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The Gryphon

The Journal of the University of Leeds



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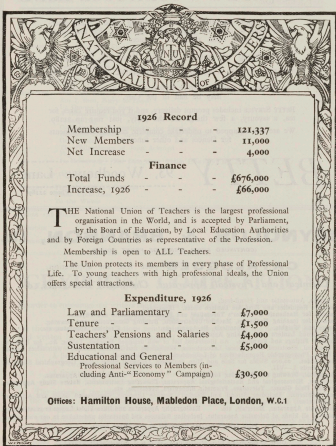
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THE "GRYPHON" COMPETITION

In order to encourage our writers the *Gryphon* has decided to offer prizes to the value of
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for the best original contributions printed in these pages during the next four issues and written by students in *studia popillari*.

The awards will be divided as follows:—

A first prize of one guinea and a second prize of half-a-guinea for the best two serious contributions—verse or prose.

A first prize of one guinea and a second prize of half-a-guinea for the best two humorous contributions—verse or prose.

The names of the winners of these awards will be published in the last issue of the *Gryphon* for this University year and the competition is open till the last day for copy for this issue.

The adjudication will be in the hands of the *Gryphon* Committee and any expert advice they wish to call upon and the decision of this Committee is final.

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The prose articles should be of about 600 to 1,200 words, and must be accompanied by the writer's name and, if he wishes, a "nom de plume." The Committee will decide whether a contribution belongs to the serious or humorous category unless the article is definitely labelled.

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"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the season when she hath any ripe feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when we know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curstale which we have ever found them to the precious which we ought to fear."—LIVY.

Editorial

LE STYLE C'EST L'HOMME

THIS is not the advertisement of a tailor of taste but is the dictum of a French nobleman who, perhaps added under his breath, "look at me." However that be, what is this style? A plunge into the dictionary helps us no further than "something long and pointed" (which would cover the most prominent feature of the common ass), and from that it becomes a method of writing and so on. But ask a schoolboy the same question and he will tell you that it is the "Open Sesame" of the first XI.; but if on the contrary you asked your modern Circe she would tell you that it is the way la Parisienne wears her clothes (or are they creations)? Carlyle wrote in a characteristic style, to which also the first meaning might apply but to subsume all these forms under one definition would give Mr. Murray or Mr. Chambers food for thought.

We can however find one common denominator and say that it is a particular way of doing something and if one was very bold one might add that the result at least of a good style is efficiency. See the champion half-miler striding round the track and doing with the minimum effort what the ordinary runner whose action is a cross between a windmill and a marionette, achieves a *grand'prise*; or read R.L.S. and note what a wealth of effect is obtained by so few and such simple words properly chosen. Yet we cannot say style is efficiency lest our engineering brethren talk about stylish dynamos and our modistes—or immodistes, efficient dressers.

If therefore style produces efficiency, if because Hobbs is a stylist he makes a century, or rather several, then why cannot we go and do likewise. But halt one moment, Bill Smith, the village blacksmith deserting the local chestnut tree on a Saturday afternoon also makes centuries, are we not justified in imitating his famous "cow shot." The reply is that style is the result of experience and for the majority, imitating Hobbs has been found more likely to produce success than the other and indeed probably Bill S. would be ultimately more successful if he did the same.

But this is all obvious illustration to show that though a hit and miss policy may occasionally be partly successful, real success only comes from perfected style. Why therefore is a fact so potent in games, so utterly neglected in the more serious side of life. Style is as vital in everyday work as in any sport, that is if success in life is as important as athletic prowess. In such a simple thing as reading, there are rotten, crooked hat styles, just as much as there are good, straight hat ones, and the man with the latter comes away with far more benefit from half-an-hour's reading. Of course the other says, "I haven't got his brains and his power of memory." But does the golfer when he has lifted his head and played a rotten shot into the bunker say "It's because I haven't the capacity for golf." No, he goes to the pro, and reads books (you might be surprised how many) and at the first opportunity dashes off to watch Mr. Bobby Jones, in order to discover what he

is doing wrong. But what will happen at the bunkers in front of the B.A. green, when after playing a rotten approach he gets into trouble there. He may realize that he has not done sufficient work which may be true; but may not the cause partly be that his style is completely wrong. Bad style produces loud jeers at the club-house but in work, in tackling a maths. problem or revising notes, it is usually completely ignored.

But this is mournful roading for style, good style has another side, for there are few higher forms of pure aesthetic pleasure than watching a perfect stylist. Who has not thrilled as the eights go by with the rhythmical rattle of the rollocks and the perfect harmony of the oarsmen or watched with a peculiar inward joy the marvellous control of the Wimbledon player, the ease, the accuracy, the success of the perfect style. And how much more so in those acts which essentially minister to the higher emotions as when we read the smooth flowing Pater or listen to the fairy grace of Mozart.

Oh surely, style, were it only for the joy it gives to others in watching a master craftsman, is worth cultivating and when it points the highway to success, the only road which is not going to sidetrack our energies into wasteful, cul-de-sac habits, who is there who will not strive to attain to it even though he fall short of perfection?

Notes and Comments

THE playing fields so long and anxiously awaited are at last in use. Unfortunately the opening games have been somewhat inauspicious as both the Rugby and the Hockey teams lost their first matches. But despite such misfortunes a beam of satisfaction lights up the faces of those who have played there and the mere mention of goal posts makes a Rugby enthusiast your friend for life. At the first match at least three well-known members of the University staff were present—a good proportion to the number of undergraduates; to the players this gives encouragement though one wishes we dared say "only three." However, perhaps the way to the new ground is a little hard to find but we do hope all unemployed members of the University will find their way there on November 16th, when Manchester Rugby team visit us in the Christie cup match.

In the American magazine—*The New Student*—is an article entitled, "Hazing—1927 style," which tells of the passing of the old-fashioned method of getting the freshmen adjusted. Amazing ordeals of "fence rushing" and "push rushing" bring back to our mind the story of Tom Brown's adventures but the author proceeds to lament their displacement by the more refined ordeal of "lectures on duty towards the university, instruction in note taking, song services, socials, mental tests and raffles." He is harangued by the president, the equivalent of the vice-chancellor, the deans, the campus pastor and hosts of student organizers and other "blarbs" as he eloquently puts it, and to crown all this with American ardour, they bring the Fresher back to the University a whole week earlier than other students in order to "haze" him properly. When we consider this our own efforts at introducing the Fresher to his *Alma Mater* appear very humble and yet we hope he will in no way fall short of his American fellow, in his alacrity in shaking down and ultimate feeling towards her.

Our scheme this year as previously, was to feed and amuse the Fresher and sandwich into this varying qualities of tongue. We would very much like to know what the victims think of these pleasant little orgies arranged by the great and powerful Union, and the lesser, though no less intent, Representative Councils. But

our curiosity will be made known in vain, for the fresher was ever a retiring bird, preferring sweet calm and solitude to the blaring publicity of the *Gryphon*.

For ourselves, we are very doubtful about these grub-grabbing episodes in the multi-reel show "Octoberitis." Great reports reach us of the friendliness of the W.R.C. Social, but women had ever the art of managing these affairs. Sad to say, it is the men for whom we fear! the male, we believe, between the ages of 18 and 25, is a selfish animal, for the most part, or horribly reserved. Thus it comes about that at the Smoker the stars gather at one table and make believe to enjoy themselves; the lesser stars (of second and third year order of brightness) gather at their own particular tables, and the fresher sits where he may, mostly with another of like breed. We doubt whether the conservation ever rises above the cake-passing stage when a final year person finds himself narrowed with first year people.

The affair then develops into a concert, worthy, perhaps, of the Old Bull and Bush, or some such fifteenth rate tavern. The stars either wish to eclipse themselves or shine to the exclusion of all other stars, with the result that the Fresher leaves without having had spoken to him one word of friendship, and without having seen one glimmer of fellowship. In short, the men are too individualistic to run a fellowship social. In future, they would do well to call in the aid of self-sacrificing Woman.

The Vice-Chancellor's reception to Freshers seemed far more successful than either the Smoker or the Union Social. There was a bazaar-like buzzing of talk and a certain cheerfulness, and the maxims of the Vice-Chancellor were friendly and cheerful. Read honestly and think honestly! How we wish we could boast of such conduct during the three years which we have burnt behind us!

Our utterances on Societies are so weighty that we hardly dare speak. University Societies (as someone has said in the *Gryphon*, we believe), rise and fall like empires. If this is so, the present age will be famous for its Empire building. Everyone in the University appears to have set about society-building, there has been such an outburst of activity. Societies have been going up and tens have been going down in a manner unprecedented!

If our analogy with Empires is correct, what a series of downfalls awaits the next age! What ghosts of societies past are destined to wait at midnight under the clock, to hurry with clanging chains from Refectory to the Arts Wing, to moon before the notice board until the crowing cock sends them howling into the darkness. How tragic is this picture, of Societies searching for their Secretaries, who once worked, busy as beavers, putting up a dam to prevent the onrush of other societies.

But enough of such morbid thoughts. The present is ours, and good use we are making of it! In one week in October, there were three Society meetings on each of four nights, and almost all drank to their long life in ten!

Concerning non-University matters, we must severely limit ourselves. We can but hope that all students are already in possession of the syllabus of University evening lectures and mid-day music. There is also a Theatre and Concert Guide issued free by Archibald Ramsden's to be had at the Union Office, and a Syllabus of Lectures to be given by the City Authorities in the Libraries. This last syllabus is free from the Central Library. We would make one correction to the official Concert and Theatre Programme. On Wednesday, March 15th, for four nights, the Civic Playhouse will give "The Doll's House," by Ibsen, in celebration of the Ibsen centenary. This play is worth looking as far as half-a-year ahead!

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE



WE record with deep regret the death of Mr. W. Jones Anstey, who has been Instructor in Farriery in the University since 1903; and of Mr. Alfred Barran, J.P., a member of the Yorkshire College Council, and Life Member of the University Court, a member of the Committee of the Dyeing Department since 1879 one time Chairman of the Clothworkers' Committee, and since 1904 a representative on the Council of the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers.

The beginning of the session saw, what seems almost normal in these days of makeshift accommodation, several departments housed in fresh quarters. The Agriculture department, which had been divided between three different houses and the Physics Wing of the main building, has moved into its new building next to the Refectory, where it has convenient and lofty lecture rooms and laboratories, a library, and a museum. The Departments of Geology has left the private house and the corner of the Physics wing, with their wooden connecting bridge, for very commodious quarters in the former Leeds Vicarage in Hilary Place. The space left vacant in the Physics wing by these two moves has been occupied by Physics and Organic Chemistry.

The new wing at Westwood Hall is now occupied, much to the convenience of those students who have been lodged in inconvenient temporary rooms during the past year. This wing, forming a right angle with the older buildings, contains 33 study-bedrooms; and the plan is to be completed at some future date by a third wing, containing a dining hall etc., to face the older buildings. The extensions at Oxley Hall are progressing, and it is hoped that it will be ready for occupation about Easter. It will receive the inhabitants, and doubtless the traditions, of University Hall which will of course have to be removed to make room for the new University buildings.

The Dental Hospital and School in Blundell Street has progressed very rapidly since it was last mentioned in the *Gryphon*. The walls are now finished and it is possible to appreciate the design, which is the work of Messrs. Kitson, Parish, and Ledgerd, and is perhaps the most satisfying of any of the University buildings.

At the western end of the Clothworkers' buildings, behind the tower, an extension of the Textile Department is being built,—the last part of the University to be built from the plans of Mr. Waterhouse. It will be used for an extension and rearrangement of the Department's machinery.

It is hoped to start work early in the New Year on the new Mining Department,—the earliest part of the new scheme: on the extensions at the School of Medicine which will reunite to the rest of the School the departments now in houses on the other side of St. George's Road.

THE STAFF.

Mr. George Macdonald, B.Sc. Aberdeen, Warden of the Experimental Farm at Askham Bryan, has been appointed Honorary Lecturer in Agriculture.

Mr. J. W. Melville, B.D.S., M.B., Ch.B. Liverpool, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., has been appointed Tutor in Clinical Dental Surgery.

Mr. I. Gledhill, L.D.S. Leeds, has been appointed Demonstrator in Prosthetic Dentistry.

Mr. F. J. McCulloch has been appointed a tutor under the W.E.A. and University Joint Committee.

BENEFACTIONS.

Mr. Charles Rippon, Lecturer in Dental Mechanics, has given an endowment for the annual award of a silver medal in Dentistry. Messrs. Briggs, Son and Company are providing funds for a scholarship of £150 a year, tenable in the Mining Department for a period of five years. Dr. Herbert Thompson has again given the Library a large number of books, principally on Art, Architecture, and Music. The Hunslet Engineering Company have presented a valve motion model to the Engineering Department.

