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The Gryphon

The Journal of the University of Leeds



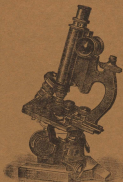
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"The Gryphon never spreads her wings in the sun when she hath any rich feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when we know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the censure which we have ever found them to be the praiseworthy which we ought to fear."—L.V.V.

Editorial

SOME THOUGHTS UPON THE STREET-NAMES OF LEEDS

THE philosophic visitor to Leeds, watching the proud procession of electric cars sweep by from the sheltered haven of a Safety Zone, has doubtless been often attracted by the promise of rest and comfort offered by the names of Domestic Street and Balm Road. To the ambitious mind Haddon Place and Reginald Terrace may present the alluring prospect of splendid mansions and lordly neighbours; but the humbler and wiser soul will recognise in the less aspiring titles an earnest of the very heart of quietness, of a peace man may not make and cannot mar. In Balm Road the spent traveller will surely find the house of fulfilment of craving, in Domestic Street the bower with the roses around it. If these brilliant visions be but mirages which vanish upon closer acquaintance, they will at any rate invite the inquiring temper to discover some principle upon which our streets are named and to found upon it reflections which may be worthy of these columns.

It would be a hasty conclusion to decide that there is no such principle. The nomenclators of the thoroughfares of Leeds have been many and their tastes have been various. There have been the innovators who, in pious admiration of transatlantic custom, have named a block of streets First Avenue and so on, down to Eighteenth Avenue, apparently omitting Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues, whether from some superstitious cause or for a practical reason not easily discoverable. There were the ingenious persons who lined one side of Kirkstall Road with an alphabet of names, the logical connexion of which is a problem for subtle intellects. An Angel and a Baker, indeed, suggest whiteness, and whiteness is also characteristic of the cliffs of Dover, which lead by a natural transition to thoughts of England; and it may be that a Corporation, intruded between the Baker and Dover, is composed of white men, though opinion on this point, in places other than Leeds, is not unanimous. If we pursued the sequence from England Street to Florist Street, and thence to Grattan, Hollis and Jermyn Streets, we should reel in slippery roads of vain conjecture. The mind which, in Jermyn Street, recognised the identity of I and J, perceived a difference between U and V, represented by Upton and Ventnor. At this point the series is broken by the intrusion of Lloyd Street, a relic of an earlier day, but we follow it once more in Wordsworth Street, dwelling like a star apart, so that we are left to look in vain for Xerxes Street, Yak Street, and Zedekiah Street, the relation between which is obvious to the meekest expectation.

Yet, with an Angel at one end and Wordsworth at the other, this alphabet, too boldly inclusive as it may seem, strikes the note of calm audible in Domestic Street and Balm Road. The intermediate discords are but an artfully planned

contrast to the celestial prelude and the gentle coda. The name of the poet at its close reminds us that Heaven lay about it in its infancy: its apparent irrelevance is resolved into an harmonious scheme. But, if we may rest content here, it is not always so. The curious perambulator who takes the air in Gelderd Road, a main thoroughfare of the suburb of Wortley, may notice, if we remember right, how Oswald, perhaps the canonised victor of Heavenfield, or possibly his later namesake who ruled the sees of York and Worcester simultaneously, has lent his name to a Road, a Grove, an Avenue, a View, a Place, a Terrace, and a Street. From this hallowed ground the immediate transition to Danube View is abrupt and inexplicable; for neither Oswald, so far as history records, ever visited that celebrated stream, nor, save to the eye of faith, does the street in question furnish a prospect of Isere rolling rapidly.

The Danube, however, if unseen from the View, communicates its name to a Terrace, Place, Grove, Street and Road in succession. A name in Leeds, even when applied so deceptively, is used with a wise economy and is not deserted until it has done its duty. Thus the explorer from the north, who seeks the elevated site of Mount St. Mary's from Upper Accommodation Road (once more the note of domesticity, of ease and modest welcome, steals in), must travel along Ada View, the reservoir to which half a dozen streets, dedicated to Bertha, are tributary, including a Crescent guiltless of a curve, and a Mount so easily graded as to be imperceptible. Ada, with her neighbours Elsie and Nellie, have only a View and a Crescent each, possibly due to the circumstance that the three ladies may have been co-heiresses, while the more richly endowed Bertha was able to name six streets without impediment. Yet Bertha is surpassed by Oswald, whose sevenfold heritage we have mentioned, and, on the south-eastern skirts of Harehills, one Nowell is eponymous no less than twelve times.

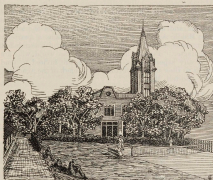
We would not lay too much stress upon Views which are no view, or Crescents obnoxious as such to the strict geometrician. If Kippax is invisible from Kippax View—and we cannot conceive a less likely spot for an endeavour to take a successful look at Kippax—if Berkeley and Compton Crescents show no shadow of turning, yet are not such names indicative of a hope which rejects the merely phenomenal as delusive and courts the ideal as the only reality? May it not be that some dreamer felt upon such a spot a Patmos vision of his ancestral village, the Chipesech of Domesday, like a new planet swim into his ken? May it not be that such another, the slave of abstract form, silent upon a peak in Harehills or Burmantofts, watched the crescent divesting itself of its traditional deviousness of outline, and assuming a more perfectly regulated shape? It is, we believe, in such moments of revelation and supernatural insight that names like these were coined. And thus the principle which it was our object to discover begins to emerge from apparent chaos. The collocation of Oswald and the Danube is explained by the swift movement of thought from a king of men to a king of rivers, envisaged as a symbol of ideal royalty. In place of our prosaic explanation of the superiority of Bertha's dower to those of Ada, Elsie and Nellie, we may picture some apple-arbiter confronted, not by three, but four goddesses of perfect form, and, though awarding the prize to the peerless Bertha, distributing a View and a Crescent for consolation to each of her competitors.

There are, it is true, departures from this standard. The noble economy which awards a group of streets to each separate dream as it arises in the imagination is sometimes debased. Those of us who were politicians in the 'eighties find little to praise in the inhuman quartering of a single statesman between Hugh, Culling, Eardley and Childers Streets. Sometimes, too, the inspiration is merely historical: the clash of fallen civilisation is echoed in Nineveh Road, while three uncharted byways on the fringe of Wortley and Holbeck recall the world's earthquake, in which

the aide-de-camp to General Brue lost one of his legs, in their names of Mont-Saint-Jean, La Haye-Sainte and Hougomont (*sic.*) But these are incidents due to lesser nomenclators. It is the mystic who prevails, the brave heart that nurses the unconquerable hope, the eager hand that clutches the inviolable shade. Nursing and clutching, clutching and nursing, he prepares out of the treasures of his illumined fancy the street-names whose perfect appropriateness and harmonious relation are as yet visible to him alone, though perhaps here and there they convey their authentic message to the chosen few to whom it is given, however faintly, to divine his intention.

A.H.T.

Notes and Comments



LAST term only one number of the *Gryphon* appeared. The delay was due entirely to lack of contributions. To borrow a phrase, "If you want the *Gryphon* you must write it." An Editor, may it please you to know, prepares for Press, and does not write the whole darned thing himself—unless he edits a University magazine.

The Spring Term was a happy one for most of us. No terminals, but instead a gay round of Social

life brightened the end of term. The revival of interest in amateur theatricals was very pleasing. Nor must the excellent concert by the Choral and Orchestral Societies be forgotten.

It was a happy inspiration of the Supporters' Club to hold their first big function at the end of term. It gave us something to anticipate—and cause for reminiscences. Possibly its success was due in some measure to the fact that it was not a purely bachelor party. When the women establish a counterpart to the L.U.U.S.C. things should hum. Events such as the York day may be more beneficial than systematic provision of audiences for Debates and Sports' meetings.

The Appeal came to the fore again before we went down. The rivalry of hostels, concerts and plays all help to swell the funds. The results of the York day may seem small to those not present. We were reminded that it takes years to get a city into the real Rag spirit. The Union schemes are now showing fruit. Even the C.U. has caught the Appeal spirit, and is launching an Appeal Dance. We venture to think that the Devil will frown—unless the Committee sell Sports Ballot Tickets.

Science students should notice that an Association of Special Libraries and Information Bureaux has been formed to facilitate the co-ordination and systematic

B

use of sources of information in science, industry, commerce, and public affairs generally; when fully developed it will function as a clearing house for those wishing to get into touch with specialised knowledge.

The Association's first activity is to be the compilation of a Directory of Special Libraries and Information Bureaux in the British Isles. No complete list exists at present, and the Directory should therefore prove a valuable book of reference; the work will be authoritative, and will indicate the sources where both scientific and non-scientific information may be obtained; the entries in the Directory are to be carefully annotated throughout. It is anticipated that something like a year will be occupied in collecting the necessary data. Those in touch with special sources of information, and willing to collaborate with the Association in building up the Directory are asked to communicate with the Organising Secretary (38, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1.).

Similarly a clearing house for studies in Mediaeval History has been formed in the Medieval Academy of America—"with the purpose of conducting and promoting research, publication, and instruction in all departments of the letters, arts, sciences and life of the Middle Ages." The Academy maintains a quarterly journal, *Speculum*, in which it means to publish not only the results of research but also articles of a broader character. Persons in any part of the world who are pursuing original research on any aspect of the Middle Ages are invited to send their names and information as to their subjects of study to the clerk of the Academy, Room 312, 248, Boylston Str., Boston, Mass.

TWO INTERNATIONAL FUNCTIONS.

On Monday, March 22nd, the Egyptian Students' Association invited about fifty people to "tea and talk" in refectory. Most of the guests were English students, but there were some foreigners, and some citizens of Leeds. During tea, there was, as the invitation suggested, much talk, on all subjects varying from careers in Egypt, and the course of the Nile, to the weather. After tea, we were all grouped together at one end of the Refectory to have a photo taken. This was done with much ceremony, but as the light was doubtful another group was arranged on refectory court. Later on, Mr. Hussein sang two Egyptian songs, unaccompanied. The English guests listened with interest, but the other Egyptians laughed as, we were told, one of the songs was about a mother-in-law.

Mr. Higab, the President of the Association, made a speech discussing the reasons why Egyptians have not mixed much with other students in the English Universities. He said that this was partly due to the natural shyness of Egyptians, but also because they found the English cold and reserved after the excitable French. An English guest, in reply said that better feeling between Egyptians and English was increasing. Certainly there didn't seem to be much "natural shyness" or "English Reserve" in Refectory then; there is plenty of good feeling amongst some of the students, this must now be spread all through the University.

In the evening, the Indian students gave a social, also in Refectory. Dr. and Mrs. Fernandez received the guests, who were of many nationalities. Mrs. Fernandez gave some songs, and there were some interesting music not European; Indian songs with the proper Indian accompaniment on the harmonium. Mr. Khan recited his own poems in Persian—we think he would rival even Professor A. . . . in his own line. Talk held an important place in the programme; this time we discussed Indian politics, comparative education,—and sometimes, as before, the weather. Mr. Nurullah made a speech, showing international enthusiasm, welcoming the guests.

Satire in Stone

SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF FREE SPEECH IN ITALY.

IN view of the strong curb which Signor Mussolini has laid upon the Press of Italy, and of the strictness with which attacks upon the present Government are suppressed by Fascist censorship, it is interesting to recall that for three centuries there existed in Rome a fountain of satire and criticism which defied Dictators even more absolute than the present Fascist leader. It would indeed be interesting to know how Signor Mussolini would have handled that thorn in the side of the Popes whose name and significance has come down to us to-day in the word "pasquinade."

According to the Italian writer Barotti, towards the end of the 15th century there lived in Rome a very skilful tailor, one Pasquino. He had a sharp and merry wit, and to the great nobles and others who were his customers he often made fearless comments on the character and policy of the Papal Court. As these scandals, however, proceeded from a plebeian tongue, it was thought below the dignity of the Court to take any measures of reprisal, and so it gradually became the custom in Rome to ascribe to Pasquino all popular lampoons and satires on people in power.

After Pasquino's death there was for a while a prudent cessation of these epigrams; but in 1503 some workmen, while excavating near the ancient amphitheatre of Alexander Severus, discovered in front of Pasquino's shop a mutilated statue which for many years had served as a paving stone. It was the figure of a man, but as it had no arms or head and only one leg it was difficult to decide whom it represented; the workman therefore set it up outside the door of the dead tailor's shop, and gave it the name of Pasquino. To it they ascribed the satiric character of the tailor, and soon the statue was daily covered with a thousand *couplets*, which have since taken the name of "pasquinades."

