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The Journal of the University of Leeds



New Series  
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## THE "GRYPHON."

Third number will be ready 10th December. Last date for copy, 24th November. The fourth, fifth and sixth numbers will be issued during the first weeks of February and March and in early June.

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Every contribution must be signed, and address or Department given. *Nom de plume* may be added, but the Editor reserves the right to publish names. Use one side of paper only—and use quarto size for all purposes. Send in articles or news as early as possible. The *Gryphon* will not be held up by late comers. Whatever else happens, the *Gryphon* will appear on the dates announced.

Secretaries of Societies are reminded that our readers want NEWS. Every Society or Club should have a notice at least once a term.

All Contributions should be addressed to the Editor, and either posted or placed in the "Gryphon Box," near the H.P.'s Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Manager. Cheques payable to the Treasurer, the *Gryphon*.

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# THE GRYPHON.

## THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

*"The Gryphon never spreads her wings in the sun when she hath any like feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgments when we know them full well of great matter; yielding ourselves to the curtain which we have ever found them in the preciseness which we ought to fear."*—LIVY.

### Address by the Vice-Chancellor

THE persuasive Editor of the *Gryphon* has asked me to address a paragraph to the old and present-day students of the University. I should like to say, at the outset, how greatly I appreciate the privilege of becoming an incorporate member of Leeds University. I have been connected with many Universities, and I know none where the *esprit de corps* is more vital than in Leeds, nor any where it is quite so compelling. It animates staff and students alike, and infects everyone who comes within the range of its influence. As most people know, it is the "*esprit*" which makes the "*corps*" in a great institution. No one can tell where the spirit comes from, and no one can prophesy where it will ultimately lead those whom it inspires. Old students may rest assured that the good genius of this place, which kindled their enthusiasm and awakened their hopes, is guiding their successors to establish and carry forward what they so well began. They possibly were content to think ten years ahead; their successors feel the time has come to look thirty and fifty and a hundred years on. The historians of England, writing two or three centuries hence, will doubtless see in the new University movement the beginnings of another Renaissance or even another Reformation in England, perhaps exceeding in its range and in its effect what was accomplished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. If old students wonder whether we shall ever have buildings like those put up in former days, I would assure them that there are men in the councils of this University with a capacity and foresight in such matters unsurpassed anywhere in England at the present time.

What we require in our University is to discover our own type of academic life and shape our own traditions. Every healthy institution acquires a character special to itself, through which it naturally and easily finds expression and which it impresses on all who belong to it. Time is required to secure this; but that we shall find it by patience and experiment, I have no doubt. When it is truly established, all the world will know a "Leeds University man," and Leeds men will recognise each other everywhere. It is best cultivated if every student takes his share in the social and athletic activities of the University. There is always a temptation to some keen students to live a secluded life while at a University. They do not realise that an isolated mental life is bad for work as well as a neglect of a great opportunity for human fellowship. Intellectual detachment from books is necessary for sound work; a student should be not only a scholar but a man mixing freely and at ease with his fellow men. No one should forget the wisdom contained in the lines of Milton:—

"who reads  
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself."

May I add, in conclusion, that I have been much gratified to discover that Leeds University men have received so heartily into their midst one who comes from north of the Tweed. Perhaps it is but natural that they should; for, after all, the civilisation of Scotland has been mainly due to England, and the best of it is still English. England, therefore, is entitled to receive its own again, and, in accepting it, is accepting only what is its due.

## Notes and Comments

### THE EDITOR.

It is with great regret that we announce the resignation of Miss Jenkins from the Editorship of the *Gryphon*. Miss Jenkins has obtained a post in Bradford. Her administration has already made itself notable for several improvements in *Gryphon* policy and will, we feel sure, be memorable in the history of the Journal. Miss Jenkins is succeeded by Miss Willoughby, whose editorship will begin with the next issue. We have every confidence that Miss Willoughby will carry on the best traditions of the Journal; may the Gryphon henceforth have few sickle feathers to spread in the sun.

### OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

In this issue we continue our comprehensive policy of including contributions from the Staff, the present students and the O.S.A., a policy which we feel to be a distinctive characteristic of the *Gryphon*. The Vice-Chancellor replies to the welcome which we offered in our last number, and we also print a summary of his speech at the Freshers' Social. Those who were not at the Social will be glad to have the benefit of Dr. Baillie's advice, and we who were shall be glad to see it in a permanent form.

The overseas point of view is represented by M. Aubert Lefas' article on *Student Life in Paris*. M. Lefas is the son of the Député of a Breton constituency. He is a *Licencié en Lettres et en Droit* of Paris and has spent some time in London studying Poor Relief. He is at present studying Law in the University of Paris.

Dr. Hamilton Thompson's article on Rhetoric continues the series on topics of general University interest which Mr. P. P. Murphy's *Debating* started in the last issue, and the esoteric side is catered for by the revival of *Shoes and Ships*. We regret that articles on Music and the Drama are held over till the next issue.

### THE FUTURE.

Our next issue will be one worthy of the great event with which it almost coincides, the Jubilee of the Yorkshire College of Science, and the Coming of Age of the University. There will be special articles on the past history of the University and its future prospects; Sir Berkeley Moynihan has also promised us a Jubilee article. The Old Students, as is fitting on such an occasion, will also, we hope, have a larger share in the *Gryphon* than usual.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE



WHEN the last University Intelligence was compiled, the University was a dreary place inhabited by clerks, one or two swots, and the H.P. Sometimes a student came in, found no letters for him and no notices on the board, and strolled disconsolately away. It was a sort of hibernation, or rather estivation, and one could do nothing but prophesy future activities. Now all is changed; we are up. Again one wonders why there are so

few accidents in College Road, again there are crowds under the clock from five-to five-past, and again the ting of the clock itself has a vast significance.

Presumably, the session cannot be said to have really begun before the Union Dance, which takes place on October 31st. Still, the first Musical Recital is not far off, and public lectures started on October 15th, when Dr. Brodetsky spoke on the subject of "Flat earth to spherical globe." This was the first of a course of lectures on Astronomy by Dr. Brodetsky and Mr. S. Stonley, entitled "Six Steps in Intellectual Expansion."

On October 14th, Mr. Woodward lectured on "Recent Excavations in Sparta." Some students doubtless remember the charming lectures Mr. Woodward delivered here as Reader in Ancient History before he was appointed Director of the British School at Athens two years ago. It is as Director of this School that Mr. Woodward is excavating the site of the ancient theatre and shrine of Athene at Sparta. Already many valuable finds have been made and the work is still proceeding. We are glad to say that Mr. Woodward has promised to lecture to us again in a year's time, when he hopes to be able to report further exciting discoveries. The lecture was illustrated by an excellent series of slides.

On October 17th, Mr. C. S. Kaines Smith, the Curator of the Leeds Art Gallery, lectured on "El Greco." It was pleasant to hear a sane and discriminating appreciation of El Greco that was equally far from the shallow condemnation and affected apotheosis which are the form that a discussion of him usually takes. This is the first of a series of lectures on painting by Mr. Kaines Smith which we hope will be more fully reported in the *Gryphon* later on.

The Vice-Chancellor's reception on October 16th was a very thrilling affair, and was greatly enjoyed by the few students who were privileged to be there. The Chancellor and the Duchess of Devonshire were present, and the Great Hall was full. Scarlet gowns, flashing decorations, claret cup and elegant conversation made the evening a very memorable one.

People are already talking about the Jubilee Celebrations, which begin on December 15th and last for a week. On Sunday evening the 14th, there will be a special service in the Leeds Parish Church, at which the Archbishop of York will preach the sermon, and on Monday morning the Opening Ceremony will take place in the Great Hall. In the afternoon Professor Grant will give an address on the Educational History of the University, and in the evening there will be the Court Dinner. On Tuesday, certain Honorary Degrees will be conferred, and a portrait will be presented to Sir Michael Sadler, who will give a public lecture on "The Aims of University Education." On Wednesday, Dr. Hamilton Thompson will lecture on "The Architectural History of the University," and in the evening a *Conversazione* will be held in the Great Hall. On Thursday evening the Dramatic Society will give a Play, and on Friday there will be the Old Students' Association Dinner. Saturday, if we are not all too tired, will be an Open Day. Look out for the special Jubilee number of the *Gryphon*!

But Jubilee Week, though so much in our minds, is still a long way off, and there are many important events before then. Besides the many public lectures, which we dealt with fully in our last number, there is the Rag on November 5th. We have received no details of it yet, but it is sure to be worth taking part in; rags always are. The date of Parliament Night has been changed from November 10th to November 7th. This is one of the events of the year, but we hope it will be remembered that a debate, even in Parliament, is not the same thing as a rag.

It may surprise some third and fourth year people who think that the University is at present inhabited almost entirely by freshers, to learn that only about 350 new students have been admitted this year. The total number of students is at present about 1,425, or fifty fewer than last year.

B. W.

## Address to Freshers

Some recollections of an address to Freshers, given in the Great Hall on Thursday, October 9th, at the Christian Union "Freshers" Social, by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. J. B. Baillie.

**F**ELLOW Students—The generous welcome which you have given me to-night makes me feel that at last I have been received into the warmest quarter of the heart of the University. With your permission I should like to remain there.

While it is pleasant to meet the students in the mass, I much prefer to meet individuals directly. I hope you will take every opportunity, in such way as you think fit, to get to know me personally. I need hardly say what a great pleasure it will be to me to meet you as individuals from time to time. You have the advantage in many ways; you know more about me than I know about you, and I hope we shall become better acquainted with one another before long.

I do not propose to make a speech. In fact I was kindly informed by the Secretary that I was not to be allowed to make a long speech. I should just like to have a talk with the Freshers more particularly. I do not propose, on this occasion, to address the senior students, and am less desirous of doing so because they have arrived at the stage of life when they feel entitled to think that the only use of good advice is to pass it on to other people.

Everyone is interested in the Freshers. Their Alma Mater is interested in Freshers because they are the latest additions to the family of the University. Senior



students are interested in them in the way in which an amateur champion regards, with a certain genial superiority, the first efforts of the amateur to play the game. The second year students are interested in the Freshers with a certain compassionate condescension. And the Freshers are all interested in one another. Those who are shy are always sympathetically interested in each other as suffering from the same disability; and those who are boisterously happy at having escaped from the control and repression of the schoolmaster are equally ready to rejoice with one another.

You have now arrived at a new stage in your development. You have passed from the period of life when you were under the guardianship and direction of the school and the home, to a life of relative independence and freedom from care; and you are given the opportunity to devote yourselves to the acquisition of some of the highest results which have been achieved by the human mind. It is a great opportunity and I hope you will take the fullest advantage of it. It is also a great responsibility, and the question that naturally occurs to you and to everyone is—what are your going to do with it?

I should like to say to you that everyone concerned in the management of the University, Professors, all the members of the staff, and others, wish for you two things. They want you to enjoy your life here and they want you to make a success of it. Enjoyment should be looked upon as a necessary accompaniment of life in a University. You should not consider that your life here is to be one of hardship, although it will necessarily involve hard work. The business of a university education is to enable individuals to feel that they are part and parcel of the world and that they are not strangers to it. And the way in which they make the world their own is, to a large extent, by understanding; understanding the world in which they live; understanding how to use it; understanding its laws; understanding their place in it. There are one or two conditions which must be satisfied if you are to get the full measure of enjoyment out of your lives here. You are face to face with the whole domain of knowledge. It is perfectly clear that you cannot attempt to take all knowledge to be your province. But it is impossible for a student to pass through the University without discovering some subject or subjects for which he can acquire, or for which he perhaps naturally possesses, an intellectual enthusiasm. Try to find out that subject or those subjects for which you have a natural affinity, which give you a thrill of enjoyment to work at, and follow your bent, when you so discover it, as far as it will carry you. You need not imagine that in this way you will become narrow, because you cannot study one subject without finding your mind being drawn to other subjects. But begin with the subject or subjects in which you are most interested. Find out what these are as early as you can. If you do not find them in the first year, find them in the second. If you do not find them in the second year, find them in the third year, but, at any rate, find them at some time or other during your course at the University. If you feel, after having gone through the University, that you have still failed to discover a domain of knowledge which appeals to you above all others, you will very seriously question whether you have not made a mistake in coming to the University at all. Selection of the subject, therefore, in which you are most keenly interested is the first condition of enjoying your work here. There will be many subjects, in which you are not so keenly interested, which you will have to pursue for other purposes. But you may reasonably expect that there is at least one subject which will draw out the best that is in you.

