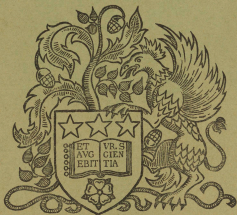


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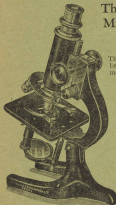
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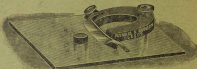
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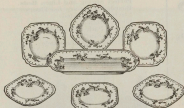
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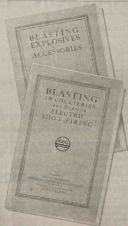
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THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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Editorial.

CHARMIAN, ADIEU!

CHARMIAN: Good sit, give me good fortune!

SOOTHISAYER: You shall be fairer than you are.

CHARMIAN: Good now, some excellent fortune.

SOOTHISAYER: You shall outlive the lady whom you serve."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Act I, Scene 2.

"IF she is not Cleopatra she is at least Charmian," wrote Keats of Fanny Brawne, in the early stages of their acquaintanceship, before passion had deprived him of all critical faculty; and with this phrase for a text the late Alice Meynell wrote one of her most graceful essays, in dispraise of "second-best things." In the past, the Northern Universities have been regarded as a bevy of "Charmians"; of humble ladies-in-waiting, relegated to the "second-best" by the superior charms of the haughty Queen of the Isis. But there are signs that Charmian is beginning to outgrow her servitude. She is no longer the raw hoyden of 20 years ago. Every year her "style" is improving. She has painstakingly learned the polished technique of her Imperial Mistress and grafted it on to her own sturdy native charms. And she has this inestimable advantage—she is still young. Can it be that Cleopatra is growing a little fearful lest she may someday lose her vaunted supremacy? Is that why one of her young Hierophants lately wrote a book explaining to Charmian how far off she still is from being a real lady? But Charmian, if we know her, is no whit abashed by Mr. Herklots' homily. Like Fanny Deerit, she "prefers her own way, thank you." And very soon now, she will shed the last lingering traces of her "second-best hood" to stand in open rivalry with her erstwhile mistress and Cleopatra will be no more than "first among equals."

The time has now come, when, having served for a not inconsiderable period in her train, we must bid Charmian adieu. There is, inevitably, a certain "sadness of farewell." During the latter part of our sojourn in her somewhat sombre mansions, we have known something of that "laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness," which, some would have us believe, are altogether denied to Charmian's retainers. But it behoves us to remember that a University career is an exception to the adage anent the impossibility of having too much of a good thing. Unduly prolonged attachment to the apron-strings of Alma Mater may render one unfit to play one's part in that life of the outer world which awaits each one of us.

We have always had an idea (which we never ventured to express in our English Literature Papers) that certain distressing events at Elsinore might have been avoided, if the Wittenborg University Fencing Committee had awarded Hamlet his Colours a few years earlier.

We have often served Charmian, to the best of our endeavour, as Jester. Let her not take it amiss if, at parting, we doff the cap and bells in favour of the Counsellor's sober robes. We are in no mood to scold and we solemnly declare, with our hand on the Editorial heart, that we shall always esteem her beyond all other ladies. Should we ever succeed in writing a book about her, she may rest assured that we shall contend for her fair fame in the publisher's lists none the less valiantly, because she has seen fit to deny us that gage of battle her knights are accustomed to receive at parting. For our counsel, it is this :—

"Let Charmian beware lest, in that palatial dwelling which is even now preparing for her, she lose her youthful ardour and grow staid and complacent. Let her choose her future households with care, for there is no more ludicrous thing than petty souls surrounded by material splendour. And let her take for the motto of her house "Ich Dien." If there be any among her household who seem to prefer "Je gagne" let her bid them, in all kindness, go their ways. They may do good service for Our Lady of Commerce but there is no place for them in Charmian's mansions."

So, we believe, may she hope to fulfil the Soothsayer's prophecy and, growing fairer with the years, outlive the lady whom once she served.

Notes and Comments.

"Results."

Very soon after these lines are read everyone will know what fate has befallen them in The Great June Tourney. To the victors the spoils! Nothing could be further from our thoughts than to belittle the achievement of those who have emerged triumphantly from the hard-fought Battle of the Books. The type of man or woman who gains a place of distinction in the Schools is now, and must remain, the steel fabric of our University system, without which the Universities would soon crumble into insignificance. But to those who have been less fortunate we would say—"Lift up your hearts." There are other things in life besides degrees. If you have done your utmost at something, no matter what, while you were here, then you have not lived altogether in vain. A man is not damned for all eternity because he writes no letters after his name. You may still get some little of the World's Work done before you sit the Great Exam. Dr. Johnson had to wait for an honorary degree; Swift got an Ordinary "by special grace"; Tagore "ploughed" London Matric; Lincoln had to make a success of his Presidency because as he said, he "had tried well-nigh everything else and failed."

Thank you and — Farewell.

One who has long used his brilliant gifts unsparingly in Charmian's service is now to take his leave. In our rôle of herald, we offer this great servant of the many talents our thanks and wish him "excellent fortune" in the work which now awaits him.

(Mr. Wolledge's appreciation of Prof. Abercrombie appears on page 245).

L.U. WOMEN'S ATHLETIC TEAM, 1928-9.

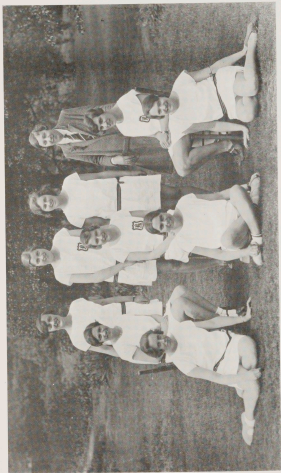
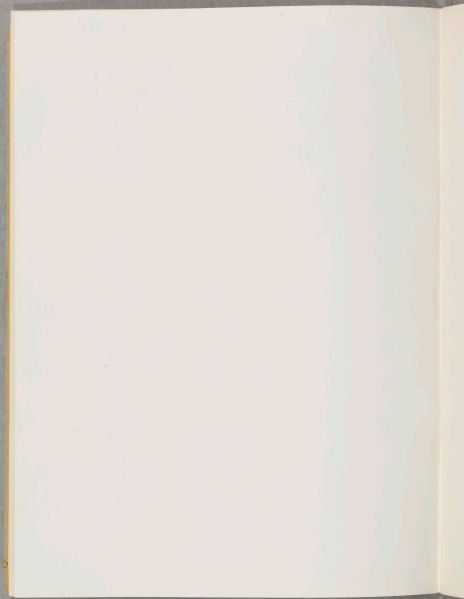


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Our Prize Competition.

Our Competition was open only to those "in statu pupillari," and many excellent contributions were, therefore, ineligible. After careful consideration the Committee decided that the work of three competitors for the "Serious" prize was of equal merit. Accordingly the amount offered (£1 11s. 6d.) is divided amongst the following:—"Qays" (M. N. Alikhan), for the verses entitled "An Epitaph"; J. M. Boggis, for his review of "Dreiser Looks at Russia" and R.P. (Ronald Peacock), for the musical "critique" "Sounds and Sweet Airs."

For the "Humourous" prize, two entrants were ranked equal and the prize-money is divided between "E.I.H.S." (E. I. H. Silman) for his article "The Book of Rag," and "Leon" (Noel C. Wilkinson) for the light-verse entitled "The Diploma-tist." Both receive the sum of 15/9.

Mr. Hoggett.

Mr. T. G. Hoggett, well-known to many generations of "Edu" Students, is now to leave us. Mr. Hoggett is the generous donor to the Library of a very fine collection of music, and books on music, including such monumental standard editions as the Bach—Gesellschafts' edition of Bach and that of Purcell by the Purcell Society. We take this opportunity of wishing him every happiness in his well-earned retirement.

'Gratters! Mr. Printer.

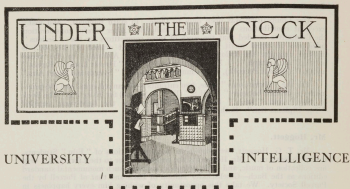
We offer our congratulations to *The Gryphon* printer, Mr. Walter Gardham, whose name appeared in the recent Birthday Honours List, being awarded The Order of the British Empire (Military Division).

The Roll of Honour.

(UNION APPEAL SESSION, 1928-29.)

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Messrs. MacGregor and Grant are also giving to the Appeal the profits from the sale of plaques.



University Buildings.

THERE is every prospect that the new Mining Department will be completed by the end of September. It will then be possible to start the Physics Building. This block will not take a prominent position in the new architectural scheme, as, in view of the delicate operations involved in physical research, it is desirable that the building should be remote from the traffic in Woodhouse Lane. For the present the block is isolated, but eventually it will be connected with the main building by an archway facing towards the new Mining Department. It is hoped that the Physics buildings will be ready for occupation in October, 1930. The Chemistry block will be the next to be undertaken, and when that is finished a start could be made on the much needed Library. A sketch of the suggested interior of the Library is in this year's Royal Academy.

The present extensions of the Medical School will probably be completed not later than February, and then it will be possible to begin the erection of the Pathological Institute on the other side of St. George's Road. These two blocks will be a valuable acquisition to the University, and will facilitate considerably the work of the Medical School.

Sir Edward Allen Brotherton.

Those who have been intimately connected with the University were gratified to find included among the King's Birthday Honours List the name of Sir Edward Allen Brotherton, on whom a barony has been bestowed. Sir Edward is a life member of the Court of the University of Leeds, of which he has been a very generous supporter. In 1920 he gave £20,000 to found a Chair of Bacteriological Research, and in the new extension scheme he has undertaken to defray the cost of building the Library to the extent of £100,000.

Post-Graduate Instruction.

A comprehensive series of post-graduate courses during May, June and July have been arranged by the Faculty of Medicine. Three series of Lectures are being given, each of six Lectures, on Wednesday afternoons. Dr. H. W. Davis will deal with acidosis, alkalosis, and ketosis at the School of Medicine; Mr. A. Richardson will discuss emergency surgery, at the General Infirmary; and Professor W. H. Maxwell Telling will lecture on the ductless glands, also at the General Infirmary. An intensive general course of clinical instruction and lectures will begin on July 1st, at the General Infirmary and the School of Medicine. Professors Jamieson, McSwiney, McLeod, and Maxwell Telling will be in charge of their respective subjects. Other lecturers and demonstrators will include Mr. Dobson, Dr. Veale, Mr. Oldfield, Dr. Cooper, Dr. Polson and Dr. Anderson, who will deal with fevers.

Universities Grants Committee.

The Universities Grants Committee recently visited Leeds. It expressed great gratification at the progress that had been made, and the Chairman said that he was greatly impressed by the excellent spirit prevailing in the University.

Anonymous Gift to Appeal Fund.

At a meeting of the University Court held on May 29th, the Vice-Chancellor announced that an anonymous donor had given £10,000 in two instalments, to the University Appeal Fund for the new buildings. The Fund now stands at £428,387. An effort is to be made to increase this Fund to £500,000 this year.

Cecil Peace Prize.

The prize of £100, founded by Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, offered for an essay on some subject connected with the maintenance of International Peace, and having some bearing on the principles or work of the League of Nations, is awarded this year to Clarence W. Jenks (Grenville and Caius College, Cambridge). Proxime accessit: Morris Greenspan (University of Leeds).

The subject of the essay was: "How far can International Arbitration be made a complete substitute for War?"

Appointments.

Mr. L. G. Johnson, Staff Tutor to conduct tutorial classes and organise adult education in North Yorkshire.

Miss E. G. Steward, Assistant Lecturer in Poultry Husbandry.

Miss Mary Evelyn, Assistant Instructress in Dairying.

Mr. D. C. Withers, Student Assistant in Agricultural Economics.

Miss Esther Killick, temporary Research Assistant in the Physiological Department.

Professor L. Abercrombie has been appointed to the Hildred Carlyle Chair of English Literature in Bedford College, London.

Mr. C. Colles, Assistant lecturer in Mechanical and Civil Engineering, Head of the Mechanical Engineering Department of the Medway Technical College, Gillingham.

Mr. G. H. Nash, N.D.H., Horticultural Expert for Warwickshire.

