

*Prof Barber*

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NEW SERIES.

VOL. 1. No. 6.—JUNE 1920

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

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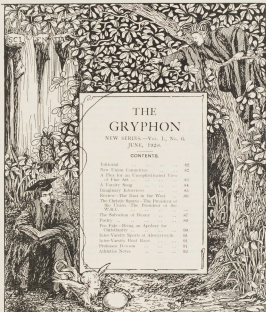
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## THE GRYPHON

NEW SERIES.—Vol. I, No. 6,  
JUNE, 1926.

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ET AUGEBITUR SCIENTIA.

# THE GRYPHON.

## THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

*"The Gryphon never spreads her wings in the corner when she hath any rich feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when we knew them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the censure which we have ever found than to the praises which we ought to fear."—LEES.*

### Editorial.

AT the Meeting for the election of officers of the new Union Committee, a Medical student was elected President. This is the first time in the history of the Union that the office has

been filled by a Medical, and the election is an event of no mean importance in our University annals. For some time past there has been a very regrettable drifting away of the Medical School from the remainder of the University. This is to be attributed in part, of course, to the situation of the School at such a distance from the main block of University buildings, but it is difficult to imagine how that factor alone could account for the veritable China-Wall of indifference which has at times formed an almost unsurmountable obstacle to all social intercourse and good fellowship between the two sections of the University community. We would venture to suggest that a much more serious reason is accountable for the increasingly noticeable sense of exclusiveness which has shown itself, and that reason is the absence of any real and prolonged attempt to bridge the gulf between the two sections. The tendency to consider the Faculty of Medicine as more or less irreparably separate from the College Road Faculties has all along been manifest. It is an unfortunate and in some respects a dangerous tendency—dangerous in that it aims a serious blow at that unity which is so vitally essential to our well-being as a University. It is obviously undesirable that the students of any one faculty should consider themselves, or be considered, as isolated. Recently, however, attempts have been made to break down the barrier which has too long separated us from our Medical confreres, and these attempts, though they may not immediately lead to the desired results, are nevertheless healthy signs of a change of attitude. The choice of Medicals to fill the two important offices of President of the Union and Chairman of the Debating Society is thus singularly auspicious, and the results of the experiment will be

watched with the keenest interest by those of us who this year reach "the parting of the ways."

### The New Union Committee.

At a Meeting of the newly elected Union Committee on 27th May, the following officials were appointed:—

Hon. President: The Chancellor (The Duke of Devonshire).

Hon. Vice-Presidents: The Pro-Chancellor,  
The Vice-Chancellor,  
The Pro-Vice-Chancellor,  
The Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.

President: D. I. GARRIE.

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Athletics Sub-Committee Secretary: F. B. HOLMES.

The "Gryphon" Editor: F. L. SEYMOUR-JONES.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

We invite all present subscribers to *The Gryphon* to renew their subscriptions for the coming session. A slip is enclosed with this number for that purpose.

### "The Gryphon" Committee.

Editor: CHARLES H. MOORE, B.A.

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## A Plea for an Unsophisticated View of Fine Art.

THERE is a current fashion of dealing with matters of art under categories which to me as a lay man, seem most incomprehensible. And I find that many others suffer from a like confusedness. For instance, I come back from a performance of *Tannhäuser* and am asked whether I understood the music. This question is as meaningless to me as to ask whether or no I could smell some such thing as logical validity, or moral excellence. The attitude of aesthetic appreciation does not come within the same category as that of understanding. What is our attitude to an object understood? We are certainly not wholly concerned with the thing itself as an isolated individual, but as related to other things. The object is just a point in a series, and this latter is the important thing. We understand a thing when we know all the circumstances which condition it, and how they do so. The pathologist is interested in tuberculosis only as a phenomenon; he investigates its conditions and attempts to find its action on the organism. The scientist understands an object when he knows how it is produced and what it can be used for. The object for him is just a point of view of a number of relations. We understand a conclusion when we have been able to trace the logical consistency of an argument through all its stages; thus we understand it, not in itself, but in relation to other things, when we see how it is reached and what its significance is. In the attitude of understanding, then, we essentially pass beyond the thing itself to the complete series of cause and effect in which it is situated.

But what is our attitude to the thing beautiful, in aesthetic appreciation? Surely not one of transition between connected circumstances, but rather one of fixation. We are contemplating a beautiful individual. The beautiful object is set apart, completely individualised; we regard it for its own sake, not because it is caused and can cause. We ask no questions about it, but are held in an intense emotional state of wonder. Instead of logical or causal transition, there is intense subjectivity, by the injection of which the object is personified. Expectation and effort, the behaviour characteristic of the understanding, consciousness which puts things in relation to their purposes, are absent; all the usual sensory-motor reaction is arrested, for the object is not a thing of use, to call forth a specific mode of conduct, but a beautiful individual, self sufficient, to be

gazed at. The state is not a waking one, but a form of reverie. But should ugliness or horror be revealed, the dream, for it is not much more, is broken and we jump again into the waking world, for with horror comes pain which stirs men's action. Aesthetic concentration is a pleasant state of psychic repose, and this is only possible where sensory-motor tendencies, essential to the state of active understanding, are not many or pressing. Upon the state of thought there has supervened the emotional state of wonder.

