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# THE GRYPHON

The Journal of the University of Leeds



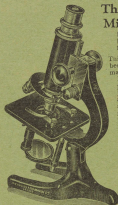
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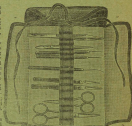
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# THE GRYPHON.

## THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

### Editorial.

"As for the Gastrolaters, they stuck close to one another in knots and gangs. Some of them merry, wanton and soft as so many milkops; others lazing, grim, dogged, demure, and crabbed, all idle, mortal foes to business, spending half their time in sleeping, and the rest in doing nothing".....

"Upon a fair Tuesday I presented my petition to the Court."

*Pantagruel* written by Rabelais, trans. by Urquhart and Motteux.

In order to discover the Gastrolaters, or the followers of Gaster, the first Master of Arts in the world, Pantagruel, had perforce to disembark on a strange island and visit the court of Ingenuity. Yet the court of Ingenuity is not their sole habitat. If Rabelais' hero had happened to stray as far North as our Great Hall on the day of the General Meeting and had gazed from his terrific height across into the Gallery, he would have witnessed many other converts of Gaster, not only belonging to Arts, but to Science and Medicine, too.

Tuesday, February 18th, showed that at any rate this University was not suffering under that most killing of cankers, apathy, and those who were near enough to the front to hear the more serious procedure probably felt that this was one of the most interesting and lively assemblies that we have ever had.

At the beginning of the meeting the Gastrolaters trooped into the Gallery to await the discussion of a burning question brought forward by the Chairman of the Rag Committee: "Should we ask other colleges in Leeds to co-operate in the Annual Charity Rag?" Some of these people, notably the older and more conservative members of Gaster's following, wore a grim and dour aspect, feeling that their most ancient and exclusive rights and privileges were being outraged. Others were more wanton and frolicsome, rejoicing in this opportunity to exercise their mellifluous voices in cat-calls and shouts of derision, but all were there with one object—that of opposing this most iniquitous suggestion. That "Fair Tuesday" showed that the Gastrolaters were people of certain rigidity of temperament and little prone to allowing their minds to stray from the question that interested them at the moment. Almost as soon as the minutes began to be read there were as many mutterings and murmurings and insolent voices as among those revolting angels described by Anatole France. This ultra-concentrative attitude makes the Gastrolaters such "mortal foes to business." Keenly



interested in one aspect of their University life, they are unable to assimilate the importance of any other side. Minutes were read, the report for the previous year was given—still the Gastrolaters sat unheeding, their inward eyes fixed upon some future point in time. Mechanically they miaowed and hooted at intervals. Sometimes paper aeroplanes floated listlessly down from the gallery to the groundlings below. The announcement of last year's victories passed uncheered and uncelebrated. The Christie Boxing Cup, the Gymnastic's victory over Cambridge, the Women's All-England Netball Championship alike suffered this fate—but the Gastrolaters sinned unknowingly, for they never even heard.

However, when the Rag proposition came forward, their visages were translated. Gleams of interest and disapproval shot from their eyes as our hero rose up to make his suggestion, and their enthusiastic fury of anger increased until they finally bore him out to University Road in an ecstasy of rage.

The Gastrolaters are to be congratulated on their most stimulating interest, which will undoubtedly be of great service in the Rag, but they should be more comprehensive in their interests. There is an element of the Yahoo in all of us, that demands expression sometimes, and there are many right times, but not when University business is being conducted.

---

## Announcements.

**March 13th (Thursday).** Monsieur Bernard Fay (professeur de littérature française à l'Université de Clermont-Ferrand ; D.-ès.-L. ; l'auteur du " Panorama de la littérature française ") will lecture on " La Littérature française du symbolisme à nos jours."

7-30 p.m., Large Chemistry Lecture Theatre. Students and Staff, entrance free.

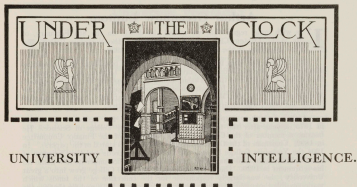
**March 17th (Monday).** Professor P. N. Milukov, sometime Minister of Foreign Affairs in Russia, will lecture on " The Past and Present in Russia." 8-0 p.m. in the Great Hall. Admission free.

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## Competition.

Of the articles on University topics submitted by students to this number of *The Gryphon*, none was considered to have reached a sufficiently high standard to merit a prize. The Competition is therefore still open to articles submitted for the May number. Such articles should be labelled, " Competition."

**NOTE.**—The Editor wishes to remind contributors that their contributions should only be written on one side of the paper ; and that the author's full name should always accompany any article—in brackets if it is not also for publication.



#### Building.

The rapid progress of the new buildings continues to hold the attention of the University. Since our last issue the Mining Block has received its doors, and the exterior now has a finished look; the land in front of it has been partly cleared and levelled, and the building can be seen very well. The heavy machinery is still not all in place, and the official opening will not take place till after the Long Vacation.

The Physics Block is rising rapidly, and the upper part of De Grey Terrace has nearly gone to clear the site for the Chemistry Block.

At the Medical School the new wing which completes the quadrangle and is to house the Physiology Department is nearly finished and will be opened in May.

The Brotherton Library, which will reach from De Grey Road towards the Leather Department, is to be started in the summer, and Lord Brotherton is to lay the foundation stone in June.

The new Gymnasium, in the Beech Grove grounds, is to be started in the near future.

#### Professor Smithells.

Emeritus Professor Arthur Smithells, C.M.G., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in the Yorkshire College and the University from 1885 to 1923 is to have the Honorary Degree of D.Sc. conferred upon him by the University of Manchester, in connection with the celebration of the jubilee of the Victoria University and the 80th anniversary of the foundation of Owens College. We congratulate Professor Smithells on the honour; if it is intended to be also a remembrance of our connection with the Victoria University, we congratulate ourselves on having so distinguished a representative, one so intimately one of ourselves and to whom we owe so much.

## Arthur Greenhow Lupton.

IT is with great regret that we record the death, on the 8th February, of Mr. A. G. Lupton, Chairman of the Council of the Yorkshire College and Pro-Chancellor of the University from 1899 to 1920.

Mr. Lupton was born in 1850 of a family equally prominent in the business and the public life of Leeds. His father, Mr. Francis Lupton, was Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Yorkshire College; his brother, Mr. Charles Lupton, has been Treasurer of the Infirmary, and his portrait hangs in the Library of the Medical School; his son, Mr. A. M. Lupton, whose untimely death we recorded in our last issue, was Chairman of our Mining Committee.

Arthur Greenhow Lupton became a member of the Board of Governors in 1875, a year after the foundation of the Yorkshire College of Science. He became a member of the Council in 1887, Chairman of the Finance Committee in 1892, Chairman of the Council in 1899 (not 1889, as stated in the papers). In 1904 the Yorkshire College became the University of Leeds and the Chairman of Council became the Pro-Chancellor, and he held the office under its new name till his retirement in 1920. Under his leadership, the small College grew into a great University; he was largely responsible for the collection of the funds which made possible the application for a university charter in 1904, and for that for the Arts Wing in 1908; and he did much to strengthen the ties between the University and industry.

We quote the following appreciation by Sir Michael Sadler from *The Times* of the 11th February:—

"Those of us whose privilege it was to serve on the Council of the University of Leeds during the Pro-Chancellorship of Mr. Arthur Lupton felt an ever-deepening affection for him personally and an admiration which does not fade with time, but grows more intense as our experience widens, for the selfless integrity and courage of his public service. He was one of the master builders of the University of Leeds. He had faith, wisdom, weight, patience, and a flawless temper. He had a very strong will and took great pains in mastering all the facts and considerations which had to be taken into account by him in forming a judgment. I have never known a man in high authority readier to listen to argument, more invariably courteous and considerate in mind and manner to those who differed from him, braver in difficulty, more self-controlled under strain, more constantly willing to give his whole unwearied attention to university business and policy, even at times of unexpected interruption in other work and in the midst of other anxieties. The present strength of the University is due in no small degree to Arthur Lupton's strength of character and purpose, and to his unflinching loyalty to principle. For three generations, his family have been great citizens of Leeds, and all who love the city and the University will be grateful to him as long as they live."

## Public Lectures.

There has been a very large attendance at each of the three brilliant lectures given by Dr. Kaines Smith on *Aspects of Italian painting*.

## University Portraits.

### I.

HOW can we keep alive the memory of those who have served the community well? The desire to do so is spontaneous and universal. Gratitude prompts the effort, and the hope that the coming generations may derive impulse and example from the worthies of the past. But it is not an easy thing to do. We often write on our war memorials "Their name liveth for evermore," but I do not like the inscription, for of the individual names it is quite untrue. How many of us know even the names of the men to whom statues have been erected in Leeds? Mr. Marsden, I fear, is remembered now rather for his side whiskers than for the ingenious machine which he invented. Who can tell me where or why Sir Peter Fairbairn is honoured? I once tried to get from an Honours History class—the intellectual flower, surely, of the University—the names of the men honoured by such fine statues in City Square. The Black Prince was known; but few could give me the names of Harrison, Hook, Priestley and Watt.

If statues fail to impress those who pass them the effect of painted portraits is even less. Our University has only had a little more than fifty years of (partly embryonic) growth and assuredly it has been served by men who are well worthy of honour and remembrance. The portraits of some if them are in the Hall, and elsewhere in the University. It is in the hope that I may help some students to look at them with more discerning interest that I write these lines. To-day I shall speak only of the laymen. Some other day, if the *Gryphon* will allow me, I should like to undertake the easier task of saying something about the academic portraits. I am not attempting a catalogue nor do I claim any special knowledge. I think of myself as walking round with a few friends and saying, as we stand before the pictures, anything that comes into my head.

How many of us realise that the early stages of the University—before it was a University—were closely associated with a man who played the leading part in one of the greatest tragedies in English history. In the public life of my time three events were stamped on my memory with especial clearness; the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish; the flight of Piggott before the cross examination of Sir Charles Russell; and the drowning of Lord Kitchener. When I came into the dining hall of King's College, Cambridge, on May 6th, 1882, I knew nothing of what had happened and I found the table where I sat excited with the news of the Phoenix Park murders. We did not at that time realise all the significance of the event; it is at least possible that if Lord Frederick Cavendish had lived he would have led Ireland into the path of more peaceful development towards autonomy. I did not guess how close and long my connection was going to be with the institution over which Lord Frederick presided at the time of his death. For he was the head of the Yorkshire College, and his portrait hangs to the left of the platform as you look into the hall.

To the right of the platform and in the Hall itself there hangs the fine portrait of the Marquis of Ripon by Herkomer. The artist, I remember, told Dr. Bodington how much he had admired his subject and the gown that he wore. It is in my opinion much the finest of all the portraits that hang in the University, and it is curious that it is not reproduced in Lucien Wolf's *Life of the Marquis*. The portrait given there, though also by Herkomer, is far less interesting. He was President of the Yorkshire College, and then he became our first Chancellor. His was a very busy life, and he touched and influenced most of the great interests of his time. He was a Liberal of the old mid-Victorian Gladstonian type; and the Home Rule Bill, which detached from the party so many aristocratic adherents,

failed to shake his allegiance. Indian students ought to look at his portrait with special respect, for his interest in India, where he was Viceroy from 1880 to 1884, was deep and permanent. He took his relations with the University very seriously. When the disruption of the Victoria University came (how many students of this generation know anything about that?) Dr. Bodington found his advice always ready and always helpful. I remember very clearly the appeal which he made at Manchester for the maintenance of the old system. I think he was exactly what the Romans called *gravis*; we felt behind his words his long experience of world politics, his seriousness of outlook, and his perfect fairness of mind.

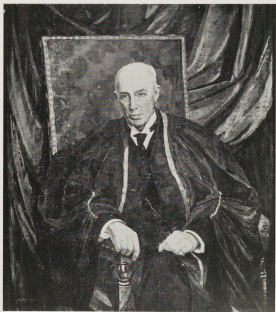
Of our present Chancellor whose portrait—one of the most recent additions—occupies the corresponding place to the Marquis of Ripon's on the opposite wall I must not speak. He is happily still with us. The House of Cavendish for the second time presides over our fortunes and again we feel the advantage of the connection between our academic life and one who has played an important part in the great events of this amazing age. Long may he honour and help us by his presence!

