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The Gryphon

The Journal of the University of Leeds



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Vol. 9, No. 6

May, 1928

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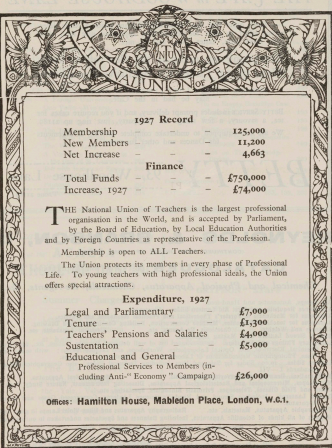
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"The Gryphon never spreads her wings in the moment when she hath any like feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when we knew them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the course which we have ever found them to the preciseness which we ought to fear."—LXX.

Editorial

BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS.

"We shall go
always a little further."

IT is a dangerous thing to walk down a street looking backwards—one might run into a lamp-post; notwithstanding, we will risk a retrospect of the strip of road which has unrolled itself to our view, sitting in the back of our caravan, only able to see what we have passed. A rather flat strip of country, no very steep hills, no grim and dangerous ravines to threaten our little party or cause them uneasiness, but on all sides there have been fields fertile through the activity of many workers. Two, we noticed especially as we came by, for Political soil showed the fruit of enthusiastic labour and conservative measures with even a faint haze of liberality, whilst surely it has been long since music so flourished. Not only has our way been lightened by most excellent mid-day concerts, but vast numbers thronged to the Society Concert and were amply rewarded. What University, indeed, dare neglect the supreme member of the *gambivorus*?

But there have been barer patches—a certain drabness about athletic activities generally, a preponderance of L's over W's relieved admittedly by such efforts as the Harriers, but even the Women's Netball team, though winning the Inter-Varsity Championship for the third time in succession, has broken its long record of wins; whilst the cry of "playing for outside clubs" has been meaning round the corridors. Our Union caravan, however (not to be confused with the Union taxi), has the vision of the Delectable Mountains where all will be well, for, behold, when the new Union Buildings arrive, all the members of the Union will clamour to take part in all her affairs and we shall all be one jolly social party—a happy humming hive of activity—at least, so it is hoped. How far it may be who can say, but there is a suppressed stir of excitement in the air, the scenery around us is changing, we feel we are approaching a new city, and, already, as an earnest, there lie the ruins of O.T.C. House, and the roadway is thronged with wandering tribes of economists and others driven from their ancient haunts by the hand of the innovator.

But who, on looking back, can foretell the future? Perhaps, even now, with a tightening of the girths, the strain of a long uphill struggle begins and difficulties loom ahead that can only be overcome by many shoulders of present and past travellers helping at the wheel. Still, though we travel an unknown road, let our hopes and aims be high, and, as the caravan passes on into the night, we shall faintly hear ring out the courageous cry: "We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand."

Notes and Comments

BETWEEN THE DARK AND

Summer has come and, except on those days when a slight depression from Iceland sends the cold winds howling round the barren waste known as "under the clock," we are dimly aware that in a very distant future, there is a glorious long vacation—three whole months before lectures begin again. And strangely enough, there is another period, only a fortnight long, which is even more eagerly anticipated. We refer, of course, to that irresponsible two weeks between exams. and results—a flash of sunshine between two dark clouds.

We wish an eminent psychologist would come along and investigate this little problem—how is it that this nearer period seems the more remote? We suppose it is that the looming mountain of examinations casts so dark and intense a shadow, both before and aft, that nothing can be seen except the distant landscape of the long vacation. Everyone knows he will survive to enjoy the vac., but he is a bold spirit, indeed, who assumes that he will be sufficiently alive to hobble into Beech Grove Garden and up to Weetwood in those brief days after the storm has passed, when nothing remains but the racking ordeal of the last Wednesday in June.

Most students (if *The Gryphon* knows its University) spend much of the present time in believing that when examinations are over, they will retire into obscurity for ever. Gradually, they come to believe that it would be better to turn up to hear results. And as the Summer's sun becomes warmer, they become a little reckless, as with sun-stroke, and declare their intention of having a really good time before results, whatever happens. Some vote for tennis, and some for sheer idleness—and yet others declare, in earnest tones, full of innocent belief in themselves, that they intend to catch up with their reading. They are going to read the whole of Hardy, Wells and Shaw, they say—and, if we might prophesy, they won't even open the daily newspaper. And Shaw—they will forget him. Such is the dragging effect of that glorious two weeks! May the minutes fly until it comes.

NEXT SESSION.

There may be nothing new under the sun, but under the smoke-laden skies of Leeds, there are many changes. The Hostel of the Resurrection, with which is associated much of the active life of the University, and which, in its time, was in part responsible for the development of the Arts side, is making an important change. Hitherto, men from Mirfield have come to Leeds after one year of College life, but now the parsons of the future are to come straight up to the University for the normal three years' course. There is going to be room for nearly double the number, and the additions to the Hostel buildings are almost finished. *The Gryphon* wishes the Hostel every success in its new policy!

And what of U.H. (although why we should mention U.H. after H.O.R., we are at a loss to understand). U.H. has gone—gone for ever, and in time to come a new and scintillating building will rear its proud walls above the ruins of what was University Hall. It is almost sacrilege, and unless a window is left open at night, so that the spirit of U.H. might escape from its prison to seek sympathy in the stars, we should feel like raising a mighty host of protest and forth would the cry go—Touch it not—this is hallowed land. But there is no need for protest, and our flaming banners are lowered. Tinker Bell has escaped, and the windows of the new building may be shut for ever. The spirit of U.H. lives on in Oxley, and may it live for ever and always keep young!

OXFORD.

The most important event of the vacation was the Oxford Congress, of which our special correspondent gives his impression elsewhere. Leeds sent a party of 23 which, however, only included four men (and two of those Agries!). Unheard of things happened at the Congress—women spoke in the sacrosanct precincts of the Oxford Union and dined in halls long accustomed to celibate revelry, besides many other things which, perhaps, had better remain unheard. *Quo Vadis* was the theme and Oxford indeed must have asked itself the question many times. For Leeds people it was a great pleasure to hear and meet Sir Michael Sadler again, and we thank him for his hospitality to us whilst we were at Oxford. This year there was a return of the Parliament, and the striking Liberal victory on their coal bill at the excellent first session, enlivened by the realism of one speaker in producing lumps of Household Nuts and Cobden Brights; the second session, unfortunately, was too much like the real thing—dull and inclined to be rowdy.

Much might be mentioned from mixed nights with the ladies doing all the work, to Sir Oliver Lodge and future life, but one thing certainly deserves comment—the note of self-confidence of the N.U.S. as if it is now felt its existence justified and could feel more certain of the future.

Not that financially it is free from anxiety, but the tremendous growth of its utilisation by students is a guarantor of the future. The N.U.S. is a spade, and those who blame it for lying in the garden doing nothing, would soon be appeased if they would take hold and use it, and they would find it a very efficient instrument. We did, at Oxford.

A SAD BLOW.

Although it happened last term, it is only now that we have an opportunity of bewailing it—but we still feel the difference. Miss Gardener, who was officially the clerk to the Union, has been forced to retire as she has (temporarily) worn herself out in its service. We say officially clerk to the Union, but actually she was everyone's help in time of trouble. Her's was the motherly eye upon all that went on and in and out at the University entrance. She it was who saw that the G.A.C. secretary didn't play two matches on the same ground, and enabled the president occasionally to get home before midnight; she was the arch-decorator of dance halls, although of late her hand may have been less often employed in that direction. To her the harassed secretary came for biographies or addresses of any student, past or present, and had the editor of *The Gryphon* poisoned himself with the office paste, we feel sure she would have produced a perfect issue absolutely up to time. But, above all, on grey days or foggy ones, there was always one bright warm place and one cheery face to be found—in the Union office.

So, thank you and good luck!

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

The results of our competition for the best serious contribution to *The Gryphon* are as follows:—

First Prize (£1 1s.): "Art in the University," by "Maros" (M. Rosenbaum).

Second Prize (10/6): "Mors Liberatrix," by "Nol" (J. Bernard Long).

For the best humorous contribution:—

First Prize (£1 1s.): "The Oration of Baby O'Shen," G.T.C.J. (G. T. C. Jones).

Second Prize (10/6): "A doggy yarn," S. D. Smith.

The Second Prize would have been awarded to "The Tragedy of Theobald," by "Maros," had he not already received the First Prize in the other section.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE



NEW BUILDINGS.

The *Gryphon* neglected to notice at the time the decision of the University authorities that the frontage of the new buildings shall be of Portland stone.

The contract for the new Mining building has been given to Messrs. Edwin Aivry & Co., and work is already well in hand. Woodhouse Lodge, whose mellow brick so graced the view up De Grey Terrace, and whose roof sheltered insecurely the O.T.C., has gone; and carts of

earth excavated from the foundations creak backwards and forwards all day.

University Hall is now an empty shell, awaiting the housebreaker. It was evacuated at the end of last term, and a bucket was suspended in the University entrance hall with the inscription "shed a tear for departing U.H." Its inhabitants have migrated to the enlarged Oxley, where, in spite of a warehouse fire which consumed some of the furniture at the end of last term, they have settled comfortably amidst tennis and trees.

The University has received a grant of £10,000 for the preparation of Regent's Court as a hostel, to replace Devonshire, which is required again for a Wesleyan College.

Departments continue to migrate to make room for the new buildings. English and Spanish have gone to the corner of Virginia Road and Beech Grove Terrace, History to that cramped-looking house in the bit of Beech Grove Terrace leading round into University Road, and Russian to Beech Grove Terrace. Further, the University has now bought the last of the houses in De Grey Terrace and it is expected to start the work of demolition this year.

THE STAFF.—Mr. A. Massey, Assistant M.O.H. for Leeds, has been appointed Honorary Demonstrator in Public Health; and Mr. J. W. Belton has been appointed Demonstrator in Physical Chemistry.

"Are they without Honor?" asks an American paper with regard to women students. College Hall replies emphatically "No!"

A Foreign University

CAEN, May 1st.

STEPMOTHERS are not as bad as they are reputed to be: anyhow, our's has received us well. Indeed, it is a privilege to be an alumnus of a foreign university—for the University of Caen is French, in spite of the fact that it was the English who founded it during the Hundred Years' War.

There are many privileges attached to being an undergrad, here. When you take your weekly hot tub at the baths, you have only to prove you are a student and the price will be almost halved for you! The same happens at the Theatre, and even, during those weeks of dissipation when the fair is at Caen, at the Circus. A more serious privilege is that you can go to any lectures you want to. There is no need to raise your eyebrows in surprise, you of Leeds, you have not yet found out that although leas, you must attend soon fail in charm (even supposing they have any at the beginning), those you are not supposed to be at have a great attraction: one day you stroll into a lec. on literature, or philosophy or history, and if you like the lecturer you can repeat the experiment. Further, the lecturers would never dream of taking a register!

These are some of the differences between the second *alma mater* of ours, and our own of Varsity road. What about the social life? That phrase which, in every English university, is on the lips of dozens of people who have no conception of what it means. Many English students, seeing there are no Union, no societies, none of the things they have at home, immediately declare there is no social life. But appearances are deceptive. For example, I was working in the library this morning (strange!). It isn't, however, like the library at Leeds—none of that sleepy peace and calm—here it is something like the Union and the S.C.R. rolled into one. I watched students come in and shake hands all round with those who were already there and then settle down to read the paper. Men and women were working together—or not working, as the case may be—and there was a general atmosphere of friendliness. Foreigners of many nationalities came in and shook hands all round like the rest. "Have they an International Society?" Leeds enthusiasts will ask. No, but they are better off than we are—they do not need one. Librarians at Caen are of the gentlest people, and only make their presence appreciated by the tapping of a ruler at half-past eleven to warn you to leave off work for lunch!

Here it seems to me students have something of the spirit referred to at the last Annual General Meeting at Leeds. If they have no Union they have the things that matter—a magazine, a rag, their *bal des étudiants* (and the hour at which it goes on to would make Leeds authorities cringe with horror), even a sort of University cry:—

"Chahu-chahu-chahutux.
Gens de l'Université!"

If the authorities act in a way students disapprove of, their punishment is to be kept awake all night by hearing indignant students shouting this!

The Leeds band has not forgotten Kumati however, for we had an exciting moment when we went to our lecture room for the first time and there found the benches carved with Gryphons, Leeds crests and familiar sounding Leeds names.

LEEDS EN VOYAGE.

HEARD IN OUTPATIENTS: "Its me aneroïd inside me nose." Presumably when it drops its a sign of wet weather.

Quo Vadis — Wee'arst agoin'?

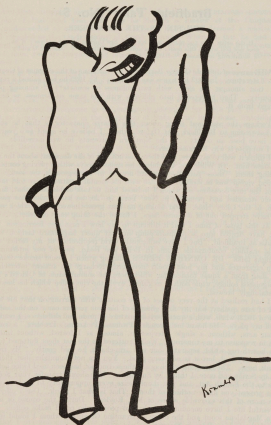
KUMATI, Kumati, Ka-ora—that's how the Oxford Congress started; it rather shook some of the old foundations of Oxford, particularly Prof. Gilbert Murray, who was in the chair, but, when Sir Michael Sadler rose to give the opening address, the old cry greeted him and he for one was pleased—at least I think so, for he asked us all to tea, and gave us a very good one too, and then better than any tea, he showed us round University College. But really, I feel like a small boy coming back from a party and trying to tell his brother about the cakes and trifle and chocolates and all the other good things all in one breath. There was Sir Oliver Lodge to start off with to lend a venerable air of distinction and scientific mysticism to proceedings, and Galsworthy who said the way to happiness is to forget ourselves, and certainly we were obliviously happy listening to him; he surely was a suitable person to talk about Quo Vadis with his great knowledge of Forsyte. Our other principal speaker was even more to the point with his forecast that in the future man should do no physical work, merely sitting with his hands in his pockets directing; he even suggested that man was not made for work, with which, of course, we agreed; for if he had he would have been built globular in shape with a low centre of gravity.

