest of us, and controversy with less generous natures, left behind no bitterness. His radiant activity passed quickly to other tasks, and found contentment and joy in them. One who knew and loved him well said to me after the funeral, that the words in the service about "deliverance from the miseries of this sinful world" ring untrue as applied to him. He had known loss and sorrow, but his warm heart and active brain carried him quickly through the shadow. From such charity and hope as his

(he was one of the most hopeful men I have ever known) most of the arrows of fate fall back blunted.

I have written as his colleague and friend; of his relations with his students I have no space to speak. In their combination of intellectual guidance and equal friendship, they seemed to me almost ideal.

A. J. GRANT.

In Memoriam.

F.W.M.

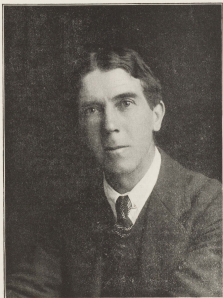
THE moors have claimed their own! No
fitter shrine
Might he have sought—who plied his tasks
beneath
The open skies, and foamed upon the heath,
Unquenchable, the sense of things divine—
Than yon green-mantled vale and heaven's
bright dome
Anched o'er the ramparts of his mountain
screens.
Earth, where he loved to till and new life
gleam,
Has with her gentlest summons called him
home.
His place is void: the Dipper by his stream
Henceforth will call in vain and sing un-
blest;
And who shall strike so well the rustic lyre?
Honour to him who could through Art inspire
With Nature's fragrance and a faith
supreme
The told by Earth's sweet kisses unexpressed!

W.G.

Our Professor.

[We greatly regret that pressure of space compels us to print only this portion of a short appreciation of Professor Moorman, written by one of his old Honours students.—Ed.]

"We loved him for his quiet sympathy. It penetrated all his lectures, whatever the subject might be. He could discern beauty in what was outwardly base. This insight sprang from his deep love of all that is noble and generous and beautiful in life. He was determined to find the good and the true, no matter how deep it might be hidden. He taught us to do the same; for he had the power of opening our eyes to flashes of truth and beauty that we had never suspected, or but dimly perceived. Although we were often dull and blind, he never despaired of us. We were, in a certain sense, his children. And we shall not easily forget his kind, fatherly presence on our Degree Day. In spite of all our deficiencies, he was really proud of us."



Portrait by E. J. Lee.

THE LATE
PROFESSOR MOORMAN.

RAGGING.

By ragging I mean the perpetration of an act, or of acts, of sufficient absurdity and notoriety as to constitute an indecently humorous travesty of the canons of academic decorum.

If I were the V.C., or the Hall Porter, or in any capacity stood *in loco parentis* to the wayward youth of this University, I should do my utmost to stamp out this senseless, undignified, and wholly barbarous practice. I love rags—I cannot help doing so. Therefore, I think they should be opposed; partly because opposition ensures the survival only of the fittest, and saves us from the extempore (and consequently abortive) humours of romantic freshmen, who, being fools, rush in where angels fear to tread; and partly because it is in the order of things that Authority should discountenance ragging, and one hates to interfere with a Law of Nature. Opposition has a refining influence on ragging, without which it would become cheap.

I cannot sympathise with those who "grouse" because ragging and raggars are suppressed. Their attitude is illogical. One might as well maintain that the Spanish King ought to have welcomed Francis Drake with open arms when he came to singe his beard, telling him what a fine romantic devil he was. Doubtless old Philip thought all this in his heart, but he organised an Armada nevertheless.

Individually, and as human beings, our Professors doubtless appreciate a rag as they appreciate any work of creative art, but, as officials, they are morally bound to disapprove. Moreover, a good rag being essentially a work of art, it depends largely for its effect on the use of contrast, and stern disapprobation on the part of someone is essential to its artistic merit. It is a travesty of the Professors' official ideal of student behaviour. If, officially, they expected and encouraged students to behave in an absurd and notorious manner, if, in short, they encouraged ragging, the effect would be spoilt. The Professorial ideal of student behaviour must be a sober and respectable one. Else how can it be travestied? One does not travesty the consequential pomposity of an article in *Pascal*, but it is possible, it is sometimes even wise, to travesty a leader in the *Yorkshire Post*.

It is significant that many artists in ragging, have also been distinguished in the more widely recognised artistic professions. I mean men like Sheridan, Theodore Hook,

Calverley, and Beddoes. Calverley's verse is, or ought to be, known to everyone who takes an intelligent interest in a University Magazine. [I take this opportunity of suggesting that his *Ode to Tobacco* be included in our Student's Song Book.] Incidentally, he was of Yorkshire extraction.

