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The Journal of the University of Leeds

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VOL. 11, No. 4

FEB., 1930

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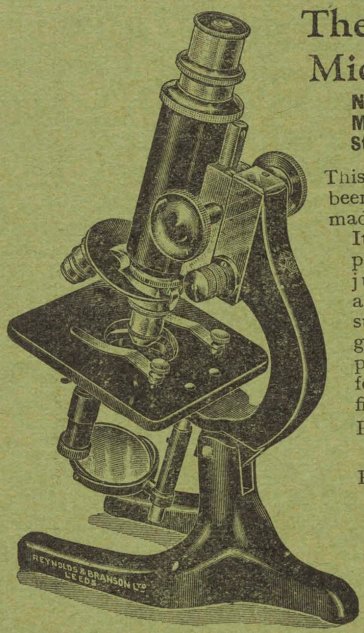

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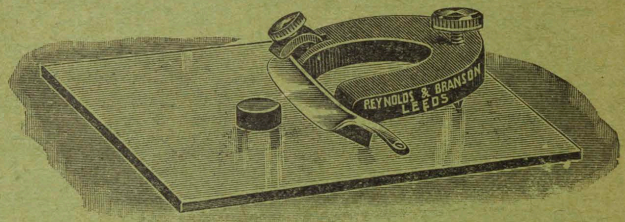

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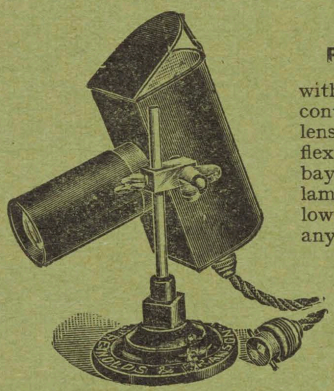

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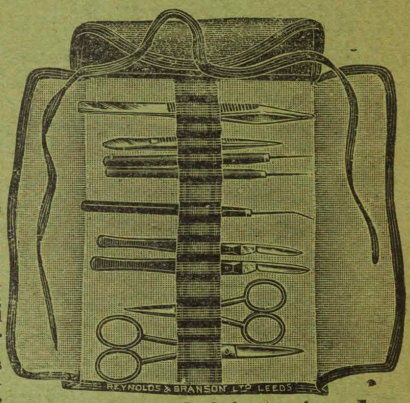

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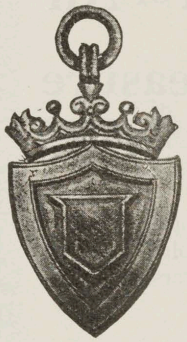

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"The Gryffon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sicke feathers; yet have wee ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when wee know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curtesie which wee have ever found than to the preciseness which wee ought to feare."—LYLY.

Editorial.

FROM the moment we re-assembled for the beginning of term with an unseemly haste far in advance of all other Universities (even Sheffield returned decorously four days later than we), to this rapidly approaching Valentine's Day that coincides with our General Meeting—there has been little to remark. Perhaps this accounts for the scarcity of matter submitted for this number of *The Gryphon*. Reluctant contributors are asked to note the prize that is offered for the best contribution to the next issue.

However, on February 22nd, a momentous event will take place when a party from Leeds University will go up to see the Italian Exhibition. It is to be hoped that the number who intend going will be a large one. Apart from the patriotic principle of upholding University functions, or whether you approve of the herd life or not, it is perhaps your only opportunity of having this experience. Many educationalists would consider that such an expedition represents the highest type of education—an intellectually developed community meeting together for aesthetic enjoyment. On the other hand, if it is your private opinion that aesthetic appreciation is essentially a product of solitude, and the thought of seeing the Italian pictures *en bloc* sets your teeth on edge, write and tell us about it —— after you have been to see what it's like. The expedition is sure to be fun, any way.

Meanwhile, the University Buildings are going up apace, and with what cheerful optimism we dream of erecting them and reducing the present unlovely structure to ruins. So intent are we upon our new and glorious Academe that we are oblivious of the inevitable complications that must arise. As surely as naiads haunt dim pools and the bereaved homes of Erin are frequented by banshees, so do shades linger round the ruined buildings they frequented of old. Oxford and Cambridge boast their spirits of varied antiquity and scholastic achievement, Bradford possesses its wraith wailing "poor Bradford" in Bolling Hall, and innumerable ghosts of monks and nuns haunt ruined abbeys and ancestral halls. In York, the home of ancient buildings, even the Theatre Royal is not without its phantom. Should one choose to stand at the back of the dress-circle after Friday night's performance, then the figure of a nun will brush past and, treading a perilous path through the air, disappear between the curtains on to the stage. This airy journey is oddly explained by there once being a secret passage between St. Mary's Abbey and St. Leonard's Hospital, and she still goes to her tryst with one of the brotherhood.

Now, knowing what tradition has been established in other places, can we be so stiff-necked as to rely on escaping? Let us think, rather, what mysterious forms are going to be released as this ancient edifice vanishes. Will future students

as they sit at ease in the magnificent Library of to-morrow suddenly glimpse with a start some bowed back crouching frenzied like Faustus over test-tube and calculation, working happily in our Physics Lab. to-day? Shall the shadowy substance of a certain well-known person still haunt mournfully the site of his office as the genius of the place, presiding in majesty over the ink-pot? Perchance some timorous Fresher will grasp another as though to cry with Horatio, "Look, my lord, it comes," as the forms of the Vice-Chancellor or President of the Union float by with a strangely unsubstantial appearance.

How demoralising will be the effect in the Examination Room—the one time great Hall that witnessed so many of our festivities. Examinees will be wracking their brains over the intricacies of old French or chemical formulæ, or more probably waiting patiently for the first half hour to come to an end and release them from their purgatory. Vacantly they will glance up and see dim couples circling round to the strains of an unheard waltz. Improbable, you think—yet how many a gay Bellairs has haunted the steps of the Assembly as a wraith. The unhappy students will gaze upon the poor ghosts of a vanished revelry, their glory gone like that of Babylon. Or suddenly Finals men shall be startled from their books by the sound of a faint click-click as unseen figures play upon a vanished fives court. But alas, I feel with Francis Thompson, who could not bear to see the matches of his native county:—

> "For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy coast,
> And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost
> As the run-stealers flicker to and fro, to and fro,
> And I gaze through my tears on a soundless clapping host
> O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!"

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Sir Nigel Playfair has been obliged, for professional reasons, to cancel the course of lectures on "The History of the Drama," which he had promised to give during the present term.

The Committee on public Lectures has, however, been fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. S. C. Kaines Smith, Director of the Birmingham Art Gallery, for a series of three lectures on "Italian Art." The lectures have been arranged in view of the great interest at present taken in this subject, as a result of the exhibition now being held at Burlington House. Mr. Kaines Smith is well-known to Leeds audiences, whom he used to delight by his lectures on art when he was Director of the City Art Gallery. The lectures will be given in the Great Hall, on Mondays, February 17th and 24th, and March 3rd, at 8-30 p.m., and will be fully illustrated by lantern slides.

"THE GRYPHON."

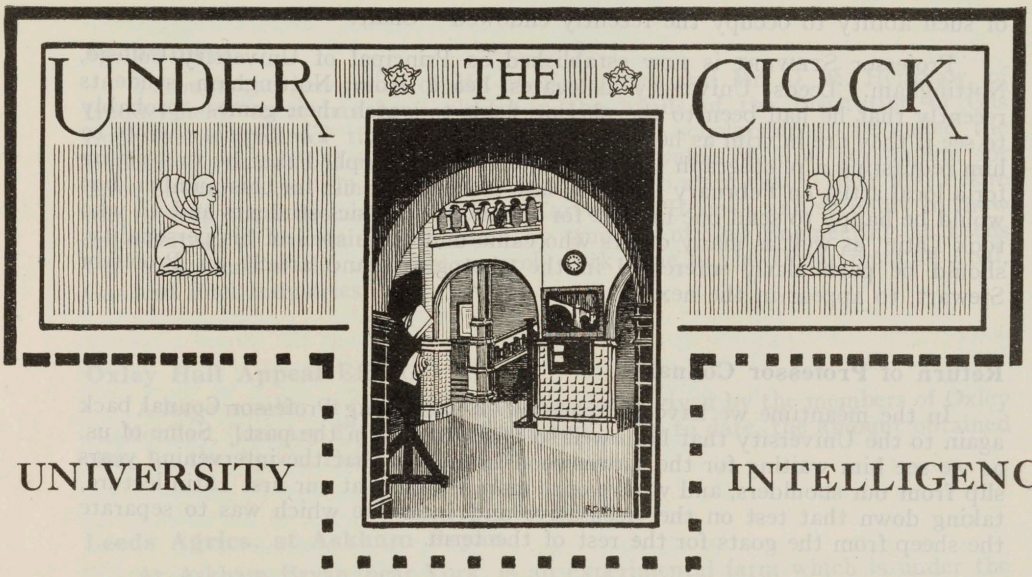
The next issue will be on sale—Tuesday, March 11th.
Last day for copy: Friday, February 21st.

"THE TYKE."

Attention of all members of the University is drawn to the Rag Magazine, *The Tyke*, to be on sale June 21st. The *Tyke* Committee has not yet been elected. Meanwhile, contributions should be dropped in *The Gryphon* box, labelled *Tyke*.

PRIZE OFFERED.

A prize of one guinea is offered for the best article on any University topic submitted for the next number of *The Gryphon*.



UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

The Order of the Falcon.

The Knighthood of the Royal Icelandic Order of the Falcon has been conferred upon Professor E. V. Gordon by His Majesty the King of Iceland and Denmark.

The Royal Icelandic Order of the Falcon was founded in 1918, "for the purpose of honouring those men and women, native or foreign, who are distinguished above others in contributing to the profit and honour of Iceland," as the King's Proclamation expresses it. The King of Iceland and Denmark, Christian X, is the founder and Grand Master of the Order of the Falcon. The Order is conferred by the King upon the recommendation of a Committee of five, and never for purely political considerations. The Committee is appointed in a manner intended to avoid bias in favour of any political party. The Order embraces four degrees, grand knight with the cross, grand knight with the star, grand knight, knight. In extending our congratulations to Professor Gordon on the honour he has received, we cannot but feel that he has, by his association with this University, contributed to its profit and reputation. Through his distinction we shine with a reflected glory. It would not be fitting for such a high event to take place without some mention being made of the excellent work Professor Gordon has done toward establishing a more intimate connection with England and Iceland. In an article appearing elsewhere in this number of *The Gryphon*, two Icelandic students of this University, too modest to sign their names, have written an appreciation of his achievements.

No imposing ceremony took place in which the Order was pinned on to Professor Gordon's robes. The Knighthood was actually sent by post !

Appointments.

Mr. J. H. RICHARDSON, M.A., Cambridge, Ph.D., London, was elected to the Montague Burton Chair of Industrial Relations. Mr. Richardson is at present Assistant Chief of a Section in the Research Division of the International Labour Office of the League of Nations at Geneva. It is hoped that he will take up his work in Leeds at the beginning of April. Dr. Richardson has had a brilliant and comprehensive career, and the University is fortunate in securing a man

of such ability to occupy the recently endowed " Chair."

Professor STEWART is now established as Principal of University College, Nottingham. Leeds University delegates heard from Nottingham students recently that he had been to the playing fields to watch their games—probably to see if they are in trim as he did his Latin class of old. *The Gryphon* wrote to him requesting a photograph to which he very kindly replied that he was sitting for a local artist on February 10th, too late to be of any use for this number, but would be happy to send one in time for the next. Classics students and all who took Latin, as well as many others who came under the spell of his personality, should be particularly interested in the photograph and article on Professor Stewart, to appear in the next issue.

Return of Professor Connal.

In the meantime we have the pleasure of welcoming Professor Connal back again to the University that has owed so much to him in the past. Some of us, as we see him waiting for the Lawnswood tram, feel that the intervening years slip from our shoulders, and we are once more Freshers at our first Latin lecture, taking down that test on the Accusative and Infinitive which was to separate the sheep from the goats for the rest of the term.

The New Buildings.

Every month now shows some striking progress in the new buildings. Since the last issue of *The Gryphon*, the demolition of De Grey Terrace has started; the bottom three or four houses are being left for the present, but already nearly half is gone, including the two houses which were once De Grey Hall and afterwards the Staff House; from Woodhouse Lane one looks across to the old geology house.

The next part to be started is the new Chemistry block, which will have a frontage to Woodhouse Lane, occupying roughly the site of the upper part of De Grey Terrace, and two wings at right angles running back towards the new Physics block. The northernmost of these two wings together with the new Mining block will thus enclose on two sides the triangle of land where Woodhouse Lodge stood and where the O.T.C. used to drill, and the northern elevation of the buildings will then be complete, making it possible to gain a very good idea of the whole.

The Chemistry block, which will reunite under one roof the scattered departments of Inorganic, Organic, and Physical Chemistry, will have a frontage to Woodhouse Lane of about 180 feet, and depth of about 240 feet. Part only of it is being built at first, but even so it will have a floor space of some 95,000 square feet. At present, bills of quantities are being prepared, and it is expected that tenders will be invited next month.

Meanwhile, the Mining block is nearly finished, and is already in use, though the doorways are roughly boarded up; and the walls of the Physics block have reached the first floor level.

Endowment.

Through the generosity of Mr. P. F. Holmes and Mr. D. M. Henshaw, of Huddersfield, there has been placed in the hands of the Institution of Gas Engineers a fund for the purpose of endowing a scholarship to be called the William Cartwright Holmes Scholarship, of the value of £150 per annum for three or four years. The donors of the scholarship state that "their first desire was to perpetuate the name of William Cartwright Holmes, and secondly to show appreciation of the training obtained by students of Gas Engineering at Leeds University and of the valuable research work done in the Department of Coal, Gas and Fuel Industries."

Oxley Hall Appeal Effort.

A large number of people attended the Social given by the members of Oxley on Monday, January 27th, in the Great Hall. Up to date, the amount obtained clear for the Appeal Fund is over £27.

Leeds Agrics. at Askham Bryan.

At Askham Bryan, near York, is an experimental farm which is under the control of the Yorkshire Council for Agricultural Education, a body representing the West, East and North Riding County Councils, the University of Leeds, and the Ministry of Agriculture. This farm, which has developed amazingly since its foundation in 1927, is being used for demonstration purposes for the Leeds students of Agriculture.

University Athletics.

The Inter-'Varsity Athletic Board has adopted the title of the Universities Athletic Union, which was considered more suitable, especially for designating representative teams. The affiliated bodies are now grouped into geographical divisions as follows :—

NORTH (Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds and Sheffield).
MIDLANDS (Birmingham, Loughborough, Nottingham and Reading).
SOUTH (Bristol, Exeter, London and Southampton).
WALES (Aberystwyth, Bangor, Cardiff and Swansea).
IRELAND (Trinity College, Dublin).

General Meeting.

Attention of all members of the Union is drawn to the Annual General Meeting at 2 p.m. this Tuesday, February 18th, in the Great Hall. Now is the time to air your views on the way your affairs are run ! All lectures and lab. are excused for the purpose.

Death.

It is with much regret that we record the death of Colonel Arthur Bray, a Life Member of the University Court.

The Exhibition of Italian Art at Burlington House.

IN a recently published monograph upon the life and times of St. Benedict by an Italian writer, the part which Italy has played in the dissemination of European culture was happily illustrated by a reference to the lines in which Statius, in the *Purgatorio*, is made by Dante to acknowledge his debt to Virgil :—

> Thou didst as one who, walking in the dark,
> His lantern holds behind him, helping not
> Himself, but lighting them that follow him.

It is the pre-eminence of Italy as the pioneer and leader of modern civilisation which gives the exhibition of Italian Art, now in progress at the Royal academy, unique importance. The graphic arts were not the only department of human activity in which Italy showed the way to other nations ; but in them, and especially in painting, Italian genius found its most characteristic expression. To-day we are able, by the generosity of public bodies and private collectors in all countries, to realise, as we have never done before and may never have another opportunity of realising, the full extent of the achievement of Italian painting. Every school of Italian art, from its earliest vigour in Tuscany at the dawn of the Renaissance to the culminating point of its fertility in sixteenth-century Venice, and through its later manifestations to the present day, is represented in this splendid collection, from which examples of the work of no great individual artist are absent. The exhibition is an act of homage and gratitude to Italy for the greatest of its gifts to the world, and those who visit it during the time, all too short, in which it is open, are not merely indulging their pleasure and increasing their knowledge, but are paying dutiful honour to a country which has done so much to enlarge the amenities of life.

Members of the University to whom these considerations appeal are invited to take advantage of the special excursion arranged for their benefit, details of which are given below. It may be argued that, in days when opportunities of travel are much extended and a holiday in Italy is easily obtained, the study of Italian art on the walls of an English gallery may be dispensed with. It is true that the ideal conditions for appreciating works of art exist only under their native skies ; but even in Italy itself, with all its riches there are few places where anything like a collection as representative as this can be seen, and no place in which the work of so many masters and schools can be seen in such perfect balance. Moreover, to gain an adequate idea of Italian art in its own country, it is necessary to visit city after city ; for, even in galleries so rich in masterpieces as the Elffizi at Florence or the Brera at Milan, the work of the local schools is so prominent that comparative study is at a disadvantage. If we made it our business to seek the pictures now in London in their own homes, we should have to travel to more than thirty cities and towns scattered over Italy, to say nothing of the numerous capitals and art centres all over Europe which have sent pictures to the exhibition, or of the private galleries which for the time being have parted with their chief treasures. In the short space of a few hours we cannot see all that has been brought together at Burlington House, and the impression of details which we carry away cannot but be imperfect ; but we shall have the great opportunity of watching a great pageant of form and colour produced with the best skill and taste which Italian and English experts can apply to the task, and with the object of demonstrating to every eye that loves beauty the harmonious progress of an art which, for a magnificence sustained throughout a long succession of generations, has no rival in the history of the world.

Arrangements for the Excursion.

A special train will leave Leeds (Central Station) on Saturday, February 22nd, at 7-15 a.m., arriving King's Cross, 11-10 a.m. Private omnibuses will transport the party to Burlington House, which will be reached about 11-30 a.m.

Members will be expected to make their own way back to King's Cross in time for the return train leaving about midnight.

Lunch will be served on the outward journey and dinner on the return journey. The cost, including railway fare, meals and 'bus transport, but not including admission to the exhibition, will be 21/6.