This state gives either pleasure or pain, and is valued accordingly. As the consciousness is pleasurably or painfully toned, we call the object beautiful or ugly. That, therefore, which can, by stimulating the aesthetic sentiments, produce a pleasurably toned consciousness is a beautiful object. The attitude of aesthetic appreciation, by its very nature, excludes all processes which contribute to the attitude of understanding. The function of fine art is to produce the thing beautiful, which is to be enjoyed, not understood. And there is a simple indisputable test, which every one can apply, which is the key to aesthetic valuation. If the object produces aesthetic pleasure it is beautiful; if aesthetic pain, it is ugly; the aesthetic being not that consciousness which is produced by the beautiful, but that which is produced by the play of certain specific faculties.

We hear a great deal about the "problems" of various works of art. I have heard it said that you cannot have a work of art without a problem to be solved in it. The artist indeed has his problem, viz., to produce something that will satisfy himself and his public; but there should be no problem embodied in the product of art, for this latter does not exist within the category of logical relation as does the solution of a problem; it is a thing of feeling, not of intellect. And any use of fine art to solve a problem involves the fallacy of *petitio principii*. The artist only translates his own view of the matter into individual concrete terms; but surely the solution of the problem lies in shewing the validity of the opinion?

But I do not say that art should be merely representative, though representation may be one of the media chosen by the artist for giving himself or his public aesthetic pleasure. Indeed I do not see how music can be representative at all. Besides its immediate appeal to the feelings, any ideas which may be aroused in the hearer's mind depend entirely on the association of circumstances peculiar to each individual's experience.

Two people hearing the same gentle melody, each led along a different chain of association may think, the one of the gentle emotions of family life, the other of some pretty landscape seen once in the silence of a summer's twilight. In language we get a system of symbols, which, being common to all of a race, can serve as a basis for the communication of ideas; but the association of ideas with any combination of musical sounds is entirely fortuitous. But in the attitude of real deep appreciation, where music is a thing of beauty, not a memory cue, there will be little or no ideational consciousness at all. Yet it is surprising to what extent some will delude themselves in this matter. I have heard thoroughly normal people, speaking quite seriously and not in metaphor, characterise a combination of notes as green. Could a more thorough confusion of the functions of the sense-organs be imagined? No refutation is either possible or needed; it is sufficient to refer the unsophisticated to their own experience.

Another popular tag is that art must express personality. Of course it must; but not in a way implying some mysterious significance in the term personality. Every act I perform expresses my personality in so far as it crystallises my ability and interests, etc. What the artist must do is to produce the thing beautiful; if he thinks his own personality is a beautiful thing, by all means let him express it. He needs originality just so far, and no further than any other technician, *i.e.*, he must be ready to supply his public with fresh objects of aesthetic contemplation when the existing type has ceased to satisfy. He must know the mind of his public and be ready to meet any change of attitude that may occur. Here as elsewhere demand must regulate supply, for fine art is just one contribution to the total enjoyment of life.

D.C.

## CONGRATULATIONS.

WE feel certain that all members of the University will join us in offering our hearty congratulations to Mr. Cecil Shaw of the Science Department on his gallant rescue of a Leeds young lady from the Strid on Whit-Tuesday.

## A Varsity Song.

(Unfinished).

(Air: "A Heavy Dragon," Patience).

(With apologies to W.S.G. and others for 'slangy' settings.)

## I.

If you aim at achieving the genuine article  
Worthy the name of a Varsity song,  
Don't worry round over syntax and particle,  
Go straight ahead and you won't be far wrong.  
Cast your eye round for a tune with a swing to it,  
Hit on a meter you're able to scan,  
Bring off the basis and the wit you can bring to it,  
Don't be too dull or you'll run the plan.  
Don't delay long on the Varsity's history  
(Songs and their singers belong to today),  
Don't get involved in abstruseness and mystery,  
Keep the sense clear as a bright summer's day.

## Chorus.

Take of these elements all that is usable,  
Melt them all down in an up-to-date crucible,  
Score for a Jazz-band and bang on the drum,  
And a Varsity song is the residuum.

## II.

Start with a word on our eminent Chancellor,  
Watchers and guarders of Canada's needs,  
Giving to grandsons of England and France a law,  
Never forgetting his duty to Leeds.  
Hymn our Vice-Chancellor's wonderful energy,  
Shaping the future of learned Bengal.  
(Run up the scale till you end on a Tenor 'G'),  
Touch on Scriabin, Cézanne and the shawl.  
Then you refer to the Council Olympian,  
Praising the Court with a suitable phrase,  
Give Conversation no doubtful or dim Pagan,  
Master the art of befouling M.A.'s.

## III.

Then a few words for the Staff Professional—  
Here you must show that you know what they teach—  
So let your verse be a sort of memorial  
Built on the various learning of each.  
Borrow from K-and-E his grasp of geology,  
Learn up from G-and-n the requisite stress,  
Practise the man to supply the morphology,  
B-or-k will weave you the stuff for the dress,  
Sapid as M-ls—calculating infinity,  
Lured on history lecture by G-and-n,  
Patient as C-and-I inspiring Latinity,  
Firm as G-and-p—denotishing Kant.