I shall only mention three more names. Somewhere in the building (I no longer know where; for some time it hung in the History Library) is to be found the portrait of Dr. Heaton. If you stand in front of that interesting painting you look on one of the nursing fathers of the Yorkshire College. His life has been written by Sir T. Wemyss Reid—a distinguished journalist and at one time editor of the *Leeds Mercury*—and it is an excellent mirror of the Leeds at his time. The tower of Leeds Town Hall is, I believe, in truth his monument. The Council saw no particular use in a tower and were shy of the expense. An address by Dr. Heaton in the Philosophical Hall procured the addition of the tower to the plan. His services to the University were continuous and important. He believed in the College when faith was a little difficult, and I think his faith gave him even glimpses of the University which was to be.

I must mention the portrait of Sir John Barran which hangs over the door leading to the back staircase. He recalls to us an essential feature in the life of the modern Universities—their intimate and vital connection with the leaders of commerce and industry. Sir John Barran was the head of a firm and a family to which we owe a great deal. He was an excellent friend to many members of the staff; and I recall the devotion with which he and the Marquis of Ripon undertook the worse than thankless task of begging money for the new wing.

Arthur Lupton's is the last name on my list. His portrait hangs by the side of that of Lord Frederick Cavendish above the platform. He has just passed away, and most of us have read some of the tributes paid to him from various quarters. I cannot think that anyone ever carried civic virtue to a higher point. He sought no reward and avoided all public recognition of his services. There was something impersonal about his outlook; he did not work to advance his friends or even his party. The vision of a distant future did not, I think, much appeal to him or influence his actions. He turned to the work that lay nearest to his hand and did it with a thoroughness and an honesty, of which he was sublimely unconscious. I do not think he cared to analyse his motives about anything or talked willingly about duty; but he responded to its call with a spontaneousness which had in it something heroic. Happy the city that has such a citizen in its directing class! With the Marquis of Ripon and Sir Nathan Bodington he steered us through the stormy waters of the Disruption and was then our pro-Chancellor for a number of years.

A. J. GRANT.



*Portrait by J. Stuart Hill, 1923.*

*[Photo, Hoady.]*

**ARTHUR GREENHOW LUPTON.**



*Photo, Edwin Hadley, Nottingham.*

*Copyright.*

**Professor HUGH STEWART.**



## Professor Stewart.

ONE of the students from Professor Stewart's class once glanced at him as he stood talking, and said: "Doesn't Professor Stewart look like a collier?" Now though this was denied at the moment by one of those who admired him (as we all did after we had heard him lecture two or three times), and though we deny it now, there is really concealed in it practically the highest compliment a man can receive. It meant that Professor Stewart did not look like his profession. It is hardly too much to say that once a man has his profession stamped on him, he is done for; he has the Cain-brand of scholar, lawyer, or business-man written where only "man" should be. Professor Stewart went unlabelled. You could stamp no profession on him. If he had been a parson or a publicist or a publican (or a collier), he would not have looked it. That was the reason for our admiration (but admiration is a cold word: I would say rather our "enjoyment," for we enjoyed him). We admired his knowledge of the classics and history and Russian and so on; but what we admired much more was himself: the man. You will understand this better if you know Housman well.

That recalls another of Professor Stewart's qualities. Some of us at least, I should say, he introduced to Housman. He had a great power of conveying interest. Though he would stride in military-wise and start almost before he had set down his inkpot: "This is a very difficult epode. There isn't an epode in Horace without a difficulty," yet in spite of that and our natural inability to get the Latin Sprachgefühl, he made us think it worth while to try. It had obviously been so much of a joy to him to get a grip of that wisdom of Horace, that we should be stupid not to try as well.

In a word, what Professor Stewart gave us, beside his knowledge of the classics and the humour that made his lectures so lively, was stimulus. We would go in for that hungry twelve to one hour, and come out not wilted and weary but in debt to him for some of that life he was full of and spreading among us. You might say, that each lecture was another loan of life from him. No life-giving sun to bask in; rather a hard frost-wind, with an extra filling for anyone with a tendency to bask. Neither physical nor mental basking was tolerated in those lectures, if we were ever so blunt of sense as to prefer that to the hour of his brain-wind we could have blowing through us. Beside his (and no student with live wits would deny it) we felt our minds bleary and water-logged; but as the most weak and spongy townling can have lashing life whipped into him by the bitter cold and sun of winter, so we may hope that by the "hard grey weather" of Professor Stewart's hours here we are on our way to grow out of our student mind-wobble into "hard Englishmen" (or better, Scots).

M. LINERAM.

### "THE GRYPHON."

The next issue will be on sale—Tuesday, May 13th.  
Closing day for copy: Friday, April 25th.

### "THE TYKE."

Don't forget that *The Tyke* comes out in June.

## The London Expedition.

**F**IVE o'clock in the morning, and there comes a stealthy rap at my door ; an hour later breakfast is over, and we are out in the chill grey dawn of a February morning, " en route " for the station. There are a surprising number of people up and about in City Square, to say nothing of the two hundred odd waiting " in patient expectation " at the Central Station. Fortunately, we have not long to wait. Punctually to the minute the barriers are opened and the horde streams through and disappears within the dark recesses of the train, which steams joyously out of station. We are off !

Here I must pause to remark on the excellence of the arrangements made for the expedition. Not a hitch occurred in the proceedings from the minute we arrived at the station, until the time (some twenty hours later) when we were being jolted home to our various destinations in 'bus or tram. There was ample accommodation, and comfort if not luxury, on the train ; meals were served punctually ; and neither going nor coming back, had we to undergo the painful necessity of waiting about for a means of conveyance. Our thanks are certainly due to Mr. Grist for affording us this unique opportunity of visiting the Italian Art Exhibition, and at the same time of spending a thoroughly enjoyable day in London. Those who did not reap full benefit from the time they spent there, have, I fear, only themselves to blame ; but to return to the subject in hand.

On arrival at King's Cross we disembarked into a fleet of omnibuses which conveyed us through London and deposited us at the gates of Burlington House. I have heard it whispered that some people were lured away by the counter-attraction of an International Rugby match ; but the greater number of us, with the true zeal of the art lover, struggled through the congested mass of humanity which seethed round the entrance, and arrived hot and breathless at the top of the stairs leading to the galleries.

I shall not attempt here to pose as an art critic, or to hazard any opinions as to the pictures exhibited. Suffice it to say that they surpassed all my expectations, and will, I am sure, long remain vivid in the memory of all those who saw them. It was impossible at first, not to be bewildered by the sight of so numerous and diverse a collection of paintings—the masterpieces of seven centuries united within the narrow space of four walls. One could trace with wonder and delight the history of Italian art down the ages, from the first hesitating attempts of Cimabue and his fellows, to the beautiful daring productions of the giants of the Renaissance. There was so much to be seen, so much to linger over and delight in, that any length of time could have been spent there with pleasure and profit. But, alas ! mind is not always triumphant over matter, and after a while a hot head and aching feet recalled us to the unpleasant realities of life. Between three and four in the afternoon the greater number of those fifteen thousand people who usually pass the turnstiles on a Saturday, must have been present within the building. This fact was forcibly brought home to us ; those who had any respect for their bodily comfort escaped as soon as possible into the fresh air.

London had become quite homely and familiar. On the Embankment, in Piccadilly or the Strand one caught sight of University ties or scarves ; friends met by chance at street corners, in crowded cafés or in theatre queues. In fact it was extraordinary how much in evidence two hundred Leeds students could be among seven million Londoners.

The evening passed all too quickly, and it was a weary but contented party that assembled at King's Cross at midnight for the return journey. A meal was served as soon as the train had left the station, and although some people were already dozing between the courses, other more hardy and energetic souls produced cards and played through the small hours of the night.

It was a relief when we arrived once more in Leeds, to find trams and busses waiting to receive us, and to be able to doze in peace in a corner, in spite of the hard seat and inevitable draughts. As the clock struck five on Sunday morning we were trudging along the path we had taken almost twenty-four hours beforehand. I fumbled with the latch key, groped blindly up the stairs—and so to bed!

M. GILL.

### What's Your Idea of a Modern Tendency?

THE older generation has nearly finished finding out what the tendencies of this wicked modern age are: now the younger generation is going to try. And YOU (for 5/- down and £3 12s. 6d. before March 10th) are the "younger generation."

(As for you, who prefer to sit gaping in the dress circle at half a dozen inane musical comedies: to buy half a new suit: to quarter of a new evening frock: to incur two-thirds of a motoring fine: to buy, instead of honestly "borrowing," five or six new medical text-books: to give a useless wedding present for the sake of appearances: you, who prefer doing any of these things instead of coming to the N.U.S. Congress—read no further: WE have no use for you).

Well, I have already given it away—it's the N.U.S. Congress. Let us assume that you have decided to come (then I need not go on flattering you with the capitals). Somehow you remember to buy a 5/- postal order, and post it before March 10th. Somehow, you finally bring yourself (or your parents, it's all the same to us) to write a cheque for whatever it was I said (£10, I think—No, only £3 17s. 6d., including the registration fee? For all that, eating and sleeping, dancing and enlightenment? Nevaire? Vraiment, c'est extraordinaire!). Somehow you contain your excitement till March 28th—and you arrive in Cambridge—your Headquarters will be Trinity College—to stay till April 3rd; for those two dates are the mooring cables attaching you to the earth. In the week between, you will cruise like R 100 above the fogs of everyday stupidities and feeblenesses, to discuss, imbibe and even exhibit, a hundred different kinds of MODERN TENDENCIES.

Lucky you! You will hear the newest thought and work in the worlds of Science, Music, Architecture, Decoration and Furnishing discussed, and the latest developments in Films or Drama, Literature and Politics. We are getting the most vigorous and original modern speakers for you—even if they are young.

A party of 25 German Singers will be present, members of some of the *Buende* of the *Wandervögel*, and will give a concert and take part with us in some of the discussions. (They are confidently expected to get out of hand, and improvise parody burlesques at our expense). Modern tendencies in dancing will find their place in an exhibition of the latest steps; they haven't even been given names yet. Boating, tennis, discussions every morning, community singing, country dancing, a short modern play, possibly Eugene O'Neill's "Where a Cross is made."—I really can't be bothered to go on with the list; by now, you're either coming or you're not.

So that's that. You will be rather a fool if you don't come. If you're a fool already, don't let that worry you. Just come to the Congress and leave the rest to—to yourself. Good luck to you, whichever way you decide!

A.C.C.

## The Shaving of Shagpat

or "Greater love hath no man than this," being a brief chronicle of a modern hero who sacrificed his richest possession for the blessed cause of Charity.

"One half the world—" Little did I realise that for weeks an embryo hero had been in our midst, one who will go down the annals of history alongside such great men as Nero, Henry VIII, George Washington and Joshua Tetley. To look at Shagpat one would not think the blood of a martyr ran thro' his veins. A modest, unassuming, personage, altho' a veritable wit and wag, he was a noble pillar of support to the University, supporting in turn the corridors, the clock pillar and the walls of the entrance hall. His great goal in life was not the worship of Mammon or the adoration of women, but something more simple and satisfying to his soul, namely, the cultivation of a moustache of the Doormat variety, as advertised in a previous issue of this learned periodical. This obsession bore fruit a little while ago, when, after much watering and manuring, first the down and then the hair and then the full tash did appear. One morning he awoke to find he had gained his Eldorado. He became the glory of his tribe and the pride of Ballyfax.

"Earth had not anything to show more fair."

Then came the catastrophe, sudden and sad. The day was the eighteenth, the occasion the A.G.M. It seems he was Chairman of the Rug Committee, which makes rugs and sells them for the benefit of the hospitals, whose cause was near and dear to his heart, in fact, second only to his "Bunny." During past years his helpers had waned and in order to raise more money for Charity he proposed—or rather suggested—that the Braining College and similar Houses of Correction should be allowed to co-operate with him, whereupon a hullabaloo and great din was aroused. Especially did a faction from Heavonshire resent his remarks, regarding them as spurious insults to themselves, deserving of the most drastic "baiting."

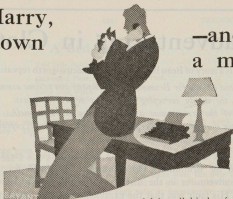
Reader, "if you have tears to shed prepare to shed them now." After the meeting was over, the inquisitors rushed upon him and bearing him into the middle of the public highway for all the world to behold, placed him in a chair, and with due ceremony began to dock his "Doormat," with a razor borrowed from a mysterious accomplice. Hanging, drawing and quartering he would rather have endured than this, the spoliation of years of unremitting toil, the frustration of his life's aim, the very shearing of his soul. But did he murmur? No! grimly and silently he bore it as only heroes know how, never flinching even when he saw his beloved hairs each numbered and known to him by name, wafted away on the breeze stirred up by a passing perambulator.

That is not all, reader. His noble sacrifice did not pass unrewarded. When Rug Day came round, every student took part and a record sum was raised. Sweet are the uses of advertisement. Shall we not perpetuate the memory of this heroic deed by henceforth calling Rug Day, St. Cedric's Day? I think so.