Special tramcars will be available in Leeds when the party returns.

Tickets are on sale in Mr. Grist's office.

Order of the Falcon.

A SHORT time ago the Knighthood of the Icelandic Falcon Order was conferred on the Professor of English Language, E. V. Gordon, by the King of Iceland. This Order is given to Icelanders and foreigners as a recognition of special merits or services rendered to the state.

Professor Gordon, who is an eminent scholar of Icelandic language and Literature, speaks Icelandic excellently, and is one of the few Englishmen who understand the value, not only of old but also of modern Icelandic culture. He has been to Iceland twice, travelled about the country and his name is well known everywhere, perhaps better than that of any other foreigner. It is very rare, indeed, in Iceland that a foreigner who travels among the people is able to talk to them in their own language. In this way, Professor Gordon has learnt to understand the Icelandic people and know the country. He has, in his numerous popular lectures done much to make Iceland known in England, where it was until quite recently practically unknown, and has done more than anybody else to promote interest in Icelandic culture among the English people. Thus he has succeeded in making Leeds University the principal seat of Icelandic studies in England. It has now, at the initiative of Professor Gordon, acquired a big collection of Icelandic books, belonging to the late historian, Bogi Th. Melsted, M.A., of Copenhagen, which is the best working collection existing in Great Britain and contains some 7,000 volumes, relating to all periods of Icelandic Language and Literature. This enables Leeds University to offer special facilities for the study of Icelandic, which is now recognised as a subject for the degree of B.A.—Leeds, by the way, is the first English University to take up Icelandic as an independent subject.

Professor Gordon's Introduction to the Study of Old Norse has met a long felt want of a book of that kind and it is a valuable aid to the study of Old Icelandic, as well as of all the other Old Scandinavian languages. It contains, besides other things, an excellent and concise introduction to the Old Norse literature.

Until the year 1928, English Universities would not accept Icelandic University students without some preliminary examinations, although they were recognised in all other Europian countries. But now the Northern Universities have made an exception from this in the case of Icelandic students and it is due to Professor Gordon that this hindrance has been removed. By an arrangement between the Universities of Leeds and Iceland, students from each University are admitted to a degree course without any payment of fees. This is a great advantage to both nations, especially to Englishmen who are interested in their own old language and culture, which is closely related to that of Iceland. It is also of interest to

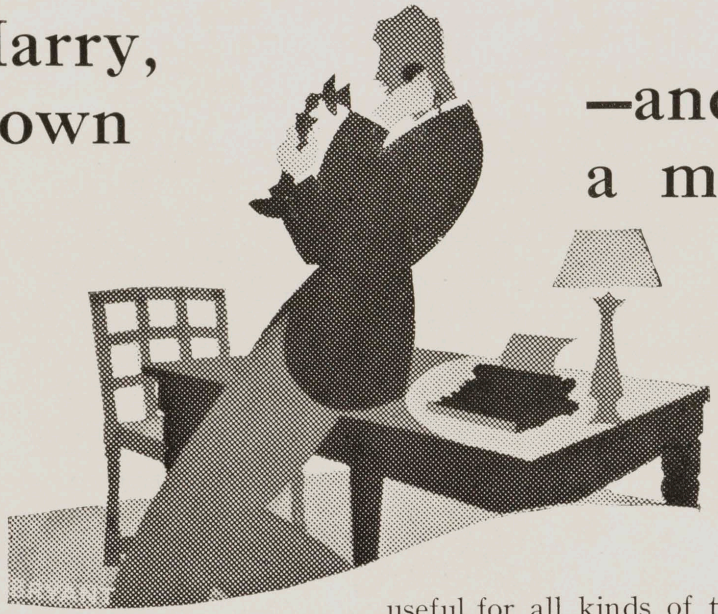
Geologists and Geographers, as Iceland is to a considerable extent unexplored in this respect. On the other hand the knowledge of English is of great importance to the Icelanders, especially as regards business.

We have here only briefly mentioned a few aspects of the invaluable services rendered to Iceland by Professor Gordon, and by conferring the Knighthood on him the Icelandic Nation wishes to show its appreciation of his work, as a man and a scholar.

Photo Manby.

The Royal Icelandic Order of the Falcon.
(By kind permission of the *Yorkshire Post*,)

Yes Harry, 21/- down —and 15/- a month!



That's how I got my portable typewriter and I'm jolly glad you're thinking of getting one. Not that I mind lending you mine occasionally but, honestly, you've no idea how I miss it. Quite apart from correspondence I find it so useful for all kinds of things —lecture notes, reports, club notices and so on. As for you, with your 'flair' for writing, you should be able to earn quite a deal of money writing for the press. What kind of Portable would I recommend? Why, most certainly Corona.

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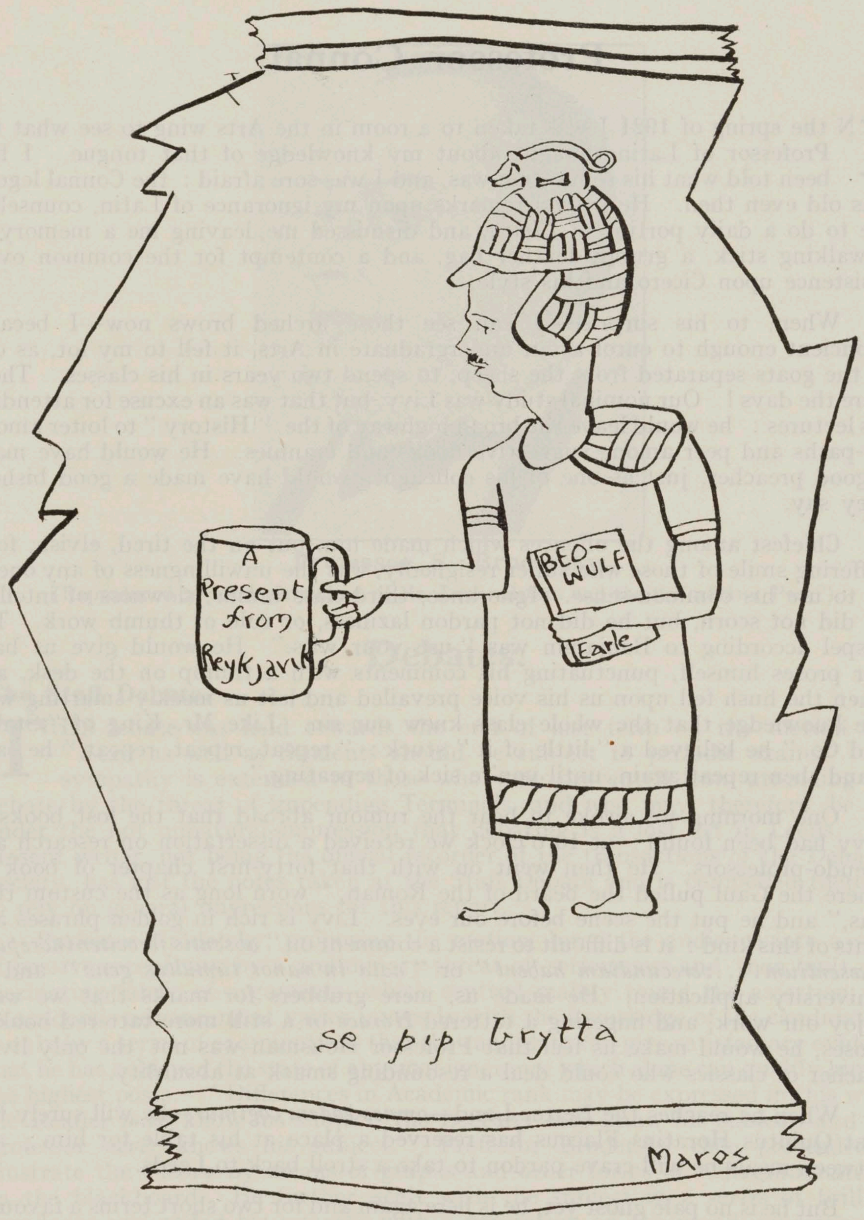


Important Discovery.

During the excavations in Main Street, Iceland, a fragment of a bronze tablet was brought to light, and we are extremely fortunate in being able to reproduce in these pages a copy of the fragment. The inscription offers considerable difficulty, but it is believed to indicate that the design embodies a portrait of the first recipient of the Order of the Flagon. Some experts indeed read "Flacon" as a metathesis of original "Falcon," or as a result of error on the part of a copyist, but the emendation is hardly justified. (See my "Guide to Patagonian Place Names," vol. LXXXIII).

Professor Connal.

IN the spring of 1921 I was taken to a room in the Arts wing to see what the Professor of Latin thought about my knowledge of that tongue. I had been told what his reputation was, and I was sore afraid : the Connal legend was old even then. He passed remarks upon my ignorance of Latin, counselled me to do a daily portion of *Limen*, and dismissed me, leaving me a memory of a walking stick, a grubby leather bag, and a contempt for the common over-insistence upon Cicero and his style.

When, to his surprise—I can see those arched brows now—I became proficient enough to enrol as an undergraduate in Arts, it fell to my lot, as one of the goats separated from the sheep, to spend two years in his classes. Those were the days ! Our nominal study was Livy, but that was an excuse for attending his lectures : he would leave the broad highway of the " History " to loiter among by-paths and peer among suggestive nooks and crannies. He would have made a good preacher, just as one of his colleagues would have made a good bishop, they say.

Chiefest among the offences which made him put on the tired, elvish, fool-suffering smile of those who suffer resignedly, was the unwillingness of any one of us to use his common-sense. Ignorance, third-class brains, slowness of intellect he did not scorn, but he did not pardon laziness, or rule of thumb work. The gospel according to Benjamin was " use your wits." He would give us back our proses himself, punctuating his comments with a thump on the desk, and when the hush fell upon us his voice prevailed and left us meekly smarting with the knowledge that the whole class knew our sin. Like Mr. King of " Stalky and Co.," he believed a " little of it " stuck : " repeat, repeat, repeat," he said, " and then repeat again, until you're sick of repeating."

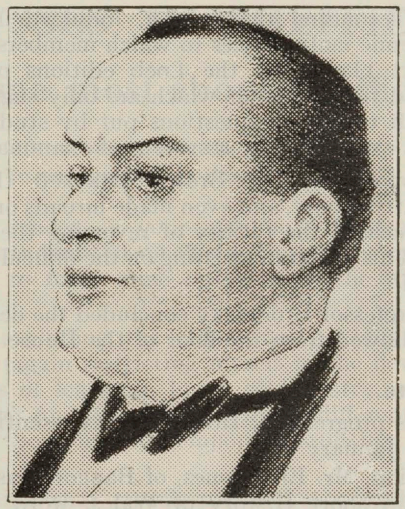
One morning we awoke to hear the rumour abroad that the lost books of Livy had been found : at 10 o'clock we received a dissertation on research and pseudo-professors. He then went on with that forty-first chapter of book V, where the Gaul pulled the beard of the Roman, " worn long as the custom then was," and he put the scene before our eyes. Livy is rich in golden phrases and hints of this kind : it is difficult to resist a comment on " *absentis ferociter increpant, præsentium....verecundiam habent* " or " *nata in vanos tumultus gens* " and its University application. He made us, mere grubbers for marks that we were, enjoy our work, and fingering a tattered *Horace* or a still more tattered book of proses, he would make us feel that Professor Housman was not the only living teacher of classics who could deal a resounding smack at absurdity.

When he reaches the Better Land—*omnes eodem cogimur*—he will surely find that Quintus Horatius Flaccus has reserved a place at his table for him ; and between meals he will crave pardon to take a stroll back to Leeds.

But he is no pale ghost yet, he is here again and for two short terms a favoured band will hear him declaim, whilst we shall sigh for one more hour of his gleaming eyes. They called Paul, Mercury : and shall we not call Benjamin, Rhadamanthus, adding Chrysostomus, the judge of our folly, famed for his wisdom and justice ?

F. BECKWITH.

Read the President's Article on Page 150.



Professor S. Brodetsky

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Leslie Rifkin and the "*Yorkshire Post*").

Debates.

The Staff Debate.

THIS debate was held towards the end of last term on the motion that "Staff as well as Students should be subject to periodic exams." Our sympathy is extended to those who were prevented from attending this debate by the threat of impending Terminals, and who may, therefore, be still under the not unnatural impression that debating is a lost art in Leeds. The present writer, not being the official recorder of the transactions of the Debating Society, has lost the notes taken at the Staff Debate and is compelled therefore to rely on general impressions for this report.

Professor Brodetsky, proposing the motion, lured the audience into a state of passive receptivity by a preliminary threat of seriousness and then built up a fascinating fabric of arguments, which centred mainly round the assertion that as academic advancement varies inversely with the knowledge of the candidate, it is only by a series of examinations that the candidate can give satisfactory evidence that he has achieved the state of abysmal ignorance which alone can qualify him for the highest posts. "Differences in Academic rank may be expressed in this way: the Reader *must* know his subject, the Lecturer *may* know his subject, and the Professor *never* knows his subject." Professor Brodetsky then proceeded to illustrate the theory by means of graphs and other forms of "diagrammatese" on the blackboard. He further dealt with the subject in a series of brilliant paradoxes and ended his remarks with a peroration on the world-importance of the whole issue in the best neo-Imperial manner.

Mr. Gregory, leading the opposition, turned the cool stream of his urbane scepticism on the arguments of his opponent, lamenting the unfortunate tendency of mathematicians to erect imposing forensic structures on radically unsound postulates, and drawing extensively on Bacon and Montaigne in an attempt to eradicate once and for all the appalling heresy implicit in the mere suggestion of examinations for the Staff.

Father Symonds, seconding the motion, indulged in a series of startling revelations of the academic malpractices to which members of the Staff are prone, and indicated the part played by the Loeb editions of the classics in this corruption. He insisted that the evils which are only suggested by the inability of members of the Staff to answer questions put by students can only be fully recognised and perhaps extirpated by a system of examinations.

Seconding the opposition, Dr. Brown attacked the arguments of his adversaries with alliterative abuse, and even made inroads on Professor Brodetsky's own graphs. He emphasised the futility of reversing the positions of Staff and students, and supported his leader in insisting on the difficulty of finding competent examiners for the Staff.

Mr. Gregory and Professor Brodetsky concluded the debate from the platform and some discussion followed from the floor of the House.

The " Welsh " Debate.

" That for vigorous progression, Home Rule is essential for Wales." In the Great Hall, Thursday, January 23rd.

Proposing the motion, Mr. Ellis-Jones, of Bangor, was very serious and very political. He gave us a short History of Wales, word pictures of the Welsh mountains, and the scenery round Conway, the assurance that Wales must work out her own salvation, and a very stirring lament on the decay of the Welsh national consciousness and language.

Mr. Richardson, leading the opposition, was rather cramped for space on the platform, and on one occasion was even constrained in his expansiveness and in the fullness of his peripatetic impulses to walk off into a corner to hold a short conversation with himself. He spoke very feelingly, indeed, and struck terror into the hearts of the audience in his impassioned appeal to Wales not to violate the bonds which have for so long held the sister countries together in brotherhood and amity. We believe that if he had had a clear stretch of a hundred yards or so in which to orate adequately he would have moved even the Welsh mountains. We were rather two much fascinated by the speaker's native eloquence to remember his arguments very clearly, but we know that we enjoyed his speech very much.

Seconding the proposition, Mr. Pugh, of Aberystwyth made one or two preliminary announcements which put the House into an excellent humour and then turned to the debate. He was definitely eloquent and occasionally amusing. The speeches for the proposition indeed were marked by a degree of sincerity and conviction which gave them far more force and eloquence than could have been reasonably expected from the opposition.

Miss Lineham, seconding the opposition, is to be congratulated on discovering that the question of Home Rule for Wales is merely a side-issue to the problem of the emancipation of woman. We feel sure that if Miss Lineham were to speak on Naval Disarmament or Free Trade, or, indeed, any other subject, she would succeed in tracing the root of the problem to man's deplorable and barbarous attitude to his would-be partner. She may be right.

Mr. Richardson had another walk, and Mr. Ellis-Jones concluded the speeches from the platform.

Some discussion from the House followed, mainly characterised by laments at the stubbornness of countries which are under England's protection in not knowing when they are well off.

The speakers included Miss Hibbott, Mr. Marsden, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Rifkin and Mr. Barrett. (We apologise, as the Editor would say, for unintentional omissions).

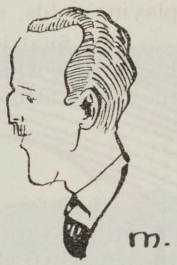
M.R.

ULYSSES IN SHEFFIELD.

What struck me most about Sheffield University.

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us.

HOW far, gentle reader, in your opinion is this true? Perhaps the students of Sheffield University may soon be able to form some opinion—on the other hand they may not.



All Universities, excluding the older ones are fundamentally similar. All (again restricting myself to the newer Universities) are seats of learning, hives of industry, and homes of sporting youth. And yet again they are all different—how different I leave you, my contemporary students, to judge.

The very first thing that struck me as I approached Sheffield University for the first time was a vivid splash of clear white surrounded by the fresh green of a well kept lawn. On closer investigation the splash of white proved to be the 'Varsity crest, carefully worked in vari-coloured stone—the motto neatly cut out of the turf.

My next thought was of the 'Varsity itself, an imposing red brick structure which (with all due respect to Sheffield—that typical industrial city) seems surprisingly clean. The actual building ranged along three sides of a large quadrangle complete with fountain which, I was assured does function—occasionally, very occasionally.

The main entrance hall seemed strangely familiar: the clock, the pillars, the students, obviously the approved meeting place for young man and maiden. Is this true of all Universities?

A small cupboard was then pointed out to me, which was I was surprised to hear, until quite recently, the Union Office! The Union now has at its disposal one small office which struck me as being surprisingly inadequate for the organisation necessary for the successful running of student affairs. Taking into consideration this fact, the motto of the S.C.M. (who alone were favoured with a separate office) seems singularly appropiate "*Ut omnes unum sint.*"

There appeared to be a pronounced lack of students. On enquiry I was informed that the women students work (I was shown several so occupied in a splendid library set apart for the purpose). The men spend their time in the Museum. Surprising? Well, hardly—the Museum is a local hostelry, and furthermore neither the Men's Club nor the Refectory has a liquor license!

The Engineers and other such hardy folk are to be found a short distance away from the University proper, there are no students of Textiles and Dyeing, whilst the Department of Glass Technology lies away across the city. This isolation is, I think, to be regretted.

