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# THE GRYPHON

The Journal of the University of Leeds



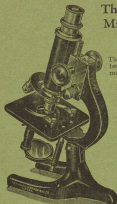
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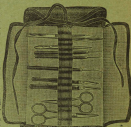
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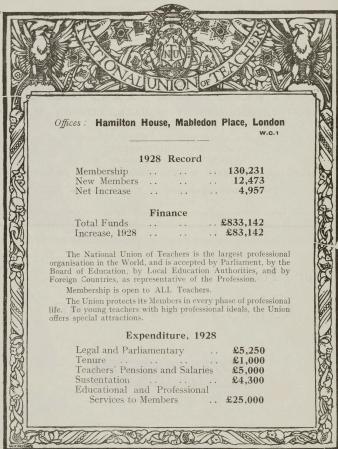
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THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

"*The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the snow when she hath any niche 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 carlesse which we have ever found them to be the precursors which we ought to feare.*"—LYLY.

## Editorial.

NOVEMBER 5th brought a little doubt to the editorial mind as to a suitable subject for our discourse. Bright images of Jumping Jacks, Catherine Wheels, Golden Rain and Roman Candles trailing a panoply of glory floated before us, to be followed by recollections of premature explosions of squibs and crackers in refectory during the past fortnight. Both these ideas were rejected, for has not one of our most brilliant contributors brought all his powers of scholarship and erudition to bear upon the fascinating subject of "Fireworks"? Far be it from us to dare to follow in the path he has so valiantly trodden before us.

Hopelessly the editorial eye travelled through the window of *The Gryphon* office over the line of crooked roofs below—and very far below they are too. The editorial shoulders humped themselves in despair at the burden of unwieldy and sometimes undecipherable papers to arrange in order, the University Intelligence that will seem so unintelligent, the *Shoes and Ships* that refuse to run trippingly from a quill dipped in a solution of Attic salt. But one cannot remain long depressed in an altitude as high as that of *The Gryphon* office. There, one may look down on that dark, descending huddle of roofs and see from the grimy window a fantastic beauty that the occupants of the magnificent buildings so-soon-to-be will never know. Wrapped in the morning mist their crooked outline assumes the enchanted aspect of Camelopard, so "strange and rich and dim" it seems. A spirit of adventure broods over it that does not fade, even we turn once more to our own cramped quarters with the dusty piles of old, unsold *Gryphons*, and the vitriolic comments of a preceding editor affixed in some embattered moment upon the office walls.

After all, enfeebled though we are, we journalists are members of a great company. Did not Lamb more than a century ago grind out bushels of witty paragraphs at 6d. a joke, and drag himself out of bed at five on wintry mornings to concoct gossip of the day; just as we grind out our *Shoes and Ships*, though without the sixpenny remuneration? Editor and sub-editors may struggle to spread out all-too-thin copy over 40 *Gryphon* pages six times a year, but what of Coleridge in 1796, who in his journal, *The Watchman*, brought out every eighth day to avoid the stamp-tax, an organ of social reform and literary criticism that he composed almost all himself?

If only *The Gryphon* could be fired by the spirit of those romantic journalists so that our talent should be of the sort that "like certain kinds of fireworks, explodes in sparkles," as Moore wrote of the *Rolliad* and *Anti-Jacobin*. True, that was a time of revolutionary movements, social, national and literary. England was stirred from end to end with alternating horror and acclamation



of the French Revolution, there was zeal for reform in religion and politics, and men were, like Hazlitt's father, "tossed in the heats of the Unitarian controversy and squabbles about the American War." Yet ours is an age no less rich in material for inspiration, with our realists and imagists, our social reformers, and our perpetual dream of a world peace? Then why is our youth expressing none of these aspirations and ideals? Are not we who are gathered together in this young University supposed to be representative of the intellectual interests of the day? Yet among our young economists we are waiting in vain for a Malthus, nor has our Labour Society produced another Coleridge. Are we quixotic in still looking for them, for a Hazlitt or De Quincey among our critics, or a Canning in the ranks of our satirists? Even some of the brilliant and unscrupulous weapons of Gifford and Jeffery would not be amiss in our book reviews.

And where should these people write but in *The Gryphon*? Perhaps the spare-time efforts produced in a comparatively sheltered University life will never have the same bite as that brilliant hack-work ground out amid the trials and hardships of Grub Street, but let us throw off some of our lethargy at all costs. We are young as were the writers of the Romantic Revolution. Being a new University we are as little hampered by tradition as they, and should not we, at the beginning of our adventure be able to produce something a little brilliant and aspiring, even perhaps a little disreputable, something that shall far outshine the flicker of talent among the aesthetes and decadents of Oxford in the 'nineties. Let us be bold at any rate, even if at first it only means throwing off those noms-de-plume behind which we have hidden our feeble lights so long.

Then shall our poky *Gryphon* office have as great works passing into it as had the murky, ink-splashed den of *The Albion*, in Lamb's day, and our contributors resemble the lions of the *Edinburgh Review*. And perhaps the occupants of the more luxurious office of future *Gryphons*, complete with lounge chairs and electric fans, will look back upon us a little enviously—at our enthusiasms, our mistakes, and our energy—and sigh for the days that are gone and the good that came and went with them.

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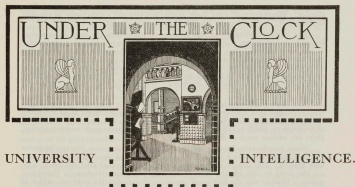
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**T**HE buildings continue to progress: the new Devonshire Hall in Cumberland Road has shot up amazingly in the last month, the walks of the Physics block have reached ground level, and the Mining block, though still not finished inside, can be seen to advantage now that the rubbish which accumulated in front of it during the building has been cleared away, and the ground levelled.

It is hoped to start on the Chemistry block, which will lie across the top of De Grey Road, between the Physics block and Woodhouse Lane, at the end of this term or the beginning of next.

### Professor F. P. Wilson's Inaugural Lecture.

**T**HE Vice-Chancellor and Professor Gordon conducted Professor Wilson to the platform; and the audience included Lord Brotherton. Briefly introducing the new Professor the Vice-Chancellor said that there had been a brilliant succession of Professors at the head of the department of English and he was sure that Professor Wilson would carry on the great tradition.

Professor Wilson began by speaking of the inspiration and knowledge he had derived from his studies of the work of his predecessors in the Chair of English Literature—Professor Vaughan and Professor George Gordon. He also paid a tribute to Professor Abercrombie as a poet, teacher and scholar, and also as a man, and paid a compliment to the reputation that the School has gained throughout the country. With these he coupled the names of Moorman, Tolkien and E. V. Gordon.

He said that English literature is not national but universal, and studied because of its greatness, richness and variety. It is also remarkable for its wealth and never since the Armada had great literature ceased to flourish in England, whereas it had had varying fortunes elsewhere in comparatively recent times.

Its variety is shown in comparative study of the work of writers like Dickens and Thackeray, Tennyson and Browning. There are influences from different countries at different periods and our writers have been as quick to meet fashions in literature as was the Elizabethan gallant. There is, therefore, a diversity in our origins not to be seen in any other European literature. But for all their indebtedness to Greece and Rome, our authors have not had the spirit of the

classics. Whatever had come from abroad has suffered a sea-change in crossing the Channel. In its variety English literature has greatness.

The School of English in this University has shown the need of studying language and literature side by side and that in our literature there is a continuity. It has been objected that men who live in communion with the spirits of the past have no interest in modern life. But these monks of knowledge are only to be found in sheltered societies. We have lost the belief in some golden age in comparison with which the modern age is silver or brass. Continuity and tradition are as essential to great poetry as novelty. No poet can break entirely from the past.

Yet there is no reason—except lack of time—why a modern writer should not be studied in a University. The study of modern literature is an incentive for an adventurous mind, because he is breaking virgin soil, and there is no body of tradition on which to fall back. Although English literature is worth studying, there are various ways of doing so.

Some people take literary history. The most dangerous literary histories are those which are written to vindicate a certain point of view, such as Jusserand's and Taine's. The danger of this approach lies in the fact that the critic may set the facts to suit his theories, or not pay sufficient attention to individual genius. Dryden was the first great exponent of comparative criticism, which is concerned with the influence of our literature upon another.

The Professor of literature need not be a critic, but he certainly must be an exegete—a guide to point out the way. It is expected that he should be a "learner" as well as a teacher and he will be very happy if he can get his students to distinguish between sound learning and shoddy. The laboratory of a student of literature is a library, and the University is fortunate to have been the recipient of magnificent bequests in this respect.

In congratulating Professor Wilson on his lecture, Professor Gordon said he was delighted to think that in him, he had a colleague who appreciated the value of the study of the language and work that this branch of the English School was doing.

W.N.

## History and Propaganda.

Professor Turberville's Inaugural Address.

A SMALL though appreciative audience was privileged to hear Professor Turberville's masterly consideration of History and Propaganda. Many who have listened to his lectures during the past two years have been impressed by the combination in him of the student and the man of action. In his inaugural lecture the penetrative powers of his mind were reflected in the rich scholarly phrasing in which he presented his findings, but always the splendid voice and emphatic gesture revealed something besides the bookman.

Referring to the creation of a chair of modern history at Leeds Professor Turberville said that in these days the importance of the study of modern history needed no demonstration, and its attractiveness no advertisement. It was only since the Great War that the student had been given access to documents bearing on comparatively recent events, and there was now a vast literature, voraciously read, concerning them. Unfortunately, it had proved impossible for the generality of writers to view modern times dispassionately. They did not record history;

they produced propaganda. History owed its fascination to the fact that as a study of man in society, it dealt with human nature. The ordinary man was therefore able, in a measure, to understand it. But therein lay the danger to the science and the responsibility of the trained historian. It was not difficult to write what passed for history, but what was far too often second-hand information flavoured by personal bias, and resting on partisanship.

There were two views, Professor Turberville continued, as to the essential qualities of history. Benedetto Croce and the subjectivists considered no events true history unless they touched an interest in men's minds, an interest correlated to men's circumstances. Although there was some truth in such a view, a theory which made the truth of history dependent on the way in which the mind reacted to it could not be sound. The advocate of such a theory took up the attitude of the propagandist towards history. Instead of asking "Is this account accurate?" he considered whether it had a practical utility, and such an attitude was revolting. Once surrender to that principle and history would be at the mercy of all propagandists.

Needless to say, every propagandist was not a monster; it was only when he believed himself a historian, and moulded history to his own *a priori* opinions, that we quarrelled with him. In the genuine historian the motive of work was intellectual curiosity; the true historian believed, prosaically enough perhaps, but sincerely, in the objective reality of the facts of history. For his data he must have recourse to original sources, but research alone did not make an historian, knowledge must be supplemented by experience. Not all the military documents of the world could make a military historian of a man who had never been under fire. But if research must be supplemented by experience, still more necessary was the imagination which illuminates knowledge, and therein lay the truth of the subjective conception of history. Only through the gift of imagination was it possible to enter into and understand the mind of past generations, and to be unperceptive of the romantic, the tragic, and the humorous in history was worse than to make a small error of fact. Truth was not merely a matter of accuracy, it had a fulness and richness which must be expressed.

In closing, Professor Turberville admitted that if a historian was to use, and not to repress his imagination, he ran the risk of clouding the white light of his intellectual judgment. But a professional historian with a nervous dread of this distorted history, divorcing it from the human interest, and resembling the skipper who was so apprehensive of losing the course that he dared not take his ship out of harbour. Let the historian bear in mind the dangers, and not through recklessness go too near, nor in humility remain in seclusion.

E. M. LEWIS.

## Obituary.

Mrs. A. J. Grant.

Professor Grant, during his long association with the University, has enjoyed not only the regard, but the affection, of all who have come into contact with him, and I imagine that not many leave-taking celebrations have had more sincerity underlying the complimentary speeches usual on such occasions than those which were made when his portrait was formally presented to the University. On this account alone he would have the hearty sympathy of everyone on the loss he has since sustained in the death of his wife, but Mrs. Grant, though an easy popularity was the last thing she would have desired, had on her own account won the affection of every member of the University. It is not easy to write of one whose influence was exercised in so quiet and undemonstrative

a fashion, but that influence was none the less felt in many directions. Her keen and active interest in the doings of that splendid institution, the "Babies' Welcome," which means so much for the coming generation, is only one instance though perhaps the most obvious example of her altruistic efforts to further anything that made for the public good, and her interest in what was best in music and drama showed that she appreciated all that made for the spiritual welfare of the community. Those who knew her best could recall many instances of her kindly thought for the individual, and her charity was not of a kind which was confined to subscription lists, though she was undoubtedly one of the "cheerful givers" who, we are told, are beloved of God.

I feel the inadequacy of anything I can say of one whose unostentatious goodness did not lend itself to obituary notices, but I so appreciate the honour of being invited to write a few lines about one whose friendship I have had and have valued ever since she came to Leeds that I cannot refuse my little tribute to her memory.

HERBERT THOMPSON.

### The Watched Pot.

OF that epoch that some of us are too young to remember as an epoch, the epoch of King Edward's cigars and the Franco-British Exhibition, of the Folies Bergère and the tango, the epoch upon which burst post-impressionist painting and Georgian poetry, the epoch when lofty motor cars were displacing the bicycle, the epoch Miss Holmes evoked so subtly in the last issue of *The Gryphon*, of the pre-war world, in short, Saki has left the most sparkling monuments; and nowhere did he sparkle more brightly than in the *Watched Pot*. The commercial theatre imposed on him a collaborator and that "dramatic construction" which is the delight of fools and pedants; for the sake of conventional shortness and a story we don't care about, the collaborator persisted in what he calls the "cruel business," and might have called the stupid business, of discarding *bons mots* to which we should be happy to listen for twice as long. But Saki's characters still talk through three acts: René St. Gall still walks through the play, keeping his hair unruffled, mourning his separation from two new lounge suits (one of them in a rather taking shade of copper beech), nursing his prospects, feeding himself delicately on peaches, triumphantly unconnected with the plot.

