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The Journal of the University of Leeds



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VOL. II, No. 1

OCT., 1929

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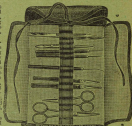
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First Meeting :

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10th.

First Excursion :

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13th.

Physical Society.

SYLLABUS 1929-30.

1929.
Oct. 18 Opening Address - Dr. E. C. STONER.
Nov. 1 "The National Physical Laboratories" - C. WAINWRIGHT, M.Sc.
.. 15 "Aeronautics" - F. TYLER, B.Sc.
.. 29 "The Photometry of X-Rays" - W. J. ASTBURY, B.A.
1930.
Jan. 17 "Perpetual Motion" - E. M. LILLEY, B.A., B.Sc.
.. 31 Debate (subject to be announced later)
Feb. 21 Open Lecture. - Prof. W. L. BRAGG, M.A., F.R.S.
Mar. 7 "The Sun and Sun-spots" - G. F. BUTLER
Oct. 26 Social. Cavendish Rooms, (Tickets, 2/-).
Nov. 13 Visit to Yorkshire Post Offices and Works.
Other Socials and Visits under consideration.
-

OFFICERS, 1929-30.

President : Prof. R. WHIDDINGTON,
M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.
Hon. Treasurer : A. H. ELDIS, B.Sc.
Hon. Secretary : CONNIE E. GRAY.

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1st Meeting : OCTOBER

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The Cavendish Society.

PROGRAMME FOR SESSION 1929-30.

LECTURES.—Eight lectures will be given during the first and second Terms. The subjects have been chosen so as to present a syllabus of universal interest. On October 15th, the President, Prof. Blaudatsev, will deliver an address on the "Einstein Unified Field Theory," whilst other lectures in the first Term include Prof. W. C. M. Lewis on "Physical Chemistry in Cancer Research," Prof. MILNE on the "History of the Equation," and the Open Lecture on November 20th.

In the second Term, Prof. R. WHITELAW GRAY will lecture on "The Microbalance in Chemistry," whilst other arrangements include Prof. RUSSELL on "Coal Dust Explosions," and the student lecture, to be given by Mr. R. O. HALL.

The full Syllabus will be found on the Membership Card.

WORKS VISITS.—Two of the four visits are especially interesting. On November 6th the Society will proceed to Sherburn Aerodrome to witness demonstration flights by members of the Yorkshire Aeroplane Club, and to examine the aircraft in the Hangars.

On February 5th a visit will be paid to Messrs. Woods Bros., glass manufacturers, of Barnsley. In addition, two or more local excursions will be arranged.

SOCIAL EVENTS.—The Annual Cavendish Social will be held on Friday, November 22nd, and a Whist Drive and Dance will be arranged in the Lent Term.

Membership of the Cavendish Society is open to anyone on payment of 4/- subscription, which entitles the Member to attend the lectures and the tea preceding them, all excursions, and all social events. A 1/6 subscription entitles to lectures only. Lectures are held every Tuesday fortnight in the large Chemistry Lecture Theatre, at 5-5.30 p.m., and are preceded by tea in the Maths. Room at 5-0 p.m.

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THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

"The Gryffon never spreadeth her wings in the season when she hath any sickle feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgments when we know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the censure which we have ever feared thus to the preciseness which we ought to fear."—Livy.

Editorial.

CONCERNING THE BEGINNINGS OF THINGS.

THERE is a charm about beginning which would compensate more than adequately for the sadness of the end, if only we could keep the memory of the one as fresh as the regrets of the other. We all know that, we who have known what the beginning of each year has meant, before the greetings, and the zest, and the pleasant confusion have died down under the pall of pushfulness which is at the root of much of our dissatisfaction, and strange unrest, and ill-defined longings, here in this modern University of ours. We know that we have dreamed of the beginnings of many things that are still to be realised, and yet, now that we are at the beginning again, the dreams will start anew. Indeed, they came unbidden when we began to look round for a suitable theme for the first editorial of the year, and successively considered the problems raised constantly by the anomalies of our social life, by the peculiar atmosphere which is part of Leeds, and which may perhaps be best described as acultural, and by the eternal question, "What promise do the newcomers bring?" And so we could not bring our mind to a blunt word of welcome, nor to a critical examination of the past, but, casting about for inspiration, fell merely into a calm of reflection. We can offer no excuse for this lapse, unless it be urged that it is as well to pause now, because there may be but little time for reflection when once the beginning is past.

Naturally, one does not wish to go back to the beginning; regrets often contain far more secret satisfaction than they are given credit for, and the languid luxury of sighs would lose half its value if there were any danger of an immediate response on the part of a benevolent but erring providence. In any case, there is no retreat, and even if the thought of it were to creep in through some inexplicable accident during the beginning, it would be powerless afterwards, for the mere contemplation of retreat calls for a degree of insistent life and intellectual vigour which is apparently incompatible with the majority of highly organised educational systems. Besides, our present business is with beginnings, not with regrets, and above all with that strange, transient, and somewhat unreal activity which marks the beginning of each University year. It would almost seem that there is something sinister in the fever of the first few days, as though the trivialities were being despatched as quickly and effectively as possible, in order to shake the newcomer down into his place with as little delay as is necessary to rid him of prejudices or hare-brained ideas. The buying of tickets, the arrangement of luggage, the hand shaking, the banging of doors, the noise, the bustle, the excitement, the life, are done with as expeditiously as possible so that each person can settle down in his own corner to read, or to sleep. Moreover, this is not a corridor train; passengers desirous of finding out something of those in other compartments are compelled to walk on the footboard, and thus ("to crack the wind of the poor phrase"), the Company does not hold itself responsible for any risks thus incurred.

We are, however, once more drifting away from our beginnings. A year ago, *The Gryphon* editorial contained the assertion that "on any date before October 1st, the University depresses you whenever you go near it." We have wondered, at times, why our predecessor exempted the dates on the other side of October 1st from this indictment, but now we are at the beginning again it requires great strength of mind to preclude all hope, and indeed this is no spirit in which to initiate the fresh into the ways of our three or four year world. After all, Leeds is not a home of lost causes; would there were causes to lose!—and at this stage what better can be done than to seek

".....what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To be the way thou goest, not whence thou comest....."

Notes and Comments.

ON this day, or thereabouts, exactly a year ago, the University was re-opened after the Long Vac. Just a year before that, a similar event took place. Twelve months prior to that occurrence, the University was re-opened likewise, and so on, for many years back. And no one seems to be doing anything about it, which, when you come to think of it, is all very sad.

Still, it can't go on for ever, and meanwhile, we are going to have a Chair of Comradship in Commerce, or something, so we can't grumble.

Welcome, Little Stranger!

In the hope of being of some help to the newcomers in our midst, we give here a brief summary of the advice they are likely to receive during the next few days.

"Work hard, but also take part in sports. Play for one of the teams, but do not let sport interfere with your work. Take as large a part as possible in the social life of the University, but do not waste time making friends, talking, or attending social functions. Remember that a University gives you the opportunity of rubbing shoulders with people doing different jobs, but remember also that your own course leaves no time for gadding about seeing what other people are doing. Join as many Societies as possible, whilst bearing in mind the fact that few people can do well more than one job at once. Place examinations at their proper value, but work like the devil for them. Finally, remember, that one comes to a University as to a centre of culture, that is, to get to know so much about one, or possibly two, things, that one is able to answer a lot of questions about them....and so on."



Which may be all very interesting, but it is not remarkably intelligent. Nevertheless, it's what you'll get, on the whole, so you may as well be prepared for it. In any case, you will do as you like, so there's no harm done.

"The Gryphon."

It would be unreasonable to expect secretaries of Societies and Clubs to think so far ahead as October during the upheavals of the summer term, and it is not surprising that the general dispersal during the Long Vac. increases the difficulty of obtaining reports and announcements for the October *Gryphon*, yet in view of the fact that the publication of the journal on bazaar day is a habit

and not the result of a sudden inspiration, we must respectfully decline all responsibility for any omission of such reports and announcements.

With the co-operation of those concerned we hope to continue our series of Hostel Notes and accounts of the activities of day students.

It is hardly necessary once more to explain exactly what we want in *The Gryphon*. Read it for yourself, and if you come to the conclusion that your conscience as an artist or an intellectual will not permit you to lower yourself so far as to write for it, then don't bother. We really shall not mind very much. For the rest, we invite you to write, or draw, what on earth you like, and leave it to us to see whether we can use it. Even if you only have one flash of inspiration, and then run dry, don't worry about it; you will most likely be invited to join the staff.

Entertainments in Leeds.

We regret that we have been unable to procure a comprehensive list of entertainments in Leeds during the forthcoming term, as the full October programmes are not available until too late in September for inclusion in the first *Gryphon*. The following, however, are a few details which may be of interest:—

Sept. 30	Grand Theatre	..	"The Sacred Flame," with Miss Gladys Cooper's Company.
	Royal	"Her Past." Delysia as Vivienne le Sambre.
Oct. 7	Grand Theatre	..	"Rope," by Patrick Hamilton.
Oct. 14	Grand Theatre	..	"Baa Baa Black Sheep," by Ian Hay, and P. G. Wodehouse.

Full particulars of Orchestral Concerts, etc., will be to hand early in the term, and information may be obtained from the Union Office.

The Union Library.

The following is a list of additions to the Union Library since the appearance of the last *Gryphon* :—

University matters : "Centenary of Toronto University"; "Pages from Bulgaria's Life"; "Centenary History of King's College, London" (E. J. C. Hearnshaw); "Congress of Universities of the Empire."

Sport and Athletics : "Athletics" (Harold M. Abrahams).

Fiction : "The Joker" (Edgar Wallace); "Oil!" (Upton Sinclair); "Reality" (Alice Wadstey).

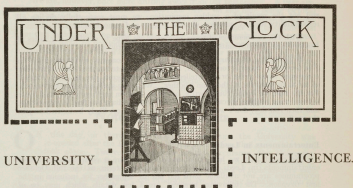
The Sherlock Holmes Short Stories (Conan Doyle).

Poetry : "Poems of To-day" (both series); "Stuff and Nonsense" (De la Mare).

Drama and General : "Major Barbara" (G. Bernard Shaw); "Learning and Leadership" (Alfred Zimmer); "Subjection of Women" (John Stuart Mill); "Burna As I Saw It" (P. Grant Brown).

The Library will re-open for the issue of books on October 1st. For further information Freshers should consult the Union Handbook.

J.J.F.



The New Buildings.

THE new buildings are progressing rapidly, and we hope to be able to record the completion of the Mining block in our next number. We defer a description of it till then ; but with this number we give a view of the operations in the foundations of the Physics block, taken from the Mining block. The crane on the left is perched on the remaining fragment of University Hall ; at the back is the Electrical Engineering Department, with the Dyeing Department behind it on the left and the Clothworkers' Tower in the distance on the right ; the new Agriculture Department is in the distance at the extreme right. We also give a view of the prospect, soon to be obliterated, down De Grey Road to the spire of Emmanuel Church, which we think our readers will be glad to have preserved for them.

Degree Day.

The Annual Degree congregation was held on Monday afternoon, the 1st July. Five honorary degrees were conferred. Sir Algernon Firth (who gave £25,000 towards the cost of the University Pathological Institute) received the degree of LL.D. ; Emeritus Professor Wardrop Griffith received the degree of D.Sc. The Right Rev. W. H. Frere, Bishop of Truro, and formerly principal of the College of the Resurrection and Honorary Lecturer in Russian History and Music in the University ; Miss L. A. Lowe (Headmistress of the Leeds Girls High School and president of the Incorporated Association of Headmistresses) ; and Mr. William Edwards (Headmaster of the Bradford Grammar School and president of the Incorporated Association of Headmasters), received the degree of Litt.D.

Dr. C. H. Mayo.

On the 23rd of July, a Congregation was held at the School of Medicine to confer the degree of D.Sc. *honoris causa* on Mr. Charles H. Mayo. Mr. Mayo, and his brother Willam Mayo (who received the same degree at Leeds in 1924), founded and conduct the celebrated Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota.

The Montague Burton Chair.

Mr. Montague Burton, the head of the well-known Leeds Clothing firm, has most generously endowed a chair of Industrial Relations in the Department of Economics. This is the third endowed chair in the University, and the second to be endowed by a private individual.

Staff Changes.