Being a mere man I was denied the pleasure of afternoon tea in the Women's Club, I was delighted, however, with the Men's Club, and for several minutes stood entranced in the billiard room. Here, four strong young men, looking very business-like, with sleeves rolled up, vainly endeavoured to propel certain vari-coloured balls into the pockets of a green covered table.

Now imagine a gaily decorated, well carpeted room—the Refectory. Away in a corner a smiling young maiden gazes into the eyes of her dashing cavalier as he deftly negotiates a meringue. Over there we see work and pleasure combined, *viz.*, needlework and buttered toast, whilst here, a merry party are keenly discussing, not work, but pleasure to the accompaniment of a continual chattering of cup on saucer. A very novel way of indicating closing time holds sway at Sheffield. Chairs are carefully piled on vacant tables, the lights are switched out. Students must now dine in the dark or clear out.

The University boasts a splendid pavilion, in which informal dances are held, playing fields, a fine new gymnasium and the usual type of hostel.

One final interesting feature of University life here at Sheffield is a model Parliament which appears to be taken very seriously, and this possibly expresses the whole atmosphere of the University—unity.

'ERB.

Quartette.

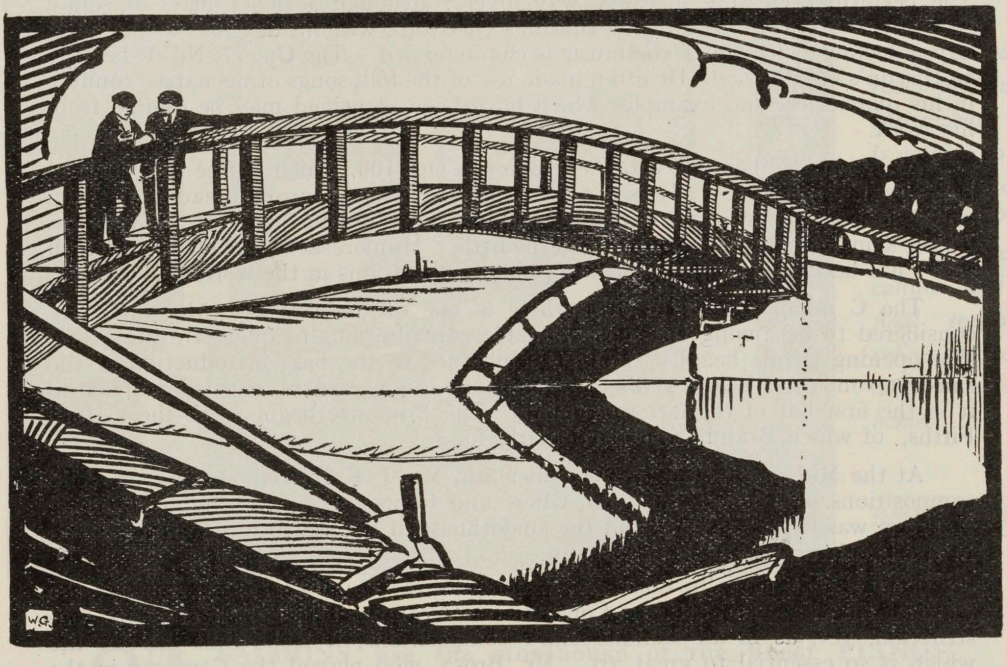
IT was with a sense of unreality that I came away from the house with its massive Queen Anne portico and round door-step projecting straight into the street. The sisters were merry enough, but, whether it was the gloominess of the house or that there were four of them like sisters in a ballad, they always struck my heart with a strangeness as of another world. They were tall and pale and always a little remote from the fashion—with long dark hair drawn smoothly back from their faces. Almost it seemed as though they had grown up out of a still water rather than upon the earth. Often they used to sit doing embroidery with long legs curled under them. Against the lofty rooms heavily adorned with carved ceilings and tall chimney pieces they had a decorative quality that neutralised their animation, and made one listen to their voices abstractedly, paying no more heed than one would to a graceful illustration or miniature.

Yet perhaps the true reason for their strangeness was that together they made a chime of music. The four sisters used to play quartettes, one the piano, one the violin, one the 'cello, and the youngest the viola, and I loved to hear them. Not that I pretend to be a connoisseur of music. My taste is that of a Miss Midget and leans to the microscopic. I like songs short enough to linger in my memory, and church bells playing sweet, monotonous little tunes far away—and, when I have children, "seven stalwart sons, and one lovely daughter," like the king in the fairy tale, my lovely daughter shall play the virginals.

Yet how much those quartettes pleased me, I remember. It was then, as their dark heads drooped over their instruments in the gloom, that they seemed to leap into being at last as though their life was but as the life of their music, a harmony of sweet sounds, and that when the notes ceased vibrating, they would vanish away. One almost gave a start of surprise to see them still sitting there, with hands momentarily idle, looking up like Lalage, faintly smiling.

Away from their instruments they were shadowy and a little forlorn, as though they were only echoes of something more real than they—and even their laughter was but a ghostly laughter falling thinly upon the air. It is curious to think that one of them is to be married soon and that there will be a quartette no longer—even more curious perhaps, to know that when that happens I shall never visit the gloomy house again. There is an unreasoning fear at my heart that if I should do so, I should find no sisters at all, that they had perished with the notes of the quartette, leaving no echo behind.

B.



(W. Gobat.)

Reflected Shadows—A Canal Bridge at Bradley.

Music.

THE Evening Chamber Music Concerts given by the Yorkshire String Quartette at the University, which were inaugurated at the beginning of the session, are steadily gaining in popularity, and there is every reason to hope that they will become established as a regular feature in the musical activities of the University.

The programme for the first Concert which was held on November 29th, may be described as a cresendo of musical interest, beginning with the relative simplicity of Haydn's Quartette, Op. 77 No. 1, and ending with a work of Brahm's. The performances were in every way lovely, although a richer mass of sound could have been vitalized in the Brahm's Quartette without any loss to the quiet happy feelings with which the music is characterised. The Op. 77, No. 1, belongs to Haydn's later period. He often made use of the folk songs of his native country in his quartettes, and examples which have been identified may be quoted from his work.

After this we heard Dvorák's Quartette, Op. 106, which is free in form and based on short themes. It is a work of detail rather than of breadth of style, and is one of the works written by the composer during his visit in America. At the same time were also composed the little " Humoreskes " for piano, of which No. 7 has become one of the most popular compositions in the world.

The C minor Quartette of Brahms is one of the two Op. 51, which are considered to be among the most valuable contributions to quartette literature. The opening theme bears a strong resemblance to the bass introduction of the third movement of Beethoven's 5th Symphony, and a violent allusion is made to it in the first bar of the last movement. The Romanze begins with the " Horn Fifths,' of which Brahms was particularly fond.

At the Mid-day recital on December 5th, Mr. J. Kolni Balozky played 'cello compositions by Bach, Schumann, Gliere and Popper to a fairly large audience. His tone was rich and pure, and the smoothness of his legato was well displayed in the two little pieces by Schumann.

Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, which was the chief work performed at the third of the Season's Saturday Concerts on December 6th, is perfect in its construction, yet, as in all Mendelssohn's compositions, it lacks that interior life which is so essential to great art. Mr. Brosa, who played the Concerto in the absence of Mr. William Primrose, gave a good interpretation of the work. His tone was not rich, but it was pure. The programme also included Respighi " Three Botticelli Pictures," heard for the first time in Leeds, and Chabrier's " Spanish Rhapsody," both of which are examples of brilliant virtuose orchestration. Elgar's Introduction and Allegro, Humperdinck's Overture to " Hansel and Gretel," and Svendsem's " Carnival in Paris."

More than usual interest was taken in one of the numerous performances of " Messiah " in Leeds this year, and many awaited eagerly to hear the Leeds Choral Union, under the conductorship of Sir Thomas Beecham, give what is now regarded as the Beecham version of it. Both voices and instruments blended perfectly in the choruses, particularly in " Behold the Lamb," " Surely He hath borne our Griefs," and the " Hallelujah," which was transferred from its original place to the end, where logically it certainly ought to be as a fitting climax to the work. The quartette of principals, Miss Dora Labette (Soprano), Miss Dorothy D'Orsay (Contralto), Mr. Frank Titterton (Tenor), and Mr. Robert Easton (Bass), although not of quite equal merit, was well chosen.

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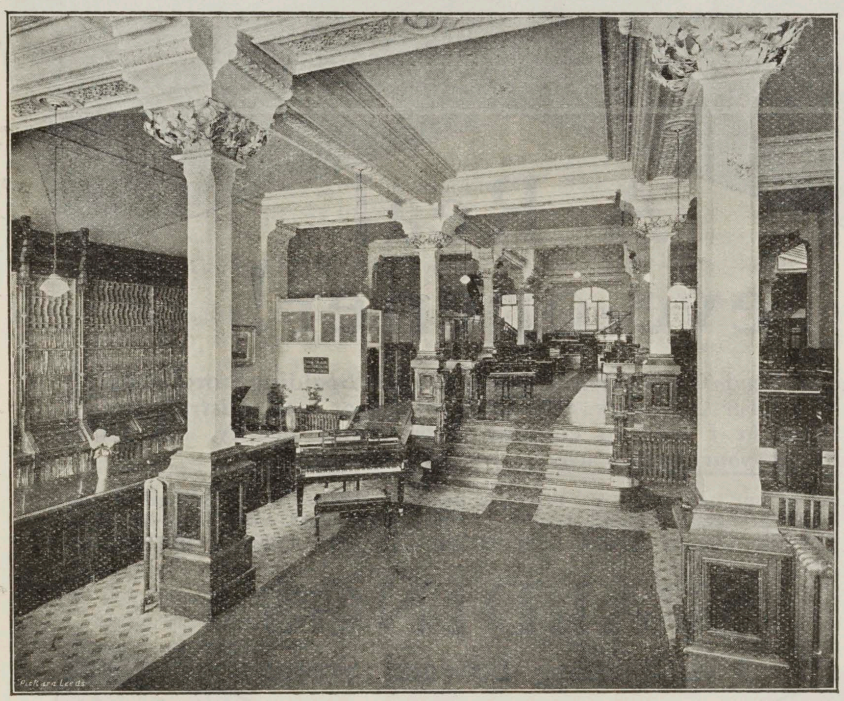

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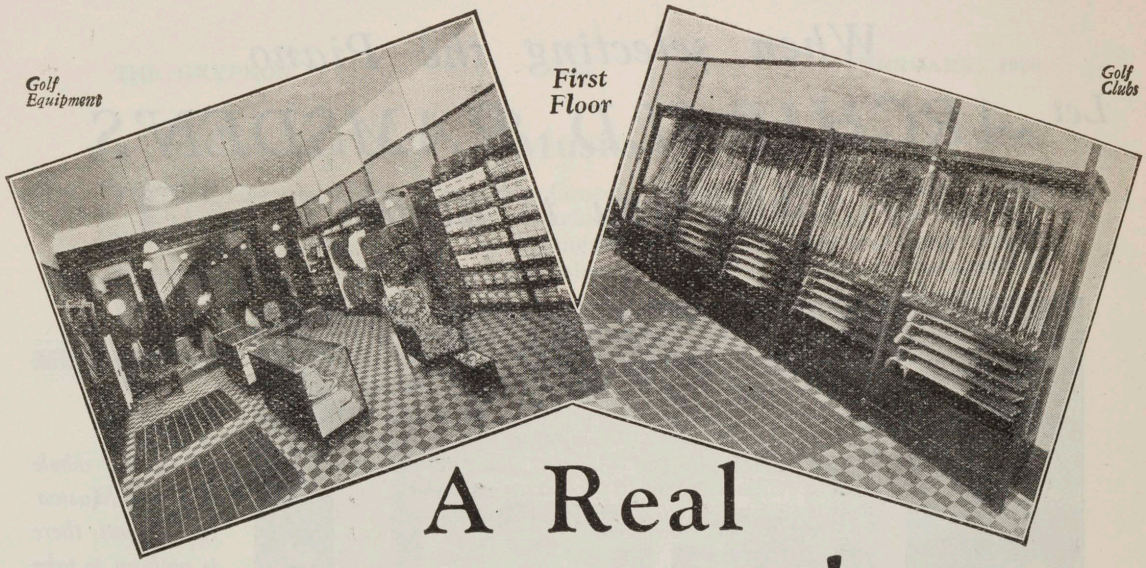

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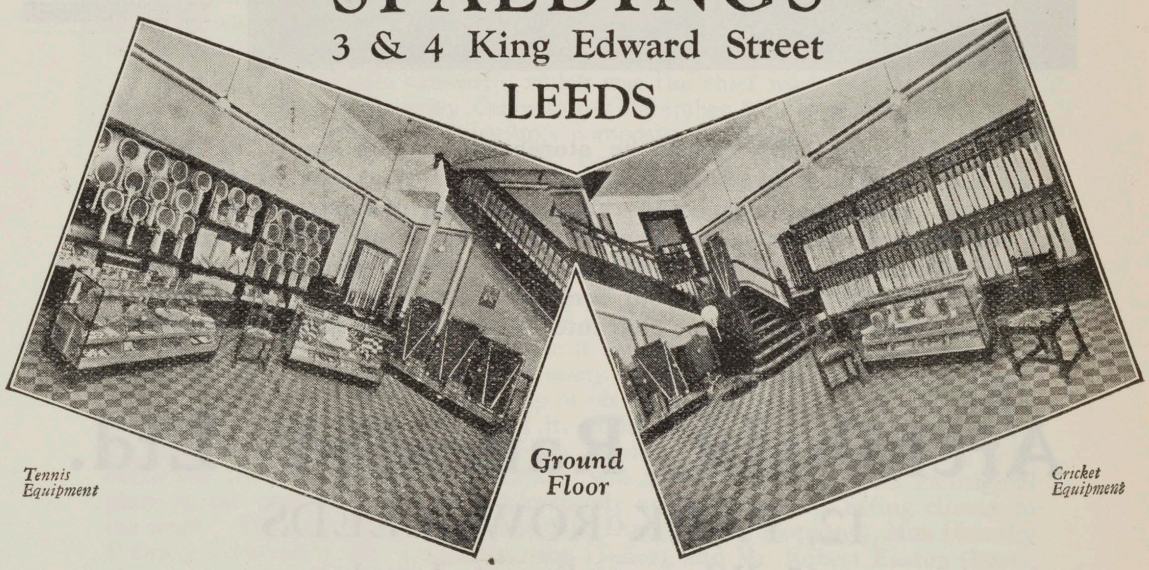

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At the Mid-day Recital on January 13th, the "XXV" String Orchestra, conducted by Mr. J. F. C. Park, presented a well-contrasted programme comprised of works by Boyce, a thoroughly British composer, Tchaikovsky, Mozart, Holst and Bach. The famous air for strings by the last named composer savours strongly of romanticism. The quality of the tone of the ensemble was good, and each work was well interpreted.

The programme of the Second Chamber Concert on January 15th, included Beethoven's String Quartette in E Flat, Op. 127, Wolf's Italian Serenade, and Mozart's Quartette in G (K 387).

The leading theme of the Op. 127 is very graceful, and the adagio is one of the most lovely of Beethoven's slow movements, especially in the delicacy and intricacy of its figureative developments. The scherzo, which takes the place of the Minuet and trio, is brusque and full of fun, and in its middle section a little after Schumann's manner. The last movement is symphonic in a way from which Brahms learned much for the final movements of his symphonies.

The Italian Serenade is good, but not very profound music. Mozart's quartette opens gracefully, and is a good example of his elegant style. The performance was a very enjoyable one. At the close, the players were recalled by the enthusiastic audience, and concluded the Concert by playing the variations from Schubert's Death and the Maiden Quartette.

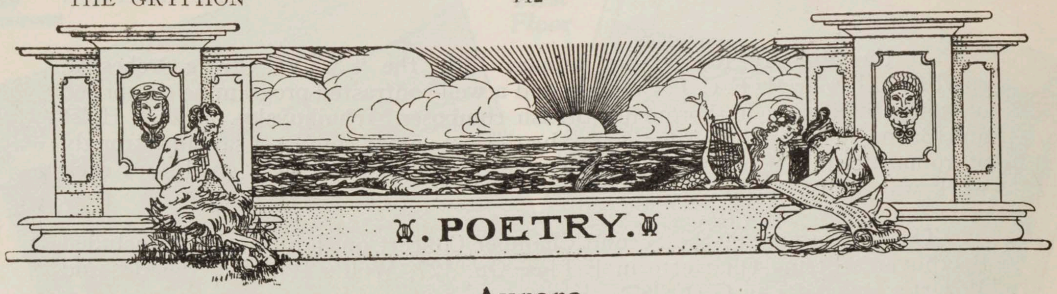
In the group of solos played on the virginals by the Rev. J. H. R. Moorman, at the Evening Concert in the Great Hall, on January 22nd, the audience was taken back to Elizabethan times by an authentic example of the household music of those days. Mr. J. Morava played many violin solos including the first two movements of Grieg's C Minor Sonata with good but not very strong tone. The accompanist was Miss M. B. Graham, who also gave a good interpretation of Chopin's C ♯ minor Scherzo. Mr. Harry Horner sang songs, including Purcell's "Arise, ye subterranean winds," and Schubert's "The Wanderer." The other vocalists were Miss Dorothy Lee, who rendered songs, particularly the well known "Voi che Sapete" from "Figaro" in a very pleasing manner, and Miss Etty Ferguson, an extremely clever singer, whose command over the most subtle inflections of the voice was charmingly displayed in a group of songs by English and French composers. This Concert was held in aid of the Leeds Parish Church Organ Fund, and in the course of the evening, Mr. Allan gave a brief but comprehensive history of English Church Music, with special reference to Byrd, Gibbons and Lulli, the French composer.

The Mid-day Recital given on January 24th, by Mr. Jan Smeterlin attracted an audience which overtaxed the capacity of the Great Hall. Three works which represent important periods in the development of keyboard music were played, from Bach, Beethoven and Chopin. Mr. Smeterlin's interpretation of each composer was imaginative, and a high degree of technical skill was displayed in the performance of works which were a good test of his abilities.

LILIAN DAVIES.

Notice.

Will the Student who purchased a February *Gryphon* last November come and claim a copy of the November issue if and when he discovers his mistake.



Aurora.

