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The Journal of the University of Leeds



New Series
Vol. 9, No. 1

October, 1927

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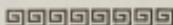
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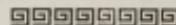
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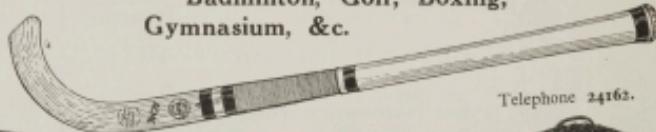


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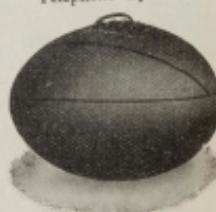


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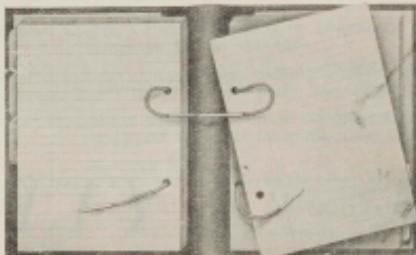
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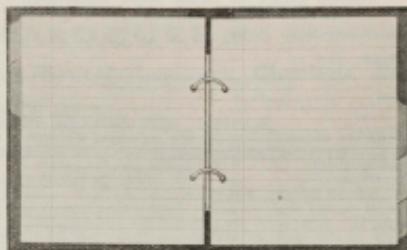


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"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she bath any sick feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when we know them full well of most master; guiding exerciters to the curteis which we have ever found them to the perfections which we ought to feare."—LYLY.

Editorial

COGITO ERGO SUM

"I THINK therefore I exist," said DesCartes, and if this is the one criterion of existence how many people to-day are in grave danger of not living at all.

The habit of thinking does in fact seem to be fast disappearing and in its place we find hectic activity or mere effortless reverie. What the reasons for this are cannot be discussed here, but one very obvious effect is that people in the mass are accepting blindly the ready made thoughts of others, whether in the form of a Bernard Shaw play or a mere political catchword ; in this latter sphere especially, how widespread is the tendency, as when some emphatic slogan, often of very vague meaning, is accepted as a panacea for all ills and where people believe what their own paper tells them, as the whole unbiased truth. When however such a slogan or such an attitude of mind has been adopted, it is these very people who defend their position so unflinchingly, and neglect, consciously or unconsciously, all evidence arrayed against them.

It was said of President Wilson that he was so intellectual and saw both sides so clearly, that he had great difficulty in ever forming an opinion, and it is indeed true that the wiser a man is, the less dogmatic he becomes. To make people think and by so doing, creating a tolerant, though critical attitude towards the views of others, at any rate until they have been adequately studied, is one of the great functions of a University.

How, we may ask, does student life help us to gain this broader outlook. There are many approaches but one is especially pertinent here—wider contact. It is clear that a man who spends his whole time in his own department studying his own work only and reading his own special text books, may leave the University a fine technician but his outlook will be very narrow, he will in fact have missed all that a University stands for ; he might just as well have been to a Technical Training School. No ! the real value of the University life is for the scientist to meet the Arts man, the medical, the classicist, and the man whose future lies in the school, him who is going into the mill ; in this way he will learn not only how such a type of man will react in a given circumstance, but he will be enabled to adopt their outlook and find that apparent differences are merely due to a different viewpoint.

But this is only one side—the passive side of life, for what use is knowledge—even knowledge of men, if we are unable to consummate it into action. Pure thought, many psychologists tell us, is non-existent, thinking is only part of a process eventually leading to action. However that be, ample opportunity for experience—of organisation, of harmonious working with others and the hundred similar activities which aid in the training of a thoughtful mind, is the keynote of a University Life.

To illustrate their value one might take as an example the Debating Society, what better training for clear thinking than the preparation of a speech; what more productive of a tolerant attitude than thinking out one's opponents arguments in order to be able to combat them with convincing ones of one's own, and above all, where can one widen one's experience of men better than by listening to their considered opinion, whilst to the utilitarian what more valuable asset in the future, whether for a mill owner facing a strike or an agitator trying to induce one, than the power of convincing one's fellow men; or one might add a school teacher faced by an unruly class. Again most people if they tried could write an article for the *Gryphon*, but do not. It was Bacon who said: "Writing maketh an exact man," yet how many are content to remain in the slough of effortless inexactitude.

These are but two of the many sides whereby University life trains men to be of a thoughtful mind. "All men are sheep," say some, but as A. C. Benson says: "The only conclusions worth coming too are one's own conclusions." Independence of outlook has always been one of the sources of pride of Englishmen, but to obtain it, requires individualism of thought and how can we accomplish this if we do not think.

Cogito ergo sum—justify your existence by thought, and by this, and in attaining it, you will avoid missing the real University life.

Notes and Comments

A N interesting and distinguished visitor to the University early in the session is Lord Olivier, B.A., LL.D., who became Secretary of the Fabian Society in the third year of its foundation. This society he joined in 1884, along with Sydney Webb, not long after leaving Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

Lord Olivier, who will probably speak in connection with foreign affairs, made his first entry in public service when he entered the Colonial Office, in 1888, heading an open competition. He had particular connections with British Honduras, the Leeward Islands and Jamaica, of which island he was Acting Governor for the greater part of the 1900-1913 period. In 1924 he became the Secretary of State for India and a member of the MacDonald Cabinet. Perhaps his main interest at present is in the South African Colour Problem, on which subject he has recently written several articles.

Leeds University will do well to give the evening of October 13th to listening to this public servant and scholar.

It is with pleasure that the *Gryphon* welcomes back the Economic Association this session. After the war this society was quite active, but in 1922 it held an affair picturesquely named a Hullabaloo, to celebrate the marriage of Mr. A. N. Shimmin, and from that time there was only one further reference to the Society in the *Gryphon*. Sad to relate, the Society died. This we give as a warning to societies with a Hullabaloo on their syllabus!

But Societies in general rise and fall, like empires. Is it because they are not wanted, or because people are working too hard to know what they want, or must we put these frequent decays down to the general "woolliness" of the Society committees and the always overworked secretaries? Last year, the Social Study Society made its last lingering exit, and the year before the Liberal Society drew up its last will and testament, although it always had been as dead as the dodo. The Conservative Society was a little more full-blooded, but its life wavered and hung in the balance, and last year, we believe, died outright, or went abroad for its health.

There are ever new societies, however, and if three have died, there are sure to be three births to be recorded. Toe H. is on the books, and a Philosophical Society has survived its first year.

Once, and this is quite true, a fresher called at the Union Office to book the Great Hall. Her purpose was to promote a Student first-night Theatre Society in Leeds. Unfortunately, the Great Hall was already booked, and this happy venture died before it was born. All of which is rather pessimistic, after our welcome to the resuscitated Economics Association!

TO OUR READERS—AND WRITERS.

£100,000—thank you, anonymous donor, and now that we know it is Sir Edward Allen Brotherton, we can thank you Sir, personally. It is indeed a striking fact that in a smoky industrial town like Leeds, the biggest individual gift to the University is not for a new textile department, nor a fine engineering shop but for a library—the storehouse of the humanities. And this I think is "real Yorkshire," for a tyke is not "close" as sometimes suggested, but he does like value for his "brass," and surely in no other way could the money be employed with such permanent value to the community.

Our ex-president is to be congratulated on his recent visit to Rome. As our readers may remember in an interview in these pages last year, he talked chiefly of hieroglyphics so it may be fitting to say here that he had the honour to go as one of the delegates of the N.U.S. to a conference of the C.E., no doubt with reference to the D. St. Nowadays when in Rome one does as Mussolini does, so perhaps it is fortunate for us that his trip was at the end of his year of office rather than the beginning. Three other members of this University followed him there, though whether they gave a Kumati to the Duke in the Forum is not known.

Last year at this time one recalls expressions of unbounded optimism on the part of almost every club in the University foretelling a record season; one club however trembled in its boots or rather their running shoes, to wit—the Harriers—and as they only won the Inter-Varsity Cup we can't blame them. Perhaps it is an equally good omen therefore that the Rugger Captain among others is less chirpy than of wont. Another side that distinguished itself last year is the Women's tennis team. But another side that distinguished itself last year is the northern section they qualified to meet the winner of the other two, which match however was never decided. It is no new cry for University competitions to be unfinished at the end of term especially when the weather takes an interest in them, but an Inter-University Event ought to be treated more seriously; the most obvious result is the tendency for such events to fall into disrepute. It is grossly unfair on those who have worked to bring about these Inter-Varsity competitions, to undo their efforts by a little slackness.

And talking of slackness, one is reminded that last year a match starting not more than twenty minutes late, was considered early. This is impolite to our guests, annoying to our supporters and disheartening to those who do turn up to time. At one club where the University plays there is a notice to the effect that if a member of a team is not present ten minutes before play is timed to begin, his place will be filled; this is a mere suggestion but it encourages the reserves to turn out. Let us follow the fine example shown at the I.V.A.B. Sports and add punctuality to the other attractions of our grounds.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE



ON the 31st August, it was announced that an anonymous donor had presented the University with £100,000 for the Library which is to be the centre of the new scheme of buildings, by far the largest sum which the University has ever received; and at the congregation of the University on the 6th September, when Honorary Degrees were conferred on members of the British Association, the Chancellor announced that the donor was Sir Edward

Allen Brotherton, Bart. Sir Edward is one of the most prominent citizens of Leeds; he was Lord Mayor in 1913-14, and represented Wakefield in Parliament from 1902 to 1910 and from 1918 to 1922. He is a member of the University Court and received the Honorary Degree of LL.D., in 1923. He has written on subjects connected with chemical technology, and has one of the finest private libraries in the North of England, a few of the MS. treasures of which were published in *The Microcosm*, a periodical edited by Mrs. Dorothy Una Ratcliffe, of which Sir Edward defrayed the expenses so that the proceeds could be given to charity. The new Library building will be a permanent memorial of his tastes and his services to education.

The *Gryphon* regrets to record the death of Emeritus Professor Henry Richardson Procter, who was head of the Leather Industries Department from its foundation until 1912; he gave it the highest international standing, and on his retirement a memorial research laboratory was built by international subscription. A fuller notice will appear in the next number of the *Gryphon*.

There are two changes in the staff of the History department. Professor Grant, who has been at its head since 1896, has retired; he is succeeded as Head of the Department by Dr. Hamilton Thompson, the Professor of Medieval History; and Mr. A. S. Turberville, M.A., B.Litt., Senior Lecturer in History in the University of Manchester, has been appointed Lecturer in Modern History.

Mr. G. W. Richardson, the Lecturer in Ancient History, has returned from America, where he has been on leave for a year, and Mr. L. Robinson, a Leeds graduate, who has been taking his place, accordingly leaves us.

Two Leeds students have gone to America with research fellowships. Dr. G. F. Brett, who was a student from 1921 to 1926, and Research Assistant in Physics during the last session, has received a Commonwealth Fund Scholarship, and has gone

to America. He is the second Leeds man to receive one of these Fellowships, the first being J. R. Bellerby.

Dr. F. C. Steward, who was a student from 1921 to 1926, and since then Demonstrator in Plant Physiology, has received a Fellowship at the University of Michigan.

Departing from time-honoured custom, Degree Day was held this year on a Monday, the 4th July. To the conservative, it seemed at first as shocking as if it had been proposed to transfer Christmas Day to the summer; but the foundations of the University were unshaken and the new arrangement, besides leaving graduands free for the Rag and Raggers free for the Degree Ceremony, made it possible for the University to hold a Graduation Reception—and dance—in the evening.

The following honorary degrees were conferred: LL.D., The Rt. Hon. T. R. Ferens; The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden and Sir James Roberts, D.Sc., Emeritus Professor A. G. Perkin, M.A., Mr. Fred Barracough.

The University conferred the undermentioned honorary degrees on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association in Leeds on September 6th. The Chancellor of the University (His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.) presided at the ceremony and conferred the degrees.

Degree of Doctor of Laws (LL.D.):

Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S., President of the British Association (1927-28),
Her Grace the Duchess of Atholl, D.B.E., M.P.,
The Hon. Sir Charles Parsons, O.M., K.C.B., F.R.S.