KUMATI.

A reader asks us the meaning and origin of the University Cry. Our present knowledge of the subject is as follows:

In 1905 the All Blacks met Yorkshire at Headingley, and attending the match was a large crowd of students. The All Blacks, before the match, formed a ring and repeated the old Maori War Cry. The match over, the Varsity party gathered on the field and themselves repeated the cry, as best they could.

From that day to this, the war cry has been the University cry, although the original wording has been corrupted. It is difficult to say whether our present cry had its origin in this incident, however, for one *Gryphon* correspondent asserts that it was already almost a traditional cry, before the 1905 match. This writer suggests that the cry was brought over from S. Africa by someone who had met the N.Z. Mounted Rifles there during the war.

As regards the meaning, we know that Kumati is impossible in Maori, but Ka mate followed by Ka ora means, roughly, "Now I am done for!— No I am saved!" This cry dates back to the tribal wars of early last century, but Ake had its origin in a British conflict with the Maoris in 1864. The British urged the Maori garrison to surrender, but the chief replied: We shall fight on, Ake, Ake, Ake,—for ever, and ever and ever!

Such are the origins of the cry, and such the meaning. The cry may not be always appropriate, but it is ours now, by tradition and sentiment, Ake, Ake, Ake,—for ever, and ever and ever. Further *Gryphon* references to Kumati are: Page 25, Vol. 22, Page 11, Vol. 3 New Series and Pages 85 and 181, Vol. 6, New Series.

Our New Library

"THE last shall be first." Until a comparatively recent time it would have been difficult to assign our library any other than the bottom place among the modern university libraries of the country. Our younger sister, Sheffield, for instance, had a richer, better housed and better arranged collection, a comparison that still holds good in many respects. The worse the position the more thorough the remedy. The increased grants made by the Council, enabling the acquisition of the valuable material so essential for advanced study, are rapidly bringing the university abreast of its fellows.

And now a great Yorkshireman has come forward to give full effect to this magnificent official repentance by a princely benefaction which will provide a stately home for these treasures. Those who have the privilege of knowing Sir Edward Brotherton tell us of his great ambition for the university to possess a library which shall be famous for all time and of his own love for books. I saw last week in the newspapers that the new building will be called the Brotherton Library. This is an obviously fitting step.

Other universities in our country have erected libraries during this century, thereby anticipating Leeds. But whilst the buildings are attractive in appearance, yet in conception they fall far short of the heroic, and in detail they often exhibit features that ludicrously and almost incredibly obstruct the effective administration and use of the library. Bristol and Newcastle in the last year or two have given striking evidence of the wider view that is now taken. Few present such an advantage as we have had in Leeds, of not having had the specifications drawn up until an anxious librarian and keenly interested authorities had given much thought to the none too easy problem of the exact type of building required.

As a crowning mercy, the university has undoubtedly secured a clever design from a most accomplished firm of architects. The new buildings on the main frontage are grouped round a great quadrangle. Over this central space—ample in size yet difficult to use for any other purpose—there will be cast a great dome, much as Panizzi did at the British Museum. This will house the entire library, giving book space that should be sufficient for two or three generations to come.

Costliness of structure—an obvious concomitant of the dimensions required—will be balanced by economy of space in our still much cramped university site.

By the assembling of all the books into a relatively compact area the present exasperating state of affairs will be for ever terminated. No longer will the eager student of Hellenic culture have to secure a key and clamber up and down ill-contrived staircases before he can have access to the writings of the Greek philosophers; or receive another key to another hot-house before he can see the commentaries on their philosophy; or seek a third key and another staircase and another room before he can tread the floor of the gallery where he can find all about the history of their times, only to be told finally, perhaps, that the book he wants is in a house a street or two away. Oh! how lucid are the devices of librarians!

On the extensive ground floor and in the gallery of this noble dome it will be possible to assemble two hundred thousand volumes, all accessible without let or hindrance, subject, we profoundly hope, to the effective oversight by a shrewd and stalwart janitor of every book removed from the room, a reasonable *quid pro quo* for this generous access. In a world of mutual faith and trust, barriers and watchdogs will vanish. But when, in response to an enquiry, the librarians tell us that a volume of Farmer and Henley's Dictionary of Slang has recently vanished, thus spoiling the whole of a valuable set, we see how sadly necessary it is for a vigilant

doorkeeper to keep an eye on such as knowingly dwell in the tents of ungodliness. For we are told the university's name is blazoned on the back of that volume!

Nearest to the entrance should be placed, the librarian tells us, the science books; for the science worker has his main habitat elsewhere, and hence must frequently journey to and from the library. The present Science library is a most unsuitable room. No one will welcome improved accommodation more than those who have to use it. Both ground floor and gallery will be surrounded by bays or alcoves. One bay will be reserved for the entire collection of current numbers of periodicals. Another will be set apart for special readers, who wish their books and papers to remain undisturbed. Every readers' table, by the way, ought to have a modest partition down the centre, as at the British Museum and elsewhere; one's right and left hand neighbours cause far less distraction than the person opposite.

The alcoves are a special feature of the scheme. In many universities it is found essential for much of the advanced teaching in the Faculty of Arts to be done in close proximity to the research material housed in the library. It is not quite clear how far we at Leeds have reached a stage of development necessitating the library seminar that is a familiar feature of a few English and of nearly all great German and American universities. But we understand that it is hoped so to design these alcoves as to make it possible to transform them without great difficulty into separate rooms, for an hour or so a week, where a clear need for such has arisen.

Beneath the main reading room will be two floors for store purposes which will ultimately provide accommodation for eight hundred thousand volumes, a comparatively small portion only being required at the outset.

Of the administrative rooms there is little call to speak here. Dr. Offor sees in them an immeasurable improvement upon the present state of things. The librarian goes to seek his assistants in sundry quondam private apartments and outhouses, whence the glory has long since departed if ever any such attached to these unlovely dwellings. In times of snow, rain and motor 'scorching'—thank Heaven for that parking notice—there is the sprint across the slimy road, perhaps with a pile of books ill-shielded from the elements; the perpetual need for cataloguers to run the gauntlet in their quest for needed particulars from the Encyclopædia, the D.N.B., or our own catalogue; most frequent dash of all that from a sooty atmosphere and from dusty books to dip one's fingers in some warm water.

Jam adesperavit. The day is drawing on. Some of us look forward wistfully to the time when, out of the dire confusion and insecurity of this Wilderness, we shall emerge into our Promised Land. Perhaps we shall do little more than see it from Pisgah, although the vision is already sure.

We can safely trust our ruling elders to tackle an urgent problem with all possible speed. The results of short-sightedness, of inadequate support, and of the last dying spasms of the Gothic revival cannot easily be removed. We have a sure and certain feeling that, without any exaggeration of language, the Brotherton library of the University of Leeds will be second to no modern academic library in this country, one on which every scholar and research worker in Yorkshire can proudly look as his own.

D.

I do believe that your society is one of the most important movements upon which we must rely for the guidance in the future of this country if not of the world.
October 24th, 1927. Lord Hugh Cecil to the Council of the N.U.S.

I do feel that unless the Finances of this Society are placed on a satisfactory basis, we must greatly limit our activities.
October 24th, 1927. Prof. de Paula (Hon. Treas. of N.U.S.) to the Council.

Am I, then, Sorry to Leave?

"I HATE the English. They can never look at a thing from any point but their own. They are so intolerant." So said an American—of Anglo-Saxon race, Canadian born and a citizen of the United States. The statement is very condemnatory—indeed sweepingly so. I tried to think, to protest. I am no lover of the English people. I have, on the contrary, been a severe, even a violent, critic of things English. But having been in this country for three years, I had come to know so much about the people that I thought my American friend was guilty of gross exaggeration, if not of positive misrepresentation.

It is probably true that the English invariably tend to look at things from their own point of view. Possibly they refuse to look at them from other points. But I do not blame them for this. They cannot help it. It has become part of their nature. For generations trained to think they are a superior nation, brought up with an unshakable belief in their own greatness, taught to consider themselves (after the fashion of the Israelites) the chosen people of God Almighty, for the noble purpose of "civilising," "protecting" or "ruling" the coloured races of the world, and mightily proud of their constitution and government, is it to be wondered at that the English people cannot possibly conceive of their being in the wrong, or of others being in the right? It is only necessary to be convinced that one is in the right in order to be able to reject the thesis that others might be in the right. The English people are convinced of their infallibility and the rest follows as day follows night.

But intolerance, in my view, consists not in refusing to admit that others might be right, but in refusing to admit that others have a right to hold different views. Thus understood, I maintain that the English are one of the most tolerant peoples. If you will let the English have their say, my impression is, that they will give you full scope for your say.

Time and again have I attended meetings in which non-English speakers have denounced the English in strong, and even violent, language; but never did I come across an instance of the audience refusing to listen to such denunciations. Indeed, in my opinion, they even overdo their duty of listening. They do not realise that in being so tolerant, they encourage in their speakers, habits that are anything but good.

So much for the "intolerance"—or should I not rather say, "excessive tolerance?"—of the English. I shall now jot down some other impressions I have formed of the people of this country—more correctly, of this city and 'Varsity.

Too proud to acknowledge they can be in the wrong, the English, it seems to me, suffer from a total incapacity to try to find out things for themselves. If there is one thing that has impressed me more than any other, it is the appalling ignorance shown by the average Englishman or Englishwoman of the affairs of the world in general and the British Empire in particular. They seem to leave them to their politicians. I always dread going to socials—especially those in which the elder generation takes part—because of the amazingly funny questions they ask me.

"Have you motor cars in your country? railways? telephones? Do snakes come into your houses? How do you avoid them? Are not tigers a danger? etc., etc., etc." As if my country were a barbarous territory with no civilisation and full only of wild animals! Do they ask me about the economic, social and political conditions? Do they ask me about education, sanitation and labour conditions? Do they want to know how the people suffer from diseases, physical, moral and political? No, as a rule not. There are a few exceptions, but they are so few that they are the

only sources of comfort to one attending such socials. The majority are apathetic to the human element abroad, as they seem to be even at home.

A few words may be added about the treatment meted out to foreigners in this place. As this treatment appears to differ radically from place to place, I shall do well to confine my remarks to Leeds. We are treated so courteously and kindly as a rule that we can easily forgive the patronising snobbery of a few. Both in the Varsity and in the city, we have been received as friends—even valued friends—and made to realise that we are their equals. The best results in this connection have been achieved by those who simply took us in as friends. A few consciously tried to forget the racial and colour differences, and they failed. You can not forget these differences by making conscious efforts to minimise them. That is why some of our English friends—well-meaning perhaps—have failed to appeal to us.

In one and one instance alone, have we been made to realise that we belong to an inferior people. I do not know if it is a commentary on our own selves, or on the system. If the colour bar was recognised at all in the Varsity, it was so recognised by a few in authority. It is sad and strange, but nevertheless true.

I have here expressed my impressions as a foreigner—an Easterner. I may be mistaken, but the mistake is honest. I admired and sometimes regretted, the tolerance of the English; I was shocked by their ignorance and amused by their curiosity; I like their sense of humour—a quality so sadly lacking in my own countrymen. I valued and respected my English friends, but detested the snob who was kind to me only because he wanted to patronise me; I enjoyed my three years in this country and I am glad I had this opportunity. True, it seems like a dream—pleasant or otherwise while it lasts, but often forgotten after awaking. So too will familiar faces slowly fade away; bonds of friendship slacken; memories pass into oblivion. But the principles we stood for, the ideals we strove for and the purposes we worked for,—they abide. They are not of this or that country; of this or that age. They are universal—eternal. In far off distant climes, we may yet be striving for the same ends, co-operating one with another consciously or otherwise, believing in the same principles and ideals that have inspired us in our joint efforts here. Why, then, should I be sorry to leave?

“GOING EAST.”

Ut Omnes Unum Sint

THE story begins in tragedy. The nations of the earth had waged war against one another for four long years and war had left behind its aftermath of disease and want.

During the year 1920 a small party of English students were visiting Vienna and there they witnessed in what sore straits were their fellow students. They found them starving and tubercular and the hopelessness of the situation had driven many to suicide and worse. The situation did seem hopeless and those pioneers, when they sent out their appeal throughout the student world, scarcely hoped to meet with the response they received. Gifts of cash and kind came pouring in and thus began one of the greatest experiments in International friendship ever initiated within the student body throughout the world. Its early story makes thrilling reading and it is well written by Rath Rouse, one of the pioneers, in her book, “Rebuilding Europe.”