Mr. E. W. Allam, B.A. (Cantab.), B.Mus. (London), A.R.C.M., has been appointed Lecturer in Music.

The Melsted Icelandic Library.

Through the generosity of Sir Edwin Airey the University of Leeds has recently acquired a fine collection of Icelandic books, the library of the veteran Icelandic historian Bogi Melsted. The collection was begun about a century ago by Bogi's grandfather Páll, at a time when books now rare were readily obtainable; thus it includes a number of scarce and valuable books. In general any books printed in Iceland before 1800, and many later than that, have now become rare and precious: they received such constant and hard usage at the hands of Icelandic farmers and fishers, keen readers all, that very few copies survived complete. But most of the collection was gathered by Bogi Melsted himself, and the greater part of his contribution was acquired for his work on Icelandic history. The collection is especially rich in Icelandic biographies, history (political and economic) and literature, but there are few subjects which have any connection with Iceland that have not some representation.

The whole collection consists of some 7,000 volumes, and will probably be the largest and most complete Icelandic library in England, excluding that in the British Museum. The excellent collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, for example, is inferior as a working library; its only advantage over the Melsted collection is that it contains the manuscripts once owned by Finnur Magnússon. Over 4,000 of the volumes have now been brought to Leeds; the others may remain in Melsted's keeping during his lifetime, but will come eventually to Leeds.

The University has good reason to be grateful to Melsted, who received large offers for his books from America, but accepted a smaller sum in order that they might remain in Europe. He writes that it is a source of special satisfaction to him that they have come to Leeds, where there are at present more students of Icelandic than at any other British University.

Rag - Day.

THREE MORE DAYS—SATURDAY THE 29th.

WE are now ready to let loose on our expectant public the greatest show of the year; with fine weather and the best material the Union can turn out, we hope to reach £3,000—higher hopes are entertained that we might possibly get to £5,000. This latter is comparatively insignificant in comparison with the figures of Manchester, Glasgow and several other Varsity Rags. But it is hoped that within a few years we shall be able to challenge the Kings of the Rag world. The plain fact is that with a Union the size of ours and one of the largest provincial cities to work *we can do more*. The town is willing and keen to help us in every way it can; we have the lorries, the stunts, including a monster replica of the Show Boat, and, we hope, an efficient organisation to deal with the whole Rag. What we want are *Men* who will give the whole day and a considerable amount of time to the making of the Rag. Whether we like it or not, Leeds University Union has undertaken the Rag and it is up to us to see the thing through. No time like *NOW*. Root out your Stunt Leader or the R.C. Representative. If he is not moving—push him—hard! Don't imagine you are not wanted or that you are no good at the game. Every man we have *is* wanted and every man *is* some good. We have got to move—and that pretty quickly—so get to it, Leeds!

The Headquarters is in the Men's Rooms. You will find your man there, and if you have a last-minute brain wave, it is not too late. We want all we can get and we want *you*.

The Wheel Turns Thrice.

"YOU cannot suddenly blot out a whole patch of existence," he had written. "We cannot forget each other, whatever you say." Connal had written it. Margaret was reading it.

It had been waiting in the hotel rack and when she asked for it, her voice trembled. The clerk could see her hand shaking. The whole hotel could!

"Miss Melfort," the clerk had said, in an obvious way, and handed the letter over. It was addressed to Miss Margaret Melfort and now all the hotel would know her Christian name. Those who had been there a long time knew it already, for a year ago, she had been receiving a letter a day from this boy. He was twenty then and she was nine years his senior. Before that there had been a few occasional letters and then, suddenly, one a day for a week. She had cut these off by writing, frigidly and firmly, to say that he must not write again—passionately denouncing his wrongness in writing at all. It was wrong of him to write, more wrong than he ever knew, and yet he had begun again.

At last, she had sent him a short icy letter, with no name at the beginning and none at the end, telling him not to write again. She returned his last letter unopened and said: "I really must refuse to read any more of your letters. I shall burn any more you send. You must seek a new way of life and blot me out entirely."

That was straight forward and to the point—not a bad attempt for a woman who still loved the boy with as much love as she could give him. But she could not love him in "that way." It made her shudder when he wrote in terms of love, even though he veiled his love like the coward he was. She wanted to give him a motherly love that only she could give, and they had been very intimately friendly and revealed much of their lives to each other. She had told all but one thing, one thing that could never be blotted out.

When she wrote her icy note, her anger was assumed and she still thought of him as Connal, his Christian name. As for Connal himself, the letter he had just sent was the most important of his life. After a few months, he had decided to write to her and write he did, like one possessed, his hair unruly, his eyes filled with a shining light. He wrote rapidly and for a long time, but suddenly he looked up, frightened. His eyes had the look of one who has just remembered a terrible blunder.

He stopped writing and slowly folded the letter. His movements were slow and he slowly pushed the letter into his pocket. A hopeless expression filled his eyes and he wrote another letter, twice, slowly, each word like a painful, limping wound. He had remembered all their love and her smiles, the first time he had met her, the coffee they had drunk together and last of all, this note of hers. It was a complete barrier between them and he saw himself knocking for ever at an unanswered door. He heard the hollow echoes and the silence of emptiness—the pain of utter futility for ever.

He had been told never to ask for admission again but such is the eternal hope in man, that he decided to have one last chance. The eternal hope had died when he posted the letter for he could not forget the fearful mistakes of the past and the day when she had looked so tragic and smiled in so hopeless a way. There was something he did not know, and yet he sometimes thought that in the one smile, he knew everything about life.

When the clerk had given Margaret her letter, he went on with his work without another thought and Margaret rushed up the stairs to her bedroom. There were too many people about elsewhere and she was resting from people. She had been resting from people for five years and had begun to pretend she was content until this boy had come a year or so ago.

And here he was again, writing when she had asked him never to write again. She had thought she would be angry but a new gentle pity had come to her. She was not the only person full of anguish, then, and there was sorrow everywhere? It made her tremble. In her bedroom, she bolted the door and sank down near the bed and seemed to pray. She lay like that, her eyes pressed into the cover and her breast straining against the bed for five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour.

She jumped up shivering. Her eyes were red, though she had not been crying and she was looking on something a thousand miles away. She crossed to the window and left the letter behind on the bed. Outside, it was raining—rain mixed with smoke from a weary waste of chimneys. All the time there was the roar of London, and three stories below, the clattering of dustbin lids and the incessant cross-crossing of footsteps, backwards and forwards in the yard. Rain was streaming down and soot floated against the window.

Margaret turned back to the letter and took it up. Her hands and lips were trembling and her whole body shivered. When she opened the letter, she was again kneeling against the bed. It was obvious what he would say, but she was not prepared for anything as short as this: "Dear M. I hate it, but I cannot keep to what you say. Please let me meet you once. I want to talk and letters are not enough. You cannot suddenly blot out a whole patch of existence. We cannot forget each other, whatever you say. I want to talk. C."

She knew exactly what he felt. She had felt it for five years. It was raining when she met the man she loved. Everyone on the excursion seemed bad-tempered and irritable, but she was wildly excited and happy. She walked through the long wet grass. She shook water from the trees and leaned over dirty wet gates, looking into the fields.

The man was walking by her, listening to her prattle. This was their first meeting and already they were talking intimately—of floating clouds and lonely moors, life in London.

"I should always prefer to live in London," she said. "You're in the midst of everything. But the moors are fine, don't you think?"

The man was watching her face and smiling, but before he could answer, she said: "I would give worlds to know how to describe a cloud like that, floating across the sky. It isn't floating and it isn't being driven. It looks just like a stormy sea."

What a stormy day it had been, clouds everywhere and wind that swept over the sky in great gusts. That night she lay awake until five, and next day she wrote and suggested they should write to each other. They had written for a year and all the time she had shown her love. He had loved her as well, in a vague mysterious way, but suddenly he had written goodbye and gone. He had sent a brief note and thanked her for her goodness but she had forgotten the note. It was too intense to remember and it had left her afraid of all letters.

It was strange. Five years ago, and she could think of nothing of that last day. Even now, when her eyes were pressed into the bed, she could see nothing. She could not even think of that last day.

She slowly rose from her kneeling position, burned the boy's letter in the fire-place and sat down at the dressing table to write another note, with no name at the beginning and none at the end.

"I am sorry," she wrote, "But we must forget each other. Once, you said you would do anything I asked. I again ask you to forget me. You must not write to me again. I now believe you love me and I trust you to do what I ask. I wish you well."

That was the end, of course. When Connal read the note, he felt suddenly cold and his skin seemed tight all over his face.

Neither ever heard again of the other, just as Margaret never heard of the man she loved. Her way of life did not change and she continued to rest from people and always she was mournful, changing from hotel to hotel. It was a terrible life.

A trinity whose hearts were broken—the man, the woman and the boy. The wheel of life had turned thrice. B.M.

The Book of Rag.

1. ¹And it came to pass, on the twenty-ninth day of the month of June, that there was a rejoicing in the camp ²and there was a blowing of trumpets and a clashing of cymbals ³as it was said: "And the twenty-ninth day of the month of June shall be a festival unto you; ⁴on it you shall not do any work; ⁵and you shall rejoice and be merry ⁶and you shall gather offerings for the infirm ⁷and it shall be known unto you as the festival of Rag."

⁸And the Children of Rag gather themselves together ⁹and they make for themselves coats of many colours ¹⁰and they prepare their chariots.

¹¹And there were chariots of fire and chariots of death. ¹²And the High Priest appeared before the Children of Rag. ¹³and the children lifted up their eyes and behold the raiment of the High Priest was exceedingly bright and when the people saw it they trembled and stood afar off. ¹⁴And the High Priest spoke unto the Children of Rag saying: ¹⁵"Speak unto the people, that they give to me an offering; of every man and woman whose heart maketh him willing you shall take an offering. ¹⁶And this is the offering you shall take of them: gold, and silver, and brass."

¹⁷And the High Priest said unto the Children of Rag: ¹⁸"Remember this day in which you come out from Laboris, out of the House of Bondage. ¹⁹Thou shalt therefore keep this ordinance in its season from year to year."

²⁰And he made ready his chariots and took his people with him.

2. ¹And the Children of Rag journeyed from Collegis to Sitiscuare, about 200 men on foot, beside women. ²And a mixed multitude went up also with them; ³and flocks and herds and he-asses; even very much cattle.

⁴And the High Priest spoke unto the Children of Rag saying: ⁵"When thou takest the money of the people according to their number, ⁶then shalt thou give every man a ransom for his soul unto the High Priest; ⁷that there be no plague amongst them. ⁸This they shall give every one that passeth amongst them that are numbered, ⁹half a shekel—half a shekel for an offering to the High Priest to make atonement for their souls."

¹⁰And the Children of Rag did according to the word of the High Priest ¹¹and they gathered some more some less. ¹²And they asked of the Egyptians jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiments. ¹³And the High Priest gave the people favour in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they let them have what they asked. ¹⁴And they despoiled the Egyptians. ¹⁵And the hearts of the Children of Rag were exceedingly glad and they shouted "Timintin."

3. ¹And the Children of Rag journeyed many hours. ²And when they came unto Minesa they could not drink of the waters of Minesa, for they were bitter, ³Therefore the name of it was called Minesa. ⁴And the people murmured against the High Priest, saying: ⁵"What shall we drink?" ⁶And the High Priest spoke unto the Children of Rag, saying: ⁷"You shall not drink before the hour of noon, as it is commanded. ⁸And when the hour of noon is come then you may enter and you may drink." ⁹And the people were satisfied, And the people laboured throughout the entire day.
4. ¹And it came to pass that when the sun went down ²and there was a thick darkness, ³behold a smoking furnace and a flaming torch which passed between these places. ⁴And the Children of Rag walked with pillars by night and they shouted "Kumati."
- ⁵And the Children of Rag departed every one to his tent.
Thus endeth the first Book of Rag.

E. I. H. S.

The Cecil Peace Prize,

By a previous Winner.