But besides these *pieces de résistance* there were numerous side shows and variety turns. Thus tea might be taken with the added spice of an international discussion and it gave a relish to it to hear that Russia is convinced that war with England cannot be delayed more than a year or so, or again to know why Italy must expand or burst, and then to hear Germans criticising Italians, and Lithuanians, Poles and so on because after all, they mean as little to us, as a Mills bomb to a man who doesn't know he's sitting on it.

Then there were discussion groups, any one of which could fill a page—oh, and I forgot, King Amanullah was billed to speak but unfortunately it was April 1st. A cinematograph film was shown that left Ivor Novello cold. Can you imagine a more awe-inspiring sight than the death struggle of a nasturtium, unless it be the blood-curdling approach of a beetle (whose name I've forgotten) stalking a tadpole; later the British sense of fairness took his part when he attacked a newt five times his own size, in the bloody conflict which ensued. We had our blood-curdled again by the O.U.D.S. in three plays which may briefly be described as "gobby." Music, however, soothed us on Sunday and then we had a chance of showing our foreign guests how Jerusalem should be sung.

As for the sideshows, I will refrain from making any joke about the Oxford and Cambridge boat race but many saw the boats go by—others didn't for two reasons, one of which was 6.30 a.m. and the other refers to St. Hilda's. The ladies were to the fore in an eight and were also in evidence at the dances spooning—silver spooning for partners. But all these things and the many others pale, for above all and around all and the whole time, there was Oxford. Yes that's what we enjoyed as much as anything. In two's or three's, in tens, in twenties, in hundreds you saw them, viewing vistas, seeing sights, busy in the Bodleian, roving the Ratcliffe, admiring the Ashmolean, photographing furiously and enjoying everything—but the best place of all is New College at 2 a.m. by moonlight.

And that was the congress; perhaps not such a united family party as Bristol, perhaps a little wearying on the Second Parliament night but truly a crowded hour of glorious life—and at the end a host of *au revoirs*.



THE MEDICAL STUDENT
By JAKOB KRAMER

Bradfield Tales (No. 5)

THE SIN OF THE SONNETEER.

"If the artist does not plunge into his work like Curtius into the abyss; if he does not toil within this crater like a miner buried alive . . . then he is guilty of murdering his talent."—BALZAC, *Letters*.

THE career of John de Courcy Barrington provides one of the enigmas of Georgian Literature. In 1923 his name was unknown; by 1925 he had gained a reputation amongst the elect, with two volumes of sonnets*† of amazing power and parity. Then he receded into oblivion with the same suddenness as he had emerged from it.

* * * * *

Perhaps the strangest thing about this bizarre character is that he should ever have come to Bradfield. At Oxford, where, I believe he spent two years, he must have been an oddity; at the Northern University he was incredible. And that I suppose is why he came there.

I think it well to say here, that there was nothing of the decadent about the man, as I knew him. Of Wilde and Baudelaire he spoke always with a pitying contempt, dubbing them "those pathetic standard-bearers in the legion of the lost." His physical vigour was in strange contrast with his mental lassitude. He told me, on one of the rare occasions on which I induced him to talk of his past, that, finding himself stranded and penniless in New York, in '20, he had worked his passage home, in the Glory Hole. And looking on that great-thewed frame which might well have stepped out of a Norse Saga, I found the thing easy of belief.

At this lapse of time I find it difficult to say how I first met Barrington. We must have drifted into acquaintanceship in that queer haphazard fashion which prevails at Bradfield. But I have sufficiently vivid recollection of my earlier visits to his shabbily comfortable rooms in Belle Vue Road, and of our interminable midnight talks "DE OMNIBUS REBUS," during which I would smoke countless cheap cigarettes and my host would incessantly recharge his ancient meerschaum with shag from a squat tobacco-jar which bore the sombre arms of Oxford's most distinguished college, while both of us gulped wryly the vile coffee which his landlady painstakingly brewed.

I had realised at the very outset of my contact with Barrington that his was a mind of rare quality, but my first glimpse of his true powers came on the autumn night of 1922, when, with a queer boyish mixture of pride and diffidence, I read him one of my plays. He heard me through "Professor Pickering's Problem," a comedy in four acts, without a single interjection, almost, as I feared, without interest. Then in response to my timorous "Well!" uttered as the last sheet fluttered to the worn hearth-rug which separated our two arm-chairs, he said gently, "My friend, it is not very bad, but it is not very good. You are not Schnitzler, but there is, I think, hope. The situation which opens the second act has been used twice before; once by Scribe and once, I think, by Suderman. You should transfer your *Scène à Faire* to the Fourth Act, and you should seize every opportunity to study women, for at present you know nothing of them. That is what I think. Can I offer you some more of this execrable coffee of Mrs. Royles? During the course of a not uneventful life I have encountered only two people who could make coffee. One was a Magdalene scout and the other a Levantine Greek girl whom I found in the Cafe of the Golden Rose in Smyrna."

* *Poems of Silence*, Sidgwick and Jackson, 1923.

† *The Terrace of Night and other Poems*, with a Foreword by T. W. H. Crosland, Sidgwick & Jackson, 1924.

And then, dropping his air of casualness, he spoke in crisp, staccato sentences of the play I had read him. It was as though a master of the Cinquecento had condescended to criticise a dabb. What I had fondly deemed a masterpiece stood revealed as the taudry thing of tinsel it was. When at last he had done I heard my own voice muttering miserably, half in reverence, half in resentment, "Oh! man, you are playing with me. Few know it all, why don't you write one yourself!"

And as I shot the challenge at him Barrington threw back his great tawny head and laughed until the room rang with the sound and the tears stood in his Viking-blue eyes.

I was soon to learn what that laugh meant. It was later in that same evening that Barrington, in response to my entreaties, sketched for me a play of his own. I felt as a raw apprentice in the workshop of Rafael may have done, watching the Master at the canvas. When he had finished I leapt to my feet in my excitement, "Write it! Write it, man," I cried, "and they will call you the English Melnar."

But Barrington lay motionless in his chair and gave me a long disconcerting stare. Then he said, slowly, "My friend, I cannot, I—am—too lazy. To conceive, that is easy. To execute, that is—for me—impossible." And then, seeing the look of mingled astonishment and disbelief on my face he went on, "The thing is not so strange as you appear to think. There are several historical precedents. It is said that Sebastian del Piombo, the Florentine master, would leave, unfinished, those masterpieces which have gained him immortality, until stark need drove him to the canvas; whilst Alfred de Musset, suffering all the misery of black poverty, could not bring himself to write those exquisite "contes" for which half the editors in Paris were clamouring. These are the common examples. But, in fact, the union of talent and indolence in one personality is quite common. It was the same with that member of the Pre-Raphaelite group whom Watts-Dunton put into one of his novels—I think it was "Aylwin,"—and there are probably scores beside. I have told you of Piombo and de Musset; but one thing distinguishes my case from theirs. They were both poor men. They had either to create or to starve. But I have an income of £400 a year, half of which I spend, as you know, on books, whilst the other half suffices for my wants. If I had to write or starve—I might write. But as things are, my friend (and he shrugged his great shoulders) I fear I shall never gain my place among the Immortals."

Such was the astounding "Crede" of John de Courcy Barrington, as he voiced it that night. Landon had said that he would dine late and that the company would be choice. This extraordinary genius was resigned to the prospect of never dining at all!

As our acquaintance ripened into friendship I strove strenuously to drive Barrington to write. But it was useless. Sometimes he would seek to dissemble the innate idleness he had confessed, by a pretence of fastidiousness, and answer my importunities in this fashion: "To have my beautiful thoughts glost over, and paved, as it were, by the 'in press' for the sake of a few paltry guineas! My dear fellow, the idea is unthinkable. Picture to yourself an insured reader of the *Daily Sole* reading my 'Essay on Ears.' Ugh! Ugh! (and he would shudder with whimsical repugnance). Don't speak of it, I beg of you. It distresses me beyond measure."

But I did not smile at his jests. I thought, with sadness, of how the foetid growth of indolence lay upon that fine mind, like slime on some exquisitely formed shell, or rust on a Toledo blade. One day I grew exasperated and raged at him. "If I had a fraction of your talent," I cried, "I would make England ring with

my name. And you lounge there like a clod. Oh! its—its—hideous." And he answered me in that pleasant drawing voice of his, like one who seeks to sooth a peevish child. "Yes! Yes! my dear fellow, I am the Incarnate of Inaction, the Emir of Idleness, the Sultan of Sloth. I know it. But I can none other. We are what we are."

But one day I pierced his armour of nonchalance with my taunts, and he frowningly bade me "get on with my own rubbish and leave my betters in peace." It was then that I turned and rent him.

"Oh, Emir," I said, "you are not my better. You are worse than the meanest thief in this city. For you are cheating the world of the beautiful things you might give it if you would. You are a blasphemer, for you throw back at God the talents He has given you. These, O Emir of Idleness, are your sins. Have you no fear of being called to account?"

And in the next moment (why should I lie?) I knew fear. For he was on me in a flash, with death in his face, and his great arm raised to strike. But in the fraction of a second, as I awaited the blow I knew I was powerless to counter, hatred died from the blue eyes, the old whimsical smile melted his set lips, and the great arm fell slowly to grip my shoulder gently.

"My friend," he said, "do not let us quarrel. I have told you that I can none other. I beg you to let that be enough. And if it should be as you say, and I am called to account—I shall not flinch. Say, now, that I have your pardon."

And after that day I taunted him no more.

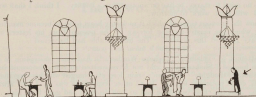
It was about a month later that the thing happened which enabled Barrington to give the world a fleeting glimpse of his powers before his tragic fate overwhelmed him. I came into his sitting room and found him seated in one of the shabby red plush arm-chairs with a scribbling block on his knee and a stub of pencil in his hand. As I drew nearer I could see by his face that he was composing. "Ah," I cried, delightedly, "so you have begun work on a play. Thank Heaven that infernal nonsense is ended at last. Have you finished an act yet?"

He regarded me quizzically for a long moment before he answered. "No! I have not begun work on a play. The drudgery of writing 20,000 words would kill me, as you know very well. But I am at work. I have discovered at last the ideal medium for my genius; an art-form which has been employed by all the master minds of the ages—by Dante, Petrarch, Shakespeare, d'Annunzio and Keats, and, my dear fellow, the wonder, the beauty of it—*only fourteen lines long*. Why, when I have composed one I can write it out in five minutes and polish it in less than an hour. Here, just read this." And he tore off the top sheet of his block and handed it to me. Scribbled on it was the rough draft of that "Sonnet to Landor" which appears on page 13 of the volume "Turrets of Silver."

The Sonnet has been called "the play ground of genius." And such it now became to Barrington. During the next six months he produced those 60 odd sonnets which comprise his two published volumes. The total amount these brought him in royalties was just under £24. But they did fair to earn him that "place among the Immortals" which he once despised of attaining. He had not spoken idly when he declared the sonnet the ideal medium for his genius. The late T. W. H. Croeland in his foreword to "The Terrace of Night" regards Barrington's claim to be the greatest sonneteer since Keats as unassailable; and substantiates the assertion with one of those brilliant analyses of which he had the secret. And critics are almost unanimous in ranking "The Love-Song of Ghanim," the longer lyric which concludes the volume, as equal to anything of James Elroy Fleckers, in the same field.



Returning to his old Varsity, the former student visits the Library.



Takes a furtive peep at the new Refec.:-



Slinks in, and out, of the new Union Rooms,



then, wandering into the office of the Birenal staff, he is politely removed from the palatial premises.



Mason.

A GLANCE INTO THE FUTURE A Student revisits his "Old Varsity"

And now I must make an end and tell how the man of genius who was my friend went into the shadows. There came a day when the yellow and black posters of the *Bradfield Mars* bore the legend "Financier's Sudden Death. City Crashes Feared," and a few days later the wary "Subs" ventured on "Financier's Suicide; Inquest Revelations; Thousands Ruined." A Napoleon of Finance had met his Waterloo and Barrington's income was gone in the debacle.

I was, of course, delighted at this development. I told myself that Barrington would now be compelled, by economic necessity, to exercise the gifts he had so long neglected, and that his talent would rapidly gain him a niche in English letters. Barrington himself took the thing with an indifference which strengthened my hopes. "Confound that scoundrel," he laughed, when it became certain that nothing would be saved from the wreck. "It would appear, my friend, that the Emir must abdicate. For I have no mind to starve, or live on another man's bounty. I think I shall write a play. I will start work to-morrow."

And now the grievous thing of which it racks my heart to write became manifest; that thing which the master-novelist foresaw in the passage from his letters with which I have prefixed this account. The unbelievable had happened:—

Barrington's talent was gone.

I do not attempt to explain it. Perhaps Wordsworth had some conception of the thing when he said "Shakespeare could not have written an epic; he would have died of plethora of thought." The man's brain, long overcharged with his magnificent conceptions, could no longer create. In all other respects he was as I had always known him. But the creative gift he had so long despised had gone from him.

I shall not write here of those agonising days during which the realisation of the thing came to him. When at last it was apparent the blow seemed to crush him absolutely.

I must do myself the justice to say that I did all a man can for his friend during those terrible days. When at last poverty forced Barrington to abandon his lodgings, I entreated him to be my guest and to share what I had. But he would have none of it. "I have friends in London," he told me, "I shall go there. And if it should come to it—did I not once tell you that I have worked in the 'Glory Hole'?"

And so one night the Bradfield-London express carried Barrington out of my ken. I walked home with a weary heart after I had suffered the grip of his great hand. For I had come to love this man, and I feared that his sufferings were not yet ended.

Who those friends were, of whom he spoke I never learned. Close as I was to Barrington during his Bradfield days, I never succeeded in tearing aside the veil with which he chose to surround his antecedents. I gleaned, by a casual reference of his to pre-war life in Berlin, that in those days he had possessed the entrée at the Embassy. And my knowledge of Heraldry enabled me to identify the coat-of-arms on Barrington's signet ring with those of an English noble house. But of the chain of circumstances which brought him to a provincial University I know nothing.