J.W.A.S.

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.

Long before the majority of other portable typewriters made their appearance, the word "Portable" applied to a writing machine meant CORONA.

Twenty-one years of progress and improvement have passed; and to-day Corona is far ahead of any other portable.

21/- down and you possess Corona. Half-an-hour and you are typing accurately.

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(Established 1903)

34, ALBION STREET, LEEDS.

## On adventuring in Clothes

Here is a story of Beau Brummell which seems worth repeating.

*A friend calling for Brummell to accompany him to some assembly found the dandy surveying his cravat before the glass. The tying of the cravat was a triumph even for Brummell. But the floor was strewn with crumpled cravats. Brummell explained with a magnificent gesture: "These are our failures."*

Now one does not need to be a dandy to have a sneaking regard for Brummell's fastidiousness. Brummell was the great adventurer in the matter of dressing to express oneself. His fault was that the expression absorbed his mental capacity. But what honest man would not adventure—occasionally and mildly—in the matter of clothes and so escape the humdrum of monotony—the suit much like the last, the shirts still more like the last, or the hat exactly like the last?

Adventuring and experimenting in this matter of clothes is such an easy, pleasant journey, and such a profitable one withal, via the Austin Reed shops. Here you may experiment to your heart's content with a suit or a hat, an overcoat or a pullover. You adventure not as Brummell adventured at his own expense, but at ours. For the conception of service in the matter of men's wear at Austin Reed's is to provide the widest possible choice in good things from which a man may choose that which suits his person and his personality—not after he has purchased, but before he has even committed himself to a purchase of any kind.

### AUSTIN REED'S of REGENT STREET

Corner of Bond and Albion Streets, LEEDS

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## A Bed-time Story.

Two little dicky birds  
Sat upon a wall,  
One called Peter, the other called Paul,  
Fly away Peter, fly away Paul,  
Come back Peter,  
Come back Paul. (Nursery Rhyme).

**N**OW children, if you are good I will tell you a story, a true story (but Johnny stop pulling little Mary's hair and Alice don't keep teasing pussy. There now, I knew he'd scratch you. There, there! now be quiet!).

Well once upon a time we were all birds—that is how Peter Pan could fly; you see he had a very good memory and never forgot to close the door behind him and say "No thank you" to a second piece of cherry cake. Yes, mummy was a bird too, but a long long time before that there were the owls and the Gryphons. Everyone knows what a wise old bird the owl is but the little owls were not as clever as Papa Owl because they were so conservative—what does that mean? Oh, they never went for Papa's slippers when he was tired because Mummy hadn't told them they had to. And they said that the Gryphons were not real birds but only animals with wings and they called them romantic and the originals because they never liked to do what anyone had done before and were sometimes rude to their Papa, and they always wanted to do things no respectable Owl would ever do—such as telling the visitors to take their hands out of their pockets and telling the Vicar he talked too much, which was not polite at all, was it, children?

Well, Papa Gryphon and Papa Owl were very friendly and Papa Gryphon said "You must let some of the little Owlets come and stay with me sometimes." And Papa Owl said "Yes." So some of the Owls stayed with the Gryphons and one of them liked the new friends so much that he went to stop for good and he lived in Devonshire. Now the Gryphons that lived in Devonshire were fond of cream but you know they were descendants of Raleigh and Drake and had become pirates. But they were very proud of their family and although they liked the nice Owlet who had come to stop for good they wouldn't have anything to do with his relations so he disowned them. And when all the Owls who remembered him were dead there was a battle between the Owls and the Gryphons and the little Owls lost their standard and were too polite to ask for it back so the Gryphons said they were not nice to know and their was something wrong with their mentality—(don't ask foolish questions, Mary).

Well after the Owls had been invited to Devonshire, they asked their Papa if they could invite the Gryphons back but he was rude and said "No" because they would dirty his nice clean house; so the Gryphons were angry and said they would have another battle but the Owls wouldn't fight because it hurt their feathers and anyhow they were too sleepy in the daytime and their Papa didn't like them staying out late at night.

And then there was a beautiful maiden, called "Charity," her full name was Charity Rag, and every year the Gryphons used to fight a dragon who said he was going to eat her.

One year they were nearly beaten so the next year one of the Gryphons said "Let's ask the Owls to help us." But the Gryphons in Devonshire said "No, let them stay at home and keep clean, and anyway their Papa wouldn't let them be impolite to the dragon."



Well the Owls, especially the nice little baby birds were very sad and they said they would never speak to the Gryphons again and none of the Owls must go visiting them. And after a long time they all died and went to heaven, but the ghost of Papa Owl used to walk in our garden at night and it still does when you are naughty, but the Gryphon was so romantic that only romantic people can see his ghost—they say he walks in Devonshire where the little Owls never liked to go because they said it was only scaleme. So Johnny if you eat too much cream you may see a Gryphon, but you must not rub all the sleep out of your eyes or he may think you are an Owl and eat you up.

L.U.E.

### The Annual General Meeting.

THE excellent attendance at the Annual General Meeting was more than justified by the importance of the topics up for discussion and by the liveliness of the proceedings. Incidentally, considerable light was thrown on certain aspects of our extra-Academic activities which are only rarely brought before the notice of the student body as a whole. In the first place, something of the onerousness and responsibility of the duties imposed on those who accept the highest offices of the Union was very effectively brought home to the Meeting by Mr. Barker and Mr. Frangopulo, and, in the second place, we had a very frank, if hardly self-sacrificing avowal of the attitude of a large number of students to the "Charity" Rag.

The proposal affecting the President and Secretary of the Union was carried without serious opposition, and Mr. Allison had little difficulty in securing a more adequate representation of the Medicals on the Union Committee than is allowed for by the present constitution.

Mr. Sutcliffe was looking for trouble, and may be said, very definitely, to have found it. We may be permitted to admire whole-heartedly the motives which actuated him in bringing forward the proposal that we should invite outside co-operation in the Annual Rag, and to congratulate him for having the courage to insist that the primary object of a Charity Rag is to raise money for Charity rather than to provide a horde of high spirited fellows with the freedom of the city. We were left in no doubt as to the opinion of many students on this point, however, and must, we suppose, like the worthy citizens of Leeds content ourselves with the reflection that, after all, a good deal of money is raised for Charity, incidentally.

There are, indeed, many really sound arguments why we should not invite outside co-operation, so that we can hardly congratulate those who were reduced to expressing their opinion to the effect that "If the Training College comes in, we are not going to play, so there." Our admiration for Mr. Smith's devotion to "Devonshire", must not blind us to the essential weakness of his argument in putting forward the grudge, or grievance, or feud, or petulance of a body of students within the University as a reasonable argument against co-operation with outside bodies, and, as for the "Ultimatum" which was virtually delivered, even the element of childishness it displays can hardly render it free from discredit.

Mr. Frangopulo is above all to be congratulated on his courageous defence of a lost cause.

Mr. Sutcliffe's motion or suggestion, was rejected by an overwhelming majority, a result not entirely unexpected. Some account of the events which followed the meeting must be left to less serious historians than the present one.

M.R.

## Verse.

## The Wind.

I wandered lonely, far in the wintered woods  
 Where time is not, neither the morn, nor night,  
 Because the sun is dead ; the bare boughs lacing  
 A sombre sky of their own. And there the wind  
 Lived only, and came from the distant hills, and knew  
 All things upon the hills that I have loved.  
 Therefore I wandered, far in the wintered woods  
 Where time is not, neither the morn nor night.

ENID M. JONES.

## Lines.

I dreamed last night that you were with me still,  
 That life was as it was three years ago ;  
 I sat and faced you in the firelight,  
 And watched your dear eyes kindle to its glow.  
 Chin propped on hand, you looked at me, and smiled,  
 Then turned and watched the shadows come and go.

I spoke your name ; you answered not a word,  
 The echoing silence answered me instead ;  
 The shadows filled the room, the firelight died,  
 I spoke again, and then with sudden dread  
 Stretched out my hand—but there was nothing there.  
 Awoke, and then remembered you were dead.

N.

## Star Maiden.

I think she is a coy star maiden  
 With t minims white arms,  
 And flowing hair, all shimmering fair  
 Knit up with twinkling charms.  
 Her dress is all of scicles,  
 That glint and are very cold,  
 And her feet are as foot  
 As the winds of heaven ;  
 And her finger tips are cold.

ENID M. JONES.

## The Madonna.

One day I had a vision, wondrous sweet :  
 Methought I saw a meadow, sunshine-wrapt,  
 Where lambs did play amid the flower starr'd grass ;  
 And there where daisies laughed, and clover bloomed,  
 God's Mother I beheld, and she was fair,  
 And lovely with the loveliness of spring.  
 Her eyes were tender, shining with the love  
 Of all the helpless little baby things.  
 Her smile was like the dawn of some June day ;  
 Her beauty all was clothed in robes of blue,  
 And round her head a golden halo shone.

MARJORIE ARUNDEL.

## "Brotherhood."

(Two Sonnets).

1.

Surely the world has played me false by thee  
 My brother and my brother: I had thought  
 To know, but—'tis my grief—I know thee not.  
 Too late I came, or thou precedest me  
 Too soon: meantime is broke the secrecy  
 I knew, unseen, of pure communion  
 Held with thy lingered shade, thou lately gone.  
 Unseen, yet known, whom now unknown I see.

Only in name is our relation found,  
 And we are separate as the poles apart,  
 Or seem so. So lone I'll walk the world around  
 And spend my days hiding the marvello' a smart  
 That we, though brothers born and brothers  
 I could not share the secrets of thy heart.

R. REEVE.

2.

Estranged indeed, yet more to me art thou  
 Than strange association. Laugh and cry,  
 Keep smiles and tears thine own, and miserly  
 Hoard thy sole thought: O, brother, even now  
 Thou art not wholly thine, but must allow  
 Some part to my keeping. This is why  
 I may not ever lose thee though thou die,  
 Nor e'er forget the semblance of thy brow.

Thou unforget, how am I then bereaved,  
 Or broken our most unoblivious bond?  
 Enough on earth thy brother to have been,  
 In heaven to thine my spirit shall respond,  
 And find thine out—eternity between—  
 Apart? O may! it cannot be conceived.

R. REEVE.

## Mist-Wraith.

A wind steals over the moorland,  
 Like a thin and whispering sigh,  
 And stirs the faint pale wraiths of mist  
 Where they lie,  
 Kissed by the moon as the wind goes by.

There are ghosts abroad in the moonlight  
 Come from the land of the dead,  
 The grass is moved by ghostly steps  
 As they tread  
 Where they trod, e'er their soul was fled.

The wind slipped away from the moorland  
 With a phantom whispering cry  
 The mist-wraith vanished, the echoes fled—  
 Not a sigh  
 Was there left when the wind went by.

GERTRUDE WINTER.

### The Gods in January.

Silence was in the holly trees  
Where all day robins sing.  
Above the bare ship-curves of oak  
Orion went hunting.

He blew and shouted "Sirius ho,"  
And gravely strode across the black,  
Over the wood and down the field;  
And Sirius followed at his back.

Amongst the other shining stars,  
But brighter, Lady Venus stood;  
For she had left her dear Cypris  
To bless our oak and holly wood.

And the bright gods untroubled passed  
Over the chimneys and the spire  
And stone roofs of our little town,  
While we were talking by the fire.

GROFFREY WOLEDGE.

### Circumspice.

The sycamores behind High Farm  
Were planted by a man long dead;  
The track across Great Hollin Close  
Is where his waggon team he led;  
The sodding path in Eller Ghyll  
Is where he used to tread.

By Hollin Close the hawthorn hedge  
Where brambles thickest grow he made;  
North of the sycamores a field  
He ditched and turf-walled with his spade,  
Though now for grouse and post-car hares  
The moor has it unmade.

GROFFREY WOLEDGE.

### Twilight.

The dreaming wind sighs in its sleep,  
Its breath stirs gently the standing grass;  
Tired leaves rustle in shadows deep;  
Spirits of evening light their dew-wet hands,  
And silently in gowns mist-woven pass  
To where one star hangs in the empty sky;  
And there each wrath-like form in prayer stands,  
Its weedless vespers borne in mist on high.

N.

## Ilkley Moor.

I HAD often been told that I should walk over Ilkley Moor—even that I should tramp over it. It was never clearly explained to me what the attractions were. Specific questions led to comments on my own astonishing lack of imaginative appreciation rather than to fuller information about the Moor. I gathered that there were views; heather; and air; in which I saw nothing remarkable. Although instinct had warned me to avoid the place—being widely known by name, it was bound to be disappointing—I was anxious to remove unwarranted impressions of mere laziness. Armed with a map, I set forth. An unburied afternoon's walk, a mere stroll, would take me from Guiseley to Ilkley sufficiently over the Moor to satisfy all but the most exacting.

