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# The Gryphon

The Journal of the University of Leeds



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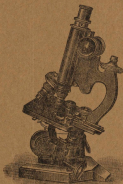
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## THE GRYPHON.

The first number of the next volume will appear on Bazaar Day. Contributors therefore are requested to send in copy before the end of this term.

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## THE GRYPHON.

### THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

*"The Gryphon never spreadseth her wings in the house when she hath any sick feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when we know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the censure which we have ever found them to the preciousness which we ought to fear."*—LXX.

### Editorial

MANY people would deny the title of University to an institution whose entrance hall has no notices of dances and lacks even that symbol of unity, THE CLOCK. Nor should we consider it befitting the dignity of a University to let grass grow between the stones of College Road or to hold a market in Woodhouse Lane. Yet the University of Caen which every year affords hospitality to some students from Leeds, flourishes in an atmosphere like this. (Nor has it, apparently, anything like the *Gryphon* to keep it alive!) What does keep it alive? What has it instead of our dances and our entrance hall?

There is not enough space here to anatomise a university, and if there were it would be a difficult task, but some vital organs of student life at Caen are easy to understand. Such, for example, is the special hat worn by students, a sort of tam-o'-shanter with a ribbon of a different colour for each faculty. A student wearing his hat is known as a student all over the town, and does not merge into the crowd when he leaves the university buildings as one must merge into it at Leeds; for not even plus-fours are exclusively worn by students. This is bound to increase a student's sense of *solidarity*, his sense of being a member of a community. Another obvious factor in the prosperity of such a university is the absence of class registers; as long as you pay your fees you can take the exams, without attending a single lecture. This is not just a concession to human laziness; it has a profound influence on a students' outlook.

You may or may not like lectures, but at Leeds one reason for going to them is that you've got to. If you like them, the knowledge that you must go lessens your pleasure and your delight in learning; if you don't like them, the compulsion merely makes learning cheap in your eyes. For both sorts of people the register system is bad.

It is perhaps because we are so determined that *knowledge shall increase* that we try to make people learn by force. By doing so we diminish the value of knowledge. It is sacrilege to force learning of those who don't want it. Where there are no registers learning is something offered and so may easily become something prized. It is only when knowledge is accepted freely that it is worthy to increase.

To make all students taking the same subject attend exactly the same lectures is to diminish their already small interest in study. We should not only be allowed to stay away from the lectures we don't like, we should be allowed to go to any we do like. At Caen, for instance, you can go to any lectures in your faculty. In this way, students might become scholars, and their minds might have some originality instead of repeating the same pattern.

All these are very vague and highbrow reasons for abolishing registers. To take a more practical one, there are many lectures that you go to knowing you will learn nothing, either because you are not interested enough to listen, or because you

already know what the lecturer says. What time would be saved if you could stay away without fear of the familiar question, "Were you here last week?" But there is no need to be depressed by the idea of a poor lecturer lecturing to no one. There are always people who come to a university to get a degree, and they will always attend lectures as the easiest way to pass exams.

You come to a university, we know, to learn to talk in the hall; this you can learn very well at Leeds. A second aim might well be to acquire a love of learning, or to increase it if it already exists; this could be done much better at Leeds if registers were abolished and learning made free. The example of Caen shows that the absence of registers is not dangerous, but that the true view of learning which it gives is a great benefit.

We can keep the dances which they do without at Caen; but let us abolish registers: *sic enim angebatur scientia*.

## Notes and Comments

THE last *Gryphon* of the year! And examinations upon us once more, with their midnight oil, their melancholy looks, and their excusably short tempers! We wish all our readers good luck (of course, everyone has by this time decided that the foregoing remarks refer to all the examinees except himself. Quite right, too. We have learnt by experience that it is always best to except present company), and we feel sure they will all get firsts.

This time we've had difficulty in restraining the humorists who thrust election jokes upon us: we begin to feel that the promoters of the mass ballot must have been actuated by the opportunities it offered for the exercise of their exuberant wit. By the way, no one ever offers to do a poster for the *Gryphon* when we want one, but there seemed to be plenty of volunteers to blazon abroad the excellent qualities of our two respected candidates. May we congratulate the President-Elect upon his splendid majority! As one of the eight hundred, we feel largely responsible for it.

We are glad to be able to print an article by Dr. Barrs about the late Sir Clifford Allbutt, his connection with the University is one of the laurels in her crown.

Professor Cadoux's article was originally meant to follow Father Martindale's "Isms," which appeared in our first number for this year. We recommend our readers to refer back to it for many of the points upon which Professor Cadoux touches.

Many people will no doubt be interested in the account published this month of the I.V.A.B. Hockey Tour in Germany. It is probably only the first of many such tours, and we hope Leeds will be well represented in many future Inter-Varsity teams. In our next issue we hope to include an account of the adventures of our First Boat in Italy. We heartily congratulate them on coming in second in an Inter-Varsity Race at Pisa. We should also like to congratulate our women, especially Miss Macmillan, who did so well for us at the W.I.V.A.B. Sports.

Lancashire readers will rejoice to see that that charming, though little appreciated beauty-spot, Wigan, has at last found its Browning. Until our poet corrected us, we thought that Wigan's attractions consisted solely of its pier, but, now we know better, we are seriously reconsidering our plans for the Summer vacation.

Those who look on the Correspondence page will see that our Cross-Word Puzzle has made a great stir in the intellectual world. No doubt that is why so few students sent in solutions. We had no difficulty in awarding the prize, which goes to Mrs. Beck, who was an easy first. She seized immediately upon the keyword of the whole puzzle, number 18 across—a *dark liquid*, and after that the rest was easy. "Came across my mind like a flash," says Mrs. Beck. We heartily congratulate her upon her splendid success, and shall have the greatest pleasure in handing her a cheque for 4½d. whenever a press photographer turns up to perpetuate the touching ceremony.

On another page appears an advertisement for the Rag. We feel sure our readers don't need us to tell them that they all ought to take part in it. We hope everyone will turn out on Degree Day and help to make it a record success.

## Fable

"WOLF! WOLF!"—*Modernised.*

THE philosopher left the ugly building that comprised the headquarters of the leading organ of provincial thought—"The Northern Gadget"—into the narrow side street, that led to one of the main thoroughfares of the city.

Lost in thought, he did not see a crowd of working youths and men that gathered round a stationary motor-van that was just behind him.

He had proceeded but a few steps when a raucous "Honk! Honk!" warned him of what he thought to be an approaching motor-vehicle. With an agile leap he reached the causeway. He turned—to meet the jeering laughter of the men gathered about the standing van.

Being a philosopher, he blamed them not for the trick they had played, but himself for his lack of control. "Had I but listened for two seconds," he ruminated, "For the purr of the engine—I should have discovered that it did not exist, and thus have saved myself from ridicule of the lower classes, and a nasty turn of my heart."

Which proved that although posing as philosopher, he was in reality a provincial.

A few days later, having had occasion to visit the editor of the "Northern Gadget" regarding the publication of the first of his series of articles on "The De-Centralisation of English Letters from London," the *soi-disant* philosopher again stepped out into the narrow side street.

Again he heard the warning "Honk! Honk!"

The philosopher laughed inwardly, having steeled himself against any outward show of emotion, humorous or otherwise. "Not this time, my friends," he thought. "Not this time—even though you have got the engine running—" Once bitten, twice —."

Then something hard caught him in the small of the back—and the last he heard was a gruff voice exclaiming that it was sick of having its licence endorsed "for them dreamy poets."

"A melancholy interest attaches the publication of the first of these articles on "The De-Centralisation of English Letters"—wrote the editor of "The Northern Gadget." "The author met an untimely end immediately on leaving these offices yesterday, owing to the carelessness of the driver of a motor-van. In these days, no one is safe from the traffic-peril, and we can only emphasise the necessity for the readers of the "Northern Gadget" to fill in the form on page 5, for our new £1,000 insurance scheme, etc., etc."

DENIS BOTTERHILL.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE



THE Presidential Elections passed off without any of those ruddy and revolutionary disturbances that were feared by certain members of the Old Guard. In spite of the sanguinary predictions of one party and the challenging roar of the other, everything was as dull almost as County Cricket matches are nowadays. As a correspondent deals on another page of this issue with one or two of the more prominent and vital features of the campaign-election

literature, poster art, criticism of the Union policy, and other things of that sort—we will leave the subject without a sigh; merely remarking that the only difference between the two schools of thought appears to be that one is in favour of athletics, academics, ale and economy, whilst the other supports sports, societies, soda-water and retrenchment. Whether this cleavage is sufficient to justify so violent a Montague and Capulet controversy we may perhaps be permitted to doubt.

By the time this issue appears Examinations will be over and undergraduates' fancies will be turning lightly to thoughts of tennis tournaments, Flannel Dances, and the Degree Day Rag. On the latter subject we need only remind students that the Rag this year falls on Independence Day, July 4th. It ought scarcely to be necessary to urge them to get their schemes for peaceful pirating in hand at once; and make the deed thoroughly worthy of the day. On the former head we may advise students to book early and avoid the crush both for the Tennis Dance on June 19th and for the Good-Bye Dance on the last week of term.

It is hoped to get the first number of the next volume of the *Gryphon* out for Bazaar Day next term—a copy of the *Gryphon* is the best advertisement of our magazine that could possibly be devised. We hope therefore that contributors will send in their copy not later than the end of this term, and help us to start the new session with a bumping success.

Dr. W. H. Maxwell Telling, who has occupied the Chair of Therapeutics in the University of Leeds for the past two years, has been elected by the Council of the University Professor of Medicine and Head of the Department of Medicine, as from the 1st October next, on the retirement from that office of Dr. T. Wardrop Griffith.

Dr. R. A. Veale has been elected to the Chair of Therapeutics in place of Professor Maxwell Telling, and Dr. G. W. Watson has been elected to the Chair of Clinical Medicine which has been vacant since the retirement of Dr. A. G. Barrs.

Next term begins on Thursday, October 1st, and ends on Saturday, December 19th.



## The Rt. Hon. Thomas Clifford Allbutt, K.C.B., F.R.S.

THE Leeds School of Medicine is rapidly nearing its centenary, and when the history of its hundred years comes to be written there will be found upon its roll of teachers no more illustrious name than that of Clifford Allbutt. Though it was not his lot to give to the world any epoch making discovery such as that of Lister, he has left us an example of industry, learning, culture and conduct whose imprint will lie deep in the hearts of this and of succeeding generations of medical men. He was a great physician, a great scholar, a great teacher and above all a great gentleman. Of striking countenance and courtly manner, he was the soul of gentleness and kindness to all about him. It might be said of him that he would hear even fools gladly so long as their folly did not appear to him to be of danger to the public; but if necessity arose he was fearless in his condemnation, of that of which he disapproved, as in his scathing criticism of that "*fastaisie ixemonde*" which calls itself psycho-analysis in the course of which he said "I am thankful to know that it does not fall to my lot to seek for pearls in that sty." (*B.M.J.*, 1920, Vol. ii., p. 5).

Throughout his long and crowded life he kept himself completely informed of all that was being done in medicine and its allied sciences, and his writings and speeches never failed to witness to his unrivalled command of his native tongue and never failing freshness of phrase and metaphors. His industry knew no bounds and his output of work was enormous.

His *System of Medicine*, the first volume of which appeared in 1896 and the last in 1899 or 1900, is a monument to his energy and sound judgment. He wrote no less than fifteen articles with his own pen besides carefully editing and sometimes largely rewriting the contributions of his collaborators. The "*System*" is rightly regarded as the greatest English work on medicine. He joined the staff of the Medical School soon after he settled in Leeds (1862) and taught *Materia Medica*, *Anatomy*, *Medicine* and *Clinical Medicine* in turn until his retirement in 1884. He was appointed Physician to the Infirmary in 1864 and became, on his own motion, very largely, Consulting Physician in 1884, when Assistant Physicians were first established.

My earliest knowledge of him was in 1879 and I had the privilege of his friendship from then till his death in this year. He was I believe the first physician in Leeds who could be called a pure consultant. In 1879, he was doing an enormous practice extending over all the Northern and Midland Counties and as there were no motor cars in those days he was frequently compelled to spend the night away from home. The mere labour of his practice was tremendous but in spite of it he took an active and prominent part in the social and intellectual life of the City, and his hospital work was done with unfailing punctuality. At that time he lived in the house which is now incorporated in Lyddon Hall where he and Lady Allbutt dispensed a gracious and almost lavish hospitality. Soon after 1879 he began to build Carr Manor, where Sir Berkeley Moynihan now lives and on many Sunday afternoons I walked with him to Meanwood to see the progress of the work, and a more delightful companion I never knew. I think he was the most attractive clinical teacher I have ever known, and it is not too much to say that I learnt more from him than from any other of my teachers in London and Edinburgh. He visited the wards every Thursday morning from 10 to 12 o'clock and the whole time was occupied by what I may call a series of exquisite "thumb nail" clinical lectures on the cases put before him.