## Chorus.

Take of these elements all that is usable,  
Ch-bb will design you the right sort of crucible,  
G-and-n and S-and-ls will work out the scan,  
And your Varsity song is the residuum.

## IV.

(The Students . . . I leave to other pens.)

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## IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

## I.—The Gryphon.

I WAS spending a quiet afternoon visiting the local Zoo. Armed with the usual bags of pea nuts and buns, I wended my way leisurely along the various shady bye-roads. Finally I came to a grey lane on which stood a glass-fronted, brick cage containing a weird animal—such a one as I had never seen before.

The inhabitant of the cage was somnolent, but a well aimed orange awoke it from its slumbers. It fixed a glassy eye upon me with a mesmeric glare. The hypnotic influence flashed through the æther; I was impelled forward, through a dark and dismal underground passage, up slimy steps, and—the cage door opened. A long arm shot forth and I was in the maw of the *Gryphon*!

Gently it drew me in, grasping my arm with its slimy paw. I could feel its foetid breath brushing hotly against my forehead—my struggles were vain. . . . Suddenly the keeper appeared and the beast covered before him. No need had he to raise his whip and strike—the loathsome thing grovelled, and fawned upon him.

Beating a hasty retreat, I was stopped by its guardian, who commanded that I should provide fodder for its gargantuan belly. What choice had I but to obey? The usual offering, the annual grouse was impossible—it was not yet the 12th August. Old shoes, ships, and sealing wax, yea, even cabbages and kings were insufficient for its insatiable appetite.

So behold! here am I, doomed for a year and a day to provide portions for the monster's devouring. Beware all ye who fall into the clutches of the *Gryphon*!

## II.—The Union Treasurer.

"God bless my soul! The *Gryphon* wants to interview me? Well, I don't know what the world is coming to these days." Thus the Keeper of the Treasure Chest greeted the young nephew of the *Gryphon*, deputed by a hard-hearted uncle for the task.

It was hard, however, to feel anything but at ease with the genial Professor's beaming smile upon me. Thirty-three years at Leeds, sixteen of which as Professor, have left but little mark upon him. The few lines beginning to appear on his brow, were, he informed me, due to the cares and worries of his position as Lord of the Union Treasury,

Memories of lean years in the past recalled Micawber's dictum to him, but he has always succeeded in being on the nineteen pounds nineteen and elevenpence side; result—happiness. The years of war have enabled a small reserve to be formed. "Really, I don't know where all this expenditure will lead us. Of course, we are solvent, or it would be very serious. Why, the fellow brought me in an estimate for two hundred pounds, two—hundred—pounds! I don't know what the world is coming to! God bless my soul!"

I tactfully changed the subject. Not being a classic, I could scarcely appreciate his views on the value of latin prose and terminals sufficiently to lay them before the "Arts" critics of the "Gryphon." But even as I withdrew a whisper followed me, "Remember, I am only here in an advisory capacity—the decision rests with the Committee."

## III.—The Father of the Union.

"Come in, Come in. Well, Mr. Mish-Mish, what can I do for you?" The six feet odd of the jinneé of flame gleamed kindly down upon me. My request for an interview was readily granted. "Let me see; you won't find it in the text books, so I shall have to tell you about it here."

Thirty-five years have passed since he succeeded Professor Thorpe in the Chair of Chemistry, and he is thus the senior in service of all the Senate. He denies the rumour that, years ago, in the "Evening Post" ladies' column, he was selected in a competition as the handsomest man in Leeds. Nevertheless, to students of the fair sex he is still *primus inter pares*.

"Yes, the idea came to me when I was working under Hofmann. He allowed smoking in his laboratories, but I won't have it here unless it is a general regulation. . . . Of course, nobody knew anything about flame in those days, just like their knowledge of gas in '15. The ladies wanted to make respirators; I told them it was hopeless, perfectly ludicrous. . . . The disappointing part, of course, is when one discovers that someone else has discovered it all before. . . . Doesn't anybody here know? Why, everyone should know a thing like that; it isn't chemistry, it's common sense. . . . Yes, Professor—discovered that when he was at Amley—no, I mean Bramley. . . . Never use 'former' and 'latter'; by the time you've finished with the latter you've forgotten what the former was."

Such are some of the sparks of wisdom that radiated to my brain during our conversation. Unfortunately time did not permit of his telling me of the early days of the Union, when for seven years he acted as its Vice-President, Chairman, and Chief Mentor. Perhaps in days to come the Gryphon may receive an article from his pen on that topic. Till then our only resource lies in the text books.

#### IV.—The Staff Representative.

It was a dull day when I went to call on the Staff Representative to the Union, who is also chief of the Ex-Service-ites. As soon as he saw me he peered down at a sheaf of papers lying before him. "I'm afraid the Committee cannot increase your grant." I hastened to explain my mission, and the great one smiled again.

He refused to discuss himself, so I diplomatically steered him to his favourite topic. "Yes, I agree, there are far too many dances. It's impossible to lecture with such affairs going on. It's all right for the men, but the women are no use for three days. The day before they are too excited, the day itself they are busy getting ready, and the day after they are too tired."