ONE of the most thrilling experiences in the life of a student is to wake up on a dull February morning and find a cheque for £100 between his undergraduate fingers. Visions of an extra year at the University, a holiday abroad, a super wireless set, and even a second-hand car float blissfully before his eyes. At one stroke of the pen he has become, according to Philpotts, a "blasted capitalist." And that £100 is not too hard to get. Even the proverbially overworked undergraduate can find leisure during the long vacation to collect his thoughts on some important international problem, and set them down on paper. For an essay connected with some aspect of the work of the League of Nations in the maintenance of Peace the Cecil Peace Prize of £100 is offered yearly to any undergraduate of a British University who is not yet 25 years of age. The actual subject is chosen each year by the Committee; for this year it is: "*The Relation of the Pact of Paris for the Renunciation of War to the Covenant of the League of Nations.*"

The essay, which should be between ten and twelve thousand words in length, can easily be completed in four or five weeks at the most, including the necessary general reading. If by that time the student has wearied in well doing, no doubt a younger member of the family could be coerced into making a fair copy for the typist.

Apart from the general interest of the subject set for the essay, no student who has at heart the principles for which the League of Nations stands and who really desires to see the establishment of World Peace can afford to neglect the opportunity of helping to bring this ideal nearer to reality which is given by the writing and subsequent publication of the successful essay.

On a purely practical basis the reading involved and the writing of so long an essay give a student great help in preparation for final year work, and is invaluable for this reason to students who have to offer a thesis.

The honour of winning the Cecil Peace Prize is not enjoyed merely by the successful candidate—it is equally an honour for his University.

LILIAN M. SECKLER,

The University, Birmingham.

NOTE.—Full particulars of the Cecil Peace Prize and conditions may be obtained from the National Union of Students, 3, Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.



Photo by James Hutton & Sons, Leeds.

Professor LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

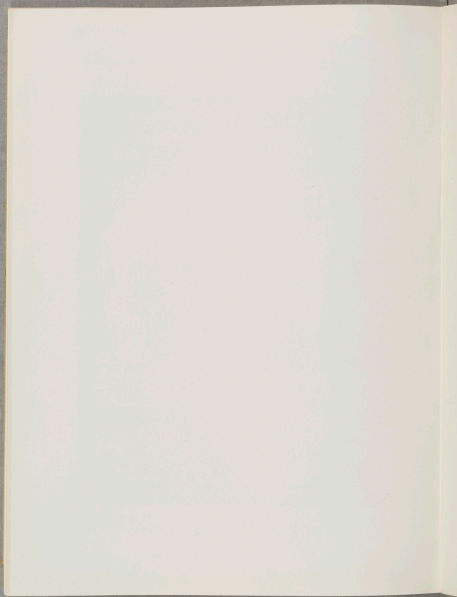
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UNDER THE CLOCK.



Photo by R. O. Hall.



Lascelles Abercrombie.

Professor of English Literature, 1922-1929.

IN the first week of the autumn term of 1922, Professor George Gordon delivered his farewell lecture in the school of English. He sat easily at one of the café-like tables in the old, low English library, with his notes before him, and gossiped about the Shakespearean critics of the 18th Century; showing from their example that scholarship need not stand in the way of one's being a gentleman. A week later, Professor Lascelles Abercrombie delivered his first lecture. It was before the era of official inaugural lectures; but students from other departments and other faculties had come to hear him. He spoke, with no rhetoric but voice and gesture to adorn the bare facts, on the life of Shakespeare, pacing the little clear space against the wall, wrapping the folds of his gown round him and letting them drop; throwing out his words with that forceful hesitation that bends facts into their appointed shape, so that his audiences always feel a masked passion behind them.

This is not the place to speak of his achievements in literature; they have shed lustre on us, but they are not our domestic concern. But it was always the poet who lectured to us. "There is in you (says *The World to Science* in one of his dialogues) a stable necessity far more comprehensive and commanding in its grasp than you reckon, I believe....the necessity of your imagination.... The central principle within your power of knowing is not a faculty for analysis and discrimination, but altogether, through and through, a creative faculty—a stable necessity of creative faculty: indeed, an active, outward-rayed vigour of unalterable imagination." Of his own science, this was always true and always patent.

Perhaps the most valuable of all his lectures were the course which kept the traditional name "History of criticism," though it had shed much of the history. It had formerly started with Aristotle; Abercrombie started it with Plato; all through the course, art and philosophy were put side by side, and the hearers, learning to see them both outward-rayed from unalterable imagination, received more than knowledge, received a challenge to answer at leisure in later years.

Zeus could walk with men as once with Philemon and Baucis; on occasion, he could lighten amazingly without thunder from a clear sky; but above all we remember the peals from the cloudy head of Olympus.

G.W.

Verse.

See the hill mists floating,
Rising,
Breathing,
Wreathing all around us like a cloak of silver light.

See them sway and close again,
When the moor-wind blows again,
Then break away and leave the sun in sight.

When other mists come on you,
Crush you,
Blind you,
Find you groping vaguely in the darkness from above,
Seek the peace of wind and tree,
Mist and moor and you will see
The Sun of suns look down on you in love.

JOHN HARVEY.

That Poor Fish, Keats.

(A Playlet).

Scene: The drawing room of Mrs. Brawne's house in Hampstead.

Time: Early evening of a day in February, 1819.

The large, well-furnished room is very like hundreds of other middle-class drawing rooms of the period. It is on the second floor and the two windows at the back look out over Hampstead Heath. There has been a heavy snowfall during the day, but the night is clear and starry and the Heath is now a white wilderness that shimmers in the frost. There is a writing desk, back-centre and a sofa upstage left. The only door is on the right. As the curtain rises, Hannah, the Brawnes' head-servant, a gaunt woman of 50, is showing in a caller—a rather shabbily-dressed young man of 24, just over 5ft. in height, but finely proportioned. The curious blend of confidence and hesitancy in his manner may be accounted for by the fact that, whilst he is almost certain he is one of the World's immortals, he is *quite* certain he is not one of England's gentlemen—and he can never forget the fact.

HANNAH (none too cordially, for, though he has been engaged to "the young mistress" for a fortnight, she doesn't approve of shabby callers):
"I'll tell Miss Fanny you're here, Mr. Keats."

KEATS: "Ask her to be quick, won't you, Hannah."

HANNAH (doggedly): "She's dressing for the ball. I'll tell her you're here."

She goes out and Keats, left alone, begins to pace up and down the room in his impatience. After a few turns he stops downstage, by the window, gazing out at the snow-clad Heath. Something in the view seems to have stirred his creative faculty, for after a few moments he can be heard murmuring rhythmically to himself, though we cannot catch the words. Finally, he crosses swiftly to the writing-desk and, taking pen and paper, begins to write slowly. While he is thus engaged, a young lady, a vivacious little brunette of some 22 summers, all resplendent in her white satin ball-dress and ablaze with jewellery, comes quietly in. Seeing Keats busy at the desk, she smiles to herself, and then, stealing up behind him, covers his eyes with her hands.

THE YOUNG LADY: "Guess who it is, sir."

KEATS: "Fanny!" (He throws down his pen, jumps up and, wheeling round, takes her in his arms. We hear a muffled murmur: "My dress—do be careful—silly John," and then they are apart, still holding one another's two hands).

FANNY (archly): "And what were you writing just now, sir? A letter to another woman, I dare swear."

KEATS (whimsically apologetic): "It was only another poem, Fanny."

FANNY (eagerly): "Is it about me?"

KEATS: "Not yet. But I expect you'll find your way into it before it's finished. (There is a certain flavour of bitterness about the last sentence. Even a poet in love has his sane moments, and in these he realises that she is playing the very devil with his work).

FANNY (clapping her hands): "Then finish it, do please finish it now, dear John."

KEATS: "I can't do that, Fanny. It may take me a long time; days—perhaps months."

FANNY (she thinks she ought to show an interest in his work): "How long will the poem be, John?"

KEATS (laughing): "Only fourteen lines, Fanny."

FANNY (very seriously): "You know, John, I'm afraid you can't be a very good poet if it takes you all that time to write fourteen lines. Why, I'm not very clever and I made up a poem myself to-night. Just while Hannah was brushing my hair. Shall I tell you it?"

KEATS (smiling): "Is it about me?" (But he rather hopes it is!).

FANNY (severely): "...Don't be vain, sir. Of course it isn't about you. It goes like this (she looks utterly charming as she marks the fall of the accents with her outstretched finger):—

"To-night it is Friday, I'm going to the ball;

I hope all my partners are handsome and tall.

I mean to forget all life's sorrows and ills

To-night, while I'm dancing gavottes and quadrilles."

Having said her little piece she curtsies low, and then:—

FANNY: "What do you think of my poem, John?"

KEATS has been looking extremely black ever since the second line! He makes no answer to her question, but after a pause, during which FANNY rises from her curtsy:—

KEATS: "With whom do you go to the ball?"

FANNY: "With Captain Pickering. He must be nearly here, by now."

KEATS (muttering to himself): "'Handsome and tall—Handsome and tall.'"

FANNY laughingly comes up to him, and dragging him across to the sofa, seats him beside her.

FANNY: "You silly, silly John. I believe you're jealous."

KEATS (trying to believe it): "No, dear heart. I know I can trust my Fanny. And when she is the Belle of the Ball and dances with all the dashing captains, she will think a little of poor John, who cannot dance and so is left behind to write poetry, will she not?"

FANNY (warmly, for she is really a good-hearted little thing): "Of course I will!"

They are now side by side on the sofa. FANNY lies back and KEATS leaning towards her, rests his head upon her breast. For a moment they remain thus, in silence. Then:—

KEATS: "Breathe deeply, Fanny. Rock me to sleep on your breast. Oh! how I wish I could stay like this until I die, forget all about debts and publishers and *Edinburgh Reviewers*, and just go on dreaming of Fanny—sweetheart Fanny—goddess Fanny. (His voice trails off into an inaudible murmur of endearments).

For a moment she falls in with his mood and strokes his head tenderly. But suddenly the ruling passion re-asserts itself and she cries out sharply, blissfully unconscious that she has just played her part in one of the great moments of English Poetry:—

FANNY: "John, please get up—you really must get up. What will my dress—my new dress, be like? And Captain Pickering will be here at any moment. Why, I declare, I believe I can hear the coach outside now." She springs from the sofa and crosses to the window.

FANNY (with a little crow of delight): "It is Captain Pickering. I must go now, dear John, or we shall miss the first gavotte."

KEATS: "Won't you kiss me goodbye, Fanny?"

She comes to him and he kisses her passionately. Then:—

FANNY: "Good-night, John." (And with a flutter of her dress she is gone and he is left alone. The door is still ajar, and we hear FANNY crying: "Hannah, my cloak," and then a military voice, which says: "We haven't a moment to lose, Miss Fanny ma'am, if we are to reach Woolwich by 7 o'clock." Then comes a sound of the door slamming and finally the muffled rumble of coach-wheels in deep snow. At first KEATS stands motionless in the centre of the room, but as the coach is heard driving off he rushes to the window in hopes to catch a last glimpse of "Goddess Fanny." When the sound of the coach-wheels has died away he goes once more to the writing-desk and writes rapidly for a few moments. Then, holding a sheet of paper in his hand, he comes upstage and in a resonant, melodious voice, reads aloud what he has just composed:—

KEATS:

"Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in love splendour hang aloft the night,
And watching with eternal lips apart
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremit,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablation, round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new, soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell.
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath
And so live ever—or else swoon to death."

As he reads, his face takes on the expression of that radiant ecstasy which the artist knows in the moment of creation. At such moments as this he knows that he is of the Immortals. But in a flash the ecstasy is gone and his expression changes to one of baffled, impotent fury.

KEATS (very slowly and with infinite bitterness): "'I hope—all my partners—are handsome—and—tall.'"

He stands for a long moment with his hand pressed to his forehead.

Then, with an anguished gesture, he tears up the sonnet and throws the pieces from him. Then:—

KEATS (the words come in a strangled, gasping sob):—

"God, how I wish I could dance!"

QUICK CURTAIN.

G. J.

The Union Library.

THE first indication that a Union Library was in mind is the report in 1927 to the Union Committee that a request for space in the University Library had not been viewed with favour.

A period of inaction followed, during which more ambitious schemes had time to mature in the minds of would be library-founders. The first definite step was made by the M.R.C. of 1927. Mr. C. F. Bennett gave an outline of Union Libraries in other Universities; they were found to vary in size from a few hundred to a hundred thousand volumes. It was forthwith decided by the M.R.C. that Leeds Union must have a Library and a sub-committee was formed to inquire into the matter.