In 1871 he published his work on the use of the Ophthalmoscope in medicine, a most important book and very largely the means of introducing the instrument into general use in this country. This work and his Gulstonian Lectures on the "Visceral Neuroses," were his only publications in book-form before the appearance of the "System of Medicine" in 1890, but of his addresses and papers to medical and other journals the list would be far too long to print here.

He left Leeds in 1889 to the very deep regret of all his colleagues and friends, but the enormous work of his practice was getting almost beyond his powers of endurance and I believe for that reason he was not unwilling to seek a less exacting sphere of work, as a Commissioner in Lunacy, a branch of medicine in which he was very much interested and very skilled. In 1892 he accepted the Regius Professorship of Physic in Cambridge which chair he held to the day of his death.

Though the Leeds School cannot claim him as one of her sons it may be justly proud of the fact that it was in Leeds that he made his great reputation as a physician and a teacher and laid the solid foundation upon which the most brilliant work of his life was to rest. It is not for me to speak of the service he rendered to Cambridge but it is common knowledge that under his inspiring and wise guidance the Cambridge Medical School grew and flourished as it had never done before. After some moments of distress he died in the early morning of February 22nd, 1923, in his 89th year. He had been seen only a few days before, by an old friend of mine, riding a tricycle in the streets of Cambridge.

He died as I am sure he would have wished without the suffering and degradations of long illness, and in his death we have lost the most distinguished, the most learned physician of our day and generation. Of no one could it more truly be said. "Time could not abate nor custom state his infinite variety." A.G.B.

NOTE.—There is an excellent portrait of Sir Clifford Allbutt by Sir Arthur Cope in the Board Room of the Infirmary which is well worth a visit.

## His Aunt's Shadow

(A long, complete story for Gryphon readers of love in a cottage. May be read in the seminar or on the sands).

*Oh, a beautiful daisied was Hannah;*

*Some called her the romp of Savannah . . .*

THE notes of the quaint old folk-song floated blithely through the groves of upas trees whose branches were just taking on the delicate emerald of spring. Dancing, liting merrily along the woodland path it came ever nearer, and as it approached one could also distinguish a faint but harmonious undertone as of a bassoon obbligato. Then, where the early morning sun struck through an opening in the trees, a slender girlish form stepped into view, driving the cows along to the byre for the morning milking. A fair picture indeed, framed in the background of green, as the sun glinted on her honey-coloured hair and lit up the depths of her blue-black eyes. Merrily, carelessly she wandered along, singing with the full-throatedness of a thrush as she gathered a posy of early buttercups, yellow dandelions and tender nettles. And all the while the cows Emily, Lilian and Maud murmured their soft obbligato. The maiden's name, by the way, was Ermyntude; that is the rule in this sort of story . . .

She had milked the cows and made breakfast for her deaf uncle and the fowls, and now sat down to her own simple meal of bacon, kidneys and eggs. As she sat there in the delicate scent wafted through the open window from the beds of parsley outside a vague feeling of unrest and discontent swept across her mind. Indeed often of late she had experienced that longing for emancipation from this dull place where nothing

ever happened, for a fairy prince to come and carry her away from her deaf uncle, who was getting old and trying, as short in temper as in breath. Only yesterday he had made a most absurd fuss because she had, quite accidentally, fed the pigs with his porridge and kidneys, leaving him their boiled bran and sharps for breakfast. O that she might see something of the world outside . . . . .

Her meditations were suddenly disturbed by a sharp rap at the door. She opened it, and there, stood on the garden path, was the perfect embodiment of all her dreams. Six-feet two of healthy manhood, clad in faultless plus-fours, bowler in one hand and sporting gun in the other, he stood bareheaded in the sunlight, which gleamed crisply on the crinkles of his dark red hair.

"Pardon me for disturbing you; but could you let me have a little water? I have unfortunately shot off my dog's tail." Simple, direct, coming straight to the point; how musical and oboe-like was his voice! she thought. Hastily she filled a basin with water; and with many thanks the stranger departed. In a quarter of an hour or so he returned, looking very red and hot.

"Thanks very much," he said, "I have had rather a struggle; there was hardly any tail left to bandage."

"You do look rather hot," she shyly replied. "Would you care for a glass of milk? It is very cooling."

"Milk! What's that?" he enquired in puzzled tones.

"I'll show you," and Emyntrude quickly filled a glass with the creamy fluid. He watched her every movement with a quickening interest in his eyes. How graceful she was! What poise, what suppleness, what carriage! Her profile, too, and the white roundness of her arms! How different she was from the animated masks whose mechanical prattle he found it so hard to endure at home . . . .

He took the glass she offered him and drained it at a gulp.

"By jove, this is topping stuff!" he said. "Milk, milk; I must make a note of that." And over the top of the glass their eyes met . . . .

They met several times after this (not merely their eyes of course; all of them). Once when he riddled the cow Emily with small shot; and again when Maud tossed his dog on to the top of a haystack. She learned that he was the eldest son of Lord Halley-Butt, the well known Collar-Stud King, and that he had come down for the shooting (though she had guessed this part before). She listened open-eyed to his stories of Park Lane and Ratcliffe Highway, of night-clubs and police raids. The wonder of it all filled her soul with an intense yearning . . . .

Came a night when, as they wandered hand in hand along the velvet turf under the twinkling lamps of night, a sudden hush fell upon them. To-morrow he must leave her for the opening of the Amalgamated Spats Combine Conference at Wigan. At the well-known stile they stopped, and looked into each other's eyes. Their lips met . . . .

"Tell me, Archibald," she whispered, "Have you ever kissed anyone before like this?" He smiled fondly.

"Why do you girls always ask that question? Of course I never have, you silly."

She sighed contentedly. And as he looked into her trustful eyes he felt a slight twinge of remorse. Could he deceive her thus? He could not.

"Darling," he hesitated, "I deceived you just now. One Christmas, twelve years ago I kissed my Aunt Hepzibah. Forgive me, I was so young."

A sob of bitter disillusionment broke from her.

"Go, base deceiver!" she cried; and rushing from him into the house burst into an agony of tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was ten years later. The lamps shone brightly in Mayfair on fair women and brave men, moving convulsively round to the seductive strains of the "Bolshie Beano." Seldom had such a brilliant scene been witnessed, except in the other five hundred and twenty-seven novelettes of this series. And fairest of all the throng was the maiden who had been announced under the simple designation of Miss Eryntrude Smith. You and I, dear readers, have seen her under different circumstances milking the cow Emily; and so had the tall young man who stood moodily by the orchestra alternately gnawing his moustache and drinking gin. But a kiss stood between him and happiness; and he could only stand in silent despair whilst his revered father, Lord Halley-Butt, begged the favour of a barn-dance with her.

She rose; but they had not got far before his lordship stopped short in amazement.

"Who on earth taught you this step, dear lady?" he asked.

"My uncle Tobias," she replied simply, "down on the farm."

"Strange! I thought only one person in the world knew that atrocious step." And as he spoke his eye was caught by a ring that flashed on her slender finger.

"Heavens! Hepzibah's ring!" he gasped, and clutched at his collar.

"Why, I have had that ring ever since I can remember;" and at her words the astonishing truth leaped to his brain. He led her to a seat, and there unfolded to her the remarkable tale.

His sister Hepzibah, though ardently sought by young Gengalplius Gurney, a rich neighbour but a poor dancer, had given her hand and heart to the Marquis of Mackrill. Her happiness was uninterrupted till four years later her only daughter, Alice, had disappeared from the castle grounds, leaving no trace, and had never been seen again till she reappeared this evening as Miss Eryntrude Smith. His Lordship deduced, and as it afterwards appeared correctly, that young Gurney had kidnapped her out of revenge; and had hidden himself on a farm under the name of Tobias Smuttlebury, bringing the girl up as his niece. On his death he had left her a large income derived from the profits on a rich vein of blotting-paper discovered under the farm; and with this she had embarked on Society.

His lordship was overjoyed. "My long lost niece!" he cried in husky tones. Then "Archie, you rascal, come and meet your cousin!"

And so they met.

"To think we should be cousins and never know it?" he said.

"Then the Aunt Hepzibah you kissed all those years ago?"

"Was your mother," he murmured tenderly.

"Oh Archibald, I am so sorry?" she moaned.

"Don't mention it," he replied simply.

Lord Halley-Butt smiled through his beard, and stole quietly away . . . . . (lots of dots here, Mr. Printer, please) . . . . . (thank you).

T.L.A.

THE END.

Next month there will appear a fine, long, complete story of love and adventure entitled "Sir Jasper's Secret," or "The Butler with the Shingles" [not here.—Ed.].

## A Good Word for Individualism

IT would perhaps be ungenerous to treat a breezy, readable, and healthy-minded article like that by Father Martindale on "-isms" in an earlier number of the *Gryphon* as if it were a piece of logically arranged polemic calling for a logically arranged criticism or reply. The brilliant pungency of his phrases somewhat unfits them for matter-of-fact handling in a dialectical or controversial way. Nevertheless there does lie, gracefully concealed behind the sparklings, a fairly recognisable argument or series of arguments. I trust therefore that it will not look like an unappreciative or maladroit treatment of his contribution if I put down three criticisms that seem to me to hold good against his case.

Firstly, the attack on "-isms" is *general*, as distinct from certain specific isms objectionable for specific reasons, cannot of course be taken seriously. For the plea amounts merely to a personal preference for or against certain words, sounds, and phrases, and a judgment of a limited number of isms which the author dislikes as if their quality determined that of -isms in general. Whether Father Martindale likes the word "Catholicism" or not is a trifling issue: the fact remains that it correctly describes the cause with which he is identified. He complains that "here we have no more a word that corresponds to so gigantic an idea. Things have shrunk." Wherein lies the shrinking? In the temporary absence of books, I write under correction: but I believe *Xpoungneia* is quite a good, frequent, and ancient Patristic word for Christianity. Does it suggest "a mean little mental illness" to Father Martindale?

Secondly, the objection to -isms in general clearly narrows itself as the article proceeds into an attack on individualism. Father Martindale accuses -ists in general, and individualists in particular, of wanting to shock others, of being dependent on and needing others in order to defy them—in short, of offensive selfishness. Over against that, he urges that the true course of development is to harmonize oneself with something much larger than oneself, and this naturally involves self-sacrifice. Now "selfishness" and "unselfishness" are extremely slippery words to handle in discussions on ethics. It is far easier to note and regret obvious cases of what in common parlance we call selfishness than it is to philosophize truly on the ultimate nature of the thing and its opposite. And the difficulty has, I think, led Father Martindale, as it has often led others, into a false antithesis. We gladly join him in his disapproval of the offensive talk at the club table, of the self-importance that delights in shocking others, and of much modern anti-prudery, and also in his commendation of a self-sacrificing attempt to harmonize oneself with something much bigger than oneself. But all this does not mean that you must not be an -ist, least of all an individualist, that you must not have confidence in your own convictions, and must refrain from advocating them in the presence of others. His own article in short, reveals him to be as much an -ist—and an individualist at that—as the rest of us. And the only reason for not calling him a "Catholicist" is that we have a shorter and more elegant word "Catholic" which, while the avowed individualist is sometimes selfish and offensive, he is not made so by being an individualist; and, it may be added as a general remark, there would be nothing to prevent a critic of theoretical individualism from revealing the same human failings. Let us, however, add that, in exposing and condemning the selfish nationalism exhibited in the specific instances Father Martindale refers to in Europe and Asia, he has our very cordial agreement. The only thing is that this is a condemnation of selfishness, injustice and cruelty—if you will, of Nationalism—but not of -isms in general or individualism in particular.

