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The Gryphon

The Journal of the University of Leeds



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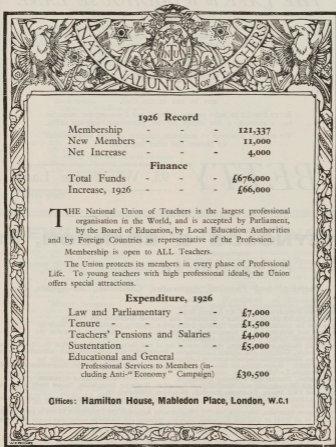
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Contents

	PAGE
EDITORIAL:—Another Rolling Year	79
NEWS:—University Intelligence	82
University Societies	100
Athletics	103
O.M. Students' Association	107
Alfred Cortot	96
ARTICLES:—American Universities	83
Bradfield Tales (No. 3)	85
De Robus Femininis	87
Briek-Breaks	88
"Union"—A College Paper	90
The Oxford Congress	94
The Tragedy of Theobald	95
NOTES AND COMMENTS	80
POETRY:—Life	92
To Elaine	92
On Seeing Grotelam for a short space	92
Song about Nothing, song about Sheep	93
Life (a Game of Chance)	93
REVIEWS	97
CORRESPONDENCE	99
CARTOON	89

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Editorial

ANOTHER ROLLING YEAR.

"Bell-horses, bell-horses, what time of day;
One o'clock! Two o'clock! Fire away!"

CHRISTMAS is here again and carol singers are already on our doorstep. There is a dry, piercing wind and the weak quivering voices are lost in the rattle of the window panes. "Another rolling year has quickly passed away." And it seems but a month since we were sauntering down by pleasant pasture, with the sun streaming down on Nature at repose. It was one of those lucky days which, since the world began, have become fewer and fewer, and here we are, in the last month of the year, cold December.

Now is the time to make the most of the fleeting year. When the clouds are surging across the bleak sky in never-ending billows, and when the mist is swirling down the valley, we might live as artists, seeking to express in some way, each our own, the life around us. On a clear frosty night there are more stars shining in the distant heavens than we ever dreamed of, and the river below is gleaming faintly white, gathering to itself every smallest shaft of light, and weaving the whole into a net of flimsy gossamer, which floats down-stream for ever, while the world looks on and wonders.

In the evening, the sun is sinking behind a veil of mist, which is now like a bank of rolling smoke behind which a forest fire sends its red flames into the sky, and now a grim, stormy cloud, sailing in from the horizon. In the morning, the hills are vague and dim, and over the world is spread a haze, which, if we are happy, hides nothing, for in this strange grey light a man might build castles beyond compare, and make his magic for himself.

In the town there is pouring rain, and in the blackness of night the lights are dancing in and out, jumping like jack-a-lanterns, away through the streets. In Winter, we may gather round the fire and gaze into the embers, and read a little of Nature.

"In nature's infinite book of secrecy

A little I can read,"

said the soothsayer. Can we boast as much, do you think?

The time is here when we might learn these secrets, but the time is flying. When we are old, perhaps, a freezing mist will be nothing more than a cause of creaking bones. Perhaps our fading eyes will fail to see the dancing lamps. "Youth's the stuff will not endure" if the Poet speaks true, though we are all hopeful, I doubt not.

"One o'clock! Two o'clock! Fire away!" Now is the time and fire away must be our motto, for the world is waiting for us, crying out for us, although it may not know it. We are the ones who must make England a land on which the sun might shine and smile, a land in which people might see the sun and smile with it; and we are the ones who must make ourselves

Herrick well suits our mood:

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying."

Let us then gather the rose-buds of life with both hands. Gather heaping armfuls of everything that is good. And holly most of all, because it is evergreen.

Ring out ye bells, and a Happy Christmas to all!

B. B.

Notes and Comments

MOCK PARLIAMENT.

The observer who is ever on the look-out for indications of the trend of student life will, doubtless, have seized upon Parliament Night as an outstanding event of the session. There appears always to be a hooligan element in our midst and the Mock Parliament was the occasion when this element was divided from the rest and revealed in its true light.

This year, as last year, Mock Parliament was as "a pearl cast before swine." Here was opportunity for a glorious rag, for good fun and heckling and perhaps for seriousness, but Leeds failed to rise to the occasion! There was not even an organised rag but merely individual efforts to show daring in the face of zealous stewards. Once the free-fighting began, it is true, there was a certain *esprit de corps* among the rioters, but it was of the most perverted kind it has been our sorrow to see. We are ashamed that the Great Hall should have been degraded to a rough house and disgusted that in Leeds there are always those willing to frustrate the efforts of others in providing a feast of entertainment.

The only extenuating circumstance of the disgraceful exhibition was that the ruggers may not have intended events going as far as they did, but were turned from their original intentions by the early officiousness of the very stewards who were there to maintain law and order. This, we admit, might be considered a slight excuse, but to kidnap a speaker, to throw hats about, to indulge in never-ending counting-out and to create constant turmoil was sheer hooliganism! If the ruggers had been worthy and wished to save the night, they would have become orderly, at least, when they saw the temper of the stewards, but they acted like bores and showed themselves unfit for University life.

"There is no new thing under the sun" and he would indeed be a genius who thought of a new way to raise money. But unfortunately money has got to be raised and so schemers are abroad in the University.

There are sundry methods of cash-catching—the simplest the frank blackmail of rag day. But blackmail palls eventually—even Rob Roy Macgregor went too far when he added insult to injury by sticking six heads on Stirling Bridge, and so subtler means must be used—our pill must be sugar-coated. Reader beware and be generous if a bashful damsel asks you to tea, for perhaps there is more in the cup than meets the eye—it may be a ballot tea in aid of the N.U.S., and for the sum of one shilling with a little proviso she will explain, you have a chance of a free visit to Paris. The I.S.S. is also brewing some plot and we do hope that our readers will take care and fall into their hands. Besides these we have our own appeal for the University and so if anyone has the big idea, the Union Committee would

welcome it. In fact, we want you all to help, for it is easy to raise money if everybody just does a little—why, a shilling each would mean over £60—towards buying the president a new car, if you like, whilst if only the members of the Union Committee subscribed it would have to be a Ford. So let our motto be a little from a lot and let's carry it out.

In answer to our remarks on "Kumati" we have received the following letter from an old student:—

The present writer has no hesitation in saying that there was one effective origin only—the All Black Rugby team. It is impossible to deny that some individual may have met New Zealand soldiers in the Boer War who made use of the cry but that is quite different from its adoption by the general body of students.

Having entered the Yorkshire College shortly after the close of the Boer War, the writer can affirm that the cry was not then in vogue, and moreover, that he never heard it discussed or mentioned until the visit of the famous Rugby team in 1905. He was present at the match on the Headingley ground and was an eye and ear witness of its first use by the students present, at the close of the game. This act was unpremeditated and no one at the time can have contemplated the adoption of the cry as a University institution.

As the question of this origin must arise with every influx of freshers, would it not be desirable to record the facts in the University Union Handbook?

In the interests of historical research, also, we appeal to other old students for their opinion on this matter, for a previous correspondent to *The Gryphon* was equally emphatic that the cry was in use at the University before 1905. *The Gryphon* would welcome, in fact, any historical details concerning University and College activities, with special reference, though not necessarily so, to student life. Much might come to light in the building of University traditions and all such facts as are relevant will be needed one day, when the history of the University and its students is written. We cannot, of course, print everything that comes to hand, but we do guarantee to file everything of interest, whether in the *Gryphon* office or with the Library authorities.

In this issue of *The Gryphon* is an article—"Union. A College Paper"—in which it is lamented that No. 1 of *Union* is missing. A splendid beginning would be made if some one would part with his copy of this first number of the first general magazine issued by Leeds students.

The editorial staff cannot do everything, and we are compelled to issue a *Gryphon* without mention of the Opera at the Royal, *Denton* at the Civic Playhouse, Carl Fuchs in the Great Hall and the evening of November 22nd, when a crowded audience enjoyed the charm and wonder of the poetry and plays and stories of Laurence Housman, enhanced by the Poet's own charming presence. The remedy lies with our readers, one of whom, we are glad to say, has submitted a short account of Cortot's visit to Yorkshire.

FOR PRESENT STUDENTS ABOUT OLD STUDENTS.

We should like to tell present students about a letter which has been sent to all old students during the last month or so with reference to the new Union buildings. These are to be erected opposite the present refectory at a cost of about £60,000 and that they are long overdue is acknowledged by all. It has been suggested in this letter that the building be a gift from the Old Students to their University and the feelings of old students may be learnt from various letters that have been received:—

"It is a truly magnificent project and I hope the appeal will meet with a splendid response from old students from far and near. We should all be only too glad to acknowledge, however inadequately, our tremendous debt to the University."

And again:—

"Too painfully do I remember the inadequate provision for students in those days. I am very glad that in future they are likely to have such fine and well equipped quarters. Difficult as it will be, I must have a share in it and I gladly promise to subscribe £10 10s. within the next seven years. For the first two years I may only be able to send a guinea each year, but after that I hope to complete the amount in two or three more years."

And again:—

"I shall be glad to give £10 10s. as suggested, at the rate of 30s. a year and if I find later on I can increase the subscription I shall be happy to do so, as I owe a great deal to the University—*more than could ever be paid in money.*"

It is hoped that if all old students respond the sum will be raised, but we would like to suggest to our readers now here that in one, two, or three years they themselves will be old students and probably have reached the post for which the University has fitted them: will they then forget us, or will they show their gratitude by the method suggested—£10 10s. in seven years—30/- a year—less than a 1d. a day. We hope indeed that they will.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE



MR. A. J. Grant, who retired from the Chair of History at the end of last session has received the title of Emeritus Professor. The *Gryphon* hopes to publish two articles on Professor Grant in the next number.

The following new appointments to the staff have been made:

Mr. Edwin Holmes, M.B., Ch.B. (Leeds), as Surgical Tutor.

Mr. James Colvin, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Liverpool) and

Mr. R. S. Brudley, B.A. (Cambridge), as Demonstrators in Inorganic Chemistry.

Mr. J. A. Sugden, Ph.D. (Leeds) as Research Assistant and Demonstrator in Refractory Materials in the Fuel Department.

Mr. J. G. Sykes, B.Ch.D. (Leeds) and Mr. G. R. Baxter, B.Ch.D., M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H. (Leeds), as Honorary Clinical Tutors in the School of Dentistry.

Mr. G. H. Cowling, Reader in English Language and Literature, has been elected to the Chair of English in the University of Melbourne. Mr. Cowling graduated at Leeds in 1912, taking a first in English, and took M.A. two years later. He has been on the staff as Lecturer and Reader since 1919.