The ultimate result was the expenditure of 47 17s. 0d. on a bookcase and of 45 on books, and the Library really commenced its existence—in March, 1927. Having brought a Library into being the sub-committee was unfortunately considered to have completed its work and was dispersed. Arrangements had been made for the issue of books, but no measures had been taken to ensure further growth of the Library.

Not only was it gradually proved that books do not breed but it was found that, owing to certain defects in the bookcase and in the consciences of some members of the Union, the original collection was rapidly melting away.

Eventually the Union Committee of 1928-29, early in its session decided to appoint a permanent sub-committee in order to give the Union Library a firm constitutional basis. Naturally, the first task was to trace the missing books; this was impossible in the case of a large number. Some, however, have been retrieved. The committee is deeply concerned about the future welfare of those who are still in possession of books belonging to the Union Library and it earnestly urges these people, for the sake of their own consciences, to return the books immediately to the Union Office. (Consummate tact is observed in asking no questions).

The next task was the repairing of the bookcase. After months of exciting negotiation with the M.R.C. this matter was settled, and now the bookcase, though not proof against a modern super-cracksman, is reasonably safe.

It is hoped that the present small stock of books will be added to by the students themselves and by clubs and societies; accordingly, all students taking finals have been circularised with a view to establishing a custom whereby each student on going down presents a volume to the Library.

The Library is in the J.C.R., just opposite the lemonade. A copy of the rules will be found on the adjacent wall.

J.J.F.

Acknowledgments.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following periodicals:—

The Nonesuch (Bristol); *University Gazette* (Birmingham); *The Student*; *New Troy* (University College, London); *Birbeck College London Magazine*; *New Student*; *The Serpent*; *Die Stellenbosse Student*; *Pro Tanto Quid* (Queen's University, Belfast); *Rag Magazine*; *University College London Magazine*; *The Arrows* (Sheffield).

The Portrait of Diane.

A FANTASY.

TO-DAY I am 25. To-night I shall gather my friends around me for the last time. We shall dine here, in this very room. And when the banquet is at its height, I shall burn the portrait of Diane before them all. It is no more than justice. They all know that I loved, unloved, and so came to walk in the Ways of Shame. They shall see, to-night, that I have at last rooted her out from my heart.....

It is a year now since we fought our duel, she and I. Had she not been a great lady what a "maître d'escrime" she would have made! How brilliantly she held me in play until that last deadly thrust in tierce which made me long for death during weary months. But I am letting my pen run away with me and I have a thousand things to do, for to-morrow I leave for the East.

To-night, then, I shall burn the portrait of Diane.

They are all about me now. There is young Casimir, so gay and gracious, debonaire alike in mind and in body; Stack, that dreamer of dreams, who knows no evil; Cartaret, fine scholar and brilliant blade; Dale, that plain man of the faithful heart; Jack Paradise, who is of the race of Lassalle; Colquhoun, of the swift limbs and flaming hair, whose tragedy is that he is always right and Sajjad, the Emir, of the child's heart and the Satanic smile. You scorned me, Diane. I do not say that you were wrong. And yet if a man have these for his friends he cannot be so lowly.

And now, since we are all here, for what must be the last time—a toast. Charge your glasses, gentlemen. I give you—"Diane—the incomparable, unattainable Diane." But a few weeks and we are scattered to the four corners of the earth, but we shall not meet her like again. So, then, "Diane" (Heavens, how they shout!).

And now, farewell, my friends. Give me each your hand, as you pass out.

They are gone and I am left alone. The candles are guttering in their sconces, the roses, fresh but a few hours since, droop sadly in the silver bowls, the embers are greying in the hearth and eastward, beyond the hills, the sky is faintly flushed. But what is this? A chill numbness is stealing through my limbs. I feel an infinite weariness. Can this be death? Was there, perhaps poison in the wine? I have spoken of my friends, but what man, in these times, has no enemies. Pish! An old wives' fancy. It was Italian wine we drank, but we are not in Italy. No, I have it now. It is age which has crept upon me. Has my hair greyed? No! The Venetian mirror on the wall reassures me. The face, too, is still unlined. Yet something has gone from me—Now I understand! That disconcertingly familiar figure who was the last of my guests to go; was there not a hint of mockery in his smile, as he gave me his hand? A man of mark, that, so I thought, as he turned on his heel and strode from the room with a quick purposeful step and I marvelled that by some prank of memory, his name and standing unaccountably escaped me. So, then, my youth passed out among my friends. Farewell to youth!.....

It is dawn now. Throw back the curtains. Heavens! Diane's portrait, still hanging in the alcove. And I had sworn to myself that I would burn it before them all. How cunningly Beppo's brush has caught that almost imperceptible sneer that hovers always on her lips—that sneer which is a thousand

times more adorable than any other woman's smile. Cease to mock me from your canvas, Diane, I entreat you. 'Tis unworthy a lady of your rank and parts. Am I not to be pitied? A year ago I lost you. And now I have lost in one night, my friends and my youth. I am left, old and solitary with only—the portrait of Diane.

I shall keep it now until I die.

Ah, Diane, Diane, if only you could have loved me a little!

I could find it in my heart to wish that it had been in Italy that I drank wine to-night.

G. DE B.

1929 The Rag Ragout 1929

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Verse.

Terrible as an Army with Banners.

I am all set about with besiegers;
My little house is a sieged town.
An enemy marches from the East
And one camp where the sun goes down.

Fled away from the Western windows
I am confronted with the East
Where the mature moon is sailing
Rigged with clouds and golden beamed.

That fire of sticks carelessly made
Fed with leaves the winter stored,
Is, now that night has swept down,
The advancing pillar of the Loed.

For my life I dare not open my doors,
My little house is all possessed,
By terrible beauty from the East
Insatiable beauty from the West.

HILDA BREARLEY.

The Meadow.

Puck laughed, "I know it's your meadow but there's a great deal more in it than you or your father ever guessed. Try." (Puck of Pook's Hill).

I'm richer than a millionaire,
More learned than a Don,
I'm rarer than the great Clothair,
More wise than Oberon.
My eyes were wide, my ears were long
Before Stonehenge was born.
The oldest English thing am I
By Oak and Ash and Thorn!

You see the poppies flaming
Among the shimmering corn.
I see great Hengist's looming
Against a golden dawn.
You hear the lark descending
Westwards to daisied sward.

I hear deep horn-notes blending
As Guthenon leads his horde.

You touch the cowslips scented,
Lads-love andcelandine,
I touch the earth which buried
Church gold from Cromwell's "swine."

I'm richer than a millionaire,
More learned than a Don.
I'm older than Methusalem
More wise than Oberon.
My eyes were wide, my ears were long
Before Stonehenge was born.
The oldest English thing am I
By Oak and Ash and Thorn.

G. N.

Results Day.

As souls that wait on Acheron's gloomy sands
And scan the rushing stream with cowering fears
With throbbing throat and burning head and hands
And tremble as the ferryman appears,
Swaying, like gnarled yew o'er lichen'd tomb,
While towards the shore his blackened boat he steers
To hear his voice, which calls the breathless throng
Depersonalised, in echoes lingering long,
To some to sail to warm Elysian strands
To some to winter there through hail that slays—
So we await the voice that spells our doom
Laying us bare for scorn or blame or praise
Filling our hearts with glory or with gloom
And classing us to all men, all our days.

G.N.



"YOU KNOW THAT PALE BLUE SHIRT YOU HAD IN YOUR WINDOW LAST WEEK?" murmured the Senior Wrangler

"YES," vouchsafed our shirt fellow

"WELL, I WANT THE ONE WHICH WAS NEXT TO IT ON THE LEFT," parried the S.W.

Darwin Wosright (that being his name) explained that he was a bit of an oddity.

"Among my acquaintances I answer to the name of 'Gorilla,'" he added, treading on his foot.

"Tek! Tek!" we murmured, deferentially.

It seemed that buying a shirt had always been something of an ordeal to him. Shirts that fitted him round the neck stopped short at the elbow and the small of the back. Only by wearing a shirt which threatened to slip off his shoulders and disappear altogether could he contrive to show the requisite half-inch of clean, crisp cuff below the coat.

"We Wosrights find it hard," he said, biting his lip.

We took him in hand. Before his hungry eyes we spread the shirt which had taken his fancy in the window—a poem of delicate tints, soft colours and exquisite tailoring. We saw that pitiful Yes-but-will-it-fit? expression in his eyes, and hastened to explain that this shirt, like all Summit shirts, was made in three sleeve lengths to every collar size.

Darwin Wosright left our shop shyly executing a dainty gavotte for joy, and humming the "Midshipmite." His latest work "Won by a Sleeve Length" has been hailed by the critics as a masterpiece.

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Memory.

My present task was all my joy and care
But ah, there came a cry!
A sleeping echo loosed into the air,
The voice of things gone by.

It sang a song of swooning loveliness,
Faint with the flight of years
And yet it could not bring forgetfulness,
For its singing smiled through tears.

It cried to me: "You are no more a boy;
But see I bring to you
A long since buried day's me'er dying joy,
And all its sorrow too.

Come down and breathe the odours blown from where
The river-cattle graze:
Something there is in that enduring air
That mourneth for past days.

Do you not hear above the lonely noise
Of water near the shore,
Dead boyhood's spirit sobbing for those joys
That never will be more?

Deep-yearning memory calls: come instantly,
And talk with it alone."—
So to the river I ran pantingly;
But what I sought was gone!

R. REEVE.

The Tree.

Where the houses are high and grey,
Black and grey, grey and square,
Curving its branches in the air
A little tree grows to the day.

By what willingness for pain
Out of the soot and meagre clay
Came it to be growing there
Nourished by the sooty rain?

Sweetly its branches may be seen
Bursting in beauty on the air
Out of meanness and despair
Into a miracle of green?

HILDA BREARLEY.

The Student's Understanding.

ONE day my delicate susceptibilities were greatly outraged on being confronted with the statement that the Intelligence Quotient of the British populace was decidedly low. Such a statement could not, I felt, go unchallenged and so I undertook some ardent research on the subject. Remembering the dictum that one must "put one's own house in order" first, I began an intensive study of University intelligence. The first question to be settled was "How we think." Helping myself to a University volume with that title, by Dewey, I was considerably disturbed by a pencil subtitle, "assuming that we do!" added by some sceptical student. Contrary to our pessimist, however, the assumption seems to be quite general for man to want to style himself "The thinking animal." The unanimous declaration of the inefficiency of the present examination system for determining an I.Q., made it imperative for some other means to be devised. That well-known saying so frequently applied to many eminent men, "His brains are in his boots," pointed out the lines the research had to take.

Now, in the days when the mistaken theory about the brains being situated in the head, was held, a large cranium was considered as indicative of much brain power. The proceedings had now to be reversed and the probable sizes of the student's footwear noted down in a small book carried round for the purpose. The results of this arduous and interesting research were most encouraging, for the I.Q. of the English student went up in leaps and bounds, comparing most favourably with that of the French student, whose reputation for small feet is certainly not unfounded, for they are ordinarily as invisible as when an Englishman wears voluminous "bags." On one occasion, when in France, I happened to be in a shop with an English student who was buying a pair of shoes. The assistant looked dubiously at the student's feet and then, with great deliberation,

measured them. He regretted that, in size a hundred and forty four, he had only one style of shoe. The student's dignity was outraged. He positively refused to have any larger than size ten and even this was one larger than usual. The Americans however, according to statistics, go one better than the English in the all important question of footwear. It is a pity they would be so much taller if they had not so much turned up at the bottom.

So much for the general I.Q., but there are yet slight variations. The Academic robes awarded on the old exam. system have so far been the accepted marks of these different degrees: the mere undergraduate wears mourning for his ignorance but, as he passes up through the stages of Bachelor and Master, his taste for colours grows, till as a doctor he steps forth, resplendent in scarlet and ermine. It was truly said of one of our wise lecturers that the professional robes were the foundation stone of learning. We have the same phenomenon of capacity and brilliancy in footwear; large golf shoes impossible checked stockings, relieved with gaily coloured tabs. Unfortunately the "bags" man in his salmon pinks and lavender blues does not permit us to judge of the capacity of his understanding—and for the women, vivid diamond designs, small socks, bright three-quarter socks, Russian boots, gaiters, guaranteed finest concertina brand, and—hush! even little black ankle muffs.

