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THE GRYPHON

The Journal of the University of Leeds



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DEC., 1929

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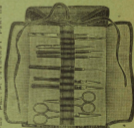
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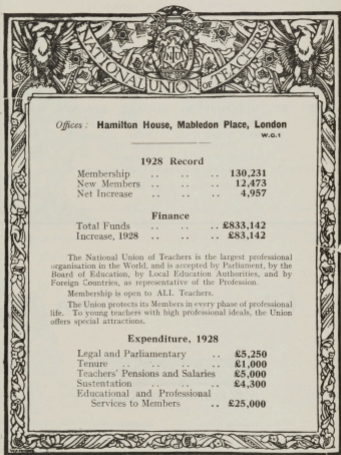
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THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sickle feathers; yet have wee ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when we knowe them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the censure which wee have ever founde than to the profection which wee ought to feare."—LYLY.

Editorial.

IT is more than a month now since Sir Thomas Beecham, in the Great Hall of this University, descended upon us like Tamburlaine with a scourge. In a lecture, which was almost non-English in its strong, emotional appeal and powerful rhetoric, he summoned against us all the forces of pleading and contempt to urge us into taking a vital interest in opera. At one moment he delighted us with the exquisite presentation of his subject, interspersed by ironic gleams now and then; the next he dazzled us with recollections of brilliant pre-war capitals, where all the culture and genius of Europe congregated together, and where even to-day some great singer becomes a nation's darling—only to confound us with the statement that in all this mighty company we are nicknamed barbarians. Nor was his scourge the less stinging for the fact that he wielded it while sitting in his chair as the Scythian shepherd did long ago. Had we been Italians, or Mexicans, or even the Russians of literary caricature, overcome with a profound sense of our degeneracy and torn by repentance, we should have flung our arms round each other's necks sobbing, or organized a raid on the Appeal Fund and begun an opera-house on the spot. As it was, being stolid Yorkshire people, we grinned good-humouredly enough, although a little embarrassed—until the lecturer electrified us by telling us to stop.

There could have been no more striking contrast than the method of that other great man, His Grace the Archbishop of York, who preached to us on November 24th. Here were no emotional high-lights, no electrifying effects, except perhaps for a joke from the pulpit that rather astonished some more conservative members of the congregation. Indeed, it almost seemed as if the ordinary oratorical effects, to which a church setting lends itself so readily, had been deliberately laid aside for a curious detachment. Nothing could have been more quiet, more reasonable, more matter-of-fact, than the way in which he approached his subject, as though he would not appear to urge at all for fear of prejudicing us.

Yet both these great men made striking though different appeals to us. Sir Thomas Beecham, on the one hand, urged us, as the youth of the country, to be the pioneers of musical culture and indeed of all the arts for a nation in danger of intellectual and cultural death. The Archbishop, rather, emphasised our youth, not as in opposition to rut-walking middle age, but in its contrast

with the credulity and submissiveness of childhood. He emphasised the importance of our time here less as one of enthusiasm than one of enquiry and criticism, an endeavour to test and weigh all that we have hitherto accepted on authority. These statements are both different in essence, but they demand a great deal of energy from those who wish to profit by them. How does our University reveal itself as an expression of these two attitudes of mind, enthusiasm and critical enquiry?

No doubt, Erasmus returning to earth again after 400 years would find ample material in this place for a new *Praise of Folly*, and would smile once more at "the student for his sickly look, the grammarian for his self-satisfaction, the philosopher for his quibbling, the sportsman for his love of butchery." He would smile gently perhaps at these a-many societies, which by their number and variety seem to indicate an almost terrific energy in our student life. But surely these are good, being, above all, bodies that should express that combined spirit of enthusiasm and criticism advocated for us this term. Can we really believe this? or are they becoming too hackneyed, too stereotyped.

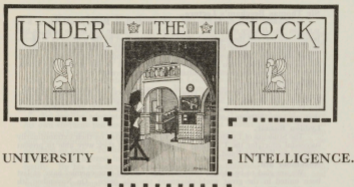
Some of them, of course, should be permanent constituents of our University life—as necessary as bread, more so even than buildings—these being the societies interested in drama, music, scientific research, and surely we should be able to rank art with these more definitely than we have done of late.

And for the rest, they should be young, wild, eager shoots, rising up like mushrooms and fading as quickly, as the light of interest in that particular subject wakes and wanes. There was a Twenty-seven Club three years ago. Now there is no Twenty-seven Club. For the matter of that, most of us belong to too many societies and not seriously enough or responsibly enough to any of them. And so while we lean back figuratively speaking in arm-chairs, the harassed secretaries dart away to persuade professors and other mighty ones to give our Society papers for us—while we, for our part, may or may not eat six teas in the Refectory, and go to the Annual Social.

The Lyddon Bazaar.

THE great event that November brought for us was the bazaar, which was held on the 13th. Miss Lupton had promised to open it, and we were very pleased to have her with us on that day. We had worked hard to make it a success, but without the help of those who supported us we could not have hoped to realise the £82 at which figure the fund now stands. Through the generosity of Mr. Pickering Haigh, the father of one of our students, another £100 has been added to what we were able to make ourselves. We feel very grateful indeed to Mr. Haigh; this gift, coming at a time when the bazaar was just beginning to take shape in our minds, was one of the greatest incentives we had towards carrying through with the project. In acknowledging our debt to those who helped us we must not forget Professor Hamilton Thompson, who proved a very able and amusing auctioneer, the Hall Porter, whose well known resourcefulness was of great assistance, and Mr. Parker, who provided the music for the dancing.

A.M. (Lyddon).



Donations.

A sum of £206 has been presented to the University for the purpose of making an award or grant to the Women Students of the Geography Department. This has been performed as a memorial to Miss Dorothy Wharton and her geographical work.

Resignations.

The following resignations have been received with regret :—

Professor HUGH STEWART, on his appointment as Principal of the Nottingham University College. We hope that he will be able to remain with us until the end of the Session.

Dr. H. WHITRIDGE DAVIES, Lecturer in Physiology and Pharmacology, on his election to the Chair of Physiology in the University of Ledney.

Mr. T. M. Naylor, Lecturer in Engineering, on his appointment as Head of the Departments of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering at the Harris Institute, Preston.

Mr. H. PRESTON, Assistant Lecturer (Agricultural Engineering), on his appointment as Civilian Education Officer in the Royal Air Force.

Dr. ARTHUR MASSEY, Honorary Demonstrator in Public Health, on his appointment as Medical Officer of Health for the City of Coventry.

Dr. EDWIN HOLMES, Surgical Tutor, on his appointment to a surgical post in connection with the Royal Hospital and University of Baghdad.

Leave of absence has been granted for one year to Mr. GEORGE ARMITAGE, Surgical Tutor, to enable him to proceed to the United States to take up a Rockefeller Fellowship.

Revised Diploma in Geography.

The Council has approved regulations for a revised Diploma in Geography, involving full-time attendance at the University for one Session, or, in special cases, equivalent attendance spread over a longer period. The nature and standard of the examination will be the same as obtain for a Student presenting Geography as a principal subject for the B.A. degree.

Sir Thomas Beecham's Lecture.

Sir Thomas Beecham lectured in the Great Hall, on Friday, Nov. 8th, at 8-30 p.m., on *The History of Opera*. Unhappily, the audience was not so large as had been hoped for, and the scattered effect was emphasised by the number of Students who persisted in sitting in the gallery when the body of the hall was not full. Those who were there, however, enjoyed a brilliant and moving lecture, in which he traced the opera from its origins in Greek drama to the present-day opera, as it is expressed in German, Italian and French forms.

University Sermon.

The University Sermon was preached by His Grace, the Archbishop of York, in Emmanuel Church, on Sunday, Nov. 22nd. He urged the value of our time in the University as a period of enquiry and criticism, a time of testing and trying all that we have hitherto accepted on authority.

Lyddon Bazaar.

The Students of Lyddon Hall are to be congratulated on their extraordinarily successful effort, for the University Appeal, by which they were able to present £182 to the Building Fund.

November 5th.

We are glad to be able to announce that two old-time enemies have at last been united in the great world-movement towards peace. On November 5th only 10 or 15 minutes' clean warfare was waged between Devonshire Hall and the Training College; very different from the struggles of three years ago, when missiles were hurled to and fro in the form of soot, flour, old fruit and rotten cabbages, while the Devonshire men bore off the enemy's standard in the shape of a stone dog.

Deaths.

We regret to have to announce the death of Professor W. RHYS ROBERTS, for 20 years Professor of Classics in this University, who died on October 30th, at Peacehaven, in Sussex, whither he had retired on leaving Leeds. He was buried at Hammersmith Cemetery on November 4th. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. G. W. Butterworth, Litt.D., one of his first students in Leeds, while Professor Connal, his one-time colleague, represented the University.

We also deeply regret the death of Dr. WAGER, who recently retired from the Honorary Lectureship in Mycology, Mr. C. F. STREAD, Mr. F. H. MORRIS and Colonel W. E. WALKER, Members of the Leather Industries' Committee, Mr. C. B. CRAWSHAW, a Member of the Mining Committee, and Mr. A. MICHAEL LUTTON, M.C., Chairman of the Textile Industries and Dyeing Committee.

The Library.

In 1925, the Warden and Fellows of All Souls' College, Oxford, presented to the University Library a valuable collection of early scientific books, and they have now generously added to this another collection of some 1,200 volumes. The new books form a fairly complete and very valuable collection of the theology of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, in original and contemporary editions. In addition to standard works of Protestant and Catholic theologians, the deists of the early 18th century and their orthodox opponents are particularly well represented, and there is an interesting series of Socinian works, printed at Racovia, in Poland, in the early 17th century.

Apart from the interest of its subject-matter, the collection has considerable bibliographical value, and has more than doubled the number of our English books printed before 1640.

Emeritus Professor W. Rhys Roberts.

TO former colleges and old students alike the news of the death of Emeritus Professor Rhys Roberts came as a grievous blow, for he had left behind him when he went from among us in 1923, after nineteen years of service, the memory of a great and inspiring teacher and of a most lovable man.

Rhys Roberts came to Leeds in 1904 to fill one of the Chairs of Classics which were instituted when the Yorkshire College became a University, and to become the head of the department. He came from Bangor, where for some 20 years he had done distinguished work in scholarship, and in the foundation and building up of the University of Wales.

To describe adequately his services to our own University would require his own eloquent pen and his native Welsh, or that ancient language which is the natural language of eulogy and of which he was a master. His fine scholarship and his erudition, both wide and deep, gave distinction to the chair which he occupied so long. To his students he gave of his best, never sparing himself—or them; his interest in their after careers never failed, as many of them can testify. By his colleagues he was regarded with admiration for his learning, with gratitude for his loyal and efficient help in the work of administration, and with warm personal affection.

While doing justice to other branches of study, he was an ardent champion of the claims of the Classics to which his life had been devoted; on their behalf his zeal was a consuming fire. He was a Vice-President of the Classical Association, and the founder and mainstay of the large and flourishing local branch. Of the latter he was President for the current year, and we had looked forward to his presence at the annual General meeting in February, when he had promised to give an address. Many will remember the visit of the Classical Association to Leeds in 1916, under the Presidency of Lord Bryce, the remarkable success of which was due very largely to him. He served on the Prime Minister's Committee on Classical Education, which sat from 1919 to 1921.

His published work was chiefly concerned with Greek rhetoric and literary criticism, with Aristotle, Longinus, Dionysius and Demetrius. But he was a frequent contributor to Classical periodicals on more general subjects, such as "Classics at Leeds," and "Greek Civilisation as a Study for the People."

He was an untiring worker: no one could imagine him idle, and he made others work. What Caesar said of Brutus, *quidquid vult, valde vult*, might well have been said of him: when he wanted anything done, it was difficult to withstand his gentle persistence. Nervous, modest, sensitive and diffident in matters that concerned himself, he was ready to stand up for the cause of his beloved Classics, or any other good cause, with force and courage.

To his students and their interests he was devoted, and it was pleasant to see him at the London O.S.A. Dinner twelve months ago. He was the guest of the evening, and appeared to be in fair health and good spirits, obviously delighted to be among old students and colleagues once again.

We remember him as a great scholar and teacher, a loyal colleague and faithful friend, one of the most unselfish, generous, kindest of men. We all mourn his loss, none more than the writer of these lines who worked with him in close association and friendship for nearly twenty years, and who had much to thank him for.

*Multis ille bonis scibilis occidit,
Nulli scibilior quam mihi.*

B. M. CONNAL.

Dr. Harold Wager, F.R.S. (1862-1929).

WE regret to record that, after a short illness, Dr. Wager died at Hawkeswick, in Lyttondale, on Sunday, November 17th, and was buried at the little church at Arndcliffe in the dales he knew and loved so well.

As was pointed out recently in these columns, when Dr. Wager's resignation of his Honorary Lectureship was accepted with regret by the University Council, his connection with the University has been a long one, commencing with his appointment to the post of Demonstrator in Biology in the Yorkshire College in 1888. Those students who were in attendance in the Botany Department during the war years will gratefully remember the active share he took in guiding their studies when, during the absence of the Head of the Department on war service, he gave freely of his time and energy in directing the work of the Department, which was then carrying on with a very depleted staff.