American Universities

LIFE at a University is probably much the same wherever the University is situated, and particularly is this the case in the United States and in England, where the language and habits of the students are not especially different. But whereas in this country the proportion of students in the population is comparatively small, in the United States it is very high. Consequently the students there have, as a whole, a more varied outlook and requirements, and their interests are, as a rule, less academic and more practical. University curricula, therefore, include subjects as far apart as Sanskrit, horse-shoeing and dress-making. Moreover, it is extremely common for students to work their way through college. Either from choice or from necessity, nearly half the students will be engaged in some other occupation besides their University studies. The wisest of these work during vacations or stay away for a term or so to earn more money, but most work and study together. I gathered, however, that it is unusual for a man who is working in this way to take a good degree. There seem to be many ways of earning an honest penny in an American University town. Apart from outside work, clerical, domestic or manual there will usually be a Students' Laundry, Students' Transfer (for baggage and parcels), Students' daily newspaper, dining rooms, co-operative stores, and finally, a vast athletic organisation, all of which are usually staffed with student labour.

In most American colleges the student gets his degree by obtaining a number of "credits" in different subjects. Each credit means that he has attended and worked satisfactorily at a given minimum number of classes in some subject and has taken an examination in the class work at the end. A student gradually accumulates the necessary credits, one at a time if need be, and, when he has sufficient, he automatically obtains his degree.

In most cases, the students are supposed to be self-governing. In many Universities examinations are not supervised. In such cases the students have an "Honour System" and bind themselves not to take unfair advantages in competitive work or examinations. Dishonesty of any sort is supposed to be reported to a special committee of the Students' Council. Apparently this system works fairly well, but neither students nor teaching staff seemed to have any great affection for it.

Personally, I found greater differences in the social and athletic side of American University life than in the academic sphere. Social life centres largely round the Union and the fraternities and sororities. Those Unions I visited seemed to me to be well off in three respects, they had magnificent buildings, they had paid and permanent officers and they had nothing to do with the athletic organisation.

Fraternities can only be described properly by those who have lived in them. To the outsider, however, they are self-controlling groups of twenty to thirty men, living together in a large house, and distinguished by a name composed of two or three Greek letters and by the wearing of a "frat" pin. They replace the residential colleges and hostels of an English University. The long established fraternities own their own houses and are recruited largely from sons and relatives of old members. Hence they tend to become quite exclusive. The old members finance the purchase of the house and of any extensions and they sometimes exert an appreciable influence in fraternity affairs. All the fraternities I visited had certainly very lavish ideas of entertainment, and fraternity dances in particular, are things to be remembered with joy.

Certainly the most spectacular side of American college life is provided by the games. They are undoubtedly over-organised. Each sport is supervised by one or more paid coaches (usually much better paid than the Professors). The players are kept in rigid training and have to turn up, usually every night, for tuition and practice.

Football is predominant and it quite replaces the professional games we get in this country. The gates are just as large, twenty thousand is quite ordinary and Yale, as their share of the gate money, took over a million dollars for seven games last autumn. College football is in fact a business and the game suffers accordingly, and while the same atmosphere pervades all other branches of sport. The game itself is derived from Rugby. There are eleven players on a side, but as these may be replaced as often as is wished, the team will usually be accompanied by twenty or thirty spare men on the side line. The team with the ball has to advance ten yards in four attempts. If it fails, the other side gets the ball. The ball may be advanced by carrying—passing in any direction or punting. The gist of the game is, however, that interference (not tackling) with any player is allowed, so that advances are only possible if the team as a whole clears a way for the man with the ball, or the man who is going to receive a pass. The ultimate aim is a touch-down (i.e., a try) or a goal, as in Rugby. The team has to be very carefully trained so that the movements of, and interference by, the players synchronise with the motion of the man with the ball. Hours of study and practice are required on the part of the players and of course spontaneous action by the players is impossible.

The money taken at football is used to subsidise other games. Of baseball, I say little. It is a glorified "rounders," and as slow to watch to the uninitiated as a cricket match. The fielding and throwing are remarkably good, however, and one can obtain a certain amount of amusement by listening to the continued back-chat which passes between the players and is, apparently, an important qualification of the good player.

I was much struck by the high quality of the track-meets, and as I happen to have by me some of the times for a good but not first class contest I saw (among others), I give them as being indicative of the quality of American college sports:—100 yds, 16½ secs.; 220 yds., 22½ secs.; Quarter, 50¼ secs.; Mile, 4 mins. 32 secs.; 120 yds. high hurdles, 15½ secs.; javelin, 171 feet; shot, 45 ft. 3 ins. There are dozens of meets of this class, and of the above times, only one, the hurdles, approached a record, while the weather conditions were only moderate. These fast times are chiefly due to the early training and intensive practice which the men undergo although, certainly, the excellent running tracks available must also contribute their share. Also, there are two running seasons a year—because from November onwards most places have indoor track meetings.

Taking the games on the whole, they are taken much more seriously than in England. The ideal seems to be rather to produce in each sport, a single team which will be always victorious than to provide games for everyone to play. The interest of the general public in College football is responsible for this, because there is quite a tendency to assess the standing of a University by the quality of its football team.

I ought not to conclude without mentioning the O.T.C. At many of the older and larger universities one year's military training is compulsory, and large numbers of the men stay on for more. The O.T.C. is, therefore, usually a large and flourishing concern. At Cornell, for example, there were two full battalions of infantry and an eight gun battery of field artillery and nearly three thousand men. Both artillery and infantry were thoroughly competent.

W. H. PEARSALL.

Bradfield Tales (No. 3)

LEGEND OF THE PRESIDENT'S HAT.

IN the crowded streets of a certain University City you may see care-free young men sauntering; and always they are hatless.

Let us suppose that you are of an inquiring disposition and that you accost one of these gallant youths: something after this fashion: "I hope you won't mind my troubling you like this, but the fact is I am a stranger in this city, and could you, I wonder, tell me why it is that you fellows go about wearing no hats?"

And he will reply, grinning amiably: "Why don't we wear hats? I'm damned if I know! We just don't, y' see. It's a — a sort of custom. I wonder now . . . Prof. Pickering might know, he's been there ever since the place was a night-school. No, I'm sorry, I really have no idea . . . curse this pipe . . . got a match on you? Thanks awfully . . . No, I don't . . . why don't we . . ." And in a moment his stalwart form is lost to view in the jostling throng, leaving your curiosity unsatisfied.

But I have heard the story told; and of all the tales of Bradfield, both gay and sombre, there's not one, as I think, of such haunting quality as this, the Legend of the President's Hat.

They say that in the closing years of Queen Victoria's reign there was, in the old Broadshire College, a young man of considerable parts, one who excelled in all those pastimes which are so dear to England's youth. For his wing three-quarter play, his late cuts for four, and his time for the quarter-mile were alike distinguished; and even by the Examiners he was not derided. He was handsome, too, after a virile, rugged fashion, and there were those who whispered that he broke other things than men's records. But when did sterling men and exalted position lack disgruntled detractors? Yes, we said exalted position, for in recognition of his worth his fellows had elected him President of The Union. And you must know that a President of The Union is a very august personage indeed, he being (or so they say) precisely seven times as important as a Senior Lecturer and two-and-a-half times as important as a Dean of the Faculty.

Now it happened that on one of those blustering late-October days when the wind comes whining and moaning around street-corners, and plays impish tricks with men's hats and women's hair, this young *Forteanus* of a President was passing along Upperhead Row, on the right-hand side, going towards Briggate (if you see what I mean). And just as he reached the junction of those two mighty thoroughfares, a mischievous gust of wind whirled his hat from his head in a graceful parabola and deposited it with unerring precision beneath the wheels of an on-coming brewer's dray. A second later it lay on the cobbled roadway, no longer a hat but an amorphous relic of felt.

Said the President to himself (in the idiom of the day) "By Jove! That's done it. That's the end of my tile, I suppose." And it was apparent that he did not exaggerate.

Now in those far-off days the sight of a hatless young man piqued the public interest to an extraordinary degree. And as the President stood there bare-headed he soon became the centre of a little knot of curious spectators, who gazed upon him as though he had been some strange creature from another planet. A buxom dame essayed to poke him with her umbrella, at the same time vclubly expressing doubts as to the advisability of allowing the poor things out alone. A small boy of repellent exterior said "Garn" with great feeling, and enquired whether the President's

mother was aware that he (the President) was abroad. An old gentleman who looked as though he might have been an actor a long time ago, raised his stick and striking a dramatic posture mumbled something about being willing to die rather than crave mercy from one of those dastardly Anarchists.

But just as a policeman appeared in the offing the President's sorely tried nerves gave way, and taking to his heels he darted down a side-street thus ridding himself of his tormentors. But it was apparent that, as he phrased it to himself, he "must rout out a new tile from somewhere." And so, a few moments later he was pushing open the door of a little hat-shop which stood, in those days, in one of those streets which ran at the back of the Bradfield Corn Exchange.

And now it is that Romance, the gentle lady, sweeps into the tale. For the girl who stood behind the hat-shop counter was . . . well, she was not as other girls are. Slender and fay-like as a Botticelli, she was, and her sly-dark eyes held always the questioning wonder of a child; and when she spoke her voice held a queer flute-like quality which sent a thrill right through one.

"Jolly day, isn't it?" said the President, just to make conversation, like.

"Yes, sir," replied the Botticelli of the Hat-shop (and her voice blended the common-place syllables into a musical murmur), "it is quite a nice day, albeit a trifle boisterous. And what may I have the pleasure of showing you, sir?"

"Why," answered the President, "I'd like to see some hats at . . . shall we say seven-and-six?"

"We have a very nice selection of seven-and-sixpenny hats, sir," she murmured. And turning round began to reach up towards a row of hats of all conceivable shapes and sizes, which stood neatly arrayed upon a shelf. Now as she turned to do this the President (who even though he was a President, was no different in this respect than you, or me, or the next man) muttered to himself (in the idiom of the day), "By Jove, what an uncommonly pretty little figure she has!" And aloud he said, "D'ye know, it's a funny thing, but I very seldom get a hat that really suits me . . . very seldom."

"Many gentlemen have that difficulty before they come to us," she rejoined with a quaint little professional air that had you been present you must have burst out a-laughing.

And so through that long-ago afternoon the President talked gaily of hats with his lips, whilst his eyes spoke of . . . other things. And when at last he stepped out into the lamp-studded dusk of the Bradfield streets he had replaced his hat, but now he had lost something else.

For the rest of that session there were few days on which the President and the Botticelli did not meet.

And in due time they became lovers.

Now let us give the President his due, for he died in a manner befitting a gallant gentleman, on Spion Kop, two years after he had played his part in the events of the Legend. Let us say, then, that he dearly loved the little lady of Hat-shop and would have married her had he dared. But his father was of the iron-breed of Broadshire manufacturers who brook no disobedience, and the son, though all men granted his courage, stood ever in dread of his parent.

And so at last there came a time when she failed to keep their trysts. And when the President sought her at the Hat-shop a stranger told him that she had "gone away."