Everywhere capacity insists on drawing attention to itself by flaming colours and eccentric designs. Our investigation is conclusive on both these points and in both respects the English student wins, so his understanding is doubly remarkable.

"In dazzling colours he's always decked,
So who can deny him intellect;
For, assuredly, red and white and sky blue
Are infallible signs of a high 'I.Q.'"

D.K.

The Last Gasconade.

FOR a brief space it seemed as though insurgent Youth had found its long awaited leader and that the ruthless dominion of the Old Men over Art, Literature, Politics and the Professions had come, at long last, to an end. And then—

* * *

Of the parlous condition of the English Drama, towards the middle of the 20th century it is unnecessary to speak at length. The dramatic history of the years 1830-50 is but a dreary record of barren mediocrity. Those men who had striven so brilliantly, during the first quarter of the century, to rescind the divorce between literature and The Theatre, had died out, leaving no heirs. Of that glorious band, Shaw alone survived, towering over his contemporaries like an Everest among foothills. But the magician had long broken his wand, and, at the time of which I write led the existence of an anchorite, devoting all the resources of his versatile genius to the task of devising methods of escaping the attentions of reporters and American tourists. Indeed, but a few weeks before, the newspapers had featured the extraordinary precautions taken by the sage to avoid being interviewed on his 100th birthday. "They are sure to ask me for a recipe for long life," the 20th century Euripides was reported to have said, "and the world is already grossly over-populated."

It was now that those ordinarily stagnant pools, the London literary "cliques" were churned into broiling maelstroms by the persistent rumour that the straw market management had secured a play, by a hitherto unknown author, which, they confidently asserted, would begin a new era in the history

of the English theatre. It was openly said that Bullat, the dreaded veteran critic of "The Chimes" had read the play and endorsed their opinion. For weeks before the first night the newspapers were sprinkled with paragraphs, speculating as to the identity of the author. But the Straw market management adopted an attitude of rigid secrecy. The play had for its theme the Age v. Youth motif. So much, they readily admitted. For the rest, they maintained an impenetrable reserve.

* * *

On the eagerly awaited "premiere" the Strawmarket auditorium was dotted with those who had gained prominence in the War of the Ages. Bartlett, the great Harley Street specialist, known to London Clubland as "The Kidney Bean," whose life work had been the conversion of the General Medical Council into a Gerontarchy, sat in his stall, nervously fingering his pinc-nez. Arbuthnot, that most brilliant product of the Northern Universities, the unquestioned leader of the "Babes" (as the Prime Minsiter had sarcastically dubbed the younger section of the National party), followed intently from a box, surrounded by half-a-dozen of his satellites.

Before the first act had been in progress 20 minutes it was apparent to all in that great audience that a new star of the first magnitude had risen in the dramatic firmament. For this, people said to one another was high comedy; the finest high comedy since Shaw (anti-Shavians said since Wilde).

And when at last the curtain fell amidst frenzied shouts of "Author!" "Author!" it seemed that the cause of Age had suffered its death blow, thrust through by those cruel, brilliant strokes.

With eager eyes and hushed lips Young England waited to salute its leader. And then—

A solemn faced underling propelled on to the stage a huge bath-chair, from the depths of which a hairless snowy-bearded Ancient mouthed inaudible acknowledgments through toothless gums, his eyes alight with horrid Pruckish glee.

"Shaw!" cried Age, exultantly.

"Shaw!" cried Youth, despairingly.

And as the descending curtain hid the dreadful sight, a silence, as of death, fell in the vast theatre. Then Old Age slapped its shrunken shanks and chuckled in throaty triumph, whilst Youth sat aghast, crushed and annihilated by this, the Last Gasconade of the Master Buffoon.

"Fitz."

A Report on the Juvenile Unemployment Centre Sub-Committee.

THE purpose of this article is to make known to Students of the University an experiment in social service and to ask for their help.

Acting on the suggestion of an old Economics Student, Mr. A. D. K. Owen, B.Com., the Economics Society undertook to supply speakers to the Juvenile Unemployment Centre, which is attended by boys between the ages of 15 and 19, who are either out of work or only working part-time. The centre is open every morning from 9-30 to 12-30.

We undertake to provide one speaker each week. Subjects already dealt with by Students have been: Poster Art, Profit Sharing, Trade Unionism, Advertising, Socialism, Local Legends, Yorkshire Antiquities, Life in the Colonies, the Government of France, the Race Problem in South Africa and

several others. We have appealed for a lecture on some particular kind of music with gramophone illustrations, but this is still to come. It will be seen that the range of acceptable subjects and themes is an appreciably wide one.

A sub-committee of the Economics Society has already been formed, but owing to the fact that several of its members are "going down," the composition of the committee will be somewhat altered. The committee for the coming session, 1929-30, consists of the following:—

	Mr. RICKERBY and Mr. WITTY	-	-	<i>Juvenile Centre Staff.</i>
	Mr. WILLIAMSON	-	-	<i>University Staff.</i>
	Mr. EDWIN BARKER	-	-	<i>S.C.M. Secretary.</i>
	Mr. W. PREST	-	-	<i>Secretary Economics Society.</i>
	Mr. KINGHORN	-	-	<i>German Honours.</i>
	Mr. THOMPSON	-	-	<i>H.O.R.</i>
	Mr. FURNESS	-	-	<i>Economics Department.</i>
	Mr. D. K. CROFT	-	-	<i>Secretary to Sub-Committee.</i>

Juvenile Unemployment Centres are likely to become a permanent feature and we desire that this good work should be carried on and become an essential part of the University's outside activities.

The Union Committee have given us their recognition, delegating to the Economics Society the responsibility of the work, until they decide to take over the work completely.

D. K. CROFT.

Nightmares.

IT was *The Gryphon* that started it all. They really shouldn't allow such advertisements to be put in—I mean the one about the nightmares of course. You remember, we were told to "have a nightmare that night," and since I am of a very obedient nature (I have been in the hands of the Education Department) I meekly bowed to the command and—had one. It really was a poor affair, but then that's the worst of these dreams; you're not allowed enough time for rehearsal, in fact, everything has to be done extempore so of course you can't expect any highbrow stuff. I will say this for the nightmare though, it had a good setting, for apparently the action took place on the eve of the Exams, in a room which was a sort of combination of the Organic Lab., the Maths. House and the Great Hall.

There was a crowd of us there and everyone was discussing the injustice of exams, and the impossibility of learning anything from lectures when suddenly a Maths. man began to stride up and down the platform (or was it the fume cupboard?) and for no evident reason broke forth into poetry (?) after the style of the characters in the "Plays for Tiny Tots." You can tell he was a Maths. man because he went about heaving $d\theta$'s and moaning "Oh dy, dt, I ," but suddenly he threw out his lank arms, threw back his haggard head and in a strident voice commenced,—

"IF," by Goodyard Tipping.

If you can sit quite still while S_2 — u — l 's speaking
And concentrate your mind on stuff called Maths.,
If you can sympathise when he is seeking
For some odd point by devious mental paths,
If you can follow him when he is smitten
By babbling, incoherent modes of speech,
If you can understand the notes you've written
When you attempt to learn what he would teach,
If you can do examples—one a minute—
And hand them up for Mr. S. to see,
Yours is the 'Varsity and all that's in it,
And—which is more—You'll get a Maths. Degree!

Then the mad mathematician faded out, in the fashion of the cinema, and a procession came on to the scene, headed by a number of really pretty women students (I was dreaming, remember). They seemed in a most melancholy state and this was presumably due to the presence of what appeared to be a corpse, which the men bore along, singing meanwhile in a dirge-like manner—

We'll bury him darkly at dead of night,
The seeds with our spatulas turning;
In a moment of anger we gave him a smite
And we don't want the place to be learning.

We asked him last night if he thought he would pass
In the Chemistry Honours to-morrow,
And the silly fool said he was sure of first class!
But he wasn't, he found to his sorrow.

Quite mad of course, but I could not decide where I had heard the song before; at first I thought it was from Alice in Wonderland, but then I remembered some connection with Old Moore, of Almsnac fame. Anyhow, the procession passed and we apparently became a political meeting. A vigorous and voluble agitator was holding forth on the evils of examinations and we discovered a remarkable means of ending all our troubles. All that was necessary was to pass a motion demanding that degrees should be given, without examination, to all who applied, but just as this was being put through with acclamation a fatherly-looking being stopped us with a superb, commanding gesture and broke forth in a resounding bass voice with the following effusion:—

"There lived a Prof., as I've been told,
In the wonder working days of old
When hearts were twice as good as gold
And twenty times as mellow;
Good temper was his fav'rite fad
And in his heart a place he had
For each downtrodden Undergrad,
And every wretched fellow,
Since he'd degress of every kind,
It quite disturbed his peace of mind
To think some of his class would find
They had not graduated;
He wished them all well off as he
(M.A., D.Litt., and Ph.D.)
Therefore an Honours 1st degree
To each of them donated.

That Prof., although no one denies
His heart was of abnormal size,
Yet he'd have acted otherwise
If he'd been more observing.
The end is not so hard to guess—
When everyone that you address
Has seven honours (more or less)
It gets a bit unnerving.
When every person in the town
Is walking round in cap and gown
All such attire you'd like to drown
And take to wearing shoddy.
In short, whoever you may be,
To this conclusion you'll agree—
When everyone is somebody
Then no one's anybody!"

When the truth of this remarkable ditty became apparent the men groaned and the women shrieked and sobbed. Personally, I thought that I had heard this song before, somewhere, but just as I was about to question the fatherly-looking individual, things began to change. The sobbing of the women became the ringing of the "five-to" bell; the room became unmistakably the Great Hall set out for an examination and the fatherly-looking person became Mr. Curtis putting the finishing touches to the papers on the desks. I awoke with the horrible feeling—only too true—that I was about to enter an examination on a subject of which I knew nothing. Anyhow, I think this nightmare business is a rotten idea and I'll make the Rag Committee a present of my effort.

LEON.

Leeds University Old Students' Association.

BY the time these notes appear our Annual Meeting and Dinner on June 29th, will be almost upon us and you who are reading this, if you have not already booked your seat for the Dinner, may possibly be able to get a place even yet by telephoning or wiring to us. We are hoping for a large turn-up in honour of Lord Moyrihan so we cannot guarantee that there will be room for you unless your seat is reserved.

Will any of our members help us with their advice on a very important matter, and that is the catching of students before they go down. A large proportion get away without being definitely asked to join the Association and once they get away it is very difficult indeed to get hold of them. We have tried various ways with more or less success but we feel that there is some way we have not tried which would give better results. Any suggestions will be gratefully received.

And now for our Research Fund as it has been called up to now. At the last meeting of the Committee the question was discussed at some length and two conclusions were reached which will come before the Annual Meeting for approval or amendment. The first of these conclusions is that, for the present at any rate, the most urgent need of the University is an increase in the Fund available for new buildings, and it will therefore be proposed that any money raised through this Fund in the immediate future shall be applied to that purpose. It may also be proposed that it be earmarked for some special building, as for instance the new Union Building. We ought to say that this conclusion was not reached as a result merely of our own personal opinions but of definite information from those who know the actual position.

The second conclusion is a really important one from many points of view. In the course of our discussion we realised that in this Fund and in the Association we had the means of collecting a large number of small sums for the benefit of the University which otherwise would never be subscribed. There must be many Old Students in these difficult times who find it impossible to give £5 or £10 to the Appeal Fund, as they would gladly do if they could afford it, and who feel also that rather than send a subscription of (say) 10/-, which is all they could do at the moment, they will wait for better times when they can make a gift which represents more adequately the debt they owe to the University. To such Students we can offer our services as a collecting station. Any sums, large or small, but preferably in the form of an annual payment, can be sent to us. Administrative expenses will be negligible as *The Gryphon* will serve as a means of acknowledgment. It will not be necessary to publish details of each subscription so no one need feel ashamed to send even the smallest contribution.