The tram ride to Guiseley is not a good beginning. It is far too long for threepence. I began the walk by going two miles round Menston instead of half a mile past it, but that was not the fault of the map. It was due to absent-mindedness. There was another traveller ahead of me stepping out briskly, full of joy of life. I fell to wondering how someone lost on a moor would feel towards a rescuer who appeared at the critical moment, with a map, saying, "There is no need for alarm. You are exactly at this spot. I can give you precise directions, or act as your guide, should you care. Where do you wish to go to?" Nothing sensational, but eminently practical and inspiring confidence. However, she wasn't going to the Moor at all, but branched off. It was then that I discovered that I had not followed the direct route.

The roads round Menston are hard and uniform. They merely go up and down—mostly up. The stroll was already assuming considerable dimensions when I reached a cart track leading to a sort of bleak waste, presumably the Moor. The track ran between stone walls, the purpose of which I vainly tried to fathom. What or whom they kept from where was beyond me. Yet such distracting thoughts, I felt, were out of place; I must key myself up for the approaching vision. Soon the sweeping views would spread before me.... The walls were left behind, and the vague track stretched onward over the open Moor. There was a notice—"Private Moor. Keep to the path." This was satisfactory. The path was marked on the map, dotted. It was, indeed, my plan to keep to it.

The view was beginning to spread, but there was a sameness about it. It was plain, rather than coloured. However, there were some blue patches on the map—lakes nearby which would, doubtless, brighten things. It was not the clearest of days when I started. There was a haziness, but there was certainly no strong indication that the view would be much improved without it. I felt that the haziness added a glamour of possible mystery which would be quickly dispelled in its absence. The haziness increased and the extent of the view diminished. It diminished more and more. I passed a sort of rubbish heap of large rocks—one of the Moor's attractions, I supposed. I went on. Suddenly I realised that the track had gone. Anything more isotropic than a misty moor it would be difficult to imagine. The haze was now a definite mist, if not a fog. I wondered if it were a Scotch mist (whatever that might be), and began to feel slightly perturbed. Still, I couldn't be far out. I had seen vaguely two lakes (miserable objects) and was presumably bending round, according to plan between them and the third. The third loomed up with startling suddenness a few yards away; it had obviously got into the wrong place. I re-examined the map. It showed paths. There weren't any. I remembered the notice "Keep to the path," and laughed ironically. (Not aloud. Inside). The fog became denser. I imagined myself roaming the Moor all night. A small monolith appeared, with undecipherable hieroglyphics on it. Probably someone

had been lost in a fog on a night like this was going to be, and was buried there. Summoning all my self-possession, I determined to purchase a compass when and if I returned to civilization.

Meanwhile, action must be taken. A sort of ditch ran from the pond, mere, tarn, lake or reservoir. I would follow it. The ditch must lead somewhere; certainly if it was the slender brook of the map. According to the map, it cut across at least two tracks. I had simply to follow it and one or more tracks would duly reappear. Putting the plan into operation, I soon discovered the insidious character of moorland vegetation. Seen in rolling perspective, it is no doubt excellent, but examined at close quarters, it is found to be badly arranged in awkward and irregular clumps, which render progress slow. Moreover, it is skillfully disposed as a lure towards oozing, swampy patches, escape from which requires the greatest circumspection. The region was, in fact, a positive marsh—it should be marked dangerous on maps. It is ridiculous to draw dotted lines where there is nothing but an Irish bog. The ditch and adjoining marsh seemed to go on indefinitely—and there were no tracks at all. I floundered on, and the fog got worse. Hope was almost abandoned, when a bridge across the gulf at last came in sight. The bridge, a long stone, must have been erected, or laid down, by the ancient Britons. Tracks led neither to nor from it. I crossed, hesitated, and plunged forward—or in some direction. Another lake loomed—which was this? It was quite in the wrong place again. I guessed boldly that it was the middle one.

Rushing to the left, I skirted a hillock. An obvious track appeared from nowhere. I followed withsoever it might lead, on and on. This track did not vanish, and ever gaining confidence in my sense of direction, which is, of course, slightly in abeyance only in a dense fog where there are no paths, I finally came to definite conclusions as to where I was. Oddly enough, I was not near Ilkley or even Ben Rhydding—but I was not far from the outskirts of Burley. For once I was pleased to return to the haunts of men. On the Moor, before the mist descended, I had seen but one poor wretch in the distance. There was probably something wrong with him too. The fog now unnecessarily cleared to reveal the last lingering gleams of daylight. My first piece of good fortune on that trip was in just catching the 'bus as it moved from Burley.

Emotion, recollected in tranquillity, led me to the conclusion that the general arrangement of a region should conform to the map; and that if it does not, as should be obvious to the meanest intelligence, the region should be altered accordingly. This particularly applies to paths: a path being defined as something which is not a marsh. Some of the smaller rocks in the various rubbish heaps might well be placed as it were at random along the least objectionable directions. They would be a great boon to fog-stricken wanderers.

I formed conclusions about the Moor too. People will tell me I did not see it under the best conditions. I will tell them that if they want to see the Moor as it really is, in its true colours, they must go there in a fog.

I have now bought a compass. I am trying to imprint in my memory which end of the needle points north. Ridiculously enough, I may visit the Moor again before long and there might be another fog. It is well to be able to direct confidently those who have lost their bearings. Some people never can find their way except along a straight road.



*Gossip of the month.*

Excavations were started in University Road, the morning after the general meeting, in search of a well-known gentleman's moustache.

*Oh! these modern children:*

Miss H—G—TE.

Some people are so foolish as to set children unprepared compositions on a subject like "*Honesty is the best policy*," where the child has no background.

It is officially denied that Mr. W—D is taking out papers in Icelandic naturalization.

*Professor T—b—He on Professor H—T—*

Whatever he has been doing with his nights he always appears bright and cheerful at the History House next morning.  
*St. Lawrence again?*

Our President, who has been well *toasted*.....

### Voces Populi.

#### At the Italian Exhibition.

"Some of these are very old, you know—frightfully old."

—"Sure they are."

"Oh, Mrs. Simpson, but we've been in this room before."

—"Yes, but not this side."

"Well, is Bellini a better painter than Raphael, then?"

"You can't get artists to put their names on their pictures, and you can't get them to put the subject. Won't do it. I know an artist, you know, and I've often told him; but its no good."

[On Tiepolo]. "But they're not a bit like the older ones."

[On a case of manuscripts]. "They're done by hand you know."

[On Paolo Uccello's profanation of the Host]. "Look at these little holes in it."

[On the Uffizi Venus]. "This is thoroughly Botticelli. Very beautiful."

[On Mantegna's dead Christ]. "Oh, weren't they horrible?"

[On Titian portrait]. "It's supposed to look like an Englishman."

—"Yes, very gentlemanly."

[On Fra Angelico]. "Very old-fashioned."

What; another mother and child? I'm fed up with this maternity instinct. Why can't we have an aunt for a change?





Overboard at Burlington House.

SHE: You know, dear, it's all so terribly Roman Catholic. That's what I don't like about it."

### "Salus Infirmorum."

"IT is quite impossible, I can't let you stay here. The whole village is plague-ridden. My two assistants are already dead—there is no possible chance for any of us. Go right away."

The priest's voice rang with the harshness of a worn-out man who is confronted with new and unnecessary difficulties. For three weeks he had been fighting a hopeless battle with disease in the native village. Knowing how hopeless the struggle was he had refused to receive any help from the coast settlement, it would only increase the death roll, and now this girl had tried to force her way through his native watch and enter the village. She had asked shelter because her escort had, she said, deserted her in the bush, and it looked as though the botanical expedition which she claimed to be making, would end in tragedy if he did not help her. What could he do? To enter the village meant certain death, there was a chance of her reaching the coast in safety now that she had struck the Mission trail, but quietly and firmly she had stated her intention of stopping at the station.

There was determination and will-power in every line of her perfect figure as she stood by the stockade in a close-fitting tunic and riding breeches, her pith helmet dangling from her wrist, but what fascinated the man were the deep blue eyes beneath a closely shingled head of auburn hair. There seemed to be a fathomless depth of blue, their expression was that of one who has known great suffering, and yet their chief note was that of deep tenderness and joy. Strange eyes in one who seemed so young, but her presence there and her insistence on entering the plague-ridden village were strange also.

"You must let me stay," she said, and her voice was that of a mother persuading a fractious child. "I know a great deal about native diseases. Though I may seem young I have seen much of illness and helped to cure much, and I can help you now." Before he could stop her, she slipped past him, hurried across the clearing and entered one of the huts. He hastened after her, and horror-struck, saw her kneel beside a stricken form in the dimness of the hut, heard her talking in soothing words to the sufferer in his own language as she smoothed back the matted black hair from the plague-marked forehead.

So she came and so she stayed. There seemed to be endless strength and endurance in that small frame and she displayed remarkable skill in ministering to the victims. The man soon found that she had taken charge of the station and was doing his work better than he could do it, and he was only too thankful to submit to her orders and arrangements. At first there seemed no pause in the ever-widening encroachment of the scourge, and in spite of the relief and strength the woman's presence gave to him and to the stricken natives, the position seemed more and more hopeless.

One evening, when the day's routine had been done and the night's terrors had not commenced, the priest entered his wattle mission Church, where day by day he still offered the Holy Sacrifice, and knelt to say his prayers before the little shrine of The Mother. "Salus infirmorum, Refugium peccatorum, Consolatrix afflictorum, ora pro nobis," he murmured, and then raised his eyes, conscious of some new presence. The woman was standing beside him looking at him with marvellous tenderness and love, and as she looked up she bent forward, kissed him on the forehead and left the Church. He finished his devotions and crossed to his hut in a whirl of emotion. Why had she kissed him? He had a deep conviction that there was no thought of human passion in her action or her expression. Why had she looked at him like that? Who is this woman?

Before many hours had passed, the man was stretched in agony on his narrow trestle bed. The plague which he had so long fought had at last secured its revenge, he knew that in a short time he must die. There was no hope for his worn-out body unless he could gather his strength in sleep, and sleep was impossible with the terrible pains that were shooting through his head and every part of his frame. As the agony grew worse he prayed for relief in broken, painful exclamations. "Mother of God," he murmured, and then, in the doorway appeared the girl. She bent over him, soothing his feverish head with her cool hand, talking to him in his delirium as a mother talks. Slowly he realised that the fever was abating, the pains grew less, the plague was leaving him. Before he sank into a saving sleep he looked in wonder into those eyes again and whispered, "Who are you?" "I am the Mother of My Lord," she said.

The group round the fire shuffled uneasily. There was a cough, the striking of a match, the sound of glasses. "Well gentlemen," said the narrator, filling his pipe, "I trust I haven't embarrassed you with my tale. You will be interested to know that the parson was myself. When I woke from my sleep I was weak but well again. The Woman had gone, no one knew where. The plague was subsiding and eventually some dozen emaciated creatures were marvellously left alive. The watted Church has been replaced by a beautiful permanent building, in which stands a large statue of the Virgin, an object of very great devotion in that neighbourhood, believe me. .... Superstition? Well, perhaps so. You are scientists, you should know."

E.P.

### Mulier est Hominis Confusio.

THE male of the human species is a peculiar person. For some years now, he has suffered in silence the almost intolerable oppression of the fair sex. Sanctuary after sanctuary of his has been invaded with little or no effective protest from the Lord of Creation. But now, at long last, a subtle change is creeping over him: no longer is he satisfied that the peaceful penetration of women should continue: up and down the country he is beginning to bestir himself, and to look around, not for a new sanctuary, for that has failed him too many times, but for some means of ridding himself of a nuisance. Man is going to put Woman in her place!

I can imagine this being greeted with screams of laughter by women students, but let them beware: signs and portents are not lacking to show that their day is short. Cambridge is determined to fight to the last gasp to keep them out; Oxford is dissatisfied; murmurs arise after every fresh defeat in the world of sport; London is contemptuous, while Leeds is waiting, waiting....

The whole question of women students in the same Universities as men is going, I feel sure, to be fought out afresh quite soon, fought out with renewed vigour, and this time the verdict may be different. Glasgow is, at the moment of writing, convulsed with a bitter struggle on this question, and no one can say how soon the fight will spread.

In these days it requires no little hardihood to utter a single word of criticism against the Co-Educational system. Fools, however, have a habit of rushing in where angels fear to tread, and it is only the consciousness that I am speaking on behalf of a very large number of men that gives me courage commensurate with my task.