Degree of Doctor of Science (D.Sc.):

Dr. John Scott Haldane, F.R.S.
Dr. Nevil Vincent Sidgwick, O.B.E., F.R.S.
Dr. Frederick Orpen Bower, F.R.S.
Dr. Robert Andrew Millikan, California Institute of Technology, Pasadena.

Degree of Doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D.):

Mr. James Graham.

A Plea, but —

(One that will not come off).

AND the Bishop said: "Close the laboratories for, say, ten years and give the scientists a holiday."

And we say "Close the University for at least ten years and give them all a holiday."

Give the lecturers a chance to bring their lectures up to date.

Give the deluded offspring of the public, who clamour for a so-called University Education, a chance to get on in life.

Give the contractors a chance to get on with the building scheme.

Give the Infirmary patients a chance to recover.

Give the Hall Porter a brief respite from his arduous duties.

But above all, give a ray of hope to that small army of disgruntled graduates who are looking for jobs.

This is our plea, but —

Philosophy for Helen

"**M**OST people are philosophers without knowing it," I remarked. Helen remained silent at this profound statement, her eyes apparently engaged in a close examination of the pattern of my new tie. Presently, having satisfied herself that the shade toned well with my eyes, she sighed, . . . " You know, Pip, the way you go off the point is wonderful. I was talking about the fashion in hats."

" But," I replied, " You said we were like sheep." " Well," she insisted, " There is no need to drag in philosophy, is there?" I smoothed a straying hair over her ear. " There is no need to drag in philosophy, Helen," I persisted. " It comes in unbidden, always. That is just what I'm getting at. The curious thing is that most people don't realise when they are talking it. You thought you were talking about hats, but you found you could not say anything interesting without discussing the moral characteristics of the human race."

" Well, I'm blessed," she gasped. " That was very clever of me, anyway." " Oh no it wasn't," I replied. " You didn't know what you were saying." " Oh, indeed! I suppose I don't know what I'm talking about," she replied, shaking herself free. Strange how women will misunderstand just when a man is trying to be tactful! I apologised and readjusted the cushions. " Let me explain, Helen," I begged. " What I mean is that everyone has a certain attitude to life. It becomes a sort of second nature and influences all they say. But somehow most people don't bother to work out their principles and judge events by them directly. That, as you well know, means thinking. So they just compare one thing with another by using metaphor and analogy and draw wide conclusions from a narrow range of facts without ever realising how their philosophy colours their views."

Helen settled herself comfortably near me again as she usually does when I set off like this and no one is about. A dreamy look came into her eyes. I stopped, looked, and . . . " Do go on, Pip; I can tell there is something on your mind. It's nice to know one's prejudices are really philosophy."

She can be clever, but having got her into a receptive mood I let this pass. " Let us analyse the statement. 'Men are sheep,' as the Professor would say," I continued, reaching for the ash tray.

" Won't you need a blackboard?" she murmured. " My sweet and innocent child," I replied gently, " As one of the few persons to escape from a modern University without having passed through the Education Department, I had to learn to think without the aid of gadgets."

The settee quivered a little under her silent but rather violent laughter. I must say she has a keen sense of humour and takes my gentle sarcasm very well. When she had subsided I went on. " Literally the statement is nonsense, of course, but metaphorically it has a certain amount of truth. The really interesting thing about it though, is not what it says, but what it doesn't say. Most metaphors are like that: they leave much to be understood, and a good deal more to be misunderstood. We know quite well men are not sheep, but we obviously find some points of resemblance, and we don't like it."

" Them," she interjected. " Points is plural y'know."

" Are they?" I replied. " However, I was referring to the finding . . . If my watch is hurting your ear I can put it in the other pocket." " Does it ever

stop?" she enquired. I replied that it was in perfect going order, and thanked her for her solicitude.

"What good company it must be for you," she said, smiling. I could not help wondering how difficult it is to keep women to consecutive thought. But I smiled good humouredly and went on with my thesis.

"If you think of the occasions when our resemblance to sheep strikes us most forcibly you find the clue which solves the mystery. A panic for instance. Think how easily we can be led to the slaughter too. Look at the elections. Have you never heard a politician in his honest moments talking about the 'masses'? And what are our excursions but the migrations of sheep? Do we really go in thousands to Blackpool because we like the place, or because someone built it and then conspired with transport chiefs to round us up to be fleeced in due season?"

"Yes," Helen ventured faintly. I paused, nonplussed. "Wasn't I supposed to say something then?" she asked with pretended surprise. "Not unless you had something particular to say," I replied dryly. "But you asked a question, . . . and I'm the only one here," she faltered.

"I am afraid, Helen," I replied sadly, "that you were not really listening. The questions were what is called 'rhetorical interrogative.' And besides, they were antithetic. You can't answer 'yes' to both."

"Perhaps if you moved your arm ever so little I could hear better," she suggested. Then, with a twinkle, "I wasn't answering the questions really. I was just encouraging you to show I was . . . well, I mean, . . . it sounded fine, if you understand."

"H'm, . . . yes. I see. Well, there is another thing I wanted to say." During the last few weeks I have been shepherded round one or two factories. You know the sort of thing. You are expected to worship machines that make 600 cigarettes a minute or fill so many hundred tins with exactly half a pound of cocoa in less time than the grocer takes to knock a pound of butter into the shape of a brick. It's an appalling sight. I got quite depressed at the vision of thousands of human beings who were just like bits of a vast machine, slaves to some external power. But that isn't the worst. When you see these 'products' being turned out by the million for the 'consumers' you begin to see the whole of mankind as one huge concourse of sheep, just eating what they are given, and doing what they are told." I paused, lost in the contemplation of man's fate.

Helen stirred. "Dear, dear . . . I think you must have had boiled mutton for dinner again."

"My dear," I replied, coming down again. "You started this. I am only adding illustrations to your comment on the mutton-headedness of men."

"But what about philosophy?" she enquired. "Where does that come in?" "That is the next step in the analysis," I remarked calmly. "But perhaps you would like an ice first." The ices obtained, I took up the thread again. "You will agree," I said, "that we usually speak contemptuously when we refer to our fellow creatures as sheep."

"Yes," she replied, taking the spoon out of her mouth. "I suppose we do."

"Well," I said, "Why?"

"Yes, why?" she said.

I laid my empty glass on the little table, leaned back, and slowly licked a hollow tooth till it got warm again. "It is quite simple," I said, gazing earnestly into the palm of her hand which I happened to be holding. "We think of sheep whenever men act as if they had no will of their own, no personality as individuals. Of course, I daresay we are quite wrong about the sheep, but that is how we think about them. It shows that we believe that people acting and living like sheep are violating the dignity of man."

Helen made a spasmodic movement with her hands, as she does when a bright idea strikes her suddenly. It is a pretty action which I love to see. But this time my nose got in the way. She gently soothed my injured susceptibilities. "It just occurred to me," she said apologetically, "that there is no singular for sheep."

It took me a few moments to recover. But I persisted. It doesn't do to let a woman divert you from your purpose. "Whence comes the dignity of man that we all believe in?" I demanded, holding her firmly. "It comes from his likeness to the divine being in whose image he is made," I went on, without giving her chance to reply. "Does a sheep ever pray? Does it meditate on its origin or destiny? No! It has no will, no understanding, no imagination," I concluded fervently. "And that is what we believe when we call men sheep. You see there is a whole philosophy behind it. Metaphor saves a good deal of thought. So now you see how easy it is for anyone to talk philosophy without knowing anything about it."

Helen emitted a deep sigh. "Well that is a frank confession, anyway," she said, sitting up straight.

"Not at all," I replied, helping her to her feet. "It is only intellectual honesty. I may not know a great deal of philosophy, but I do claim to know when I am talking it. I'm not like some of these scientists who talk about the evolution of man without knowing the difference between the brain and the mind. Their faith is marvellous."

"Well, what is the difference?" she asked, taking my arm and leading me back to the dance floor.

We started a slow waltz. "The mind calls the tune; the brain dances to it," I replied. "Oh, I see," she lied sweetly.

P.P.

British Association for the Advancement of Science

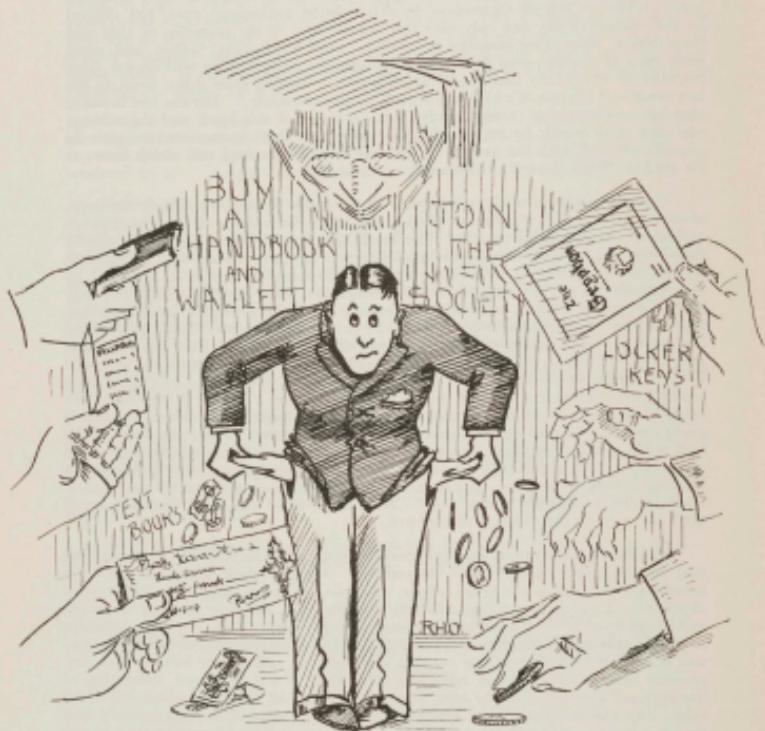
REFLECTIONS ON THE LEEDS MEETINGS. 1927.

LIVING at this relatively distant time, we are very apt to lose our sense of the significance of the scientific upheaval of seventy years ago. The study of physical and chemical science to-day centres around the structure of the atom, and biological studies are tending more and more to be based on the quantitative conceptions of physical chemistry. Intently devoted to the scientific topics of this generation, we are liable to fail to make due homage to those of the last. Sir Arthur Keith's address was an opportune reminder.

We of this generation may imagine from a cursory glance at the correspondence columns of the press that the theories of the mutability of species and of natural selection are still the subjects of intense dispute. Certainly there are still people who, for reasons which we must all respect and against which no wise man will argue, refuse to regard themselves as extrapolated anthropoid apes, but discord on this matter to-day can only give the vaguest hint of the tragedies of 1857 and thereabouts, when long-standing friendships were irrevocably broken and when some men of science were driven to professional suicide and to withdrawal from Societies in which they had played active parts, "burning their ships, down to the last beam and log out of which a raft could have been made." Darwin had foreseen that his announcement would involve terrible issues of this kind, and the courage and care with which he propounded his theory are fully commensurate with its importance, and with the years of work which it has inspired and which have, as Sir Arthur Keith showed, abundantly vindicated it.

There is a section of the public that looks to the British Association Meetings, or at any rate to the reflection of them in the press, for sensational pronouncements and reports of exciting discoveries. The Leeds Meetings were free—may I say happily free—from this. Some newspapers sought to provide their readers with amusement by the discussion of new scientific terms; the Pedagogical Excursion arranged by the Agricultural Section appears to have borne the brunt of this jesting, not only by the newspapers, but by eminent and misunderstanding members of the Association. It is not easy to understand why it should be so generally assumed that a pedagogical excursion is some sort of walking tour, and the prevalence of that interpretation may very well cause the Department of Greek to reflect that its work in the world is by no means finished yet. One of the pedologists (having become interested after hearing the Presidential address, in the evidence of man's ancestry) has drawn the feasible conclusion that the people who think a pedagogical excursion is a walking event are probably the direct descendants of the man who, in the early days of the systematic study of geology, accepted an invitation to a Geological Excursion and turned up with a horse! We do not really mind all this joking about Pedology—it will help to make it popular—but we are beginning seriously to resent the pronouncement of the word with a long "e." Thus pronounced the word can only mean (so I am told) "the Science of Children."