This I do know, however, that his friends failed him. About a month after his departure from Bradfield a grimy, unstamped post-card was delivered at my lodgings. It lies on my desk as I write, and I turn it over and read again the message it bears, in Barrington's scholarly script.

"Greeting and Farewell, my friend. The ex-Emir is now a beggar in the streets of The Mother of Cities."

I wish I could make an end here. But I have put my hand to the tale and I will not draw back. In July of 1925 I journeyed to London in a vain attempt to convince the Civil Service Examiners of my suitability to serve the State in the

capacity of Inspector of Taxes. On one sweltering afternoon I passed down Gower Street on my way to the Examination Hall. Beneath the alert eye of the foreman a gang of L.C.C. labourers were engaged in excavating the street. Something in the figure of one of the men struck me as familiar. As I drew nearer chill surmise became certainty. It was he who had once named himself the Emir of Idleness. And on his face was that look of sullen misery which must have grown on those unhappy ones who builded pyramids beneath the lash of Pharaoh's overseers.

The Sonneteer was doing penance for his Sin.

G.T.C.J.

[“Rosie and the B.U.D.S.” will positively appear in our next issue.]

The Two Smokers

A NONSENSICAL BRADFIELD BALLAD.

(Dedicated, with G.T.C.J.'s respectful compliments, to “The Cigarette Lady.”)

I'll tell, in rhyme, the silly story,
How (in a dream) I went to glory,
And found (the thing was most provoking)
The rule in Heaven was “No Smoking”;
And ultimately came to rest in Hades
Accompanied by one of Oxley's ladies.

My character is really nice,
I only have one single vice:
I never spend my time in bars
Consuming “Teacher's” or “Three Stars.”
I don't play baccharat—or poker,
But I'm a very heavy smoker.
Invariably, upon my desk,
I keep a packet of De Resko.
In lecture-room I often ache
For just a single, sweet Gold Flake.
(I like a 100 box of “Players”
They look so pretty in their layers).
I must begin my tale in haste,
(We haven't so much time to waste).
I dreamt that I was done with life
And finished with this weary strife.
I ambled slowly up the Golden Stairs
Repeating fifty different affairs.
And when I reached the final flight
I was astonished by a sight—
A Lady, in a manner quaint,
Disputed hotly with a Saint.
From tip to toe she was so neat.
(Her figure really must be neat).
She'd rosy cheeks and Auburn hair
And such a bright vivacious air.
And as she worked herself into a fret
She deeply puffed a Gold Flake Cigarette.
And suddenly I cried “By Heck,
I think I've seen you at ‘Refec.’
We've both been led by Mrs. Beck.”
I risked the lady raising ructions
And gave no thought to introductions.
The situation was so tense,
I thought with them we might dispense.
And as I listened to the angry pair

I heard the Saint with emphasis declare
“It's really no good talking, Miss,
You can't come in this realm of bliss
To say, I very much regret,
Until you do some that cigarette.
It ain't my fault, I 'ave no orders,
The Edict is the Great Recorder's.”
At this, the lady tossed her head
As though to say, “I may be dead,
But those who try this ghost to cross
Will very soon find out who's boss.”
She shouted, “Rats,” and “Rubbish,” and
“Oh, fudge.”
But still the surly Saint refused to budge.
At last, she cried “By Jaxx and Jasper,
I'm d— if I'll put out my gasper.”
(You'll note that she had not been tardy
To read the book, by Bill Gehardi).
“I guess we'll manage very well,
My friend and I, downstairs in Hell.
We couldn't stick a stuffy bunch
Who bar a gasper after lunch.”
My own opinion wasn't needed
She saw I thought the same as she did.
She turned, and laughing, said to me,
“Come on, let's beat it, —G.T.C.”
For us no weary cigaretteless grey days,
Let's get down-stairs, and puff our “fags”
in Hades.
Although we have to shovel coal, in batches,
At any rate, there'll be no lack of matches.”
And then she cried, “I'll meet you there,”
And darted down the Golden Stair
With such a bright vivacious air.
And when Hell's portals closed we did not fret
But—warmly—lit each other's cigarette.
And when, at last, we met the Devil,
He treated us upon the level.
We found him quite a “matey” bloke,
He said, “I like my guests to smoke.”

So (in my dream) I entered into Hades
Escorting one of Oxley's charming ladies.

G.T.C.J.

The Innocents Abroad

(With apologies to Mark Twain).

WE left Hull on a fine, sunny day in August (gentle reader, if you want to know who we are consult your Diary, pp. 1-100). I distinctly remember somebody saying it was Hull we left behind us and can vouch for the sunny morning because we only had one that year. We drifted slowly seaward in fine style. At least for the first half hour the style was fine, even to the point of majesty. What emotions must have wrung the hearts of those seafaring ancestors of ours, who bravely ventured forth to break fresh ice or discover new lands or hidden treasures! If they felt anything like we did, no wonder England is what she is. As Hull receded into the western distance sentiment exuded from our every pore.

It wasn't long before sentiment gave way to other exudations, not this time from the pores, the pore is far too delicate a channel to stand the strain of these later sensations. I understand now why they keep cut-fish in the North Sea but I do wish they'd find a pleasanter way of feeding them.

Thirty long years slid slowly away—the Captain still insists it was only thirty hours and is heard to mutter something about "land lubbers"—but it seemed like thirty years before we again saw land. Just as dawn was breaking through a leaden sky the spires of Hamburg hove in sight. I feel reassured now I know other things heaven at times! We disembarked and tried to look cheerful and crawled guiltily through Customs Offices and finally entered Hamburg to soft murmurs of "Deutschland über Alles." By this time we felt more normal and a gnawing sensation amidsthips (how these nautical terms stick to one!) reminded us of home and to be reminded of home at that hour of the morning means breakfast and woe betide anybody who hides the shaving brush, so off we dashed to the Kaiserhof. We couldn't endure Hamburg for long; it reminded us too much of the North Sea, so we caught an early train to Berlin.

The Berlin lager was good: the natives call it beer but Tony said it was lager and he ought to know, he's been to a Freshers' Smoker. So sorry! I haven't introduced you to Tony. Really, there's no need. You'll find him fully described on page eleven of your diary, that is if you've got the right edition (1927-28—twenty-fourth issue). He is the man who fails to do all that is commanded on page eleven. Sheer cussedness I call it. Tony says its temperament. We eventually rescued Tony from drowning in lager and we jaggled along to jolly old Prague after spending three days saying "How d'ye do?" to Dresden.

We shook hands with Good King Wenceslas and slept a night or two in the Letna Colony and drank a spab or two in the queues at the Studentsky Domov and moved on to Budapest. We saw its "cloud cap't towers and gorgeous palaces" and heard a good deal about frontiers and then we took to the water again (not without trepidation) and some days later we discovered Vienna. We glided into the city at dead of night to the tune of "The Beautiful Blue Danube" (Domov, they call it. Don't ask me why!) and embedded ourselves peacefully at the Studentenheim. But surely, that's enough, gentle reader? Of all that happened in fair Munich, in historic Strasbourg and in gay Paris—are not these things written in the chronicle of "The Innocents Abroad?" Well no, they're not. Not yet, anyhow, but they will be in due course.

Now, dear Innocent, what about it? May I refer you to point number four on page eleven of your diary? It's printed in block capitals for your benefit. Read it through and then repeat "Left hand top corner" after me. Do this every morning before you get out of bed and then in August, 1928, you'll find yourself one of "The Innocents Abroad."

EDWIN BARKEE.



To Doris

I. AT DAWN.

Apart from all the world, O mystic maid,
Your rosy fingers stretch from out the sky
To soothe and heal the weary, as they lie
Beneath the dawn, and gasp for breath; afraid
To face the terrors that their minds portended;
Afraid of suffering, more afraid to die;
Yet when they see your beauty, loudly cry
For you, in truth and innocence arrayed.
The charms of earth, its joys, had left me, lone
And sad, but still the dregs remained; their lure
Still beckon'd me to taste the drugged bowl
That helps destroy the body, damns the soul.
Your hand the bowl as yet; apart and pure
You healed me. Oh what shall I to atone?

II. AT NOONTIDE.

The noontide sun beats heavily, with rays
That stun; the air is motionless, quite dead.
I cannot breathe, or see, or hear; instead
Of living and commanding life, I gaze,
And am consumed. My will obeys
Not me, but Phoebe's fire. Reason has fled
My burning soul which once she fed.
Hot fire burns up my heart, nor it allays
The love that once with shy and halting gait
Crept in my heart, yet feared repulse, ere long.
Like the young sun waxed hot, till now, I fear,
It holds full sway. Like Dido on her bier
I burn for love. "Ever be so!" the song
I hymn to you, my Doris, and to Fate.

III. AT EVENING

The noise and heat of day is now long past—
A cross the meadows lush with grass, a breeze
Sweet-scented, gently wafts the precious lees
Of priceless perfume, by Nature unassaid
For years to drugg the senses; freely cast
To all, that all forget the leafless trees
The torrid sun, the angry stinging bees,
The burning fever, far too hot to last,
The torrid love that once I felt, Dear Heart,
Has passed, and now, at Eventide, I feel
The scented breeze of reason cool my soul.
My mind forgets harshed words, and now, made whole,
Remembers perfumed friendship, and the seal
Of Love. We two are one, though far apart.

R.F.P.C.

Mors Liberatrix

The sleepless wanderer of the cloud
Fell from her seat on moor and main,
And mansion windows sought to leap
From icy stabs of sudden rain,
About the hills a wind grew loud,
And dark waves put the sands to sleep.

Sleep bowed the eyes of Polinaire,
But, waking in the eastern tower
Which Sol, loosed from the ocean rim
Grapes first, one waited for the hour
When feet should creep upon the stair
And She should open the door to Him—

She moaned, Beloved, and her moan
Rode on the horses of the wind,
Beloved, whom the gods have blessed
And will not leave, though man has sinned
Against your name; O not alone
Are you, but near my beating breast;

I read the meaning of your look
When on that proud and dreadful night
My father strode before your face;
You held me firm for weak with fright
I was, and the pale assembly shook
And silence petrified the place;

Just for a moment—then the feast
Broke into life, and many a sword
Flashed forth, and from the murmuring throng
Advanced a craven lily lord
With faltering, ashen lips, and, "Beast,"
He cried, "who to the mire belong.

"I will avenge this ill, and match
My life with yours, when, how you will."
I saw him drop a glove, and then
I fainted right away, though still
Could feel your mocking smile and catch
The muttered words of angry men.

"And so to bend my stubborn mind
They looked me in the eastern tower,
A prisoner, they think—Ah, if
They knew the liberating power
Of love, they would not try to bind
Me to the confines of this cliff.

With you pale, sickly sleeping girl
To tend my needs—where nothing comes,
Save endless sun, and moon, and rain,
And the shock, while gull to take the crumbs
I leave him, and the grinning churl
Who brings me food and goes again;

Where patient time is by my bed,
And plucks the weeks and months away,
As in an Autumn afternoon
A listless child will sit and play
With straws, until his drowsy head
Is bowed in sleep beneath the moon.

Then was my day a turgid dream
All ignorant of star and sky,
Or kind white cloud, or old delight
Of birds, but ringing with mad cry
And glowering clash and armed scream
That carved upon my heart "To-night."

"To-night"—how often did I weep
Because you never came—and he,
The grinning wretch, would mock my grief
And tell me you had crossed the sea
And live untrue, or haply sleep
Death's sleep upon a mouldering reef.

And then there was a golden morn
When all my grim and fretful night
Was turned today, when on the air
I heard the tolling of a horn
And looking saw your person white
Flash brilliant in the early glare.

I was too weak for joy's excess,
Just as for grief's, and in my blood
A fire, now fever broke, and burned
My sight, so that when to the wood
You rode I could not see your face
But felt what way your eyes were turned.

The weaking lord who wooed my heart
Came guarded to my tower to night
Pale was he, deathly pale his hand
—We match," he said, "in secret fight
Upon the shore," In pity's part
I kissed him. Leave, you understand."

She rose from where the red hot coal
Made coal points of her eyes, and crossed
To put the hostile easement wide;
The winds bit in her dress and teased
Her hair, and on her ear there stole
Dark murmurs of the distant tide;

She listened now and joy and pain
Bloomed in a star upon her brow;
She whispered, but a whisper failed,
And voiceless, "Now, the time, 'tis now,
'Tis now," she cried. But only rain
Gave answer, and the wind that wailed,

Then in the wind it grew, as grows
The night when God the maker drops
A star into the sky, and draws
The satin glory from the tops
Of winter hills and nature knows
God's will and gathers to a pause.

The stupid girl was at her side
"Dear Mistress, tell what noises teem
In Polinaire, what dreadful Fear
Is come." She laughed. "It is my Dream
That fills the tower. Come open wide
The hinged door, my love is here."

Solace

That man who never sinned,
Who never reached the depth of deep despair,
And pursued his weary way through life,
Full of platitudes and full of care,
How can he know what beauty means,
Or to what heights a man can rise,
Triumphing over evil things,
Though seeming low in all men's eyes?
Oh, surely God will love the man,
Who never has been led astray,
But will he not love even more,
The man, who having sinned, repents
And triumphing, pursues his glorious way?
To him all things are possible,
He alone is great: for to him are
Beauty, passion, fully known,
He is sympathetic, strong and
Stretches out a helping hand to all
As he, who might rise to heights
And know the beauty and the loving of the
world. HIERONIMUS.

Portraits of a Lady

In that dim, secret gallery, my mind,
Portraits abound of which I never tire.
You stand a-top a hill, the Vindict wind
Flukes at your hair and sets your cheek afire.
You can dead poet's tomb, and in it find
A Tale of Lovers, fleeced with hot desire.
(If the shy ghost, strayed past Elysium's brink,
Should mark you you, grave, serene, he'd
chastened slink,
Homeward and whisper to his comrade shades
"Rhymesters, we lied, not all are cluts or
jades.")
Such are the unlived pictures that are mine;
Sometimes I hate them, they increase my pain.
Seeming to mock as I pass down their line,
"When do you hope to look on her again?"

LEWIS DOBBS.