René St. Gall is one of the great comic characters: his tender solicitude when his mother disappears—"We've notified the police and the family solicitors and consulted a crystal gazer, and told the dairy to send half a pint less milk every day till further notice"—is only equalled by the confidence with which he throws himself on Ludovic for sympathy: "I wish you'd do something for me. Something awfully kind and pet-lamb in my hour of trouble. Lend me that emerald scarf-pin that you hardly ever wear. It would go so well with this tie and I should forget how shabbily I'm dressed." And when Ludovic refuses, not wishing to part with a thirty guinea pin for ever, "How true it is that when one weeps one weeps alone. Anyway, you might lend me your pearl and turquoise one; the pearl is a very poor one, and it can't be worth anything like thirty guineas."

It is sad to think that but for the collaborator, there might have been more of René; but what there is of him is so lovely that we cannot see it too often; we cannot agree with those who criticise the Dramatic Society for presenting again a play which was seen in Leeds a couple of years ago.

G.W.

## Notes and Comments.

### The Broadcast Debate.

The debate is not the only event of interest or importance that has taken place since the last issue of *The Gryphon* appeared, but, considering that it gave to those countless millions of people who have nothing better to do at four o'clock in the afternoon than listen to the B.B.C.'s programmes an opportunity for obtaining first-hand information of an intellectual activity of the Universities other than that manifested in running or ragging, we feel justified in giving this function pride of place.

We do not know yet whether the countless millions considered the afternoon well spent, nor whether the lonely watchers in the distant isles, to whom broadcasting has come as the kindly harbinger of international friendship, binding together in a brotherhood of appreciation the lonely of the earth, etc., etc., were duly impressed. For the sake of the young and irresponsible amongst us, however, whose pleasant little pranks contain a core of humour, which it is, unfortunately, extremely difficult to recognise as such, we are perhaps rightly grateful that television is not yet an established fact in all B.B.C. programmes.

The subject under discussion, if we remember rightly, was the assertion that "What Yorkshire does to-day, Lancashire does to-morrow." Mr. Edwin Barker, of Leeds, led the proposition. There are two ways of treating a debate, particularly on such a subject as the above. You can either adopt an honestly serious or a frankly humorous attitude. We are, unfortunately, not quite sure which attitude Mr. Barker intended to adopt; possibly he was in search of a third method. Yet he told a fairly funny story, which was not much more irrelevant than are most stories introduced into debates, and he quoted accurately from the *Rag Rag* of 1927, concerning Manchester cars and the Ship Canal. Moreover, his voice came over very clearly and pleasingly.

Mr. Wassey, of Manchester, spoke well and said quite a lot of good things. His Roman despatches, his "Yorkū," his cunning thrusts at the very heart of the county, which left a lifeless and uninviting mass of the county's sacred dish hanging listlessly from the point of his rapier, were all entertaining. In fact one of the few remarks he made which failed in its effect did so for the perfectly natural reason that he made use of a Lancashire variation of the Yorkshire dialect.

Miss Cusworth, of Sheffield, seconding the proposition, not only made at least one very good point, but also succeeded in amusing the gallery by well-timed references to the one topic, which, though to some extent sacred to the undergraduate, may yet be treated with genial flippancy. Her jokes had something of the charm and mellowness of late middle age, but for the rest with which she spoke, the opportunism of which she made use, the clarity and amusing nature of her speech and, above all, the skilful manipulation of the trend of civilisation, we were indeed grateful.

The decidedly charming indifference with which Mr. Hough, of Liverpool, expressed in a south-country accent his really Olympian lack of interest in the claims of Yorkshire or Lancashire, was not only pleasing in itself, but positively fascinating in its originality as a contribution to a debate. Perhaps we are not judging Mr. Hough quite fairly, as it must be admitted that we lost something of the trend of his discourse once he had ended the sentimental reminiscences of Yorkshire holidays, largely owing to the fact that the youngsters became somewhat restive.

In spite of a cordial invitation from the platform, the audience seemed very reluctant to take part in the discussion. Perhaps the subject was not such a very good one, after all. Mr. Barrett, however, is to be congratulated on speaking for what seemed like quite a long time on the Ship Canal, the drought, the Lancashire and Yorkshire match, and kindred topics.

Still, the motion was well lost, so there's still something to be thankful for,

M.R.

## Fireworks.

**F**ORTY-FOUR years ago, when the oldest of us was still comparatively young, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in what context we neither remember nor indeed have ever known, asserted its fervent conviction of the hygienic blessings incident to the firework industry. "None more healthy than the firework maker" is the form in which this phrase has come down to us; and the firm assurance of this statement underlies the buoyant words, uttered in the same journal seven years later, possibly with a figurative reference to its own activity, "We are busy manufacturing the smaller firework goods all the year round." To us, engaged in a similar process, the month of November gives an opportunity, not only for congratulating ourselves upon the salubrious advantages of our vocation, but for reflection upon the article which we manufacture. Pyrotechnic displays, indeed, are not peculiar to this month. It was on a summer's day that Sir Walter Vivian gave up his broad lawns to the people, and the borough institute, of which he was the patron, regaled his visitors with educational demonstrations of the virtues of the fire-balloon and other scientific discoveries. Nor were fireworks unknown before that 5th of November which made them the symbolic ornament of a national festival. In a simple and primitive form, now obsolete in civilised countries, they were employed by Nebuchadnezzar and Nero as a means of entertainment. Did not the King of Navarre desire Armado to present the princess "with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework," and did not the set piece illumine the lilted waters of Kenilworth, while Guy Fawkes was still an unknown soldier of fortune? Other nations, whose kings and senates have been more than once doomed to sudden destruction by conspirators, take an innocent delight in fireworks without a thought of the happy immunity vouchsafed by Providence to King James and his Parliament. Even when, on Sunday nights in summer, Tivoli at Copenhagen rebellowed with vast explosions, the British patriot need not be misled into imagining that the Danish people is carousing out of pure gratitude for the preservation of James's Danish consort. No period of history, no branch of the human race, have a monopoly of these aids to enjoyment. Nature herself on occasion opens her laboratory and parades her experiments for the benefit of dazzled imitators.

Yet it is probable that in England, where the diversions of foreigners are regarded as sinful or frivolous, the bonfire would flame merely to consume autumn leaves, and the rocket would soar only for purposes unconnected with pleasure, were it not for the tinder and the fuse of Guy Fawkes. It is surprising that Browning, so insistent in his recommendation of the worth of apparent failure, did not celebrate this signal example of a highly successful reputation founded upon a fiasco. Those who carry Guy in effigy to the fire through the streets of Lewes and Totnes have a rough tenderness for the memory that gives them an object for annual revelry. In Yorkshire we are not without pride in him: were he to return among us, he would be an interesting and welcome guest at the Luncheon Clubs of the county, he could command his own terms as a lecturer to packed audiences, and would be the most popular of old boys in his school at York. We may not go so far as to share the fervour of the pious writer of sequences who, in a poem too long and tedious to quote in full, though hitherto unprinted, thus enshrined his hero's employment of fireworks:—

Quot tormenta gloxiosa  
Protestantibus exosa  
Martyr ille clanculo  
Guido condit, ope quorum  
Matrem parliamentorum  
Vovet exterminio!





Mrs. TURBERVILLE



Mrs. TURBERVILLE



Prof. FAWCETT and  
Dr. VAUGHAN CORRIELL



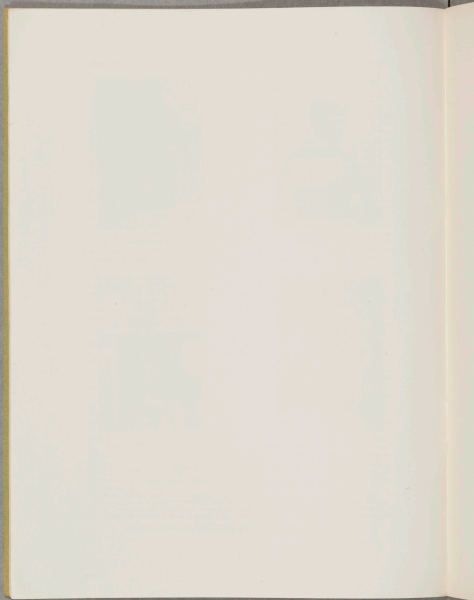
Prof. FAWCETT

WITH THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION TO SOUTH AFRICA.

#### THE FANCY DRESS BALL ON THE "NESTOR."

A few nights later followed the Fancy Dress Ball. And here a Leeds lady—Mrs. Turberville—proved her worth as a designer of fancy costumes. Dr. Vaughan Cornish, of course, appeared in his Astronolger's robes carrying the globe and the triangle, Dr. Fawcett appeared as "Uncle Sam," and Mrs. Turberville herself appeared in a very becoming Early Victorian costume.

(From Prof. BARRETT'S *With the British Association to South Africa: Sketches at Play*.)



We are not of those who would dethrone the saints to whom the 5th of November is dedicated, St. Laetus, the hermit of Berry, honoured in the diocese of Orléans, and St. Malachy of Armagh, whose festival was kept on this day at the Abbey of Clairvaux, to say nothing of others, in favour of St. Guy of York. Even the lavish sentiment which Harrison Ainsworth generously used to rehabilitate his good fame seems to us out of place. We have kept his memory alight with bonfires and squibs, and have grown to cherish the effigy which we burn; and it would be an injustice to him to take him seriously.

This was certainly the feeling of the anonymous poetaster, probably of the early eighteenth century, a few fragments of whose *Pyrotechniad* survive in a private collection. This poem, which opens with the invocation—

Assist thy Vot'ry, *Ignarus Mase, t'aspire*  
To sing of *Valeau* and the Works of Fire

was intended to furnish an historical survey of fireworks in all their forms from the Creation until his own day. The attempt, which included the discussion of firework in the widest sense, was obviously too much for one man. For adequate treatment the collaboration of scholars and a *Cambridge History of Firework*, then undreamed of, were necessary. But, though this was another instance of apparent failure, the daring bard left behind him a small sheaf of episodes, which, dull and pedestrian at their worst, show some gleams of enthusiasm for his theme. We extract the following lines from a description of a visit to Vauxhall, part of a concluding canto in which he endeavoured to sum up his reflections:—

Hail, Patron of the Feast, not Saint, but *Guy*,  
Whose bright Memorials cleave th' enchanted Sky!  
Swift to the pole I see yon Engine soar:  
I hear the long-drawn hiss, th' explosive rear.  
New Planets dance before my ravish'd Sight;  
The multitude enraptur'd gapes delight.  
Oh! may the Stick, check'd in its heav'nward course,  
Stern *Gravids*, by thy compellent force,  
Descend upon some other Head than mine!  
Here lambent glows the Wheel of *Catherine*;  
There the *Sput* scatters through the crowd *Dismay*:  
About my Feet the busy *Crackers* play.  
Their *Salutes* drown the *Musick* of the Band;  
I blindly falter, where I *falla* would stand.  
And *Coles*, shrieking, grasps my unresisting hand,  
Fair *Nymph*, whose..... (*Castera descend*).

The coronation banquet of James II, according to Macaulay was followed "by brilliant fireworks, and the fireworks by much bad poetry." Our feeble poet doubtless hoped that in his verse he was manufacturing brilliant fireworks of his own; and faint as they seem to us, they may shine more vividly to less exacting critics. In contemplating them, we repose awhile from the health-giving industry whose fruits appear so regularly in our periodical. The meteors of the November sky defy the competition of the lowly maker of the smaller firework goods. He shuts up shop for the time being and takes his inconspicuous place in the crowd which celebrates the cheerful exequies of Guy; and not until that annual and ephemeral Phoenix has sunk into ashes amid the artillery of rockets and Roman candles and the air is thick with the fumes of gunpowder, and the crackers utter their last pop and all is silence, will he return to the tonic atmosphere of his factory.

A.H.T.

## Waidhofen an der Ybbs.

THE guide books have all of them much to say about the historical importance of the little town of Waidhofen an der Ybbs and its picturesque setting in the hills; as much can be said about very many beautiful little towns in Austria. But what the guide books omit to mention, and what to me is the most important of all, is the *Waidhofer Siedlungsgemeinschaft* (literally, the Waidhofen Community Settlement).

Already before the War, a movement was afoot in Germany and in Austria for a healthier and simpler life among the younger generation; this was the *Youth Movement*. In Austria a branch of the Youth Movement, the *Wandervogel* ("The Wanderers") became fairly wide-spread. To the disgust of old-fashioned parents and reactionary teachers, local *Wandervogel* groups were formed in the schools of young rebels against the selfish and luxurious way of living of their parents and class as a whole. Simplicity, manual labour as well as brain work, contact with the soil was to be the life for them. Not all these young people adhered long to these ideals, but in the neighbourhood of Waidhofen a group of seven youngsters, belonging to well-to-do middle class families, saved up their pocket-money and clubbed together to buy the tools necessary for producing artistic objects of their own making—for the new life must have beauty as well as simplicity. These seven used to meet regularly to discuss their future mode of life and to work together—work in common being one of their most important tenets. With the proceeds of their work, which they sold, they bought further material and tools and extended their arts and crafts activities, carrying on their studies all the time. Some became engineers; others studied for the liberal professions, but without the intention of practising in the world once their studies were over.

This began some nine or ten years ago. These seven young men and women are now the nucleus of a thriving though small community, having its arts and crafts workshop—the finest in the whole district—in the town of Waidhofen, a guest house in the hills some three kilometres from the town, and a large garden, in which all the food necessary for the community is grown—they are vegetarians—and enough to sell in the Waidhofen market.