A chair of modern History has been instituted in the Department of History, and it is to be filled by Mr. A. S. Turberville, who has been reader in History since 1927. Mr. Turberville was educated at Cheltenham College and New College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree with a first class in Modern History in 1909, and subsequently proceeded to the degree of Master of Arts in 1913 and Bachelor of Letters in 1912. He served during the War with distinction, and obtained the Military Cross. He has had considerable experience of University teaching, first at Liverpool, then at Bangor and then as Senior Lecturer in the Department of History at Manchester. Mr. Turberville's earliest publication was a study of *Medieval Heresy and the Inquisition*, but of late years he has devoted himself to the political history of the seventeenth and eighteenth century in England, and especially to the history of the House of Lords. His recent work on *The House of Lords in the Eighteenth Century* is recognised as an authoritative contribution to the subject, and he is at present engaged in further researches, of which some fruits have appeared in the *English Historical Review*, while his more popular *English Life in the Eighteenth Century* has delighted a wider audience.

Staff Arrivals.

Mr. F. P. WILSON, D.Litt., M.A., has been appointed Professor of English Literature in succession to Professor Abercrombie.

Mr. Wilson, who is at present Reader in English Literature in the University of Oxford, was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, at the University of Birmingham and later at Lincoln College, Oxford. He was for two years Lecturer in English in the University of Birmingham, and has worked in Oxford for the last eight years. Mr. Wilson's special study has been the Elizabethan period, but he has a wide knowledge of literature and is an inspiring teacher and lecturer. His publications include an edition for the Malone Society of "Everyman out of his Humour" (with Mr. W. W. Greg), Dekker's "Four Birds of Noah's Ark," an edition of Thomas Dekker's Plague Pamphlets, "The Plague in Shakespeare's London," and an edition of "The Batchelars' Banquet." He served with distinction during the War.

Mr. A. S. C. ROSS has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in English.

Mr. A. D. HARGREAVES, M.A., LL.B. (Cambridge), has been appointed Lecturer in Law.

Dr. F. C. STEWARD has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in Botany. Dr. Steward entered the University as a student in 1921, taking his B.Sc. with first class honours in Chemistry in 1924, and his Ph.D. in Botany in 1926. For the last two years he has held a research fellowship at the University of Michigan.

Mr. LL. LLOYD, D.Sc. (Leeds), has been appointed reader in Entomology and Protozoology.

Mr. W. R. SPURRELL, B.S., M.Sc. (London), F.R.C.S., has been appointed Research Assistant in the Department of Experimental Pathology and Cancer Research.

Mr. W. H. BLACKBURN, Ph.D. (Leeds), has been appointed Research Assistant in the Department of Coal Gas and Fuel Industries. Mr. Blackburn entered the Department as a student in 1922, and for the last year has been working there with a grant from the Fuel Research Board of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

Mr. A. R. KELLY, B.Sc. (London), has been appointed to a similar post.

Mr. J. R. BROWN has been appointed Demonstrator in Civil and Mechanical Engineering.

Mr. J. M. LANE, B.Sc. (Leeds), has been appointed Research Assistant in Dyeing.

Staff Departures.

The departures of Professor ABERCROMBIE, Mr. HOGGETT and Mr. COLLES were recorded in the last issue of *The Gryphon*.

Mr. W. I. JENNINGS, who has been Lecturer in Law since 1925, has been appointed Lecturer in International Law at the London School of Economics.

Mr. A. G. ABEL, who has been Demonstrator in Engineering, has been appointed an Education Officer in the Royal Air Force.

Mr. P. M. GLOVER, who was a student in the Department of Zoology from 1925 to 1928, graduating in the last-named year, and since then has been Demonstrator in Zoology, has been appointed Entomologist to the Lac Association.

Dr. W. H. GEORGE, Assistant Lecturer in Physics, has been elected to the Sorby Fellowship in the University of Sheffield.

BIRTHS.

BLAKELEY.—To E. St. J. Blakeley (Dyeing, 1916-21) and Mrs. Blakeley, on the 12th August, a son.

HAWTHORNE.—To J. E. Hawthorne (Science and Edu., 1919-23) and Mrs. Hawthorne, a son, on September 10th, at 7, High Street, Prescott, Lancs. Mr. Hawthorne was a member of the Gym. Club and obtained Colours for Fencing.

NEW.—To A. A. New (Dyeing, 1920-23) and Mrs. New (Marion Noxon, History and Ed., 1915-19), on the 13th April, a son.

WORMALD.—To S. Wormald (Mods. 1919-22) and Mrs. Wormald (Ethel M. Robinson, Arts and Ed., 1919-23), on the 10th August, at 10, Hillingdon Road, Wavertree, Liverpool, a son.

MARRIAGES.

BATLEY-HOGLEY.—James E. Batley (Agric., 1920-21) to Mary K. Hogley (Mods., 1920-24), on the 12th August, at Holmfirth.

COWLEY-SKINNER.—William M. Cowley to Mabel Skinner (Arts, 1901-04), on the 23rd July, at Alverthorpe Church.

CROW-HOLMES.—Harold F. Crow (Colour Chemistry, 1920-24) to Elsie H. Holmes (Chemistry, 1921-25), on the 20th June, at the Cathedral, Bradford.

ELLIS-LANCASTER.—F. F. Ellis to Evelyn Lancaster (Arts, 1922-26), on the 22nd August.

FRESHWATER-NOXON.—S. R. Freshwater, M.Sc. (Col. Chem., 1921-25) to Miss H. M. Noxon (Administrative Staff), on the 31st August, at Motttingham Church, London. Address: Meadow View, Blackfen Road, Sidcup, Kent.

FRESHWATER-CUTBERTSON.—The Rev. F. B. Freshwater to Miss Barbara M. Cutbertson (Arts, 1925-29), on the 5th September, at St. Stephen's Church, Blackpool.

GIBSON-WILMOT.—William S. Gibson (Chemistry, 1911-15) to Grace Wilmot, on the 17th August, at Leake Parish Church, Thirsk.

- GLOVER-MURFITT.—P. M. Glover (Zoology, 1925-28) to Phyllis Murfitt, on the 24th July, at Wrangthorne Parish Church.
- HILL-RICH.—Harold Hill (Arts, 1915-16, 1919-22) to Enid M. Rich, on the 15th August, at the Wesleyan Church, Aldsworth, Glos.
- MATHERS-GLOVER.—J. Stanley Mathers (Arts, 1915-17, 1919-21) to Annie Glover, on the 10th August, at Rodley Wesleyan Church.
- MORRIS-MENNELL.—Chas. W. Morris (English and Ed., 1922-26) to Dorothy M. Mennell (Russian, 1923-26), on the 17th August, at Zion Baptist Chapel, Bramley. Address: Fernlands, Scarcroft Road, York.
- MOSCROP-PICKLES.—S. Frederick Moscrop to Catherine Pickles (German and Ed., 1919-23), on the 30th March, at the Pettah Wesleyan Church, Colombo, Ceylon. Address: Wesley College, Colombo.
- PARKINSON-DICKINSON.—Fred Stanley Parkinson to Nellie Dickinson (Arts and Ed., 1921-25), on the 24th August, at the Wesleyan Church, Chatburn.
- PARRY-BRIGGS.—William Parry to Margery P. Briggs (Science and Ed., 1920-24), on the 31st July, at Otley Parish Church.
- ROBINSON-MOSS.—Louis Robinson (History and Ed., 1918-22) to Miss A. A. Moss, on the 7th August, at Bingley Parish Church.
- SMITH-CHILDERSON.—Ernest Walter Smith (Chemistry, 1919-23, 1925-27), to Enid Childerson, on the 20th April, at Roundhay Road U.M.C.
- SPIKINS-IMESON.—Terence Spikins (Chemistry and Fuel, 1923-27) to Doris A. Imeson, on the 6th July, at St. Edward's Church, Roundhay.
- WHITE-JOHNSON.—E. W. L. White (Medic., 1921-26) to Mary F. Johnson (Arts and Ed., 1922-26).

DEATHS.

- BENN.—Miss Laura H. Benn (English, 1915-18), on the 5th July, 1929.
- BRAYSHAW.—J. N. Brayshaw, August 26th, at "Perraevon," Tadcaster. Member of Soccer Club, Treasurer-elect for Cricket Club. We offer Mr. and Mrs. Brayshaw our deepest sympathy in their loss.

News of Old Students.

- Mr. P. L. CARVER (Science and English, 1920-25), who has been assistant to the Professor of English Literature at Belfast for the last four years, has been appointed Assistant Professor of English at Winnipeg.
- Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD (Science, Hist. and Econ., 1899-1903), *The Gryphon* should have noted in her last issue, having been appointed Minister of Health, is our first Cabinet Minister.
- The Rev. BASIL WILLIAM PEACEY, M.A., has been appointed Bishop of Lebombo, in the Province of South Africa. He was born at Newcastle in 1889, and received his earlier education at Christ's Hospital. He was at Leeds as a Mirfield student in 1909-11, and acted as Secretary of the Debating Society; he graduated with honours in Philosophy. In 1913 he took a curacy at Dairycoates, Hull. In 1917 he became priest-vicar of Grahamstown Cathedral, and in 1923 he was put in charge of the district of Maputoland, a part of his present diocese, and at the same time appointed Principal of St. Christopher's College for the training of African clergy and teachers at Hlamankulu. *The Gryphon* joins with the University and the College of the Resurrection in congratulating our first Bishop.
- Mr. A. RAISTRICK (Engin. and Geology, 1919-25) has been appointed Lecturer in Geology at Armstrong College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
- Mr. BARNET LIDDESH (Mods., 1909-12) has been appointed Officier d'Instruction Publique at the instance of the French Ambassador.

The following awards of **Fellowships, Scholarships and Prizes** have been made:—

Charles Edwyn Vaughan Fellowship: Miss BERTHA THOMPSON (English).

Miss Thompson entered the University from the Carlisle County Girls' School.

Clothworkers' Research Fellowship in Colour Chemistry:

Mr. FRANCIS JOSEPH SIDDLE.

Mr. Siddle entered the University from the Consett Technical Institute.

Clothworkers' Research Fellowship in Textiles:

Mr. NORMAN HENRY CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Chamberlain entered the University from Leeds Grammar School.

University Scholarships:—

Mr. SADIK BESTOUROS BISHARA (Mathematics).

Mr. JOHN DUFFEY (Physics).

Mr. BERTRAM GARFORTH (Colour Chemistry).

Miss ANNIE MAUD GRIFFITHS (Botany).

Mr. THOMAS JOHN HART (Zoology).

Mr. KENNETH ARTHUR HIRST (Mathematics).

Mr. STANLEY NICHOLL HUDSON (Geology).

Miss SYLVIA MAUD KING (French).

Miss FREDA GERTRUDE PEACE (English).

Mr. RONALD PEACOCK (Modern Languages).

Miss ELSIE RAMSDEN (Chemistry).

Mr. ERIC SPIVEY (Chemistry).

Mr. ALFRED ERNEST TEALE (Philosophy).

Mr. FRANK TYLER (Physics).

The schools from which the above Scholars entered the University were as follows:—

Mr. BISHARA ..	Cairo Higher School of Engineering.
Mr. DUFFEY ..	Pudsey Secondary School.
Mr. GARFORTH ..	Belle Vue Boys' School, Bradford.
Miss GRIFFITHS ..	Kirby Secondary School, Middlesbrough.
Mr. HART ..	L.M.S. School, Bakewell.
Mr. HIRST ..	Wakefield Grammar School.
Miss KING ..	Goole Secondary School.
Miss PEACE ..	Dewsbury Wheelwright Grammar School.
Mr. HUDSON ..	Carlton Street Secondary School, Bradford.
Mr. PEACOCK ..	Leeds Boys' Modern School.
Miss RAMSDEN ..	Greenhead High School, Huddersfield.
Mr. SPIVEY ..	Bradford Grammar School.
Mr. TEALE ..	University Tutorial Classes.
Mr. TYLER ..	Leeds Cockburn High School.

John Rolson Scholarship: Miss ESTELLA MATILDA LEWIS (History).

Miss Lewis entered the University from the Leeds Thoresby High School.

Richard Reynolds Scholarship: Miss KATHLEEN STEVENSON (Chemistry), who entered the University from Knaresborough Grammar School.

Arthur Smithells Scholarship: Miss CONSTANCE MARY GROOCCOCK (renewal).

Miss Groocock entered the University from West Leeds High School.

The following awards of **Scholarships** have been made:—

Clothworkers' Research Scholarship in Colour Chemistry:

Mr. FREDERICK SCOTT TOMLINSON—renewal.

Mr. Tomlinson entered the University from Leeds Grammar School.

Clothworkers' Research Scholarships in Textile:—

Mr. ROBERT OSWALD HALL.

Mr. JACK LAMB (renewal).

Mr. ROBERT LOMAX (renewal).

Miss EMMA STOTT.