One of Dr. Wager's most characteristic services to Yorkshire science has been the manner in which he bridged the gulf between the naturalist and the professional student of Biology. Himself a born observer, gifted with an unusual mastery of the technique of the microscope, Dr. Wager was recognised by amateur naturalists as a fellow craftsman, and with him they learnt to widen the range of their interests, at the same time gaining a new respect for scrupulous accuracy in observation and recording. On the other hand, his duties as one of His Majesty's Inspectors of Secondary Schools allowed him to communicate his own enthusiasm for the pursuit of investigation for its own sake to men and women whose perception of the interest in problems provided by living things might be dulled by their constant preoccupation with the necessities of the classroom.

Dr. Wager did much to keep alive the true, unselfish spirit in which natural history has so long been pursued by men and women of all classes in both industrial and country districts of Yorkshire, and which may one day appear as one of the most healthy characteristics associated with the three Ridings.

The outstanding character of his achievements in science was recognised by his election to a Fellowship of the Royal Society in 1904; he has contributed in many fields of Biology and Physiology, but perhaps no work did more to establish his reputation than the long series of studies he carried out upon the microscopic structure and life history of many of the fungi. To the end he maintained his interest in the history of this group, and for many years he has been a regular attendant at the Mycological forays of the Yorkshire Naturalists' Union, over which he presided as Chairman of the Mycological Committee.

Dr. Wager's marriage, in 1894, to Winifred Miall, the daughter of the first Professor of Biology in the Yorkshire College, doubly links his career with the Biological Departments of the University, and many members of the University would wish to associate themselves very sincerely with the Council when it expressed, at its November meeting, its regret at the news of Dr. Wager's death, and its deep sympathy for Mrs. Wager in her bereavement. Many of Dr. Wager's old friends will learn with interest that Mr. Harold Wager, nephew of Dr. Wager, has recently taken a first in Botany in Part II of the Natural Science Tripos at Cambridge, and is now continuing his studies in Plant Physiology at that University under the guidance of Dr. F. F. Blackman.

The following appreciation of Dr. Wager reaches us from one of those privileged to work with him in the Department of Botany during the war years :—

"To those of us who worked with him during the war years, Dr. Wager must always remain an inspired figure.

"In the field he sensed the presence of rare and interesting plants with uncanny precision. In the laboratory he would watch over experiments with loving care, and with a few deft touches make a microscopic preparation that any one of us would have been proud to produce after a day's hard work. In the lecture room he would select a subject, usually voted dull, probe to its essentials with unerring skill, pursue it through its intricacies with an impish glee and gradually raise the interest of his audience to the pitch of enthusiasm that made them determine to carry the matter further.

"He was always patient to sincere effort and full of illuminating ideas to those who were attempting research work.

"Indeed we must all have realised that we were in the presence of a rare spirit and a master craftsman, and our feelings must be of deep regret at his death, mingled with gratitude that we were privileged to know and work with him."

Obituary.

AN earnest student, a gallant soldier, a careful researcher and a zealous teacher passed away in July in the person of Frank Petch. His student career was marked by a contagious enthusiasm for his beloved geology, an enthusiasm which showed itself best when, in the company of his fellows, he was tramping across the moors of Cleveland whence he sprang and which provided the materials for his scientific work. He was ever of genial temperament with a sense of humour tending to be sardonic, especially when his firm convictions were being assailed.

The award of a University Scholarship and his appointment as Assistant Lecturer in Education testifies to the excellence of his academic career, while in other walks of life, the winning of the Military Cross indicates his courage and devotion to duty during the trying times of the War, when he served continuously in France with the Royal Field Artillery. Although his educational duties prevented him from carrying out much scientific research, he did excellent work as Secretary of the Leeds Geological Association.

Although pursued by ill-health for some years before his death, he was always cheery and optimistic to the end, and his loss at such an early age is mourned by all his friends and especially by those who have grown up beside him and have had the joy of his friendship. H.C.V.

"THE GRYPHON."

Date of next issue: February 11th.

Closing date for copy: January 24th.

"The Watched Pot."

IT is to be regretted that the first opportunity afforded to *The Gryphon* of commenting on the production of "The Watched Pot," by the L.U.D.S. should be so long after the actual performance. However, those of our readers who were fortunate enough to witness the production will no doubt be glad to see even so tardy an appreciation.

One must say immediately that Mrs. Hamilton Thompson richly deserves the congratulations which were showered upon her. To be responsible for such a production is an arduous task; to render in addition such a delightful character study as that of Hortensia Bavvel, the all-supreme head of the Bavvel ménage, is a feat worthy of Mrs. Hamilton Thompson.

Of the play itself, little need be said. One cannot entirely agree with our contributor "G.W.," who in the November issue expressed the feeling that a little more of Munro (Saki) and a little less of his collaborator (Charles Maude) would have been welcome. Saki has undoubtedly written a most entertaining comedy, overflowing—perhaps too much so—with bright and sparkling dialogue. One is left at times, after a particularly long series of witticisms, with a feeling of breathlessness, but the fact remains, and must be admitted, that a little more of the "dramatic construction," of which "G.W." speaks so deprecatingly, would have added considerably to the full enjoyment of the entertainment. However, enough of the writers—now for the players.

In criticising a play, comparisons, one must admit, are not odious, and if one might presume to differentiate between the sexes, it would be to give the palm to the men. This must not be thought to be in any way derogatory to the women. Theirs was the harder task, and they performed it admirably. It must not be thought that the play was without flaw; a mask here and an ugly movement there might have been avoided, but these are details which must be expected. The make-up, too, as it appeared from the middle of the Hall, might have been considerably improved.

"The Watched Pot" (Trevor Bavvel) played by Roy Bartlett, was perhaps the most pleasing study of all. He maintained throughout that subdued atmosphere that was so essential as a foil to St. Gall, played by Philip Wells. Of Wells it need only be said that he played an enjoyable part enjoyably. His stagecraft was outstandingly good. Barbara Holmes gave a clever representation of the rather obvious grass widow, Mrs. Vulpy. At first one wondered whether her part quite suited her, but she warmed to her task as the action progressed. Clare Hennessey was very naturally portrayed by Betty Ashby, while Jane Tupper-Carey and Gertrude Winter had obviously studied their parts carefully.

Patrick Pereira was characteristically reserved as Ludovic Bavvel. It is particularly evident in his part that the play was originally written in novel form such long passages as do occur would tend to become tedious were it not that Pereira has mastered the art of maintaining interest. A clever character study was that of Gordon Thompson, who delighted the audience with his hopeless inanity. Bernard Long and Alan Jocelyn fulfilled their functions as butler and footman with an attention to detail rarely met with in such small parts. Anthony Toller, as the Youngest Drummond Boy, captured the required gaiety, in contrast to Jack Tickner (Col. Mutsome), who ably portrayed the old fashioned military man. His make-up might have been more convincing.

The production as a whole was pleasing, and the Society is to be congratulated on its courage in producing such a play, which, had it not been for the spirit of jousness so characteristic of our students, might have fallen to the level of a rather tedious succession of jokes.

E.

The University of Leeds.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

VII

EARLIER instalments of these notes have told the story of the School of Medicine for a third of a century from its foundation, 98 years ago; it is a dim period, of which no visible monument remains. But in 1865, the School moved into a building which still stands, and if the student of to-day cares to make a pious pilgrimage to Park Street, he may perhaps feel in the Victorian fashion of its architecture something of the atmosphere in which our predecessors lived.

After the School had left it in 1894, the building was occupied for many years by the Thoresby Society and the Yorkshire Archaeological Society, who have now been succeeded, not inappropriately, by a firm of wholesale druggists, Messrs. Thackrah. It presents to the street a regular façade in that adaption of French and Italian Gothic of which Woodward's Oxford Museum (1855-59) had set the example, and which Gilbert Scott was then using in Leeds for the new Infirmary. It is built of red brick, with dressings of stone and yellow brick, now much blackened by smoke. In the middle is a gabled and steepled tower which, like that of the Town Hall a few years before, was added to the architect's original plan, to give the rather ready-made importance which was then demanded of a public building; the deeply recessed doorway is effective. The two queerly truncated gables on the left belong to a lofty room which was the museum; the wing on the right contained the library and the curator's room, with attics above and a basement below. Behind, sprawling irregularly but conveniently into a yard, were the dissecting room, the chemical laboratory, and the lecture theatre.

The general effect of the building is drab and uninspired, and lends little support to the theory which prompted it; but it is not without a certain stolid and awkward dignity; it must have been pleasant when it had a rifle-ground opposite and the country not far away, and its associations demand from us a greater respect than its style invites.

VIII

There were three reasons for the new building. In the first place, the scientific equipment had become rather antiquated, and the School was feeling severely the competition of its London rivals; secondly, the converted house in East Parade had become far too small; and thirdly, the Infirmary was to remove from the conveniently adjacent Infirmary Street to its present site, and it was felt that the School should follow it.

Accordingly, in 1863, the site was chosen and a committee, having inspected the most important medical schools in the country, formulated their ideas and entrusted them to George Corson, a Leeds architect. The contractors were still at work when the old building was sold, and the School had to be hastily transferred to the new for the summer session of 1865. At length in the autumn everything was finished, and on the 3rd of October, the building was opened. The address which was to inaugurate the 35th session and the new building was delivered by James Paget of Bart's, the most eminent medical teacher of his time. He did not know, he said, what could be desired in a medical school that was not to be met with in this School (Hear, hear, and applause); while the new Infirmary would be not merely one of the best in Europe, but, as far as he knew, the very best. (Loud cheers). Every speech was interrupted by cheers: Leeds could look London in the face again. Finally, we turned to our domestic glory. A student called for "Old Sam;" there was a burst of cheering, and Samuel

Smith, still lecturing in his 75th year, as he had done since the foundation of the School, got up to announce that he was undertaking an additional course for the first time.

IX

Mr. Paget returned to London; the numerous old students who had been amongst his audience returned to their practices; and the students and staff settled down to the daily round in their new home.

Their life there for the next 19 years was marked by no such spectacular event as the move to Park Street; but during that period two far more important changes took place gradually, and it was terminated by the amalgamation of the School with the Yorkshire College, which was a revolution in its government and to some extent in the aim and methods of its teaching.

The first of these gradual changes was this: the old way of apprenticeship died out, and the student was henceforth to gain his first experience of the sick-room, not in the intimacy, the practicality, the rough and tumble, and sometimes the premature responsibility of private practice, but in the more ordered and academic routine of the hospital. The second gradual change was that more and more pure science was taught in the medical curriculum; both the building of 1865 and the amalgamation of 1884 were partly results of this; and another result was that clinical training, instead of being an introduction to academic education, became its sequel.

These changes make the period one of transition between a relatively stable old order, which had existed since the foundation of the school, and a relatively stable new order, which has persisted to the present. They were not made without protest, and no doubt some virtues of the old system were lost; that more was gained, and that the changes were inevitable, is equally beyond doubt.

From 1877 or earlier, the curriculum required by the General Medical Council for registration extended over four years. The student could spend the first of these away from any medical school as the pupil of a hospital or a practitioner; this was apparently exceptional, but in the earlier part of the period, students frequently combined apprenticeship with the work of the School.

How the years at the School were passed may be seen from Prof. Heilier's reminiscences. "I joined the Leeds School of Medicine (he says) in October, 1870... The curriculum at that time was arranged to meet the requirements of the R.C.S. A single qualification was sufficient for registration, and to obtain the M.R.C.S. was the goal of the average man. His first exam. could be taken at the end of the second winter, and this was often the first real examination test he had to encounter, for the preliminary exam. in those days for a man who sought the easiest entrance to the profession was that of the College of Preceptors. This was absurdly low in standard, and might be taken one subject at a time.... There was a fair proportion of men who....were perhaps preparing for some of the higher examinations, such as the F.R.C.S., or for the London University, Oxford or Cambridge degrees."

The Prospectus for 1877-78 gives for the first time a list of the courses to be taken in successive years. "During the first Winter Session, Students should attend the Lectures on Anatomy, Physiology and Chemistry, and they should be diligent in their attendance in the Dissecting Rooms, where parts for dissection will be allotted to them after they have been instructed in Osteology by the Demonstrators, who will arrange them in Classes for that purpose. When not engaged in dissection, or in attending Lectures, Students should attend in the Surgical Wards, and from 12 to 1 in the Post-mortem room, and on Thursdays they should attend in the Operating Theatre at one o'clock to watch the various surgical operations."

In the summer of the first year, botany and materia medica were taken, and in his second year the student was launched on Midwifery, Clinical Medicine, and Clinical Surgery.

The teaching in medical subjects was of the excellence which has characterised the School from the beginning, and that in scientific subjects, though still deficient, was improving, and from 1875, was carried out at the newly founded Yorkshire College of Science. Professor Hellier says: "I happened to be in the grip of the London course, and for this the curriculum of the L.S.M. was very unsatisfactory, especially in Chemistry, Zoology and Physiology. At the exams. in London I found myself at a disadvantage compared with the London men, who had had suitable preparatory classes. No one can testify much better than I to the advantages brought to Leeds when the Yorkshire College of Science was founded. In the later part of the London M.B. course the Leeds student did not find himself under the same handicap. In medicine, surgery, and obstetrics I was quite able to hold my own."