The British Association has never been without its critics and those who contend that its meetings fail to justify themselves. Happily these querulous ones are becoming converted as the years roll by. No one can surely have even a few years' experience of the B.A. meetings without realizing that the mere meeting of people and the glimpses of the human and personal aspects of great men are alone sufficient to justify this great gathering. We talk glibly of succeeding generations, but we may well remember that generations overlap and that on each of us will devolve the pleasure and responsibility of recording to those who will follow us, something of our personal knowledge of the men whom we knew. All the biographies will never take away the peculiar charm and value of the narrative of a contemporary and an eye witness. Nor will the reading of his lectures and his biography ever be the same as meeting the man face to face. It is more enviable to be among those who heard Sir Oliver Lodge and saw him dance than among those who only read about him. There is no event in the scientific world quite like the annual meetings of the B.A.—sort of scientific Ascot—where one meets people and where one realizes more and more that the scientific thought of the moment is not a mere static quantity but a phase in a great development, losing all its philosophical value and most of its utilitarianism when deprived of its history and its outlook. N.M.C.



BAZAAR DAY
OR
THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

A Medieval Formulary

AMONG the manuscripts which composed the library of John Trefnant, Bishop of Hereford, and were valued for probate after his death in 1404, was a compilation described as a *Magnus Formularium* with divers forms of letters. The bishop was a learned lawyer, well versed in the texts of Canon and Civil Law and in the copious commentaries which had been added to them by generations of glossators. A few of his own disquisitions have been preserved in his official records, dealing with matters which came before him for decision; and the scholarly editor of his register, some years ago, showed infinite skill and patience in running to earth the passages in legal books with references to which he embellished and hampered his arguments. Legal authority presided over every action of his life: if we may judge from the single example of his sermons which remains, he could not even choose a text without justifying the practice by maxims drawn from the Codex and the Digest. In this particular instance, however, he was exhorting the clergy of his cathedral church to choose a dean in strict accordance with the principles of the Law and the gospel; and his audience consisted of men who shared his training and his tastes, and were quite able and willing to verify the quotations which he showered upon them from the pulpit of the chapter-house. Each of them, no doubt, had a *Magnus Formularium* of his own, in which he collected miscellaneous documents as models of formal correspondence, and, if some of them had more inclination for theology than for law, there can have been very few to whom legal technicalities were unfamiliar.

Bishop Trefnant's Formulary has now disappeared, but plenty of medieval precedent-books are still extant, bearing witness to the dependence of the trained clerk of those days upon common forms and to his zeal in collecting them for personal use. From one point of view, the magnificent series of registers which are among the chief treasures of diocesan and cathedral archives in England are books of common forms. The materials which they furnish to the historian were gathered together, not for his sake, but for the benefit of the clerks who selected for preservation such letters and memoranda as might be of use to them in their official routine. On the one hand, this use of precedents established an official Latin style with a noble and rhythmical phraseology which had a direct influence upon the periods of English prose in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, setting their tune and informing their cadences. On the other hand, it led to a somewhat vague generality of description in which details are disregarded in order to preserve the formal language with as little alteration as possible.

It is rather unfortunate that Chaucer, with all his observations of the life of his day and his readiness to impart it, has left us no portrait of the clerical lawyer. Bishop Trefnant was his contemporary, and with the type which Trefnant represented he must have been well acquainted. His Sergeant-at-Law, however, belonged to the lay side of his profession, trained in common law, and with little sympathy with the more theoretic studies of the civilian and canonist: the statutes which he knew by heart were not the chapters of the Digest and Decretals. The Parson of the Canterbury Tales sought other authorities for his teaching and practice. Indeed, the only glimpse which we get of the ecclesiastical lawyer is at a distance, through the portrait of the Somonour, who thrived upon the abuses of the jurisdiction of Church courts. But, whether ecclesiastics or not, all these people paid respect to the ubiquity of precedent. The Man of Law was as hide-bound by his citations as any bishop, archdeacon, or canon. The Somonour had his stock-in-trade of phrases which "he had learned out of som decree," and would have wagged his

head in solemn and unintelligent appreciation of Trefniant's eruditè saws. Without fear of infringement of copyright, the Parson, as the pilgrims drew near to their goal, encouraged their decorum by dilating upon penitence and the seven deadly sins in language drawn from existing treatises, and probably borrowed by their authors from earlier sources still.

Medieval love of precedent had its advantages, to which we may look back regretfully in a day when originality is excessively prized, and we are all striving after some new thing, or after some new way of putting any old thing. The annalist who, in dealing with past history, was content to insert the compilations of his predecessors in his own without further research, was no doubt wanting in scientific method, and, when he came to write for himself, his sense of the proportion of his material was deplorably defective; but his summary proceedings saved himself and his readers a vast amount of trouble. The preacher who inveighed against the sins of his age found stereotyped language ready to his hand, or, if he aimed at being at once moral and entertaining, he had his collections of well-worn anecdotes to illustrate equally well-worn points. And, even now, when we take the utmost trouble to be novel and startling, we have not wholly escaped from the dominion of common form. The popular phenomena of our own age are ruled by it: the materials of the cinema play and the detective story have their regular formulas, the repetition of which does not seem to pall upon spectators and readers. The cheering or admonitory phrases of the wayside pulpit are modelled upon set patterns, whether of bemsme sententiousness or of involved antithesis—on the one hand, "Tidy up as you go," a sentiment which has already incurred irreverent comment in the pages of this periodical, or, on the other, such debatable propositions as "It is not the clothes that make the gentleman, but the gentleman who makes the clothes." The bay windows of every terrace display an uniform scheme of drapery and floral decoration which is a symbol of the continued influence of the formulæ upon civilised life; and the exceptions which here and there break the reposeful monotony in their revolt against established order are in their own way equally conventional.

At this point, we have wandered far from Bishop Trefniant and his formulæ into reflections which, deeply concerned with the mysteries of human existence and cosmic order as they possibly are, are unquestionably trite and unprofitable. But, in our very triteness and barrenness of thought, we are paying a tribute to the utility of common form, and exemplifying the impossibility of liberating ourselves from a tyranny which is on the whole benevolent and consoling to those who, tired of unchartered freedom, long for a repose which ever is the same.

A.H.T.

Acknowledgments

A.M.A., the R.A.C. Students Gazette; the Sphinx (Liverpool); The University Gazette (Birmingham); The University; The University Correspondent; Leeds Girls' High School Magazine.

The next issue of the *Gryphon* will be on November 7th, last day for copy—October 20th—only three weeks, so start sending in your efforts at once.

Les Précieuses

(a) "This is to give notice that the English vulgar tongue is taught at Billingsgate by a company of qualified fishwives, upon very reasonable terms." (Extract from advertisement in the *London Magazine* of 1767).

(b) "The late Miss Jex-Blake was once at a dinner party where she sat next to an old gentleman, who, disapproving strongly of the movement for the higher education of women, did not take the trouble to pay particular attention to his dinner partner. Miss Jex-Blake therefore took it upon herself to furnish a supply of small talk, in the course of which she said she had often been puzzled by the etymology of her name. Well, said her neighbour, "Lex means Law; perhaps Jex is an analogy." (Often-quoted Anecdote).

(c) "*Dist Clarien : Dame, ne parlez mie itast . . .*" (Chanson de Roland).

Up to the present I am afraid historical and pedagogical research has strangely neglected the Billingsgate academy. Its origin is stated by some to be the result of widespread agitation amongst the fishwives of the Metropolis on account of the alleged ungentlemanly action taken by Samuel Johnson, LL.D., in responding to the arguments of one of their number with the use of an abusive and derogatory phrase to the effect that she was an isosceles triangle.

To my mind, however, this theory is overborne by the fact that (judging by the internal evidence of her autobiography) there can be little doubt that it was in this academy that the Lady Roxana received her education. This must antedate its foundation by at least a century from any time consistent with the Johnsonian theory, and in all probability the true explanation is that the academy was founded in the reign of Elizabeth as counterblast to Gresham College, and that it has since then had a continuous existence; during most of its lifetime (the period of the advertisement is an exception) also conforming to the Gresham College system of free instruction.

I repeat that, with our present lack of knowledge concerning the Billingsgate institution, it is impossible to trace with any degree of accuracy its connexion with, its influence on, or its spiritual affinity with its modern companion foundation at Girton. But remembering its insistence on rhetoric as the most desirable study, and recalling, too, Miss Jex-Blake's undoubted capabilities in that direction, it is impossible not to be sensible of a similarity of temper as between the instructresses at the two institutions. It is along these lines that much useful research work may be done, and I hope that this rough note will bear fruit in some reader of the *Gryphon* taking on the task.

As to my third quotation, I am afraid I have no information yet available about the seminary at which Branimonde received her early education. To judge from Clarien's remark, however, it must have partaken of the nature of those mentioned above, and the broad conception of the type of the higher education for women must have varied but slightly in its significance from the time of Charlemagne to the present day.

HISTORICUS.

One Fresher to another, after buying the *Gryphon* :
"I have paid; but ——!"

A Day at Brindaban

BRINDABAN is a small town situated on the bank of the river Jumna in Northern India. It is to the devout Hindu what Jerusalem is to the pious Christian. Tradition has it that Srikrishna, the deity of millions of Hindus, lived in this town thousands of years ago; it is thus the birthplace of Srikrishna. Many stories are current to this day how the Lord played his pranks in boyhood, tended the cows, wandered in dense jungles, and as everyday, evening approached, he would play his tune on the wooden flute to collect the cows and lead them home. Innumerable pilgrims come from all parts of India to see this holy town.

Curiously enough, at this part of the year when heavy rains fall, the town presents a sight of continued festivity in and around it. Early at dawn one sees an interminable crowd of people going to bathe in the river, for a bath is absolutely essential to purify one to say the prayers. The sight by the bank is very picturesque. There are the hermits sitting in a difficult posture on stakes; the priests busy making money from the pilgrims and muttering some religious couplets as they receive their due; the quaint gaudy dresses distinguishing people from different parts of India; the varied religious marks on the forehead showing the creed which the man professes; the continuous chanting of prayers as people bathe; and the sound of the long line of temple-bells hanging all along the bank.

Subsequently people are seen tracing their way to temples to say their prayers and offer the sacrifices. The whole town is dotted with temples, some of which are as old as a thousand years or even more. One temple especially is marvellous for its architectural work. It was made only about 50 years ago but many of its pillars are covered with solid plates of gold and it has the appearance externally of a small fort. Inside the temple are beautifully made statues of different Hindu deities, some of which are ornamented with real pearls and jewels. For the upkeep of the temple a large estate is endowed to it by the donor. It was the festivities of this temple which we enjoyed one evening. Early in the afternoon crowds of people began to gather in the huge compound of the temple, all in their gala dresses. While the crowd of people outside were busy seeing the acrobatic performances of some athletes, there came at intervals a sweet sonorous sound from inside the temple showing that some devotees were busy saying their hymns in chorus as they passed by the pedestal of the Deity in succession. Next came on the most wonderful feat after which the entire festival was named. A long thick polished pole was fixed on the ground and was continuously sprinkled by a very greasy mixture. The problem was who was going to mount to the top of this pole and secure a handsome prize. Many were the competitors, but only one man succeeded in getting to the very top of the pole. His success was acclaimed by loud applause from the spectators.

Just as the evening was drawing near we walked some distance by the bank of the river; there we saw a very pleasant sight. By way of worship the ladies were setting afloat small candles placed in small cups made of leaves on the surface of the river. Bells were constantly ringing as it was the time of prayer and we soon retired from the bank and entered a temple where we found a religious concert in progress. What impressed us most was not so much the acting of the stage as the devotional faces and atmosphere that filled the place.

Sir Alfred Lyall has truly said that religion permeates the life of an Indian. Nowhere can the truth of this observation be more vividly realised than in the city of Brindaban.

H. S. D. CHATURVEDI.

The Luck of B. T. W. Charteris

A MELANGE.

(With profuse apologies to Mr. Michael Arlen).