They thought less tolerantly of these things then than now, and it is to be feared that the Botticelli endured much shame and suffering before she died.

When he knew that she was dead a great sorrow came upon the President, so that, in the very prime of his manhood his life seemed to him a thing shrivelled and besmirched. And in the height of his grief the thought came to him that it would be a fitting penance if henceforth he went always bareheaded. He had, too, a shuddering dread in his heart that if he ever again entered a hat-shop he might see a gentle little ghost, which would gaze at him with a look of wistful reproach out of hurt see-dark eyes.

So he took a solemn oath that never again would he wear a hat.

Now such is the madness that men call Fashion, that before the end of that long-ago session the whole of the Broadshire College, even down to the most obscure freshman, had discarded their hats. The fashion so tragically set, has persisted down to our day.

And now you know why Bradfield men never wear hats! G.T.C.J.

De Rebus Femininis

O WOMAN in her hours of ease! (?)—Such hours at present mean a mingling of the strains of "Charmaine" coming uncertainly from the gramophone, with snatches of conversation carried on from the depths of the chairs which (to all appearances) designedly screen the fire from the rest of people. They may even mean trying to endure the vocal efforts of those about to take part in some approaching social. We notice that, the old familiar faces still adorn the walls, but at last they have changed their places. One need not be too alarmed to see a student darting from one side of the room to the other—she is possibly only finding out the new abode of the Hockey Team of 1906—a pleasant pastime when no seat is available.

No very outstanding event has taken place in Women's affairs so far this term. Mrs. Elliott-Lynn had offered to lecture to us on "Women and Aviation" sometime during this session, but unfortunately she is now unable to do so.

In the Women's athletics world many freshers have proved themselves valuable assets to the various teams, and every club seems to have a considerable number of enthusiastic members. The recent acquisition of Changing Rooms at Oxley has caused much excitement and has been thoroughly appreciated by the teams which use them. A further stimulus to this interest in Athletics is the fact that this year the I.V.A.B. Secretary is a Leeds Student, and the news which is sent to her concerning other universities is received with great interest among the women in general.

The question of Refectory is, however, a very delicate subject among the Women Students. Their feelings on the subject can well be understood when after a one o'clock lecture they arrive at Refectory to find themselves at the end of a queue, which shows no signs of diminishing for the next fifteen minutes.

Twenty years on may find a spacious Refectory where all may dine at leisure, be it 12 or 1 o'clock. The "axminster" in the Women's Common Room may no longer trouble the ping-pong enthusiast, and the Women's Rooms may present a most inviting appearance—

"'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished."

M.E.

EDUCATION.

Scene: Drawing farmyard equipment.

SOMEONE (in charge): "Can't you do it better than that? Have you never looked at a pig? Come and see me in the morning."

Brick-Bracks

ONCE an Indian student, when asked, by a Reverend Father, if there were any similarities between India and England, promptly answered "Yes, only barbers and women. They talk and talk till you go mad." Perhaps there is some truth in that statement. But certainly, the contrasts between the East and the West are great; and naturally the daily occurrences of the one may appear funny, if not ridiculous, to the other. However, the remarks passed by either of them, in good humour, are really amusing if one takes them in the proper light. After all, these as a rule, are based upon imperfect knowledge of the stranger. Some happenings which are quite new to them are bound to come under their observation. As for instance,

A fresher from a part of the East, where Europeans are as rare as Lamas in Leeds, fumbled one day into a dance hall as a matter of curiosity. His idealistic notions must have suffered a great shock when he saw the black-bottom being danced. The gentleman's feelings can well be expressed in his own words. "If me not man, I would fainted, sure." Further he expressed his disgust in the following words, "What! In England heathen African dance. No, no; absurd."

Yet one of those African students, broad nosed, thick lipped and dark complexioned but whose surnames generally are "White," must have sensed an injustice to his race. In one of the meetings, an opportunity offering, he flared out, "Stark injustice. Me not allowed to walk with white man on me native roads and here I walks like Father Pookos was used to over there." If true, a justifiable grievance.

Again a shy moralist, a believer in "Pardha System," had gone to see the ladies' sports; and on seeing the scanty attire of these fair competitors was so shocked that he covered up his face with his hands. This attitude he maintained till the race was finished. A true example of pious modesty. It was, however, deduced later that this gentleman must have actually been looking between his fingers as he was heard to say emphatically to a friend, "I am positive No. 6 won the race by inches, and I was standing so near the finish."

How amusing, again, it must have been to see a slim tall weakling scanning the Boxing Notice Board. "I will join this club," he said. Then he screwed up his face, grinned and smilingly continued, "I will knock out every one of them on that list. Yes I can. They are all Christians. If I hit them on the right cheek they will present their left to me and then it is so easy to get in one of those effective ones on the jaw that require some count." One wonders if this youngster was serious and intended getting the 'Varsity colours that way.

Similar humorous, serious, funny or aimless remarks and happenings do appear in the East as well, when a Westerner for the first time visits that part. East is not mystic. It is as alive and sensitive as the West. That aspect of mysticism is only lent by the superficial and confusing accounts afforded by some of the authors who do the travelling more for the love of mileage than for real human study and perhaps who write too as a means of income to cover part of their expenses. Not a bad holiday for them after all.

J. KAR.

Acknowledgments

The Phoenix (Imperial College of Science); *The Canterbury College Review*; *Gow* (Glasgow); *The Student* (Edinburgh); *The Serpent* (Manchester); *The New Student*; *The Mask*; *The King's College Review*; *The New Schoolduaster*; *The Belle Vue Magazine*; *The Northerner* (Armstrong); *The International Student*; *L.G.H.S. Mag.*

As Seen in the University



You may have joined the Chess Club,
 Or you may be a debator;
 In sport of every sort, perhaps,
 Not merely a spectator;
 You may be a Conservative
 And swell their congregations;
 You may support Economists
 Or meetings of All Nations;

Photographers circled you;
 O.T.C. boys saluted you first day;
 Perhaps you swell the chorus
 In the Great Hall every Thursday—
 You've never pinned one single See,
 By grudging him a sub—
 But to be a HE-MAN up to date
 Just join the MUFFLER CLUB!
 H.M.N.

"Union"—A College Paper

LATE in the session 1888-1889 of the Yorkshire College appeared No. 1, Vol. 1, of a students' magazine called *Union*. We cannot write as fully about it as we would like, for the only known copy in the world is No. 2, Vol. 1, in the possession of the Leeds University Library.

This second issue of *Union* was a modest little production of sixty pages, the letterpress of which was scarcely more than six inches by three. The cover was adorned with the bold legend *UNION*, whose letters stood in solemn solitude, unsupported by the ubiquitous trio—*THE*. Below, was the sub-title *A Students' Magazine*, and above, the symbol of clasped hands. How firmly clasped are these hands, surely a representation of how sturdily the students of those days jointly met their several troubles! The price was sixpence, and the printers *The Leeds Express*, now defunct. There were no advertisements, and the first issue did not pay its way. Says the Editor in No. 2, " Our first number was well received on all hands; and though there has been a small deficit, the sum has been munificently subscribed by voluntary contributions."

The clasped hands again appear above the Editorial Notes, and the symbol reveals the purpose—to foster corporate life and *esprit de corps* in the college. If we are proud of ourselves, it is good to read the *Union*. There are the same jokes concerning the formation of new societies, such as "The Society Association—to consider what new societies it would be expedient to form." There is the same old talk of poor Union spirit, of cliques, and of refectory. Selected players cross their name from the list in 1889 as now! Refectory, called the Dining Room, comes in for the very criticism that falls on it to-day. There is a very pathetic dirge in the correspondence page: "I have already mentioned the sameness in the bill of fare, but in addition to this comes the fact that on arriving from a 1.30 lecture at least half the items are crossed off." The bill of fare is reproduced, with every item crossed off but lentil soup, roast mutton, stilton cheese and butter. Even potatoes, at 1d., had been entirely devoured by ravenous students who had been happier in their lecture times. The letter concludes, "This was the choice I had for my dinner at twenty-five minutes past one o'clock, on March the twenty-ninth, eighteen hundred and eighty-nine." How lamentable, that Leeds must plead guilty to this cruelty, in the year of grace 1889! And the N.S.P.C.C., we believe, did not then exist, to keep watch and ward over the unhappy student.

We find the same lamentations that spectators would not turn up to the College sports, and the same difficulty in selling the magazine. People would not buy it because they had already seen a copy. Some did not consider anything at the Yorkshire College worth sixpence, and "the general answer given us by members of the Medical School was, briefly, 'I have no interest in the College.'"

The June issue of *Union*—No. 2—was dull enough. It was in no way literary, for although it had two articles of a literary nature, they were neither entertaining nor well-written. One was a dreary catalogue of the advantages and disadvantages of camping! Perhaps the most amusing thing is in the report of the Yorkshire College Textile Society: "The opening meeting of this Society was held on November 2nd when an admirable address was given by Mr. Swire Smith on 'Technical Education,' in which he stated that with only one exception he knew of no *industrial school* so handsomely fitted as the Textile Industries of The Yorkshire College. This, as the *Mercury* of the following day said, coming from such an authority on the matter as Mr. Smith, was indeed something for Leeds to be proud of. Professor Bodington moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Smith."

The italics are ours, and we hope the Editor is with us in the spirit to enjoy the joke, but when the burden of office was his, he must have walked gloomily enough down to the *Express* office, far more gloomily than a modern *Gryphon* editor scales the narrow *Gryphon* steps. Had they, we wonder, a little confused office, perched high above Leeds like a watch tower, a little office through the small cob-web windows of which the Editor might seek inspiration in the clouds?

Dull though the *Union* was, there is something in this June issue which piques our curiosity, something mysterious about it, standing as it does, without the support of No. 1, which must have been born, and No. 3, which is known to have been issued, for a later magazine refers to the several issues of *Union*. Perhaps the paper was a revolutionary rag, offending the powers that be, a flail wielded by misguided hands. It was clothed in orange, a gentle enough colour, in modern standards, but on the first page of No. 2 the Editor, writing of the vanished No. 1 says: ". . . by the authorities, we believe, our articles were received with rather mixed feelings, partly of regret that much should have been printed that had better have been left unsaid, and partly of contempt at our low literary standard . . ." and later, "As regards the individual articles, we trust that no one will take offence at any personal allusion."

Are we, then, to assume that No. 1 was publicly banned; was every copy commandeered by the Bishops or Scotland Yard? What happened to No. 1 and what did it contain? In *The Y.C.* six years later, Professor Smithells writes almost heartedly of *Union*: "It is also true that some years ago a *College* magazine appeared, but having passed through several numbers, which at this distance of time one may be permitted to describe as mournful, it put an end to itself in what its detractors regarded as a fit of temporary sanity."