Another condition of enjoying your life here is to make friends. You have a unique opportunity of doing so in a selected social environment where you can mix freely with one another, form societies for discussion, and where you perpetually come into contact with one another. No such opportunity as this will ever occur

to you again for making friends, who form, perhaps, the chief source of permanent happiness throughout life. You should carefully guard against leading an isolated life while you are a student. It is unwholesome, and perhaps even unhealthy.

The third way in which you can secure enjoyment of your life here is to make the fullest use of your time. Make sure that you have no idle time. Your day will be occupied with work, some of it pretty hard work. Devotion to this is sure, at some time or other, to produce a certain amount of weariness and exhaustion. When that happens there is always a danger, unless you know how to fill up your spare time. The proper way to fill up your spare time is to acquire a habit of healthy relaxation of mind and body. This is just as important as cultivating the habit of working. If you do not fill up your spare time, you will find inevitably that your spare time becomes waste time. And it is when people have time to waste that they sow wild oats. Take care that you do not sow wild oats by wasting imagination and emotion. If you sow wild oats you will be compelled to eat them, and wild oats do not make good porridge.

Everyone will also wish, in the second place, that you should make a success of your life here. It is what you would most wish for yourselves. One of the first conditions of success as a student, or in anything else, is to take care of your health. Keep your mind and your body fresh. Never let yourselves become worn out by your work. There is no subject in the University worth studying at the cost of your life and health. Take plenty of exercise. Be in the open air. It is impossible to do good work unless the brain is fresh all the time. Another condition of success is that you must learn how to concentrate your mind. Discipline is absolutely essential for this purpose. Very few people, I have discovered, are able to concentrate their minds for more than three quarters of an hour, except, perhaps, at examinations. The way to learn this is, in a large measure, to be honest with yourself when you are reading. Do not pretend to be reading when you are merely staring at the print. Do not become the slave of your books or of any author. Keep your mind critically awake when you are reading a book. Ask a question all the time. Very few people know how to read. It is one of the most difficult of all things to learn properly. Try to learn how to read while you are at the University. You will have no such opportunity later on. For purposes of disciplining your mind it is also essential to do something every day that you do not like. Do something that is necessary and which requires a certain amount of self-denial. Discipline involves, necessarily, self-restraint and self-denial.

It is also important, if you are going to make a success of your student days, that you should bear in mind what, after all, a university training aims at. The University exists to train the mind to serve the community in the best possible way and to develop the art of leadership. The community looks to the University to produce the leaders of the future, and some of you will have to play your part in life in that way. You should bear in mind, while you are here, that that is, in a large measure, what you have to contribute to the welfare of your country—to serve it in the highest possible way and to take the lead in public life.

One thing more I should just like to add which is over and above all that I have said, and perhaps, in some ways, more important than all else, or, at least, as important. In all your work you should seek and try to secure quietness of mind, which is the most precious pearl in the crown of life. Men and women find it in different ways. Each must find it in his own way, but find it each one should at some time or other. Should you discover it during your life at the University, in the days to come the recollection of your past years spent in this place will be a perpetual benediction.

## Rhetoric and Personality

MR. Murphy's article in the last number of the *Gryphon* is an excellent illustration of his view of debate as an exercise in rhetoric. That word is too often profaned, and I hesitate to define it, partly because there is an elaborate treatise upon the subject by the master of those who know which should set even those who do not know on the right lines, and partly because the example of Miss Mary Bennet is fatal to all humbler practitioners of the art of definition. But rhetorician, as applied to Mr. Murphy, is a complimentary term. His rhetorical proofs are all to hand: he is *discreet*, impressing us with his sincerity; he accurately gauges the temper of the docile audience to which his arguments are directed; and his demonstrations, whether real or apparent, are convincing. My only doubt is whether a debate upon debating, led by him in this manner, would answer to his conditions for a good debate. "A unanimous vote," he says, "shows a debate to have been a complete failure." Who, on the contrary, under the influence of his enthymemes, would go into the opposite lobby—if he will forgive an inadvertent Parliamentary metaphor—except, perhaps, a few discontented Americans, trained in the subtleties of team-debate, whose loyalty to their sport, a faithful, if bloodless, image of the national variety of football, would be proof against intellectual conviction?

An ideal debate, conducted as an intellectual combat by methods of pure reasoning, demands an ideal audience, which comes to it without preconceived judgments. Such, there is every reason to imagine, is the attitude of those pious audiences who, in certain religious bodies, choose their spiritual guide by his success in a preaching competition. Into those celestially pre-occupied minds, as, during a succession of Sundays, one Chrysostom after another reasons high of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate, there steals no unworthy consideration of the candidate's previous record or social advantages, of the benefit which his oratory may bring to the weekly collections, of the effect which imperfect orthodoxy may have upon the growth or decline of a congregation. The decision of this earnest tribunal is presumably swayed by its appreciation of power of argument and by the assent of its collective reason to the conclusions put before it. The most capable rhetorician wins in what is virtually a debate, limited, it is true, to no special subject, but judged by reference to a common denominator, the relative power of speakers to deal with topics so closely allied as to furnish sufficient means of comparison.

If we are picturing ideal conditions, and if human imperfection in practice is hardly equal to such a strain upon impartiality, yet Mr. Murphy seems to demand no less. As a matter of fact, few audiences are of so philosophic a temper as to be guided by pure reason, or are so aesthetically disposed as to be impressed by a display of the formal art of rhetoric. The ordinary person goes to a debate with his vote already cast, and the most skilful orator on the opposite side, charm he never so wisely, will not alter his determination. Sudden conversions of entire audiences are recorded; fools who have come to scoff have remained to applaud. But, where such things happen, there is usually some emotional influence at work of which the speaker himself is the channel, not the actual source. His personal command of his hearers lies, not in argument, but in his power of surrendering himself to the prevailing influence of the moment and of divining the appropriate means of bringing them into full contact with its force. Popular orators, it is true, can sway an audience by producing an artificial atmosphere of emotion; but their characteristic methods flourish best where their audience is entirely congenial and is not disposed to exact

too much logic from their utterances, and the spell which they cast over a susceptible opponent vanishes with the last echo of their perorations.

Aristotle says that there are three component elements of a speech, the speaker, his subject, and his hearers. The abstract importance of the second is incontestable, but its practical effect is dependent upon the relations and mutual reaction between the speaker and the audience. With the audience, according to Aristotle, rests the end or determination of the speech. A speaker may very well find himself out of touch with his hearers; their attitude may chill or even daunt him. A lecturer, full of his subject, face to face with an assembly of confirmed lecture-tasters, who have sat for years under exponents of the most diverse branches of learning and science, has a most formidable task. His knowledge, profound or otherwise, will possibly have little influence with them. They have been so hurried, winter after winter, from sport to sport, from Spenser to Spiritualism, and from Spiritualism to Spanish History, that all subjects are as one to them, and few are so novel as to win their smiles. Or a favourite orator may have so beguiled them that his witchcraft becomes a touchstone by which, with a grim resignation, they try all others and find them wanting. It is hardly wonderful that, in contending with such critics, lecturers occasionally fail altogether or evade failure by adopting plausible methods which are foreign to their better judgment.

In the end, however, it is the personality of the speaker which really tells. To personality neither eloquence nor finished rhetoric are necessary; for it is not a matter of words. It is important, of course, that a speaker should endeavour to be in touch with his audience, to catch their mood and adapt himself to it. Impatience with a cold or unsympathetic audience is naturally fatal to the force of a speech. We may admire the reckless phrase with which Ben Jonson flung *Cynthia's Reels* at the head of his public, but the speaker who explains to us that he is casting pearls before swine at once excites a justifiable doubt whether his commodity is worth the value he sets upon it. The true worth of public speech, its true effect upon an audience, are tested less by its imposing quality, by brilliance of phrase or artistic completeness of periods, by the assumption, however excellently managed, of histrionic pose, than by the impression of sincerity of purpose which it conveys. The most facile discourse, so carefully arranged as to cajole an audience into thinking that they are entering into the possession of new knowledge without an effort, is often found, upon mature reflection, to have had little either in or behind it. On the other hand, there are speeches, simple and unadorned, and perhaps unremarkable when reported in print, behind which, as we listen to them, we feel such weight that they compel the attention; unpolished and broken sentences, completed only by gestures, sometimes have more power and contain more suggestion than the readiest fluency of delivery. It is also to be remembered that, while a large part of an audience uses its ears only, there is a not inconsiderable residue which uses its imagination and scans the speaker more closely than his actual words. To the precise person this class of listener may seem inattentive and even frivolous; but its judgment is not to be rejected with impunity.

A. HAMILTON THOMPSON.

## On Phyllis playing the Violin

I shall perhaps forget all Mozart's grace,  
But not the delicate music of your face.

BRIAN WOLEIDGE.

## Student Life in Paris

ONE bad result of the war, and not the least, has been to make the condition of students in all countries much worse than it was before 1914. I have noticed that fact in England, where other students than Scotch students are now obliged to live on porridge all the year round. But I think the crisis is still more serious in France.

Our middle-class families, overwhelmed by the high cost of living, taxes and loss of revenue, can scarcely afford the large sums which are required to give their sons a university training. Besides, boys are obliged to content themselves with grants which, though very heavy for their parents, seem to them rather scanty.

Many students suffer from privation, chiefly in Paris, where the greatest number have matriculated: bad lodgings, scarcity of food, heavy bus fares, etc.

Fortunately, they are beginning to be helped by public authorities and private organisations.

On one hand this help to students consists in reducing the cost of living; boarding-houses have been opened, a "Cité Universitaire" will be erected in Paris, with a fund left by a generous benefactor, the late Mr. Deutch de la Meurthe; there are university restaurants and students' co-operative restaurants; several students' societies have obtained reductions for their members in a certain number of shops (books, clothes, sport, etc.); some have doctors of their own; a sanatorium for consumptive students is going to be built in a healthful mountain resort.

On the other hand, efforts have been made to increase the income of students. First of all, there is "auxiliary work." Through special organisations, students are given employment in public offices, schools or businesses a few hours a day. The wages they receive, though modest, improve the balance of their budget, while this additional work which never exceeds half a day, does not impede their studies in the University. The second way consists of scholarships—which are much less numerous than in England—and, lately, the institution of "Prêts d'honneur," which has been organised after the American type and by which certain sums are being lent to students, who are bound on their honour to give back the capital in the space of ten years.

In this work of help to students a prominent part is taken by students themselves. French students, who are of a more individualist turn of mind than their English brothers, are beginning to understand that "Union makes Strength." Clubs are not only used as debating societies, but as organisations for the management of professional interests. The "Union nationale des étudiants français," the "Fédération nationale des étudiants catholiques français," and their adhering groups, are taking a leading part in that work. But this movement is still in its infancy: a very small proportion of French students are members of any student society. Very few dare to take an active rôle in the life of their club. In this respect we should take an example from the English students, who make their unions so lively and so efficient.

The hard time students are having has certainly a good effect on their character. We are more obliged than ever to lead a regular life. Even those people who called themselves "students," because they lived in the "Quartier Latin," but who were really nothing but "Bohèmes," are much less numerous to-day than they used to be at the time when Murger wrote his famous but now out-of-date novel: "Les rapins" can no longer find studios either on the Montagne Sainte Geneviève, or in the Montparnasse, and not even in Montmartre, because such a lot of foreigners, chiefly North or South Americans, have settled there. It is said that the government should make haste to catch the "last of the Bohèmes" and put him either in the Zoological Gardens or in the Museum as a specimen of an extinct species. As to the real "Varsity men," they are obliged to refuse themselves innocent commodities which were allowed to their fathers: we desert the fashionable cafés of the Quartier Latin: d'Harcourt, Amédée Balzar, la Rotonde, le Dôme (the two last, in the

Montparnasse, are the cosmopolitan cafés where you hear nearly all the languages of the globe and see people of all colours; "bocks" are so very expensive, and leisure is so rare.

But what we lose in pleasure, we gain in efficiency. It is true that the average student of to-day works more than twenty years ago; a good number have done with their course of studies in two or three years, whereas it took their fathers five years to get the same degrees. The intellectual level of such studies is perhaps not better than before, but, in certain branches (chiefly law), it has been seriously raised.

The one reason of this superiority is the competition between men and women students in the same schools. Not only is the proportion of women students rapidly increasing (chiefly in the "facultés des lettres" and "facultés de médecine") but they sometimes win prizes and medals, as is the case with the law schools, this year (chiefly in Paris).