NOW it happened that one night, I rang up Gaberdine, (that lively little lady) and suggested she should come out with me. I remember that she was not much impressed with the proposition, asking if I thought she was the sort of woman to be persuaded to throw up her work in order to gallivant around with a——! ? ! —! ! . But I was not in the least disconcerted by this, knowing well that it is one of the charming little accomplishments they acquire in the Hockey Club. Finally, after a deal of talk, we decided to be awfully gay and go to Maloney's.

You know Maloney's, of course. Everybody, from the H.P. downwards, knows Maloney's. Maloney's is the Ciro's of Bradfield, the chosen rendezvous of all that is richest and fairest in the grim city they call the Pittsburgh of England. There, on a night, you may behold the quality of Bradfield at their ease, all on good terms with one another, and calling one another by their front names; as—"Ike," or "Jake" or "Rosa," as the case may be.

They still tell a tale of how, on a black winter's night, when the storm raged without, and the moaning of the wind around Bond Street Corner was like unto that of a man who has had his Grant cut down, one rose up in the lounge of Maloney's and enunciated slowly and "distinctly" thus—"Beat it, Cohen, the cops are on to you." For a long moment there was a silence as of death. Then the place cleared as at the behest of an enchanter. The management were enabled to engage Jack Silton's band for a week by the sale of the hats and raincoats left unclaimed that night.

Quite soon, then, Gaberdine and I were amongst the quality, seated in wicker-work chairs and sipping liquids. At an adjacent table there sat a sombre young man, sad and solitary. He had the hands of an artist and the feet of a poet. Gaberdine who deems herself something of a connoisseur in such matters, said he was handsome. When we had stared at this melancholy patron of Maloney's for sometime we were surprised to observe that he was weeping copiously. There is a scarcity of slim sombre solitary youths dropping tears into their coffee in Maloney's, at 10.30 p.m.—emma. You may have noticed it.

"Blotto" I suggested. But Gaberdine, who is a charitable woman, said he looked like (a) A man who had an appointment with Mr. W—— meant some teaching discussions, or (b) A regular patron of Refec, who had been missing his little daily dose.

Gaberdine was intrigued. "Ralph," she cried, "fetch me that sad-looking gink. He interests me."

I approached the melancholy youth, and grasping him firmly by the left ear I courteously requested that he should accompany me to our table. He came quietly, (a reasonable man).

I ordered him some coffee. Gaberdine leaned towards him and gently murmured something in his right ear. It sounded like "Get it off your chest, old scout."

"You are so gracious," he answered, "that I am emboldened to tell you a story. That is if it will not bore you!"

Gaberdine replied that she was quite certain it wouldn't, adding with a glance at me, that she was used to being bored by stories, anyway.

I ordered him some lemonade.

"Sir," he said, "your health. And yours, madam."

"Cut the cackle and come to the 'oses," murmured Gaberdine (a witty wilful lady).

"My story," he began "is of a man and a woman. The man loved the woman. She was, without doubt, the most beautiful woman in the University of Bradfield, which is the same as to say that she was the most beautiful woman in the City of Bradfield, for all the lovely women of that City go up to the University, though, alas! when the time comes to bestow their hands and hearts, they all too often scorn men who write hard-won letters after their names and choose rather from amongst youths who make a really disgusting amount of money out of a cinema or a garage.

"Now the man met this lady (at an Entomology Social) and instantly adored her."

"Poor fish," murmured Gaberdine. But I scowled at her and she subsided.

"She, on her part," he went on, "seemed not unresponsive to his suit, though her admirers' name was legion and their telegraphic address 'Despair.' For, of all the chivalry of Bradfield she chose him as her constant companion. During some weeks their daily rencontres beneath the clock were the subjects of excited comment. And gossip, that hideous crose, ever ready to throttle the gentle maid Romance with her scrumwy hands, muttered gloatingly that it wouldn't do, that it wouldn't do at all, my dear. And indeed it must be admitted that their temperaments were strikingly dissimilar. For the man was a poet, an idealist, a dreamer of dreams rather than a doer of deeds. Whilst the lady, despite her beauty was not content to be a lily of the field. For she was what is known (with such distressing ambiguity) as a 'good all-round woman.' Which, let me hasten to explain, implies that she was equally at home either jumping over hurdles or sitting on committees. But in the golden warmth of their mutual attraction this superficial incompatibility melted away, and in that time the man was divinely happy."

"But soon there came into the lady's life, another man, one who was said to be the most brilliant athlete the University ever produced, though that of course is a matter of opinion. His name was Charteris—B. T. W. Charteris, B.U.A.C., B.U.B.C., B.U.C.C., B.U.D.S., B.F., etc., etc. His achievements on the athletic grounds of the North, from Liverpool to Nottingham, had earned him the sobriquet of 'Break-The-Worsted Charteris.' And by this he was known wherever the Brotherhood of the Track foregathered."

"In his third year at Bradfield, in the very height of his fame, he decided that it was time he attended some lectures, a formality he had so far neglected. Fate decreed that he should pass the lady in the Entrance Hall on her way to a Committee Meeting of the Ludo Club."

"From that moment he never rested until he had procured an introduction."

"And within a week their engagement was announced. And so 'Break-the-Worsted' Charteris married the lady of his heart."

"She reigns now over their modest suburban home in Chapelhay, and it is her peculiar care to polish, with her own alabaster hands that gorgeous collection of cups and other trophies which mutely testify to her husband's erstwhile prowess. And her old friend, the poet, the dreamer of dreams, has gone out of her life never to return.

Some little success has lately come to him. He recently had some verses accepted by the "Poultry Breeders' Gazette and Smallholder's Guide." But for all that he is a broken man—a mere husk of his former self—"

He wept bitterly.

"Hard Cheddar, old bean," murmured Gaberdine in a husky Hockey Club voice.

"Tough luck, old man," I muttered.

But he continued to weep, if possible more copiously. And suddenly, as we tried in vain to comfort him, the aristocratic calm of Maloney's was rudely shattered. Across the lounge strode a lady, her eyes sparkling with anger, her lips tight-set. In her right hand she carried an umbrella, which she handled as does a hockey forward her stick. She made a bee-line for our table and, halting opposite our unfortunate companion, uttered three words in menacing tones. "Brian, come home!"

The man seemed utterly cowed. He accompanied her submissively towards the door, throwing a piteous glance in our direction.

An unpleasant looking fellow with a villainous cast in one eye passed near our table. I recognised M. Maloney, the prince of Bradfield restaurateurs, known to his intimates as "Light-Brigade" Maloney (on account of the charge he makes).

Gaberdine beckoned impishly with her spoon and he drew near. "Who," she asked, "is that sad guy who just mizzed?" "That, madam," replied "Light Brigade" Maloney, "is one of our most valued clients—Mr. B. T. W. Charteris, one of the most distinguished athletes our University has ever produced ——."

G.T.C.J.

De Rebus Femininis

IT is difficult during the vacation to think of any "feminine affairs" to discourse upon but we must at all costs keep a firm hold on that portion of the *Gryphon* which we have managed to appropriate for our purely feminine concerns. This reminds us that the W.R.C. would welcome any information of any kind which is suited for inclusion under this heading, provided it is handed in to the Secretary a day or two before the last day for "copy" for the *Gryphon*.

Several women students have been doing some holiday work of divers kinds—teaching, helping at various kinds of camps, etc. All seem to have enjoyed their work. The workers at Y.W.C.A. camps especially seem to have combined a very good holiday with the gaining of experience which ought to be very valuable in many ways. The Y.W.C.A. will be glad to hear of any names of officers for next year and we can assure any would-be volunteers that they would not regret giving up part of their holiday in helping those less blessed with leisure moments to make the most of what they have.

This is our first opportunity of congratulating the Tennis Club on their success in the championships, and of wishing success to the various athletic clubs during this session, which is an important one for us as the W.I.V.A.B. Sports are to be held in Leeds this year. May we keep the championships we have and add more to them. As our last words in July were with those "going down" this time they must be with those who take their places. By the end of their first week in Leeds we are sure the Freshers will have realised our sincere desire for their welfare so that it is only necessary to say now that we hope to meet them all at the W.R.C. Social in the Great Hall, on October 6th, a function which Seniors and Freshers alike always vote a thoroughly enjoyable affair.



*IN PURSUIT OF TRUTH.

By ALEX WOOD.

TO many students of Cambridge, the name of Alex Wood is reminiscent of many things from picnics to potentiometers and so it is with a personal appeal that many will read this book by a man whom they have learnt to revere alike in the lecture room as on a Sunday evening.

For the young scientist there is an easy descent by analogy and Mr. Bertrand Russell to a mechanistic determinism— all things can be explained by electrons and relativity. But it is here Dr. Wood holds up a warning hand and, in an easily comprehensible manner, examines briefly the very foundations of science and clearly defines the limitations of the inductive method—in fact he explains the scientist to himself. Having thus put the reader in a less dogmatic frame of mind—or, in other words, having obtained a truly scientific attitude, he points out how unscientific, by their own standards are many of the assumptions of the mechanistic theorists and discusses various religious phenomena in comparison with physical ones. Lastly a quotation sums up the logical conclusion of determinism based on scientific induction and beside this he places for contrast the great religious induction of the Christian epic.

This book does not pretend to be dogmatic but rather, suggestive of many lines of thought and aptly closes with an appendix of questions for discussion and, for those who are stimulated to seek further as most readers should be, a useful bibliography.

**In Pursuit of Truth. A comparative study in science and religion*, by Alex Wood, M.A., D.Sc. 4/- net (in paper cover, 2/6 net). S.C.M.

O. T. C.

LAST session which finished with the Annual Camp at Catterick in July saw the Corps in a very strong and efficient condition. However with the ending of the session several of the senior N.C.O.'s and "old sweats" went down, hence it is the work of those remaining and the "freshers" to keep the Corps up to, and if possible to surpass, the standard which has been reached by hard work, co-operation and good-fellowship.

The report received from the War Office on the result of the inspection was the best that we have had for several years and the sentence "The University should

be proud of its Corps " should make all " freshers " anxious to join the " most sociable society in the 'Varsity."

This session sees the O.T.C. housed in its temporary headquarters in Tonbridge Street (at the back of the Union Rooms) and here the usual activities will be carried on : dinners will be arranged, dances will be " hatched " and the billiard table will continue to take its toll of delinquents from lectures until such a time as the new headquarters is built as part of the University Extension Scheme.

We are very sorry to lose the services of Mr. S. E. J. Best who has been with the Corps for a number of years, first as an Officer Cadet and later as an Officer. He performed the difficult duties of a student officer with tact and balance ; the success of the Easter Musketry Camps and Annual Sports Day were due to his untiring efforts. We wish him every success in his new work.

All freshmen who are interested and keen are asked to see the Sergeant Instructor on Bazaar Day when the conditions of service will be thoroughly explained—to enquire does not compromise you !!! There is a common fallacy abroad that to join the O.T.C. entails a large expense—but this is not so, the subscription is 8/- per year and this includes EVERYTHING—common room subscription, uniforms, equipment, musketry camp, annual camp, etc., in fact, we clothe you, exercise you, entertain you and give you a fortnight's holiday all for 8/-. Is there any other society that can offer you as much for your money ? In return for these privileges we require at least 30 hours of UNIVERSITY TIME per session and attendance at the Annual Camp. If you are keen join immediately, but if you are not keen, forget that the Corps exists for we only have vacancies for KEEN men.

Enrolment Results :—

Practical Cert. B.: O/Cds. Hayman,

Practical Cert. A.: L/Cpl. Williamson, O/Cds. Hardwick, Hustler, Child, Tolson, Street, Graham, Hudson, Berry, Wiles.

Promotions :—

To be Sergeant : Cpls. Spikins, Etheridge.

To be Corporal : L/Cpl. Fitton.

To be L/Cpl. : O/Cds. Hayman, Atkinson, Child, Hardwick, Hustler.

ANNUAL CAMP.

On Tuesday, July 5th, 90 cadets drove in torrential rain to camp at Catterick. On Thursday rain caused evacuation of the tents for huts and later these too had to be left for other ones. The next day was a general holiday in order to allow the camp to dry and the troops spent the day in various ways at Redcar. Sunday afternoon was devoted to slumber and in the evening a charabanc trip was organised to Reeth and Leyburn.