Did the poor scorned Editor, then, seek a suicide's grave, along with his dear *Union*, or was he flung into Fleet Street gaol for debtors, where he lingered and died. Alas! What ghosts must haunt the *Gryphon* office.

Perhaps *Union* was a wayward and slatternly journal, a very literary hack, seeking solace in drink, for later in *The Y.C.* we find a reader rejoicing in the "appearance of a healthier and more sober periodical." *The Y.C.* was certainly sober, distressingly so, but this letter serves to make the matter more confusing. *Union*, we fear, died a profligate, an abandoned reprobate in whom the venom was driven out by drunken debauchery. We are happier, however, in the thought that the venom grew until our strong *Union* became changed from a mere gadfly to a good-armed madster, so powerful that some anxious professor ran in haste to the courts and had poor *Union* burned at the stake, a martyr to the cause of freedom of expression. In 1824 the Edinburgh University *College Tatler* bore a similarly poisoned dart, and escaped a like fate only by fleeing to another printer, from whose asylum he issued profuse apologies.

Perhaps, worst of all, the Editor grew sick of a life where the world mocked his efforts, and slunk miserably out of Leeds to seek his fortunes in better climes. Leeds can have few worse crimes than this!

We know not how the paper died, but we fear its death was far from noble. *Union* was not one of fortune's favourites, and died unorrowed and unsung. Through what fires has the soul of the *Gryphon* passed to reach its present proud position! The paper, we think, was one of the dreary things of life, but if we can find Romance and the Devil in it, we do well to make the most of both. *Union* deserves a blessing on its departed soul, for blessings were not its lot during its brief cold stay on earth!

BERNARD BRETT.



Life

Oh! Ye Gods above on your cold, white,
Thrones,
Look pitying down on mortal men,
And answer the great eternal WHY!

Why are we here; whence have we come;
What is awaiting us after this life?

How can ye gaze, unmoved and calm,
Upon the endless wars and strife
Of nations, bitter hate and rage?
"Twixt family, and man and man?
Hard, hard, are your relentless laws
That men must follow till they die
And while ye grind them in the dust
With tasks and duties to be done,
Ye put into their burning hearts
A restless aching to achieve,
Famgling before their straining eyes
The mocking hope of better things
That drives them ever on and on—
They struggle—stumble—stagger on—
And die, with faces lifted high
To catch that faint receding gleam.

What is that hope, relentless, grim?
With cunning skill, ye set it in
The dumbest heart, and bid it light
The pathway of life's journeying.
It lures men out of sluggishness;
It will not let them rest or sleep;
It tugs the bell of circumstance
Into an opportunity
For finding good in evil things;
It is the awful, stern command
That sets the struggle of the World
Of Good against the World of Sin
In motion; and, aloof and high,
Ye watch the human tragedy
Unfold, its actors shrinking souls.

And after death, cool, soothing death
That covers all our wounds and pains—
Is there another life like this?

Oh! Gods above on your pitiless thrones
Play not too long with our world-weary hearts.
H. M. N.

To Elaine

Whence gleams the light in thine eyes, Elaine,
Those eyes so tender and true
That hold in their depths the mystery sweet
Of a joy that is old yet new?

—I have gazed upon mountain and vale and
sea.

The dawn and the day's decline,
And the tender light on a loved one's face:
My eyes must shine!

Whence flow those notes on thy lips, Elaine,
The notes of a glad, sweet song
That ripples with laughter and thrills with
hope

And says to the weak "Be strong!"
—I have heard glad voices from wind and
waves

And birds that curd in spring,
And the music sweet of a loved one's voice,
My lips must sing!

Whence flows the love in thy heart, Elaine,
That sheds o'er the world its showers
Till music and laughter, hope and joy
Spring up in its path like flowers?

—I have found the fountain of life and joy!
A glory from realms above

Has shone upon me and made all things new,
My heart must love!

R. E. H.

On seeing Gretchen for a short space

Come away, O Best Beloved,
Heavy are the hills with rain;
Mists are creeping on the heather,
And the curlew calls again.

Come away; with love I tremble
Like a silver moonland pool,
Drawn along in windy weather,
When the earth is rich and cool.

I am full of splendid visions
And the astonished lips are dumb,
Hark the wind, O Best Beloved,
Through the rushes, crying "Come!"
JAMES BAXTER.

Song about nothing, song about sheep

FOR ONE LYING AWAKE.

Listen henny, I'll make you a sleepy song,
Pillow your head on the heart where you
belong.

Pretend you are my baby for a while;
Make yourself very small and soft and smile
Secretly, dear, that I am so absurd.
Isn't it foolish that one who loves a word
Delicately flushed round a sweet core;
One who has jilly trisick, many times,
Scented reeknesses of little rhymes,
Never thought of this easy way before.

Here is my hand. Now, do you hear the sound
Of all the water running underground,
The little hidden Emory streams that sing
To pass the twilight time of lingering
To pass the cathedral carves? O see
In Proserpine's cathedral carves? O see
How lovely shadow and dusk and dark can be,
Feel my lips on your cheek. Now do you hear
All the winds of the Southern hemisphere
Meet with the Northern in a wooded place,
Where the earth slopes to meet the lake of
space—

To die before they rustle anything,
Do you hear rain, a gentle swirl and fall,
With never any tired pause at all,
Monotonous music, hardly varying?

The path at last. At last the tree of sleep,
Threaded about with the green tracks of sheep.

Look for a little on the pondered snow,
Cherry-flower of Japan, and stand below,
With all that treasure dropping round your
head.

But do not touch the twisted poems that hang
Under the flowers. Gentle poets who sang
Of a sad beauty, put them there to keep,
When they fled from beauty into sleep,
Sleepy, my darling? Sleep that beauteous
beauteous

Are lying round you, and quiet big-eyed cows,
They made the threaded paths across the
grass.

With potent friendly feet. Now you must lean
Towards the tree and pluck the fruit that
grows.

Glowing and swaddled, among mountain snows,
Gently, softly, so—! The spell has way,
To all the drowsy gods in Heaven, I pray
That you sleep quietly in my arms till day.

HILDA BREARLEY.

Life (a Game of Chance)

A leap in the dark,
Then slowly daylight comes,
And one discovers
The wisdom of the leap.

A blindfold blow
And the bandage is removed,
Only then can one tell
If the blow struck home.

A random shot,
And a search for the target,
Only when it is found
Can one tell the result.

A message sent out
From a ship in distress,
Does that distant answer
Answer success?

And so in life
One acts in ignorance
And the future reveals
If the choice fell aright.

But right or wrong
One accepts the consequences,
Of a decision made
In harassed doubt.

"ELEGANT."

AN APPEAL.

The University Group of Tot. H. has been asked to assist in collecting books for the hospitals in Leeds.

Will all who have any books which they would wish to give for this purpose please notify the Librarian, A. J. Beach at the University, so that arrangements can be made for collecting them?

In responding to this appeal it should be borne in mind that books suitable for patients in hospitals are required. Moreover, there is a continuous demand and we shall be glad therefore to receive offers of help any time. A.J.B.

The Editor regrets that, as a correspondent has pointed out, he has swallowed a stale chestnut. "The Tragedy of Errors," published in the last *Gryphon* had too apt a title, as this is the only part of the story which we now find was original.

The Oxford Congress

OXFORD is in danger. A superb natural position, combined with superb railway facilities (for goods if not for men) have made her a fit place for industrial development. New industrial areas are creeping up all round the city. New factories are being built. Men are actually *making* things in Oxford. It is small wonder that residents and members of the University are alarmed. But the worst is not yet. Oxford is not yet the Detroit of Great Britain. With good fortune the Oxford Preservation Trust will see to it that the worst never comes. Her beauty still is statue cold. Her streets are still streets where the great men go. Even to-day if you happen to be passing the place at sundown you may see the line of festal light in Christ Church hall. Still is she a city of ancient loveliness and Gothic Spires. And you may see her before it is too late, before Oxford is forgotten and only Cowley remains. You have an opportunity now. The Universities' Congress is to be held in Oxford at Easter, and registration forms are fluttering about the country.

There are places for five hundred and no more. The men are to stay in New College and at Balliol. The women are to be lodged in Somerville and St. Hilda's Hall. The Congress will last from March 29th to April 4th and the cost is £3 15s. Meals will be taken in the Colleges, and the majority of the meetings will take place in the Union Society's buildings.

And the subject of the Congress? It is a rude question. But it needs rude questions, not a little buffeting, and a shake or two to rouse most men from their sleep. "Quo Vadis?" We will not translate it for you. (No, we are not so rude as that). The modern generation; its hopes and fears, its achievement and its aims, is to be surveyed by men and women whose names are heard in the Councils of the nation. It is to be surveyed also by men and women whom the world does not consider specially big, but who have this virtue, greater even than bigness, that of knowing what they are talking about. And it is to be surveyed also by men and women who probably do not even know what they are talking about, but who do at least belong to the generation whose problems are being discussed, *ad est*, by ourselves. For we are not merely going to Oxford to be talked at. We are not going there to sit in pews, nor to take lengthy notes. There will be very few full dress meetings. But we are going there to discuss these things ourselves, to seek after our own answer to the question "Quo Vadis?" Moreover there will be a Parliament. There have been Parliaments at previous Congresses, but these have been a mere postiche of Westminster. If reports are true, this Parliament will certainly not be an imitation of Westminster.

There will be many other things to do. There will be two dances—for those who hold that universities should be the home of reasonable beings, a Rational Dress Ball has been introduced into the programme. There will be tennis courts; boats and punts will be available at reduced prices. There will be excursions by steamer and by charabanc. Strange men from far countries are coming to tell us of their ways. Our own English Mr. Rolf Gardiner hopes to carry the Morris dance into the very home of the Morris Cowley. If you have never sung before, if you have never dreamed of singing, if all singing is to you anathema, yet will your lungs yield to Mr. Christopher Mayson's silver tongued persuasions. On Sunday there will be a Congress service. And just as at Cambridge men and women saw the glories of making marmalade in the flats of Histon, so doubtless at Oxford Mr. Morris will let you have a look at them making motor cars down Cowley way.

There remains only one thing to be said, and that is, that you should register at once.

The Tragedy of Theobald

(All the characters in this story are purely imaginary).

PROLOGUE.

THE low sobbing of a woman throbbed through the Entrance Hall. Theobald gazed lovingly on the tear-stained face that was turned up to him. "Darling," he said, "darling . . ." and, as her convulsive sobs shook the pillars to their foundations, he went on, "Darling . . ." The woman nodded. Somewhere, a bell was ringing, ringing insistently, with a clear, monotonous note which seemed to resolve itself into a hideous, mocking face, leering at the man and the woman. A fly crawled slowly up the notice-board. Not far away, a well-built youth was holding up the H.P.'s office. In a little cafe in Patagonia a cross-eyed native was playing chess with a man called Wilkinbridge. In an obscure alley in Paris an Apache was wiping the blood from the dagger with which he had just killed the brother of the aunt of his wife. Yet all these things meant nothing to Theobald; all he knew was that the end of Term was near, and that he must soon part from his beloved. As he clasped the woman tighter in his arms, the fire in his eyes singed the notice-board, from the "Final Rehearsal" to the "Thé Dansant."