The relief work went on until, at the end of five years, the methods adopted by the European Student Relief Committee had reduced the need for outside help

to very small dimensions. Self-help schemes had been started in the needy areas and by this means the poverty stricken students, working in mines and factories and initiating new services, earned sufficient to carry them through the University. In the meantime, two things had happened which were not deliberately aimed at. By dint of working together to meet a common human need, students of ex-enemy countries had found they were not such enemies as they had imagined, and the help so freely given by those students of the "victorious" countries to their "vanquished" fellows gave a new colour to life. A fellowship on the basis of a common humanity was well on the way to realisation, and when the immediate need was over, those who had received and those who had given were loth to part, and, as a matter of fact, they refused to do so. They changed their name to International Student Service, and decided to remain under the wing of the World Student Christian Federation, as it was the only big organisation which had weathered the years of war and which could claim to be international. The second result of this venture comes in consequence of the contact effected between the student class and the men who normally worked in factories. Both groups began to know each other, with the result that both benefited thereby. This is very evident in Germany at the present time.

"What is the work of the I.S.S.?" It has still to deal with the relief of the Russian Refugee Students now living in Poland, Czechoslovakia and France, and this is done by granting small loans to those whose work and condition merit it. The loans are very small, e.g., the payment of an examination fee, &c. It is also capitalising Self-help schemes in France to relieve the student so badly hit by the fall in the franc. There are six thousand French students living below the subsistence level, and the French Government, together with the I.S.S., are doing all in their power to start schemes which will speedily place the French student beyond the need of outside financial help. Its more difficult task is in the way of creating that atmosphere in which students can discuss their various antipathies and the results of its work in this direction are astounding to contemplate. It is a long story and one worth telling, but space forbids. Suffice it to assert that the atmosphere of an I.S.S. Conference is the only one so far known and experienced in which a Hungarian and a Jew will meet on anything like terms of understanding; it is at such a gathering that the Ukrainian and the Pole, ardent Nationalists both, were made to see each other's point of view in a way which is astounding to anyone conversant with the nature of their antipathies, and it was there that reconciliation began between the French student body and the German. In these conferences and in the inter-conferences work done by the very small staff of the I.S.S. lies the only hope of understanding between students and future leaders of different nations of the world. Through whole-hearted co-operation in the work of I.S.S. the students of the world will reach that unity to be found in diversity and be able truthfully to say,

"Ut omnes unum sint."

EDWIN BARKER.

Acknowledgments

The New Student; *Carnival* (The Rag Mag. of Birmingham); *New Troy* (London); *The Nile* (The Royal Egyptian Club, London); *The Technical Journal*, *The Sphinx* (Liverpool); *The Student* (Edinburgh); *The Mask* (Royal Technical College).

NEXT ISSUE—THURSDAY, DEC. 15th.—LAST DAY FOR COPY—MONDAY, NOV. 28th.

A Remarkable Personality

THROUGHOUT the ages, from Adam onwards, the thirst for knowledge has possessed mankind, an all consuming thirst, that sometimes swallows its possessor. We need only mention, for example, the inventor of gunpowder destroyed by the child of his brain; a Borgia poisoned by his latest concoction; or a Rossum rent by his own Robot. Men like these may perish in their quest for knowledge yet their work lives, and gives us the joys of November the Fifth, beer (as it is to-day) and the perfect Education student respectively. This yearning for the power which knowledge gives is present, though in a rudimentary form, amongst those freshers who take up poker or boxing. They are willing to suffer much if they can learn a little.

Amongst professors, however, such a feeling is so rare—"they suffer not, neither do they learn"—that a record of self-sacrifice such as Professor Gore-Donne gives us in his new book* is extremely gratifying. In searching for material for this work the professor made up his mind to acquire first-hand information. To that end he purchased a set of furs and a strong pair of nut-crackers, and departed to learn the speech of monkeys by consorting with them in a Tarzan-like manner. The disguise was perfect, but uncomfortably hot in the equatorial forests. He was forced to discard it; and while doing so noticed the label "Beaver." His fertile mind fastened on the idea of fraternising with that extremely intelligent animal, whose habitat is in a more temperate zone. And so he allowed his beard to grow, bartered his nut-crackers for a bottle of hair-tonic, and as he humorously remarks, became to all intents and purposes a beaver.

In this position he made great strides in the language, though he recalls one mistake that was fraught with danger. "The King Beaver, Hrothbrogr" writes the learned gentleman, "entered via the cellar carrying a succulent root, and made a remark that I interpreted as Gr, which means, 'Have one with me.' What he actually said was G-r-r, meaning 'Get out.' I should mention here that king beavers are elected on their fighting prowess."

Professor Gore-Donne is now extremely busy compiling his "Beaver Glossary," on phonological, etymological, and, we may be sure, perfectly logical principles; he courteously spared me a few moments, merely remarking that "life is one dam thing after another." Except for a beard and a rather more pronounced habit of barking when annoyed, he is unchanged. He gave several reasons when asked why he retained his beard. "It will be necessary for me to return for more data, so I must keep it on. Besides, growing it was a long hard fight against time, and I want to have some tangible result. Finally, it has its uses here in civilisation. Just as the beaver drains the alluvial impurities from his drinking water, so I am enabled to deal with the problem of Refectory Coffee."

"But, the ladies?" I asked.

"Ah," he replied significantly, and closed an eye. I guessed that his hirsute adornment had tickled their fancies, Ed.; and a glance at the number of women freshers in his Department makes me sure.

At that moment a wild look came into his eyes; they fell on my briar-root walking stick, which he seized and gnawed hungrily. After a moment or two he ceased and looked at me. He growled. A wild hope rose in my heart. Had he said Gr? "Mine's a—" I was beginning when he got up and pointed to the door. Livid with anger he stammered: "I distinctly said, 'G-r-r.' An American would express it in the word 'Git!'" So, stickless, I got.

Gussy.

*"Primitive Word-forms among Animals."

"Bazaar Day"

A PLAYLET.

SCENE I.—A LIBRARY.

Hither and thither wander young persons of both sexes. With pale faces and vacant expressions, they are like disoriented spirits, and as they drift about aimlessly, a group of dancers surrounded by mountains of paper gaze on them with amused contempt.

At regular and frequent intervals a Voice, languid and swarming, murmurs,

"Are you a new
Student? Have you any Grant
Or Scholarship ?"

The Fresher enters, nervous and hesitating. As he approaches he hears spirit voices singing,

"Lo! he is coming,
Fresh as the morning dew;
Let him not go forth . . .
To our bosom let us clasp him
And empty his pockets . . .
With soft words let us lure him and with guile,
Our's shall he be for long, long years"

The Voice:

"Are you a new
Student? Have you any Grant
Or Scholarship?"

The Fresher:

"Yes."

The Fresher is slowly buried under a heap of forms, thousands of which, of all colours, are floating about in the air.

Eventually, he frees his head from the mass of paper, and meditates,

"Fear oppresses my heart,
And pink forms have been thrust down my neck . . .
Must I lay bare my very soul?
Who are these, that they should know
My ancestry? What care they
Where I live,
Or where I die? Here shall I seek peace,
Here, where the untouched volumes speak of sleep,
And where, beneath the shelter of these shelves,
I may find rest"

The Fresher is about to fall into a deep sleep when the spirit voices are heard calling softly:

"There is no rest, and there is no
Retreat. Gather thy forms about thee,
And depart. Thy way lies upwards, where the noise
Of many voices rises,
Get thee yonder, and our blessing with thee
Poor mutt !!!"

The Fresher rises and departs.

SCENE 2.

A large room. There is a great noise as of conflict, and the air is filled with bodies and fragments of bodies, which are being flung hither and thither across the room. A stream of young persons is continuously entering, whilst there emerges at intervals the battered and disillusioned remnant of what was once a care-free fresher. The spirit voices are heard chanting.

"Now we have him
Let us rend him,
Let us tear him limb from limb,
Nought can save him
None defend him,
In these regions dark and grim."

The Voice: (now heard as from a distance).

"Are you a new
Student? Have you any Grant
Or Scholarship?"

The Fresher: (entering with slow steps).

"Oh! Why could I not be content
To lead a useful and a happy life,
Without embarking on this fruitless quest
Of a degree? . . . Who are these I see,
Who offer me the knowledge of all things,
And beckon me to their alluring stalls?
I am sore tempted . . . yet I know
There is a catch in it . . .
And yet again, so kind appear these beings . . .
Alas! I yield!"

The Fresher plunges into the washbasin and is hurled from stall to stall. A babel of voices greets him.

"There is no escape,
Latin is thine appointed penance . . ."
"Welcome, newcomer, welcome,
Thou art my first customer"
"And if thou at Christmas
Dost not come up
To expectations, thou shalt receive
Marching orders"
"Sixpence a copy, but as a special
Favour, you may have six copies
For three shillings"

When the heads of various departments have finished with the Fresher, what is left of him is carefully gathered together and placed on a trap, which is then borne out in a solemn procession. As the cortege departs, the spirit voices are heard singing softly.

"Alas, poor Fresher,
He has got what was
Coming to him; no longer will the world
Know him; but we cannot grumble,
We have got
His dough"

As the procession vanishes, the Voice is heard faintly murmuring.

"Are you a new
Student? Have you any Grant
Or Scholarship"

CURTAIN.

MANOS.

Confédération Internationale des Etudants

IXth ANNUAL COUNCIL MEETING. *Rome, August, 1927.*

IT is no mean task to attempt in a small space to give an adequate picture of the crowded scenes of an international students' meeting staged in Rome, ancient Rome, revived by the lively spirit of Fascism.

Students from all parts of Europe, from China and the Dominions, from South America and the U.S.A. were gathered together for ten short days to return to their homes with impressions gleaned from meetings, sometimes friendly, sometimes acrimonious, from earnest discussions and from casual conversations at the dinner table; impressions which will crystallise no doubt into convictions and which cannot, in the long run, be without their effect on the regard which nation has for nation.

To grasp at once the scope of the work undertaken it is well to note the titles of the five commissions among which the practical work is divided:—Propaganda and Policy; University Questions; International Relations and Travel; Student Relief; Sport. These all sit at the same time and it is difficult to tell just how much has been accomplished from the formal reports read at the plenary sessions.

Early in the meeting, a signal advance was made when the application for admission of the National Student Federation of America was unanimously accepted. Their entry, with their complete indifference to questions of European politics should bring a breath of common sense into the Confederation.

Later, the newly formed Canadian National Union, the fruit of seed sown by a team of debaters sent out by our own N.U.S. was admitted, and the application of the Uruguayans was accepted provisionally on their compliance in full with the statutes of the C.I.E.

Once more the patience of the Council was tried by what has come to be known as the German Question, the knottiest problem with which it has ever had to deal. Right from the beginning, the C.I.E. has been troubled by the existence in Europe of a powerful student organisation the Deutsche Studentenschaft, whose avowed aim is the preservation of the culture of the German Reich, disrupted by the Treaty of Versailles. The exclusion of this body from the C.I.E. not only tends to intensify its own Nationalist spirit, but hinders the C.I.E. in its practical work, and it has always been the endeavour of the C.I.E. to compass its membership.

The difficulty lies in the fundamental difference of basis, for the one unshakable principle of the C.I.E. has been that its constituent National Unions shall be organized on a basis of state boundaries, and here is one whose boundaries of culture overlap neighbouring states and which claims to represent German students in the Universities of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia.

Relations between the two organisations have always been candid and friendly and the German delegation at Rome, invited as observers, was among the most effective, but neither side will yield substantially on the question of basis; for two years now there has existed a "collaboration" between the two which has made possible the carrying out of practical work, such as tours in Germany, but which cannot be regarded as permanent.

Last year at Prague, two "rapporteurs" were appointed to investigate the question and the suggested solution, embodied in their report was a compromise whereby the D.St. was to be admitted as such and without change of statutes, but that practical work in the areas in which the overlap occurs was to be carried out by the National Unions concerned, rather than by the D.St.

This solution did not meet with general approval, and, after much discussion, the task of bringing about the admission of Germany with a minimum change of statutes was entrusted to the Executive Committee. Inconclusive. Yes, but the general spirit of the discussion was such as to lead one to hope that in the course of time, when the existing barriers of reserve have been broken down, the desired unions will take place quietly and without difficulty.

The Travel Commission, whose headquarters are in London, once more demonstrated the fact that it is the best organised and most efficient unit of the C.I.E. It reported an increasing interest in the tours and outlined an attractive programme for next year; proposed an extension of the applicability of the Student Identity Cards and stressed the value of individual travel.

Other Commissions reported progress especially in the development of the scheme for a students' sanatorium, in the work of the Scientific Cinema Commission and in the results of the Sports Meeting, held at the same time as the Council at Rome, and won by Hungary. There may be a future for these World Universities Championships but they are not, as yet, fully representative and there is, at present, no body in England that can shoulder the financial responsibility of sending a worthy British team.