In clinical teaching, the hospital and private practice went side by side, though the former was continually encroaching on the latter. Professor Hellier says: "Most of the students lived with general practitioners in the town, and acted as dispensers and assistants. I went to Mr. J. W. Hopkins in North Street immediately after passing my first college at the end of my second winter. I was profoundly ignorant of clinical work then, and learnt a great deal by visiting lodge patients, Jews and paupers. It was much better experience for me than for my patients, and I own that I should be glad to attend some of them over again, especially some of my earlier midwifery cases. Before I was qualified I went so far as to act as *locum tenens* in several practices and I marvel now at my own temerity. The Registrar was not strict in those days, and I even signed vaccination certificates and death certificates in a way that to-day would get me into serious trouble."

Clinical work at the Infirmary had been optional; it was made compulsory about the time of the move to Park Street, and, says the Prospectus for 1867-68, "Its regularity is secured by dividing Students into classes, one of which is attached for a period of three months to each honorary officer in rotation. Special classes have been set apart for instruction in skin diseases, and in diseases of the Eye, with the use of the ophthalmoscope."

As we have seen, hospital practice started with the student's entry into the School, though in 1883 the first year was limited to out-patient work. To quote Professor Hellier again: "The hospital practice in those days differed much from the present arrangements. There were only two students' appointments—dresser to a surgeon and clerk to a physician." (These were held in the third or fourth year). "There was no assistant staff. There was no midwifery at the Infirmary, and students got this privately from some G.P. Attendance at out-patients was almost optional unless during one's dressership; one went to post-mortems at one's discretion, so with operations. Only a few men went to casualty practice. I do not think that students ever helped at operations.... Operations were held one day weekly. Until recently, there was still a notice on the board at the Infirmary that operations are on Thursdays, preceded by consultations. All the four surgeons operated on this afternoon, except of course in urgent cases, such as strangulated hernia or tracheotomy. The 'Consultations' were very instructive, and I wish they took place to-day before the students."

Bibliographical note: Professor Hellier's reminiscences, as the reader can see, are invaluable; but his collections have been useful in many other directions. The *Prospectuses* of the School from 1864-65 onwards, reports in the *Leeds Mercury*, and the sources previously indicated have also been drawn on.

GEOFFREY WOLIDGE.

Lectures.

IT is now almost two months since term began, and it appears not improbable that certain of our Freshers may, during that period have heard the use of a word, which, to them, seems devoid of meaning. We refer to the word "lecture." It seems quite feasible that some of them may have been tempted to behave in the manner of our legal luminaries and ask "What are these lectures?" On their guidance then, this article is written.

Lectures are not easily defined, but we will not shirk our task. If a member of the staff were asked for a definition, he might say that they were necessary evils. On the other hand, a student might, nay, of a certainty would, concur in so far as the evilness was concerned, but would demur at the word "necessary." Be that as it may, we are in a position to state authoritatively that they do exist. This is a fact which is brought home with some force sooner or later to every student. In almost every case the reactions of the student to the realisation of this stupendous fact, pass through a series of well defined stages. The first stage is when he, having determined to attend some of these Bohemian revels, finds himself seated in some miraculous manner, on an exceedingly uncomfortable piece of wood. In front of him is another piece of wood, apparently designed so as to be incapable of supporting a notebook in any manner whatsoever. After testing this fact for himself, and assuring himself of its absolute truth, he balances his notebook on his knee, and, having previously filled his pen at the H.P.'s office, commences to scribble at a feverish rate, in an attempt to make a permanent record of the delirious ramblings of the particular specimen of the genus Lecturer who stands before him.

This phase usually lasts a week. At the end of that time the student discovers that his scribbings are so much gibberish and decides to have none of it. He now passes into the second stage, during which he still balances a notebook, refraining, however, from sullyng the virgin whiteness of its leaves. This phase also lasts a week.

At the expiration of this time, the ailment has become chronic, and the third and final stage commences. This lasts during the entire remainder of the student's University career. According to the mentality of the student it may take one of two forms. If he be a man of affairs, he occupies himself during the allotted span of the lecture in writing letters, sealing the envelopes with just enough ostentation to free him from the suspicion of having belatedly remained in the first stage. If, however, he is something of a philosopher, having little intercourse with the world, he employs his time in meditation, for the better accomplishment of which he usually closes his eyes and supports his head on his hands. This must not be confused with the hoggish practice indulged in by a small minority of soulless brutes, who merely go to sleep.

Having read thus far the seeker after knowledge may well ask "But why not write one's letters in the lounge or adjourn to the J.C.R. to commune with one's soul?" We merely state that the Powers that Be, have, in their wisdom, decreed that one must spend a certain percentage of one's time attending these lectures; or,.....!

There are, of course, ways and means of absenting oneself from these horrid functions, or, as the vulgar say "cutting" without bringing down on one's head, the wrath of the Gods.

In days of yore, before the advent of THE BELL, an excuse was obvious, but now more careful wording is a vital need—however; the following excuses have never yet been known to fail....

[Sorry—you must not lead the Freshers astray.—Ed.].

R.F.N.H.



Rosewood]

OLD MEDICAL SCHOOL, PARK STREET.

Leadb.]

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Portrait of a Hero.

WILLIAM looked up at the pleasant and smiling countenance of the lecturer, and said: "Oh, go to hell!".....

A year or two previously William had left school, and, without knowing very clearly why, had entered a University. A somewhat premature acquaintanceship with pseudo-romantic literature and a lack of vigorous sentimental adventure had fostered the growth within him of the belief that he was radically different from the rest of mankind. Consequently, he has been, and still was to some slight extent, a sufferer from chronic ideals, which, be it said to his credit, always pointed to an exalted mode of action rather than merely an exalted mode of thinking. William did not believe that one could be a poet or an artist without writing great poetry or painting great pictures, and he maintained that if a man with a poetic mind and poetic impulses is to be recognised as a poet, then all those who have ever experienced sexual impulses are entitled to the full rank of libertine, which, as William would observe, is hardly fair either to the genuine poet or the genuine lecher. William, by the way, was fond of comparisons of that nature because they helped him to believe that his griggishness was a form of intellectual emancipation. His ambition, therefore—although he would not have admitted to himself that he had ambitions, which, after all, were only invented to console dutiful scholars for the lack of leather-bound gift-books in the wider spheres of life—indicated an extremely active future in some honest and useful occupation, preferably devoid of glamour. For, to do William justice, he had no desire to write, because, as he argued, the subsequent discovery of an unsuspected power is infinitely to be preferred to the ultimate realisation of the complete absence of self-imagined gifts. Having thus invested in latent genius to the extent of leaving the whole of one side of his nature in peace, he was able to concentrate on the world of action to which he intended finally to devote himself. One of these days he was going to make a very decisive step, to take his life into his own hands and mould it according to his own needs and his own desires. Sometimes he had misgivings to the effect that he perhaps might have taken the decisive step on leaving school instead of drifting in a more or less resigned manner to a University, but he had consoled himself with the thought that a University, though involving prolonged contact with a diversity of personalities, could not actually have any serious effect on his own individualism.

Nevertheless, William had not been so happy as he had expected. In the first place he had somewhat carelessly allowed himself to fall in love, and, secondly, as an inevitable corollary, he had suffered a series of uncomfortable attacks on the unquity of his personality. The seeds of this disquietude were however, already sown before the strong but commonplace sunlight of a sentimental attachment which was to bring them to maturity, was felt, and William was indeed, with the passing of months, becoming more and more annoyed. Normally, he was fairly patient, and endured the rigours of unwieldy and co-educational system of acquiring culture with admirable fortitude, although there were times, and these occasions were becoming more and more frequent, when he contemplated the whole scheme of lectures, and notes, and set tasks, and petty jealousies, and bickerings, and mechanical judgments with a feeling of nausea. It was, he considered, bad enough at school to have to endure the countless crimes, and, worse still, inanities, that shelter under the specious defence of discipline, without finding the same curse afterwards. And, worst of all, William was beginning to realise that he was working more and more on the lines of everyone else, with the same bovine resignation and the same mechanical efficiency, until the very act of working was beginning to take on the appearance of a relief from the more painful process of thinking.

Then, finally, William had fallen in love, or rather, having outlived the original thrill of falling in love, and not yet having experienced the corresponding, if somewhat milder, but no less poetic thrill of falling out of love, he was in a most unhappy state of restlessness. This state of affairs was all the more painful to William because the mighty and enduring passion which had been his aim, and which, indeed, he had striven with praiseworthy conscientiousness and thoroughness to achieve, had been marked by far more bickerings and manifestations of petulance than had been dreamed of in William's philosophy. He, moreover, had discovered that unflinching emotion was, to say the least of it, a dull business, and also that a state of Olympian sullenness was difficult and unprofitable to maintain. In short, William was annoyed, extremely annoyed, and on the morning in question his annoyance almost reached a climax. Possibly, if William had not been a hero he would have seen the joke. As it was, he looked up at the pleasant and smiling face of the lecturer and said: "Oh, go to hell!"

Still, he said it very quietly, much too quietly for the lecturer to hear him, and when the lecture ended, he went into the Library to look up some references.

ZIMRI.

Crossing the Frontier.

"**F**RONTIER." What a magical word! It conjures up visions of uniforms; of munitions; of warfare; of plots and counterplots; of secret raids, sudden death and devastation; of international jealousies, rivalry and vengeance; of the days of the Holy Roman Empire, the Papal States, the Venetians, the great Charles V; of the American United States and Mexico; of the Kaiser, Wilhelm II; in fact, of all nations and men that exist, and have existed, upon this earth. It is a word which thrills us with the romance of its sound; yet one which is ever vivid in the written pages of history, the apple of discord which has brought about innumerable international quarrels and inevitable bloodshed in that dread game which humanity calls war.

Crossing an enemy frontier in times of war is a daring enterprise fraught with danger, and full of astounding surprises; crossing a neutral frontier may be equally hazardous, but at all events is a refuge, even though a stormy one; crossing the frontier in peace time can be, and very often is, a rollicking adventure, always provided one is just an ordinary "common or garden" traveller holding a passport above suspicion.....

We set forth from Switzerland—that frontier-bound little country—on our joy-ride to Milan. On through the clean little villages, where all the bedding is suspended from the upper windows for an airing in the morning sunshine; past bare-legged children who totally ignore the "foreigners" within their midst; past dark-eyed, laughing girls, any one of whom might have stepped from a picture; and so we glide into Chiasso. It is just an everyday little town whose inhabitants, customs and outlook, are obviously more Italian than Swiss. We see little wooden-shuttered windows, little shops jutting out all down the one long main street, and idlers, as in every place, with time to stand and stare. The motor-coach crawls on until it arrives half-way down this street of so much interest, when a sudden halt is called. Rising out of the centre of the roadway is a huge stone gatepost, upon which is inscribed the fact, for all the world to note, that here Switzerland ends, and Italy begins. To be sure of no mistake the flags of the two countries are carved thereon, too. From the post to the sides of the street, huge iron gates are fixed, constituting the great barrier between them.

Every single individual, who desires passage through, must satisfy the guardians of the gates as to his bona-fides. As we are going out of the country, the custodians of the Swiss side have no interest in us. They stand at the door of their Customs house, handsomely tall and resplendent in their uniforms of dark green—(it appears to be Italy's day, as all the traffic is going our way, consequently, as we wait in the street for admission through the gates, we have time to watch the "Swiss Guards"). To us Britons, who live in a land surrounded by water, this business of crossing national boundaries must always be a sort of novelty. But the inhabitants of Chiasso are blasé. Half their town is in Switzerland, the other half in Italy. One man probably has work at the other side of the gates; and to reach it he must travel into another country. A woman may desire commodities from her favourite shopkeeper lower down the street, and she too must step on to another nation's soil. A child may wish to play with little Carlotta a stone's throw away; to do so she must leave behind the land of her fathers. Each and everyone carries perpetually that little card which alone can act as the "open sesame" on either side of the gates.

Yet there are other formalities besides card exhibiting, as witness the little incident which occurred as we waited. There enters from Italy a tiny, bare-headed girl carrying a huge basket—she has obviously been shopping—and clutching in her hand that magic card. A great man in green steps to her side and begins the process of "searching." Over and over he turns her goods, but her conduct has been exemplary; apparently "mother" was not training her to smuggle, and the little one is allowed to pass on. You may smile at what to you appears a humorous interlude, but to the children of the border it is an every day affair.

At last our turn arrives. Down we have to get and march in single file through the gate and into the jurisdiction of the Red, White and Green. Down a series of musty, concrete-floored corridors, and through equally musty rooms, until we come to the official whose duty it is to consent to our passage into his country. A few flourishes with his befty hand and his stamp of approval leaves its mark upon our passports. We have gained admittance. Out again we go into the sunshine and to our waiting chariot. Chariot indeed! One's imagination must run riot on such occasions. It carries us through the remainder of the little town, on, on to the land of the Milanese—soldiers of fortune, who, like Francis I, and countless thousands before us, swarmed over the frontier, and swept down to Romance and the beautiful plain of Lombardy....

J.E.B.

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A Faith that Works. EDWARD S. WOODS. (To be reviewed later).

Foyle's Catalogue.

Verse.

Lines.