Let me say at the outset that I believe in the higher education of women: the trouble is that women don't.

The fundamental point is that men and women are different creatures, with different minds, different aptitudes, and different paths in life. This fact has been entirely lost sight of: when women began to demand, quite rightly, a share in higher education, they took it for granted that they wanted the same curriculum as men. They never stopped to ask whether their aptitudes were not in various directions higher and better than those of men, and whether it might not be better for their sex to cultivate the things which were best suited to their minds. For example, in spite of exceptions, however brilliant they may be, tabulated results and the actual experience of those who teach show that in the whole domain of mathematics and physics women are hopelessly outclassed. On the other hand, in all the aesthetic side of education, imaginative literature and the higher Arts, women ought to be the superiors of men. From the most primitive time women have been the story-tellers of the world: they are still so at the cradle side.

But that is not the whole trouble: at all the Universities the preparation for life is the preparation for a man's life: the men are going to be doctors, lawyers, engineers, politicians and even priests: the women are not. Do not let us be foolish about it: the women are going to be married. That is, and always has been their vocation and their career. And the women know it; while they study trigonometry and economics, they have a sideways glancing eye which "sees a home through an engagement ring."

The objection may be raised that a woman, even if she is going to be married, and will in a few years' time have forgotten which is the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, has a perfect right to a college education. Of course she has: but why train a future wife and mother to be a gas engineer? A gas engineer is not a wife and mother. One year of the hard and disciplined life of a hospital nurse would be much more beneficial than four years of Latin, History and the Theory of Education: with this behind her the wife and mother would not have to send out for a nurse or doctor every time there was sickness or accident in her home. By all means let the women have all the higher education they want, but suit it to their needs, and give it to them on their own!

This last point is another issue of great importance, and it really introduces the title of this article. Men would be much better all round undergraduates without "co-eds" than they are with them.

It may, of course, be mere coincidence, but it is worth while to remember that many serious minded Oxford men trace their 'Varsity's decline in the world of sport—an undoubted fact—to the ingression of women into the University. However that may be, it is undoubtedly true that women are a distraction to men. Those odd hours spent in the very pleasant company of a female friend are bound to have their effect on one's work in the long run; it is not unknown even in Leeds, for a man to neglect a game because of this same influence, so that in work and sport *mulier est hominis confusio*.

It would need the space of a whole article to put fully the women's point of view, and this is not my task: it is a task, however, which should be undertaken. Have we a woman bold enough to speak of (perhaps) the distracting influence of men in a University? That such exists I have no doubt at all, and this further strengthens my case. The reason for this is obvious. Even supposing that co-educational Universities are desirable, only English people would be stupid enough to educate people from the earliest ages in distinct groups based on the difference in sexes, and then hurl them together into the maelstrom of modern University life at the most susceptible age. The remarkable thing is that there is not really serious trouble arising from it. While this system lasts, of course there will be calf love and distractions; of course men will be less manly and

women less womanly: but in any case the whole thing is wrong: whom God hath put asunder, let no man try to join together. Men and women are meant to be distinct and separate types of humanity and should be educated in accordance with their future life. I have not attempted to "put women in her place," I should not dare, and anyway I don't know what it is, but I am quite certain that it is not in the same Universities as the men.

J. M. BOGGIS.



### A Shorter Surgery.

R. J. McNEIL LOVE. H. K. Lewis, London. 2nd Edition. 1930. Price 10/-.

THE curriculum of the Medical student has now become so extensive that, for examination purposes, he has to employ handbooks instead of the voluminous standard text books, to which additions are constantly being made. The manual under review has achieved a deserved popularity amongst senior students approaching Final Examinations. It is not, however, a book to be recommended to the student without a knowledge of the elements of surgery and with a lack of clinical experience and perspective. He must, for example, be able to realise that fractures are not often complicated by fat emboli passing through a patent foramen ovale to the cerebral vessels to cause coma and syncope.

The second edition of "A shorter Surgery" has been revised, partly rewritten and extended with special reference to the specific diseases, fractures and dislocations, cerebral injuries and radium therapy. There are now many more excellent illustrations.

Literary merit is not sought for in a book of this nature; it is, however, eminently readable, largely because the student finds clearly arranged answers to questions, theoretical and practical, which are constantly being asked. There is a sprinkling of names, "culinary metaphors" and so forth, used and cherished because sanctified by tradition. "One routine examination," we are told, "is of more value than much liniment," is a statement of fact new to us and worthy of consideration. It is agreed that "rapping a child's knuckles should be considered as barbarous as boxing the ears," but would every examiner be satisfied with the explanation given? That familiar Moynihanism—every gallstone is a tombstone erected to the memory of the organism that lies within—would not appear to hold good so far as the genesis of pure cholesterol stones is concerned. There is a discrepancy between the legend of figure 43 and the relevant text on p. 123, otherwise the book is singularly free from errors and well-produced. The discerning student who can make allowances for the different opinions held by his teachers on certain points, will undoubtedly find the new Love of considerable assistance.

## Psychology's Defence of Faith.

By DAVID YELLOWLEES, M.B., Ch.B. (Student Christian Movement Press). 5/-

IT is with some doubt that one picks up a book such as this, feeling, as the author himself does, the danger of adding "one more to the very large number of psychological books which are appearing at the present time." Happily, however, any doubts we may have felt are dispelled on further reading. Starting with an explanation of the connection and interaction of psychology and religion, Dr. Yellowlees goes on to develop very ably this connection with regard to various problems of modern life. He deals with such topics as sin and guilt, repression, and suggestion, showing how inextricably interwoven are the two sides, psychological and religious; he attempts to show that there is a "psychological soundness" in the Christian religion and that religion is "after all, not an infantile regression or an illusory hypothesis, but the very crown and completion of life."

D.T.

A review of "The Life of a Modern University" (Student Christian Movement Press) is being held over for the next issue of *The Gryphon*.

## Music.

THE Third Chamber Music Concert took place in the Great Hall on the evening of February 12th. Chamber music, as its very name implies, is by nature most at home in private houses, and its performance in a concert hall is an anomaly. At these concerts, however, every effort is made to disguise the fact that a concert is going on: the listeners sit comfortably in irregular groups instead of being tightly wedged together in parallel rows, and each one of us may easily indulge in the pleasant phantasy that he is—for the time being—an eighteenth-century princeling listening in the comfort of his own presence chamber to the music provided by his own Kapellmeister. The Yorkshire String Quartet is now becoming a familiar feature in the musical life of the University, and its delightful playing on February 12th was looked forward to by all who had attended the previous concerts. On this occasion they unwittingly sprang a surprise on us by playing Mozart's Quartet in F, instead of the one in E flat which the programme indicated; but Mozart's quartets are all on so high a level that this exchange did not damage the programme. Perhaps the players missed some of the delicate humour of Howells' *Lady Audrey's Sisle*, but this was more than atoned for by their spirited performance of the wonderful quartet of Ravel. It is astonishing when we reflect how rapidly this work has become a firmly-established classic of chamber music literature.

Would it be out of place to suggest here that many musically-minded students have not become sufficiently aware of the concessions offered to them at these concerts? A subscription of half-a-crown admits a student to all of the four concerts of the season. Of course, the season is nearly over now, but the thought is worth bearing in mind for next session. Admittedly, it may not be easy in the Students' Gallery to imagine that one is an eighteenth-century princeling; but, after all, that is a great deal to expect for 7½d. an evening, isn't it?

On February 20th we heard the Yorkshire String Quartet again at a Mid-day Recital. The programme began with Beethoven's Quartet in E flat (Op. 74), surnamed "The Harp" on account of the *pizzicato* broken chords in the first

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movement. The four players gave proof of their sympathetic musicianship by the way in which they elicited the brooding beauty of the slow movement. The remainder of the programme was filled by Haydn's unfinished Quartet—his last composition. It seemed impossible that this work, with its grace and energy, could have been written by an old man whose mind was on the point of giving way.

The largest, but not the most notable, work performed at the Symphony Concert at the Town Hall on February 22nd was Glazounow's Symphony No. 6 in C minor. It contains not a single distinguished idea, although everything in it is handled with the glib eloquence possible to an orator who has no artistic conscience to satisfy. One cannot help feeling that it is more than a little hard to be dragged away from one's warm fireside in order to participate in such a display of shabby romanticism. The one bright spot in the first half of the programme was Miss Irene Morden's singing of Weber's aria, "Ocean, thou mighty monster." Her fresh voice and accurate intonation made up for some little lack of subtlety; and Weber's handling of the orchestra is always satisfyingly right.

Falla's ballet-music, *El Amor Brujo*, was really the main business of the evening. A slight languidness of performance was unable to dull the beauty of Falla's music. It was a relief to hear orchestration so clear that the entry of every instrument could be heard. The music is intensely national in feeling and in the thematic content, but Falla's musicianship is enough to sublimate this and thus to avoid the error of parochialism.

E. W. ALLAN.

## The Mission.

THE Mission Week is over, and one feels quite at a loss with no meetings to dash off to after a hurried lunch or tea. It is impossible at this stage to speak much of results, but there is no doubt that the venture was an unqualified success, and will probably be repeated. Some 350 students have attended the meetings regularly, and found great stimulus and help in their thinking. That in itself is bound to have a far-reaching influence.

Proceedings opened with a reception in the Refectory, on Friday, February 14th, when the missionaries introduced themselves to a goodly company of students and staff. On Sunday morning the Bishop of Jarow preached at the University Service, and in the evening Fr. Rees preached at Emmanuel Church, and Rev. Leslie Weatherhead at Brunswick, with special reference to students and the forthcoming mission. On Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, meetings were held in Emmanuel and Trinity Churches at 1-15 and 5-15 p.m. The Friday evening meeting was in the Great Hall, with the Vice-Chancellor in the chair. Father Rees spoke on "Sex Relationships" to a large crowd, displaying an intimate knowledge of modern problems in this respect. The week was closed by a service of thanksgiving and dedication in Emmanuel Church, when the preacher was Father Rees.

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An article appeared in the last number on "A Visit to Sheffield." This was printed by the courtesy of *The University* and the *N.U.S.*, and we wish to thank them for this favour and to apologise for not having done so in the last issue of *The Gryphon*.

THE EDITOR.

### " Gryphoneer."

The thought she expressed,  
Like a trigger that's pressed,  
Came, spontaneous as soda from syphons :  
" Well poetasters might,  
But *poet*, don't write  
In Gryphons."

" By those who employ it—  
The trade of a poet—  
Inspiration is needed," she sighed :  
What she meant to have said  
Was—a poet to be read  
Must have died.

She said that true bards  
Were known by their cards :  
For example, " *sunt lacrymarum rerum,*"  
Or—" too deep for tears"  
Or—that beauty endears  
Ad aeternam.

Nor could she suppose  
That Urania the Muse  
Might visit a *student's* sleep nightly :  
The sound sleep one needs  
In a city like Leeds,  
Was it likely !

Yet ladies have babies,  
And mad dogs have rabies,  
'Cause they want or can't help 'em,  
—just so !

Well, yearning breeds verses,  
And frenzy's their nurse, as  
You know.

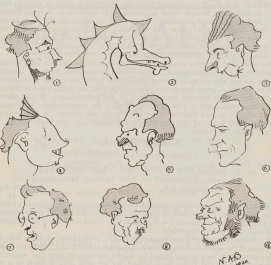
If a man writes a sonnet,  
Don't wager upon it  
He wrote it to send to *The Gryphon* ;  
Or in pure affection,  
Or for vain reputation,  
Or for fun.

Perhaps poetry's a tonic,  
And he writes with Miltonic  
Permission—come we or come weal—  
For what's underneath  
Must be out, for 'tis death  
To conceal.

R. REEVE.

### " THE TYKE."

Every variety of " bilge" needed urgently, for *The Tyke*. Please leave contributions in the Union Office, addressed to " The Editor—*The Tyke*."



How is it that Mathematicians (1)  
 Have faces that curdle the beer,  
 While the people who edit our *Gryphons* (2)  
 Are characterised by their leer;  
 And a look of idiotism  
 Always covers the engineer's (3) face.  
 And the student of law's (4) microcosm  
 Might almost resemble a dace?  
 Now those who are patrons of Physics (5)  
 Are disfigured with blemishing cysts,  
 But that which induces hysterics  
 Is the Handsomeness of the Chemists. (6)  
 How is it that those who take Latin (7)  
 Have faces that none can describe,  
 Whilst a lump of old coco-nut matting,  
 Adorns that of every French scribe? (8)  
 But of all the displays in Creation  
 The Agric's must bear off the palm (9)  
 With its weakness and rank dissipation  
 It smells, nay it stinks, of the farm.