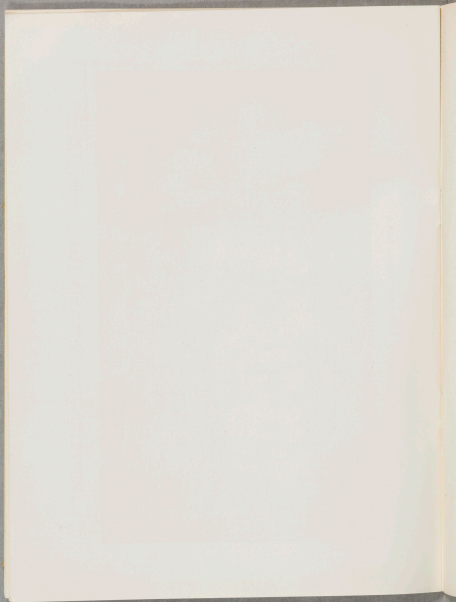
The proposal which will be put before you at the Annual Meeting is that this Fund be definitely set up and that the proceeds be devoted for the present to the Building Fund. The object of these notes is to promote discussion at the meeting, and, we hope, constructive criticism. We have not lost sight of the fact that many Old Students (though a very small proportion of the whole) have already given to the limit of their capacity and we do not want them to feel we are pressing them for further subscriptions. We know too, that Students now at the University and some who have recently gone down have already promised to subscribe definite yearly amounts out of their salaries as soon as they obtain posts. They are doing their share and a large share too. There may be some who do not willingly subscribe towards a Building but would gladly do so for some object such as Research or Scholarship; in that case it may be necessary

L. U. MEN'S ATHLETIC TEAM, 1928-9.



Photo by Zimmerman, Lehigh.

Mr. BERTHETTI (Manager), L. S. LEE, D. T. WYCHET, J. GRACE, J. J. FOX, D. ANSCHUTZ, A. GILLES,
G. N. WATSON, E. A. LEACH, T. BOOTH, K. G. T. CLARK (Capt.), W. H. TOD (Hof. Sec.), P. M. REDDY, P. R. ALABON,
J. F. WARD, A. HOPKINSON.



to have two parallel funds. At any rate the opportunity is there for the Old Student who is hard up—as most of us are—to give his or her little bit towards a really worthy cause and one which all Leeds Students must wish to support. Is there anyone who cannot afford an extra half-crown a year, five shillings or even ten? We know and appreciate the difficulties of Old Students and the impossibility in many cases of any worthy subscription in one payment. Here is the chance of doing it by degrees in amounts you can afford.

A really good response will give new and vigorous life to what is already the largest O.S.A. of its kind in the Country and will open up possibilities of wonderful advances to be made in the future.

Subscriptions acknowledged from Miss Scruton and Mr. C. E. Appleyard.

G.L.S.

London Branch.

Officers for the Year 1929-30.

Hon. Treasurer :

Mr. H. HOLLINGS,
10, Orchard Drive,
Blackheath.

Hon. Secretary :

Mrs. STUART PEXTON,
7, St. Ann's Villas,
Holland Park, W. 11.

"*Et Angebitur Scientia*," saith the oracle, and the London Branch of the O.S.A. interprets a command to conduct experiments in providing the greatest happiness for the greatest number of past Leeds Students, an end assuredly worthy of any science.

The Luncheon held on June 1st, as a prelude to our Annual General Meeting was just such an experiment and a statement that it was decidedly successful need fear no challenge. One depression only can I remember and all will agree that the cause of it was potent, being no less an event than the resignation from the Hon. Secretaryship of Miss Crowther who has done yeoman service for the London Branch for some eight years. Miss Johnson admirably voiced the opinion of the meeting when she thanked Miss Crowther so sincerely for her personal devotion to Leeds' affairs in London and for her great kindness in allowing her business office to be looked upon as the home of the London section.

As for the Luncheon itself, all things seemed favourable. If you can picture each of us realising that we actually had arrived to time without hurrying, and found the place without betraying to anyone our ignorance of London, you will know that we were not ill-disposed towards a day free from care. A room which was really and truly secluded made one feel jolly, and our spirits rose still higher as the room insisted on filling itself with people we knew—yes, really, people we would have quickened step to catch, had they chanced unsuspectingly to pass us in London's streets. Further than this, description is unnecessary, for the sight, and heart-cheering sound of 37 friendly people thoroughly enjoying food which is both appetising and ample ought to be familiar to you; if it isn't come to the London meetings and we'll try to show you 137!

All this was just a prelude, as I remarked, so I must here solemnly record that the Annual General Meeting was held, the chair being taken by Mr. Helps in the absence of our President, Professor Connal, whom we all thank wholeheartedly for his genial presence at our meetings during the last year. The officers elected were as follows:—

President: Professor SMITHells.

Vice-Presidents: Miss I. CROWTHER. Dr. C. B. FAWCETT.
Miss D. JOHNSON. Mr. G. HELPS.

Treasurer: Mr. H. HOLLINGS.

Secretary: Mrs. STUART PEXTON.

Committee: Mrs. CHAPMAN. Dr. S. E. J. BEST.
Miss F. R. SHAW. Mr. P. K. DUTT.
Miss D. SYKES. Mr. N. HOWDILL.
Miss E. E. TURNER. Dr. S. PEXTON.

The meeting took 24 minutes, but even in that short time fresh plots were hatched, the result of them being that our Chairman was cajoled into inviting "all in favour" to meet again at five p.m. at the Albert Memorial "but with backs turned upon the Albert Memorial and also upon the Albert Hall," in formation for an advance to the tea gardens. Perhaps we petrified the waiters somewhat, but our own spirits were daunted not a whit, and I am expecting to hear that commissionaires found a ready sale for returned theatre tickets to spontaneously formed and therefore all the more jovial parties of past Leeds Students.

Manchester Letter.

Mindful of the fact that *The Gryphon* waits with open beak to gobble the news, I hasten to give you an account of our Windermere Trip.

It was Mr. Webster's idea, and Miss Edmondson, who knows the district well, helped us with suggestions, but it is to Miss Gregson that the real success of the enterprise is due, and the Secretary thanks her for much forethought and help which oiled the wheels.

The 9th of June dawned—a beautiful morning—sunshine and breeze—all that we could wish for a day in the Lakes. Everybody turned up in good time, and we occupied a corridor coach, and thoroughly enjoyed the journey. We flew past fields blue with meadow cranesbill and caught glimpses of the distant hills and the inviting waters of Morecambe Bay. It was one of those days when light and shadow play upon the hills and the lakes lay deep blue beneath a blue sky flecked with white clouds.

It was just the day for a sail on the lake, and the less strenuous party enjoyed it very much. The more strenuous party seized the first bus leaving the station after their arrival there—to be sure there was not room for them—but they fitted in somehow and Mr. Chappell steadily refused the offer of a seat on Mr. Schofield's knee, though the offer remained open.

We had a splendid view of Windermere Lake and the surrounding hills from the bus, and bluebells in woods still looked beautiful, while gardens were brilliant with many coloured azaleas and rhododendrons.

We left our bus at Rydal Church and walked along Loughrigg Terrace looking down upon Rydal Water and Grassmere. Miss Gregson had suggested a viewpoint of the Langdale Valley, and this was well worth an extra few minutes' walk. After that we passed through some private gardens from which we obtained another view of Windermere, and then walked through the wood to Grassmere for tea. How some of us longed for those cups of tea!

Wordsworth's tomb and the seat where he wrote many of his poems were visited, but we had not time to see Dove Cottage. We arrived back in Windermere in good time for the train. Once again we enjoyed our comfortable corridor coach and spread our belongings on the tables and caught a glimpse of Ingleborough—and finally the University song and war-cry resounded along the corridor just before the train glided into Victoria.

I. R. MARTIN, *Hon. Sec.*

Birmingham Branch.

A small but shall we say, a select party, spent a pleasant day at Leamington Spa on Saturday, June 8th.

Grouped in a semi-circle of deck-chairs, with a brilliant sun shining, and a good military band playing, with the antics of H. S. Brown's two sons as a diversion, we found the afternoon passed far too quickly.

The day's quota of rain conveniently fell whilst we had tea at the Pump Room Café and we were favoured with a fine evening in which to follow our programme and take punts on the Leam.

The zig-zag course of the punts was possibly due to larking, but one must admit that there seemed to be some evidence of lack of skill too. At any rate a straight course was not held for more than 10 yards. Botany friends were in their glory identifying the algae which were abundant after the dry weather.

Two members returning from Leamington to Birmingham by road found themselves away from the main road and enquired the way of two pedestrians. After following their directions (as they thought) for about 12 miles the motorists came to a crossroads and were still in doubt. They stopped to enquire of two passers-by, to find that they were the same pedestrians who had strolled leisurely for less than half a mile, whilst the motorists had travelled about 12 miles on a horse shoe route.

Was it the Spa water or was it.....?

A.L.W.

Merseyside Notes.

Sixteen of us visited the Liverpool Playhouse on 25th May, to see "The Marquise," by Noel Coward. We all thoroughly enjoyed a very clever play and we hope for more theatre nights next term.

On 1st June, a number of us welcomed members of the West Riding Branch to Liverpool, and with them visited liners, climbed to the roof of the Cathedral, attended part of an organ recital in St. George's Hall (at the cost of 1d. a head!), visited New Brighton, ate lunch and tea and discussed many topics in the course of our wanderings. One fair lady came all the way from Bolton for the purpose of welcoming to Liverpool our friends from the West Riding. May I ask again all O.S.A. denizens of Liverpool and neighbourhood who have not yet got in touch with me to do so?

Our next activity is on 30th June (Sunday). Meet at the Pier Head, 10-15 a.m., and take Woodside Ferry. People on the other side of the Mersey meet at New Ferry in time to catch the 11-5 bus for Mold. Bring picnic lunch and tea and be prepared to walk a few miles along the Seet.

And once more, in conclusion, let me urge all O.S.A. Merseysiders to write me, and in particular I should like replies from those to whom I wrote personally but from whom I have yet had no reply.

Can it be Mr. Editor that *The Gryphon's* pages are unscanned?

S. WORMALD.

(Addressed to Mr. Editor, 10, Hillingdon Rd. Wavertree.

BIRTHS.

BALDEN.—On the 1st May, to Mr. J. W. Balden (Agriculture, 1905-9) and Mrs. Balden, a daughter.

BUTTERFIELD.—On the 28th May, 1929, to Mr. J. L. Butterfield (1919-21, Textiles) and Mrs. Butterfield, a son.

MARRIAGES.

ARMITAGE-HARE.—George Armitage (1917-21, Medicine), to Mildred Jane Hare, in May, at St. Peter's Church, Thorne.

BROADBENT-PEARCE.—Harrison Broadbent (1921-5, Medicine), to E. M. Pearce, on the 1st June, at Holy Trinity Church, Bridlington.

THOMAS-WARDLE.—On 12th June, 1929, at Leeds Parish Church, Harold Hugh Thomas (Dental, 1919-24), to Greta M. Wardle (Medical, 1918-23).

WHITE-JOHNSON.—E. W. L. White (1921-6, Medicine), to Mary F. Johnson (1922-6, Arts), on the 17th February, at Leamington Spa.

WURZAL-EPSTEIN.—On 12th June, 1929, at Prince's Road Synagogue, Liverpool, Joseph Wurzal (Law, 1910-1913), to Gertrude Epstein.

WOLEDGE-VICKRIDGE.—Geoffrey Woledge (1920-25, English), to Hilda Wardlaw Vickridge, on the 17th May, at the North Bierley District Register Office, Bradford.

RESULTS DAY PLAY.



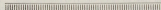
How He Lied to Her Husband,

By G. B. SHAW,

At 2-30 in the Great Hall,

— on —

Wednesday, June 26th.



COLLECTION FOR APPEAL FUND.

(The time is subject to alteration).

Correspondence.

To the Editor.

THE UNIVERSITY,

LEEDS,

JUNE, 1929

DEAR SIR,

I beg to suggest that the statement in the Editorial of the last number, that at Leeds "we know no war of the sexes," is unfortunately untrue. Certainly it is much less open than at the older Universities, but it nevertheless exists.

A woman may not sit in the back row in a lecture, for example, however strong may be her desire to read *Hesse's Notes* unobserved by the lecturer. Two women may not talk under the clock without being looked at jealously by the men, who regard this as their special privilege and monopoly. Only lately have we been allowed to lunch in their Refec. Women may not even "rag," or smoke in the corridors.

These are but a few examples of the many inequalities which still exist, and which we look to *The Gryphon*, among other bodies, to combat.