These epigrams often took the form of a dialogue with another mutilated statue named Marforio (so called because it was discovered during excavations in the Forum of Mars) which had been placed near by. Many of the Popes—Leo X., Clement VII., Paul IV., and Gregory XIII. among them—felt the sting of these dumb satirists; but it was at the notorious Sixtus V. that the most venomous shafts were directed. Thus, when on one occasion the Pope had ordered a new fast, Marforio asked Pasquino what was the reason for this. "Oh," said the latter, "it is in honour of the new tax. Since the Romans have now nothing left to eat, the Holy Father wishes them to make a virtue of necessity."

It is related that once a Spanish nobleman, having struck a soldier of the Papal Guard so violently that he died, was condemned by Sixtus to be hung. His friends pleaded for mercy, but in vain; and the Pope actually had the gallows erected in front of the Vatican windows, and witnessed the execution from a balcony. He then said to his attendants: "Bring me now to eat; this act of justice has given me an appetite." The next day Marforio asked Pasquino whither he was hurrying, thus loaded with gibbets, whips, and axes. "I am carrying a stew to whet the Holy Father's appetite," was the reply.

On one occasion, however, Sixtus obtained his revenge. He had a sister named Camilla Peretti, and gossip said that when her brother was a poor monk, she had washed linen for a living. One day Pasquino appeared in a very dirty shirt; and being asked by Marforio why he was wearing such unclean linen answered: "Alas! I have no laundress, since the Pope made a Princess of mine. Sixtus, raging, made

many efforts to discover the author of this; and finally offered to give the culprit 1,000 crowns and to spare his life, if he would disclose himself. The unlucky man did so, tempted by the reward and the promise; and the Pope said: "You shall have your reward, and your life shall be spared too: but we are going to pluck out your tongue and cut off your hands, to teach you your lesson."

So late as the invasion of the Papal States by Garibaldi the two gossips had something caustic to say about the people in power. Pasquino, observing that Cardinal Antonelli was packing up his trunks, asked whether he was afraid of being shot. "No," replied Marforio, "but he is scared to death of Menotti." Menotti was the name of Garibaldi's son, but it also means "fetters" in Italian. This, however, was an exceptional occasion. Since 1791, when Pasquino was placed in the Orsini palace—which soon changed its name to Palazzo Pasquino—he fell somewhat from his former place as interpreter of the popular joy or indignation, and spoke only on occasions of great public moment.

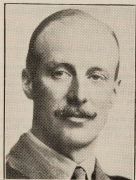
Adrian VI., after suffering more than once from the barbed shafts of these dumb critics, determined to put an end to them; and gave orders for Pasquino to be flung into the Tiber. "Do we know how to gag men effectively?" said he, "and yet have no means of silencing a block of marble?" A courtier reminded him, however, that even if Pasquino were destroyed, he would soon be replaced by another with a not less bitter wit. "One can kill flesh, but not stone," he added, Adrian was compelled to admit the force of this argument, and allowed Pasquino to be spared. One imagines that Mussolini would find himself not less baffled by critics which, having no tongues, yet spoke constantly, and against whom all the forces of castor oil would be employed in vain. T.L.A.

The Choral and Orchestral Societies

The Choral and Orchestral Societies may be heartily congratulated upon the success of their second concert, which took place in the Great Hall on Friday, March 19th. The audience was smaller than such an excellent performance deserved, but the appreciation which it showed made up for its deficiencies. The first part of the programme consisted entirely of Elizabethan madrigals with an interval of old dance-tunes arranged for strings; while the second included Haydn's Symphony No. 2 in D major, the minuet from Mozart's quartet No. 14 in E flat, and choral songs by Brahms, Stanford and other composers. Choral and orchestral pieces alike were rendered with an enjoyment and intelligence which justified the selection and did great credit to the training which the conductor, Mr. Dunwell, had given to the performers. No better examples than the madrigals and songs could have been chosen of the union between lyric verse and vocal music, and in such pieces as Byrd's "In Winter Cold," and Wilbye's "Sweet Honey-sucking Bees," and Brahms' beautiful song from Ossian's *Fiugal*, the choir rose well to the occasion. Perhaps the most attractive number in the second part was the wordless "London-derry Air," an Irish melody of haunting charm which was over too soon. The baritone solos in Stanford's *Songs of the Fleet* were sung by Mr. F. W. Binns, and Mr. White played the horn accompaniments to the series of songs by Brahms. The high standard of the programme and of its execution speaks well for musical taste in the University, and, if future concerts reach the same level, the permanent success of both societies is ensured.

The New Pro-Chancellor

THE University suffered a very real loss during the Easter vacation by the resignation of its Pro-Chancellor, Mr. E. G. Arnold. Since his appointment in 1921, Mr. Arnold has devoted a great deal of his time to minute details of the work of the University, and had been very greatly instrumental in bringing it into close touch with public bodies and with all members of the community. His services to the University can scarcely be over-estimated.



The Court of the University has, however, been fortunate in finding to succeed Mr. Arnold one so capable and interested in the University as Colonel Charles Harold Tetley, D.S.O., who, at the last Meeting of the Court expressed his willingness to take up the position. Colonel Tetley comes of a family which has for many years been actively connected with civic affairs in Leeds, and which has long been noted for its enthusiasm for first the Yorkshire College and later the University. The munificent gift of £20,000 to the University Appeal was but one of many ways in which that interest has been actively expressed.

Educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A., Colonel Tetley's interests until recent years have been largely military. He was gazetted to the Leeds Rifles in 1896, and served in France from April, 1915, to July, 1918. On

three occasions he was mentioned in dispatches, and was awarded the D.S.O. for gallantry on October 9th, 1917.

Colonel Tetley has an enviable record in military service, in civil life, in business and in public affairs, and the University may count itself fortunate in obtaining a new Pro-Chancellor so well able to assume the mantle of Mr. Lupton. To him we would offer, on behalf of the students of the University, a hearty welcome and wishes for a long and happy tenure of his new position.

Obituary

PROFESSOR WILLIAM FREDERICK SHANKS.

We regret to announce the death of Professor William Frederick Shanks, of the Medical School, which occurred on April 16th. By his untimely death the University and the Medical School have lost a genial and valuable member of the Staff. Though he was a comparative newcomer to the Medical School—he was in his third session as Professor of Physiology—Prof. Shanks had become a popular and respected member of the Staff.

During the war he held a commission in the R.A.M.C., and previous to taking up his appointment at Leeds he was chief assistant to the Professor of Physiology in Glasgow University.

Cyclopean Billiards

THEY were unquestionably the two best billiards players in the Club, and neither could definitely claim to be the better man. If Thompson won to-day, it was certain that Jones could come out on top to-morrow. They tried all kinds of stroke-limiting regulations; they even played left-handed—but neither could assert his superiority.

Then one day Jones suggested they should play with one eye bandaged up. This they did, and Jones won fairly comfortably. He suggested a return match, but Thompson declined.

"Hevin' one o' my eyes bandaged up is as good as givin' t'other feller fifteen points in t'hundred," he said.

"Well," answered Jones, "gi' me ten points start, an' ah'll laak tha wi' one eye shut; for a sovereign, if tha likes."

"Done," said his rival; and with his own hand, having deposited the stakes with the marker, he fixed a bandage over his opponent's left eye. They played, and Jones won by several points more than he had received. They played again on the same terms, and Jones again won. Then he offered to take only five points start, but Thompson shook his head. "Ah'm noan throwin' good money after bad," was his reply.

There the matter might have rested; but a week or so later Thompson, having been to a football match at a nearby town, was "wetting his whistle" at the Black Lion. The talk in the bar turned on billiards, and Thompson pricked up his ears as he heard the name of his own Club mentioned.

"Ay," a little man in the corner was saying, "I hev a brother theer 'at can lick out he comes up agesein."

"Excuse me, mister," said Thompson, "but I belong to that theer Club. What do they call that brother o' yours? 'Appen ah s'all know him."

"Bill Jones 'is name is," said the little man, "an' it takes a good man to beat him at billiards. An' t'funny part about it is, gentlemen, 'at for t'lust eight year he's nobbut hed one eye. He lost 'is left eye at Wipers."

The Prisoner

Breezes of Spring waft in the prison cell,
Sappy, odorous, languorous breezes of Spring;
Think, you that live, what tales of life they bring
To one whose life is a death, and whose heaven a hell.

I know that the grass is green and the hedge in bud,
Hear that the ploughman sings as he tills his plot,
That the lark sings, and the dray-horse goes by at a trot;
And spring sings in my brain and maddens my blood.

The earth throws off its shackles, opens its pores;
It smiles to the sun, and the sun laughs on the earth,
Laughs on the blue sea, and the streamlets of mirth,
Laughs on the joyful thrung as it pours out of doors:

And the sun kisses her whose face is as fresh as the air,
Whose eyes are the sea, and whose voice is the song of the streams,
As she walks: but I see her not, the girl of my dreams,
And madly I beat on the bars till I sink in despair.

CUTHBERT WARD.

Harold William Spencer

(1922-1926). DIED APRIL 10TH, 1926

HAROLD William Spencer entered the University as a student in the Chemistry Department in October, 1922, after leaving Bridlington School, where he was a school prefect and held the rank of sergeant in the Officers' Training Corps, in addition to representing his school at Cricket.

During his student days here at the 'Varsity his varied activities have earned for him the position which he will always hold in our hearts, as one who entered into the true spirit of any sport, being purely content to play the game at all times, irrespective of any thought for glory and honour.

An ardent supporter of both the academic and social factors in 'Varsity life, he has plainly manifested to all, that unselfish loyalty and *esprit de corps* which characterised his determination to do his duty to our *Alma Mater* in helping to carry on her traditions.

He was an active member of many 'Varsity clubs amongst which the Rugger, 'Crosse, Hockey, Cricket and Tennis (the latter of which he served as a member of the Committee for two years) have all from time to time derived much beneficial service in many ways by his willing aid and ever ready support.

As a member of the Men's Representative Council and the *Union Committee* on which he occupied the important position of Entertainments Secretary, he has always shown himself to be a most enthusiastic and thoroughly capable organiser in any branch of the social life at the 'Varsity that has claimed his attention. Judge of his brilliant initiative. A rapid consideration of the fact that the entire scheme and the whole of the intricate preparations for the proposed new venture of an "Appeal Dance" in aid of the 'Varsity Building Fund, together with the immeasurable success with which it was attended, can alone be attributed to the scrupulous zeal and equanimity which have always been his in the execution of duty.

Seized with illness and having undergone a serious operation on the Saturday previous to the Appeal Dance, yet in spite of his sadly enforced absence, whereby he was inevitably debarred from the pleasure of his imminent success, his meticulous care enabled the whole of the proceedings to take place without a hitch.

His critical condition cast a gloom over the end of term, and it was with the greatest regret that we learnt that he passed away on Saturday, April 10th, after three weeks' illness, during which he struggled against Fate with that grit and courage which made his personality so much admired and respected by his fellow-students.

A small band of his friends and members of the Old Bridlingtonians' Club, together with members of the University Staff gathered at the cemetery at Driffield on April 14th, to pay their last respects to one who had been a true and staunch friend to all who knew him.

We miss, indeed, his cheery smile with his jocular manner and youthful enthusiasm, and we feel our loss is great; yet, in spite of our sorrow, our thoughts go out to those who have suffered a greater loss, and in extending our deepest sympathy to his parents, brothers and sister, we trust that their happy memories of one with such a noble and self-sacrificing spirit will strengthen them in their days of sorrow.

T.W.H.B.

Disillusionment

Fragments of a comedy of Youth.

By BRIAN WOLEDGE.

i.

An open place : a nice evening. Enter Augustus, dejected.

AUGUSTUS : Damn !

[Enter Hilary.

HILARY : Peruginesque evening, isn't it ?

AUGUSTUS : Yes, only the figures are Philistines.

HILARY : Perugino's figures always are. Perugino was a Philistine.

AUGUSTUS : Oh ! is there no escape from vulgarity ? Ugh !

HILARY : None whatever, my dear Augustus, while you are seventeen. Shakespeare was a Philistine, Beethoven another. The existence of existence is rather a crass idea.

AUGUSTUS : It's all very well to talk wittily, but if I'm not less unhappy at the end of a week, I shall commit suicide while temporarily sane. Good Lord, is there no way of being happy except being ignorant ?

HILARY : Yes, there is a way : you'll find it in about six or nine weeks. One goes through the pessimistic stage ; and though it's rather tedious at the time, it's quite entertaining to think about afterwards. A simple case, my dear Augustus : your disease has been popular for more than a hundred and twenty years.

AUGUSTUS : Oh ! not popular ?