Thirdly, what bearing has all this on the issue between Catholicism and Protestantism? It would be an injustice to Father Martindale to regard his article as an explicit criticism of Protestantism. He avoids making it that. And yet his allusions to the *Res Catholica*, and (at the end of his article) to the need of religion to keep men unselfish and free from a narrow sectionalism, and the "shadowed hint," that his full thought here is unexpressed and must be pursued by the reader for himself, justify one in asking whether he means us to regard his attack on individualism as part at least of his statement of the Romanist case against Protestantism. Whatever the answer to that question may be, it is perhaps worth while to touch on the bearing which an appreciation of the true individualism has upon the question to which I have alluded. No complaint is more frequent on the lips of the controversial Catholic than that of the Protestant's "pride," i.e., his trust in his private judgment (conscience, reason, intuition, and so forth) in preference to the authoritative voice of the Church, the argument seems to me utterly pointless. Every man who is a Catholic by his own will and choice (for the *unthinking* Catholic is not commended to us as the model) is so because he personally and individually and by the exercise of private judgment accepts the Catholic argument as true. That is his conversion to Catholicism, and his willing continuance in it, presuppose in himself the existence of a fundamental determining power to consent. In order to be able to believe in the Pope's infallibility, he has got to begin by believing—for a time at least—in his own infallibility. It is very hard to get Catholics to see and admit this; but there the fact is before our eyes. Whatever degree of deference you profess to a teaching authority, it does not alter the fact one iota that it is *you* and not another who decides whom you are to trust as your teacher. It is quite a misrepresentation to argue, as Catholics generally do, that they wisely and humbly submit to Divinely appointed teachers while the Protestant, in his foolish pride, repudiates all teachers and trusts in his own fallible individual private judgment. I urge that the Catholic, in consenting to be a Catholic, is building, as truly as the Quaker, on a *basis* of inner light and private judgment, the ultimacy and priority of which is only concealed, not destroyed, by his large conscious trust, *subsequently*, in the teaching of the Church on all points of detail. I urge that the Protestant, with his avowed trust in private judgment, i.e., in the God-bestowed gifts of reason, conscience, and sense of the Divine, as the ultimate authority, is no more proud in doing so than is the Catholic. He does not repudiate all authoritative teaching or think that he can discover and decide all truth without help; he knows that he needs teachers, and is eager always to learn from the best; but in all his learning, he knows that it is to himself, as personally led and enlightened by the God of all truth, that he must throughout and in the last resort trust, not only (as the Catholic does) in one great initial choice of a human teacher, or body of teachers, but in all choice of all human teachers and *in the checking and sifting of all they teach him*. Let me put a concrete case: if I am unentitled to trust my private judgment (God-enlightened as I claim it to be) in condemning the use of torture in religious persecution despite its having been sanctioned by the Church, then I am certainly quite unentitled to trust it (as the Catholic invites me to do) in the far bigger decision as to the special authority of the Bishop of Rome. Why rely on the inner light as a trustworthy power to give assent to enormous initial claims, and then deny its right to dissent when (as in religious persecution, or biblical criticism) the voice of the chosen authority contradicts flatly the clearest utterances of that same inner light?

The recognition of the need of teachers to change our ignorance into knowledge is not then inconsistent with Protestantism or the *ultimacy* of the God-given and God-enlightened private judgment as our authority. You may call this subjectivism and individualism if you like. It is individualism in the sense that a man cannot

leap away from his own thoughts, just as he cannot leap away from his own shadow. It is subjectivism only in the sense that it denies that *ultimate* authority can inhere in any document or human medium outside the individual, not in the sense that the authority is human and individual, as distinct from Divine, in its origin. Nor finally does the all-pervading presence of a personal factor—peculiar to each of us, and incapable of being either eliminated or *exactly* measured and so corrected—upset the ultimacy of private judgment so understood. It accounts rationally for our liability to error on details; it explains the fact of our disagreements; it shows the need of a constant and careful willingness to learn. But it does not deprive us (any more than the limitations and imperfections of our eyesight and power of hearing deprive us) of the power to learn truth sufficient for the day, and to use it. And whereas physical sight and hearing fail with years, our vision and grasp of the truth of God grow with growing experience. The Church's greatest safeguard from error lies not in a fence of verbal creeds to circumscribe the true flock and exclude heretics and schismatics, but in the Divine magnetic centre that draws and holds together the several members in a growing unity—the God of all Truth, the Church's Living Lord, and the Divine Spirit which enlightens every child of man.

DON'T FORGET

THE

RAG

On DEGREE DAY,  
Saturday, July 4th

*Start a Stunt of  
your own or get  
in touch with  
someone else's.*

*We mean to Break  
all Records*

### In Exile

Are skies still blue in Lancashire,  
And white clouds purely white?  
And does the sky still flame aloft  
With Kirkless in the night?  
I long for Wigan's peaceful roofs  
Blue-hazed beneath my feet—  
The riches of remembered views  
In every friendly street.  
Now Appley Woods are shimmering green  
Beneath the touch of spring,  
And deep in Appley glen, by brook  
And fern, the throesless sing.  
The apple trees fling rainbow spray  
Upon my garden walls,  
And on the drowsy close of day  
The lilac's sweetness talks.  
O give me back my fields of home—  
My woods adrip with rain;  
Take back this useless city's stir—  
And give me these again!

J. WORTHINGTON.

## I.V.A.B. Hockey Tour in Germany

THE tour was originally arranged for the week before Easter, but, owing to a shortage of players, had to be postponed until April 16th. Even then we were obliged to go with a bare eleven, five of whom were reserves, and no referee. The team consisted of five Cardiff, three Nottingham, and one Leeds, Manchester and Liverpool players. We left London at 1 p.m. April 16th; the passage was pretty bad and several of us had difficulty in restraining our feelings. We set off from Ostend for Heidelberg at 7.30 p.m. via Brussels, Aachen, Cologne, etc.

We picked up our official conductor at Aachen, and found he could speak some English. We had breakfast at Cologne at 6 a.m. and then went for a walk round the town by permission of the Military Police. We saw the Cathedral but, as a service was taking place, we couldn't go round it.

Then we set off up the Rhine valley in lovely weather and country. On both sides of the railway were mountains and on the left the river with long strings of huge barges. Perched on the tops of the hills were old castles, some of which looked in perfect condition and were probably owned by profiteers. On the sides of the hills were vineyards, most of them in places I should be proud to climb to. Not only has the peasant to pay a heavy price for this land but he has to carry water up to it every morning and evening. And if there is too heavy a rain then all his carefully built-up terraces are washed away.

We arrived at Heidelberg at 2.30 p.m., April 17th after some 30 hours travelling and most of us were fed up with trains. We went to bed early after listening for a short time to Manchester broadcasting.

18th.—Next morning we were taken round Heidelberg Castle, a fine place in good repair. The chief attraction was a huge wine cask holding 50,000 gallons and now used as a dancing floor. Roughly it was about 15 yards long by 15 yards high.

Our first match took place at 5.30 p.m. on a ground as hard as a brick, devoid of grass and very bumpy. This made the game much faster than in England and we lost 6-2 goals. The refereeing was rather different from English, being very lenient in the matter of sticks, but we got on very well.

At night we were given a banquet—in which Yorkshire Pudding had a place as a mark of esteem—and afterwards went to the "Red Bull" Inn, headquarters of one of the Students' Corporations. Here we were provided with beer and invited to be noisy, certainly our hosts were, divested of coats to give their elbows more play they sang student songs, etc., for us until we left by taxi at 12 o'clock.

19th.—We had to get up early to catch a train to Frankfort, where we played at 11.30 a.m. on Sunday morning. The grounds there were very fine, with a magnificent clubhouse where we danced and slept at night. We lost 1-7 goals, one man bagging six; the same man had beaten Oxford Greyhounds practically by himself at Rugger the previous week.

In the afternoon we were taken to see the South German Soccer Final, and found a primitive ground and exits but not bad football. The side and back lines consisted of the spectators chairs, so that things at times were liable to be hectic.

At night we were given a small supper and dance in the clubhouse where we also slept—three men to a room. Some of the teams playing at Frankfort came from such a distance that they have to stop the night and so the rooms were included to save the bother of hotels, etc.



20th.—We were given an English breakfast of porridge, ham and eggs and then set off for Mannheim, where we arrived 2.30 p.m. We stayed here with various members of the team or their friends and had a great time. We played at 6 p.m. on a softer ground with a re-arranged team and managed to win 4-1 goals. As one of our men was laid out at Frankfort we had to play a German, who later went with us to Nürnberg in case of emergencies.

At night we were given a dance until 12 o'clock, after which some of us went on to a private house, from which we managed to escape—very much refreshed—about 4 a.m.

21st.—Most of us were taken sight-seeing by our various hosts in the morning. The chief attraction was Mannheim Castle—a huge residential one—now disused except for a few offices. We set off for Nürnberg about 2 p.m. and arrived there at 9 p.m. After supper we went to the Winter Gardens to see a Cabaret with an English troupe in it. The onlookers were especially pleased with one number, "Baby, be mine."

22nd.—In the morning we were taken by bus round the town and castle, seeing the various haunts of the Mastersingers and Hans Sachs's house. The castle torture chambers were horrible with their realistic pictures of people undergoing the various torments.

In the afternoon we were taken round the Zoo and at last, pleasantly tired, we were brought back to play our match at 6 p.m. The ground was quite nice and covered with grass but we managed to lose 0-3 goals all the same.

On the whole I came to the conclusion that German Hockey is not as good as English and any good Yorkshire Club would have beaten the sides we played and they were the best in South Germany. All the same the Germans are very keen and clean players, and very anxious to come to England to make our further acquaintance. One thing they did learn from us and that was to play quietly. Their papers noted the difference between their noisy shouts and expostulations and our way and it was noticeable how much quieter the games were towards the end.

The whole team enjoyed the visit immensely and most had their ideas altered in some ways. Those who couldn't come with us missed a chance they will not get again—that of being the first hockey team to visit that part of Germany for over 10 years. Our hosts were very good to us and on all sides we met with expressions of friendship and hopes that the visit would be the first of many others. If they can come to England to play I think it would be rather a fine thing for the Universities to be amongst the first to promote friendly relations between the two countries.

O.S.H.

## Acknowledgments

*G.U.M.* (Glasgow); *The Student* (Edinburgh); *The University Gazette* (Birmingham); *The Serpent* (Manchester); *The Vincula* (London); *The Sphinx*; *The University* (N.U.S.); *Fox Studentium*; *The Last Crusade*; *Photographic Signposts* (Messrs. Barron's, Wellcome & Co.); *Road Risks Illustrated* (Royal Insurance Co.); *The Magazine of the University College of South Wales*; *Cap and Gown* (Wales); *The New Student* (America); List of books added to the Public Libraries in April and May; *The Olympian* (The Yorkshire Aeroplane Club); *The Dragon*.



## The Tramp

White dust lies on the highway, but I know  
Of hedgerows that with green are still a-glow ;  
Of hidden, mossy haunts, to rest an hour  
Counting the graces of some wild, small flower.

I know a brook clearer than fabled rills,  
Bringing its coolness from the greenest hills.  
Where shadows lie entangled all day long,  
Lingering to hear the ripples of its song.

Windows light up at dusk, but leave to me  
The hanging moon and stars my lamp to be ;  
Treading the old, steep road that has no end,  
With my old pack, and Silence, my old friend.

M. I. BAUMANN.

## The Hippopotamus

Deep in the bosom of some lost lagoon  
The Hippopotamus gigantic lay  
Amid blue waters glistening under day ;  
The song of birds join'd with the ripples' cresson  
Sweet music made, but other noises soon  
Rang from afar, and through the foliage gay  
Sent warning of swift carmen on their way.  
That came at last with many a bright harpoon.

Arise the Monster, roused by their attack,  
Lifting his bulk from out the muddied water.  
Rent and crashed the boat with mighty jaws,  
And in his fury did not tire or slack  
While aught remained but blood : such is  
The slaughter  
Performed by dreamers to defend their  
causes.

PATRICK DALLAN.

## Vergil

(For G.W.).

Through the cool summer dusk the gently-moving strings  
In softly cadenced notes whispered mysterious things,  
Filling us with a gentle sadness, we who were there,  
For the calm sweetness of the moment that trembled on the air,  
The visible flower of happiness. Suddenly, clear and sharp,  
Rising above the soft cadences of the harp,  
The chant of a long-dead tongue sounded amongst us then,  
And the voice of a long-dead poet woke in the world again ;  
The voice of a poet spoke across the gulf of years  
And rang with the joy of his laughter and trembled with his tears ;  
And we who heard it thrilled as the strange voice rose and fell,  
While the harp-strings murmured and murmured of the secret they had to tell,  
Till no longer the voice faltered to us in an alien tongue,  
But we knew it for ours, the tongue that we spoke when the world was young,  
And ours the story it told . . .

The sonorous voice was still  
And we saw that the sun had sunk behind the expected hill ;  
The room was filled with the scent of evening-stocks and of musk  
And still the harp-strings whispered secrets into the dusk . . .

S. MATTHEWMAN.

## Light as Leaf on Lindentree

*'Tis of Beren Ermbased brokenhearted,  
How Luthien the lissous he loved of yore  
In the enchanted forest chained with wonder,  
Tindviel he named her, than nightingale  
More sweet her voice, as veiled in soft  
And wavering wisps of woven dark  
Shot with starlight, with shining eyes,  
She danced like dreams of drifting elven,  
Pale twinkling pearls in pools of darkness.*

The grass was very long and thin,  
The leaves of many years lay thick,  
The old tree-roots wound out and in,  
And the early moon was glimmering,  
There went her white feet liltling quick,  
And Dairon's flute did bubble thin,  
As nath the hemlock umbels thick  
Tindviel danced a-shimmering,  
The pale moths lumbered noiselessly,  
And daylight died among the leaves,  
As Beren from the wild country  
Came thither wayworn sorrowing,  
He peered between the hemlock sheaves,  
And watched in wonder noiselessly  
Her dancing through the moonlit leaves  
And the ghostly moths a-following,  
There magic took his weary feet,  
And he forgot his loneliness,  
And out he danced, unheeding, fleet,  
Where the moonbeams were a-glittering,  
Through the tangled woods of Ellinse  
They fled on nimble fairy feet,  
And left him to his loneliness  
In the silent forest listening,  
Still hearkening for the imagined sound  
Of lissous feet upon the leaves,  
For music welling underground  
In the dim-lit caves of Doriath,  
But withered are the hemlock sheaves,  
And one by one with mournful sound  
Whispering fall the beechen leaves  
In the dying woods of Doriath.