On Saturday 16th, the annual inspection was carried out by Major Gen. Sir George Cory and Lt. Gen. Sir Cameron Shute. The inspection over, the afternoon was devoted to Inter-Company Sports and Leeds were successful in winning the Championship, scoring 26 pts., Durham Medicals being second with 22.

After Church Parade on Sunday the Inter-section competition took place. Little difference could be judged between Cpl. Fitton's section and L/Cpl. Williamson's the final award being made by toss of coin in favour of the latter. The winning section : O/Cds. Baines, Bonner, Hanby, Harrison M., Hustler.

In the Train

"LISTEN to this, old man," said Bill, reading out from a book of G.K.C.'s essays : " *Man represents the deliberative element in life. Woman represents the despotic.*" . . . How does that strike you ? "

Before I had time to reflect upon an answer fitting to such a statement, the mechanic in the opposite corner leaned forward and, tapping Bill's knee in a mysterious fashion, said : " Sirha, lad. I was just thinking t'same ! I'm a motor mechanic, I am, and I've spent all t'blessed afternoon trying to teach a lass t'first principles of driving a car. They've plenty of despotism, have t'womenfolk, but darned little deliberation. This one was a professional woman of some sort, tha knows, a doctor or summatar, but when it comes to road-sense . . . why, a n'enrig 'ud show more brains an' judgment . . . But by shots, lad ! tha' should 'ave 'eard 'er trying to tell ME what to do . . . Th'chap what wrote that tha's just read out knows a thing or two, tak' my word for it ; I'll bet he's a married man ! "

" Oh . . . ", remarked Bill ; " you think then that of the two sexes Man is the more reasonable and Woman the more . . . er . . . tyrannical ? "

" Think ! . . . Gosh, Lad, it's a fact. Th'average woman is a boss by nature. Just wait till tha' gets wed, thall soon find out who's the gaffer ! "

Bill sat up. " I see. Your opinion is that tucked away somewhere in Woman's interior is the desire to boss people, as you call it ; a desire which sooner or later comes to the fore ! "

" It comes out at the first available opportunity, young man. I have three daughters, and I know," broke in the occupant of the fourth corner. " Woman begins by bossing her nurse or her father, then by bossing her dolls and pets—just to keep herself in training, as it were ; then she transfers her attention to the other sex completely, and continues to boss some young fool who'll give her chocolates and take her to dances or to the cinema, and, finally, she will find someone who is more bossable than the rest and, while he's under the influence of that inexplicable human narcotic called love, she'll marry him out of hand and settle down to an existence of bossing a man of her own."

" If what you say is true, sir," I ventured, " then why does Man get married at all ? "

" Because his deliberative instincts or his reason or whatever you like to call it, is swamped in the stream of the subtle little actions which emanate from Woman, all of which give him the idea that he is getting his own way and getting what he wants in Life, when all the time, if he but knew it, it is Woman who is getting her own way . . . If a wife ever wants anything," he added, " she always sets to work in such a way that her husband thinks he is doing the dictating ; twiddles him round her little finger, as the saying is."

" Aye, an' usually th'husband never finds out !" supplemented the mechanic.

" Your conclusion therefore is," I suggested, " that all marriages are based on tyrannical desire on the one hand, and on the other an acquiescence, active or passive, in the despotism ! "

" All of them," was the reply : " except perhaps those which are contracted in undue haste, in which case the Man cannot know so very much of the Woman. And then, of course, he repents at leisure."

" He does nowt of t'sort," interjected our other acquaintance. " If a chap weds i' haste, he never has no leisure to repent in. He'll be too darn busy ! "

"But," protested Bill, "surely this information you are giving us is common knowledge, in a greater or lesser degree. How do you account then for the fact of feminine attraction?"

"Man thinks Woman to be of a finer fibre, of a higher form of creation. If you read the effusions of poets or of men in love or of anyone else whose deliberative state is akin to madness you will discover such expressions as 'nymphs,' 'goddesses,' 'angels,' and other superlative stretchings of the truth."

"That's right, lad. They dolls theirsens up wi' paint and powder, wears a kilt instead of a decent skirt, goes around in evening dress in the daytime, and then imagines that becos' they're things o' beauty they're going to be joys for ever!"

"But that is hardly a proper answer," I said. "There is surely some other reason than this?"

"Well, shall we say that Woman recognises the existence in Man of the deliberative power which she herself hasn't got—or, at any rate, only in negligible proportions—and so she marries a man in order to acquire it?"

"Acquire it!"

"Yes. Being the boss in the home, any possession of her husband becomes hers, or, shall I say, it is in the home to be used."

"Tha's right again, sir. I mind that a man allus talks of his better 'alf as *the* wife or *the* Missus, but t'wife allus says *my* 'usband or *my* man!"

"Thus signifying possession."

"Perhaps so," agreed Bill. "But this is only the Woman's point of view. It may or may not be right—I admit there's a good deal of truth in it—but what I want to get at is why does a Man marry a Woman, not why does Woman drag Man off into matrimony, as you appear to assert."

"I have already suggested that. He believes Woman to be above him—though in point of fact she is only above him in proportion to the amount of hoisting he has done to put her on a pedestal;—perhaps in a sentence we can say that it is because Woman is Beauty personified."

"Gosh!" said the mechanic.

"Woman is Beauty? Than what's Man?" asked Bill.

"Utility . . . that is as long as he brings grist to the mill."

"An a darn nuisance if he's out o' work!" added the man of gears and petrol, as he rose to get his coat off the rack.

"And what precisely is your definition of beauty?" Bill enquired in his suavest manner.

"Nay, lad, tha' doesn't have to be able to lay an egg to tell whether it's good or bad! A lass is bonny when she's got nice hair, nice eyes, nice teeth, nice face, . . . er . . . nice complexion"

"Good figure," supplemented the married man and father of three.

"Aye . . . good figger . . . sort of goes in and out and then in again" said the mechanic, making curious passes in the air with his hands. "That's beauty, lad. But mind you, it don't last. My Missus, fr' example, she used to go out and come in again like I was telling, but now, . . . well . . . I reckon beauty's only skin deep," said he, as the train drew into the platform, and he drew down the window. "But whether she's beautiful or not, she's always t'boss! . . . Tha'll find out some day! . . . Well, good-night!"

H.B.S.



La France

I stood on the shore of a murmuring sea
And a maiden came to welcome me.

Her face was fair as the morn,
Bright shone her robe with many a hue
Of rose and blue,
But its folds were torn
And her sleeves were frayed and worn.

Her smile was sweet as she came to me,
With the stately tread of a maiden free.
Who owned no man her lord,
But there lurked in her eyes a nameless fear
—Sure, many a tear
From those eyes had poured!—
And she grasped a broken sword.

"Tell me thy name, fair maid!" I cried,
The maiden laughed, and in tones of pride
"Men call me La France!" she said.
But still in the depths of her sweet brown eyes
The tears would rise,
And she turned her head,
"God bless thee, La France!" I said.

ROSALIND E. HERKLOE

A Rabbit for "G." on his 25th Birthday

The South-West wind on Romany feet
Peddles the laces where the planets are—
Scuttering clouds, a gypsy sun,
And I on my knees above the street;
And I on my knees, penying hard
To wind and stars, to stars and cloud,
A beigantime cloud with a long lead—
That once in the world I be allowed,
To wish and to feel as I used to feel.

Hades! O I am sleepy. I grow old,
I have lived with content; accepted yess for a friend,
Who are debonair and urbane. On Romany feet
The South-West wind is abroad. But I'll not be told!

HILDA BEARLEY.

The Little Ghost

You remember how quiet and wet the street was,
And after half a day of rain,
Shadows were astir again.

There she was, crouched and frightened,
Like a dog against the wall,
No colour in her face at all.

I wonder you didn't see her, neighbour;
You've got babies of your own.
She was so little and alone.

I went running as you'd go running:
She was so little and alone—
And my fingers touched the wet stone.

Three days, and I'm sick with wondering
If my mind put her there;
The baby that I shall not bear.

Or if she died and comes and wanders
With terror in her little head,
All among the grown-up dead.

Wouldn't you feel different, neighbour
If such a ghost had come your way?
And have queer different things to say?

HILDA BREAKLEY.

* * *

In our correspondence column is a criticism of this journal. Whether this represents a general view throughout the University will perhaps be more manifest in our next issue but the Editor feels bound to acquiesce in the necessity for more creative work and does appeal for articles of all types, humorous or high-brow from any member of the University. In length they should be about 600 or 1,200 words. All articles will be carefully considered and if not suitable will be returned if required, with a brief comment. Writers will find the *Gryphon* more sympathetic towards attempts than is often thought.

* * *

"Economy of words is the essence of good prose," said the editor paraphrasing a long article by the single word "Bush."

B. BRETT.

* * *

Mrs. Beck to Homesick Frusher:

"That's how he is so pale! Come presently
To the refectory, I'll make you drink
A famous bowl of soap."

(*Cyrano de Bergerac*. From the translation of
Gladys Thomas and Mary F. Guillemard).

The Passing Show

LEEDS, it is well known, is not merely a station entrance opposite a cinema. There are other things, and although the town falls short of the ideal, there is at least some hope for it as a cultural centre.

It is impossible to comment on the whole of last year's happenings, but there is one thing I must mention—a night at the Civic Playhouse. What a night it was, when they gave "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." The gallery was full, and nearly all students, and a high rollicking time we had, buying oranges from the neat-handed Phyllis and eating them—or throwing them about—in the traditional gallery manner. How perfect was the knight, and how great the little wretch in green, who said "Nay, prithee, mother!" in so pathetic a manner.

The Civic Playhouse did not give the best plays in Leeds, nor had they always the best actors, but it was certainly the best and bravest venture in town. The Secretary at 6, Mill Hill, will welcome 5/- Subscribers, but the playhouse is free! Students should also write for the Little Theatre syllabus to the Secretary, The Little Theatre, Cookridge Street.

Here is a tolerably complete Theatre list, as follows:—

(Here is as complete a list as is possible in the middle of September).

Mon. Oct. 3rd.	For Two Weeks, Leeds Civic Playhouse (Albert Hall), in "The Rising Sun," by Horace Heijermans	7.30 p.m.
Mon. Oct. 10th.	International Celebrity Subscription Concert, Florence Austral, D'Alvarez, Pethman, John Anstiss and Tom Burke, Town Hall	7.30 p.m.
Fri. Oct. 14th.	Anna Pavlova, Town Hall	8.0 p.m.
Sat. Nov. 3rd.	Leeds Symphony Orchestra and Arthur Cattermell, Solo Violinist, Town Hall	7.30 p.m.
Mon. Nov. 7th.	"Barber of Seville," B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
Tues. Nov. 8th.	Afternoon : "Madam Butterfly," B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
	Evening : "Granad Schicchi" and "Pagliacci,"	
Wed. Nov. 9th.	"Valkyries," B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
Thur. Nov. 10th.	"Aida," B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
Fri. Nov. 11th.	Massenet's "Manon," B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
Sat. Nov. 12th.	La Boheme, Afternoon, B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
	Evening, Carmen, B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
Mon. Nov. 14th.	For Two Weeks, "Danton," at the Civic Playhouse, by Romain Rolland	7.30 p.m.
Mon. Nov. 14th.	"Dusk of The Gods," Wagner, B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
Tues. Nov. 15th.	Afternoon : "Barber of Seville," B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
	Evening : "Samson and Delilah," B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
Wed. Nov. 16th.	"Magic Flute," Mozart, B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
Thur. Nov. 17th.	"The Marriage of Figaro," B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
Fri. Nov. 18th.	"The Mastersingers," B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
Sat. Nov. 19th.	Afternoon : "Manon," Massenet, B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
	Evening : "Tannhauser," B.N.O.C.	Theatre Royal,
Sat. Nov. 19th.	Leeds Symphony Orchestra and Walter Widdop, vocalist, in a Wagner Concert, Town Hall	7.30 p.m.
Mon. Nov. 21st.	International Celebrity Concert, Elena Gerhardt and Cortot, Town Hall	7.30 p.m.
Sat. Dec. 3rd.	Leeds Symphony Orchestra and Arthur de Greef, Solo Pianist, Town Hall	7.30 p.m.
Mon. Dec. 3rd.	For two weeks, Leeds Civic Playhouse, "Bert's Girl," Elizabeth Baker	7.30 p.m.
Mon. Jan. 9th.	For two weeks, Leeds Civic Playhouse, "Anna Christie," by Eugene O'Neill	7.30 p.m.
Tues. Jan. 17th.	International Celebrity Concert, Johann Strauss and Vilma Delmar, Town Hall	7.30 p.m.
Sat. Jan. 21st.	Leeds Symphony Orchestra and Arthur Fear, vocalist, Town Hall	7.30 p.m. B.B.