HILARY : Well, perhaps not popular, exactly. I apologise for the word. But you're not, as you imagine, chosen from all your fellows for the honour of disillusionment. Disillusionment is at least as old as the Temptation in the Wilderness ; in the last century it was the thing to keep it till you were old ; nowadays it forms a very good introduction to the intellectual life, but the best people drop it before they're twenty.

AUGUSTUS : I will never forsake Leopardi and Vigny.

HILARY : Come, it's getting late. If all adolescents went to bed at seven o'clock there'd be much less disillusionment in the world.

AUGUSTUS : Damn.

ii.

A Room.

Augustus and Arthur.

ARTHUR : I tell you we were absolutely *conned*. I didn't know what I was doing. But Christianity's played out, absolutely.

AUGUSTUS : Yes.

ARTHUR : Because it was founded on blindfolding the people. No movement can be lasting if it's not founded on the intellect. That's where Schopenhauer and Nietzsche score. The failure of modern civilisation is that it depends on machinery instead of brains.

AUGUSTUS : Modern civilisation is the very devil. The Ancient Greeks . . .

ARTHUR : It's only drink that keeps me going. I'm disillusioned as to life. I can see through the whole rotten business.

AUGUSTUS : I can't even do that ; but I can see that it *is* rotten.

ARTHUR: "Let your will say the Superman *shall* be the meaning of the world." Eh!

AUGUSTUS: I've lost all the will I ever had.

ARTHUR: Except the Will to Drink, eh?

[Enter Selwyn.]

AUGUSTUS: Are you a Christian, Selwyn?

SELWYN: I am a Catholic.

ARTHUR: You don't mean you can swallow all that swill of dogma! It's a relic of the Middle Ages.

SELWYN: I experience a Catholic emotion, and that's all that matters. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

ARTHUR: Fine man, Christ!

AUGUSTUS: Nietzsche didn't like him. Poor Nietzsche, he was disillusioned.

SELWYN: He deserved to be. He destroyed religion and theorised about art instead of enjoying it, so he left himself no illusions to comfort him: religion and art are the consolations given to Man for his wretchedness. They make him illusions, and veil the abominable nudity of truth.

ARTHUR: Well, I'm meeting Poll at half-past. So long.

iii.

Hilary's study: he is seated at the clarichord. Enter Selwyn.

HILARY: Good afternoon; will you have a cigarette? As you don't like Bach you can amuse yourself by reading this letter. [He begins a fugue.]

SELWYN: Good God! Augustus is going to kill himself! We may be too late . . . Hilary, we must go at once.

[Hilary continues to play.]

SELWYN: You seem to take this very lightly.

HILARY (still playing): My dear Selwyn, you confound lightness with courage.

SELWYN: You're to blame for this, my dear Hilary: we expect you to cure the *mal de siècle* of all your friends.

HILARY: Yes, and an attempted suicide is the best cure in the world. I suppose you've never tried to kill yourself?

SELWYN: I've often thought of it more or less seriously.

HILARY: My dear Selwyn, you don't think of it nearly seriously enough. Next time it occurs to you, resolve to do it. You won't succeed, and you'll feel ever so much happier afterwards.

SELWYN: I have just proposed to Helen. She rejected me.

HILARY: Why?

SELWYN: Because I prefer Turner to Canaletto, she said. I can't understand why she's so unromantic. She's so very beautiful.

HILARY: My dear Selwyn, you don't understand the limitations of romanticism. I think . . . yes, I think I had better explain to you. [He stands with his back to the mantelpiece, lights a cigarette, and begins]. When Beethoven wrote the Waldstein sonata . . . [Enter Augustus.]

HILARY: Well, did the rope break?

AUGUSTUS: Yes. At least no. The razor was so sharp.

HILARY: You want me to explain why you feel so extraordinary happy, I suppose?

AUGUSTUS: No, Hilary. I don't feel at all happy I assure you.

HILARY : Then I'll explain why you soon will. When Beethoven wrote the Waldstein sonata [Enter Mary and Janet.

JANET : Hilary, I've brought Mary to talk to you. She says she can't get on with her picture and isn't interested in clothes. I think she's disillusioned.

MARY : But what is disillusionment ?

JANET : Oh, just stopping being a Christian and feeling discouraged.

MARY : I don't think I ever was a Christian, and I certainly never had much courage. I think it's just a cold.

HILARY : My dear ladies, let me explain to you both. You had better all attend. When Beethoven wrote the Waldstein sonata

[Enter Arthur and Helen.

ARTHUR : Cheerio, chappies. May I introduce my bride.

OMNES : What ! Congratulations.

HILARY : This is very charming, my dear Arthur, very charming indeed. But it is a little unexpected, from you.

ARTHUR : Gives you a central point, you know, marriage. The eternal feminine draws us on. Goethe's got to the guts of the business every time. It's the only thing that keeps me going.

SELWYN : But I don't see how you can be married already.

HELEN : Oh we aren't yet ; only going to be.

HILARY : Don't worry, Selwyn. We know Arthur.

JANET : Let's dance *Gathering Peascods*.

Augustus plays the violin and they do.

CURTAIN.

On Hearing a Fourth-rate Virtuoso

I came to the concert through slush and through snow
To hear Handel *Jugge* with his fiddle and bow ;
All the people flocked in from the right and the left,
Until soon of all places the hall was bereft ;
Now the buzz and the clatter, the hum and the talk
Settled down as the artiste came on at a walk ;
He bowed, and his pianist bowed, to the throng,
And his tuning began with a ding and a dong.
When five minutes had passed I remarked to my neighbour,
" He's tuning too long, and thus wasting his labour !"
But he gave me a look full of anger condensed,
For it seems that the piece had already commenced ;
So I listened my hardest to pick up the gist,
Was it Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart or Liszt ?
Or was it some horrible up-to-date drag ?
Was it sickening jazz ? But no, it was *Jugge* !
Now the notes were beginning to quaver and quail,
And they suddenly rose to a heart-rending wail ;
To a Yankee behind me I chanced to look round,
And he said, " Say, Gee, bo, what a whale of a sound !"
The poor artiste was moved by the sadness of things,
And his tears fell swish swish on the shivering strings,
Till the audience all shouted and clapped with delight,
And this ended for me that most musical night.
Next evening I read the account in the *Star*,
Where they prophesied thus : " Mr. *Jugge* should go far."
The farther the better, say I !

CUTHBERT WARD.



People we love to meet :—

The Leeds men who walk into lectures at 9.20 "having missed a connection."

The lecturers who "whisper" to the librarian.

* * *

We have heard of a lecturer who will not start until 4.10, as he needs a rest after his last lecture. Prayers are requested for an epidemic.

* * *

After the last dance we noticed many single chairs. We wish to know if the gentleman stands to the left or the right of the lady.

* * *

An art enthusiast suggests old masters should be hung on the corridors. Should not space be reserved for professors who pip on principle?

* * *

Our candid lecturers—"I have several essays on my table. I have finished with them."

* * *

A notice in a restaurant in town reads "Look Out for Your Watches." Obviously someone is taking our scrap silver collection seriously.

* * *

Has the Christian Union made the most of its free advert in the recent Musical success, "I'll C.U. in my dreams?"

* * *

Spooner (in search of two members of the Staff): "Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Grit and Mr. Dust?"

Alphonse Talks about Life

II. THE STRANGE CASE OF M. LEONIDAS ARISTOPOULOS.

ONE day I had the good fortune to collide with Alphonse on the corner of one of the streets branching off from the rue de Rivoli. He was as usual, delighted—"ravi," he called it—to see me. As it was about noon, I asked him if he had ever tasted a ham-and-eggs lunch. He said he hadn't; so we went to W. H. Smith's café, on the rue de Rivoli—the only restaurant in Paris outside the great hotels where you can get an English lunch....

Alphonse was talking. "Have you heard of one Leonidas Aristopoulos?" he asked me. I replied that I hadn't. "Here he is." He showed me a photograph of him in the *Action Française*. "M. Aristopoulos," Alphonse went on, "was the chairman of the Paris-Levantine Bank, and lived in Athens. Yesterday evening he was found drowned near the Port Alexandre II. How he got there is a mystery; for he was not seen entering the water by anyone. The police suggested that he may have been pushed overboard from one of the barges; but the suggestion was found to be unsatisfactory. (*Ah! ce janbon, w'sieur, c'est épouvanté!*).... I am going to startle you, monsieur. I know all about Leonidas Aristopoulos."

"Well?" I asked.

"Aristopoulos was a fool; and his folly brought him nothing more than a cold, hard bed in the Paris morgue. He was a wealthy man, and though much of his wealth was invested in the Paris-Levantine Bank, he was unfortunate enough to lose a small matter of a hundred thousand francs in ridiculous investments. But it was not that which caused the death of Leonidas Aristopoulos. Some years ago, when I was in the Algerian town of Sidi-bel-Abbes, I found him opening a branch of his bank, and while he was in the town he succeeded in creating a number of enemies, one of whom, a Greek Jew from Constantinople called Kuprassateles, followed him to Paris a few months ago. It is known to me that Leonidas frequented a select, but disreputable café in a back street in Montmartre; and it is also known to me that Kuprassateles also went to the café. They saw each other in this café the night before last; and yesterday Aristopoulos was found drowned."

I ordered a bottle of Beaune.... "What was the cause of this disagreement between the two men?" I asked.

"I am not quite certain," Alphonse replied; "but I suspect. On a hill near Corinth there is an asylum; and in this asylum is one Madame Kuprassateles. It appears that while Aristopoulos was in North Africa he had met this lady, and after paying his attentions to her, she fell in love with him. He, however, was not in love with her; and this was tragic for Mme. Kuprassateles. Not long after they left each other her mind became unhinged, and now she is completely insane. It was shortly after this that her husband sought out Aristopoulos, and he vowed that he would kill him. These are the facts, Monsieur, but it has yet to be proved whether Kuprassateles killed the banker, or whether it is a case of suicide. I am the only man who knows the facts, and being a cynic I do not intend to divulge them. If M. le Prefet has brains, he must find them out for himself. But the thing is this, monsieur. As I have told you before, the wine of life has lost its flavour for me. I know you will not believe it, but it is the truth. Jaludeddin, an Iraqi poet of the 16th century has said the same thing; that is where I got the phrase from. His experience of life was the same as mine. I am not a fatalist, but Jaludeddin ibn Jokeyr was. There are two kinds of fatalists, as you no doubt know: the Epicureans and the Pessimists. Jaludeddin was a mixture of the two, and though his experience of life was no less bitter than mine, he could never become a complete pessimist.

Democritus would have laughed at the fate of Aristopoulas, whereas Heraclitus would have wept over it. My friend the Arabic poet would have both laughed and wept, as I myself laugh and weep. And after all, monsieur, who can help but laugh at the foibles and the wanderings of human puppets? I remember seeing Benavente's *Los Intereses Creados* performed in Madrid a few years ago. The speaker of the Epilogue reminded us that in the play we had seen, as in the farces of life, the marionettes were moved by cords just like human beings. And, monsieur, if we laugh at the tragedies and the farces of these little puppets, why should not the Gods laugh at the tragedies and farces of Leonidas Aristopoulos, Alphonse Tricot, and yourself? Some people believe in the Monist theory of the Universe; but I am sure that one God would become tired of being a cynic for millions of years. Others, like the Manichees, can only account for things by assuming that there is a Dualism in the Universe. . . . But who knows, monsieur? I drink my Beuane, you eat your ham-and-eggs, Leonidas Aristopoulos gets his wreath from bereft relatives, Madame Kupassateles will die in an asylum near Corinth, and the world will proceed just the same. . . . I am sorry if my philosophy does not suit you, monsieur; but there it is. You have yours, and I have mine. You may only have tasted the sweets of life. But the dregs are never far below the surface. . . ."

My friend the Rascalarian would have meandered and philosophised for ever if I had let him; so I guided him out into the rue de Rivoli, with the flavour of tea, ham-and-eggs, and French cigarettes, and the ghost of Leonidas Aristopoulos, Greek banker, formerly of Athens, and now of the Rue Morgue, in our souls.

ALPHA.

Misconceptions

THE three occupants of the J.C.R. were interested. Two were in close proximity mutually; the third, some distance away, was enjoying an unusually interesting situation and conversation.

From the scattered phrases he heard it seemed that some tragedy was being enacted. The situation was doubly interesting as the maiden had a copy of the last *Gryphon* on her knee open at a poem. To enforce her points in the argument she continually tapped the poem. The audience craned forward.