Nevertheless those who saw him at the University dance well know his keen appreciation of the graceful art.

Perhaps the advanced youth of the University may consider him old-fashioned—no opinion could more widely miss the mark. As for dancers, he has no objection to them *per se*, but his logical soul rebels somewhat at the wasted labours of the lecturers.

Perhaps some among the daughters of Eve, regard their *Alas Mater*, if we dare make such a suggestion, more in the light of a matrimonial agency than as a place where learning is to be acquired. To such, if indeed there be any, dances are a means to an end, rather than the end itself. Lectures offer no such means.

But this is wandering from the subject, and I have no mind to enter here into a detached philosophical discussion on the matter. It was beyond me, so I drew the red herring of grants across the trail. This involved a long and intricate technical discussion, the gist of which I have laid before

the E.S.S.A. But I might add that even if you are an E.S. man, you won't get any advances on your grant for the next dance.

BURKA FI MISH-MISH.

### Review.

#### The East in the West.\*

By the time that this issue of the *Gryphon* is published, for many of us the pen will have been laid down for the last time as examinees. When this has been done, we vary our occupations in accordance with our inclinations and desires.

The book "With the Chinks," is a volume which can be unhesitatingly recommended as an antidote to students of Art and Science.

It is the history of the Yellow Exodus from China to what was—for them—a land of promise, France. It is probably not known that the British Government conveyed 100,000 Chinese Coolies to France to work at the base, on the lines of communication, and even in Army Areas. "With the Chinks" is almost a perfect account of the history of one particular batch of coolies from the day they came into British hands at Tsing-tan. The only imperfection we can find in the book is that it does not go far enough in its story. The coolies are simply brought to France and there the reader is bound to leave them.

In the Britisher who had anything to do with the Chinese Labour Corps in France or even in those who only saw the "Chinks" at a Ball Head or Base this book will awake many buried memories. The Author remarks at intervals in his book, "They had enough to eat." Probably when all else has been forgotten the Chink in France will be remembered for the insatiable appetite he possessed. His life was centred around this overwhelming desire for "Plentie Chow-Chow."

To those who knew him not, the book by Mr. Daryl Klein will be welcome in that it is a vivid series of portraits written with inside knowledge and appreciation. The author sees the human pathos and virtue in the coolie, and endeavours to impart something of his admiration to the reader, and he does so with great success, for the book is supremely interesting.

E.

\* "With the Chinks," by 2/Lt. Daryl Klein, C.L.C. The Bodley Head, 6s. 6d. net.

## The Christie Sports.

*(Photographs by the Sports and General Press Agency, Ltd.)*



H. M. PRESTON WINNING THE QUARTER MILE.



PLUMMER AND HOLMES IN THE HURDLES.

SESSION 1919-20.



MR. F. L. SEYMOUR JONES

(President of the Union.)

SESSION 1919-20.



MISS F. E. WARD  
President of the W.R.C.

## The Christie Sports.

*(Photographs by the Sports and General Press Agency, Ltd.)*



T. F. LLEWELLYN WINS THE MILE.



A. HEPBURN WINS THE THREE MILES.

### The Salvation of Bunny.

"I'm in the dence of a mess," said Bunny, as he helped himself to Billy's tobacco and my matches.

"Why insist on the obvious?" I said. "You're too lazy to collect your washing and send it to the laundry. Hence your dirty collar. You only shave when you fall in love, and then it never lasts for more than two consecutive mornings (the shaving I mean). And just because it's you, everyone thinks it all right. Nobody expects anything better. Such is the injustice of this world. Why if Billy or I were to—"

"Ma-a-a," groaned Bunny, whose pipe was lit by this time, "does your petty soul never get rid of its gross materialism? Do you never think of anything more noble than washing and collars? And by Heaven! (seizing the poker), if you tell me that cleanliness is next to godliness, I'll smash your nose clean face, and then there'll be a nasty mess in your beautiful digs."

"Lord! it's happened again," mused Billy, "but he can't be in love. He isn't shaved. Oh Bunny don't say it's happened again. And after all we've done for you. Didn't I rescue you from the clutches of a designing flapper less than a month ago? Didn't I arrange a party for her benefit at my maternal aunt's, a nasty, sticky party where they played games like "winking," and where one couldn't even smoke a pipe? Didn't we cajole the said flapper into singing "The End of a Perfect Day," so that she might offend your artistic soul? Didn't we save your young life from being blighted in its morning?"

"The worst of you two blokes," said Bunny, "is that you think you have the monopoly of wisdom and philosophy. Just because it pleases me to associate with all sorts of comic people, finding their society more entertaining than yours, you come running after me with your pet proverbs, and try to stuff me with your Mind-and-Memory philosophy. And yet my understanding is infinitely superior to yours. Ouch! I hate you, I hate you!"

"Like all great poets, Bunny," I said, to pacify him, and besides we wanted to hear the story. "Like all great poets, you are terribly wise a month after the event. Your sense of humour is retrospective, but in *solus res* you are a peribund idiot like the rest of them. Life to you is a succession of exciting incidents in which you behave like an idiot, and in between times you philosophise about it."