My interest having been aroused in the Waidhofen community by all that I had heard about it in Vienna, and by meeting three of the seven founders, I took the first opportunity I had this autumn of spending a week-end in the guest house—an experience I shall certainly often repeat, and encourage my friends to do likewise. I arrived at Waidhofen station late on the Friday evening, and was met by one of the community. Our threequarters of an hour walk to the guest house lay through the quaint old town, then along a road through fields and woods, with the hills on either side. The air was so clear that the whole landscape seemed bathed in stars, they hung so low and so abundantly. I was shown to a simply but artistically furnished room in the guest house, where I spent the night. Next morning I was shown over the whole house; I have never anywhere seen such rich invention in the economising of space without injury to the appearance. The rooms are all simple yet pretty; the large attic has been converted into a *Jugendherberge* (a type of hostel very common in Germany and Austria in the mountains, where a straw mattress and a blanket afford a night's repose) and will shelter 25 people. On the occasion of an international conference which took place in the neighbourhood some time ago, the community managed to put up 85 people. A small room has to serve as dining room, concert room, reading room and library. The tables are so built that they can easily be piled on top of one another in a corner, and the floor thus cleared

for dancing. There are no chairs in this room, only stools, which when not in use fit into the tables, so that they occupy absolutely no extra space. No less than 43 people can comfortably dine together in this room, which is rather less than half the size of the Joint Common Room. The book cupboards are built into the walls, and all cupboards are constructed so as to afford the maximum of convenience in the minimum amount of space. A large cellar stores the community's food for the winter; here again the settlers have displayed amazing ingenuity in the construction of crates and trays which occupy almost no room at all when not in use. All the furniture in the house has been made by the members of the community in their own workshop.

A little later I retraced in brilliant sunshine my walk of the previous evening, this time townwards, in order to see the workshop, where all the beautiful boxes, candlesticks, lamps, marionettes, carpets, dolls, and many other artistic objects are manufactured. The various imposing machines, electrically driven, have all been gradually bought by the settlers from the proceeds of their work in that department. I was shown a marvellous double-decker bed invented by the community both for comfort and the saving of space; during the day this bed is a double couch, fitted with a table for reading and writing, which disappears when the bed is in use. I saw also simplified weaving looms, which they have invented and constructed themselves. There would be no end to the list I could make of their thrilling inventions. It was with reluctance that I tore myself away, to return to the guest house for a simple vegetarian lunch.

After lunch I was taken to see the garden, a few minutes further off. Originally the garden was a great stretch of very stony soil, but by dint of very hard work and intelligent cultivation, the community has in comparatively very short time made its land more fruitful than that of the peasants around. I saw all kinds of fruits and vegetables, some of them rare in the district. In the centre is a wooden hut, tastefully furnished, and surrounded by flowers. The charming settee which runs round the walls on the inside is really a set of lockers where the garden tools are kept. A trap-door in the ceiling leads into an attic where seven people can sleep, if they prefer the garden to the guest house in the summer. The garden is also provided with sandy stretches for sun-bathing—and in summer the sun shines hot on that part of the world.

At the end of the garden is the river, the Ybbs, which is reached by a perilous climb down a ladder suspended over a precipice. Down this ladder we went for a row on the river, whose water is the clearest I have ever seen. It was during our river excursion that I had most of my questions answered about the community settlement. The history I have already outlined; what interested me still more was their system of administration, and their philosophy. On first sight it appears that the community is communistically run, but this is not quite the case. Once the settlement has been established and different activities taken up, each member of the community chose his sphere of work and developed it, though all work together in the garden in the summer, and in the winter painting the objects made in the workshop. Common work as well as common play is a most important factor of the community life. Money is earned in each sphere of work—the workshop, garden, sewing, painting, kitchen, weaving, paper-work, washing, looking after guests, etc. This money belongs neither to the man or woman who earns it, nor to the community; it belongs to the sphere of work. From that money the settler takes what he requires for his subsistence (an unbelievably small sum, as he pays no rent, and his food and way of living are of the simplest); a certain proportion goes into the Community Fund, and all

the rest is used for the development of the particular sphere. Should it happen that a particular activity temporarily ceases to pay, the settler who lives by that activity is not supported by charity, but by a loan from the Community Fund, which he repays when his work begins to pay again. It is essential that every member of the community be self-supporting; parasites are an intolerable evil. These idealists are extremely practical.

I touched on the question of authority, and was told that there was none. There had been no acknowledged leader among the original seven, though it happened that the oldest of them all was looked to by the others for guidance; it must be remembered that when the group began its new life in earnest, when it broke definitely away from parents and class, the average age of its members was sixteen. Newcomers, who are accepted only after having proved up to the hilt their fitness for the community life, accept the temporary leadership of the seven, though the aim is for the whole community to develop together and to require no leadership. This the seven have almost achieved among themselves. They are united in their aim; they believe that there is only one best way of attaining that aim, and that by dint of discussion they will agree on the steps to take. It is true that now there is far less difference of opinion among them than there was at the beginning, and they believe that soon they will not disagree at all on the vital way to be followed. This method they have taken from the Quaker way of life, which brings me to their religion, or philosophy, call it what you will.

The Waidhofen settlers belong to no organised religion. Most of them come from Catholic families and found that the religion of their fathers imposed on them a way of life and dogmas that they could not reconcile with their conscience. They have by no means settled once and for all what their religion is to be; their philosophy develops with themselves and they bring as open a mind as they can to the investigation of all systems of philosophy that present themselves to them. At the present moment Theosophy, particularly the doctrines of Krishnamurti, influences them, though they do not accept a great many of the Theosophist tenets. Of one thing they are sure, that is, that without a religious basis, without an underlying spiritual tie, their community is bound to fall to pieces. The experience of similar communities, hundreds of which were started by the Youth Movement, only soon to disintegrate—there are only three or four left now of them all—seems to bear out this theory. The Waidhofen settlers want to be happy; they believe this is only possible as a result of inner harmony, which is stimulated by contact with nature and communal work. Therefore, they all work together in the garden and look upon themselves not as a settlement, but as a community. Simplicity of living, of food and of clothing bring happiness, which is enhanced by the beauty of their surroundings and the work of their hands. Above all, their convictions must be based on their own life, on their own experience.

It is only necessary to stay a short while with the Waidhofeners to realise that they have discovered what is the way of life for them. They always look radiantly happy, and though they have not yet discovered the solution of all their problems, one has the feeling that they are well on the way to the realisation of wholesome and harmonious existence. They stand outside party politics, and needless to say, are pacifists. All are welcome to stay with them at any time of the year.

ESTHER SINOVITCH.

## Iceland.

ONCE read an article on Iceland by an Englishwoman who went there for a short holiday, and I was ashamed of it. It was a cheery article, however, full of the strange things she had seen. She had polished off the Great Geyser, the highest volcano, the largest waterfall and the leper hospital in the first few days. And it was especially jaunty in its account of the firm way in which she had dealt with obstacles: she had stood no nonsense from the people, though once she had been frightened when she arrived at a lonely farm late at night, and a man (presumably the farmer himself) had come towards her with a smile, held out his hand to her and said something which she did not understand. (This is hardly surprising when she did not know the language). She turned and fled and to this day she does not know whether he was drunk or not! Abominable conduct to welcome a guest with a shake of the hand and a word of greeting.

But the person she admired most of all she met in Iceland was a woman who gave her time and attention to cultivating a garden. Such an indication of refinement and civilization pleased and surprised her.

She was a well-meaning, cheerful traveller, but if she had kept her eyes open and taken the trouble to learn the language she would have realized that to choose gardening as an indication of the dawning culture in Iceland is like choosing permanent waving as an indication of the dawning culture in England. And if she had had the decency to study the customs of the country before she visited it, or at any rate to keep an open mind on the subject and observe, she need not have been frightened when the farmer tried to greet her with a handshake. She would be annoyed to find that if he had known what was in her mind when she turned and fled, he would have been shocked (or perhaps amused).

But again I say she meant well, and she did not make the mistake of the American who asked how far he would have to go up into the country to see the Eskimos. That, of course, is pitiable. She merely went, like the ordinary tourist to Iceland, with no knowledge whatever of the country or the people, just to see. And the civilization and culture of the Icelanders is not a thing to be "seen." It is not the kind of civilization which culminates in sanitation and etiquette, and naturally it would be difficult for a stranger who cannot speak the language to realize that the people in the country districts in Iceland, who live in miserable old turf-built houses, or jerry-built shacks, have a sophistication and dignity which comes of long culture. I could not expect my lady of the article, appalled at having to sleep in a stuffy room with the window shut, to realize that there is scarcely an Iclander, except among the new smart town people (who do sleep with their windows open), who does not read the literature of his country, and read it critically too, and talk about it as a literature, and not as a fungus. Could we say that of the country people in England? My lady of the article is almost sure to have noticed that in Iceland they often milk their cows in dirty sheds, and guessed that they have no laws of sanitary control; and, associating dirt with ignorance, like all God-fearing people, she would never dream that the farmer who owned the dirty cowsheds was a man of culture, and perhaps a poet himself, one of the many Icelandic Robbie Burns who are producing some of the finest of modern lyrics.



If she was one of the many English ladies who have a social conscience, she probably deplored the fact that the Icelandic farms are so scattered that most children have many miles to go to school, and that in any case there is so much work to do and so few people to do it, that even the youngest children are needed at home in the summer and go to school only in the winter. But had she known that in spite of that every Iclander learns to read and write and to live in a world not bounded by his parish, and had she remembered the coy nation at home which has to be wooed into learning, she might have reflected how much more important is the will than the way.

Perhaps I am unduly hard on my lady of the article. After all, she went to Iceland, attracted by the name, to do a little exploring and pioneering, and it was a little disappointing to find herself in what is an almost unbelievably safe state of society. It was not her fault that she could not change her ideas suddenly, especially when the costumes might have been chosen for the ruffian of the piece, and the scene set for high crime; for Iceland is a miserably poverty-stricken nation, where the few people who have wealth live in the towns, which are springing up rapidly round the coast to commercialize a land, hitherto unspoiled.

I. P. P.

### Why Medical Students Act Daft.

"**D**OCTORS are evolved, in some manner incomprehensible to ordinary people, from a lawless collection of yahoos called medical students." These words, from an article by E. M. Delafield recently in *Time and Tide*, express a sentiment by no means uncommon. There is little doubt that in every University the "Medics" have the reputation of being the wildest and most irresponsible section of the undergraduate world. Why is this? "Why do Medical students act so daft?" is the question I have frequently been asked. There must be reason for it.

There is obviously a comparison to be made between the Medical side and other departments of the University. Consider the Arts. Students of Literature are notoriously mild-mannered. Medicals would no doubt say that by a law of natural selection they are inevitably anæmic. Perhaps it is because their main interest is in books rather than life. In the world of imagination the drama of literature must seem more real, more complete, than the drama of life. Perhaps, too, the strength of the female element in the Department has its repressive effect.

Philosophers and historians are not usually anæmic, but they are aloof. They look calmly down on the surging throng from lofty pinnacles of disdain. The microscopic events of the passing show are overshadowed by the mighty deeds and shattering ideas of the immortals. The Scientists, pure and otherwise, are very much alive, but rather finicky and bewildered. Technology, especially Engineering, is the only Department which seriously challenges Medicine. In their ragging, the Engineers, as might be expected, are daring and destructive. The subject seems to attract the little boys who love to pull things to pieces. Yet they are only occasionally really explosive. It is a commonplace that for sheer disruptive irrelevance no set can touch the Medicals. Again I ask, why?

We know the orthodox explanation. It is that Medical students are training for a life of self-denial and discipline. Their future status in society is one which imposes a dignity of conduct and a calm benignity of manner calculated to

inspire confidence in their skill. It is, in fact, this public confidence that is the greatest asset of the doctor. Hence the self-imposed restrictions of the medical profession. Medical students, therefore, it is said, make up now for the opportunities they will lack later in life. The Medical is supposed to say to himself: "To-night I will get drunk and bash a policeman's helmet, for to-morrow I shall be a doctor."

This view seems to me to be inadequate. If the explanation were true we should expect Divinity students to excel the Medicals in blasphemy and ribaldry, and the Hostel of the Resurrection to be a house of ill-fame.

I suggest that the explanation lies in the nature of the studies rather than in the future occupations of the students. This accounts for the paradox which puzzles everyone. For the Medicals study disease rather than health, death rather than life. Such study can only be maintained by suppressing natural emotions and cultivating a certain callousness of mind. In reaction, the mind craves exuberant life. The craving takes various forms, as opportunities for satisfaction present themselves, in ragging an ebullition of ruthless energy; in speech a disregard of the sanctities; in humour an enormous and palpitating vulgarity that ignores the finer shades and perceptions of more delicate minds.

So the public look on at the "doings" of Medical students with sympathetic tolerance, knowing what the future has in store. Ladies love them; the police curse them; engineers envy them; scholars pity them; professors forgive them because they are so young. Some people think they are too young to be studying medicine. And I agree. They should be educated first. No one should be allowed to enter a medical course under 21 years of age. And the first year should be devoted entirely to the study of poetry.

P. P. MURPHY.

#### MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

- \*\* 12th November. 7-30 p.m. Chem. Lecture Theatre.  
M. CHASSINAT-GOGOT: "La Cathédrale de Reims" (Slides).
- 21st November. 8-0 p.m. Chem. Lecture Theatre.  
M. TONNELAT: "Relations littéraires franco-allemandes aux 18<sup>e</sup> et 19<sup>e</sup> siècles."
- \*\* 26th November. 7-30 p.m. Refec. (provisionally).  
M. PEUNIER: "Tendances de la jeune poésie française"  
(Phonograph avec amplificateur électrique).
- \*\* 6th December. 7-30 p.m. (Jointly with Polyglot).  
Y.M.C.A. Buildings.  
Señor A. de IRIAR: "Los Viajes por España."
- \* M.L.A. Meetings. (See October Gryphon for privileges of membership).
- \* M.L.A. Meetings free to all students.

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## Verse.