Often she haunts the hills when I am there,
Coming to me upon the wind, as wool
New-torn by brambles from the mountain sheep.
As thistledown, or as the driven leaves
 Hounded from sleep.
Her hands are colder than the whitened grass
She treads upon; her hair
Glistens with frost. And when the careless winds
Rouse up and quest the hills for her, and pass
Seeing her not, she cries with the cold pain
Freezing her feet. But when the wail of the winds
Has faded over the farthest ridge, and the hills
Are silent again, no sound
 Breaks from her lips.
For suddenly she is gone, and the cold of the hills
Gone with her.

ENID M. JONES.

The Dance.

Go out and dance in the sun,
And let your light limbs leap
White-gleaming over the green.
Toss your fingers like flames
Or the tremble of leaves,
And shake out your shimmering hair
As the tops of trees.
Be haloed with sun against
The blue space of sky,
White gleaming over the green
And your light limbs leaping.

ENID M. JONES.

On the Victoria Embankment.

For A.W.

Your words to me are strange and shy;
As frightened of my human ways
As the seagulls from remote bays,
That often over Thames fly.

I saw a man who loved the birds;
Fiercely and eagerly they came,
I wish that I could catch and tame
Your strange, shy, lovely words.

HILDA BREARLEY.

" Aber des Nachts Am Himmel wandelt Luna."

To-night the moon lays round and low
 Over the swelling mystery of the sea ;
 Across the sea and far into the night
 Stretches a road of silver—
 Moonbeams, dream-interwoven,
 With soft caress the small waves kiss the shore,
 The only sound the sighing of the sea,
 A low sigh, now a sob.
 The day had seen another mood, for them
 The sea was like a thousand wild beasts, mad, unchained,
 Rushing towards the shore, their foaming heads upreared,
 Hurling themselves against the patient sand,
 Clutching the pebbles with harsh grating roar,
 Only to fling them back with rage unloosed.
 Above the sea the wind shrieked angrily,
 And tore the grey and driven clouds to shreds,
 Till they forgot their proud white loveliness
 When galleon-like they sailed across the sky,
 Their beauty mirrored in the sea below.
 But night drew near, and stretching out her hand,
 Soothed sea and wind, and led the clouds away
 To shelter them within her shadowy home !
 And now the shore in mantle grey reclines,
 Lulled into slumber by the penitent waves,
 And over all, the moon her beauty bends,
 Glides across the wide plains of the sky,
 Clasping the hand of her companion night.

N.

Jeanne D'Arc.

See where she stands, bound to the fatal stake,
 With head unbowed, and eyes undimmed by tears :
 No torture of this world can ever make
 Her spirit fail ; a heavenly song she hears.
 The crowds around her shout with lusty voice ;
 She hearkens not, nor does she heed their jeers ;
 To be the Shield of France she was God's choice,
 And all her life heard only His behests.
 The cruel flames around her leap and curl ;
 Her gaze upon the Cross is firmly set ;
 The smoke wreaths round the market drift and whirl ;
 But earthly things do not her spirit fret.
 Then grant us courage, Holy Maid of France ;
 Grant us the faith to hear our Father's word ;
 And though we may not have thy happy chance,
 Grant us the love by which Thy heart was stirred.

MARJORIE ARUNDEL.

Luna Lucet Aliena Luce (Cicero).

Morning is here—no longer may I stay,
Across the starlit sky I've made my way,
Now in the East Aurora's glowing ray
Breaking through dusky clouds leads on new day
"Why do you go?" "I heard a poet say
"Meet your light fade when all the world is gay
When in the glittering dawn we mow the hay,
And fishing boats steal in across the bay?
"Ah then I willingly no more delay,
Turn rather from these sights where lurks decay,
To brighter light, my homage there to pay.

K. STOCKDALE.

Last Glimpse.

Let me grow old then, why, who cares
If the old light goes, and the dust lies thick
On a tranquil heart, when the mind is dull,
The pulse less quick?

I shall be free then to enjoy
Countless memories burning now,
The night-dark curves that folded once
A moonlit brow;

The studied sadness will live then,
When my eyes though dim, have wiser grown,
And the swift smile at last shall be
Mine alone.

And I shall watch till darkness comes,
Until the last faint smile of day
Gleams on your portrait, with your eyes
Turned away.

TRITON.

Climax.

When the onward surge of the sea is ended
Short of the cliffs that loom and frown
The sea-bird's piercing cry is blended
With the song of the shore as the winds sweep down,
And ever before the first wave turns,
The voices are hushed of the sea and the sky,
And the soul of the earth and the living yearns....
But the onward surge of the sea is ended
And the swift waves fall with a low, sad sigh.

TRITON.

Jungle.

A hot wind sways the rustling trees
Hot with the tropic mid-day heat
And by the water at their ease
Strange creatures tread with padded feet
Denizens of the rich dark track,
In the black depths at their hark
A glittering snake its shape entwines
And on a slender branch reclines
Lolling at rest.

This is my love. Hot, passionate,
Like jungle lions, fierce, insensate.
Like slender okapis, inobtrusive
My love remains shy and elusive
And like the serpent on the bough
Cupid's arrow has reached me now
And pierced my heart.

S. ABEL.

Midnight.

I stood on the moor at midnight,
With the city below me asleep,
Dimly discerned in the starlight
With its smoke like a winding sheet;
And I thought of its cares and sorrows,
Blindness and lust for gain,
And I thought of its empty to-morrows,
Till love shall be born again.

A.B.

John Buchan's Lecture on the Spoken and Written Word.

IT was undoubtedly a great testimony to John Buchan's reputation as an author that such large numbers of people braved the wildness of the elements to have the pleasure of hearing him.

John Buchan took as the basis from which he was about to differ, John Florio's translation of Montaigne, in which he extols the beauties of a language that "busy, sinewy, strong and full" as it is, sounds equally pleasing whether written or spoken. John Buchan stated that he believed the canons of written and spoken prose to be essentially different. The eye is a more certain medium than the ear, and proceeds by more slow, reflective, leisurely stages, and is a more fastidious critic, demanding rhythms of thought and paragraph more subtle and delicate. Speech, on the other hand, must be simpler and looser, neither too involved nor too terse, with something of thoroughness and ragged ends of speaking voice, and is often enhanced by the personality of the speaker.

Mr. Buchan read with exquisite care passages from written prose and oratory to illustrate this, pointing out that in many cases writers made use of a false medium for their particular genius. These selections ranged from Abraham Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg to the last words of Vincetti, the anarchist.

The lecturer deplored the death of oratory confirmed by the development of wireless, but expressed a hope that the wireless might bring about the evolution of a new prose, combining the excellence of the human voice with the subtle structures and rhythms of written prose.

H.

Music and the University.

REFERENCE was made in our last issue to the appointment of Mr. Allam to the Department of Music, and we extend to him our best wishes for success in all his efforts to widen the influence of music in the University.

Instead of the customary introductory address, Mr. Allam is giving a series of four Public Lectures on Haydn, three of which have already been given in the Great Hall. The lectures have been of extraordinary interest, enhanced by apt illustrations played on the piano by Mr. Allam himself, and by gramophone records of Haydn's compositions for string quartets. Space does not permit of further reference than to the very successful manner in which Mr. Allam has conveyed to his audience a true appreciation of Haydn's contribution to the development of music on harmonic lines as opposed to the contrapuntal methods of Bach and Handel, and the great impetus he gave to music through his development of the Sonata form.

The first of the Session's mid-day recitals in the Great Hall, was given on October 14th, when Miss Kathleen Moorhouse ('Cello), Mr. Harry Mortimer (Clarinet) and Mr. Eric Fogg (Piano), played Beethoven's Trio in B \flat (Op. 11), and Brahms's Trio in A minor (Op. 114), to a large and appreciative audience. The latter work, which is one of the four works specially composed by Brahms for a distinguished clarinet player who was his friend, shows, in the first movement, a fine development of two well-contrasted subjects, and at the close an extremely effective use is made of cross scale passages. The theme of the Adagio bears some relation to the second subject of the Allegro, and the movement as a whole is genuinely expressive. The performance was worthy of the music, especially the beautiful shading by the Cellist of the main theme in the development of the first movement of (Op. 11).

A Violin recital was given on October 24th, by Mr. Herzl Leikin, with Mr. Zerubbabel Leikin at the piano. In the Concerto in D by Paganini and a Chaconne by Vitali, Mr. Leikin showed a high degree of technical skill, and gave throughout an artistic rendering of a programme which included an interesting composition of his own.

At the first Saturday Concert of the Session by the Leeds Symphony Orchestra, on October 26th, the Vice-Chancellor made a strong appeal to all who have the good name of the city at heart to support the committee in their efforts to obtain that measure of financial success this season which is essential to the future existence of these Concerts, and we earnestly hope that members of the University will respond to this appeal in a matter which concerns us very closely indeed.

The artists were Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, who played the Bach Concerto in C major for two Pianofortes. This was originally composed for two "Cembali," accompanied by two strings, a viola and Continuo, but the happy mood in which the whole of the work is written is greatly enhanced by the greater volume of tone of a full string orchestra and two modern pianofortes. The artists played with great confidence, and attained a degree of coherence in reciprocal passages not often met with in the performance of a double Concerto. Mr. Julius Harrison was the Conductor, and the programme included Tchaikovsky's 5th Symphony and Mendelssohn's popular "Hebrides" Overture.

Mr. Daniel Mactaggart, with Miss Gertrude Mactaggart at the piano, gave a song recital in the Great Hall, on November 7th. His well-trained and pleasing voice lent distinction to the least significant item in a series of songs ranging from Campion (1610) to John Ireland's setting of "The East Riding."

1923

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At the mid-day recital on November 19th, we heard another Brahms's Trio (C major, Op 87, for piano, violin and 'cello), rendered by the Dorian Trio (an appropriate name in view of the fact that Brahms was the first great composer for over a century who intentionally wrote melody in the Dorian mode). The C major trio has for its Allegro one of those lovely yearning second subjects so often found in Brahms's music, the whole leading up to the rather stolid finale which forms a perfect contrast to the other movements. They also played John Ireland's Phantasia Trio in A minor, which, although not a strikingly original composition is music good and strong and belies the common belief that modern composers rely on discords for their effects.

The second concert of the Leeds Symphony Orchestra was given on November 19th, when Sir Thomas Beecham, as the guest of the evening, conducted a programme of operatic music, including a suite by Handel which he himself has charmingly arranged and orchestrated. The audience on this occasion was one of the largest ever seen at these concerts and it gave a very cordial reception to the distinguished conductor, who, in the course of his address, spoke very convincingly in support of the League of Opera.

In conclusion we would draw the attention of all members of the University who are interested in music to the series of Chamber Concerts in the Great Hall on the following dates:—January 15th, 1930; February 12th, 1930; March 12th, 1930.

Students are invited to all these concerts at the nominal fee of 2/6, and we hope a large number will avail themselves of the opportunity.

L. DAVIES.

At the Sign of the Blue Gryphon, or Alice in Weetwood.

THE Blue Gryphon was "meditating his rural minstrelsy" when Alice entered, engrossedly with one finger he was picking out a tune on the typewriter, and hastily he cried: "Don't interrupt me, I'm practising for our next musical Saturday."

"Songs of the evening, beau-oofiful songs" and waving his paws in the air to mark the tune, he warbled:

"Is 't not fine
To swim in wine
And turn upon the toe,
And sing hey nonny no?"

"Swimming in wine sounds rather messy to me," ventured Alice. "Well, then, if you must swim, join the Society for the purpose, they will afford you every facility, and we have some very keen members here," retorted the B.G. coldly, "though it ought to be good enough for you if Anon was satisfied."

"Who is Anon?" asked Alice humbly.

"The man who wrote the poem of course, he has written a great deal, a very great deal; but all this is beside the point. I was telling you that for to sing hey nonny no! and other airs and graces in the best of taste; you must go to the Common Room on odd Saturday evenings, where you will be vigorously initiated into Musical Appreciation—it is quite painless, but the effects are permanent. Let Culture be our watchword! We have two gramophones—"

"Why two?" asked Alice.

"For duets, of course, and think of the time saveable by listening to two records at once! And we have other manly sports; come, I'll play you at 'pong.'"

"Won't you make it ping," pleaded Alice, "'pong is so rough.'" "Very well," grudgingly conceded the B.G.

"I suppose I must make allowances for your old-fashioned upbringing; but which ever we play, everyone else will be delighted to hear us." Can they bear us?" said Alice. "Why, yes! don't you know the Wing is soundproof?" replied the Gryphon conclusively.

As they climbed several flights of steps, Alice said politely: "I did so enjoy the Freshers' Social—and aren't you looking forward to the Dance?"

"Seize partners!" muttered the B.G. with a convulsive movement. "The Mock Turtle and I were trying out some new steps only last evening, only people will get in the way, and bump, you know." And he shook his head sadly, and sang very softly:—

"Will you dance a little faster, for the Common room is small,
When people zig-zag painfully across from wall to wall,
You can really have no notion how delightful it would be,
If you would keep the measured pace of her and him and me."
"What matters it how far we swerve?" the eager friend replied,
"There is another wall, you know, upon the other side.
And if we knock the people down, between ourselves and it,
Then we'll have all the space around, as is most right and fit."

As the Blue Gryphon drew breath for another stanza, Alice, hastily changing the subject, remarked: "Wasn't the fire-drill exciting?" "Ah, yes, how beautiful are the stars from the courtyard," mused the B.G.