He came, from out the gazing row
Of men, all torn his ringed mail,
He came, and took her by the hand;
She fainted not but very pale.
She whispered "'Tis not you," and "No,
He smiled and showed a bloody brand.

"Your love is cold upon the sand
And I am come to claim a bride."
She lunged, and uttered not a word,
Then ran the blade into her side;
Her soul burst from its straining hand;
And cloudlike winged unto it's Lord.

Not.

On an Empty Cartridge Case found in a Field

Man from his mighty throne,
Raises his gun;
While all of Nature basks,
Under the sun.
Man who is Lord of all—
Man who is great;
Man whom fair Nature can
Nothing but hate.
Man from whom rabbits shrink,
Frightened and still;
Man who plots consciously
How to do ill.
Green is this pleasant field,
Happy the last—
But see this cartridge case—
Man's evil mark.

B.M.M.

To R---

Dark streaks of shadow across my path;
The moon is flaming fiercely above,
And I think again, as others have thought,
"The moon shines on me as it shines on
my love."
It shines on you; but you are not thinking
"She sees this same arch of starlit sky";
Unmindful in your city room
Of the fresh wind that is passing by.
And I am tramping the rain-wet fields,
Breathing the night air, counting the stars,
High as those flames rise my thoughts of you,
Fiercing as Sirius, fiery as Mars.
And I think again of a cold consolation—
This moon shines on you—but you do
not care.
For the stars, or the night, or shivering winds:
And I am left to walk on in despair.

L.P.

Music Society Concert

FOR such an event, the audience at the concert on March 13th was truly impressive. Never have I seen such large numbers at any former Music Society function. Upon this, the Society is to be congratulated—and especially the energetic secretary who advertised the concert so well, and also hit upon the bright idea of admitting Students for 6d.! May all future Music Society concerts be as well attended. And may they also, we may be allowed to hope, present as first-rate programmes as the one we listened to on this occasion. Some might object that it was too "high-brow" (a good two-thirds of the programme was devoted to Bach)—but it was at anyrate thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by the audience as a whole. Which goes to show something of the amazing popularity nowadays, of the immortal John Sebastian; and which will, we hope, encourage the Society to maintain as high an aim in the future.

The Suite in B minor was, I should say, most thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Whitelock played the flute solo part very exquisitely; and Mr. Slater succeeded in making the strings accompaniment suitably restrained for such a rendering. The piano concerto in D minor, with Mr. C. J. Ball as soloist, was also very much appreciated. In the Cantata No. 34, "O Light Everlasting," the Choir displayed their typical virtues of courage and energy; and on the whole (in spite of the perennial weakness in the numbers of the tenors) succeeded in giving a very happy interpretation. Later on in the programme, they were heard in a more recent work—Stanford's delightful "Revenge"—which was sung with excellent spirit and sympathy. Lastly, we were grateful to Miss Beatrice Fernandes for singing Dowland's lovely song, "Go, nightly cares," with accompaniment for two violins. This was not only an exquisite work very beautifully sung and played, but it also made a suitable "bridge" between the Bach and Stanford's "Revenge."

J.G.H.

Primroses

You call them simple woodland flowers,
These primroses with pale, mysterious eyes
That look so wise, so wise,
As though they came from other worlds than ours
And knew of other woods and vales and streams
Such as we see in dreams.
I wonder why they raise
Their eyes with such a solemn, earnest gaze.
Say, can they read the story of the Earth,
The truths we mortals vain would know,
Dim mysteries that haunt us from our birth
And wonders hidden in the Long Ago?

Ah, once I wandered in the wood
And gathered them ere yet the trees were green.
Oh joyous Springtime! Life was good,
The sun was bright, the air was fresh and keen.
—I never knew before how near I stood
To realms unseen!

What though this time-worn Earth whereon we dwell
Yields many secrets up at Man's command,
There may be deeper truths the flowers could tell
If we could understand.

And yet you call them simple woodland flowers,
These primroses with pale, mysterious eyes!

ROSAHEND K. HERBERTS.

The Basle Carnival

IT'S good to stand in the sunny carrefour where the St. Jakobstrasse Aeschenvorstadt, Dufourstrasse, etc., converge. The scenes are amazing. The people are out to see; the children are dressed up as Red Indians, in cheap sacking and feathers, as Dutch and Spanish kiddies and Swiss mountain peasants. Brother Pierrot holds Sister Pierrette's hand and the little Turks are proud of their red caps. A week ago they had already donned their costumes and they won't doff them properly for another week! But the grown-ups deserve the lime-light. The corteges march out of the Aeschenvorstadt and Dufourstrasse and take the carrefour in opposite directions, nearly getting mixed up. Here's a splash. Figures in colours of new grass, orange peel and clematis, figures in stripes and spots and checks. How do the horses manage not to rear in fright? The riders wear masks of extraordinary grotesqueness, beside which the grinning heads on Notre Dame Cathedral are handsome. The masks are mounted by enormous wigs aflame with red dye; these are surmounted by head-dresses of feathers, chaifon, raffia, straw, and the crowning glory is a ridiculously small hat, or a pot, a pan, a cup, a funnel or horns. Look at this Bacchus-cum-Pan clique: their green costumes are really effective from the pointed ears of their malicious heads to the tail and down to the goat-feet, but the drollest idea is the bunch of grapes hanging from the nose of each.

Here is certainly a rich display of imagination turning on the GROTESQUE and the RIDICULOUS. All the muzzles and snouts in the world go by. The Strong Men and Fat Ladies of the Fair and miming "coquettes" with rosebud mouth and frizzy wig wheel by in camouflaged lorries, autos and carriages, doling out long slips of coloured paper into the outstretched hands of the throng below them. The revellers are in merry mood, of course. They give us an orange, or a "Ja!" and a faucel of confetti, or a favour of violets or mimosa—rather a pretty idea, the latter.

As we pass the fountain, some lively urchins celebrate by squirting their water pistols at us. We are still cursing when a masked creature fancifully gives us a bash on the head. From the University alley the Mittelbrücke is visible, like a sandwich, the bread of which are the lines of people and tasty centre the corteges. At the bottom of the alley, the sight has real charm: the painted, red walls of the Rathaus, the upper windows and balconies of shops filled with people, children in costume, the streamers dangling down and floating away, the ground thick with coloured confetti, the onlookers laughing and loafing about, speckled with confetti, the carriages moving round the Market Square.

A masked fellow sells us a brooch of the "Basler Fastnacht 1928." We ply a few questions in French, German. Useless; that mask muffles all replies. The mask tries "Speak English?" and we say "Yes." Off comes the mask. Among other things we learn that the proceeds on the brooches are to go towards next year's Fastnacht. Fastnacht is generally taken to come from *Nacht vor Fasten* (Night before the Fast), hence occasion to eat, drink and act the fool. The custom seems to have some connection with the heathen Spring celebration, the Roman Spring festival, and was later influenced by ecclesiastical efforts to eliminate the heathen tradition. Calvinistic Basle has its Fastnacht a week later than the Roman Catholic communities.

We are invited to join the revelry somewhere that evening. But we are not having any. We've heard too much from the good Baslites themselves about the licence of their beloved Fastnacht. We prefer, for once, believing to seeing, so we leave the folk to crowd the cafes, the restaurants, go to masked balls, sing, dance, shout and laugh to satiety, throw confetti in each other's face; and sober down finally only by Thursday—for another year.

E. E. L.



SEX RELATIONS WITHOUT MARRIAGE.*

THIS rubbish about Marriage? Are our ideas about marriage effete and is it only mid-Victorianism which restrains us from free love or is there something deeper, more fundamental? Are we evolving from Christian ideas on marriage or towards them? It is in direct frank response to such questions as these that Dr. Gray has written this brief pamphlet defending the Christian attitude, defending it not by recourse to authority nor by tradition but by clear concise reasoning and commonsense. But the book is more than a dry argument, it is a guide enriched by the wide and personal associations of the writer, for all those who have entered any form of sexual intimacy—a friendly help and encouragement from another traveller who has journeyed already part of the road himself.

This book then, we can certainly recommend to all who feel uncertainties about mixed friendship and marriage both as a help to thought and conduct.

* *Sex Relations without Marriage*, by Herbert Gray, S.C.M., 6d.

THE MODERN PARSON.

COWPER once wrote: "The parson knows enough who knows a Duke." Happily the time when such a cynicism contained much truth is rapidly passing away. In this book written by the Dean of Canterbury, we have an interesting account of the work of a clergyman in the modern world. Dr. Bell, who began his ministry as a curate at the Parish Church, Leeds, was for a number of years chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in that position, was able to gain extensive knowledge of the Church's many problems and difficulties. He writes as one thoroughly conversant, in a general way, with the rapidly changing world of economic and political life, estimating its varied hopes and fears, yet never forgetting the supreme need of the spiritual challenge.

The first chapter deals with the social background of the parson's work. The industrial and political developments since the beginning of the last century are briefly but adequately described, and a great emphasis is laid upon the changes in education and local government. In the next chapter, an account is given of the present religious situation, showing by statistics the position of the Church of England and other denominations. Dean Bell sees "much materialism, much secularization, and yet a hunger all the time for the things of the spirit." This does not leave him pessimistic. He sees in it a great opportunity, which the modern parson must take. He must work however in a spirit of co-operation with all other workers—with the elected councillor, the elementary school master and the borough engineer. The next two chapters deal specifically with the work of the minister. The concluding chapter has much sound advice to offer upon the relation of the parson to modern theological criticism. This chapter should be of interest to any, who, although wishing to seek ordination, are troubled by questions of faith and subscription to creeds.

It is indeed refreshing to read this book by Dr. Bell. His views are modern and practical throughout. Never for a moment does he become merely traditional or ostrich minded. "The Modern Parson" should be a welcome addition to the pastoral library of the minister; a wealth of knowledge and advice to the ordinand; and to the ordinary layman a most interesting account of the complexities of the modern world.

L.J.E.

* *The Modern Parson*, G. K. A. Bell, D.D. (S.C.M., 4/- net (in paper cover 2/6).

THE RAINBOW SERIES.*

TWO of the most striking features of the post-war world are the crescendo of nationalism and the fire of criticism to which religion has been subjected.

The East has never accepted the moral superiority of the West and with the disastrous example of the Great War before us, the question looms up whether we have a right to try to impose western civilisation, western ethics and western religion upon it. But Africa and the East are far away, their difference from ourselves is so great in philosophy, in mentality, in culture, that the average man who thinks merely of the colour difference cannot comprehend it—and so it is impossible to understand what the West means to the East. We can therefore realise the tremendous value and interest of the Series of five books, which we have just received, each dealing with one of the great Eastern areas, China, India, Africa, Japan, and the Near East and consisting of a series of articles written by Nationals of these countries. The authors, no less than 50 in number, include many distinguished men and speaking as they do with complete frankness, present a symposium of the Eastern point of view such as has rarely if ever been equalled before.

The books are arranged on a more or less uniform plan dealing with the Culture, Changing Life and Thought, Native Religions, The Contribution of the Western Church, Co-operation with the West and Youth's Challenge to Youth. As is natural in books of this type there is some overlap and a certain amount of unevenness but this detracts little from their value. On reading them one feels as if one was entering a familiar scene by a new way. Perspective is altered and though the features are the same yet they appear sometimes barely recognisable. In fact one begins to realise in a completely novel fashion that after all its their East and not ours.

Lastly we would comment upon the splendour of the colouring of the covers which have earned for them the title of the Rainbow Series.

* *An Indian approach to India*; *China her own Interpreter*; *Voices from the Near East*; *Thinking with Africa*; *Japan speaks for herself*; by numerous authors. S.C.M. Price 3/6 each.

Song of the Mathematics Lecturer

(With object apologies to W. S. Gilbert).

I am the very model of a teacher mathematical,
I dote on knotty problems both dynamical and statical.
I discourse on potentials with peculiar distribution,
And gloat on the importance of η_1 's contribution.
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters gravitational,
I like to think of spinning-tops as quantities rotational.
Then I can puzzle anyone about a plain condenser ring
And finish off all interest with my wonderful commencing.
At Mathematics dinner I will never, never eat a bit,
But spend my time in working things in r and ξ and θ .
In short, give me a large expression (cubic or quadratical),
And you will see at once that I'm a genius mathematical.

LEMS.

The White Lady

THE old dalesman shook his grizzled head over his empty tankard, "Motycars and women be the two curses of the times, when I was a lad things were different. We had horses that didn't refuse to go till you gave 'em a feed, and women who knew how to obey. Aye but things have changed."

It had been a wonderful day for early summer, and I had been lured across a moorland road for the view and solitude it promised. Just the old car, the dog and I, alone in the clear air, far from noise and dust, and women—much to Teddy's delight, for he loathed them all. Just say "skirts" to him and he walks away disgusted—no lap-dog Teddy.

Needless to say, perhaps, into this Eden crept the serpent—we ran out of petrol. Teddy stayed to guard the car—from what I can't say, unless the rabbits and thrushes; and I walked on for a mile or so, to a village, where I learned there was no garage in sight, but the Squire, the other side of the hill had a car, perhaps, the landlord of the "Saracen's Head" said, he would let me have some. A boy was sent with a note, and I whiled away the time by chatting to the old dalesman I met in the smokersroom.

Scenting that something lay behind his cryptic utterance on women I had his tankard refilled and sat back to listen. One could hardly couple this man with women. I thought his coat was rudely patched by an amateur hand, which may or may not have been feminine, as the art of stitchery, like that of blushing, seems to have been relegated to the museum. However cynical I may have felt, I concluded the old man was wifeless, nor did he seem any less happy because there was no Dear Eliza to refer to. No, he was a fine example to put before our parlour snakes and boudoir Barrymores, who languish unless there is a flapper to console and hearten them.