Examinations have become more numerous and more difficult than ever; they are really a nightmare for the French student. We must pass every year at least one course of exams, with a written and an oral part; in some branches they have even exams each term; and all those exams are very difficult; sometimes not more than fifty per cent. pass at a time. Of course, these exams are very useful because they give the professors a kind of control over the students, whereas otherwise they would have no hold on them, because French students are quite independent (except in medicine and science schools) and do not live the collegiate life which is the characteristic of English universities. There are also many competitive exams, either for emulation, or for professional purposes; all university lecturers and most of the secondary school masters are recruited in that way.

I ought to tell you also something about the "mentality" of French students. It is a very delicate matter, and I am no good judge, as I am a student myself. If an Englishman wanted to know all about it, the best thing for him to do would be to come and stay a term or two in a French university; he would become aware of the "spirit of the present generation" which bears the deep impression of the war; religion is one of its main characters. Many students devote much time to social work ("Universités populaires," "Equipes sociales" Society of St. Vincent de Paul); in politics, many students were, just after the war, attracted by the ultra-nationalist movement (l'Action Française), while the great mass remained, as before the war, quite indifferent in those matters; but, since a year or two ago, the centre parties (democrats, liberals, "radicaux nationaux") have gained many supporters, and the communists are beginning also to have adepts.

As to international questions, there are two tendencies, first those who, though not opposed to the League of Nations, still doubt about its efficiency, and, on the other hand, those who support firmly the League but insist upon the necessity of a practical and progressive organisation of this institution. The "University group for the Society of Nations" is making a very active and efficient propaganda. This will show you that French students are not at all opponents of the international movement. On the contrary, I should venture to say that we have already given strong proofs of our faith in the international friendship by welcoming students of all countries and rescuing lots of unfortunate Russians, Georgians, Armenians, etc. Moreover, it is a very old tradition of ours: in the Middle Ages our Sorbonne was called the "College of the Four Nations." Till a few years ago, there were in the "Quartier Latin" a "Collège des Irlandais," and the "Collège des Ecossais."

I hope that these relations between students of the British and French nations will be, in years to come, closer and friendlier than it has been till now.

I have tried, dear Mr. Editor, to make for the *Gryphon*, the best "griffonage" I could; it is indeed a very bad English, but you will easily understand that, as I am a true Republican, I cannot write the *King's* English.

AUBERT LEFAS,

Licencié es lettres et en droit (Paris).

## Fish and Chips

A ROMANCE.

PERSONALLY, I don't see any reason why Edgar Hesketh should not keep a fish-and-chip shop. I believe it is as honest as most trades, and it pays better than some. I like Edgar Hesketh—he is a very estimable fellow, has a care for his large family, is devoted to his wife, and, besides, he is a local preacher. But, of course, I could never have married his daughter—my father keeps a chemist's shop.

Phyllis was always a nice girl; when I used to go out with her, it always seemed to me a great pity that her father was not other than he was. It was always a matter of wonder to me that he did not stop cooking, and start to sell the raw material. That would have been so much more respectable, and I might have gone out with Phyllis in the day-time.

Not that I could very well have kept from Phyllis altogether. Far from it; she was easily the prettiest girl I knew—even the grocer's daughter, Rosa Tay, who was reported to go to the city for her dresses, was not so pretty as Phyllis—and Phyllis knew how to wear her clothes. Besides, people said that Rosa had set her eyes on Harry Maine, who was young and cooked fish and chips at the other end of the town.

So I used to meet Phyllis just after dusk, and we used to walk along the silent Skylark Lane, and I would hold her hand, and sometimes kiss her brow. Once I kissed her lips, and she seemed very happy.

As I held her close to me, she murmured, very quietly, "Oh, Henry!"—I started and began to wonder a little. I told myself I ought to be more careful.

I never kissed her on the lips again, because her father kept a fish-and-chip shop. I used still, however, to walk hand-in-hand with her down the silent Skylark Lane, after dusk.

Once, I had been trying to tell her something all evening. It was not an easy thing I had to tell her—I knew it would hurt, because I believed she was fond of me; dented hard; still it had to be said, so I started—"Phyllis, I—I—" Hang! how was a fellow to put it?

"Well!" she asked.

"Oh, nothing." It might be easier to tell her later.

It was.

She asked me in to supper. At the time I did not quite appreciate the importance of such an invitation in our community. I went in with her, and it surprised me and gave me a certain amount of pleasure, that there was no odour of fried fat; the pleasure grew less, however, when I realised that the peculiar smell that did hang about the place, was the smell of fried fat, tempered with Joye's fluid. Still, it flattered me that they had done their best. But, of course, they would do their best; my father kept a chemist's shop.

We had fish-and-chips for supper.

As I said good-night on the door-step, I said casually—my heart was thumping a little, but I knew my manner was fairly calm: "Rosa Tay has asked me to her place to supper to-morrow night, so I won't be coming up. I—I'm sorry, Phyllis, but I could hardly say no—I'll see you on Friday. Good-bye."

Phyllis flushed a little, but smiled and held out her hand for me to shake.

C

A few yards from the house I met Harry Maine, and a few moments later, I heard him knock at Hosketh's door; the door was opened, and I heard it close again. He had gone in. It struck me, then, that that was rather strange.

\* \* \* \*

Rosa Tay entertained me to supper in a mauve gown; she wore no sleeves, and her arms were very white. It pleased me to brush them gently with my coat, as I passed.

But her eyes were small and the scent she used, though most probably expensive, was scarcely successful. Her father was a grocer. Her mother was a grocer's wife. He had made money during the war, and had been able to send his only daughter away to school; she stayed for two terms, but it was generally said in the town that she did not get on very well—still, she had altered, and Phyllis had no knowledge of some of the things Rosa would talk about. Nor had I, for that matter; still, Rosa seemed to be a clever girl. She told me her father was thinking of retiring, and was looking out for a partner. It occurred to me that there was money in grocery—still, my father was a chemist and though I myself had failed six times in the qualifying examination, it was certainly my intention to pass next time.

Still, a man might certainly make money in a position like Tay's.

We had ham and tongue for supper, followed by dried fruits.

As I went home, and considered matters, I thought how great a pity it was that Phyllis's father wasn't a grocer, looking for a partner.

When I got home, my father suggested I might have been doing some work for my exam. There was one thing to be said for grocery—there are no exams.

\* \* \* \*

On the next evening, I walked hand-in-hand with Phyllis down Skylark Lane. For a long time neither of us had spoken a word.

"Well?" she broke the silence.

"Well?" I asked, and I squeezed her hand.

"You're very quiet. What are you thinking about?"

"Oh! I was thinking how pretty you are, Phyllis."

"Henry!"—and I squeezed her hand again.

"Why did Harry Maine come to your house, after I had gone, night before last?"

"We've known him," she said, "ever since we were children."

"Oh!"

"He wants to go into partnership with dad, and work on a bigger scale."

My heart leapt; her father was going to stop cooking.

"Wholesale?" I burst out joyfully.

"No; only on a bigger scale: open more shops, I think."

"Oh!"

"Why? You seem very disappointed."

"No, only I thought if—oh, nothing."

I let loose of her hand; she took my arm.

"Henry" she said, "Harry Maine asked dad something else—I think I ought to tell you that—"

"Well?" I asked, sharply.

"He asked dad if he minded if he asked me to marry him, and dad let him ask me."



"Well, Phyllis, what did you say?"

"I—I asked him to wait two days," she said.

"Oh, and why did you do that?"

"I wanted to tell you about it, before I gave my answer."

"Why, what's it got to do with me?"

"Nothing, only we've been out together a long time now, and I—I thought, maybe—"

If only her father had taken up the wholesale trade!

"Do you want him?" I said bluntly.

"N—not particularly, only, if there's no-one else, I—I might as well help business. I—I don't think dad will do it—go into partnership. I mean, unless I marry Harry Maine."

"Oh, well, you must do as you like—it's nothing to do with me."

"No, only—"

"I'm thinking of going into partnership with Mr. Tay, the grocer: I'm fed up with our business."

"Then you—you don't mind if I say I'll marry Harry Maine?"

It needed an effort, still it had to be done.

"No, I—I suppose not."

"Then we'd better go back, hadn't we?" she said.

"Yes, I s'pose so."

\* \* \* \* \*

Rosa's arms are deliciously white, but her eyes are small. Still, there is money in grocery. W. A. SEWELL.

## Correspondence

CAMPION HALL,  
OXFORD.

Sir,

It was a joy to find that someone beside myself knew and loved Maria's Aunt. Few, perhaps, are aware of a recent discovery (MS. Xmx 1229 6, Bibl. Reg. Przmylavensis) in which a disheartening light is thrown if not on the intelligence at least on the filial piety of Maria herself. Her mother, A.H.T. duly records, rebuked Maria for the triviality of her occupation, and 'exhibited to her a honeycomb' as example of better-considered industry. The MS. alluded to *adds* to the poem the following quatrain:

Maria had a ready wit:  
'The bee is clever, I admit.  
But though at honey it succeeds,  
*It cannot make a purse of Beads.*'

For psycho-analytic critics to decide whether A.H.T.'s MS. *excised* this retort discourteous from eupaideutic motives, or whether my MS. (briefly defined in future apparatus as ABRP) *added* it owing to the Up-the-Younger-Generation complex (so well dissected by you, Mr. Editor, in *Gryphon* New S. vi., l., p. 2, iii.) of the scribe,

I am, Sir, yours earnestly,

C.C.M.



## Star-Debt

(For F.)

I owe you all the treasure of the stars,  
And tho' I lived thro' many avatars,  
And paid in coin of flower or fern or tree,  
Still hopelessly your debtor I should be.

Will you accept for one of Saturn's rings  
A faerie circle where the Laver sings?  
My roman trio, is their wonder worth  
The comradeship of sun and moon and earth?

Will you exchange great Jupiter that glows  
An elf-ump thro' the sedge, for the wild rose?  
And windy harsbells for the azure heart  
Of Vega flashing where two valleys part?

What can I give you for the Milky way  
Or for those starry hairs, the Nebulae?  
That bed of silver buds—the Pleiades?  
Can you find any lovelier things than those?

For splendid Sirius; for the wondrous sight  
Of Leo in blue jungles of the Night;  
For the great Hunter as he slowly came  
Over the rim-tops belted in white flame;

For one of these, supposing that I give  
The marvel of each moment that I live?  
No! for the beauty of star-rise and set  
I must remain for ever in your debt!

DOROTHY USA RATCLIFFE.

## Romance

I am the last of the Four-and-Twenty  
Who sought for the Daughter of the Sun;  
Lovers have dreamed of her face in plenty,  
Dead, or forgotten her—all but one.

Lone in her tower while scenes and kindles  
Moon on moon, she beholds the sky,  
The crescent grows, and the full-moon dwindles  
And still the torrest of time runs by.

One who lived said her eyes were sunken;  
One who moved said her hair was grey,  
And pallid her brows and scamed and  
shrunken—

Fools! the dreamer knows more than they.

Duped, they err, and like dotards railing,  
Mock at her name, and snigger and mock,  
Not hers but theirs are the filmed and failing  
Eyes, and the doubting hearts grown old.

Quest of a boy's dream, muddening, blinding  
How shall she kindle the frosts of age?  
Romance she is, and remote past finding,  
Spell of the spring or a poet's page.

Would I might test, some radiant hour,  
Visions whose truth no man has proved.  
I seek, but ever the Spellbound Tower  
Eludes me, shadowy language removed.

And never the linked roads, city by city,  
And never the ranges, rise by rise,  
At slaving or dimming of day have pity—  
Still on the welkin-rim it lies.

Yet if there's virtue at all in yearning,  
Hapt I shall gaze, before dawn is done,  
On the keep with its gold-tipped turrets  
burning.

And the eyes of the Daughter of the Sun.  
ALBERTA VICKERIDGE.

## A Prelude from Debussy

### I.

#### LA CATHEDRALE ENGLOUTIE.

I saw in the dark green shadowy depths of the rippleless sea  
The high grey towers and vault-supporting walls  
Of an old Gothic cathedral, whose tall spires shot up into the sunlight,  
Catching the light upon their gilded points. Coloured rays  
Cut through the many-fined windows into the shadows . . .  
The grotesque gargoyles laughed and grinned in silence, gazing from their height  
Into the unfathomable deep . . . .

I heard the peal of a solitary bell, summoning the souls of the dead  
To worship in the cold stone nave . . . Then I heard the slow, deep chant  
Of the grey-robed monks in the choir: building a palace of sound, wave upon wave of  
human voices,  
Until the heavens seemed to echo the old Gregorian hymn of the worshipping souls . .  
The single bell tolled, then four, then five, till in a mighty swell the multitudinal harmony  
Rose, upborne by the chant of many voices . . .  
The sound died away, and all was still, save the single bell pealing . . . Then, silence,  
silence . . .