Correspondence

THE UNIVERSITY, LEEDS,
September.

DEAR SIR,

As Editor of the present *Gryphon* you will offer no objection, I suppose, to criticism of your predecessors. I feel that this year we ought to decide what constitutes the ideal *Gryphon*.

My view is that the *Gryphon* should be the forum for the making public of student thought and student ideas, and the means of publishing creative work of a literary standard. If we are an active community, there is surely thought amongst us, opinion on life in general and University life in particular. To publish this thought, it seems to me, is the first function of the *Gryphon*.

The second is that it should be such a paper as will encourage us to write the best that is in us. Creative work of this nature might well be judged the measure of the cultural, artistic, intellectual and spiritual activity of the University. Is it that much in the traditional *Gryphon* repels these higher spirits amongst us, or are we to assume that we are all drab and dreary?

The *Gryphon* in my view, then, exists primarily for the creator in our midst, whether in the intellectual or purely artistic field of creation. It is not a magazine which must be lowered, like *Tit-Bits*, to what is believed to be the low appreciative standard of the reader. It is a writers' *Gryphon* rather than a readers' *Gryphon*, though it will be both if the writing is worthy. What we want is serious creative thought, literary work and a review and criticism of the life and thought around us, to the best of our capabilities.

If this standard is laid down, how far short have past *Gryphons* fallen! Gazette news, presumably, is inevitable, until we can afford a separate Gazette, but sports news, Society news and O.S.A. news should be reduced to the merest table of engagements and results, which is sufficient for those who are interested. A report is redundant, for those who are interested will have attended the function. Surely O.S.A. interest can be maintained if O.S.A. members are invited to write in the *Gryphon*. Why, also, do the members of the staff so rarely contribute articles?

The Poetry, reviews and those of the articles reaching a literary standard, meet the conditions laid down, and it is this part, Sir, which should be enlarged. Admittedly, the *Gryphon* is a Journal, but the journal part of it can surely be cut to an irreducible minimum. I feel sure you will tolerate this criticism and welcome further University views on the University Journal! Perhaps also you will give us your views!

BERNARD BRETT.

DEAR SIR,

I gather from a reference to myself in a recent issue of the *Gryphon* that some one has misinformed you. In the last 25 years there have only been two Scottish Rugby Internationals of the name of McLeod—L. M. and K. G.

J. W. MCLEOD.

[We apologise for this mistake—but feel someone in Scotland must also have made one.—ED.]

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

THE MUSIC SOCIETY.—Two concerts were given last session; the first in December, when the appreciative reception accorded to Beethoven's Mass in C, and Bach's Easter Cantata "Christ lay in Death's Dark Prison," was a gratifying justification of the Society's high ambitions; the second in March, when madrigals, folk-songs, and modern part-songs made an agreeable programme. The Society also sang Northumbrian folk-songs at two lectures given by Dr. Whittaker, and broadcast on one occasion from the Leeds studio.

At a general meeting in June, it was decided to ask Dr. Herbert Thomson to act as Honorary President of the Society, Professor Corinal as Honorary Vice-President, and Professor Perkin and Professor Barker as President and Vice-President respectively.

The Society received with regret Mr. Dunwell's resignation from the position of conductor. Mr. Dunwell has worked zealously during his long association with musical affairs at the University, and our very hearty thanks and sincere good wishes go with him. His place will be taken by Mr. Slater, of York, whom we welcome as a colleague of Dr. Bairstow.

Under this new leadership, the Society looks forward to fresh endeavours and widened interests. Two concerts will again be given, a miscellaneous programme on December 2nd, and a long work on March 2nd. Besides this choral work, it is hoped to hold informal meetings for hearing and discussing music and musical affairs, to develop interest in chamber and orchestral music, and to arrange parties for concerts, opera, and other events of musical significance. The choral rehearsal will be held as a rule on Thursday each week at 5 p.m. Attendance of at least two-thirds of the rehearsals is required from those taking part in the concerts. Notices will be posted of these and other meetings, and students are very urgently invited to attend them, and help to maintain a high musical standard in the University. The primary purpose of our Society, in the words of our new President, is not so much to give brilliant performances as to widen the experience of those who take part. To all those for whom music means something more than the latest fox-trot, the Music Society will make an unrivalled appeal.

LEEDS UNDERGRADUATES LABOUR SOCIETY.—The Labour Society, now in its fifth year, may look forward with confidence to a really successful session, as an exceptionally attractive programme of speakers has been arranged. Owing to the breadth of its aims, the Society has a wide field from which to choose its speakers, and thus it is that we have obtained promises from such prominent personalities as Lord Olivier, Professor Laski, John Strachey and H. N. Brailsford.

The first meeting is on Thursday the thirteenth of October in the large Chemistry Lecture Theatre, at 5.15 p.m. and will be addressed by Lord Olivier on some aspect of foreign affairs, the exact title will be announced later.

This year, the experiment is being tried, of reducing the subscription to 1/6, but this can only prove a success by the breaking of all existing records for membership.

Besides the programme of meetings, the Society also organises visits to works, and rambles, these latter being justly celebrated for the fine weather which always prevails, and have, in the past, been much appreciated by the members. N.H.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.—"Attend Debates!" Such is the clarion call contained in those excellent "Hints to Freshers" given in the handbook; we would address it also to the more hoary-headed members of the Union. The prestige of debating in Leeds is not as high as it should be, but we are convinced this is due to apathy and not to any confirmed weakness of intellect and, as such, this state of affairs can be remedied. The committee have tried to devise a syllabus of all-round appeal.—(if you think they have not succeeded they will welcome your suggestions)—the society extorts no extra subscription and in addition it enjoys the distinction of being a "Union Society" above the general run of mere "Recognised Societies"—so altogether you are missing much if you are not an active member of it.

Owing to unavoidable last-minute alterations we are unable to print the complete syllabus but a copy will be presented—gratis—to every member of the Union on Bazaar Day; we trust you will read it. It will present the usual features of the Staff Debate on January 16th and "Parliament Night" on November 23rd. We hope the latter will be a real success this year; the proposal that bachelors should be taxed ought to engross the attention of the gentlemen in the gallery, to the detriment of indiscriminate pea-shooting. We are also going to try the experiment of a lunch time debate at 1.20 p.m. on November 17th, the motion "It is better to say Dash than Damn" ought to provide a fund of ideas from personal experience so we expect success for the enterprise. The last debate of the session will be the Open Debate on March 9th, in the Great Hall, when Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P. will support the motion "That this House supports Disarmament by Example" and we hope to get an equally eminent speaker to oppose him.

For the opening debate on October 10th Mr. Jack Hylton had promised to oppose the motion "That Jazz is a sign of degeneracy in modern times" but as his engagement in Leeds has been postponed the debate will probably take place later in the term, when we hope to get Sir Thomas Beecham to oppose him.

The society syllabus and posters will thrust upon your attention the altered arrangements for the first debate of the session, so roll up and make it a success.

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—Last session the N.H.S. was highly successful in all directions except finance—which latter was barely satisfactory. This however is easily remedied and enthusiasm on the part of all students in the departments mainly concerned (Botany, Geology and Zoology) is all that is required. The meetings are both interesting and beneficial to such students and it should be a point of honour if not of duty to be members of the society which is organised on their behalf and for their benefit.

The session opens with the Presidential Address on October 13th. A special feature is a Joint Meeting to be held on November 2nd in conjunction with the Sheffield University Biological Society and to be followed by a Social or Dance in the Refectory. Further details of this event will be announced as soon as possible; syllabuses will be readily obtainable on opening day on payment of the subscription (3/6 per session).

OFFICERS FOR SESSION 1927-8.

President : Mr. G. RAYNER, B.Sc.

Vice-President : Mr. H. C. VENNER, M.Sc., F.G.S.

Hon. Secretaries : Miss B. K. BELLINGHAM,

Mr. L. RUSHTON-BAXTER,

Hon. Treasurer : Mr. W. WRIGHT.

Committee (above with)

Miss ANDOOD, Mr. W. BAINES.

Miss GEORGE, Mr. A. D. PRENTICE.

Miss RICHMOND, Mr. E. R. VARLEY, B.Sc.

L.R.B.

SCOUT CLUB.—This Club was reorganised last session, and though few in numbers we had several very enjoyable meetings. Our activities last session were necessarily limited by our numbers and the fact that we did not commence until very late in the first term. This year however we commence under much more favourable conditions, last year's enthusiasts have explored the possibilities and a very good programme has been arranged. The only thing lacking is appreciation of our enthusiasm and our efforts, this appreciation to take the form of a large membership.

If everyone who has any interest in the Scout Movement, whether directly connected with the same or not, joins the society and attends the meetings then the efforts made will be worth while and the Scout Club will be one of the most flourishing in existence. If you're interested in Scouting then the Scout Club is interested in you and it's to your mutual advantage to get together.

OFFICERS FOR THE SESSION 1927-28.

<i>President</i> .. .	Mr. A. E. Wheeler, M.A.
<i>Vice-President</i> .. .	Mr. W. R. Grist, B.Sc.
<i>Chairman</i> .. .	L. Rushton-Baxter.
<i>Hon. Secs.</i> .. .	A. D. Prince.

L.R.-B.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.—From the nature of the aim of the Christian Union viz.: to lead students to accept the Christian faith and to live the Christian life, the success of the Union cannot be measured in terms of membership or attendance at its lectures. Nevertheless we cannot look back on the past session without feeling that it was in some degree successful. We look forward with hope to another successful year.

An interesting and varied programme has been drawn up, which includes study circles and discussion groups, works visits in connection with social study, devotional meetings, conferences, social activities and lectures. Fewer lectures have been arranged, but really first class speakers have been secured. These include Alex Wood on "Scientific and Religious Truth," Dr. Herbert Gray on "Relations between Men and Women," and Canon O. C. Quick on "God in Christ."

All who are interested should get in touch with one of the Committee and secure one of our programme cards. Freshers should note that we have a definite membership with a voluntary subscription, but all are welcome to any of our activities whether members or not.

M.W.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The Photographic Society meets on alternate Tuesdays throughout the winter in the small Chemistry Lecture Theatre after tea in the Refectory at 5 p.m. The syllabus this session is of wide scope, ranging from such subjects as "Mountaineering and Photography" to "Intensification."

For the benefit of freshers, and others who do not know, may we state that the Society has an excellent dark room at 17, De Grey Road, fitted with all apparatus for photographic work, including an enlarger.

We cordially invite all photographers, whether "artistic amateurs," or snapshotters, to join us in our meetings and excursions. The subscription is 2/6, or

4/6 including teas. Give it to us on Bazaar Day, or roll in to our first meeting Oct. 11th. Book the date.

Secretaries: G. C. Marshall.
A. Kay.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY NOTES.—During the shortest and—but for the impending shadow of degree examinations—most agreeable of terms, our activities have embraced both discussions of international problems and the somewhat less arduous recreations of dancing and country walks.

In the uneasy between time which divides the ordeal of examinations from the even greater ordeal of Results Day, we endeavoured to prevent people's minds from dwelling overmuch on the Problem of Pip or Pass by holding a Conference at Ilkley. This Conference was warmly supported, and was an unqualified success both socially and "internationally."

To those who enter the University for the first time this term we tender a very warm welcome to our meetings, which are held in the Education Lecture Theatre, every Saturday morning at 11 o'clock; and we hope that freshmen, both English and foreign, will help us to uphold our tradition of friendly debate, candid criticism, and unprejudiced interest in all problems of world-wide importance.