As always, the election of the new Executive attracted the greatest interest, centred mainly on the election of President and Vice-President. It soon became clear that for the Presidency, opinion was keenly divided between the English candidate, Mr. Bagnall, and the Italian president, Mr. Maltini, and the final result was a tie! The solution arrived at by the Executive, which has the merit of being the only one possible was that Mr. Maltini should be President and Mr. Bagnall, Premier Vice-President for the coming year, and that for the year after, the positions should be reversed.

Mr. Bagnall's interests lie mainly in the solution of the German question and Mr. Maltini's in the development of Sport as an activity of the C.I.E. It will be interesting to watch its growth under these new influences.

The main task ahead would seem to be the eradication of the " bloc " system of voting which operates unfailingly when any important question is at stake. How the blocs were formed and by what ties they are held together it is difficult to say, but certain it is that in the main the Latin races are ranged against the Nordic and that the power rests always with certain few states of intermediate inclinations to throw the balance one way or the other. Clearly the end of the " blocs " will come only when political considerations are disregarded and practical work is put first.

The rest can be left to the imagination. Our hosts were generous to a degree. All was done on a lavish scale and with a sublime disregard for detail. Whole-day excursions were arranged to Tivoli and Ostia, and the number of evening entertainments in Rome were a strain on the dress-shirt. There was a place called The Inferno, but that is another story—

Rome of course creates an atmosphere and memories will long remain of an alfresco reception by the Governor of Rome in the Palazzo dei Conservatori, of the music in the ruins of the Stadium on the Palatine Hill, of the dancing under the stars in the Borghese Gardens to the familiar rhythm of the saxophone.

Next year's Council Meeting is to be in Paris. It really is a splendid opportunity and if it becomes generally known that any student can go as an observer and have all the privileges without the duties of an official delegate then Paris will be uncomfortably full at that time next year.

R.H.M.



A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

Scene :—The Education Lecture Room.

Mr. W—pt—n is about to give a demonstration lesson on the mechanism of the village pump, with the aid of a class of boys from a nearby school. He addresses the class as follows :—" Now boys, what are the uses of the village pump ? " The right hands of the class go up as one, with military unanimity. Mr. W—pt—n nods expectantly to a boy on the front bench who immediately answers. " Sir Bedivere, sir."

Beads of perspiration break out on the brow of the lecturer ; a gnawing fear clutches at his heart. With still a hope that all will be well, he asks another boy " What are the uses of the pump ? " Like the crack of doom in his ears comes the answer :—" Excalibur, sir." He staggers, clutches at the bench, and cries, " Heavens, they've sent me the "Mort d' Arthur" class.

Complete collapse of Mr. W—pt—n amid cries of " Fraud ! " from the rear benches.

CURTAIN.

* * * * *

" Woman is essentially a leech " said the President of the B.M.A. We have often heard her described as a vampire but surely this is a little strong.

* * * * *

" The scale (of charges) has been fixed for the use of this piano," (*The Students' Handbook*). It is in fact clear that it can only be played with the right key.

* * * * *

We apologise to Mrs. Beck for a misprint in the last *Gryphon*, when soup was written " soap." It is significant that no-one has remarked on it.

* * * * *

The latest advertisement in Leeds says

" Herrings are British fish."

Have the little beggars learned to grow Union Jacks on their tummies yet ?

* * * * *

Overhead on Bozuar Day. Friendly student to Fresher.

" Have you seen the Great Hall yet ? "

" No ! Who is this great Hall ? "

Emeritus Professor Henry Richardson Procter, D.Sc., F.R.S.

Lecturer in, and later Professor of Leather Industries, later Chemistry of Leather
Manufacture, 1891-1913, 1914-1918.

Died, August 17th, 1927.

THOUGH the making of leather is the oldest manufacturing industry in the world, its scientific study and development began late. The chemistry of fifty years ago rendered little or no service to the tanner, and it is only in quite recent years that modern chemistry has furnished him with really useful ideas and methods. Procter's great claim to distinction is that by his own discoveries and his speedy utilisation of those of others he founded almost unaided a new branch of chemical technology. His active life began with the dawn of physical chemistry, and throughout his career, realising that in this science was the key to the tanning problem, he followed its rapid advance with the keenest appreciation. His most important work, on the behaviour of proteins towards acids, assumed its final form soon after Donnan (working on the osmotic pressure of basic dyestuffs) published his theory of membrane equilibria. Procter at once saw that this theory could be almost directly applied not only to the fundamental process of tanning, but to a great variety of biological and so-called 'colloidal' phenomena. Thus Procter became the first advocate of the modern view that proteins behave according to their chemical structure and are not subject to special laws which do not apply to simpler substances.

Procter was not only an investigator—indeed during considerable periods of his life facilities and opportunities for research were lacking—but also a great teacher and organiser. In building up the Leather Industries Department, there were no traditions to guide him, no familiar syllabuses, no well-known text books, as in subjects more commonly studied in Universities. He had to decide for himself what could usefully be taught and to write his own text books. It need only be said that the present Leather Industries Department is his creation and has served as a model for similar institutions all over the world. As a teacher, Procter was invariably interesting. He had a vast fund of information at command upon which he freely drew for illustration to the great profit and occasional amusement of his hearers, who appreciated, for instance, a few minutes on the theory of mayonnaise as an addendum to fat-liquoring. Also, Procter's twenty years of business life before he came to Leeds made him able to keep his students in touch with the world in a way not possible to most University teachers.

Those who could not assess Procter's worth in his own field were nevertheless always impressed with the wide range of his abilities and the freshness that he could bring into all kinds of discussions. Physical Chemistry and leather manufacture were by no means his only interests. Whilst a tannery chemist in North Shields he wrote the article "Aurora Borealis," for the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia*. Indeed some of his first research work was carried out for Prof. Norman Lockyer and had a direct bearing on physical astronomy. He was keenly interested in economics, which he believed would ultimately prove to be an exact science. He was no mean executant in water colour, and he followed the career of his son Ernest Procter with a more than fatherly interest. He read easily in French, German, Italian and Dutch, and even made a study of Icelandic, and read the sagas with much enjoyment. He was not however, a facile speaker of any foreign language. In music, which means so much to many scientific men he showed only a moderate interest. Out of doors, he was lately mostly interested in his garden. In earlier years he was an enthusiastic climber in the English Lake District and in Norway.

Procter's death, in his eightieth year, after a protracted though not a painful illness, closed a career of singular interest. A pioneer in chemical technology, the acknowledged "Altkmeister" of all leather trades' chemists, a man of the widest cultivation and sympathies, he has not only left a great industry in his debt, but also a wide circle of students, colleagues and others who owe more to him than they know. A memory remains of a clear-sighted, unprejudiced investigator who weighed every question on its merits, and who was never fobbed off with words.

And not least, those who remember him, do so with affection.

F.C.T.



The Absurdities of Archie

Mother said "Do stop it, please!
Archie dear, you are a tease!"
Father said "Come, sir, that row
Is rather more than I allow,
And you've a Latin Comp. to do.
Get it at once and buckle to!"

But Daily, daily
Archie Bailey
Gaily strummed his ukelele.

His taste in music was so bad
He drove his loving parents mad
Pater did a window dive
He did not return alive,
Mother joined the S. O. G.
And sailed away to Caribbe.

Still Gaily, gaily
Silly Bailey
Strummed his little ukelele.

He has spent his last cent
On a mild Refee, i menu,
There is nothing he can do
To produce another son.
Deep into the brace he plunges
And to slumy staring sponges

Now Waly, waly,
Merman Bailey
Sadly plays his ukelele.

Diana Up-to-date

Yesterday beneath the clock
Diana gave me such a shock!
I sighed to see her Eton-cropped,
All her tosey knee-curls lopped.
I sighed to think her bankrupt head
Will ruin us when we are wed,
For every week one-and-a-tanter
Will go to shave my shorn Diana.

"Gryphonitis"

RUNNING like a thread through the ages of *The Gryphon* is the suggestion from the editor that his readers should themselves write a little of what they read. "This is not a one-man job," says one. "One man cannot write the whole of *The Gryphon*," says another. "Write for *The Gryphon*," suggests yet a third. "and have your little effort stowed away for evermore in the spacious vaults of the British Museum." Your article in the British Museum, closely scanned each day by ardent research students. Fame at one stroke, by our new simple method. Anyone can do it! Nothing to pay!

All is not roses when you write for *The Gryphon*. Your first difficulty, of course, will be with the family. Why will families refuse to see your favourite joke? You will make an article perfect, and the family will ask, in tones of gentle remonstrance "But you don't intend sending this up, do you?" You will write a really serious high-brow article, yourself at your most earnest, and submit it for candid criticism, and in the first line the wretched family will discover a spelling mistake and refuse to read further. Far worse, after wading through your twelve hundred words, the while you have watched its mask-like face, it will look up and calmly ask of this, your most earnest effort—"But where is it funny!"

Once the family know you are writing for *The Gryphon* your peace of mind will be at an end. "You won't let them know who you are," it asks, full of anxiety for its own fair name. "But," you protest, "this is a statement of opinion, and I must give my name." "You shall not," retort the family, and for a week of sleepless nights you think of a pen-name, only to find, when *The Gryphon* appears, that your full name is boldly printed on the contents page! That, you will find, is one of *The Gryphon's* kittenish tricks.

The Gryphon will ever haunt you. When you settle down to work, you will find yourself planning an article. When you settle down to sleep, you will discover, as the grey dawn is breaking, that you have filled *The Gryphon* for the year. When the alarm clock clangs the day's beginning, you will not remember a thing you have composed, and for a week you will stumble about with furrowed brow, recalling your inspiration in vain. The editor may dog your footsteps for a week, but you will be as empty as a lecture theatre at five minutes to nine.

At refectory, in the lecture room, in the barber's shop, you will note conversation and think of an article. Serenity will be dead within you. I was fired once with zeal to write a school story—for the fun of it—not for *The Gryphon*! For days I went about saying to myself, "Great news, you chaps!" That was to be the opening. The curtain was to be raised at the prep. hour. Fourth Form Remove was to be engaged in all manner of activities but Prep. Enter from right the hero, with unruly hair and roguish eyes: "Great news, you chaps!" And there my story ended. For inspiration I would burst in on the family at breakfast and shout the magic formula. I stole down to my old school during vacation, and flung open the door of the Sixth Form Room: "Great news, you chaps!" but the wooden dolts of desks answered not, and my voice fell flat in the dusty emptiness.

I still mutter occasionally, "Great news, you chaps!" but the fire is gone. Writing for *The Gryphon* is like that. Even if you succeed and send something down, you will look at it a hundred times, and swear ninety-nine times. Suppose it be published, and the thing faces you in cold black print. That will be worst of all. You will pretend you are not interested and turn to "Shoes and Ships," but at home you will scan it anxiously. Why will the editor of *The Gryphon* reduce everything

to a series of exclamation marks and full stops! What a mangled wreck it is! If the editor was short of copy, your article will face you in full, and though you may glow with appreciation, you will become colder and colder, until you will declare your effort to be your last. You will say it was not fit for a high school magazine and will fling down *The Gryphon* in dejection, just as Barrie threw down his work and almost wept at the genius of Stevenson. Just in the same manner, also, as Stevenson, when he thought his own work rubbish, and when, later, he envied the master narrator Scott . . . ?

Perhaps you will be different, and walk on air as you gaze at your words. The paper vanishes and the towers of London rise into the sky. You are walking up Adelphi Terrace with Shaw and leave him, with a nod, to write your leading article for *The Times*, in the spacious writing room of the Savage Club. Or perhaps you favour Bloomsbury and twopence a day, until the cold world recognises your genius!

You wish to write for *The Gryphon*, you say! It will be jolly good fun, and if you dare not march boldly up to *The Gryphon* box, followed by the eyes of one thousand students, you can always leave your letter with the Hall Porter. The best time to go is between one o'clock and two, when you can often walk in and leave your letter on the counter, observed by none, for quite frequently the whole staff is dining at that happy hour. The Hall Porter will find it but he won't know its you, until the next *Gryphon* is on sale.

B.B.

To the Waves

Ye waves, as o'er the boundless deep ye ride,
Uplaved from restless ocean's seething tide,
And toss your foaming crests in fierce commotion,
Proclaiming stern defiance from the ocean,

In wild, swift frenzy leaping,
Plunging, curling, surging,
To break with long, loud roar

On the shore,

I hear your echoing voices calling me
To share the exultation of the sea!