And the cathedral, like the great structure of music, was gone.

GERAINT V. JONES.

## Escape

When in the evening stillness  
Anne sits silent in her chair,  
We children whisper quietly  
'Cos really Anne's not there.

Star-friended in the darkness  
Anne's soul has fled away,  
And while she sits so silent  
It takes its chance to play.

And if we speak or murmur  
It has to leave the sky  
And all its starry gambols,  
And come reluctantly

Back to where Anne sits silent  
Deep in the old armchair:  
And we can play till bedtime  
Now that Anne's really there.

MARJORIE BRET.

## August Moon

The August Moon is rising high  
Across the misty silver sky:  
Her ghostly veil of dripping light  
Disperses the crouching shades of night,  
Across the swaying waves of wheat  
There steals a dreamy fragrance sweet  
Of clover, hay and wild hedge-rose—  
Rich with the honey they enclose,  
The country lanes are drifting streams  
Of moonlight, with deep vivid gleams  
Where blossoms star the hedge and bank  
With white; yet, where the grass is rank,  
Small purple shadows skip and hide  
To escape the moonlight's changing tide,  
The fauns lurk in crop and corn—  
And faint and far you hear the horn  
Of fairy folk at hunt, or see  
Upon a bramble swaying free,  
A fairy maid in misty green,

With tresses soft of raven shewn—  
And pools of mystery are her eyes:  
Within her hand an oat-stem lies—  
Fit sceptre for a Queen of Fays  
As on a bramble-stem she sways.  
Till, taking fright, she soars on high  
With gauzy wings of dragon-fly,  
The moon's a potent witch indeed,  
To rust her glamour o'er the mead—  
The lane—the hedge—the farmer's toil;  
To trace with gone the homely soil—  
To fill my brain with fairy folk—  
Raise tower and turret from the oak—  
Church steeple from the poplar tall—  
Dim mountains from the beech; and all  
With floating mists and changing lights  
Doth she create these lovely sights.

JOAN WORTHINGTON.

## Modern Art Movements and the Old Masters

At the present time there are two distinct movements in art, the one continuing the orthodox methods of painting through imitation and direct interpretation of nature, and the other creating artistic forms which are without any necessary relation to nature. Being based on opposed principles of creation and imitation, these movements are in conflict, but it cannot be said that one is superior to the other, for as art is essentially individual and indefinable, so there is no standard on which to base a comparison of the two.

Both movements, however, have this in common, that they are influenced by conceptions of life which are far in advance of those of the old masters. Matisse differs from Raphael not only because both are artists, but also because in the Renaissance the world was waking from unreason and anarchy, whereas now we are rising out of an age of reason and democracy. Modern imitative art would seem to have an obvious relation to the old masters, but like most obvious things the relation is more complicated than would at first appear. It may seem that Sir William Orpen uses the same methods as the old masters used, and that the only difference between his work and a work by Reynolds is that the oil has risen to the surface of Reynolds' picture, and its colour has changed, whilst Sir William Orpen's paint is perfectly fresh. Even from a technical point of view this popular distinction is incomplete. Study Orpen's picture of a woman in a red scarf, at the Leeds Art Gallery; note how he uses his brush like a pencil, his use of green in the flesh, and the thinness of his paint. Then go to Reynolds' portrait of a young man, and you will see beneath the yellowing of age, the method of the old masters, which was very slow, but sure. For Reynolds firstly painted the portrait carefully in monochrome, and then covered his skill as a draughtsman, with impasto and glazes of colour, so that we see the result as a solid, statuesque portrait.

Again, in their use of colour, the moderns have been influenced by such experimental groups as the Impressionists, who followed Velasquez in the attempt to paint light and air. At the Leeds Art Gallery there is a good example of such Impressionism in the picture of "Acton," by Lucien Pissarro, whose attempts to paint sunlight by the juxtaposition of differently coloured dots, is a great deal more successful than Turner's theatrical methods.

In treating of orthodox painting I have traversed comparatively safe ground, but now I must try to explain the tendency of those who are known as "Modernists." There are two theories as to the meaning of modernist art movements. The first is, briefly, that the developers of Cézanne's ideas are not attempting to create pictures, but are founding a new art of colour music, in which the artist builds up a rhythmic sequence of colours. His medium need not be paint and canvas, and in fact colour organs have been invented as media for the expression of the new art.

Such an explanation implies a complete break with tradition, but the other explanation is so far contrary to this, as to state that Post-Impressionism is a return to that purity of design which is to be found in the old Italian masters. It may seem singular that the leaders of the new movements are nearly all French—Cézanne, Picasso, Matisse and Rousseau, but this very fact points to the conclusion that the new art is classical, that is, the design and composition of pictures painted by the Post-Impressionists are abstract, and the pictures rely for their beauty and attractiveness, not upon associated ideas, but upon the rhythm of their lines and masses of modelling. The modern masters work in the same way as Giotto and Mantegna, whose paintings are full of poses which would seem ridiculous, if it were not for the grandeur of composition by which they are elevated. In the same way, if you would appreciate Cézanne you must forget his bad perspective and unnatural drawing, for though Cézanne was an accomplished draughtsman, he sacrificed empty imitation and created pictures full of grand and beautiful harmonies.

S. TOWN.

## The Witch-Doctor of American Poetry

A FEW years ago J. C. Squire published in the *London Mercury* a narrative poem that had the delirium of high fever in its riot of phrase and rhythm. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, an unknown American, was the author, and the title a quadruple reiteration of the name of a well-known American politician, "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan." The poem described the clamour and glamour of an American election as felt by a sensitive boy of sixteen. A rambling ecstasy of monologue, that knew neither rhyme nor reason, but which sustained a fury of sound and colour with the energy of an electric roundabout.

I showed the poem to a friend of mine. "This," I said, "is an example of American impressionism."

He read it with knitted brow.

"Impressionism!" he replied, with bitter scorn at the euphemism, "It is branding with hot irons. Chicago!"

"No, Springfield, Illinois," I answered. "You are thinking of Theodore Dreiser and Carl Sandburg."

"I am thinking of timed beef," he declared emphatically, "The man's blood is inflamed."

He was unsympathetic. But then it is a *coup de foudre* to get poetry from America. Some incapacities are taken for granted. Was it Laurence Houseman who said the American ideal of art is a beautiful bathroom? Anyway melons don't grow in Greenland, and a genius for lithographed advertisements was always taken as the real American artistic métier, in spite of the Bostonian pretence of virtue. Americans don't write poetry. It simply isn't done.

A nasty shock for those of the cognoscenti who read the *London Mercury*. They asked for Georgian sweetmeats and received a Yankee Gherkin. They thought themselves prepared for anything from such an enterprising young man as Mr. Squire. But this shapeless hybrid, this spluttering caliban! The editor of the *London Mercury* was pushing things too far. Free verse did not mean a jamboree over the corpses of form, rhyme, and rhythm. There was such a thing as an evolution of poetic licence. No need for a cataclysm.

Such was Vachel Lindsay's first real introduction to the English public. Years before, a New York firm of publishers had issued "The Congo and other poems," but few English readers were acquainted with his poetry, not to speak of his other work. In 1915 he constructed an aesthetic theory of the photoplay, entitled "The Art of the Moving Picture." It is a close psychological study of the evolution of the silent drama as an independent artistic entity, and commends itself to all lovers of aesthetic philosophy. His "Handy Guide to Beggars" is a whimsical account of experiences as a hobo poet in the United States, and has the quaint fascination of our own W. H. Davies' "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp."

But it was the volume "General William Booth enters Heaven, and other Poems," that called the attention of English critics to this new high priest of American poetry, whose tom-tom has sounded since across continents.

His last great poem, "In praise of Johnny Applesced," made its initial appearance in the columns of the *Spectator*. It has for its subject the Homeric rush west of the American pioneers in the eighteenth century. The stampede was preceded by a vague, almost mythological character whose real name was John Chapman, but whom the pioneers called Johnny Applesced because he sowed the savage tracts with the seeds of fruit trees, for the sake of the tide of humanity that pressed behind him. A barefoot, sack-clothed evangelist who planted orchards in the van of the

migration that hastened ever westward through the wilderness of America. He lived to see his trees bearing fruit over a territory of a hundred thousand acres. The poem "Johnny Appleseed" has been hailed as an epic by many English readers. Though not so finished as "The Congo," Vachel Lindsay has handled a vast theme with powerful skill.

Lindsay is not a passive poet. His paper ecstasies are but snatches of a living rhapsody. All through the States he burns his poetic philosophy, reciting his incoherent impressions in any building where he can obtain a hearing. The lights are turned low; the audience awaits breathlessly this weird entertainer. He appears on the platform, a blurred unsteady figure, and commences his recital immediately in a low confidential monotone. He has the air of an African medicine man imparting secret and valuable information to a class of neophytes. The monotonous chant rises and falls with increasing emphasis, and his swayings take on a powerful rhythm, until his incantation bursts into a final abandoned exultation of sound and gesture. The audience rocks and sways like pine trees in the gale of his fury, until he subsides, without warning, into an epilogical drone. The recital is ended and the lights shine on a confused and embarrassed crowd of listeners.

Just imagine the elocution of these passages from "Johnny Appleseed."

First the mad break of domestic animals for western freedom,

"Colts jumped the fence  
Snorting, ramping, snapping, sniffling,  
With gastronomic calculations,  
Crossed the Appalachians.

\* \* \* \*

Stripedest, kickingest kittens escaped  
Caterwauling 'Yankee doodle Dandy,'  
Renounced their poor relations,  
Crossed the Appalachians,  
And turned to tiny tigers  
In the hamorous forest.

\* \* \* \*

Pigs broke loose, scrambled west,  
Scorned their leafy-green stations,  
Crossed the Appalachians,  
Turned to roaming, foaming, wild boars  
Of the forest.

\* \* \* \*

Crazy parrots and canaries flew west,  
Crossed the Appalachians  
And turned to delicious flower-dressed fairies  
Of the forest."

Then the description of Johnny Appleseed in his old age,

"Self-scourged, like a monk, with a throne for wages,  
Stripped like the iron-souled Hindu sages,  
Draped like a statue, in strings like a scarecrow,  
His helmet-hat an old tin pan,  
But worn in the love of the heart of man,  
More sane than the helm of Tamerlane,  
Hoary Ainu, wild man of Borsoo, Robinson Crusoe."—

*Johnny Appleseed.*

And the robin might have said:

"Sowing, he goes to the far new west  
With the apple, the sun of his burning breast"  
and the reward of his noble industry,

"From the fiery core of that apple, the earth,  
Sprang apple-amaranths divine,  
Lowe's orchards climbed to the heavens of the west  
And snowed the earthly sod with flowers."

Finally the stainless quiet of the requiem :

"In the four-poster bed Johnny Appleseed built,  
Autumn rains were the curtains, autumn leaves were the quilt.  
He laid him down sweetly and slept through the night  
Like a bump on a log, like a stone washed white,  
There by the doors of old Fort Wayne."

Strident and unwieldy, yes. "Gastronomic calculations" and "delicious flower-dressed fairies" are ludicrous absurdities. But is not this crude and violent ecstasy a bracing stimulant after say, the tepid ballade of Austin Dobson or the delicate cordials of Arthur Symonds?

This jargon has the ungauged appeal of atavism. There is a savage hunger for the sensuous that we carry as a racial inheritance. This appeal, direct and primitive, is the secret of Lindsay's art. For as the editor of the *Spectator* says of him, "In this country and in France in the figurative arts, we are constantly trying to recapture just such primitive grotesqueness; for example Mr. Epstein's sculpture and very often M. Rodin's too. But Mr. Vachel Lindsay's work is different. He has not acquired naïveté painfully in a Paris atelier, his work is primitive chiefly because the emotions which inspired it are perfectly direct and undervived from any other literature. Ethically and spiritually he represents the revolt against the "roller-top desk" side of American life . . . his work is full of the inaccuracy and vigour of mediæval English or modern Russian wood-carving."

Periodically art must be infused with the fresh vigour of inspiration which wells only from the earth. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay is a true revivalist and if his ardent passion makes of rhythm a cataract, and of rhyme the clash of cymbals, it is because he believes that the studied consonance and balanced measure will refine and enfeeble his primitive revelation.

F.A.B.