## To the Thrush.

Oh! hush sweet bird; hast thou no sorrow—never?  
 Just for one hour I pray thee, do not sing;  
 Or—if thou must—this evening,  
 In thy full throat  
 Let's hear a sobbing note;  
 For one I loved is gone from me forever.

Still, still the air, and only thy sweet calling;  
 Oh! joyful bird thou canst not feel my pain,  
 Use would the mournful dropping rain  
 Green bowers among  
 Bring tears into thy song—  
 Dim liquid pearls from trembling quavers falling.

So thou art silent now! and she is sleeping:  
 Hast thou not heard she'll never waken more:  
 She will not hear thee tho' thou pour  
 Into the air  
 Thy soul's melodious prayer  
 To die, forlorn, about the gardens creeping.

Soft, soft now comes the night, and the light faileth,  
 And ever still lies she and smileth so;  
 Heaven is behind her smile—and oh!  
 Forgive me bird,  
 Almost I'd say she heard,  
 And nought to hear, for only a gnat walleth.

Thou plum'd choirster that without number  
 Singest songs all day, is't not thy wont to try,  
 Darkling, one last brief lullaby?  
 For her sake then  
 I prithee wake again  
 To soothe the night's suspended breath—then slumber.

R. REEVE.

## To the Lark.

Thou lark that, singing, slidest down the sky,  
 I prithee come not too nigh.  
 'Tis not because I do not love thee bird,  
 Only I thought I heard  
 Another voice through thine: no bird thou art  
 That enshrinedst the burning heart  
 Of one who, pouring once his soul into thee,  
 Shares thine immortality.  
 Oh! would thou couldst, through singing in mine ears,  
 Give life to those ideas  
 Still groping, senseless, in a soundless womb,  
 My mind their living tomb:  
 Ah! then the imprisoned harmony, that long  
 Has sung a rapturous song,  
 With beauty might come forth, and with beauty  
 Sing on spontaneously.

R. REEVE.

## Ordeal by Night.

Night is too full of silence  
 And hollow thoughts and sighs,  
 For desires better sleeping  
 In the secret stillness rise:  
 And memories grope forward  
 Their dim and questing hands,  
 Like pale wraiths in the darkness,  
 Filled with unquiet demands.  
 Night is the time for lovers  
 With ways serenely planned,  
 And their former gusts of passion  
 To a calmer glowing fanned,  
 But not the time for eager  
 And passionate hearts to be  
 Clutching at futile dreamings,  
 With the silence slinking by.

M.B.

## Autumn.

What is this evil spell thou wearest now,  
 Maddening beauty, with hair of flame,  
 With feet and finger-tips of very ice?  
 Men call the Autumn, Spirit of the dying year—  
 Spirit! No spirit art thou, thus to ensnare  
 Me in thy subtleties and endless moods,  
 With eyes now blazing with the fire of summer,  
 Now frozen and aloof with winter's ice.  
 On every tree I see leaves brown and sere—  
 Singed by the flaming of thy wondrous hair;  
 While where thy feet of ice passed in the night  
 The earth this morning bore a powdered frost.  
 Thy gown is the gray of the twilight mists that float  
 And hover in the valley—bat thy lips,  
 Thy tempting, mocking lips, so vivid are, and red,  
 Red as the sun-ripened berries—and as false,  
 Fair to the view, but bitter to the taste,  
 Bitter with the poison that can kill,  
 That poison burns even now within my veins  
 And fever me with madness.  
 Oh Spirit, Thing, Reality—what'er thou art,  
 Leave me. How I long  
 For the cool hand of winter pressing on my brow.

N.

## Summer.

I stared out of the window at the rain;  
 Monotony and greyness met my gaze.  
 The sky had worn its mourning for two days,  
 And its sad tears rolled slowly down the pane.  
 Cloud after cloud in one unbroken chain  
 Of ragged greyness streamed; while a grey haze  
 Veiled distant objects, though too clear the maze  
 Of dull suburban streets and houses plain.  
 In geometric, solid rows they stood,  
 Their windows like unblinking, sightless eyes,  
 And then it was I wondered how I could  
 Exist among them under weeping skies,  
 While somewhere every field and brooding wood  
 Bathed in eternal summer sunshine lies.

N.

## The Passing.

The long day weeps at its departing;  
 No crimson radiance stains the western sky;  
 Only the monotony of grey clouds sweeping,  
 Only the greyness of a grey day weeping,  
 Only the wind's sigh.  
 Only the mournful rustling of the trees  
 Shaking their tear drops down from every leaf,  
 Down on to the sadness of the grass  
 Where flowerheads are hung to hide their grief;  
 Grief because tears are all that welcome here  
 Their stay so brief.  
 Farewell, sad day, no more returning,  
 Joyless has been your sojourn with us here.  
 Without regret we watch your dim light dying,  
 Hear the sad music of the night bird crying,  
 And shed no tear.

N.

## Azrael.

I walked alone with death  
 Through Heaven's infinity,  
 Clear rose the Angel's song  
 With glad sublimity,  
 Sweetly the cadence swelled,  
 Joy filled God's house on high;  
 But—Azrael's face was sad,  
 For only He must die.

GERTRUDE WINTER.

## 28 · ix · 29.

TOWARDS the end of September I decided I must retire from the world for a few days to try and paint a picture—a better way of putting it—to cover a large canvas with oil paint. I went to a remote cottage near Reeth, high on the side of Swaledale, with the moors behind, taking with me what seemed sufficient food for a month. And then followed several days of pure selfish comfort, not unmingled with minor discomforts, which I will describe.



"THE LONELY COTTAGE"—Swaledale, with distant view of Marrick Abbey.

It is delightful to wake up and find you can rise when you like, or not rise at all. No one is there to pull the blankets from your bed; and no alarm clock leaps about on your washstand. Such was my pleasure at my cottage retreat, every morning. On the first day I climbed wearily out of bed at noon, exhausted with trying to find some new position to lie in. The sun glared down in scorn from his zenith, and even the bleak ashes from the fire of yesternight wore a reproachful look, as though to ask why I had neglected them so long. Now here occurs a minor discomfort—clad only in pyjamas, to rake out ashes, find firewood and proceed to light a fire, before you've any possibility of getting breakfast. The kettle, on a newly-lit fire, takes *hours* to boil. Meanwhile, if you're energetic, you shave in cold water, and get half dressed, before its time to cook the bacon. What a good sound is that sizzling of jovial rasbers, and how you lick your lips as you seize a reluctant egg and break it adroitly, so that its contents fall into the frying pan and not in the fire. Then the kettle rattles its lid at you, and behold, breakfast is ready.

Now we will pass over the peaceful day, undisturbed by man or beast, and see what can be cooked for supper. If you have greasy things, then a hurried washing-up awaits you later—a long time later; it's surprising how many days you can go on using fresh crockery without having to wash up. I managed five days, and then spent a gruesome morning with hard, frozen remnants of egg and dripping, not to mention the ghastly pans in which they had been cooked. *Revenons à nos moutons.* Yes! mutton chops for supper, why not? followed by timed fruit and camp coffee. And then hurriedly clear everything into the gloomy recesses of the unlit scullery and leave them till later.

The fire glints warmly at you as you lie in one of those chairs you see advertised—you know, those "Buoyant" chairs—and as you lie, replete, with coffee and the oil lamp at hand, and a westerly gale howls outside, you taste the summit of content—egoistic hedonism, as a certain professor might call it. Those are the true conditions for novel-reading.

"A jellie good book wherein to bore  
Is better to me than gold."

Under such conditions it certainly is—only don't let it be one of those creepy Bram Stoker sort of novels, or you'll feel a bit shaky as you take your guttering candle at midnight and ascend the crazy stone stairs to bed. The howling wind and the rattling windows begin to suggest things at that hour, when you know there's not a soul within call and only a frail locked door between you and—heavens! what's that! Oh, of course! The mouse trap you set so carefully in the pantry before going up—but, my goodness, what a start! Yes, that's the frame of mind, if you read *Dracula* late at night in a lonely cottage!

"Gentle reader" (pardon me if you are the Rugger captain) let me recommend to you such a holiday as I have fragmentarily described. It will test severely your domestic training. It will test severely your resourcefulness in amusing yourself. It will reward you vastly if you survive these tests. Your mind will enjoy a genuine rest and you'll come back to your friends ready to appreciate them more than ever. But I'm talking like one of those mythical doctors you see quoted in advertisements. Anyway, it's nearly midnight, the wind howls under the door, and I feel I've done a good night's work, for I've written an article for *The Gryphon* and enjoyed it. So now to light the guttering candle" and away to bed. Good-night everybody! W.G.

## UNIVERSITY MISSION, Feb. 17-21, 1930

### PRELIMINARY MEETINGS:

#### Speakers:

Nov. 11th: Rev. LESLIE WEATHERHEAD.

*Free Church Representative.*

Nov. 12th or 14th: FATHER HUGH POPE.

*Roman Catholic Representative.*

Nov. 15th: FATHER REECE.

*Anglican Representative.*

## The Guls Horn-booke or Fashions to Please the Undergraduate.

["Never knocke, . . . but with your feete sparce open the doore, and enter into our Schoole: you shall not neede to buy bookes, so, scorne to distinguish a B from a battle-doore; only looke that your ears be long enough to reach our Basillements, and you are made for ever."]

T. DEKKER. 1698.]



\* . . . under the Clocke . . . \*

**T**HIS horn-booke I endite to all those who would become good Graduates in this Universitie. As for those who pore over booke to obtaine degrees, reading crab'd latine and rude science, a fig for 'em! Let him who would cut a brave swagger under the clocke or would wag his asse's ears wisely at noondaye recitales, or strut like jolly Bacchus into Refectorie, let him sit at my feet and I will be his Gameliel. Beeche Grove may be his walke, but this Horne-booke shall be his guide.

### How a Gallant sholde behave himself under the Clocke.

First select your apparelle as to most attract the admyration of the onlookers, so that on beholding the cheerful checkes of your doublet and Oxford sloppes they shall whisper one to the other, "How fairlie he is suited." Next, take heede that you picke such an houre when the

main Shoale of Students is swimming up and downe, preferably when the Bell hath sounded for concluding the Lektüre. Then having crossed the Quadrangle walke high and mightilie down the corridor towards the Letter-Racke, puffing your pype the while that in exercising your smoake you may seeme the more manlie. If so be that you encounter certeyne of your familiars in going thither glaze upon them scantily with a scurvie nod as though you be preoccupied with matters of grave importance, unless your acqeyntance sholde be the President of the Unionne, when you must clappe him on the shoulder, crying "olde boye," that you may signifie to your auditors that you be acqeynted with greate men.

Then pass away apace to the Letter-Racke to scan your correspondence. With your faire browes knitted give them perusal, and let those fleeting expressions upon your visage be the mirrore to your affaires. But if you chance to be a Gallant much crost by creditors so that you are pestered by the Bills of Booksellers for those volumes you never reade, or writs from the tobacco-office for that divine weed so dear to your nostrills, let no frowne marre the smoothnesse of your countenance, but fling back your head and laugh alowde, as if at some merrie jest. Ever and anon smyle a knowing smyle, murmuring such wordes as "In one howre I must be . . . at the Chancellour's," wynde and say "The H.P. told me . . . yesterdaye," as if you be in the bosom of the immortals themselves.

Now I would desire you to return agayne to the Clocke which may be dangling once agayn the howre of Lecktüres. But followe not your fellow-gulls to the places of lernyng, where ignorance or indisposition of the weather sometimes compels them to attende the tedious discourses of Pedantical men. Do you insted shrugge your shoulders carelesslie, making the occasion to discover your best



nickel watch, taking it forth and setting its wheeles by the great time-pièce over-head. Then, restoring it speedilie to your pocket lest men take you for a Medical Studente, sallie forth lightlie into Universitie Walke and thense to Refectorie.

#### How a Gallant should behave himselfe in the Refectorie.

Being arrived in the roome, select your table with an eye to its occupants. In this you may do one of two things, either that you seate yourself beside the burlie Captain of Rugger that you maie partake something of his reputacioun, or that you select some fellow very foule and ugosome to looke upon that he may prove a foyle to your beautie. Then, beckonyng to a fair damsel to wait upon you, speake softlie to her, for thus you shall have special tit-bits reserved for yourselfe, an extra spoonfule of celerie soupe or the wish-bone of the rabbitt.

Discourse as lowd as you can, tilting backe your chair and makyng a noise in your soup, that folk may thinke your bad manners denote that you are a "blood." Persuade the damsel to attend your wantes before those of others, so that you may gaze askance at your other fashion-mongers planted about the room waiting for meate. Then, picking up your lunch ticket, adjourne to Mrs. B—, worthele mistresse of the place, offeryng her a wittie jeste, for so shall you win her favour, and thence awaie to the Musicke Recital.



"your waites before those of others..."

#### How a Gallant shold behave at a Musicke Recital.

Here you must betake yourself up to the Gallerie where sit all your fellow-guils who looke downe in disdeyne upon the unsophysticated in the Groundlings below. There you just thrust your waie scornfultie and carelesslie to the front.

When the musicke beginneth close the casements of thine eyes, that thou mayest have the semblance of hearkening more intentlie, but take care that thou dost not fall a-snoring. If thy wittes be sufficiently awake, scrowe thy face awrie when the 'cello beginneth as if some minute fault raspath thy sensitive care. Ever and anon sigh or wagge thy heade gravely as if at some most earnest Delight. Then shall the spectatoures think you be an authoritee. It maie happen that your companion have lost his programme so that he shall aske you the title of the musicke they be playing. Then shalt thou assume a looke of wysdome and saie, "That thing of B—'s, you know."



close the casements of thine eyes..."

So shall you preserve your reputacioun, for B beginneth the name of all musicians, Bach and Brahms, and Beethoven and Beverlie-Nicholles.

H.