When the blue forests stretch tranced in the cool
Dawn-light and up from the great river streams
A white mist coiling like the Nixie's dreams,
The Morning Star is shining at the full,

And all the vines are drenched in soaking dew,
And all the virgin plants in the wild wood-ways
Stand up with opening eyes; the hour of praise
Is this for Earth, when all things are made new.

For now the summer night is quite gone over
With all her wheeling stars and the crests of the firs
Appear from out the greyness one by one;

The wild flowers stare on tiptoe for their lover;
At last all golden on his worshippers
Behind the Holy Mountain peers the Sun. W.

Post Meadow: Oxford.

A Spiritual Experience.

The river wanders silently and slow
Thro' the dark meadows magically grey.
Soft sounds, unheard in the deeper-throated Day,
Are whispering now—the faintly distant low
Of vague and shadowy beasts, the water's flow.
Enchanted and bemused we make our way
Where drowsy Ghosts and mournful shadows play,
And fade with sighs back to their Hell below.
When suddenly the Moon, so gently wise,
Breaks forth from out a sable cloud, her light
A deep disturbing loveliness. One star
Comes with his sweetly following, and our eyes
Helped by her radiance see with strange delight
The lone and level meadows stretch afar.

POLLY PEACHUM.

Settle.

Green are the hills, the guardians of my home;
Green hills, and old are they, and very scarred
With limestone rocks, all bare and rough and bleak.
And there upon the steep and barren slopes,
Some lonely sheep are cropping the short grass.
Grey are the roofs beneath those brooding hills,
And steep the cobbled streets that seem to climb
Ever above the little straggling town.
Swift-flowing is the river, brown and cool,
Foaming over rocks with joyous song,
And little fish at play in shallow pools.
Good is it to me. this grey old town,
And all the rugged hills, its sentinels.

MARJORIE ARUNDEL.

Chorea Leti.

Join hands, my brothers in stately dance,
Your limbs moving slowly, twisting and turning.
Musicians make a magic tune
Sweet with sorrow and sweet with yearning.
Never look backward, or steal a glance
At the world asleep in eternal trance.
For now, oh my brothers, your thoughts are burning.
Under the spell of an icy pale moon.
Forget all things holy, our loveliness learning.
Join hands, my brothers, in stately dance.

POLLY PEACHUM.

Ann.

When Ann her dancing way doth go
On tapping heels of high disdain,
An April in my heart I know;
What love is mine, what pain!
A loveliness, a crocus-gleam,
Yet chill with hoar-frost's sting,
So unperturbed her airs do seem,
They wear a lasting spring.
Like rain the linden-boughs upon
Or bright whin blowing in the cold—
A swirl of silk, a flare of gold,
A wind, a fire, and she is gone!
Such April in my heart I know
When Ann on tapping heels doth go
Her way of high disdain.

B.H.

Aston Cantlow.

The lambs of Aston Cantlow all are gone,
Are dead and eaten, or are grown and old;
The loveliness of youth is gone from them
As Spring from us.

The green slopes where they played now know them not,
They whitened are and cold. The trees that grow
Upon the little hills, a leafless song
Sing to the wind.

ENID M. JONES.

Give Me Music.

Give me music :—sound that wake the soul that sleeps
In the inharmonious clay : give me music—
Chords not earthly struck by earthly hands ;
Hymns, too, and anthems, sung by surpliced bands
Of boys, in whose slow-vowelling and majestic
Mouths, godly music its pure savour keeps.
Give me such strains as the ecstatic air,
Enamoured of their beauty passing by,
Distils to substance, lusting to embrace
And hold them so forever ; yet must give place,
And with chaste breath and undiminished cry
The strains go on to cease not anywhere.
Sing me such songs as are not lost when sung,
Though leaving the earth silent : they only go
A little space before the mouths that voiced them
And, had you infinite ears, you might hear them
Lift and lapse on the undulating flow
    Of a songful tide, smoothly to glide
    To the base of Heaven's walls even,
    There for a moment hung,
    And with disintegrating tumult flung
    Over the walls of Heaven.
I marvel that by human instruments
The air is made immortal ; that through music
Moments are holy which, else, would be not so :
Our souls peer, marvelling, through our eyes, to know
If music's earth-born, hearing sounds most like
Those harmonies which, when we were made quick,
Brought in the exiled soul to her new residence.
Past sorrow and past happiness are wedded
To intransient things, to lasting scents and sounds,
Love in a flower's perfume, and boyhood
In the still-abiding odours of a wood.
A momentary view or breath may open wounds
Staunched once, and in the unconscious mind embedded.
My soul once heard a music, which to hear
Was with everlasting beauty to be made
Pregnant lastingly. Few things now can wake her,
She sleeps ; and usual converse may not break her
Torpid sleep. But music, though by mortals played,
    Haunting the body's ear,
And, vapour-like pervading everywhere,
Upon the eye-lids of my soul has quivered
    Till they have opened wide,
Amazed to find that slumber has not severed
    An immortal memory,
Since at divine suggestion's human outcry,
Beauty, like an unborn babe, has cried to be delivered.
They play more enchantingly, and by your magic
Stay recollection on the wave of a song :
Nor fade not, nor give o'er, for happiness
Recovered, to be lost again, is sadness
With increase. You ne'er should cease,
    Might you but last so long
As doth my insatiable soul's longing.
Die not, or the visions that came thronging
    Die too : Then is my soul sick—
And I would ease my soul :—so give me music.

R. Reeve.

Lately I stood upon a bare hill-top
As Autumn evening sobered into dusk.
The breeze died down and in the vale below
Slowly the branches ceased their restless stir
Until no rustle broke the twilight hush.
I watched the stars swing out and shiver through
The frosty air, and thought how gracefully
They clustered on the darkling vault of night.
Then suddenly I realised the space
That lay between those twinkling specks and me,
And fear clung round me like a chilling mist,
Fear of the wide unknown Eternity.
Alone beneath the pitiless regard
Of all the endless timeless firmament,
I cowered infinitesimal on the earth
As it rolled on in its majestic course
Between the spheres ; whilst in a giddy whirl
My thoughts plunged far beyond the furthest star,
Trying to plumb unfathomable depths
And gauge the limits of Infinity.

"Eaglet."

A Slender Song.

By a song
Not too long,
I have sought
As I ought
To persuade
My fair maid
That my bliss
Lies in this—
Her sweet kiss !
'Twould be pity
If my ditty
Should fail
To avail
Or to prove
To my love
That she's sweet
Head to feet—
All complete.
'Twould be rare
If my fair
Would agree
To kiss me
In requite
For the flight
Of my words
That, as birds
Mounting high
To the sky
Sweetly sing
On the wing—
"Love is king,"

S.

P——.

Though you have left me now, and though life seems
Eternal emptiness—yet I have my dreams,
On the borders of reality you wait,
Among the living dead ; within your eyes that late
Bore the unanswered question of the earth,
The light of understanding comes to birth.
I sit alone, and while the shadows, black
And restless, are by the firelight driven back
Into all corners of the room, and while they hide,
Merging in sombre pools on every side,
Then I am happy, and while the firelight gleams,
I am no more alone—I have my dreams.

N.

The Sad Story of Septimus the Simple.

Being a Moral Allegory for the Young, with which are intermingled various Pleasant Conceits designed to entice the Irresponsible from the ways of Error, and to confirm the Enlightened in the Ways of Truth, the Whole being presented in a manner at once Simple and Delightful, combining Useful Instruction with Pure Pleasure.

MANY years ago there lived a small boy whose name was Septimus, because he was an only child and was born on the fifteenth of the month, and his father, being a 'Varsity man though a gentleman, and also a scholar, gave him an appropriate Latin name. Septimus was unlike other small boys in that he wanted something that no one else would have had as a gift. You all know what little boys usually want, I am sure; Arthur you remember, wanted a tram-car to play with; William wanted the London Midland and Scottish Railway; Eustace wanted to stick pins in the Lord Mayor, and little Algernon, who was very precocious, wanted the third from the left in the back row of the Chorus of "Crazy Lady." Septimus, however, envied none of his little friends, except perhaps Algernon, who became an Eminent Barrister, and whose Wig suited him like "A silk hat on a Bradford Millionaire," as dear Mr. Eliot remarks in one of his songs of joy. Now on the other hand, whilst he was still very young, Septimus said in very definite tones, "Goo——gloo—— blublublub....;" which was easily interpreted by his fond parents to mean "I want an Education;" whereupon the father said "My God;" (though that was very wicked of him), the mother sat down and wept, and Uncle Horace said that he knew no good could come of calling the child Septimus. The fond parents immediately sent for a doctor who came in a motor car, and nearly cured Septimus of whooping cough, measles and a nasty bruise on the head before the fond parents had time to explain the situation. When he had learned the facts, the doctor said "This is very serious, but whatever you do with him don't let him become a doctor," and he returned to his motor car adding, "Send for me if he becomes any worse."

However, Septimus grew and grew until he became a small boy, and then he smoked and smoked until he became a young man, and was ready to leave school, and when his fond parents said to him "Septimus, now what do you want?" he replied, "Fond Parents, I want an Education," so his father swore very naughtily and waved about a bundle of receipts for school fees, and his mother wept, and Uncle Horace said it was just like them to have such a mad child instead of a normal healthy youngster like little Algernon. And when Uncle Albert said: "Why on earth do you want such a thing?" Septimus replied that unless one was a Genius it was impossible to tell what one could really do until one had had a reasonably adequate Education, and so Auntie Minnie said that it was a shame the ideas they were putting into the heads of youngsters nowadays. Then Uncle Thomas, who had not been very popular with the family since he began to write Poetry for money, even though there was always much more poetry than money, said that they should let the boy learn a useful trade and find his own education, but the Fond Father, who, you will remember, was a University man, said that his son had a right to the same opportunities as he himself had had, and that the young fool should be packed off to a University immediately. When Septimus heard of this proposal, he said he did not mind going to a University to see what they had to offer in the way of an Education, and Uncle Horace said that Septimus was not really a bad lad at heart, but only a bit simple, and that was how our hero came to be known as Septimus the Simple.

Now when Septimus the Simple came to the University, he wandered about until someone asked him what he was looking for, and he said "Education," so they led him out of the University and pointed down the road to a building which they said was Oak Avenue House. There Septimus saw a lot of rooms

and a lot of pretty things on the walls, and he heard someone talking about instincts and the workings of the child mind and the value of the cultivation of artistic interests, so he came away, and wandered back into the main body of the University again. There he met those who had directed him before, and they asked him if he had not found the department, so he said that he was not looking for a Department but an Education, and they looked at each other blankly for a while, until one of them told Septimus to enquire at the Office of the Hall-Porter. When he had made his enquiries there, the Hall Porter asked what sort of a degree he wanted, and Septimus replied that he wanted not a degree but an Education, and went out again, and when he had gone the Hall-Porter turned to one of his colleagues and said : " Well, I've seen some funny—er— people in here in my time, but that was about the...." and he also made several other remarks about the strangeness of Septimus the Simple.

Meanwhile, Septimus had found a young man in the entrance hall gazing upwards so he asked him what he was contemplating so earnestly and the young man said : " Do you see that weird decoration that spans the transverse vaulting ? " and Septimus said " Yes," " well," said the young man, " I was just wandering why the blazes it was put there. I can't decide whether the architect thought it was classy and Collegiate looking, or whether he suddenly found himself with a Devil of an Empty Space in the Design and felt that he had to fill it in somehow. I expect he had ordered more of those nice brown wriggly tiles than he needed and so he had to get them in somewhere. It's ugly, useless, irritating, and it doesn't mean anything. Are you a Fresher ? Come and sit down." Together they moved over to a seat by the staircase and Septimus the Simple explained his troubles. The young man said it was unfortunate that Septimus had prejudices of that nature because everyone knows that a University is a place where one gets a Degree or a Diploma, and he did not think that there was any mention of an Education in the Prospectus of the University. He added that a Degree was a device for indicating to the world at large that you knew certain things at the end of your final year. He said that a Degree was what you got out of a University, and an Education was what you put into it, so Septimus said " does that mean running about arranging Meetings and writing to Lecturers and having Teas and Manipulating Committees and juggling for Office and looking important," and the young man said : " Apparently," and Septimus sighed deeply. Then the young man said that if you were rich enough to ignore the Degree you might get something of an Education, but judging by those who saw, if you were rich enough for that, you merely got a Reputation instead, although you might conceivably be very ornamental. Then Septimus said : " What are the branches of study pursued here ? " and the young man said : " We do not have branches of study, but Departments, and you get, or fail to get the Degree bestowed by your Department, because if you come up here you must have a definite end in view, and you will be equipped to attain that end, otherwise the powers have no use for you. If you are really anxious to obtain an Education you had better get a Degree first, and then hope to achieve some measure of Education when you leave the University." Then Septimus the Simple, who had been so hopeful was Sad at Heart, and he turned to bid farewell to the young man. Just at that moment, however, a young lady passed through the entrance Hall, and at the sight of her Septimus forgot all about Degrees and Education, and the powers that be, and the problem of the Bastard Balcony slipped from his mind. He felt as though a strange and delightful freshness had come upon his soul, and that the mists which had clouded his eye and his brain had been dispelled by the passing of rare loveliness, which reigns aloof from the Fret of Systems and is untouched by the Rulings of the Powers that Be.

Septimus turned to the young man, " Who was that ? " he asked.

" I don't know," the young man replied, " she does Italian, I believe."

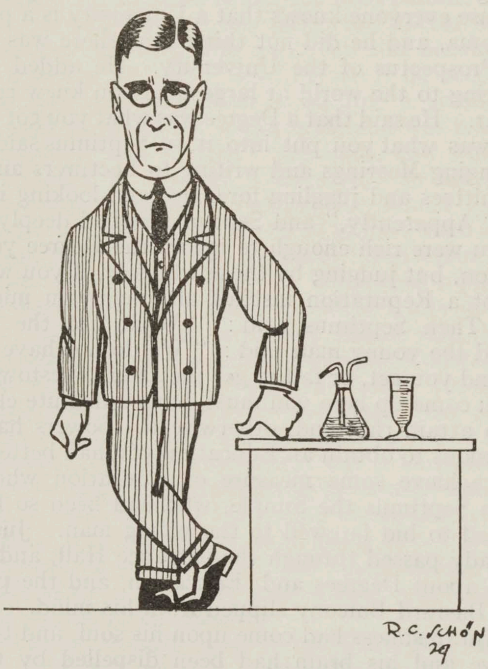
Septimus the Simple then took his leave of the young man, and returned home. When he arrived there, his fond parents greeted him warmly.

"Are you content ? " they asked. " Yes," he replied.

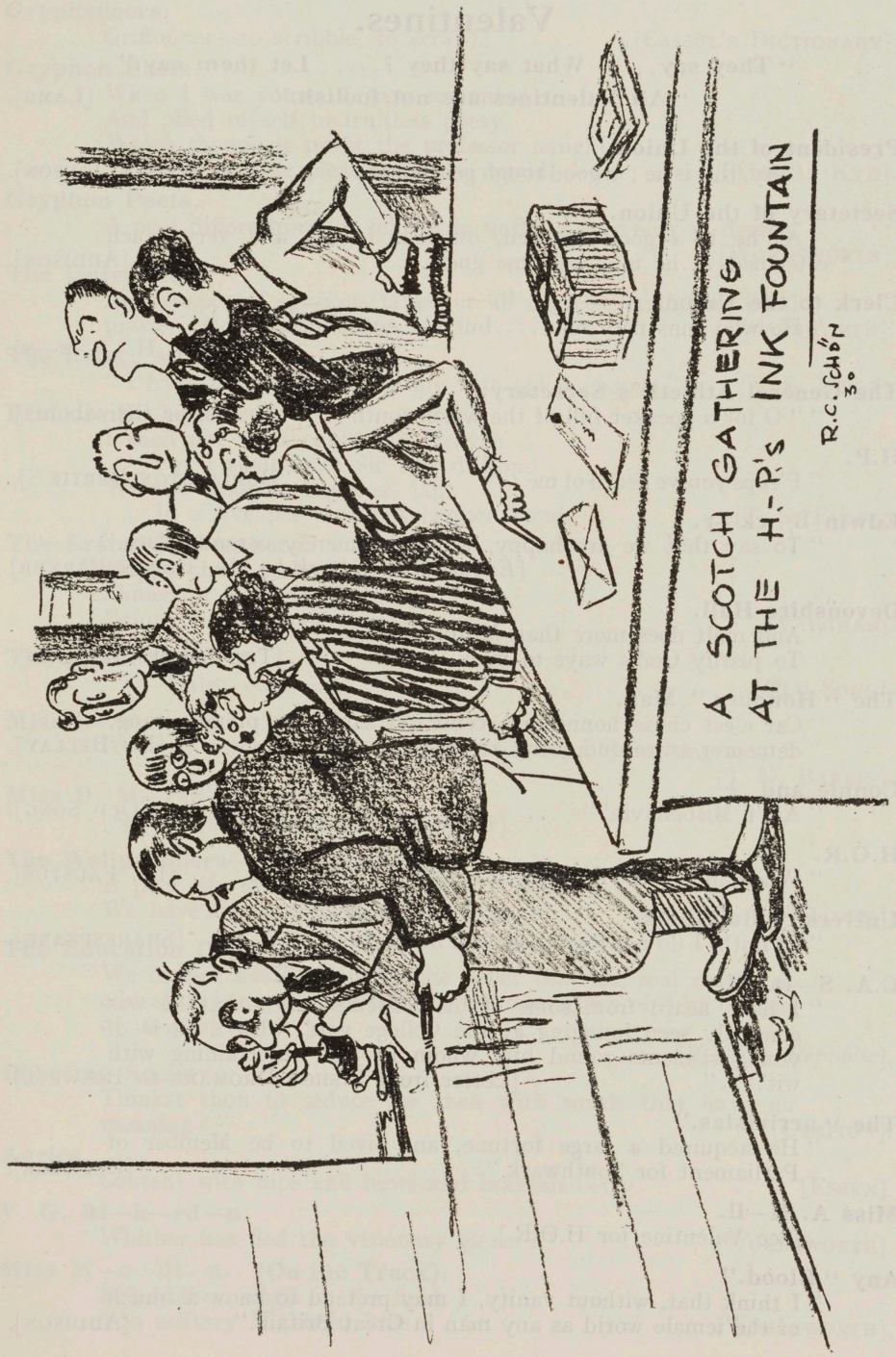
" Have you found your Education ? " asked Uncle Thomas, and Septimus said " No." " Well," said the father, " What *are* you going to do ? " And Uncle Horace, and Uncle Albert, and Auntie Minnie, and the Fond Parents all said : " Yes, what *are* you going to do ? " and Septimus the Simple replied, in a far away voice, " I am going to do Italian...."