Theodore Hook is undoubtedly the greatest figure in the history of English ragging. His exploits form the basis of some of the *Legends*, and his biography has been written by their author. His own novel, *Gilbert Guesey*, is also largely autobiographical. He it was who accosted a particularly pompous old gentleman whom he met in the street with the question: "I beg your pardon, Sir, but may I ask, are you anybody in particular?"

To quote Barham, he "began with the establishment of a Museum, which boasted the most complete collection of knockers, the finest specimens of sign-painting, the most magnificent bunches of grapes, the longest barber's poles, and the largest cooked hats the metropolis could produce."

When he went up to Oxford, on being asked by the Vice-Chancellor if he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, he replied "Oh! certainly, Sir; forty if you please."

His most famous exploit was the Berners Street episode. This took six weeks in preparation, during which time he and his accomplices despatched as many as four thousand letters. Being grievously offended with a Mrs. Tottenham of 54, Berners Street, he proposed to make her house the most notorious in London. At five o'clock in the morning on the day fixed for the event the street resounded with the cries of numerous sweeps, all of whom had been ordered to attend at No. 54. Thereafter, the street was quickly thronged with lorries of coal, coffins, tailors, bootmakers, draymen and beer-barrels, fishmongers with forty eels and lobsters, butchers with as many legs of mutton, pianofortes, organs, furniture, posty-cocks carrying magnificent wedding-cakes, and a dozen carriages to drive off the "happy pair." Surgeons with amputation apparatus came; attorneys, clergymen, and finally, the Lord Mayor in "State-carriage, cocked-hat, silk stockings, bag-wigs and all." The Duke of Gloucester came to receive a communication from a dying woman who had been an attendant on his Royal Highness's mother. The Governor of the Bank of England came to investigate revelations respecting a fraud. The Chairman of the East India

Company was summoned on a similar pretext. At five o'clock in the afternoon, nearly the whole of the London Police having eventually succeeded in keeping the crowd in order, herds of domestics rolled up to report for duty.

Hook was suspected by everybody, but so carefully had he laid his plans that nothing could be proved against him, although the authorship of the hoax was subsequently discovered.

A similar rag has, of course, often been perpetrated. The idea comes into one of the *Boodle* stories. The real genius of the Berners Street episode, however, lay in the ingenuity of the letters which brought the high State Officials hot haste to the house of Mrs. Tottenham, and whether we praise or blame Hook we cannot help feeling that he was a great artist.

All humorists have had their share of the scorn of sober-minded critics, and it is inevitable that they should satirise the masterpieces and ideals which the critics so fondly and so self-righteously adore. There is a remark which was made by Hogarth which is peculiarly satisfying, in that it shows the true relation of the humorist towards the great masters, and towards the critics. "The connoisseurs and I are at war, you know; and because I hate *them*, they think I hate *Titius*—and let them!"

Do you think, you who criticise ragging so self-righteously and so intemperately, that the ragger hates the Professors? He does not; he merely hates you.

ROBBIE.

In Memoriam.

ZILLAH V. JONES, B.Sc., Captain, University Women's Hockey XI, and Hon. Sec. Natural History Society, 1918-19, died at Grantham, while playing hockey, October 6th, 1919, aged 24.

Marriage.

READ—ROFF—August 7th, at Bradford. Capt. Herbert Read, D.S.O., M.C., Brynholme, Roundhay, Leeds, eldest son of the late Herbert Read, Mascoates Grange, Kirbymoorside, to Evelyn, eldest daughter of Arthur Roff, Esq., Clayton, Bradford.

[Both the above are past students. Capt. Read was Fiscal L.L.B. student in 1914-15, and Miss Roff graduated B.Sc. in 1915.]

A MODERN POETESS.

Frances B. Cornford.

Is it a significant fact that in the volumes of Georgian Poetry so far published, there have been no works of a woman poet? A woman may be called to the Bar, she may sit in our Councils and in our Parliament, she may organise industry, rise high in the professions and yet be the genius of the home. Does she then figure in the poetical activities of life, while in its interpretation she is dumb? Have our feet been so long glued to the treadmill of domesticity that now, in our emancipation, our expression organs have become defunctionalised like the eyes of a mule?