THE CAVENDISH SOCIETY.—The Cavendish Society will hold its first meeting of the session on Tuesday, October 18th, in the Large Chemistry Lecture Theatre, when Professor F. M. Rowe, D.Sc., will deliver his presidential address entitled "Recent Developments in Colour Chemistry."

In the Great Hall on Tuesday, November 8th, Dr. E. F. Armstrong, F.R.S., will deliver the Open Lecture on "Colour, Commerce and Chemistry." Dr. Armstrong was formerly connected with Messrs. Huntley & Palmers, Ltd., of Reading, then for a number of years was Managing Director of Messrs. Joseph Crosfield & Sons, Ltd., Warrington, and is now Technical Director of Messrs. The British Dyestuffs Corporation, Ltd. The Society congratulates itself on having obtained Dr. Armstrong's consent to lecture on a subject of such importance at the present time and invites all members of the University and friends to attend.

Other lectures on the syllabus are arranged to give members an opportunity of hearing and exchanging opinions and ideas with some authorities in a few of the many branches of modern science. A joint meeting with the Photographic Society is to hear an address on "Television and Picture Telegraphy."

* Any other information and membership cards may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary or members of the committee.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.—The Leeds University Engineering Society has arranged an extremely interesting programme for the coming session, and is looking forward to a very successful season.

The first meeting will be held in the Engineering Lecture Theatre, on Monday, October 17th, at 5.0 p.m., when Col. Kitson Clark has kindly promised to give his paper on the Kitson-Still engine, a subject of interest to all engineers. The lecture will be preceded by tea at 4.30 p.m. New members of the society are specially invited to attend for tea, and take advantage of the excellent opportunity

for meeting and becoming acquainted with other members of the society. At further meetings to be held during the session, papers on subjects dealing with various branches of civil, mechanical, and electrical engineering will be given, and visits to engineering works will be arranged for the summer term.

A.G.

JEWISH STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.—The Jewish Students' Association can look back with some satisfaction upon a very successful session last year. The meetings were, on the whole, well attended and the interest of the Freshers in the affairs of the Association was particularly noteworthy.

For the first term of the new session a very full syllabus has been arranged. The term will commence with a lecture by Rabbi Dr. Samuel Daiches, of London, on October 8th and will be followed, on October 13th, by the Freshers' Social, to which a hearty invitation is extended to all Jewish Freshers. Professor S. Brodetsky will deliver his Presidential Address on October 20th. The Lord Mayor of Leeds will lecture on October 26th and Dr. J. M. Yoffey, B.Sc., of Manchester, will deliver a lantern lecture on "Jewish Phrenology" on November 2nd. In addition the Annual Dance will be held on November 23rd and paper-nights, debates, and an end-of-term social will also take place.

All Jewish Freshers are requested to send their names to Mr. D. Brodetsky (The Medical School), who will be pleased to give any information concerning the activities of the Association.

M.F.

TOE, H.—Readers of the Union Handbook will have discovered that a group of Toe H. has been formed within the University. There they will also find something of its aims and basis.

There is much class bitterness and misunderstanding which Toe, H. is trying to overcome by mutual service and fellowship. For this purpose branches and groups have spread throughout the world. A University branch will probably have to adopt different methods of working to an ordinary town branch in which the members are always in residence. Leeds may be able to lead the way in this. It is hoped that the group in the University may provide man-power for many jobs both from members and others who will volunteer to help. The story of Toe, H. and its beginnings in Poperinghe and Ypres are admirably told by P. B. Clayton in his book—"Tales of Talbot House."

A.J.B.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—Founded by Professor Grant this Society has become one of the largest in the University. Last year was a record in the number of members and the success of the meetings. In addition to the meetings (which are held fortnightly on Monday evenings) a Social was held during the first term, and on July 13th a small number of members took part in a ramble around Bolton Abbey. Both events were thoroughly appreciated.

We are, therefore, hoping for an extremely successful session. Prof. Hamilton Thompson, who did so much for the Society last year, is again President; a larger committee has been elected and a varied list of good speakers has been drawn up. A Social will be held on November 14th open to members only.

All Freshers who belong to the Arts Faculty and especially members of the English and History Honours Schools are urged to join this Society. Further particulars may be obtained from the secretaries or any member of the Committee.

S.O.H.



LEEDS provides facilities for every branch of sport including its own form of Greyhound racing. The 'Varsity grounds are situated at Lawnswood and Weetwood Park, about half-an-hour's tram ride from University Road. The new grounds at Weetwood are not yet complete but several of the pitches will be available for 'Varsity matches.

The Hockey Club (Men) who were the winners of the Northern Section of the Inter-Varsity Athletic Board Competition, run two teams and are urgently in need of new men to bring these teams up to full strength.

The Lacrosse Club (men) last year won the Yorkshire Flags and League Championship, and were finalist for the Inter-Varsity Lacrosse Competition being beaten by Oxford at Birmingham. Lacrosse is played only at a few schools in Yorkshire, and every Fresher who has played before is urged to get in touch with the Club Secretary.

The Rugger Club, who this year will have the use of a really fine playing pitch at Weetwood, had only a lean season last session. This club runs three teams so there is a chance for everyone to get into either the "A" or the "B" team if they are not good enough for the first.

The Soccer Club last year was the surprise of the season. Up to the end of the first term, the first eleven had not won a match, but they suddenly found their form for the 'Varsity matches and carried off the Christie Shield. This is the first time that Leeds has won the shield since 1911. During the second term an Inter-departmental competition is run, the winners last year being Science.

At present Greyhound racing is much in the public eye and Leeds can boast of having one of the best Greyhound tracks and some of the fastest "Dogs" in the country. I refer to the Harriers' Club who run around the hilly country above Adel every Wednesday and Saturday. True they do not chase an electric hare, but they plod steadily through fields of mud after elusive hares which may be seen but are never caught. Last year the Harriers won the Inter-Varsity Cross Country Championship held at Birmingham. If this success is to be repeated, Freshers must turn up at Lawnswood on the first Saturday and Wednesday of term to take part in practice runs, as several of their mainstays have gone down.

The Boat Club has a fine stretch of water on the Canal at Rodley and specialises in training men who can't row before they come up to Leeds. Several of last year's men have gone down so there is plenty of room for fresh talent. The Club has been undefeated in 'Varsity fixtures for the last three years. During the first term Inter-Faculty races are rowed for the Sir Michael Sadler Cup.

There is a fine gymnasium behind the Educational Building. Last year Leeds tied with Liverpool for the Christie Boxing Championship, and managed to carry off the Light Weight Championship at the United Kingdom Universities, Hospitals and Cadets Championship at London.

Swimming is not supported as it should be. Many people look upon it as a Summer sport, but training should be carried on during the winter term. Last year, for the first time for many years, Leeds won the Christie Squadron race at Manchester. Anyone who can show a clean pair of heels in the water should get into training straight away, as the Inter-Varsity Swimming Gala is to be held at Liverpool in December.

The Athletic Sports are held in the Summer Term and the Freshers' Sports during the Winter term. On the results of the latter is chosen the team for the Inter-Club Sports which are held on the first Saturday of the Summer Term. These Sports have been held for the last three years and were won by the 'Varsity for the first two, but last year we only managed to run second to Sheffield United Harriers. Therefore, it is the duty of every Fresher to turn out and show the Committee what he can do to help to regain the cup.

These notes will not be complete without some mention of the members of the various teams who have left us to try their hands in other fields. We offer them our best wishes for their future and thanks for all they have done for the 'Varsity life in the past. Amongst these are:

Miss B. McMillan, B.A., Dip. Ed.—President of the Women's Representative Council 1926-27, Student Treasurer 1924-25. She was Captain of the Women's Hockey Club for the season 1924-25 and 1925-26, and Captained the Women's Athletics in 1925. She obtained her Hockey and Athletic Colours for the Sessions 1923-1927. Last year Leeds won the Women's I.V.A.B. Sports largely through Miss McMillan's efforts in establishing records in the 100 yds., 120 yds. Hurdles and Throwing the Javelin.

Miss E. S. Olszewska, B.A. Hons., was the Editor of the *Gryphon* for the Session 1926-27 and Captained the Women's Hockey Club obtaining her colours for the Seasons 1925-1927.

Miss D. M. Sage, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., had the distinction of being for the season 1926-27 Captain of three clubs—Women's Tennis, Lacrosse and Swimming. The Tennis Club reached the final of the Inter-Varsity Championship which has yet to be completed. She obtained Colours for Lacrosse in the seasons 1925-1927, Swimming and Tennis in 1927.

Mr. J. A. Sugden, Ph.D., was for several years the stalwart of the Lacrosse Club. Captain for the season 1925-26, obtaining his colours for the seasons 1922-23 to 1926-27. He played for Yorkshire for several years and last year received his colours as a member of the North of England team.

Mr. R. H. Oliver, M.B., Ch.B., was well known as "Doc." of the Harriers' Club of which he was captain in 1926-27. He obtained his colours for Athletics and Harriers for the seasons 1925-26 and 1926-27. He holds the Christie record for 3 miles—15 mins. 38 1/5th secs which he put up at Manchester in 1927. He was President of the Students' Representative Council and Sub-Editor for the *Gryphon* for the Session 1926-27.

Mr. E. F. Bennett, B.Sc., M.Ed. ("Yurze") was the hard-working Secretary of the Union for the Session 1926-27 and Student Treasurer for the Session 1925-26. He also held the offices of President of the Men's Representative Council for 1926-27 and Secretary for the Sessions 1924-25, 1925-26. For two years he suffered between the sticks for the Lacrosse Club and obtained his colours for the season 1926-27.

Mr. W. Moe, Dip. Textile (the strong man from Denmark), was a member of the Athletic Committee 1926-27 and obtained his colours for the seasons 1926 and 1927. He holds the Christie record for the Javelin and Discus with throws of 151 ft. 9 ins. and 95 ft. 4 ins. respectively.

WOMEN'S ATHLETICS.

At Leeds there is a Club for almost every women's sport in which it is possible to indulge in this country.

The Women's Inter-Varsity Athletic Board is the governing body for all the University competitions (in which of course, Leeds takes an active part), and it is the ambition of every club to score in the final of the Championship organized by this Board.

Two women's clubs were successful in the championship last year. One was the Women's Athletic Club, which was first out of eight Universities in the Women's Inter-Varsity Athletic Sports, scoring 34 points, while Birmingham, the runners-up had 21. There were some very good performances at this meeting and it was to Leeds that three out of four new records went.

Since this year's meeting is to be held at Leeds, we especially rely on all members of the Club to help us maintain its previous good records. D. Marshall and J. McMillan will be pleased to give further information.

The Netball Club was the other club to score well in the Inter-Varsity competition, winning the final of the All England Championship against Bristol by 25-23. This was the second year in succession that Leeds won the Cup—surely a splendid achievement. The club will have at least two new hard pitches at Westwood this season; any further details will be given by E. Lowe and A. Jordan.

The Tennis Club held a good record throughout the Northern Universities Tournament but were unfortunately neither victors nor vanquished in the Final for all England, since this was not played off. The Captain this year is E. Lowe and the Secretary, A. Davy.

The oldest women's club at Leeds is the Hockey Club which now runs three teams with good fixture lists. Leeds took second place among the Northern Universities last season, but it is hoped that, with the co-operation of many keen freshers we may occupy the highest position in that section this year. G. Mather, B. Noble or any member of the committee will give further information at any time.

The Lacrosse Club is one of the younger clubs amongst the women, but it is well supported and maintains a high standard of play. The chief officers are J. Whitaker and K. Stockdale.

The Women's Swimming Club holds regular practices throughout the Winter (so I'm told!) as ardent training for the Inter-Varsity Swimming Gala held in the Summer Term. Last May Leeds was fourth in this competition. D. Turner is Captain and K. Ennis, Secretary.

For students who are keen on the indoor type of Athletics there is the Gym and Fencing Club about which K. Turner will be pleased to give information.

The Union Handbook gives further details about all the Clubs, but when you have decided which game you are going to play, read the notices concerning that club and sign your name on the lists put up in the Women's Rooms for that purpose.