So the whole family were very silent, except Uncle Horace, who muttered " Septimus,—the poor lad had no chance from the start," and they seemed to accept the situation, but neither Septimus nor the Family knew quite what they were in for, and some day I hope to tell you the charming and instructive story of the further adventures of Septimus the Simple.

MAROS.



Mr. DURDY—THE MAN WHO NEVER SMILES!


A SCOTCH GATHERING
AT THE H.-P.'s INK FOUNTAIN
R.C. SCHOFF
'30

Valentines.

"They say.... What say they ?.... Let them say."
"All Valentines are not foolish." [LAMB].

President of the Union.
"Ay, this is he ; a good tough gentleman." .. .. [BEN JONSON].

Sectetary of the Union.
"As he is a good natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed....he is a welcome guest." [ADDISON].

Clerk to the Union.
"He who runs may read....but not economics."
[Prof. J. H. J—N—S].

The General Athletic's Secretary.
"" O for a speaker full of the warm south ;" [KEATS, or thereabouts].

H.P.
"P'raps you've heard of me ?" .. .. ["BURLINGTON BERTIE"].

Edwin B– rk—r.
"To say that we are happy, would be merely commonplace."
[*Extract from Speech by* MR. EDWIN BARKER]

Devonshire Hall.
"And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man." [THE SHROPSHIRE LAD].

The "Honours" Man.
"Car c'est chose honneste à celui qui aspire au premier rang, demeurer au second, voire au troisième." [DU BELLAY].

Connie and ?
"Ain't Misbehavin'" .. .. [OLD SONG].

H.O.R.
"When all is done, Divinitie is bet— .. .. [Dr. FAUSTUS].

University Buildings.
"In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes." .. [SHAKESPEARE].

C.A. S—ta—ff.
"I have heard from some of his contemporaries that he was generally seen lounging at the College gate, with a circle of young students round him whom he was entertaining with wit...." [Letter from BISHOP DROMARE to BOSWELL].

The "arrivistes."
"He acquired a large fortune, and lived to be Member of Parliament for Southwark." [BOSWELL].

Miss A. H—ll.
[See Valentine for H.O.R.].

Any "Blood."
"I think that, without vanity, I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain." [ADDISON].

Gryphoneers.

Griffonner—to scribble, to scrawl. .. [CASSEL'S DICTIONARY].

Gryphon Poets.

When I was young, I gave my mind
And plied myself to fruitless poesy,
Which though it profit the professor naught
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world. [THOMAS KYD].

Gryphon Poets.

A poet differs from his fellows in nothing save only in degree.
[WORDSWORTH].

The University.

And shapes of spurious fame for all degrees, and short lived
praise. Here sat in state.... [WORDSWORTH].

The Refec. Addict.

"I have measured out my life with coffee spoons." [T. S. ELIOT].

Prof. J. H. J—n—s.

I shall not want capital in Heaven.
For I shall meet Sir Alfred Mond:
We two shall lie together, lapt
In a five per cent. Exchequer Bond. [T. S. ELIOT].

The Erstwhile Freshers.

"Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my Angel-Infancy;
Before I understood this place.... [VAUGHAN].

The Motor Club.

"O Baby, come on;" .. .. .. [OLD SONG].

Miss L—n—h—m.

"Ay, man's the lord o' creation, so ye maun juist sing sma'"
[J. M. BARRIE].

Miss D. M—rsh—ll.

[See Valentine for Edwin B—rk—r].

The Wallproppers—Arts Wing.

"A poor life this, if full of care
We have no time to stand and stare." [W. H. DAVIES].

The Education Department.

"We cannot avoid adopting the belief that the real nature of education is at variance from the account given of it by certain of its professors...."
[PLATO'S *Republic*].

Debating Society.

"Thinkst thou to seduce me then with words that have no meaning?" [CAMPION].

Agrics.

"Content with hips and haws and bramble-berry." .. [ESSEX].

V. G. Ri—h—rd—n.

"Whither has fled the visionary gleam?" .. [WORDSWORTH].

Miss M—c—ill—n. (On the Track).

Behold her, single in the field,
You solitary Highland Lass..... .. .. .. [WORDSWORTH].

. . . . . "And We Have Built It, These And I."

THE new University is no longer a project of the future; the Mining Department already boasts of a magnificent building and the depredations being committed in De Grey Road are preparations for the sites of further palatial piles.

Perhaps during the morning you may, in that welcome ten minutes between lectures, be sitting in the Union Rooms and your thoughts may stray to this wonderful new University with its One Hundred Thousand Pounds Library, and its equally magnificent departments, signs of whose approach are already visible. As you think, you are by some magical process transported to another room of a size fit to accomodate some of our thousand members, furnished with an infinitude of deep and well cushioned armchairs, and with food and literature always available: you are in the lounge of the new Union Building.

Alas for such Elysian dreams: they are not for us. But what of those who follow after? Are they to be denied this ideal state? Perhaps you answer: "What has been good enough for us ought to be good enough for them." I reply: "But is it good enough for you?" Do you feel that the present facilities are such as enable you to get the most out of University life? Do you meet, or can you be sure of meeting everyone you wish to meet in the present Union Rooms? When we have visitors from our sister Universities, where can we entertain them? Is it not a fact that our lounge seats, comfortable, less than one per cent. of our members, and that this room, designed for comfort and quiet conversation, is blessed, through cramped conditions, with a piano? Have not certain shots from the top end of the billiard table to be played with the butt-end of the cue projecting into the oven of the fire-place which decorates the billiard room, if one can dignify by the name of billiard room a white-washed cellar?

Much more could be said on the same subject but suffice it to state that there is no other University in the country where students exist under similar conditions: where the corporate life of the students of the University is crippled for lack of accommodation. Can you honestly say that this is good enough for you, and a decent heritage to posterity? Are you content to allow posterity to exist under the same adverse conditions as you yourself endure? The answer is too obvious to all those who have the welfare of the University and of their fellow students at heart.

What can we do to remedy this state of affairs? The answer is simple. Join the Guarantor Scheme under which you promise (provided no unforeseen contingency arises) to pay into the Appeal Fund for the New Union Building, a sum of £10 within the next seven years. Consider what this means. Sixpence a week—surely a very small return for all that you have received during your term at the University.

I therefore appeal to everyone, and especially to those going down at the end of this session, to join the scheme as quickly as possible, so that the required £60,000 may be raised and posterity provided with a lasting monument of the generosity of those who trod the path before.

S. MORGAN,
President, L.U.U.

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Phantoms in the Mist.

LOW grey hills stretching away to infinity, merging with the hazy greyness of an evening sky; sudden blackness, where a dark fir plantation rises in perfumed grandeur to heaven, a symbol of man's sovereignty over the conquered earth; a dusty road, finding its way up the hills and down into the valleys, across amber burns, which have come twisting and tumbling down the rocky clefts between the hills; and over all broods Silence: Silence so deep, and so intense, that it is accentuated by the very rustling of the dry grass, and the mournful wailing of the curlews, which circle above the lone traveller, "like lost souls seeking heaven."

But it was not always quiet. The hills have seen the silence shattered. They have heard the clash of steel and the twang of the loosened bow-string, and have felt their sides wet with the blood of dead and dying men, when the reivers rode on a foray, or quarrelled amongst themselves for the booty.

Hidden in a valley there lies a village—a few cottages clustered around a green, and dominated by the bare grey Pele. Proud and grim it stands, bearing mute testimony to the power of Kings. For William the Norman, Lord of all England, called unto him his faithful servant Robert de Umfraville, and bade him raise a castle and defend the North against the thieving wolf and rascally Scot. For long years hatred and mistrust divided the men of Redesdale from their Norman lord. They rode, they stole, they pillaged, they even attacked the castle itself, and were driven back by cauldrons of burning pitch, poured over the ramparts. But, at last, the King's Peace prevailed and England and Scotland became one nation, and then the soldiers rode sadly away, and the Parson stepped in and hung up his goodly beaver where once had rested the shining armour of the knight.

As often as not, the Rector himself was gracing the stalls of some rich Abbey, or supplying the spiritual needs of one of the King's nobles; once he was the English Ambassador at the Court of Milan; but his curate tended the flock in the little village. Year in, year out, he offered praise to God in the old stone Church, visited the sick, and rode many miles over the fells to the Chapel. But even as his war-like predecessor he was counted a stranger and an outcast. For the men of Redesdale, whatever family feuds were raging, could lay aside their hatred to unite against the stranger in authority and Reeds and Halls, Riddells and Charltons, remembered their reiver blood and worshipped at the altar of Lawlessness.

Close to the village rises the monument of an earlier age. Of an age that was old before the Romans tramped the heather of Northumberland or laid their smooth, white roads over the hills to Scotland. Like giants in a wilderness, two great turf mounds overlook the surrounding country, where once with mystic rite, sacrifices were offered to the great God of the Sun. Then, when the softening influence of the Celtic saints had won over the rude Northumbrians to the worship of the Nazarene, these hills were forsaken; the priests no longer sacrificed: the gods fled from the empty altars, and to-day they stand desolate, lonely reminders of days that are passed.

The spirit of regret ever haunts this remote moorland village. Regret for the times when its people were a hardy race of border fighters. Still stand the guardian hills, silent, bare, unchanging, the cold enduring sentinels of Time; still flow the burns; still winter clothes the land with its deep snowdrifts, and the summer sun shines on the purple heather and golden bracken; but the spirit

of the men is gone. The bravery, the pageant lawlessness, and rough loyalty have fled with the fleeting days ; and only sometimes, when the sun is sinking behind the hills and the thin mists of evening rise in the loaning, can you see the phantom host of reivers riding to hold their ancient revels in the fells. G. WINTER.

The Match.

THE rain fell steadily. The street lamps shed a cold, damp light over the shining, wet streets. Even the incessant roar of the great city seemed subdued by the November afternoon. The yellow mist, gradually becoming fog, was enveloping the tops of the buildings, blotting out their ugliness from the gaze of the passers-by, and hanging about the street corners in patches, pervaded with a smoky odour through the drizzle. Street cars clanged noisily above the din of hooters and the staccato shouts of street hawkers and newsboys. The policeman on point-duty seemed sodden by the draggled mass of blue cape which hung from his broad shoulders, his white gloves fast turning into dirty grey. A church clock chimed half-past four.

Jim Merivale, turning homewards, plunged into the murky pall and drew his mackintosh tightly round him. Gripping his attaché case tightly in his gloved hand he began to walk down the road which he traversed twice a day. His brain was racing on towards his evening's work. What confusion that last lecture had seemed. How much back work he had to make up for to-night. First and foremost there was his essay for next week, " Shakespeare's Conception of Tragedy." He must finish that to-night. Then there was all that Anglo-Saxon to do sometime between now and to-morrow—and what about his work on Chaucer—that too must be done to-night. What a mad sort of rush it was. Other students would be thinking about the same things and had written about them in probably the same way and probably would continue to write precisely the same things about them as long as English literature remained on the curriculum of the Universities ! But in the meantime, he had to go through with it for his degree, it the powers that be had so ordained it. So it must be " Shakespeare's Conception of Tragedy " to-night, followed by " Beowulf " and Chaucer—when would he finish ?

With his brain in a turmoil and walking quickly he entered the dingy little street in the centre of the slums. Mechanically he quickened his pace. There was a certain atmosphere of depression about this little street, which gently but firmly found its way into the minds of the passers-by. The drizzle fell as steadily as ever through the grime and soot from forests of near-by mill chimneys. The dirty water collected into numerous puddles and ran dismally into the grates. There was a drab similarity in the squat little houses which lined the street on either side. Not even the yellow squares of light, which began to appear in the dark walls behind dirty lace curtains, seemed cheerful to-night. The passers-by were few, and in this by-way the noise and bustle of the city was reduced to a muffled hum.

Merivale's mind, as he hurried through this sordid place, wilted and fell before the vista of endless hours of work. Anyway, he thought, there was still home and tea waiting for him. He must get home out of this night—home to the cheerful little room with the table laid for tea, the firelight playing on the polished silver and the blue and gold of the Rockingham tea-service, the comfortable easy chair and the oak book-case with its rows of leather-bound volumes.

Through the mist and gloom lurched the dark figure of a man approaching. Merivale instinctively sensed the unuttered question in his bearing and his first impulse was to pass on.

" Got a match, guv'nor ? "

Merivale stopped, set his case on the pavement, drew off his gloves and began to search his pockets for a box of matches. Not finding it, he unfastened his mackintosh and began to go through all his pockets. The man stood by apologetically and waited, his shabby coat, soaked with rain, wrapped tightly round him, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, his battered hat pulled down over his bovine face.

" Bah goom," he interposed, attempting in his way, to be cheerful, " but it's been a devil to-day, rainin' sin' six it marnin'."

" Tha needn't tak' all that trouble," he went on, as he saw Merivale unfasten his coat.

" It's all right," said Merivale, but he thought " Don't know what I'm wasting time over this for."

" What's it for ? " he asked, " I've got a lighter, if that'll do."

" Nobbut a fag end," muttered the man, fumbling in his pocket he produced an inch and a quarter of blackened cigarette. " Picked it up off the streets," thought Merivale, " What a pity my case is empty."

" Ah, here's a match," he exclaimed, as he drew out his hand from the depth of his waistcoat pocket.

" Ready ? "

The man put the fag-end to his lips. Merivale struck the match. The man's dirty hand, with its square tipped fingers closed round Merivale's long, tapering fingers as both sought to protect the tiny light from the wet. The man drew desperately at the fag-end.

" Got it," he said at last. " Thank 'ee for all't trouble, guv'nor."

" You're welcome," said Merivale

He carefully buttoned-up his well-fitting mackintosh, adjusted the collar and replaced his gloves. Picking up his case he began to walk away at an even greater pace. " So much more time wasted," he thought. Why had he stopped, got himself wet—simply for a match ? And his brain raced ahead on " Shakespeare's Conception of Tragedy." All thoughts of the man had vanished before he had gone thirty yards.

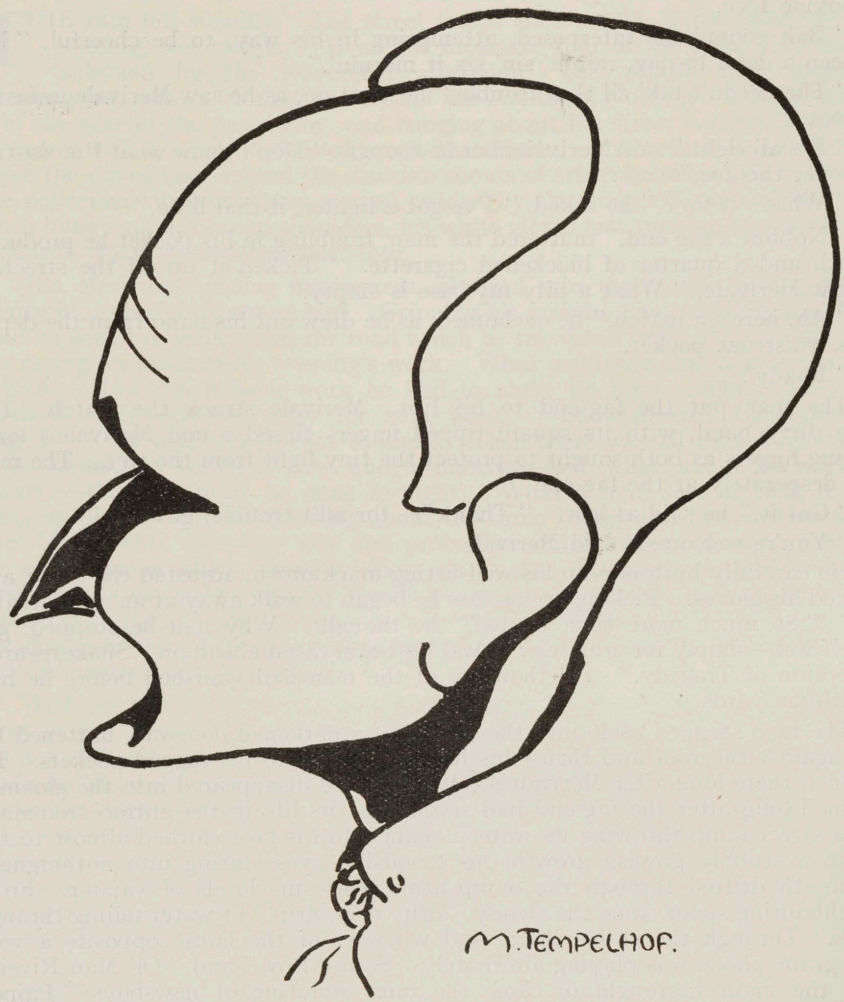
The man stepped aside into the shelter of a darkened doorway, flattened his back against the wall and thrust his hands deeper into his ragged pockets. He remained there long after Merivale's tall figure had disappeared into the gloom—remained long after the fag-end had sizzled out its life in the gutter—remained with a street lamp throwing its watery beam into his face clothed almost to the eyes in a stubbly greyish growth, his bloodshot eyes staring into nothingness. His breath drifted through the damp atmosphere in clouds of vapour. From a neighbouring spout came the steady " drip, drip, drip," of water falling through a leak. Through the closed doors and windows of the house opposite a very tinny gramophone was playing alternately " Sonny Boy " and " Ol' Man River." From the main thoroughfare came the faint shouting of newsboys " Paiper, paiper, winner of the four o'clock ! Paiper, paiper ! "

A rubber-soled footstep approached. A tall, blue-clad figure appeared, the rain streaming from his comfortable mackintosh. His eyes, set in their stolid, capable face, instinctively swept the doorway. He spoke mechanically—

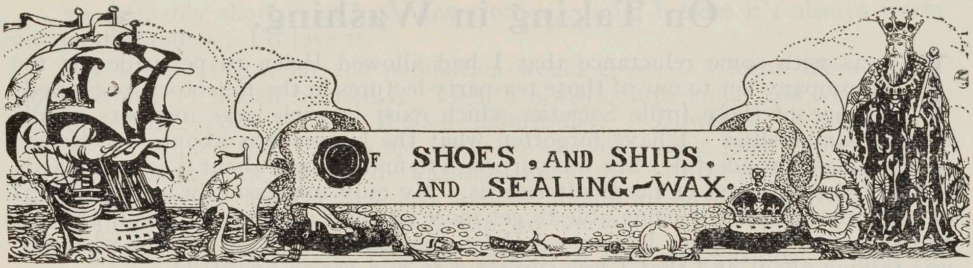
" Move on, there."