N.A.B.

## Leeds University Old Students' Association.

**T**HERE is little of importance from the Secretary's point of view to report in this issue, though there is considerable activity in various branches and in our Travel Section. By now all members should have received their Year Books and we have had a number of letters drawing attention to errors. For most of these we are not to blame but we do ask members to assist us by letting us know of any changes of address or occupation so that our Year Book may be a really up-to-date publication.

We want to draw your attention again to the facilities we can offer members who are effecting Life Insurances. By a special arrangement with the Insurance Company we are able to make a very considerable reduction on the first premium (which of course is a great help to the person taking out the policy) and at the same time the Association benefits by a portion of the commission. If any member contemplates taking out a Life Insurance Policy we suggest that he should at any rate consult us and find out what benefits he can obtain. A Life Policy is one of the finest forms of investment and the earlier one can begin paying, the smaller are the payments.

### London Branch.

Officers for the Year 1929-30.

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

*Hon. Secretary :*

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

Seventy-two happy people constituted the assembly at the February Dinner, and the most definite expression of goodwill that we could offer to those members of the Branch who were absent is a hope that they spent an evening as completely free of care and full of enjoyment as our own.

Mr. Robinson and his friends again gave us a programme of sheer fun, and if they sensed the spirit of their audience, as people entertaining others are said to do, they must have been amply repaid for all the forethought they had expended. It is hoped that no last trains were missed, for we were only aroused to a consciousness of the lateness of the hour by the familiar chords of Kamati.

Time was forgotten throughout the evening, for who could think of it while Dr. Calvert, in proposing the toast to our guest, was supplementing what he knew of Mr. Greenwood from his association with the Ministry of Health, from Who's Who, and from the newspapers, with information obtained from Mrs. Greenwood.

Mr. Greenwood himself in his reply, provided further details, from which we might gather that he took the first step towards politics by learning how to get on with other men of his year instead of plodding steadily through Chemistry Course A, and that he developed the versatility necessary for his present position by doing always the thing that nobody expected of him. This trait he appears still to cherish, for now that he might rejoice in his high rank he makes complaint instead: "Not only do I inherit the evils of predecessors, but I inherit also the worst drought for 40 years, and having prayed a little too diligently I get floods. These having subsided, there comes peitacosis, though I never harmed a parrot in all my life." Would it be too absurd to suggest that this last visitation might be a reply to Mr. Greenwood's championship of elderly widows in preference to elderly spinsters?

News of another distinguished Old Student of the University we had from Professor Smithells. Dr. Dudley of the National Institute for Medical Research has been recommended for election to the Fellowship of the Royal Society. We congratulate him, and hope that the recommendation will be accepted.

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### West Riding Branch.

The General Meeting of the West Riding Branch on February 18th, was a successful and interesting function. The election of officers took more time than usual, as there were a good many changes.

Our much-loved President, Professor Connal, retired, according to the rule of the constitution and in his place we elected Professor Grant. I know that the West Riding Branch will wish me to extend an enthusiastic welcome to the new President. We shall hope to see him often at our meetings.

The two Secretaries retired and the meeting agreed to elect a Secretary and an assistant Secretary this year; an arrangement which will probably be more useful in practice than the old one. Miss Molly Bailey agreed to take on the duties of Secretary, with Miss Margaret Hornsey as her assistant.

Mr. Grist was unanimously re-elected Treasurer, with Mr. Ferguson as Assistant Treasurer. The latter office is an innovation, which the growth of the Play-reading Circle has made necessary.

Four members of the committee retired automatically and in their places, Mr. Ramsden, Mr. Luscott, Miss Batchelor and Miss Breasley, were elected. These, with Miss Croft, Mrs. White, Miss Slater and Mr. David, form the new committee.

The Chairman (Professor Connal) suggested that as the General Meeting was late this year, the next General Meeting should be held a year next June. This would be a more convenient time for electing officers and would also co-incide with the meetings of the Central Branch. A resolution was passed. The next General Meeting will therefore take place at the end of June, 1931, and West Riding subscriptions will fall due on that date.

I must, however, remind everyone, that this year's subscriptions are now due. The subscription of a shilling is quite voluntary, but as all members of the O.S.A. resident in the West Riding have the benefit of receiving special Branch notices, etc., it is hoped that a good many shillings will be forthcoming. We need them.

After the meeting, we were treated by Mr. Howarth to a most diverting cinema show. He showed us films taken by himself in Dorset and Germany (the latter featuring two well-known members of the O.S.A.) and some other reels depicting the adventures of those two household words, Felix the Cat and Charlie Chaplin. It was one of the most enjoyable evenings we have ever spent at O.S.A. House. The only fly in our ointment was the consciousness that we should soon be saying goodbye to Mr. Howarth, as he goes to Newcastle at the end of February. We are dreadfully sorry to be losing him and we shall all miss him very much, especially those of us who have had his support and loyal help in the many activities of the Branch.

HILDA BREASLEY.

### Birmingham Branch.

Our next meeting will probably take place on March 22nd. Part of our time must be taken up by the Annual General Meeting which is now overdue, and the remainder by tea followed by theatre party as usual. "How monotonous!" you will probably say "Is no other type of meeting possible?" In defence, we must complain that without funds and without regular support from more of our members it is a very difficult task to arrange meetings with variety. It is absolutely impossible to do all that we should like. A number of those members who were responsible for the successful social evenings of the early days of the Branch, have migrated elsewhere, and although more than an equal number

of new members have come into Birmingham and District we never see them at our meetings. Why?—we should like to know. To those with talent, however meagre—will you offer your services? To those with enthusiasm—will you do the same. Don't wait to be nominated for the committee. And above all—turn up at the next meeting please.

A.L.W.

### News of Old Students.

J. R. BELLERBY (Arts 1913-14, and Commerce, 1919-21) has been appointed Brunner Professor of Economic Science in the University of Cambridge. Bellerby was Athletics captain in 1919, and a member of the Union Committee for two years. On going down, he was appointed to the staff of the I.L.O. at Geneva. In 1924 he acted as British representative on the organising Committee of the International Association on Unemployment; and from December, 1924-January, 1925, he studied unemployment in America on behalf of the I.L.O. From 1925 to 1927, he was again in America as the holder of a Commonwealth Fund Fellowship. In 1928 he was appointed lecturer in Economics and Fellow of Caius College. He has published "Control of credit as a remedy for unemployment" (London, 1923) and "Monetary Stability" (London, 1925).

### BIRTHS.

To Mr. R. FALKINDER (Science and Ed., 1921-5) and Mrs. Falkinder, at 14, Silverhill Drive, Bradford Moor, Bradford, on January 27th, 1930, a daughter (Jean Margaret).

To Dr. and Mrs. A. SHEARD, of 13, Hanover Square, at Westfield, 154, Trinity Street, Huddersfield, a son, February 18th.

### L.U.O.S.A. Tours, 1930.

As the next number of *The Gryphon* will not appear until May, members are reminded about the tours for the Summer Vacation. It is very desirable that early application be made for places, especially in connection with the trip to Oberammergau.

The Denmark-Finland tour affords an exceptional opportunity for a less conventional holiday. The sea voyage is mainly in fairly sheltered waters and the return journey is broken at Copenhagen for a few days, leaving only a 22 hour sea passage to be accomplished.

Illustrated booklets and fuller details can be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer, L.U.O.S.A.

P.S.—Don't forget the Paris trip!

### Correspondence.

THE MASTER'S LODGE,  
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,  
OXFORD,  
December 17th, 1929.

May I send a word of congratulation on the excellent number of *The Gryphon*. The skill of the editorial hand has shown itself in the proportion of the content, and the tone of the number makes a distant member proud.

M. E. SADLER.



## PLAYTIME IN D-V-N-H-R HALL



The dear boys spend  
their leisure moments  
so happily, playing  
round games, — and  
taking tea, — that,  
we are glad to say,  
it is only very rarely  
that a little roughness  
is inclined to enter



— into their play.

max

A correspondent complains that *The Gryphon* is persistently unfair to a certain Hostel, and we take this opportunity of refuting that accusation.

OXLEY HALL,  
FAR HEADINGLEY,  
LEEDS.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,

I would wish, in these pages, to draw attention to a certain culpable practice on the part of motor owners in the University. Although the path to the Changing Rooms leads through Oxley Hall grounds, these grounds are private and should be treated as such. And I think I speak for all members of Oxley Hall when I say that we strongly object to cars being brought up behind the house, turned round on the grass and then left parked on the grass. At this time of year, when the ground is soft, the wheels leave muddy tracks on the grass, which scarcely enhance the beauty of a lawn. If owners wish to bring their cars near the house, might I suggest that they should leave them in the drive, where there are two gateways conveniently situated for turning in.

Yours sincerely,

GERTRUDE WINTER.

DEVONSHIRE HALL,  
HEADINGLEY, LEEDS.

The Editor—*The Gryphon*.

22/2/30.

DEAR SIR,

For several years now there have appeared from time to time, in *The Gryphon*, a number of Valentines and other semi-veiled quotations, dedicated to Devonshire Hall, which are in thoroughly bad taste, and which, I am sure, are very strongly deprecated by a large majority of Devonshire men. It seems a great pity that *The Gryphon*, apparently reflecting the ideals and thought of contemporary University life, should be the instrument of creating and spreading an entirely erroneous impression that the worship of Burchas is the everyday religion of the men in Devonshire, and that the esteem in which a man is held by his fellow students here bears a direct relationship to the number of pints of beer he can assimilate. The creation and spreading of this impression has been carefully fostered by *The Gryphon* year in and year out, and it is the unenviable lot of the Devonshire man to find that it has become almost a tradition among the other students of the University, and especially among the women students. Those who really know and appreciate the innermost spirit of Devonshire Hall realise this tradition to be false, and the sooner it is smashed, the better it will be for the prestige of both the University and Devonshire Hall. I trust that those reading this letter will not think that the Hostel has suddenly become a community of tea-drinkers! Most of us would be only too ready to admit that on occasion we indulge in a merry binge "down town," and enjoy every minute of it, but for *The Gryphon* to foster, by a continuous succession of petty, veiled, insinuations, and the tradition that Devonshire Hall is a place flowing with beer and alcohol is absurd, unfortunate, and untrue.

Yours faithfully,

STUART G. SMITH.

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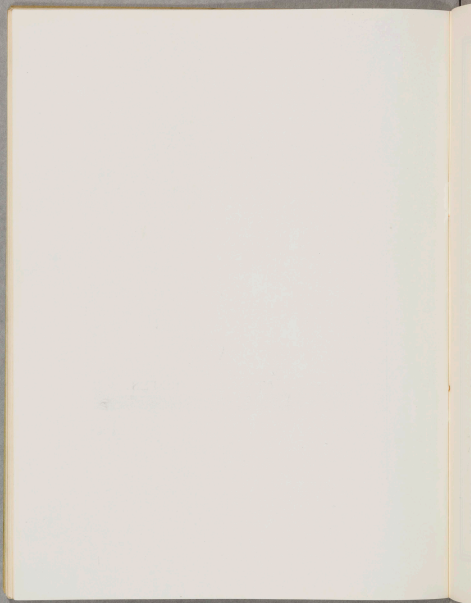
The University Employers' Appeal Dance will be held in the Great Hall, on Friday, March 14th, 1930. Dancing from 7-30 p.m. to 1 a.m., Dance Music by Cooper's Dance Band. Refreshments will be supplied at moderate charges. Tickets 1/- each, obtainable from the H.P. We should be pleased to see as many of the staff and students and their friends as possible, so please roll up and make it a bumper success. We can assure all an enjoyable and cheap evening, and at the same time have the satisfaction you have paid for a new Brick for the University Extensions.

J. H. KING.



STUDY.

*By Jacob Krauer.*



## UNION NOTES.

THE General Meeting of the Union on February 18th, gave its sanction to a proposal which makes an entirely new departure in Union Administration, and which it is hoped will mark another milestone on the road of progress. If it means anything, it means that the Union will be served by its best men where they are most needed, giving of their best to what is, after all, a great cause; a cause which demands an individual loyalty not merely from its leaders, but from every one of its supporters. There are many reasons for the apparent lack of this sense of loyalty on the part of a large number of students. We want new Hostels, and perhaps more than anything a Union Building before we can form in any way a Corporate Unit; but the great thing is that we are on the road, and the common interest and enthusiasm for our objects combines to make Leeds University at once a place more than worth while in its present state, and worthy of our highest efforts on behalf of its greater future. We want more men and women on the playing fields at Westwood, and if the increase in the Union Fee receives final sanction it is to be hoped that every man and woman in the University will attempt to answer the calls of his first duty in the world of Sport. We do not merely "want" or "need" a New Union Building; it is an essential part of our life here, and you ought to give your serious attention to the Guarantors' Scheme. If you join, there are many who will follow your lead, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you played no inconsiderable part in the making of the greater Leeds University Union.