I have only a slender Chapbook of Mrs. Cornford's poetry, *Spring Morning*, but the seventeen poems therein give her rank amongst the rarer spirits of our day. They charm the sense with their music and colour. Their imagery is just, sometimes is startlingly fresh. As great as their aesthetic qualities is the penetration they show in real life. Very subtly is impression conveyed. Some of the poems breathe a somewhat passion in their intensity of a "single cry."

At least half of them are nature poems. There is *Spring Morning* itself:—

"Squirrels skipping up the trees,
Smell how Spring is in the breeze,
While the birds they flute and sing;
Build your nests for here is Spring."

I like these. They are a joyous outpouring like the skylark's spring rapture with the warming sunbeams around it. It knows the comfort of home and the beauty of warm fresh air playing amongst its feathers. All Mrs. Cornford's nature poems have the breath of clean wind blowing through them.

She catches the emotion of the occasion, does not *talk* about it, but yet gives it to us—

"Two gipsy women . . .
. . . brown and flecked by the cold,
. . . stared at us in gipsy wise
With shrewd, unfriendly, savage eyes.
No word they said, no more dared I;
And so we passed each other by—
The only living thing that met
In all those miles of mist and wet."

In Desert.

Not only the charm and fullness of Nature are depicted, but its human significance is drawn, as in *Autumn Evening*. "The warm pleasant laziness of an Autumn evening"—

" . . . O my happy soul, it will not roam,
It is too happy and too warm at home:
With just the shadows looping up the wall,
The sparrows twittering, and that is all."

I suppose the critic will ask if Mrs. Cornford possesses that essential of high art: some formal beauty of "poetic diction." Nowhere has she the finished line of Milton or Tennyson, but she has the gift of neat phrasing that they had. Her imagery is always fresh—

"All about the open trails
Daisies show their peasant frills,
Washed and white and newly spun
For a festival of sun."

Sometimes the metaphor is quite startling in its unusualness, but always suggestive, as in *People* :—

"Like to islands in the seas
Stand our personalities—
Islands where we always face
One another's watering place . . .
We can see on festal rights
Red and green and purple lights,
Gift pavilions in a row,
Stucco houses built for show."

Vignettes like these are almost Miltonic in their beauty and completeness: "wrinkled leaves of primroses," "the leisurely contented cows," "the springing grass," "that friendly pink faced man." There is variety of form too, based on the suggestiveness of the matter of the poem, like the classic device of the dialogue form with alternate lines, which Milton uses in *Comus*. So, in *Youth and Age*—

"Soy is it dim and grim, and all full of fear?
Nai at all, not at all, my pretty dear, . . .
Will these be no hope? Nothing to desire?
You shall be comforted sitting by the fire."

or there is the verse of quick movement, as in *A Child's Dream*—

"The sun sank low, I ran; I prayed: 'If God
has not the power
To find him, let me die. I cannot bear another
hour.'"

When suddenly I came upon a great yellow flower,"
or there is the weight of lines as in *Mountains*,
or short crisp lines as in *People*.

Of course these poems are short almost to fragments, but they are whole fragments. One is only unveiled a little picture at a time, but it is a clear and comprehensive one. The appeal is always quite definite and pointed, unforgettingly so. Mrs. Cornford is suggestive but not elusive. She has the child instinct for poetry. In her is the delicate fresh innocence, the naïveté of children. Notice the artlessness of her poems, yet too, how observant she is, and consequently impatient of the unseeing :—

"O why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?
O fat white snows when nobody knows,
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
When the grass is soft as the breast of doves
And shivering sweet to the touch?
O why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?"

She enjoys life: I expect Mrs. Cornford is tingling with life, but she does not close her eyes to sorrow. Often too, the note of passion is very keen, as in *A Child's Dream*, and *The Witch*.

As I say, I like Mrs. Cornford's poems. They have a very charming quality. But is charm sufficient if they are to endure? It is true that there is behind them none of the classical love and tradition of a Milton or a Shelley. The epic heights to which Keats rose are far above them. But surely the qualities of Spring and of Youth endure as do the time-honoured virtues of formulated Principle and Wisdom? Blake and Walter de la Mare enter realms never trodden by Milton. Youth may be more enthusiastic than Knowledge; Love have more warmth than Experience. M. E. G.

Goodbye, Digger!

