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The Gryphon

The Journal of the University of Leeds



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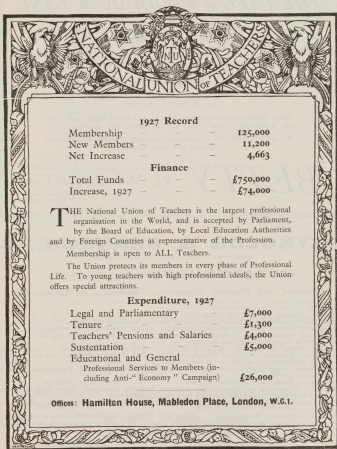
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Editorial

BOLOGNA OR PARIS!

IN the last issue of the *Gryphon* we suggested that our readers should take an interest in the social life of the University, but they all must take an interest in their own academic careers. How far does this interest take them? Are they content to sit like little birds on a bough while parental professors drop perennial worms into their gaping mouths, or do they feel that they want to have some say in what they are to ingest and how they are to do it? Surely despite their immature judgment, inexperience and the criticisms of apathy, they have a right to speak, since they are the victims of the system. By the very nature, therefore, of their position they have a definite contribution to make. There have always been two types of University—in Paris, men gathered to hear the words of Abelard and loved learning for its own sake, but "at Bologna the prevailing aim of the student was to acquire the technicalities of a profession," and so they summoned professors to teach them. It is clear that we belong to the Bolognese type in our aims and so why not in our organisation. In America this is so already in many places and the following extracts from the *New Student* are of interest:—

"The *University of Washington Daily*, after publishing a series of student criticisms of the University and its work, has summarised by blaming the faculty 'for lack of intellectual stimulus and steady encouragement prevalent on the campus, etc.' President C. D. Gray, of Bates College, has appointed 'a student committee of twelve to examine the curriculum and suggest modifications and changes.' 'The undergraduate curriculum committee at Haverford College is drafting its Annual Report to the faculty. Its scope is wide, dealing not only with the curriculum proper, but also with such matters as improvement of library lighting conditions, and prompt dismissal of classes,' and so on. If the Americans find that such organisations are efficient, why should not we? Take as an instance the average lecture which we might subject to criticism, by merely making attendance voluntary. This is in fact being done to some extent in at least one department, and yet 9 o'clock lectures are filled, showing that the students will attend what is worth attending. Why should students be kept up to scratch in attending lectures if the lecturers themselves are not subject to criticism.

If, therefore, the students have a definite case for a share in the control of the curriculum, how are they to succeed in getting it recognised? There are several avenues of approach. Thus the Union might appoint a sub-committee to enquire into the subject: our National Union has already taken it up in their investigation into student life, but by the very width of the subject it will be some time before they can make a report which will, of course, be of a general nature. The *Gryphon* might follow the example of the *University of Washington Daily* and criticise, but its criticism would only carry weight if it came from a group who had carefully

studied all the aspects of the problem. Perhaps the most hopeful line is by closer individual contact with the staff, when problems could be discussed and student suggestions put forward. This may be so now in a limited way in some departments, but not in all; undoubtedly if each student knew some member of the staff with whom he could frankly discuss his difficulties and ideas, not only would the student benefit enormously by the advice and restraint of the more experienced man, but we venture to think that these men would have their finger more delicately on the pulse of student feeling, and could be instrumental in bringing about many reforms, perhaps only small, perhaps large, but initiated by the students with whom they came in contact. Such ideas may sound platitudinous or childish according to the ear that hears them, but the students have a contribution to make, they are a factor in the University and can see it from a different angle, and a University that neglects this source of constructive criticism, runs the risk of not using to the full its potentialities.

Notes and Comments

THE UNION.

The much heralded meeting has come and gone and what a deadly damp squib it turned out to be! The Vice-Chancellor took the chair and was cheerful and praise-giving, but we ourselves were lifeless. Collectively, it is obvious that we have no spirit and but little feeling of unity and common cause. Our late secretary, Bennett, sent his report, and said that though we were piled high with cups and shields and the glittering prizes of the playing fields, the Union was in dire danger of becoming spiritually dead.

And even as the words were read, we proved that Bennett was not far wrong. After loud applause following Bennett's tirade against the University authorities and the Union members and committee, we all sank back into our chairs and hoped the other fellow would get up and say something. "Never saw I, never felt, a calm so deep." A quarter of the Union turned up to the meeting, presumably the most enthusiastic quarter, and of all that number no one got up and suggested that a discussion should be allowed, that a discussion was wanted, that people had any thoughts on anything.

No one thought that the N.U.S. ought to be better supported and no one wanted us to cut adrift and sail the University seas in splendid isolation. No one thought that the Union ought to have supported the I.S.S. Most people probably had only heard of the I.S.S. as a shilling-catching confounded nuisance! If any student thought that he himself and the Union had the right to determine whether he should dance late or not, often or rarely, he kept his thoughts to himself. Only Bennett raised his voice and suggested that students were capable of self-government.

THE REMEDY.

One body at least in the University is interesting itself in the great silent masses, the inarticulate student in the corridor, who has but dimly realised that he is a member of a community that should be pushing its way in the establishment of great traditions, a community that might well take the lead in the life of England, a community in which a social consciousness inspires one and all to do great things for the University.

By the time this *Gryphon* appears, each constituency of the M.R.C. will have held meetings of its members, at which the need for a strong M.R.C. will have been stressed. The M.R.C. intention is that opinion on all matters interesting the members should be gauged, and nominations received for next year's M.R.C. The

Elections are to be held on March 8th and March 9th. For Heaven's sake, vote! And give very careful consideration to the candidates before you! Men are wanted who are enthusiastic about University affairs and are willing to devote their time to the Union.

WHAT'S IN THE AIR.

Half the M.R.C. is automatically elected to the Union, and next year the Union will have a big time ahead of it. We are going to have new Union rooms before many decades are past, and next year is the best of all possible times to start building up a strong Union policy worthy of the new buildings. The Union must ultimately become the centre of student activities, and if the present Union rooms are organised as a central club, open by night for intercourse and work, then a good beginning will be made. And there are rumours that the library will be converted to a lounge before many moons have waned, and "under the clock" will cease to be the cheerless rendezvous of the loitering Leeds loiterer.

We would like to make one suggestion. Let the Union continue its policy of cheap informal dances. The student is by nature informal and in practice he is penniless. We can think of few things better than informal dances (which the student may attend without a partner) for the purpose of creating new friendships and welding groups of friends into a conscious whole! If the first was not an overwhelming success, the second one will be better, for the good news will spread. The new Appeal League is all to the good! These dances are all to the good! But a strong Union Committee will be best of all.

GATES.

Though iron bars may not make a cage yet they have a restraining influence on people wandering by diverse paths to the University grounds. Weetwood is now gradually being encircled by a 6 ft. iron fence and though it may appear selfish to exclude the passer-by from our beautiful grounds, it certainly is a necessary step, for strange though it may seem, it will almost certainly popularise the University games in the district. If you can casually watch the University playing just as you watch a Sunday School team in any odd field they're obviously not worth watching, but if you have to pay 6d. and go through a turnstile, well then, there must be something there. But this is not all, for, as mentioned at the General Meeting, an associate membership has been instituted and already many people have joined this with the resulting privilege of free admission and still more, the identification of themselves with the activities of the students. We feel sure that all our teams may look forward to more support at home matches and only hope there will be a reflection of this in their successes.

ARABIAN NIGHTS.

He lay back and looked in a pant, his eyes on his newly met companion; he wandered through sentimental buildings of mellowed beauty undreamed of; he listened to great men and criticised them to his unknown neighbour; he wondered as scrap-iron became Morris cars and again as biscuits became bisked in uncountable numbers; he danced, he sang, he watched plays and heard music, and above all he made friends and talked—oh, how he talked—for he was at the Oxford Congress. Think about this yourself, it's a chance that will never come again; to live for a week in Oxford in college rooms—perhaps the very rooms where Swinburne, Matthew Arnold or Adam Smith lived, besides the greatest joy of making new friends and the interest of hearing fine speeches. Just try and find anyone who has been and who does not make you almost tired by saying what a great time they had and then remember that next Monday is the last day for applying. It's worth a bit of sacrifice to get there, isn't it?

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE



THE Report for the last session has just appeared. Most of the more important information it contains is already familiar to readers of the *Gryphon*. The section dealing with *Annual Grants*, however, is probably not. "Certain of the grants from Local Education Authorities and other bodies," says the Report, "were diminished during this year from unexpected causes. The constitution of Doncaster into a county borough has withdrawn that

area from the sphere from which hitherto the West Riding grant to the Universities of Leeds and Sheffield has been obtained. This is mainly responsible for the reduction of the West Riding grant to the University from £25,281 to £24,080. The effect of the reduction has been a loss of revenue from this source of £1,201 during the past year, and may involve a permanent diminution of income from the West Riding County Council of about £3,200. The grant made by the Huddersfield Education Authority has been reduced from £1,000 to £800. It is to be hoped that this may not be a permanent reduction. Fortunately the grant from the Leeds City Council has slightly increased, the amount received this year being £11,808 as against £11,587 during the previous academic year."

THE CLOTHWORKERS' COMPANY.

On the 18th January, the Clothworkers' Company celebrated the 400th anniversary of the grant of their charter. In 1528, the guilds of fullers and of shearmen were incorporated in one body, by a charter granted by Henry VIII, as "the Guild or Fraternity of Clothworkers in the City of London"; and it has become one of the twelve "great companies." A good description of the magnificence of its banquets is to be found in Reid's *Memoirs* of J. D. Heaton, the first Chairman of Council of the Yorkshire College, who was made an honorary member of the Company.

THE STAFF.

Mr. A. Massey, M.D., D.P.H., Assistant Medical Officer of Health for Leeds, has been appointed Honorary Demonstrator in Public Health.

Mr. J. W. Belton, Ph.D. (Liverpool), has been appointed Demonstrator in Physical Chemistry.

Mr. W. I. Jennings (Lecturer in Law) was called to the Bar in January.

Our Present Sickness

IS there one in the University, willing to admit that all is well with us? I refer not to the buildings, uninspiring though they be, nor yet directly to that lack of corporate spirit which is lamented so often in *The Gryphon*. The sickness has laid hold of the student body itself, and touches most of that vast majority of students, of moderate mind, who cannot become wholly and joyously absorbed in their degree work, and yet who work as though they were so absorbed. A prophet may have zeal for his work, but these people know no such thing. Most of them, also, cannot treat the degree course as an unscrupulous game, to be played according to rules, as did an eminent mathematician who learned all his mathematics afterwards. They work and work, plod and persevere, and, unless they catch themselves in time, end their University lives as non-thinking animals, uninteresting and uninterested.

The symptoms of this sickness are to be found in the general lack of conversation, the lack of appreciation of the University and of the subjects studied; in short, the lack of any background to the particular University course chosen. Outwardly, the symptoms appear as a vague uneasiness, a lamentable lack of enthusiasm, a mad devotion to sport or idling (in those who have found a wrong cure, assuming they are not reckless reprobates from the first) or a dreary, drab, intense, non-enthusiastic devotion to work in those who are dying of the disease.

Students, for the most part, choose their degree course on their school record. In that course, they study each subject as a collection of isolated facts, the memorising of which will dispose of that subject and allow them to approach nearer to their degree. Most of these degree courses are as fair-ground booths, in which are reared up a number of Aunt Sallies. Pay yer money and take yer choice! Here, you may have five shies in your first year. There, you may spend your time practising for three years. But all the booths insist on a certain number of Aunt Sallies being knocked down before they let you out, and most students knock them down before more or less successfully, down into a sawdust waste at the back, where they lie dull and neglected, forgotten and decayed.

These people then pass out and try the brandysnap stall or the roundabouts, and spend the rest of their lives like poor old Babbitt, whose only intellectual and cultural activities were the cinema and the study of the comic strips in the newspaper. When these were beyond him or fell rather flat, what a stupendously dull day it must have been!

And yet that is what is happening now, in Leeds. Most students, on entering the University and certainly before leaving it, are mentally and spiritually dulled. Who will deny it? Who does not know a dozen, including himself, perhaps, who mop up books because they must and read volume after volume with lack-lustre eye.

Watch under the clock and you will see a half and more who creep like Shakespeare's schoolboy, unwillingly to school! Ever and anon the swaying crowd will look up at the clock and down at its watches:—

"..... It is ten o'clock.

Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,

And after one more hour, 'twill be eleven."

The morning is reckoned in hours of lectures, rather than in the lectures and in life, and, these people of whom I speak, far from ripening from hour to hour, stagnate from year to year. If they study dully and are mentally and spiritually dulled, they must inevitably enter life dully, and fail to find any high enjoyment and spiritual and mental purpose. The best hope there is for them is that at the University they have made friends and learned a little of friendship.

Here, then, is the sickness. Most of us in the University are so busy grinding lectures into degrees that we are become a factory of working machines, where books and lectures are flung in at one end and degrees come flopping out at the other. A lifeless labelled product is turned out, which dare not or cannot be serious, and which resigns itself to existence or make frenzied efforts to kill life.

Those who are thus killed are the conscientious people with good brains or poor, who constitute far more than half, and those who escape are certain of the stupid or reckless. The best to escape are of high mind and spirit, who work serenely and triumph serenely, absorbed in their work, or recognising the true importance of their work in relation to the rest of their life. These are the lucky. Those who are unlucky catch their sickness at their first school, where their fresh and happy minds are sacrificed to the God Examination. From the first, examinations are everything and life and culture are nothing, throughout school and University life.

It is not a solution to say that students need not work, or that they work too hard. When there is an examination at the end, they must work, whether they like their work or not. At the University, the causes of the sickness are to be found in the economic necessity of working for a good degree, whether the course is pleasant or not, in the intensity of many of the courses, and finally in the barbarous classification of Honours Degrees. The very people we are considering are not First Class, and yet they must slave their soul away to try for a First or escape a Third. They cannot help it, for they are not strong enough to fight the system, or it is economically essential that they should not fail.

Chaucer has said :—

"What sholde he studie and make himselfen wood,
Up a book in cloistre alway to poure."

Why, indeed, should a person study beyond that limit when he wishes to study, and yet that is precisely what the degree student must do? I would say that the dearth of spirit is due directly to the examination system, exactly as it appears in Leeds at present, or because the student is not taking the course for which he is most fitted. If the matter is serious, then a vital change is needed, and if there are innumerable minor revolutions, whether in the taking of a new-found leisure or in finding a new life, I would say that good would result, for from the dust of the old would arise a new and triumphant spirit.

Who would have the soul crushed into a given shape and made the servant of a successful material life? It must be master. Better a thousand times a tramp in rags and tatters, than a glittering success whose life is dead.

BERNARD BRIET.

Good Old Maros

IS it good form to write in the first person, or is it not? The writer does not know; but he feels that he can say what he wants to say so much more easily that way, and with so much less restraint, that he makes no apology.

I am glad to see in the *Gryphon* an appeal on behalf of Art, written by Maros. It is high time some one made the appeal, for it appears that interest in Art is very much enfeebled in the University, if not dead. I say "appears," because I don't believe the appearance has much truth behind it. Most people have a vague interest in pictures, architecture, sculpture—but they feel at a loss when it comes to appreciating what they see. My remarks are concerned with the pictorial side of Art.

Unlike Maros, and despite his lamentations on the early death of new societies, I should like to see formed a society for the discussion and criticism of pictures, or architecture, or sculpture, with occasional lectures given by those qualified to speak on such subjects. I remember such a lecture, on "British Water Colour Painting," given some time ago at a meeting of the Jewish Association—the only lecture of its kind I can remember. Question time afterwards was not the least instructive part of it.

Such a society as I have outlined might form the basis for a more constructive band of enthusiasts. It might become a water colour society, which, like our friends the photographers, could hold occasional exhibitions on the walls of the corridor leading to the Arts wing. A high standard would be set by the works already there—works by Turner, Cotman, Cozens, Sunderland, and a gifted modern painter and scholar, Sir C. J. Holmes. Glance at his "Farm near Appleby," and see what a vigorous, joyous rendering it is of a subject which to a passer-by might seem commonplace—a bare-looking farm, a few stunted trees, and one or two hayricks, with a glimpse of blue water at the bottom of a slope—a subject of more obvious beauty might have been chosen. But the artist has literally seen more of that farm and its surroundings than you or I would see. As Ruskin says somewhere, "We never see the whole of anything." Which leads me to a further point. Would not such a society be of great value to those who wish to "see more of," or to appreciate more, the treasures in our Gallery near the Town Hall, where works of the artists named, and of a hundred others, are daily to be seen? A lecture on one artist, followed by a careful inspection of selected examples of his work, would reveal a world of interest to students of other and perhaps more arid subjects.

Another possibility for artistic activity arises from the endless production of posters. Why should there not be a Guild of Poster Artists, to which harassed secretaries could apply when they needed a poster? A small fee might be exacted; but surely it would be worth a few pence to ensure a respectable announcement of one's news. And think how refined our notice board might become. Visitors would be more favourably impressed than they can be at present. The Guild would gain experience in craftsmanship which would be valuable for any more delicate art it might wish to practice; while in addition, there is a certain justifiable pleasure in seeing one's work pinned before the public gaze. Last, but not least, might not the standard of illustration in the *Gryphon* be raised by a more widespread interest in Art?

I have written only about pictorial art. Perhaps someone else will write about architecture and sculpture. My business has been done if I have created even a small beginning of interest in things beautiful to the eye. "We never see the whole of anything"; but by study and effort we can reveal to ourselves and to others more and more of the infinite beauty of the world.

W.G.

Some Epitaphs

I.

"This monument really ought to have been larger:

It covers the bones of a bold dashing Rajah.
They whisper his passing left fair ladies sad
In Paris, in London, in Hyderabad."
We hope that the reader, when these lines he

Will guess that the tombstone must be
Al-k-s.

II.

This slab was erected that strangers might see
The last resting-place of one, Cl-rk (K.G.T.).
Grim death in its clutches this dour Scotsman
caught.

And his life (like his time for the 100) was
short.
But long ere they laid him to rest in this soil
He'd attained to the rank of Geographer
Royal.

III.

This Scout Pole don't mark the repose of a
quackster.

It covers the remnants of L, R-h-t-n B-t-r
A really rooted hobby there's no flouting
In realms celestial "Burry" still goes
scouting.

IV.

Just tread lightly here, for, allow me to tell yer
You're above the remains of one Fr-e-e F.
H-II-r.

Although through a long life his conduct was
blameless

His profession barred him from realm that is
blameless.

Now 'e takes no more goal-kicks;
Instead handles coal-picks
In regions infernal,
Yet edits a journal,
Which, if yer go down there, he'll try 'and
to sell yer.

V.

In life, this one's wit was as bright as The
Plures.

His name? I don't know it, his pseudonym's
"Moros."

VI.

As this one roisters up the golden stairs
St. Peter, in tone adamant declares:
"There's not a corner in the Seven Heavens
Where we could think of parking T. R.
Ev-us."

VII.

Concerning the dead one says nothing but
good.
So—"This lady provided most excellent
food."

IX.

Here lies the frame of great Mc'M-II-n
(Jessie):
A worthy sister of the greater Bessie.
Aloft, with unabated vim,
She races with the cherubim.
Her new-gained wings have no great worth,
You see, she flew while still on earth.

X.

In this case "The Contributor Regrets—"
To pen an epitaph of Bernard Br-t's.
His heart must have touched the
Philosopher's Stone:
He blew every man's trumpet, save, only, his
own.
His career on the Press he found rather trying,
He never quite mastered the Fine Art of
Lying.

XI.

This slab, though humble, notifies the grand
news:

It marks the resting-place of H₂O. A-d-s.
This lonely spot has witnessed cruel slaughter
Of one whose name was (almost) writ as water.
By Heaven's will, he met his end
At a deceased ticklish hairpin bend.
On snow-clad slope of distant Cotopaxi,
Steering, with less than Presidential skill,
the Union Taxi.

XII.

He has no claim to rank with those
Who sought and won the glittering prizes.
The coward trembled at the knees
When hauled to face the Last Assizes.
The siren Accuser speaks, the culprit quails:
"This lout examinations always fails,
And spends his time in writing tin-pot tales
As well worth reading as old *Daily Maids*."

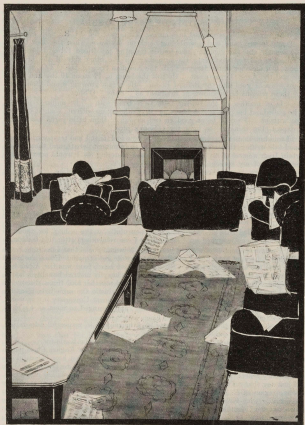
The Judge cried, "Heaven's no place for
such shades,
Send him downstairs to write his tales in
Hades."

Let him reply to devil's mocking curses
In idiotic, tame and senseless verses."

We needn't say this slab's above the bones
Of one "Bradfield" known as G. T. C. J-n-s.

Requiescat In Pace.

G.T.C.J.



"THE END OF A PERFECT DAY."

THE LOUNGE, DEVONSHIRE HALL.

Bradfield Tales (No. 4)

THE ORATION OF "BABY" O'SHEA.

I WAS comfortably ensconced in a corner of the deserted J.C.R., with a stub of pencil in my hand and a scribbling-block on my knee, when the door opened violently and the gigantic, plus-foured frame of my friend Edward Fitzgerald O'Shea precipitated itself into the arm-chair on the other side of the fireplace. O'Shea is a member of the Rugger Club, the Newman Society, the O.T.C., the Irish race and the Agric. Department. He tips the beam at 12 stone 10 lbs. and has to stoop when he goes into the Billiard Room. He is fast growing round-shouldered. For these reasons he is known in Bradfield as "Baby" O'Shea.

"Is ut another of the tin-pot tales ye're busy with?" he inquired jovially, as he pulled out his pipe. "Mebbe, now, if ye'd hurry up with ut, I might light me pipe with ut. 'Twould be as good an end as wan o' them little yarns has a right to expect, I'm thinkin'—to light the O'Shea's pipe."

I told him in a curt, crisp sentence not to be a fool, that I had temporarily abandoned tale-writing, that I was due to speak in an imminent debate, and that when a certain Irish wastrel of my acquaintance ceased pestering me I would continue the preparation of my speech.

"A spache, is ut?" cried O'Shea. "Thin, for the love o' Mike, put it in yer pocket. I can't bear so much as the thought o' thim. I never made but wan in my life, and that same was the most tragic incident of me career. Me young love was blasted; for black empty months the light went out of me life. I suffered—would ye care to hear the yarn? In confidence, mind." By some subtle instinct which is vouchsafed the story-writer I had seen this coming. I put aside my pad and pencil and murmured resignedly, "Cough it up, Baby."

O'Shea pulled hard at his pipe, gazed mournfully at the ceiling for about 45 seconds, and then "coughed up" (as near as I can remember) after this fashion.

"'Twas in the middle of me first year and a Newman Social that I first met Katie Gallagher. Lookin' back now I recollect the way we got acquainted was, she asked me to pass the cress sandwiches. So, as ye'll see later, food was the Alpha and Omega of our friendship. She and I got on like a heavily insured Israelite's house, that night. Before the Social broke up we'd danced together four times, discovered we had musical tastes in common (we could both whistle the same aria from the "Lily of Killarney"), agreed that Bradfield was the finest University in the world, bar T.C.D., and the Newman its finest Society, and arranged to meet at 4 o'clock next day for tea in this same J.C.R."

"And they say the pock are sleepy!" I murmured in respectful admiration. But O'Shea went on unheeding—

"Hereabouts I suppose ye'll be expectin' me to describe Katie for ye. Well, I might use up all the adjectives the women in the First Year English Class put in their Essays, and still be no nearer gettin' ye to understand just how beautiful she was. Ye can't describe a beautiful woman—unless ye happen to be one of these *real* literary fellers, in which case ye get paid for doin' ut in the shillin' magazines. I'll just say that on that first night Officer-Cadet D. Cupid scored a bulls-eye in the cardiac region of E. F. O'Shea, Esq. And that, afterwards, when I'd walk down the corridor with Katie trippin' at me side, I'd feel like the President (of the Free State, not the Union) and a man who's just won the Calcutta Sweep, rolled into wan."