Yours, etc.,

"AU CONTRAIRE."

A reply to "Au Contraire," by two prominent Men Students, appears below.—ED.

THE UNIVERSITY,

LEEDS,

19/6/29.

DEAR SIR,

"Au Contraire" has apparently set out to prove that sex warfare still exists in the University. As far as we can see, all that she has done is to point out certain inequalities, which the men regret just as much as the women.

We think we are safe in stating that the majority of men Students would like to see permission given to women Students to "rag." Opinion among the men as to smoking seems to be divided, but we ourselves and many others can see no possible objection. No element of sex warfare enters into these two points—the inequalities are entirely due to Authority.

There is no question of women being allowed to lunch in men's Refec.—their introduction was purely a matter of domestic expedience, due to the transference of the Students of U.H. to Osley. We should like to point out in passing that men are not permitted to lunch in women's Refec.

Moreover, the scheme to throw the Refec. open to both sexes on Saturday evenings, suggested by the men, was rejected by the women.

Her remarks concerning conversation under the clock and sitting at the back in lectures are not borne out by our experience.

Undoubtedly, in many schools, women do sit at the back. We had never suspected that men considered talking under the clock as their special prerogative.

We would add, in conclusion, that such letters as that of your correspondent do little to promote the amity of the sexes.

Yours, etc.,

C. A. D.

728, CATHERINE STREET,

FORT WILLIAM,

ONTARIO, CANADA,

May 28th, 1929.

The Editor of *The Gryphon*.

DEAR SIR,

The Gryphon, being neither a person nor a corporation, is presumably not sueable at law. Furthermore, if *The Gryphon*, financially, is as *The Gryphon* of seven or eight years ago, suing it at law would be an extravagant amusement. But what a mess *The Gryphon* would be in if it could be brought to book for the following slanderous announcement, which appeared in its May number:—

"To Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Soulsby (1919-22, Dyeing) and Helen Hoags (1917-21, Botany), a son."

The rankest defamation of character on at least four counts. It stigmatises one of the principals a bigamist in practice if not in legal status; implies a code so emacipated as to be quite abandoned in a most respectable Hons. Botanist, whom Leeds generally thought to be, if anything, a shade straight-laced; suggests a highly discreditable form of collaboration as being practised by the lawfully-wedded spouse of the gentleman; makes the offspring sound like an obstetrical freak.

Of course there may have been no malicious intent. It may have been merely carelessness, but I hate to bring this paltry charge. I am sure *The Gryphon* would prefer to be accused of slander rather than slipshoddyism.

Yours,

E. J. S.

[The Editor, whilst only pleading guilty on the minor count, begs to express his sincere apologies for a lamentable error].

UNION NOTES.

ACTIVITIES this term (as always), owing to the usual deterrent of examinations, have been somewhat subdued and nothing has as yet been achieved. The Rag, of course, will contribute the main item of interest, and it is hoped that this year will see a record amount collected and, incidentally, a Rag which will surpass all others. If anything can be done at this late hour, it is to urge everyone to turn out and help, even if only for a few hours. Judging, however, from the arrangements up to date, it looks as if our aspirations are going to be realised.

Leeds has not shone in the Athletic field, though we have done well to hold our place—second in the Christie and fifth in the I.V.A.B. Sports. But we must not be disheartened. We seem to be in the midst of the lean years of the "eleven year cycle," and every sign points to the fact that the worst is now over. The Freshers enrolled this term show great promise of winning back the glories of the past. It is difficult to decide yet whether the Cricket team will carry off the Northern Inter-Varsity honours—so much depends upon a complicated system of wins and losses by other Universities. At all events there is a chance. The Men's Tennis team have lost the Sheffield Shield, which Leeds won last year, but every credit is due to them in raising a team out of nothing, for only one player of previous years is still at the University. Great hopes are expected of them for next Season, when they have worked together a bit more.

Several efforts have taken place among the Women Students in aid of the Union Appeal Fund. Each one of the Women's Hostels and the Day Students has been holding a Dance for this purpose, and every credit has been due to them for the excellent way in which they have been organised and for the appreciable total raised. We should thank all who have contributed to the success of the Appeal in any way this Session—though much more has yet to be done.

We would remind those who have received letters about the Old Students' Association to carry out the request to join this Society and thus keep in touch with this ever-increasing body of Leeds Old Students.

Since this is the last number of *The Gryphon*, it would perhaps be well to review the Session's activities. There has, generally speaking, been an increased interest in Union affairs this Session—as the election results tend to show, for in the General Ballot over 60 per cent. of the electorate voted, and the Representative Councils show an even larger percentage. More people seem to be taking an interest in Sports activities, as witnessed by the formation of a Third Association Football team and greater competition for "B" Rugby Team places. Personal expense in the matter of games is greater than it should be, and not a help to any of the Athletic Clubs, but we are trying to remedy this defect, and in the near future it may be done. Despite this handicap, several notable achievements have been accomplished, mentioning the Association Football Club as only one.

Several of the Union Societies, too, have stood out from the rest this Session, notably the Music Society, and the Debates in the University have shown a marked improvement.

In conclusion, we would wish every success to next year's Union Committee, under the guidance of Mr. S. Morgan, President of Devonshire Hall and Captain A.F.C., who has been elected to the office of President of the Union for next Session, and hope that the standard that Leeds has reached in matters Social and Athletic will continue to be maintained.

UNION COMMITTEE. THIRD EXTRAORDINARY MEETING. (April 1928).

Mr. Rockley is in the chair. The agenda was a discussion of several questions which it was thought ought to be presented to a General Meeting of the Union.

The G.A.C. recommended that "fall colours be awarded to all Athletics Clubs, including Shooting VIII, Fives Club and Golfing Society." A short discussion followed on the advisability of the motion, which was carried with two women dissentients. No ruling had been received from the I.V.A.B. with regard to the recommendation.

A recommendation from Mr. Hardwick was read: "That the Business Manager of *The Gryphon* should be co-opted on to the Union Committee and that he or she be elected (as the Editor) on the suggestion of *The Gryphon* Committee." This was an alteration of the existing constitution. Motion carried unanimously.

It was proposed to increase the Annual Grant to the D.R.C. from £5 to £10. Motion carried unanimously.

Time and place of General Meeting left with the Secretary.

Resolved, to hold the Presidential and Union Committee-Elections on May 16th and 17th. Mr. Barker was co-opted on to the Union Committee for Session 1928-9.

GENERAL MEETING OF THE UNION. (May 6th).

Mr. Rockley in the chair. The question of fall colours for all Athletic Clubs was introduced by Mr. Jay. The motion was seconded by Mr. Sutcliffe. Mr. Leach spoke to the contrary, and Messrs. Gourlay, Sutcliffe and Wilson spoke on behalf of the three clubs concerned—the Golfing Club, the Fives Club and the Shooting VIII respectively. Mr. Fry also spoke. The motion was carried, with only four dissentients.

The Secretary proposed that the Business Manager be elected, as is the Editor, on the recommendation of *The Gryphon* Committee, and shall be co-opted on to the Union Committee. Mr. Hardwick seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously, without discussion.

The Secretary proposed that the D.R.C. Annual Grant be increased from £5 to £10. Mr. Rhodes seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously, without discussion.

THE FIFTH ORDINARY MEETING. (May 7th).

Mr. Rockley, in the chair, called on the Vice-Chancellor to speak. He had been invited to give his views on continuity of policy. The three main themes of his speech were:

- (1). That some scheme should be devised to carry on the business of one Union Committee to the next. The various ways in which this is being done, e.g., Minute Books for each Sub-Committee, Memoranda, Indexed Minutes, etc., were pointed out to him.
- (2). That the Athletic Grounds should be better advertised (due to the lack of support for the Varsity Sports, April 27th). Mr. Clark remarked that the poor support was due to the early date in the term and that methods were being adopted to remedy this in future.
- (3). That 600 volumes were missing from the Library since January. This he considered a serious business, and asked the Union Committee what they considered the best way of combating the evil. Messrs. Harrison and Street spoke on the motion. The question was eventually deferred till the next meeting, pending inquiries.

The meeting continued its Session at 3-40. Consent was given for the Council to continue with scheme for a new gymnasium.

Examples of Life Membership Cards were exhibited.

Recommendation to the Council was read, stating that the Annual General Meeting of the Union was unanimously in favour of an increase in Union fee to £3 3s. 6d.

It was requested that the Representative Councils should elect a Representative on to the Handbook and Sales Sub-Committee.

A report from Finance Sub-Committee was read.

A heated discussion arose on the question of Women's Athletic Grant for the W.I.V.A.B. Sports at Birmingham. It was adopted, at the suggestion of the M.R.C., that the money obtained by the use of the Billiard Table should be converted to the upkeep of the table and room, instead of going into Union Funds.

Owing to the lateness of the hour the remainder of the business was deferred to the next meeting.

THE SIXTH ORDINARY MEETING. (June 4th).

Mr. Allison in the chair. The President-elect, Mr. Morgan, was present. It was decided eventually to defer the question about which the Vice-Chancellor has spoken to the Problems Sub-Committee for consideration, a report to be given to a later Union Committee Meeting.

The results of the Presidential and Union Committee elections were read.

Various recommendations were read from University Problems Sub-Committee.

The M.R.C. reported the result of their elections; that the sum of £25 8s. 6d. had been collected for the Boots for the Balfour Fund; in addition, Mr. Graham reported that steps were being taken to remedy the disappearance of magazines and periodicals in the Union Rooms.

The W.R.C., the S.R.C., the D.R.C. and the M.W.R.C. reported the result of their elections.

The Finance Sub-Committee's report was adopted.

Mr. Sutcliffe reported that Mr. G. T. C. Jones had been elected Editor of *The Gryphon* since Mr. Rosenbaum, at present in Paris. He hoped to have a reasonable balance in hand at the end of the Session.

Mr. Roberts reported the election of Mr. E. Barker as Chairman of the Debating Society for next Session.

Miss Marshall stated that the Appeal Dance had realised over £100, and that the Goodbye Dance was to be held on June 27th.

Mr. Black read a report from the Rag Committee—the allocation of Rag Funds and certain privileges granted by the Children's Day Organisers.

Mr. Barker reviewed the year's work of the University Problems Sub-Committee.

Mr. Fry reported on the progress of the Union Library, and stated that "Learning and Leadership" (Alfred Zimmerman) had been presented to the Library in accordance with the resolution of the Union Committee.

The Secretary gave reports of various efforts of the Women Students towards the Appeal Fund.

A telegram had been sent to Sir E. A. Brotherton, congratulating him on the honour conferred upon him by the King.

Mr. Grist, on behalf of the O.S.A., recommended that a letter be sent to all Students, going down.

The Gym. Club applied for the sanction of a Fencing Armlet and a uniform boxing dress, which was granted.

MacGregor & Grant's proposed a new Colours pocket.

This matter was left in abeyance.

S. H. BARLOW

(Hon. Secretary L.U.F.).

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES.

O.T.C.

THIS being the last issue of *The Gryphon* for the present Session, it is fitting that the activities of the O.T.C. should be chronicled herein. Although the Corps is not so strong as should be expected from a University like Leeds, the *esprit de corps* and type of Cadet are second to none. In the present year 42 Cadets have enrolled, this being a record for post-war years, and it seems that a wave of enthusiasm is spreading through the University.

We here take the opportunity of congratulating Lance-Corporal S. Morgan on his election to President of the Union.

Our activities during the year have been numerous. A Dance was held in the first term, which was well attended. The Annual Corps Dinner was held in the Refectory and was attended by several well-known officers, including Colonel C. H. Tetley, D.S.O. T.D., M.A., Colonel Cameron, Colonel Boyle, O.B.E., T.D., and Colonel A. H. Glazebrook, M.C.

The Musketry Camp at Sirensall was greatly enjoyed by all. Glorious weather brought forth the bloom to many pale faces. The shooting was of high standard, 96% passing the tests. The Silver Spoon for Officer Cadets was won by Sergeant J. Hunter, with a score of 58 out of a possible 65. J. Day won the Recruits' Spoon. Sergeant Williamson, shooting at Skipton, scored 61 out of a possible 63.

Although we lost the shooting match against Durham, we beat a Section team of the Green Howards at football. We were loth to leave and are looking forward to next year's visit.