"You're wondering why I haven't much faith i'th'womin folk, eh? Well," without waiting for, or seemingly expecting a reply—he continued "its like this. You mind the ould house you passed about half a mile may be from here. Well that was once the school-house, when the bairns used to go to school in't day time. Now, they've more sense and go to night school, when its too dark to work. When I was a young man, I mind the time well, there used to be a school-maister who lived there and came up here to teach the bairns. Called hisself a Bachelor of Harts and could recite verses in Latin and French and Mathenattick and other strange langwidges, not what *that* made him any better liked, cos it didn't, espeshally when he wor trying to change the bachelor part of him by putting weight on the Hart side, and the gal I hoped to make my missis went and lost hern to him." He paused to glare at me, as if it had been my fault, and continued "I could have trusted Sara Goodall i' anything, I thout, an' manys the hour I spent wi' her fayther talking about his badly sheep the while I thout how fine Sara would do down in my little place where she would only have me to fend for, and not half a dozen men, like she had at home. I knew she wor stalled of living at home, and wor going to pop th' question like, at th' end of the year, when I finds out this here school-maister wor stopping to talk to her oftener nor wor seemly.

"I trusted Sara, and concluded it wor all his fault, so I bethowt of a way to shame him before the whole village, so as he daren't go near Sara agen. So one night he wor passing the green when I called to him and asked if he'd seen th' White Lady.

He said no, who was she and when had she come. So we all laughed at him and told him she wor a ghost of a woman wor had drowned herself in the marsh. We all went and sure enough there she wor, dancing on the top of the bog. No real woman could walk on it so it must have been a ghost." Here he looked narrowly at me to see if I believed in the Lady. "Of course," I murmured, "of course."

Relieved, he continued "Th' school-maister laughed and said it wor gases from the gob and no ghost, and started a long story of willy wisps and other things to try and prove his story. But none of us believed him, and next day it wor round th' village that he had insulted the White Lady. Of course none of the bairns went to school, cos they remembered young Johnny Stone who threw a cobbler at her one night and near died of fever that summer, so they daren't go near anyone who had insulted her.

But Sara didn't avoid him as th' other folk did, and when I told her what he had said she agreed wi' him. I warned her not to tempt the ghost too far, but she only laughed, and to frighten her I said if she didn't stop being silly I would have nothing to do wi' her. So she says I never had, and would I please close the garden gate in case the White Lady came in."

A look of horror passed over the old man's face, but he went on, after a pause.

"So I finished wi' her and all women, but she wor punished severely. The school wor closed and the maister had to leave. The night before he went he sent his box and other things with the carrier and said he was going to say good-bye to the White Lady. We followed him and saw someone all in white come up to him just down the road. We wor all of a shiver and went into the "Saracen" for a little strengthening, and when we come out and went down the road we saw 'em both go into his house. Sam Stone, young Johnny's father and me waited for a short time, but when we saw the White Lady come out again we ran for our lives, back to the "Saracen."

"Next day old Goodall said as how Sara had disappeared with all her clothes, and we told him of the schoolmaster and the White Lady. We all went down to the house but there were naught in the place, except the furniture. Both had disappeared after insulting the lady. I told old Joe that I expected something of the kind happening, after what happened to young Johnny Stone, and told him that he might be the next for allowing Sara to act like she had done. So he went off home and stayed i' bed for the rest of the day, i' case he should be spirited off too.

Anyhow next week the carrier said as how he had stopped at the next village for a drink or two and when he went back to the wagon, he saw a pale ghost of a tall man and a white lady sitting inside. Shivering wi' fright he rushed into th' public, and when they came out to see who it was the wagon and all had vanished. He found it next day in his stable at home, with all the luggage gone. When we told him about the schoolmaster and Sara, he got worse nor iver and said as how he would never drive again, as his turn would be next, and so it was, as he broke his leg one night after being at the public and couldn't walk for months. Anyway that shows what comes of not believing in ghosts, and in going too near them. That's why the old house is empty now, cos every night the lady in white walks out of the house, and its death or injury to anyone who sees her."

Just then I learned that the petrol had come and I determined to get away from the haunted place as quickly as possible.

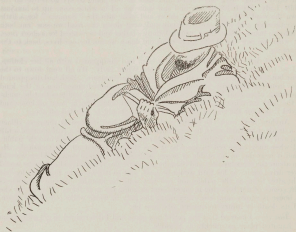
Dusk was falling as I left the inn and as I passed the old School house I glanced inadvertently through the thick hedge around it. Something white moved near the house. My heart missed a beat. Was this the lady in white, bent on destroying

me too? I stood rooted to the spot. In the trees near by a screech owl froze my blood with its sudden cry. The wind moaned round the eaves of the ruin, like a lament for one who has passed away. The white shape came closer—yet its outline was dim and vague, like the mists in the valley. The air, so warm a little while before, seemed suddenly to grow cold and chill. I shivered yet could not move. From the hillside came the doleful moo of a cow. From inside the garden came an answering cry—not the one I had steeled myself to bear, but one that made the blood flow once more freely through my veins.

So this was the ghost! No wonder simple rustics fled the place and thought it haunted, if I, who thought myself sophisticated could mistake a white calf for a ghost.

Nothing could be more reassuring than the delighted bark of Teddy, who had been improving himself in catching rabbits. Evidence in the shape of two whitish grey bodies lay on the seat. I started at seeing them, and Teddy looked quite surprised. Nobody can be a hero to his valet, but it is only the fact that he cannot read that prevents Teddy from finding out my lapse. Frightened of ghosts! his wonderful hero! and the ghost of a woman!!! Another idol would topple, and I would lose my trust friend. We are all equal, the philosopher would have us believe, but a dog before a woman any day.

E.P.P.C.



AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR
AT THE SPORTS!

A Yorkshire Gathering in the Gulf of St. Lawrence

IT was a very rough passage across the Atlantic, waves fifty feet high and a fifty mile an hour gale blowing for a part of the way. The kind of crossing, in fact, when the public rooms on board are almost deserted and few opportunities for making new acquaintances apart from the steward and stewardess.

On the last night before arriving at Quebec we had a fancy dress dance on board. The water was quite calm and the tables in the dining saloon all occupied.

During the dance a crowd of us almost instinctively drifted together and when the dance was over, adjourned to the smoke room for a sing-song. After the "Froth Blowers' Anthem" and popular ditties had been given justice, I started "On Ilk's Moor Ba't 'at," imagine my surprise when ten out of the dozen that made up the party all joined in lustily! They were from the West Riding too! Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield and Sheffield were all represented.

It was interesting to exchange experiences in the short time at our disposal. One fellow was an engineer in a gold mining concern in Western Canada, two of them were representatives for textile firms, the husband of one of the ladies ran a drug store in one of the larger prairie towns, and one married couple were returning to New Zealand via the Pacific. Needless to say that the "Holmfirth Anthem" and "Bramla' Band" were sung with gusto, much to the amusement of the other passengers.

A last touch with good old Yorkshire—and for those of us destined for the land of liberty—a farewell to Mr. Walker and Mr. Worthington, not forgetting Mr. Gordon and his associates.

Three of us had ties with College Road, so I am sure that some old French Canadian on the shores of the St. Lawrence must have been disturbed in his slumbers by the yells of "Kumati!"

G.H.

Lines on The Tonbridge Tavern

(With sincere apologies to the shade of England's greatest "Medic.")

Tell me, Medic, who's "gone down,"
Meeting-place hast ever known
Twixt the rivers Tweed and Severn
Choicer than the Tonbridge Tavern?
Does not other drink seem crude
When you think of that "home-brewed,"
Which you quaffed in days of yore,
Reeking nothing of the score?
(Which in days of yore you quaffed
Ethos frowned and Oliver laughed).
Hast heard witticisms *typed*
Choicer as those which once have slipped
From the tongues of those who jested?
If you sought you vainly quested
Jests of women wooed and won.
Talk of crack of starter's gun
Set the table in a roar
(Men reek nothing of the score).
Wine of sorrow's a dissolver,

Fill the glass and drink to Oliver,
Alc's not matched from York to Chorley.
Let us drink a toast to Morley,
Charge your glasses once again,
Think of pleasure, not of pain
Never let them say that Medic
Quailed at thought of morning's headaches.
Bring us, barman, one glass more,
Quickly, man, and damn the score,
Do you wonder that we're haughty
When we think of that 440,
Arts or Science, too, would smile,
If they'd won that quarter-mile;
Down with such disgruntled "ticks,"
Glee to all *told Medic*!
Tell me, Medic, who's gone down,
Meeting-place hast ever known,
Twixt the rivers Tweed and Severn,
Choicer than the Tonbridge Tavern.

G.T.C.J.

Correspondence

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

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

There can be little doubt that the fate of the social life of the University is decided in the first month of the session, for once the fresher has been allowed to go a few weeks without becoming interested in University activities, he falls into that state of apathy from which it is almost impossible to rouse him. The solution to the problem of the apathetic student is therefore to be found in the slogan "Catch 'em young," but in catching them young, we should make sure that they are not allowed later to slip through our fingers. Every fresher should be approached individually, gently persuaded to join the clubs and societies in which he evinces most interest, and not only should this be done, but the Union should then keep an eye on him, seeing that he is taking part in University activities, and if they find any backsliding, by gentle admonishments they should once more stir up the slacker to activity.

The scheme could be worked out roughly as follows:—Instead of haphazard "touting" by secretaries, etc., each fresher would be obliged to go either to a Union stall on Bazaar Day, or to a special Union Bazaar. Here, officials working in conjunction with all clubs and societies, will question each fresher, find out the activities in which they are most interested, and immediately enrol them, not only for Union clubs, but for all University societies. By arrangements with society secretaries, and by working out a centralisation scheme, touting on Bazaar Day could be dispensed with, and it would ensure every fresher being personally interviewed. There is no need to give any further details here, as the scheme is simple and easily understood.

However, the work should not then be considered as finished. By a card index system, and by regular meetings with all secretaries, the Union should watch the activities of all members, and if any were found not to be doing their bit, they could be interviewed and perhaps given the necessary stimulus and encouragement which many freshers need. In conclusion, may I say that the present system is bad, and that therefore some new system must be adopted immediately. It is my firm belief that at least 90 per cent. of the students of this University would take an active interest in University activities if only the required stimulus and encouragement were given to them, and I claim that some system such as the one outlined above would give this encouragement.

Let us, in building up a healthy University spirit, turn that mere phrase "The friendliest University" into a joyful reality.

Yours faithfully,

E. SELMAN.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

I should like to express to the students of the University, through your pages, the grateful thanks of the Committee of the University Bazaar 'Welcome for the generous support they gave us on our flag day yesterday. The amount collected was £12 8s. 6d., a very substantial and most welcome addition to our funds. The willing response and general cheerfulness of the students on being confronted with the collecting box helps to make the somewhat arduous task of flag-selling a pleasant one, and we do very greatly appreciate the help given to us on our annual flag-day.

Believe me, Yours truly,

C. WINIFRED CONNALL, Hon. Treas.

To the Editor of the "Griffon."

DEAR SIR,

I read with interest two accounts which appeared in juxtaposition in the O.S.A. portion of the last edition of the *Griffon*. The one dealt with American Alumni Associations, the other was a statement of the present financial position of our own O.S.A.; and the resulting comparison was unfortunately not very favourable to ourselves.

This is the more disappointing when one remembers the excellent response that met its inception, and the fact that two older and quite flourishing societies were merged in it at that time, viz., the Women's O.S.A., dating from 1900 and the L.U.O.S.A., London, from 1912. As a member of both these societies since their commencement, may I offer suggestions as to possible improvement?

I think it would be of the greatest assistance to have at least the interest, where co-operation is not possible, of more Old Students who have attained positions of influence in external affairs. In this connection it is, I think, a very great handicap that Leeds Convocation is such a weak limb of the body corporate. Too often the mention either of Convocation or of the O.S.A. is greeted with a smile of derision, more or less veiled. It is true that the powers of the former are so limited by Statute as to prevent it taking as active a part in University decisions as obtains with many of its contemporaries, and I suppose it is unlikely that we shall ever be able to assert ourselves for our own benefit as, for instance, does London Convocation. But the possibility of any increase in strength is obviously thrown away by the present attitude of indifference. It is for this reason that it is to be hoped that the recent change of date for University functions at the end of session may be temporary only, since it is not now possible, as hitherto, for Old Students from a distance to attend meetings of Convocation, O.S.A., and the Degree Day Ceremony in one visit to Leeds.

As further aids to stability, I would urge a greater publicity of matters interesting to Old Students generally rather than accounts of personal matters, which can appeal to a minute proportion only. For instance, it is surprising to find how few of those who have kept in touch with the University are aware of the change making membership of Convocation compulsory on all future graduates. Yet more surprising is it that a speech by the Vice-Chancellor at the Leeds Dinner last Christmas dealing with the proposed scheme for the new Union Building, a speech which was seconded by a Leeds member, received no notice whatever in the official report to the *Griffon* of the Dinner (into the vexed question of "speeches or no speeches" on these occasions, I have not space to enter here). Finally, I would ask if it is not possible to infuse more dignity into our proceedings generally. We cannot hope to emulate the stateliness of an ancient University, nor vie with Londoners in their imposing spectacle, created by sheer numbers, on Degree Day in the Albert Hall, but, at least, we can see to it that we do not present such a bedraggled appearance as caused strangers to Leeds during the visit of the British Association last September to dub us "an insignificant lot." Although we were met to honour some of the greatest scientists of the day some of these in the Procession at the ceremony of the presentation of Honorary degrees did not even think it necessary to comply with regulations as to full academic dress, so perhaps the authorities were right in thinking that the accommodation provided as Robing Room for both staff and Convocation (a small portion of the Phys. Lab. in its pristine simplicity) was adequate to the occasion.

Yours truly,

MAUDE CHAPMAN.

Tea with India and Egypt

WE were a thrilled audience as we waited in the darkened refectory: suddenly a building appeared on the screen—it moved up and down and then disappeared sideways, and in the middle of the road, now empty, popped up the familiar figure of Mr. A———n, with a broad grin on his face. Imagine our delight! Then appeared the L.U. Hockey team, first moving from left to right, then from right to left and disappearing as suddenly as it came. Many among the audience coveted a baby Pathé, both then and afterwards, when we saw films of China and India and a real comic!