Ye listless waves, as round the rocks ye creep
On weary feet and, murmuring, sink to sleep,
What time the sun, in noontide blaze outstreaming,
Pours down a golden glory on your dreaming;

Ye ripple softly sighing,
Faltering, ebbing, dying,
That far beyond the bay

Steal away,

I hear your whispering voices calling me
To share the calm, sweet musing of the sea!

I may not ride upon the tossing blue,
Nor idly dream in sunlit pools with you,
But I have ears to hear your ancient story
And eyes to view your ever changing glory.

Roll on! and let your calling,
Rising, swelling, falling,
Be-echo in my soul

As ye roll!

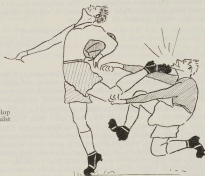
And though I travel for my spirit free
Shall share the pride, the rapture of the sea!

ROSAMOND E. HEBKLOTS.

It is rumoured that some rugger men have taken up boxing. They will know how to use a straight left.



Their footwork should develop an unheard-of "finesse" whilst



ROY

The psychological effect of their appearance should prove invaluable.



Correspondence

DEAR SIR,

As an Old Student fast mounting the ladder of seniority I should like to express my appreciation of Mr. Brett's letter on the subject of University Journalism.

I am entirely in agreement with him as to the need for attempting a higher level if the results are to be consistent with the aims of a University worthy the name. But I think his letter seems to err on the side of austerity. I would urge the inclusion of a due proportion of articles in a lighter vein, provided the wit is really clever and the humour genuine, admittedly a very difficult achievement. At any rate, we hope for something which is not a descent to mere silliness, or, as has been known to happen, to coarseness.

It is unpleasant to read comments in the public press on our University publications such as occurred recently in a Yorkshire paper of high standing and known for its friendly disposition towards us. The reference was to the effect that, though the second edition of the *Table* had humour, it was not entirely free from the taint of vulgarity which marked its predecessor.

Yours sincerely,

MAUDE CHAPMAN,

Vice-Pres. L.U.O.S.A., London.

SIR,

I trust that you will not let yourself be led astray by Mr. Bernard Beatt's proposal in the October *Gryphon*. There must be many old students like myself, thirsting for news of what is going on in the University, who would view with dismay the prospect of the *Gryphon* becoming completely "highbrow."

For one thing, I simply hate reading deep and learned uplift stuff, written by clever youngsters who have already forgotten more than I shall ever know. It stirs up all my worst feelings. When, with trembling fingers I tear off the wrapper of the *Gryphon*, I am all agog to know what sort of a cricket season you have had, what the Rugby XV. is like, whether any records were broken at the Sports, how Mrs. Beck is (it must be getting on for three years since she last came to a service in my little Church), and there are some of us I am sure who would like to know what has happened to bright-eyed Gertie who used to attract such a lot of odd-hours custom to the Refectory.

It thrills me to the marrow to learn that the Net Ball Club has won the Cup two years running, and is now all-England Champion, and a warm glow of satisfaction steals over me as I read that K. Turner will be pleased to give information about the Gym and Fencing Club, for was I not No. 3 in the Gym Team of 1908?

No Sir, it is NEWS we old students are hungering for. If I want to wallow in Einstein or Ethel M. Dell, I have only to toddle round to the Public Library, and I can read a powerful article every week in the Sunday Pictorial, but do let the *Gryphon* reflect the real life of the University, and not the musings of would-be Hibbert Journalists. And you won't let the Staff contribute too many articles, will you? . . . That's right!

May I add something on another subject? At the beginning of last sum . . . I mean Term, I pawned my wrist-watch and ordered a Union blazer. It was about that time I read in some periodical an eulogy of Leeds University as the finest Textile and Dyeing School in the country, if not in the world. Imagine my horror upon receiving the blazer to find that our once gay maroon is now a horrible Chocolate-Menier colour, and that the material of the blazer is so flimsy that the fastenings of

the pockets have to be reinforced with an extra thickness of the so-called flannel tacked inside. Why, no parish Lawn-Tennis Club would tolerate such shoddy stuff! What is the Union doing about it?

Yours faithfully,

BASIL W. B. MATTHEWS, Lambeth, S.E.1.

Sir,

When I was told that a reply had come to my much-valued letter of the October issue, my heart leapt with joy. Here was another soul in the wilderness, seeking the light. But the postmark was London, and my heart fell, for the only light a Londoner seeks is an arc-light in a fog, guiding the way to the Underground.

To refer first to the serious part of the Lambeth letter. The bright-eyed Gertie we do not know. Refectory waitresses come and go, but Mrs. Beck goes on for ever. Anyhow, Refectory life is not University life proper. It is only the fringe or the skirt of it!

As for the Blazer tragedy, it is to be expected that a blazer entering a Vicarage would change colour. So would I!

In Leeds now, we are all fine strapping fellows, some of us 6 ft. 6 in. in our intellectual stocking feet and highest brows. What we object to is that Sports news should crowd out news about life and thought, and work of a literary standard. It is not generally known that "Man and Superman" might first have seen the light of day in the *Gryphon*.

To be definite, I would suggest that Lambeth redeem its several wrist-watches by pawning its blazers. Big Ben is free to all, and if the wrist-watches were sold, a fund could be started to establish a *Gazette Gryphon*, to be called, perhaps, *The Sporting Pink Gryphon and Society Tatler*. O.S.A. readers would receive the new paper in a pink wrapper and the *Gryphon* in a pure white wrapper, bearing as its emblem the torch of knowledge and the pen of letters.

How convenient would this scheme be! Lambeth would throw the white-wrapper *Gryphon* into the waste paper basket, on arrival, and calmly tear open the pink wrapper. There need be no trembling fingers, for Leeds never loses matches nowadays. We are so cluttered up with cups and shields that we don't know whether we are a newly-established jewellers or a pawnbroker's! The Union has engaged a sturdy Tyke as a permanent watch-dog, and since Lambeth came to Leeds, there has been added a whole battalion of Hall Porters—not merely one Hall Porter—as in the less splendid days of 1908. They relieve each other from midnight to midnight, in a highly professional manner, and when any important visitor leaves our house, we count our cups.

* * * * *

"Three goals were scored by us, the ball being netted three times in the opponents' half. It was a good game, despite the rain. When, Oh! when, will Leeds Students recognize that their bounden duty is to turn out and cheer the teams? . . . Marriage at Z. Miss A (Hons. Mods. Year x to x + 3) to Mr. B. of Z . . . The meeting was on a high standard, but it is a pity the attendance was so poor. Our syllabus this year is really good, and the Society certainly warrants more support than it is receiving. Subscriptions should be paid now to . . ."

* * * * *

We will leave our Lambeth readers to their joyous reading and rescue the white-wrapper *Gryphon* from the waste-paper basket.

B.B.

The Philanthropy of John Ackroyd

I CAME upon my friend C. J. K. Ackroyd (Textiles) in a corner of the Union Rooms. He was diligently studying—the weights for the Cambridgeshire! “Ah!” I said, “slacking again. I don’t suppose you’ve opened a book this term.”

“Well! that’s not my fault,” he rejoined plaintively. “I wanted to, but they told me I should get turfed out if the authorities heard of it. So I abandoned the idea—regretfully.”

“If your erudite researches are now concluded,” I murmured, “I should be obliged if you would give me your undivided attention for a few moments. The fact is, I’m in a difficulty.” “How much?” enquired Ackroyd reaching for his note case. “No! not that kind,” I assured him. “The matter is more complex. I have contracted with the editor of a certain well-known periodical to deliver a Bradfield tale, complete with anti-climax by Thursday morning. So I have come to you; as a member of the *jeunesse dorée* of Bradfield, as, one might almost say, the Beau Brummel of Bradfield, for assistance. You go everywhere one ought to go and, I make no doubt, many places where one oughtn’t to. Although your intelligence is limited, your opportunities for social observation are not. So demonstrate that it is not for nothing that you are canvassed by College, wanted by Westwood; lauded by Lyddon and dogged by Day-Students. Supply me with a strong plot and the appropriate social atmosphere and I am your friend for life.”

“You’re hardly encouraging,” growled Ackroyd, “but as a matter of fact I believe I can fix you up. Though my yarn ain’t a social story, not by no manner of means.”

“It was one day during the Long Vac. of ’23 that I came down to breakfast wearing the Union Tie. Looking back on it, now I can see that it was a deuced tactful thing to do, but—” “For Heaven’s sake, explain,” I snapped. “You see, says Ackroyd, this was the way of it. You must know that the guv’nor, like most captains of industry, was bitten pretty badly by the Anti-Bolshevik virus, about that time. Well, only that morning someone had phoned up from the mills to say that they’d found a copy of “The Spark,” stuck on the door of the manager’s office.”

“Well,” said Ackroyd, “when I got down the guv’nor was just perusing this and he didn’t seem to be enjoying it. As I helped myself from the sideboard I caught the phrases, ‘shoot half a dozen of the scoundrels out of hand,’ ‘country going to blazes,’ ‘cut off my bath-water, would they, the —s,’ ‘The guv’nor,’ explained Ackroyd, “is a wonderful old boy—commercial genius—infinite capacity for making gains—and all that, but his temper is a little uncertain at times.”

“Now as it happened, next to Bolshevism, the thing that was worrying the guv’nor most just then was Ireland. “So you see that, taking things all round, red and green was hardly the combination best calculated to sooth the old boy’s nerves just then.”

“I was just starting in on the porridge, when I saw him jump as his eye became fixed in the region of my epiglottis. Then:—“What tie is that you’re wearing?” he growls.

“Why, Dad,” I says. “This is the Bradfield Union Tie and should be sported on occasion by all loyal Kumattites. It is supplied by Messrs. Macgregor and —.” “Take the damned rug off at once,” he says, “I can’t stand the colours.”

“Sir,” I said haughtily. “This is the tie of my University, my *Alma Mater*, my —.” “You confounded young idiot,” snaps the guv’nor. “You’ll take

that rag off, as I've ordered you, or you'll get out of my house for good and all. D'ye hear?" "Sir," I says coldly, "what you ask is I fear impossible. I am proud, sir (I says) of this symbol of the institution for the advancement of learning of which I have the honour to be a member." "Et Augmentat Scientia," I said.

"Foul language too!" barks the old man. "I can see it will be a case of 'clogs to clogs' in this family. For the last time," he bellers, "will you take that tie off?" "Sir," I said, with calm dignity, "I cannot." "Then out you get," snaps the guv'nor. "And I could tell by the look in his eye that he meant it. So I went."

"It's now that the guv'nor's conscience comes into the yarn. He always harries in haste and repents at leisure. But will he ever own up that his conduct was harsh and unjustifiable? Not on your life. Ackroyds are like Disraeli. They never withdraw. Then how does he still the pangs of conscience? The answer is—'with his cheque-book.' When he found that I had no intention of returning to the old ancestral home in Far Madingley and accepting a liberal helping of humble pie, did he draft an advert for the Agony Column of the *Broadshire Post*. 'Come back. All Forgiven. Wear any tie you like. Father.' No sir, he did not. But at the end of the week he sent off a thumping cheque to the Society for Assisting something or other—it may have been Penurious Profs. or Bankrupt Bookmakers or Languishing Landladies—he keeps a list of charities handy for occasions of this sort and picks 'em out at random. And for the next eight months he went on at the game, the cheques increasing in what they call geometrical progression."

"I will not harrow you," said Ackroyd solemnly, "with a detailed account of my sufferings during that period. Suffice it to say that there came an afternoon when I stood outside the *Broadshire Post* offices, just over the way from Maloney's, with a queer buzzing in my head, and that feeling in my stomach that you get when a lift starts or stops suddenly. I was busy counting the number of lunches I'd ever had at Maloney's, I'd just got to about 789 when the pavement rose up and hit me."

"When I woke up a feller in a white coat was wheeling me along a corridor, half-shoved me through some doors, when a girl in a violet hood comes bustling up. 'What's all this?' she says sharply."

"Why Nurse, No 6 is full up. He'll have to go in the new ward. But the ceremony isn't quite over, and so—" "Ceremony, fiddlesticks," says Violet Hood, "get him in at once, I'll take full responsibility."

"So in we went. Right at the other end of the place a knot of folks were standin' on a red-carpeted dais listening with bowed heads and reverent mien to a feller who was ordain' ten to the dozen. I caught the phrases, 'new ward open—noble task of relievin' sufferin'—warm hearted North-countrymen—generosity of Mr. John Ackroyd.' And then I spotted the guv'nor on the dais lookin' exactly like a boiled owl. A second later he spotted me and came toddling down the ward like a two-year old."

"My poor boy," he says huskily.

"Cheerio, guv'." says I, with as much aplomb as I could muster (say as much as you could put on a sixpence).