Concerning Athletics as a whole, the Women's General Athletics Secretary (K. Hemming), will be pleased to give any assistance or information.

Leeds University Old Students' Association

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Association was held on the 2nd July in the Chemistry Theatre. Professor Gillespie took the Chair, and there were 42 members present.

The Secretaries' Reports and the Treasurer's Statement of Accounts were adopted.

The officers were then elected. A very hearty vote of thanks was given to Dr. Best for his services to the Association. It was resolved that Mr. Wheeler should be a member of the committee as a representative of the Administrative Staff, and should not have to be elected every year. The following officers and members of committee were elected :

President : The Vice-Chancellor.

Past President and Senior Vice-President : Sir Michael Sadler.

Vice-Presidents : Emeritus Professor Smithells, Emeritus Professor Comst., Professor Gillespie, Professor Jamieson, Sir Berkeley Moynihan, Dr. Best, Miss Robertson, Miss Silcox.

Hon. Secretaries : Nora B. Jele, G. I. Sharpe.

Hon. Treasurer : W. R. Grist.

Committee : Misses R. E. Carter, J. Holgate, G. Finkles, Mrs. Sellars, Messrs. L. W. K. Feaseley, B. G. Fletcher, W. H. Smith, A. E. Wheeler, G. Waddington, and Professor Rowe. (In addition, Mr. Evans and Miss Brooks have been appointed by the University Union).

An important resolution was proposed by Mr. H. L. Robinson and carried after some discussion, suggesting to the Committee that it should discuss a scheme and explore possibilities for helping present students in some branch of research.

THE DINNER.

After the meeting, members adjourned for dinner in the Refectory. The Vice-Chancellor took the Chair, and we were glad to have Mrs. Baillie with us as well; there were 78 members present. The dinner was informal, without speeches and with a lot of talk, and was followed by dancing and more talk till 11.30 p.m.

LONDON BRANCH.

Hon. Sec. : Miss L. CROWTHER,
"Video,"
26, Coventry Street, W.I.

Hon. Treas. : Mr. H. HOLLIERS,
10, Orehurst Drive,
Blackheath, S.E.3.

Reviewing last year's results as given in our Annual Report, we find we had a very satisfactory year. The life membership was 43 and the annual 80, an increase of seven on the figures of the previous year. Having once been lured into statistics, we must add that the secretary writes over two hundred and fifty letters and postcards each year, apart from the treasurer's correspondence. Telephone calls are also getting more frequent but not more expensive, for here we are "more ringing against than ringing."

Among our new members we are looking forward to welcoming Dr. Best. For the moment he will be allowed to enjoy the novelty of functions for which he has no

responsibility, but as soon as the sweets of private life cloy, such a useful recruit must take a more active part in our proceedings. It is of course gratifying to find Leeds acknowledging that they have to give London best.

At our Dinner on Tuesday, November 15th, when Professor Cohen, our new President, will take the chair, we hope to welcome Miss Robertson and Professor Kendal as our guests—that is if Professor Kendal has meanwhile been found. Repeated invitations having wheedled no reply out of a notoriously absent-minded wanderer, we hereby appeal for help in tracking him to his lair. The finder will be suitably rewarded (and no questions asked) if the Professor is handed over to the committee in good condition before 7 o'clock on the night of the Dinner. We hope to hold this at University College, Gower Street. Particulars will be sent out as soon as available, but in the meantime we must call on members, particularly those new to the south:—

Please to remember
Fifteenth November,
Robertson Dinner, whereat
We hope with reason
When starting our season
Last Kendal will be set.

VIDEO.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH.

The summer excursion was a great success. Seventeen members turned up to view Kenilworth Castle with enthusiasm, and in the evening after tea, in the garden of "Ye Olde Lyeoester Tea Shoppe," half the party strolled to Ashow, while G. H. Fawcett dashed madly there with a half dozen or so in his noble car—and, arriving hours ahead, toured the Midlands until our arrival. Thence we trespassed bravely through Stoneleigh Abbey Grounds and finished up again at Kenilworth.

The Annual Dinner will be held in November, on a date which is not yet fixed, but will be notified to all branch members in due course. If any members have changed their addresses, will they please inform the branch secretary, Mr. P. P. Murphy, W.E.A. Department, the University, Edmund Street, Birmingham.

WEST RIDING BRANCH.

There will be a General Meeting of the West Riding Branch, at O.S.A. House, on Tuesday, October 4th, at 7 p.m. Business (1) Election of Officers; (2) O.S.A. House. Afterwards, "The Great Brasstrapp," by A. A. Milne, will be read.

I don't suppose you can guess where I am, as I write these joyful words. I'm in O.S.A. house, in the Lounge, and that's why, hateful as literary labour is to me, my pencil (very badly sharpened) gets along at decent speed to-night. I bet you twopence, as the witch said, that if you were in my place, yours would too. It is quite impossible to refrain from singing jubilant songs about our wine-coloured curtains, our blue cushions, our flame-coloured china (see Woolworth's), our blue flower-bowl (Woolworth's again), our etching of the University, lent by Mr. Grist and the etching of Professor Connal, which is our very own. Why, believe me, the room has an air! Besides, the fire is lit to-night.

It's hard to believe that some old students have never been inside O.S.A. House. You don't know, sons and daughters of foolishness, what fun we had here last term,

sweeping floors, washing pots, hanging curtains and reading plays. And—poor things—you don't know how jolly it is now; now that we have Mrs. Calverley to look after us and give us coffee and afternoon tea.

For at last O.S.A. House has a caretaker. At last O.S.A. House is not just O.S.A. House; it is the Old Students' Club.

Why have tea at Field's when you can have it at your club? You can even have a bath there! Very soon, I hope, you will be able to stay the night there, when the best bedroom is furnished!

Here is our programme for the term.

On every single day of the term, afternoon tea in the Lounge, if you want it.

Every Tuesday, at 7 o'clock, a play-reading.

On the first Thursday of the month beginning on October 6th, a Social Evening (7 p.m. to 11 p.m.).

On Tuesday, December 20th in the Refectory, at 7 p.m., the Christmas Party.

The following plays will be read this term.

Oct. 4th.	"The Great Bruxxup"	Hilda
Oct. 11th.	Androcles and the Lion	Shea
Oct. 18th.	Mary, Mary, quite Contrary	St. John Erieviae
Oct. 25th.	If	Dunaway
Nov. 1st.	Hay Fever	Coward
Nov. 8th.	Hairy Ape-faced	Broadbent
	Postasters of Ephaphim	Bee
Nov. 15th.	First Blood	Markhouse
Nov. 22nd.	Art and Opportunity	Chapin
Nov. 29th.	Man and Superman	Shea
Dec. 6th.	The Pigeon	Gulansky
Dec. 13th.	Peter Pan	Burke

Perhaps, as Secretary of the West Riding Branch only, I ought not to talk in quite such a proprietary way of O.S.A. House, which is of course, the property of the whole Association. But I think that the West Riding Branch, being on the spot, must necessarily have most enjoyment out of the House and—this is very important—do most of the work.

So please come along, full of enthusiasm and ideas, to the General Meeting, on October 4th, at 7 p.m., in O.S.A. House.

HILDA BREAKLEY, Sec.,
West Riding Branch.

NEWS OF OLD STUDENTS.

Mr. Thomas Albany Birch (Arts 1914-17) has been appointed English Professor of the Faculty of Commerce in the University of Montreal.

BIRTHS.

ANDRADE-THOMPSON.—To Dr. B. C. Andrade-Thompson (Medicine, 1919-25) and Mrs. Andrade-Thompson (Science, 1921-4), at Staffa, East Park Road, Seafly, Scarborough, on the 17th July, a daughter.

BELL.—To Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bell (formerly Christina Garforth, Arts, 1914-17), on the 23rd June, at Cambelford, Ontario, a son (David).

ELLES.—To Mr. H. C. N. Ellis, M.A. (Arts, 1908-11) and Mrs. Ellis, on the 16th May, at 5, Kenwood Road, Stretford, a son.

JUST ISSUED.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY

ITS STORY. ITS MONKS. ITS ARCHITECTURE.

By Mary Simpson.

With a Preface by Professor Hamilton Thompson.

The book gives a sketch of Kirkstall Abbey, and is a guide to any Cistercian Abbey. The chapter on "The Life of the Monks" is a description of the life of any Monk of that period. The simple explanation of architecture will prove helpful to any student who is interested in the study of Old Buildings.

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HAWTHORNE.—To Mr. J. E. Hawthorne (Science, 1919-23) and Mrs. Hawthorne, on the 3rd July, at 7, High Street, Prescott, Lancs., a son.

SHARPE.—To Mr. G. L. SHARPE, B.Sc. (Gas Engineering, 1919-22); Hon. Sec., L.U.O.S.A., and Mrs. Sharpe, on the 17th June, 1927, at 48, Shaftesbury Avenue, Leeds, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

CHALLEN-OPIE.—Mr. Charles Challen (Science, 1919-23), to Miss Eleanor Mary Opie (English and Education, 1919-23), on the 10th September, at St. George's Church, Leeds.

FARRAH-PULMAN.—Mr. Albert Edmund Farrar (1919-23, Colour Chemistry and Dyeing) to Miss Kathleen Marjorie Pulman, on the 24th August, at Harrison Road Congregational Church, Halifax.

HEY-HEMINGWAY.—Mr. Arthur Marsden Hey (Leather, 1913-15, 1919-20) to Miss Alma Vera Hemingway, on the 14th July, at Heckmondwike.

KURALEK-FAWCETT.—Mr. Otto Kubalek (Engineering, 1919-21) to Miss Agnes Mary Fawcett (Arts, 1920-24), on the 10th September, at Zion Baptist Church, Bramley.

SMITH-JUBB.—Mr. W. H. Smith (Commerce, 1919-22) to Miss Hilda May Jubb, on the 8th September, at Mill Hill Church, Leeds.

SYKES-FARROW.—Dr. Norman Sykes (Arts, 1914-15; 1919-20), to Miss Betsy Farrow, on the 10th August, at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, London.

TITLEY-DE WITT.—Mr. Edward Addison Titley (Textiles, 1923-), of Thompson Falls, to Miss Eileen Vera De Witt, on the 6th July, at All Saints' Cathedral, Nairobi, Kenya Colony.

WEIGHT-GRASTE.—Mr. Fred Wright (Arts, 1919-23), to Miss Rachel Cochrane Grant on the 20th July, at Coleraine, Ulster.

WILLIAMS-NUTTON.—Mr. J. R. Williams (English, 1918-21), to Miss Winifred Nutton, on the 12th July.

WIMPENNY-GAINFORD.—Mr. Ronald Stebbing Wimpenny (Science, 1921-4), to Alice Jean Gainford (Science, 1921-5), on the 29th August, at the Parish Church, Luddington, Goole.

DEATHS.

BARFORD.—Mr. Roland Barford (Dyeing, 1916-17, 1923-6), died at Sydney, on the 1st August. Mr. Barford was 27. He was educated at Mill Hill School, before coming up to Leeds. In 1917 he joined the Navy, and was later transferred to the Royal Air Force. He had just taken up a post as dyeworks manager to a firm of hat manufacturers in Sydney ; and lunching at the works, he drank cyanide in mistake for water, and died instantly. We offer our sympathy to his family and to his fiancee, Miss Dorothy Gregg (Science, 1922-6).

NAYLOR.—Mr. Frank Hyde Naylor (Mining, 1918-22), died on the 28th June. In 1923, he took up an appointment with the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. in Persia, where he contracted the malaria from which he died ; he was invalided home in 1924.

Leeds University Union

SESSION 1927-28.

Hon. President:

THE CHANCELLOR (The Duke of Devonshire).

Hon. Vice-Presidents:

THE PRO-VICE CHANCELLOR (Professor Cobb, C.B.E., B.Sc., F.I.C.).

THE PRO-CHANCELLOR (Col. C. H. Tetley, M.A., D.S.O.).

President: H. O. ANDREWS.

Vice-President: P. HAMPSHIRE.

Hon. Secretary: (To be elected).

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. W. R. GRIST, B.Sc.

UNION COMMITTEE

OFFICERS.

Chairman: The President of the Union, H. O. ANDREWS (Science).

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