"If only Katie had been content to be beautiful I might be a happy man this day, instead of the soured and embittered creature ye see before ye. But the canker of ambition had eaten deep into the soul of her. Nothing would satisfy her but that she must have a brilliant teachin' career. To hear that colleen talk ye'd a thought

she was goin' to end up as headmistress of St. Leonards or Roedean, or Bradfield Girls' High at the very last. I believe she knew Rousseau and Montessori backwards, to say nothin' of them old Greek gossoms. 'Oh! Mr. O'Shea,' she says to me wunst, 'I think I'd give anything in the world to meet and converse with 'The Stagirate.' What do you think?' 'I'm not at all sure I'm anxious to meet the gentleman,' sez I, coldly. 'You never find the name in my part of the country.' But I found out afterwards t'was a fancy name for some ould Greek boethoon, who wrote a book on Education.

'Now the other annoyin' thing about this grand girl was her appetite, which was as big as her ambition, and as difficult to satisfy. I wish to approach the matter with the tact and reticence that becomes an officer and a gentleman. But I am bound to say that Katie—that Miss Gallagher, thought a great deal about her inside. Now, I've no love for women who nibble their food. But Katie—well, wan day the two of us was havin' tea in the J.C.R. I brought down what Mrs. Gibson gave me for 2/-, and within ten minutes we were through, and I never cared much for sweet stuff myself. I nipped upstairs again to lay in further supplies and some of the boys who'd been hangin' around the counter whin I got the first lot started chivvyin'.

'Boys,' shouts Ackroyd, 'O'Shea's got a box-constrictor downstairs. Mind she doesn't crush you, Baby. Or is it a Polar Bear?'

'There was a lot more of it o' course, and I give you my word I was blushin' whin I got back to G.H.Q. with the commissariat. I remember that that afternoon we talked about poetry which, as ye may have noticed, is an elegant subject for conversation. T'was unfortunate there should have been two tellers playin' in the same game, wan Yeats, t'other Keats. I got their numbers mixed in distressful fashion.

'Also, I may say that I never knew a girl more fearful of missing or being late for Hostel Meals than Katie was. Often I would stand in the Entrance Hall hankerin' after a few minutes chat with her as she came from a one o'clock lecture. But it was always 'Oh! Mr. O'Shea, I'm quite hungry. I really can't wait for a moment. And we've got something decent for lunch to-day, for once.' And it would be, 'Right about turn,' with a flick o' petticoats and then, 'Quick March' down the corridor to lunch, leavin' Edward Fitzgerald to study them weather charts the University so thoughtfully provides for us.

'Well, ye'll see by this time what me difficulty was. How was I to knock out of Katie's pretty head the idea that she wanted to become headmistress of a co-vey of hockey-playin' young hoydens, who spend half their time speculatin' as to whether their teachers have love affairs, and if not, why not, and knock into that same little head the idea that her job in the world was to become heart-mistress of the finest little farm within a fifty-mile radius of Listowel and 'Yours faithfully (very faithfully t'would be in this case), E. F. O'Shea?' Plain talkin' was no manner o' use. Many's the time I'd beg her 'say just the wan little word, acushla, an' I'll have the ring on your dainty finger before ye can say 'Eamon De Valera'. But t'was always 'You're very kind, Mr. O'Shea, but I must think o' me career,' and 'I'm deeply honoured, Mr. O'Shea, but I could never think of abandonin' the work I love, an' sich-like high-blow nonsense. I'd begun to lose weight, and think the thing was hopeless whin the accused idea came to me which was to bring grief an' anguish in it's wake. T'was by this time the height of the debatin' season and the tin-pot mandarins who run the Debatin' Society (manin' no offence) had decided that the motion for the Inter-Varsity Debate should be—well, I disremember the exact terms of ut now. But t'was somethin' to do with family life, and woman's part therein. 'A broth of a motion,' thinks I to meself. For I had the idea that I'd speak on ut, and to such

good effect that I'd cure my Kathleen Mavourneen of her 'career' nonsense for good an' all. Don't misunderstand me. As a general rule (and manin' no offence) I'm of the opinion that delatin' is no pastime for a gentleman. As me father used to say, If ye disagree with a man, hit 'im. In the eye, if ye can reach, but hit 'im. But this ye'll agree was a rather special occasion.

"I won't tell ye how I tolled over me spache for a fortnight before the event. I used to practise sayin' it over to meself before a mirror in me room at Hallamshire Hall until the fellers on each side o' me thought I had delirium tremens. 'Twas beyond doubt a very darling oration, and would have made history in Brudfield if—but I'm comin' to that. The great day came at last, and, although the start was half an hour late, for a time everything went as jauntily as a wake where all the property's been left in the family. The galley quit singin' 'Waitin'' and listened politely while a gentleman from Durham erected an embattled castle of rhetoric in favour of Family Life, and still more politely while a gentleman from Manchester knocked it down. Then other gentlemen from Liverpool and Nottingham respectively repeated the process on a less grandiose scale. Then the debate was thrown open and a gentleman from India's coral strand made a few succinct remarks, which nobody heard because the gallery were gettin' bored an' struck up the 'Sheik of Araby.' I decided I'd go over the top next, and I remember noticin' that the time by the Great Hall Clock was about five minutes to four. I thought to meself that a future historian of the place (yerself for instance) would write 'R. F. Fitzgerald rose at 3.55 and spoke with an eloquence and passionate sincerity, well-nigh unprecedented in that assembly, for 15 minutes.'

"The minute the Indian gentleman sat down, I took a look at Katie who was sittin' in the same row about a dozen chairs further down. Then I thought of me great countrymen. I thought of Burke, I thought of Sheridan, I thought of Daniel O'Connell, I didn't forget Jim Larkin. I thought of Katie as me blushin' bride; not the captive of me bow and spear, as the feller said in the poem, but of me own inborn eloquence. Then I heard me own voice saying 'Mr. President, sir,' and I was off.

"From me very first words I could see that I was gettin' home on Katie. She kept lookin' towards me and movin' uneasily in her seat, and then lookin' at the clock. I thought to meself, she's beginning to feel the power of me eloquence. She knows she'll have to surrender if it goes on much longer, an' she's hopin' they'll pull me up under the limit rule. An' then the thing happened which left me a crushed and broken man. Just as I was gatherin' meself together for me peroration Miss Kathleen Gallagher quietly left her chair, slipped down the side and passed out of Great Hall. Ye see it was tea-time and she'd already waited five minutes. Ut didn't matter to her that I'd written that speech wid me heart's blood. She thought a great deal about her inside did Miss Gallagher," said O'Shea with terrible gravity. "I needn't tell ye that in that moment she killed my love for her stone-dead. And that the minute she crossed the threshold I sat down, leavin' me grand oration unfinished. That was nearly two years ago. Since then I've never made another spache or loved another woman. An' that's the reason, boy, why I hate speeches."

"Well, 'Baby,'" I said, "I think it's a darn funny yarn and I'll certainly use it for one of my 'tin-pot tales.' It ought to go down quite well."

"What's that?" cried O'Shea. "I told ye in confidence. Would ye be makin' me the laughin' stock o' the place. If ye do, ye young omadhaun, I'll—I'll——"

I think I mentioned that O'Shea tips the beam at 12 stones 10 lbs. I weigh slightly less than 10 stones. Well—you won't see me on the Radiator next Gryphon day.

G.T.C.J.

In our next issue: "Rosie and The R.U.D.S." (A Tale of the Dramatic Society)



Three worse Advertisements in Leeds—

"Wanted. An invisible mender."—Surely an awkward employee to keep an eye on.

"Are you satisfied with the way you are being butchered? Come to us for satisfaction."—Bluebeard and Co., Ltd.?

"A Solid Boy's school boat—21/6."

A Newspaper Headline—

"Another Roman find at York."—Not drunk and disorderly, we hope!

Suggested motto for the Coat of Arms of the Gorgonzola Ripeners' Union.—

"Though lovely here our lot may be, high work have we to do."

March 16th.—To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

The Building Committee—

"Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he hath sufficient to finish it?"

A machine has been invented to open thousands of letters an hour. The Union has turned down the Editor's proposal that the *Gryphon* office be provided with one to open letters to the Editor.

In Defence of our Valentine Page—

"Twenty to one offend more in writing too much than too little."—*Roger Ascham*. The valentines were short and sweet, and not too much nor too little.

That Three Guinea Prize—

"No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money."—*Johnson*. The May issue is your last chance to win a prize.

To Contributors—

"A man may write at any time if he set himself doggedly to it."—*Johnson*.
"Look, then, into thine heart and write!"—*Longfellow*.

March 17th. N-a-t-e Dinner—

"All learned men and all drunk."—*Cooper*.

The Annual Meeting of the Union—

"And all that mighty heart a-lying still."—*Wordsworth*.
"In company we wol have no debat."—*Chaucer*.

Collective Apathy?

IT has been a common thing for those who have been elected to positions of government in the student world, to bewail the lack of any obvious unifying spirit in the University, and to deprecate the apathy of students in general to matters which vitally concern themselves. Some enquiring into the truth of such complaints, and some consideration of the root causes of such a condition seems desirable, and since this question among others has been recently under the consideration of a fairly representative body of some forty students, it seems worth while to give some account of a few of the lines of thought pursued, and to mention some of the practical remedies proposed.

It is obvious that the make up of a modern university with its preponderance of day students makes social life difficult, and in the opinion of some renders it impossible for the university to become a single social entity. We should not attribute poverty of social life to this cause only however, for it is quite possible for nearly any day student to take some part in student activities if he really wants to. The trouble is that very often he doesn't want to, since he has come to university with the one idea of getting a good degree, and doesn't intend to be side-tracked. One can sympathize with such a view, but against it we have the assurances of men who have obviously benefited most by a university career, that influences and interests outside the academic sphere have meant everything to their development. We need not for a moment underestimate the importance of the academic side, but we do believe that many students lose by non-participation in general activities, a most valuable part of the university's influence, and that, very often without a proportionate gain in the academic field. The course of action adopted is naturally dependent on the student's motive in coming up. We believe that a student should only enter a University with a well thought out and worthy motive or sense of vocation (which will of course continue to evolve). Such a motive if deep and sincere is bound up intimately with his religion or working philosophy of life. In our opinion the trouble at present is that there are many students without such a motive. How to remedy this is another question, and clearly depends much on the schools. With things as they are there is real need for a strong organized religious influence inside the University, and beyond this much may be done by inspiration of individuals who feel very keenly about various aspects.

Having recognized these failings let us turn to consider the apathy towards the Union of Students. A corporate spirit arises when people feel they are working together for common aims. In times of greatest difficulty the corporate spirit is often strongest. Surely it is one of the functions of a Union Committee, beyond the ordinary details and services which it manages remarkably efficiently, to lead the way with a clear and definite aim (the university is not yet so perfect that no aim is needed). May not the lack of interest be due to the absence of a formulated aim? It is only natural that students will not be interested in the working details of the Union unless they know clearly what it stands for. On these grounds we consider that the election of the Union Committee should be worked on the party system, each party putting forward a definite policy on vital and fundamental issues. This would ensure an undivided committee, and might reasonably be expected to arouse keen interest among students in general. Any identification of the parties with political parties would however be fatal, as would any badly chosen division such as into "sports" and "highbrows." At any rate the experiment seems worth trying. The difficulty met with in some quarters, of the lack of continuity from year to year, could doubtless be alleviated by electing some students on to the Union Committee in their first year.

A very reasonable claim is that there simply is not time for the average student efficiently to pursue both academic and social interests; that some can do so with some success shows nothing, they may be above the average. Whilst we grant that there is much truth in this, we can at any rate attempt to organize what time we have to the very best advantage. From this point of view any duplication of functions is to be deprecated, and it is in this light that it is possible to view the many socio-intellectual societies which overlap the work of any department. The present value of such societies we do not for a moment doubt, but that students should be compelled to form a society in order to discuss their own particular subject in a free informal way seems to be a reflection on the academic system. Surely there is room for this sort of discussion in the normal course. The running of a regular colloquium in any free hour would effect this, and make possible the valuable personal contact between staff and students which is so often lacking in the larger departments. Discussion should not be confined to "shop," but could well include wide and varied interests.

As has been indicated the fact that so many students return to their homes each night is a great barrier in the way of the attainment of a group personality for the University. Accordingly to many the only true solution lies in attracting more and more students into the university city, and in extending the hostel accommodation to meet an ever increasing demand. Even to attract students to lodgings in the city would be good, and to do this the university would have to become an obvious centre of social life. It has been suggested that the Union Rooms might be utilized more fully by arranging social evenings of various kinds (which might be privately organized by individuals or societies) and in fact bringing into existence a species of club for students.