With an effort, the woman disentangled her face from his scarf. "Oh, Theobald," she said, "why must you go on a walking tour this Christmas?" Theobald heaved a great sigh, which glided down the corridors until it was lost amongst the endless sighs emanating from the Arts Wing. "There is no other way," he said, "I must go where the winds can cleanse my soul; where I can win back my manhood amongst the pure snows of the moors; where a winding path leads to my home. Thither must I walk, because the way is hard and strewn with rocks, and because I too, am stony."

Regardless of the crowded Entrance Hall, the woman kissed Theobald so passionately that even the woodwork of the adjacent notice-board began to smoulder. Once more there came the shrill ringing of a bell. This time, the woman fled, moaning, and Theobald, wrapping his scarf round the lump in his throat, strode grimly out into the street.

LOGUE.

On a certain cold December day, when the snow lay to a thickness of several feet on the moors near Theobald's home, a lonely figure might have been seen (if the snow had not been up to his neck), straggling over the hills. For days Theobald had fought against the weather and his reluctant feet. His supplies were almost exhausted; all that remained was a bun which had been in his pocket since the Freshers' Social, and which he cherished as a man in a balloon cherishes his last sand-bag. He fought on doggedly, but a term crowded with Socials had sapped his vitality, and he sank deeper and deeper into the snow, until he could no longer see whether he was going. Eventually, however, even his head became submerged, and, with that sublime indifference to the exigencies of his actual situation which comes from profound culture, he proceeded to tunnel for the sake of tunnelling until he had dug himself very effectively into a snowdrift.

When he realised the seriousness of his predicament, he tilted back his head, and breathed slowly and steadily upwards until he had melted a hole in the roof of his prison. Thrusting his head through the hole thus made, he felt a strange feeling of exhilaration, and summoning up the remnant of his strength, he shouted "Kumati! Kumati!" From the hills came the answering cry, "Ka Ora! Ka Ora!" Theobald, almost intoxicated with joy at the sound, laughingly ate his last remaining bun, and fell back unconscious into the snow.

Before long, he who had answered Theobald's call, reached the drift and began to dig. At last he found the cold form, and, raising Theobald's head, gazed at the calm features. At that moment the dawn came, and the rescuer looked again at his discovery.

Suddenly, he gave a cry of horror, and, carefully replacing Theobald in the snow, he proceeded to shovel the snow back on top of him, until all traces of the rescue were removed. Then he rose, and tramped away over the hill.

ÉPILOGUE.

It was the opening day of Term after the Christmas vac., and a group of men were chatting under the clock. One of them, apparently, was describing a holiday experience, and the rest were listening very attentively.

"When I heard 'Kumati,'" the speaker was saying, "I ran to see who it was, and I found someone buried in a snowdrift. Naturally, I dug the blighter out. At dawn, however, when I got a good look at him . . ." The speaker shuddered, and his hearers grew pale. "Well?" they queried, timidly.

The speaker's voice was low, and fraught with disgust, and he almost whispered the words, "He was not one of our crowd!"

One of the hearers buried his face in his hands. Another clutched feverishly at the speaker's sleeve. "Then what did you . . ." he began. The speaker drew himself up proudly. "I left him there," he said, with superb dignity. The listeners sobbed with joy and relief. No one noticed a woman, who had been hanging on to the speaker's words, walk unsteadily towards the H.P.'s office. There, she removed a pane from the window, and chewed it until she fell lifeless to the ground. No one heeded her; a feeling of calm and satisfaction was abroad in the precincts; the honor of the University was unscathed, and an age-old tradition had been worthily maintained.

MAROS.

Alfred Cortot

THE BRADFORD PHILHARMONIC CONCERT, NOVEMBER 20TH, 1927.

THE hum of conversation, the rustle of programmes—a gasp from the audience—silence—Alfred Cortot, Virtuoso, had taken his place at the piano. The grey haunted look, the massive head, the broad shoulders, the slight figure, the red buttonhole of the Legion, and the hands long, beautiful—that was what we saw.

And the music. Schumann's "Études Symphoniques"—brilliant and arresting, Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor—full of pomp and majesty, Debussy's "Children's Corner"—frivolous and entrancing, and lastly, Stravinsky's "Petrouchka"—the music of frenzy.

At first we cursed the clock that ticked so loudly and consistently; later we might have blessed it had it gone half as fast. But could we have listened to more? I'm afraid we came away suffering from musical indigestion, for the inexorable tempo of the Funeral March, with its masterly crescendo, and the "Liebestraume," played as an encore, were most clearly impressed on our memory, and above all the picture of a slight figure with a grey haunted face, a massive head set on broad shoulders, fingering with long beautiful hands the key-board of a grand piano.

BETA.



PASCAL,*

BLAISE PASCAL, the boy who displayed mathematical gifts comparable with the musical precocity of Mozart and who afterwards became one of the foremost mathematicians of his time, the man of scientific insight who had a barometer conveyed to the top of the Puy de Dôme in order to refute the current explanation through nature's abhorrence of a vacuum, the anonymous "inhabitant of Paris" whose letters to a country friend are still a delight to those who can appreciate literary style and a consummate mastery of irony, the man of fashion who abandoned the world for the seclusion of Port Royal and gave away the bulk of his property to the poor, the sincere Christian who sought after the example of St. Paul to establish the truth of Christianity on the basis of personal religious experience—Blaise Pascal presents a fascinating problem, or rather series of problems, to those who would understand the development of a uniquely complex personality. Many have tried their hands at this task, more especially since the analysis of religious experience has come into prominence. This is the aspect which dominates Mr. Soltau's study. In his opening chapters he gives a concise account of the general condition of France at the outset of the seventeenth century, then he takes us through the earlier phases of Pascal's life, his scientific activities, his association with Port Royal and the publication of the Provincial Letters, up to the culmination in the Pascal of the "Thoughts." From his pages emerges the portrait of a strangely solitary figure. He moved indeed freely in the cultivated upper middle class society and in the scientific circles of his time, but always with a certain detachment; he entered vigorously into the defence of his Port Royal friends, but as an outside sympathiser; he was united in the bonds of the tenderest affection with his sister Jacqueline, and yet one feels that she gave more than she received; but all such communing with others seems to have left something lacking and only in the communings with himself of which some record survives in the "Thoughts" published (much edited) after his death did he derive a troubled satisfaction. Mr. Soltau is to be heartily congratulated upon what was obviously a labour of love. He has handled the great mass of material at his disposal judiciously and judiciously. His expert knowledge of French history enables him to give his readers a broad conspectus of the conditions in which Pascal lived. He has that sympathy with the subject of his biographical analysis which is indispensable to insight.

Students of this University will be specially interested in the high compliment Mr. Soltau has paid to "the students in the Department of French in the University of Leeds, 1919-1926" to whom the book is dedicated, for, as he says in the Introduction—

"This book is not for those who are able to go through life untroubled by the problems of human destiny, peacefully taking the world as it is, never knowing the anguish that comes from despair at finding no meaning in the chaos of existence, both around us and in us (For such Pascal has no message.)"

*Pascal, *The Man and the Message*, by ROGER B. SOLTAU, M.A., formerly Scholar of Pembroke College, Oxford. (Blackie & Son, Limited, London and Glasgow, 1927).

RELIGION AND DRAMATIC ART.

MUCH, of great interest, has been written with regard to the relationship of institutional religion to the drama in past days, but comparatively little on the subject of that of religion in the wider sense of the word to dramatic art. Those, therefore, who feel—to quote a phrase used by Canon Elliott in his Preface—"that there are other social duties besides those relating to industry and economics" will give this little book a warm welcome.

The first part of the book deals with the origin of drama, its relation to organised religion, and to the many other symbolic expressions of the primitive mind of man. While still working on lines of historical continuity it then proceeds to a consideration of the ethical basis of dramatic art and its potential influence for good in the life of to-day. Canon Elliott proclaims himself a puritan in the widest sense of the word, but has much to say against that narrow spirit in the seventeenth century which, refusing to make distinctions, and proclaiming the whole stage bad, contributed a very large factor towards the evils of the drama of that period. His short chapter on this subject, though it begins with a suggestion of a connection between Protestant Puritanism and medieval monasticism which it would be very hard to prove, is an admirable survey of the stage conditions of the time and is in striking contrast to the attitude usually adopted towards the matter by the writer on morals or ethics. This leads on through two short chapters dealing respectively with the French Classical Drama and the work and influence of Goethe, to one which sums up the writer's conclusions on the moral basis of Drama as a whole—that Art is one of the many ways leading directly up to the Christian ideal and that its value in relation to religion, so long ignored or denied, is once again being rightly understood.

The book closes with an excellent essay by Mr. C. J. Cameron, the Dramatic Critic, of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, on the various phases of modern drama, from Ibsen to the present day. It is meant to assist in finding an answer to the question as to whether this drama of to-day conforms with the ethical principles under discussion, but in the main the reader is rightly left to form his own conclusions by the help of the light shed on his way.

It has been said by one of our modern dramatists that the present is nothing but the past entered by another door; and in some ways we may be said to be coming back to a point of view which has more in common with the Middle Ages than with any intervening period. We realize again as our forefathers did then, that there is not an impassable gulf fixed between religion and the ordinary relaxations of life and that Art in any one of its numerous manifestations can be the natural link which binds them together. Those who look to authority in the matter of religion and those who see things from another angle can still share a common outlook on this point. The poet, Ben Jonson tells us—he appears to include the dramatist in the wider term—should stand forth "the interpreter of all things divine no less than human, a master in manners," and it is such and not a mere purveyor of amusement that enlightened opinion of any kind should encourage him to be. Canon Spencer Elliott's book should be provocative of thought and should help many to a clear and sane idea of the highest possibilities of the drama.

AMY HAMILTON THOMPSON.

Religion and Dramatic Art, by SPENCER ELLIOTT, M.A. (with chapter on Modern Drama by C. J. Cameron). Published by The Student Christian Movement, 22, Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

Correspondence

DEAR SIR,

I wish to draw the attention of the *Gryphon* to the fact that the Conservative Association has been resuscitated in the University. I believe you had a notice to the effect that it had deceased. That was contrary to the truth; it was only slumbering.

Yours sincerely,

F. P. MARCHANT, *Hon. Sec.*

P.S.—Capt. Eden, M.P., Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Austen Chamberlain, will speak on December 15th or 16th to the above Society.