Wherever grass is long and thin,  
And the leaves of countless years be thick,  
And ancient roots wind out and in,  
As once they did in Doriath,  
Shall go their white feet liltling quick,  
But never Dairon's music thin  
Be heard beneath the hemlocks thick,  
Since Beren came to Doriath.

He sought her wandering near and far  
Where the leaves of one more year were  
strewn,  
By winter moon and frosty star  
With shaken light a-shivering,  
He found her nath a misty moon,  
A silver wreath that danced afar,  
And the mists beneath her feet were strewn  
In moonlight palely quivering,  
She danced upon a hillock green  
Whose grass unfading kissed her feet,  
While Dairon's fingers played unseen  
O'er his magic flute a-flickering;  
And out he danced, unheeding, fleet,  
In the moonlight to the hillock green;  
No impress found he of her feet  
That fled him swiftly flickering,  
And longing filled his voice that called  
"Tindviel, Tindviel,"  
And longing sped his feet enthralled  
Behind her wayward shimmering,  
She heard as echo of a spell  
His lonely voice that longing called  
"Tindviel, Tindviel";  
One moment paused she glimmering,  
And Beren caught that elfin maid  
And kissed her trembling starlit eyes,  
Tindviel whom love delayed  
In the woods of evening morrowless,  
Till moonlight and till music dies  
Shall Beren by the elfin maid  
Dance in the starlight of her eyes  
In the forest singing sorrowless.

J. R. R. TOLKIEN.

## Some Higher Truth

Some higher truth!—for this doth plead  
A world that ones, in bitter need,  
"Say, must ye strive, O human kind,  
Amid a clash of soul and mind,  
Of new born thought and ancient creed?"  
Men ask "Eternal, dost Thou heed  
The minds that grope, the hearts that bleed?"  
They cannot rest until they find  
Some higher truth.

But men are bound by sordid greed,  
And follow not where Thou dost lead,  
Eternal! we are lost and blind  
Until on us Thy light hath shined,  
Come near and teach our souls to read  
Some higher truth.

R. E. HERKLOTS.



## A PREFACE TO SHAKESPEARE.

G. H. Cowling (Methuen).

**M**R. Cowling's book is both an excellent and attractive introduction for beginners and a critical study which will delight the expert. His passages on "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are appreciations of no mean merit and the whole book is characterised by a direct and simple approach to the vast subject which is a great relief in these somewhat over-critical days. The best chapters are those on the Form and Fable of the Plays and on their Sources and Intention. We find it difficult to agree with Mr. Cowling's contention, shared by another modern critic, Mr. Robert Graves, that the "Sonnets" are a "feigned expression of personal feeling" though there is no doubt that a large number of the Elizabethan sonnets were entirely artificial. He also tends perhaps just a little to underrate their unique literary splendour. But his tribute to the master genius is as a whole admirably put together, deeply informative and highly stimulating. The name of Viscount Saint Albans is not even once mentioned!

W.R.C.

## ONLY FOR WANTONNESS.

Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate, 5/-).

**M**R. Coke's lyrics have a delicacy and freshness that seem to recall nothing so much as the daintiness of Herrick. These poems have a quality of spontaneous music and though as in the extremely beautiful "In Memoriam" he shows himself capable of an almost tragic gravity, his prevailing mood is a joyous abandon to the lyrical impulse that passes very easily into gentle disillusion or whimsical regret. In much of his poetry the subject seems almost less important than the song; that is always present, with all the infinite variations of tune and cadence that characterise authentic minstrelsy. One of the most perfect of these poems is "Bid me be Gay":

Bid me be gay,  
 I will be whimsical, foolish, fantastical,  
 All the long day,  
 Let the mood pass,  
 I'll be as still as my grandsire in Sussex,  
 'Neath the long grass,  
 Bid me careen you,  
 I'll call the Saints from the blue ways of Heaven  
 Downward to bless you,  
 Bid me go leave you,  
 I'll take myself and my song to the silence,  
 Lest they should grieve you.

Another very successful poem is called "On the Remains of a Roman Soldier found among the Peat." It is short, but has an exquisite concentration and finish:

All the lordly hosts of Rome  
 Embedded 'neath the pent,  
 Careless be, that overhead  
 Trample alien feet;  
 Or that across the smiling fields,  
 Where the Legions bled,

A little, lonely shepherd boy  
 Is running home to bed;  
 Pomp and power of purple Rome,  
 Definitely dead,  
 Better be a shepherd boy,  
 Running home to bed.

Here is a verse from "In Memoriam" :—

Then dreamt I of Madonna Death,  
 Bending o'er me wise and kind,  
 Then I would read the riddle plain,  
 And see the face I could not find;  
 I should meet her undimmed  
 With eyes no longer dull and blind,  
 Then sleeping, dream of homely things,  
 Sunset and the morning wind.

The book, with its lyric charm, unfailing music and frequent touches of pure romance, is a notable addition to the many books of verse published of late in Yorkshire.

W.R.C.

## Art

THE Coming of Age Exhibition at Cartwright Hall, Bradford, is probably the most important exhibition held in the provinces for some years. With very few exceptions, every British painter of any importance from Hogarth to John Nash is well represented. Not all the pictures are good, but many that are not deserve their place in the exhibition for their historical value, for the way they explain the development of British painting. Sir David Wilkie's *Distraising for Rent* (28) for example, is bad as a representation of life, badly composed, and badly painted, but the exhibition would be less valuable without it.

Sir Joshua Reynolds is represented by a portrait of Thomas Lister, First Lord Ribblesdale (11). His firm painting, and his inability to make a face completely vacuous, have made it a good picture in spite of the dangerously affected pose of the sitter. Romney's *Mrs. Smith and Child* (19) shows his good qualities, but *Lady Hamilton as St. Cecilia* (28) is weak in feeling and badly painted. It needs a greater artist than Romney (Goya, for example) to bring prosaic things like organ-pipes into a picture. In Lawrence's portrait of General William Twiss (26) there is more strength and straight forward feeling than he usually seems capable of. Raeburn's *Charles James Fox* (from the Leeds Art Gallery) is splendid as a portrait but has not enough composition.

So far we have discussed artists everyone is agreed about; now we come to the Victorian period, and tread on thin ice. We may either think of top hats and the *Foray* Saga and say these are the most delightful pictures in the exhibition, or think of antimacassars and pass them with a sneer. Neither of these attitudes brings us any nearer to a just appreciation of Victorian painting. What value has it, apart from its incidental quaintness? In the first place, nearly all the Victorian painters knew both how to draw and how to use pigment; many of their works which are bad when considered as wholes contain exquisitely painted details. Perhaps it was just this skill that made them fail in many of their biggest pictures. They seemed to think one had only to draw the figures well and paint them smoothly and nothing more; they were careless about feeling a composition. They too often considered a big picture simply as a number of little pictures all on the same canvas. This is what Machise, an excellent draughtsman, did in his *Winter Night's Tale* (35). This represents a room crowded with figures and furniture, all painted in the utmost detail. Ford Madox Brown's famous *Work* (56) has the same fault. Edwin Abbey's

*Fair is my Love* (46) is more typical of the sort of thing the Victorians succeeded in; like those works just mentioned it is excellently painted, but it is a small canvas and only represents two people, a tree and a field. This shows how good the Victorians could be when they depended chiefly on painting itself; James Hook's *Young Dreams* (39) shows how bad they could be when they depended chiefly on feeling. Burne-Jones and Rossetti, whose best pictures in this exhibition are *Phyllis and Demophoon* (69) and *Marianna* (64) are remarkable as Victorians with refined feeling as well as refined technique.

How near we still are sometimes to Victorian painting may be seen from Strang's *The Buffet* (157), which represents a girl standing by a table with refreshments on. It has a twentieth-century air, but all that is necessary to make it a typical Victorian work is to make the girl demure instead of cheeky and substitute grapes for the wine on the table. On the other hand, how far we usually are from Victorian painting may be seen by comparing Clausen's *Hawstead—Springtime* (145) painted presumably about forty years ago, with his recent works; it is a change from vacuity to passion. Brangwyn, who represents perhaps better than anyone this side of modern painting, is very inadequately represented in this exhibition. *All Hands Shorten Sail* (139) and *Spring-Time* (151) are both poor, and *The Slave Market* (98), though good, is not full enough to show him at his best. James Pryde, a great artist whose works are too seldom seen, is represented by *The Grave* (122), the ninth of his Red Series, a series which shows with a gloomy magnificence the part played by the bed in human life. This example is full of passion, but perfectly restrained; in front of a towering purple bed, the dying man watches heavy paving stones being moved to make his grave.

The three portraits by Sir William Orpen are all of course honest in feeling and magnificently painted. In *Sir William Henry Ashurst* (91), however, he seems a little too intent on making a successful and pleasing likeness, whereas in *The Red Scarf* (94) and *Lady in Black* (102) he is chiefly interested in colour and texture. Some people might blame Glyn Philpot for following the Old Masters too closely. His scrupulous simplicity and truth certainly remind us of them, but he was nothing that is not necessary to his purpose. He would be incapable of using a mannerism because some one else has used it before. At any rate, we cannot blame a painter who can make such a good picture as his *Young Bedford* (118) from such simple materials. He gets a good colour scheme from blacks and greys and the design springs naturally from the contour of the sitter.

There is no space here to speak of the water-colours, nor indeed to deal at all adequately with the oils. Perhaps enough has been said to show the extraordinarily high value of the exhibition.

BRIAN WOLEGE.

## Morning

The streaming feet of the Dawn shine like jewels,  
And the silk-fine carpet of the stirring woods  
Is washed with dew-stars exquisitely clean,  
A thousand notes cleave the cool solitude  
Sharply and sweetly, as the stab of Love  
Pierces the marble coverings of the heart,  
The breath of the Sun touches the perfect bowl  
Of delicately carved wild roses,  
And suddenly the white mystery of the road  
Clutches me, and the pure melody of hills  
In the wind, and laughter of fiercely dancing seas,  
And I am drowned in the colours of the morning.

P.

## The Weather and the Art of Conversation

(A HARMLESS TOPIC THIS TIME).

THE English habit of always referring to the weather at the beginning of a conversation has much more to recommend it than most of us realise. It is not simply, as foreigners often think, that the variability of our climate makes the weather an unfailingly safe topic. There is more in it than that.

The art of conversation is a much neglected one in this country, and it is in the hope that my research into the subtleties of the art may be of help to many shy young people that I now indicate briefly the general principles which govern all really fine conversation.

For the purpose of this study, it is better to narrow down the meaning of conversation. All conversation is talk, but the converse—all talk is conversation—is untrue. Conversation is that kind of talk which goes on between people who are not intimately acquainted, but who are thrown together by chance, or by the design of some social leader. It is a kind of small talk which usually serves to keep people at a distance, a verbal protection to the inner workings of the soul while the mind is forming tentative opinions on the character and disposition of acquaintances.

The first principle of conversation then, is that the introductory remarks should always refer to the weather. If anyone doubts this, let him read "Climate and Civilization," by Professor Elsworth Huntington, in which is clearly shown the close relation between climatic zones and human culture. The fall of Babylon, the Decline of Rome, the Rise of the British Empire, all these things happen because the weather permits.

Since a conversation must have some starting point, it is best to choose that point which offers the most lines of communication. Really well brought up people don't start at random on any subject. Intelligent people should not even guess at a subject likely to prove serviceable in a conversation. Guesswork is altogether too crude, and it is the depth of bad manners to begin a conversation with someone by going at once to one's own pet subject. Nor does the good conversationalist ever begin with a dogmatic statement, for that can only lead to a polite acquiescence or a categorical denial. The resulting talk, in the former event, becomes a mere lecture, while in the latter it rapidly degenerates into an argument. Lecturing is best left to professors, who have to keep themselves in practice; while even sergeant-majors have been known to object to argument.

I repeat, the weather is the first thing to mention because it is of common experience, and is related to every possible topic of interest.

There is, curiously enough, one other alternative beginning to a conversation. In certain circumstances there is a great deal to be said for a dog as an introduction, and even as a medium of conversation. Many a romance has begun with a young man's remark to the sweet young owner of the pup which has taken a fancy to his socks.

"Fine dog, aren't you?" says the youth.

"He's only four months," replies the maid, knowing the remark was really addressed to her.