## Music and the Listener.

**A**LL lovers of good music in Leeds—and their number must be legion—will have been astonished and annoyed to see that this season the International Celebrity Concerts are leaving this city out of their itinerary. The reason is hard to discover, particularly as Leeds is the centre of a county noted for its musical abilities and musical interests. The mere fact that the Triennial Musical Festival is such a magnificent success should convince these concert promoters that Leeds has a right to hear the best talent that London and the Continent can provide. But in their wisdom (*sic!*) they see fit to leave us out.

Why should this be? Probably the only reason is that Leeds possesses no concert hall comparable—for acoustic properties, comfort and size—to the famous halls in London, Manchester and elsewhere. With all due deference to the City Fathers and the architect of the Victoria Hall (in the Town Hall building), it must be admitted that the place gives one the impression of a *worgae* rather than that of a warm, friendly hall where the best music can be enjoyed.

Beyond this I see no other reasons. Granted that Leeds is lagging behind in its support of the Imperial League of Opera; but there are people who will gladly pay a good price to hear a violinist, pianist or singer of "lieder," to whom grand opera makes only a slight appeal. This disregard of Leeds by the powers that be is particularly annoying because this season we should have had the opportunity of hearing two recently-discovered prodigies—Wolf and Yehudi Menuhin—besides such established favourites as Rachmaninoff, Tetrassini and Kreisler.

How then is the deficiency to be remedied? Very few of us are plutocratic to the extent that we can go to London at any time to hear a concert which will not be duplicated here at some later date. The only way out of the difficulty is either the wireless, the gramophone, or both.

The B.B.C. has certainly done a real service in providing opportunities for hearing good music that the public would otherwise have lacked. Yet to get the best programmes, a powerful valve-set is generally essential, and through one of these the music is always, in a varying degree, distorted, which is only natural where electrical amplification must be used to give increased range and volume. Consequently, however careful the listener, the "nuances" and the colour-blending of the music are very frequently lost; and should a microphone happen to be placed too near the brass or percussion then good-bye to our chances of hearing anything beyond a series of blatant blares and vigorous bangings. Yet better to have music *per netheram* than no music at all.

The gramophone, on the other hand, is often a very faithful reproducer. But two factors must be given; a very good recording and a very good machine. In combination, we are as near the natural as we are ever likely to get. I have a record of Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2," played by solo piano and orchestra which is as perfect a reproduction as I ever hope to hear. Unfortunately, the financial factor is so weighty, in the case of the gramophone, that to the majority this is chiefly "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

As for the possessor of a good wireless receiver and a good gramophone—well that person is to be congratulated. But as for the new radio-gramophones, I feel personally that these are still in a very early and tentative stage and we must await further developments before we can pass a fair judgment.

The result of all this is that here in Leeds we can only hope for two things: that some beneficent person will provide a hall worthy of the musical traditions of this city and, secondly, that the time is not far distant when we shall again enjoy the privilege of hearing in our city the good music we all love—at a reasonable price of admission!

W.N.

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## For Improper Use.

THE four shabby coaches and the small, ineffective-looking engine which constituted the 4-40 for Coombe, Rolston and Haxley Bridge, left Manby almost empty. Consequently, Phineas Leek, who had left work at half-past four instead of five because the head clerk had gone to London, was able to find a compartment to himself. He sat down with a sigh of satisfaction. It was good to have cheated one's oppressors of thirty of their precious minutes, good to monopolise for once the roominess of the carriage, good too to look forward to half-an-hour's decent peace and quiet....

The train began to move and as there was now no possibility of his being detected he lifted his feet on to the opposite seat. From the coat of his waterproof he squeezed a bulky object which quickly took shape as a copy of the morning's *Daily Mail*. For some minutes he scanned the columns listlessly without finding anything of interest that he had not already read and re-read. He fell to thinking how much nicer morning papers were in the morning than in the afternoon. The front-page advertisements caught his eye and he thought of a conversation he once heard between two very clever young men on advertisement as an art. He could make nothing of it himself, though the sketches of men and women reading, smoking and playing bridge in tight underwear always amused him. He wondered whether people really were so foolish, so utterly abandoned....

The impression of having heard somebody call brought him quickly to himself. One does not as a rule expect to hear shouting in a train unless the next compartment is known to be full of drunken men. He listened.... Sure enough, entangled somewhere in the noise of wind and wheels a voice was crying "Hello....hello...."

This time Phineas stood up and, lowering the window, thrust out his head. A first glimpse revealed to him the tail coach and the receding line, but nothing that might be construed into the owner of the voice. He was resuming his spectacles, which had shown a tendency to be carried away by the wind, when the cry, repeating itself, caused his eyes to turn through a hundred and eighty degrees on to the object of their search. They found themselves blinking on as strange a sight as had occupied them for many days. The door of the next compartment was swinging wide and standing on the footboard and clinging to the short brass rail at the side was a man. Middle class prejudice in Phineas immediately prompted him to think the word "Tramp." The deduction was hasty but not unfair. When a man is ill-clad and illshod, unshaved and unkempt, no other deduction is possible. In ordinary circumstances the prevailing discredit attached to the profession would have been sufficient reason for Phineas to put a good distance between himself and any representative of it. The peculiar nature of this man's position, however, not less than the vigour and concern in his eye and voice compelled attention.

"Hey, you!" he called to Phineas.

"What do you want?" the latter managed to ask.

"I want to get off."

"But you can't get off. You'll be killed." Afterwards this struck him as rather obvious, but at the time it seemed the right thing to say.

"But I must get off, I'm on the wrong train." He hesitated a moment, then shouted, "Pull the cord for me, ol' boy."

Phineas saw nothing irregular in the request, but he resented "ol' boy." He shouted back in the teeth of the wind.

"Pull it.....yourself."

The other affected to be baffled.

"Can't....Don't know where 'tis."

Phineas indicated the position by tapping above the window. The man felt feverishly along the outside of the coachwork.

"No go," he said, appealingly.

"Not there....inside."

"What?"

"Inside....inside....carriage."

"Can't hear a word. Be a sport an' do it for me, ol' boy."

Phineas withdrew his head, partly because it was getting cold, partly to survey the object of their debate. He read the warning underneath:

PENALTY FOR IMPROPER USE £5.

"Hey," he called out, resuming activities, "Who's to pay?"

"Tha's all right. Leave it to me," the other re-assured him.

(A hollow laugh from Phineas).

The man's voice took on a plaintive note. "Jus' pull it, ol' boy. Be a sport."

There was a pause. The door continued to flap vigorously and the man was beginning to look cold and numb. In a few minutes they would enter Coombe Tunnel and the thought struck Phineas that it would be a Christian action to warn his fellow. He reflected that a dead tramp on one's hands was perhaps even more undesirable than a live one.

He shouted again, "Better....get....in....were'....coming....to....a....tunnel."

"What?"

"A tunnel....get....in!"

The train was forging its way through a cutting, the sides of which rose quickly and evenly. The engine shrieked and the steep sides threw the shriek back again. Almost simultaneously all was swallowed up in darkness, and smoke was filling the carriage in which Phineas sat, mopping his brow, horrified. The dark interval seemed to him like night in its duration. When it was over he saw to his intense relief that he had underestimated the width of the tunnel. The door still swung on its hinges and the man gripped the rail, a trifle white and a trifle scared, but in no way damaged for his subterranean transit. He re-iterated his request.

"But we're stopping as it is," remonstrated Phineas, not at all sorry. And indeed the familiar sound of brakes being brought to bear on wheels was already audible. Houses, and streets of houses appeared along the side of the line and the train began to rattle over points. It was drawing alongside the platform, but

the man had not endeavoured to climb back into his carriage. Perhaps he was too numb, perhaps he knew it to be futile. On the platform the stationmaster was shouting the name "Coombe" in a monotonous voice. As if in response to the invitation the man almost fell into his arms.

"Hey," said the stationmaster, perceiving him for the first time, "What's the little game?"

The other rubbed his hands together. "There ain't no game at all," he said, "I was on the wrong train an' wanted to get off."

"Show me your ticket."

The man made a shift of searching his pocket, but the futility of his position was written in his face and exertions.

"I must have lost it," he said lamely.

The enquiry terminated in a sharp command for one, Jim, to "take him inside."

At the barrier Phineas Leek had dropped his bag and umbrella in order to facilitate the production of his season-ticket. He saw the man being led away, and the man saw him.

"Swine!" said the man.

L. B. J.

## The Juvenile Unemployment Centre Sub-Committee.

IN several of the previous editions of *The Gryphon* there has been inserted a brief report of the work of this Committee. It is a Sub-Committee of the Economics Society, formed with a view to fostering among students of this University an interest in the problems of juvenile unemployment and the welfare of boys generally.

The Leeds Juvenile Unemployment Centre, at Burmantofts, in York Road, is a kind of continuation day school for boys who are past school age and are out of employment. They attend classes in handwork, physical training, swimming and general educational subjects until they secure employment.

The aim of our Committee is to procure voluntary assistance from students who are willing to go down to the Centre at 11 o'clock on Wednesday mornings and talk to the boys for about half an hour. The Committee has drawn up a syllabus for this year, which, while not intended as any hard and fast scheme, should serve as a guide to those who wish to help us in our work. It has a biographical bias. The session started with a talk by Mr. George Meek, of H.O.R., on Alexander the Great, and both the speaker's manner and delivery and his subject matter kept the boys—who are sometimes inclined to be restless—interested for half an hour.

Mr. Williamson, head of the Geography Department, Edwin Barker, S.C.M. Secretary and Chairman of the Labour Society, are on the Committee.

You will learn a good deal more about the J.U.C. if you come and hear Mr. Rickerby, the J.U.C. Secretary, and Mr. Witty, M.A., the Warden of the J.U.C., in the Maths. Room on February 25th. See the syllabus of the Economics Society for full particulars of this meeting. We want to get as many Freshers as possible interested in this matter. In fact, anybody who is keen and feels he would like to help, will be a Godsend.

D. K. CROFT.



**C**ERTAIN of the leading newspapers make a practice of printing about half a column of news in Welsh. One day we may find our journalists even writing English.

\* \* \*

Which reminds us that the following appeared recently :—

"To-day is the anniversary of the first circular mile ever flown in this country in an all-English aeroplane."

The anniversary of a circular mile is indeed remarkable.

\* \* \*

We are credibly informed that a certain member of the academic staff in a not entirely unimportant department in this University (Lord! what a gossip-writer the lad would make!), during the course of his remarks on Keats' "Ode to Autumn," observed solemnly that "When Shelley wrote this poem, he was in Italy."

\* \* \*

America claims to have discovered an 18-day diet for people who want to get thin quickly. We believe patrons of the Refec. would hotly deny that the assertion that the discovery is a new one.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following University magazines :—

*G.U.M., Shimla, A.M.A., Technical Journal, Die Stellenbosse Student, The Student, The Mash, L.G.H.S. Magazine.*

#### "THE GRYPHON."

The next issue will be on sale—Tuesday, December 10th.

Last day for copy : Friday, November 22nd.



## The Next Generation.

*The Free Woman.* IRENE SOLTAN. S.C.M. 6/-.

ALL University women consider at some time the relative merits of marriage and a career. We except, of course, those who come up for the purpose of getting a husband: these, fortunately, are fewer every year. This book discusses the question in the light of a broad Christianity: the Preface says that the book can only interest if "Christ's words and life stir in you some answering echo: if what He experienced and thought is, for you, some guide, or at least, some data in your search for truth." (p. 9). Yet the treatment of the nature of freedom and the morality of revolt, for example, is useful to a wider class of people, including all who want to attain the ideal of the Free-Woman—one that will not be attained by this generation.

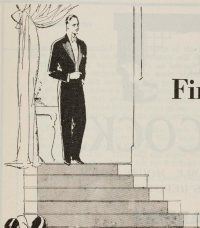
It is surprising that the Churches are filled with women although religion has been an important force in their subjection. The cynic sees in this only another proof of his theory that women do not want independence. Mrs. Soltan shows that Christ was hostile to the attitude which regards sex as the determining factor of personality: the Church's tradition of sex-inequality has grown up since Christ. This tradition has probably caused some of the best women to turn away from organised religion. Yet the modern tendency to minimise sex-differences is entirely in harmony with Christ's teaching. So far we can know very little of the difference between man and women, because all tradition sets up a false contrast between them. More and more, however, an essential similarity between them is revealed.

Mrs. Soltan reminds women that although they are still unfairly placed in many ways (and it is our duty to break down further restrictions when the opportunity arises) true independence of spirit is not denied them any the more on this account. "The highest freedom is the freedom of ourselves from the domination of the passing desire in order that those desires which arise from the highest side of our being may have free play. Too crude a view of freedom is as destructive of personality as oppression. True freedom is the result of spiritual unity within the personality.... Freedom of this kind is attained through self-discipline, through independence of thought, which comes from clear thinking and moral courage, from the habit of looking at things for their essential inner meaning, not superficially, so that public opinion, conventions, the influence of others, do not dominate our thoughts and actions. It comes through habitual sincerity and such ways of thinking of people that prejudice does not unconsciously bias our judgment. We must have healthy instincts so that there shall be no hidden domination by obscure desires." (p. 61).

The justification for revolt is discussed, comparisons drawn with the French revolution, and Gandhi's work in India. A combination of self-sacrifice and



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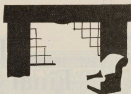
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self-assertion is needed: for humility of the wrong sort must have bad results. After reading this book, some women will feel more ready to put up with the "unfairness" of having to give up her job at marriage while the man carries his on. Useful suggestions are made about women's education (there is not much hope of their being put into general practice during the next fifty years) and about occupations for young married women who find life empty. We are made to realise that women to-day ought to offer a perpetual thanksgiving for not having been born a hundred years sooner. At no time was woman so completely reduced to puppetry as in the nineteenth century.

The men need not think this book will make things worse for them. Mrs. Soltan even suggests that they have suffered the most from women's subservience. In fact, if they want to learn something about their own position they should read it. They will not regret the days when a Persian writer said, "Nine times must a woman ask her husband what to do."

The book is dedicated to the Leeds University Christian Union, 1919-1926.