## The Real Germany

"WAR is invariably the result of an international misunderstanding." I read this a fortnight ago in a German newspaper while I was in Germany. Whether we agree with the statement or not (and I suspect that the average Englishman will be inclined to be sceptical) few of us will deny that the only really satisfactory way to minimise the possibility of such "international misunderstandings" is to establish and maintain a far more direct and personal contact with other nations than we have done up to the present. I do not refer to diplomatic relations, but to a vital and individual friendship which simply must be set up between separate members of different races if ever we are to be able to throw off the barbaric spirit of militarism which still seems to mock at our claims to civilisation and culture. This is a question which concerns students more than any other class of society, for, after all, knowledge is or should be independent of national boundaries; and international disputes are most easily forgotten and national points of view best understood among students of different races working together in the pursuit of knowledge. It was not, I must confess, with the purpose of getting to know German students and understanding the German point of view that I set out for the Black Forest this long vac. It was rather to have a jolly good time in one of the most picturesque spots on earth, and it is because I want to persuade other students to do the same next year that I am writing this.

Of course it doesn't matter really where you go as long as you go abroad, but I do want to put in a word for the Black Forest. If your notions of the ideal holiday are anything like mine—to go somewhere where the life is as different as possible

from that to which you are accustomed in England, then the Black Forest is the place for you. If you stay in a town, as I did, you can have all the advantages of town life and yet at the end of a quarter of an hour's walk, be lost in the forest. Reclining in the luxurious seats of a modern German state-built theatre you are but half an hour from the peasant huts whose bedrooms are entered by climbing a ladder into the roof, and where the smoke from the fire instead of going out through a chimney, makes its way out through a hole in the wall. You can enjoy every degree of temperature from the baking heat of the streets which makes you literally run across the road to get into the shade, to the tops of the mountains where, with blue hands and chattering teeth, you will cheerfully pay a mark for a glass of something warm. You have, if you stay in the Freiburg area, two of the most beautiful cathedrals and two of the finest-appointed universities in Europe—Freiburg and Strasbourg. You have, in short, every conceivable type of holiday scenery, short of the sea, that could be desired. "Here is God's plenty" in very truth! I stayed in Freiburg. It is from there that the famous Höllental (valley of Hell) cuts right into the Black Forest in the direction of the source of the Danube. I had expected to find in the Höllental something resembling Bunyan's hideous valley, but what I did find was more like a fairy garden than a valley of Hell—a charming garden whose floor is covered with flowers and hemmed in by fir-clad ranges of hills rising to about two thousand feet and up which you either walk, by the side of a stream which is little more than a succession of waterfalls, or else take the toy train (fourth class if you are a poor Varsity student) which is pulled by one engine and pushed by two, over perilously ramshackle bridges to the top of the valley. But, "les belles choses que j'ai vues sont si présentes à mon esprit que je considère comme une vaine fatigue le soin de les décrire. Pourquoi gêner mon voyage en amassant des notes," if not, may I add, that others may be tempted to see for themselves!

" . . . . . It is our will  
That thus enchains us to permitted ill."

War is a permitted ill. Shelley's words are a challenge to students to assert that instead of chaining us to it, our will shall release us from it and our release will only be in proportion to the international character of our outlook. If for no other reason than that we have been their enemies, we ought to try to get to know the Germans. There is no point in beating about the bush, we have got a false impression of the German character. The mental pabulum with which our newspapers spoon-fed us during the war concerning the German character contained, I am convinced, as little truth as the accounts of us which appeared in German newspapers, and which I have been shown this vacation. The *Daily Mail* German is a myth. Last year a French university student said quite seriously to me, referring to the Germans, "Ce ne sont pas des hommes, ce sont des bêtes." It is this kind of insanity which causes wars, and it is because I think that individual intercourse is the most effective safeguard against it that I appeal to every student who has a chance, to go to Germany next year.

J. H. O'H.

## Aftermath

When I was young, Oh, days ago!  
I loved her, for her neck was snow,  
Her neck was snow, each eye a star,  
The moon her face—serene, afar.

The snow has melted, the moon has waned;  
The distant, twinkling stars remained.

DENIS BOTTERELL.



## Wireless and Us

IT was Sir Michael Sadler, I believe, who once dwelt upon the prospect of rich carpets and easy chairs in our lecture-theatres. But, more often than not, when we reach the University, we have become inured to hard benches and monotonous class-rooms, from long sufferance in other educational institutions. Within these walls, it is not so much physical as mental discomforts that assail us; and there is no disease so bad as a disease of the mind. Physical adjustment to University life is easy; even to the extent of growing a moustache and never wearing a hat. But four years of practice have not sufficed to make my mind at ease through a long day of lectures. It was always so difficult to listen to them. I mean that the row caused by motor cycles tearing up the road outside, or by late-comers clashing to their seats or the jubilant stamping of the mad horde in the room above, generally succeeded in distracting my attention at one moment or another. Even when we were tucked away in an inner chamber on a quiet afternoon, there was always the eerie gurgling noises travelling along the pipes of the heating apparatus to disturb a siesta. Indeed, it was invariably perplexing to employ one's time profitably on such occasions. I never could write a respectable essay in the geography hour, and I did only passable Latin in the French class. Psychologists give us little assistance. In fact, they are not yet satisfied that it is possible to attend to two distinct mental operations at one and the same time. Though, the best way to solve the problem of divided attention, they say, is to reduce one of the performances to a mechanical habit. Perhaps, when I am old enough and clever enough at psychology, I will write a book on *The Mechanisation of the listening process*. Until that golden era dawns, there is something which modern science and enterprise has given us that will prove of inestimable value. It is wireless. Wireless comes as a boon to students: it might have been invented to make things easier for them. No wonder we were so strangely drawn to it last session, when we tried to dance to wireless, and when the debating society held a debate about wireless. There was even an attempt on the part of some daring pioneers to form a Radio Society. I do not know what happened to this society. Perhaps the fate held out to some others made the poor chicken decide to go back into its shell. But I would like to see it come out again and flourish this session till it becomes equal to the Union, because wireless is going to help our minds to develop in spite of lectures, and assuredly this is equal in importance to athletics.

I said that four years of practice had not sufficed to put my mind at ease in lectures. That makes it all the more wonderful that a few odd moments of the vacation spent in listening to the wireless should have done so. But after being chained to one of those wireless sets by the ears a few times, I feel now that I can listen to anything. I mean that I have really acquired the art of listening and the facial expression that goes with listening. For wireless can teach one how to listen. No matter how stern the distractions may be, once you have learnt how to use the ears with the aid of a pair of 'phones, it is not nearly so difficult to listen. And after all, our heaviest task is to *listen-in* to the dicta of the savants (though I confess I cannot understand why the majority of us do not wear ear-trumpets instead of spectacles).

We ought to find wireless quite useful, too, in helping us to get the correct attentive expression on the face. "As a twig is bent . . . . ." And if our features get used to adopting that listening-in pose—mouth open, eyebrows raised—they will be less intractable when we desire to put them and leave them thus for an hour. I can foresee that we may even yet convince the psychologists that it is possible to attend to two distinct mental operations at one and the same time.

And since we have discarded hats, a pair of headphones, kept carefully adjusted, will let us know when we are getting swelled-headed.

H.J.P.



The motto of the University, "And learning shall increase," has always seemed to us particularly apt, but the appearance of University Road sometimes makes us think that the preceding words in the Book of Daniel would be almost better: "Many shall run to and fro."

\* \* \*

*Overheard on Bazaar Day:* "What is a Smoker?" and "What is this Union?"

\* \* \*

It was another fresher who asked: "Is he a student or an engineer?"

\* \* \*

H.P.—"This is the cleanest University in the kingdom." We feel this needs no comment.

\* \* \*

*The Social Study Society: A Warning:* "This is no class." See the Union Handbook.

\* \* \*

There must be a lot of brothers in the Engineering Society; its committee consists of Messrs. Broadbent, Messrs. Shackleton, Messrs. Fearnley, Messrs. Barran, Messrs. Grant, Messrs. Saxton. See the Union Handbook.

\* \* \*

Incidentally, the Union apparently expects one to work all day without any lunch: See page 91.

\* \* \*

*University Proverbs.* 1. A book in exam. is worth two in the sem; 2. There's many a slip 'twixt pass and pip; 3. You must cut your lee, according to your Prof.

\* \* \*

We are asked to deny the rumour that the Agricultural Department are organizing a special course in ploughing for members of the staff.

\* \* \*

*This month's golden thought:* "I do not comprehend how people can find amusement in lectures."—T. L. Peacock.

## Swanwick

IMPRESSIONS OF ANOTHER HEATHEN.

**D**USTBINS for obsolete religious phraseology are always absurdly undesired, but the word heathen—which some of us in our insolence have applied to nations and individuals who seek truth along other channels than our own—has at last, I think, been shamed thither, at least among educated people. And the desirable meaning comrade Pickles puts upon the word seems to token a refusal to take over any dogmatic religion, a refusal in which for myself I join wholeheartedly. Ergo, I must follow suit (which is, of course, no trumps). And yet surely the other word Christian (in its best moral sense) is written across his face: and why else does he throw himself into the struggle for the uplift of humanity?

Moreover, his adverse criticisms of Swanwick were no more shattering than some of those I heard at the S.C.M. Central Committee when it discussed the programme of next year's Swanwick. So why should I want to answer him? Only if we are more intent on finding Christianity in Truth, than Truth this Christianity, which I should consider a fatal error of blind faith. We know our weaknesses, the better for his pointing to them, but far more intimately than he does. He paid so high a tribute to the spirit of the Conference that all I wish to do is to point out a side he missed.

Whatever we may think of their views Swanwick does provide an opportunity of meeting and discussing on the freest terms with some of the best leaders of religious thought in this country and also with the leaders of other Student Movements overseas—with the German Youth Movement and rebellious spirits from Canada and a score of other nationalities.

But we must cater for what Pickles calls the rank and file of students, for people who represent a very different point of view from his, who shiver in the atmosphere where he best thrives. They seem to be made that way—and we must start there.

To lament this is to deprecate the British student and our national background more than the S.C.M. No one complains more bitterly of the widespread unthinking attitude to religion of present day students, nobody struggles so hard to get students to think about religion as the Student Christian Movement. Not until Christianity is so expressed that it does grip the "Student in the Corridor" as it gripped the original friends of Jesus—that they are willing to stake their all on its success—can this situation really be remedied. I am but one of many servants of the Movement who are striving their hardest to this end.

And as to our "becoming a still greater force for good," might I suggest that did agnostics examine Christ's suggestions with as little prejudice as they do Shaw's or Einstein's they might find the same beneficial results.

What we all want is life—more abundant life—for struggling humanity. There must be wide diversity of types and opinions, even more so among so widely distributed a body as the S.C.M. than in a university. Our common problem is how to bring order out of chaos, true unity out of diversity, that we can unite in pulling the same way, in each university and college, in each country and the world over.

C. D. WILSON.

## With the Students at Geneva

**D**URING the last week in August and the first two weeks in September a number of students from fifteen different nations met together at Geneva to consider and discuss international problems. Either at the University of Geneva, or at the house of Mr. A. Zimmer, late Professor of international politics at the University of Wales and the opponent of Mr. Lloyd George in the General Election, Germans might be seen talking in a friendly manner with the French, whilst Czechs, Danes, Americans, Greeks and others made a most interesting gathering. The conference was organised by the Inter-nations Universities League of Nations Federation. As this long title indicates, it is a federation of all the societies which sprang up spontaneously throughout the Universities of Europe and America with the object of furthering the cause of the League of Nations.

The Federation was manifold in its activities, but by far the most useful service which it rendered was securing a number of tickets admitting its members to witness the fifth Assembly of the League of Nations in the Salle de la Reformation. Seated in the strangers' gallery of this plain business-like hall we were able to look down on the delegates sent by the fifty-four nations at present members of the League.

Among their number were the British and French Premiers. After credentials had been examined, and a President elected, Mr. Macdonald commenced the famous three days' debate on disarmament, thrusting home point after point with emphasis, and earning the applause of the whole house, including the large number of Americans in the Gallery. After him came M. Herriot, the French Premier; Dr. Benes the astute Foreign Minister of Czecho-Slovakia, M. Politis of Greece and a host of others. It was a most interesting and instructive experience.

Before the assembly commenced, and even during its session, a course of lectures on League problems was given by such men as M. Albert Thomas, the genial head of the International Labour Office; M. Rapport, Director of the Mandates section of the League Secretariat; Professor Zimmer; M. George Scelle, Professor of International Law at the University of Dijon, and others. Sometimes statesmen such as M. Hymans, the Belgian Premier; M. Mottan, the newly-elected President of the Assembly, or Dr. Nansen came to give us a few words of encouragement. On other occasions we took the opportunity of looking round the Palais des Nations, where the League Secretariat is housed, and the headquarters of the International Labour Organisation.