But there is a disadvantage about a dog. It is apt to become too engrossing and prevent that free flow of thought which is the real pleasure of conversation. Dog stories may be as fatal as angling anecdotes. The safest start is the weather. It is quite easy to pass from the weather to the agricultural depression, the demand

for wool, silk stockings, shipping losses, sport or anything else. Besides the book already mentioned, there are hundreds of treatises showing how every department of life is affected by climate and weather. There is the sun-spot theory of cyclical fluctuations of trade, the effect of Spring on poets, the correlation of temperature and vital statistics, the relation of climate to architecture, the effect of dampness on the complexion, the curative properties of sunlight, wind and the smoke nuisance, and so *ad infinitum*.

The second principle of the art of conversation is called the principle of variety. The skilled conversationalist touches lightly upon topics of the moment, passing in graceful sequence from one to another in such a way as to flatter everyone's vanity without exposing anyone's ignorance.

An illustration will perhaps make these principles clearer. Let me take a rather difficult case, say a young man educated at Leeds University but retaining his native politeness, and wishing to engage in conversation a young woman whom he has met in circumstances which need not be specified. The girl has a novel by Ethel M. Dell in her hand, but is otherwise apparently quite healthy looking.

*Student*: "Rather mild for the time of the year."

*Girl*: "Yes, isn't it?" (Good start. Reply not so inane as it looks).

*S.*: "It should do the crops good." *G.*: "Yes." (Girl evidently not from country).

*S.*: "Hope it does,—bring the cost of living down."

*G.*: "Oh! Yes." (Economics not her forte. Father wealthy).

*S.*: "Of course, we had similar trouble after the Napoleonic Wars."

*G.*: "Oh!" (No History-Secondary School education).

*S.*: "But this Government won't do much."

*G.*: "Father thinks they are splendid." (Political ideas undeveloped. Tact required).

*S.*: "I suppose they are doing their best. I see a few of the Cabinet have just returned from the Riviera."

*G.*: "Yes, they've been playing tennis too."

The conversation now flows unrestrainedly from tennis to holidays, dances, plays, fiction, and the beauty of the sunset over Beamsley Beacon. If the young man had not been so well educated he might have gone straight from the weather to tennis. But he had the sense to yield the initiative before it was too late, and so was able to spend a pleasant afternoon.

The third principle is the Happy Ending. A conversation should not finish abruptly, but fade away into a final harmony of self-satisfaction. An anecdote from *Punch* is often a quite effective means of terminating a conversation, or the joke at the end of a gossip column—the "Do-you-know-this-one" paragraph, which is based on the same principle. There is scope for originality here. But above all things remember that the plea of a train to catch is the last infirmity of a noble mind.

P. P. MURPHY.

## Dramatic Society

### "THE FOUNDATIONS."

THE Dramatic Society's production of "The Foundations," on March 18th marked a definite stage in its somewhat chequered history. A definite effort has been made this session to raise the Society above the "drawing-room charade" level which has characterised some of its work in the past; and in the two performances so far given there is ample evidence that an altogether higher



dramatic standard has now not only been set but achieved. Baring's "Diminutive Dramas" were, of course, more in the nature of a preliminary test of fitness—they were amusing trifles and little else. Galsworthy's play, however, demands more sustained and artistic presentation. It is, indeed, rather an odd play to come from serious Mr. Galsworthy—a tremendous trifle, a joke elaborated into three acts—but though the plot is nothing, the characters are so vitally drawn that their adequate interpretation places no small demand on the technique and artistic skill of the actors. The members of the Society may be congratulated on an admirable presentation of an admirable play.

Two members of the cast stood head and shoulders above the rest. Miss Joan Worthington as Mrs. Lemmy achieved a success as striking as it was deserved. Her interpretation of the faded old country-woman, its pathos skilfully reserved behind a cheerful effort to make the best of her surroundings, was one sustained masterpiece. Mr. Geoffrey Gurney as her son, the revolutionary plumber, shared with her the honours of the evening. A pale pink Bolshevik this—the mildest plumber who ever tried to scuttle a wine-cellar with a bomb—with whom loving-kindness and infernal machines were the twin agents for ending class-wars; and all the whimsical paradox of his character was developed to an artistic triumph by Mr. Gurney.

Mr. Noel Howlett as Lord William Dromondy was very good, but he tended rather to stress that side of the character which indicates his Lordship merely as an amiable ass. One feels that Mr. Howlett should have stressed a little more the reserve of strength lying behind Lord William's outward vacuity. Miss Eleanor Hamilton Thompson gave a capable interpretation of the somewhat colourless part of Lady Dromondy.

Mr. Jack Burford as Poulter the butler began well but rather fell away. He was evidently well versed in the outward accessories of "buttling," but there are depths in the part that he rather failed to plumb. It wants more restraint and consistency of characterisation than Mr. Burford afforded it. Miss Monica Sanderson and Miss Muriel Penny as Little Anne and Little Aida appeared to find their parts rather "Peter-Pannish"; the former especially found it difficult to play convincingly the intrusively childish part of Lord William's daughter. Nevertheless both were good throughout. Mr. Cecil Edwards as James the first footman seemed rather uncomfortable. He often had difficulty in disposing of his feet and of his hands; whilst his reading of the part, though sometimes good, was lacking in smoothness and finish.

There were two obvious weaknesses in the performance, one of interpretation and one of presentation. Mr. James Paskin as The Press was much below the form we know him to possess. This enterprising, ubiquitous, light-yellow pressman wants far more subtle and delicate handling than was afforded. Mr. Paskin never got really inside his part; he always seemed self-conscious, and delivered his lines as though he were reading minutes at a Union Meeting. He can and will do much better than this. The only other flaw was the handling of the crowd of revolutionaries in the last act. A starving crowd, clamouring for food outside a Park Lane mansion, demonstrated its dissatisfaction and indicated its demands in so decorous, mild and half-hearted a way that one would almost have thought they were in church.

Taken altogether, however, the performance was a distinct success. No small credit is due to Mrs. Hamilton Thompson, whose experienced and admirable coaching showed itself in all departments of the presentation. She has gathered round her a Society of able and willing members; and if their joint efforts always result in productions so good as this the Society may look forward confidently to a long and prosperous existence.

T.L.A.



Who are this Mr. Picholls and this Mr. Nickles ?

\* \* \*

One member at least of the Union Committee is working very hard this year ; he informed his professor in a lecture that Whitsuntide, for him, would be from 9.30 to 10.30 a.m. " What do you do Sunday, N—y ? "

\* \* \*

We quite approve of the suggestion of installing a Soda Fountain at the foot of the Great Hall stairs, though some people, we understand, think there has been enough " gas " there lately.

\* \* \*

We have observed many signs and tokens of the violent nature of the recent election. Though one gentleman *does* attribute it to a bicycle, we have our doubts.

\* \* \*

We'd like to know :—

Whether Devonshire has a new Committee every month !

And what the betting is as to how long the next one will be in resigning.

\* \* \*

The *Yorkshire Evening Post* says : " We have, as a nation, criminally neglected Ping-Pong."

Up, girls, and at 'em !

\* \* \*

THIS MONTH'S REFECTORY PROVERB :—A " bird " in the geology corridor is worth two in the Hall.

\* \* \*

Mr. Tolkien in the *Yorkshire Weekly Post* :—

" There are degrees in Heaven."

Then what on earth are we all doing here ?

## The Education Society's Visit to York

**A**N energetic crowd are our Education students! Incredible as it may seem, on the first Friday of this term, over seventy of them arose with the lark and caught the 8.55 train to York.

We were rather a long time bursting on York, for the leaders of the expedition somehow got delayed on the platform, and for about half an hour their unshepherded flock endangered the traffic of the city. Finally, just as the city police were considering our forcible removal, our guides arrived from the neighbourhood of the Refreshment Room, and we were separated into two herds and carefully guided along to the Minster.

We looked at it carefully all over on the outside, and then went inside. Personally, I found it very big and cold, and my neck ached with looking at the roof, so I thought I'd sit down. There was only one seat in sight in that part of the building, so I went up and sat on it, but no sooner had I done so than a fierce-looking individual in a flowing robe came up and said in a hollow but menacing whisper, "This seat is reserved for Minster police," so I got up, my opinion of York having gone down several points. For we may not be angelic in Leeds, but we haven't fallen as far as having detectives in the Parish Church yet!

When we came out of the Minster, our guide announced that we were now going round the Bars. The spirits of the party rose appreciably, and affable conversation was the rule as we walked through the streets at a much brisker pace than heretofore. After ten minutes or so our leader came to a halt before a large stone gateway, with a portcullis and other fittings. The party was for hurrying on, but he refused to move, and suddenly a haggard look came over the faces of those nearest him; pressing forward, I heard him say, in the midst of a stricken silence, "This is Bootham Bar." I heard no more, for a stupor of disillusion overwhelmed me, which even the Merchants' Hall and the City Walls failed to penetrate.

After being duly nourished, we went on to Rowntrees' Works, and spent the afternoon (with intervals for refreshments) in exploring the mysteries of the packing of chocolates and cocoas. At five we departed well content, each complete with a presentation box which everyone seemed determined to preserve hermetically sealed until he or she reached home.

I fear this noble resolution was not kept by all the occupants of the next compartment to ours in the train going home. Were it not that the respectability of the said occupants is well-known, I should have said that something in the nature of a dogfight was taking place. As it is, I judge it accidental that one gentleman emerged with shavings in his hair and streaks of cocoa on his classic features. Such things, I know, are *always* accidental in the Education Department.

## The Boomerang

(Epitaph and Laurel wreath for the dead Poet).

Here is a wreath you never gained in life,  
Although ambition wasted all your years;  
Instead, you were rewarded with a wife,  
Whose faithlessness made you the ripper  
for our poets.

Take it now, 't is all I have to give;  
Make it reward for all you wrote in verse  
Fruitlessly, that your poor name might live  
A little longer when you'd left the hearse.

You never gained the World's applause,  
Nor hoped to know a Poet write your  
epitaph,  
And I shall never see a stranger pause  
And reverence your grave—without I'll  
laugh.

DENIS BOTTEHILL.

## National Union of Students

THE OXFORD CONGRESS.

THE first General Congress of the National Union of Students will certainly not be the last. Its success was indisputable; one or two disappointments dogged the Congress at the start. Viscount Cecil was too ill to attend the opening meeting, but he was able to give his address at the last meeting, so members suffered no loss, but rather gained for they were able to hear in addition the excellent speech which Colonel John Buchan, who took Viscount Cecil's place at extremely short notice, gave at the opening meeting.

The two events which attracted most attention in the London Press were the Universities Parliament and the speech by Sir Michael Sadler on "Do we study Education enough?" His contention that the Universities were not pulling their weight in national life was the cause of a great deal of newspaper comment. The Parliament was both successful and popular. At times it was most amusing, at times almost riotous. The main struggle centred round the attempts of the Conservative Prime Minister to keep the two opposition parties divided and so maintain a Conservative majority. This he succeeded in doing in the divisions on fiscal and social policy; but in the debate on foreign policy the Liberal, Labour (consisting mainly of members of the University Labour Federation) and Irish party combined and the Government were defeated by 269 votes to 200. Following the precedents set by the Labour Government the Conservative Premier refused to resign when defeated, and even challenged the validity of the division on the grounds that the Speaker had left the chair while the vote was being taken. The Speaker, who had been to see that Members of the Gallery were voting properly, replied that spiritually he had been seated all the time and over-ruled the objection.

One of the most successful speeches from student members came from Miss Courttauld, the Minister of Education, who also proved most adept at answering questions. Of the visitors Dr. Guedalla introduced the Oxford style of oratory to many who only knew it by repute, while Mr. Pringle's intervention on Wednesday was largely responsible for the Government's defeat and his advice on points of procedure invaluable. Some criticism was levied at the presence of outside speakers, but many people were given an opportunity of hearing speeches from masters of their subject who would not otherwise have been able to.

There is no time to deal with all the meetings with which the Congress was crowded. In spite of occasional overlapping they were all well attended. At the International Assembly, which was organised by the International Universities League of Nations Federation, such high authorities as Lord Parmoor, M. Louis Aubert, Sir Edward Griggs and Sir Arthur Salter were heard. M. Jouvenel was unfortunately not able to attend owing to an attack of influenza.

Among the societies co-operating mention may be made of the Student Christian Movement, which organised a meeting on the Sunday evening and participated in the joint meeting on the Tuesday; the Inter-Varsity Athletic Board and the Women's Inter-Varsity Athletic Board, who organised the games; the Inter-University Jewish Association, which held a meeting on the Sunday morning; and the University Catholic Association.

Some criticised the Congress for having no definite purpose, but the Congress was an end in itself, and none can have left Oxford without feeling that their knowledge of each other, of the work of the National Union and of the social, national and international problems of the day, was deeper and more profound.

## Correspondence

## BAKER STREET BAFFLED.

To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

26th April, 1925.

DEAR SIR,

No doubt you know my methods; until to-day I have never known defeat. It has been more than a business, nay, almost a hobby with me, to solve any problem that should come within my reach. It is well said that there is no problem devised by humanity that the human brain cannot solve. Yet, here am I, perhaps the greatest problem solver of this or any other age quite at sea (as the popular saying is), with the simple-looking cross-word puzzle printed in the last issue of the *Gryphon*.