Mr. ALEXANDER STREET (renewal).

These Students entered the University from the following Schools:—

Mr. HALL Wakefield Grammar School.

Mr. LAMB Leeds Cockburn High School.

Mr. LOMAX Huddersfield Boys' College.

Miss STOTT Thirk Secondary School.

Mr. STREET Leeds Cockburn High School.

Walker-Wilson Scholarships:— Mr. NORMAN HENRY CHAMBERLAIN (renewal).

Mr. ROBERT OSWALD HALL (renewal).

Clothworkers' Scholarship: Mr. FREDERICK LESLIE SWIRE (Textiles).

Mr. Swire entered the University from Gresham's School, Holt.

Medical Scholarship: Mr. ROBERT LOVE LAMMING, who entered the University from Bridlington Grammar School.

The Ripon English Literature Prize has been awarded to Miss FREDA GERTRUDE PEACE for her essay on "Emily Brontë."

The Gladstone Memorial Prize has been awarded to Miss MARJORIE ALICE RILEY for her essay on "Chantry in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire in the Fourteenth Century." Miss Riley entered the University from the Leeds Thoresby High School.

David Forsyth Prize: Miss MILDRED ANNE GIBB, who entered the University from Somerville College, Oxford.

J. B. Cohen Prize: Mr. GEOFFREY WILLIAM FENTON, who entered the University from Huddersfield College.

Scattergood Prize in Obstetrics and Gynaecology: Mr. FRANCIS ROBIN BEETHAM, who entered the University from Leeds Grammar School.

Hardwick Prize in Clinical Medicine and Edward Ward Memorial Prize:

Mr. PHILIP EDWARD GLYNN, who entered the University from Charterhouse.

Leblanc Medal: Mr. BERTRAM GARFORTH (Colour Chemistry).

Gas Research Fellowship: ARTHUR HANDEL EASTWOOD, B.Sc.

Alfred Lund Scholarship: JOHN DAVID PASK, B.Sc. (Colour Chemistry).

1851 *Exhibition Industrial Bursaries:* Awarded by the Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition on the recommendation of the University:—

ROLAND MATTHEWS.

BENJAMIN CYRIL SCHOLEFIELD.

Edward Baines' Scholarships: GENETTA COHEN.

MARTHA COHEN.

Brown Scholarship: CLIFFORD BROWN.

FRANCIS ALAN DOUGHTY.

CLAUD HAMILL.

ANNIE HOSKER.

WILLIAM JAMES LAWSON INESON.

DENNIS CLAREBOROUGH PICKERING.

FRANK ROBERTS.

Craven Scholarships: THOMAS HEDLEY BLAKELEY.

HAROLD GRANVILLE SMITH.

Emsley Scholarships: ANNIE MAUD GRIFFITHS.

ELIZABETH WAREING HOWARD.

Salt Scholarship: MILDRED OLDFIELD.

William Summers Scholarship: HARRY LOCKWOOD.

Charles Wheatley Scholarships: THOMAS WALTER FREEMAN.

MARJORIE HILDA GILL.

ANNIE MIDDLETON.

JULIA HENRIETTA SCHAPIRO.

Acknowledgments.

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

University College Magazine; The Nonenuch (Bristol); *University Gazette* (Birmingham); *King's College Review; Sphinx* (Liverpool); *Arrows* (Sheffield); *The Northerner; The Student* (Edinburgh); *Bedford College Magazine; The Quarryman* (Cork); *The Bede; The Serpent; The Lodestone* (Birkbeck).



Photo by Moody

FOUNDATIONS.
The new Physics Block.



S. MORGAN, B.Sc.



Miss M. EADES, B.A.



Lounges H. M. D. HARRISON. *Leeds*



A. L. ROBERTS, B.Sc.



Lounges Miss I. WALKER. *Leeds*



Lounges F. R. ALLISON, B.Sc. *Leeds*

Who's Who.

S. MORGAN, B.Sc. (President of the Union, 1929-30), President of Devonshire Hall, 1928-29; Captain of Soccer, 1928-29; Corporal, O.T.C.; First XI Cricket, 1927-28; Athletics Team, 1928-29 (Discus).

Miss M. EATON, B.A. (President, Women's Representative Council, 1929-30); President of Weetwood Hall, 1928-29; Netball Colours, 1925-26, 1926-27, 1927-28; Union Committee, 1927-29; Student Treasurer of Union, 1928-29; Secretary W.R.C., 1927-28; Treasurer, W.R.C., 1928-29; Secretary of Netball Club, 1926-27; Vice-Captain, 1927-28.

A. L. ROBERTS, B.Sc., A.I.C. (President, Men's Representative Council, 1929-30); Hon. Secretary Debating Society, 1928-29; Hon. Treasurer Cavendish Society, 1928-29; M.R.C.; Union Committee; Hon. Secretary Elect. of Cavendish Society; Union Committee, Joint Committee of Staff and Students.

H. M. D. HARRISON (Hon. Secretary of Union, 1929-30); H.O.R.; Hons. Classics, N.U.S. Secretary, 1928-29; Advertising Manager for Rag, 1929; M.R.C. and Union Committee, 1928-29; Vice-Captain Fives, 1929-30.

Miss I. WALKER (President, Medical Women's Representative Council, 1929-30); Entertainments' Sub-Committee; Rag Sub-Committee; Sales; Joint Committee Staff and Students; Medical Women's Tennis Team.

P. R. ALLISON, B.Sc. (President, Students' Representative Council, 1929-30); Medic. S.R.C., 1926-7-8-9; Hon. Secretary S.R.C., 1928-29; Union Committee, 1927-8-9; Vice-President of Union, 1928-29; Editor, *The Tyke*, 1928; G.A. Committee, 1927-8-9; L.U.A.C. Committee, 1926-7-8-9; Hon. Secretary, 1926-27; L.U. Harriers' Club, Committee, 1927-8-9; Colours, 1928-29.

MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

1929.

October 22nd. Annual General Meeting.*

November 12th. Chem. Lect. Theatre**

M. CHASSINAT-GIGOT:

"La Cathédrale de Reims." (Slides).

* M.L.A. open to all post-graduate French Students—especially those taking diploma—privileges of membership without subscription.

** M.L.A. meeting free to all Students.

Verse.

Forgetfulness.

"You will forget," Unseeing, friendly fools,
Who think the truth they utter carries balm.
Oh, hateful thought—"No passion but it cools;
No storm of lunging that Time cannot calm."

If we should meet, my Lady-lost and I,
When half-a-score of loveless years have sped,
We should—just pass each other by,
With courteous inclination of the head.

Or if we met by chance, in company
'Mid tinkling tea-cups, women's voices shuill
In emphasis, just—"May I get you tea?"
(No stir of pulse; her voice would hold no thrill).
Oh! I have drunk deep of Love's bitterness,
Spare me the hemlock-dregs—forgetfulness.

LEWIS DODD.

In Prep.

The electric light abed white and ugly radiance
On their anxious faces;
Girls dark, girls fair,
Alike in one thing,
Searching knowledge feverishly in grey and musty tomes,
With all youth at their bidding—
And they
Not knowing what to do with it.
There's night outside, mysterious, dark,
Meet to be looked at,
And stars to be considered,
And wind and lovely things,
Yet here we sit
In the ugly light,
Between walls uglier than death and more confining;
I, with flitting youth straining to be free,
And they
With books,
And vacant thoughts,
And learning.

M.B.

Ile St. Louis.

Do you remember how you laughed that night? . . .
There was a strange and subtle splendour in the sky
And on the dreaming river; a cool light,
As though the soul of beauty had passed by

Unheeded. From a window on the side
Came softly the light laughter of music . . .
We lingered there, and listened for a while,
And then you laughed, and whispered "How romantic!" . . .

You laughed . . . a queer little laugh . . . and your hand
Touched my arm, and was gone . . . I did not know . . .
You laughed, and yet I did not understand,
Dreaming of cool white arms of long ago.

TATTON.

Camping Song.

Sing a song, a litling song, of camping by the sea,
Roof of blue, and floor of green, and walls of hawthorn tree,
Stars for lamps, and straw for beds, and bird song always free,
Greedy hens and crows for neighbours prying.

Sing a song a merry song, of hiking up the hill,
Hacking soda, and mixing "twists," and letting cocoa spill,
Puffing wood, and coughing smoke, and making sausage grill,
Crisp cheese-dreams on hazel panniers frying.

Sing a song, a friendly song, of camp fires' golden light,
Glinting on the singing faces circled on the height,
Cheerily gleam the liners as they sail into the night
Overhead swoop silver seagulls, crying.

G.N.

Forever.

A Romance.

HE came away from the H.P.'s office with a letter in his hand, and a mildly idiotic smile on his face. It seemed a favourable opportunity for a few well chosen remarks, and I approached him, assuming as much of an air of benevolence as remains after the long Vac. "Dear young friend," I exclaimed,



"How instructive and elevating is the contemplation of those who hasten gladly to the communal letter rack, how interesting it must be to the observant and sympathetic spirit to watch the emotions of joy, and surprise, and despair, and hope, as they are revealed in the faces of those for whom the rack may contain a message from home, or a message of love, a kindly greeting, or a bill from Wadlers'...."

He looked at me a little blankly, and then somewhat forcibly uttered a remark which, though hallowed by tradition, must yet, alas, be debarred from a place in these pages. I returned his greeting. "Come and have a drink," he said.

"We've half an hour to wait yet," I replied. "It's only just eleven." He smiled. "I mean a coffee."

I managed to concentrate a satisfactory amount of scorn in my look when I asked him why he hadn't said so at first, instead of blaspheming against the honoured name of drink, and we strolled towards the Refectory. There he began to pour out his tale of woe. "You remember Miss X., who was up a couple of years ago?"

"The uninteresting person, with the vacant look and the giggles?"

"No, you idiot, that ripping kid with...."

"Awfully sorry, I was thinking of someone else," I said, lying manfully. "Anyhow, what about her?"

He shrugged his shoulders in an admirably dramatic manner.

"Nothing much, really....only, I loved her as I can never love any other woman."

"No!" I ejaculated. "You don't say! Well, well, well!"

He cursed seriously, quietly, and most effectively for some time, and then said, "Are you, or are you not, going to listen without indulging your sense of humour, which, in respect to that of a child of seven, is positively pre-natal?"

I apologised, and bade him continue.

"Well....you see, I did not think it possible to be in love to such an extent....it was dashed hard to make her see just what I was trying to express.... I tried to tell her that I wasn't just flattering her for the sake of a student flirtation, that I realised the rashness of what I was doing, but that I was terribly sincere...."

"Go on, my boy," I murmured sympathetically. "I know it all."

He looked up eagerly. "Why, have you....?"

I denied the soft impeachment, and explained that one picks up all sorts of things, in well, kind of rehearsals....

"God! I meant it all!" he went on, "I swore to her that I was no more sure of dying than I was of the fact that death would come before I ceased loving her...."

"Good," I murmured, "I never thought of that one...."

"However," he said, with a sigh, "fool that I am, I decided to try an experiment. A few months ago, after we had been out together, I told her that if she wanted to see me, she could leave a note for me at the University. I wanted to see if she cared enough to take the initiative....after all, it's all not about it not being the woman's part...."

"Well!"

"For months I waited for the letter that never came....months of ceaseless agony, months of torture. I had resolved to wait if it meant waiting for years....I was testing myself too...."

"It is rather a wonder that you did not find consolation during that time. Were there no others?"

"Others! Of course not, you fool.... that is, nothing to speak of...."

"There was a pause...."

"And now?" I asked.

"The letter came this morning."

"Well?"

He handed me the letter to read:—

"Can you see me this morning at twelve? I shall be in the old place. Do please try and come...."

I handed the letter back to him. "You win," I said, "Lucky devil!"

He laughed rather bitterly.

"What's wrong now," I asked, "That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

"Yes," he admitted, "that's what I wanted, if only...."

"If only what?"

He sighed deeply.

"If only I could remember the 'old place....'"



"months of ceaseless agony...."

PONS.

The Long Trail.

DRESDEN and Hohnstein! These are places where Leeds is a household name by this time. We shall never tire of Dresden. There is always some phase of its quaint conservatism to be revealed to us and our German hosts are at some pains to open up their national life. It is here they build up towers of thought from the plains of quiet meditation. We tried to climb their towers—this year, a few steps more.

These are not first impressions. Nevertheless they may be incorrect. Our friends in Prague tolerantly grant me free pardon if I greatly err. Pleasing, disturbing; go-ahead, reticent; repressed and self-expressive; clean yet odorous — all these seemingly contradictory characteristics distinguish Prague. They are marks of the re-birth of an ancient people; the signs of the re-setting of an old valuable jewel.