"Clever boy!" he retorted. "How long did it take you to think that out!"

"I'll trouble you for my matches."

"—And my tobacco."

"My Landlady's daughter," began Bunny (we sighed), "has the misfortune to be the daughter of my landlady. She is a typist or something, and —er— dresses, and that sort of thing. They have a distressing habit of disagreeing about everything. In fact I frequently "have words" with my landlady myself. She is really rather a formidable person when she puts her big, broad, flat foot down with a thump. For reasons too grossly materialistic to bear discussion, I find it inconvenient to change my digs in the meantime. This girl, whom we will call Daphne for the sake of the plot (her name is Sarah as a matter of fact), had one absorbing object in life, which tinged her worldly existence with the rosy hues of romance. She wanted to go to a Fancy Dress Ball which took place last night. But her august parent put her—all that I've said before with a thump, and in the throaty tones of a Tragedy Villainess shouted a melodramatic NO. It is unfortunate that landladies can only appear in Melodrama and Farceful Comedy. There was much weeping and gnashing of teeth. And it came to pass that one afternoon my landlady went to bully her relations, and Daphne, charmingly attired in silk stockings, a pink silk blouse and some sort of a skirt hovered over the tea things, and performed the simple domestic duties necessary to the well-being of Sir Gahbad (of course that's me, you unimaginative idiot!). When she was clearing away, in the course of conversation she confided to Sir Gahbad the details of the sweet, and simple story you have just listened to. Sir Gahbad couldn't but sympathise with a damsel in distress. She sat down on the sofa and wept. He put his manly arm around her, and glared round at innumerable dragons. She wept still more. Sir Gahbad felt he was a bunte, and in the words of the novelist "did the only thing possible under the circumstances." (Yes, I kissed her, you —!!%!!). I'm not the least bit in love with her, but, in your own vulgar speech, I have rather compromised myself. I feel I could shoot myself. What the deuce am I to do!"

Having duly warned Bunny against the pitfalls of indiscriminate charity, and the vice of sympathy, we discussed the possibility of ransoming him from the toils of his landlady, but our united resources were

unequal to the occasion. We consoled ourselves with the thought that paying up was a very unimaginative, not to say practical and efficient method of overcoming the difficulty. So we agreed that it would be positively immoral to buy him off under the circumstances, even if we had the money. All the same, if ever I become rich, which is unlikely, I shall start a Fund for the payment of Arrears of Rent for Bachelors in the Event of an Emotional Climax.

And then Billy got up and began to walk about—a habit of his when he is thinking.

"I know!" he said, coming to rest. "Bunny, my boy, the next time your landlady goes to bully her relations you shall invite Bobby and me to tea. Once Daphne has seen us, she cannot fail to realise your comparative insignificance. I am willing to suffer boredom for your sake. I shall—er—make myself agreeable. Bobby here will go and look pale and interesting. He really can be quite interesting, when he refrains from talking."

"I like your conceit," said Bunny bitterly. "I believe you will one day become a Town Councillor, and when you die people will say that you were highly respected. He warned in time. There's no saying what depths of ignominy a man may reach if he is conceited. It were better for you to kill yourself now, and avoid your cowardly fate."

"The idea hurts your vanity, Bunny, my lad," I said. "There is no saying what depths of ignominy—"

\* \* \*

Billy and I, beautifully dressed, went to call on Bunny. He answered the door himself. He was abominably excited and polite. Bunny is never polite, except under the stress of great excitement. Presently Daphne came in to lay tea. She was certainly pretty. Bunny, more polite than ever, introduced us to—Miss Pillings (Daphne).

If there is one thing I envy Billy, it is his power of carrying on a very ordinary conversation as though he really enjoyed it. I believe he could make a fortune hiring himself out for dinner parties. He excelled himself that afternoon. He didn't really say anything. He just talked. He was even permitted by Daphne to carry the tray through into the kitchen after tea. Not content with that, he reappeared with a towel over his arm, making sundry comments on the laziness of the human race, and marshalled us off to the kitchen to help wash up.

Incidentally he learned the exact locality of Daphne's office, and the time she left in the evening. He took charge of the proceedings. It was his party, not Bunny's. He counselled Bunny not to rub one plate too long, or he would wear a hole in it, and Bunny was too dazed to reply.

\* \* \*

Bunny's is an uncertain temperament. Normally he is indolent. But let him become interested in anything, and nothing can hold him back. He becomes a fanatic. The worst of it is that it is impossible to predict what or whom Bunny will become interested in next. He may have been stung by Daphne's preference for Billy's company—Billy had taken her out to tea and the Pictures, and that sort of thing several times since we had tea in Bunny's digs, and I had taken her out myself. But he certainly became insane about the girl. He solemnly believed that he was in love with her. Gradually her liking veered round to Bunny. They were always together. Billy was merely the chance acquaintance, who could be very amusing, an ideal squire of dames; but Bunny assumed the more dangerous rôle of friend and confidant. Remonstrance was worse than useless. Things had to take their course. Billy and I cursed ourselves for ever having interfered.