I approached this with a clear mind. I applied my well known methods of deduction, yet I confess for the moment that I have met Waterloo. From this I am left with two alternatives, both impossible, but when all possible explanations have failed, it is obvious even to a University Professor that an impossibility is the correct solution. The alternatives are these:—

- (a) The puzzle is a fake, and does not work out correctly.
- (b) It was devised by a greater brain than mine.\*

The only other possibility is that it was composed by a very clever brain, not necessarily as great as my own, in which case I shall solve it very shortly. It may be of interest to your readers as an object lesson in the science of deduction (for which I have been offered a chair in the University of Ben-Rhydding), if I enumerate some of the salient features that at once obtruded themselves upon me as I commenced my investigation upon the aforesaid crossword puzzle.

There is a levity and ill-placed facetiousness about the introductory remarks that told me that I must look for a few of the clues to be somewhat humorous in their bearing upon the problem. It was not difficult therefore to solve 18 across "*A dark liquid*" as something to do with Refectory coffee, tea or soup, and that No. 37 across "*More palatable than 18*" MUST be ink.

Knowing that the University Dramatic Society is scarcely a virile constitution I at once deduced that 15 across "*What we still hope to see the Dramatic Society do,*" could be none other than "Act!"

But a long list of the other minor deductions that I made would probably bore your readers, so I will merely point out that I down "*Says he likes work,*" is obviously a liar.

Dr. Watson and myself are making a hasty visit to Timbuctoo next week end, owing to the pressure put upon us by the emissaries of Prof. Morality—I mean—Moriarty. I shall pack my syringe and toothbrush in the *Gryphon*, and so be able to finish solving the problem in a train journey that I fear will be rather long.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

Per pro SHERLOCK HOLMES,  
DENIS BOTTERILL, Sec.

\* Second alternative correct.—Ed.

## THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

DEAR MADAM,

I would crave a little space to make a most emphatic protest against the disgusting scenes which are characterising the present elections. I have always been in favour of electing a President by ballot of the whole Union, but when I gave the proposal my support little did I think that the election would be lowered to the level of that of a third rate municipal or parliamentary one. I wonder what the old students of the more aristocratic days of no canvassing would have thought had they walked into the entrance hall and seen the primitive "look what we will do" attempts at posters.

The manifesto of this forward party is cleverly drawn up, putting forward ideas which have inspired all past Union Committees and we hope will inspire all future ones. They have denounced the supremacy of Athletics on the Union and Committee and straightway say they will support them as much as ever. They have taken hold of the weak spot of the present Union Committee—support of the N.U.S.—and it is a weak spot—and tried to show that it applies to all committees with athletic majorities. Probably they are not old enough to know that at the height of its athletic fame, Leeds gave more support to the N.U.S. than it has ever done.

And our Finance is rule-of-thumb! so much so, in fact, that last session we were able to save nearly £100—on athletics too! To be sure we did have a little trouble with the Debating Society, who had "wangled" (excuse the term—it belongs to the forward party) an estimate to suit their own convenience.

And of course they are not a political party and all criticism is "deliberate lies." I have yet to hear anyone say that the forward party is a political party—it would be a queer one with a Tory among a crowd of Socialists with an odd Liberal supporter. Why then this disclaimer—methinks they do protest too much. Whether they like it or not, I have no hesitation in saying that this forward party had its beginnings in the Socialist or Labour Society; a substantiated denial would at one please and surprise me. Last session some of us warned the Union at the General Meeting what would happen at elections if we had political parties in the University.

But enough of this. The Senate have recently shown that they, at least, do not think that Political Party Societies will "add to . . . the well-being of the University," and they ought to know.

Let us hope that in the future these elections will be carried out in a more dignified way, fitting the offices to be filled and the tenor of the University as a whole. Let us spurn political party tactics and put our whole energies into advancing the cause of our Union and University, so that the Union will be full of healthy diversity, and local initiative and still remain a Union in the truest and full sense of the word.

I am,

Yours very truly,

SIDNEY BEST.

*To the Editor of the "Gryphon."*

DEAR SIR,

Letters from defeated candidates should not as a general rule be encouraged, but as the recent Union Presidential election forms something of a special event, in that it is the first of a series, you will perhaps consent to publish one or two observations from me.

It is interesting to note that none of the disasters predicted when the popular election was first suggested have taken place. Only two departments nominated candidates, and the largest department did not win; in fact, except in so far as the medical school is concerned, the election was not fought on departmental lines at all. The Union members showed their appreciation of the new privilege by polling in what must be almost unprecedented numbers—at least 90% of the available votes must have been recorded—and the University displayed a far greater interest in Union affairs than on any previous occasion. In view of these facts it is to be presumed that nobody will suggest a return to the old type of election, and it therefore behoves the Union Committee to consider carefully the methods to be employed on future occasions.

The most obvious of the numerous lessons to be learned from the election is that all arrangements, including fixing of date and as many other details as possible, should be made long before the election takes place, before any candidates have been chosen or any plans made, in order that recriminations such as were freely bandied this time (e.g. with regard to change of date) may be avoided. Some effort on the part of the Union to bring the candidates before the electors is needed, and the best method of doing this would be to hold two general meetings, one early and one late in the campaign at which all presidential and possibly some other candidates would speak. Finally there arises the question of the attitude of Union officials, on which subject there appears to be a total absence of tradition in our University. I hope the Union will consider this matter carefully, and from what I have seen of Mr. Nicholls, I am sure he will do his best to establish a tradition of strict and indubitable impartiality in Union elections. The subject is a delicate one, and I leave it at that.

As for the "Forward Group," more will be heard of it. After three victories during the year, it was not surprising that we should suffer a check at last, but the group is not dead. Although defeated, we have the consolation of knowing that we have accomplished half the task we set ourselves, in arousing interest in Union affairs, and in compelling our opponents to take over much of our programme in order to win. I hope the University will see that it is carried out. Next year, we shall fight again with the same programme worked out in greater detail. In the meantime if any of our supporters are too ardent, may I remind them that a President elected by popular ballot is entitled to whole-hearted support, and appeal to them to allow their partisanship, but not their interest to cool until the next election. I am sure that Mr. Nicholls would have made a similar appeal had our positions been reversed. If this is done, and no bitterness is allowed to creep in, the elections will continue to stimulate healthy interest, and nothing but good will result.

Yours, etc.,

W. PICKLES.

#### LODGINGS OR HOSTELS ?

MR. P. P. Murphy's article in the March *Gryphon* strikes a responsive chord in my memory—in brief, I have had some. When I came up to the Yorkshire College, 37 years ago, my first lodgings were in Hilary Street, in a back-to-back house. My landlady was a dear old lady, and I have no criticism for her—certainly, she used to "draw" the fire by leaning a poker against the bars—and it is interesting to learn from Mr. Murphy that all these years of free education have not brought the landlady species any nearer to connecting cause with effect. But the house was awful! There was of course no bath-room—a bucket

of water and a flat pan served the purpose. The landlady lived in the cellar-kitchen, and the "room" served for three of us. The furniture has been accurately described by Mr. Murphy. Whilst I was there, the drain from four houses which was laid under our kitchen, was found to have been broken up for some years, and the sanitary department carted away a dozen loads of sewage laden soil. The natives thrived under these conditions—I of course got a septic throat—and moved.

In those days there was no social life for the students, and College games were in their infancy. But it is really shocking that, after so many years, during which a provisional College has grown into a great Modern University, there is still not sufficient residential accommodation for all the students who do not live at home. To close with a practical suggestion! Why should not the work and the splendid buildings of the Leeds Training College in Beckett's Park be handed over to the University, thus relieving the ratepayers of a white elephant, providing the University with much needed accommodation, and securing for the school teachers a real university education and rubbing the corners off their "class consciousness"?

F. L. WATSON.

Leeds, March 25th, 1925.

## UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

### Education Society

TWO interesting Education Society functions closed the session 1924-5. The first, an excursion to York on April 24th, made possible by the kindness of the Heads of the Department in cancelling all lectures and school practice for the day, is reported elsewhere. The second function assumed a somewhat original aspect. On Friday evening, May 15th, 30 members of the Society broadcast a concert from 2 L.S. The following was the programme:—(1) Part Song: "Now is my Chloris fresh as May." (2) "The Old Man goes to Town," J. Lambert. (3) Part Song: "Love is meant to make us glad." (4) Violin Solo: "Méditation" (Thais), Miss E. Sinovitch. (5) Part Song: "The Goslings." (6) "The Ballad of the Lost Sole," Miss B. Hartmann. (7) Solo: "A Brown Bird Singing," Miss D. Pennington. (8) Part Song: "The Long Day Closes."

The concert was heard (correspondents inform us) in all parts of Yorkshire and was apparently appreciated by all listeners.

Much of the success was due to the individual items and to the work and interest of the Conductor, Mr. C. M. Jones, and the accompanist, Mr. R. Hinchliffe. Mr. M. T. Woodhouse acted as announcer.

It is hoped that the Education Society of next session will endeavour to repeat the experiment and so make it an annual function.

### Photographic Society

THE main event of the year for the Society was of course the Annual Exhibition. This was held on Monday, March 9th, in the Physics Laboratory. It is a certain indication of its success when it is stated that between four and five hundred people came to see it.

About two hundred prints were shown and some really excellent work was sent in. The entries were good in every class especially in that for advanced workers



but the number of entries in the beginners' class was rather small. Most of the work was landscape photography and it is a pity that there was not more in the way of portraiture. The ordinary amateur photographer takes a large number of portraits of some sort or another but when asked for some exhibition work he only produces landscapes. Surely among all the portraits of friends that he possesses there is one that has some pictorial merit apart from its personal associations. It is to be hoped that in future exhibitions we get more of this type of work.

This year we held three competitive classes which were responsible for a good increase in the quantity and possibly the quality of the prints sent in. Mr. H. G. Grainger kindly judged them and the awards were as follows:—

Class I. Open. "Rydal Water," by Mr. P. E. Heafford.

Class II. Advanced. "Sunlight," by Mr. F. Dent.

Class III. Beginners. "Snow Scene," by Miss Benton.

Mr. F. Dent is to be particularly congratulated on the fine work that he sent in. Several prints in each class were "Highly commended" and "commended."

Just before the Exhibition the Society bought an enlarger. So far we have been using one that had been kindly lent by Mr. J. Manby, but now we have our own instrument and hope that members will make full use of it. In spite of this expense the treasurer's report for the year still shows a good balance on the right side, which is an indication that the Society is a flourishing concern.

Although we are at the end of our syllabus the Society's activities are not yet finished. Various half-day rambles have been arranged in Wharfedale, also one to the Northern Exhibition at Bradford, whilst we wish to go over to Knaresborough after the examinations.

These outings are not restricted to the members of the Society alone; everyone will be welcome.

This report must show that it has been a successful year for us and as various improvements are now under discussion it should be more successful still next session. Make a resolution now to join next year.

J. SPIKINS, *Hon. Sec.*

## Liberal Association

THE progress of the Association since its inauguration in the second term has been most encouraging. The chief event of the session was Mr. Ramsay Muir's lecture on March 13th, at which seventy-five people attended, in spite of the fact that it was held outside the University, and that we had some difficulty in guarding our poster in University Road from the attacks of rival associations.

The Association is one of the very few societies (and indeed it is the only political one) which have carried on their meetings through the summer term. One or two very interesting discussions have taken place in various halls scattered round the neighbourhood, and we hope to finish the session with a grand debate versus the Labour Society.

Next year we hope to have a really good programme, and we confidently look forward to a largely increased membership. We intend to invite prominent men, Sir John Simon, for instance, to address our meetings, and we mean to get busy on Bazaar Day and make a big effort to enlarge the membership of the Association.

Officers for next year have been elected as follows:—Chairman, Mr. Stanton; Vice-President, Miss J. Willoughby; Secretaries, W. R. Patterson and Miss L. Alderson.

## Jewish Students' Association

THE present session has undoubtedly been one of the most active in the history of the association; for not only has there been a larger number of meetings and functions than in previous years, but membership has reached the record figure of eighty-two. The interest of members has steadily increased, and the association has widened its relations with other—both University and non-University—Jewish Bodies.

The session opened auspiciously with the Freshers' Social held at the University Refectory, at which a hundred and twenty people were present. Then followed a presidential address delivered by Professor Brodetsky. This has been succeeded at intervals by meetings held in the University buildings at which prominent men delivered lectures upon subjects of general interest. These were all very well attended, and we were pleased to welcome to them all members of the University. In the Autumn term, Dr. Hertz (the Chief Rabbi of the British Empire) read a paper on "Ancient Hebrew Mysticism," and we feel extremely grateful to Professor Grant for occupying the chair at that meeting. Professor Milne also gave us a very humorous and interesting lecture upon "The men who solved the Equation." During the winter term we were addressed by Dr. H. de Carle Woodcock and by Mr. Kaines-Smith in the Refectory; whilst meetings were held at the Victory Hotel to welcome Mr. Nahum Sokolow and Dr. Olswanger, the eminent Zionist leaders.