It is the hope of those students whose ideas have been sketched, that the matter will not end in the discussion stage. A few tentative suggestions have been put forward, but much more is necessary. If those who are keen will spread their influence by contagion much may be done. What about it?

M.W.

PHILTERED PHILOSOPHY.

Four freshmen came to the University.

Said the first: "Life is a dream"—and he slept through all his lectures.

The second gaily cried: "Life's a jest"—and laughed at all enthusiasms.

The third studied Darwin and took a first in his degree; whilst the last, my dear reader, was just like you and me and didn't think at all, but just had a good time.

* * *

A comedian played on the sea-shore. For weeks he struggled on unnoticed. One day someone threw half a brick at him. "Ha," he said, "I have not lived in vain."

* * *

This year the International Sports in which the I.V.A.B. hopes to play a part, are being held in Paris in August. It seems absurd that for mere lack of financial support England should only send a second-rate team and if it has to do so we know that foreign nations will put it down to our indifference to European affairs. In consequence all who are interested in sport are asked to be generous, for if we can raise £10 in Leeds it will be our share in sending out a really first-class side. All subscriptions should be sent to the president of the Union.

In the Lecture Room

(Being the meditations of a poorly imaginary student).

MORE work. Well, I suppose it's got to be done, and I'd better get along to the lecture-room. Hello, you, has old So-and-So come yet? No! Good. Oh, he'll turn up all right, so we might as well go in and bag some places: if anybody has got that favourite pitch of mine, yank him out. What? It's a "hee"? Oh, da— Look out, he's here. Hum! only just five past. Now where's that new note-book I got this morning? . . . as usual I've left most of the books I need on a ledge near the entrance. Oh, it's here. . . . I wish he wouldn't begin talking so abruptly, I can't find a decent pencil. . . . Lend me a pencil, will you? Thanks.

Well, he hasn't said anything yet worth taking down. . . . By the way, I wonder what I did with last week's notes. . . . I believe I lent them to Jim. . . . no I didn't, I can't have done, because he said he would borrow them from that girl who always seems to take down the lectures as though the very full-stops conveyed information. Strange how some people can write and write without getting tired. . . . I wish someone would shut that window over there, it's cold in here. . . . that fellow is writing very industriously, I wonder if he's decided to start working. . . . I wonder. . . . no, it's only a letter he's writing. I say, that was quite good, I must jot it down.

"The fundamental requirement of a national literature," now what on earth did he say about it? Something about some kind of consciousness or something. . . . I say, old son, did you get that last statement down? No? Slacker! Well, I don't suppose it matters much.

I wonder if he'll finish on time, so that I can get out in time to see—Hello, what are they laughing at? I expect it's only some feeble joke or other. . . . Why, I believe he's asking someone a question. . . . I. . . . I. . . . surely he's not looking this way. . . . of all the. . . . he's asking me!

A-ah, thank Heaven, he's given me up as a bad job and tried someone else. . . . I'd better take a few notes now so that he'll leave me alone.

"The work of this man is valuable, because

(a) It reflects the spirit of the time,

(b) It is full of profound thought,

(c) He has a firm grasp of the burning questions. . . ."

That reminds me, there's a smell of burning from somewhere; I wonder what I did with that cigarette. . . . I'm sure I put it out all right. . . . I could do with a packet, when I can get out of here, but what with subscriptions, and one thing and another, I don't see how I can manage it. . . . now what did I do with that shilling. . . . let me see—car fare—Oh, I remember, there's that note book. . . . Hum! not many notes in it so far; I wish I'd got some cigarettes instead.

I wonder how the time's going. . . . Good Lord! Only twenty past! I hope he didn't see me looking at my watch. . . . it may give him a wrong impression; after all, I'm not really slacking this term. . . . I might have cut this lecture, but I didn't; and I really do mean to settle down soon. In fact, I don't see why I shouldn't do a few hours' work to-night. . . . Oh, I forgot, to-night's booked. . . . now where's my diary. . . . Well, the only

night really available for work this week seems to be Thursday . . . half a minute, though, Thursday, Thursday, now what's happening on Thursday? Oh, of course! However did I forget that? And I've been looking forward to this Thursday for weeks! Well, that lets Thursday out . . . after all, I think I had better let this week pass, and make a real start at the week-end . . . unless, of course, anything special turns up . . . it all depends . . .

Jove! what a fine day it is! . . . bright and cold . . . the vac. can't be so very far off now . . . where did I put that diary? . . . I was looking at it five minutes ago . . . Oh, I say, Jim, when you've finished with my private diary, I should rather like to have a look at it . . . you were looking for the end of term as well? How long is it? Just over a week! Splendid! If only the weather's good . . . and . . . and . . . other things turn out as I hope, I've an idea it's going to be a pretty good vac. Meanwhile, however, there's another twenty minutes of this loc. to sit through yet, and he's started asking questions again . . . Perhaps if I keep my head down like this, he'll leave me alone. . . .

Where have I put that pencil! . . .

"In this theory, it is not the carelessness of method in the collection of data, but the incomprehensible awkwardness of arrangement that rankles . . ."

Rankles . . . rankles . . . now why should that word be associated in my mind with co-education? What strange psychological reason is there for connecting . . . rankles . . . ank! . . . Oh! I say, look here, my lad, you keep your mind on your work . . .

A-a-a-ah . . . I wonder why he's always looking this way just when I am yawning . . . I can see him giving me a few kind words of advice before this term ends . . . I hope he doesn't pick on this morning to do so . . . I shan't have too much time to get to the Clock even if he finishes prompt. Its a quarter to now, and he's just started on a fresh topic . . .

"For a complete understanding, not only of the problems which faced this little band of enthusiasts, but also of the causes of the repeated failures of their predecessors, I cannot do better than recommend you to the following books . . . firstly

I hardly think its worth while putting this down . . . I can always get the names from someone if I ever find time to read the books . . . There ought to be a law restricting the number of books written on any given topic . . . If I had my way I should forbid the publication of all books which deal with subjects that have already been well discussed, unless, of course, the new book really does say something new and useful . . . So few of these "New Light on an Old Problem" books really do . . . However, I don't intend to read them so it doesn't matter much . . .

Only another five minutes . . . and then, thank Heaven, that fellow at the back will take his socks out of my sight . . . that's another thing there should be a law against . . .

A-a-a-ah! I'm awfully tired . . . The bell!!! Surely he heard it . . . good . . . where are my books . . . give me a cigarette, old man, please . . . Will you look after my books till this afternoon? . . . Sorry to rush off like this, only I'm in a deuce of a hurry . . . something rather important . . . Cheerio!! . . . MAROS.

From Saratov, U.S.S.R.

THE Veterinary Institute of Saratov was only transferred to Saratov in 1918. Previously it was situated in Derpt, Esthonia. After the war and the revolution, the Institute went through a very difficult period, as did all Russia, but the past is the past, and we are now developing under normal conditions. There are still pronounced defects in the arrangement and equipment of the laboratories, but such defects are being gradually removed, corresponding with the improvement in the economic life of the country.

The economic position of the students here has also much improved during recent years. All poor students receive a grant from various State organisations and from the State itself. 40 per cent. of the students receive such aid, worth from £2 to £5 a month, according to individual circumstances.

There is a well-organised system of student self-help. 20 per cent. of the students live in communal lodgings and about half are members of a mutual aid fund. The institute has its own refectory and in the town is a dining room where cheap meals can be obtained from fivepence to ninepence. This dining room is under the authority of the Central Students' Mutual Aid Organisation, which unites all the Colleges and high schools in Saratov. In the offices of this organisation are workshops where students may work at boot-repairing and tailoring which work adds to the Mutual Aid funds. Credits, rebates and donations keep this work going, and under the same organisation is a health department, a dentist, and a co-operative store.

As for the students in Saratov, two-thirds are workers and peasants, straight from the anvil and the plough. They go through preparatory training in the Workers' High Schools or in the Schools for Peasant Youth. The remaining third are officials and the sons and daughters of officials, children of the intelligentsia, and a few of the tradesman class. It is only the last named who pay fees, and also those whose parents are high-salaried. Only 25 students, out of 537, pay fees at the Veterinary Institute. There is no distinction whatever between the sexes in rights at the University.

In the University, there is an active social life, quite apart from study. There are numerous circles, such as music, dramatic, physical culture, political and literary, and organisations which do social work in the town. There is the Esperanto Society and the Anti-Illiteracy Society, for the education of the peasants. The education of the peasants has been a tremendous problem in Russia, for before the revolution only 3 per cent. could read and write.

The committee controlling all these social activities is the Professional Committee (Prof-kom) of the Medical Workers' Trade Union. Working jointly with this is the "Educational Aims" Committee, consisting of a member of the teaching staff, an assistant lecturer and a few students elected by their fellow-students.

All activities are co-ordinated in *The Veterinar*, which has correspondents among the students and officials. The magazine is open to all criticisms and complaints, all of which receive the attention of the authorities. Complete harmony prevails among all sections.

In this manner, 90 per cent. of the students take part in the social work. After five years at the Veterinary Institute the student is qualified as a trained surgeon, and leaves the Institute, not only a good specialist of Veterinary but an active worker in the building of the "New Socialist Village."

For our first effort, this short sketch suffices. We hope that our relations will not cease, but will become firmer. With greetings to British students.

*The Committee for Relations with Foreign Students,
Veterinary Institute, Saratov.*



The Egg

Your close attention might I beg,
O gentle reader, to the egg.

When you prepare to break your fast,
With eggs as part of the repast,
'Tis not a very pleasant thing
To hear a chicken cawling
With confidence, and verve as well,
Safe in the fastness of his shell.

The Grocer, you might well suspect,
Has trained these chicks to sing select
And very-high brow kinds of song.
—You may be right; you may be wrong.
(A Grocer who to songs inclined
Would surely sing a grocer kind!)

If you attempt to stir up trouble,
He'll argue thus, then charge you double:
"You say these chickens *loosely* cawed;
That proves that they were *double* yolked."
To back this statement up, the bloke'll
Swear by whatever gods may be,
"Them eggs were gathered by a double yoked
What works for Farmer Mumbletree."

S. D. SMITH, *Agric. Department.*

Education

'Tis the babbling of words in wildest profusion,
In mandering paths of direct confusion,
Fugitive thoughts of amazing profundity,
Wandering from concrete to ethical entity,
Synonymising and splitting infinitives,
Monotonous rows of gregarious gravities,
'Learning by doing' and 'Values of
learning.'

Educational values of natural yearning,
Last week and this week and so on for ever,
Really we ought to be awfully clever,
But somewhat tendencies seem to be
prevalent,
And the arguments somehow don't seem to
be relevant.

Like the word that the fox said when he
found the grapes sour
So we'll all shut our eyes and sleep through
the hour.
Good night.

F.W.A.

The Ballad of 'The 27'

"The '27 Club' is very exclusive."

—A Member.

I'll try to pen a ballad that's allusive
To a Dramatic Club that's most exclusive.

Search England through from John o' Groats
to Devon;

You'll find no club to match "The 27,"
Though you may coax, implore, entreat and
whistle

Not easier goes camel through a needle,
Or Rich Man gains the entry into Heaven,
Than "rank-and-fiber" joins "The 27,"
Unjustly blackballed by The Turf (Calcutta),
Don't roll in self-abasement in the gutter,
Though "pilled" by cuts for Ladies'

Athenium

You yet may live to sing a laud "To Deum,"
Rejected by the Bradfield Ladies' Luncheon,
Don't call on the committee with a turndown,
For surely you'll have gained the Seventh
Heaven

The day you join the Bradfield 27,
There flash the brightest wits of all the Schools
That galaxy can tolerate no fools;
There you will find that gleaming star of
Lyndon's!

Beyond a doubt a budding Sarah Siddons,
Did I say Sarah Siddons? Wrong again,
She'd rather choose the role of Cleopatra Dime,
They tell me that she oft despises the sway
Of one who dwells in Terrace of De Grey,
If intellectual asceticism should pall
Why then, of course, they have mercurial
Sal.