\* \* \*

Daphne went away for a week, and Bunny had written her a letter in which he unburdened his soul. For the next few days he was more polite than a curate soliciting subscriptions. And then one night he came up to our digs again. We could see something was wrong. He handed us a letter:—

"DEAR BUNNY,

Your letter was a very great surprise to me. I am afraid that what I am going to say will hurt you, but it is best to be frank. I thought you knew that I was peacefully engaged to a gentleman who is a billiard-marker in the Petronoke.

When he has made enough money we shall get married. I have always esteemed you very highly, Bunny. I thought you knew. You must feel that I have behaved nobly towards you, Bunny.

Try to forgive.

Your Friend,  
SARAH PILLINGS."

We took Bunny off for a walking tour. He took a great interest in saying precisely what he thought of people who built stray factories beside the most beautiful rivers in England, and he talked a great deal of philosophy. He returned sane.

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### An Irish Folk Song.

*(Reconstructed from a few lines heard in a Music Hall in Belfast).*

The high hills of Antrim, I see in my dreams  
The high hills of Antrim, the glens and the streams,  
My heart it is yearning whenever I be  
The high hills of Antrim are calling to me.

The soft clouds are drifting o'er stately Knocklady  
Whose round flanks are dappled with sunshine and shade,  
Glennafelt's white waters make musical clams,  
The green fern is breathing sweet scents in Glenure.

And soft feels the turf to the wanderer's feet,  
Where the cotton wood blows o'er the black bogland  
peat.

The perfume of meadow-sweet burdens the day  
In hollow green places on lonely Rathray.

All through the great city's lead striving and toll  
I hear the low sob of the tide on the Moyle,  
Where the sons of Cushie lie cold on the shore  
By wild Slach-na-marra's bewildering rose.

The ancient grey castles a thousand years old  
Dunmull and Dunluc and Dunceverick bold,  
Stand dreaming of years that have long since passed  
by,  
And lift up their sad roofless walls to the sky.

And ah! shall I ever be able again  
To look from Old Skemish across the wide plain,  
Where the Barn and the Bush follow on to the sea  
And the little green fields smile and beckon to me.

The high hills of Antrim, I see in my dreams  
The high hills of Antrim, the glens and the streams,  
My heart it is yearning wherever I be,  
The high hills of Antrim are calling to me.

T.W.M.

### In Ballywillen Grave Yard.

This land was for dear Ledwidge home and school,  
From here he gazed and recognised his sun,  
Planted by the Causeway of Old Finn McCool  
And darling Inishowen.

High on a hill and fronted by the sea,  
Oh Holy Place my sanctuary remain,  
Beside the waste of waters sighs to thee  
For comfort in its pain.

For Ledwidge now has gone, silent his road  
That piped a lonesome tune the hills among  
And silver loyle in vain shall sigh her need  
Of his bewitching song.

Oh, ancient tombs of long forgotten dead,  
All green and mouldering with the flight of years  
And hew trees whispering sadly overhead  
Brood sorrow for my tears.

T.W.M.

### Ambition.

*(After reading Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte Brontë).*

Oh I would burn with wild prophetic fires  
And breathe the anguish of my pent-up soul  
Out to a wondering world. Each word inspires  
Evident certainties, that make the whole  
Of this poor circumvented and weakly flesh  
Seem Godlike, and to Godlike heights command  
Me rise. I would shake off the binding mesh  
Of inarticulation strand by strand,  
And like the divers midst the seaweed brown  
Returning to the sun, who cast away  
The leaden weights that hold them down,  
Throw off the burden of my feet of clay  
And soar above that nighty useless sea  
The boundless vast of time, eternity.

T.W.M.

### Pro Fide.

#### Being an Apology for Christianity.

We have been told recently in these columns that, "tenets which were once sufficient to bring martyrdom must now be discarded as entirely irrelevant to the life of our common days and as stultifying our mental development." Now if the writer of these words had given a little thought to the Christian doctrine of conduct, he would have found there the loftiest and noblest ethic which has been given to mankind; a morality which sets the highest value on persons and personality, which urges as the final goal of human effort the uplifting and perfecting of mankind; whose very basis is love, that sentiment which gives all its significance to the family life, the foundation of the wider corporate life of the nation, and which must be the very basis of any lasting brotherhood of man. Surely after the recent world cataclysm, these are ideals to which men may worthily sacrifice themselves! In more than one of his phrases, the writer I am criticising shows ignorance of the practical aspect of Christianity *e.g.*, in his demand for a religion which shall be "of the earth, earthy." Yet the practical significance of the religion of Christ was always to the fore in its original presentation. "Faith without works is void," says the apostle James. Religion is a way of life, fundamental and comprehensive; therefore "wedded" as much to the "beeh" as the "altar."

None is the matter of a future life so valueless as some would seem to think. That we should *desire* a life after bodily death, is I think, demonstrable on moral grounds. The great injustice of human life as we know it remains dark as a shadow that cannot be relieved if each man's personality ceases with the grave, a shadow that must darken our whole conception of the universe and man's place within it. And there is no doubt that where belief in a future life obtains generally amongst a people, it tends to maintain the standards of thought and conduct. And this belief alone seems capable, in the long run, of keeping down the self-seeking tendencies of man, which lie at the root of all social dissolution, when men have reached the age of critical thought.