"Money! it's always the question of filthy lucre that prevents everything worth while. Why weren't we independent? People with heaps of spare cash don't know how to rid themselves of it. People who need it badly, who have to deny themselves one necessary to get another, who can and will spend sensibly, haven't anything to spend." The audience nodded sympathetically. He knew! "But dear," here the audience pricked his ears—remonstrated the youth, "money isn't everything. For example"—here his voice dropped but the audience could gamble that he said "You! sweet one!" Smiling indulgently the audience nodded wisely. "Well, I admit money can't buy everything but look what a help it could be to us," conceded the maiden—a second wise nod from the audience. "But we mustn't let anyone know till it's all over. We don't want all our happiness blighting by unsympathetic people. Your people would be wild, wouldn't they, dear?" warned the youth. "But they would soon come round when they knew our hearts were fixed on it," encouraged she. "Just as I thought," was the inaudible remark of the audience! "Anyhow why shouldn't we?" argued the youth hopefully. "Nobody can possibly object, seeing that it would affect nobody except our two selves; and even then I should not dream of doing so if I thought it would

hurt us. We have everything to gain and very little to lose. In my opinion it is well worth it. What do you think, dear?" "Certainly worth the risk, but suppose we just can't manage to carry it out. They mightn't give us the licence straight off and we could do nothing without that. We shall have to keep hoping. Anyway I wish we could do it at once. This waiting seems so silly and yet I suppose we can't manage it till then." "We can't get a licence before then and I can't manage to rake in enough till then. Money, as I said, is the very D - - - L." "A necessary evil—an evil necessary," corrected the girl. "Now you know that there are things worth having that money can't buy." "Your company for example," said the youth and again the conversation became inaudible, until the youth suggested that the meeting should adjourn for tea. The maiden, however, stated that they should continue discussing their plans during tea. The youth returned in an incredibly short time with tea.

Let us leave these two together in peace and follow the audience. He had vanished quietly when the adjournment was suggested and once outside had met some acquaintances—not bosom friends for he wasn't the kind of person to inspire violent likes, but I'm afraid the converse was only too true. He told them that that great brute was trying to induce that pretty young thing to elope: that all they wanted was money and the licence. The sweet young things in the group screamed. "That schemer trying to net —. I thought him always so levelheaded. Took no notice of ME at the dance." "No," thought another aloud, "he looked at her a lot but I always hoped he liked ME better." "Anyhow," chimed in another, "let us tell them the game is up.—Some revenge, anyhow," *sotto voce*. The whole group, three stalwart males, and three, once shy, clinging, now like tigresses, surged into the room. Our hero, quite naturally startled, swore softly. "You shan't elope," shrieked the female element. "You - - - (!) rotter," growled the males. "What's all the row about?" "You aren't going to elope with —. Think of her future," remonstrated the fellows. "Elope with —!" "Run away marriage with —."

"Ye Gods! what fools these mortals be!" "Anyway, X heard you plan to get a licence and say that you wouldn't let anyone know in case your happiness would be marred. The game is up, old sport. I never thought you such a cad, really," explained the spokesman. "Licence? If your bally informant had listened more carefully he would have understood it was a motor licence. March 24th is the beginning of the new quarter." "As to the secret arrangements, if you will know, it's an idea we have had to help the University Appeal Rag at York. That's all you will get out of us, so there!" she stamped furiously, "Look here X" said he, "I'll give you five seconds to clear out. If I ever catch you at your 'Sherlock Holmes' tricks again, I'll" The surplus population, dumbfounded and conscience stricken, emigrated. The two planners continued in peace.

After T. E. BROWN.

A Grotto is a lovesome place, for two!

Eyes blue,

Sweet miss,

Love new—

The home of bliss

It is; and yet the miss

Declares one shouldn't do—

Not try, in the dark, to steal a kiss?

Nay, but it's very sure

Love will not such a reign endure. R.O.H.



Lines for H.

Your clothes sit stiffly on a chair,
Emptied of beauty for the night,
Layr upon sluggish layer
The colourful things you love to wear.

My dear, as far as I can see,
This silken world of shadow and light
And shimmering stir, will be
Without you, meaningless to me.

Leap of water and strength of stone,
Comely line of hill and tree,
These will be sluggish grown,
Like clothes about your bedrock thrown.

HILDA BREARLEY.

Goodnight

The day is over,
Its hours have sped.
The shadows cover
The path we tread.
The wandering breezes
Waft far and wide
The breath of eventide.

Alone together,
Your arm in mine,
We wandered hither
Ere day's decline.
We now are nearing
Our journey's end,
Good-night, good-night, my friend!

In shining number
The stars out creep,
And bid you slumber,
To wake from sleep
And find me near you
With morning light.
It is not far. Good-night!

ROSAMOND E. HERKLOTS.

Homage

My sweetheart walks in stately grace
Across the room to greet:
A smile upon her gentle face.

My sweetheart breathes a purity
Unmatched by flagrant beauties' eyes.
My Love, my only dear is she.

I take her hand, and feel the sweet
Clear pulsing life that swiftly flows;
And near to mine her heart doth beat.

I watch how colour comes and goes—
—A blush that springs, and then denies
The sweetest flower is the rose.

DENIS BOTTERILL.

Spring Mood (to D.)

Hawthorne aides I leave behind
That are too green for peace of mind;
Ignore the larches as I ought,
Since larches are as green as thought.
Beset with loveliness, rich for two,
Yet I will not think of you,
But independently will lie,
Under the vigour of the sky,
Remembering that a girl may die
And lose such easy joys as these.
But the acrid smell of poplar trees
And cherries drifted deep in snow
Will snap my vigilance, I know.

HILDA BREARLEY.

Father-to-be

Are you searching for beauty, oh Father-to-be ?
For beauty to touch his blue eyes ?
There is gold in the sunset, and grey 'neath the tree
There are shadows on moorlands and bronze in the sea,
So fold up the beauty in crimson and green,
And pin them with garlands of amethyst shewn,
And seal them with kisses again and again ;
And he will see beauty, oh Father-to-be.

Are you searching for music, oh Father-to-be ?
For music to hush him to sleep ?
There are whispers in pines, there are songs in the sea,
There are signs near the ground where the primroses peep :
So wrap all the music in silver and blue
With tissues of sky with stars peeping through,
And tie them with blossoms and moonbeams and rain
And seal them with kisses again and again,
And he will love music, oh Father-to-be.

Are you searching for loveliness, Father-to-be,
To strengthen his frail baby soul ?
You will find it asleep in the rosebuds of May,
It laughs in eyes of the children at play ;
So wrap all your gifts up in sapphire and white,
And tie them with perfumes of flowers in the night,
And seal them with kisses from you and from me ;
And he will be ours, dear Father-to-be.

Mother-to-be

Are you gathering silk for him, Mother-to-be ?
To make him a gown soft and warm ?
There are gossamer threads in the mists on the sea
At twilight are cobwebs bejewelled on the tree,
There are fabrics of silver and mauve on the ground,
And curtains of blue 'mong the hyacinths round,
So hem the silk green with pale blue and white,
And tie all the ribbons of starshine and light,
And he will be happy, oh Mother-to-be.

Are you gathering wool for him, Mother-to-be ?
To make him a bed soft and warm ?
There is down in the foam on the breakers at sea ;
There is fleece on the clouds as they drift in the sky ;
There are blankets of leaves, red and golden they be,
There are cushions of violets, forget-me-nots fair,
And pillows of stardust and fresh maidenhair,
Then make his bed soft with pink and with green,
And sprinkle with roses and sunshine between,
And he will be cozy, oh Mother-to-be.

Are your thoughts filled with love, oh dear Mother to be ?
To help him as soon as he comes ?
There is love in the roses, and softness in dew,
There is tenderness always when moonlight peeps through,
There are little love words when the mating bird calls ;
There are kisses on lilac when rain softly falls :
So caress him and kiss him, for you and for me,
And he will be ours, dear Mother-to-be.



IN RETREAT.

By Herbert Read. (Hogarth Press, pp. 42, price 3/6).

FOR four years the Great War was a matter of sentiment. It has now (to judge from the machinations of the statesmen) become a myth. Mr. Herbert Read, a graduate of the University of Leeds, has reminded us in a small volume issued by the Hogarth Press (the Hogarth Essays, 6) that it was neither a sentiment nor a myth for those who were swept into its tempest: it was a stark, grim reality. And with the consciousness of its hideousness and inhumanity, Mr. Read has written an account of his experiences during the great retreat which began in the spring of 1918. Mr. Read was at that time an officer in the Fifth Army, and he seems to have tasted all the sour fruits which the war produced. In his introduction he tells us that he realised the futility of post-war smugness, and that this smugness would have to go before he published his narrative:

"Personally I find myself receding from the stern oath of realism I took when in the midst of war; receding, too, from whatever bitterness I then felt against the charlatans who proffered their vicarious interpretations of our experience. I still feel some bitterness that so little that is effectual should have been recorded of the reality; and most bitter, perhaps, at certain states of forgetfulness in the minds of non-combatants."

Mr. Read's journal is a refreshing reminder of the callous brutality of the war. The narrative is written in an ascetic, pure, clear-cut style, unencumbered by artificial effects and ornamentations. Such a style is essential to the matter which is being described, and at times its detachment strikes to the heart of realism:

"They had been sleeping, some six men, beneath tarpaulin sheets, stretched across a half-demolished out-house. A shell had fallen in the middle of them. In the weak glare of my torch, we saw a mangled mass of red brick-dust and of red glistening blood. Here and there we distinguished a tousled head of hair. One man, pinned beneath beams and brickwork, was still groaning. We quickly began to excavate him, but he died whilst we worked."

The retreat which Mr. Read describes covered a distance of about ninety miles; but the impression which he gives us is that of a handful of men dodging about from one little village to another in a small area. The style, however, is what counts, and about this we have no complaint to make. Mr. Read has clothed a living experience in phrases which cut like a sharp knife: they leave no ends and tendons straggling about. It is the style of a man who has seen harrowing things and who has felt them acutely. As he says, he wishes the events to speak for themselves

"unaided by art," and he uses none of the devices of either the rhetorician or the sentimentalist. His detachment succeeds where a more subjective style would fail; yet Mr. Read is not photographic. He is simply endeavouring to make us feel what he felt by describing events as they existed for him. Events such as those which he experienced are not easy to describe; but the directness, balance, and smooth continuity of his style have enabled Mr. Read to overcome any difficulty.

The journal begins with violence, and ends with peace. Mr. Read came to the end of his retreat within sight of the towers of Amiens. After the rattle of the rifles he found stillness: "a great silence filled the cup of the misty hills."

The Hogarth Press has recently published a number of booklets written by Moderns, including Roger Fry, T. S. Eliot, Robert Graves and Edith Sitwell. We hope that Mr. Read's prose will entitle him to hold a worthy position among these. His poetry has already commended him to the critics; we hope that his prose will do likewise.

G. V. JONES.

Comfort for Card Players

THE card player is an underestimated and neglected member of the community. Here we have the true lover of the University, the one who succeeds in getting the utmost out of student life. He is no book-worm, skulking in seminar or wasting his time in the library. Other students rush to get away from the place, but your card enthusiast simply has to tear himself away. How many others are there who show such enduring affection?

A man who takes a degree without learning to play cards has been wasting time. No one can claim to be truly educated unless he can play auction-bridge. This is the hall-mark of having lived a full life. For card-playing has many virtues that are in danger of being forgotten. It cultivates excellent qualities in speech—brevity, precision, terseness, clarity, directness. A card enthusiast learns to speak simply and to the point. At the same time an ability to dispute is developed, this being essential in business. Mental agility is developed, also ability to think and act quickly; and co-ordination of hand and eye. The valuable power of disciplining facial expression is not the least of the many virtues of cards.

A card-room is comparatively cheap to equip and maintain. Let the Union Committee once show that they consider the comfort of card men and then the latter will take a pride in their abode. Some first-rate chairs are essential. Who can blame the players for venting their natural anger on the creaking, rickety chairs? A good coal fire is an essential, then one can kick away at will, and has not to trouble to turn out the gas—a terrible waste of exertion.

Quietness is hardly possible at present, but a good carpet would improve matters. The Union, too, should provide noiseless counters, for the metallic counters which are now used are very disturbing to neighbours. Nasty-minded people might think that some play for stakes, but that, of course, is ridiculous. If they did play for money, the C.U. would know about it; if the C.U. knew about it there would be a row, for the integrity of character and loftiness of principle of the members have been revealed by their firm stand about the Sports Ballot. There has been no row, therefore there is no gambling.

N. A. P.

Charles Turner Thackrah

1795-1833.

Incumbit toto pectore ad laudem.

THE village of Shadwell lies, unreflexibly Victorian, just outside the northern boundary of the city of Leeds, beyond Roundhay; at the end of the Eighteenth Century, before brick villas had fringed its ill-paved street with a doubtful urbanity, there lived there, on a small patrimonial estate, Mr. and Mrs. Thackrah and their little son, Charles, who was to be an inspirer and founder of the Leeds School of Medicine, and so one of the progenitors of the University of Leeds.