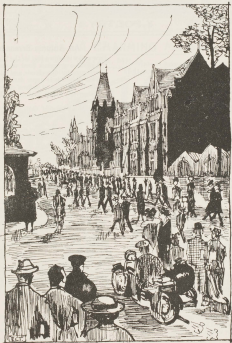
We had a pathetic letter from one of our Australian friends on the eve of his departure from England. We should very much like to publish it in full, but it is extremely long, and is so full of the picturesque slang one has grown accustomed to associate with "Diggers" that we fear it would never be understood without a glossary. Besides, bobbed hair, Refectory cakes and a certain well-known gentleman's terrible draw are so trenchantly criticised that the Union Committee would almost certainly elect a *Gryphon* censor if we published the epistle *en bloc*.

Two very brief extracts must suffice :—

"The Digger must now say goodbye to the institution which has had him under its guardian wing for so many months. He thanks staff and students alike, the former for their sympathetic tuition and the interest they took in the diggers, the latter for their friendship which will never be forgotten."

"Leeds University will be thought about by all of us—some returning to the towns, but the majority of us going far back into the 'never-never,' fifteen miles the other side of sunset . . . —and its progress will be watched with interest."

We can scarcely hope ever to see our Australian and New Zealand comrades again, but we shall never forget their keen participation in all our sports, and their unflinching willingness to lend a hand wherever help was wanted, and we can assure them that they will always be in the memory of the Staff and Students of "the friendliest University in existence."



THE BIG PUSH, 1919.



Two Idylls.

I.

COULD I but rob the firmament of stars
Aye, and the fair moon too, and fashion them
Into a crown so bright;
Lo, I would place it o'er Althea's brow,
Where it would sparkle in her tresses dark
As in the clouds at night.
So would I weave from morning mists her
gown
All shimmering with sunbeams and the
threads
Of fairy cobweb strands;
And, on the mountain-slopes at early dawn,
I'd gather glistening dewdrops for the jewels
To grace her pretty hands.

II.

Blue—oh blue are the summer skies
Yet do they yield to Julia's eyes;
Soft and sweet is the morning mist
Softer and sweeter the eurl I've kissed.
The sparkling wine that my Julia sips
Pales as it passes her ruby lips;
See, as she smiles, her teeth so bright
Even the snowflakes are not so white!

F. W. SMITH.

Professor Moorman.

A SINGER sings no more. Ah! we shall miss
The clear, sweet voice that sang these rugged
hills.

And rugged folk who live by moors and mills,
Death found him mid his Yorkshire loveliness
Where Wharfe runs sunlit. Little River,
weep!

We ill could lose the lover you would keep.
Must you too claim, sweet rival of the sea,
A poet who would bring you Immortality?
Yet wind-winged Death's intent, insistent call
Came as he would have wished. How rare
to die

In the loved arms wherein one longed to lie,
And within sight the hill, the lichened wall,
And within earshot swallows twittering,
And plower voices luring to the ling.
Swallows of Craven! next year you will learn
A brother-singer waits not your return.

DOROTHY USA RATCLIFFE.

September 8th, 1919.

An Autumn Serenade.

Low and wide-spreading on the Western line,
Lingers a gorgeous flood of molten gold,
O'er topped by olive clouds, and faint carmine
That fades where upper darkness unfolds.
While in the East, a saffron coloured globe,
Hangs the round lantern of the harvest
moon.

Above the fir woods' dark and sombre robe
Of deepening shadows, where of late in
June

We sat enthralled amidst the flowering grass,
And heard the mingling notes of birds that
sing

Eternal gladness. Nothing could surpass

In joyous movement their music-king.

Now is their singing ceased, the grass is shorn
And glitters with a myriad points of light
Of crystal dewdrops. Soft the velvet lawn
Yields to your feet this Autumn night.

So come with me and let us stray

Up to the wood, and from its edge look down
Over the valley with its mantle grey.

Where sleeps the dusky jewel-lighted town,
And hand in hand we'll dream a little space

Beneath the paling moon's serene caress,
Of springtime, and the first enriching grace
That gave us love for your sweet loveliness.

T. W. M.

Chance, the Pedlar.

CHANCE came, a pedlar, to my gate
And said he had not long to wait,
So I, who loved love passing well
Chose love from all he had to sell.

A full year later on the road
I met Chance passing with his load,
"Oh! Chance, take back your wares!" I cried,
"For lo! the love you sold has died."

Chance laughed, and said: "Your choice
was free.

Love's lasting none can guarantee,
One thing you gain and never bought—
The wisdom that your pain has taught."