Of course one must not imagine that all our time was occupied in the serious pursuits of life. Far from it! Dances were held and tours into the most beautiful parts of Switzerland were arranged. Most students managed to find time for rowing or sailing on the lake in addition to a voyage to Evians-les-Bains, which was arranged. Some even managed to carry on a broken conversation with the pretty Swiss girls. All agreed that the Conference should be held again next year.

H. J. WEAVER.

## The Beer Problem

October 2nd, 1924.

*The Editor of the "Gryphon."*

DEAR SIR,

In the light of modern opinion, religious, scientific and economic, I am somewhat surprised at the facilities offered in our Refectory, and at many of our social functions, for the consumption of alcoholic drinks.

I venture to suggest, through your columns, that this is a case in which the convenience of the very few should be sacrificed for the well-being of the community in general and our University in particular.

The present day knowledge of the physiological effect of alcohol in the smallest quantities, is sufficient to merit its expulsion from the menu of any establishment for mental and physical training, and more than sufficient if moral training also is added to the list.

Yours sincerely,

F. H. JOWETT.

## Acknowledgments

*The Owl* (Leeds Training College); *The Dragon* (Aberystwyth); *The New Student* (America); British Medical Association Handbook; List of Books added to the Central Library, Leeds, during September, 1924; Bell's *New and Forthcoming Books*, Autumn, 1924; *The Mechanical Boy*, a new magazine which will be of interest to the younger brothers of many undergraduates.

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### WHO WAS IT?

"Returning during the summer from a day on the River Don I noticed at dusk a man wearing a University blazer, in a boat by the bank. I was rowing and not wearing a blazer, but "Kumati!" brought a reply of "Ka-Ora, Haki, Hurrah!" It was good to hear it, but I couldn't very well see who it was as he was obviously otherwise engaged."

*Extract from a letter from R. T. Martin.*

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SPECIAL NOTE.—Negotiations are on foot to provide cheap Railway facilities for anyone attending the Leeds University Jubilee in December. Details will be announced later.

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### DEATH.

GEORGE CYRIL THACKRAY, B.A. (History). Mr. Thackray was 29 years of age and had served as Quartermaster-Sergeant in the army. He returned to the University after the war, and was later appointed History and Geography Master at Halesowen Grammar School. He died on September 29th at his parents' home, 1, Queen's Place, Otley.

## UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

## Christian Union

PRE-SESSIONAL WEEKEND—ILKLEY, SEPT. 27TH-30TH.

IT was the last Saturday of September—the sunniest day there had been for weeks—that a little group of students began to gather at Marlborough House, Ilkley, for the purpose of spending the last weekend of the vac. in studying the Bible in the light of Modern Knowledge.

The reporter of the local newspaper was anxious to know whether we were Bolsheviks or Confucians.

The first meetings were conducted by Hugh Martin—publishing secretary of the Student Christian Movement—on “The Old and the New Views of the Bible” and “Amos.” He also spoke on “The Credibility of the Gospels.” Up to that time Amos had been to most of us dead and meaningless—but since it has been full of meaning for to-day—a living book.

Mr. Soltan spoke to us on “The Inadequacy of doing One’s Best,” and Miss Silcox came over for a short time. It was good to have them with us again.

The last day, Monday, we spent partly in studying St. Paul, his contribution to Christianity and his use in life to-day, under the direction of Dr. Underwood, of Rawdon, and partly in tramping over the moor to Dick Hudson’s.

We set out to face the truth and issues of modern thought with regard to religion, some of us with fear of consequences and mistrust. But in the contact with these men who had faced the issues and found no weakness but only strength, we gained courage and confidence to face a difficult task—the task of throwing off the old and meaningless and seeking a religion as wide and deep as life.

During the weekend three phrases rang clear: “Intellectual Honesty,” “Purpose,” “A religion wide and deep as life itself,” and we felt that it had been good to be there.

HANNAH GREENWOOD.

In most of the Colleges and Universities of this country (not excluding Oxford and Cambridge) the passing of the ex-service men has meant the weakening of leadership in most forms of social life. The younger generations felt strangled by the organisations they inherited. Certainly this was the case with the Leeds Christian Union, and we have not really found our feet yet. But we can at least hang on to the words of Louisa Dickinson: “Believe in the future, for none but you can. Believe in the impossible, for it waits the work of your hands to become the inevitable.”

Never was there a time when sound Christian thinking was more urgently needed than it is in the world of to-day, a world filled with complications and difficulties left us by the “Great Peace.” Never were students so unanimously hostile or apathetic towards authoritative religion.

The Christian Union provides opportunities for sound study and the freest discussion and criticism of Christian thought and of the application of the teaching of Jesus to our own everyday lives. Surely we should use our common sense and reason in our religion as we do in matters of less importance, for “A man’s religion is not the creed he professes or the things he can postulate about God. It is the few simple and elementary convictions by the strength of which he lives.” It is life itself.

The Freshers' Social on October 9th marked the first public appearance of the Vice-Chancellor at the University. The Great Hall was filled with an unruly crowd all trying to have tea and talk at the same time. Such a function as this reminds us that "The Student Christian Movement is a fellowship of students who desire to understand the Christian faith," and none can do that unless first he learns to understand the men and women he meets everyday, and, understanding, he cannot fail to help.

Our programme for this year began with a joint meeting with the Cavendish Society, when Dr. Alex. Wood addressed a very mixed assembly on "A Scientific Approach to Christianity." On October 24th Malcolm Spencer is speaking on "The Social Function of the Church," and later in the term we are having a Chinese Social Reformer to tell us something about the "Industrial Revolution in China."

H. GOODALL,  
K. E. COOPER.

### Take a Map . . . .

**T**AKE a map of the world, or better still a globe. Let your eye wander slowly over it, resting here and there on some fermenting spot to contemplate this or that disquieting situation. Take up a newspaper and let your eye wander along the headlines "General Election," "China," "India," "Ireland," "Unemployment," "Russia." Let it all sink in. The immensity of it all. The complexity, the confusion of thought, opinion and endeavour.

Now think about the Church. Not the Church of England, not the Wesleyan Church, nor yet the Roman Catholic Church, nor the Society of Friends, but that body of people who accept the life and teaching of Christ as containing the "open sesame" to the locked door of the problems which simply buzz through the mind of the world, giving it a bad headache. Let us ask ourselves whether we dare apply that teaching with all that it involves. Is the Church applying it? Has it in the past? Will it in the future? In other words, what impact is Christianity making on the world? Such is the topic of the Quadrennial Conference of the Student Christian Movement to be held at Manchester from December 31st to January 5th: "The world task of the Christian Church." Leeds can send a delegation of fifteen men and six women. For those lucky twenty-one folk it will be the privilege of a life-time. You may be one of them.

G.P.M.

### Natural History Society

**T**HE N.H.S. exists for the purpose of having papers and discussions on things relating to Botany, Geology and Zoology. Membership of the Society is open to all members of the University, past or present. Meetings are held on certain Thursdays at 5.30 p.m., in the Zoology Lecture Theatre.

We especially invite Freshers who are interested to join. "Old Students" who are interested in the Society and who can get to any of the Meetings are requested to communicate with the Secretary.

Our first Meeting was on October 16th, when our President gave a paper on "Parasitism."

The second Meeting is on October 30th, when the paper will be "Some Ice Age Mammals," by Mr. A. Raistrick, M.Sc., who has made some discoveries in this subject.

The Society will be sending a delegate to the Inter-Varsity Biological Meeting at Liverpool on November 14th, when Mr. F. A. E. Crew, M.D., D.Sc., Ph.D., of the Animal Breeding Research Department at Edinburgh will speak.

E. TILLOTSON.

## Social Study Society

ON the 14th of October, Professor Jones delivered the Opening Address on "Private Industry and Public Service." Mr. Shimmin, the President, was in the chair.

After expressing his hope that this would be a most successful session—an attendance of 30 people certainly augured well—the speaker took up his subject by stating an opinion of the United States Supreme Court—which, he stated, was very fond of talking theory—that whilst the ownership of railways was private, their use was public and the function performed was that of the State. True, more or less of all industry, this applies particularly to railways. Whether we believed in Socialism or not, we must recognise that private enterprise would last long. In their relation to the state citizens boast of liberty, but that liberty is circumscribed by the wide circle of positive law and the narrower one of convention.

Outside these restrictions we are free. Some do good things they are under no compulsion to do, and many of these retain our friendship and become moral leaders. In the industrial sphere there is economic freedom; the state, with few exceptions, puts no restriction on the type of industrial enterprise in which people can engage. But the activity of the employer is hedged by various legal restrictions—e.g., labour legislation—and his other work, which consists in making a series of contracts for the sale and purchase of goods and for labour, is governed by the general law of contract.

In view of the prominence which the law courts give to dishonest practice, the speaker wished to emphasise the fact that trade is based on honesty, and honesty is the general practice. Outside the provisions of law and contract he has power to do as he wishes. Where there is power there is obligation, and although the abuse of this power has, in some cases, compelled the state to step in with further restrictions, the bulk of employers use it for good. In judging what is right we find many employers have foresight, whilst their organisations are myopic. In conclusion, he drew attention to the parallelism between the conditions of private life and those of industry, and said we might hope for a progressive rise in the moral standard of industry which would be generalised in custom and legalised in law.

Mr. Shimmin, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Dickinson took part in the discussion which followed. J. WRIGHT.

## Literary and Historical Society

OUR Society enjoyed, on Monday, the 13th October, as merry an evening as it has experienced for many moons. We found Mr. E. Wilkinson, who spoke on "Some Humorous Books," in his gayest and most versatile mood. He gave us more than a mere talk on humour and humorous books. He gave us a display of acting, particularly in his readings from Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age," which convinced us that in entering the teaching profession he has missed his way. However much one may quarrel with his estimates of Dickens and Leacock, one is compelled to admit that Mr. Wilkinson has both an acute perception and appreciation of the humorous and a gift for infecting his hearers with his own enthusiasm. Time and again he had his audience of over a hundred members rocking in helpless mirth at his recitations of "nonsense" verse, and at the sparkling dialogue into which he converted his prose readings. The only criticism which can be made of Mr. Wilkinson's lecture is that it was far, far too short. T. L. AKED.



## Photographic Society

THE Photographic Society started its year's syllabus on October 14th with a lecture by Professor A. F. Barker, the president, entitled "Field Work with a Camera." He compared old and new methods of photography and in a series of excellent slides of his own work he shewed what could be done in all branches of the subject.

Although it was such a good lecture the attendance could have been better than it was. This can be remedied in two or three ways, but the best is to get more members. There will be many people at the University who like to do their own developing but lack a dark room. We can supply that want. It is at No. 17, De Grey Terrace and has a full complement of dishes, hypo free for the members and an enlarger. Enlarging is generally restricted to those few who can afford to buy such comparatively expensive instruments. Here is one that can be used as often as one wishes by joining the Photographic Society.

The syllabus for this year has been arranged to help those who are yet learning the first elements of photography, but we have not lost sight of the fact that all members are not beginners. Mr. A. Dordan Pyke, representative of some of the largest photographic firms is to talk to us; Mr. Grainger, a well-known photographer will criticise members' prints, and everyone will know Mr. T. Lonnegan, who has kindly consented to lecture to us.

This is a very short summary of the Society's activities, but it will at least suffice to shew the advantages we offer to members.

T. SPIKINS.

## Debating Society

IF your life is blighted by a bitter realisation of the incompetency of others; if you rush through life on the precarious crest of a wave of ambition; if you saunter slowly along the broad highway, or scramble up the straight and narrow path; or if you do none of these things, you will receive encouragement and help from the Debating Society.

For consider, the possessor of the blighted life will be cheered by many illogical arguments. Ambition may be gratified in a brilliant speech. He who saunters can listen. The energetic seeker after truth will learn much, and the others can always second the proposition.

The first debate of the session, held on October 13th, was a success as regards the number of speakers. It follows that it was wholly a success, for a rapid sequence of speakers indicates the existence of a desirable state of interest.

A number of ladies were present, but from the floor of the House, not one of them spoke, although the motion had to do with fashion. A most surprising and deplorable state of affairs.

A slight alteration has been made in the programme of the Society, and Parliament Night is fixed for November 7th. For the benefit of Freshers, I would say that November 7th thus becomes one of the most important dates in the year. In fact, as far as the social life of this University is concerned, it is the most important date. The procedure to be adopted will conform to modern principles, that is to say, a vote of censure will be moved against the Government. For the rest, the programme is varied, and there are opportunities for the discussion of serious problems, and of problems not quite so serious.