Charles Turner Thackrah was born at Leeds on the 22nd May, 1795. He was educated in the houses of two country clergymen, at Bardsey and Liversedge; and then, being destined for the Church, was sent to read divinity with the Rev. James Knight, of Halifax.

At fifteen he was seized by the boy's thirst for fame and greatness; and the ambitious dreams which the man usually looks back on with a smile remained a serious passion with Thackrah through all his life. He always fought for renown with the uncomprehending gaucherie of fifteen.

He used to escape from Mr. Knight and his divinity to study the science of fortification amongst the steep and desolate hills around Halifax, and he composed the outline of an ingenious tale of fiction; but he saw in the Church too little prey for his ambition; it was the age of Dalton and Cavendish, of Cuvier and Bichat, and in 1811 he persuaded his parents to apprentice him to Mr. O. Brooke, surgeon, of Leeds. He had started the career which was to bring him to greatness. He took for his motto the Ciceronian *Incumbit toto pectore ad laudem*.

As apprentice at 16, as pupil in the Leeds Infirmary at 19, as a student at Guy's at 20, he was avid and restless in the pursuit of knowledge. The duties of a surgeon's apprentice were strenuous and comprehensive, including the dispensing of prescriptions and the delivery of bills; but Thackrah found time to study forty-three works closely and eighteen partially in the space of twelve months, besides committing to memory 1,000 lines of Latin and English verse, and practising himself daily in composition. *Incumbit toto pectore ad laudem*.

Under the strain of close study and long confinement in the dissecting rooms, his health broke down, but he continued to work. "Oh that God would grant me that stamina of body which supports the vigour of the mind! How much knowledge should I then acquire, and what discoveries might I not hope to make! In my present state the periods of study are lamentably short; so often does gastric disorder depress my faculties, and sink me in the dust." By New Year Resolutions, which there is every reason to suppose he carried out, he cut down his hours of sleep to eight at the age of twenty, to six-and-a-half at twenty-five. He regretted every moment that was not marked by the acquisition of a new fact. "How much time," he wrote in despair, "is occupied by the taking of food."

Incumbit toto pectore ad laudem. He qualified in 1816, and his *Essay on Diabetes* was rewarded by the Physical Society's prize of several valuable medical works. The next year he returned to Leeds and started to practise, young, ill and melancholy. During his struggles for a livelihood, his ambition was unabated. He feared that his health would drive him abroad, and wrote to a friend "... perhaps my remains will ultimately be deposited in a foreign land. I may lie on my death-bed without a friend or relative to close my eyes; but I shall have one satisfaction, at least,

that my remembrance will not perish," *Incumbere toto pectore ad laudem*. The young practitioner was carrying on serious investigations. His researches on the blood were rewarded in 1818 by a prize offered by Sir Astley Cooper to his former pupils, and in 1819 he published his *Inquiry into the nature and properties of the blood*, which was recognised as an important contribution to medical science.

When, in 1818, a meeting of gentlemen was held in the Court House at Leeds to consider the formation of a Philosophical and Literary Society, the young surgeon was of course present; he was appointed Honorary Secretary, an office he held for three years; and when the Society's building was opened in 1821, he was selected to deliver the introductory discourse, which was afterwards published by the Society.

Incumbere toto pectore ad laudem. Thackrah's quick and fiery intelligence responded to any current of speculation which would set him ahead of his fellows; he was a Georgian with the Victorians' faith in science and its pre-eminent educational value, and with the Victorians' taste for social investigations.

In the first thirty years of the Nineteenth Century, the population of Leeds more than doubled; and to house the workers in the mills whose dimensions are so proudly recorded by guide-book writer, the slums with which we are still struggling began to be built. In 1820 Richard Costler commenced the agitation for the Ten Hours Bill by his letters on "Slavery in Yorkshire" in the *Leeds Mercury* and the *Leeds Intelligencer*, and the next year Michael Thomas Sadler of Leeds introduced it into Parliament. Already in 1819, Thackrah had shown his interest in the condition of the labouring classes by a report to the Leeds Workhouse Board on the horrible state of the lower classes of lodging houses in the town, which is said to have led to some very beneficial regulations. Now, he was engaged in conducting, with the aid of his pupils, a survey of the health and conditions of life of Leeds; and in 1831 he published *The effects of the principal arts, trades and professions, and of civic states and habits of living, on health and longevity, with particular reference to the trades and manufactures of Leeds; and suggestions for the removal of many of the agents which produce disease, and shorten the duration of life*.

It is a comprehensive, and on the whole a judicious work. If he occasionally seems to generalise from slight evidence, he usually presents reliable statements based on wide and thorough investigation of the facts. He is sometimes picturesque, as in the picture of the butcher riding hard across the country to buy cattle, and his whole family, down to the slaughterman and the butcher's boy, eating cooked meat at least twice a day. He is sometimes sensible, as in his plea that school children should have more time to play, and that young ladies should be encouraged to romp like their brothers instead of spending their time in ladylike accomplishments. But the chief value of the book lies in its cool and scientific analysis of industries where the workman normally died at twenty-eight or thirty-two, of mills where the hours of work were 16 or 18. He scarcely condemns; he writes without a trace of useless passion; he is more concerned with the inefficiency than with the cruelty of the system, as he coolly analyses facts and suggests improvements.

The book passed into a second edition in a year; whether it had any influence it is difficult to say. Thackrah's work for medical education is undeniable value, and of more importance to us.

In 1822, and again in 1823, he delivered at the Philosophical Hall a course of lectures on Physiology designed for the general public, and a portion of them were published by Longman in 1824. But it was to professional education that he gave his greatest attention. The system of the time was a period of apprenticeship, accompanied by hospital work and followed by a year or two at one of the London

schools, for the general practitioner; and the Oxford or Cambridge M.D. for the consultant. Thackrah tried to found a local school at which systematic study, especially of Anatomy could be carried on during the period of apprenticeship. Shortly after his establishment in Leeds, he had commenced lecturing to his pupils; and in 1820 he associated himself with other junior members of the faculty to form a series of courses, though the arrangement does not seem to have lasted long.

Eventually, in 1826, he founded the Leeds School of Anatomy, delivering lectures and performing dissections at his house in South Parade. He lectured on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, Friday being omitted for the convenience of pupils attending the Infirmary. Practising doctors as well as students attended, and Thackrah advertised that "Practitioners from the country have free admittance." A surgeon who attended the first course states (*Leeds Mercury*, 12th May, 1827; see also 19th May, 1827) that the course was excellent, and that "subjects have been provided in abundance."

Thackrah attempted to obtain recognition for his lectures from the College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Hall, but unsuccessfully; the school continued, however, until the foundation of the Leeds School of Medicine in 1831, when it was absorbed in the more comprehensive establishment.

His educational ideas were liberal. A scheme drawn up for his apprentices apparently in 1821 included practical Anatomy, the taking of notes on cases and post-mortem examinations, together with Classics and English composition. The same ideas are presented in flowery lengths of eloquence in the *Introductory Discourse*. The student should first of all make himself familiar with the different branches of knowledge, and "read the classic page till he acquire its energy and tone, its sublimity, its splendour and vigour of expression"—a result not perhaps so inevitable as Mr. Thackrah seems to have supposed. With more practical wisdom he recommends the study of English literature and the practice of English composition; the ability to write accurately and well on any subject ("to which Pope and Gay owed much of their success") confers no small distinction, and is important to the student of science, whom it enables to arrange, concentrate, and express his ideas, and even assists more materially in his progress: "for the best mode of learning a subject is to write on it."

For a gentleman who wished merely to improve his mind, Thackrah considered *Experimental Philosophy* by far the most satisfactory study. At Cambridge, the Master of Trinity was shortly to lay down the doctrine that the natural sciences were unsuited for experimental methods of study and teaching, since, apart from mechanical manipulation, there is nothing to do but observe facts which can as well be learnt from books. At Leeds, the young surgeon, still under thirty, was urging his fellow citizens to devote their leisure to scientific research, and defining the principles of modern scientific education. "Here are objects capable of employing all the energies of the mind! and of gratifying its ardent curiosity . . . And if the confined and clouded views which we now enjoy, produce such gratification, what sensations shall we have, when scenes of transcendent beauty shall spread before us, and operations, the most important and interesting, be delineated by the hand of unerring science."

Thackrah's career was successful; his life can hardly have been happy, *Incumbit toto pectore ad laudem*. With high talents for the speculative life, he had none for the humbler but pleasant art of agreeing with one's neighbours. After engaging, in 1822, in a scandalous amour with one lady, in 1824 he married another, who, however, did not survive the union for more than four years, and whose death was shortly followed by that of their only daughter. Embittered by ill-health

and ambition; he quarrelled freely with his older professional colleagues, who showed to him an ill-will doubtless proceeding partly from professional jealousy, as he alleged, and partly, as they protested, from disapproval of his moral character. The first half of the year 1827 was occupied by a violent chirurgomachia, beginning with two rival meetings, each professing to consist of the Leeds members of the College of Surgeons, passing resolutions against one another on College reform and ending with a fine of £20 inflicted on one of Thackrah's pupils for horse-whipping a pupil of one of the older surgeons.

He re-married in 1830, and found, says his biographer, "in the renewal of the wedded state a diminution of that irritability which had so long rendered life burthen-some." His ambition, or at any rate the restless industry which it imposed on him, seems to have moderated, for dealing with the effects of the student's life on his health, he recommends a maximum of three hours' study daily. His circumstances were easy, his relations with his colleagues and seniors apparently improved, and his prospects of attaining easily the eminence he desired seemed assured. He enjoyed the respect of the growing circle of surgeons he had trained; and "whenever the influence of his friends," wrote one of them, "could persuade him to relax his efforts, the effect on his mind was striking in the extreme."

In 1831, the Leeds School of Medicine was founded by a group of practitioners whom Thackrah joined, merging his own School of Anatomy in the new institution, and taking the courses on the thoracic viscera, and on hernia and the pelvic viscera.

At this period of his life, the first, it seems, in which he was happy, he was attacked by a pulmonary complaint in addition to the old visceral affection; he declined rapidly, and died on the 23rd of May, 1833, at the age of thirty-eight.

He scarcely attained the balanced character which the moderation of age seemed to be bringing him. *Incumbe tunc pectore ad laudem*. It is to the boyish passion and impatience and the boyish enthusiasm which he kept so long that we owe a debt; and we can cherish his memory with regard and affection.

GEOFFREY WOLEDGE.

Correspondence

Sir—In the last year we have noticed with pleasure a real improvement in the relations between Egyptian and English students. In the entrance hall and in the refectory, for instance, the two nationalities mix much more freely than they used to. We feel that this is an entirely good thing and that each side has something valuable to give the other.

This tendency at Leeds coincides with similar movements in the other English Universities, in most of which Anglo-Egyptian relations are by no means so good as they are here. The question has now become so prominent that a conference is to be held from June 25th to 27th at High Leigh, near London, at which delegates from all the English Universities will meet to discuss the relations between Egyptian and English students. Leeds will send two delegates of each nationality.

The friendliness between English and foreign students at Leeds is already the envy of other Universities, but there is still room for improvement. We ask that greater efforts may be made by both Egyptians and English, so that our delegates can report to the Conference a still more intimate *rapprochement*.

A. L. HUSSEIN.

B. WOLEDGE.



NETBALL CLUB.

This season has been a record one. The singularly enthusiastic support at the beginning seems to have been prophetic. Only two matches have been lost out of 19, and those by a very narrow margin. Having won the Northern Inter-Varsity Championship we had to play in the Final against Birmingham, winners of the Welsh and Midland Universities. The match was a good one and Leeds won 14-10. Colours for the season have been awarded to the following:—*K. Lineham (Capt.), *G. Ford, *D. Gregg, *E. Lowe, N. Eaton, I. Squires and I. Warrilow, *Old Colours.

The 2nd team is also to be highly complimented on its good play throughout the season.

Teams.		Ground.	1st Team Result.	2nd Team Result.
1st and 2nd	Leeds High School	away	won .. 22-14	won .. 15-9
"	Notre Dame College	away	won .. 12-10	won .. 10-5
"	Modern School	away	won .. 22-12	won .. 24-0
"	Leeds Training College	home	won .. 18-14	won .. 15-10
"	Bingley Training College	home	won .. 14-11	won .. 10-5
"	Thoresby High School	home	won .. 15-12	won .. 7-4
"	Sheffield University	home	won .. 15-4	won .. 13-1
1st ..	Durham University	home	lost .. 10-9	—
1st and 2nd	Manchester University	away	lost .. 5-9	won .. 14-4
"	Manchester University	home	won .. 18-10	won .. 20-4
"	Sheffield University	away	won .. 22-8	won .. 14-4
"	Leeds High School	home	won .. 19-2	won .. 8-3
1st ..	Liverpool University	home	won .. 24-10	—
"	Thoresby High School	away	won .. 24-13	draw .. 13-13
"	Bingley Training College	away	won .. 16-7	won .. 9-8
1st and 2nd	Notre Dame College	home	won .. 15-13	—
"	Ripon Training College	home	won .. 15-12	won .. 15-3
"	Modern School	home	won .. 20-10	won .. 11-3
1st ..	Final of Inter-Varsity v. Birmingham	..	won .. 14-10	..
Goals			319-191	196-66

WOMEN'S LACROSSE CLUB.