"How doth the little fire-drill,
Improve our midnight sleep,
How sweetly screams the whistle shrill
As out of bed we leap."

"But one precautionary admonition, my child," he went on, with all the pomposity he could muster, "And that is, never let electricity get the better of you. Unless you sprinkle it with pepper, you will find the fire dying out of your life: the hot plates will be borne to another land, a distant clime—for is not Lucifer an electrician, of Latin derivation? The iron sparkles no more, the fire fades, the short circuit falls dizzy by the wayside, two flexes cannot meet except at infinity, 'the lamp is shattered' [unless approved by the Warden.], this little globe [gas-filled] is left to darkness, and if you poke behind their bars of iron the elements of the radiator, those that look out of windows shall be darkened at that great Fiat Nox! and so:—

"Deal roughly with electric light,
And smash it when it fuses,
It only does it to annoy—
It needn't if it chooses."

E. SALT.

Devonshire Hall Debate.

"THAT this House regrets the Past, depletes the Present, and has no hope for the future."

Chairman: President of the Hall (T. Booth).

It was taken for granted that this social function would be at least highly amusing and very entertaining. Nor were we disappointed. The hostel felt highly honoured that so large a proportion of visitors were of the opposite sex, and the Chairman, in his introductory remarks, warmly welcomed them and declared it to be a compliment and mark of honour to the Devonshire men that the University should hold a debate in their stronghold.

With admirable conceit, L. Harris, in proposing the motion, openly declared that he intended to confine his remarks to Devonshire Hall in particular and the University in general. To him the barriers at dances were the outward sign of servitude and the boyish exuberance and love of ragging were fettered and caged. He deplored the fact that no man in hostel might use his natural language and he saw ahead a danger of our dialect dying out. He did not appear to speak too highly of the food meted out to him and even thought that the Griffin Hotel made huge profits out of men's search for a square meal. Under these conditions the past was certainly gloomy for him and extended its woeful influence into the Present and Future. G. Thompson (an H.O.R. man) seriously strained the chivalry of Devonshire men by openly declaring that their hostel was not the hub of the Universe. He thought that the Past mistakes gave experiences which would enable all to avoid pitfalls in the future. He recalled all the good things of life and instanced the "call of the thrush to its mate." This remark appeared to evoke some merriment in the audience rather to the speaker's discomfort. He suggested that men who deplored the Past and Present were not playing the game and were putting their very existence in danger. He urged the House to regard the Future as an adventure containing great possibilities and great joys.

J. Johnson, seconding the motion, came as a Jeremiah. He had no message of hope for the Future. He sighed for the stately dances of old as one of the few joys of the Past. That men should work in this hostel was to him a sin and a crime. He condemned the management of the Refectory and dubbed Mrs. Beck a Mussolini, a tyrant of government. He drew wondrous visions of the joys of a modest pint of beer as a great leveller and deeply regretted that the consumption of this beverage was on the decline.

Seconding the opposition, Miss M. Talbot, adorned Devonshire men with flowing curls to signify their stage of boyhood. In a commendable tone of optimism, Miss Talbot made a very eloquent appeal to all the men to hold to the best things of life and carry into their future their finest ideals. We would congratulate Miss Talbot for her courage in speaking so boldly at this debate and it is certainly a pleasure to record the chivalrous manner with which Devonshire regarded her speech.

On the motion being declared open to the House, many views of personal experience were recited. Some grumbled, some treated life, with all its seriousness, "in a jocular manner," and others seemed to find some faint ray of hope for the Future of our Race. One most amusing incident must be recorded. It was the misfortune of one, Lord G. Ossett Milber, to have his neck completely enveloped in a plaster casing—a wondrous sight. Slowly rising and in a tone of great mourning, he regretted the Past, could hardly in his present state do anything else but deplore the Present and, poor fellow, had precious little hope for the Future.

It was certainly good to see so many people rising to speak on the motion, and although one could hardly claim the standard of debating to be of a very high pitch the whole affair contributed to a very enjoyable evening. Whether men are by nature pessimists and women optimists we do not know, but nearly all the former voted for the motion and the latter against it, with the result that the motion was carried by a comfortable majority. Still, Devonshire lives on its sad and mournful life and no doubt next year will display its wanted exuberance and hearty fellowship in the debate of that year, if we are to be favoured with one.

N.J.F.

"When the enterprising burglar is a-burgling"



Once upon a time, on a cold and frosty morning, our first customer was an eminent city man. He was looking rather less eminent than usual because, in the first place, he was wearing a very ancient mackintosh and an extraordinary aged deer-stalker's hat. He slunk into our "New Tailoring" department and explained that his house had just been burgled and that the burglar had removed his entire wardrobe with the exception of the rather picturesque ensemble in which he now appeared.

He explained anxiously that it would take several weeks to build clothes of the magnificence demanded by his station in life, but he felt that in the meantime our much-talked-of "New Tailoring" might do as a stop-

gap. He hastened to assure us that he had approached us in an emergency and so was prepared to be kind and reasonable to the last degree. He naturally did not expect our clothes to fit him to any marked extent, and he quite understood that in the nature of things our patterns would be laughably crude. But he was only too pleased to be broadminded if we would keep him alive and warm for a week or two.

With an ill-concealed smile our tailoring expert led him away to a "fitting room." Within fifteen minutes he was wearing such perfectly fitting clothes that he was more than surprised, in another half-hour we had refitted him completely—and he went on his way rejoicing. So startling was the increase in his grandeur that to-day he is a regular and enthusiastic customer. Incidentally, we should like to point out that we have no burglars on our pay roll.



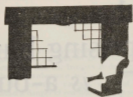
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Facts about Fungi.

FOR those who intend to grow fungi on the upper lip—for the fashion is now in—a word of warning and advice is needed from a student of Moustachology. For this purpose I have read deeply inquired diligently and interviewed exhaustively, and now beg to present my researches.

The first stage is to decide to have a moustache. Naturally the type of moustache, size, colour, etc. must be considered. Get the opinions of people you meet frequently—landlady, barman, conductor, Yvonne, your best girl and Mrs. Beck.

Attention must be paid to the opinions of the first and last of the above list. Finally, choose the style opposite that chosen by Y.B.G. The main reason for this is that her scornful remarks will cause the young roots to bristle, thus giving exercise and so promoting growth.

Style No. 1 is an imposing growth and is known as "The Walrus." A magnificent specimen was cultivated by "Old Bill," and is the type grown by all true followers of St. Tetley—mainly

for regenerative purposes. Colours usually cultivated range from a dark black to a shell pink, although it is on record that a brown and white has been grown.

Style No. 2 is common in military circles, and consists of a wiry tuft of fungi drawn out at either side like a multiple growth of converging cats' whiskers. It is the hall-mark of a retired major. This type is of great use to subordinate officers for determining the temper of the wearers when the colour of the neck cannot be seen. Relative positions of points are as follows: Points level—temper normal. Points drooping (generally after port)—temper inert. Points inclined upwards indicate a nasty mood, while, if they reach the vertical, the situation is dangerous.

(N.B.—A practical use of the above moustache is as a pipe cleaner).

The third type of fungi I shall call the incipient type. This is grown by all poets and other such persons, hence its name. It is a style that is useful to present before Mrs. Beck when she accuses you of bending the silver. A meek and mild mien can be instantly obtained by practical facial contortions. The imagination can be brought into play when I describe it as a dark, mossy growth; it is, in fact, a close-cropped edition of almost all other mustachi.



"...the fashion is now in..."



"an imposing growth..."



"poets, and other such persons..."



"...a smart and dainty
upper lip..."

The most fashionable is, I think, Style No. 4, which I shall call "The Bunny" or "Doormat." This creation is superb for the "man about town" who requires a smart and dainty upper lip in order to sip coffee at Polly's. This style is useless as an antidote against Mrs. B.

The moustache itself consists of an isolated tuft of fungus, which must be grown in the mathematical centre of the upper lip, immediately under the nasal organ. Its position is aptly described by the following lines:—

"Just like some rosebush set apart."

ByRON.

This growth owes its name to the regular, rabbit-like motion it acquires when the owner is eating lettuce. In practice this style is much used as a pen wiper.

In the beginning, moustachi require careful and tender handling. To promote growth the method of Dr. Benderson is recommended. The essence of the method is as follows: The young shoots are treated with sodium chloride, Na Cl (common salt) and a large dish of Aqua, H₂O (common water) is placed near. This tempts the young moustachi to come out for a drink; they are then secured and tied in a knot, thus preventing their retreat. Another system was invented by Profs. Lutcliffe and Simb. It is called the *s.g.s.* system and consists of tying gram weights to each of the moustachi. The head is then rotated backward and forward in S.H.M. of the period, thus causing the force of gravity to accelerate their growth. The head is elevated at such a position that would drain the last drops from a Mitre pint. It is interesting to note that the above gentlemen have cultivated magnificent moustaches by this method.

An early symptom of moustachitis is when the upper lip feels heavy and is inclined to droop. To counteract this, the cultivator must either stand on his head or use Benson's patent lip upholder. This lip upholder is an ingenious device, consisting of a gadget which is invisibly fastened to the drooping lip, the whole being upheld by two piano wires, which are lead over the ears and suitably weighted.

The internal nourishment of moustaches is an important question. What is food to one moustache may be poison to another. The natural food of moustachi is beer and, curious enough, they thrive on this substance if applied internally or externally. If it was not for a jealously-guarded trade secret, breweries would now be but gaunt piles of magnificent moustachi. Before beer was brewed, haggi was one of the main commodities of moustachi, and it is not without reason to suppose that wearers of some of the finest moustachi secretly consume this delicacy. On no account whatever must young moustachi come into contact with Refec, soup or any other unknown liquids, as the damage may be irreparable.

I sincerely hope that this article will remove all doubts in the minds of budding cultivators, and hope that it supplies a long-felt want. A well-grown moustache is a sight for the Gods, but a growth that is allowed to run loose, breaking all the laws and covenants of the science of moustachology, is worthy only of the dogs.

IAN MACLAWRIN.



OUR "MOST KYNDLY NURSE."

"It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do—and she did it." (CHARLES LAMB).

"All is as she will; and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one." (*Merry Wives of Windsor*).

"And were not she rebellious breasts to quell.

And were not she her statutes to maintain,

The cott no more, I ween, were deemed the cell.

Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwell." (SHERIDAN).

"So, boy, you're minded," quoth the good, fat father,

Wiping his own mouth, 'twas reflection time—

"To quit this very miserable world?
Will you renounce...." The mouthful of bread, thought I,

By no means! (BROWNING).

"You eat your victuals fast enough.
There can't be much amiss, 'tis clear,
To see the rate you drink your beer...."
(*The Shropshire Lad*).

"I first took charge of the Refec, when it was only a coffee-stall...."

(Mrs. BAC—nearly).

THE
JOURNAL
OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE



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Report on Flexibility of Glass.

(Under Auspices of Prof. M. M. Glassbreaker—the eminent authority).

I HAVE been engaged for some time on the important investigation on the flexibility of glass. The main variables which appear to affect the breakage of glass appear to be altitude, temperature and stress.

I think as a result of the minute investigations I have made on all kinds of glass apparatus, both expensive and comparatively cheap, that the theory that glass is not a solid, but merely a super-cooled liquid cannot be maintained for altitudes above which glass never fails to break on falling.

The extent of breakage appears, contrary to all laws of gravitation, to follow the fourth power law, for in a special series of investigations the number of pieces into which any piece broke far exceeded any calculations assuming the square law is followed. I have not yet confirmed Prof. Glassbreaker's observations that more expensive apparatus tends to break after falling from lower altitudes than much inferior apparatus. He calculated the inefficient of breakage for expensive apparatus relative to inferior apparatus to be:—

$$B = \left[\begin{array}{cc} a & -x \\ \sqrt{e} & - \\ x & a \end{array} \right] n \quad \text{Where } x \text{ is the statistical.}$$

$$B = \left[\begin{array}{cc} a & -x \\ \sqrt{e} & - \\ 3x & a \end{array} \right] n \quad \text{Observed breakage number of glass of the inferior sort.}$$

n is a whole number in all cases varying from 5 to 17.

Barometric pressure variations had no effect, contrary to the results stated to have been obtained by various investigators. Also fluctuations of 1° c. or so in the room temp. did not materially affect the breakage coefficient of any glass apparatus, in spite of the common fallacy that this is the cause of many breakages by certain people who work in alternating temperature laboratories. I have found that in certain cases apparatus dropped from a certain height, although expected to break into " n " pieces have remained unbroken. This I have finally concluded is due to a very strange phenomenon which I have called the "fluctuating breakage coefficient," that is, apparently owing to a molecular rearrangement under the stress of collision, the breakage coefficient assumes a zero value and hence remain intact.

However, I found invariably, every piece of apparatus which showed this phenomenon once, never did it again, *i.e.*, to say on falling again they always broke according to the expression of the breakage coefficient previously dealt with.

Many investigators have reported the peculiar phenomenon of the effect on the heat due to breaking apparatus. They even deduce a relation showing that the effect is greater according to the degree of expensiveness of apparatus, but, these reports, having come from Scotch sources may be discredited.