He left me to return no more,
And I more thoughtful than before,
Accepted with a half-content

Wisdom in disillusionment. VAGABOND.

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TWO SUMMERS.

*"And the Same Wind sang and the Same Waves
whispered ———"*

MELLOW Summer Time. So early of a sunny morning that the crickets were scarce astir, and a little breeze still lingered among the sandy tufts of grass that faced the sea. And down the road, hardly warm yet, came two people, the only mortals abroad at so small an hour. At the bend of the road, where it veered townwards, they paused. The sun shone full on her radiant face, childish as yet, but full of a wild woodland beauty, half-awakened. Her eyes were of the blue of sunny waters, her fair skin tanned, and the curls of her dark hair tinged with gold. The small, restless mouth trembled a little, and the firm brown fingers on his arm tightened. He—a well knit, military figure, beamed with the sun of a more Eastern climate, bent his head. The wind crooned softly, and the sea whispered, and only a few wild white gulls, as they wheeled overhead, were witness of the farewell.

As he went, she stood there at the bend of the road, a slender, upright figure in the blue cotton frock, stained with salt and faded with exposure. Her bare, brown feet were planted well apart, her head thrown back, and the sun picked out the natural grace of her whole instinctive poise. When he was hidden from view, she ran blindly down the stone slip, and flung herself face downwards on the coarse yellow sand, her hair tumbled over her heaving shoulders, her fingers clutching the broken shells and stones.

So she lay a long time. But the sea, with its plaintive, monotonous moan, seemed to touch at last some chord in her memory, and, turning, she faced it. For a long, long while those blue eyes gazed at the tumbling foam and the purple, distant horizon, while slow tears welled and fell, unheeded, on the little blue cotton bodice. But behind the tears, there was a radiance—a light over her whole face, a secret joy and hope

* * * * *

Brilliant Summer, many, many years later—there had been many a fierce storm, many a dread fog, over the island since that other Summer so long ago. Yet the way was just the same, and still the seagulls called and still the sea sang, and still the dusty ribbon of road wound onwards to the town. From the Hotel there came a woman, tall, slender, faultlessly dressed, carrying a book and a

silk parasol. She walked with a certain ease and poise, and the heels of her tiny shoes tapped rhythmically on the road. Beneath the sunshade the same blue eyes—except for a shadow that had not been there before, lurking in their depths. The face had thinned into a more delicate oval, and around her ears and at the nape of her neck played little wanton sun-kissed curls. She was the same, yet not the same, for a certain wild obsession and vivid life had vanished from her movements, and it was slowly that she descended the slip to the sand. There, choosing her place carefully, she sat down, and placing her butterfly parasol between herself and the sun, opened her book, and, propping herself faintly on her elbows, set herself to read.

But the plaintive melody of the changeful sea, melancholy, charged with a certain inevitable insistence, haunted her. In vain she tried to focus her thoughts on her novel; all around her there were too many invisible reminders of an old, happy Summertime; of something that had happened, so many years ago.

She abandoned her book at last, and faced the sea, defiance on her mien, and a veil as of blue ice over her eyes. What was the use of letting go! Nothing can give life to the dead, not all the tears of all the ages can bring back one touch from a vanished hand. Yet, somehow, as she watched the sea, those eyes clouded with tempestuous tears, so that she arose swiftly, and made her way back to the road.

Everything was the same, yet not quite the same; for between those two Summers a war had swept.

On her way back to the Hotel she passed two fellow guests who had been near her at dinner the night before. The younger one would have lingered, had it not been for a touch of blue ice in those eyes and a certain lack of encouragement in her voice as she answered their greeting. And as she swept past, graceful, charming, unattainable, the man who had lingered exclaimed: "Jove! what a woman!"

But the older man, who had read the shadow in those blue eyes and who understood, corrected him: "Say rather—What a woman that *would have been*!"

M. C. M.



The Athletic Prospects for the forthcoming Season.

After a lapse of five years, games are again an important part of our 'Varsity life. Most people are interested in some game, and wish the 'Varsity every success. To write about prospects is rather difficult, for there is no previous season's form by which to judge. Another important factor is that most men have not played with any regularity since 1914, and will take a little while to find form. By the end of the present month all things should be in good running order.