The man slunk out of the doorway, lurched away down the dingy little street, turned into the busy thoroughfare and was lost amongst the crowd of hurrying workpeople.

J.H.W.



THE CARTOONIST CARTOONED
(An Impression of R. C. Schön).



Overheard.

At the Vice-Chancellor's tea party for Second Years :—

STUDENT : " Did you hear the *Twenty-five String Quartette* ? "

At the L.U.D.S. performance of " The Watched Pot " :—

A member of the University too august to be named :—"....but I never saw a sign of a pot on the stage from beginning to end."

At the Inter-'Varsity Debate :—

A RECENT SPEAKER :—" Thank you for your kind and *considerable* invitation."

At the mission Meeting :—

Professor H—l—n Th—p—n absently :—" Our thanks are due to Professor Beck...."

That Mr. M—sby invited Mr. W—lkes to be his partner at the Oxley Hall Dance.

Harassed Editor rushing unawares into the midst of a Study Circle :—

" Do you know any jokes ? "

In the Geography Department.

Mr. W—ll—s—n :—" There is an extensive trade in *fried* fish between Cuba and New England."

In the Education Department.

Professor Str—g to the Fourth Years : magnanimously—" You sit here listening to me looking absolutely bored. But you can't help it, it's the way you've been brought up."

From the " Yorkshire Evening Post."

" If a baby irritates you by continuous banging on the table with a spoon, on no account must you take the spoon away, and substitute something soft."

Mrs. Beck, on no account must you curb those unfortunate gentlemen in Refec.

A Fresher approached the H.P.,
And asked if he were the V.C.
He replied, " Now, my dear
Just you get out of here,
I'm far more important than he."

The men's hockey club has a scorer,
Immaculate, punctilious, adorer
Of all that's correct
In every respect.
Hush, hush, who has whispered Anzora ?

On Taking in Washing.

IT was with some reluctance that I had allowed Helen to persuade me to accompany her to one of those tea-party lectures in the Refectory, organised by one of those futile Societies which exist in such large numbers in all modern Universities. I have forgotten what the lecture was about, but Helen thought it was wonderful. She was surprised to find me cold about it as we walked towards the outskirts of Leeds afterwards. My only impression was of a string of platitudes about not being able to get more out of a pint pot than you put in, and such like nonsense. I informed Helen that the man did not know what he was talking about and that I was surprised to find her so uncritical.

" Well," she confessed, " I cannot pretend to any great knowledge of social problems, but he certainly seemed to me to be talking sense."

" You mean," I replied, " that you agreed with him about the pint pot ? " " Of course," she replied, " What else can one do ? "

" My dear girl," I said, " I thought you had some imagination, some poetic quality of soul that declined to accept such prosaic observations. The statement may be literally true, but it was intended to be taken symbolically. And as such it is the most depressingly false notion in the world." I lit my pipe.

" I can see by the way you puff that, that you are simply bursting to enlighten me," Helen replied, gently taking my arm.

As a matter of fact I wasn't, but under such encouragement what is a man to do ! We leaned against a fence and I continued. " You see, the whole of human progress arises from the simple fact that we CAN get more out of a pint pot than we put in," I said. " It is due to what we call the Law of Increasing Returns." " Oh," she said, helpfully.

However, I did not feel like going into that just then. We remained silent a while, and then I suddenly laughed. " I've just thought of another thing he said," I explained. " Who dear ? " Helen asked dreamily.

" Why, the idiot who was giving the lecture," I replied. " Was it something funny ? " she asked. " Yes," I replied, " Screamingly funny when you come to think of it. He said we couldn't live by taking in each other's washing." "And can we dear ? " she murmured, coming closer. The moon was shining. She seemed to be in a receptive mood, and the situation apparently called for some imaginative effort on my part.

" Well," I went on, "A man can't live alone, can he ? " She straightened my tie. There was nothing wrong with it, but she does that sort of thing sometimes. " I mean we can't do everything for ourselves, can we ? " I asked. Her eyes met mine, and turned away. " I think you need someone to look after you," she suggested softly. Queer how women take things. The moon, I suppose. I was put off for a while. Then suddenly I asked her if she had ever heard of the Division of Labour. She looked a trifle lost. " Oh, do you mean about men helping in the house ? " she burbled. I thought a moment, and continued."Suppose we two were on an island alone...." " Oh, how lovely," she interjected. "And suppose further that we each lived entirely separately and did everything for ourselves without helping each other at all," I went on. " Oh, you couldn't do that," she protested. " Well, anyway, it would be foolish," I agreed, " because we should both be badly off, whereas if we worked together and I hunted and chopped the chips while you cooked and did the washing we'd both have more to eat and be much wealthier." " But," she replied, " there wouldn't be any washing

....we probably should not have any clothes....and besides it's always warm on those islands....I'd love it."

"Yes, but after a bit the population would grow....I mean more people would come," I added hurriedly, "there's always ships come you know...." "That would spoil it," she replied mournfully. "However," I continued, "As more people came they would begin to specialise their jobs. Some would do all the wood work, others the washing and so on. And everyone would get his job done much quicker that way and we should all have more stuff." She was silent, trying to recapture the dream, no doubt.

"Now if you can imagine that the work to be done was washing," I went on, "it would mean that one person did the woollens, another the silks, and so on, and someone else did the ironing, and someone else the collars, well....you see we should be taking in each other's washing, so to speak."

"A queer sort of island," she complained. "Yes," I agreed, "and after all we do live on an island now you know," I replied, "and really we do live by taking in each other's washing, if you care to think of it that way. Instead of doing everything for ourselves individually, we just do one thing and then exchange it for all the other things other people are making."

'Have you been talking economics all this time?" she suddenly asked in a horrified voice, "and I thought you were...."

"Thought I was what, Helen," I said rather puzzled.

"Well, you were talking about an island," she replied, "and I thought.... well, it would be nice, Pip, wouldn't it?"

There seemed nothing else for it but to agree, and so we talked of it again as we walked back. "Do you really think you will enjoy being on an island with just me?" she asked as I was leaving her. "Rather," I replied airily, "It would be topping." I had not noticed the unconditional verb. "Oh, you are a dear," she gushed, and giving me an unexpected kiss, she added, "I'll tell mother," and ran up the steps.

Now, why should she tell her mother! PIP.

The Union Library.

The following books have been presented to the Union Library since the last issue of *The Gryphon* :—

FICTION.

The Black Tulip (Alexandre Dumas).
Stella Maris (W. J. Locke).
The Usurper (W. J. Locke).
Adventures of Capt. Kettle (Cutcliffe-Hyne).
A Tall Ship. "Bartimeus"

CRIME STORIES.

Blackshirt (Bruce Graeme).
The Mind of Mr. J. G. Reeder (Edgar Wallace).

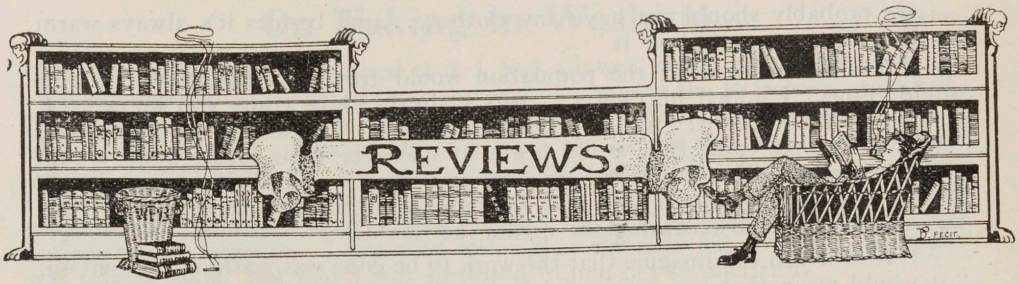
SPORT.

The Jubilee Book of Cricket (Prince Ranjitsinjhi).
With Bat and Ball (George Giffen).
"W.G.'S" Reminiscences (W. G. Grace).
Badminton Library: Fencing, Boxing, Wrestling.
Badminton Library: Skating, Curling, etc.
With Stoddart's Team in Australia.
Handbook of Athletic Sports.

LETTERS.

A Selection from Cowper's Letters (E. V. Lucas).

J.J.F.



A Faith That Works.

By E. S. Woods. M.A., Student Christian Movement Press, 5/- net.

"THIS book is an attempt to discuss some human relationships and human activities from a Christian point of view." Thus, the author states his aim, with a conciseness and vigour characteristic of the book itself. Although on similar lines to his earlier work, "Everyday Religion," this book will be found more satisfying to the average reader and deals with problems which more vitally concern him: such topics as the home, education and war are ably faced and dealt with. The author, while seeing clearly the needs and evils of to-day, yet has an optimistic outlook which is at once stimulating and refreshing: he feels that there may be seen signs, here and there, and the dawning of a new belief in the feasibility of "The Kingdom of God"; and he brings forward convincing evidences for his statement that Christianity is "a religion from heaven, which can be practised successfully on earth."

D.T.

General Mission, February, 1930.

Friday 14th, at 4-30 in Refectory. Reception of Missioners. Tea 6d.

Sunday 16th, in Emmanuel Church, University Service. Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Jarrow.

Monday, Tuesday and Thursday at 1-15 and 5-15, and Friday at 1-15 in Emmanuel Church. Rev. Fr. R. Rees, C.R., and Rev. H. C. C. Herdotz.

In Trinity Chapel at the same times, Rev. Leslie Weatherhead.

Friday, 21st, at 5-15, in Great Hall.

Joint meeting on Sex Relationships addressed by Rev. Fr. T. Rees, C.R., with the Vice-Chancellor in the Chair.

Cave Crabrones.

WHAT a solemn crowd we students are! How we allow any funny fellow to pull our legs, responding with venom to these harmless if waggish, sallies! *And*, worst of all, what poppycock and Papdoodle do we write, in defence of our noble selves!

To descend with lightening rapidity from the general to the particular, a being who signs himself " Broken Man "—I should imagine for more reasons than one—has taken upon himself the task of reviling the female students of Glasgow University. And the result? Immediately a number of female students of various universities rise to the bait, and with admirably stimulated contempt, answer all his criticisms, and writhe visibly at each flick of his satiric whip. As if that were not exactly what he had hoped! It makes one rather ashamed for one's contemporaries when they are so ready to take up the cudgels in this way, and, what is worse, show that the darts have hit the bull's eye by donning the cap which presumably fits only too well.

Like the queen, we were not amused by the creatures' article, which originated too obviously in bad temper or indigestion; but although it may be considered bad form to use a students' magazine as an outlet for one's indignation, yet it is surely even worse to answer hot-bloodedly his attacks on the weaker sex, attacks which are, after all, rather *vieux jeux*. The bees were certainly buzzing far too loudly in his (Scotch) bonnet, but their noise had been more than drowned in that of the hornets whose nest he has so viciously stirred up.

Don't be a hornet! What will-power it often needs to preserve a studied calm under fire! Especially when one can think of so many brilliant retorts with which to confound the enemy! Not that one would advocate the " Vengeance -is-mine-saith-the-Lord " theory; far from that, one finds one's own revenges to be far more satisfying than any the Lord could devise—but the revenge should so emphatically *not* be vocal. A quiet murder is less trouble and more to the point, for the comparative might of the pen and the sword (or popgun) has always been a debatable question, especially when the pens are brandished by warriors with so much brawn, and so little brain as these epistolarians.

——" The time has been. That when the brains were out, the man must die "—but that happy time is long past, as one realises only too well merely by looking around. Incidentally a University student should be above this quarrelling, which, even through the medium of our larger newspapers, savours so strongly of domesticity.

I trust I shall not be deemed to have a sordid mind if I venture to suspect that the longing to appear in print, an ambition common among the younger fry, actuates some of our callower defenders. A better way out for them, I suggest, would be to buy a small printing outfit (approximate cost half-a-crown) and print their own efforts in the privacy of their own homes, afterwards destroying all traces of their work. Thus would the world be made a better place, and the life of the man in the street be rendered happier. Or alternatively, if our budding " Regular Readers " and " Patrifamilias " take up their pens to write letters of scorn, eulogy, or mere wrath, let them address these effusions *not* to the Press, but to their long suffering friends, who will at least burn them unread, so that nobody will have suffered.

One last note of appeal. Unless the cause is world-wide and of real importance to oneself (the number of causes that are this can be counted on the fingers of one hand), refuse to be drawn by every idle fellow, refuse to take up any and every challenge, and refuse to be one of a buzzing throng of ineffectual scribblers. To the last-named, I can recommend water instead of ink (or vitriol) as a fountain pen filler—it has the tremendous advantage of being invisible. M.D.

Those days of Old . . . . !

MY soul sighs for the stately days of old, when men were men, beer was beer, and young girls were shy. The fashions moved slowly, women dressed, men drank, and ever and anon a wave of unchequered ribaldry surged over the land. Young men ran loose, and thought not of the morrow. Language was free and easy, full of picturesque expressions. Unfortunate students on reviewing results exclaimed despairingly " Gramercy," or " I'frackins," and arose and rushed to their masters saying " By my halidom, if thou dost pip me again I will smite thy head from off thy body ! " Christmas exams. were pleasant in those days and were greatly enjoyed by all. In the dim, dark, and dismal December afternoons, the examination hall was dim, dark and dismal, lit here and there by a flickering torch which threw encouraging shadows, enabling examiners to hold secret meetings in the umbra and so review the paper. Over zealous examiners were dealt with in a becoming manner by promptly biffing the rash pendant on the head or other weak spot, with one of the numerous scholastic implements—generally the aforementioned halidom. The over daring *doctor* then awoke to find himself walking to his room with the papers under his arm.

Oh that we could manage likewise at this institution so that lecturers would arrive and distribute question papers and then awake to find themselves walking with hazy notions of the afternoon's happenings across University Road, with an arm full of such pass papers under their cloaks. Ah, those were the good old days !

The mode of dress was very becoming. Men tripped and danced with elegance. Women (ever creatures vain) lisped, and curtsied in gigantic crinolines, which were the forerunner of parachutes as all should know.

What convivial binges took place when ale was a penny a pint and pubs open all day. Tables groaned with roast puttock and mine host challenged all comers to the Royal game of shove ha' penny ! Those were the times when a tavern chair was really the throne of human felicity. We moderns have to enquire tenderly at Refec. " How is the beer to-day, Nellie ? " and get the usual reply " Flat " or " Very Flat," or may be " Just Flat," whereupon a cross between a groan and a moan hisses through our parched lips and we subside into a nearby chair and dream of the days when the brew had a " top." I believe Dr. Johnson (not Hamish of that ilk) once uttered a now famous statement, " There is not any bad beer. There is good beer and indifferent beer." Tis true—Refec. beer *is* indifferent !

Although dashing youths had not motor cars, motor bikes, etc., great use was made successively of horses, chariots, cabs, and post-chaises. A filbert of byegone Bohemian days once wrote : " If I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving about in a post-chaise with a pretty woman. . . . " Well ! Well ! Think of the glorious times one could have if only one had only owned a post-chaise. What adventure to rush off to Gretna Green with a purloined wench and the irate parent staggering on behind, brandishing a blunderbus. The above-mentioned post-chaise usually contrived to lose a wheel, causing the fuming father to hide behind hedges to give the poor dear couple a chance to get clear. All ends happy after the dashing couple reach Gretna half-a-head in front of the following blunderbus.

But all was not beer and skittles in the days of old. Oh to have been at an old time election. Our present day campaigns are but miserable shades of the past. Bottle-slinging, ear-biting, pitch-fork Tories would engage in combat with the deadly chair-throwing, pea-shooting Whigs. A famous statesman described such an election :—" I rose to address the meeting and as a special concession I began with the word ' Gentlemen.' Something shot from out of the blue and I awoke in hospital with three black eyes, one and a half thick lips and my back broken in two places. The Chairman came to see me the following day and remarked that they had a nice quiet meeting." Such a statement, although shorn of its political covering, speaks volumes. What a target Sir Charles would have been in those glorious days !

Facial Fungi grew in such rich and abundant clusters upon the stern and forbidding features of great men, and fashion pushing ever on to the ridiculous in female attire, blossomed forth in bustles and ham-legged sleeves, the whole being rounded off with respectable voluminous skirts which trailed behind and arrived the day after. Marriages at Gretna fell off, mainly because the old man could catch a train and beat the old romantic post-chaise and have time for a binge at Carlisle. Nowadays, it is usual to get married either in an aeroplane, tram, or 'bus, or by telephone—all done while you wait. A few years from now, great excitement will be caused by anyone getting married in the Church. The parson could make something out of it by displaying large notices " Marriage here to-day ! ! ! " " Book your seats now ! ! " Admission 6d. Gallery 3d.

My soul sighs for the stately days of old, when men were men, beer was beer, and young girls were shy.

IAN MACLAURIN.

Leeds University Old Students' Association.

NOTE.—All communications for The Gryphon concerning Old Students or the O.S.A. should be addressed to Mr. G. Woledge, The University, Leeds.

The Dinner.

WERE you at the Dinner ? And if not why not ? It is difficult for those responsible for the arrangements of a function to express an opinion as to its success or otherwise. In the first place they are usually (and certainly were in this case) too busy to take much notice of how people enjoyed themselves, and secondly, they are apt to call a show a success as long as there are no hitches in the time-table and no financial loss is sustained. We shall therefore be very pleased if some of you who were there will write and tell us whether it was a success from your point of view and whether the innovations were approved, and at the same time offer us any suggestions for improvements which occur to you.

For the benefit of those who were not there and of future generations who may want some account of the proceedings we had better record some of the chief items of what was, from our point of view, a very successful dinner. Over 180 sat down in the Refectory soon after 6-30 on a very (meteorologically) unpleasant evening, and we should probably have had at least a dozen more if the weather had been kinder. Speaking from memory this is the largest number we have had at a dinner since the O.S.A. came into existence, except, of course, the Jubilee Dinner. It makes the arrangement of tables very awkward, but it is very encouraging when we have to overflow into the Staff Dining Room. We can't take many more in the Refectory so next year it may be a case of " First come, first served," with regard to tickets.