You can't know Budapest without knowing G—. To us she is Budapest. Without her, Budapest might be fascinating—it is a wonderful city—and Hungary might captivate you, but with her it all springs to life, it glows, it whispers its mystic secret in your ears and you are lost for ever. You are a citizen of another country.

From Budapest to Stamboul the path of our pilgrimage is marked by corpses. Follow the direct line of the bodies and in course of time you will smell the "sweet" savours of the Golden Horn. Leave Budapest by the South Gate. No grave is marked with a cross. All are labelled with a solid English curse. The marks of battle are on us—the honours too,—the crushing hand of death has laid them low. By them you'll find your way across the Hungarian Plain, through the Balkans, over the salt deserts of Northern Turkey, across the Galata Bridge from Old Stamboul to—and within—our habitation in Galata. Keep to the trail on the right. Those on the left mark our return. After fighting a losing battle against untold odds in Budapest we fled to a haven of refuge leaving sheets and blankets bloodstained and strewn with corpses. The bugs and fleas are of no mean dimensions. They are the exception in Hungary. Further south they are the rule. They are difficult to corner in trains but our average bag in hotels was from one hundred to two hundred per night. We are skilled in the hunt by this time. In Sofia we reached our first haven of refuge and we are eternally grateful to our Bulgarian and British hosts there. We suggest that Kemal Pasha organise a new army—well stocked with Flit and Keatings.

Belgrade brought many surprises. Quite a few old Leeds students turned out to meet us—Serbians, who had spent some part of the War period in our University. The names of Pepitch and Yevtitch may mean something to some old students reading this. They mean much to us. We were right royally received and were the guests of the Russian students. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Nenaditch for introducing us to such good friends. Time fails me to tell of an afternoon on the Save and the Danube in the King's motor boat, of a magnificent banquet given in our honour on a mountain top overlooking Belgrade, of the entrenched streets and the cobble-stones which certainly "harass the feet," and of the thousands of kindnesses shown to us by our Serbian friends.

A thesis on frontiers would indeed be interesting and the Serbian-Bulgarian frontier would come up for special comment. However, the kindly Bulgarian officials apologised for any slight "derangement we may have had" in the progress of a verbal battle between they and the Serbs in our carriage. We were expected—as the first English students' party to visit Bulgaria since the War. It is good that Leeds should be first. It is now a well-known name in Bulgarian circles. A large crowd received us at Sofia not least amongst which figured the Press. Dirty and dishevelled as we were, we were photographed, interviewed in taxis and speeches were delivered to us on the platform. The Student body, the Government and the Bulgarian British Association were wonderful. They feted us, they attended to our every want and saw to it that in Sofia at least nothing should be left undone that could make us happy. We learnt to love Bulgaria in that short stay. We look forward to meeting our friends again. To the British Consul, to M. Vassileff of the Chamber of Deputies, to Major Andrews of the British Bulgarian Association, to Professor Stenore of the University of Sofia, to Antoine Tchervénakov of the National Union of Students and to many others whom one could name we owe a deep debt of gratitude. We shall go to Bulgaria again.

Stamboul is of "the stuff that dreams are made of" if seen by moonlight from the heights at the end of the Golden Horn. Its slender minarets and shining domes against the background of the moonlight's golden path along the waters of Marmora can never fade from our memory. The mass effect is beautiful beyond description—the detail smells. At the end of five days we still asked for more. Scutari and Prinkipo, the Black Sea and Robert College, the Mosque of S. Sophia and a thousand humorous episodes will not readily efface themselves from our memory. They are part of us.

We returned through Vienna and Nürnberg, and so to London. Our five thousand miles of pilgrimage were done. They are now five thousand miles of memories, all pleasant, all living—a sure foundation for next year when Leeds will wander over Europe once again, some on new tracks—Scandinavia and Russia—others to perpetuate friendships now begun in Central and South Eastern Europe. Kumati in every Capital re-echoes back to Leeds in friendly greetings. We send our Kumati to every Capital, in thanks to some, as a forerunner of our approach to others.

EDWIN BARKER.

In 1905.

JOHN CROSBIE, lawyer, stepped neatly from the horse-tram that brought him to the edge of the town, and embarked briskly on the fifteen minutes' walk that would take him to the village. The sunlight sparkled on his gold pince-nez and mocked his rolled umbrella, while his thin form minced from side to side suggesting a complacency oddly at variance with the slight inclination of his head to the left. His features were precisely cut though marred by a permanent frown, and his hair was of a grey becoming to his fifty years. Despite his unfashionable clothes there was some quality in him reminiscent of an eighteenth century dandy, descending the steps of a gloomy house complete with torch-extinguisher and neo-classic columns.

But this was in that brief Edwardian time when there still lingered the shadow of a lovely leisure thrown by an older Victorian sun. In common with most transition periods there was over everything an awareness, so that each day seemed to say: "We are going—we are going. Appreciate us now. There may be no days like us again."

Like the times, John Crosbie had the shadow of a former age upon him. For the present his thoughts were still in the office that had belonged to his father before him and his grandfather before that, and so back through many generations. Nor was he so much pre-occupied with lawsuits and the question of Mr. Tiplady's title, as those dusty inner rooms where lay bundles on bundles of papers, the accumulation of two centuries and more. Yet he never ordered a clerk to sort out the rubbish, but sometimes he would take a dust-covered pile and finger lovingly the odd things he found, though how they had come there no one remembered. Like music their names and touch were to him. An old, unwieldy newspaper condemning Byron as a Radical and advertising Moore's "Loves of the Angels," a quaint play-bill fore-running a Juvenile Roscius then "six years old," but now long in his grave, papers touching some seventeenth century road dispute, yellowing letters of little interest but with exquisite stamps—twopenny blues and penny blacks, and letters whose casual gossip introduced once-famous names that leaped suddenly like fire from the faded writing. His fingers caressed them as one who touched the keys of a frail sweet-toned instrument.

Remembering these, John Crosbie could almost have taken a melancholy pleasure in being the last of his line. But he had two children of whose existence he was unpleasantly reminded every time he entered the bathroom at home, because it was there that, after eating chocolate, they had once decided to hold a contest as to who could lick the farthest on the wall so as to leave a mark.

With a little, fastidious shiver, the lawyer turned his thoughts to his immediate surroundings.

He liked the white-railed triangle of the Green that preserved the old-world character of the village, and the faint shouts of the village boys throwing a cricket ball on its undulating surface. He liked the comfortable roll of carriage wheels passing by to the Hall, their subdued murmur made dearer to him by the noisy

motor cars of 1905; and a line of washing upheld by forked sticks, not yet taken in from a cottage garden. It pleased him that he must pass the open gates of a farm on his way home. Across the farm-yard came the voice of an old granny to her grandson attempting to eat the mud-pies he had made: "Well, tha's got to eat a peck o' muck, so the mun as well 'ave it noo." The repetition of this traditional belief made the lawyer smile grimly.

Now he was within his gate and about to close it when a piercing shout of "AIRYPLANE," caused him to turn back. The village rushed out gaping and open-mouthed to watch the great silver dragon-fly whirling magnificently through the blue air.

For a moment John Crosbie did not move. He felt the chill of a breaking-up and falling-away. It was as if he knew of the approach of a time of fantastic change, whose great machines rushing everywhere would destroy the comfortable carriage-wheels of tradition, blotting out the village greens, and sweeping away unbusiness-like offices, scattering their contents among rubbish heaps and museums.

He shut the gate ("Good Heavens! Who's been drawing these abominable little men on the paint?") and turned to see his younger son with reddened face and straw-coloured hair on end. Their eyes met with a faint sensation of shock. "O Father, did you see it?" said Timothy. Momentarily, the lawyer forgot to point out the incriminating coloured chalk fallen on the ground, for in his son's eyes shone the alien glow of a younger, keener generation for whom speed was to bring a strange singing to the ears, whose Arctic and Amazon would hold no more terrors than Greenland or the Plains of Mexico, and who would see wireless aerials soaring everywhere fair as ship's rigging against the sky.

B. de L.H.

The Work of Old Students.

I.

[Under this heading it is hoped to publish a series of articles on the work of some Old Students whose activities are unusual or otherwise of general interest. In this issue, A. D. K. Owen (Econ.) describes the work of the Social Survey of Sheffield, to which he is Secretary.]

ONE of the great complaints against the social scientists has been that they study society in a highly artificial way. They take one particular thread, perhaps an economic or a religious thread from the web of social life carefully isolate it; and study it with only a nodding recognition of the network with which it is in reality inextricably bound up. Few of them it is complained, seem concerned with viewing and interpreting the community as a whole. And while there is much to be said in favour of sectional studies—we should not get far without them—the complaint does point to a very real need. It is increasingly realised that the study of a community in every aspect is a necessary prelude to the understanding of the problems of its social life.

Whether in a Bantu village in Central Africa or in our own intricate institutional life of limited liability companies, trade unions, royal receptions, general elections, dirt track racing, the Free Church Council and *Daily Mail* human behaviour is apparently made up of variations on a few fundamental life activities. We engage in "getting our living"—that is in providing the material necessities of life: food, warmth, clothing and shelter. We mate,

and make our homes. We initiate the young into the ways of life peculiar to our class or sect or tribe. We engage in various forms of play activity, which we call using our leisure. We take part in some form of religious life, though it is nowadays often somewhat attenuated. And finally, we engage in varying measure in the business of government. Any complete study of a community, whether in Melanesia or in our own islands, would have to take all these activities into account.

There are many examples of anthropologists studying primitive communities in this way, and the results of such studies are to be found in works like W. H. R. Rivers's "The Todas," which is an account of the social life and institutions of a tribe in Southern India. But the method has not often been applied in the same way to our modern complex civilised communities. The anthropologists have not descended upon Leeds in order to conduct an all-embracing enquiry into the social life and institutions of the tribes to be found therein. The complexity of modern life has obscured the fundamental similarity of social life in all communities, and therefore the appropriateness of a common form of study.

It is with something approaching this point of view that a number of social surveys are being undertaken to-day. Thus, the Sheffield Social Survey Committee is organising its survey of social life and institutions in the city of Sheffield. The aim of the Committee is to ascertain all such facts concerning the life of the city as are of significance for its development. It will begin with its geographical features, and include the social, industrial and economic conditions of to-day, their origin and growth. It is believed that such a collection of facts will form the basis of a systematic survey, to furnish the citizens of Sheffield with knowledge which will be of the utmost assistance in guiding efforts towards civic progress and in the encouragement of a finer sense of citizenship.

The plan of the survey will be based on the six major life activities which have been indicated as being common to all communities. But there will be one important point of distinction between the methods which are being adopted in Sheffield, and those of the professional anthropologists. The greater part of the survey in Sheffield will be carried out by Sheffield citizens themselves, and not by a body of workers descending upon the city from the outside. It is hoped that a large body of voluntary workers will be recruited to carry out the many enquiries which will be made under the direction of an Executive Committee upon which the University is strongly represented. At present the work is very much in the preparatory stages, but a sample enquiry into the standard of living among the working classes; a housing survey; and an investigation of the conditions of employment and welfare of juveniles, are planned for the autumn. It is expected that the work as a whole will occupy a number of years, at the end of which time it is proposed to publish the results of the survey in a few small volumes. It may be then possible to examine the problems of civic life in Sheffield not as so many independent issues, but as parts of the great problem of community development.

A. D. K. OWEN.

"THE GRYPHON."

The closing date for copy for the next issue of *The Gryphon* is

Friday, October 18th.

Pleasure and Music.

THE true appreciation of art is not an emotional but an imaginative and intellectual apprehension of beauty. Those people for whom beauty is divinity and art a religion do not hesitate to place the artist at the summit of the intellectual hierarchy, as the one human being capable of approaching nearest to the spiritual and the divine and able to reveal it to others. It is by the co-operation of imagination and intellect that the artist perceives beauty and gives it form. Hence the inseparableness in art of the form and of the material. For the same reason the use of the intellect is an indispensable factor in the appreciation of art. Music is non-existent for a person whose reception is merely sensuous, who merely hears a succession of sounds, because music, as an art, is *not* a mere succession of sounds. This type of listener undoubtedly experiences considerable pleasure from listening; indeed experiments show that his pleasure is greater and more sustained than that of the artist, whose critical ear is not easily satisfied. The explanation of this is the musical passivity of the lazy listener, whose attention being easily distracted, follows up associations and trains of thought which have little to do with the music and at most are initially evoked by it. What pleasure he feels, therefore, cannot come from the music, but only from the distractions. To this can be traced the popularity of the wireless loud-speaker.