Rugby is again the most popular winter pastime. The Committee have about 60 men at their disposal who have turned out for practice. To choose from this array will be a happy problem for the Committee. Many of the men are only just taking the game up, and some of those show great promise. There is no great choice for the positions of back and halves, but the men who have already been chosen, when they settle down, should prove quite reliable. There are some very good and fast three's available, but at present they are new to each other, and their combination should improve with practice. Their tackling is also rather weak. The scrum seems to be the best department. It is not very heavy, but the men are workers, and should give a very good account of themselves before the season finishes. The fixture list is good, and includes games with all the Northern 'Varsities and most Yorkshire Clubs. For lovers of the game the fortunes of the 'Varsity sides will be well worth following.

Prospects for soccer are encouraging. Only one eleven is being played this year, and many men are turning out for practice. Last season a team was running, but there were many new faces in the eleven chosen for the first match. Given average immunity from accidents, the maroon and white should become a formidable colour in soccer circles. An unusually attractive fixture list has been

arranged, and Lawnswood is sure to see some very good Association Football.

The Hockey Committee can be recognised by their smiling faces. Men have turned out in greater numbers than were anticipated. Two elevens will be run this season. The only difficulty has been to find goalkeepers. This problem has now been solved, and let us hope satisfactorily. It is early to discuss individual form, but Face at back and Thompson in the halves are towers of strength. Some of the forwards are very clever, and will require a lot of watching. The fixture lists are good, and a "good thing" can be promised to hockey supporters.

Lacrosse, our "baby" game, promises to be interesting. Some very good and tried men are up this year, and when they shake off the enforced idleness of "duration," will prove a good side. The team this year is being "skipped" by Hillas, an old colour, who has already made a good reputation this season. Most of the pre-war teams are being revived, and followers of the game can be assured of a good time.

In conclusion, there is nothing better to be said to non-players than to turn up at Lawnswood and "YELL" for the 'Varsity. A crowded touch-line puts heart into the players.

Rugby.

Leeds University v. Sheffield.

The first match of the season was played at Sheffield on Saturday, October 11th. The game was a good one, though Sheffield were much the stronger side. Our three-quarters were weak, but the weakness was emphasised by the fact that the ball seldom came out of the "scrum." This was partially due to the fact that most of the play was in our half, but one felt that in any case the forwards would not quite have known what to do with the ball. Nevertheless a tribute must be

paid to their energy and endurance. Crossley, Hodgson, Sellars and Rouse were always prominent and we undoubtedly possess the nucleus of a very strong "pack." Tackling was weak in all departments, the only exception being Dallmeyer, who played a magnificent game. The game ended in a defeat by 18 points to nil.

The following represented the University: Beck, Dallmeyer; Three-quarters, Garside, Duffy, Sledge, Currie; Half-backs, Bate, Cooper; Forwards, Crossley, Hodgson, Sellars, Rouse, Gresham, Orton, Brown, Rockliffe.

The "A" team match was scratched.

* * *

Leeds University v. Liverpool University.

The first home match was played on Wednesday, October 15th. We congratulate the Rugby Club upon their energy in exhibiting such an attractive poster and were glad to see such a favourable response to their appeal. The importance of keen non-playing members cannot be over-emphasised. Victory is often due to a shout.

The XV. gave a much improved display, and the final score seemed to us unrepresentative. The three-quarter line was better, though greater things must be expected, if we are to have a successful season.

The forwards were most energetic and if only the "scrum" could have been relied upon to heel the ball, a far different result would have eventuated. The same applies to the "loose." It is so very important to remember that tries are seldom scored by forwards on a dry pitch. The three-quarters are the people concerned, and if the ball is not heeled, there is no possibility of opening up the game. For this reason, the extremely gallant attempts of the forwards to force a try towards the end of the second half, were wasted.

We feel bound to say that the forwards are stronger potentially than practically. The "scrum" must be converted into a machine instead of a collection of isolated units.

The halves were much better and the tackling generally showed great improvement.

Result:—Liverpool University 13 points, Leeds University nil.

The following represented the University: Beck, Dallmeyer; Three-quarters, Garside, Craven, Hodgson, Currie; Half-backs, Bate, Pearson; Crossley, Sellars, Rouse, Gresham, Scott, Whittaker, Brown, Rockliffe.

Leeds University "A" v. Ilkley "A."

The "A" team played their first match at Ilkley on October 18th. A strenuous game resulted in a win for the home team by 22 points to nil.

Meeting of the Union Committee, October 16th.