Last of the company, though not the least,
Is handsome nabob from the distant East,
Though you might search as far as Yokohama,
You'd never find such students of the Dramatic,
No Yankoo "strong" venerates her Lindberg
Like charming 27 or her Strindberg
And a dramatic colt they put their dibe on
Is from Norwegian stable—Henrik Ibsen,
How dared one say they were a set of Zonies;
Have they not read a play of Lord Dunsany's?

Why do you write in terms allusive
Of this Dramatic Club exclusive?

Come, G.T.C.J., tell us,
The reason's very plain to see,
"The 27" blackballed us,
And so, of course, I'm jealous!

That's why a scribbling impudent gossamer
Has dared an august circle to lampoon.

G.T.C.J.

Separation

Wropt in thought she sat,
 She was silent;
 I scarce dared breathe. She raised her head,
 Tears brimmed over in her eyes.
 I feared to face that silent reproach,
 "Love came," she said, "and love has gone
 away."
 You say that you must go: we have been
 happy a while and I'll not force you to
 stay.
 The river flowed on, murmuring its age-old
 song.
 Two birds, on a bough above us, pecked and
 preened each other.
 A dove cooed to its mate.
 In the distance a man sang as he urged on
 his team;
 The rains were near, the ground had to be
 ploughed.
 Girls and women came with shining brass jars
 to the river bank.
 The tinkle of their bangles came faintly to us.
 I turned to her: she lay face to earth.
 Silent sobs shook her tender frame.
 Reverently I kissed her outstretched hand.
 With quiet steps I walked away.

QAYS.

How My Beloved Came

It was evening: the trees nestled gently in
 the breeze,
 The air was full of fragrance, the ground was
 covered with blown petals.
 She came to me as I stood there in the garden,
 And the rose-leaves received her light steps
 on their bosoms;
 Her feet should not touch the earth.
 Timid as a gazelle she came,
 Her limbs were quivering, she seemed ready
 ready to run away again.
 Every breath of the wind appeared to sway
 her slight form.
 Slender as the cypress, lithe as the cane,
 Glorious as the sun, beauteous as the moon;
 she came.
 Black shining orbs were her eyes,
 Fathomless, mysterious depths,
 Jet was her hair, ochreous as musk,
 The delicacy of her lips put rose-leaves to
 shame.
 Ivory on coral were her teeth.
 She smiled; and the smile brought radiance
 in my heart;
 I bent down; my lips touched the ground
 on which she stood.
 She raised me, saying, "Nay." She kissed
 me on my lips!
 Rizwan's Honour was but as the dust beneath
 her feet to me.

QAYS.

Ballad of the Prancing Steed

Before the mansion gate he stood,
 A noble steed was he.
 He tossed his head, he pawed the earth,
 His step was proud and free.
 Forth strode the dauntless Mary Jane,
 "The noonday sun is high,
 So we'll away o'er hill and dale,
 My prancing steed and I!"
 She spake: but sadly sighed her friends
 And "you with tears to plead;
 "O, Mary Jane, ride not to-day
 On yonder prancing steed!"
 "Remember blue-eyed Norah's fate
 Who rode forth blithe and gay,
 Ah! neversmore on steed of thine
 Shall Norah ride away!"

"Twas vain! the maiden laughed in scorn,
 No warning would she heed,
 Fair Mary Jane rode forth alone
 Upon the prancing steed!"

* * *

The maidens at the easement stood
 As hour by hour went by,
 Elfrida's tears poured down, and dim
 Was gentle Barbara's eye.

The night sped on, the morning came,
 And still they watched in vain,
 Nor o'er beheld that steed return,
 Alas for Mary Jane!

* * *

If you should pass a lowly tomb,
 Pray shed a silent tear
 And pause to read the solemn words:
 "A maiden fair lies here

"Who, rash and luckless, rode to death,
 No warning would she heed,
 Lured ye from her untimely end
 To shun the prancing steed!"

R.E.H.

East and West

ON Monday, February 20th, an international debate was held on the subject "That the West has contributed more to the thought of the world than the East."

Mr. Andrews in proposing the motion claimed the privilege of defining East and West suggesting it might be the Greenwich meridian but later including Egypt and Palestine with the west. With a broad gesture he declared that the East had no great thinkers before 100 years ago and then he said that the rulers are the thinkers and since the rulers come from the west, more especially England, and in particular Leeds, therefore the thinkers were in the west. Mr. Mahmoud opposed the motion with the solidity of the Pyramids behind him. Thought is a collection of useful ideas that change the world but certain translations from hieroglyphics seemed to show that the world has changed little since or because they were written. We are far inferior even yet to the Egyptians in engineering, astronomy, and even Old Moore's almanac takes a second place. Finally, 30 per cent. of the articles in an encyclopedia deal with Eastern people, whereas the Western take up a mere 15 per cent.

Mr. Chaturvedi seconding, apologised if he appeared a turncoat, but this broad-mindedness showed the strength of the motion. Its all right thinking but it is results that count and the Eastern peoples lacked sympathy between thought and life. Western thought might not reach the highest ideals of Eastern thought but at any rate it showed some permanent influence. Lindbergh contributed more than a fakir meditating in solitary quietude. Mr. Greenspan, seconding the opposition, said that the Jews have contributed the ethics which now influence the whole of the Christian world. Not only did Christianity start from a Jewish source, but its development has been continually affected by Judaism and he witnessed the influence of the Spanish Jews upon Luther.

Mr. Kinghorn said what about the British Empire? Western Civilisations are world-wide, whilst Eastern ones were mere rural district councils. Look at our ideal government, democracy, wireless, even amusements, surely the East couldn't have thought of cricket. Mr. Chen, speaking from a civilisation which existed when the Westerners were woad, told of social and political philosophy which might have saved our own philosophers much thought had they been able to read Chinese; even the idea of anarchy, the ideal form of government, was well known. All spiritualism, too, had its source in China, but the Westerners had material wealth for their contribution and so progressed.

Mr. G. T. C. Jones agreed that no Westerner has ever rivalled Confucius and in sheer abstract thought the East has it. Mr. Stanley stressed the difficulty of comparison and considered that it was the use of ideas that really mattered; the Eastern results were not permanent. Mr. Hassan said the West was sitting on a pin and so had to keep moving and put its feelings into action whereas the East can afford to sit down. On occasion, however, the East can act. Mr. Kak denied the lack of amusement in the East; what about chess, hockey (pronounced originally hoo kay) and polo. Religion makes a man and since all religion came from the East it must have the greater influence on everyday life. Why, even baths and razors came from the East. Mr. Evans told a story. Mr. Wortley said it was quantity that mattered and the individualism of the West gave them the advantage here. Also what about the position of women?

Mr. Barker thought the great contribution of the West was method in thought and hence scientific advance; also concrete and practical freedom. Mr. Mole waxed poetical over Omar. Miss Kaye was all for the Arabian Nights. Freund

(and others) have stressed the importance of the early years. Red Riding Hood has more influence on our life than higher maths, and mythology comes from the East. Miss Crabtree denied lack of activity in the East and said there were 400 million in China—someone must be doing something somewhere.

The motion was put to the vote and lost by 28 votes to 24.

The L.U.D.S. in "Engaged"

IT is perhaps rather unfortunate that although these remarks were written when "Engaged" was fresh in the mind, they cannot appear until sufficient time has elapsed for almost everything possible, complimentary or otherwise, to be said about the play. However, our tribute, though somewhat delayed, may succeed in reviving pleasant memories for those who saw the play.

The play itself, though called a farcical comedy, is very little, if at all, removed from pure farce, and a great deal of credit is due to the actors for keeping a present-day audience interested in, and amused by the twittings and circumlocutions of an age that is gone.

On the whole, the play was well cast, although there were weaknesses. Taking into consideration the lifelessness and artificiality of the characters, the mechanical nature of the situations, and the general unreality of the farce, the actors must be congratulated on bringing something of life into the piece by their enthusiasm and vivacity. Miss Holmes made the part of Belinda Troherne live by her skilful and self-possessed manipulation of the tarts; in her hands, the loquacious young lady became human, and whilst she manched with evident enjoyment, one could almost believe in her lengthy description of the difficulties and embarrassments of being at once a wife and a widow. Miss Holmes interpreted the part with just that combination of austerity and occasional effusiveness which was called for, and her work throughout was excellent.

Miss Herringshaw's rendering of the Lowland lassie, who was so "verra, verra guid," was extremely pleasing, and the part, which was the most nearly natural in the play, made an attractive contrast with the other personages. Indeed, of the women, Miss Herringshaw and Miss Holmes were quite the most successful, whilst of the men, Mr. Heal and Mr. Garrett, in their respective parts of Cheviot Hill and Belvauney, both worked energetically and well, with Mr. Heal perhaps taking precedence owing to the rather more exacting nature of his rôle.

Mr. Rogers, as the affectionate train-wrecker, proposed, and made a bargain, and wept, most effectively, whilst Mr. Galpine gave us a bluff and likeable Symperson. Although more exacting critics may disagree with us, we feel indebted to Mr. Galpine for his "provincial" accent. Miss Scupham, as Minnie Symperson, did not perhaps exhaust the possibilities of the part, but the whole production was so capably carried through that it would be invidious to indulge in fault-finding for its own sake.

Miss Tupper-Carey as Mrs. Macfarlane, Miss Jackson as the maid, and Mr. Simpson as the blustering major, completed the cast. The settings, and general production of the piece left nothing to be desired, and those who failed to see it missed a really excellent entertainment.

Personally, however, I should like to see the Dramatic Society in something more worthy of their powers and enthusiasm.

Mrs. Hamilton Thompson was the producer, and in every detail was seen the touch of an expert. The artistry and technique of the staging were alike admirable.

MANOS.

Correspondence

(The Editor disclaims all responsibility for personal opinions expressed in any correspondence).

DEAR SIR,

May I venture to comment upon Mr. Sharpe's letter in the last *Gryphon*. First I should like to agree with his indictment of the average student, but I consider his suggestion about hostels, though perhaps they are the ideal, completely impracticable in a modern university. The idea of such a university is to provide education in local centres for those who cannot afford to go to the older universities and hence it draws its students in the greater part from their own homes, only a small proportion attracted by special technical facilities coming from a distance. Economy defeats the hostel system. Its minor defects one might mention in passing, such as the danger of hostel patriotism taking the student's centre of life away from the University and others, but these are of less importance.

On the other side we have the Union; perhaps its value may be illustrated best by a glance at another university. First thing in the morning the student hangs his hat and coat in the Union cloak room and if he is five minutes early glances at the paper in the lounge whilst the rest of the university stream past him. After lunch in the refect, close by, he has a short siesta in one of the deep arm chairs of the smoking room, being disturbed by everyone he knows who comes and sits for a moment on the arm of his chair. At five o'clock he is getting his hat and just going home when a friend drags him into the debating hall and at 7, 8 or 9 o'clock he finishes his day with a drink in the bar. The Union is his centre during the whole day, in fact he haunts the place. In such a Union as this it is impossible for him to remain isolated; at least he will know most of the university by sight, whereas at Leeds with a refectory here, a cloak room there, and a Union across the way, the whole unity is cut to pieces. One dare hardly open the J.C.R. door for fear of seeing two offended people glaring at the intruder and the uninitiated would require the H.P. himself to show him where a debate is being held.

One could multiply arguments without end, but these will suffice, I consider, to answer Mr. Sharpe's letter and show that though hostels are admirable, yet the Union is a far more important and feasible factor, so that it is essential a new Union should be built and that without a moment's delay if only sufficient funds can be subscribed.

Yours truly,

IGNOTUS.

SIR,

Although a nicer taste than the *Gryphon's* might have paid more deference to the decencies of private life, I must confess that I was gratified by the eulogy of me which you published in your last number. I read it, certainly, not without a blush; but I realise that one who has carried the white orchid of a blameless literary taste unsmirched through this Philistine University cannot expect or demand to enjoy the retirement which her modesty would suggest, and that G.T.C.J.'s lines are, in their way, a crown on my achievements.

But the purpose of this letter is not to deprecate or to return thanks for your tribute, but to ask you to correct a serious inaccuracy. You attribute to me a fondness for the works of James Branch Cabell. Believe me, Sir, he is an author only read by the quarter-educated; I believe he is very popular with the Twenty-seven Club; but his sham heartiness and equally sham literary-ness have never for a moment imposed on me.