"And there," said Ackroyd, "I think we'll ring down the curtain. For I certainly can't sing any more tonight until I've sampled some of Mrs. Gibson's tea. And next time you want a plot try the Russian House, for this is the only one I shall ever give you"

G.T.C.J.

ACTION'S NOTE.—Of course the tie that so upset Mr. Ackroyd *sour*, was the old Union Tie, of happy, if slightly garish memory. The present subdued shades wouldn't excite anybody—not even a captain of industry attacked by the *Basilli* of Daily Mailitis.

Fog

"WHAT a dreadful fog," some one said to me the other day and that set me thinking, for I love all fogs, from the faint haze one sees silhouetted a delicate purple over a great city towards the end of an autumn day, to the genuine November pea souper with its characteristic flavour.

"What a dreadful fog!"—did she really mean full of dread; did there lurk for her in its depths that old childish fear that made one rush up the last flight of stairs to the electric switch before "it," the terrifying, unknown "it," caught one, or was she merely thinking of that attractive white jumper she had put on clean that morning. For me fogs carry no dread, but rather adventure and mystery, the mystery of familiarity, half revealed in grotesque malproportions and the adventure of exploring the well-known way home in Kipling's spirit of "Let's go truly exploring, and we won't be in till tea." Do you know the criterion of a proper fog? It must be so thick that one loses sight of the lamp behind before seeing the gleam of the next one; for a fog like this I seek as the wanderer in Venice seeks for a "Calle" too narrow to open an umbrella.

As we walk along with our mantle of visible breath, roads become strangely wide, whilst again we reach familiar objects sooner than we expect. A new idea of proportion comes to us when the more imposing masses of architecture are veiled for then we see the lesser parts in their own significance as the stars come out during an eclipse of the sun and things which we have unconsciously seen everyday, for the first time we observe. What a pity it is that we cannot sometimes have a mental fog of such a kind so as to make us see some of the strangeness and weird beauty of quite commonplace things.

Even a tram is no longer a vehicle with a driver, a conductor and a bell, which we see slowly approaching from the previous stop, but instead it loudly clamours its approach unseen till a faint glimmer appears which all in an instant looms into a huge dragon of brightness and in another moment is gone leaving us alone. Alas—yes that is one of the queer things about a fog, you can be in your own narrow grey circle in the middle of quite a busy street—you could fasten up a suspender in Boar Lane without blushing—and yet you can hear noises all around you, like Caliban except that the modern motor horn not only fails to give delight but may even be the harbinger of actual hurt.

Still more is this so in a sea fog, for the Mersey on a foggy day is worse than an oscillating loud speaker; for from the clinging grey blanket that veils one's eyes comes such a concatenation of important drones, and perky toots, irritated whistles and sobbing screams, apparently all in the very nearest vicinity, that one is appalled.

I suppose the blood of my Applejohn ancestors, revolts against the sameness of things, the same walk in the morning, the same University (though not for long we hope) even the same refect. menu at lunch time. Occasionally this particular blood warms up and more rarely still gets on the boil and proclaims though happiness may be sought in a hammock with "a glass of wine and thou," the secret of a *joyful* life is to live dangerously. But, alas, how many fair damsels remain to be rescued nowadays and what giants are there to fight in Leeds. In bright sunshine and under a clear sky, these have gone but when the fog is thick—ah then hobgoblins, and ogres appear djinns and even "its" may be found if you know where to look. So let me "feel the fog in my throat, the mist in my face," and who knows what I may meet in visible form?

CALLY.

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

MEDICAL SOCIETY.—The first meeting of the 1927-28 session was held on October 18th, when A. Richardson, F.R.C.S., delivered the opening address, before a large audience. Although title of the lecture was "Re Future of Our Hospitals," the speaker at times happily allowed himself to wander down the paths of reminiscence. His account of the most recent advances in American Surgery which he has just been studying greatly interested all his hearers. The society has been prospering during recent years, and last year's roll of members is the largest yet recorded.

On our programme this year we have some items of special interest. We are expecting a lecture from H. D. Gillies, F.R.C.S., on "Plastic Surgery." It is expected that he will bring with him interesting photos of faces mutilated by accidents and shell wounds, together with photos of the same faces after he has restored them to a semblance of humanity.

There are two new features in the syllabus, one a lecture on some medico-legal subject from His Honour Judge Woodcock, K.C., and the other a debate with the Leeds Law Students' Society, again upon a medico-legal subject. Our only hope of winning a war of words with lawyers seems to lie in making the subject more medical than legal.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.—Among a varied programme of study circles, lesser meetings and devotionals, two events stand out. The first is the lecture by Dr. Alex Wood (author of "In Pursuit of Truth"), to be held on November 18th at 5.15 p.m. His subject is, "Scientific and Religious Truth." The second is that of Dr. Herbert Gray, on November 29th, at 5.15 p.m., on the subject, "The Relations between Men and Women." A large attendance is anticipated at both these meetings. Remember that C.U. activities are open to all.

In addition one might mention the series of excursions in connection with social study, which are being arranged for the first time this session. These include visits to police courts, juvenile court, housing estates, works and welfare departments, and various tours with the medical officer of health. Anyone interested should get in touch with Edwin Barker, who will be pleased to give them further information.

M.W.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.—Despite obstacles at the beginning of its career, the Debating Society began the session with an interesting and well-attended debate on feminine education. Speakers shewed great enthusiasm and we hope the success of the first meeting is an augury of a successful year. Remember that the need of a Debating Society is always—Speakers!

Information on forthcoming debates is available from the syllabus and there is no need to say more than that they are held on alternate Mondays at 5.15 p.m. We would, however, like to say one word about Parliament Night. We do appeal for the co-operation of every student in making Parliament Night a real success this year. There will be ample opportunity for the exercise of wit and humour but we do not feel that the measure of student attainments in this direction is the senseless rowdiness which has degraded Parliament Night for the last year or two. So if you want to speak, give in your name to the Committee and they will do their best to find you a place on the front Bench! If you do not, then give a fair hearing to those who do.

A.B.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY O.T.C.—It is too early in the term as yet to be able to say very much of the Corps' activities. The principal feature of the term has been the absence of such familiar faces as those of Lieut. Best and C.Q.M.S. Holness, without whom—and others—it seemed as if the life of the Corps would automatically come to an end. Nevertheless, we are very much alive, although as yet we have not got enough recruits to bring our numbers up to those of last term. Altogether we have lost twenty-nine old members, and so far nineteen recruits have been enrolled.

We would remind those who may be still hesitating as to whether to join us or not that we have a very good time at a very small cost, and that we don't ask you to do an inordinate amount of parade work. Anyone who has been in the Corps at school is especially welcome, as we want as many trained men as we can get.

A general meeting of the O.T.C. Social Club was held on October 6th. with Mr. Salt in the chair, at which the following officers were elected for the forthcoming session:—

Chairman, Sgt. Etheridge; *Hon. Secretary*, L/cpl. Hayman; *Hon. Treasurer*, L/cpl. Williamson.

Committee:—The above, with the addition of L/cpl. Hustler, L/cpl. Child, O.edt. Wagner, and one recruit to be co-opted before the end of the first term.

We are having two field-days this term, one in the last week of October, and one on the last day of November. After each of these field-days we are holding a Mess Dinner in the Refectory, at which all members of the Corps, whether raw recruit or oldest inhabitant, should make a point of turning up. In addition to the two field-days, as opportunities for putting in a few extra parades, the Corps will be providing a Guard of Honour on Armistice Day, which will parade as usual.

All this, however, is confined to ourselves, but in addition we are taking part in a Commemoration Service on Remembrance Sunday, with the whole of the 49th West Riding Division. This is the first time that we have taken part in this ceremony, and we hope to be able to do justice to the occasion.

But quite apart from parade work such as this we have other activities to put before those people in the Varsity who have not yet realised that the sensible course is to join the Corps, not to stay out of it.

As already mentioned, we have two Mess Dinners before Christmas this year, as against only one last year. Then, although we have moved this term from our tumbledown home at the top of De Grey Road to a rather better H.Q. in Caledonian Road (the chief drawback of our new quarters is that we have no drill ground), we have not forgotten to take our billiard table and piano with us, nor to take in papers and magazines as usual. In addition, this term, on November 18th, we shall hold the O.T.C. dance in the Great Hall, and shall do our best to demonstrate that we can run a dance just as well as we can slope arms—which we can do extraordinarily well, even if we do say it ourselves.

In conclusion—if you really want to have a damn good time, join the Corps, but if you're not keen, forget that there is one, as we don't want you if you're not keen.

MUSIC SOCIETY.—In a University like that of Leeds there is no doubt that there ought to be a Choir of Music. The views of the Senate on the establishing of such a choir are known and there certainly would be one if the necessary money was available. In order to obtain this money the University must in some way or other make for itself a reputation in music which will attract the generosity of the numerous well-wishers of the University. Attempts are already being made to secure this reputation by means of mid-day recitals and lectures on music, and it is time we students attempted to do something through the activities of the Music Society.

Financial aid from the Council has enabled the Music Society to secure such a first-class conductor as Mr. J. L. Slater and there is no reason why the society should not have a most successful session and bring credit to the University, provided it receives proper support from each member of the Union. If there is anyone who can sing, or play an orchestral instrument, he or she ought to feel bound to join the Music Society, especially if he happens to be a tenor, whilst those who cannot do this ought at least to come to the concerts on December 2nd and March 2nd.

This session, in addition to the weekly rehearsals for the concerts, we are having Gramophone Evenings when capable and well known men are being asked to give short talks illustrated by gramophone records. Dr. Herbert Thompson, our Hon. President, has promised to talk to us as soon as his heavy engagements permit, and at the time of writing we have every reason to believe that Dr. E. C. Bairstow will do the same in the near future. To these Evenings, those who are connected in no small way with music inside and more especially outside Leeds, are being invited, in the hope that their interest may be roused towards the music of the University and that, as a result of this, other towns, such as Bradford, may take up the hope of a Chair of Music in the University.

Are there any who, not being able to sing or play, would like to join the society for the purpose of supporting these evenings?

Leeds is called a musical city, though some people would say that the statement is not so true now as it once might have been. How many are going to do their best to help to make it possible for a Chair of Music to be endowed and so attract to Leeds men of musical ability, who eventually will make a reputation for Leeds which none can doubt?

W.M.G.

THE ECONOMICS SOCIETY.—After a period of stagnation the Society has been revived this session and if one is to judge from the membership which is now fifty-one, and the attendance at the first meeting on Oct. 11th, when fifty-seven were present (non-members may attend), the Society will flourish. But of course a judgment based on such evidence is unsound. The Society must have the *continued* support of its members, and its membership should be as large as possible. Only at the end of the session will it be possible for anyone to predict with accuracy the future of the Society.

The first meeting of the society was held on October 11th at 5.30 when Mr. C. S. Hamilton, the former professor of Professor Jones, gave a talk on "Industrial Partnership"; Professor Jones, the Hon. President, was in the Chair.

On October 14th was held the Joint Social of the Geographical and Economics Societies. There were seventy-five present.

The second meeting of the Society will be on November 1st at 5 p.m., in the Maths. Room (preceded by tea in the Refectory from 4.30 to 5.0). This will be **STUDENTS' NIGHT** and it is the tradition of the Society that, although on other occasions members of the Staff may attend the meetings, on this night of all nights they are absolutely and unconditionally barred.

On November 2nd Mr. A. D. K. Owen, B.Com., of Huddersfield will speak on "The Problem of Juvenile Unemployment"—a problem which will interest all who follow political, social and economic trends.

It is hoped that a visit to York will be arranged in order to see the Merchants' Hall (under the guidance of Dr. Maud Sellers) and to Rowntree's Cocoa Works. Owing to Dr. Sellers absence from York it may be impossible to arrange the visit for this term.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—In spite of the many taunts at this "bread and butter" University we can nevertheless point with triumph to one institution which can never be dubbed merely utilitarian. Last year in response to a demand from several members of the University, the experiment of forming a Philosophical Society was tried and proved justified by the result, for although the session of the new society was necessarily short, yet it was very successful. Some members of the staff and several students read papers which were afterwards discussed by an interested audience.

The syllabus which has been arranged for this year includes topics which regard philosophy from the most varied view-points, speculative, moral, scientific, social and political, and should have a wide appeal.

Professor C. M. Gillespie has opened the series of papers with an address on "Nietzsche." The source and development of Nietzsche's philosophy was outlined. His debt to Wagner and Schopenhauer, and the affinity between his ideas and those of early Greek thinkers revealed. In the discussion which followed an attempt was made to evaluate his ideals.

The philosophers for their next meeting will join the politicians to hear Professor Laszki on "Equality": and on December 2nd Mr. J. C. Gregory of the Science faculty will read a paper on "Atomism from Democritus to Decartes." We shall be glad to welcome any scientist whose outlook is not "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by the limitations of "departmentals."