The Annual Camp is to be held at Kinnel Park, Rhyl, in company with Durham and Bangor. This takes place on Tuesday, July 2nd, until July 15th, inclusive.

We confidently expect considerable reinforcements from the up-coming Freshers.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY MUSIC SOCIETY.—On May 4th some 30 members of the Society tried their hand (or, more appropriately, their voices) in competitive choir singing at the York Musical Festival. Mr. Geoffrey Shaw, the adjudicator, has apparently a very good ear for music, for, while he could not risk awarding us a trophy, he did favour us with a very appreciative criticism. He particularly emphasised the masculinity and intelligence of the Society's singing and, of course, Mr. Slater's conducting and interpretation of the music was a model of musicianship and refinement. The Society enjoyed the day in excellent spirit.

The Annual Business Meeting was held on Friday, 15th May, when a fairly representative number of members were present. The suggestion was adopted that two secretaries should be appointed to undertake the formation of an instrumental branch of the Society. Here, now, is an opportunity for instrumentalists of all sorts and conditions to band themselves together and enhance the musical reputation of the University by establishing an efficient orchestra of Students (and even members of the Staff). The Secretaries are keen in their work and are positively yearning for instrumentalists. We suggest you make use of this opportunity.

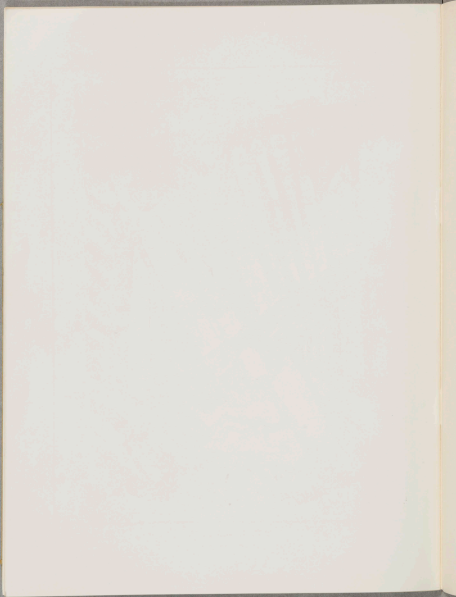
The following Student Officers were appointed:—

Secretaries	-	-	-	Miss CHESTERS.
				Mr. F. BELL.
Treasurer	-	-	-	Mr. F. G. WOOD.
Librarian	-	-	-	Mr. S. HOMPSON.
Deputy Conductor	-	-	-	Mr. JACO.
Orchestral Secretaries	-	-	-	Mr. HAY.
				Mr. GOLDTHORPE.



THE LIBRARIAN.

By Jacob Kramer.



It was with great regret that the Society was unable to re-elect Mr. J. L. Slater as Conductor for next Session. His music duties necessitate his residing in another part of the country, and we would wish him every success in his new work. We would take this occasion of publicly expressing our very great appreciation of Mr. Slater's very valuable work for the Society. He was much more than a conductor of music to us. He was Enthusiasm itself, and the Society (and, indeed, the University) is very much indebted to him for his very fine work. Meanwhile we await the appointment of the new Lecturer in Music in the University, and we can only trust that he will be, in some measure, something of the stamp of Mr. J. L. Slater.

N. J. FRANGOPULO,
Hon. Secretary Music Society.

L.U. INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.—This term the conference will be our main activity and consequently we have not had many meetings. Early in the term we had a very successful ramble, which started in pouring rain. From Otley we walked to Almscliffe Crag, where we had lunch; we then followed the Wharfe to Harewood and returned to Leeds via Roundhay, where we found that we contrasted rather forcibly with its worthy residents out for a Sunday evening stroll. The only meeting we had arranged this term fell through owing to the non-arrival of the speaker, but many members of the International Society enjoyed Professor Karve's lecture on "The Education of Women in India."

M.W.



THE Athletics Club has now completed its fixtures and, except for individual efforts in Open Sports and Championships, has suspended its activities for the Season.

The Inter-Varsity Sports, at Edgbaston, Birmingham, were conducted in admirable weather on both days. The conditions were conducive to good performance, but the track was inclined to stickiness. The field events and the finishes were rather too far apart for the convenience of the spectators, but this was counterbalanced by the comfort afforded by the banking, which runs the whole length of the field. The comfort of the competitors was also well studied.

The outstanding performance during the meeting was that of J. Simpson, of Manchester University. He broke the tape and the record in the 120 yards Hurdles and 440 yards Hurdles, and also won the 440 yards Flat. In each of these events he succeeded by a comfortable margin.

The Leeds sprinters were unfortunate in the draw for the heats. W. H. Tod meeting J. E. Laidan in his preliminary heat for the 100 yards, and J. T. Warin was also defeated by Lindley, of Sheffield. J. E. Laidan and Lindley finished first and second, respectively, in the final of the sprint.

G. N. Watson surprised in the Long Jump by finishing second, with a jump of 20 ft. 7½ ins., beating J. Potter, of Birmingham, by a bare ¼ in.

E. A. Leach was second in the High Jump and P. M. Reddy second in the Pole Vault. L. S. Lee threw well, to gain second place in the Javelin.

We were unfortunately without a representative in the Discus throw, owing to the fact that the capabilities of P. Thelrose were discovered too late for him to be included in the team.

May we congratulate Messrs. Leach, Reddy and Watson on their performances at the Yorkshire Championships. Despite lack of training they did extremely well to finish third in the High Jump, second in the Pole Vault and third in the Long Jump respectively. They are none of them quite accustomed to the rather slipshod methods of Open Meetings, the arrangements for the Championships and the state of the pitches being much below the standard usually seen at 'Varsity Meetings.

The Cricket Team has had a good season and the result of the Northern Universities' Championships is awaited with interest, since everything now depends on the results of matches between our Universities, Leeds having finished her list of fixtures in this tournament. Messrs. Illingworth, Tomlinson and Gledhill have played some remarkably good innings, Illingworth topping the list with a score of 158. Several members of the team have an average of over 30 runs per innings, and the team as a whole has every reason to congratulate itself upon a very successful season.

The Gym. and Fencing Club is to be congratulated on defeating Cambridge University Gym. Club at Cambridge. Cambridge hope to avenge this defeat at a later date, and it is quite probable that this will become an annual fixture. It is hoped that our Gym. Club will continue in its winning career. The Gym. Club gained the Christie Shield from Manchester by default. The Women's Fencing Team defeated Manchester for the first time since the competition was instituted. The Men, with a weakened team, were, however, unable to complete the success and lost to the Manchester Men.

The Women's Swimming Club had a fixture with London University, in Leeds, and they won the competition fairly easily, thus avenging their defeat of last year.

The Tennis Club has been labouring under the handicap of having only one member left from last year's Sheffield Shield team. It is, however, to be congratulated on building up a good team, consisting of members who will, most of them, be available next season, when the work of this Session should be apparent in the form of future Sheffield Shield teams.

The Women's Tennis Club has struck a lean period, but is still able to show good results; next Session should see this Club in a really sound position with regard to material.

Altogether the Season, without having brought forth anything brilliant in the way of performances, shows that the teams have a wealth of talent ready to hand for next Session. The Men's Athletic and Tennis Clubs are especially favoured in this respect, especially the former, since many of its members are likely to be available for at least two Sessions. Our only hope of trophies this Session now rests upon the Cricket Club, and we await the final results with interest.

D.T.W.

L.U.S.C. (WOMEN).—The effects of the magnificent coaching we have had throughout the year have been apparent in all our matches, of which the following is the record:—

Polo Match and Relay Race, *versus* Leeds Training College, January 30th.

Won Polo Match, 4—1. Lost the Relay Race.

Polo Match and Relay Race, *versus* Leeds Training College, May 29th.

Lost Polo Match, 5—2. Lost the Relay Race.

Swimming Match, *versus* London University, May 25th. Won, 22 points to 18.

We have ended a very successful year by securing the unexpected honour of finishing second to Liverpool in the Inter-Varsity Sports.

Results:—LONG PLUNGE	Leeds, 2nd place,
50 YARDS BACK STROKE	3rd "
NAT DIVE	3rd "
75 YARDS MURLEY	2nd "
200 YARDS FREE STYLE	1st "
100 YARDS BACK STROKE	3rd "
50 YARDS FREE STYLE	3rd "
FANCY DIVE	3rd "
RELAY RACE	2nd "

Whole Result:—LIVERPOOL	..	31 points,	LEEDS	..	25 points.
MANCHESTER	..	20 "	SHEFFIELD	..	17 "
BIRMINGHAM	..	14 "	BRISTOL	..	3 "

J. MUGGRAVE,
Hon. Secretary.

The Women's Athletic Club were unfortunate in the W.I.V.A.B. Championships. The conditions were terrible, the events being run off in a storm of rain and hail. Miss Marshall overstrained herself in the Half Mile and was unable to compete in the 440 yards Flat Race.

Miss McMillan again put up a remarkable performance, winning the 126 yards Hurdles, the Long Jump and tying first in the High Jump.

Miss Gray ran a plucky race in the 440 yards, to finish third.

The final result showed the Leeds team third to Birmingham and Nottingham.

Inter-Club Sports.

CONTRARY to custom the Inter-Club Sports were held this year as the final fixture of the Athletic Club Season. In former years the Inter-Club Sports has been the opening fixture of the Season and has served as an introduction to the Inter-Varsity Competitions.

The competition this year was very keen and some good performances were recorded. The only first place which fell to the lot of the Leeds University Team was gained by E. A. Leach in the High Jump, with a jump of 5 ft. 8½ ins. G. N. Watson was unfortunate in the Long Jump, having two no-jumps, the second of these being well over 21 feet. E. G. Jay showed a return to his old form by finishing second in the Long Jump with a jump of 19 ft. 6 ins. In both Hurdles races we placed second and third, P. M. Heddy gaining second place in both events. The winner of the 440 yards Hurdles was F. S. Hardy, of Leeds A.C.; Hardy is a former Leeds University Student and he showed good judgment in this race. S. Morgan did well in the Discus throw and gained second place in this event. L. S. Lee gained second and third places in the Javelin and Shot respectively. In the Three Miles race the Leeds competitors were obviously not in the best of condition. W. H. Birch ran well although he was only invited to compete a few days before the Sports, he failed, however, to stay the pace and fell out after seven laps. P. R. Allison appears to be feeling the effects of a hard season across country and he showed little of the brilliance which characterised his performances earlier in the season. He was unfortunate however in failing to get a place. T. Booth ran a good half mile but made his effort a little too late.

The Leeds A.C. won the Cup with the highest aggregate of points, Sheffield, the holders, being second.

Several of the competitors at the Inter-Club Sports were successful in the Yorkshire Championships, noteworthy performances being those of V. Steele in the Long Jump, T. Hunt in the High Jump and B. K. Walker in the 440 yards flat. These competitors won the corresponding events at both Sports, the one exception being T. Hunt, who was defeated in the High Jump at the Inter-Club Sports at Leeds by E. A. Leach. He, however, reversed this decision at the Yorkshire Championships, Leach being 3rd.

D.T.W.

"GRYPHON" STAFF.

<i>Editor</i>	-	G. T. C. JONES.*
<i>Sub-Editors</i>	-	MILDRED WOLENDE, B.A. F. M. M. HAYTHORNTWHAITE.
<i>Business Manager</i>	-	C. A. SUTCLIFFE
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<i>Committee</i>	-	Miss B. HIGGINSON, B.A., F. F. HELLAUER, M.B., Ch.B., and W. GREEN.

* The Editor regrets that, in the last issue, owing to an error, he was credited with an academic qualification which he does not possess.

PRICE LIST

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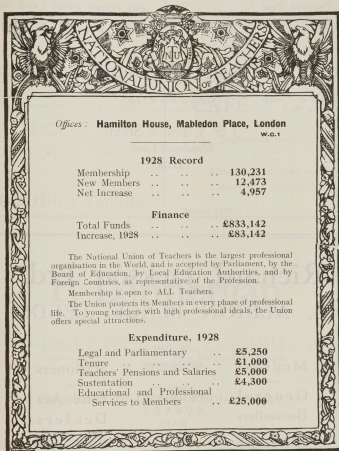
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Increase, 1928	£83,142

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