Yours, etc.,

The University,

HIGHBROW HELEN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I should be obliged if you would permit me to try and throw some light on the present agricultural depression. I give you my word of honour that I will throw it very gently—though its peculiarly "soft" nature renders it quite harmless.

My particular little ray is this; that what is really needed is more research work in connection with the thousand and one problems that confront the farmer to-day. Especially do we require enlightening as to the uses to which this new Eton crop should be put. Its name seems to suggest that it should be fed on the land, to stock . . . but that by the way. Another problem, arising out of this—a problem which is brought to our notice each year—is that of Eton versus Harrow. Whether to cut-on or to harrow, that is the question. Personally I prefer the use of the Cambridge roller to either—but I am prepared to (permanently) waive my claims, if convincing evidence is brought forward in favour of this Eton crop.

With regard to the matter of the seed drill, we are faced with such a collection of international complications that I am inclined to recommend it to the notice of the League of Nations. This is the problem as it occurs to me. If Italian Rye-grass, or Dutch Clover, be put through some form of Swedish drill, will Brussels sprout?

Again sir, any up-to-date farmer is fully alive to the possibilities of plant and animal breeding, and the value of crossing various types of either, but many hundreds of farmers not so well informed have confided to me that they wonder what would be the result of crossing City Square with closed eyes.

To lend support to my request for further investigation of these matters, let me quote just one example of what research has done for agriculture. Doubtless all of your readers have some knowledge of the nature of the so-called "Pigeon milk"—but if it were not for Miss E. M. Dell's remarkable and fascinating monograph on "The Whey of an Eagle," we should still be appallingly ignorant of this valuable commodity.

Yours faithfully,

S. D. SMITH (*Agric. Department.*)

DEAR SIR,

Like many others whose opinions I have heard, I wish to protest against a letter you published in your last issue which referred to University Dances and to some new building scheme in the West Riding. In my opinion students are not a "shiftless lot." The conclusions drawn after reading the letter referred to are difficult to put into words which you might deem fit to publish—one I would like made known however is, that I should not associate the mind of your correspondent with "green and pleasant lands." What good is it going to do, to dig up the awful past, even if it tended to be so dark in those dim days, as was intimated? Your writer seemed vague, perhaps his personal experience of some dark acts committed might allow of some belief in those treacherous statements.

With regard to University Dances, I contend it is futile to drag up the past, however black it may be painted. We live in the present and our tendency should be "forward." There was justification in cutting down dances—what we want are concrete proposals as to the best method of running dances in the future. If a satisfactory method to all participants is forthcoming and adopted, I claim that the students, having common sense and not being shiftless, will keep away from doors which used to close with muffled sounds, and assuming sufficient lighted sitting-out accommodation is provided, there will be no desire to wander "side by side" in darkened corridors.

Instead of helping "the wise director" to drive out the impure elements (I do not like that phrase), I think your correspondent's statements bear a directly

controversial tendency. Assuring you he needs no justice, "the evil that men do, lives after them." He is grouped, I presume, in your "Valentines" among the N.B.G.'s—"East and West you'll find them"—*They* shall not pass, "on with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

Yours faithfully,

TREASURER BILL.

Curing a Cold

I WAS congratulating myself upon the extraordinary fact that I alone amongst all my friends had not caught a cold. "Touch wood," warned one, and as I scornfully refused to bow down to superstition in such an undignified manner, I suppose I deserved it after all.

Anyway, the next morning I blinked at a world of sky (three feet square), two chimneys and a slaty roof, two workmen, the tops of three ladders, and one cat, with brimming eyes; felt as though my nose had been partaking of Mr. H. G. Wells' miraculous giant-forming food, and had a reasonably prudent desire to corner the handkerchief industry.

I tried to think—a great effort at any time—but a most perplexing phrase would persist in running through my head: "Feed a cold and starve a fever." I thought I might safely assume that I had a cold, but I was equally certain that I had feverish symptoms. I saw visions of a good breakfast with my favourite tomatoes and hot toast or . . .

I compromised.

When I ventured out into the morning air, sensibly fortified against damp, soot, fog, snow and a few of the other ills and dangers of a great city, loud was the sympathy expressed for my condition, and the advice offered was multifarious and overwhelming. I gathered that there were two main arguments, and between them I was at a loss. "There is no place like bed for a cold," advised one sympathiser; and I noticed he moved further away from me as he spoke and turned away his head. "Sunshine and fresh out-door air cures anything," vowed a pretty girl, who was famous for her week-end tramps and certainly a good advertisement for her prescription.

So again I compromised.

But bedtime was to see the climax. Hot water, steaming lemonade, peppermint, formamint, glycerine, mustard, pepper, innumerable blankets and other impediments were to assist in the mighty task of "sweating it out," an exterminating process of which, theoretically, those unwelcome influenza germs were to be the victims; as I was soon to discover, if they suffered as badly as I did. I could feel it in my heart to pity the poor little creatures. The infernal machines were set in motion, and in ten minutes I felt like an Eskimo transported to the Equator, and had an insight into the little worries which attend being roasted alive. How long the torture lasted I do not know—I suppose I speedily became unconscious from sheer weakness.

In the morning I awoke like a giantess refreshed, sprang out of bed, pushed away all those scores of handkerchiefs into my bottom drawer, and began the day's work pulsing with perfect health and the joy of living.

* * * * *

It is a pity that last paragraph is not quite true. It is what I tell the other poor people who are nursing a three-weeks-old cold and have every expectation of entertaining their neighbours with a musical cough throughout the winter. It is their own faults; they should take my advice and "touch wood."

H.M.N.



THINKING ALOUD.

IT is a common experience for all to listen to some interesting lecture and return home rejoicing only to find one's recollections when reproduced for the benefit of the family disjointed and unconvincing; for this reason and for the sake of those who were unable to hear Canon Anson when he lectured in Leeds, this book is very welcome.

The spirit of the present is scientific and authority no longer holds sway unquestioned so that it is natural that the writer should stress the experiential side of belief and ask the reader to judge by results and not take anything for granted; he appeals in fact for sincerity in thinking and an honest attempt to seek truth for ourselves. His chapter on authority is noteworthy for an approach full of common sense and he places a full value on it as a starting point; authority is good for children but we must grow up. Passing on he deals with experience and here we must tread carefully, for leaving the purely rational path, we are led into more emotional fields where intuition and a sense of perfection, moral, æsthetic and intellectual are called to assist—"there's a sunset touch" etc. Then again Canon Anson intersperses his argument with very aptly chosen quotations so that we must remember, if we would weigh its value truly, O. W. Holmes' warning and "depolarise" ourselves against their familiar associations. In such a discussion each must judge for himself but one feels that here is much of value as a guide for one's own formulation of ideas.

The writer has touched very little on psychology, which is all to the good for the general reader, and he deals with such questions as the personality of God, and prayer from a simple point of view; in such a book, he could not deal fully with them, so he makes certain assumptions, such as the difference between auto-suggestion and prayer which leave one unsatisfied. But what he does do is to give of prayer a wider significance and truer ethical value than is wont. He deals also with the relations of the State and the Church and foresees a future when the aims of both will be identical so that we may return to the old Jewish ideal of state and church in one. Finally his outlook is one of optimism: "I do believe," he says, "His vision and faith is still the salvation of the world" and this book is a help by which we may "learn not to be afraid of the new forms in which God expresses Himself in each generation."

(*Thinking ALOUD* by Harold Anson published by Geo. Allen and Unwin Ltd.).

JOHN BUNYAN.

WHETHER we believe with William James that Bunyan was "a typical case of the psychopathic temperament, sensitive of conscience to a diseased degree, beset by doubts, fears, and insistent ideas, and a victim of verbal automatism, both motor and sensory," or whether we follow the common folk who called him "bishop of Bedford," there still remains to us the priceless possession

of his writings. As with all things, the more we bring to our study the more we hear away and this is essentially true of books. What would the "Essays of Elia" mean to us without a knowledge of Lamb, and pre-eminently above all books Pilgrim's Progress cries out for a more personal acquaintanceship with the writer. To this end Mr. Coats' book is admirably suited, for he succeeds in giving a background, both as regards Bunyan's actual life at Bedford, and also his spiritual struggles, together with many conscious, and perhaps unconscious suggestions, which add greatly to the enjoyment of reading his works. The shortness of the book will appeal to the general reader though he will probably be led on by the illustrative quotations in the text, to inquire further for himself.

The book starts by briefly setting forth the facts of Bunyan's life thus leaving the author free to deal with the spiritual side in its various phases. Following this comes the chapter describing the most critical phases of his life, when, torn by his his newly roused and terrible sense of sin, he sees visions and hears voices and suffers agonies of despair such as few men, besides Job, have borne. Whatever psychologists may say, such labour could not but bring forth a great result, and it was this phase that laid the basis of all his future life. Relief—through the belief in justification by faith came at last following a casual conversation of some old women overheard in Bedford, but we cannot help thinking that Luther had more influence on his outlook than Mr. Coats suggests. The next phase is the quiet of pastorale life, whilst the fourth chapter—John Bunyan, Dreamer of dreams, is the culminating one dealing as it does with *Pilgrim's Progress*, for one feels that the book is the man. Bunyan had much of the Jewish temperament in his love of metaphors and symbols, life everywhere contained a parable for him so it is not surprising that his thoughts on life should themselves be an allegory. With all its aspects Mr. Coats deals briefly and besides the obvious wonder at the control of style, both simple and rhetorical, the unity of the two parts, the wideness of outlook suggesting a comparison with Robert Burns, he draws particular attention to the delicate humour running through it.

After *Pilgrim's Progress* Bunyan's prose writings with three exceptions seem didactic and dull and they are briefly dismissed together with his verse, though we cannot forget to whom we owe the Pilgrims Hymn.

The book ends with a brief contrast of "Then and Now" and suggests Bunyan's amazement at modern ideas such as the lack of the sense of sin, questioning the authenticity of the Bible,—the canon of Bunyan's faith, and the neglect of a personal religion so that people no longer flee from the City of Destruction but instead turn to, and try and make the best of it. These and other differences the author thinks are merely a difference of interpretation which must change with centuries. Lastly what has Bunyan passed on to us after 300 years—the importance of imagination in religious life, a great yearning to help his fellow men for the hope of *Pilgrim's Progress* was for the "fascinated reader to become a pilgrim himself" and above all great courage. Surely Bunyan himself was speaking to all when Mr. Valiant for Truth says "Yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword, I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage and my Courage and Skill to him that can get it. My Marks and Scars I carry with me."

John Bunyan, by J. H. Coats. 4/- net (in paper cover, 2/6 net). S.C.M.

"DEDICATIONS" POEMS by DENIS BOTTERILL.

THIS book will be enjoyed by those who love Nature in her quieter moods. Mr. Botterill has felt the beauty of frost and snow, rain and mist, stars and night. He makes us feel the calm beauty of the trees and the fields. But

his poems depress us. As we read them it seems to be winter all the time. Everything is still and icy-cold. The more intensely we feel the beauty of nature as he expresses it, the more depressed we feel. A certain sadness, something that hurts, fills us as we read. True, Mr. Botterill sometimes makes us think of "birds singing, happy after rain," "bright flowers" and "spring's joyousness"; but the prevailing note is one of sadness.

The poet describes himself significantly in the words
 "I am steeped in the painful ecstasy of wonderment,
 Hurt by beauty."

We enjoyed Mr. Botterill's serious poems on Nature and love and then we turned to his lighter verses in the hope that they would cheer us up. They didn't. We didn't like them at all. They made us feel at cross purposes with the world.

Still, we forgive Mr. Botterill his pessimism because of his sense of beauty, expressed in graceful verse and yet eluding expression.

"All this I saw, but passed by silently,
 Silent because a heart too full
 Strained me within, hurting grievously
 And hurting because it was beautiful."

R.E.H.

(Leeds: Swan Press. London: Gay and Hancock, Ltd.).

A Doggy Yarn

Although I may not seem to speak to—logically (zoot),
 I still maintain that as a dog, my Peter was a jewel.
 Perhaps you'd like to hear the yarn of how his—tiny (des)
 Was indirectly altered by a patent trousers press.
 No longer as a jewel will my darling Peter do,
 For now alas, he's partly paste and also partly glue.
 I well recall the fateful day when I enclosed my "brevets"
 Within the press, and left them there for 12 or 13 weeks;
 And I can call to mind the joy that filled my manly breast
 When I beheld down either leg two wondrous creases pressed.
 To breakfast then I gaily skipped, intent on him and eggs;
 In friendly greeting Peter barked and frisked about my legs.
 This kindly demonstration I found difficult to chide,
 And yet the net was tantamount to canine suicide.
 Impinging on the blade-like crease which guarded my left leg
 Poor Peter was bisected! Pray restrain your tears, I beg!