Our observations so far have been confined to those listeners who go to the symphony concerts, but who, perhaps through no fault of their own, have not the musical training necessary to ensure right listening. But there is a type of listener who will have none of such stuff; symphonic music harbours no delight for him nor do pleasurable distractions evolve from it. This is the listener who yields voluptuously to Lost Chords and Rosaries. Because he listens, however, we prefer him to the other. He is emotional and is transported by the music; but since the music is bad the transport is scarcely that of the artist; nevertheless it is certain that this listener derives his pleasure from the music and not from distractions, and that his pleasure equals and even exceeds that of the artist-listener.

The argument obviously will not help us to make a good listener of the bad one. Moreover, most artists would maintain without the help of the above demonstration that the aim of art is not to give pleasure but solely to incarnate beauty; this is an end in itself. In a similar way, the only aim of the listener or of the observer is to perceive beauty in the form given to it by the artist; the pleasure is incidental. We can only win over our two types of listener then by showing that beauty is worth seeking. The task is of forbidding difficulty. More often than not the artist is driven to the pessimistic view that the gift of perceiving beauty is inborn and not to be acquired. Encouraged, however, by the thought that many people must have real though undeveloped artistic feeling, and that these people must have some desire, however vague, for a larger intellectual life, he would try to win them over by making a distinction in the appeal of music. Whilst on the one hand bad music plunges the listener into languorous, emotional and sentimental moods, because it is written with the express intention of appealing to those lower sides of man's nature, good music is of the intellect and the imagination, the most spiritual of man's faculties. In this difference lies the proof of the inherent immorality of bad art and of the inherent morality of true art. The artist would have us cultivate our gifts of intellect and imagination, the exercise of these faculties will bring us pleasure; the reward of our toil will be the perception of beauty.

R.S.

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Teaching History with the Cinematograph.

FOR the past few months the Historical Association has been investigating the value of films in the teaching of history to Schoolchildren. The duty of conducting the investigations has fallen upon Miss F. Consitt, B.A., B.Litt., who has given much of her time and energy to this particular work.

The other night, Wednesday, September 11th, I believe, she tried quite a new experiment.

She had the audacity and courage to show one of her "historical films" to the Bradford W.E.A. in the Mechanics Institute, Bradford, the particular film shown being a League of Nations propaganda film, entitled "The World War and after."

A few remarks might be made about the film itself, just in passing. The film began with a street fight caused by a man "slugging" a cheeky urchin in the "car-ole," the moral being, that a great "scrap" may have a very small beginning, and then passed on to a view of the town of Sarajevo and the newspaper announcements of the tragedy enacted there. No actual scenes of fighting were shown. We saw upon the screen rows and rows of crosses, each cross marking the last resting place of some fallen warrior. We were shown Turkish farmers fleeing from their desolated farmsteads into Greece, and similar scenes of desolation and ruin in France, Poland and Germany. There were maps for each year of the War, showing how by 1918 practically the whole world was involved in the great struggle, and various moving diagrams were thrown upon the screen. There is no doubt that this particular film is better propaganda than history. The undue stress on the Sarajevo incident robs the picture of much of what might be its real historical value by conveying a wrong impression of what really started the War. Still, the audience did I think, see great possibilities in this method of instruction. A tremendous number of people are "visualists," and an event remains fixed in their memory once they have seen it either in actual fact or on the screen. America, and also Germany and Russia have developed this method of teaching the young idea by means of the cinema pretty extensively. American historical films are, of course, practically confined to "great moments in the lives of great men," you know the kind of thing, impressive spectacles and dramatic incidents, whilst I suppose the Russian films will depict the sufferings and triumphs of the Proletariat and the depravity of capitalist society.

The films at present being used by Miss Consitt on her job are nothing to go crazy about, but they are the best of a bad lot, and she has to manage as well as she can. I think she's got about half a dozen. She has films on the Stone Age and the Bronze Age, on Roman Britain and Mediaeval England, and one of the dramatic incident variety "Wolf and Montcalm."

Of course if the thing becomes a commercial proposition we shall be able to have really first-rate historical films in our schools and universities, and you can imagine in that event that one of Mr. Dainton's lectures on British Constitutional History, backed up by a film show depicting incidents like the signing of "Magna Charta," or the dismissal of the "Rump Parliament," will indeed be a thing of beauty and perhaps a joy for ever. Who knows but that in time we shall have historical "talkies," and that schoolboys and schoolgirls will sit in darkened classrooms listening to, let us say Luther's debate with Zwingli on Transubstantiation, h'm, that's rather strong meat for infants, but anyway it might happen someday at Mirfield or Rawdon, one never knows in these days of quick change.

WEE DONAL.



"THERE has always been a theory that film actresses were empty headed, and that much of their supposed charm and talent was fictitious, a creation of the screen alone."

How do people get such ideas?

* * *

Divorce by post is now an accomplished fact in America. The inexperienced are presumably invited to join a co-respondents' school.

* * *

A new system installed in the Washington Senate measures exactly the amount of hot air generated when the Senate is in session. The previous system was known as "Our Parliamentary Correspondent."

* * *

"Baby holds up a play." From specimens seen lately we were under the impression that they only wrote them.

* * *



The Postmaster General was invited by the Postmistress of a Welsh village to deliver a telegram. When asked whether he accepted the threepence which the Postmistress offered him for this service, the P.M.G. is stated to have merely smiled.

Dash it all, she might have made it fourpence!

* * *

One of our titled philosophers and Sunday guides for the perplexed writes: "What more can one want than to ride a good horse on an autumn morning, and hear the frosted leaves crunching under its hoofs?"

As Mr. Blenkinsop (inset), at present engaged in pulling down large sections of the University, remarked in the course of an interview. "Indeed what?"





* Progress in Literature.

IN our very early youth we once read one of those excellent manuals whose declared object it is to give guidance to earnest students of the Art of Writing. We have long forgotten both title and author, though we believe the volume was as good as most others of its kind. But the contents of one chapter have remained in our memory. There is a certain verse in the Acts which describes how, "Pilate took water — and washed his hands." The late Miss Marie Corelli, in one of her now forgotten novels, "*Barrabas*," has described the same incident in some 1,000 words of glittering near-prose, replete with simile and metaphor. Our well-intentioned mentor, having placed these two passages in juxtaposition, proceeded, not without unction, to contrast the two methods, to the grave disadvantage of Miss Corelli. "Look," he said (in effect) "on this word-picture and on that. This (Miss Corelli's) is how not to do it! Let your writing be simple and direct always, complex and diffuse never. So may you hope to acquire this elusive Art of Writing."

We were puzzled and unconvinced. It was not that we had any chivalrous desire to lay lance in rest for Miss Corelli's literary fame. We agreed that her passage was not done well; but we could not agree that it had been wrong to do it at all. "For," we told ourselves, "if Pater or Swinburne or Gautier had painted the picture their methods would have approximated more nearly to those of Miss Corelli than to those of the Apostle." Again, we thought, "The passage which is held up for a model was written nearly 2,000 years ago, whilst the current English translation was prepared some 300 years ago; the world about us is changed beyond all recognition from that inhabited by its writer. And, since literature holds a mirror up to life, are not two entirely different mirrors required to reflect the world of the Caesars and the world of to-day? Or can it be that, in a ceaselessly changing universe, Literature is the one thing which remains immutable; that the canons which governed its practise 2,000 years ago remain, inerrable and unaltered to-day and will so remain while the 'written word endures'? And, since this is a manifestly absurd theory, in what way does literature alter?" We were able to formulate the problem. We felt ourselves unable to answer it. Professor Abercrombie, in his Leslie Stephen Lecture, has set our mind at rest.

"What then," he asks at the close of his introduction, "is the principle of progress in literature—the nature of that forward movement, that process of continual organic change, which is peculiar to literature and which should be the chief concern of literary history?"

The initial difficulty, in attempting to arrive at an answer, is "the familiar one of matter and manner. The sort of approach we want is one that will put us in such a position that whatever is said of matter or manner will, of necessity, involve the other." Professor Abercrombie surmounts this obstacle by an adroit

juxtaposition of Philosophy, the devotees of which seem doomed to seek, unavailingly, 'a perfect language of universal and inflexible exactitude'; which has reached such a point of intellectual abstraction that 'it can no longer say what it *means*' and poetry, wherein the problem is solved "not by a hierarchy of languages, but in one extremely complex technique which amounts to a triumphantly effective *superlanguage* which we call Poetic Diction, wherein it does not give us a copy or a picture of reality; it represents reality by actually and truly calling itself into existence."

It is, then, by the avenue of Poetry that Professor Abercrombie advances to the attack. And since Poetry is the chosen line of advance—"It seems not unreasonable in this matter of progress to expect some analogy between poetic technique and the raw material of its medium—common speech." And the progress of language is "what philologists call the change from synthesis to analysis. — Where Latin says *fuisse* English says *I should have been*, the complex of ideas which Latin synthesizes into a single word, English analyses into four words." And this difference "gives us the general law of linguistic progress." The change, "corresponds with what we may well suppose to be the movement of consciousness itself—the movement by which man has become not indeed *more* conscious of his world but more analytically conscious of it. — the habit of analysis seems to have been growing on man throughout his history so that the difference between Homer's world and ours has some correspondence with the difference between Greek and English." And, Professor Abercrombie asserts, "the principle of progress in the art of literature is exactly analogous with the principle of progress in language." It, too, is a change from synthesis to analysis.

The deification of natural forces in the ancient poets, the epic use of the stock epithet and the so-called "Homeric restraint," (as when Helen's surpassing loveliness is implicit in the laconic comment of the Theban elders, who catch sight of her walking on the ramparts, "No wonder the young men suffer for her!") are but special instances of the synthetic method.

So much for poetic diction, for the texture of writing. But what of the structure, of poetic form?—"We do not have to look very far for such an analogy. Think of the form of Attic drama and the form of Elizabethan drama: is not the difference exactly paralleled by the difference between *fuisse* and *I should have been*, or rather by the difference between the compact, interlocked meaning of a sentence synthesised by concord and inflexion and the meaning which is analysed into separable parts by auxiliary words only held together by their proper order? The dramatic syntax of Shakespeare and of Sophocles both equally arrive at a final unity. But in Sophocles the whole dictates its nature to the parts," (as in the "Antigone," wherein no single scene or incident deviates, for an instant, from the theme enunciated in the opening dialogue between the hapless heroine and her sister, Ismene—the clash between the written law of the State and the unwritten law of the heart). "In Shakespeare" (in, for instance, "Hamlet," with its plot, counterplot and sub-plot, its soliloquies 'De omnibus rebus'), "the parts consent to make a whole."

We may recall that Keats unwittingly epitomised the analytical "credo" in his oft quoted dictum, "Poetry should surprise by a fine excess." There is the analytical conception of the poets' craft. It was the essence of Greek tragic poetry that it should never surprise by any excess at all.

Again, Matthew Arnold (in his "1853 Preface"), in the course of what, viewed in the light of Professor Abercrombie's theory, appears as a vain plea for

the setting back of literary clocks, for a return to the synthetic structure, says of Keats' "Isabella," "This one short poem contains perhaps a greater number of happy single expressions than all the extant tragedies of Spöckes. But the action, the story? The action in itself is an excellent one; but so feebly is it conceived by the poet, so loosely constructed, that the effect produced by it, in and for itself, is absolutely null." And he concludes by advising the reader to turn to the same story in Boccaccio, "who subordinates expression to that which it is designed to express."

Professor Abercrombie does well to warn us that "the movement (from the synthetic to the analytic) is not uniform as regards time or place." He himself dwells on the survival of the epic (obviously an essentially synthetic form) into modern times. We need not search far for other examples. But 16 years before the publication of the Second Quarto Hamlet, in texture and in form alike, the supreme manifestation of the analytical genius, the medal struck by Elizabeth to commemorate the defeat of the "Armada" bore the motto—"God blew and they were scattered"—surely an example of that synthetic art wherein "the whole picture is implicit in the single word" hardly to be matched outside Homer. Again, but another seven years had passed when those 47 scholars who, at the command of there "most high and Mighty Prince" had laboured to prepare "one more exact translation of the scriptures into the English tongue" presented the resultant monument of English prose to their sovereign and the world. It is not difficult to find instances where a mingling of the two modes is found in one composition. Nowhere is the analytical temper of Marlowe's genius better illustrated than in "Faustus." But—(the lines are almost too well-known to quote):—

"Is this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"

Marlowe's extravagance can employ the synthetic method as well as Homeric restraint! But none the less the gradual passage from Synthesis to Analysis "is the one process which, whatever else may be happening in literature, is always there, always persists."