H. M. D. HARRISON,

Hon. Sec.



CONTINUING their University games for this month, the Rugby Fifteen entertained Sheffield University at Westwood, and defeated them by the huge score of 85 points to nil, this score constituted a record for Westwood and probably for Inter-Varsity contests. Sheffield were outclassed in every department. D. Hall (5), F. Beckett (4), E. L. Gedhill (4), R. Illingworth (3), N. McGrath (3), A. Horricks (3), all going over for Leeds, while Illingworth kicked 11 goals. Against Durham University at home, the visitors brought a very strong side, and won after a close game by 6 points to 3. In this game the Durham pack was the heavier, and broke away from the scrums quickly, and this seemed to disorganise the Leeds back division. Gedhill scored the try for Leeds. The Christie match against Manchester was of vital import, since a win for Manchester would gain them the Shield for this year, and after a stirring game Leeds were distinctly unfortunate to lose by 3 points to nil. Manchester were superior in the pack, while Leeds backs handled and tackled brilliantly in midfield, but lacked sufficient steadiness when near their opponents' line. Hall should have scored on several occasions, while Horricks unfortunately knocked on when a try was certain. Manchester obtained their try near the end.

The Association XI have played only one University game this month, when they were beaten by Durham at Weetwood by 3 goals to 2. An early goal for Durham from a penalty seemed to disorganise the Leeds team, but even after the defence had settled down, the forwards were woefully weak when near their opponents' goal, and many excellent chances were wasted. S. Morgan and F. N. Anderson scored for Leeds, while R. Thurlow played brilliantly at right half. Since Manchester have defeated Liverpool there is still a chance that the Soccer Christie may be retained by Leeds, to achieve which they must beat Manchester at Weetwood on March 1st.

The Men's Hockey team embarked on a short tour in the north, visiting Durham and Edinburgh the same week. Against the first University they won well by 3 goals to 1, while against a very strong side at Edinburgh, which included two Internationals, a draw (2-2) was a very creditable performance.

In the Yorkshire Lacrosse Flags, the Men's Lacrosse team easily defeated Huddersfield by 14 goals to 1, but lost to Headingley L.C. in the Semi-Final. S. Wormald has played consistently well at left attack, and is a County Cap; Tomlinson is outstanding in goal.

The Harriers Club practically finished their season's engagements with the Inter-Varsity Cross Country Run at Reading, and although handicapped by the absence of T. Booth (Capt.) were expected to do better than finish sixth in the list. Only Oliver, who ran 21st, reproduced his normal form, P. R. Allison obviously not having recovered fully from recent illness.

The Shooting Eight defeated Manchester University by 34 points, Hustler of Leeds returning top score of 88, the final scores being Leeds 673 points, Manchester 638. The Fives Club lost badly to Manchester on their Winchester courts, but were able on the similar courts at Sedburgh School to draw 6 games all. Against Durham University at home, both pairs played well to win by 10 games to 2. An attractive meeting was arranged by the Gymnastic Club, when Cambridge University Gym. Club and Fencers visited Leeds for the Annual fixture between the two clubs. Leeds were distinctly superior in the gymnastic section, where A. D. T. Gulligan put up a fine display to gain a maximum number of points. The fencing was more even, but here again, especially in foils, Leeds were the more skilful. The final scores were—Gymnastics: Cambridge 76 points, Leeds 131; Fencing: Foils, Leeds 39 points, Cambridge 23; Sabres, Leeds 9 points, Cambridge 7. The Boxing Section were able to arrange a series of bouts with Black Dyke Mills, when R. O. Hall, S. Baxendale and D. T. Wright, all won their contests.

The Women's Hockey team have a curious record to date, being successful in their University games at home only to lose the equivalent away matches by a surprisingly large margin. Against Liverpool University at Weetwood, a draw of 2 goals all rather flattered Leeds, only the excellent goal-keeping of Miss A. V. Lord saving the team from defeat. The defence was uncertain under pressure and the clearing of the ball often weak. At Manchester, after scoring an early goal, the team went to pieces and lost 7-1, while at Durham the score of 11-2 against Leeds is amazing in view of the excellent win over the same team at Weetwood earlier in the season. The Netball Club lost to Liverpool 18-15, the visitors thereby winning the northern Championship, while the Women's Lacrosse team scored an easy victory over Thoresby High School of 19 goals to nil.

STUART SMITH.

## UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES.

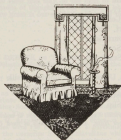
LEEDS UNDERGRADUATES' LABOUR SOCIETY.—The past term (for by the time these notes appear there will not be much of it left), has been rather less crowded than usual, chiefly because the joint meeting we hoped to hold with the S.C.M. which Dr. Alex Wood was to have addressed on March 7th, did not take place owing to the refusal of the S.C.M. Committee to agree to the proposal. We hope, however, that many of our members had the pleasure of attending the meeting. Sir John Simon's opponent in the Spens Valley Division, Mr. A. H. Elvin, the Secretary of the National Union of Clerks, was interesting and provocative on the subject of Trades Unionism, on February 28th, and of course, Gibson of Manchester, upheld the noblest traditions of the "Northern Estimate".

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Only one meeting remains, and that is perhaps the most important: the Annual General Meeting on March 14th, when our President, Professor Brodetsky, will deliver his annual address—the first of many we hope—in the Educ. Lecture Room. Will all members please book this date and make every effort to be present.

J. M. BOGGS.

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY.**—The Mission, for which we made such great preparation, is over, but we hope far from done with. It would indeed be the death-knell of all true religion in the University if such an exposition of the faith of our fathers as we had the privilege of hearing from Fr. Rees was to be wasted, as it were, upon the desert air. At moment of writing much thought is being given to the formulation of plans for what might be called development work—a forward move by us as a united body.

It has long been felt by some that the single act of worship in the Corporate Communion each term was hardly a sufficient justification for the existence of the Society. The Annual Reception given by Mrs. Hamilton-Thompson provided a unification on the social side, but now we ought to go forward and extend our sphere both on the spiritual side and on the social side. Did you notice the change in the "feel" or "atmosphere" of Emmanuel Church as the Mission Week proceeded? That is what we can do by merely being there with a common idea, and by praying together. What could we not do in the larger field of the University if we were united by prayer and worship for a common effort, a joint purpose!

The Mission did much to show how silly, in the light of Eternal Truths, were the petty gulfs between the various shades of thought in our Church: let us in our turn show to the University and the world how great is our strength as part of the glorious Vine which is the Body of Christ.

J. M. BOGGS.

**INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATE** on Thursday, February 13th, Mid-day in the Great Hall, at 1-20 p.m. "That Debating Societies are a menace to the Community."

Chairman: President of the Union.

The Society introduced an innovation into its programme this season by holding a brief and snappy Inter-Varsity debate at Mid-day. It was all over in 45 minutes and yet the fate and very existence of Debating Societies throughout the world hung in the balance. Leeds would pronounce the verdict. The President of the Union welcomed the Sheffield delegates and at once called upon Mr. H. Appleby (Sheffield) to enter on his work of destruction. To the speaker Debating Societies were the medium for a particular vice—empty posturing and wasted energy. They were the nurseries for Macchiavellians which are to be found in every country—politicians. Even in the sphere of International relations Debating Societies perpetuated the satanic influence, for Debating teams sent abroad only produced an atmosphere of cacophonous accents and produced not friendship but animosity. They were the ruin of the legal profession and altogether a bad lot.

It needed a member of the gentler sex to stand up against this devastating attack. Miss Little (Sheffield) was convinced that there was never a greater need of Debating Societies than to-day. She condemned the present generation as too mentally lazy to think. Catchphrases of the Press were the food for the mental consumption of the youth of to-day. She sighed for the days of ancient Greece when sound debating was good for the soul and the safety valve of Philosophy. In these days of Disarmament and Peace motifs, debating was the only arena of good healthy conflict.

Mr. Singleton (Leeds) seconded the motion in an excellent manner. In a mingled tone of seriousness and clever mockery the speaker blamed Debating Societies for the octogenarians that grace the parks. Debating bred ill will and boogianism and was a cancer eating at the heart of the nation.

A sincere and thoughtful speech from Mr. Barrett (Leeds) in seconding the opposition, produced a renewed hope for the future of the Societies. He declared discussion to be the basis of civilisation and national assemblies the very soul of a nation. Toleration and good training for the voice were some of the benefits attributed to Debating.

A lively battle followed from the floor of the House. The Mountain greeted Mr. Richardson's speech with affectionate and rousing applause. In true Dantesque style, the speaker condemned the proposers of this motion as enemies of mankind, men indulging in intellectual dishonesty, as they were by their own pronouncement, dangerous citizens. A certain member of the Mountain was apparently too good for their company for during his speech he was gently carried from the gallery and deposited among the respectables below, there to complete his sentence and speech. Suitable replies were made by the main speakers and in an atmosphere of tense excitement the decision was made. The officials of the Society did not summon an emergency meeting. They received their sentence with equanimity for it is in keeping with English tradition, as an illogical race, to support a society even though it is a menace to its very existence.

N.J.F.

**DEBATES.—HOT AIR AT OXLEY.**—Snowflakes were falling thick and fast, and already Westwood was under a white sheet, when we, that is the honourable proposers of the motion "That Home is Woman's Only Sphere," and the humble scribe, pushed the bell at Oxley Hall. We were ushered into a palatial room, where blazed a comforting fire and where promiscuously scattered about were flimsy female forms, the cloak of the class rooms and corridors thrown off, revealing themselves as girls and not women students. It seemed as if the male species would be in a decided minority, but an excursion from Devonshire, bearing a worthy banner, saved the situation, just as Miss Stockdale, the President of the Hall, was keenly welcoming us.

Mr. Boggis, proposing, said that there must be something in a tradition that had been an accepted principle of life for hundreds of years and pointed out the importance of the family unit, with the mother at the centre, as the basis of civilisation. Woman must be the companion and not the rival of man, train his children and not selfishly vie with him in business, thus causing unemployment and driving man to the devil.

Miss Hibbott, opposing, traced the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual corruption of woman—and therefore humanity in general—as a consequence of her seclusion in the home. She showed woman's fitness for other spheres, calling to her aid the shades of Shakespeare (seemingly unknown at Devonshire) and Scott, whose heroines surpassed their heroes in numbers and in virtues. In a passionate peroration, full of sting, she appealed to man to give woman a chance, or, like a flower, she would droop and die, through lack of sunshine and air.

Mr. Evans, seconding the proposition, remarked how women wished to be on an equality with man and yet retain her former privileges, as e.g., being late for an appointment without a severe reprimand in return. In business there are two kinds of women, he said, namely those who slack and those who work so much that they lose their charm. He explained that "home" did not just connote "confinement within four walls," but allowed of much freedom.

Miss Hart, for the opposition, spoke of the marvellous sewing results at Oxley, leaving us to interpret the adjective for ourselves; of the superior power of women in the art of "salesmanship" especially in departments where modest man fears to tread; of the part played by women in history and politics, hinting that many eminent men were the mere puppets of intelligent wives; of the problem of surplus women.

After the generalissimos had fired their shots, the rank and file were allowed to blaze at one another, which they did in no gentle manner.

On a show of hands, allowing for many men who were under the impression that they had two votes, the motion was defeated.

All too soon we had to leave, and we showed our appreciation by lustily singing "Goodnight Ladies" in the porch. Perhaps the greatest wisp of wisdom that I gleaned from the speeches was Mr. Evans' remark: "Woman must not be taken at her face value!"

J.W.A.S.

**LEEDS UNIVERSITY NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.**—When these notes appear the activities of another session will be drawing to a close and members of the Society will be concentrating their energy for the annual ramble along the stony path, strewn with lecture notes, and culminating in a trespass on the examiners' preserves from which the inexperienced number may be ejected.

Up to press, our last ramble was via Pool to Great Armscliffe, and thence across Stainburn Moor to Fawcett, and on to Otley, from there by bus to Leeds; a popular route to which the Society was first introduced by Mr. Baxter, our Secretary of two years ago. Baxter has now "rambled" as far as Northern Rhodesia and, according to a recent letter to a member of the Society, appears to be "Seeing Life." Re camping, he says, "We don't camp out here, we live in tents—there's a world of difference." Shade temperatures may reach 160° or so during the day with frost quite common at night. "In fact," says Baxter "It is not the heat, but the cold, that we feel most." "...." As for the thunderstorms, I have now given up hope of deciding which was the worst. We get one per day and each seems worse than the last.