We have unfortunately had to cancel several fixtures this season, but were luckily able to get nearly all our games with the leading clubs. Though results seem to point to a lean season, yet we have reason for satisfaction in many respects, having beaten York Ladies for the first time in our history, and put up a much better fight in our return matches against Huddersfield and Harrogate whose team contains international and county players.

Shooting remains our weakest feature, and many good passing bouts on the part of the Homes have come to nought through this deficiency, as well as through a fatal hesitation at the critical moments. Combination has distinctly improved,

but there is still a tendency to pass blindly. The middle line of defences, with goal, have been the strongest section of the team.

Sage, Whitaker, and Earich are to be congratulated on their consistently valuable help throughout the season. Colours have been awarded to Steinberg, Grassham, Earich, Sage and Whitaker. At a meeting of the club on March 16th, the following officers were elected for the session 1926-27:—*Captain*, D. M. Sage; *Vice-Captain*, J. Whitaker; *Hon. Sec.*, E. M. Hey; *Committee*, M. Leatham, G. M. Smith.

				For		Against	
Harrogate Ladies	away	lost	0	..	21
York Ladies	home	draw	4	..	4
Huddersfield Ladies	home	lost	1	..	8
Thoresby High School	away	won	10	..	4
Queen Ethelburga's	away	lost	3	..	9
MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY	away	lost	4	..	5
York Ladies	home	won	8	..	6
Thoresby High School	away	won	6	..	1
Huddersfield Ladies	away	lost	3	..	7
MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY	home	lost	2	..	6
Harrogate Ladies	away	lost	3	..	9
					44	..	80

SHOOTING EIGHT.

The season finished with a match against the Leeds City Tramways, and here we suffered rather badly, losing by 66 points. The team shot well, but was out-classed by a team who numbered among its ranks an international shot. The latter kindly offered to coach the team next year. In the Inter-Varsity matches the team shaped very badly, losing both to Manchester and Sheffield, but in the other matches we continued our successes of last term.

During the season we lost only five matches out of sixteen fired, the number of fixtures being three times that in previous years. Half colours for the season have been awarded to H. Batson, A. C. Horrell, R. C. Jelleyman and T. Spikins. The officers for next year are as follows:—*Captain*, T. Spikins; *Vice-Captain*, A. C. Horrell, *Hon. Sec.*, H. Holness.

Cricket Prospects

JUDGED by results, the Cricket Club last year had the most successful season of any of the University Sports organisations; and they are determined this year to keep a tight grasp on the Mayo-Robson cup which they won after so exciting a struggle.

There are not lacking indications that their determination will be crowned with success, even though three or four of last year's stalwarts will be missing. On paper the club's strongest asset is its batting. Every member of the probably eleven can make runs, two newcomers in Quail and Tomlinson having shown particular promise in this direction. Incidentally it may be remarked that the skipper, Speak, was among the Colts invited up for coaching at Headingley during the Easter vacation. The ground fielding might be smarter, but taking things all round there is not much ground for complaint here, and Harrison behind the stumps relieves us of all anxiety about that position.

The team's weakness appears likely to be in bowling, and I fear that too much work will rest on the shoulders of Dey and King. Both these bowl a beautiful length, and King knows how to "flight" the ball, while if Dey could turn the ball with

more certainly he would be the best bowler the University has seen for years. I have seen no other first-class bowler among the players; though there are plenty of good change bowlers. If the bowling can be strengthened by a fast bowler and a good left-arm slow, I am prepared to back the team to hold the Mayo-Robson trophy for another season.

"The Tyke"

A COMPLAINT we have not seldom heard at times when the *Gryphon* takes her flights abroad, relates to the alleged lack of comic relief in the Magazine which, it is murmured, is so "highbrow"! and weighty as to appeal only to the chosen few.

An opportunity now arises for the release of all those flights of Comic Muses which hitherto have thus had no chance of displaying their aerial capabilities. In other words, humour of every description is now at a premium; and all students who have been nursing in their bosoms gems of wit despised and rejected of the "highbrow" *Gryphon*, are now asked, nay implored, to send them along to the editor of "The Tyke"—the undergraduate humorous journal which will appear in June.

"The Tyke" is a student effort in aid of the University Appeal Fund. It will be a humorous magazine with humorous advertisements, and the greatest possible effort is to be made to avoid having a single serious line in the whole of its 64 pages. Assistance on either the editorial or business side will be welcomed with open arms. Limericks, humorous verse, parodies, short stories, essays, epigrams—all will be gratefully received and sorted by the editor; if rough drafts of humorous "stunts" are submitted, they will be worked up by the staff into the finished article. The business manager, too, will be glad of assistance in canvassing advertisers, writing up adverts in humorous fashion, and promises to assist in sales on June 12th. Leeds newspaper cartoonists have promised to help us with the illustrations, and if students will help us by putting their shoulders to the wheel, we are confident that a very considerable sum can be made for the Appeal Fund.

Students who have any bright ideas or are willing to assist in any way are requested to communicate with T. L. Aked (Editor) or H. J. Weaver (Manager) via the Gryphon Box near the H.P.'s window. We don't care what it is as long as it's funny.

If you are going down

ALL students who are going down should avail themselves of the University Appointments Board. Those who have already obtained posts should register so that a record may be kept of their careers, those who have not should register so that they can have the assistance of the Board in obtaining them. No fees are charged; and once names are placed on the register they are kept there permanently. The formal business of the Board consists in putting old students in touch with employers; but besides this the Secretary, Mr. W. R. Grist, will always be glad to advise students and old students on any aspect of their career, or to supply them with information about the prospects of different professions, etc. No one should leave the University without interviewing him and registering their names.

Mr. Grist may be seen in his office at 21, University Road (almost opposite the main entrance of the University) at almost any time of the day.

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

The terminal field day was held on February 10, on Otley Chevin. The men were conveyed to the scene of operations by chara's and a decisive attack was carried out, the defenders being completely "annihilated." Judging by the popularity of the terminal field days and messes these events have come to stay.

On the occasion of the Bishop of Ripon's address to the students on February 21st, the O.T.C. was again in evidence and about 25 members attended Church Parade at Emmanuel Church. This number, although small, embodies in it practically all those members resident in Leeds.

Another "Alfresco" dance was held in the Great Hall, on March 12th. 250 people were present and judging by the popularity of these functions there seems to be room for several more of their kind during the session.

The annual mess dinner and prize giving was held in the Refectory, on March 15th, when the Vice-Chancellor was the guest of honour, and delegates from Durham, Manchester and Sheffield Universities, as well as several old members were present. After the dinner the Vice-Chancellor distributed several prizes won during the session and in his speech enlarged on the possibility of forming a cavalry unit, if not a flying unit. The success of this dinner was due to the hard work on the part of the mess-president (C.Q.M.S. Bebbington).

The term was brought to a close by a musketry camp held at Stremsall from March 24-26th. Nearly 60 cadets under Lt. Best attended this camp to fire their annual course and a most enjoyable two days was spent. The weather was cold but dry and the light ideal for shooting. Although the camp was a hard one the enthusiasm and keenness shown by the recruits promises well for the annual camp. The standard of shooting was well above that expected, there being a return of 25 per cent. first class shots. Silver spoons were awarded to the best and second best shots in the contingent at camp and these were won by Lt. Best and Sgt. Holmes respectively.—Lt. Best's score being 100 out of a possible 105. Spoons were also awarded to the best shot among the recruits and the best all-round performance among the recruits and these were won by Cadets Street and Harrison (T.) respectively.

The success of this camp is undoubted and we hope that this innovation like several others will become annual events.

H. HOLNESS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

The Third Annual Exhibition was held in the Great Hall, on Tuesday, March 9th. The prints were so numerous and so good that it was a pity the Exhibition could not have lasted for two days at least. Much of the work in the open class had gained awards at other societies' exhibitions. The judge at this exhibition was Mr. Harold G. Grainger. Several pictures were kindly loaned by Alex. Keighley, Esq., F.R.P.S.

This year there was a Lantern Slide Section, and the response was very good—about 120 slides being shown. Mr. W. Scruton, F.R.P.S. exhibited many colour slides, and Dr. R. B. Forster, Mr. W. R. Grist, Mr. A. Dordan-Pyke and Mr. David Holmes, also contributed interesting slides.

The Judge's awards were as follows:—

Class I.—(Advanced Workers): Cup, Mr. F. J. Dent.

Class II.—(Beginners):—1st, Dr. Barr; 2nd, Mr. D. G. Elton;

3rd, Dr. Barr.

Class III.—(Open): Bronze Medal, Mr. W. H. Walmsley (Birmingham).

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

Last term was begun with a small conference discussing the findings of the modern universities conference, in regard to the organization of the S.C.M., gambling, drink, war, industry, and the relation between men and women in College. During the term we have held open meetings for Dr. H. T. Hodgkin of China, Mr. and Mrs. Vones of Japan, and we have also run study circles in each hostel. An experiment of an afternoon away from the rush of life was led by Rev. W. S. B. Robertson, at St. Columba's district Church, and everybody was determined to try it again. We have also held a social for 60 men and women, at which we were glad to see our late Inter-collegiate secretary, Donald Wilson. Our new committee held a very promising retreat in March. We hope that the programme of next year will appeal to a wider circle and that all Christians will help us to improve the defective sides of our life.

Our plans include our big conferences at Swanwick in July, and a "Swanwickette" on May 12th to help us to send a really good delegation from Leeds this year. We are running a C.U. Dance in aid of the Appeal Fund, on May 7th. There will be a pre-terminal conference in April on Science and Religion. In the Christmas term arrangements will be made to take parties of students to inspect some of the worst housing condition in Leeds and a few factories, in order to gain some background for our study.

We are backing the C. of E. World-Cull campaign in September and are running an evangelistic campaign in an industrial town in July. So we've got plenty on hand; come and lend a hand!

W. F. TYNDALE-BESCOE.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

Perhaps it may be argued that the Debating Society has no right to lift up its head during the Summer Term. Debates are quite a sound method of passing time during the Winter, when nobody but an Eskimo or a Harrier desires to go outdoors, but now that Spring is really here you think to put away such Education Room affairs. Nevertheless, we desire to trespass a little on the space of this number.

In the first place we wish to congratulate ourselves on the Inter-Varsity Debate. As Inter-Varsity debates go, it was really excellent. This was no doubt in large measure to the presence of the Supporters Club. Secondly, in spite of what you may think about the proper season for debates, we are arranging one in May—of a rather unusual nature. Michigan University (pronounced through the nose) is sending over a Debating Team to England, and with them we shall measure swords over the topic "That this House views with alarm the entrance of women into the learned professions and statecraft." Will Leeds stand to her co-educational principles?

THE N.U.S. CONGRESS.

All that can be said of the N.U.S. Congress is that the 750 who attended, and the Leeds contingent in particular, had the time of their lives. Useful and witty lectures on careers, a stately League of Nations Assembly with an opening address

by Earl Grey, and a lively and slightly vituperative Parliament combined with dancing, punting, drama and innumerable private parties to make a most enjoyable week.

Budding teachers found Professor Nunn far more enjoyable in the flesh than in print, whilst Mr. Max Pemberton gave a racy little chat on journalism. Prospects of £5,000 a year for snappy writers was dangled before the audience, which was also given a good feast of Press reminiscences. Medicine (in the shape of Sir Humphrey Rolleston, Bart., K.C.B.), also ran, as did Engineering, Commerce and Research.

As a miniature politician I cannot refrain from a brief Parliamentary report. The Socialists took office and presented a very ably drafted, if somewhat hastily thought out, Budget. The debate which followed became a little tame until the Socialist Premier made a violent attack on both Liberal and Conservatives in the approved soap box manner. This "got" the Tories, and hard words were hurled across the house. The division which ensued at 11.30 p.m. led to the Socialists being kept in office by Liberal votes, and that in spite of all the nasty things said about them! On the second night a Nationalisation of Mines Bill proved too much even for the Liberals to swallow, so out went the Socialists.

To be continued next year at Bristol; by which time the Inter-University Conservative Federation (founded by a Leeds member) hopes to save the Empire.