DEAR SIR,

The oft-used quotation, "The old order changeth yielding place to new," has never, in my experience, been so well illustrated as by the remarkable change (remarkable in that it is of a degenerate character) which has taken place in the spirit of University life during the last three or four years. This gradual yet persistent metamorphosis could be summed up by means of a Fable, as:—"Once upon a time there was a Union which was all-powerful and had dominion over many Realms But it chanced one evil day that Authority came forth out of the Depths And lo! the Union remained there yet, but of Power there was none left unto it."

At one time it was indeed possible to have a proposition or dispute considered and justly dealt with by the Union Committee, but to-day it is only too obvious that something is radically wrong—or does the Union Committee accede to this Kindergarten type of system which is in existence at present?

There are many examples to which I could allude regarding Athletic and Social affairs in general, but in this article I would make particular reference to the recent decision as to University Dances. Why should a student, when he wishes to indulge in frivolous exercise, have recourse to the Low Haunts of the City? Last year one could, and would, say "No! I refuse to go anywhere this week! I'm going to have a good time at the Engineers' next week!" But this state of affairs is no more, and consequently one probably wastes a great deal of time in speculating as to where a decent dance can be found, and a great deal of money in attending such a dance when it is found! As for these Minor Dances, well! they are treated as such, however few Major Dances there may be.

Again, the institution of barriers in corridors at Dances is, I feel sure, considered as positively insulting by the majority of students. There are, of course, some who always desire to roam in outer darkness, and in these cases I would suggest that, where decency fails as a barrier, a mere rope and scrap of paper are not likely to succeed. Other dancers, normally hovering, as it were, on the border-line, will possibly be spurred on by the indignation aroused at sight of this obstruction; whilst those who would never dream, in any circumstances, of going beyond the bounds of propriety, will naturally feel unduly insulted.

The denunciatory aspect of this letter may appear to err on the strong side but it seems to me that there is a grave danger of an abhorrently childish tone becoming predominant in the University, when better results could be obtained by the use of a more broad-minded treatment. Such a condition of things is likely to remain in existence as long as students fail to regard themselves as responsible members of the Union and to be treated as such by those in authority.

M.J.B.

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—We lay claim to a successful term's work in having read Galsworthy's "Loyalties," St. John Ervine's "Mary, Mary, quite Contrary," and Drinkwater's "Bird in Hand," both for our enlightenment and entertainment. There were but few members who did not hear Laurence Housman read a selection from his own works; and by our attendance we support the Leeds Civic Playhouse at each of its productions. And now we are looking forward to what might be called a "reading presentation" of "The Manceuvres of Jane" at Westwood Hall on Dec. 1st through the kindness of Mrs. Redman King.

Much is being said and written at this time about the place and power of drama in citizenship and in education: it is not our purpose to pursue these topics here, but some comments may not be amiss. It would be fatal to persuade people who have not even a passing interest in drama and its work, to join up with us; they would of a certainty benefit themselves, but as such beneficial influences are not always immediately apparent there is the danger, and it would be a real danger to the welfare of the society, that they would consider the time they devoted to this work, as ill-spent. And so, people have joined the society entirely on their own inclinations. Our membership is in number about eighty; we deplore the fact that only one-fifth of this total is male, because we do not conceive the promotion of drama to be primarily the work of women. You men, who through the Education Department, think about the place and use of drama in education and about its potentialities in citizenship; and remember it is for the promotion of these that Dramatic Societies exist.

These statements are to be regarded in no way as an appeal; only, we have in mind, along with a realisation of our many handicaps, such thriving organisations as the O.U.D.S.

W. S. Gilbert's "Engaged," a delightful farcical comedy, is to be presented in the Great Hall next term on February 16th and 17th. For this we do solicit the support of all. R.C.G.

MUSIC SOCIETY.—The Music Society will give some evidence of its activity since the beginning of the session on the evening of Friday, Dec. 2nd, when Mr. J. L. Slater will conduct the singing of Madrigals, Folk-Songs, and Part-Songs. The programme will be rendered doubly interesting by duets, played by Mr. Slater and Mr. Bell, F.R.C.O., of York, and songs by Mr. Walter Whiteway, also of York. It is hoped that a large audience will help to make the concert a success from every point of view.

The Society's activities are not, however, confined to choral work. On Nov. 16th Dr. Bairstow very kindly came with his own choir to give a most interesting address on "Tudor Music," charmingly illustrated with part-singing and solos by members of the choir. This open meeting was held in the Refectory, and we were pleased to have as our guests several people of note in Leeds musical affairs.

The "Gramophone Evenings," which are held in a room of the O.S.A. house are proving highly successful—we hope not solely by reason of the attendant coffee and biscuits. Messrs. Archibald Ramsden Ltd. have helped us out of a great difficulty by offering to lend us any records we require, and our most sincere thanks are due to them for this practical support of our endeavours. A list of next term's Gramophone Evenings will be published at the beginning of the term. The speakers will include Dr. Herbert Thomson, Honorary President of the Society, and Mr. W. Dunwell, B.A., F.R.C.O., its former conductor. Negotiations are in progress to obtain the use

of a piano at these evenings, so that music may be available at first-hand as well as through the medium of the gramophone.

A second concert will be given on March 2nd. Singing members of the Society are reminded that attendance of at least two-thirds of the rehearsals is required of them, and are urged to do their best to attend particularly the first rehearsals, and to bring with them others who may be interested. Music for the next concert will be procurable before the end of this term, and it would be a great help if members would give some little time to the study of it during the Christmas vacation, in preparation for vigorous work next term.

LEEDS UNDERGRADUATES' LABOUR SOCIETY.—We can claim to have reached a high pinnacle as far as membership is concerned, our total at present being just over 140 which almost doubles our previous best of 76. But a large membership is not sufficient; enthusiasm and willing help are necessary if we are to exert an influence on student life and thought, commensurate with our numbers.

Our first meeting this term was highly successful, both from the point of view of numbers present and of the enthusiasm shown for Lord Olivier who spoke on "White Supremacy and Native Rights in Africa." A lively discussion followed which was only cut short by the departure of our visitor to address another meeting. On Thursday the 24th of November, John Strachey addressed the Society on the subject of "Labour and the next election." We were glad to welcome a number of students who endeavoured to provide a critical element which they had assumed to be lacking at our previous meetings, but our speaker proved to them that criticism is a two-edged weapon.

Other functions which have been held this term include a most enjoyable Social, and a ramble such as has never previously been equalled in its combination of perfect weather and variety of autumn scenery.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY O.T.C.—Much of the work mentioned in the last number of the *Gryphon* has been done, and we think it has been fairly satisfactory.

The first field-day of the term went very well up to a point, but owing to the very heavy rain, the second part of the programme could not be carried out. By the time this is printed, the second one will have come and gone, and we hope it will be equally successful. At any rate, night operations (which we believe are going to take place) should be something new for many of our members.

The march past on Remembrance Sunday was carried out successfully in fine weather and we have also provided our usual Guard of Honour in the Great Hall, on Armistice Day.

A number of officer cadets have left the contingent this term, and to all of them we wish the very best of luck, and hope that they will come and see us occasionally. At the same time, we welcome their successors, the recruits, and hope that they will make themselves at home in H.Q., not only at parade times, but at other times as well. The following promotions have been made:—To be Corporal: L/Cpls. Hayman, Williamson. The theoretical papers of certificates "A" and "B" were taken on Nov. 8th and 9th, the following candidates sitting the examination:—Certificate "B": Cpl. Hayman; Certificate "A": Cpl. Williamson, L/Cpls. Hardwick, Hustler, Child, O/Glts. Tolson, Street, Graham, Hudson, Berry, Wiles.

We must say something of the activities of the O.T.C. Social Club. After the field-day, a mess-dinner was held, which was quite a success, and would have been more so if we had not forgotten to take our piano up to the refectory.

The dance was held on the 18th Nov., and was very successful, in spite of the small numbers present. Next time, we hope that people will realise that the O.T.C. run one of the best dances of the year and will turn up in much greater numbers.

We had delegates from Manchester, Sheffield and Durham O.T.C.'s, Liverpool and Glasgow being unable to be present. We have ourselves sent a representative to the annual dinners at Manchester and Durham since then and we were very pleased to be able to accept their invitations.

Next term we shall be holding our own dinner and we hope that we shall have a return visit from one of their men on that occasion.

In conclusion, we repeat our time-honoured exhortation, if you want to have a good time, join the O.T.C., because you get both the good time and good training. If you're not keen however, keep away.

H. E. HAYMAN, *Hon. Sec.*

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY has had a most successful term, the attendance at the teas and the meetings having been most encouraging. The first term programme has included lectures on the "Kitson-Still Engine"; "Pyrometers"; "Cox Combustors"; and a visit to the new electric power station at Ferrybridge. This visit, which was at the invitation of the Yorkshire Electric Power Company, included a tea and other refreshments, provided by the Company.

The final lecture of the first term was given on Thursday, Nov. 24th, by T. B. Johnson, Esq., M.I.E.E., Superintendent Engineer of the Leeds Telephones. The Automatic Telephone was explained and demonstrated to a highly appreciative audience of some fifty members. Many amusing incidents in the development of the Leeds telephone system were related by Mr. Johnson, which added greatly to the success of the meeting.

A visit to the Airedale Foundry, to see the new Kitson-Still locomotive under test, is promised by Col. Kitson Clark for the near future.

The annual Engineers' Dance is to be held in the Great Hall on February 24th, 1928.

A.G.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY NOTES.—The International Society has held its usual Saturday morning meetings throughout the term. The speakers have been drawn from many countries:—Austria, India, Germany, Egypt, etc.—and interesting discussions have followed interesting speeches.

We hope that the Ramble—which will have taken place when these notes are printed—will be as enjoyable as was our Theatre Night, when we saw "Mary Rose" from a great height.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.—On November 18th a considerable audience, including many science students, appreciated a most interesting and lively lecture by Dr. Alex Wood, on "Scientific and Religious Truth." Professor Whiddington, who very kindly took the chair, was kept pretty busy at the close of the lecture by a stream of questions fired at the lecturer.

By the time these notes appear Herbert Gray, too, will have been and gone.

The most important event in our sphere in the next month or two, is the Modern Universities' Conference, which will be held at Swanwick, Derbyshire, in January. The main topic this year is the origin and significance of organised religion. We are sending four delegates to this conference. In addition our Leeds C.U. is organising a conference here in Leeds, in the first week of Easter term.

A quiet afternoon is to be held on Sunday, December 11th, to which all are welcome.

It does not appear to be generally known that the Christian Union runs a library, mainly of books on religious topics. There are two branches, the women's on the top floor of the Women's Union rooms, and the men's in the reading room of the Men's Union rooms. Quite a respectable selection of books is to be found there, and any book may be borrowed for a fortnight or so. The libraries are open to all and there is no charge! M.W.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.—The University Branch has been particularly active during the last month. In addition to the Officers given in the last issue of the *Gryphon*, Professor Abercrombie, Professor Comber, Professor McSwiney and Professor McLeod have accepted the office of Vice-Presidents; Mr. Hampshire has been elected representative of the Medical School and Mr. Reddy for the Day Students on the Committee.