J. E. SAXON.

## The University Workpeople's Social and Sports Section

TO be writing our first notes in the *Gryphon* may be a "honour," but maybe I shall require a "degree" of sympathy when my notes are placed in front of the Editor, especially if all other distinguished writers to these pages have arrived first.

We cannot boast of any strenuous past years, or upon a lot of "Freshers" in the light we know them. Yet we are expecting a number of freshers joining our ranks who have worked longer for the University than some of us.

This state of affairs we cannot help somehow, as we know all past officers have always done their duty, but the idea of bringing all outside departments in has been rather slow. Our object is to draw from all departments members who will join in and form the Clubs which we know so many are asking us to form.

It is probably too late to form a Football Club this season on account of those likely to be players having already signed for other clubs, but we propose to begin the summer of 1925 with a cricket team or teams, providing some of the stars we know we already have are caught in time.

We hold an Annual Trip, which takes place first or second Saturday in September, and to those in office each year it is sometimes the means of a little uneasiness, when but a few weeks from time.

It is usual to go from October to August with 20 or more subscribers, and when during the last few weeks half of them draw out it shows a spirit we should like to eliminate. To overcome this year the small number left we introduced a new rule whereby members could take their wives or lady friends. The trips are always very interesting, and this year we paid a visit to Lofthouse, near Pateley Bridge, visiting the How Stein Caves and playing the village team a cricket match, which we won. (This should be an incentive to our future teams). The place to visit on trip is always settled by vote at General Meeting. Our last meeting was a record, 33 being present, including 9 from the Medical School who were there for the first time.

The next item of interest is our Social, held as near Xmas as possible, to fit in with other University functions. This year it may be rather earlier than usual on account of the Jubilee Celebrations—this will be decided at our next Meeting.

We can boast this is always a success and the number attending each year grows.

Last year we were rather on the crushed side in the Refectory, so we shall probably be able to have the Large Hall this time.

I should like to thank on our behalf, any who have already helped us or who can do so in the future. The Students' Union I hear are willing to do everything they possibly can to pull us through.

If any workman in any department of the University does not know of our intentions and wishes to join us, please accept this as an invitation to our next Meeting, to be held in the small Chemistry Lecture Theatre, at 5 p.m. on Monday, November 10th, 1924.

ROBT. H. VERITY, *Secretary*.



**B**Y the time this article appears in print all the clubs will be in the thick of their fixtures, and it will be possible to form a more definite opinion of the season's prospects. Present indications seem to point to an all-round improvement on last year, which, with one or two exceptions, was a very unfortunate session for the University. The majority of the clubs report an improvement on last year's form, and the general optimism appears to be well founded; practically every club is running a second team and the Rugby club is no longer the only side with a third string. The one thing now necessary is that there should be no slacking off on the part of any of those who turned up to the practices; good reserves in proper condition are essential to every team, and the only way to keep in training is to play as regularly as possible.

Every player is urged to keep his eye on the notice boards—watch them all the time! If you see your name on a team sheet, initial at once, or, if unable to play, cross out your name; a secretary's lot is hard enough, without the extra worry of wondering whether the people who have neither signed nor crossed off intend to play.

If a student wishes to join, or know anything about, a club, he should ask a committee man of the club in question. The names of all officials of clubs are in the Union Handbook. If unable to get in touch with any official, the inquirer should ask at the Union Office for the General Athletics Secretary, where he will be told when and where he can be found, as the G.A.C. office is seldom inhabited. There is no need to be afraid of asking questions; secretaries like to answer them.

By this time the Preliminary Sports will have been held, so that in the next issue some account of the Athletic Club's prospects may be looked for, at present, however, the freshers are an unknown quantity.

The Association club has nine of last year's First XI. players available, which, in view of the success of the team last year, is a good augury for the coming season. Judging by the number of freshers who have turned up to practice, enthusiasm runs high, and the Committee is hopeful of running a Third XI. for the first time in the history of 'Soccer at the University.

As only one member of last year's first crew is "up" this season, there is plenty of chance for all comers to obtain a place in the first or second crew of the Boat Club. In view of these vacancies it has been pleasing to note the number of new members who have turned up to practice, but it is hoped that still more people will get into training, as the inter-departmental races for the Michael Sadler Cup are to be held at the end of the present term, and the present numbers would not allow of the races being fully representative. Anyone wishing to row for his department should get into touch with a member of the Committee at once.

The Fives club has lost two of last year's players, but some promising freshers have come up so that with those who are left from last year there should be a good team. A larger fixture list than usual has been arranged, so that the support of every member will be needed. By the time of publication the Men's Doubles Tournament

should be in full swing, to be followed by a Progressive Tournament next term. It is hoped to hold a Mixed Doubles later this term if sufficient entries are received. The book for reserving the court is kept on the windowsill past the Hall Porter's Office.

The programme of the Golf Club has been greatly improved. There will be monthly medal competitions and an Inter-Departmental Championship for a Cup kindly presented by a friend who wishes to remain anonymous. After Christmas there will be the competitions for the Captain's Prize and the Club Prize. There are Inter-Varsity fixtures with Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham and Sheffield.

Permission has been obtained to play at Cobble Hall on Wednesdays, making the club's days of play Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and not Thursdays as in the Handbook. The club is joining the Yorkshire Union of Golf Clubs, so that students who are not members of any outside club can now obtain the reduced fee of 25s. at Cobble Hall.

As most of last year's Gym. team are still "up," and there are also some promising freshers, there seems every prospect of a good year. Boxing prospects are fairly good, and though there is still a shortage in the lighter weights, rather more interest is being taken. The majority of the freshers are novices, but it is hoped that keenness will make up for inexperience. There seems to be a total lack of interest in Fencing on the part of the women students; last year a women's team could not be raised. We trust that will not be the case this year. The semi-finals against Manchester for the Christie Cup will be held in Leeds towards the close of next term.

The Women's Hockey Club have only five of last year's First XI. left, those gone down including four colours people. In view of this fact, the number of freshers who have turned out has been disappointing. It is hoped to arrange games for people desirous of playing and who are not in either of the teams.

The Men's Hockey Club should have a much better season, the weakness in the forward line which was so marked last season having been overcome. In J. Tasker of St. Peter's School, the club has found a centre forward of exceptional ability, and Lewis at inside left also strengthens the line. The defence remains as last year with the exception of D. R. Allison, who, to the club's regret, has had to retire for reasons of health. The club is fortunate in having Johnson and Hornby still up. It will be possible to run a strong Second XI. and if possible a Third team will also be played for several matches.

The Lacrosse Club shows signs of at least maintaining its post-war record of success. Good players have been found among the freshers to fill the vacant places, and the captain, J. F. Elam, can look forward to the coming season with confidence, especially after the excellent fight put up against Headingley. Not the least promising thing about the club is the strength and enthusiasm of the Second XII.

The Women's Lacrosse Club has secured the services of several promising players, though a number of them are unfortunately unable to turn out on Wednesdays owing to the claims of work. E. Eulich, of London University, will play regularly in goal and J. Whittaker, of Wickham Abbey, and M. Sanderson, of Oxford, will be newcomers on the wing. It is still early to comment on the form of the team, no matches having been played up to the time of going to press, but enthusiasm runs high, both among old and new members, and a successful season is looked forward to.

The Netball Club has lost two of last year's best players, and the number of freshers to turn out has not been very satisfactory. Those who have turned out, however, are keen and promising. It is hoped to run two good teams and improve

sufficiently to qualify as a colours club. Four Universities are to be played this season—the first Inter-Varsity fixtures the club has had.

A General Meeting of the Swimming Club was exceptionally well attended, nearly 30 members being present. Officers for the coming season were elected as follows:—Captain: T. E. Kenny; Vice-Captain: D. R. Riddell; Hon. Sec.: R. H. Morley; with J. O'Donnell and C. E. D. Nicholls to form a Committee. It is hoped to build up a really strong swimming and water-polo team for the I.V.A.R. contests next summer, also to play a number of fixtures with local clubs during the coming months. It is also hoped to run two teams if possible, and if all the swimmers of the University rally round a hitherto unsupported club a really strong team should result. It is worthy of note that one of the crack squadron teams of Leeds last year included three University men. To get plenty of practice and instruction it was resolved to hold swimming and water-polo practices on Tuesdays from 12.15 till 1.0 p.m., and on Fridays from 4.0 till 5.0 p.m. throughout the winter months.

The Women's Swimming Club held a general meeting on October 16th. The officers elected were:—Captain: D. Halstead; Secretary: D. Sage; with D. M. Hoyle, L. Hopkinson and F. F. Steinberg to form a Committee. It was decided that as many swimmers as possible should be urged to join the Leeds Ladies' Swimming Club and so receive the benefit of Mr. Bascchi's instruction. At present no idea can be formed of the club's prospects.

The Rugby Club has every prospect of a successful season, a number of useful freshers having come up to fill the vacancies caused by those who have gone down. The form shown in the opening match against Wakefield was very convincing, and it appears to be merely a matter of getting fit, before the team turns over a new leaf. Professor Ritson and Mr. Hume are again giving valuable instruction to the team, which is greatly appreciated by the club. C.E.D.N.

## Leeds University Old Students' Association

(Edited by P. P. MURRAY.)

*Secretaries:* Miss G. PICKLES, Mr. S. BERT.

*Treasurer:* Mr. W. R. GRISSE.

*Annual Subscription, 5/-; Life Subscription, 24 3s.*

### RAPID PROGRESS.

MANY people thought us too optimistic when we announced that we had guaranteed an order of 800 *Gryphons* this session. But already (16th October) we have reached a membership of 735, and every day the number increases. There are still however, about 200 who have not paid their subscriptions. This is not a complaint, indeed we could hardly complain about a fortnight's delay, and we offered all intending members till Xmas to pay up. It just happens that we are anxious to know at once where we are, for if the promised Year Book is to be ready for Celebration Week, we must know very early all names, addresses, years at the University, and present appointments (if any). We want the Book to be as complete as possible, so we shall be very grateful if everyone will pay up within the next few weeks.

The life membership is proving quite popular. Nearly 90 have chosen this form of subscription, the most satisfactory from every point of view. About 60 members adopted the scheme of payment by Banker's Order, the next best method. It is hoped to develop the life membership idea by offering facilities for three terminal payments of a guinea.

I notice that Edinburgh has now formally inaugurated an Association of Alumni, with an entrance fee of 5/- and an annual subscription of 5/-. There is no mention in the Rules of life subscription. During last session the Editor of *The Student*, which is the Edinburgh University Magazine, wrote to me for information about our O.S.A., particularly about the arrangement with the *Gryphon*. It was not found possible for Edinburgh to copy us, because *The Student* is a sixpenny fortnightly paper. So we remain, I think, unique in our remarkable terms of membership.

It is only a fortnight since we issued an appeal for donations to furnish the house given to us by the Council as a Headquarters, but already thirty-three donations have been received, amounting to £26. This is excellent. May I say that it is not desirable to have the cost covered by one or two large donations. It would be best to have a small sum from every member as it would then show that we all appreciated the generosity of the Council and that we were all very interested in the idea of a club. Anyway, let us have 400 five shilling donations during the next month. Remember, we must have the house furnished for Celebration Week. It will be our common meeting ground.

The London Association, at its Annual Meeting held at Chislehurst on September 20th, unanimously decided to join the Central Association as individuals. This means that the London Treasurer collects the five shillings per member, and remits four shillings to Leeds, keeping one shilling for local expenses. Each London member will thus receive the *Gryphon* and all the usual notices, and the London notices as well, from Leeds. All old students who have gone to London should write to Miss Crowther for details of the London Association.

I am, unfortunately, unable to write gossip in the airy graceful manner of "Video," whose London Letter is evidently going to be one of the redeeming features of this section, but I manage to collect a few bits of information which will be of interest.

Mr. J. H. S. Fraser, B.Sc. (1920-4) has accepted an important appointment in connection with the production of Electrolytic iron, and will proceed in the first place to Grenoble, France, for experience. Among other recent appointments are:—

W. G. Spencer, B.Sc., 1920-3, H.M. Rawdon National School.

Miss G. Pickles, M.A., our Secretary, H.M. Gledhow Council Schools.

Miss B. Helliwell, B.A., 1920-4, French Mistress, Central School, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

S. Woemald, M.A., 1919-22, French Master, Hull Grammar School.

Miss E. Ives, Girls' High School, Ceylon.

H. Robinson, B.Sc., Works Chemist, S. Metrop. Gas Co., Greenwich.

A. E. Ferguson, B.A., French Master, Ellesmere College, Salop.

Miss L. J. Purkin (former President, W.R.C.), B.Sc., Botany Mistress, Oldershaw Secondary School, Wallasey, Cheshire.