* * *

With strong right hand I grabbed his tail; with trusty left, his nose;
 And in between the portions of my pet I interpose
 The contents of a pot of glue, a generous dab of paste,
 A yard or two of cotton wool—and pounds of cotton waste.

* * *

To-day there's not the slightest sign of glue or paste or cut;
 He's quite as good and frisky as he ever has been—but
 No longer as a jewel will my darling Peter do,
 For now, alas, he's partly paste, and also partly glue.

S. DOUGLAS SMITH (*Agric. Department*).

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

LEEDS UNIVERSITY MUSIC SOCIETY.—The Vice-Chancellor has given to the Society a new H.M.V. Gramophone which will be a great asset to our "Evenings." We take this opportunity of thanking him publicly for his generosity and of assuring him that we are tremendously grateful. The "Gramophone Evenings" have been very successful, but, now that we possess a gramophone of our own, we anticipate even greater success.

At the time of writing we are able to comment on three "Evenings." Dr. Herbert Thompson, Mr. Wilfred Dunwell and Mr. Percy Richardson gave the Society most interesting and enjoyable talks, quite worthy of lengthy reports. Space forbids the latter, so we have to be content with saying that we hope that future members of the Society will have the privilege of listening to similar capable men.

By the time these notes appear in print we shall be having final rehearsals for our Second Concert, which promises to be one of the very best ever heard in the University. The expenses are very high indeed—at the lowest possible estimate £35—and so we do hope that all will do what they can to support the concert themselves and induce others to do the same. The Great Hall will have to be packed to the doors before any profit can be made. Special tickets, at sixpence each, have been printed for students only and it has been decided that holders of a Music Society Syllabus must pay for admission.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY DEBATING SOCIETY.—We owe an apology to the readers of the *Gryphon* for not giving any details about the working of our Society in the last two issues. Our main reason, however, was that the Society is so well known for its efficient working that it hardly needed any blowing of the trumpet in its own praise. It is some specific features which have compelled us to speak to all members and well-wishers of the Society in this issue.

The Staff Debate which was the inaugural debate for the second term, was a very great success. Our sincere thanks are due to Professors Hamilton Thompson and Brodetsky, and Messrs. Welpton and Dainton for kindly consenting to take leading parts in it.

Being convinced that the afternoon debates afforded great entertainment to the members and gave an opportunity to the day-scholars to join therein, we held another non-serious afternoon debate on the 13th February the motion being centred on the personality of Mrs. Grundy. To the regret of few, but to the pleasure of many, Mrs. Grundy was ignored with impunity by the house. The East and West debate, which was held on 29th February, is a novel feature of the Society in the programme for this session. Representatives of six nationalities took part in the debate, the President of the Union being the mover of the motion "That the West has contributed more to the thought of the World than the East." It seems to have been one of the best debates of the session held so far, in the sense that the speeches from the floor were lucid, humorous, thoughtful, and interesting. The motion was lost by 24 votes to 28. The inter-Varsity debate was held on 27th February, the General Meeting on 12th March, and the Open Debate on 18th March. Members will please note the dates and then—ROLL IN.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.—"Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety," moreover, when you go to a meeting you never know what to expect. You think you are going to hear about cricket, and instead, in

"Thirty Six Centuries," Professor Brodetsky dispels some of your illusions about Jews. "My Dilemma," by Mr. Kak is advertised; you imagine you are to hear some gruesome details about his victims in the Infirmary, for the title suggests Shaw; but you are instead enlightened as to the history of Indian social institutions. Another delightful surprise was Mr. Colles' lecture on the Russian peasantry: a surprise because you did not think a lecture on this subject could be so delightful.

The International Society's variety include lectures, rambles, socials and theatre night, but by the time this appears the only meetings left for this term will be:—

Saturday, March 10th.—Annual General Meeting.
Sunday, " 11th.—Ramble.

It is not too late to decide to come to both of them.

LEEDS UNDERGRADUATES' LABOUR SOCIETY.—The Annual General Meeting of the Labour Society will probably be held on the day when this *Gryphon* is published. It is advisable, therefore, to sum up the year's activities, so that policy may be the better determined for next year.

The membership has almost reached the 150 mark, which is twice as high as in previous years. Last term two big meetings were held—Lord Olivier and John Struchey—and two meetings were cancelled owing to the unavoidable absence of Professor Laski and H. N. Brailsford. Both these speakers have offered to come in some future year. At the beginning of this term Professor Brodetsky addressed a crowded meeting on the subject of "Dreams." Men who got on with their job were of great use in the world, but the great strides were made by the dreamers. Socialists dared to be dreamers and to have faith in their dreams!

Before this *Gryphon* appears the great debate will have been held with the Conservative Association:—"That this house favours Socialism." This will make the fourth big meeting of the Society this session, and an attempt is being made to organise another meeting.

One of the most popular socials of the session was held by the Labour Society in October and on March 8th another Labour Social will be held—better and brighter than ever. March 4th is booked for a ramble, which will make the third this session, and there will be more in June! Thus is the fellowship of the Labour Society kept alive and if the good work is to continue, first year people must crowd into the general meeting and clamour to be put on the committee. We know they are anxious to make things hum and the more nominations the better! Our advice to members is: carefully seek out the best possible secretary, man or woman, and come prepared with a few suggestions on future policy.

Members must turn up to the general meeting to hear the Chairman's report on the University Labour Federation Congress held at Reading. The Society's attitude to the U.L.F. will be debated at this meeting.

And don't forget the social and dance, March 8th!

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The Photographic Society will culminate its indoor activities for the session with its Annual Exhibition, to be held in the Great Hall on May 3rd. Details of the various classes are not yet available, but members of the Society and others should get to work immediately on anything they would like to exhibit. Besides competitive prints, there will be on view "Photograms of the Year 1927," a collection of the world's finest photographic work exhibited during last year. Altogether, the exhibition will be a show that every member of the University should make a point of visiting.

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY has had three meetings this term. The first was a lecture by Professor Brash, of Birmingham, who brought a museum of bones with him, stained in delicate pinks by feeding madder to the living animals, and which had enabled him to draw some very interesting conclusions as to the mode of growth of bone.

On January 31st was the Students' Night and Mr. Allison and Mr. Grundy told us about ourselves. For Mr. Allison it was the first few months in the Vast Unknown, i.e., the L.G.I., whilst Mr. Grundy's unknown was the mystery of practice. Three months had shattered his ideals and he hastened to warn the innocent as yet-unqualified, of the grim future in front of him, of pill pushing, form signing, gossiping life devoid of all true medicine, lest he expect too much.

On February 14th a joint meeting was held with the Law Society, when Dr. Wayne proposed that "The mentally deficient should be sterilised" and the president of the Law Society opposed. A keen debate with mutual "leg-polls" ensued, the medicals being quicker on their feet than the lawyers, but speaking on both sides and eventually the motion was carried by a small majority.

Unfortunately His Honour Judge Woodcock was unable to address the Society as arranged, but Major Gillies—golfer, oarsman, inventor and surgeon—is speaking on "Plastic Surgery" on March 13th.



If there are any omissions in these notes will the club secretaries please accept responsibility, owing to the tardiness of sending in results.

L.U.A.F.C.—The ground has been very heavy, but despite that the team has played some good football. Against Liverpool Leeds were a little slow on the ball, but a very fast open game was witnessed, Tordoff scoring 2 goals. The Manchester game was also played under bad conditions, but a dour struggle with some very good football resulted. The wind upset the game a bit at Sheffield, but a fast game resulted in a draw, Tordoff scoring for Leeds. In a very enjoyable game against The Holy Family A.F.C. Gledhill secured 3 goals as a result of good combination.

Results.—Jan. 14th, v. Beeston Hill P.C. (H) won 3-2; Jan. 25th, v. Liverpool Univ. (A) lost 2-5; Jan. 28th, v. The Holy Family A.F.C. (A) won 5-1; Feb. 1st, v. Manchester University (A) draw 0-0; Feb. 4th, v. Leeds Training College (H) won 8-2; Feb. 8th, v. Sheffield University (A) draw 1-1; Feb. 18th, v. Hull and East Riding Amateur League (H) won 8-0.

Team (v. Sheffield): H. E. Carrington; A. T. Fletcher, G. E. Butler; R. Thurlow, J. Johnson, C. Jackson; R. Billingham, B. R. Rolfs, C. Hamlin, E. J. Gledhill, O. H. Tordoff.

L.U.H.C.—The team has been a bit unsettled recently and the soft ground has slowed up some games. Against Manchester we did well, especially in the first half, but slacked off in the second. Fry and Henson each scored 2 goals. Against Durham the team could not find its form, the forwards especially being disjointed, so that a change was decided upon. Lodge coming into centre and this worked well in a splendid game at Edinburgh. Here there was plenty of hard hitting, particularly by the backs. Lodge scored 1 and Fry 2 goals.

Results: Jan. 21st, v. West Riding H.C. (H) lost 3-5; Jan. 25th, v. Manchester University (A) won 4-0; Feb. 7th, v. Durham (A) lost 2-4; Feb. 8th, v. Edinburgh (A) draw 3-3; Feb. 10th, v. Glasgow (A) lost 0-2.

2nd XI: Jan. 21st, v. West Riding 2nd XI (H) won 5-3; Feb. 4th, v. Bradford Y.M.C.A. (A) lost 2-4; Feb. 15th, v. Fulneck (A) won 2-0.

Team: (v. Manchester): N. Alikhan; J. H. Dyde, J. Kak; C. F. Heal, J. Tasker, P. M. Reddy; J. F. Warin, J. Henson, J. J. Fry, L. C. Lodge, J. Scholefield.

L.U.F.C.: Jan. 28th, v. Heath O.B. (A) 2 rubbers each, 81 points to 82 points.

G. Scalbert

J. H. Filkin

E. V. Gordon

C. A. Sutcliffe

Feb. 7th, v. College of Resurrection (A) lost 0-2 rubbers (rest unfinished).

LEEDS HARRIERS' CLUB.—The Harriers have done extremely well again winning all their usual University fixtures and only losing to the Old Mancunians by a narrower margin than last term. A fine effort was against Liverpool, where Leeds secured the first 6 places. The culminating event was the I.V.A.B. Championship at Bristol, where Leeds secured the second place, a strong Welsh team being first. In the six years of this championship Leeds have been second four times, third once and first once.

Results: Jan. 14th, v. Liverpool University (A)—Leeds 21, Liverpool 65; Jan. 21st, v. Sheffield University (H)—Leeds 30, Sheffield 50; Jan. 28th, v. Manchester University and Old Mancunians (A)—Leeds 53, Old Mancunians 48, Manchester University 70; Feb. 4th, v. Birmingham University (H)—Leeds 34, Birmingham 50; Feb. 18th, I.V.A.B. at Bristol—Wales 39, Leeds 83, London 84, etc.

Team and Placings for I.V.A.B.: J. Proctor (4); T. Booth (11); H. T. Lawrence (13); S. Knowlson (27); H. Hirst (28); P. R. Allison (35); R. Crampton (40).

L.U.L.C.—Results: Jan. 14th, v. Moorland O.B. (A) lost 2-4; Jan. 21st, v. Parkside (A) lost 6-15; Feb. 1st, v. Manchester University (H) lost 6-12; Feb. 4th, v. Old Grovians (A) won 9-1.

Team (v. Manchester): B. Beasley; N. H. Chamberlain, A. B. Wildman, H. G. Smith; W. E. Berry, W. W. Withers; H. R. Wormald; D. C. Withers, S. H. Bannister; R. H. Lee, D. Robinson, J. A. Sugden.

L.U.S.E.—Jan. 14, v. Royal Corps of Signals, won 531-469; Jan. 21st, v. Liverpool University, lost 566-585.

Team (v. Liverpool): Street (80); Bate (73); Rhodes (75); Coates (60); Bentley (68); Sykes (68); Williamson (67); Hustler (66).