We are urged to concentrate to-day on the basic needs of life and leave the higher spiritual values till tomorrow. Now I have shown that Christianity does not preach a gospel of otherworldliness. But who could assert that anything in human life is more

fundamental and important than the things of spirit? Surely whatever man craves, he does so as a being endowed with consciousness, *i.e.*, as a spiritual being. The inner values of consciousness are the real values, which all else subserves. And religion, as a complete way of life, gives thought to the inner spiritual values as no political or economic creed can. It is only in the cultivation of ideals, essentially spiritual entities, that we can attain development. If we postpone the higher spiritual education, the education of the moral man, we throw away all our chances of attaining anything permanent. Moral culture must at least run parallel with material progress. "A religion must be for the multitude"—and is not this just the cry of the Christian—the faith is catholic, it is for all.

To the intellectual, the presuppositions of Christianity present some difficulty because they are not thoroughly comprehensible to reason. But what in this life is so? Where does reason lead us? Let a man reflect critically on the nature of experience and he will find immediately given, neither body nor mind, but only the duality of subject and object within the unity of experience. The conception of mind, body, soul, causality, all our world of things and persons and their relations are arrived at by abstracting from this unity of experience, the subjective and objective and by hypostatizing them. And this step, though unjustifiable in strict logic, must be made if a man would go beyond his own immediate experience into a world of persons and things—otherwise he remains a solipsist, a solitary being, sure only of his own existence, of which all other things which appear to him are modifications. Only an act of faith or will, which postulates a real objective world, can save us from this. This step cannot be *logically* justified. But it is justified in that each man's consciousness demands it; its justification lies in its value—as indeed is the case with all the great hypotheses of science, which are only working assumptions. The present writer can testify to the spiritual value of Christianity in his own case. Let those who impugn religion make the same venture of faith, but remember that the prize of the highest spiritual life is unflagging perseverance. 'Tis hardly characteristic of the "thinking man" to join the ranks of indifference, and thence, having spurned the one step which Christianity proposes as the key to the highest life, to scoff at her for lack of spiritual efficacy.

## Inter-Varsity Sports at Aberystwyth.

THE Second Annual Inter-Varsity Sports were held at Aberystwyth on Saturday, May 29th. The following Universities and University colleges sent representatives:—Aberystwyth, Bangor, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Leeds, Liverpool, Nottingham, and Sheffield.

Leeds were unfortunate in not having a full team, Holmes, Plummer, Blease and Wahren being absent, but our honour was ably upheld by Henthwaite, Preston, Miller, Davis, Hemingway and Llewelyn, the latter being especially conspicuous for his fine performances.

Nottingham were champions with 18 points, Leeds being runners-up with 16 points. Liverpool and Cardiff tied for third place with 14 points each.

O. B.

## Inter-University Boat Race.

**Leeds University Boat Club. v. Edinburgh University Boat Club.**

THE following is the Edinburgh Boat Club's account of the race:—"The above event which it is hoped may become an annual fixture was rowed off at Craiglockhart, at 6 p.m., on Saturday, 28th May, 1929. The race was over a mile course from Slateford pool to a little east of Ashley Bridge, the boats (Clinker, sliding, coxed fours), starting with thirty nine yards of daylight between them. Mr. G. K. A. Armstrong acted as a starter, and Mr. M. Thorpe-Wood as judge. The visitors, who had the front station, got away well at the start, and at once went up a length and a half on the home crew. This lead was maintained, despite repeated Edinburgh 'pick-ups' in the straight stretch beyond the 'railway' bridge; but at Craiglockhart Bridge, Leeds, with only a day's experience of a difficult course, had the misfortune to foul the margins. This took way off them and made them roll somewhat, but passing the University boathouse they were still a clear length to the good. Edinburgh, who had meanwhile rowed with good form, now began to draw up, and their final win by a quarter of a length must be attributed to weight and familiarity with the course, rather than to verve, in which respect the English club in a strange boat and on very strange water, rowing valiantly—at one time 40 strokes to the minute, though handicapped by weight, scored an unquestioned moral victory. Time (approximately), 6 mins. 30 secs."

## Professor Dawson.

THE announcement that the University Council has instituted a chair of Physical Chemistry and has appointed thereto, as the first professor, Dr. H. M. Dawson, will be welcomed by all past and present students who have had the good fortune to know the new professor. Both the ever-growing importance of physical chemistry and the good work of Dr. Dawson are thereby recognised.

Harry Medforth Dawson entered the Yorkshire College from the Leeds Modern School in 1891 as Edward Baines Scholar. Though attending mostly Inter. B.Sc. lectures he has a vivid recollection of pleasant hours spent at Mr. (now Professor) Connal's classes in Latin. Matriculating a year later, he studied chemistry, physics and mathematics for the London degree. He was Brown Senior Scholar in 1893, and graduated B.Sc. (London) in 1895.

The next year was spent in post-graduate research work under Professor Smithells on Flame, and in 1896 he gained that much coveted prize, the 1851 Exhibition Scholarship.

Three years research in Germany followed. Van't Hoff had only recently left Amsterdam for Berlin, and there Professor Dawson had with him as a fellow worker, that eminent Irishman, Professor Dorman. Towards the close of his stay in Germany, he spent a few months at Leipzig and then moved on to Giessen. Here he took his Ph.D.