J. W. Tibble, B.A., English Master, Deacon's School, Peterborough.

F. G. Thomas, M.A. (late President, L.U. Union), Sub-Warden, Benshaw Grove Settlement.

R. T. Martin, Resident Engineer to Durham Rural District Council.

#### MARRIAGES.

G. F. HOLDSWORTH (Darlington), Engineering 1919-22, to NAOMI DAVIES (Lofthouse) 9th September, 1924, at Lofthouse Parish Church.

Miss DORIS PEDLEY, B.Sc., 1917-20, President at Lydton Hall, 1919-20, to MAURICE LIMB (Scarborough), at Haworth, 20th September.

Also PHYLLIS BRADBURY to L. F. ASHLEY and BESSIE HOLMES, B.A. (Modern Languages) 1923, to Mr. JENKINS, at Mirfield.

## LONDON LETTER.

## LEEDS UNIVERSITY OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION, LONDON.

*President:* Professor SMITHKILLS, 68, Lessenden Mansions, Highgate Road, N.W.4.  
*Hon. Secretary:* Mr. R. E. CHAPMAN, Tynbeck Hall, 28, Commercial Street, E.1.  
*Hon. Treasurer:* Miss L. E. CROWTHER, Vero, 29, Coventry Street, W.1.

Quite a lot of things have happened since the last letter. To begin with we have been officially received within the fold of the O.S.A., and all is peace and harmony. I won't bother you with details—I should hate to write a column of facts as much as you'd hate to read it—but we now join the Central Association direct. They do all the work, take our subscriptions and send us a Saturday penny back to spend on anything we like "and mind you don't waste it."

This new arrangement is going to save us quite a lot of trouble. After all, as our Committee said, the Leeds people have got all the organisation and all the records. So we shall now let them do all the work while we sit and criticise. An ideal arrangement from all points of view. Our officials are to be pensioned off. In fact I'm hoping to save up enough to pay my fare to Leeds in December out of all the money I haven't to spend as treasurer.

On the analogy of the one sinner who repenteth, we gather that Leeds thinks more of us than of all its own precious flock at its gates. We have only to ask and be given. We gently murmured we'd like another page in the *Gryphon* and they said, "Certainly, madam. Anything else we can do for you to-day?"

The affiliation terms were ratified at the General Meeting we had in September at Chislehurst. It rained as usual but rain could not affect a visit to caves. Very impressive ceremony this. You go through the garden, sit patiently on long benches till a guide is available, and then you are each provided with a lantern, not the Chinese variety but with a real wick and oil, and you wonder what will happen if you drop it. You don't.

At the same time you feel rather excited and think of *King Solomon's Mines* and expect the solid wall of rock to go up and show you the witch's remains. Instead, a matter of fact door opens and shows you a prosaic electric light burning in a cellar.

We shouldn't have liked to be lost in that labyrinth. That was our general conclusion as we came out at the end of our hour, our heads filled with Druids and flints and wells and dense holes and ichthyosaur—O, what is the plural?—uses and munition stores. "And that's why the stratas," as our guide put it.

But we have all been wise virgins and no one is missing when the lanterns are counted, so we go on to tea with easy hearts, holding our very informal business meeting afterwards, when we unanimously adopt the Leeds affiliation proposals on the motion of Mr. Hey seconded by Miss Greenwood.

The last part of my story deals with a painful phase of the Southern Railway's train service. Even now I shudder to think of the baleful smile Miss Bell gave us as she bade us farewell at the station and said, "I'll be home on my bicycle before your train starts." Why didn't we realise earlier that she had second sight? We could easily have pushed her down a well or up a dense hole, and then all would have been well. As it was, our train was exactly fifty-eight minutes late. Useless to narrate all the problems, mathematical and otherwise, we discussed as we bestrode that platform at Chislehurst, or how many miles we calculated we'd walked before our train stole guiltily in.

The *Gryphon* was quite an event. "Excellent," is the general opinion here, but for my own part I must confess to a lurking sympathy for present students unless the old irresponsible variety is gone. Couldn't the editorial staff arrange to let them have a corner of their own, a kind of Play Box or Teddy Tail column? They must be very tired of articles that are all for the grown-ups. Can't you imagine, when you were little yourself, how you would have been attracted by that heading about aunts and that little verse about Matilda, and can't you see yourself taking it up hopefully and thinking, "Now I shall get a sensible story, not a lot of grown up rubbish." And then remember your disappointment when you realised that it was just another grown up story disguised.

We grown ups however are grateful for an article supplying what E. V. Lucas has already pointed out as a crying need of our literature. Isn't it in *Variety Lane* that he lightly touches on the peculiar properties inherent in aunts? It is gratifying to have more light thrown on a subject that has hitherto been a source of much perplexity.

But it is what the *Gryphon* takes for granted that intrigues us most. For instance, what is the Swan Press? You shouldn't expect us to know all about these things which may seem commonplace to you but are quite new to us. It isn't kind to your old-fashioned relatives who've perhaps got a bit out of touch with all these modern movements. And are all the people whose books are reviewed old Leeds people? You'll have to issue an annotated edition of the *Gryphon*.

A chance remark about the Joint Common Room thrilled us to the bone. Do you really mean to say that the days are gone when joint secretaries talked under the clock and in draughty corridors where one had to lean against the wall to write, and when the pleasures of the chase preceded any mixed discussion?

A weekly causerie column in a real grown up newspaper! What are things coming to? What should we have thought if anyone had prophesied that in our day? The greatest thrill a little fresher ever had was seeing an extract from her own *Gryphon* article reproduced in the *Yorkshire Post*; and then a fourth year took all the gilt off the gingerbread by asking if she'd sent it to the paper herself.

But I wonder when I should be inviting you to our Dinner on Tuesday, November 18th. Meet at the Restaurant de Boulogne, Gerard Street (off the part of Wardour Street between Coventry Street and Shaftesbury Avenue) at 7 o'clock for 7.30, and let the Secretary know by the day before whether you're coming. Price 4/-, including room and piano. Any assistance with the programme will be very welcome. Thank goodness all the elections will be over by then. We're very hot stuff here on politics. Miss Thomson couldn't come to our dinner a year ago because she was too busy electioneering; and of course our Poplar and Whitechapel friends are always very worked up about the iniquities of the present system. Did you see J. Croser's photograph in the papers, addressing Covent Garden strikers?

Do turn up to the dinner if you possibly can, because our new programme will be settled there too. We keep hearing of new people who have come along, and we want them all at the dinner, and all the old people too to welcome them. We want to get hold of everybody. We aim at being a depot for Old Students, a clearing house for all kinds of Leeds news. Everyone has to come to London sooner or later if only to pass through, and so many of us are now permanently resident here that no one need feel ALONE IN LONDON (featuring Ada Mann, X. Leeds in the star parts) if he or she will only communicate with our secretary or treasurer.

VIDEO.



## THE DOINGS OF MANCHESTER.

That enterprising chap, the Editor of the O.S.A. pages, has badgered me unceasingly for an account of the Manchester Branch of the Association. London, by virtue, presumably, of its hoary old age as an O.S.A., even holds up the price of its dinners as an example to that young upstart Manchester. So here goes to satisfy the one and reply to the other.

Since writing last to the *Gryphon* we have not been altogether sumolent. Our dinner may have been expensive, but if London had seen the menu and tasted the vegetables so thoughtfully provided on the advice of the lady members of our Committee, mere man having declared for potatoes only, why even the price we paid would have seemed all too little for such a repast. The speeches alone were worth the money; we shall never have a more graphic account of what the old 'Varsity is doing than that given us by Miss Holgate, our guest from Leeds. Two other guests, from Manchester University, welcomed, thanked and delighted us, all in a breath as it were, and had we not been "join-ers" we felt that we should all have been "Mancunians." No! London, it's not the price, it's what you get for the price! However, we must exchange dinners some day and then we can settle down to a real argument on the point.

But dining is not our only strong card; we ventured forth this rainy season in a char-a-banc! None who did so will forget it; rain, more rain, and then rain again, descended upon us, but no one seemed to care much and our conveyance stuck sturdily to its allotted route over Blackstone Edge, and though wet we rejoiced that we were actually in Yorkshire. If we succeed in obtaining a really reliable prophecy as to which day in 1925 is to be "summer," we hope to do it again and anyway, like Chesterton, we "don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine." Needless to say the wine was kept well away from the water on this occasion. We can score a point there, eh! London! You cannot get into Yorkshire during an evening char-a-banc trip can you?

We have had our business meeting also, and quite a number of brave souls attended to discuss this winter's programme. The usual difficulties of finding a day, or rather evening, suitable to all, of deciding upon functions acceptable to all arose, and were overcome without too long a discussion. Professor Raper, whose interest in this branch has been very helpful indeed, was re-elected President of the branch, and upon the resignation of Dr. F. M. Rowe as a Vice-President, Mr. F. Scholefield, of Walkden, was elected in his stead, while Mrs. Bennett was again elected to a like office. Miss M. Loxley resigned from the Committee, not because she has lost interest in our doings, but for the happy reason that she is about to be married. We offered her hearty congratulations and thanks for all her help. Miss J. K. Martin was elected to the Committee, as was Miss A. Gregson, who thus undertakes another period of very valuable aid to the branch. The Hon. Treasurer, Mr. F. Webster, said he would act again, much to everyone's gratification, the finances of our organisation needing the keenest of brains or perhaps eyesight! The writer again took on the secretarial work, there being no one else who could be deluded into thinking it a "cushy job," and we roped in some young blood by persuading Mr. E. J. Wayne to act as Hon. Auditor. We are running a "freak" Whist Drive on the 22nd of this month, and are to have a "Theatre Night" in November. After Christmas we are going "to dine" again and we hereby extend a hearty invitation to London and Leeds too, of course, to send representatives to dine with us. Finally, we hope to run a dance and that second char-a-banc trip. The recital of this programme ought to turn our London friends green with envy. They may cheer up, however, for have they not with them the "Father of the Union," Professor Smithells? Lucky old London.

H.L.R.

## The Union Committee

Meeting held in the Refectory on Tuesday, October 7th, at 2.30 p.m.

Mr. H. F. Akhurst occupied the Chair.

### 1. MINUTES.

It was proposed, seconded and carried that the Minutes of the Seventh Ordinary Meeting, and the last Special Meeting of the 1923-24 Committee and the Minutes of the two Preliminary Meetings of the 1924-25 Committee be accepted.

### 2. SPECIAL BUSINESS.

(a) The President gave a short address, in which he expressed the hope that the new Union Committee would work well together.

(b) It was proposed, seconded and carried that an expression of welcome be sent to the Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Baillie.

(c) It was proposed, seconded and carried that the resignation of Miss Jenkins as Editor of the *Gryphon* be accepted with regret, and that Miss J. Willoughby be asked to become the Editor of the *Gryphon*.

(d) It was proposed, seconded and carried that Mr. Akhurst be elected as representative on the National Union of Students.

### 3. FINANCE.

It was proposed, seconded and carried that the report of the Finance Sub-Committee be adopted.

### 4. REPORTS FROM SUB-COMMITTEES.

(a) It was proposed, seconded and carried that the G.A.C. report be accepted.

(b) It was proposed, seconded and carried that the report of the Entertainments Sub-Committee be accepted.

(c) It was proposed, seconded and carried that the report of the *Gryphon* Sub-Committee be accepted, and that the *Gryphon* Sub-Committee be informed that it is desirable that the policy of the *Gryphon* should be continuous. To that end, the Sub-Committee are asked to make suitable arrangements at the end of their year to maintain the standard of the *Gryphon*, by leaving suitable material for the use of the new Committee.

### 5. REPORTS OF SPECIAL SUB-COMMITTEES.

It was proposed, seconded and carried that the balance sheet of the Degree Day Rag be accepted and that the different officials connected with the organisation of the Rag be given hearty thanks and congratulations.

### 6. CORRESPONDENCE.

(a) It was proposed, seconded and carried that Mr. Haggen be thanked for his letter and invitation, and that the Union Committee express approval of Toc. H., and the ideals governing the movement. Also that the Union Committee endeavour to arrange a meeting some time in the near future at which Mr. Haggen or some representative of Toc. H. could speak to the students.

(b) It was proposed, seconded and carried that the Choral and Dramatic Society be allowed to separate into two distinct societies, the Choral Society and the Dramatic Society, on condition that they come to some mutual decision concerning the debt incurred last session by the Choral section of the Society.

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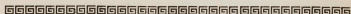
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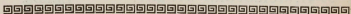
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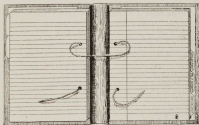
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