THE new Union Committee held their first Meeting on Thursday, 16th October, and discussed much important business. The desirability of supplying intoxicating liquors on the night of the Freshers' Snoker was the first item on the Agenda, and, after some discussion, the Committee agreed that the sale of intoxicating liquors should not be permitted on that night, but though this resolution was passed, the more general question as to whether intoxicating liquors should be sold at all in the Refectory was temporarily postponed.

The Committee have long felt the desire for a more effective working of their financial duties, and therefore a Finance Committee was appointed consisting of the President, Mr. Seymour Jones, the Secretary, Mr. H. W. Orton, the Treasurer, Prof. B. M. Connel, Mr. A. B. Hodgson of the Medical School, and Miss Sawkins representing the Women's Representative Council. To this Committee will be referred all applications for grants from secretaries of Societies and Clubs.

The Committee made a grant of £25 from the Union funds to the Prof. Moorman Memorial Fund in order that their expression of sympathy with Mrs. Moorman should take a practical shape.

The remaining business consisted of the election of two medical representatives, Messrs. Currie and Woodroffe, on the Athletics Committee, a staff representative on the Committee of the *Gryphon*, Prof. Gordon, the co-opting of Mr. H. R. Moffat to represent the Engineering Department on the Union Committee, and the fixing of an approximate date (November 21st or 28th) for the University Dance. It was resolved to hold the Conversazione next term.

The Debating Society.

A NEW session of the Debating Society was inaugurated on Monday, October 13th, with an Impromptu Debate. The attendance was disappointingly small, and one prefers to think that it was natural modesty rather than timidity which kept the freshers away.

However, they missed a most entertaining evening. During the short time at the disposal of the Meeting, four important questions were settled.

A motion on Prohibition revealed the fact that we possess but few Puseyfoot members; and the next discussion decided that our returned soldier students should be excused examinations. As this victory was gained by only two votes the presumption is that many people agreed with the speaker who upheld that if we were capable of winning wars, a few exams, should present no difficulty.

Clever but unavailing arguments were addressed on the motion that women should propose, and the Meeting ended with a discussion on the symmetry of Nature.

On November 10th a Debate will be held on the motion, "*That women will never prove as efficient as men in the learned professions.*" A very lively debate is expected, and everyone is heartily invited to be present.

The Men's Freshers' Social.

THIS great and time-honoured event was held on October 17th in the Refectory, and went off on the whole pretty successfully, though several strong comments were voiced against the "drought" which prevailed. Representatives of all the various societies and institutions addressed the large gathering, and their speeches were interspersed with musical items. After the social, the revelers marched down to City Square, where from the Black Prince's monument, the great George Shaw addressed the Meeting on the dangers of the prohibition campaign. "Are we to be trodden underfoot," he exclaimed amid enthusiasm, "by Puseyfoot?" Personally, we should very much like to see the boot which could trample on the redoubtable George in this respect!

Professor W. R. Phillips.

Professor of Law at Leeds University,
1899-1919.

SPEAKING at the Convocation Luncheon last Degree Day, the Vice-Chancellor informed those present of the impending departure of Professor Phillips, which, with characteristic modesty, Professor Phillips himself had hitherto kept secret. The Vice-Chancellor then continued in glowing eulogy: "In Professor Phillips we not only lose one of the finest after-dinner speakers in the North of England, but a gentleman who, by the thoroughness of his legal knowledge, and by the luminosity of his judgment, has long since qualified for high judicial office." This opinion of Sir Michael Sadler's has long been maintained by the members of the legal profession acquainted with Professor Phillips, and his career in Egypt will be followed with interest.

In Professor Phillips we lose one of the senior group of Professors who have sacrificed almost everything for us. No words can express our gratitude to those members of the Staff who, during the last three decades, have given up their leisure and ambitions in order to assist the Student body as a whole, and to maintain the traditions of its Union and Societies.

Professor D. H. Macgregor.

Prior, D. H. Macgregor, took over the Economics Department of our University in October, 1908, and was very popular. At the beginning of the war he took an active part in O.T.C. work, and joined the Royal Engineers in July, 1915. In 1916 he went overseas as Signals Officer with the 147th Infantry Brigade (40th Division), and was awarded the M.C. during the severe fighting which took place at Passchendaele Ridge towards the end of 1917. In 1918, he was with General Headquarters in Italy as Education Officer, and later returned to resume his work at Leeds. The news of his departure to take over the Professorship of Economics at Manchester University was received with regret, but we wish him every success in his new sphere.

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