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THE GRYPHON

The Journal of the University of Leeds



NEW SERIES
VOL. 12, No. 1

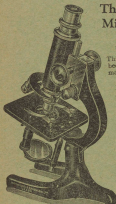


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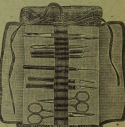
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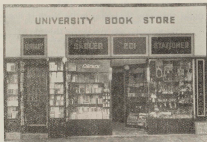
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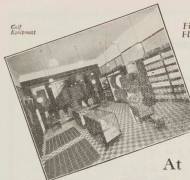
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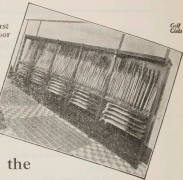
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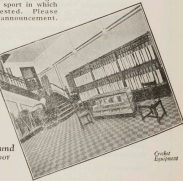
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THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

"The Gryffon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sick 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 censure which we have ever found than to the preciseness which we ought to fear."—LXX.

Editorial.

THIS YEAR OF GRACE.

OUR mind drifts bemused. We sit in the Editorial chair, new to us, in an office repainted and miraculously tidy; a blank sheet lies before us; we are at the beginning of a new era; for this instant we must pause to consider—it is our last chance, for before our greetings are over the rush of 'Varsity life will have seized us again; on the edge of the abyss we let plunge our mind, and are immediately lost. We search for rousing words wherewith to perpetuate this unique moment, and find but vague musings. How short a time since we entered our *Alma Mater*, awed by its atmosphere of bustling learnedness. Everyone seemed master of some scheme of mysterious activity—we alone, helpless and distracted, drifted aimlessly as the crowd impelled us, and made sporadic efforts to look as if we too had grave business on hand, and knew just how to do it. And now a generation has passed, and we return to a place grown dull through familiarity, the bonds of habit driving us to the same haunts, to pursue the same routine which we have established for ourselves by little and little.

Yet here is the 1st of October again, with something keen and hopeful in the air, and a crowd of new faces, young and enquiring faces, and something of our first enthusiasm returns. New blood puts fresh life into old institutions. We find ourselves once more dreaming of what we aspired to in our early ardour, and at moments envy those who still have ahead the chances we never noticed until they were past. From the plenitude of experience we give gratuitous advice on How to Get the Most out of the University. How well we could do it now! We would seek knowledge, not learning, for he who seeks learning will leave after some three or four years with a good degree, but an abysmal ignorance in his soul. We would learn in time that the cult of the lighter side of life is just as binding and as unedifying. We realise that never again shall we have four years of glorious freedom and independence, along with some hundreds of kindred spirits, to spend as we will in our own interests. We would pack them as full as we could, living nearer still to the heart of our University, seizing with both hands all she had to give us.

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But are these melancholy musings all? No, they are the least part. Our University is greater than when we came to her; she is growing still, and we with her. As an outward and visible sign we see fair buildings rise where formerly we were strangely housed in decaying dwellings never meant for such as we. The Brotherton Library is begun—to be unique of its kind. We have the first chair of Industrial Relations to be endowed. While we were on vacation two who were not long ago with us have given to the world novels; one of them keeps our name prominent in the press by his articles and reminiscences. We meet again fellow-students who are full of new ideas. They have travelled abroad, they tell of N.U.S. tours, of the travel week at Dresden; they have attended congresses at Oxford, London, Swanwick, making new friendships with students from the farthest corners of the earth. We cannot talk quickly enough to describe all we have seen and done. Looking back we find that we are not the same rather dull creatures who went down in June. Horizons expand again. Another whole glorious year is ahead. It's good after all to be alive—and to be young is every heaven! (With apologies to William Wordsworth, of happy memory!). *En avant!* This Year of Grace 1930-31 is going to be the finest we've ever known.

Notes and Comments.

"Do's and Don'ts" for Leeds Students.