The remaining papers this term, on "Denis Saunier," and "The meaning of Progress," will be read by students, and you are invited to hear what they have to say and to join in the subsequent discussion.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.—Leeds University Branch.

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Hon. Treas.:

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Librarian:

S. H. BARLOW.

Two meetings will be held this term:—

Oct. 24th. Colin Brookes (*Yorkshire Post*.)

"Conflicting views on the League and Disarmament. 5.15
Lyddon Hall.

Nov. 21. Mr. Kolni-Bolozky.

"The Political Philosophy of Tolstoy."



L.U.A.F.C.—1st XI, v. Leeds City Police A.F.C., at Launswood, Wednesday, October 12th. Result: Lost 3-5. The team was largely experimental but showed signs of distinct promise—Carrington outstanding in goal. Scorers: B. R. Rolls, O. H. Tordoff, Cooper (own goal).

Team.—H. E. Carrington; H. J. Bailey, S. A. Andrews; W. Sedgwick (*Capt.*), C. Peckett, C. Jackson; R. Fowler, R. Bellingham, J. Johnson, B. R. Rolls, C. H. Tordoff.

2nd XI, v. Harehills Baptists A.F.C., at Launswood, Saturday, October 15th. Result: Won 5-1. A robust but not very scientific game. J. Gibson and R. C. Curtin were the best men for Leeds.

Scorers: J. Gibson 3, E. J. Gledhill 1.

Team.—R. C. Walker; A. T. Fletcher (*Capt.*), H. W. Mazurkiewicz; R. C. Curtin, R. Thurlow, F. Peckitt; J. Gibson, S. G. Smith, C. Hamlin, E. J. Gledhill, C. Fenton.

2nd XI, v. Medical School, at Launswood, Wednesday, October 19th. Result: Won 3-2. Scorers: L. G. Smith, L. Gibson, opponent.

Team.—R. C. Walker; E. F. Barnes, A. J. Fletcher (*Capt.*); R. C. Curtin, R. Thurlow, F. Peckitt; L. Gibson, L. G. Smith, C. Hamlin, W. B. Walls, E. S. Gledhill.

L.U.H.C. v. Undercliffe. Played at Weetwood, on Saturday, October 8th. Result: Lost 4-3. The first game on the new ground, which was unfortunately lost; as it was the first match of the season the team did not work well together and so the game though fast was rather scrappy. Scorers: Lodge, Harris and Tasker.

Team.—A. C. Shuttleworth; J. H. Dyde, J. N. Käk; C. F. Heal, V. P. Squire, P. M. Reddy; N. Boot, L. Harris, J. J. Tasker, L. C. Lodge, J. J. Fry.

v. Barnsley Hockey Club, at Weetwood, Saturday, October 15th. Result: Lost 2-3. A good fast game; Barnsley were quicker on the ball than Leeds. Barnsley played with a man short during most of the first half. A spectator then played for them. Scorers: J. Tasker, J. J. Fry.

Team.—A. C. Shuttleworth; J. H. Dyde, J. N. Käk; C. F. Heal, V. P. Squire, H. Clarke; J. F. Warin, J. J. Fry, J. Tasker, L. C. Lodge, J. L. Scholefield.

v. R. D. Somers' XI., at Weetwood, on Wednesday, October 19th. Result: Lost 4-2. Heal was injured early in the second half. Scholefield was noticeable. Warin has justified his inclusion in the team. Scorers: L. C. Lodge, J. Scholefield.

Team.—A. C. Shuttleworth; J. H. Dyde, J. Käk; F. Heal, J. Tasker, P. M. Reddy; J. F. Warin, V. P. Squire, J. J. Fry, L. C. Lodge, J. Scholefield.

2nd XI. v. Sandal 2nd XI., at Sandal, on Saturday, October 8th. Result: Won 4-2. A compact game, the backs cleared well and there was good passing between the forwards. Scorers: Tinley (2), Anderson, Warin.

Team.—N. Alikhan; T. B. Evans, G. Funnar; M. Ross, H. C. Clarke, A. L. Carpenter; J. F. Warin, D. Anderson, F. Mills, A. C. Tinley, F. V. Allin.

2nd XI. v. Barnsley 2nd XI., at Barnsley, on Saturday, October 15th. Result: Won 9-0. A rather scrappy game because of the inequality of strength. Defence sound but forwards lunched up too much at times. Scorers: Harris 3, Mills 2, Tinley 2, Reddy 1, Anderson 1.

L.U.L.C.—1st XII. v. Bradford, at Lawnswood, on October 1st. Result: Lost 8-15. The team was not together and play was loose and disconnected.

Team.—P. Hampshire; R. McMillan, H. G. Smith, D. R. Riddell; W. E. Berry, W. W. Withers; H. R. Wormald (Capt.); N. H. Chamberlain, D. C. Withers; E. S. C. Nicholls, D. Robinson, R. H. Lee.

1st XII. v. Sheffield, October 8th. Result: Won 10-4. Berry played a very good game and the defence was much stronger.

Team.—Chamberlain; McMillan, Smith, Wildman; Berry, Withers, W. W.; Nicholls; Withers, D. C., A. N. Other (Sheffield); Wormald, Robinson, Lee.

1st XII. v. Moorland Old Boys, at Lawnswood, October 15th. Result: Won 9-8. Wormald played despite a crooked ankle and a steady improvement all round was noted. Robinson scored 6 goals.

Team.—Wormald; McMillan, Smith, Wildman; Berry, Riddell; Nicholls; Chamberlain, Withers, D. C.; Smith, Lee, Robinson.

L.U.R.U.F.C.—1st XV. v. Yarnbury, at Weetwood, Saturday, October 3rd. Result: Lost 11-9. Leeds were unfortunate to lose the first match on the new ground for until the last minute the Varsity led 9-6, then a pass was intercepted by an opposing three-quarter, who scored between the posts after running the whole length of the field, this try was converted. Sledge scored the first try on the ground and later added another after a good run. Illingworth also scored after a characteristic cut in. A good game considering it was the first, particularly during the latter part.

Team.—J. C. Taylor; E. G. Jay, R. B. Birmingham, J. Wotton, W. A. Sledge (Capt.); R. Illingworth, V. J. Lassmans; F. F. Hellier, T. A. Vondy, J. Turner, F. Whitehead, P. M. Glover, L. Glick, H. Roche, H. T. Knowles.

1st XV. v. Castleford, at Weetwood, Saturday, October 15th. Result: Won 23-0. An even game till half-time when Varsity led 3-0. In the second half we outplayed them, the forwards especially getting better together. The Varsity goal kicking was weak. Scorers: Tries, Hellier 3, Jay 2, Sledge, Morgan. Goals, Hellier 1.

Team.—Rhodes; E. G. Jay, V. Morgan, J. Wotton, W. A. Sledge (Capt.); R. B. Birmingham, V. J. Lassmans; T. L. Vondy, F. F. Hellier, J. Turner, F. Whitehead, H. Roche, L. Glick, P. M. Glover, T. A. Rockley.

1st XV. v. Guiseley, at Guiseley, Wednesday, October 19th. Result: Won 8-0. Rain and mud and hence a forwards game. Leeds pack was well led by Vondy, but a slippery ball made handling difficult for the three-quarters. The Varsity were frequently penalised for feet up and offside offences. Scorers: Tries, Jay, Sledge. Goals: Hellier 1.

Team.—V. Morgan; E. G. Jay, H. Pincott, R. B. Birmingham, W. A. Sledge; J. Wotton, V. J. Lassmans; T. Vondy, F. F. Hellier, J. Turner, H. Roche, T. A. Rockley, P. M. Glover, F. Whitehead, C. H. Perry.

"A" XV. v. Rotherham "A," at Lawnswood, Saturday, October 8th. Result: Won 39-0. Forwards packed well in the tight but rather ragged in the loose. Good display by Robson. Rotherham were weak in defence. Scores: Tries, Wavy 5, Harrison 2, Fillingham, Heptinstall, Bolus. Goals, Robson 2, Perry 1.

Team.—T. R. Robson; M. Harrison, A. T. Blair, C. A. V. Sutcliffe, —, Wavy; H. Pincott, A. Bolus; C. Perry, T. A. Rockley (*Capt.*), J. L. S. Fillingham, A. L. Heptinstall, H. Flood, R. Foster, W. R. Evans, A. Taylor.

"A" XV. v. Knottingley, at Knottingley, Saturday, October 15th. Result: Won 8-3. A very good game. Scores: Tries, Blair 1. Goals, 1 convert and 1 penalty, Taylor.

Team.—J. C. Taylor; C. A. Sutcliffe, H. Prescott, E. M. C. Wheeler, E. Markby; A. T. Blair, A. Bolus; R. H. Foster, C. H. Perry, W. R. Evans, H. Flood, A. Taylor, W. J. Charlton, R. T. Rushton, G. L. B. Fillingham.

"A" XV. v. York Spartans, at York, Wednesday, October 19th. Result: Lost 3-15. Leeds played a man short. Scorer, Haymans.

Team.—J. C. Taylor; C. Whiteley, Rhodes, C. Stokes, Markby; A. Bolus, R. Foster, W. R. Evans, W. J. Charlton, A. Taylor, C. B. Round, T. Rushton, Haymans, G. Fillingham.

"B" XV. v. Yarnbury "A," at Horsforth, Saturday, October 8th. Result: Lost 12-0. The opposing pack was well held by our forwards but our three-quarters were inferior. Frequently we were in their "25" but lacked the finish to score.

Team.—E. Whiteley; D. Hall, H. Harrison, W. R. Everatt (*Capt.*), E. Kinghorn; F. Burnett, B. Beatley, S. Knight, B. Markham, P. B. Bolland, Cracknell, J. Cherrington, Gledhill, D. H. Round.

"B" XV. v. Leeds Salem, at Beeston Park, Saturday, October 15th. Result: Won 61-3. Much picking out of scrum, and bad following up whilst the backs did not mark their men. Whitey and Kinghorn played well.

Team.—Whitey; Greenwood, Kinghorn, Cracknell, Lawton; Kinghorn, Substitute; Beasley, Burnett, Knight, Harrison, Round, Bolland, Scott, Adgie.

"B" XV. v. Halifax Technical College, at Lawnswood, Wednesday, October 19th. Result: Draw 6-6. A good game tho' Varsity played a man short. Kinder was speedy on the right wing and Blair at full back and Nicholls forward were good. Scores: Harrison, Bolland.

Team.—Blair; Badrock, Everatt, Kinder; Kinghorn, Sutcliffe; Beasley, Cracknell, Knight, Harrison, Bolland, Schofield, Scott, Nicholls.

SHOOTING EIGHT.—The Season 1926-7 was a most successful one, of twenty-four matches played, twenty-one were won. One Inter-Varsity match only was lost, and that to Sheffield by a narrow margin. Throughout the season the club was indebted to T. Spiking and H. Holmes, last year's Captain and Secretary.

Few are left of last year's team and if we are to maintain this record, Freshers must come forward. All interested should apply to the Club secretary, who will arrange for tuition and practice.

O.T.C. men have the privilege of using O.T.C. rifles, otherwise members of the club must provide their own rifles. The Club has a good fixture list for the season.

Half-Colours were awarded last season to—H. Holmes, A. Street, R. Weston, E. Bate.

Officers for this season :—*Captain*, A. Street, *Vice-Captain*, E. Bate, *Hon. Sec.*, J. Hustler.

CHESS CLUB.—The Chess Club opened its season by defeating the Central High School by $5\frac{1}{2}$ points to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in the Leeds League. Wins for the University were scored by C. G. Addingley, F. H. Bateson, F. N. Jameson, J. T. V. Watson and E. H. Markby.

SWIMMING CLUB.—If first appearances are borne out during the session, this Club will have one of the most successful seasons in the whole of its history. Four out of the five in last year's Christie squad team, which almost beat the record, are still up, and several exceedingly good freshers have come up and when we go to the Inter-Varsity Gala we should put up a new record easily.

In connection with the Inter-Varsity Gala which is in December, we are in need of some good breast stroke swimmers, also plungers, so all those who can't "crawl" come down and swim breast stroke for the Varsity. Practices are held regularly now every Tuesday and Thursday, at 4 p.m., at Meanwood Road Baths.

WOMEN'S ATHLETICS.

LACROSSE.—v. Leeds Ladies. Away, October 19th. Result : Lost 4-2.

Team.—B. Ashby ; E. Overend, J. Whittaker, H. Edmondson ; J. Mackenzie, K. Stockdale ; J. Hainsworth ; P. Pickard, M. Appleton ; A. George, F. Baker, M. Robinson.