The occasion was that the Indian Students were kindly having us to tea: and it was an occasion not merely of enjoyment but of profit, for we were all given a First Lesson in Hindustani, with one on Indian music thrown in besides. Our aptitude in singing a simple chorus like this:—

"Lala dilgeer nahin

Ah mé tassér nahin."

was disappointing, but perhaps we shall do better next time. As to what it means, we were not told—we may even have been singing a curse upon ourselves, but what does it matter, it sounded fine.

We were entertained in all sorts of other ways, and the evening finished with dancing.

* * * * *

Are we international in spirit at Leeds? Those lucky enough to have been at this Indian social, or at the Egyptian one the week before—equally delightful—will reply yes. But there were only about a hundred there, and what about the rest of Leeds students? If the hundred had been chosen absolutely at random the atmosphere would not have been the same. Until it would be there will not be real internationalism at Leeds.

* * * * *

But do not forget, oh best beloved:—

"Lala dilgeer nahin

Ah mé tassér nahin!

M.W

De Rebus Femininis

HOW long will Oxley continue to show such energy? This is the question which at present is interesting almost every woman student. Since they have left University Hall, the bicycle shed at the Women's Rooms has been most inadequate. Complaints are expected from various harmless citizens who have already suffered from the inexperience of these enthusiastic cyclists, and due warning is given that all lorries should be heavily insured during this epidemic. The students themselves must, however, greatly appreciate the change and all its advantages.

After all the efforts made by Students in connection with the N.U.S. Ballot teas, it was most exciting to hear that the first prize had been won by a Weetwood Student, who, as a result, was fortunate enough to spend a most enjoyable week in Paris.

Another event in which the Women Students were successful, was in winning the Inter-Varsity Netball Championship for the third time in succession—may the Athletics Club also maintain their last year's record in the sports which are to be held on May 16th.

As the majority of Women Students are keen supporters of the Athletics Clubs, this extract from a letter, received from an American University, may be of interest: "Women students here do not seem to play games as much as English women students. The games they do play, are the same as in England—Hockey, Basket-ball and Tennis, but not Lacrosse. As a body, the women are nothing like so serious as in England, either academically or in sport. It seems to be the general view that most of them come up with the idea of having a good time in the social sense..."

Such a favourable comparison ought to encourage all Women Students to take a more active part in the elections which are about to be held.

M.E.

Fantasia

WITH a hissing of steam and a shrieking of brakes, the train pulled up. I awoke with a start, collected my hat and coat, and alighted, noting with surprise that I was the only passenger on the train. The station seemed gloomy and strange, and there seemed to brood over it some uncanny shadow of apprehension. The usual bustle and noise of the station, the rattling of cars, the tramp of feet, the screeching of whistles, was gone, and in its place was a weird silence, a silence which seemed in its very stillness to whisper a warning of impending tragedy. The engine-driver was peering out of his cab, and his face, streaked with oil and grime, lighted up by the dull red glow of the furnace, was like the keering face of some inhuman monster, gloating over the destruction of mankind.

I walked quickly into City Square. All was as silent as the grave and with a gasp of astonishment I saw that the Square was empty. The men, women and children who always thronged the Square—where were they? Where the rattling carts, the hooting klaxons, the clanging bells of the trams? the crowd of unemployed who habitually held up the walls of the Post Office? the noise and the bustle—the grand conglomeration of sounds which make up the heart-beat of the mighty City? Gone! All vanished as if dissolved into space.

Suddenly I remembered the article in the morning paper, which predicted that on February the 30th—that very day—humanity would be wiped away from the face of the earth. Had this great destruction taken place while I was sleeping in the train, and was I spared by some strange freak of fate? Perhaps at any moment some invisible force might swoop down and dissolve me into eternity. My heart leaped at the thought that I was perhaps the last human being left alive in the world.

Or perhaps some unknown enemy had suddenly appeared in the sky, ready to swoop down and bomb the City, and everyone had scurried for shelter! Anxiously I searched the Heavens but nothing was to be seen.

With trembling knees and a sinking feeling in my stomach I hurried along Boar Lane. Not a soul was in sight; not a sound could be heard except the gentle sighing of the wind. Suddenly a startled shriek of surprise was forced from my parched throat. Out of the doorway of a deserted shop, a few yards in front, a tall saturnine figure stepped, and slowly and majestically, with a horrifying deliberate calmness walked towards me. My heart beat faster and faster, my breath came in short stifled gasps. What was this apparition? Was it perhaps some emissary of the Devil come to finish the fell work of the destruction of humanity? Or some other, who, like myself, had been left in the world by some strange freak? Were we two the only human beings left on earth?

In a moment he approached me and, horrors of horrors! peered into my face. "Good-night," said the policeman. "Out late." "Yes," I replied. "Been to a dance. Good-night," and passed on towards my home.

After all, what could one expect at 3 o'clock in the morning?

FINIS.

SILMAN.

Romeo and Juliet

"Twas in a cafe first they met,
Romeo and Juliet,
'Twas there he first ran into debt,
For Rome owed what Juliet ate.

IT was all a lecturer's fault really. He bored me more than usual one morning. I wrote home pointing out how high the cost of living was, not very hopefully I admit. I wrote to my tailor soothing him down a little, and I wrote to a few cousins, but still the bell didn't ring. I was very unlucky too, every time I yawned he happened to look straight at me, very disheartening for a fellow. He put me right off lectures altogether so I wandered down to Dolly's just to see if anyone was about—you know the way one does.

No one was about, no one interesting anyway, so I ordered a coffee and felt very miserable. Altruism is wonderful and so on but, believe me, it was a clear case of the darkest hour being before the dawn. Just as I was reflecting that University life really isn't as entertaining as it might be Juliet walked in. I didn't know she was called Juliet then but I knew it would be something romantic straight away. She really was a sweet young thing. It just hit me: I mean to say I felt wonderful all over as soon as I saw her. I can't possibly describe her, she was wonderful, just the right size and shape and with the neatest little ankles that ever were. And, by Jove, she was smart. She was wearing gun-metal stockings, I'm going to join the artillery in the next war so that I'll not feel lonely, and a sort of bluish thing that started well up and finished not too far down. Two little curls of auburn hair showing below her tight fitting hat, very red lips, a rather delicate complexion, and a wonderful pair of large brown eyes completed her mantrap. Her eyes fairly got me, pools of beauty and all that sort of thing. Anyway, just as she came in she looked straight at me and, by Zeus, my jolly old soul fairly flowed to hers. I expect you know the sensation, it occurs to you that someone must be pouring molten lead down your left lung and something in your head swings from side to side like a slow pendulum, taking the room with it. As she passed the room steadied and as the brain began to function again I realised that life depended solely on getting to know this girl.

Juliet sat down some distance away so I hastily moved to the nearest table to hers. When her order came it was one of coffee, so that was one taste we had in common. This cheered me awfully. After about five minutes my brain answered the call and gave me my cue. On the chair next to her and within a yard of me lay her hand-bag. It caught the eye did that bag. It was one of those big superior bags—you know them, made of some sort of leathery stuff with a design on and a clasp at the top. As soon as I saw it I kicked the chair gently but firmly. Gravity did its worst and the bag went down with a clatter. Of course I picked it up and turned to Juliet with a carefully cultivated look of pained surprise on my face.

I said "I say, I'm most awfully sorry, I'm afraid I kicked the chair."

She said "Thanks. It's quite all right"—quite chatty you see.

I smiled and turned to sit down. Then I turned back and said "Excuse me, I'm not superstitious but I do wish you'd look and see if I've broken a mirror—five years' bad luck and all that sort of thing."

She smiled, opened the bag, and looked inside. I promptly sat on the chair on which it had lain and drew it nearer to her. A large mirror was produced and proved to be in working order.

I said "What a beauty. I knew a bag like that would have a topper attached. It is silly, I'm not a bit superstitious but I feel quite relieved now I know that's all right."

She said, "Perhaps you are silly," and her eyes twinkled just for a second—you know the way they do. "I'm glad it isn't broken because I had quite a lot of trouble getting it. It wasn't attached to the bag. I got it specially: I like a big one."

That was fine. For one thing she was talking and for another she had laughed at me, and once a girl laughs at you all is well.

So I said, "Whatever for? You haven't a big nose, it struck me as being remarkably dainty." Well, you know the way one does.

After a while I remarked that it was approaching lunch time. Here it was that Julie, it was Julie by then, showed that she was not only a clever woman but also a very shrewd judge of character. She didn't let me start to arrange anything for the afternoon, that showed cleverness. She realised that I am a man who is very fond of his stomach and seized the opportunity.

She said, "No lunch for little me," rather wistfully. I said, "Why?"

She said, "You wouldn't like me if I got fat."

That set me going for fully ten minutes. Why will girls make themselves bad-tempered and moody just to keep themselves slim? It beats me. I finished my tirade with

"You just mustn't do it. Come upstairs with me and have a real blow out."

She said, "Well, after all that I suppose I must. I'd just love it. You are a dear." So that was that.

We went upstairs and I suggested a half-crown lunch each. She pouted rather prettily and said, "Oh, but as I'm going to have a real lunch for once mayn't I pick what I want?"

That rather pleased me. I do like people who know how to choose a meal. It always strikes me as being one of the few accomplishments which are really worth while.

So I said, "Splendid, you evidently know what's good. While in and order just what you want."

And she did. How that woman ate. "Maw and Gulf of the ravin'd salt-sea shark" just wasn't in the running. She partook, I am convinced, of every expensive dish in that restaurant. My hair turned a trifle grey round the edges during the next three-quarters of an hour. Every time I attempted to protest she just looked at me with those wonderful brown eyes of hers and I faded right away. It was a wonderful meal, had I not been thinking of the bill all the time I should have thoroughly enjoyed it, but remembering the state of my overdraft the food nearly choked me. The cruellest blow she kept until the end. I'd just ordered two coffee's. As the waiter was going to fetch the sheik man she called after him,

"And two kummels, please."

That did it. Something went snap inside me. My heart, which had been sinking fast, returned to normal. All I sought was revenge. Fate was kind. A little later, just as George was bringing my bill, two rather sweet cousins came up. I rose as they passed.

I said, "Hello folk. I say, may I lunch with you, please? I've just been having a tiny snap to put me in form."

They said, "Oh do!" and "Rather, please!"

Juliet heard all and looked a little crestfallen. I don't know who won really, I didn't let her crush me but she got her pukka lunch.

ROMEO.

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.—The year 1927-28 has been a moderately successful one for the University Branch. There is no doubt that the general trend of opinion in the University is in favour of the ideal of the League but as is often the case the main body of Student opinion is content to remain inarticulate on such an important matter. The number of members belonging to the Society has not grown but remains at about a hundred, including the officers. Last year's membership was about the same number. Five meetings have been held at Lyddon Hall, College Hall, University Hall, Westwood Hall and Devonshire Hall and have attracted quite good audiences. Among the speakers were the Vicar of Leeds, Mr. Colin Brookes, the editor of *The Yorkshire Post*, Mr. Kolni-Balozsky, and Mr. A. S. Turberville. The system whereby meetings are held at different hostels has been carried out for the last four years and at first it seemed to justify its continuance, but of late it has failed to do so. Next year the majority of the meetings will be held in the University.

The University Branch has been successful in securing the valuable help of Mr. A. S. Turberville who succeeded Professor Grant in the History Department at the beginning of the session. He has consented (at the request of the Committee) to be President of our Branch for session 1928-29. We would also like to voice our appreciation of the kindness of the Wardens of the various hostels for allowing meetings in them.

In January and February the pamphlet, *The British Universities' League of Nations Society*, was circulated throughout the University among both Staff and Students. It was hoped that Professor Gilbert Murray would be able to address a meeting in the University on March 9th but at the last moment Professor Murray was forbidden by his doctor to come. Thus a valuable opportunity for rousing interest in the League was lost unavoidably.

We feel that it is of the greatest importance that all who agree with the ideals of the League should join the University Branch even if they are critical of its methods of working. A genuine enthusiasm for the cause of International Peace should not be lacking in the general culture of the University student; in fact, we think it is essential.

The Annual General Meeting will be held at the beginning of next term.

The Library for Branch Members and others is now open in the Library House,
University Road. B. MARKHAM.

ECONOMICS SOCIETY.—The final meeting of the session was held on Tuesday, March 6th, when Mr. Macdonald of the Westminster Bank spoke on "The Functions of a Bank." Mr. H. D. Dickenson was in the Chair.

This meeting was followed by the Annual General Meeting, when the following officers were elected:—President, Mr. C. W. Bainbridge; Secretary, Mr. E. Silman; Asst. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. D. K. Croft; 3rd and 4th year representative, Mr. E. Gledhill; 2nd year representative, Miss D. Newsam.

On Wednesday, June 13th, the Society is to visit York. Visits to the Merchants' Hall and to the Minster, a visit to Rowntrees, and boating on the river in the evening will provide an enjoyable day, especially as it is just after exams. Non-members cordially invited. All particulars may be obtained from Mr. E. Silman.

LEEDS JEWISH STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.—The session 1927-28 has been very interesting and successful. The lectures have been well attended, and discussions vigorous and thoughtful. Lectures have included the Lord Mayor's address on "Development of the Civic Spirit"; Prof. S. Brodetsky's Presidential address on "Modern Jewish Student Movements," a deeply interesting lecture on "The Study of Philosophy in the Hebrew University" by Dr. C. Roth; an account of his research work on "Jewish Phrenology," by Dr. J. M. Yoffey; and a fascinating analysis of "Jewish Music" by Mr. B. B. Benas.

Four Members' Paper Nights, including one Old Student Paper Night took place, and were one of the Society's most interesting and valuable features, while the four debates held during the year gave rise to much thought-provoking discussion.

The social side of our syllabus has been equally successful. The two major dances—the Annual Dance, and the Charity Dance, and the three minor socials were enjoyed by members and their friends.

An interesting feature of the activities of the Association is the Dramatic Section. Five play-readings were held during the session, and three short plays were produced at socials, and one at the social given by the International Student Service Committee in aid of the Student Service Appeal Fund. In addition, a larger production—a Mock Trial was given at the Little Theatre, and later, in the Civil Court of the Town Hall, in aid of the Student Stall at the Palestine Bazaar held in November, 1927.