A year ago, with our usual solicitude, we gave in these columns a summary of the conflicting advice certain to be offered on all hands to the (supposedly) malleable Fresher, under the title "Welcome, Little Stranger!" Forewarned is forearmed. This year we are forestalled, for the evening press has hastened to the call, and weeks ago we saw this article, with the sub-title, full of promise, "How to get the Best Out of Work and Leisure." It comes from an old student, so should have some truth in it. One or two remarks impressed us by their unusual strain; we confess that we have not been advised thus before! "It is usually the shy, inarticulate men in a University who really matter, and are the best and most profitable to know. Gentleness in speech, and deference to the man beside you in the laboratory or lecture-room will help you with the shy man. Let him pass through the door first, or have the only bit of mercuric sulphide left in the "lab." He'll talk then, and you'll have won, and you will be the gainer." The following of this opens up alarming vistas. Gone would be the era of entrance-hall loungers who snatch a passing word from the great of the land, who wear their sweaters à la President of the Union, their ties as that of some athletic notability. The debating room would witness the ghastly horror of two lone orators, frothing at the mouth over some telling peroration which none has come to hear; the thin cheers from a few bleak spectators on the Lawnswood grounds would be thinner and yet more bleak. Whereas "lab" would become a place of Arthurian courtesy, where the "shy and inarticulate" ones live in nightmare fear of the sudden researches into the treasure-house of their minds. Ghosts of the departed fly shrieking from this visionary land. Nevertheless, we appreciate the point. And in especial we hug to our bosoms the comforting doctrine embodied in a later statement. "Most men and women in a University work too hard." We promise we will not again strain our nerves and tissues so unnecessarily!

"The Gryphon."

We have little that is new to say about ourselves as we enter another session. Of course hardly anyone has allowed himself to be disturbed in the peaceful seclusion of the long vacation by producing copy for the voracious *Gryphon*. We don't blame him; we should have preferred a leisured calm ourselves. Of course, Secretaries of Clubs and Societies have not all remembered to send in reports or advertisements. All this is so usual that any spontaneous production which arrives is received with loud acclaim, and poems of joy issue melodiously from the window under the eaves, so that the Town Hall clock-tower, holding itself up disillusioned against the weary heavens, looks a little brisker even on a muggy day of late September. Our appeal has gone forth in the Handbook, and we will not repeat it; all information may be found there. We expect to continue our usual features, and even hope to add more original contributions. One important alteration we must emphasise. We are lowering the annual subscription from 3/- to 2/6, so that a financial advantage, as well as an increase in convenience, is gained by paying for one's *Gryphon* in advance. Surely this will appeal to the hearts of all true Yorkshiremen. Finally, may we ask that subscribers will claim their copies from the table at the bottom of the Great Hall stairs when *The Gryphon* is on sale; failing this, they may be obtained for a few days further from the Union office.

Congratulations.

Although the event is now long past, this is the first opportunity we have had of offering our congratulations to the Women's Athletic Team, who carried off the Shield for the fourth time in five years at the Inter-Varsity Athletic Sports at Sheffield in May. Birmingham was a close rival, and gained 18½ points to Leeds 22. Especially noteworthy was the fact that of the two records broken, one was by Miss McMillan, who cleared 4 ft. 10½ ins. in the High Jump. Well done!

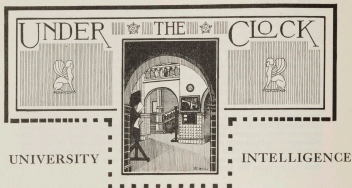
Thank You!

May we offer our thanks, also somewhat belated, to Mr. Henry Walker, who on Rag Day provided a rest room, with coffee, biscuits, and cigarettes, for any weary collector who passed by. We much appreciated this very practical sympathy, and the associations called up by 37, Briggate, are of a softer nature than when it was solely the store where we ordered text-books and stationery.

Our thanks are also due to the proprietors of *The Yorkshire Post*, who specially prepared and gave us the block of the photograph of the laying of the Foundation Stone by Lord Brotherton on June 24th.

"THE GRYPHON."

The closing date for copy for the next issue is Friday, October 17th.



The Brotherton Library.

The new buildings continue to progress; the central feature of the scheme, the great domed Library for which Lord Brotherton has given the money, and which is to bear his name, was inaugurated on the 24th of June, when the donor laid the foundation stone in the presence of a large and distinguished company.