Our President, Lord Moynihan, was in the Chair, and our principal guests were Mr. Arthur Greenwood (the first member of the O.S.A. to become a Cabinet Minister) and Professor Hugh Stewart (who has by now left Leeds to become Principal of Nottingham University College). We were also very pleased to have with us Lady Moynihan and Mrs. Arthur Greenwood.

Among those who were unable to come but who sent apologies were the Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Baillie (who were prevented at the last moment by urgent private affairs), Sir Michael Sadler, Lord Brotherton and Sir A. W. Mayo-Robson. We hope to have some or all of them with us on some future occasion.

We have no intention of reporting the speeches. There were only three, those of our President and our two guests, and they were all a good deal shorter than they need have been. Brevity is a good fault in a speech, but when the quality is so good it is a pity to cut it short. If you want a full report you can get it from the *Yorkshire Post* of December 23rd.

After the speeches we listened for about a quarter of an hour to some beautiful piano music by Miss Kathleen Frise-Smith, which was a real treat and for which we are indebted to our President. Then we adjourned for conversation while the tables were cleared. At 9-30 followed the second innovation in the form of a conjuring entertainment. Your officers, at any rate the President and Secretaries, have low tastes and a weakness for childish amusements, and the conjurer was provided to please us. We hope you enjoyed him too, he certainly got plenty of applause and to us it was a pleasant change. Afterwards, people began to go to catch trains, but others stayed till close on midnight dancing and talking.

There is only one other matter to which we want to refer in this issue. We are hoping shortly to make a special effort to get more of the Medical graduates as members and any " Medic " who will lend a hand will be very useful.

G.L.S.

L.U.O.S.A. Tours for 1930.

THE travel programme for this year is a most ambitious one, and it is hoped that all Old Students will endeavour to support their committee by patronising one or other of the several tours arranged. All tastes are catered for, so don't be deterred from joining us by the thought that you will be " shepherded about in droves," or, on the other hand, that you " don't know any one who is going." You soon will do. It takes an O.S.A. party about five minutes for everyone to be at their ease and therefore you may take your pleasures in complete solitude, or be one of a small crowd. There is no compulsory programme although the preliminary arrangements are always such that organised excursions may be proceeded with at very short notice. An experienced leader accompanies all O.S.A. travel parties and he is available for advice and help during the tour. Below will be found the detailed itinerary for the American trip which leaves Liverpool on August 2nd, and for which excellent accommodation has already been reserved on the new " White Star " motor vessel *Britannic*. A number of copies of cabin plans are available and these may be had on application to the Hon. Treasurer. Reservations of berths should, if possible, be completed before the end of April. Our party is assured of every attention throughout the tour, which is a " First Class " one in every thing but price. As in all our tours, we welcome friends of members to join us and we propose to invite members of the Old Student organisations of other Universities.

THE DINNER.

22nd DECEMBER, 1929.

Like Father

He was an old customer. He brought his son to see us.

"You see, I was never any good at clothes," he said. "As a child I was always putting them on upside down, or something like that.

"As a youth, my attempts at formal dress provided a series of sensational and humiliating incidents at social functions.

"Then one day I read one of your advertisements, and was moved to call in here. Since then life has been one grand sweet song. Thanks to your helpful advice and your most adequate ranges of goods I now regard the buying and wearing of clothes as a pleasant science instead of a harrowing problem.

"To-day has brought the climax to my joys. This morning I overheard my wife speaking to our eldest son on the question of dress.

"After various comments of a critical nature she finished by saying: 'Why don't you try and be a bit smarter—like your Father!'

"My wife actually said that, mark you, about *me!* So now I have only three things to do.

"In the first place I want you to convey my thanks to Mr. Austin Reed for bringing about my sartorial salvation.

"Secondly, I want to introduce my son to you. I struggled along for thirty years before I discovered Austin Reed's. I want my son to share the benefit of my discovery. I feel I can confidently leave his destiny in your hands.

"The third matter is quite personal. I'm just going to pop out to buy a slightly larger hat."

AUSTIN REED'S
of REGENT STREET

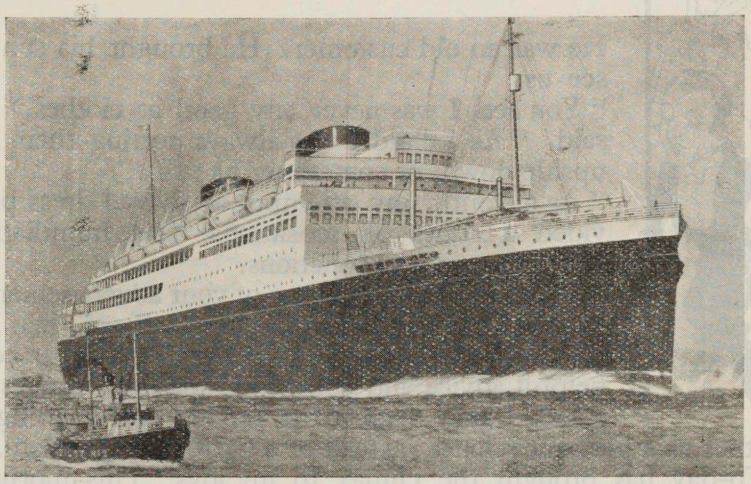
Corner of Bond and Albion Streets, LEEDS

St. Ann's Square, MANCHESTER 9 Fargate, SHEFFIELD
St. George's Crescent, LIVERPOOL

Also at London, Glasgow, Birmingham and Bristol

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

White Star Line



New M.V. "BRITANNIC," 27,000 tons (Largest British Built Motor Vessel)

Regular Sailings to United States and Canada

Three Weeks' Tour to United States and Canada

A Special Tour has been arranged for members of the L.U.O.S.A. and Friends leaving by the M.V. "BRITANNIC" from Liverpool, 2nd August, 1930, to New York, and returning from Montreal by the "ALBERTIC" August 16th, due Liverpool August 24th.

Excellent Tourist Third Cabin accommodation has been reserved on these steamers, and the cost of this Three Weeks' Trip, including Ocean Fare, Inland Tour (Transportation and Pullman only) from New York to Boston, Niagara Falls, Toronto and Montreal, only just exceeds £50.

If desired, Members can remain for a further week in Canada or the States, and return by the "LAURENTIC" from Montreal, August 23rd, accommodation having been reserved on this steamer. For further particulars apply : The Secretary, L.U.O.S.A.

WHITE STAR LINE COMPANY'S OFFICES:—

London, E.C., London, S.W., Liverpool, Southampton, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, Bristol, Belfast, Cardiff, etc.

The Paris trip at Easter ought to be the best yet; Easter is very late this year and the trees will be green in the parks and at Versailles and Fontainebleau, and, of course, we shall be able to sit outside at the cafés; Then we still have some Paris "residents" who are going to act as special pilots to places never visited by the ordinary tourist. The fullest details of the trip are to be found in the circular enclosed. Please fill up the slip and send it along soon. We can accommodate 50 if necessary!

Other summer excursions are being planned and here they are:—

(*a*) Oberammergau, Munich and the Bavarian Highlands, August 5th–19th.

(*b*) Switzerland, August 5th–19th.

(*c*) Denmark, August 5th–19th.

Details of any of these tours can be obtained by writing to the Hon. Treasurer, and in any case will be published before Easter.

ITINERARY FOR AMERICAN TRIP.

August 2nd.—Leave Liverpool by M/V *Brittanic*, arriving in New York, Sunday, August 10th.

Afternoon sightseeing tour of greater New York, including Fifth Avenue, Riverside Drive, Grant's Tomb on the Hudson, the City Hall, passing Woolworth Building, Brooklyn and a stop at the Aquarium.

August 11th, Monday.—Morning excursion by yacht around the Island of Manhattan, visiting the greater steamer docks, the fine bridges, and obtaining a fine view of the "skyscrapers" of Lower Manhattan.

Opportunity to visit Columbia and New York Universities.

Leave on late evening train. Berth in sleeping car.

August 12th, Tuesday, Boston.—Arrive in the morning.

Morning tour of ancient and Modern Boston, including Faneuil Hall, Bunker Hill, Charlestown, the Navy Yard and the Home of Benjamin Franklin.

Opportunity to visit Harvard University. Leave by early evening train. Berth in sleeping car.

August 13th, Wednesday. NIAGARA FALLS.—Arrive morning.

Excursion by electric railway to Table Rock, Canadian end of Horseshoe Falls, down Canadian side to Queenston to Lewiston, American side to Niagara Falls, through Niagara Gorge.

August 13th, Wednesday. NIAGARA FALLS.—Leave by early evening train. Parlour car seat.

TORONTO.—Arrive about three hours later. Hotel accommodation.

August 14th, Thursday.—Morning sightseeing tour of the city, visiting the business and residential sections, Queen's Park, stopping at the University of Toronto, the Museum and Parliament Buildings, The Toronto City Hall, two of the world's greatest departmental stores and the highest buildings in the British Empire. Opportunity to visit the University of Toronto.

Leave by late evening train. Berth in sleeping car.

August 15th, Friday. MONTREAL.—Arrive in the morning.

Morning tour of ancient and Modern Montreal, stopping at the Church of Notre Dame in the old French section of the city, Brother Andre's Shrine, Westmount Lookout and the Victoria Bridge. Opportunity to visit McGill University.

Embark in the evening on S.S. *Albertic*.

Cost of Tour :—

Return Ocean Ticket	£40 0s. 0d.
Transportation (including Pullman accommodation on land)	£10 16s. 6d.
Inclusive price for the land tour—but not meals	£16 6s. 0d.
Fully inclusive price for land tour	£24 9s. 0d.

London Letter.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1930.

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.

Two Kings have honoured the University this year and the London Branch offers its heartiest congratulations to the men who reflect such glory upon us; to Mr. E. A. Bearder, who for his work on the Dyestuffs Committee was made M.B.E. on New Year's Day, and to Professor E. V. Gordon, upon whom the King of Denmark has conferred the Knighthood of the Royal Icelandic Order of the Falcon. We should also like to send our best wishes to Professor George Gordon in his new capacity of Master of Magdalene, for we can never forget that he belonged to Leeds before he left us for Oxford.

Distinction is soon to approach more closely to the London members of the O.S.A., for Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister of Health, has again very willingly accepted an invitation to be our guest at a London dinner. As the dinner in February is held on a Saturday, when the house will not be in session, there is every reason to hope that Mr. Greenwood will be able to be with us.

The dinner is to be held on Saturday, February 22nd, at 7 for 7-30, at the Coventry Restaurant, Wardour Street. Mr. H. R. Robinson has again very kindly promised to cajole his friends into giving us another entertainment, and we hope also to have the pleasure of a visit from members of the West Riding Branch. Everything augurs jollity, so please read carefully the circular giving particulars of the dinner, and let the secretary have your names as early as possible.

West Riding Branch.

For most folk, West Riding Branch spells "Christmas Party." Of course, the Christmas Party is THE event of the O.S.A. year, we know; and Part the Fourth, 1929, was the best ever. We shall not soon forget the Polonaise, the Exhibition Tango and the Carnera–Stribling Fight, which was the Talkie sensation of the evening.

But perhaps some of us tend to forget that Tuesdays are Tuesdays all the year round. The Play Reading Circle is always well attended, but it would be nice to see the Lounge as extravagantly full as it used to be occasionally in the ancient days ! If every one of the 70 folk who turned up for the Party, appeared at a Play-Reading, we ought to have several record gatherings !

We must apologise for the late arrival of the term's programme, which you will receive with this *Gryphon*. We have pursued the policy lately of sending out Play-Reading notices to everyone residing in the West Riding, whether a member of the Branch or not. And as this involves sending notices to more than 400 people, we cannot always post them. We have to wait for the *Gryphon*. And *The Gryphon* goes out exceptionally late this term. So *honi soit qui mal y pense !*

Your attention is especially drawn to the West Riding General Meeting on February 18th, and the Musical Evening on March 4th. The latter, a great innovation, will take the form of a song recital by Miss Ella Huxtable. Your Secretaries, assisted by Mr. David, also hope to play one or two short trios for violin, 'cello and piano. We shall expect to see all the best people present. The programme is, or should be, within. Please cherish it to bring with you.

HILDA BREARLEY
ARTHUR RAMSDEN } *Secs.*

Merseyside Notes.

Our chief activities seem to be Bridge. Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne gave a Bridge Party on the 14th December, and we are looking forward to another on 8th February, given by Mr. and Mrs. Lupton.

No millionaires returning from America have yet called on me, but we live on and hope for the best. A week-end at Hope, Derbyshire, has been suggested for Whitsuntide. Those who are keen on walking and talking, and who would like to join the party, might drop me a line, please, in the near future and I'll make arrangements. We hope to have another theatre night this term.

Miss E. B. Barran, our Treasurer is taking over the duties (and pleasures) of Secretary for a few months in order to relieve me. Her address is " Blackburne House High School for Girls, Liverpool."

I'm sure if you inundate her with the names and addresses of those new members I asked you to hunt out, she'll be as delighted as I should be.

One item in conclusion. Two of us attended the O.S.A. Dinner at Leeds in December, and thoroughly enjoyed it. G.L. S.'s low taste in conjurors seems to have been generally shared. I know G.L. would like additional skill in conjuring up more members. What about it all ye who have left us—and forgotten ?—shame on ye !

S.W.

News of Old Students.

CHARLES S. ELSTON (Mods., 1916–19), after going down from Leeds, took a first in German at London, and has now been awarded a Continental Travelling Scholarship.

G. B. HOWARTH (Fuel, 1920–24) has been appointed Chief Chemist to the Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Gateshead Gas Company.

The Rev. G. W. LIMBERT (H.O.R., 1918–21) has accepted a living in W. Australia, and sails shortly, with his wife. Mr. Limbert is an old Harrier.

H. M. Robertson (Econ., 1921–27) Ph.D. (Cambridge) has been appointed Senior Lecturer in Economics and Economic History at the University of Cape Town.

BIRTHS.

Heywood.—To the Rev. C. R. Heywood and Mrs. Heywood (L. M. Parkes, Arts, 1915–17) at the Rectory, Malmesbury, Cape Province, South Africa, on the 28th November, a son.

Pickles.—To Mr. W. B. Pickles (Arts 1919–22) and Mrs. Pickles, at Hull, on the 1st June, 1929, a daughter.

Versey.—To Mr. H. C. Versey (Science 1911–15) and Mrs. Versey, at Leeds, on the —— December, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Boyle–Scattergood.—Major H. K. Boyle, D.S.O., (Science, 1907–10) to Miss K. M. Scattergood, at All Souls' Church, Leeds, on the 14th January.

Newenham–Brogden.—The Rev. G. A. B. Newenham, M.A. (Cantab) to Marjorie Brogden (Science and Ed. 1922–6) at St. Mary's Church, Unstone, near Sheffield, on the 28th September. Address: The Parsonage, Unstone.

Proudler–Bate.—Arthur G. Proudler to Ethel Bate (Mods. and Ed. 1918–22) at Dalston, Carlisle, on the 14th September 1929. Address: " Dalston," Seaton Carew, West Hartlepool.

Rhodes–Jenkinson.—Bernard Rhodes (Physics, 1925–29) to Helena Jenkinson, on the 26th December, 1929.

University Hall Old Students' Association.

IT may interest former members of University Hall to know that, although our old hostel no longer exists in brick and mortar, its spirit is still alive and its memory kept green, by a flourishing Old Students' Association which held a reunion at Oxley Hall, on January 3rd and 4th. Friday evening's entertainment took the form of a dinner, followed by a " Common Room Evening " of the good old-fashioned type which we used to enjoy on Saturday nights at U.H.

At the general meeting it was decided to try to induce members who left U.H. previous to 1922 to join our Association. We have very few people to represent the years from the opening of U.H. to 1922, but we feel sure that there must be some who have not lost all interest in their old hostel and who would be pleased to meet once a year to talk over old times, I hope they will communicate with our next year's general secretary, Miss M. Rusby, at Meadow View, Ossett, Yorkshire. There may be others who have gone down more recently but with whom we have lost touch. If so, will they make themselves known to the secretary for the year they went down.

During the general meeting, Mrs. Moorman, our Vice-President, thanked the Association for a bowl which had been presented to Oxley by the Association to show that we now recognise Oxley as our home.

The next year's reunion is to take place on Friday and Saturday, January 2nd and 3rd, 1931. Please book this date NOW.

Members who were unable to be present are reminded that their annual subscription of 6d. to cover postage is now due and should be sent to the secretary for their year.

Marjorie Cummins
(General Secretary, 1929–30).

Representatives of the O.H. Old Students' Association.

1923–4. Miss M. Hastie, 25, Merton Road, Bradford, Yorkshire.

1924–5. Miss J. H. Weatherston, 1, West View, Eaves Avenue, Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire.

1925–6. Miss D. Greenwood, 360, Holly Mount, Wyke, Bradford.

1926–7. Miss A. Whitworth, Dee View Road, Heswall, Wirral.

1927–8. Miss G. H. Hawksworth, Sydgate House, South Kirkby, nr. Pontefract.

1928–9. Miss M. Cummins, Danescroft, Church Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

1929–30 (And General Secretary 1930–1).
Miss M. Rusby, Meadow View, Ossett, Yorkshire.

Correspondence.

The Editor of *The Gryphon*.

Devonshire Hall,
Headingley, Leeds.

Dear Sirs,

In this wonderful climate rainy days, during the winter, seem to predominate. There are quite twenty motor-bicyclists who ride to the University every day. When it is raining there is no shelter of any sort. The bicycles have to be left out in all weathers whereas push-bicycles can be taken into the Cloakroom and cars have hoods. Is it too much to ask that amongst our vast building schemes some kind of shelter could be managed for these motor-bicycles? Perhaps even now some sort of temporary structure might be erected.

Hoping that this letter will be seen by some competent authority,

I remain, yours sincerely,

"New Imperial."

IMPERIAL LEAGUE OF OPERA.

To The Editor of *The Gryphon*.

Dear Sir,

May I put before you those of your readers who have lately joined the University of Leeds, either as students or on the Staff, the claims of the Imperial League of Opera.

There can not be many people in England now who do not know that the League of Opera is a scheme by which Sir Thomas Beecham is trying to establish Opera on a permanent basis in this country, in the provinces as well as in London. By joining the I. L. O. you not only assist in this scheme but you acquire very definite advantages for yourself, *i.e.*, priority booking for a seat for any performance given by the company, 10% rebate on the price of that seat, a free symphony concert given by the opera orchestra (this only applies to the provinces) and a monthly magazine, also free.