A well attended meeting was held at Lyddon Hall on Monday, October 24th, when Mr. Collin Brooks, the Editor of the *Yorkshire Post* gave an illuminating address on "Conflicting Views on the League and Disarmament." The discussion which followed showed what a keen interest people are taking in the question of Disarmament, which is the prevailing topic in League circles this year. This meeting was followed by the Annual General Meeting, when the officers for the session 1927-28 were elected. Miss Sileox presided.

The second meeting of the term was held on November 21st, when Mr. Kolai Balozsky, head of the Russian Department, spoke on "What Tolstoi would have thought of the League." There was a good attendance. Mr. A. S. Turberville presided.

The last meeting of the term will be held at 5.15 p.m., Monday, December 5th, at University Hall. Mr. Turberville will speak on "The Study of International Relationships." Meetings next term will be addressed by Professor A. G. Grant on his return to Leeds, The Vicar of Leeds and Rev. W. L. Schroeder. All who are interested in international questions are invited to join the Society. We have now got over 80 members. B.M.



L.U.A.F.C.—The first eleven have not been very successful this term up to the present. Against the Yorkshire Amateurs they held their opponents leading for the first part of the game but after half time they were unable to prevent them scoring. Against Sheffield our superiority was marked after twenty minutes of even play and Gledhill and Billingham each scored four goals, but at Durham we were frankly out-played though the score flatters our opponents. At Harrogate we lacked finish on a muddy ground and failed to utilise our opportunities. Against the Training College a high wind and other things caused a poor game, which we deserved to win, whilst against St. John's our forwards were rather disconnected, in a fast game.

The second team have done better and played especially well against Manchester College of Technology.

The team against Sheffield and Durham was H. E. Carrington; S. Andrews, G. E. Butler; W. Sedgwick, R. Thurlow, C. Jackson; L. Gibson, J. Johnson, R. Billingham, E. J. Gledhill, O. H. Tordoff.

Results.—1st XI., Oct. 22nd v. Wakefield Mental Hospital (away) won 5-0; Oct. 27th v. Yorkshire Amateurs (away) lost 1-7; Nov. 2nd v. Sheffield University (home) won 9-1; Nov. 5th v. Durham University (away) lost 1-4; Nov. 12th v. Harrogate (away) lost 1-4; Nov. 19th v. Training College (away) draw 4-4; Nov. 26th v. St. John's College (away) lost 2-3.

L.U.H.C.—The first team has been successful in all its University matches and with luck might have drawn with the County side. Against Manchester an early lead enabled the halves to play an attacking game which proved very successful. The Ben Rlydding game was scrappy, but against the Corinthians we lost partly through their all-round superiority but partly through slow tackling; Dyde's absence was felt in the defence but against Liverpool Reddy was moved to right back and with Shuttleworth contributed much to our victory. With Dyde back the defence played excellently against Durham though the forwards took some time to get together.

Team (against Durham): A. C. Shuttleworth; J. H. Dyde, J. Kak; C. F. Heal, J. Tasker, P. M. Reddy; J. F. Warin, V. P. Squire, J. J. Fry, L. C. Lodge, J. Schofield.

Results: 1st XI., Oct. 22nd v. County XI. (home) lost 2-3; Oct. 26th v. Manchester University (home) won 6-0; Oct. 29th v. Ben Rlydding (away) won 9-0; Nov. 5th v. Corinthians (away) lost 1-13; Nov. 9th v. Liverpool University (away) won 3-1; Nov. 12th v. Bradford H. C. (away) won 5-2; Nov. 16th v. Durham University (home) won 3-0; Nov. 19th v. West Riding H. C. (home) lost 1-3.

L.U.R.U.F.C.—The Rugby side have been unlucky, persistently losing games by the narrowest margins and poor goal kicking. That they can play well was shown against Otley and their defeat by 19-8 at Durham was the worst defeat they have suffered. The forwards seem sleepy and hang about too long before breaking and the following up is bad. The three-quarters do not line back sufficiently in attack and hence tend to struggle across the field whilst the wings slow up the game by touch kicking instead of the return pass and cross kick.

At Sheffield, Leeds were distinctly unlucky. Playing up-hill in the first half we did not adapt ourselves to the muddy ground and we crossed over 11 to 5 against us; it was only at the end that Leeds started playing and added a try three minutes before time. At Harrogate also the heavy ground told against us and in the first half a try and a penalty goal were scored against us. Shortly before time Illingworth scored for us with a characteristic cut in between the posts. The Manchester match was full of thrills, first Manchester scoring before Leeds woke up then Sledge put us ahead with a converted try. At half-time the score was 5-6 and after Manchester had scored again Leeds played a vigorous game and McGrath scored making the final score 10-11. At Durham the result was disappointing as most of their points were due to our mistakes. The forwards lacked life and the three-quarters rarely got going on the muddy ground. The Old Bradfordians game was a scrappy one though we improved towards the end.

Team.—1st XV. v. Manchester: H. Morgan; E. G. Jay, A. T. Blair, J. H. G. Wotton, W. A. Sledge; R. Illingworth, V. J. Lussmans; T. L. Vondy, F. F. Heller, J. Turner, M. F. McGrath, H. T. Knowles, H. A. P. Roche, F. Whitehead, P. M.

Glover. Against Durham McGrath replaced Blair, and Rockley, Flood and Perry came into the pack instead of him and Roche, and Hellier who was unable to play.

Results.—Oct. 22nd v. Wakefield (away) lost 8-14; Oct. 29th v. Hbley (home) lost 11-13; Nov. 2nd v. Sheffield University (away) lost 8-11; Nov. 5th v. Harrogate O.B. (away) lost 5-6; Nov. 12th v. Otley (home) lost 3-11; Nov. 16th v. Manchester University (home) lost 10-11; Nov. 19th v. Hull & E.R. (home) lost 5-11; Nov. 23rd v. Durham (away) lost 8-19; Nov. 26th v. Old Bradfordians (home) won 14-5.

L.U.L.C.—Muddy grounds have affected some of our games and hampered fast play. The defence was weak at the beginning of the term but has improved. Against Manchester they were at sea for the first twenty minutes when a 6 goals lead was established after which play was more even. The inclusion of Bannister in the side seems to have been justified and the team is getting together better now.

Team v. Manchester: N. H. Chamberlain; R. McMillan, A. B. Wildman, W. W. Withers; D. R. Riddell, W. E. Berry; H. R. Wormald; D. C. Withers, P. H. Bannister; R. H. Lee, H. G. Smith, D. Robinson.

Results: Oct. 22nd v. Headingley (home) lost 3-13; Oct. 29th v. Parkside (home) lost 6-8; Nov. 12th v. O. Grovians (home) won 9-4; Nov. 16th v. Manchester University (away) lost 7-14; Nov. 19th v. Huddersfield (home) won 11-3.

L.U.F.C.—Oct. 15th v. Heath O.B. (home) won 3 rubbers to 0; First pair, G. Scallbert, E. V. Gordon; Second Pair, F. P. Marchant, J. H. Filkin. Nov. 12th v. Manchester University (home) won 3 rubbers to 0; First pair G. Scallbert, F. P. Marchant; Second pair, E. V. Gordon, C. A. Sutcliff.

L.U. SHOOTING EIGHT.—v. Duke of Wellingtons, lost 546-574; v. Selby, lost 487-512; Nov. 26th v. Royal Corps of Signals, won 497-439.

Team v. Selby: A. Street, E. Bate, B. Rhodes, J. Hustler, J. Hardwick, A. C. Bentley, C. L. Sykes, L. Coates.

L.U.G.C.—Oct. 20th v. Liverpool University, Singles 6-2; Fourballs, 2-2, won 8-4. Singles results: O. Goode, lost (4 and 3); R. C. Hanson, won (2 up); S. G. Bedford, won (6 and 5); L. B. Flather (1 up); A. F. P. Anning, won (9 and 8); J. S. Gourlay, 1 down; C. R. Hiley, won (7 and 6); P. H. N. Whitehead, won (3 and 2).

Fourballs: Bedford and Anning, lost (2 and 1); Hanson and Flather, lost (2 and 1); Goode and Hiley, won (3 and 2); Gourlay and Whitehead, won (4 and 2).

L.U. HARRIERS' CLUB.—Oct. 29th v. Nottingham and Bristol University at Nottingham; The course was an interesting one of 6½ miles including a picturesque stretch of canal banking. The trail was badly laid and Procter and Cleak (Bristol), who had taken the lead at the start lost it altogether at the later stages of the race. Booth (Leeds) and Stiles (Bristol) who were running together had better luck and a hot race ensued, Booth eventually winning by 30 yards in 41 minutes 36 seconds. The Leeds team poked well and eventually won by a margin of 10 points over Bristol. Procter was unfortunate in losing the trail as he had a good lead from Cleak; Booth and Hirst were in good form but Knowlson gave a rather disappointing performance.

Result: Leeds, 40; Bristol, 50; Nottingham, 97.

Team: T. Booth (1); J. Procter (4); H. Hirst (7); P. R. Allison (8); H. T. Lawrence (9); R. Drenell (11); G. Boothroyd (12); S. Knowlson (13).

Nov. 12th v. Sheffield and Liverpool Harriers at Liverpool: The course, one of 6½ miles, was in good condition except for two long streaks of sticky plough. The Liverpool team set off at a good pace but soon fell away leaving Procter and Hirst in the lead. Smith (Sheffield) drew up on Procter but the latter won easily in 38 minutes 27 seconds. Booth, Hirst and Cartwright (Sheffield) raced hard for third place, the former eventually getting it.

Result: Leeds, 29; Sheffield, 56; Liverpool, 104.

Team: J. Procter (1); T. Booth (3); H. (Hirst) (4); H. J. Lawrence (6); S. Knowlson (7); P. R. Allison (8); G. Boothroyd (13); R. Dennell (18).

CHESS CLUB.—The Chess Club visited Manchester on Nov. 9th and suffered its first defeat by 4½ games to 1½, one game being unfinished.

Score (Leeds names first): J. T. V. Watson*, A. C. Bottomley*, M. Shapiro, I. S. J. Polley, 0; J. M. Room, 0, L. L. Clifford, 1; E. H. Markby, 0, A. Rubinstein, 1; H. Hale, 0, A. P. Blakeley, 1; R. D. Preston, 0, H. Erin, 1; K. B. Sen Gupta, ½, M. S. Becker, ½.

*To be adjudicated.

WOMEN'S ATHLETICS.

L.U.L.C.—Nov. 5th v. Liverpool University (home) lost 2-7; Nov. 12th v. Harrogate College, lost 1-16; v. Huddersfield Ladies, lost 3-14; Nov. 19th v. Thoresby High School (away) lost 3-4; Nov. 23rd v. Bradford Ladies (away) lost 1-7; Nov. 26th v. Manchester University (away) lost 2-20.