The lecture is permeated with that aura of intellectual austerity which tradition and the circumstances of its delivery alike enjoin. But this has not precluded Professor Abercrombie from punctuating it with bursts of characteristic, pungent, almost sardonic humour.

G.J.

* "Progress in Literature" (the "Leslie Stephen" Lecture, 1929), by Lascelles Abercrombie. Cambridge University Press, 2/6 nett.

* The Centenary History of King's College, London.

The book gives an interesting history of the early difficulties and historical background of the University, its rise to prominence despite severe handicaps and a review of its present prominent position. A very interesting book.

* By F. J. C. HEARNSEAW, M.A., LL.D.

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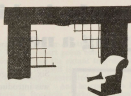
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The Repertory Cinema.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL once wrote "every time a new book appears, I read an old one." Similarly, the day seems to have arrived when it should be said "every time a new 'talkie' is released, go and see an old silent film." A repertory cinema such as the "Savoy" which we have in Leeds enables us to do this. Many of the best efforts of continental, and especially German film production, have been, and are being, revived there. If the cinema has achieved anything worthy of the name of art, it is to be found among the kind of productions that the "Savoy" exhibits.

Despite those amateurs of certain arts who claim that all artistic expression is individual, and therefore untrammelled by anything other than the Artist's imagination, every art-form has its own mode of realisation. The aesthetic experience capable of being drawn upon for his purposes, and especially the medium in which that has to be expressed, are considerations which seriously limit the artist's scope. The film producer must carefully consider his means if he is to translate them successfully into the series of images which makes up the moving picture. If a film succeeds it is because it uses the mechanical possibilities of photography, lighting and scenical properties to produce "essential film stuff," not by aping painting, sculpture, the theatre or anything else.

Cinematography is by nature a moving combination of variations in shades of light and darkness, and the good film uses these to bring out form, shape, movement and rhythm. The understanding of lighting and of the casting of shadows is necessary for film production. The facial characteristics of the actors must conform to the needs of photographic reproduction.

It is only by using these means to build up a story, by an appreciation of landscape, architecture and interior detail of a scope that will "register" best, and by a regulation of the tempo to subject and setting that the producer can succeed in providing for the eye an aesthetic pleasure worthy of being called art. The movement of the characters, justly described as pantomimic, at its best is unknown to any other kind of acting, and even the story is such as is best told only by means of the film.

The accomplishments of producers like Henry Gallen, Murnau, Fritz Lang, Pabst, Jacques Feyder, Paul Fejos, and the comedies of Charles Chaplin, do not pretend to be anything but films, they ask for no condescension from the other arts. Gallen's "Student of Prague" is magnificently acted by Conrad Veidt, Werner Kraus and Agnes Esterhazy. The hunting scene, the sabre-duelling, the dance in the hall of mirrors where the student fails to find his own reflection, and the looming shadow of the money-lender on the wall outside, the game of cards, and finally the student's adventures with his own shadow, are film-stuff at its best, presented in a composite and coherent whole.

Murnau's "The Last Laugh," "Vaudeville" and "Faust," in all of which Emil Jannings appeared, and also his "Manon Lescaut," by their use of brilliant camera-work and lighting, and of skilful, and in the last case excellently chosen decorative settings, are films which leave clear cut images of themselves in the mind long after they have been seen. Fritz Lang is another German producer of merit. His "thriller," "The Spy," was by far the best effort of its kind. By its rapidity of movement, swiftly changing scene, clever use of mechanical resources, as well as brilliant camera-work and good acting, it held the attention as a mystery film should, and the *finale* can only be described as magnificent.

Pabst's "*Lover of Jeanne Ney*" was another notable film, more for its clever direction of acting and its convincing presentation of an unpleasant story than for any technical virtuosity, though it had that clarity of presentation which only the Germans seem to be able to attain. The French producer, Jacques Feyder's "*Thou Shalt Not*" was another fine effort of characterisation. By the portrayal of little personal idiosyncrasies, the showing of little mannerisms and details, the story is cleverly unfolded. The climax of the picture is treated with excellent restraint. Thérèse and Laurent are quarrelling about the murder of her former husband. They turn to find Madame Raquin, the dead man's mother listening. She falls back paralyzed, and stricken with dumbness. They discover this, and despite everything cannot help laughing. Anything but a sure touch would have ruined this scene.

Perhaps the finest of all films was "*The Last Moment*" strangely enough, produced in America, though by a German, Paul Fejos. Without sub-titles, it simply shows a succession of scenes in the life of an actor, as he remembered them in his last moment of life. The film begins and ends with the actor walking into a river, his own reflection before him in the water.

Though America has invented and continuously committed all the known sins of film-production, she has given the "comic," in which Charlie Chaplin excels, to the world. Chaplin needs no eulogies, but it is worth noting that the rapidity of movement, the importance of detail, the perfect timing, the use of properties and "gags," the dovetailing of all scene and action are of the films and only of the films. The same can to some extent be said for the better comedies of Harold Lloyd and Reginald Denny, of the parody-farces of Lupino Lane, and of the best German comedies, such as some of those in which Willy Fritsch and Mady Christians appear.

It is to be hoped that the waves of synchronisation have not drowned silent film production completely. They have swamped it at a time when its artistic values were beginning to take form, though the bulk of Russian silent films have yet to be shown here, and from what we have managed to see of them so far, they promise to add considerably to our experience of film technique and production. If the talking-picture is to succeed, it will have to set out to do so by the same means that the silent film was beginning to use, and must not imitate either silent-film, stage-play, musical comedy or any other form of entertainment, that is, provided that it is mechanically competent of serving as a medium for anything at all.

H.R.

R.I.P.

(Latin for — Rinkles in Pronunciation).

Being the Fresher's guide to the correct pronunciation of the word....
"Gryphon."

In Morocco there came a wild Riff (on
The razzle) and gave me a biff on
The head with a club;
Had my corpse in a shrub,
And proceeded to study my Gryphon.

S.D.S.

[What the Riff did after that is not recorded.—Ed.].



Photo by Hendry

EMMANUEL CHURCH AND DE GREY ROAD.

WITH THE O.T.C. IN NORTH WALES.



Photos by S. H. Davies

With the N.U.S. to the Balkans and the East. Some Impressions.

[We regret that it has been impossible to publish Mr. Yates's article in full. The following are selected extracts].

SERBIA'S roads are not good, but picturesque. It is a sheer delight on one of the dusty, unpaved by-ways to meet a peasant at the close of day. His bullock waggon crawls along and he is content. Time obviously plays no part where transport by oxen is concerned. I noticed signs of the Turkish occupation. In several old churches the East magnificently showed us the splendour of oriental decay, displaying under gilded dome the pomp of a fading decoration. There were dilapidated houses, quaintly picturesque, and built like the Turkish houses of wood. But these are the old parts.

At Sofia we were met as we embarked from the train by one or two Pressmen, a row of cameras, the British Consul, and members of the Bulgarian-British Legation.

Unlike Kinglake, I must take part in the chant about mosques and minarets—they are true symbols of the orient—the charm of old Stamboul. Here we caught our first glimpse of the Mediterranean. A deep, delicious blue, it fringes the Ottoman capital, though it can no longer "hush the Sultan's naughty wives, and quiet the scandals of his courts" for he is now in banishment in Switzerland. The waters of the Golden Horn wash right into the heart of the city, cutting it into two magnificent parts. On one side Old Stamboul—on the other, across the Galata Bridge, where seems to be the cosmopolitan traffic of the world, Galata and Pera. I felt this wonderful bridge to be the true junction of East and West—the outermost rim of Europe. At Belgrade and Sofia we but glimpsed the East—here for a toll of five dinars we were transported into the heart of the Orient. Beyond lies Scutaria and Asia.

I shall remember the mosques: not as we came to them through the confusion of narrow streets and noise of the bazaars, but as I saw them from the waters when all the oriental decay had faded from sight and the wonderland of dome and minaret was shown up delicately against the purple of an Eastern twilight—full of charm, full of grace. An evening on the hills of Stamboul with the Golden Horn below and the Bosphorus gleaming faintly in the distance comes back pleasantly to my mind. I shall recall too, my glimpse of Asia—of Scutari—where I stood on the Turkish hills above the cypresses with two splendid seas at my feet—the Black Sea and Sea of Marmora with the golden thread of the Bosphorus between.

I could not but think we had come many years too late to Constantinople. Much of the splendour is gone. With the European changes of M. Kemal the spirit of the brooding East is slipping away. I looked in vain for the gay scarlet of the fez, and found the veil to be an exception rather than the rule. The Turkish girls, I thought, looked much better in the flowing robes of old times than in the modern dress they are assuming, which is strange to them and unbecoming.

The Grand Bazaar in Stamboul I shall never forget. It is a huge collection of little shops—some of them mere cupboards—under one great roof, intersected with many narrow cobbled alleys, crowded with people of all nations, full of life and stir and business. A quaint modern touch I noticed which seemed almost incongruous here in the busy markets of the East. At several street corners were the letter writers, who still ply their trade—not with the parchment of

old and quill pen for the Turkish hieroglyphics, but with brand new, up-to-date models of typewriters. Here they squat in the pavement and busily tap out a letter for some old, illiterate Turk. The oriental begins his business by demanding a price beyond the value of the goods offered and gradually lowers it. The best way to carry out the transaction, we found, was to wait until the flow of eloquence was over and state our own price. Then begins the debate. Nowhere in the world is such bargaining as here, but the tradesman of Stamboul has no way of finding out the value of his property. His goods do not go through the hands of a wholesale dealer, as in England, who fixes the price, but here the importer, warehouseman, the wholesale dealer, retailer and the shopman are all one. He has no means of finding out the fair market value of his wares except by this system of barter and debate—delightful as a novelty, but tedious for those who wish to shop in haste.

I have other impressions, too, of lethargic bootblacks wearing strings of blue beads to ward off the evil eye, little donkeys with balanced loads of golden peaches, street vendors with queer little hoops of bread, strange articles to sell and stranger drinks, melons piled high in dusty alcoves and the bright green sheen of the paprika—all this is the East. But stronger than all these are my impressions of a kindly welcome, a bountiful hospitality and a friendliness which could not be equalled whatever frontiers we crossed.

N. YATES.

What's Wrong with the Universities?

THE TRUTH ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE.

By SWAFFEN HANNER.

(Although it is not our usual practice to accept work from outside contributors, we have decided to publish the following article from the pen of the world's most outspoken critic. After showing that everything good that has happened in the entertainment world, from the Towneley play of "Noah" to the latest "talkie" was brought about by his own direct influence, Mr. Hanner has kindly consented to turn the searching and infallible light of his intelligence on the problems with which we, as students, are faced. We trust that now that Mr. Hanner has cleared things up there will be no further argument).

Twenty-five years ago I was saying again and again that the Universities would have to find room for the discussion of industrial problems. Fifteen years, the Editor of the "Educational Review and Classical Supplement," and four bank managers, tried to ridicule the assertion. A short while ago a Chair of this nature was established in a great Northern University. I was proved to be right.

This is not the first time that I have seen what was wrong, and been the only man to dare to say so. When I first suggested, in an article now long forgotten by everyone (except myself) that what the modern Universities needed was not caps and gowns but chemical laboratories and engineering workshops, *there was not one educationist who dared to take up the challenge.* And now what has happened? Let me give you a few facts. In two of the most representative of the modern Universities, it is not only true that there are ample opportunities for industrial scientific research—and in one case an engineering workshop which is the pride of its students on Open Days—but it is also true that you will not find, among the students a single cap or gown! *And yet they said I was wrong!*

I wonder now many education authorities nowadays would dream of looking for talent anywhere but in Oxford or Cambridge? And yet fifteen years ago I tried to bring to the notice of the public a man who was working steadily in a provincial University. The Director of Education pooch-pooched the idea: there was not a writer in the country who would give me any support, *and yet that man is now earning £10,000 a year as Professor of Sea-side Resort Development and Exploitation!* *And I gave him his chance!*

It is a heartbreaking task, honesty. I remember talking to the Minister for Education some time ago. He insisted that since the public pays for its educational facilities, you must give the public what it wants. I tried at the time to convince him that the only reasonable method on the other hand, was to give the public what I say it wants, and yet he disagreed. Since then, who has been proved right, he or I? It is perfectly obvious.