Leeds has now qualified to be included in this scheme and Sir Thomas has definitely promised to visit this city with his Opera Company during his provincial tour, starting in the autumn of this year.

The terms of membership are as follows :—to subscribe 10/- a year for five years. This may be paid all at once, £2 10s. 0d., or two years' subscription in advance, £1 (these entitle to all privileges); or 10/- now and a further 10/- before the privileges of priority booking and rebate are allowed.

Subscriptions may be paid to A. Ramsden Ltd., 12, Park Row, Leeds.

Yours faithfully,

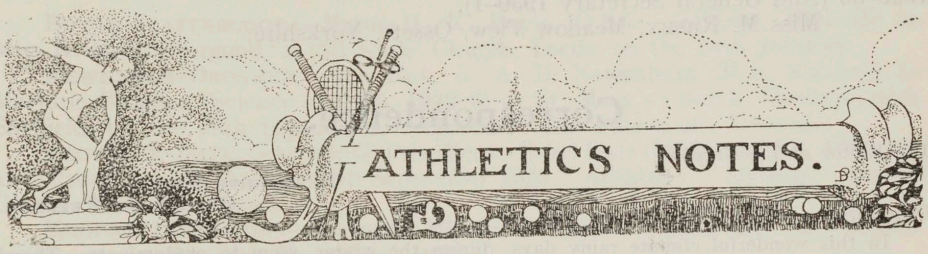
Gladys Tetley,

Hon. Sec. Leeds Area.

UNION NOTES.

It is with no little trepidation that I offer these notes, with several apologies for the regrettable omission in a previous issue. *The Gryphon* is by no means the sleepy old bird I'd been inclined to take him for, and one whisk of his Editorial tail removed any possible illusions I had on the point. Twisting the *Gryphon's* tail is poor sport anyway, albeit a bit dangerous, and for myself I've had enough. To return to the heading ; apart from immediate concerns there is one event of real importance on February 18th. The General Meeting will be in the Great Hall in the afternoon. This meeting is the one opportunity of the session for the Union as a whole to do business. If you have a grouse about anything, we want to hear it, and then is the time to bring it forward. The General Meeting is not the time for ragging or hooliganism, for which we are unfortunately notorious. It is the time for a serious review of the affairs of the Union, and anyone who has the best interests of Leeds at heart will make a point of being there, and of satisfying himself (or herself) that the Union is being run on the right lines. We want a full Hall on February 18th ; give the speakers a fair chance, and remember the last day for copy, January 31st.

HEN. D. HARRISON,
Hon. Secretary.



SINCE the last issue of *The Gryphon* several vital matches in the Christie competitions have been decided, chief among these being these University games played by the Soccer and Rugger clubs. The Soccer club has already been beaten at home by Liverpool (2—1), but quickly retrieved their position by beating Manchester University at Fallowfield by 5 goals to 4. In this game, the result of which was in doubt until the closing moments, and was finally won for Leeds by reason of a great goal by Johnson, the team showed great promise, and every hope was entertained that this term would see the team well on the way towards winning the Christie Cup for yet another year. At Liverpool, however, after being three goals ahead at one time, they allowed Liverpool not only to wipe off this lead, but to add two further goals, so that the home side eventually won by 5 goals to 4. The result was due rather to the poor positioning of the defence when under pressure than to the forwards, while A. G. Kidd in goal could not be blamed for any of the shots that beat him. The interest of Leeds in the Soccer Christie now depends on the results of matches between the other competing Universities. In the combined Universities' game against an F.A. Amateur XI, at Elland Road Ground, three Leeds men are playing : O. H. Tordoff being introduced at outside left, while Johnson and Black are also in the team.

The Rugger Club decided both their home Christie games last term, entertaining both Manchester and Liverpool at Weetwood. In the first case, after a thrilling match, Leeds won well by 11 pts. to 8. a feature of the game being the play of E. T. Gledhill on the left wing. He scored two tries, and rendered invaluable service by subduing the Manchester right wing. The tackling all through the game was very keen, while the handling of both teams was good. Against Liverpool the side failed to produce such good form, and were narrowly defeated, 13 pts. to 11. The game was essentially one in which the forwards shone, while D. Hall and Illingworth were the pick of the back division. A very consistent player has been Hayton' at scrum half, and as he only came into Club rugger this session, he should go far with more experience behind him.

The men's Hockey Club have had a rather inconsistent record so far, and while playing well against local clubs, they have unfortunately lost two out of four University matches. After beating Manchester 3—1 at Fallowfield, the team lost to Liverpool away and drew at Weetwood, while also losing to Sheffield at home. The greatest weakness seems to have been in the forwards, who as a line have been changed about too often to be really effective. J. F. Warin has played very well on the right wing, while P. Storrs-Fox and Gholati are a safe pair of backs. The one fresher to come into the team, J. Balmer, shows great promise and is a distinct acquisition.

Everyone will sympathise with the Harriers' Club over the loss, for this season at any rate, of their captain, T. Booth, who is, unfortunately, in hospital, and will be unable to run again this season. As a result, the team as a whole is somewhat disorganised, and lost rather heavily to Birmingham away, and in a triangular match against Manchester and Old Mancunians. Against Nottingham Un. College, however, a welcome return to form resulted in a win for Leeds by 24 pts. to 56. P. R. Allison is running well just at present, and Wright should improve when his knee has recovered.

The Shooting VIII, after a fruitless journey to Derby to shoot for the " Bingham " trophy, were forced to decided the match subsequently in a " shoot by post,"when the poor conditions of the Leeds range resulted in a very unrepresentative score being returned. The VIII easily beat Manchester University at Leeds by over 200 points, and with luck should win their remaining University shoots.

The men's Lacrosse Team have had a fairly successful season, although they were beaten rather badly at Manchester. Wormald, who has played particularly well this season, was honoured with a County Cap for Yorkshire against Cheshire.

The Women's Hockey Team have so far enjoyed a very successful season, especially in so far as the University games are concerned. They have beaten Manchester, Durham, and Sheffield at Weetwood, and although losing to Liverpool away there is every hope that this defeat will be avenged when that University visits Weetwood this term. Unfortunately, Miss A. Barraclough is ill, and a rather drastic re-arrangement of the team will be necessary. A feature of the team has been the steady play of Miss Barraclough and Miss Colbeck at full back, and the shooting ability of Miss J. Wilson at centre forward.

The Netball Club were narrowly beaten by Durham University at home, and although they have not risen to the heights of former years, the team as a whole is playing well enough to win the remaining University matches.

STUART SMITH.

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES.

CONSERVATIVE SOCIETY.—The Society held a meeting on Dec. 5th, when Professor Hamilton-Thompson delivered his Presidential Address. Unfortunately, many people who had promised to be present did not come, but those who did were well rewarded with a very interesting address.

On Jan. 6th a meeting was held at the Conservative Headquarters at Westminster, under the Chairmanship of Col. Buchan, M.P., of representatives of the Conservative Associations of the Universities of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The meeting, which was attended by two representatives of the University Association, adopted a proposal to form a Federation of the above Associations " to encourage the formation and maintenance of Active Conservative and Unionist Associations in the Universities, in order to stimulate among undergraduates greater interest in, and understanding of, the principles of the Conservative and Unionist Party." If the University is to join the Federation it needs the active support and co-operation of *every* Conservative in the University.

I. M. NUNN,
H. P. E. PEREIRA, Hon. Secs.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—We read in the Editorial of the December *Gryphon* that some Societies should be " young, wild, eager shoots, rising up like mushrooms and fading as quickly, as the interest in that particular subject makes and wanes." We venture to suggest that the Geographical Society as a body will not wish to come under this head, and may yet feel that the appellation " permanent constituent for University " hardly fits the temper of the Society. Perhaps a worthy compromise would be to say that we hope to combine a youthful and hopeful enthusiasm with a feeling that, as men and women trying to understand the world, we have a progressive contribution to make to the life of our *alma mater*.

Late last term a party of about twenty students had the intriguing experience of visiting Firth's Steelworks, Sheffield, as guests of the Sheffield University Geographical Society. Touring the works we saw many unaccustomed sights, such as molten steel being poured white hot from a furnace, and were very much interested by the people doing various jobs, some of which seem the last word in monotony. We were entertained to tea in the Workers' Canteen and were afterwards taken to the Sheffield University for a joint meeting, followed by a Social.

On Monday, January 20th, nearly seventy members heard Mr. A. Stevens, M.A., B.Sc., of Glasgow University, lecture on the Antarctic. Mr. Stevens visited the Antarctic with the Shackleton expedition of 1914 and spent two years on a lonely island. His story was of great interest and was given with characteristic wit and humour.

We are looking forward to a visit from Prof. A. Hamilton-Thompson on February 3rd, and are busy preparing for the Social on February 13th. You will be welcome then or at any of our meetings.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY.—This Society began the session well, with a well-attended meeting addressed by Professor Grant, whom it is always a pleasure to hear. Two further meetings were held in November and December, addressed by Mr. E. Barker and Mr. Shimmin. The addresses were both exceedingly interesting, and the December address on the " Economic Functions of the League " provoked a lively discussion.

In addition to the monthly meetings the Society is now running a Study Circle on the International Labour Organisation. This meets about once a fortnight and promises to be an interesting and important side of the Society's work.

Altogether the autumn term proved very satisfactory, though a larger attendance at the meetings would be encouraging.

M. ENGLAND, Secretary.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—Since the appearance of the last Society notes we have had two interesting meetings, the first on the occasion of the visit of Prof. A. C. Hardy, who gave his lecture on " Whales and Whaling " to a large and appreciative audience on Thursday, Dec. 5th ; and the other, the Joint Meeting with Sheffield Botanical Society on Jan. 16th. The latter meeting, which is an annual event, consisted of a lecture by Prof. Priestley, followed by a Social in the Cavendish Rooms.

Prof. Priestley called his lecture " Impressions of South African Vegetation." In it he told of the enormous number of different plants to be found in that country, and of the rapidity with which an entirely new flora springs up after large areas have been swept by fire. Members of the Society, and our fourteen visitors from Sheffield, were extremely interested in the large collection of plants which were gathered in South Africa last summer.

The Social which followed was a success both socially and financially, about sixty members of the Society being present in addition to the Botanists from Sheffield.

And now for meetings to which we are still looking forward :—

The lecture by Prof. J. H. Orton (Liverpool) has been arranged for Thursday, March 6th, the subject being " The story of *Crepidula*."

Our annual Exhibits' Meeting will be held on Thursday, March 20th. All members are asked to exhibit, and the Society will welcome the attendance of any member of the University. The exhibition will include a demonstration of microscopic life by means of the micro-projection apparatus, and we can assure the reader that this alone will make the meeting well worth a visit.

In conclusion, we would remind members that our Sunday rambles are being held fortnightly throughout this term. The date of the next one, together with particulars of the route, will be posted on the Union notice board.

N. GILL, Hon. Secretary.

SCOUT CLUB.—Although a comparatively small part of the Union the Scout Club is nevertheless a flourishing organisation. Our meetings this session have been well attended and without exception extremely interesting.

This term we have four meetings to look forward to, and in addition to those on the syllabus we hope to arrange a joint evening with the Guide Club.

During the Easter vacation a hike will be arranged, and if possible a week-end camp for those who are keen to live with Nature for a few days.

The average student has very little idea of what Scouting is. He thinks of Scouts only as fellows with bands, big hats and bare knees, but anybody who cares to come along to one of our meetings on alternate Thursday evenings in the O.S.A. Rooms, will find that there is far more in it. If you want to do real service to your city and your country there is no better way than by helping the rising generation through Scouting.

G. A. THOMPSON,
Hon. Secretary.

UNIVERSITY EMPLOYEES' ANNUAL SOCIAL.

The Annual Social was held in the Large Hall on Friday, the 20th of Dec., 1929. About 320 employees and friends attended and had an enjoyable evening. This event is the only time during the year that we all meet : we rope in the Hostels and Athletic Grounds Staffs to meet their friends or otherwise. Thanks to the University Authorities for assisting us in letting us have the Hall, also Prof. Whiddington for the loan of the Physics Lab. Great fun was given in the Sketches given by members of the employees.

We hope to have our Appeal Dance again this year in March (further particulars in next issue of *The Gryphon*), and hope as many students and staff will buy tickets for it (at 1/- each) as possible, as we are out to hand more Cash over this year, as we want to see that £500,000 mark passed before Summer Vac.

J. H. KING.

Hostels.

LYDDON HALL.

Christmas Vacations, like all other vacations, come to a close, and no sooner does one term end than another seems well begun. One Sunday we in Lyddon kept Christmas in the truly orthodox way, with a carol service in the evening—Christmas pudding—charms for dinner. At that time most of us still had exams. to face, yet less than a month afterwards we were all back once more round the same tables busily discussing the arrangements for the new term. The term is still too young for us to have anything to report beyond arrangements as far as hostel is concerned, though a good many of our students were at the Inter-Club dance. Our own dance is on Feb. 11th, while we are looking forward also to the Freshers' Social and the Women's social on Feb. 1st and March 1st respectively.

OXLEY HALL.

Though, in accordance with the tradition of former years, a fair proportion of Oxley Hall is to be seen at all meetings and other social affairs in the University, we do hope that every student in Hall will make a point of taking a really active part in University life, and not allow distance to prevent her attendance from any function that is going on.

On Wednesday, November 6th, the Seniors gave their Freshers' Social, and on Saturday, November 9th, we had our Women's Social. On both occasions a successful performance of "The Schoolmistress," by Pinero, was given to an interested and appreciative audience.

On Monday, January 27th, a Social was held in the Great Hall, to raise money for the Appeal Fund. A short entertainment opened the proceedings; three Elizabethan madrigals gained the attention of the audience, and were followed by pianoforte solos, played by Miss Barnaby, from the works of Giles Farnaby; and an amusing one-act play by Maurice Baring, entitled, "The Rehearsal," portraying a rehearsal of Macbeth in the Globe Theatre in 1606. We are glad to say that the Social has cleared £27, and we would wish to extend our sincere thanks to everyone who helped to make the evening a success, especially to Devonshire Hall Band and the H.P., both of whom gave us their services.

We have also started in Hall a canteen of cigarettes and chocolates, which are bought wholesale, the profits being put aside for the Appeal Fund.

Women Day Students.

At the end of last term the Women Day Students had a Christmas party, which was a great success. Just now we are preparing for the Prof's At Home, which is on February 6th, and the Dance on February 12th. We are hoping to raise some money for the Appeal Fund, but the means of doing this have not yet been definitely settled. E.G.A.

HOSTEL OF THE RESURRECTION.

The term still seems young, but in so short a term a fortnight means that a quarter of it is past. Carol Night at the end of last term brought a record number of people to H.O.R., and those responsible for the singing of the Carols gave a young journalist, in a well-known paper, the opportunity of spreading himself on the subject of "Singers we never saw."

The main items occupying our attentions this term are the customary entertainment of the College from Mirfield on "Shrove," or more correctly Callop Monday, when we hope also to avenge the Rugger defeat at Mirfield last term, and the University Mission, February 14th—23rd, and we would like once again to remind the men of the University that H.O.R. chapel is open to them, especially for the sung Celebration of Holy Communion at 10 o'clock on Sundays.

[We offer our apologies to the Manchester Branch of the O.S.A. for the fact that their news has been separated from the bulk of the O.S.A. reports, and for any previous unintentional omissions of their contributions.—*The Editor*.]

MANCHESTER BRANCH.

Oct. 19th.—Das Weib allein! Yes, it was quite a success. We strolled round the Red Rose Exhibition and met other people and had small chats. At 4 p.m. we met in the Gallery for tea, and, as it was very hot, we decided to remove to Mary Parker's. Here in a large room, to the soft strains of a distant orchestra, the great chat took place. The Secretary ceased to wonder how the rest of the evening should be spent, but it transpired later that the Piccadilly was the spot, not the Ardwick Empire as one lady suggested. Here we enjoyed the thrill of the "Trail of '98," and continued the chat. On coming out we found some of our party were left behind, and continued to chat in the lobby. Later a brave lady rescued them, and we strolled to a cafe for coffee. We parted in pairs still chatting.

I. K. Martin (Hon. Sec.).

On Saturday, Oct. 19th, 1929, the men of the Manchester Branch L.U.O.S.A. met for their first annual "binge." The term is purely a relative one, of course, for no one knowing this serious and learned body could imagine them indulging in 100 per cent. or 70 over-proof commodity. Those who turned up formed a select and learned handful of men. Their collective learning, however, was somewhat one-sided, the party including one member of the legal profession and six who had a chemical training. Truly, they would have been an admirable technical directorate for such an organisation as the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., but they were hardly a representative gathering from a great University such as Leeds with "Its Medicine, Science, Arts, and Law; Its Technicalities Galore." Where were the others?

The evening could be acclaimed a successs, however, from one fact alone. The function had caused at least 14 per cent. of the party to record a first attendance at an L.U.O.S.A. meeting, and from this beginning active participation in future branch meetings is assured.

Food for the body having been obtained at the Palace Grill, food for the mind in a variety of qualities was sampled at the Adwick Empire Theatre; and food for the soul, if companionship can be so termed, was enjoyed over a glass at the Midland before dispersing. The evening was voted a success and we hope to have another early next year.

N. Chappel.

We altered the date of our Branch Dinner this year, and successfully missed the "flu" period, which was the object we had in view.

As usual it was the most successful of our meetings. The dinner supplied by Manchester University Refectory was excellent and well served. We were happy to have with us the "oldest inhabitant" of Leeds University, who reminisced much to our enjoyment of things before our time, but nevertheless, very interesting to us, because they concerned our University. Mr. Guthlac Jones, who proposed the toast, "Leeds University and O.S.A.," refrained from reminiscing, but he did what is difficult to do, he broke fresh ground in proposing a toast to *alma mater*. I cannot do justice to this in a short report, but I did recognise the quotation from the Merchant of Venice, and I shall take more interest in heraldry in the future—especially in our University Crest.

Our last meeting took place on 21st January, at Manchester's Ltd., when a number of branch members met for dinner, dancing, and cards; it was a social success.

On Saturday, 1st March, we are to visit Chetham's Hospital, and Manchester Town Hall, and have lunch and tea in groups at the Squirrel Restaurant in Deansgate. Particulars will be sent to members later.

I. K. Martin (Hon. Sec.)

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