The proceedings commenced with a procession to the Great Hall, where the Chancellor (the Duke of Devonshire) presided. After the reading of a telegram of congratulation from H.M. the King, the Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor, the Librarian, and Lord Brotherton addressed an enthusiastic audience, the student portion of which did not neglect the light relief without which no academic solemnity is complete. The company then proceeded to the site in De Grey Road; Mr. S. Morgan (President of the Union) presented Lord Brotherton with a mallet, and Professor Hamilton Thompson (Chairman of the Library Committee), in a learned and scintillating speech, presented him with a trowel, and the stone was laid.

The Librarian in his speech gave an account of the new building as it will be. "The new library will cater for two or three generations," he said. "So far as one can see we ought to get along comfortably until the year 2,000. The number of books we can house will be something like a million. No University in this country outside Oxford and Cambridge has yet provided such ample accommodation for its central Library.... The main part of the Library is a great circular room 160 feet in diameter.... This circular form has already been consecrated in English history by famous examples, firstly by the beautiful Radcliffe Camera at Oxford, and then by the gigantic dome which Panizzi so daringly and triumphantly flung across the quadrangle of the British Museum, and now, very instructive and interesting to us, by the completely circular building under construction at Manchester for the country's greatest municipal library. The University of Leeds will have a library that need not fear being classed with these illustrious examples, and will assuredly possess worldwide fame."

"In thanking Lord Brotherton," he concluded, "We can make him no better acknowledgment than here and now to assure him that in this building that will perpetuate his memory for all time, the University is going to make every possible effort to get together a splendid and well-selected collection of books."

Lord Brotherton in his speech made in a few simple sentences a most momentous announcement. "I have been in my time," he said, "And still am, a collector of books, and my collection has afforded me great satisfaction. It is my intention that this collection shall be housed in the new library, and be held by the University in perpetual trust for the whole nation.... With this end in view, I am taking the necessary steps to endow the collection, and it will be gratifying to me to know that the University Library will be enriched by its acceptance."

The collection to which Lord Brotherton referred so modestly in these sentences is famous throughout the country: scarcely any class of printed book is unrepresented in it, and it is particularly strong in first editions of English authors. But its great glory is its MS. section, which includes, amongst other documents, some 30,000 letters, mostly the correspondence of eminent men of letters.

The Mining Block is now finished, and is to be opened this month. The new Gymnasium, at the other end of the University site, in the grounds of Beech Grove House, overlooking Cromer Terrace, is progressing, and it is hoped that it will be ready by the end of the year. But it is on the site of De Grey Road that there is the most striking change to record. The walls and roof of the new Physics building are complete; the stump of University Hall, from the top of which a huge crane hovered over it, has gone; so have the houses opposite; and as one looks across from Woodhouse Lane, the Physics and Mining buildings give one for the first time the alignment of the new scheme; and in front of them, in a wilderness of old foundations, exposed gaspipes, and uprooted roadway, a motor shovel fills an endless procession of terraces, excavating the foundations of the Chemistry Department with extraordinary skill and still more extraordinary dexterity.

At the Medical School, the new Pathology block, which makes the fourth side of the quadrangle, is nearly complete; the rest of the extensions there will await the subscription of further funds.

Devonshire Hall.

Devonshire Hall, it will be remembered, has occupied since its foundation in 1924 the buildings of Headingley Wesleyan College; the lease of them has now expired, and they are to revert to their original purpose; and the University has erected the first part of a new building to take their place.

The new Devonshire Hall, in Cumberland Road, between Headingley Lane and the Ridge, is from the designs of Mr. J. C. Proctor (the Architect of the new wing at Oxley, an old student, and the son of our first Professor of Leather Industries) and Mr. F. L. Charlton. It is in a free version of the Tudor style, as modern as that of the Clothworker's Court is Victorian. The completed plan will include a forecourt and two quadrangles, of which only the former has now been built. The rooms are arranged on the staircase seem, and there is accommodation for 140 students, an increase of twenty on the old Hall, in spite of which more applications have been received than could be admitted.