In conclusion, I should like to say that many thanks are due to Professor M. M. Glassbreaker for his lavish use of his apparatus and also his neat demonstrations of glass breaking, especially with expensive apparatus. His experience has been invaluable in devising and performing very delicate and sensitive methods of showing how the breakage coefficient varies with the altitude.

A.K.

Extracts from Impressions of Marburg.

.....From Leeds to Ostend the sky threatened; from Ostend to Coblenz rain fell unremittingly. My fear grew, was Marburg still charming in the rain? But when we left Coblenz the sun came out, the clouds dispersed and the valley of the Lahn welcomed the traveller with the coloured splendour of a fine autumn morning. The train wound up the valley, now closed in by the steep slopes of the wooded hills, now widening into a broad plain, dwarfing the hills, robbing them of their imposing air. We changed trains at Giessen and continued our way amidst restful landscapes, spread out green and brown under the sunshine. But the valley narrowed again and we were approaching a cluster of hills which were like so many great green haycocks—a little misshapen to be sure—placed close together. One of them on our left and in full view was crowned by a stone building—a castle surely—whilst its sides were covered with houses rising each above the other from foot to summit, but scarcely in tiers, for who could distinguish tiers in such a profusion of red roofs? And around the foot of the hill, extending into the narrow plain lay other houses whose inhabitants had the double advantage of enjoying a view of this antique town and of avoiding the painful inconvenience of its steep and narrow streets. It was as though some malicious sprite, observing with what stately symmetry this hill rose into the air proudly trespassing on his domain, had through spite emptied a bag of houses over its crown; and as they fell some of them had remained clinging to the slope, whilst others, rolling to the bottom, had continued their way along the level to the banks of the river itself. Perhaps the sprite had laughed—an impish laugh—when he saw how queerly awry his houses had fallen; how some of them had turned quite over, or so it seemed at least; how some had caught on the nearest ledge of rock or earth and defended there a precarious existence; how others hurtling down a little late had been forestalled in the fight for a hold, but caught on the horns of their predecessors, had remained perched, as it were in mid-air, lording it over their humble neighbours who yet had saved them. Even the Church of the Good Lord there, half-way down the hill, had not escaped unhurt, for its steeple had fallen askant and seemed now not to fling its hymn of praise straight to heaven like its Gothic sisters, the steeples of St. Elizabeth in the valley, but to bow in humility before its Creator. Only the castle on the top seemed strong and solid and immovable. It must have been there always. Even all those houses clattering over it had scarce scratched it.

* * *

The old houses of this town, the embodiment of mediæval naïfete and simple faith, receive under their roofs men and women who stand for all that is most advanced in modern civilization and intellectual culture. But if we look a little closer we shall find that the contrast is not so disturbing as it seems, for there are signs, too obtrusive to be missed, on the faces of the male students which betray an underlying unity, a connection between the Marburg students of to-day and the young Marburg of centuries ago. These signs are scars won with glory and honour in the duel which is one of the precious traditions of the student corps. It is by the traditions of their corporations that the students of Marburg, although they wear tweed suits and carry fountain pens are as antique as Marburg herself.

R. PEACOCK.



AMONGST the countless rumours which drift about the University, two have recently found their way even to the exalted regions of *The Gryphon* office. One of them tells of the establishment of an illicit still at D-v-n-s-i-e Hall for the recovery of opium from the centres of Flanders Poppies (sixpenny size only), and the other speaks of an innovation in the way of "second year Freshers" at W-e-w-d Hall. Which may, of course, be amusing to somebody, but which, frankly, means nothing to us.

"It was in prison in 1920 that I last played football," writes Mr. George Lansbury, M.P. Mr. Lansbury's political opponents are no doubt thinking that it is time he took a little more exercise.

A recent *Agony* announcement read: "Famous author of one of the loveliest books ever writtem has been seriously ill."

We hasten to reassure our readers that this does not refer to Professor J-n-s, who, we are glad to say, is in excellent health.

We offer for the delectation of our readers the following extract culled from the Mighty Press:—

This Week's Awards.

£500 Cross-word prize won for second week in succession.

Five £250 death claims paid.

We are indebted to a contributor for the story of the Editor who, receiving "a poem, and a stamp enclosed for approval," replied that he approved very heartily of the stamp, but unfortunately could not remember the poem.

Reference is made in the Press to a Professor Herman Kantarovtz. We would like to have the pleasure of introducing the gentleman to Professor Ba-b-er.

Short Story.

It so happened that the post of Lord High Arbitrer of Kinematic morals became vacant, and much interest was aroused, and considerable speculation as to who should be appointed to this exalted office. Finally, a very Great Man, who had had a Very Distinguished Career, was chosen because he admitted knowing nothing about Kinematic problems, but was a Very Charming Person. He set about immediately, Learning his job, a task on which he spent several days, and also enlisted the aid of his Very Charming Grandchildren, until he was fully prepared for his arduous duties. And for this he received £2,000 a year.

Solved at Last!

"PIP," said Helen, "I don't know why it is you spend so much time writing silly articles when you know you are not literary."

We were having tea, and I had spent the hours I had waited for her covering sheets of paper with notes and calculations. "That," I replied, "is one of the nicest things you have ever said to me. The last thing on earth I want to be is literary." There was a pause. "It's a curious thing," I went on, "how so many graduates of the English School are unable to write anything of interest to anybody but themselves."

"Why, of course," she agreed, "Only those who are trained in it understand good literature." Again appeared that annoying smile of triumph. It is an old argument with us; the mutual contempt of literature and economics.

"Anyway," I replied, "The best writers were not trained in Universities. You so called literary people don't know nine-tenths of the literature of the country. What do you know of politics, philosophy, history, not to mention economics?" I sniffed, and bit the Eccles cake fiercely.

"You did well *not* to mention economics," she replied sweetly, "but the things you did mention do not seem to have much to do with the point." Again the gleam in her eye. Women are like that! They scorn logic themselves, but are always ready to pick a hole in a man's reasoning. I knew it was hopeless to argue with her, but I couldn't help it.

"That is just where the point...er...emerges," I replied. I had nearly stuck for the word, but I thought 'emerges' rather good. We are fond of it in the economics school. She waited. So did I. I won. She put down her cup with rather unnecessary force, I thought.

"Well finish it," she almost snapped. "Oh," I smiled. "All I mean is that much of the best literature deals with subjects on which literary people have very little knowledge."

"We don't pretend to know everything," she quickly replied. "But we know when a man can write, whatever he writes about." She got up and moved to the settee, and picked up my notes. "What are you trying to write this time," she asked. "I can't read your *pattes de mouche*."

"Unemployment," I answered. "Oh Lord!" she sighed.

"As a matter of fact," I replied, "I believe I have made a very important discovery, if not actually solved the whole problem."

"Oh, really," she replied eagerly, "Do tell me."

I must say that Helen, in spite of her literary training, can be very encouraging. I sat down and explained the notes on her knees. I mean she had the notes in her lap and I sat close beside her.

"You know all those 'Why Pay More' shops?" I began. A blank look answered. "I mean those 'Cut Price' shops—you know, where you can buy cigaretttes at tenpence for a shilling packet."

"Oh yes," she replied, "I've heard of them."

"Well, you see, it's like this," I went on. "The unemployment works out at twelve per cent., and the 'cut prices' are about twenty per cent reduced. That shows that the unemployment is quite unnecessary."

She looked at me, a sort of downward look, as if wondering whether a literary training might not have helped me to express myself intelligibly. I began to feel slightly red. "Of course you won't be able to see the relevance." "I con-

ceded, in what I believed to be a superior tone. I find more and more that in dealing with women it is not so much what one says that matters as the tone of voice and the position of the eyebrow.

"Go on," she replied in hard voice, "I'll see it through."

"Oh!" I smiled, "It's quite simple. If twelve per cent. of the working population are unemployed, an increase of twelve per cent. in the purchasing power of the nation would set them all at work again."

"Dear me," she sighed, "Have you only just discovered that?"

I ignored the remark. "Now listen," I urged. "You had an onion seller the other week selling onions at thirty per cent. lower than the shops, and you had the fellow who said he was 'from t'farm' offering eight sacks of potatoes at four and six when they were a shilling a stone in the shops."

"Onions! Potatoes! Whatever are you getting at?" she asked desperately.

"I'm getting at this," I replied doggedly. "If you put that with the 'cut price' shops and the 25 per cent. reduction you can always get on furniture and wireless and everything, if you know someone in the trade, it shows that retail prices are far too high. So if people would only get together and buy everything at cut prices there would be an increase of about 20 per cent. at least in the national purchasing power, and that would absorb all the unemployed without any of this dole business." I sat back, a trifle exhausted.

There was scepticism in her smile. "I don't see," she replied slowly, "where the increased purchasing power comes in if there's no more money than before."

"Well, I'll explain," I replied cheerfully. "That box of chocs. I bought you last week was a five shilling one, as you know."

"Yes, they were lovely," she smiled. "I've nearly finished them."

"Well, I got them at the cut price shop for four shillings," I added with a grin. "And I was able to get a shilling packet of cigarettes as well for the five shillings. That shows how purchasing power can be increased without any increase of money. And besides, I got the cigs. for tenpence, and had twopence over. So I bought two penny boxes of matches for three-halfpence."

"Well! Of all the..... You mean thing!"

It just shows how difficult women are. It took me an age to justify myself, and in the end I had to promise her another box of chocolates to prove I was not mean. Gradually she came round and even conceded that I really was clever.

"I think you ought to send the suggestion up somewhere, Pip dear," she concluded. Where to she had no idea, and I was too happy to bother. After a while, another bright idea struck her.

"Oh, I say," she cried suddenly, "You will save a shilling on the box, and with the shilling you saved on the last one,.... that makes two shillings,.... why, we can go to the pictures for nothing really. Come on."

I am beginning to think it would have been better to leave the unemployment problem to the Lord Privy Seal.

Pip.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mrs. Una Ratcliffe has kindly offered three prizes for the best poems in North Country dialect written by Students of this University.



The Sense of Glory.

IN the introductory note to his book of "Essays in Criticism," Mr. Read declares himself to be possessed of an ambition to re-animate the sense of glory. It is, we venture to suggest, an unfortunate introduction to a volume of very sound, and on the whole, very readable criticism. The mere idea of a number of essays on subjects ranging from Froissart to Henry James being called upon to unite in the common cause of glory—although the sense in which Mr. Read uses this sadly misunderstood word is safe from the reproaches of even the most cynical of the younger generation—is unfortunately, likely to be associated with "The Twelve Great Deeds that won the Empire," or some such classification. Yet, even if the glory had fulfilled the appalling threat of the title, we might have forgiven Mr. Read, as in many of the essays the preoccupation with the sense of glory conforms to the famous description of Allegory, which "does not bite" if you leave it alone. Indeed, in one essay at least, we are not troubled by the "common theme" until we reach the very last word.

It would be difficult and invidious to attempt to explain Mr. Read's exalted conception of the sense of glory in a few words. The book is prefaced by a quotation from Renan, containing the following statements:—

"L'apparente incohérence des efforts de l'homme aboutit à cette grande lumière, la gloire, qui est encore, quoi que l'on dise, ce qui a le plus de chance de n'être pas tout à fait une vanité.... Il n'y a pas plusieurs espèces de gloire, pas plus il n'y a plusieurs espèces de lumière."

Mr. Read insists that this sense of glory, which is the achievement of the truly great, is, as Vauvenargues stated, "a private and discreet virtue.... only fully realised in solitariness," although in the essay on Malory, he boldly asserts that "nothing worthy was ever done that was not done for the sake of glory," and it is perhaps only possible to reconcile these views if instead of accepting the misleading word glory itself, we replace it by "that greatness which is expressed in beauty controlled by intelligence." In this connection it is interesting to compare with Mr. Read's studies of Froissart, Malory, and also perhaps, Vauvenargues, the creed of the late M. Clémenceau:—

"Action is the principle, action is the means, action is the aim; the stubborn action of every man for the profit of all, disinterested action rising above the hollowness of glory, above the anguish of lost battles, and above remorseless death, action evolving the ideal, the only strength and complete virtue."

As a critic, Mr. Read is perhaps too frequently tempted into the austere and somewhat chilly regions of philosophy, as in the essay on Descartes, but there is no question of the justness, force, and insight of his remarks on those writers who present the very considerable obstacle to a critic of having already been "immensely written," to adapt a phrase which Henry James applied to a novel by Flaubert. Particularly effective is the essay on Sterne, with its interesting digression on the "sentimental" down to the present, when it has come to mean

"the extreme stages of emotional deliquescence." Above all perhaps, stress should be laid on Mr. Read's treatment of the greater humorous writers, and on the essential difference between a clear sighted view of what in life is futile, and a clear-eyed conception of life as a whole as futility. As he remarks in the essay on Malory, and emphasises in the essays on the humorists:

"No mockery of the human spirit, however irrational that spirit may be, ever survives the hour of its expression."

M.R.

The Sense of Glory. Essays by HERBERT READ on Froissart, Malory, Descartes, Swift, Sterne, Vasquez, Hawthorne, Henry James and Bagshot. Cambridge University Press, 1926.

[Mr. Read was a student at Leeds University, 1912-1914].

Leeds University Old Students' Association.