L.U.R.U.F.C.—The Rugger Club has its ups and downs. Against Skipton on a very muddy ground the team pulled out that extra bit which made a draw and they were unlucky not to win. The next match against Manchester showed the team ambling about the field during the second half whilst Manchester scored

tries. But against Liverpool, Leeds played the best game of the year. It was characterised by deadly tackling, the forwards coming across and showing a general liveliness. At half-time the score was 5-0 against us, but this deficit was soon made up; unfortunately after Liverpool had scored once they ran through quickly a second time, but after that they were penned on their own line and Leeds had bad luck in not drawing, if not winning. Wotton scored for Leeds, Morgan kicking a penalty and converting. Against Ilkley the team had another bad patch and though the forwards improved in the second half and Hellier scored, it was disappointing. Sheffield were well beaten after holding their own for a time and rallying well in the last ten minutes. All the threequarters scored and Templeton's cut-in was particularly neat.

Results: Jan. 21st, v. Wakefield (H) lost 5-9; Feb. 1st, v. Durham (at Kirkstall) lost 6-18; Feb. 4th, v. Skipton (A) draw 3-3; Feb. 8th, v. Manchester (A) lost 3-28; Feb. 15th, v. Liverpool University (H) lost 8-11; Feb. 18th, v. Ilkley (A) 3-20; Feb. 22nd, v. Sheffield University (H) won 24-3.

Team (v. Liverpool): H. Morgan; E. G. Jay, G. Templeton, J. H. Wotton, W. A. Sledge; R. Illingworth, T. L. Vondy; F. F. Hellier, J. Turner, H. T. Knowles, N. F. McGrath, T. A. Rockley, P. Whitehead, C. Perry, A. Taylor.

"A" *Team*: Jan. 18th, v. Liverpool University "A" (A) lost 3-11; Jan. 21st, v. Wakefield "A" (A) won 13-0; Feb. 4th, v. Pannall Ash College (A) won 9-0; Feb. 8th, v. Manchester University "A" (A) lost 0-19; Feb. 11th, v. W. Leeds O.B. (A) lost 5-11; Feb. 15th, v. College of Resurrection (A) draw 11-11; Feb. 18th, v. Ilkley "A" (A) lost 3-20.

WOMEN'S ATHLETICS.

L.U.H.C.—Feb. 1st, v. Leeds T.C. (A) lost 0-1; Feb. 4th, v. Nottingham University (H) won 8-5; Feb. 8th, v. Ilkley (H) lost 1-4; Feb. 11th, v. Manchester University (A) lost 3-6; Feb. 15th, v. Wakefield O.G. (H) won 5-2.

2nd XI.: Feb. 11th, v. Bingley T.C. 2nd XI. (A) lost 0-6.

Team (v. Nottingham): G. Mather; F. Ruthven, M. George; M. Dawn, B. Noble, J. McMillan; D. Marshall, C. Gray, E. Garforth, M. Hollis, A. Hall.

L.U.L.C.—Feb. 4th, v. Thoresby High School (H) won 4-1; Feb. 11th, v. Liverpool University (A) lost 0-10.

Team (v. Thoresby High School): R. Edmonson; B. Ashby, E. Overend, J. Whittaker; K. Stockdale, J. Mackenzie; J. Hainsworth; M. Appleton, P. Pickard; E. Hey, M. Robinson, A. George.

L.U.N.C.—Since we last spoke a record has gone—one lapse has destroyed the work of 3 years, so we must start again to build it up.

Results: Jan. 25th, v. Modern School O.G.'s (A) won 33-3; Feb. 4th, v. Notre Dame (H) won 20-7; Feb. 8th, v. Thoresby (A) lost 17-26; Feb. 11th, v. Manchester University (A) lost 5-9; Feb. 15th, v. Chapel Allerton (H) won 29-6; Feb. 18th, v. Liverpool University (H) won 45-9.

Team (v. Liverpool): E. Lowe, M. Eaton, A. Davy, G. Holmes, R. Cohen, M. Worfolk, A. Jordan.

2nd VII.—Feb. 4th, v. Notre Dame 2nd VII. (H) won 13-3; Feb. 8th, v. Thoresby 2nd VII. (A) lost 17-28; Feb. 11th, v. Manchester 2nd VII. (A) won 16-2; Feb. 18th, v. Queen Annes, York (A) won 22-20.

3rd VII., v. Thoresby Staff (A) lost 12-17; Feb. 18th, v. Queen Anne's, York (A) won 16-6.

Leeds University Old Students' Association

AS we survey the O.S.A.'s of other English universities, we are accustomed to allow ourselves a smile of manly self-satisfaction; but it occasionally happens that a visitor from America tells us of his own Alumni Association, and our pride is humbled. A recently published work on *American Universities and Colleges*, edited by D. A. Robertson, and published for the American Council on Education, gives a convenient summary of the Alumni Associations and their work, and it may both humble and instruct us to reproduce it here.

Alumni Associations, of which the first was founded at Harvard in 1840, were at first mainly social and sentimental. "Sentiment determined even the use of the word *alumnus* instead of graduate for one who had received a degree from an institution fondly denominated 'Alma Mater.'" But as they developed they proved to be useful not only in welding men together in friendship based on a common interest in a single institution, but in maintaining their interest in that institution. This has partly manifested itself in connection with the curiously commercialised sports of American colleges; but also in better ways. As in the Scottish universities, there is a link between the *alumnus* and his university in the "class," that is, all the graduates of a particular year. "Loyalty to a class is most conspicuous on alumni day in June, when graduates of an institution return to their Alma Mater to foregather with members of their college class. This loyalty, however, finds expression not only in the carnival spirit of such a day, but in organisation to increase the financial resources of the College." "Gifts to the university have come to be a commencement [i.e., Degree Day] time activity of graduating classes. Sometimes the class unites to give a stained glass window for a chapel; sometimes it establishes a fund for the purchase of a certain class of books for the Library; or it may contribute to funds for loans or scholarships or endowment. The pleasant habit of adding to the commencement gift on certain anniversaries of graduation has become increasingly important." "Alumni have been generous contributors also in campaigns to increase endowment funds. . . . Indeed, no campaign for funds is now undertaken without complete organisation of the alumni."

Professional alumni secretaries have come into being, and have an association of their own which has published a dozen volumes on "alumni work."

Alumni directories and magazines are published, the former sometimes being volumes of over 1,000 pages.

The alumni also take a part in the government of their universities; and co-operate with the Employment Bureau and Appointment Office.

"From the point of view of the University it is desirable to have its graduates interested in study and criticism of the education received in the institution, and in contributing from professional experience information likely to be useful to the college in meeting its educational responsibilities. Alumni membership on governing boards is commonly regarded as desirable. Furthermore, the financial needs of an institution of higher learning are never satisfied, and require the co-operation of former students. The alumni finally have an opportunity to serve the community on behalf of the community."

MARRIAGES.

MORRIS JONES-WILLOUGHBY.—December 31st, 1927, at All Souls', Langham Place, London, W.1, Allan Morris Jones to Joyce Willoughby (1921-26, Arts).

HOLDSWORTH-ASPINAL.—August 8th, 1927, at Brighouse Park Church, Frank R. Holdsworth (1920-24, Commerce and Education), to Mabel Aspinall.

RICHARDSON-HARDY.—February 4th, 1928, at West Bolden, Durham, Rev. Matthew Richardson (1913-16, Arts) to Doris Hardy.

ROUSE-BOUDRY.—January 4th, 1928, at St. Peter's Church, Krugersdorp, Transvaal, the Rev. R. P. Y. Rouse (1919-21, Arts), to Miss Hilda Boudry (English, 1918-22).

FINANCE.

Hitherto, the Association has only had one financial difficulty, the collection of subscriptions from dilatory members, and though it has never been far from the border-line of solvency and insolvency, the full payment of arrears of subscriptions would give us a very comfortable balance on the year's working. It now finds itself unexpectedly face to face with a serious difficulty.

A certain proportion of our income comes from the invested Life Membership Fees, and we have so far not paid income tax on this money. It has now been decided that we are not entitled to exemption from tax, and this means that not only must we pay the arrears for the past few years, but our future income from this source will be reduced by one-fifth. As the Life Membership fee was fixed at such a low figure, the interest on it has done very little more than cover the actual expenditure on the individual Life Members; with the tax deducted there will actually be a loss on every Life Member. As, however, the liabilities of the Association for each Life Member will ultimately cease, it would be actuarially sound, however unadvisable, to supplement the interest out of capital. We have so far not done this, and it would be very unfortunate if we should be compelled to, as it is in the accumulation of this money that our only opportunity rests of acquiring a fund from which anything more than the current expenses of the Association can be met.

The officers and committee have been considering very carefully what can be done to restore our financial stability. It was suggested that the branches might be willing to forego the rebate on their members' subscriptions which the Association allows them to cover their expenses; but their circumstances vary so much that this does not seem practicable. The Manchester Branch has already a subscription of its own, and would be willing to forego the rebate; the West Riding Branch, in consideration of the use it can make of O.S.A. house, has never claimed the rebate; but the other branches depend on it for their working, and would find it impracticable to collect a subscription of their own.

At the same time, it is clear that members who belong to branches are at present getting more from the O.S.A. than those who live in places where there is no branch and one solution of the difficulty would be to ask them to pay more. It has been already suggested by the Manchester Branch that we might institute a Branch Life Membership Fee of one or two guineas additional to the Association's Life Membership Fee; and the Birmingham Branch has suggested that a Branch Annual Subscription might be collected from Branch Members by Headquarters and forwarded to the Branch Treasurers. It may be that a solution can be found in a combination of these methods, but there are serious difficulties in the varying needs and circumstances of the different branches.

If this is impracticable, it will probably be necessary to raise the subscription. Those who have already paid a Life Membership Fee could not, of course, be asked, though they might be invited, to make an additional payment; but the Annual Subscription and the Life Membership Fee for new members can be increased, and the Association may find it necessary to do this.

The advice of the Branch Committees has already been taken, and a sub-committee has been appointed to arrive at a scheme in consultation with them. In any case, the decision must be taken by the Association as a whole at the Annual Meeting at the end of next term, and there is ample time before then to explore every possibility.

THE PARIS EXCURSION.

The arrangements for this, outlined in the last *Gryphon*, are now complete, but additional names can still be received. They should be sent to Mr. Grist without delay.

LONDON LETTER.

Another dinner successfully over. In spite of an unfortunate date that coincided with most people's half term and was aggravated by last minute withdrawals through illness, we managed to assemble seventy-six, including our honorary members, Mrs. Beck and Professor Connal. We were also very glad to see Miss Jole from the Central Association, Mr. Best, last year's other secretary, is now one of our own members of course. Everybody comes to London sooner or later.

Professor and Mrs. Dawson and Professor and Mrs. Gillespie thought our speeches attractively brief. After sitting silent in Professor Dawson's presence for three years, Dr. Dudley found a pleasant revenge in making his professor listen to him for three minutes, but Professor Dawson took it very well. His speech gave us a new reason why London dinners are welcome in Leeds: we shall always have visions now of the staff's families anxiously asking each other when their parents are going to a London dinner.

Mr. Orton drew us a moving picture of Professor Gillespie tenderly bringing up the Union from a delicate infant to its present robust boyhood, an example of model parenthood that Mr. Orton closely follows. He also revealed some of the secrets of those exclusively masculine lectures on philosophy. We always suspected them of a tendency to heaviness. No one ever went to sleep in mixed lectures.

Like a certain member of the French staff, Professor Gillespie has difficulty in getting into his stride before the second bell goes, as he warned us himself, but he scorned to punish us for the poem quoted by the chairman, and there was plenty of time left for conversation and dancing.

Taking time by the forelock, in accordance with Professor Cohen's advice, we now announce the following dates:—

Saturday, May 19th—Annual Meeting.

Tuesday, November 13th—Dinner.

Saturday, February 9th, 1929—Dinner.

Now do make an effort to come to the Annual Meeting this time. Its doings are important, not too dull (occasionally even amusing), and yet it is the cheapest meeting of the year, the cost being only 1/6. It will be held at the Plane Tree Restaurant, 106, Great Russell Street. The rooms are warm and cosy, well sheltered from the rain and storms of May. Or, if the weather takes us unawares and the summer happens to fall on that day, we shall have tea in the garden. So, if you didn't know that you could have meals in the open air almost next door to the British Museum, come and see for yourself.

V.D.R.

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