M.W.

## What is Sport?

HELEN is sometimes rather difficult to manage. Being a very modern young woman, she loves an argument; but a woman's idea of an argument appears to be different from a man's. A man likes to analyse, define, eliminate. At least I do. Women, or rather Helen, thinks this rough treatment. She calls it quibbling when I ask her what she means by a word. Her mind leaps at things in a way that leaves me gasping. The other day, for instance, she remarked suddenly: "I think there is far too much sport in the country. Men don't seem to take life seriously enough. All they can talk about is football, racing, grouse, and such like."

I smiled sympathetically, knowing the symptoms. A woman never says openly what is really at the back of her mind. The truth was, I had gone to a match last Wednesday instead of taking her to the Rink. I leaned back on the settee and my hand toyed with her off-side ear. "Yes," I replied gently, "but, of course, it all depends on what you mean by sport." "You know very well what I mean by sport," she said quickly, turning her head and looking straight at me. She is especially difficult to argue with when she does this. Her eyes are so blue! "Perhaps I do," I replied, "but I don't agree. You call everything sport where there is a form of contest, and you think it is just the excitement of the struggle that we enjoy." "Well, isn't it so?" she asked. I assumed the look of a Socrates and fixed my eyes on the far corner of the room. "All sport is a form of contest," I went on, "but not all contests are sport." "How wonderful you are!" she replied. I was not to be deterred by irony. "You'll agree that when we talk of sport we usually think of a physical contest, not of such things as cards or chess?" I enquired. "Oh yes," she assented. "No one calls parlour games sport. But what about fox-hunting and war. They are physical enough, aren't they?" This was a note of triumph.

"They are," I replied, "but that doesn't make them sport." "Oh, really! What does then?" Although Helen had now been reduced from affirmation to interrogation, the tone of her voice did not betray the right spirit. "Well," I continued, "You will admit that sport is a game?" "My dear Pip," she

replied sweetly, again looking straight into my eyes as if to see some sign of dawning intelligence, "isn't that just what I'm trying to make you understand? You spend too much time on mere games."

"But war and hunting are not games," I persisted. "Any contest which has the destruction of life for its end is not a game. Therefore hunting should not really be called sport." "How you love to quibble," she sighed. "No, Helen," I said earnestly, taking her hand. (I find this gesture always has a soothing effect). "You see, a game can only be played by human beings, and both sides must start as near as possible on a footing of equality." She appeared bewildered. "What I mean is this," I added hastily. "You think it's just excitement we want, but it isn't really. We never know who will win, and...." "Doesn't that prove it is the excitement you go for?" she asked in a voice that seemed to be full of tender pity for my lack of natural endowments.

I began to feel red. I counted ten. "To a man," I went on, more calmly, "the game is the thing, not the victory. So we start equal because that makes the game better. The essence of it is the contest, and victory is only a limit to the game, not the end." "You mean to tell me you don't play to win?" she asked, as if she had cornered me. Sometimes I think women deliberately misunderstand. However, I was determined to justify myself.

"We play to win, because that is part of the game. But remember that some games end in a draw. And besides, every victory is balanced by a defeat. What matters most is that the game should be well played according to the rules. That's what we mean when we tell people to play the game and be a sport. You see it means playing fair. Sport is the finest thing in the world for teaching men the social virtues," I concluded. "Ah! now I understand," she replied. "What you want me to believe is that it is very noble and unselfish of you to go off enjoying yourself instead of taking me...." I moved closer. There are moments when kind words are better than clear thinking. There are even moments when both words and thought are unnecessary. After some little time our spirits were at ease again in mutual understanding. "Pip," she said, dreamily, "what did you really mean by social virtues?" "Oh!" I replied, contentedly, "I was thinking of team games. You see you have to have some form of contest for men to work off the fighting instinct, which is dangerous to society. Boxing and wrestling and racing, of course, are very good in their way, but they are very individualistic. In team games like cricket and football the individual can try his very hardest, but he always has to remember he is co-operating with others. He can, as it were, glory in his own skill without being wholly absorbed in it. As someone once said: 'excellence consists in using personal abilities for the common advantage.'" "I always did love cricket," she murmured. "I think the men look lovely in white flannels."

As I said, women are different!

Pip.

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LEEDS UNIVERSITY OLD STUDENTS,  
"ADRIATIC," JUNE 1st.



M.V. "BRITANNIC" (L.U.O.S.A. Tour, 1930).

## Why not an American Tour for the O.S.A.

THE Travel Committee of the O.S.A. has made preliminary arrangements with the White Star Line to reserve Tourist Cabin accommodation in their magnificent motor vessel, the "Britannic," sailing on August 2nd, 1930. Twenty-five of the best births of the ship have been set aside for our use, and the return fare for the round trip, including New York, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Ottawa, Quebec and Montreal, back to Liverpool, is only just over £50, and this price includes sleeping births on all-night trains. There are a large number of Old Students resident in the Eastern States, and from preliminary enquiries which have already been made, it is fairly certain that those who pay a visit to America will receive a good welcome. It is proposed to throw the membership of the tour open to friends and relations of Old Students, and it is hoped that those who are at all interested will make the venture known as widely as possible. The ticket is available for return after one or more weeks' stay on land, and therefore the duration of the trip will be anything from three weeks upwards. Full particulars with detailed itinerary are being sent to all members of the O.S.A., and others interested may have a copy on application to the Secretary. It is important to point out that allotment of berths will be in the order in which applications are received. For the present it will be sufficient merely to send in your name. The intending travellers will be required to pay a deposit of £4 before their claim to the berth selected is acknowledged by the steamship company.

A Passenger Plan of the "Britannic" is now available in the O.S.A. Rooms, and can be seen on application to the Hon. Treasurer.

Mr. Arthur Ramsden has recently returned from a trip to America. Below you will find a short account of his experiences. He will be pleased to give first hand information as to actual conditions, etc., to all enquirers.

## A Holiday in Canada.

ALTHOUGH the summer holidays are now receding into the middle distance, the impressions left by a first visit to Canada and the United States still seem a rather haphazard collection.

However, to begin with, one impression is quite clear—that it was worth while crossing the Atlantic to see what one can of the West in a few weeks; while a first visit so brief as this naturally leaves one hoping to return.

The two sea passages in themselves are a fine holiday. We had good weather both outward and homeward bound, which counts for a lot; and the "Laurentic" and "Albertic" in which I sailed have both very comfortable accommodation in the "Tourist" section.

I can heartily recommend the trip to anyone in search either of an energetic or a lazy holiday. You get up in the morning knowing that after breakfast you can look forward to a whole day on deck, with nothing more exacting expected of you than to play perhaps a game or two of shuffleboard or deck tennis, or to recline on a comfortable deck-chair with a novel out of the Ship's library, and let the Atlantic go past! And to-morrow will be like to-day, and the eight days crossing seems to stretch quite a long way into the future.

If you are energetic you will of course take your deck games seriously; perhaps you will carry off a prize in the tournament at shuffleboard, and get your handicap down to single figures at deck-golf!

In the evening there is generally a dance or concert, or both; "and so to bed," with another day free from the sordid cares of the landsman's life, to look forward to on the morrow!

Eight days after leaving Liverpool we reached Montreal, having to be content with viewing Quebec from the water. We found Montreal sweltering in a heat wave, which recalls the Canadians' skill in concocting teetotal summer drinks. Who will tell us the secret of honey-dew, and say what it is they add to the orange-juice to make "the little difference, and oh! how much?"

My chief regret this summer has been having to leave such places as Banff, Lake Louise and Gasper Park unvisited except for the glimpse one gets from the train; but that is only one more reason to return as soon as possible and visit some of them again.

## Leeds University Old Students' Association.

### London Letter.

#### *Hon. Treasurer:*

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

#### *Hon. Secretary:*

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

Please look at the calendar the moment that you read this and if it registers any date previous to November 19th prepare to send a message to the Secretary of the London Branch, for November 19th is the date arranged for our next dinner, and when you hear all about it you will want to be there.

Our guests are to be the Right Honourable Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister of Health, and Mrs. Greenwood, and all Leeds Students, we feel certain, will be delighted to do them honour.

The dinner is to be held at University College, Gower Street, by kind permission of the authorities, and the Refectory there has been this term placed under the management of Miss Joan Towle, daughter of Mr. Francis Towle, of the L.M.S. Hotels, so we may rest content that the actual dinner will be as it should.

It is proposed to curtail the speeches to a minimum so as to leave ample time for an entertainment, to be arranged by a small sub-committee appointed for the purpose, and an informal dance for those of the party who feel inclined to take part.

We hope that the members of the O.S.A. will roll up in large numbers to honour our guests and also to add their lustre in the function, which promises to be a most enjoyable one.

### News of Old Students.

T. J. HART B.Sc. has been appointed Zoologist to the Government of the Falkland Isles, on board H.M.R.S. *Discovery II*.

Mr. Hart was a member of the Zoological Department 1925-29 and graduated with First Class Honours last session. He is a well-known figure in Boat Club circles and rowed bow for the second crew in 1928, before his academic work took the whole of his energies. His engagement to Miss Edith Angood, B.Sc., of the Zoological Department, was recently announced.

The expedition is expected to sail for Antarctic waters some time in November. Mr. Hart's influence and personality will be missed by all his old friends: he is one of the most brilliant scholars the Zoological Department has possessed for many years and we all wish him the best of good fortune in this great enterprise.

W.W.

WILLIAM ARTHUR COOPER, M.A. (Cantab.), M.Sc. (Leeds) (Science and Arts, 1900-3), has been appointed Headmaster of Ackworth School.



## BIRTHS.

To JOHN DALBY (Arts, 1919-22) and Mrs. Dalby, formerly CHRISTINE RAW (Arts 1920-3), on the 10th October, at Wesley College, Colombo, Ceylon, a daughter.

To S. W. CHEVELEY (Agric., 1920-24) and Mrs. Cheveley, on the 14th Sept., at Ivy House, Cornwall Road, Cheam, Surrey, a daughter.

To L. E. S. EASTHAM (Zool. and Agric., 1914-15 and 1919-21) and Mrs. Eastham (KATHLEEN JACKSON, Zool., 1917-21), on the 1st September, a daughter.

To J. K. THOMPSON (Agric., 1919-22) and Mrs. Thompson, on the 17th July, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

J. M. DIXON (History and Ed., 1921-25) to ETHEL ATKIN (Maths. and Ed., 1920-24), on the 15th August, 1929, at Argyle Street Wesleyan Church, Hull. Address: 68, Gresham Road, Bournemouth.

RUPERT D. WEEDEN-BUTLER to MARY WILKINSON (Science, 1917-20), at Llantrisant.

T. S. CHARLTON (Science, 1922-25) and DORA M. COCKROFT (Science, 1921-5), on the 17th September, at St. Augustine's Church, Bradford.

HARRY APPELYARD (Col. Chem., 1919-23) to MURIEL OAKLEY, on the 29th June, in Birmingham.

G. P. MEREDITH (Phys. and Ed., 1921-26) to MARIE MULLER, on 7th August, at All Saints' Church, Plumpton, Sussex.

E. A. COULSON, M.A., D.Phil. (Oxon.), to JESSIE SENIOR (English, 1921-24), on the 16th September, 1929.

## DEATH.

JOHN A. HARTLEY (Chem. 1910-14), husband of DOROTHY HARTLEY (née MASTERMAN, Arts, 1910-14), on the 26th August, at Wells House, Cowick, Snaith, Goole.

## Merseyside Branch.

10, HILLINGDON ROAD,  
WAVERTREE,  
LIVERPOOL.

By the time these notes appear in print we shall have held our First Annual Dinner. It is to be at Reece's Restaurant, Parker Street, Liverpool, on Saturday, October 26th, at 7-30 p.m., and there will be dancing after dinner for those who are both disposed and capable! A Bridge Drive on a small scale is being held at the above address on Saturday, 19th October. Other social events are being arranged. Our numbers are growing steadily. Let me have that new member from each of you this term please!

We shall always be pleased to see old Leeds students passing through Liverpool on their way to America and coming back from there (as millionaires or otherwise!).

S. WORMALD.

P.S.—I have meant for some time to extend a special invitation to Mancunians to attend any of our meetings. I'm sorry this will be too late to ask you in Manchester to grace our Dinner. However, perhaps we may have the pleasure of seeing some of you in the near future.

## UNION NOTES.

**P**ERHAPS it is as yet too early to make any rash remarks about the state of things, since we are as yet still picking up threads; still making contacts which can give some general idea of the whole sphere of action. Society life still flourishes and enthusiastic crowds are still keen on spending an evening together. The Lit' and Hist. attracts about one hundred to its meetings; the Dramatic Society runs entertaining Play Readings, and it is proved that given a good subject the Debating Society can attract a full Hall. The S.C.M., with no other inducement than that of asking men and women to think for themselves can run a well-attended week-end conference; and so the tale goes on, all pointing to an activity and *esprit de corps* as keen as ever and without which the University would be a dull place for many people. Our Society life is more than worth cultivating, and we should like to take this opportunity of asking all Society Secretaries, or anyone in fact who runs anything, to let us have their card in the office. We are interested, and badly want to get the "feel" of the University, which can only come by personal contacts.

On the administrative side we are still settling down, but already most of the Sub-Committees have been in action. Mr. Stuart Smith has been appointed General Athletics' Secretary, and for his week I refer you to the Athletics' Notes.

Hon. Secretary.



**GENERAL.**—The term is now three weeks old, and by this time most of the University clubs have held their trials, and in many cases, embarked upon the first serious encounters of the season. This year has been a pleasing one in that a fine enthusiasm is being shown by Freshers generally, so that old players in the clubs are having to "look to their laurels." Thus we find the Soccer Club running three and often four elevens, while rumour has it that, if needs be, the Women's Hockey can field as many as six elevens! We trust that this enthusiasm will bear the fruit it deserves.