Team v. Manchester: A. George; B. Ashby, J. Whittaker, M. Dyson; K. Stockdale, J. Searth; J. Hainsworth; M. Appleton, P. Pickard; M. Robinson, E. Hey, E. Overend.

L.U.H.C.—Oct. 29th v. Leeds Women (home) won 6-5; Nov. 2nd v. Ilkley (away) lost 4-11; Nov. 5th v. Manchester University (home) won 4-3; Nov. 12th v. Liverpool University (away) lost 0-7; Nov. 16th v. Leeds Training College (home) draw 1-1; Nov. 9th v. Sheffield University (home) lost 2-9; Nov. 26th v. Harrogate Ladies (away) won 15-0.

Team v. Manchester and Liverpool: G. Mather; E. Ruthven H. George; B. Noble, M. Dawn, J. J. McMillan; D. Marshall, K. Hemming, E. Garforth, M. Hollis, A. Hall.

L.U.N.C.—1st VII.—Oct. 29th v. Modern School O.G. (home) won 28-16; Nov. 2nd v. Notre Dame (away) won 25-7; Nov. 9th v. Chapel Allerton (away) won 33-13; Nov. 12th v. Liverpool University (away) won 25-11; Nov. 16th v. Thoresby High School, won 21-19; Nov. 18th v. Durham University (home) won 14-12; Nov. 19th v. Sheffield University at Notre Dame, won 29-2; Nov. 23rd v. Durham (away) won 20-15; Nov. 26th v. Belle Vue (home) won 21-17.

Team v. Durham: E. Love, M. Eaton, A. Davy; G. Holmes; R. Cohen, M. Warfolk, A. Jordan.

NEXT ISSUE—FEBRUARY 8th. LAST DAY FOR COPY—JANUARY 22nd.

Don't forget any article sent to the *Gryphon* by a student is liable to get a guinea prize.

STOP PRESS—CRICKET LATEST—Liverpool University R.U.F.C. 56 all out.
Leeds University R.U.F.C. .. 5 not all out.

Leeds University Old Students' Association

LONDON LETTER.

OUR year begins well with what everyone says is the most successful dinner we have ever held. A record assembly (well over a hundred, even without any assistance from Leeds, although a host in himself came from Manchester) was delighted with the arrangements made for our comfort at University College.

We were equally fortunate in our speakers and the now traditional brevity of their discourses. Professor Cohen, who assured us that all was still as it should be at Leeds, both fulfilled his duties as chairman and was filled full by them (the words are his); and Miss Robertson made us ask why we had never had a feminine guest before. The first after-dinner speech she has ever made charmed us all and we wondered how she has managed to grow younger and mellower at the same time. Miss Johnson and Mr. Blair were commendably brief in epitomising all the nice things we wanted said about the present and absent guests, and Professor Cohen's final recitation convulsed even the waitresses.

We were very glad to have the Presidents of the Men's and Women's Unions at University College as our guests, though hosts is a better word, for their hospitable welcome made us feel very much at home.

We missed our little discourse from Professor Smithells, one of the few speakers whom we always welcome, but the President of the Institute of Chemistry was claimed elsewhere. He left his wife with us as a hostage. At least that is one way of putting it but I gather that what really happened was that she flatly refused to accompany him. "No," said Mrs. Smithells firmly, "you won't let me cut my hair, so why should I go to your old meeting when I would much rather stay where I am!"

After dinner the 106 adjourned and danced and gossiped and felt very pleased with themselves and the familiar academic atmosphere of mixed chemicals. We shall not smell it again for another year, since University College cannot have us on a Saturday and we must return to Soho for our February Dinner. At any rate we shall be taking our delightfully efficient new pianist with us.

In the treasurer's absence Mr. Helps came to the rescue in his usual helpful—there, I knew it would come. It is the first adjective that rises to one's lips when Mr. Helps is the subject, try as one will to keep it back. At any rate his helpfulness saved the financial situation at the Dinner, for Mr. Hollings simply would go to Norway and Sweden and other cold and snowy places to see how their gas fires were working, though I told him that I had one that was always going wrong, and reminded him that charity begins at home.

Birmingham in London is very anxious to co-operate with other O.S.A.'s and hopes that their old students will make up parties at a Birmingham Dance to be held at Pritchard's Restaurant, Oxford Street, on January 20th. Tickets, price 6/- each, including refreshments, can be obtained from Mr. J. H. Bushill, 3, Shalimar Gardens, Acton, W.3.

Will people who say they are coming, and then stay away without letting me know, remember that in future they will be called upon to pay their share! Manchester proceeds on these lines, and what Manchester does to-day London will do next February. After spending hours on arranging table plans it is exasperating to find chilly gaps by the side of the very people you were most anxious to welcome.

And I have no sympathy for belated wails from members who received the notice after the Dinner because they had forgotten to send their change of address.

So please take all these captious remarks to heart for your own good, and at the same time pay up all arrears of subscriptions and book Saturday, February 18th, 1928, at the back of your old diaries to be transferred to your new as soon as you get them. Professor and Mrs. Dawson and Professor and Mrs. Gillespie will be the guests at our Dinner-Dance and our numbers must go on mounting till 1930 at least, when we are twenty-one. As Professor Connal hoped, Luosa in London is forgetting (the words are not his).
VIDEO.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH—ANNUAL DINNER AND GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting and Dinner were held on Saturday evening, November the 26th. We mustered nineteen, including Professor Connal, who was our guest. Indisposition prevented Mr. Grist at the last minute from being with us.

Mr. H. K. Holmes, the retiring President, in proposing the toast of "The University," made the suggestion that, as we had a very loyal group of members at Coventry, sometime we might arrange for one of our social functions to be held there. Now doubt the new committee will try to act on this suggestion in the near future.

Professor Connal, in responding, consoled us with a story of mid-Victorian flavour about a shy young man who, for a week, had made nightly attempts to unburden his love without success, till on the last evening available he murmured sadly as his arm stole round her waist, "Mary dear, I'm afraid I'm not making much progress." "Never mind, George," she replied, "You are holding your own."

Dear dear, how far we have travelled from those days!

Miss C. Roebuck, our newest old student, responded to the Secretary's toast of "The O.S.A."

Some changes were made in the Committee owing to resignations. It was decided to unite the offices of the Treasurer and the Secretary, Mr. A. L. Williams to undertake both tasks, while Mr. P. P. Murphy accepted the office of President. The Committee elected were, Misses J. Maude, E. Blakeley, F. M. Radcliffe, B. Geary, and Messrs. A. Henderson, L. Eastham, E. H. Fawcitt and A. H. Smith, with Dr. W. Conrad Gill and Mr. K. Holmes as Vice-Presidents.

Miss D. Sutcliffe, the retiring Treasurer, submitted a financial statement showing an income for the year ending November 26th, 1927, of £13 11s., including £1 4s. 6d. carried forward from the previous year. The expenditure was £13 18s. 8d., leaving a deficit of 7/8. It is noticed that our share of members' subscriptions, remitted from Headquarters was £2 2s. 6d.—not enough to cover the secretarial expenses of £3 5s. 2d., of which £2 8s. was for postage and 17/2 for stationery.

Members will please note that the new Secretary is Mr. A. L. Williams, City Analyst's Department, 44, Broad Street, Birmingham. P.P.M.

WEST RIDING BRANCH.

I wonder how many of you noticed with sorrow that in the last *Gryphon* there was no mention of the West Riding Branch; and reproached me in your hearts. But this is the truth. I wrote a sprightly account of all our doings this term, and the powers that be (may their rabbits die) LOST THE MANUSCRIPT.

I still feel peevish about it; far too peevish to do justice for a second time to the excellent General Meeting held on October 4th. Suffice to say that Professor

JUST ISSUED.

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Conal's year of office as President of the Branch having ended, to our great regret, we were so fortunate as to secure Mr. Braithwaite as his successor.

Four members of the Committee, Mr. Wolejge, Mr. Ramsden, Miss Beaton and Mrs. Sellars, retired, and in their places, Mr. Goode, Mr. Webster, Miss Porter and Miss Pratt, were elected. Mr. Ramsden was unanimously elected Secretary in Mr. Sharpe's place, and Mr. Grist, amid acclamation, was re-elected treasurer.

The annual subscription of a shilling is now due and may be given, instead of a Christmas present, to the Secretaries or to Mr. Grist.

Here is the programme of the Play Reading Circle for next term:—

Jan.	17th—Coward	"I leave it to you."
..	24th—Shaw	"You never can tell."
..	31st—Barrie	"Quality Street."
Feb.	7th—Milne	"Mr. Pim passes by."
..	14th—Monroe	"At Mrs. Beams'."
..	21st—Aristophanes	"The Frogs."
..	28th—Robinson	"The White Headed Boy."
Mar.	6th—Pinero	"Trelawney of the Wells."
..	13th—Vane	"Overture."
..	20th—Jacobs	"Beauty and the Barge."
..	27th—Galsworthy	"The Foundations."
April	3rd—Jennings	"Love among the Paintpots."

By the time the *Gryphon* reaches Old Students, our second annual Christmas Party will be over. In fact, the West Riding Branch is now rather more than a year old, and a very lusty infant.

HILDA BREARLEY (Sec.).

APPOINTMENTS OF OLD STUDENTS.

Mr. Cowling's appointment to the Chair of English at Melbourne is noticed on another page.

The Rev. Cyril Jackson (H.O.R., Arts, 1919-22) has been appointed a Vicar Choral of York Minster.

The Rev. W. J. Hughes (Arts, 1912-14; 1919-21) has been appointed Vicar of St. Benedict's, Bordesley, Birmingham.

Mr. C. Carter (Geology, 1921-5), who was captain of the Harriers and Half-mile champion, has been appointed Hon. Sec. of the Federation of Lancashire and Cheshire Museums. Mr. Carter is on the staff of the Liverpool City Museum.

MARRIAGES.

CHADWICK-STANLEY.—On July 27th at the Parish Church, Kirkburton, Oswald N. Chadwick to Mary Stanley (Educ., 1920-22).

JACKSON-WARHURST.—On October 24th, at Lady Pit Lane Primitive Methodist Church, Leeds, Douglas Price Jackson (1919-22) to Jennie P. Warhurst (1917-21).

THE PARIS TRIP.

It is well known that Leeds maintains, in the midst of the gaieties of Paris, a respectable colony of students who set the Latetians a good example of sobriety by drinking chocolate in all the pubs. For some time there have been suggestions that an expedition of old students should visit Paris under their guidance. Arrangements are now being made for the excursion to come off at Easter. The details are not fixed yet; but the inclusive cost (inclusive, that is, of everything except chocolate or substitutes for chocolate) will not be more than £10 for seven or eight days.

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