"Recently a cobra spat in the eyes of one of my boys, the result was agony and temporary blindness."

However, even life in these lonely outposts—two days' lory journey from Nehanga—has its humour. Witness the geologist companion of Mr. Baxter, who had to tie his backskin over his boots because the new ones he had ordered failed to turn up. When at last they did arrive imagine his delight to receive two left boots.

To revert to the subject of rambles, it is proposed to hold a Summer Ramble after the EXAMS in June. We hope members will keep this in mind.

The Annual General Meeting, is to be held on Thursday, May 8th, at 5.30 p.m., preceded by tea at 5 p.m.

We have already received a startling proposal from a member of the Committee, the exact wording of which is:—"That Clause 2 of the Society's constitution be altered to read—Membership of the Society shall be open to all past and present *male* members of the University."

In a word the member proposes to make this a *men's* Society. We feel sure that many members will wish to express their opinion on this subject, therefore we ask them to book May 8th, 5.30 p.m., at once, and to send in any proposal for the Agenda before May 1st.

N. Gatz,  
Hon. Secretary.

THE MOTOR CLUB.—At the beginning of the present session a resolution was taken by some of the motorists of the University to form a motor club. Prof. Whiddington consented to act as President and a Committee was elected.

Several enjoyable runs were greatly appreciated by members during the winter term and a reliability trial was held on the last day of term. This trial is to be an annual event when the cup, kindly presented by Mr. H. Dawson, will be competed for.

The awards were as follows:—

DAWSON CUP (for best performance of the day)	C. N. HILL (Rover Car).
Medal for best performance by a car	C. N. HILL.
Medal for best performance by a motor bike of over 350 c.c. capacity	T. GOODMAN (P. & M.).
Medal for best performance by a motor bike of under 350 c.c. capacity	N. RUSHFORTH (Raleigh).

For this term and next an attractive programme has been arranged, details of which will be found on the notice board. The programme includes a treasure hunt for which prizes to the value of a guinea have been promised already.

The Club has been recognised by the Union as a University club and the design of an attractive plaque for fixing to clubmen's mudguards is to be submitted to the Union for approval.

Negotiations are proceeding at present with the Leeds Motor Club which, if they are successful, will result in members of our club being eligible to compete in the Leeds M.C.'s events and probably having the right to use the famous Post Hill and its short circuit, etc. Last year an Inter-Varsity trial was held in Scotland but it did not receive the support it merited. This year it will probably be held again and there is a cup for competition, and Leeds is one of the three Varsityes to which the Scotsmen look for support. Now Leeds! don't let them look in vain. Particulars of the event will be published as soon as received by the Secretary.

If you have a car or motor bike and wish to enjoy the sporting side of motoring to the full—JOIN THE MOTOR CLUB!

This invitation is extended to all members of the Union and Staff.

[Annual Subscription, 5/- Treasurer: T. GOODMAN (Gen. Sec).]

**GYMNASTIC CLUB.**—The activities of the Gymnastic Club this term have caused considerable interest in the athletic side of the University. The Boxing section had their first contest of the year when they met members of the Lister and Black Dyke Clubs in the Drill Hall, Bramley. Exceptionally even matching was effected in all weights and the team gained valuable experience for the coming Christie Championship contests. Three of the eight weights fought were won by Leeds.

Much interest was aroused by the Gymnastic section having two contests in one week. The first was the annual fixture against Leeds Grammar School, which resulted in a win for the University by 209 points against 161.

The Inter-Varsity contest Cambridge v. Leeds took the form of a display of the whole club. The programme opened with a club drill display by a mixed team, followed by the Gymnastic contest which proved to be a decisive victory for Leeds by 131 points against 76. Then followed an exhibition bout by two of the boxers, and the Fencing contest between Cambridge and the Leeds Men's team.

This also was won by Leeds both in foils and sabres by 39 points to 23, and 9 points to 7 respectively.

## THE MISSION.

### The Free Church Meetings.

The Free Church Meetings were held in Trinity Church, usually in a room called the "Church Parlour," where a more informal atmosphere was possible. Not that any casual spirit was prevalent—on the contrary there was a constant sense of earnest expectation.

Rev. Leslie Weatherhead, in the series of evening talks, dealt with the personal relationship of the individual to Christ. Man's search was felt to be less for a creed than for a contact which would give him power over life—the "Transforming Friendship" of Jesus. Subsequent talks dealt strikingly with What the Friendship is, How to attain it, and in the last memorable meeting, with the Cross, the final Manifestation of the Friendship. There was the hush of absorption in the crowded room as Mr. Weatherhead stood by the fire and spoke with quiet intensity, and an occasional gleam of humour or sarcasm which carried his hearers with him, and always brought home his point most forcefully. Perhaps an adjective used by one of the older hearers expresses what one felt about the series—"rich" in thought and expression. One thinks, for instance, of that incidental explanation of the puzzling period between the Resurrection and the Ascension in the light of modern scholarship and psychology, which made so simple and right what baffles many people by its apparent lack of significance. But surely that is the mark of all great thinking—to state original truths so simply that they are perfectly comprehensible and obvious to the hearer.

Rev. Eric Daniell, the assistant missionary, took the mid-day meetings. His original intention was to consider social problems in the light of practical Christianity. He started with a general talk on Christ's practical teaching, which had been lost sight of because of His spiritual teaching, and because people made a false antithesis between the two aspects. He followed this by showing how at the root of the major social problems of to-day is the need for a real personal religion, and the final address definitely drew the series into line with the evening talks, of which the note was purely personal. Mr. Daniell's same outlook presented his religion as essentially viable and practicable. The appeal of the two missionaries was in many ways different, but only the wider and more forcible thereby, for they were complementary to each other.

At two of the evening meetings there were questions and discussions which were interesting but tended to wander farther from the main issue than was advisable in such limited time. Individual people were given opportunities of talking over particular problems with the missionaries each day.

Such an impression has been created that it is felt that something should be done to follow up the mission, and it is possible that meetings or study groups will be arranged for this purpose if students feel that they are desirable.

F.P. and J.M.B.

## The Anglican Meetings.

It is, of course, quite impossible to state definitely what have been the results, if any, of the mission. It is indeed probable that we shall never know them: but one thing at least is certain: Fr. Rees has created a tremendous impression on a large number of students.

Anybody who, after this wonderful week, referred to this place as "pagan"—as has been done—would be simply not speaking the truth. There was a minimum attendance of about a hundred and seventy who stuck through thick and thin: apart from these there were others who fluctuated for various reasons: some finding it difficult to attend both meetings each day; some preferring to hear both sides, and to attend at Trinity Church alternately with Emmanuel. The numbers gradually grew until the top pitch was reached on Thursday at the Lunch hour address, which kept no less than about two hundred and eighty people from hearing the musical recital.

I have mentioned figures, not because they are in themselves important, but because they serve to illustrate the interest aroused.

The addresses were astonishingly compact, and dealt with God, Redemption, the Church, and the Eucharist in a way which was new to many and convincing to most. Fr. Rees, as he stood on a table, his hands stuck into his leathern girdle, seemed often to be inspired as he appealed to us really to believe again: and to believe not in a good man, who died 2,000 years ago, but in a living God, ever present among us, ever striving to win us by His love.

It would be quite impossible to deal adequately with the substance of the addresses, because, in the first place there isn't sufficient space at my disposal, and in the second they were not of the kind that one remembers in that way. Here was no magic of words: no meaningless rhetoric, but a substantial body of Doctrine, so that while I am not able to quote the addresses, I hold a very vivid mind-picture of the things spoken of. To say that this part of the Mission was the triumph of Faith over Feeling would be I think to strike the keynote. Whatever happens, we have something to hang on to: whether we feel the Presence of God or not, He is with us all the time: the whole of His attention is given to us individually; His Power is at work, sustaining and reviving us; and His Son, Very God and Very Man, has paid the supreme Sacrifice for Sin—our sin, and now sits at the right hand of Power, interceding and pleading that Sacrifice for ever. God is interested in us!

But I must not go on with that, or I should never stop.

Besides the addresses in Emmanuel, Fr. Rees addressed gatherings in each of the Hostels, and also met individuals or small groups elsewhere.

At least one result has already emerged: some Oxley Hall students are going to hold a Retreat at the end of term, and it would be difficult to find a better way of beginning to set out on a New Life such as God and the Church call us to.

## Hostel Notes.

HOSTEL OF THE RESURRECTION.—We are all of us hoping that it was but a typographical error which made us appear as a sub-section of the Women Day Students in the last *Gryphon*.

At the time of writing all our activities are overshadowed by the Mission to the University which has just ended. Not unnaturally, our members played a large part in this, and most of us attended all the meetings, at least of the Church of England section. We learnt at least one thing from this that is of value: namely, that we are far from being the only section of the University Community which has religious leanings.

A very happy note of International character was struck on the occasion of our debate with the Indian Study Circle. The motion under discussion was that "Western Civilisation shall embrace the whole world," and the atmosphere was friendly throughout, although the majority (mainly Indian Students) voted against the motion, which was supported by Messrs. Tickner and Meek.

The Hostel Rugby team, weakened though it is by the calls upon some players by other University activities, is enjoying a successful term, and several victories have made the results much more even, in spite of a bad patch which we passed through last term. At the moment of writing, we have won eleven, lost eleven, and drawn one, and hope to win several more before term—and season—ends.

Only one thing remains to be said. If any of the men students wish to help themselves and us to benefit from the lessons learnt during the Mission, we would remind them that our Chapel is always open to them, and that a full list of services can be seen in the Men's rooms. Many have benefited by attendance at our Sung Celebration at 10 a.m. on Sundays, and the services of the resident priests of the Hostel are there for the asking.

WEETWOOD NOTES.—Alice and the Blue Gryphon were alone in the dining room, both late for breakfast as usual. "How far the little lamp shade hides its beams," murmured the B.G.; "and with what coy blushes beneath the ardent terra-cotta gaze of the plant-pots."

"You mean above, not beneath," said Alice accurately.

"Doubtless, but when is a narcissus like a violet?" asked the Gryphon brightly. "When it seeks the shade," promptly replied Alice. "It's very rude of you to be so ready with the answer," said the Gryphon in a hurt tone. "But I could see the way your mind was working," said Alice, "I may have been simple once, but not since I took up Edu.; I know now How We Think."

"I find myself cratching toast rhythmically to a little ditty," remarked the Gryphon; "Listen to this my dear:"

Twinkle, twinkle, little shade,  
How I wonder why you're made  
Pink and creamy, a pretty sight,  
Excluding every ray of light.  
Little shade who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave thee yellowness and red,  
Hung thee high above our head?

Mr. W.—ell, I hardly like to say," finished the B.G. lamely, "but the narcissus yearns towards them, with the desire of the moth for the star. But come! if you've finished brekker we'll go into the Common Room. You will see that it now accommodates five more people, two large and three small, with new and genteel chairs and genuine wood stools that telescopically fit inside one another. They will doubtless add to the comfort of our musical evenings, and touch a grateful chord even in those who do not respond to Schubert lightly warbled *viva voce*."

Observing that the Gryphon was in loquacious mood, Alice chose out the smallest stool and settled down.

"For God's sake let us sit upon the ground—" he began.

"Thank you, but I am quite comfortable" said Alice.

"That is a quotation," said the Gryphon coldly: "It is a prelude to sorrow, for alas! we have lost One whom we had rashly come to regard as an integral part of our excellent society, and now we shall know no more the gentle charm of June. Though the occasion calls for no requiescat in pace, our spirits solemnly go in mourning for so gracious a member of our community who has not indeed gone west, but south, to gather at the academic river. For some minutes they brooded in silence, then the Gryphon rallied and said: "Apparently every action of our blameless lives is obnoxious to being penalised for the Appeal, even such indispensable and normal activities as eating chocolate and indulging in necessary recreation. The ping-pong tournament is being conducted with medieval ardour.... Odd!" mused the Gryphon, "how little one can control those small and ubiquitous (or do I mean ubiquitous?) hairs by hand; it seems so brutal to grasp them firmly, and so one grunts and skids after them like an imberbic monkey behind its wire-netting. The proceeding lacks due collegiate dignity: I shall participate only in private, and with you, my Alice, as partner. Otherwise I shall scratch." And he spread his claws vindictively.

"But I am busy," said Alice, "arranging the Freshers' Social, and it's so soon I really must dash off and see about things."

The Gryphon gazed after her as she fled. "It is a sweet and decorous thing to entertain one's seniors," he said, and tied a knot in his tail so as not to forget so noble a sentiment.

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