## THE CLUBS.

**ASSOCIATION.**—The 1st XI soccer team opened with an away match against Monston Mental Hospital on October 8th. Although never really extended, the side showed much of the talent which carried it so far last season, and won comfortably by 8 goals to 4. F. N. Anderson (2), R. Gill, B. H. Rolls, O. H. Tonloff (3) and J. Johnson were the scorers for Leeds.

On Saturday, October 12th, they visited Whitehall Prateries. This side is the one which last year reached the semi-final of the Amateur Cup, and the University XI brought off an excellent performance in winning by 4 goals to 2. Both defence and attack played well, and there is every promise of a fine combination being developed when the players have settled down. F. N. Anderson (3) and Rolls scored for Varsity.

The team so far this season has consisted of the following:—

Goal .. ..	A. G. KIDD.
Right Back .. ..	S. REE.
Left Back .. ..	R. T. BLACK.
Right Half .. ..	R. THURLOW.
Centre Half .. ..	J. JOHNSON (Captain).
Left Half .. ..	E. AKED or J. W. BURTON.
Right Wing .. ..	L. GIBSON.
Inside Right .. ..	B. R. ROLLS.
Centre Forward .. ..	F. N. ANDERSON.
Inside Left .. ..	G. GILL.
Left Wing .. ..	O. H. TONLOFF.

**THE SECOND XI.**—The Second XI have played one match against Oakwood Old Boys, which they won comfortably by six clear goals. Campbell (4), Reeman and S. Andrew scored for the 'Varsity. Here again there is much promise of a very successful season.

**THE RUGGER CLUB.**—The Rugger XV, while having the nucleus of a very useful pack, have been handicapped by the absence, owing to knee trouble, of their captain, R. Illingworth. This has meant a distinct weakness in the threes, particularly in the centre, which has been a drawback to the team. However, we trust that Illingworth will soon be fit, and in the meantime, Bell seems to be developing rapidly and should strengthen the centre threes.

On Saturday, October 5th, the 1st XV met Old Bradfordians, when the weakness behind the scrum was very evident, and the game was lost by 25 points to 10. The Old Bradfordian threes were at times brilliant, and although Holborn often found touch well, there were always too many opposing backs in the right place for him to stop any of the tries.

Hobson, W. (2 tries) went over to gain the 'Varsity tries; W. L. Atkinson converted.

On October 9th, the same XV journeyed to Bradford and were defeated by the Bradford Club by 24 points to 3. Once again the forwards played well, and were superior in the scrummages, but the backs were weak in defence. Hobson, W., went over for our solitary try.

A welcome revival, however, occurred on October 12th, when the 'Varsity XV, playing at Westwood against Skipton, brought off a brilliant victory by 17 points to nil. Bell was introduced as inside man to Gledhill, and their passing enabled Gledhill to score three of our tries. Horricks scored the fourth, while Atkinson scored a penalty goal, and also converted one of the tries. In spite of this marked improvement, however, many chances were lost through bad handling.

The "A" team managed to bring off a draw against Old Bradfordians "A" team on October 5th, but here again, with the exception of Smith, the back division was rather weak. Hodges, W., Kirby and Smith scored our tries, one of which Milner converted.

Against Skipton "A" at Skipton, we were defeated by 18 points to 3, while an away game against the College of the Resurrection at Miffield was also lost by 6 points to 14. Westwood scored in the first match, while Smith and Foss went over for the 'Varsity in the second.

**HOCKEY (MEN).**—The men's hockey team, of which J. J. Fry is once again the captain, have several old colours men in the team, and with this nucleus there is every prospect of yet another successful season. J. Kirk and P. J. Reddy are still up and have been joined by several of their fellow countrymen.

The 1st XI opened with an away match against Undercliffe H.C., a strong Yorkshire side, and were defeated by 8 goals to 3. The team contained several Freshers, and as it was the first game of the season, it would be premature to forecast anything with regard to the future. Henson, Finley and Warin scored for the 'Varsity.

**THE SECOND XI** played a home match against Old Modonians on October 5th, which was won by 3 goals to 2. Lupton (2) and Laycock scoring. The match against Barnsley II on the following Saturday, was lost rather badly by 6 goals to one. In this case, however, the side "cracked" in the last ten minutes, when Barnsley scored four times without response. Balmer was the outstanding man in the Leeds side.

**HARRIERS' CLUB.**—Up to the time of going to press, the Harriers have had no match, but have concentrated on getting as fit as possible for their engagement with Sheffield University, at Lavenham, on October 20th. The Freshers have shown up to good advantage, and it has often been the peculiar lot of the captain, J. Booth, to have to restrain, rather than encourage, the natural exuberance of the newcomers. Allison is unfortunately ill, which may keep him out of the team for a while, and Crampton has a recurrence of leg trouble, but apart from this, the prospect of an excellent season is quite rosy.

**THE LACROSSE CLUB (MEN).**—It always seems the lot of the 'crosse clubs to have only just sufficient members to run a team, which is unfortunate, as it allows no safety margin for accidents to players. This sparsity of players was felt by the men's club in their first match when, mainly owing to the handicap of playing without a man at 1st Home, they were beaten by Headingley L.C. by 8 goals to 15. Wormald (5), Hall (2) and Withers, D. C., scored for Leeds. Against Huddersfield away on October 12th, a much better show was put up, and we only just lost by the odd goal in five. Withers, D. C., and Moss scored for Leeds.

**WOMEN'S HOCKEY TEAMS.**—Although the women's 1st XI hockey team have not to date, embarked on their first match, a great amount of practice has been put in, and it is now a common and welcome sight to see the queues of women waiting patiently on the touch-line at Westwood until their turn comes for a game.

One of the most successful centre forwards of late years to join the women's hockey team was E. Garforth, who came to Leeds from the Royal Holloway College, London University, and this year the same College has again supplied us with a centre forward of great promise. There is every prospect of a successful season being enjoyed.

THE SECOND XI played Wakefield High School on Saturday, October 12th, and won more comfortably than the 5-2 score suggests. Bousfield (1), Allerton (2) and Vouse (2), scored for Leeds.

WOMEN'S LACROSSE CLUB.—Very fortunately, the women's 'crosse team are able to play this year on one of the new lower pitches which were laid down at Westwood last year, and they are looking forward to a successful season.

On Saturday, October 12th, they entertained and beat Thoresby High School L.C. by 13 goals to 3, in which game the attacks showed promise of better combination than formerly. M. Ashby (8), M. Appleton (5), E. Jones (1) and W. Peaker (1), scored for Leeds.

NETHALL CLUB.—The court at Westwood has been improved during the summer, and a good number of Freshers turned up at the commencement of term. The Club is running four teams, and hopes to continue the success which is now almost a tradition at Leeds. It is unfortunate, however, that G. Holmes (captain) has a had recurrence of her knee trouble and may be out of the team for an indefinite period, and we offer her our sincere condolences over this misfortune.

STUART G. SMITH,  
General Athletics Secretary.

## UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES.

LEEDS UNDERGRADUATES' LABOUR SOCIETY.—This Society has made a very successful beginning to this session and shows every sign of proving itself worthy of the great traditions of the past. Some very good meetings have been arranged, some of which should interest non-members, as for example, the visit of Mr. Clifton Robbins, of the International Labour Office. Full particulars are to be found on the advertisement pages of this issue.

Professor Abercrombie's acceptance of a post in London University deprives us, for the moment of a President. We have every hope, however, that Professor Brodetaky will accept this position.

Four interesting and important study groups have been arranged on Agriculture; Trades Unionism; Education and Political News: these will be led by J. M. Boggis, M. Lindley (H.O.R.), Miss Sikes, and Edwin Barker respectively, and those interested should communicate with these at once.

The usual Rambles (for which the Society is famed) will take place and details about these and the Social will appear on the notice board in due course.

The work of the Government is arousing interest, admiration, and in some cases, surprise all over the world. You can hear of their achievements and future proposals at our meetings.

There is still time for YOU to join—why stop out in the cold? You will be welcomed in the "friendliest" society in the "friendliest" University.

J. M. BOGGIS, Secretary.

### WOMEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.—

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK! GIVE US A TRIAL!

What other club offers you such a chance?

Are you suffering from NERVOUSNESS?

BORERDOM?

LONGEDINESS?

We guarantee to cure any or all of these symptoms.

Will playing hockey save your life or anybody else's? Of course it won't!  
rather the opposite.

We combine thrills and safety. We are the Friendly Club. WHO are we?

Why! L. U. S. C. I. Don't know what that is?

Leeds University Swimming Club (Women's Section).

Free tuition Mondays and Thursdays, 5-30 p.m., at Cookridge Street Baths.  
We could make a brick swim—compared with this, teaching you is easy! Come along!

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY.**—It is hoped to make this Society an even more real expression of the Fellowship of the Church than it has been before.

The Reception at H.O.R., presided over by Mrs. Hamilton-Thompson, who provided tea, was an unequalled success, and a foretaste of things to come. We are indeed grateful to her and to the Rev. the Warden of H.O.R. for their hospitality.

The part to be played by our members in the forthcoming mission is no small one, and fullest use of the Corporate Communion should be made so that members of the Church of England can cement themselves into a solid body of men and women who will give themselves body and soul to the task of expressing the Christian way of living in everyday life.

J. M. Boggis, *Secretary*.

**THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS SOCIAL AND ATHLETIC CLUB.**—The Annual General Meeting was held on Thursday, September 24th, 1920, in the Small Chemical Lecture Theatre. Mr. Webster in the chair.

The Report and Balance Sheet for the past year was read and passed. I am pleased to say that we are still holding our head above water again, to start another year.

The following officers were elected for the current year:—

<i>President</i>	- - -	THE VICE-CHANCELLOR.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	- - -	MR. A. E. WHEELER and Prof. PRIESTLEY.
<i>Chairman</i>	- - -	MR. WEBSTER.
<i>General Secretary</i>	- - -	MR. RUMFITT.
<i>Sports Secretary</i>	- - -	MR. APPLEBY.
<i>Treasurer</i>	- - -	MR. H. PARKER.
<i>Financial Representative</i>	- - -	J. H. KING.
<i>Auditors</i>	- - -	J. H. KING and Mr. ELLIS.
<i>"Griffon" Writer</i>	- - -	J. H. KING.

It was decided to hold our Annual Social during December. Also that an Appeal Dance be held again during the year. That our Annual Excursion be to Blackpool next year.

J. H. KING.

**EMPLOYEES' CRICKET CLUB.**—The Employees' Cricket Club's record for the past season was:—

Matches played	..	16
Won	..	4
Lost	..	12

**EMPLOYEES' FOOTBALL CLUB—SEASON 1920-1921.**

Matches played	..	2
Won	..	1
Lost	..	1

The Football Club only started last year, but had a fairly successful season. The Club had three dances in the Refectory last winter to clear their expenses, and hope to run another series of dances this winter, which we hope will clear the Club of debt.

J. H. KING.

**LEEDS UNIVERSITY NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.**—The Society started its activities on Thursday, October 10th, when Dr. Versey gave an interesting lecture on "Land Bridges" (the Presidential Address by Professor Garstang having been postponed until Thursday, November 7th). The opening ramble of the season was held on Sunday, October 13th, when a large party set out from Leeds by bus for Harwood, from which point the walk began along Harwood Avenue, through Socklinghall, and on to Spoforth, where lunch was taken.

After lunch, Spoforth Castle was viewed, and the journey was then continued to Ormes Cliff via Harrogate. At Ormes Cliff a hearty tea was enjoyed, and thus strengthened, we resumed our tramp down-hill to Otley, where we caught a bus back to Leeds, arriving there at 9 o'clock (just too late for supper in the case of hostel members).

Members of the party agree that the ramble was a success socially, and that one did not need to possess extraordinary stamina to keep pace with the leader of the party. I should like to emphasise the last point, as many new members of the Society seemed doubtful of their staying power, and consequently did not turn out for this ramble. We should like to see them all on the next ramble, to be held on Sunday, November 10th.

**OPEN LECTURE.**—This year the Society is to have an Open Lecture, to be given by Professor A. C. Hardy, in the Chemistry Lecture Theatre, on Thursday, December 8th, at 5-30 p.m., when all members of the University will be welcome.

Professor Hardy, who is Professor of Zoology at Hull University, was the leader of the last "Discovery" expedition. His lectures are always of a very popular nature, and on this occasion, when his subject will be "Whales and Whaling," the lecture will be profusely illustrated by lantern slides. We feel that the lecture will appeal to a large number outside the Society and hope that as many as possible will take the opportunity of hearing Professor Hardy.

N. GILL, Hon. Secretary.

**GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.**—"Allons! the road is before us!" This phrase typifies the spirit of this Society, which has already a record of membership or about eighty. The bright prospects for the coming session are due in no small degree to the energy, enthusiasm and friendly spirit of all the different years and houses in the Society itself.

By the time these notes appear lectures will have been given by Mr. A. V. Williamson, M.A., the present Head of the Department, on "Palestine," and by Professor Fawcett, D.Sc., B.Litt., now of London. We are eagerly anticipating the visit of Professor P. M. Ruxby, M.A., of Liverpool University; the dates of these and later meetings will be found in the Union Calendar.

The members of the University may, by this time, be weary of the reiteration of our offers to welcome and interest the whole University. We still believe, however, that our subject is one which has an appeal for all who seek to understand the life of man. It is our earnest hope that the Society may never become merely Departmental. Therefore, we open our doors in welcome to any who choose to come and join us.

**INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.**—When *The Gryphon* went to press only one meeting—Mr. Kang's Chairman's Address—had been held, but by the time this appears our programme will be in full swing. In the near future we shall be having a theatre-night and a ramble, while we have a meeting every Saturday morning in the Education Room. The Reception to Overseas Students, for which invitations are sent to all International Society members, is on Monday, November 4th. We are going to run four study circles; those who have not yet joined one should apply at once to the Secretary.