Ever since I pointed out, in one of those frank articles which have done so much to rob the modern stage of its shams and posturings, that the essential difference between the work that G.B.S. did in his early youth and the work that he has just turned out, is no less than the difference between a young man and an old one, *no one has dared to accuse me of inaccuracy.* It is just the same now. When every other writer was following the frantic utterances of the anti-examinationists, I alone had the courage to assert that the examination system had come to stay. That was several years ago. Mine was a small voice crying in the wilderness. *But the English School of the University of Leeds now even has Oral examinations after the vacations!* And yet the penny dreadfuls of titled journalism still dare to talk of the wild prophecies of Swaffan Hanner.

I could quote hundreds of instances. It is now the fashion amongst the pundits to talk of the advantages of a system of personal tutors in non-residential Universities.....

No less than thirty-five years ago I was writing, and saying fearlessly, that

[We very much regret that owing to the limited space at our disposal we have been unable to print the rest of Mr. Hanner's remarks. We believe, however, that he was right.—Ed.]

Leeds University Old Students' Association.

WE are on holiday when these notes are being written and it is rather difficult to concentrate, especially as the weather is being kind to us and it would be a pity to waste any of the glorious sunshine. Our remarks in this issue will therefore be brief.

The Annual Meeting took place as usual at the end of June and about the same number of members attended as we have been accustomed to expect. It is not a large number and it would be encouraging if more would turn up. Still we had some very interesting discussions and it was a pity that the call to dinner came before we had got through the Agenda. A suggestion has been put forward that a Luncheon followed by the Annual Meeting, Tea, and possibly a Theatre Party would be more satisfactory than the present arrangement. We should still have our Christmas Dinner of course, and this would give a little variety. We shall be glad to receive opinions for and against the suggestion. The Minutes of the Meeting appear elsewhere.

The Dinner which followed the Annual Meeting was most successful. Lord Moyrihan, our President, presided over a large gathering with a distinct Medical flavour and our principal guests were the Bishop of Truro and Dr. Wardrop Griffith. Don't forget to make your arrangements for coming to the Christmas Dinner. Details will appear in the next issue of *The Gryphon*.

The various items discussed at the Meeting must be dismissed in a very few words. The Building Fund you will hear of later and it will suffice to say that it has been definitely started and we hope it will flourish exceedingly. The question of unpaid subscriptions is a really serious one and if those whose subscriptions are overdue realised what difficulty and anxiety they cause we are sure they would pay up at once.

Finally, one small item of news which will, we know, interest a great many of our members. There **WILL** be another issue of the Year Book and those who come to the Christmas Dinner will get their copy then.

G.L.S.

Mittenwald, Bavaria. August, 1929.

Nearly every house in the village is painted on the outside walls with glowing colours on a white background—soft apple-green shutters and overhanging roof form a setting for golden angels on filmy clouds—here are scarlet flames surrounding martyrs in orange and red, while there a pale Christ in relief on brown rough-hewn cross meets the gaze of his adoring mother in a wonderful robe of blue. At the end of the street, commanding the village, is the church—intricately painted in a soft harmony of pink and brown topped by a green cupola like the inverted calyx of a flower.

All this colour of the master-craftsman is blended, with a sense of inevitable rightness, into the natural beauty of trees and mountains and sky. The storm has just passed, and the green meadows and foliage are fresh and moist with the recent rain, while the setting sun bathes the Alpine peaks in a rosy radiance, melting into soft pearl greys and mauves in the shadowy slopes of rock.

The soft, unhurried tinkle of cow bells and the whirr of crickets, borne in upon senses almost too highly attuned for mundane things, form the link which lead the eye to the human factor so perfectly completing the landscape.

A "schneidiger Bua," in national dress—chamois leather jacket and shorts (the colour of his tanned skin and crisp hair so nearly resembling that of his clothes that he seems a harmony in golden-brown) is leaning over a gate watching his "Dirndl"—in emerald-green, flower-embroidered frock with tight-fitting bodice and short puffed sleeves, cerise apron and bare brown arms and legs—as she turns to call to him a last "Grüss Gott!" before stepping, followed by her goat, into the open cottage door.

B.H.

West Riding Branch.

PLAY READING CIRCLE.

The P.R.C. has been meeting now for three years, and though in the last year the numbers have been rather small, and books expensive, the Circle is still flourishing. The time has come when the Circle needs new blood for its health. The many members who have left Leeds have not been replaced, and it would be pleasant to see the room lined as it used to be in '27.

The first meeting of the Circle was rather later this year, on Tuesday, the 24th September, and was an informal general meeting to discuss the programme, a copy of which is enclosed with this Gryphon to West Riding Members.

HILDA BREARLEY } *Hon. Secs.*
ARTHUR RAMSDEN }

Merseyside Branch.

Our Branch continues to grow. By the time this notice appears the first meeting of this term will have taken place—a Theatre Night, on 21st September, at the Empire Theatre, Liverpool. As becomes old Students who have left behind the "salad days" of Undergraduate life, we shall no doubt comfort ourselves "raglessly" though enjoyably!

The following meetings have also been arranged. I should like early replies to my circular, please! Also will each present member make a vow to bring along to our branch *at least one* new member this term? Thank you. All our functions (except business meetings) are open ones, so please come along with your sweethearts, wives, brothers, sisters and any other human belongings you may wish to bring.

FIRST ANNUAL DINNER.—This will be held at 8.0 p.m. on Saturday, 19th October. By kind permission of the Liverpool University Guild of Undergraduates this will be held in the University Union Rooms at 2, Bedford Street North (opposite the University). Tickets 5/-. Pay on the night, but inform me if you are coming by 5th October.

FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held at 7.0 p.m., at 2, Bedford St. North, before the Dinner. We particularly want a good attendance, as this meeting is to put the Merseyside Branch on a "constitutional basis." There will be a room for those arriving early before the Dinner, who, not being Old Students, cannot attend this meeting.

DANCE will be held sometime in December (date later). We hope to get a block of tickets at a Liverpool University Dance instead of organising a separate affair.

L.U.O.S.A. in Switzerland. August 1929.

As a gesellschaft (German for party!) we were a success. You should have seen us staggering round Berne after a night in the train, like the sleepers of Ephesus, waking with a start to exclaim over the lovely snowline of the Bernese Oberland on the horizon; and arriving by the little funicular at Grindelwald, which, says my diary, "is very high up in the shadow of the Wetterhorn, with mountains crouching round it like huge beasts." As for the Bear Hôtel at Grindelwald—well!—suffice to say that the Head Waiter was like an exiled Russian Prince and the food worthy of the Arabian Nights.

Little Stans on Lake Lucerne was very different but even more delightful. Attention gesellschaft! Can you imagine a more charming hostess than Fraulein Allgauer? Do you remember Mr. Ripley's red slippers and how we danced a Polonaise with the lads of the village?

Do you think the potentates at the Bear managed to mend Mr. Grist's bed, after five of us had fallen through it, on the great occasion when we presented him with an ice-axe, with which to chip bits off the glaciers of the Wetterhorn?

And do you remember how Frauleins Slater and Brearley climbed the Gernsburg?—so they said!

H.B.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting of the Old Students' Association, held at the University on Saturday, June 29th, 1929, at 5-30 p.m.

PRESENT: About 40 members.

In the absence of Professor Gillespie, and on the motion of Miss Cuthbertson, seconded by Mrs. Goode, Professor Connal was asked to take the Chair.

1. The minutes of the two previous general meetings were read, agreed to and signed.
2. SECRETARIES' REPORT.—Mr. Sharpe read the Secretaries' Report, the chief points in which were:—

- (a) The slow but steady increase in membership.
- (b) The valuable work of the Branches. In this connection reference was made to the great services of Miss Crowther (London) and Mr. Roblason (Manchester), both of whom had felt compelled to resign during the year.
- (c) The difficulty of enrolling going-down Students as members. Tribute was paid to the assistance of Union Committee, but in spite of this help a large proportion of students escape.
- (d) The need of a definite policy of work for the benefit of the University.

On the motion of Mrs. Goode, seconded by Mr. Fearnley, the report was received.

3. TREASURER'S REPORT.—Mr. Grist read an interim report on the present position of the Association's finance. He said that all things considered, the position was satisfactory and the main difficulty was the problem of unpaid subscriptions. If all members paid up the Association would be in a flourishing condition. The number of Life Subscribers was now 564, and those paying Bankers' Orders, 236. More of each are required. The receipts from the O.S.A. House showed a small balance over the expenditure.

On the motion of Miss Holgate, seconded by Mr. Gardner, the accounts were accepted, subject to audit, and a vote of thanks passed to the Treasurer.

4. ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—The following Officers and Committee were elected:—

President: The Lord Moynihan, K.C.M.G., C.B.

Past Presidents and Vice-Presidents: The Vice-Chancellor, Sir Michael Sadler.

Vice-Presidents: Emeritus Professor Smithells, Emeritus Professor Connal, Professor Gillespie, Professor Jamieson, Dr. Best, Miss Robertson, Miss Selcox.

Hon. Secretaries: Mrs. G. W. Goode, Mr. G. L. Sharpe.

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. W. R. Grist.

Council: Miss Holgate, Miss Pickles, Dorothy Sellers, L. W. K. Fearnley, B. G. Fletcher, G. Wolledge, T. A. Rockley, A. Ramsden, Miss H. Greenwood, Professor Rowe, all Branch Secretaries, two Union Representatives.

Auditor: Professor Connal.

5. BUILDING FUND.—The Secretary explained the present position regarding a Research Fund, and an interesting discussion took place on the rival merits of a Research Fund and a Building Fund.

Finally, the following resolution was proposed by Mrs. Goode, seconded by Mr. Grist, and carried:—

"That a Fund be instituted for the collection of subscriptions and donations of any value for use towards the University Building Fund."

Owing to lack of time no further business could be discussed.

UNION NOTES.

IT should be our duty at this stage to welcome our successors. We are confident that they will prove their worth in guiding the affairs of the Union, and in dealing with the many phases of its activities.

Surely it is not too much to hope that the victories of our President on the football field cannot be turned to good use in the affairs of state? Enthusiasm is not one of the least of our Secretary's virtues and his suitability for the post need not be questioned. No better hands could deal with our Sports activities than those in which that responsibility rests.

We, who pass on our torch of office, feel that the past year has been one of progress, and there is every sign that the one at its outset may prove to be another step in the line of advance. From our positions now as onlookers we earnestly desire that the traditions of the past will be

upheld and that we may proudly look upon the fabric which we have helped to build and note with satisfaction all its future laurels.

In conclusion, our congratulations are due to all those who have helped to make the past year a success, and in particular to those who made the last Rag a record, both in the matter of *The Tyke* and street collections. Especially are our praises due to the wonderful production of the "Rag Ragout." We hope the efforts of the performers may be further blessed next year.

S. H. BARLOW,

Hon. Secretary.

The striking feature of last year was the remarkable success achieved in the most difficult of all jobs, the raising of money. The Union Appeal Fund was raised by over £2,000. The Rag was a complete success, the joint efforts of *The Tyke*, the "Rag Ragout," and an enthusiastic crowd of raggers combining to set up a new record. 1928-29 set a pace which we shall find it hard to maintain. There is so much to claim our attention that no one need have any fears that 1929-30 will be in any sense of the term a slack year.

The resignation of Mr. R. T. Black from the General Athletics Secretaryship has deprived us of a friend and an extremely hard worker in Union affairs, and we wish him "all the best" in the June lists. His successor will shortly be appointed.

We are anxious to do our best to introduce Freshers to the "friendliest University," and urge them to come round to the Union office for information and guidance.

H. M. D. HARRISON,

Hon. Sec., 1929-30.

THE UNION COMMITTEE. MINUTES.

Preliminary Meeting of Committee for the Session 1929-30, June 13th, 1929.

Mr. Rockley in the chair. The retiring President emphasised the need of continuity in Union policy, and the chair was then taken by Mr. S. Morgan, President-elect for 1929-30. [The list of officials on the new Union Committee is printed elsewhere in this issue of *The Gryphon*.

Fourth Extraordinary Meeting, and last of the Session, June 25th.

Mr. Rockley in the chair. Mainly occupied in winding up the reports of the various sub-committees. The achievements of the athletic clubs were enumerated. Mr. Harrison reported that the N.U.S. Executive Meeting was to be held at Birmingham in July. The University problems sub-committee emphasised the need of continuity of policy. In his financial statement Mr. Crist estimated the balance for the session at £350.

The Secretary gave details of an interview with the Vice-Chancellor on the question of the recommendation to the Council on the raising of the Union Fee to £3 3s. 0d. It was felt that owing to the large fees any addition would make the charges exorbitant.

The President stated that he wished to thank all those who had helped to make the present session a success.

A vote of thanks to the retiring President was proposed by the Secretary, seconded by Miss Hall, and carried unanimously.