During the summer the society enjoyed many rambles, and more are being arranged for the coming months.

REGA R. LIEBERMAN, } Hon. Secs.
D. BRODETSKY, }

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.—Try and imagine that happy time when exams are over (oh, will it ever come!) at last you are free to enjoy life—not quite free, perhaps, for results are still to come! The best way to fill in the gap, is to come for a joyous week-end at the International Society Conference, a week-end walking, talking, dancing—and conferring of course—which will make you forget your exams troubles.

It is to be held at Heathmount Hall, Ilkley, from June 21st to 24th, and the cost is 23/-. There will be addresses on "Japan," "Indian Life in East Africa" and other subjects. Send your name in now, with 5/- deposit to any member of the Committee.

Since the last issue of the *Gryphon* we have had three rumbles: I think the fourteen brave spirits who rumbled in the snow deserve praise! We have also had a joint meeting with the Jewish Students' Association, at which Mr. Stone, a student at Oxford gave a lecture on Anti-Semitism in the Universities. He pointed out that many English students come up without ever having met a Jew, and they immediately accept the Anti-Semitic prejudice. The Jewish Students on their side, are naturally shy, and by temperament not as a rule fond of sports. The result is that a great deal of misunderstanding has arisen. Prof. Brodetsky pointed out what a real tragedy it is if such an unjust spirit as Anti-Semitism is to be found in the Universities, the very centre of broad-mindedness.

The Annual General Meeting was held last term. The election of officers for next session is as follows:—

Chairman: J. KAY.
Secretary: M. WOODGE.
Treasurer: A. DEARBLE.
Committee: MISSes ANDREAH, BROADBENT, WATSON, MORRIS, BARKER,
KARNE, SORKEAR.

M.W.

INTERNATIONAL STUDENT SERVICE.—The work and ideals of the International Student Service have already been explained by E. Barker in the November, 1927, issue of the *Gryphon*. It remains for us to describe the methods by which it is endeavoured to carry through to the students in this University the fundamental principle of I.S.S.—the principle of impartial service for the students of the world.

In this University I.S.S. Committee has been convened every year by the Christian Union Committee and is composed now of a Staff President, Staff representative on Committee, and Committee members provided by the East and West Friendship Society, the International Society, the Christian Union, the Newman Society and the Jewish Students' Association. The Committee elect from amongst themselves a student chairman, secretary and treasurer. The work of the Committee in the Lent term has comprised the raising of money by collecting amongst students and the holding of a successful Social and dance in the Refectory on January 19th. This term it is trying to introduce a Students' Reunion which will take place in the York Café in Boar Lane on Saturday, May 19th from 12.30 to about 1.30 p.m. (Tickets, 1/4—see notice board). A tea-dance will probably be held after exams. It is hoped that these informal Reunions will become a permanent institution in University life providing a means of extending fellowship amongst students by way of that international meeting ground—the stomach.

H. HASSAN.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY MUSIC SOCIETY.—The Music Society of the University completed its choral activities for this session with a concert which took place in the Great Hall on the evening of Tuesday, March 13th, 1928, an account of which will be found elsewhere.

The Annual Business Meeting of the Society was held in the Education Theatre on Thursday, 26th April, with Professor Barker in the Chair. Mr. J. L. Slater was re-appointed the conductor for the next year and on the completion of the election of officers some lively discussion followed which results in the following proposals being carried: (i.) One concert to be given during the next session; (ii.) The least possible help from outside principals and orchestra be obtained.

Members of the Society deplored the fact that insufficient support was given to the concerts by the Staff and Students of the University. It is to be hoped that the University will wake up to the fact that it has an enthusiastic and capable Music Society in its midst—a Society keen in its work and capable of giving music worthy of the traditions of the city. Further, the Society does not confine its attention and efforts to choral work but also arranges Gramophone evenings for which the services of very capable people are obtained to lecture on the various interests of Music.

The rehearsals next year will be held on Thursday evenings and we venture to urge all present members to continue in their support of the society and to endeavour to obtain fresh recruits from those fresh to the University next year and others.

STOP PRESS.

In one attempt to make folks laugh,
We find we've been too smart by half;
We hereby make amends to Jess
She is *The Greater*, not *The Less!* G.T.C.J.



L.U.R.U.F.C.—A curate's egg season, but the good parts have been few and far between. However, we got through the first round of the Yorkshire Cup for the first time for several years and with any luck we would have beaten Heesle on our own ground when a hard game ended in no score; as it was we lost rather badly in the replay after term had ended. The brightest spark, however, was certainly the Liverpool match, when we outplayed their fine side for most of the second half and were unlucky to lose by 11-8. But unfortunately the rest is silence—or at least ought to be. The team doesn't swear enough and apologises for tackling opponents and tries to play football at a saunter. Only two colours were awarded—to Morgan, who played an excellent game at full back all the season, and to Voudy. The latter played a plucky game at scrum half, but he is really a forward and it is to be hoped he will be back in his right place as leader next year.

THE GYMNASIUM CLUB may be said to have had a most successful season, the outstanding feature of which has been the large increase in the numbers and the enthusiasm of the members. The Gymnastic section succeeded in retaining the Christie Championship in a close contest with Manchester. This performance is very creditable, as the Leeds team was composed of men new to competition work. Another year's training should result in a very efficient combination.

The fencing section has gone through with a lengthy programme of fixtures. Considerable keenness has been displayed by the members, and promises well for the future. In the Manchester contest the ladies were unfortunate in meeting a peculiar style which put them at a serious disadvantage. Both men's and women's teams lost to their Manchester opponents. The boxing team failed to retain their hold on the Christie Boxing Cup. The first meeting with Manchester resulted in a win for Leeds, leaving four Leeds men to take part in the final at Liverpool. The Liverpool team proved to be very strong. The whole of the remaining Manchester men were beaten, but the Leeds Bantam and Middle representatives succeeded in winning the respective championships; the Bantam by K.O. in the first round.

The Christie Teams were as follows:—

Gymnastics.—A Graham (Captain), R. T. Black, A. D. T. Gilligan, A. E. Teale, G. Farrer (Reserve).

Fencing.—Women: K. Turner, D. Knowles, H. Carter.

Men: Williamson, Barlow, Lane.

Boxing.—F. Broadbent (Fly Weight), J. K. Coultas (Bantam), T. Silman (Feather), W. Bates (Light), R. O. Hall (Welter), J. F. Siddie (Middle), J. Turner (Heavy).

It is expected that the present Gymnasium will soon have to make way for the new building scheme. Arrangements have been put in hand to secure alternative accommodation, and no difficulty should be experienced in carrying on the Club's activities. Practice in Gymnastics and Fencing will continue throughout the present term.

HOCKEY.—The first team has been remarkably constant. This developed a team spirit which was cemented by the fact that we had some long distances to travel together. Having won the I.V.A.B. Northern Section, we obtained a bye into the Final, to be played at Cardiff against Cardiff University (who beat Reading in the semi-final). We were not in Wales long—only long enough to have our hopes dashed—but, though we did not achieve the title of I.V.A.B. Champions, we made Cardiff work hard to prevent it. We drew (1-1). Ten minutes extra each way was decreed and in the last few minutes of this Cardiff scored again—twice. (Final score 3-1).

The visit to Scotland was more prolonged. We played Durham, Edinburgh and Glasgow, in that order. It was unfortunate that certain of the team picked could not go, as it prejudiced the chances of success, but the "reserves" acquitted themselves well, and although we lost at Durham (4-2), and at Glasgow (2-0), the play was keen and by no means one-sided. At Edinburgh we drew (3-3). This tour is encouraging as showing that our standard is probably about equal to that of the Scottish Universities and it is hoped to make a similar tour a biennial event.

Although excelling in Christie matches, we did not do so well in club matches, the figures being:—Won 10; Lost 14; Drawn 2. (Goals for 75, goals against 69).

The second eleven have a similar summary—Won 6; Lost 8; Drawn 2. (Goals for 40, goals against 40). Early in the season of a rather variable constitution, the second team later became a more constant entity and showed a much improved standard and, more important, a pleasing keenness quite undaunted by frequent cancelling of matches owing to continually bad weather conditions.

SHOOTING EIGHT.—The past season has been disastrous for the Shooting Eight, not a single Inter-Varsity match being won. Of the Varsities, Liverpool, in our opinion, had the best team this year, closely followed by Sheffield, then Manchester and Leeds. Our standard of shooting improved considerably towards the end of the season and we look forward to a much more successful season next year.

Of the members going to Strensall for Open Range Work with the O.T.C., Bate Bentley, Coates, Dyson, Hardwick, Rhodes, Street and Williamson returned as 1st Class Shots, Dyson carrying off the Recruit's Spoon. The Contingent Spoon was won by Austin, who we can also claim as a past member. The O.T.C. match with Durham resulted in a win for Durham by 7 points—both teams put up good scores.

Members are required for next season; O.T.C. men should join immediately, as they have special privileges and it undoubtedly helps in their open range work. Practice is essential. If sufficient come forward two teams will be run next year. Half-Colours were awarded to E. Bate.

Officers for Next Session:—*Captain*: A. Street; *Hon. Sec.*: J. Hustler; *Vice-Captain*: E. E. Dyson; *Committee*: B. Rhodes.

THE CRICKET CLUB.—Once again the cricket season is with us, and we have to turn our attention to team-building. Dain, Arnott and Stott went down in July of last year, but G. Horsley, this season's captain, has much strong and reliable support. Tomlinson, Davison, King, Gledhill, Evans and Illingworth of last year's side are all available, as well as Lupton, who failed to strike form last season, but seems good for many runs this. Among the freshers, Milner, Bennett, Harris and Johnson will all be useful, and our wicket-keeping problem has been well settled by the "finding" of Ruston, an ex-Leeds Grammar School stumper. The net practices held at Lawnswood at the beginning of this term were fairly well attended, and were also instructive. We should, at last, be able to field a strong 2nd XI, and a better fixture list has been compiled for them. Outstanding among 1st XI matches is that with London University at Weetwood on the 25th and 26th of June. The new ground at Weetwood is a great asset.

Up to date, the 1st XI. have played two matches. On Saturday, April 28th, we played Romany, who beat us by 4 wickets. Many of us seemed stiff and muscle-bound on that occasion, but our exhibition against a strong Bradford side, which included Waddington and Major Lipton, two of last year's Yorkshire team, was much brighter, and, after a most thrilling finish, we were only beaten by a bare 5 runs.

We hope that, by the end of June, the Mayo-Robson trophy might once more rest in our midst.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB.—The past season has not been a really successful one. Not so much talent was gleaned from the practice games as had been hoped for, with the result that a strong all-round combination was not attained. There was, however, after Christmas a distinct improvement in the team's performances. In the Christie Competition only one point was obtained, whilst four were obtained in the I.V.A.B. competition. The single point was obtained at Manchester, where the team played probably their best game of the season.

In a local competition, the Beeston Charity Cup, the club reached the final. This was played at Morley on Wednesday, May 2nd, versus Carlton Athletic, who proved the better side, beating the "Varsity" by 2 goals to nil.

We have been very unfortunate this season in that G. E. Butler, our captain, has been out of the eleven for a large part of the season, owing to injuries; and we also lost the services of R. Fowler, one of last year's colours, who was injured in the first match of the season.

Only two colours have been awarded, namely to Johnson and C. H. Tordoff.

The majority of this year's 1st XI. will be "up" next season, so that next season's captain, S. Morgan, will have a good nucleus round which to build up a team. We hope to regain the Christie Cup, which has now gone to Liverpool.

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC CLUBS.

THE NETBALL CLUB has been the only women's club this season to secure any notable success, and their performance was indeed a remarkable one. To be the winners of the Northern Section for three years in succession is no mean achievement, and much as such a position is desired by all clubs, not another has been anywhere near to attaining it this year. But a sectional victory only did not satisfy the Netball Club—they continued their victorious career and by defeating Bristol, the Southern Champions and winners of the semi-final from Cardiff, the Welsh Champions, they retained for the third year in succession the Women's Inter-Varsity Netball Championship. The final match was played at Birmingham and although the close score of 18-17 was not really indicative of the game, since Leeds scored four consecutive goals at the beginning and never lost the lead throughout, yet the match was exceedingly well contested and very keenly played.

Our congratulations go to the Club on its success and to the members of the team who have all most deservedly gained their colours. The Netball Club holds the unique position of being the only Club this season to award Colours to every member of the first team. The following are the names:—E. Lowe (Captain), M. Eaton, A. Davy, G. Holmes, R. Cohen, M. Worfolk, A. Jordan.

THE HOCKEY CLUB has had a most disappointing season, especially as it started so promisingly with a bigger membership than any previous year, and with keen rivalry for positions in the 1st XI. Individual talent was good and there was every hope of a successful season.

The first few matches fulfilled this hope, especially when Manchester were beaten (for the first time by Leeds for two seasons), but unfortunately the standard of play gradually became lower and all other Northern University matches were lost. Consequently Leeds found themselves at the bottom of the Championship Table with only two points to its credit.

A good victory was gained over Nottingham, however, when Leeds played a much faster and more co-operative game than usual. Club games on the whole were fairly successful, but as club teams vary so much it is not easy to judge the standard of play purely from the results.

An attempted complete reorganisation of the team after Christmas failed to produce good results and the end of the season saw only one different member in the team as compared with the beginning of the season. The main weakness lay in the defence. Both wings (Hall, Marshall) played consistently well but were never given enough to do, and the centre forward, Garforth, was an experienced player who led the forward line well and played brilliantly on many occasions.

The team enjoyed playing at Westwood on the new Hockey pitch, when this was available and appreciated the use of the well-equipped changing rooms. The Club hopes that next year there will be at least one pitch there always available for the women.

Colours were awarded to G. Mather (Captain), M. Dawn and D. Marshall.

THE LACROSSE CLUB still has only one or two members more than the necessary 12 and consequently suffers the fate of all small clubs. All their university matches were lost, as were most of their club matches.

Colours were awarded to:—J. Whitaker (Captain) and K. Stockdale.

STOP PRESS.