**O.T.C. NOTES.**—With the opening of the new session the recruiting activities of the O.T.C. become its chief concern. Last session witnessed a very encouraging improvement in the matter of recruiting, the existing strength of the O.T.C. being nearly doubled by the influx of Freshers throughout the first term. Should this season, therefore, show proportionate improvement, the Corps will reach its full establishment of 120.

It is hoped that all members will renew their efforts towards recruiting, in order to bring about a state of affairs which has not existed for many years—the attainment of full strength.

This matter of strength is of the greatest importance, as it affects every branch of the activities of the O.T.C. Among the most important advantages following increase in strength are financial improvement and more consideration as regards the allotment of, and the catering in, the annual camp; a fact which appeal to all members.

This year must, therefore, be made a record year.

**MASS DINNER.**—A Mass Dinner will be held as usual after the first field-day on Wednesday, November 14th. Details will be announced later.

J.E.L.

**ECONOMICS SOCIETY.**—The Economics Society is one of the youngest University Societies, but it has succeeded in gathering together a large number of students both from the Economics School and from other Departments. Last session the Society was addressed by Alderman Ben Turner, the distinguished Liberal economist Mr. F. W. Hirst and Professor Carr-Saunders, of Liverpool. The session was wound up by a highly successful excursion to the Newcastle Exhibition.

The speakers for the present session include Sir Ernest Bain, Mr. Harverson (Passenger Manager, L.N.E.R.) and Mr. Sam Craven (Tailors' Union). The work of the Society in connection with the Juvenile Unemployment Centre is being continued, and is referred to elsewhere in this issue.

We hope the Society will achieve the same support from Freshers and members of the first year class as in the past. Anyone wishing to join should communicate with the secretaries.

D.K.C.

**WOMEN DAY STUDENTS.**—The General Meeting of the Women Day Students was held on Friday, October 11th. The President, Miss J. J. McMillan, invited all Freshers to a "Grab Grab" on October 24th, and announced that the Dance would be held on October 31st.

Although in numbers we exceed Hostel women, we are still faced with the problem of co-operation. It is difficult to get hold of people living within a radius of many miles, and many Day Students know only those whom they meet at their own lectures and games. The "Grab Grab," and a Christmas Party, which we hope to arrange for the end of this term, are efforts to get to know each other—so Day Students, support your own functions!

E.G.A.

**GYMNASTIC CLUB.**—The Club has opened the season in a very promising manner. All sections, that is, Gymnastics, Boxing and Fencing (Men and Women), are doing excellent practice work, and the attendance is well up to standard. There is, however, room in all sections for Freshmen, and an invitation is extended to all who have the necessary enthusiasm. The club has a very proud and victorious record to uphold during the present season. Last season the Gymnastic Section retained the Christie Championship, and defeated Cambridge on their own ground. The boxers swept all before them in making a decisive victory in the Christie Championship. The Women Fencers broke the monopoly of 33 years defects at the hands of Manchester Women by winning the Christie Trophy for the first time. The men fencers were less fortunate, but showed consistent improvement throughout the season.

It had been anticipated that our promised fine new Gymnasium Building would be available for the second term of the present season, but at the moment this hope does not appear likely to be fulfilled. In the meantime the Club has good alternative accommodation. For particulars of practices, times and places, see Sports Notice Board.

A list of the officers of the Club, which was unfortunately omitted from the Handbook, is appended:—

<i>President</i>	- - - -	Professor GILLIGAN.
<i>Vice President</i>	- - - -	A. GRAHAM.
<i>Captain</i>	- - - -	R. T. BLACK.
<i>Vice Captain</i>	- - - -	S. BAKENDALE.
<i>Secretary</i>	- - - -	L. RUSHFORTH.
<i>Gymnastic Representative</i>	- - - -	A. D. T. GILLIGAN.
<i>Boxing Representative</i>	- - - -	R. O. HALL.
<i>Men's Fencing Representative</i>	- - - -	A. BLACKWELL.
<i>Women's Representative</i>	- - - -	J. ELLIOTT.

R. T. BLACK, *Captain*.

**LEEDS UNIVERSITY DEBATING SOCIETY.**—**OPENING DEBATE.**—Education Lecture Theatre, on Tuesday, 15th October, at 5-45 p.m. "That in the opinion of this House the University has prime claim on all our loyalties."

Chairman: Edwin Barker (Vice-President of the Union).

After the introductory remarks of the Chairman, who urged that the Debating Society was worthy of the full support of all members of the University if only for the variety and attractiveness of the subjects for debate this session; J. Buggis moved the above motion. Defining the purpose of the function of the University as a moulding influence and preparation for a larger life, he pleaded for a broad mind and liberal outlook in the conception of our work in the University. He provided an intriguing variety of synonyms for a University including academic home, an organic unity, a polis and a Gracious Mother. He made an eloquent appeal for loyalty to the whole life and functions of a University, and concluded by a request for all members to regard with reverence the philanthropy and great ideal of the founder of the institution. In opposing, V. G. Richardson opened his remarks with definitions on loyalty, and proceeded to detail the various departments of life that demanded our loyalty. He resuscitated the shades of Plato and Aristotle to prove that the State demanded prime loyalty and subordinated all individual loyalties to the State. He rejected Science and philosophy as being incapable of completely satisfying his search for Truth and regarded religion as his great source of strength. After demonstrating various calls upon our loyalties which had greater claim than the University he completed his remarks with an exhortation to be loyal to the broader things of life.

In seconding the motion, Miss B. Hebbott put forward the claim of expedience, and contended that the University had prime claim while we were students. Mr. Singleton seconded the opposition by clinging to the Home and Friendship for first loyalties. In the House one could almost hear the clashing of loyalties in members' minds and after some interesting discussion the motion was carried by an impressive majority.

Mid-day Debate, on Monday, 21st October.

"That this House deplores the presence of Women in the University."

For this Debate the Education Lecture Theatre was packed to the doors and many people were turned away. Mr. Thompson, proposing, deprecated the fact that women were able to influence the studies and serious business of man's life at a University and called upon the authorities to bar the doors to "the softer sex." He advocated separate Universities for women and stoutly declared that Universities were NOT matrimonial agencies. Mr. Perryman, opposing, declared that as women were admitted to other departments of social and commercial life they had a place in the University. He questioned the theory that as the work and function of men and women differed, the latter should thereby be considered inferior. Keen discussion

in the House followed. Miss M. Talbot made men weep with gratitude when she drew wondrous pictures of the softening influence of the gentle graces and form divine of woman. The claims of women as wives, cooks and educationalists, drew caustic arguments, and the vote being taken it was declared that the motion was lost by 90 votes to 79. Over 200 members were present.

We take this opportunity of bringing to notice the debate to be held in Devonshire Hall, on Thursday, November 7th, at 8 p.m., on the motion "That this House regrets the Past, deplores the Present and has no hope for the Future." Devonshire extends a very "warm welcome" to all students of the University and it may be suggested that here is an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with the subtle wit peculiar to the Hostel.

N. J. FRANGOPULO.

## Hostel Notes.

COLLEGE HALL.—We had our usual Goodbye Party last term, on Tuesday, June 25th, when those going down gave some interesting representations of scenes from Hostel life. As ever, the toasting in the attic at midnight was thoroughly enjoyed.

This term, we have welcomed rather more than the usual number of Freshers. The latter are just beginning to settle down after the bewildering round of socials, etc., to which all Freshers are invited. The Freshers' Social, on the second Saturday of term was a great success. The seniors gave one of the St. Francis Plays and a very amusing film entitled "—Shrieks of the Sahara."

One of the carbons of the Canteen (kindly lent to us by the Geography Department) broke at the very beginning of the performance—much to the alarm of the Sick and others anxiously waiting behind the screens!

It fell to the lot of College Hall to give the plays at the W.R.C. Social this year. The two chosen were: "Surprised Desires" and "Gads the Gimlet."

WETWOOD NOTES.—Alice in Wonderland (a continuation).

Alice found the Blue Gryphon brooding sonorously over his extensive parkland. "Term and tide wait for no man," he observed judiciously, adding, with fitful inspiration from the finer Arts provided by the Hamlet of his later year: "No, nor woman neither." "As it is," he continued, getting well into his stride, "I could tell you of old, unhappy, far-off things, and Finals long ago, but such is not fit hearing for a Fresher"; and he softly quoted to himself:

Alas, what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted, graduates year,  
And strictly meditate on thankless Edu.

"You're making rather a hash of the metre," mentioned Alice timidly, but the Blue Gryphon merely rolled jaded eyes upon her, and said, in a hollow, *fin de siècle* voice: "These things no longer count—and twenty six of my members are slaving for their Diploma," he added, gazing regretfully at his claws. Then suddenly sparkling with his wonted fire, he cried briskly: "Come and let me show you round. But don't be too hasty my child, as I am growing my hair," and he self-consciously tucked away a few bank ends; then held forth in his best style:

"You will observe the fresh paint liberally bestowed on almost everything that needed it, and pray admire our new perquisites, the pseudo-lemonade glasses, of a pleasing submarine shade, and," added the B.G. with real animation, "you will doubtless note our consistent colour-scheme, in having attendant handmaidens in mauve and green accessories, like so many sylphs and nymphs, sylphs and nymphs—oh, you know what I mean!"

"Yes," politely said Alice, who didn't.  
"Would you like an Acme wringer?" demanded the B.G. suddenly and fiercely. "Well, I hadn't exactly thought about it," said Alice, "but it sounds nice." "It would do beautifully to furnish the laundry, and I am so keenly interested in the domestic arts, and it's really quite simple, you just turn the handle like a gramophone, only of course there's nowhere to put the record," he burst out in a torrent of eagerness.

"Oh, but I much prefer a ping-pong table," declared Alice firmly.  
"What a splendid idea!" said the B.G. in astonished admiration, "I'd never thought of that. But come, my friend, there are piping times ahead," and he began cooing round on one leg, and chanting incoherently of Freshers Socials and Dances.

"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you, won't you join the Dance?" Then he voiced a tremendous Kumati that roused even the axolotls from their torpor.

"Ka ora!" bellowed back Alice, who was learning fast.

E.S.



**OXLEY NOTES.**—Not the least noteworthy among our Freshers this year is Robert, the dog, who, when lying upon the rug in the Common Room, rattling in one of the outhouses, or tearing across the lawn, gives an air of distinction to Hostel life.

As usual we have joined the Labour, Dramatic and other Societies in large numbers, and our first year's upholding the tradition of Oxley's interest in University affairs. Our Freshers' Social has not been held yet, but is taking place on Wednesday, November 6th, to be followed by a Women's Social, on Saturday, November 9th.

**LYDDON HALL.**—With fourteen of our old students gone down (fourteen *i.e.*, out of thirty-nine) the advent of the fourteen Freshers in our midst some of us viewed the coming of this term with no little trepidation, all of which has vanished now that we are beginning once more to settle down as a unity. Our Freshers are showing signs of a healthy and varied interest in the athletic, social and intellectual pursuits of University life. We feel very proud, too, of the presence in our midst of four people who got "firsts" last term and are now doing post-graduate courses.

This year our Freshers were perhaps unlucky in that their entrance into Hostel was somewhat eclipsed by the changes which have been made in the Hostel itself. Our new Common Room floor is ideal for dancing, while the new curtains, rugs and decorations generally bear good witness to the care and taste of those who are responsible for our well-being here. The forthcoming bazaar which we are organising on behalf of the Appeal Fund will form the occasion when we hope to show our changed Hostel to those who are interested. In the meantime we are very busy making preparations for it, and are hoping that the Fund will really benefit by our efforts.

#### DEVONSHIRE HALL NOTES.—

*Topic:* Early First Term.

**Dramatic Personae:** THE FRESHER, full of hope and self-confidence, certain that the halo (?) surrounding the first class Honours man is to be his some three years hence; he was a big bug at school, surely the whole world knows him for what he is. Colours and honours are to be showered on him.

THE 2ND YEAR MAN. His it is to disillusion the Fresher, bring him to earth, or the floor, out of the realm of day dreams. Finals to him are things in the far distant future. . . . Sufficient unto the day. . . .

THE FINALS MAN comes up determined to work. Hours of lab., a thesis, and the Lord alone knows what else await him. . . . but still.

THE FOURTH YEAR MAN. [Did I hear a whisper of Edu.?]. School prac., innumerable lectures. . . . ad infinitum are fixed by fate to be his lot. He walks about surrounded by an air of self-importance—he is the Lord of the Universe.

Please note that all characters in the above are entirely fictitious.

The term at D.H. has opened in an unusually quiet fashion, except for the playful little attentions to which our Freshers were subjected. At our "Trials" a wealth of talent was revealed which would have astonished anyone ignorant of our prowess in this sphere.

Who could adequately describe the mingled feelings prevalent at this time. We miss old friends, new subjects fit for Raphael or Michael Angelo are to be found amidst us—I never thought so, but so *Jawa* tells me. Glory and honour are ours, and we offer all our best wishes to those of our members who sit in the seats of the mighty, most especially to Mr. S. Morgan, B.Sc., President of the Union, and Mr. T. Booth, B.A., our Hostel President.

We offer a hint to our Freshers—other means do not seem to suffice, let us hope a public one will. There was once an Annual function, provided over and given by our seniors.

*Ref.*—Freshers' Concert. He who runs may read. . . .

Rumour, backed by strong foundation, has it that we must needs turn our backs on this noble and venerable pile some nine months hence, to take up our abode elsewhere. But our traditions go with us—Uncle Tom Cobley and all, we leave nothing to our successors but an empty hall.

After being in abeyance throughout last season, D.H.R.U.F.C. has once again sprung to life, and though our ranks are pillaged to give the Varsity its various XV's, we are striving to uphold the traditions of our predecessors.

With a full fixture list the Soccer team is hoping to meet with a good measure of success. They have already beaten Belle Vue Sec. School.

We have a name, a tradition to uphold, Devonshire men have never proved themselves unworthy.—*Per ardua ad astra.*

"Duce."

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