Professor Ritson has been appointed by the Secretary for Mines to the Chairmanship of a sub-committee of the Explosives in Mines Research Committee to formulate and carry out a programme of experiments under working conditions regarding methods of shot firing in coal mines. The experiments will be in continuation of those which have been in progress for two or three years under Professor Ritson's direction.

Staff Changes—Departures.

The following members of the staff left at the end of last term: Professor C. K. INGOLD, who has held the chair of Organic Chemistry since 1924, and has now been appointed to a similar chair in the Imperial College of Science and Technology; Mr. A. E. INGHAM, who has been reader in Analysis since 1925, and is now a Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge; Mr. F. W. BAXTER, who has been Lecturer in English since 1925, and has been appointed to the chair of English Literature at Belfast; Mr. B. N. TEMPERLEY, who has been Research Assistant and Demonstrator in the Geology Department since 1928; Mr. W. B. NICOLL, who has been on the staff of the Agriculture Department since 1925, and has been appointed District Agricultural Organiser for S.W. Lancashire.

Mr. H. C. K. HENDERSON, who has been on the staff of the Geography Department since 1928, and has been appointed to a post in London.

Dr. FREDERICK CHALLENGER has been appointed to the Chair of Organic Chemistry. Dr. Challenger, who is at present Senior Lecturer in Chemistry at the University of Manchester, is a graduate of London (B.Sc.), of Birmingham (D.Sc.), and of Göttingen (Ph.D.). In the course of a distinguished career he has held a Research Scholarship at University College, Nottingham, where he worked with Professor F. S. Kipping on organic derivatives of Silicon and Phosphorus; the 1861 Exhibition Scholarship which enabled him to work at the University of Göttingen with Professor Wallach, the eminent authority on the Chemistry of Essential Oils; and the position of Lecturer and Demonstrator in chemistry on the staff of Professor Percy Frankland, F.R.S., at the University, Birmingham. He left Birmingham for Manchester in 1920. Throughout his career Dr. Challenger has been actively engaged on research work, some of the results of which are incorporated in the long list of publications under his name. Amongst the subjects to which he has given attention may be mentioned the organo-derivatives of bismuth, the organic chemistry of sulphur and the technology of mineral oils, the production of acids such as citric and oxalic by biological processes, and the chemistry of petroleum. A book on the last mentioned subject, written by himself in conjunction with Dr. Tinkler, has now passed into a third impression.

Mr. R. M. GABRIEL, M.A., Cambridge, who has been on the staff of the Department of Mathematics since 1926, was appointed to the Readership in Mathematical Analysis in succession to Mr. Ingham, as from the first October next.

Mr. A. B. BATES, B.Sc., Leeds, N.D.A., and Mr. W. W. BALLARDIE, B.Sc., Dunelm, N.D.D., have been appointed District Lecturers in Agriculture.

Mr. J. GRANGER, B.Sc., Leeds, has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in Horticultural Botany.

Mr. H. I. MOORE, B.Sc., Leeds, N.D.A., has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in Agriculture.

Mr. ROBERT DUNCAN has been appointed instructor in Horticulture.

Mr. G. L. BROWN, M.Sc., M.B., Ch.B., Manchester, has been appointed Lecturer in Physiology.

Mr. G. C. McVITTIE, Ph.D., Cambridge, has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in Mathematics.

Mr. E. C. POLLARD, B.A., Cambridge, has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in Physics.

Mr. G. B. ALEXANDER, B.A., Cambridge, has been appointed Research Assistant and Demonstrator in Geology.

Mr. G. H. GILES, B.Sc., Leeds, has been appointed Research Assistant in Dyeing.

Mr. A. L. ROBERTS, Ph.D., Leeds, has been appointed Research Assistant in Refractory Materials.

Mr. K. G. T. CLARK, B.A., Leeds, has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in Geography.

News of Old Students.