The women have again won the Inter-Varsity Athletics Shield. This is the second time in succession and the third time in all. The men lost the Christie Cup by a narrow margin of points.

Leeds University Old Students' Association

NEWS OF OLD STUDENTS.

Dr. C. G. Kay Sharp (1905-10) was appointed in April County Oculist to the West Riding Education Committee.

H. R. Whitehead (Science, 1918-22), at present Lecturer in Bacteriology at the Durham University College of Medicine, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has been appointed Dairy Research Bacteriologist to the New Zealand Council for Scientific and Industrial Research.

J. A. Bromley (Engineering), has been appointed General Manager of the Durban Municipal transport undertakings.

W. Dunwell (Mods., 1920-23), has been appointed organist at Alnwick Parish Church.

P. T. Petrie (Engineering, 1901-3), Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering at the Manchester College of Technology, has been appointed Chief Engineer to the Manchester Steam Users' Association.

BIRTHS.

WADDINGTON.—To Mr. Guy Waddington (Science, 1919-22), and Mrs. Waddington, a son.

WOOLER.—To Mr. C. A. Wooler (El. Eng., 1920-23), and Mrs. Wooler, on the 20th April, a son.

MARRIAGES.

CARTER-SIMPSON.—Charles Carter (1921-5, Geology, Harriers, Athletics and Boxing Teams), to Elsie Simpson, of York, at Wesley Chapel, York, on the 9th April. Address: 47, Mimosa Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.

CLAYE-KNOWLES.—Andrew Moynihan Claye (Medicine, 1919-24), to Marjorie Elaine Knowles (Medicine, 1918-24), on the 26th March, at St. Mary's Church, Garforth.

LOSEBY-SKIRROW.—H. Victor Loseby (Arts, 1918-22), to Isabel Skirrow, on the 10th April, at St. Oswald's Church, Leathley.

CONVOCATION AND THE O.S.A.*

As the time of annual meetings approaches it is worth while to give a little consideration to the relations of the two organisations of Alumni: Convocation, the old, dignified, official and slightly futile body of graduates, and the O.S.A., the young, informal, unofficial and energetic body of any Old Students who like to join. Their membership is to a large extent the same: both organisations are necessary for the expression of alumni life; what is the explanation of the difference in their efficiency? How is it that the work of O.S.A. officials is rewarded by prosperity, while Convocation officials must labour without even the encouragement of knowing that they are useful?

One reason, no doubt, and one for which no remedy can be proposed, is that Convocation works and the O.S.A. plays, and it is easier to persuade people to play than to work. But there are others. The experience of Oxford and Cambridge and London shows that such bodies as Convocations tend to be factious, ill-informed and reactionary: and when the Victoria University was dissolved its Convocation was the only body of the whole University to oppose the granting of independence to the three Colleges, a growth whose healthiness no one would now contest. But these are the diseases of convocations, which wisdom will consider and seek to avoid. Those who have had the honour of assisting at the deliberations of Convocation would hardly claim that we have altogether escaped them. To what are they due?

There may be other causes, but two can at any rate be singled out: lack of publicity, and the attendance at meetings; and these should not be hard to remedy.

There are two kinds of publicity which Convocation needs. First of all, publicity for its own affairs: members should have the opportunity of making themselves more carefully and fully familiar with the proceedings of the Standing Committee, on whom naturally the very great bulk of the work falls, than is possible in the reports presented at the Annual Meetings. And secondly, publicity for the affairs of the University which Convocation is to discuss. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that at every meeting of Convocation several speeches are based entirely on mistakes as to fact.

Here, the O.S.A. can help Convocation through the *Gryphon*, which does try to keep its readers informed of the most important developments of the University, and would open its columns to official or unofficial reports and articles on Convocation affairs.

The attendance at Convocation meetings suffers from two causes: firstly, it is difficult to members reaching Leeds for a meeting held in the middle of the week; and secondly, some members who could contribute usefully to discussion do not come to meetings from a sense of their futility. (The present writer has never missed a meeting, nor ever contributed, usefully or otherwise, to discussion.)

Here again, the O.S.A. can possibly be of assistance. It has been suggested, and it is to be hoped that it will be found possible, that the Convocation meeting should be held on the day of the annual meeting and dinner of the O.S.A., so that those who have come to Leeds to enjoy themselves can earn their dinner by a little work for the University first.

*[We beg to draw readers' attention to the letter from an old student in the present issue which contains the gist of a contribution received earlier but which we were unable to print before.—Ed.]

But, when all is said and done, improvement in Convocation must come from its members; and though it would be unwise to look for any great revolution in human nature, if there were two dozen instead of half a dozen members who would bring to its meetings a well-informed and well-considered judgment on the affairs it has to discuss, its standing and influence would be quadrupled.

Is it too much to hope that this year's graduates will contribute some of the new eighteen?

THE GRYPHON AND THE O.S.A.

To grumble at the *Gryphon* is a tradition as firmly grounded in antiquity, and therefore as wise, estimable and sure and deserving of immortality as to joke about the H.P.; and is, of course, understood to involve no contribution to its improvement, and that being so, it may appear presumptuous and savouring of foolish innovation to treat such grumbles as anything more than ritual devotion to the wholesome traditions of our Alma Mater.

In so far, however, as some recent ones seem to be due to a misunderstanding of the services which the Association asks and the *Gryphon* tries to give, it is worth while to state clearly what these are.

The most obvious is the publication of news of old students and of the Association and the expression of old students' opinions about the University. When this function has not been fulfilled within the limits of editorial fallibility it has been due, it is believed, to the neglect of members to send in news and views. (It may be noted that not a single comment by way of either agreement or disagreement, has been received from an Old Student on an important letter from Mr. Sharpe which appeared two *Gryphons* ago).

But the second service the *Gryphon* does the Association is far more important. The University holds its alumni together not only by their memories of its past, but by their knowledge of its present and their hopes for its future; without that knowledge and those hopes, love for the University must remain empty and sentimental. Well, to many old students only the *Gryphon* can bring news of developments and plans and reflections of the changing scenes under the Clock; only if the *Gryphon* performs its function of mirroring all the life of the University, and above all the life of present students, who are the most important part of the University, can there be a vigorous and informed body of Old Student opinion and Old Student feeling. And not only are that opinion and that feeling important for the welfare of the University, they are essential for the existence of the O.S.A., which, without them, would have been a social club scattered and disjointed beyond the possibility of efficient working.

It is not only, not even chiefly, to the O.S.A. pages of the *Gryphon* that Old Students look: the progress of their pet societies and sports, the development of their departments, the progress of the new buildings, are of equal concern to them with the summer picnic of the _____ Branch, or the speeches at the _____ Dinner; and it has been the considered policy of the present O.S.A. editor to encroach as little as possible on space which can be more fitly occupied by his youngers and betters.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH.

Members will imagine that the Committee have been asleep since the Annual Dinner. The fact is that the Branch is "stoneily broke" and a proposed social evening and dance for March had to be abandoned, as a financial loss seemed inevitable.

A Summer Meeting, probably a ramble, will be arranged for early in July; suggestions of suitable places of interest will be welcomed. A.L.W.

SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA.

The leaflets which are enclosed explain what O.S.A. members are doing this summer to make Kumati echo round the globe. First of all, there is the Swiss excursion. It will start on Tuesday, the 31st July, and last for one, two, or three weeks, according to the taste of individual members. The headquarters for the first week will be Stans, almost on Lake Lucerne (but not quite, so as to be out of reach of its mosquitoes), at the edge of the Bernese Oberland, and with the Stanserhorn Railway round the corner for those who want easy mountaineering. The third week will be spent in the middle of the mountains, at Zermatt, and the intermediate week at either Stans or Grindelwald, according to individual taste.

We can arrange for people going anywhere to travel with the party as far as Bale, at reduced rates, if they will allow us to book their hotel.

Then on the 24th August, another party will set out for a fortnight's tour of Austria, stopping at Cologne and Nuremberg, and for three days in Vienna, and for five at Innsbruck, including a twelve-hour steamer trip on the Danube.

Full particulars of these excursions can be found in the enclosed leaflets; but their best advertisement is the Report of the one to Paris. We might add that friends and relations of Old Students will, of course, be welcome on either of these tours.

VISIT OF L.U.O.S.A. TO PARIS, EASTER, 1928.

Good-bye, Leeds; Hello, London; Newhaven; Good Lord, Dieppe; B-r-r-h—it's cold, but it might have been worse . . . Oh, this train journey. Shall we never get there?

And at long last — SO THIS IS PARIS.

There were thirty of us, drawn together from all parts of the country by this brilliant idea of the L.U.O.S.A. for spending Easter in Paris. Many of us had never seen the other members of the party before, and for quite five minutes after meeting, each little group regarded every other little group with ca'canny Yorkshire eyes. The five minutes up, Yorkshire good fellowship—and especially that L.U. friendliness of which Sir Michael Sadler always spoke so proudly—won through, and for the rest of the week the fact that your workaday life was passed in Bingley or Derby or Gosport mattered not a rap. All that did matter was that you had happy memories of a jolly fine University in a jolly fine, smoky old town in common—and that you were fellow explorers of the gayest city in the world in the gayest season of the year.

For can anyone think of a happier combination than Paris and Easter? Especially when the weather's Easter egg was forthcoming as usual, so that during seven days we had about four hours' rain and for the rest of the time the most glorious sunshine and the bluest of blue skies. And the trees were all out, and the city had about it that laughing holiday air which nobody can resist. Not that we tried. What we did was to surrender ourselves to that gay mood and to add our quota of gaiety and laughter to the rest.

It is hard to believe now that we managed to fit all that we did into one week. Certainly three-quarters of the party began their explorations three hours after landing in Paris at 6 a.m. (need I say that those who preferred to remain in bed till lunch time were members of the "stronger" sex!) with a "let's know where we are" walk round the centre of the city under the guidance of Messrs. Jack Halloran and Brian Woledge, two old students now working in Paris. The last trip, also under the same expert shepherding, to the workrooms where the famous Gobelin tapestries are manufactured, took place a couple of hours before the train was due to leave the Gare St. Lazare. In between lay a week of days beginning at 9 a.m. and ending—well, perhaps all I had better say is that days and nights merged into each other

so imperceptibly that one member of the company, saying good-night to his fellow guile-hunters, remarked, "Let's see, what are we going to do to-day? But . . . is it to-day?" (The Lady of the Enquiring Mind to whom I shall refer later put the finishing touch to this story when it was told her by querying "And *use* it!")

So perhaps after all it is not surprising that the legend "See Paris in a week" was made historical fact in our case.

Where didn't we go? What didn't we see? Versailles, Malmaison, Fontainebleau (perhaps the best day of all). Which of us will forget those wonderful rooms, with their delicate furniture and exquisite ceilings and decorations?, the Louvre, the Cluny Museum, Notre Dame, the Invalides (containing Napoleon's tomb), the Eiffel Tower, the Sainte Chapelle with its glorious blue windows, Sacre Cour and the view over Paris, the Bois, St. Cloud and the trip down the river, the Opera, the Sorbonne, the Pantheon, the Latin Quarter—architecture, sculpture, paintings, tapestries—and beautiful scenery.

What luck, too, we had in our guide. This time I am not referring to our two Paris O.S. guides, who gave us their time and the results of their knowledge of Paris so willingly, but to M. Benoit, the guide from Dean and Dawson. Such a fund of humour and anecdote the man had, such a quick way of reacting to any little episode outside a professional guide's daily routine—and, more worth while than all the rest, such a keen love for the history and contents of the places we saw in his company.

There was the day we went to Versailles, when he unexpectedly met friends and had lunch with them, so that afterwards the French side of his character came uppermost. We had an interesting walk that afternoon through the park of Versailles, learning much about Marie Antoinette and her "shepherdessing" that we had not known before—history drawn out by the Lady of the Enquiring Mind, who ended the proceedings on a wistful note, "Oh, mustn't it have been lovely to have been alive then!"

That Lady of the Enquiring Mind! I can see her now, eyes peering earnestly into yours as she framed her mind-raking questions, closing all avenues of argument or protest by her plaintive cry, "Well, I shouldn't ask you if I didn't think you knew more about it than I did." Certainly one of us came to Paris to learn! We racked our minds to find answers to her posers, which were only capped by Mr. G—t's famous Judge Darlington question, when we asked him to have a Cointreau after lunch at Fontainebleau: "What *is* a liqueur?"

Doesn't think we saw only the artistic and historical side of Paris. There were the evenings, of course, when we went to the Moulin Rouge and the Folies Bergere, and to the cafes and cabarets of Montparnasse and Montmartre, where the artists and writers of Paris congregate. In fact, there was very little of any side of Paris and Parisian life which we did not see—and that's the truth.

May I end my account, first by thanking Mr. Grist, the leader of our little company whose work and enthusiasm had brought such a delightful idea to fruition; secondly, by proposing a vote of thanks to Messrs. Halloian and Wolsedge, without whom the week would in many ways have been less of a success; and thirdly, by saying in all seriousness that this scheme of travel-parties, now so well begun, must not be allowed to drop. Leeds University has sent its representatives to Paris. Let us hope she will in the near future send them to Vienna, to Berlin, to Rome—why not some day to America? A party of thirty is indeed a representative lot. Such a number shows that the idea has been long awaited, that it only needed an active and enthusiastic mind to bring it into being, and that now it should be able to go on growing of its own accord.

When Kumati has been sung in every corner of the civilised world by members of the O.S.A.—I shall be satisfied.

V.B.

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LOAN FUND—WOMEN.

WOMEN old students whose memories go back five years or who can turn up the last Handbook issued in 1923, will remember that it was decided to carry on the work of the Loan Fund. The Committee has been able to meet requests from time to time and in no case has a loan not been repaid within a reasonable period. It is intended to publish a statement of accounts at intervals in the *Gryphon*. Many students of pre-war years will be glad to know that the balance of the funds of the O.S.A. is used entirely for the purpose for which it was intended and that grateful recipients still reap the benefit of this effort begun so modestly twenty-five years ago. During the last five years the following loans have been made:—£20, £20, £20, £5, £20, £5. All are repaid except the last one which was made this session.

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