At a symposium held in March upon "The Degeneration of Modern Times," four members read papers, while everyone present made some contribution to the subsequent discussion. A very interesting debate was held in January with Jewish Students from Manchester, Sheffield and Liverpool Universities. This was followed by a social in the Refectory. A second debate was held later on in the term with the Jewish Young Men's Institute. In addition, the Association has sent representatives to Manchester, London, Liverpool and Sheffield, to do battle in symposium and debate.

Social activities have also been very keen; and three dances held during the session have served both to bring the Jewish student into contact with the Jewish Community and also to raise money for the relief of East European Students. On a less ambitious scale four "socials" held at the Refectory were all well attended, successful and enjoyable. Under the auspices of the association, Miss Jane Marcus gave an inspiring violin recital at the Victory Hotel at which over two hundred people were present.

This brief survey has, I hope, given some indication of the wide field of activities which the association has undertaken, and I think, achieved with success.

J. E. ERDHEDI.

## Cavendish Society

### THE CHEMISTS' DINNER.

IT has been decided to revive the Annual Chemists' Dinner which fell into abeyance during the War.

The Dinner will be held in the Refectory on June 30th, 1925, at 7 p.m., when Professor H. M. Dawson, D.Sc., will occupy the Chair. A cordial invitation is extended to all former Chemistry Students to participate in this re-union. Tickets, price 3/6, may be obtained from the undersigned not later than June 23rd, 1925.

B. S. PLATT, M.Sc.,

THE UNIVERSITY, LEEDS.



**T**HE Association Club completed the season with a General Meeting at which the Officers for next season were elected viz.:—Capt., R. W. Harrison, Vice-Capt., N. Brabban and Sec., A. Towers.

A successful season was experienced, the competition for the Christie Cup ending in a tie between the three competing Universities. Craggs has renewed the First XI. colours of Hartley, Welburn, Harrison and Speak, and awarded new colours to Ranby and Brabban.

The Results of the Annual Sports held at Lawnswood on May 2nd, were as follows:—

100 yards (Men).—1, S. E. J. Best; 2, H. Garnett. Time, 10 3-5 secs.

100 yards (Women).—1, B. Macmillan; 2, M. Durrant. Time, 12 secs.

220 yards (Men).—1, S. E. J. Best; 2, F. S. Hardy. Time, 23 3-5 secs.

220 yards (Women).—1, B. Macmillan; 2, E. Lancaster. Time, 27 2-5 secs.

440 yards (Men).—1, F. S. Hardy; 2, H. Garnett. Time, 58 1-10 secs.

440 yards (Women).—1, M. Leatham; 2, M. Grassham.

Half-Mile (Men).—1, C. Carter; 2, J. Proctor. Time, 2 mins. 14 secs.

Half-Mile (Women).—1, M. Leatham; 2, M. George. Time, 2 mins. 57 4-5 secs.

High Jump (Men).—1, S. Best; 2, F. S. Hardy. Height, 5 ft. 2 ins.

High Jump (Women).—1, K. Hemming; 2, B. Macmillan and E. Olkowska tied.

Long Jump (Men).—1, J. Platt; 2, C. B. Hodgson. Distance, 18 ft. 11½ ins.

Long Jump (Women).—1, M. Durrant; 2, K. Hemming. Distance, 15 ft. 8½ ins.

Discus.—1, J. Platt; 2, H. Garnett.

Putting the Shot.—1, H. Garnett; 2, S. J. Cameron. Distance, 30 ft. 4½ ins.

Javelin.—1, J. Platt; 2, H. Garnett. Distance, 116 ft.

120 yards Hurdles (Men).—1, S. Best; 2, E. Grundy. Time, 19 1-5 secs.

120 yards Hurdles (Women).—1, B. Macmillan; 2, K. Hemming. Time, 20 secs.

One Mile.—1, A. Hemingway; 2, C. Carter. Time, 4 mins. 59 secs.

Three Miles.—1, A. Hemingway; 2, J. Proctor. Time, 16 mins. 44 secs.

Tag-of-War.—Engineers beat Science.

Relay Race (Men).—Science Department.

Relay Race (Women).—1, Day Students I.; 2, Westwood Hall; 3, Day Students II.

Staff Race.—1, Mr. Lawson.

The Championship Cup was won by S. Best with twenty points; and the Departmental Cup by Science. An Inter-Hostel and Day Students' Championship for the women was held this year for the first time—all points won by the Day Students being halved in view of their large numbers. In spite of this, however, the Day Students won by 25 points to Westwood Hall's 24½. There is, as yet, no trophy for this championship; but the Club is living in hopes.

Men's Colours for 1924-25 have been awarded by A. Hemingway to S. Best, E. Grundy, and J. Platt.

In the 7th Annual I.V.A.B. Sports at Nottingham, on May 16th, Leeds did not fare very well, but in view of the fact that about half the existing records were broken, no disgrace attaches to this. An excellent day's sport was seen, especially in the one mile and three miles—won by H. B. Stallard and Richards, respectively—when really first-class style was seen.

The Women's team, however, put up a splendid show at Manchester, leaving all other competitors far behind with a score of 26 points. Sheffield, their nearest rivals, obtaining only 9. Miss B. Macmillan was again the mainstay of the team, scoring wins in the 220 yards and the 12 hurdles, and a second in the high jump; whilst Miss M. Leatham and Miss K. Hemming lent valuable support by winning the half-mile and the 100 yards respectively. Altogether Leeds scored four firsts and two seconds out of seven events, and so carried off the trophy in fine style.

The Annual Gym, and Fencing Contests with Manchester were held in the gymnasium last term, Leeds winning the gym, and Manchester the fencing. In the first round of the Christie boxing competition, against Manchester, Leeds got two walks over; and of the five contests Leeds won two and Manchester three. The brothers Angus boxed excellently, and won their respective weights for Leeds in good style, whilst Bull put up a splendid fight against a bigger and more experienced opponent in the heavy weight, just losing on points.

The Women's Hockey Club finished their season with 10 matches won out of 20 played, 7 being lost and the rest drawn; goals for 94 and goals against 66.

Colours were awarded to D. Durrant, M. Dymond, E. Hodgson, B. Smithson and re-awarded to D. Sykes and B. McMillan. For next season B. McMillan is again captain, with M. Dymond as Vice-Captain and M. Dawn, Secretary.

The officers for the Men's Hockey Club for next season are:—Captain, T. W. H. Breckons, Vice-Capt., M. S. Scott, and Secretary, J. Tasker. G. M. Johnson awarded colours to O. S. Hornby, T. W. H. Breckons, M. S. Scott and J. Dyde.

C. Carter awarded Colours to the following Harriers:—A. Hemingway, G. V. Hall, J. N. Smith and A. W. Taylor. At the General Meeting of the Club, officers for next season were elected as follows:—Captain, G. V. Hall, Vice-Captain, J. N. Smith and Secretary, A. W. Taylor.

In the Lacrosse Club J. F. Elam awarded colours to Sugden, Dean, Chalmers, Macmillan, Nicholls, Light and Tomlinson. The officers for next season are Captain, A. Sugden, Vice-Capt., W. Chalmers, Secretary, H. Wormald.

The Officers for the Rifle Club next season are Captain, H. Holness and Secretary, S. E. J. Best. Half-colours for the season were awarded to H. Holness and H. O. Hirst.

Rugger Colours were awarded by H. F. Akehurst to the following:—Lord, Hoole, Clark, Lampitt, Sledge, Hole, Wilson and Broadbent; the Officers for next season being Capt., D. A. Hole, Vice-Captain, W. A. Sledge, Secretary, W. King and Treasurer, J. Richards.

The Swimming Club continues to make good progress. To date, seven polo matches have been played, four won, two lost and one drawn; while the squadron team remains undefeated. The Annual Gala, held on May 13th, was the most successful gala in the memory of anybody present; the races were close and times were good. Mrs. Boillie kindly attended and presented the prizes, and the proceedings were concluded by a squadron race and polo match in which the University maintained its form by defeating Devonshire Hall in both events. The I.V.A.B. Gala will be held at Notta, on Saturday, May 23rd.

The Tennis team this year shows improvement upon last season and should do well. Up to the time of writing only two matches have been played, so that there is little indication of the capabilities of the team. It is interesting to note, moreover, that the Club has this season an exceptionally strong second string; in

the opinion of many, in fact quite the equal of last year's first. Up to the time of writing Liverpool, Manchester and the Training College have been defeated without the loss of a rubber.

The Cricket Club also shows considerable improvement, several new additions to the team playing very well.

A much more successful season is looked forward to and a good start has been made in the defeat of Lofthouse C.C. by three wickets.

A new University club has been formed which while hardly being an athletic club comes under the heading of sport. At a general meeting held on Monday, May 17th, it was decided to organise a Motor Club and about 40 members joined on the spot. Officers were elected as follows:—President, Professor Whiddington, Captain C. T. Dracup, Vice-Captain, B. Dean, Secretary, J. B. Glossop, Trials Secretary, J. P. T. Clarke, Treasurer, C. J. Whittle, Committee, the above with J. R. Saxton and W. Everatt. It is intended to hold speed and reliability trials, the first to be held immediately after the examinations. Since this meeting the number of members has increased to about 50, and it is hoped that all members of the University having motor vehicles of any description and also Ford owners will join this club. Any of the above officials will give information.

## Women's Swimming Club

THE Women's Swimming Club has been more strongly supported this year than ever before. Much enthusiasm was shown at the Annual Gala held at Kirkstall Road Baths, on May 13th; and the number of entries proved very satisfactory.

The Inter Hostel and Day Students' Championship was an interesting innovation, and was won by Westwood Hall with 28½ points, the Day Students coming second with 19½ points and University Hall third with 18½ points.

The Women's Championship was won by D. Sage with 20 points, the Runner-up being L. Hopkinson with 13½ points.

### RESULTS.

*Neat Dive*.—1, G. Mather; 2, P. Garstang.

*Plunge*.—1, B. Besforth; 2, B. Branson.  
43 ft. 9½ ins.

*200 yards Free Style*.—1, P. Thosby, 2, D. Sage. Time, 1 min. 54 1-5 secs.

*50 yards Free Style*.—1, D. Sage; 2, L. Hopkinson. Time, 47 4-5 secs.

*50 yards Back Stroke*.—1, L. Hopkinson; 2, B. Branson. Time, 54½ secs.

*50 yards Breast Stroke*.—1, P. Garstang; 2, D. Sage. Time, 55 3-10 secs.

*75 yards Medley*.—1, L. Hopkinson; 2, D. Sage. Time, 1 min. 19 1-5 secs.

*Style—Breast Stroke*.—1, D. Sage; 2, D. Halstead.

*Inter-Hostel and Day Students' Relay*.—  
1, Day Students; 2, University Hall;  
3, Westwood Hall. Time, 3 mins.  
32 4-5 secs.

Members of the Club are now in training for the Inter-Varsity Sports, which will take place at Bristol on July 1st—when we hope that Leeds will be well represented.

DAISY M. SAGE, Hon. Sec.

## Marriage

**HENDERSON—LANGLANDS**.—At Southview Terrace, Forfar, on 18th inst. by Rev. James Aiken, M.A., Thomas Henderson, M.C., M.A., B.Sc. Townhill, Dunfermline, late of St. Andrews and Leeds Universities, to Jessie Sheret Langlands, M.A., elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicol H. Langlands, Forfar. At home, Guildford, Perth, West Australia, 1st June.

## Leeds University Old Students' Association

(Edited by P. P. MURPHY.)

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

*Treasurer:* Mr. W. R. GAZER.

*Annual Subscription, 5/-.* *Life Subscription, £3 2s.*

### A UNIVERSITY "WHO'S WHO."

THE O.S.A. has taken upon itself a very big task in attempting to compile a complete register of all old students. It is to be something more than a mere register, or record of University careers. The aim is to make it a real "Who's Who," so that the University may know what every old student has done and is doing in the world. Some 3,000 letters have been sent out during the past two months explaining the scheme and enclosing a card for the index. Already over 1,000 cards have been completed and returned, and 250 have come back through the Returned Letter Branch of the Post Office. This shows the difficulty of making the register. A large number of old students have completely lost touch with the University, so that it seems impossible to trace them. It is here that the ordinary member can help. If anyone knows the address of an old student, and has reason to think that he or she is one of our "missing," then the thing to do is to send the name and address to the Secretary of the O.S.A. Especially do we need particulars of deceased members of the University. The Secretary will be very pleased to receive offers of assistance both in tracing the wanderers and in getting information about deceased members.