L.U.H.C.—v. Wakefield Old Girls, at Wakefield, Wednesday, October 19th. Result : Won 6-0. Centre-forward and right wing showed good form. Scorers : Marshal 3, Garforth 2, Hollis 1.

Team.—Mather (Capt.), Ruthven, Colbeck ; Dawn, Noble, McMillan ; Marshal, Hemming, Garforth, Hollis, Hall.

2nd XI. v. Rothwell Ladies', at Lawnswood, on Saturday, October 15th. Result : Draw 2-2. Scorer : Allerton (2).

Team.—Lord (Capt.) ; Ruthven, Musgrave ; M. Sykes, Robinson, R. Herklotz ; Tabbot, C. Gray, L. Salmon, E. Allerton, Goutsworth.

L.U.N.C.—1st VII. v. Leeds High School. Away, Wednesday, October 19th. Result : Won, 19-10.

Team.—E. Lowe ; M. Cummins ; M. Eaton, G. Holmes, S. Black ; R. G. Cohen, A. Jordan.

2nd VI. v. Ripon T.C. 1st, at Ripon, Saturday, October, 15th. Result : Lost 13-8.

Team.—G. Wann, R. Heafford ; Smith, G. Cohen, W. Jarvis ; A. Charnock, E. Sidebottom.

2nd VI. v. Leeds High School. Away, October 19th. Result : Won 23-14.

Team.—G. Wann, R. Heafford ; Atkinson, S. Lewis, G. Cohen ; A. G. Charnock, E. Sidebottom.

3rd VI. v. Ripon T.C. 2nd., at Ripon, October 15th. Result : Won 19-4.

Team.—E. Langman, M. Burns ; S. Lewis, Atkinson, M. Godfrey ; Dawson, Norfolk.

In Memoriam

The late Capt. Philip Hinckley, M.C., M.A.

"Mallus ille bonis flebilis occidit."

IT is with profound sorrow that the University has received news from Australia of the untimely death of Captain Hinckley.

He is removed from us in the prime of his manhood at a time when his outstanding qualities of heart and mind were established in the important educational work to which he was called as Headmaster of Guildford Grammar School, Perth, Australia.

His life was a glowing record of loyal and unstinted service to his country, his University, and his profession.

A prominent member of the Union Committee of his day, distinguished too in the field of sport, he passed through the Honours History School graduating in 1911, and was appointed Assistant Master of Oswestry Grammar School.

Upon the outbreak of war he received his commission in the Leicesters, and served throughout with high distinction, and unflagging spirit, in spite of the very serious wounds he received. The conclusion of hostilities found him broken in body but alert as ever in spirit.

On returning to the academic life he was appointed House Master at Christ's Hospital, Horsham, remaining there until he took up the important position of Headmaster of Guildford Grammar School, Perth, Australia.

To his work there, and the high esteem in which he came to be held the words of Archbishop Huddleston in his address delivered at the funeral are eloquent tribute:

"The school has lost its headmaster, and many of us have lost a dear friend, who was a gallant gentleman, a keen sportsman, a hard worker and a humble Christian. His record in the war was a distinguished one, and the severe wounds he sustained on active service have hastened his death, while still in the prime of manhood. The school was his chief thought and care, and the work, problems, and difficulties of a great and growing school were more than a man, wounded as he had been, could endure, and he broke down under the strain, to our great loss. But if he could speak, he would bid us be bound together, not so much by our common sorrow, as by our common work. The best tribute we can pay to his memory is to work together with one mind for the school he loved so well. We hope that in time we shall again have fellowship with him."

These words delivered in the presence of the ecclesiastic, academic, and civic dignitaries, who attended the funeral, help us to realise the high honour which had crowned the great work he had but begun.

The University, in proud memory of one who has so wonderfully maintained and enriched its traditions in a far country, extends its deepest sympathy to Mrs. Hinckley, and to the gallant family of which he was a member.

B. G. FLETCHER.

As we go to press we regret to announce the death as the result of an accident, of N. C. DEAN, Ph.D., a student and research assistant of this University.

Leeds University Old Students' Association

MANCHESTER BRANCH NEWS—1926-27 SESSION.

I AM only too well aware that Mancunian affairs have been sadly neglected of late, and even now due tribute must be paid to the "gingering" propensities of our Hon. Treasurer, A. B. Roth, in that he has kept pegging away until I have been forced in self-defence to write these notes. I must confess that I faced this the fourth year in the Branch's history with certain misgivings. We had, indeed, we always have had a long list of Old Leeds Students on our books but fewer than 50% could really be regarded as effective members, though year by year those who put the seal on their enthusiasm by "paying-up" had steadily increased in numbers. But as I said the misgivings were there: it was not possible to sit quiet in the security of the conviction that all the members were satisfied of the value of the organisation and were enthusiastic enough to make those little sacrifices of time, etc., so needful if one is to do one's part in any organisation. Not that we had no enthusiasts, far from it, but that I felt we had rather too few to "leaven the lump" as it were. But how the session is over, it is with pleasure I am able to record a much improved position. We have never had so many "paid-up" members, and we seem to have an enthusiast in nearly everyone of them. I almost feel as if the one who does least is the Hon. Sec., though this is not from lack of interest, but from pressure of work. Still it is indeed a pleasure to be able to say that the conviction has come that the Branch will never "look back." The list of events is by no means a long one but each was certainly thoroughly enjoyed by those participating, and what more could be desired. Early in September, 1926, we had a "postponed" Summer Oating: postponed on account of General and other strikes from the previous June. Derbyshire Hills provided the walk and the scenery, and a country cottage the inevitable meal. The verdict, despite the fact that we walked into a cloud and emerged dripping, was unanimous, "we must do it again." As a matter of fact the district abounds in other walks and many variations of each are also possible so it should not be difficult to repeat the event. It is to be hoped that the "cloud accompaniment" or interlude will be missing next time. We all have pleasant memories of Edale. The Annual Meeting and Social Evening came at the end of September and Mr. Scholefield consented to remain our President for another session. Miss A. Greyson and Mr. C. M. Whittaker became Vice-Presidents and we reluctantly accepted the resignation of our Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Fred Webster, who was followed in office by Mr. Roth. An innovation this session in the way of meetings was a Dance evening held at the "Rivoli" dance hall. A reserved room opening on to the "floor" gave us the feeling of privacy and unity needed to make it seem to be a Leeds affair while the excellent floor and good band were much appreciated. The fact that the majority of the dancers were of course the usual users of the Hall did not I think detract from the enjoyment of the event. I fancy this will be another event that will have to be repeated. Our Annual Dinner, while not quite up to last year in point of numbers, mainly due to the ravages of the 'flu, was, I am told, a distinct success. I was unfortunately one of the 'flu victims, but as our President and Treasurer took up the reins at the last minute all went well. The Guests from Leeds were Professor Perkin, Miss Silcox and Mr. Best, and, I am told they each contributed to the evening's enjoyment. May I say that in Manchester nothing gives us greater pleasure than to have guests from H.Q.: we hope they enjoy it as much as we do.

A Social evening with certain "novel" competitions was an event much enjoyed, so I am told. I have no space to detail the competitions themselves but shall be glad to give particulars to any branch Secretary who desires to have them. Owing to a

prior engagement and somewhat short notice of the event some original ideas in catering which Miss Edmondson was to have practised upon us had to be postponed. We shall be willing victims on another occasion. We planned the second moorland walk but not having been in consultation with the clerk of the weather, we failed to synchronise with "summer" this year and assembled at the station in a downpour. So we trekked to the art galleries to see the Duvane exhibition by junior British artists and I think no one regretted the change; some of the water-colour work was exquisite. I was sorry I could not "spare a copper" to purchase some of the exhibits. From thence we went on to the Cinema to see "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." This was also well worth seeing and the crown was put on the day by an invitation to take tea with our President and Mrs. Scholefield. Thus we ended a very happy though impromptu gathering. Our best thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Scholefield for their share in the success achieved; they supplied the cream, literally and metaphorically. Our new session opens with the Annual Meeting, on October 26th, so by the time these notes get into print that will be a thing of the past. In conclusion I wish to convey to all old Students and their Bench activities the good wishes for success of the by no means defunct though somewhat inarticulate Manchester Branch.

H.L.R.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH.

The Annual Dinner will be held on Saturday, November 26th, at the Imperial Hotel, Temple Street, Birmingham, when Professor Connal and Mr. Grist will be the guests of the Branch. The Hertford Room has been engaged from 7 p.m. to 10.30 p.m., and it is hoped that we shall have as good an attendance as we had last year. A brief business meeting will be held before the dinner for purpose of electing the Officers and Committee for the ensuing year. Tickets for the dinner will be 5/6. Menu-tickets will be sent to every member of the branch shortly.

As this is the only function to be organised by the Branch this term, it is hoped that a special effort will be made to attend, particularly by those who have not so far put in an appearance at any of our meetings. We have some sixty members of the O.S.A. in the area, a large number of whom we have never seen. During the last two years the Committee worked on experimental lines and organised a variety of meetings, including dances, theatre parties, "smokers," rambles, and dinners. As a result of the experience gained it is now decided not to hold frequent meetings, but to confine our main efforts, for the present at any rate, to one or two general gatherings a year where members may become acquainted with each other.

Younger members who are fond of dancing should communicate with Mr. A. L. Williams (City Analyst's Dept., 44, Broad Street, Birmingham), who will arrange for occasional dance parties. While it is difficult for a small Branch to organise a dance, there is no reason why a dozen members should not make up a party to go to a dance organised by some other Society, or even to a public dance. Mr. Williams is making a list of members who favour this idea and will be pleased to hear from anyone interested.

We offer our heartiest good wishes to our President, Mr. N. K. Holmes, who was married during the summer. Rather late, we admit, but it is his own fault for keeping the incident so quiet. Even now we cannot give any further details.

Miss D. Sutcliffe, our Treasurer, announces her resignation owing to circumstances which will make it impossible for her to attend our week-end meetings. The members will receive the news with great regret, as Miss Sutcliffe has proved a very capable Officer, and a very conscientious one.

Members will please note the Secretary's address—P. P. Murphy, 93, Beatrix Street, Leamore, Walsall.

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NO DUES. All we wish to do to-day is to drive home the fact that we are holding a dinner at University College, Gower Street, on Tuesday, November 15th. Cost 4/6. Speeches reduced to the minimum. Then dancing. Come and welcome Miss Robertson and Professor and Mrs. Perkin, and hear who our next guests will be.

VIDEO.

BIRTHS.

DANCE.—October 12th, at Bangalore, India, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dance, a Son.

GILYEAD.—October 2nd, at Lima, Peru, South America, to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gilyead, a daughter.

HATHAWAY.—To the Rev. and Mrs. B. B. Hathaway (née Lulu M. Bailey, Science 1921-4) of Tshumbiri, Congo Belge, W.C., Africa, a son, on the 10th October.

ROWNTREE.—September 7th, at Rumerdale, Ellesmere Avenue, Sutton Ings, Hull, to Ralph K. and Marjorie D. Rowntree (née Kay, 1920-23) a son (John Michael Kay).

WEBSTER.—October 17th, at Chiltern, Cavendish Road, Bowden, Cheshire, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Webster, a son.

MARRIAGES.

SMYTH-CARR.—Owen Paul Smyth to Cecily A. M. Carr (Arts, 1914-17), at St. John's, Maddermarket, Norwich, on the 28th July.

BUSHFIELD-JACKSON.—Harold Bushfield to Lily Jackson (Geog., 1921-5), at Guiseley, on the 6th September.

OVEREND-BEER.—September 14th, at Salem Congregational Church, Leeds, Frank L. Overend (1922-23 Textiles) to Margaret Beer.

WOOD-MOFFATT.—September 8th, 1927, at Penrith. John Noel Wood (1914-15; 1919-20 Engineering) to Ruth Darge Moffatt. Address: Stansfield Hey, Rippenden, Halifax.

SUNLEY-MILDREN.—October 5th, 1927, at St. Olave's Church, York, George R. Sunley (Medicine 1919-24) to Minnie Mildren (Arts, 1919-22).

DATES TO BOOK.

The details of the dinner are announced in a circular which will be sent to all members with this number of the *Gryphon*, and those of the dance will be announced in due course. But here are the dates, which every one should book at once: Dinner, 17th December; Dance, 20th January.

DEFAULTERS.

The financial stability of the O.S.A. is still being undermined by the amount due to it from members in subscription arrears, which turns what would be a comfortable balance into an uncomfortable deficit. At present, over £140 is owing to the Association in this way, and of this over £33 is owing by 45 members who have left their subscriptions unpaid for three years. The Treasurer will be very glad, by receiving without question any proffered arrears, to help peasant members to relieve their overburdened consciences.

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