"PIPPING" POLICIES.

Details of the N.U.S. fire policy have already appeared but after all fires are not an every day occurrence in the life of students unskilled in the art of retiring out of the losses. Two other policies, however, which are due to appear shortly, should sell like hot cakes. First and foremost there is an accident or illness policy at the absurdly low figure of one shilling per head. Should you be injured at rugby or ping-pong or if you succumb temporarily to influenza or housemaid's knee, £1 10s. per week awaits you during the period of enforced idleness not exceeding twenty-six weeks. In addition examination fees will be returned to those unfortunate enough to have paid them. This brings me to the second policy, an examination pipping policy! Inter people can cast care aside on entering the Great Hall for a 5/- N.U.S. policy will cover their fees on entering a second time. P—kin came up too early! Wouldn't he have appreciated such a scheme.

The N.U.S. is to go on the warpath again to attempt to get cheaper railway facilities for students travelling backwards and forwards to their University. In Belgium students get a 50% reduction. The N.U.S. has already tried twice: let us hope that the third attempt will prove successful. The N.U.S. goes in to battle armed with statistics and the backing of University authorities.

H. T. WEAVER.

THE LABOUR SOCIETY RAMBLE.

A group of 26 met at the University and boarded a caravan of buses, which must have made a glorious sight as it shot through Headingley on to Otley. There was one mistake. Our official herald had forgotten the red flags, and the buses were a dingy grey. A race for leadership kept the excited children perfectly happy. We had on our way seen the C.U. boarding a tram, and had glimpsed a belated Geographer or two in Otley—lost, perhaps.

We then began to ramble, and ever talked. Our jester (G.P.) performed tricks at the roadside, like an old time mountebank, collecting at the end the purely

nominal fee of 2/9, the day's expenses plus a profit of 11d. We ambled and rambled and gambolled our way through the Washburn Valley. The scenery was glorious and the visibility perfect. Tea was ordered for 5 p.m., and because all the clocks in the house were twenty minutes fast, tea was prompt, piping hot, and excellent, quite equal to those famous teas of Westmoreland. Afterwards, until 6.15 p.m., our jester sang 49 verses of a song, the last line of which was "How would you, how would you, like to be me!" to which came the resounding chorus, "Not at all, not at all!" But I think some of us would. We then heard 114 really splendid Limericks, and sundry other Ruthless Rhymes. If our Kumati did loosen the rafters, we were not charged extra.

Night was closing in on us as we wandered back. It was gloriously clear, and we could see the lights of Ilkley and Otley standing bright against the blackness of the moons beyond. Stars appeared and the moon shone brighter. Meteors fell around us, and singing made life gay. We were gay even when waiting for the buses, but we did not get to the stage of the University Waiting Dirge. We were punctual, and had kept well together, thanks to the perfect marshalling of our leader and late Chairman. Another ramble will be held in June, the last Saturday before results, and G.P. is to be official jester, provided he come in cap and bells.

B.B.

FEDERATION OF POLITICAL SOCIETIES.

At last the experiment is to be made of a Federation of Political Societies. It must be realised that the Federation is not merely a means to prevent the clashing of meetings. It is a definite attempt to promote a wider outlook on political questions and to raise the standard of speakers. The Liberal Association will hold two meetings which will be Federation Meetings, and which members of Federated Societies should attend just as members of the Cavendish Society are expected to attend Cavendish meetings. Similarly each of the other political societies will hold only two Federation meetings, but each federated society will have a total of six Federation meetings, which will belong to each and every society equally.

The aim is to promote a wider outlook on political questions. Each Society will be allotted two Federation meetings each session, and will further be able to hold an unlimited number of meetings independently of the Federation. The Federation will issue a Joint Syllabus containing Federation meetings and all independent meetings.

Each Federated Society will retain its own identity in all matters but the fixing of Federation meetings. Federation meetings will be on Thursdays, at 5.15 p.m. The following are Federation meetings for next Session:—Oct. 14th, Labour Society; Oct. 28th, Liberal Association; Nov. 11th, Conservative Association; Jan. 27th, Conservative; Feb. 17th, Liberal; Mar. 10th, Labour.

A few independent meetings will no doubt be held, but not many, since each Society has six Federation meetings to attend. There is an idea that the Joint Syllabus should be given away to all, each society supplying its members. Students will join whichever society they most favour, but there will be no means by which one may join the Federation as such. Subscriptions must be kept separate. One can hardly imagine a Conservative paying part of the Labour Society's affiliation fee to the University Labour Federation! The new scheme should be a great success if six first rate speakers are obtained by the federated societies. We may look forward to some really hot discussions.

B.B.

Leeds University Old Students' Association

Secretaries : NORA B. JOLE, SIDNEY BEST.

Treasurer : MR. W. R. GRIFF.

Gryphon Representative : GROFFKEY WOLEDGE.

THE WEEK-END.

THE first of what one hopes will be a long sequence of such happy foregatherings was held in the middle of March at Throxenby Hall, Scarborough. No setting more fitting could be imagined for such occasions. The whole place breathed forth a spirit of good fellowship that was thoroughly infectious, and tonic in its effect. Not one who was there but awaits the next week-end with the liveliest and most pleasurable anticipation.

Our vanguard—we were an apostolic twelve—arrived on the Friday evening in time for a hearty evening meal.

This over, we sought sanctuary around the friendly hearth in the drawing room. The spell had already begun to work. Chronological trees were scaled from root to uttermost branch and ere long one was well advanced upon the long converging avenues of common acquaintance.

Family ties thus being adjusted as it were, we gathered round the piano for an informal "sing-song."

It was practically a "Gilbert and Sullivan" evening. The ladies sang charmingly, and the men—well—fearlessly at any rate, whatever our demerits vocally, they were suffered indulgently. And so we retired to bed feeling that life for the nonce had fallen in pleasant places.

The next day was glorious. We were early upon the road to Hayburn Wyke, some motoring, others walking. 'Twas a delightful outing, brimful of amusing incident. One will not easily forget the sight of Miss C—— marooned upon a rock o'erwashed by the incoming tide, one hand upheld in historic deprecation—with historic non-success. Or again what a joy to behold "Papa" G——t defying the elements, leaping from crag to crag "asserting" youth in every stride.

And the return to Throxenby!

Like the Biblical Ethiop our good friend S—— invited straggling members of our "troupe" to sit beside him in his Talbot until our number was no less than nine; a very conspicuous figure being that of our worthy secretary lying prone across the car for all the world like the recumbent effigy of a defunct Crusader.

What *did* the inhabitants of the sleepy hamlets through which we passed really think?

A photographic record of this extraordinary sight will ultimately hang in the O.S.A. headquarters. Like the raconteur from *Panck* whose halting narrative failed to impress, I can only add that you should see the picture.

The afternoon was spent pleasantly if in more conventional style on the Spa. Evening found our party happier still (if possible) and increased to its full complement of thirty.

Dancing and Ping Pong were the order of the evening. Here again, in the latter diversion, our worthy Treasurer in a riot of juvenility "volleyed and blundered" his way into the final and retired undisputed champion of the O.S.A. Any challenges forthcoming should be addressed to the University.

The serenity of our Sabbath breakfast was disturbed by a gentleman who persisted in exploiting the alimentary and ablutionary possibilities of Grape-Fruit to the discomfiture of his immediate fellows. However, we understand that conduct so "contrary to etiquette" is not likely to be repeated as a dissertation on "The Cult of the Grape Fruit" is being prepared for his benefit.

The morning was spent by some—one—at Divine Worship, by the rest in Pagan style at Cayton Bay.

"Papa" G——t (still "asserting" his youth) led the way in games of "Rounders" "Rabbits and Rats," etc. He reached his zenith by defeating Miss C——, a former champion at the University, in a flat race along the sands.

Further variety was given to our entertainment by a display of eurythmics under the direction of Miss T——, the final tableau was superb. Again I must refer you to the picture.

The afternoon was spent upon the Marine Drive. Heavy seas were rolling, and we had lots of fun gauging the psychological moment of retreat—not always with impunity.

In the evening two of our local members called upon us—B. C. Thompson, a former President, and Jim Strickland; the former teaching the physically afflicted of Scalby that Aesculapius lived not in vain, and the latter thoroughly happy in his work as Head of the University Experimental Farm at Wrea Head.

Music was the order of the evening, Miss B—— sang charmingly and indefatigably.

One could dwell at great length upon many happy and unrehearsed incidents. Who does not like ghost-stories over the glowing embers at the bewitching hour of twelve?

However, space in the *Gryphon* is limited.

If not this lame recital, then let the pictures prevail upon you to come along next time, and swell our nocturnal "Kumati!"—throttled down discreetly to ppp!

B.G.F.

The next week-end will be held at Throxenby Hall from Friday, 4th, to Monday, 7th June. No notices will be sent and members should write direct to the entertainments secretary if they wish to have places reserved. Early application is essential, as the last week-end was such a success and accommodation is limited to 45 or 50.

THE SECRETARY.

Miss Gladys Pickles, the woman Honorary Secretary, has had to resign owing to pressure of work; the Association owes her a great debt of gratitude for the work she has done for it; a much heavier burden falls on the shoulders of the Secretaries than the untainted would expect. Her place has been taken by Miss N. B. Jole.

AN OLD STUDENTS' PLAY-READING CIRCLE.

It has often been suggested that it would be a good thing to establish an Old Students' Play-reading Circle, and it has now been decided to make a start. The first meeting will be held in the Association Headquarters (23, University Road) on Thursday, the 27th May, when *The Inheritors*, by Susan Glaspell, will be read.

LONDON BRANCH

i. "*Quod pelis hic est!*"

The night before our dinner I received an urgent S.O.S. from our secretary to announce that our rendezvous had been changed. The reason for the sudden change was not evident in the S.O.S. and as I read the post-card I pictured many reasons for that alteration: I wondered if our late host had discovered some hidden secret connected with the past of some member of our committee, or whether having heard the name of our guest, he feared that his safe was not large enough to contain all his coal.

It was therefore in an expectant spirit that I climbed the stairs of Mrs. Brown's; our late host had not discovered the secret of the committee nor did he fear for his coal, but as our Chairman (Prof. Smithells) remarked he had shown himself unworthy of his Roman ancestry. "Little Pliny" is now in disgrace in the eyes of the London Branch.

The necessity for the change of rendezvous was not discovered until Thursday night with the result that our secretary spent a very energetic Friday endeavouring to find a restaurant that would undertake the responsibility of catering for such a crowd. We are very grateful to those members of the committee who worked so hard to provide for our entertainment at such short notice. But the unexpected and the crush helped to produce the atmosphere which we like in the London Branch and which Prof. Smithells appealed for at our last dinner, viz., the Club atmosphere.

We were delighted to have with us as our guests Prof. and Mrs. Connal. Mrs. Chapman, being the senior student of Prof. Connal present, proposed the toast of the evening. She vividly reminded us of those tense moments when some unfortunate student made a howler in translating an unseen and a great "What" was hurled through the air and his only hope was that the earth would instantly open and swallow him up. Mrs. Chapman voiced our thanks to Prof. Connal for his care for the students' interests as Treasurer of the Union and his unfailing sympathy and interest in the well-being of his students. The manner in which the toast was received witnessed to the fact that all regarded Prof. Connal as a very "father" of the students of Leeds. Prof. Smithells before asking Prof. Connal to reply told us how much the staff of the University respected Prof. Connal for his fighting spirit combined with his tolerance for the opinions of others. I am sure all the Arts men present heaved a sigh of relief when they heard that Prof. Connal's presence at the Priestley Club was not the sign of a "death-bed repentance," or a desertion from the cause of Art to that of Science.

When Prof. Connal rose to reply I pictured myself back in that base Latin room at Leeds: we listened as many a class did in the past for some candid criticism or pessimistic reference to a current event. Truth came forth: we learnt what we had wanted to know since the days of the war, viz., how much coal the old black bag carried home to Headingley. The amount is no secret now, it was 15 cwt. We discovered that we students are indebted to Prof. Smithells for recognising the innate possibilities of Prof. Connal as treasurer of the Union.

ii.

I thought that I had written too much about our London Branch but the London secretary never allows us to be lazy: the London committee are always kept with their noses to the wheel. The other day I met a broken down parson: I sympathised with him because of his infirmities, so he replied by saying "Well, I've never recovered from the amount of work I had to do when Video ran the Debating Society." But I must do as I am bid, otherwise when the *Gryphon*

is published I shall receive a prepaid telegram from the London Secretary demanding why I shirked.