THERE is always a note of optimism in the sphere of Athletics at the beginning of a new University Session. Perhaps this is just as well, with us, this year, since the lack of success last summer term will be apt to linger in the minds of some, and tend towards pessimism. The Cricket Eleven had brilliant individuals, notably F. S. Tomlinson and R. Illingworth with the bat, and E. Gledhill with the ball, but the team just failed to do great things. Both Men's and Women's Tennis Teams were below the previous season's standard. The Men's Athletic team, though mention must be made of E. A. Leach, P. M. Reddy, J. Watson and P. Thälrosa in field events, to put it bluntly, apparently had nobody who could run. The Women's Athletic team experienced bad luck in the W.U.V.A.B. Sports at Birmingham. And therefore it is a relief to turn optimistically to thoughts of the coming winter terms.

Club captains and Union Executive members re-iterate to the point of boredom that all Union members who play any kind of sport at all, should appear in University teams rather than join alien clubs. Until this is recognised as a duty, and, as we maintain, a privilege, the University can never be recognised as a real force in Yorkshire Athletic circles, as indeed it deserves to be with its magnificent playing fields. Let this year be the time for every athletic man to support University teams.

The Rugby Club have again obtained matches with Hull and East Riding, Okeby and Bradford, fixtures which were dropped last year. It is safe to say that very few of the best sides in the county are not in the University's fixture list. The Association team had a very successful season last year, but this year we hope they will go a step further and win the final of the I.V.A.R. Championship, instead of being runners up. There are several vacancies to be filled either by second team men or Freshers in both the above teams, as well as the Hockey and Lacrosse sides.

We wish every success this season to the Women's Lacrosse Club, which owing to lack of support nearly dropped into oblivion last year. It was only owing to the work of the Captain, Miss K. Stockdale, that a team was raised to play obligatory matches. Here is a service that women Freshers can do for the University. If they don't wish to play Hockey or Netball, let them learn to play Lacrosse and help to keep going an old established club. The all-conquering Netball team will miss several players who have been in the team for three or four years; but a good nucleus of reserves were judiciously given a trial by Miss E. M. Lowe last year, and we hope that the W.I.V.A.R. Championship may be won for Leeds for the fifth time in succession.

Space forbids talking at length of the many other branches of sport. Many will be pleased to know that the new Gymnasium will soon be a concrete reality. We hope that Harriers will still continue to find sufficient delight in the leafy lanes of Adel to compensate for a six mile run incredible though it may seem. Let the few also continue to pursue a Fives Ball with skill round our court, and to curse the buttress which makes our game so different from Fives anywhere else.

E. G. JAY.

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES.

THE O.T.C. IN CAMP.—With the country's interest raised to a pitch of enthusiasm by the Annual Manoeuvres of the Territorials in all parts of the island, and the various Navy Weeks on the South Coast, and finally the Air Force efforts in the Schneider Race, it is perhaps an anticlimax to talk about our own O.T.C. But you must remember, as we ourselves were told at the General Inspection, that after all they rely on us as much as anybody for their supplies (and even the "Brass Hats" seem to think we are not intended for "cannon-fodder" in our lifetime, which is very comforting).

We left on the 2nd July for Kinnel Park as a truly "mechanised arm" in chaps-a-banc and though the accommodation was a bit cramped and sleeping difficult we certainly didn't have X miles to walk from the nearest station like our friends the Durhams, but all the same the half way halt was very welcome.

Six a.m. reveille can be very trying after being used to slumber till eight or after. But by the end of the fortnight even the most dilatory had got into the army spirit of profanity at the early hour and a fatalistic hope that lines would dress themselves somehow in time, despite the ever present trouble of the Platoon Sergeant's harassed voice.

"On parade, Leeds," really found us in keeping with the traditions of the smartest contingent in Camp, and that means a lot. The sight of the Camp was the mounting of the guard, and everyone said, without exception, that a Leeds guard was the best and "Knocked spots off" Buckingham Palace, a comparison which must be seen to be appreciated.

Certificate exams, brought us our woeful lot of dancing about to the orders of aspiring candidates, but we emerged from this ordeal with much credit, especially for the would-be officers. The inevitable demonstrations were given us to watch and later to imitate, and the Lewis Gunners usually blessed that happy fate which decided that they were the even numbered sections, for in the terms of our footballers, as "pivotal points" they escaped much of the heat of the day.

We must not fail to mention the lighter side of our duties such as the Sports on the final Saturday where, though we didn't break the tape very often—the notable exception being the O.C.—we carried off one or two events, claiming a second in the high jump, and a first in the Tag-of-War, a masterly effort and a victory well achieved. Our football prowess was unobtainable and Leeds carried off the honours in this respect.

The Sunday drive round Snowdonia was enjoyed by those whose "hawbees" were not entirely exhausted at such a late date and the tea at Llanberis added zest to the proceedings. Nor must we forget the "Manchesters" we commandeered for bathing at Pessur or late nights in Rhyl.

Among those "gazetted" whilst at Camp we must mention Sergeants Williamson and Atkinson who are now respectively C.S.M. and C.Q.M.S., and we hope that we may now reach full Company strength next term, an invitation in fact to Freshers and all others interested.

S.D.J.H.R.B.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY DEBATING SOCIETY.—Every member of the University Union—which MUST include YOU—is at once a member of the Debating Society. You have this term a very attractive list of subjects for debate. Give your support to the meetings, air your views and opinions there, in short, SPEAK, and you will be doing yourself and the Society a great service. A series of mid-day debates will be held fortnightly. Watch the Notice Board for full announcements and ASK FOR A SYLLABUS on Bazaar Day. It will cost you nothing—you have merely to ask for it. You will find in it full details of the Debates for the whole University Year. See to it that you turn up at the first Debate on October 10th and give the Society a hearty send off.

N. J. FRANGOPULO,
Hon. Secretary.

B.P. SCOUT CLUB.—The Scout Club is little known to the majority of Union members and we feel that many do not know what they are missing.

The recent Jamboree at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, in celebration of the 21st birthday of the movement had representatives from 42 countries, apart from the British Empire, and it is now quite evident, not only that Scouting has a real and permanent value, since otherwise it would have disappeared long ago, but also that it will play a considerable part in the future history not only of our own country, but of the world.

It therefore befits everybody to learn something about the movement and the easiest way to do this is to join the Scout Club. You are sure to be interested whatever course you are taking at the University, and you will not be pressed to take up any active Scout work although in an afternoon spent with Scouts you not only enjoy yourself but you do a real bit of good for your city and country. We especially invite those who are not connected with the Movement.

Come to one and then to all of our meetings, which are held on alternate Thursdays at 5.30 p.m. in the O.S.A. rooms. Tea at 5 p.m.

OFFICERS FOR 1929-1930.

<i>President</i>	- - -	Mr. W. P. WELFTON, B.Sc.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	- - -	Mr. A. E. WHEELER, M.A.
	- - -	Mr. W. R. GUEST, B.Sc.
	- - -	Prof. M. J. STEWART, M.B., Ch.B., F.R.C.P.
<i>Student Chairman</i>	- - -	N. DENISON, B.Sc.
<i>Treasurer</i>	- - -	F. J. T. PAGE.
<i>Secretary</i>	- - -	G. A. THOMPSON.
<i>Committee</i>	- - -	M. WOODHEAD, B.Sc.,
	- - -	W. B. WALLS.
	- - -	J. F. GARNET.
	- - -	And a Fresher.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—"C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour, W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, wonder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of the book he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes."

As the polite gentleman whom Tennyson presents to us as Arthur once said: "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Geography, as studied to-day, is a vastly different subject from the use of the globes, which was part of a polite education at the beginning of the nineteenth century. However, Mr. Aquers claimed that his educational system was practical; to-day, the student of Geography says with Mallory, "I take my material where I find it."

Geography seeks truth from the whole world; its workers humbly try to understand the position of man in the world, and his life in relation to the various physical factors with which he finds himself perpetually confronted.

We feel that Geography has an appeal for all, and therefore give a cordial invitation not only to students in the Geography department, but to students of all departments, particularly of History and Economics. Freshers will find a warm welcome. Meetings are held fortnightly, commencing on Monday, October 7th. The subscription is 3/6, including tea before each meeting; any information will gladly be given by the Secretary, Miss H. M. Smith, the President, Mr. T. W. Freeman, or any member of the Committee.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—An interesting programme has been arranged for the coming season, including lectures by eminent naturalists from other Universities, an exhibits meeting, and a joint meeting and social, with Sheffield Botanical Society.

The usual Sunday Rambles are to be held, and all new members should not fail to be present on October 13th, for the first of these popular functions.

The Society is enlarging its activities this session, by arranging a series of visits to various factories of interest; dates of these visits, and also a full list of lectures are contained in the syllabus, which may be obtained from any official of the Society.

The first meeting will be held on Thursday, October 10th, when Professor Garstang will deliver the Presidential Address.

For further information apply to any member of the committee.

R. GILL,
Hon. Secretary.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—It is to be hoped that the success of last session will ensure the reappearance of all the old members in their usual crowds. The member ship is one of the largest of the University Societies, perhaps this year it may be the largest.

Freshers of all departments are urged to join, especially those who belong to the English and History Honours Schools. The programme includes addresses of wide interest by Dr. Terry Thomas on "Examinations," Canon Maldon, and Professor Hamilton-Thompson. Full details given in the syllabus.

JEWISH STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.—For the coming session an attractive syllabus has been arranged, the first event being the Freshers' Social, which will be held at the Refectory on October 3rd. Lectures for the first term include the Presidential Address by Professor Brodetsky and addresses by The Lord Mayor, Alderman D. R. Foster and Rev. Dr. J. Goller. A number of social evenings, dramatic and study circle meetings are included in a well-filled programme.

We hope all those who have decided to join the Society will be present at the Freshers' Social and may we ask all those who have not already done so to hand in their names to H. Harwitz or E. Smith.

L.G.

INDIAN STUDY CIRCLE.—All Indian Freshers are advised to join the circle. For membership please see the Hon. Secretary or leave a note for him. If in any need of help please do not be shy of asking for assistance. The circle exists to facilitate the work of the Freshers.

H. N. SENEVAY,
Hon. Secretary.

THE MAITLAND SOCIETY.—REPORT.—The Maitland Society is the only organisation attached to the Faculty of Law which provides for the social activities of law students, and I take this opportunity of enjoining all Freshers who contemplate taking a law degree to become members at once if they are at all desirous of deriving the greatest benefit from their University education. During the session they will come across current topics of law and matters of general interest which will supplement the knowledge obtained from the ordinary routine of lectures, whilst a splendid opportunity is provided of meeting students in their second and third years and of making a success of the social events which are interspersed among the more serious meetings.

A splendid syllabus has been arranged. There will be debates on legal and ordinary topics, mock actions, social events, including a theatre night, which proved so popular last year, and we hope in addition, to prevail upon some of the leading men of the legal profession to come and talk to the Society. Last year we were singularly fortunate in the question of lecturers, including as they did some well known local barristers and also Professor Jerich of Bradford, who gave us an interesting talk on the Workmen's Compensation Acts considered from the medical point of view. The debates proved highly stimulating, whilst an important feature was the inter-debate with the Union Debating Society, an event which I think will be eagerly awaited in the future by all students throughout the University, interested in the work done by the two Societies.

Our Annual Dinner proved a tremendous success, several well-known persons gracing our board. Among those present were the guests, Mr. W. Harrison, Chairman of the United Newspapers Ltd., and Mr. J. Milner, deputy Lord Mayor for Leeds, and who has recently been elected an M.P. for Leeds, both old students of our University, and also Mr. G. Glover Alexander, the Assistant Recorder for Leeds, who is also one of our Honorary Vice-Presidents. Mr. Harrison, in addition to attending the function, gave a very generous gift to the University Fund. The Annual Dinner for the coming session is provisionally fixed for Monday, December 9th.

At our opening meeting on Friday, October 11th, Mr. G. Glover Alexander has kindly consented to give us a short address on the life and works of Professor Maitland with whom he was personally acquainted. The lecture will be highly appropriate since the Society is named after this eminent legal Professor.

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Hon. Secretary.
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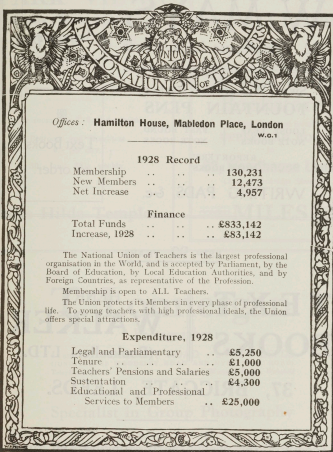
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