In 1900 at the request of Professor Smithells he returned to the Yorkshire College as demonstrator. In 1905 the newly formed University of Leeds instituted a lectureship in physical chemistry, to which he was appointed. Two years later he took his D.Sc. (Leeds).

Much valuable research work has since emanated from the Physical Chemistry laboratory, which, starting with accommodation sufficient for a very small number of students, has been on two occasions extended by the knocking out of interior walls. During the war, Dr. Dawson was intimately associated with the Explosives Supply Department of the Ministry of Munitions.

As a clear and lucid lecturer, inspiring one with the spirit of his subject, yet always sympathetic and helpful in difficulties, it is difficult to find his equal. Those who have passed through "Dickie's" hands will unite in congratulating him on his well earned honour.

S.-J.



### The Christie Sports.

THE third annual Christie Sports were held on Wednesday, 19th May, at Lawnswood. The weather was decidedly boisterous, though the rain held off for most of the afternoon. There was only a very meagre attendance.

On the whole the results of the sports were very encouraging. The outstanding performer was J. W. Thwaite, of Liverpool, who carried off both sprints, the hurdles and the long jump, all with something to spare.

In the sprints and hurdles the other competitors were overshadowed by Thwaite. Of the Leeds men, Blaise in the 100 yards, Holmes in the 220, and Plummer in the hurdles, did well. The quarter-mile proved to be Leeds' first win of the day. Preston, last year's winner, was unlucky in the draw for places, but ran a very well judged race, and won fairly comfortably.

In the middle and long distance events, Leeds came into her own. T. F. Llewelyn, who, I understand, has run before the war with the Surrey A.C., took the half-mile and mile in excellent style. G. M. Miller, the second string, ably backed up his partner, getting second in both events. The sheer grit, which enabled him to finish the mile next to Llewelyn and thus gain the championship for Leeds, was well recognised in the enthusiastic reception he received after the race.

The three miles proved too much for the Liverpool competitors. W. W. Wilson made a good pace for his first string, and A. Heningway won comfortably, with Wilson second. The third, H. K. Ashworth, of Manchester, ran a very plucky race; he is not yet 17, and is fresh from Sedburgh.

The long jump proved another easy win for Thwaite, who cleared over a foot further than any other. J. F. Mitchell, of Manchester, who was second, unfortunately strained himself, but pluckily continued jumping, reaching 20 feet 6½ inch. Preston was a good third at 19 feet 10½ inches.

J. F. Mitchell succeeded in getting the high jump at 5 feet 5 inches.

Leeds succeeded in gaining the championship trophy with 39½ points (four firsts, six seconds and two thirds). Liverpool were runners up with 35 points, while Manchester got 15½.

At the conclusion of the Sports the various trophies were presented to the successful competitors by Lady Sadler, to whom Mr. Oldham (Liverpool), and Mr. Mitchell (Manchester), tendered the thanks of all present.

The thanks of the Committee are especially due to the various judges and other officials who carried out their duties splendidly. Great credit is due to the successful team, whose arduous training and preparation carried them to victory.

### RESULTS.

100 Yards—1st, J. W. Thwaite (Liverpool); 2nd, F. S. Walker (Manchester); 3rd, G. V. Frances (Liverpool); Time, 8½ seconds. [Slight incline and following wind.]

220 Yards—1st, J. W. Thwaite (Liverpool); 2nd, F. B. Holmes (Leeds); 3rd, J. Noble (Liverpool); Time, 25½ seconds.

Quarter Mile—1st, H. H. Preston (Leeds); 2nd, A. W. Gibson (Liverpool); 3rd, W. Cartwright (Manchester); Time, 58½ seconds.

Half Mile—1st, T. F. Llewelyn (Leeds); 2nd, G. M. Miller (Leeds); 3rd, W. Dixon (Manchester); Time, 2 minutes, 15½ seconds.

One Mile—1st, T. F. Llewelyn (Leeds); 2nd, G. M. Miller (Leeds); 3rd, T. Moore (Liverpool); Time, 4 minutes 56½ seconds.

Three Miles—1st, A. Heningway (Leeds); 2nd, W. W. Wilson (Leeds); 3rd, H. K. Ashworth (Manchester); Time, 17 minutes 10½ seconds.

120 Yards Hurdles—1st, J. W. Thwaite (Liverpool); 2nd, A. F. Plummer (Leeds); 3rd, T. G. D. Green (Manchester) and F. B. Holmes (Leeds); Time, 16½ seconds.

Long Jump—1st, J. W. Thwaite (Liverpool); 2nd, J. F. Mitchell (Manchester); 3rd, H. M. Preston (Leeds); Distance, 21 feet 2½ inches.

High Jump—1st, J. F. Mitchell (Manchester); 2nd, L. Turtan (Liverpool); 3rd, R. C. Clegg (Liverpool); Height, 5 feet 5 inches.

Putting the Shot—1st, D. C. Hamilton (Liverpool); 2nd, R. Warren (Leeds); 3rd, J. F. Mitchell (Manchester); Distance, 22 feet 1 inch.

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