THE main subject of our notes in this issue must be the Dinner. You have already had a preliminary notice and we hope you have booked the date and arranged to come. In case, however, you have missed the previous announcement, the date is December 21st (Saturday), and the time, place and cost will be as usual, viz., 6-30 p.m. in the Refectory at a cost of 3/6, to be collected on the evening. Also as is the custom at this, the more formal of our two Dinners, "glad rags" will be worn.

Although most of its features are as usual there are some which are innovations and which will come as a pleasant surprise when the time comes. They are due to the suggestions and help of our President and we, who know what is in store, can confidently recommend you to come. We are strongly tempted to let the cat out of the bag, but we are nobly refraining and if you don't come to the Dinner you will have to wait till the next issue of *The Gryphon* to hear what a lot you missed. We are perfectly willing to guarantee that you will be neither bored nor disappointed if you come and we say this with the expectation of being there ourselves, but with no fear of recriminations from such as feel they have been induced to come by fair but false promises.

We had hoped to be able to announce the names of our guests in this issue, but they are not yet definitely booked and you will have to trust us to find the right people. Lord Brotherton would have been one, but unfortunately he is indisposed, and cannot come this time. Our President, Lord Moyrihan, will be in the Chair, so we shall at any rate be sure of a few good stories.

Enclosed in this *Gryphon* you will find a post card which only requires filling up and posting. Please fill it up and let us have it back AT ONCE. We don't want your money now, but we do want to know how many are coming so that we can get on with our arrangements. We should have mentioned that the card will also require stamping, so please do not overlook that formality.

One last remark about the Dinner. Those who come will receive at the Dinner their copy of the O.S.A. Year Book. Others will have to wait till early in the New Year.

It is hoped that in the next issue of *The Gryphon* it will be possible to give a summary of action taken in regard to the University Appeal in so far as Old Students are concerned. Many of us still think it is quite possible to raise £4,500 more from among Old Students if we can keep our Appeal organisation going on a permanent basis. We have all along looked upon this task as a full ten years' job, and it may take longer.

London Branch.

Hon. Treasurer :

Mr. H. HOLLINGS,
10, Orchard Drive,
Blackheath, S.E. 3.

Hon. Secretary :

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

"Our best wishes are with the Minister of Health and the widows." The Right Hon. Mr. Arthur Greenwood was to have been our chief guest at the November dinner, at University College, and it was very reluctantly indeed that he had to cancel the engagement, but an evening debate on the Widows' Pensions Bill rendered it imperative that he should be in the House. His absence was a disappointment to the 90 Old Students who met that evening, but it was a pleasure to wish him well, even in his absence, and to unite in the hope that the debate would have happy results.

The Rev. the Master of The Temple, to use his own words, was "the stop gap." A diminutive messenger boy conveyed the invitation to Dr. Draper, and presented it, we are told, as if with a loaded pistol. We can easily imagine the small boy's thoughts of his own efficiency as he triumphantly returned to Professor Smithells with a reply in the affirmative. Those of us, however, who have less than 100% interest in the messenger boy recognise in that swift decision Dr. Draper's great kindness of heart, and are thankful for it. We were very pleased indeed to have him with us for the evening, our only regret being that Mrs. Draper was not well enough to accompany him.

If our dinner had been a public banquet, what copy the Press would have made of it! With what a splendid headline the proposer of the toast would have supplied them! "Married Woman thanks the Clergyman after 12 years." It is about so long since Dr. Draper, then Rector of Adel, married a young medical bride to a gallant soldier husband, and at our dinner Dr. Grace Griffith rose to thank him and to ask all to join her in drinking his health.

And now I suppose you will wonder whether we spent the whole evening talking. Well, we didn't. By 9 o'clock the dining room was deserted and we were all waiting for an entertainment—and we got it. Mr. H. R. Robinson, who was never known to conduct a poor show while he was at Leeds, has brought the same great enthusiasm to London, and he delighted the whole assembly by the way in which he produced an entertainment and organised dancing after it. We were treated to a one-act drama, which was really excellent, a couple of novel monologues, which provided great amusement, then "Three Blind Mice," played in all styles from church harmony to syncopation, *à la* Bach, Chopin, Liszt and Rachmaninoff, a most remarkable performance, as was also the Russian Quartet and the burlesque of ballet.

It did not take long for the room to be cleared of chairs, and instantly an orchestra was in position, the floor was sprinkled liberally with polishing powder and for an hour and a half there was dancing. The evening ended with three hearty cheers for Mr. Robinson, and he can rest assured that he has the admiring thanks of all who were present that evening, and everyone will hope that he will be generous enough to give us another portion of his time and talent at our next dinner in February.

We send to all our members everywhere, and to all Old Students, whether members or not, the Best Wishes of the Officers and Committee for a Merry Christmas, and for Happiness and Prosperity in the coming year.

West Riding Branch.

The Play Reading Circle has been as cheerful and active as ever this term. The Theatre Night on November 12th, was a brilliant success. Forty-three members and friends enjoyed the spectacle of Arthur Riscoe coquetting with an umbrella in "Virginia."

Since September, we have been trying hard to spend less money on plays, as we found that the sixpences paid by members (fourpence of which is paid to Mrs. Calverley for coffee) simply would not cover the cost of expensive consignments of books from the British Drama League. But we have been forced to the conclusion that members want expensive plays; recent and amusing ones, that is, which cannot be acquired except through the Drama League.

So we are launching forth again next term in the hope that:—

1. Old members will turn up in shoals.
2. New ones will be attracted.
3. Play-readers will be prepared to pay 4d. more a head on those evenings when we have a batch of plays to pay for; that is, they will pay 4d. for coffee and biscuits, and 6d. for the privilege of using the books.

This seems the only way out of a trying situation, and we hope it commends itself to everyone.

Below is the programme for next term:—

Evenings on which the British Drama League will demand your sixpences are marked with an asterisk! A list with dates will be sent out immediately after Christmas.

- | | | |
|-----|--|-----------------|
| *1. | "Journey's End" | Sheriff |
| 2. | West Riding General Meeting, followed by "Between the Soup and the Savoury." | |
| 3. | "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" | Shaw |
| *4. | "Ban-baa Black Sheep" | Hay |
| 5. | Evening of Short Plays. | |
| *6. | "T'Marsdens" | Gregson |
| 7. | Dramatic Evening. | |
| *8. | "The First Mrs. Frazer" | St. John Ervine |
| 9. | Members' Evening. | |

Involuntary contributions!!

In conclusion, may we wonder audibly where the "new" Old Students are these days?—as we old veterans never seem to see them!

The West Riding Christmas Party is on Tuesday, December 17th, at 7 p.m., in the Refectory. If you have not received a circular or have forgotten to send yours in, drop a post card to your kind secretaries. All old Students are invited, whether members of the West Riding Branch or not. Also friends, wives, husbands and other encumbrances!

H. BREARLEY, } Secretaries.
A. RAMSDEN, }

BIRTHS.

At the Manse, Streetville, Ontario, Canada, on June 26th, to the Rev. and Mrs. W. S. MCCREE (née JANET DYKES (1911-14), a second little daughter—Elizabeth Janet.

To Mr. C. E. BROWNE and Mrs. BROWNE, on the 19th October, at 53, De Freville Avenue, Cambridge, a son.

To Mr. C. CHALLEN (1920-23, Science) and Mrs. CHALLEN (ELEANOR M. OPIC, 1919-23, Arts), on the 31st May, a daughter.

To Professor and Mrs. C. M. GILLESPIE, on the 22nd October, at 10, Harrowby Road, West Park, Leeds, a son.

MARRIAGES.

F. BECKWITH (Arts, 1923-8) to Miss L. LOCKWOOD, at Mearwood Road Baptist Church, Leeds, on the 26th June, 1929.

G. WRIGHT (Commerce, 1920-25), at Armley Parish Church, on the 22nd August.

DEATH.

Mr. G. H. DYER (1926-7, Colour Chemistry), in the McRobert Hospital, Cawnpore, on the 5th April.

Correspondence.

3, CLAREMONT DRIVE,
HEADINGLEY,
November 24th, 1929.

Dear Editor,

The Committee of the University Babies' Welcome wishes to express through the pages of the *Gryphon* its appreciation of the help given by the students on the occasion of the Flag Day on October 15th. The amount raised this year was £12 15s. 0d., a very welcome addition to our funds.

I have often been asked how the collection of one year compares with that of other years, and so I give below the sums contributed in this way since 1921, when we first had this Flag Day.

	£	s.	d.
1921	13	0	0
1922	13	5	9½
1923	15	15	0
1924	14	8	6½
1925	12	10	0
1926	14	10	7
1927	13	4	0½
1928	12	8	6
1929	12	15	0

These figures show how very little the collection varies from year to year, and also, what a valuable contribution the students have made to the University Babies' Welcome. As our work grows, and expenses increase, the annual bolls given by the students assists materially to keep our balance on the right side, and we are most grateful to them for their support.

Yours sincerely,
C. WISFRED CONNALL,
Hon. Treasurer.

WILL YOU EXCHANGE AN ENGLISH WINTER FOR
WINTER SPORTS IN THE TYROL?

Herr Ernst Seigmann, a student of Economics from Berlin, would like to stay for three months in an English family in order to study the language, and in return an English man or woman student is offered free hospitality for five months at the leading hotel in Landeck, Tyrol.

Landeck is one of the best Winter Sports' Centres in the Eastern Alps and offers facilities for skiing, skating, tobogganing, etc. The Hotel there is owned by Herr Seigmann's sister and brother-in-law, who would act as hosts.

Please apply to:—

The Exchanges Secretary,
The National Union of Students,
3, Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

UNION NOTES.

[We regret that we have not received any Union Notes for this issue, but we have received the following contribution, which we beg to offer in their place].



N. A. B.
1929.

Hostel of the Resurrection.

H.O.R.—An apology is due for the absence of any notes from this hostel in the last copy of *The Gryphon*. The student responsible slumbered peacefully while in the University, and saw no notices to disturb the peaceful tenor of his way. We are glad to be able to write that he has since been duly called to order.

As is the case in all Hostels at this term, Freshers arrived uncertain as to their fate. Bazaar Day, followed by a Freshers' Concert, soon aroused them to a sense of their own responsibilities, and now they are, in their various ways, playing the game of University life.

The various aspects of University Sport and Social activities absorb their due share of our time, and the H.O.R.R.U.F.C., after lowering its head to the prior claims of that august assembly, still plays on with undiminished courage.

In conclusion, we would like to draw the attention of the men students of the University to the Sung Eucharist in the Chapel at the Hostel, on Sunday mornings at 10 a.m.



THE season of the Athletic Clubs is now two months' old, and it is possible to begin to pick out those Clubs which have some chance of distinguishing themselves in the Inter-University Competitions. There have, however, been some curious fluctuations of form, such as often occur in competitive games, but which, nevertheless, leave the impartial observer somewhat baffled.

The Soccer Club commenced the season with high hopes. After two excellent wins against Mazon and Whitehall Printeries, they met Birmingham University at Birmingham, and were narrowly defeated by the only goal scored. A disastrous series of injuries to players just after this, however, deprived the Club of the services of Rex and Burton, and although Nottingham University College were well beaten at Westwood, a very depressing exhibition against Liverpool University at home resulted in a victory for the visitors by 2 goals to 1. This meant that a win against Manchester had to be secured if the Club were to have any chance of success in the Christie I.V.A.B. Competitions. Fortunately, the team played on the top of its form for this game, and thanks to a great goal by Johnson, managed to defeat Manchester by 5 goals to 4, thus bringing them level with Manchester and Liverpool, all with 4 points each, in the Competition. J. Johnson (captain) has been a tower of strength at centre half, while L. Black and R. Thurlow have also played strong games in the defence. In the forwards, Anderson is a prolific scorer, while Oliver Todoff has been consistently good on the left wing.

After a rather shaky start, the Rugger Fifteen seem at last to have found their feet, and given a fair amount of lock, may prove themselves to be one of the best fifteens seen at Leeds since the War. Early in the term, Illingworth (captain) was unfortunately unable to play owing to knee trouble, and although they easily accounted for Sheffield Varsity away from home by 22 points to nil, a series of reverses against Bradford, Heaton Moor and Middlesbrough followed. However, a distinct improvement against a strong Headingley club side marked the turning of the tide, and with the return of Illingworth, and the inclusion of Anty and H. C. Morgan, the team seem to have been welded together into a very useful fifteen. That this is so was shown in the first Christie game against Manchester at Westwood, when Leeds won well by 14 points to 8. Gledhill played a great game at left wing threequarter, and besides scoring two of our tries, rendered invaluable service by completely subduing Hickey, the Manchester Varsity and Cheshire County player. Illingworth and Anty opened up the centre well, while Hall's try in the opening minute will long be remembered by the encouraging crowd which witnessed the game.

The Men's Hockey team have shown consistently good form this season, having defeated Durham University at home by 1 goal to nil, and Manchester University at Manchester by 5 goals to 3, while in most of their club matches they have proved themselves a very good side. A rather unfortunate lapse against Sheffield University, when the latter beat us at Westwood by 4 goals to 2, was due mainly to a disorganised forward line, but we trust that this is but temporary, and it is hoped that this year the team will go far in the I.V.A.B. Competitions. J. J. Fry, who is again captain this year, is playing well at centre forward, while Ghulati at right back may be regarded as quite a discovery.