There is much life in the old dog, viz., the London Branch, or perhaps I might say the oldest dog, for the successful combined association in London, which began its life in 1911, paved the way to the formation of the now flourishing general O.S.A. But the London Branch does not live upon its past, it grows year by year; we beat our record on Saturday night when 88 members turned up to meet Prof. and Mrs. Connal. Of course if the secretary of another branch wants to know how we get such numbers let him ask the Post Office in Piccadilly, they may inform you of the exact number of prepaid telegrams the London secretary sends to those members who have not signified their intention of turning up. "London" owes much to its founders: its foundation "was well and truly laid" and in this respect the Saturday night meeting was no exception to the rule of informality and homeliness of which we boast. Our committee have consistently banned the effort made by some to have our meetings in a "grand" restaurant. We prefer the atmosphere of the "Refec." to the stodginess of the hotel. Up to Saturday "London" had not combined the dinner and the dance. We finished off the evening with a very informal dance.

"*London*" *Calling*.—One notice please. All members of the O.S.A. near London are invited to join the London Branch in their week-end Spring excursion at the Jordan's Hostel near Beaconsfield, May 29th to 31st. Owing to illness there are one or two unexpected vacancies. Members should communicate with the Secretary stating whether single or double rooms are required. Inclusive cost, 18/- each.

"London" sends greeting via the *Gryphon* to all other branches and to all members of the O.S.A. wherever they may be. "P."

Annual General Meeting.—An informal tea will be held before this meeting on Saturday, June 5th. It is suggested that members should make their own plans for the evening. Further particulars and nominations will be sent out later.

Next Year's Programme.—This will open with a Dinner on Tuesday, November 16th, to welcome Sir Michael Sadler as the guest of the London Branch.

IVY CROWTHER,

Hon. Secretary.

MANCHESTER BRANCH.

STILL GOING STRONG.

The Third Annual Dinner which was held in the Refectory at the University, Manchester, on the 24th February, was even more successful than the two previous meals. The Branch is extremely indebted to Professor Raper for his kind offices in securing accommodation for this event in so admirably suitable a place as Manchester University Union. Following the patriotic toast, our Branch President—Mr. F. Scholefield—called upon Professor Raper to propose the health of Leeds University and the O.S.A., and asked him to couple with this toast the names of Professor B. M. Connal, Mr. W. R. Grist, and Mr. E. E. J. Whitehouse. In doing so, Professor Raper referred to the long association Professor Connal had had with the University, and assured him of the warm place his name filled in the minds of all old students. Mr. Grist's untiring services to the O.S.A., said Professor Raper, were largely instrumental in securing for that organisation its very enviable position to-day. Referring to the fact that one of the branch guests that evening was Mr. Whitehouse, the Professor voiced the general sentiment when he said that everyone felt honoured by his presence, and wished him long life to join with his younger fellow students in similar functions.

Professor Connal, who said that had he known he was to be called upon to make a speech he might have been tempted not to accept the invitation, proceeded to give an interesting account of the University's development as he had seen it. He also referred to the pleasant and profitable association in which he had found himself with Professor Conway, a fellow guest. Together he and Professor Conway had served for over twenty years on the Northern Matriculation Board and he thought that he was right in saying that despite many amicable disagreements they had invariably arrived at similar decisions in respect of the many hundreds of candidates whose work had come under their notice.

Mr. Grist gave what may be described as a characteristically financial reply to the proposal of his good health, referred to the many millions or thousands or perhaps hundreds of members and life members that the O.S.A. had or ought to have, and his remarks revealed not only the excellent work being done by himself and the O.S.A. headquarters committee but also the fact that the University authorities themselves had played a real part in the successful establishment of the O.S.A. by their practical help and thorough sympathy with the movement.

Proposing the health of "Our Guests," Mr. C. M. Whittaker referred to the very successful "local rag" which had raised well-nigh £11,000 for Manchester hospitals. It was evident from Mr. Whittaker's tone that nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to take part in a Leeds effort to do likewise.

Replies on the part of Professor Conway, Miss E. N. N. Zucker, president of the Manchester Women's Union, and Mr. C. E. Sykes, president of the Men's Union, all in a happy vein, concluded a most enjoyable evening.

Two other events have been arranged for this Session, a Social evening characterised by a most ingenious competition which I will fully describe later, and an afternoon ramble in Derbyshire which is fixed for Saturday, June 12th.

BIRMINGHAM LETTER.

April 16th, 1926.

I always date these notes because one never knows these days when the *Gryphon* won't appear.

Before reciting the events of last term for the benefit of those who did not take part in them and who may be anxious to know what the Branch is doing, I should like to say that I was in Leeds part of last week and this (so was Nellie Wallace) but the University was deserted. Perhaps I should say it was captured by the Border Raiders who annually invade the city at Easter for the purpose of solving various Agricultural problems. The custom goes back, I believe, to the early 14th century, when after Bannockburn in 1314, the Scots ravaged the whole of the North of England. I remember reading an entry in the Bolton Priory Records to the effect that about this time rents could not be gathered as "The Scots came and settled between Adels and the Forest of Knaresborough and stayed all the Winter, and ate all the crops and cattle." And still they come!

The new Agricultural Building, by the way, is nearing completion. It seems an awful long time since I helped to lay the foundation stone, and I was beginning to think it would be ready about as soon as the result of the Sports Ballot was known. The latest news, however, is that the Ballot closes on April 30th, *this year*. We are very excited about it in Birmingham.

There is nothing else worth mentioning. The air of Leeds is as poisonous as ever, but the Washburn Valley has lost nothing of its charm for the rambler, though the vulgar motorists are parking their cars along Norwood Edge and eating from

elaborate hampers in broad daylight on the roadside. This is one of the dire results of the Motor Trials in that district. The beer at a certain Inn on the way out from Otley, the last on the way to the moors, is worth coming to Leeds for.

At a Committee Meeting held on January 23rd at the house of the President (Dr. W. Conrad Gill) a constitution was drawn up, and other business transacted. All the committee were present except the treasurer (Miss D. Sutcliffe) who had a cold. But as I talked to her on the 'phone during the meeting I am puzzled how to record her absence in the minutes. Could any philosopher settle this point for me? The meeting was quite an enjoyable little tea party and Master Gill (age 2 years) was worth seeing, though he seems to have inherited his father's shyness.

On Thursday, February 18th, Professor Grant gave a lecture to the Birmingham University Historical Association on the character of a notorious woman (no prize for solution). A number of his old students had tea with him at the invitation of our President and Mrs. Gill in Professor Beazley's room before the lecture. The Principal of the University, Dr. Grant Robertson, was also present, and took a keen interest in the discussion on American University Degrees in salesmanship. He rather favoured a suggestion from Leeds that Birmingham might go one better and provide a very liberal education by means of a Degree in Burglary; as this would combine technological studies such as engineering and mining with Law and Philosophy. For those inclined to robbery with violence a course in the Medical School could be arranged. Oh yes! England is not done yet.

On the Saturday evening (February 25th) we had a very enjoyable "Smoker" at the Imperial Hotel, after a short business meeting. The Constitution, including the Affiliation Scheme with the Leeds O.S.A., was adopted. It was decided that the Annual General Meeting and Dinner should be held in October. A one-act play was given ("The Dear Departed") in which N. K. Holmes distinguished himself as an old man. We had also pianoforte duets by Mrs. Fawcett and a friend, violin solos by Leslie Ryder and Yorkshire Dialect monologues by Miss D. Sutcliffe. It was real "Brontë-land" dialect too. Mr. Henderson then manipulated the piano while we sang through the Scottish Students' Song Book for an hour without stopping for breath.

I am sorry to hear that the London O.S.A. have had their pride so deeply wounded by Signor Pinoli who couldn't let them have the use of his hotel recently because "bigger fry" was expected. After such a rebuff it was only natural that patriotic fervour should bring our colleagues round to "Mrs. Brown's Teashop." What's in a name, anyway? Still—Imperial suits Birmingham.

P.P.M.

TYNESIDE BRANCH.

I believe that Spring is the time at which all prosperous and healthy trees shoot forth fresh branches, but not being a botanist I refrain from pursuing the analogy. The facts of the case are that another branch of the L.U.O.S.A. has been formed.

The formation of a branch in Newcastle has been discussed for some time and it only needed Miss Weatherston's final appeal to set the ball rolling. About 50 members were circularised and an inaugural meeting called for March 26th; of these 30 replied, all in favour of the project, but owing to the difficulties of travelling and the wide area in which the members live only 14 were able to be present at the meeting, although we are assured of the active support of the others.

The meeting was held in the Y.M.C.A. Buildings, Newcastle, and we all welcomed Best to give us news of Leeds as it is and as it is going to be and to explain the scheme by which branches could be formed and affiliated.

The following officers were then elected :—

President : Mr. G. Belaysse Smith. *Treasurer* : Miss Weatherston. *Hon. Sec.* : G. H. Gardner, 6, Mons Avenue, Hebburn-on-Tyne. *Committee* : The above and Miss Gainford and F. G. Thomas.

A general discussion followed and various suggestions were made for advertising the branch and carrying on its other activities. Our first function is to be a theatre night in Newcastle some time in the latter half of May, preceded of course by a meal.

Will any old student in Northumberland or Durham who has not yet had a notice from the Tyneside branch, or who knows of any old student who hasn't, please write to the Secretary.

I must apologise for not writing this in the Tyneside dialect ; I will endeavour to introduce some local colour into the next issue of the *Gryphon*.

G.H.G.

DERBY O.S.A.

On Friday, February 19th, 1926, the old students of Leeds University resident in Derby held their first annual reunion dinner at the King's Café, Derby. Twenty-two persons were present of whom twelve were old students of the University. Prof. A. G. Perkin was the principal guest.

Mr. F. M. Stevenson, M.Sc., proposed the toast of Prof. Perkin, and Mr. J. C. Sowrey, M.Sc., proposed the toast of the visitors. Prof. Perkin, and Mr. G. H. Ellis (British Celanese Ltd.) suitably replied. After the dinner an enjoyable musical programme was given, the Leeds artistes being Messrs. W. B. Miller (violinist), Sowrey and Stevenson (vocalists) and Goldthorpe (pianist). Mr. J. Walker, M.Sc., proved an efficient M.C.

It is proposed to form an old students' association in Derby, and we shall be pleased if any old students resident in the Derby district desirous of joining such an organisation will get into touch with either Mr. J. Walker or Mr. J. C. Sowrey, both c/o British Celanese Ltd., Spondon, near Derby.

MARRIAGES.

ALDERSON-WARD.—Mr. Laurence A. Alderson (Mech. Engineering, 1920-23) to Miss Constance M. Ward, at Chapel Allerton Wesleyan Chapel, Leeds, on the 1st April, 1926.

COOK-ALEXANDER.—The Reverend Alexander W. Cook (Arts, 1914-15, 1919-21) to Miss Mary B. Alexander (Medicine, 1920-25) at St. Margaret's Church, Leeds, on the 6th April, 1926.

HARDY-SIMPSON.—The Reverend Wilfred Hardy (Arts, 1918-21) to Miss Emily Simpson (Arts, 1917-20) at Cleckheaton on the 6th April, 1926.

WADDINGTON-SEED.—Mr. Guy Waddington (Science, 1919-22) to Miss Mary M. Seed, at Cleckheaton on the 3rd April, 1926.

BIRTH.

HELPS.—To Mr. and Mrs. G. Helps, in February, at 18, Churchill Avenue, Middlesex, a son. Mr. Helps was Engineering 1912-14 and 1919-20 ; he was for some time Secretary of the London Branch.



"If"

(With apologies to Kipling)

If you can sing a song, when all around you
Are joining in with different words from you ;
If you can play the music that we've found you,
And make allowance for the piano, too ;
If you can laugh and never cease from laughing,
And dance, and tend the gramophone the while,
And if you're chaffed, don't ever mind the chaffing,
But merely ask, "What's dinner-time ?" and smile ;

If you can watch the waves and risk a wetting,
Or see your garters hanging in a bus,
Or dry your cap upon a stove, thus getting
Your cap all scorched, yet never make a fuss ;
If Rounders you can play and not grow weary,
And know if you're a Rabbit or a Rat ;
If you can fall in bogs and still keep cheery,
And always wear somebody else's hat ;

If you can walk when you have missed the right road,
And motors vainly scour each lane and street ;
If you can think nine on a car's a light load ;
And regulate the traffic with your feet ;
If you can fill each minute of the long day,
And join in "Kumati" at evening's fall,
You're one of us, one of the O.S.A.,
And—what is more—you've been to Throxenby Hall.

Roland H. Powell **ORCHESTRAL SERVICE**

Musical Director - *Queen's Hotel, Leeds.*
Professor of Music - *Leeds College of Music.*

=====

DANCE BANDS SERVICE

FAMOUS

Manhattan
Dance Band

NEW

Broadway
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