When the list is fairly complete the results will be published as a well-bound volume. Every past student will be included in the Register, and the University course given, but the aim is to make it something far bigger, something unique among English Universities, an absolutely up-to-date and correct account of all past students. Many people go away with the notion that the University has no further interest in them. This idea is entirely wrong. No one should look upon the University as a machine, into which is put a certain amount in fees, and from which is returned automatically an "education," the same to be neatly parcelled up and labelled B. this or D. that. The University must be regarded always as a living thing, just as a family or a nation, and this not merely for sentimental reasons but chiefly because any other view will stultify the work of the University. Every past student should therefore feel that the University takes a keen interest in his life and work. The Register we wish to make will be a visible sign that the University is a vital force in the world.

As a result of the inquiries set up, the O.S.A. has obtained 75 new members, of whom 24 have become life subscribers, so the list of members is now 940. It is quite certain therefore that we shall pass the 1,000 mark this year. All those present students who are completing their studies at the University this year will receive invitations to enrol, and we hope they will hand in their names to the O.S.A. office, to Mr. S. Best, or Mr. P. P. Murphy, before the closing day.

The Annual General Meeting will be held on Degree Day, July 4th, at 5.30 p.m. In response to many requests, the Committee have decided to follow the meeting with a Dinner, of which full particulars will be sent to every member. It has also been definitely decided to inaugurate a Leeds Section of the O.S.A. at once, so that during the coming Winter we may have more frequent social gatherings. All those who are interested in these matters should send their names to Mr. S. Best.

We still need £40 for the furnishing of the Headquarters of the O.S.A. before we can open them permanently to members. If an immediate response is made,

everyone who can possibly afford it sending five shillings, the rooms can be ready for the Annual Meeting. Such rooms are absolutely necessary if the Leeds Section is to get to work. We badly need some place where we can discuss the many proposals coming forward, and where old students can call at any time and meet other members. It is a pity to have the rooms held up for the sake of a few pounds, when the University has freely placed them at our disposal.

#### MANCHESTER NEWS.

LIKE the reported death of a famous man, that of the Manchester branch is also "grossly exaggerated." The branch is still full of life though serious neglect on the part of its secretary has to be recorded, I fear. However that can be remedied and this contribution is one evidence that restitution is in progress.

The Annual Dinner of the Branch was consumed in February and in several respects was unforgettable. We are greatly indebted to Manchester University for allowing us to hold the function in their Refectory and for placing rooms at our disposal wherein we could foregather ere we attacked the meal. This gave the whole affair a more homely flavour, though it served also to remind us that Leeds badly needs a Union building. Perhaps if we go often enough to see Manchester Union rooms we shall dig down a wee bit further "into our jeans," for means to secure such a building for Leeds. We might also organise parties of wealthy "old Leeds students" to visit the Union buildings of other universities and so inspire them with the will-to-subscribe for their own 'varsity. But of this more anon. Manchester also was good to us in another way, for she let us have as a guest Sir Henry Miers and his after-dinner speech was not only just what such a speech should be, but it revealed to us the fact that Sir Henry is a Yorkshireman too! Eh men! we thout as mooch! Indeed the occasion was rarely honoured for not only did the Vice-Chancellor come from Manchester but also the respective Presidents of their Men's and Women's Unions and right good speeches did they make too. I hesitate, however, to go on recalling the good things of that evening. London readers must, even at this bare outline of our joys, already be pale green with envy, but, as they are sure to get over it in time, I will continue. Here goes then! OUR VICE-CHANCELLOR was there too! and his answer to the toast of "Our Alma Mater" will, for a long while to come, remain in our memories. We have wondered what manner of man would succeed our well-loved Sir Michael; we are now happy that the helm is in hands worthy to succeed him. Need more be said?

Before recounting the joys of our first Theatre Meeting I want to record the fact that the old students of Bristol University (the place where they play "Raggy" you know!) have a branch of their Association in Manchester and we have got into fairly close touch with them—to our mutual benefit I trust; at least I can vouch for it that "Leeds" is pleased to have done so. With the "old Bristolians" then we arranged our visit to the theatre. As a preliminary we had to have a meal; its curious how the habits of a life-time persist! So we engaged a room "at Parker's." Every one knows Parker's, so that's that. Then having consumed a meal with Bristolians to the right of us and Leodiensians to the left of us, so to speak, we hied hurriedly to the Theatre to see "White Cargo." Since "going down," I had not seen the President of the M.W.R.C. of my year, but behold! at the Theatre I found myself seated beside her—Dr. Mary Heller as now she is, and, despite the intervention of a really good play, we had a good host of reminiscences.

The Branch has from its inception—with one exception, of course—been fortunate in its officers. Our President, Professor Raper, has been ideal in that post and our first two Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Bennett and Dr. Rowe served us nobly.

In succession to Dr. Rowe we now have Mr. Scholefield and have to record with regret that he is alone in his vice-presidential glory as Mrs. Bennett has left our area. Maybe she will find time and other members enough to start a branch elsewhere. It is high time someone did some such work in another centre.

News of the doings in Leeds does come through to us now and again but that which has reached us re the Christie and Inter-Varsity Sports has not been so very cheering. Later news of the Women's efforts in their Inter-Varsity events has, however, sent up the barometer sky-high. Congratulations, Leeds Women and especially Miss MacMillan! This, strictly speaking, is not news of the Manchester branch of the O.S.A. but it is intended to let "present" students know that the "old gang" have an eye on them and look to them to keep the flag allying.

There is a peculiar pleasure in living in a University town even though one has to "bite one's thumb" at it on principle. None the less its refreshing influence is always to be felt and one feels soery for the town that has no 'Varsity. Manchester is so much bigger than Leeds that its University does not *seem* to be quite so much in the picture as the sister institution at Leeds but when Rag day arrives! Ye Gods and little fishes! what an impression that same University makes. I have not the exact sum at hand but I have a letter from the Union President who reports "over £5,000 and more to come." "Thanks very much," would seem to be the appropriate gag for Manchester Hospitals. The Rag-rag was a real joy especially the howler about "the one small widow." Now Lee-e-e-e-ds!!

If this lengthy screed does not perform the dual feat of (a) feeding-up the Editor; (b) satisfying Messrs. Grist, Best and Murphy, well it ought to anyway. But we have had yet another meeting. We've been to see "Yeomen of the Guard." It was well staged and two or three of the principals sang most charmingly but it had an amateurish air about its early scenes which never quite wore off. However we enjoyed it and *mirabile dictu* did not lose money on the venture, so Webster is pleased, or ought to be, and what more do you require? Lastly I want to ask does anyone know where H. C. Chambers is? I had a letter from him saying he was to be addressed H.M.S. Defiance, Devonport. Now a letter, two in fact, sent to that address has been returned marked "Not known on H.M.S. Defiance." Ergo—Where is H. C. Chambers? Now I must "close down." Good-night everybody!

H.L.R. calling.

\* Are there any?—Ed.

## LONDON LETTER.

### LEEDS UNIVERSITY OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION, LONDON.

President: Dr. DRAFER, The Master's House, Temple, E.C.4.

Hon. Secretary: Miss I. CROWTHER, Video, 26, Coventry Street, W.1.

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. R. HOLLINGS, 10, Orchard Drive, Blackheath, S.E.3.

**N**OW where were we? The last event was our dinner in the remote days of winter, March 20th to be exact. Another record attendance and we were much encouraged by the Leeds interest in us. One of their secretaries and the treasurer were present and Miss Blackburn, and we were also flattered by repeat visits from Mrs. Beck and Professor Priestley. We gather that if they come to a third dinner we have won them outright and shall proudly claim them as London members. Besides, Mrs. Beck thoughtfully brought along a delightful songster. It was a great disappointment to hear at the last moment that sudden illness prevented the Vice-Chancellor from coming, but we have already fixed him up for our next dinner in November. Don't forget Tuesday, November 17th, and while you have your diary out you might also note Saturday, September 19th, for an outdoor meeting. Particulars will be sent later.



We duly had our business meeting in March and elected all our officials, lots of them, and in between collected all the subscriptions and addresses we could. People who hadn't paid simply hadn't a chance.

And then to leave all this scene of enthusiasm and go back with one of our guests and in the very hotel lounge find an old student in London for the weekend who had never heard of the dinner but would like to have come if he'd known! Well, there are none so deaf as those who won't hear. It really is rather exasperating to come across these people who leave no address and then are surprised to find they don't receive notices of meetings. One hardly knows which are the worst: those who amiably say they would have come if they'd known, or those who say they won't come when they do know. We are very busy drawing up our new rules and have lots of suggestions to make so that everyone shall be drawn into either the Leeds, London or Manchester net (strictly alphabetical order, Manchester!). Another suggestion: can a complete Roll of Honour be added to the next issue of the Old Students' Handbook?

Inter-marriages between old students are becoming a very serious problem. No, it isn't a question of eugenics but of subscriptions. I feel strongly that a new rule should be added to the effect that inter-marriages between old students should not be allowed unless both have previously become life members. Once this little formality has been complied with, such a laudable proceeding is to be encouraged. But as things stand now, every such marriage represents a grave loss of income to the association. I feel sure that it is mere thoughtlessness which has caused old students to behave in this unkind manner, and that it will not be necessary to mention the matter again. That the question is serious is seen from our last dinner when there were no fewer than seven married couples present, from whom we received only seven subscriptions instead of fourteen. The flashlight photograph proving it can be seen at Mrs. Beck's on payment of 1/- towards the hospitality fund of the London Association.

Our week-end in Buckinghamshire is just over. Heavenly weather and a heavenly place. It is rather wonderful to combine the delights of the seventeenth and twentieth centuries; antiques and *Mayflower* barns with baths and electric light. You foolish people who did not go missed a great deal for your eighteen shillings. Even a library was thrown in; And as for the arts! You'd have thought it was a party from the Slade School if you'd heard the talk and seen the sketches flying about. And the elevated conversation. Some people can discuss anything anywhere, but when it came to generating internal combustion, or words to that effect, I went to see the buttercups.

The only drawback to Jordans is the length of the station path at Gerrards Cross, the junction you go to when you are keeping too late hours for Jordans. Now in all self respecting communities when you have come to the station path you are within measurable distance of your train, but not so at Gerrards Cross. Jordans is three miles away from Gerrards Cross; the first half lies amongst fields and woods, the second half along the station path. Be warned! Some of you Leeds people will be joining us next session, we hope, but don't go and live at Gerrards Cross.

What in the world are you doing on Degree Day! What is this A.C.M. or A.G.M. at 5.30? Owing to the fact that my informant has not yet learnt the uses of a typewriter I am doubtful whether I am bidden to Another Gorgeous Meal or to a meeting of the Aspidistra Cultivators' Mission. In any case you'll have to make it clear what you expect people to wear at the dinner or you'll have all the women at any rate dashing off to change for 6.30 instead of coming to the 5.30 show.

VIDEO.

## The Union Committee

The Seventh Meeting of the 1924-25 Union Committee was held in the Refectory, on Tuesday, April 28th, at 2 p.m.

- 1.—The minutes of the sixth meeting were read and confirmed.
- 2.—(a) It was proposed, seconded and carried that in the Union elections by ballot :—  
 All nominations should be handed in by May 14th.  
 The Election should be held May 20th-22nd.  
 Nominations for President and Vice-President must be signed by proposer and seconder, and forty-eight supporters.  
 Nominations for places on Union Committee must be signed by proposer and seconder, and eighteen other people, of whom at least ten must not belong to the department of the nominee.

- 3.—It was proposed, seconded and carried :—

(a) That the report of the Finance Sub-Committee be adopted.

	£	s.	d.
Cricket Club .. .. .	25	4	9
Boat Club (Cost of Shell Four) about £56, rest, £15, to be contributed by members of Club .. .. .	41	0	0
Women's Swimming Club .. .. .	20	5	0
Tennis (Supplementary) .. .. .	6	16	6

The estimate of the Fives Club for 10/- was not entertained.

(b) That the Medical Cricket Club be granted £13 8s. 5d. for tackle, on the definite understanding that this was a special concession to the Medical School, and did not constitute a precedent for other Medical Clubs, or other departmental teams.

- 4.—It was proposed, seconded and carried :—

(a) That the placing of electric lights in the Fives Court, be left to next year's Union Committee, as they will not be required until the dark days of November.

(b) That the Council be approached with a view to placing new wire netting round the refectory tennis court.

- 5.—It was proposed, seconded and carried that the proceeds of the Charity Rag be divided in the following way :—

Leeds General Infirmary .. .. .	50 per cent.
Leeds Public Dispensary .. .. .	30 per cent.
Leeds Poor Children's Holiday Camp Association Leeds Children's Convalescent and Summer Holiday Fund	20 per cent.
Meanwood Convalescent Home for Children ..	

- 6.—It was proposed, seconded and carried that the Labour Society be asked to give a written guarantee that the name of Leeds University shall not be used in political elections outside the University.

It was proposed, seconded and carried that a sub-committee be elected to act in an advisory capacity to the Council, in the conversion of Beech Grove House to Union Rooms.

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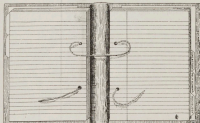
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