In spite of the usual difficulties in getting a sufficient number of players, the Lacrosse team struggle on, and now that Tomlinson has returned to goal, should do better. S. Wormald has played very well, and it is from his 'crosses that most of the goals for Leeds come. The Harriers have not had many fixtures to date, but they have every hope of upholding the high standard set in the past, by Leeds runners. They easily defeated Liverpool University away from home by 28 points to 44. T. Booth (captain) was first man home with a fast 45 mins. 18 secs. for the course, while Leeds supplied six out of the first eight men home. Over, who is the younger brother of Rob. Over, captain in 1928-9, is in the team, and with careful training should do well.

Thanks mainly to the enthusiasm shown in the Hostel of the Resurrection for the game, the Fives Club are embarking on an ambitious fixture list, which includes a tour in London with games against some first rate clubs. Against Manchester Varsity they were narrowly beaten by 100 points to 121, in which game, Tucker and W. R. Rhodes, the Leeds first pair, more than held their own. H. M. D. Harrison and Harlock-Jones complete the team, which should enjoy a good season.

WOMEN,—

The Women's Hockey team have now won three University games straight off, and appear to have the making of an excellent side, and although beaten by Liverpool by 6 goals to 4, they have entertained and beaten Durham, Manchester (5-4) and Sheffield (5-3), and so occupy a very encouraging position in the competitions. The great strength has been at full back, where Miss Colbeck is consistently good, while Miss Barraclough was brilliant against both Manchester and Sheffield. In the forwards, Miss Hall always plays a hard game, and Miss Woolford is a Freshner who shows considerable promise.

After a great run of success in former years, the Netball team seem very dispirited this year, and were beaten at Liverpool by 20 goals to 15. The team shows lack of understanding, while the interception and positioning is frequently faulty. The Women's Lacrosse team have also had, to date, a rather poor season, being badly defeated by Liverpool University, but the return of Miss Ashby, who has been injured, should strengthen the side.

Signed STUART SMITH,
General Athletics Secretary.

MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.—In spite of the great handicap under which it suffers through not having the use of a University Union Swimming Bath, the Swimming Club is able to field very useful polo and squadron teams and to run a strong club. There are no Inter-Varsity fixtures this term, but we hope to meet Durham College early next year. This year the club has had other fixtures with a fair amount of success. With the Training College and at Batley the squadron team was successful and the polo team drew. Both teams lost to Dewsbury, but the polo team defeated a Leeds Leander team 6-0.

The club runs two practice nights each week. One is at Meanwood Road on Monday for polo practice, the other, in conjunction with the Women's Swimming Club is a useful crawl class under the able tuition of Professor Boyd.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN

nor is it too late to join the Swimming Club. Non-swimmers and Channel Swimmers are all heartily welcome. See the notice board for particulars.

THE BOAT CLUB.—At the beginning of the term the Boat Club welcomed a considerable number of new members, not all of whom were Freshers. A considerable proportion of these new members were Medicals, and we were particularly pleased to see that enthusiasm for rowing has once again spread to this section of the community, as the number of Medicals in the Club had dwindled perceptibly during the last few years.

The membership of the Club is now as strong as ever and we hope to go on from strength to strength.

At the beginning of the term most of the old members spent their time coaching the new men, until by the beginning of November their efforts were rewarded, as by that time many of the Freshers had learnt how to handle an oar with some skill.

The crews for the Inter-Faculty Races, in which old members were again allowed to compete, were then formed. Great keenness was shown by all during training, two crews being entered by most faculties, totalling eight crews in all, a record number. This year a slightly different system for the races was adopted, namely, that if the rear crew, which started three lengths behind the other, bumped the front crew before the end of the course, then the rear crew were the winners without completing the course. The first round was rowed on November 27th, in ideal weather. The results were as follows:—Technology I beat Arts I, Science II beat Arts II, Technology II beat Science I, Agriculture beat Medicals.

The semi-finals and final were rowed on Saturday, November 30th, in unpropitious weather, in spite of which a few enthusiastic supporters turned up. In the semi-finals Technology I beat Science II, and Agriculture beat Technology II. The spectators were then expecting a keen struggle in the final, and they were not disappointed. The Agric. winning by about two lengths, and we take this opportunity of congratulating them on their splendid performance, especially as their crew included two Freshers.

The "Michael Sadler" Cup and Medals were awarded at the Annual Dinner on December 3rd, after which the Hippodrome programme was greatly appreciated.

Fixtures have been arranged with Bristol and Glasgow Universities for the second term, and with York City and Bradford Rowing Club for the third term, and we hope all members will show as much enthusiasm in training for these events as they have done up to the present.

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY.—By the time these notes appear, thoughts will be turning towards next term and the Mission in February. Already the preliminary meetings have been held, and great interest has been aroused in this matter. Mr. Leslie Weatherhead and Fr. Hugh Pope, O.P., who spoke on behalf of Nonconformity and Roman Catholicism respectively, were both very good in their own way, but many people felt that only Fr. Rees had tried to answer the question in the minds of most people. "Why have a Mission to the University?" The answer is not that students are more (or less) sinful than anybody else, but because students are a powerful factor in the manufacture of opinion in the world. Fr. Rees said that he had to present an old Message to a New World! A world which is being made new by Science, and torn asunder by political and other philosophies. Nation was being set against nation and class against class: only Christianity could redeem and heal the world. Students on leaving the University would be able to play their part in spreading the good news throughout the world. That was why a Mission to a University should be most fruitful.

This Mission throws a great responsibility on our members, and much work will have to be done early next term. Don't forget to book Friday, February 14th, for the Joint Reception to the Missioners in the Great Hall.

J. M. BOGGIS, Secretary.

INDIAN STUDY CIRCLE.—The activities of the Indian Study Circle commenced for this session with a debate, "That in the opinion of this house the education that the Indian students receive in this country is superficial." A very keen discussion followed: the motion being put to vote and carried.

Then, the week following, the well-known Indian social worker, Atiza Begum, gave us a unique discourse on "The status of women in the ancient philosophies of the East."

It was a matter of certain disappointment that only a few non-members, besides the members, took the opportunity of listening to her. The secretary, therefore, likes to make it clear that the Indian Study Circle lectures are open to all the members of the University and anyone interested is welcome to attend.

On the other side, our activities commenced with a hockey match with the Devonshire Hall, which the Study Circle won, the score being 5-2.

A very interesting programme for the remainder of this term and the next is at present under review. The members of the Indian Study Circle are requested to bestow their passing attentions on the Union notice board—every day—particularly on Thursday evenings and Friday Mornings.

M. SHANKER, Indian Study Circle.

The University Employees' Football Club held their first Dance in the Refectory, on Wednesday evening, November 13th. They had a good attendance, but we should like to see a few more students amongst us at these dances. We shall be having several more during the season. Notice of same will be posted on Employees' notice board, near *The Gryphon* box. Admission 1/-.

UNIVERSITY EMPLOYEES' FOOTBALL CLUB.—

Results up to the time of going to press:—

Matches played	..	7
Won	..	2
Lost	..	4
Drawn	..	1

Will any employee who is not paying to the Hospital Fund, and would like to do so, write any of our Committee, and we shall be pleased to arrange that your cash is taken each week.

J. H. KING.

LEEDS UNDERGRADUATES' LABOUR SOCIETY.—Since last these notes appeared the Society has held its first Social in the Refec. This was a great success, and while there was room for a few more people, we were well pleased. A farcical play by "Yaffle" of the "New Leader" was given by some of the members, which caused a great deal of laughter. This was especially the case when one of the characters walked across to the prompter to borrow the book! Edwin Barker as the wicked plot-hatching Socialist, succeeded in "writing malevolently, and D. K. Croft as the hero who is converted by the *Daily Mail*, was almost convincing. Anyway, most people enjoyed the play, and all of us enjoyed the rest of the Social. The fortnightly meetings are being fairly well attended, and the speakers are usually interesting. Mr. R. Bridgeman, speaking on "Imperialism," was very clear and decidedly controversial. We were sorry not to see more overseas students at this meeting, but they doubtless had other calls upon their time.

Next term opens with a joint meeting with the L.N.U., to be addressed by Mr. Clifton Robbins, of the International Labour Office. It is hoped that our President, Professor Brodetsky, will be in the chair.

Will those interested please note that the date of Mr. H. H. Elvin's meeting on Trades Unionism has been changed to February 28th. Mr. Elvin was Sir John Simon's opponent in the General Election, and is Secretary of the National Union of Clerks.

There is room for improvement in the attendance on Rambles which are organised from time to time. Everyone is welcome on these occasions, so keep your eye on the notice board and turn up!

J. M. BOGGIS, Secretary.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—After writing an account of the doings of a Society since the last Gryphon day, one feels rather like the women students who construe History into a catalogue of neat little events, each of which had a certain particular effect. We would like to stress the point that a Society lives not through a series of well-attended and isolated meetings, but through the spirit of the members, and its unity as one corporate whole. It should never be exclusive and always open to consider new ideas.

If the Geographical Society has any success, we feel it is not so much through the popularity of its meetings, but through its life as a body of men and women. We were glad to have as one of our speakers on October 28th, Professor Fawcett, who spoke on the human Geography of Corsica. We heard much about the life of the people, and will long remember the delightful way in which Professor Fawcett spoke about the thrilling vendettas of the Corsicans. On November 18th, Professor Roxby, of Liverpool, spoke on South Africa. The lecture was illustrated by slides made from the speaker's own photographs. Professor Roxby made us see the lands of which he spoke, and at the same time helped us to understand the life of the people.

We have been pleased to welcome people from other departments to our meetings; we only wish they came in greater numbers. Like Dr. Barnado's Homes, we have an "ever-open door."

LEEDS UNIVERSITY NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—Darwin in his "Origin of Species" pointed out that amongst the different races of animals and plants there was a distinct tendency towards a southerly migration. An "old stager" (so when we are grateful for the following notes) reviewing past sessions of the N.H.S., recalls the names of members and enthusiastic officers now scattered over the greater part of the world. The wanderlust so frequently evinced by the rambling propensities of this Society has spread those past members far and wide in search of Mother Nature's secrets. Strangely enough the migration of Naturalists from Leeds has been mainly southward, as far as the pole and round the other side of the world. Wimpenny, well known in those hectic early post-war days, was last heard of cruising around the Mediterranean in charge of a yacht, ostensibly catching elusive denizens of the deep. Glover and (Mrs. Glover) will now be in India showing them how to "grow" the shellac with which we varnish our wireless cabinets. L. P. Wilson is back in the States, preparatory to an invasion on the flora of China. Baxter and Varley, old co-partners, and our late secretary and treasurer respectively, are in Rhodesia, on the borders of the Belgian Congo, prospecting for copper in scrub up to their shoulders. Pickles, whose mice will be remembered by many old members, is back in Trinidad ensuring the safety of our cotton supply. Taylor, of athletic prowess, is chasing insects in Nigeria instead of larger prey at Adel. G. E. C. Herklotz, the indefatigable President of old times, is in charge of the Biology Department at the University of Hong Kong, and Mr. Percival, past President and Vice-President, now holds the chair at Canterbury College, New Zealand. Another old President, once well known in raggy circles, G. Boyner, is in S. Georgia shooting whales with silver darts (expensive lighter!), whilst T. J. Hart sails with "Discovery II" for the Antarctic at the end of November.

Amongst the stay-at-homes, though equally adventurous is Cockerham, the exception that proves the rule, who has recently gone north and is now potato growing in Scotland.

We wish the old stagers the best of good luck. Our one regret is that they cannot come back, all at once, to the Annual Social in January.

Meanwhile, the Society is still very much alive, and up to press has amply justified its reputation, especially so, as regards its rambles.

The second ramble was more leisurely than the first. We revisited the Washburn Valley. Here, many of us saw for the first time the effect of the draught on the Leeds water supply. Incidentally, the colonisation of the dry bed of Lindley Reservoir by plant communities provided much interesting material. The first colonist of the black mud is a minute moss, *Pleuridium aridum*, with small quantities of *Mnium Hornum* and *Physcomyrella patens*. These are succeeded by Marsh Cudweed (*Graphium uliginosum*) and Waterpepper (*Polygomon Hydro-piper*), the latter being dominant. Scattered plants of *Asagallis tenuis* were observed. This association gives the flora a characteristic colour, and its contours closely follow, with the appropriate space-time interval, those of the receding water. It was apparent that as the habitat became dryer, higher plants began to creep in. Peculiarly enough, the first liverwort (*Riccia sarcarpha*) appeared coincident with these. As the water fell the *Polygomon* had withstood a considerable amount of desiccation, but the sub-dominant *Graphium* had been replaced by Plantains (*Plantago Major*), which, on the slopes of the reservoir, merged into a mixed flora composed mainly of Plantains, Scarlet Pimpernel and *Sagina procumbens*, with species of *Mesika* along the courses of old rivulets.

Considering that the bed of the reservoir, even at the upper end, had been exposed for a relatively short time, the rapidity of colonisation alone proved of great interest.

The afternoon's labours were closed with a tea appropriate to hard working Botanists (and interested spectators), after which we returned to the Otley bus stop. Five hostel enthusiasts roused to be prompted by a common failing of hostel people, decided to walk home via the Otley Old Road.

N. GILL, Hon. Secretary.

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