LIMBERT.—The Rev. G. W. Limbert (1919-21, Arts, and College of the Resurrection) has been appointed Rector of the parish of Pemberton and Northcliffe (W. Australia), which contains a colony of Leeds ex-Service men, who emigrated in 1924.

OLSZEWSKA.—Miss E. Olszewska (1923-7, English) has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in English in the University of Reading. *The Gryphon* offers its congratulations to a former Editor.

SMITH.—A. H. Smith (1921-6, English) has been appointed Lecturer in English at University College, London.

GREENWOOD.—The Right Hon. Arthur Greenwood, M.P. (1899-1903, Science, History and Economics) has been made a Freeman of the City.

Scholarships and Fellowships.

The following awards were made in June:—

Sir Swire Smith Fellowship: ELSIE SWANN (English).

University Scholarships:—

MARJORIE HILDA GILL (French).

STANLEY EDWARD HODGSON (History).

ANNIE HOSKER (Zoology).

STANLEY NICHOLL HUDSON (Geology).—renewal.

RONALD PEACOCK (Modern Languages).—renewal.

ELSIE RAMSDEN (Chemistry).—renewal.

JAMES REEMAN (Mathematics).

JOHN ERNEST TAYLOR (Physics).

ALFRED ERNEST TEALE (Philosophy).—renewal.

CHRISTOPHER LUMLEY WILSON (Chemistry).

RICHARD MIDDLEWOOD WILSON (English).

VERNON WILSON (Geology).

Richard Reynolds Scholarship: ERIC SPIVEY.

Gilchrist Studentship in Modern Languages: FREDERICK PICKERING.

Mr. Pickering has been recommended to the Gilchrist Trustees for the award of a Studentship in Modern Languages.

John Rolton Scholarship: DOROTHY KNOWLES (Modern Languages).—renewal.

Clothworkers' Research Scholarship in Colour Chemistry:

REGINALD LANCELOT MOUNTFORD ALLEN.

Clothworkers' Research Scholarships in Textiles:

ARTHUR LESLIE ALLEN.—renewal.

HELENA CLEGG.

MERCIA CATHERINE HIRST.

PAUL LINK.

EMILY STOTT.—renewal.

Alfred Lund Scholarship:

JOHN DAVID PASK (Colour Chemistry).—renewal.

Woolmen Scholarship: FREDERIC LESLIE SWIRE.—renewal.*Clothworkers' Scholarships:* CHARLES WALTER BUCKLEY.
ARTHUR JOHNSON.*Medical Scholarship:* EDWIN HOWARD KITCHING.

The Ripon English Literature Prize has been awarded to ELSIE SWANN for her Essay on "The Lyrics of John Donne."

The Gladstone Memorial Prize has been awarded to EFFIE MARY COLBECK for her Essay on "The Governor-Generalship of Lord Bellingham in New York."

David Forsyth Prize: CECIL ROBINSON.*Leblanc Medal:* GEOFFREY MILNER (Gas Engineering).*Dorothy Wharton Prize:* FLORENCE AMY GOTHARD.*Percival Leigh Medal:* GERALD LESLIE BOOTH FILLINGHAM.*William Summers Scholarship:* ERIC WOOD.*Craven Scholarships:* THOMAS HEDLEY BLAKELEY.
GWYNN EWART MOORE.
ALAN WHITE.*Baines Scholarships:* HAROLD PAYER.
KATE ANNIE GRACEY.*Emsley Scholarships:* LEONARD FOX.
KEITH CATERTON RICHMOND.*Wheatley Scholarships:* MARY TERESA DONNELLY.
THOMAS WALTER FREEMAN.
JACK WHITWHAM.*Akroyd Scholarships:* MORRIS SOLOMON ZUCK.
MITCHELL JACKSON.
HAROLD PAYER.
NEVILLE BINGHAM DYSON.
KENNETH GEORGE DENNIGH.
ALAN WILFRED FOSTER.
WILLIAM HENRY BACKHOUSE.
CECIL OWEN INNES JONES.
ALFRED CHARLES BUREAU.
CHARLES ALAN JUDSON.

Brown Scholarships: JOHN BRIDGEFORD MAXWELL COPPOCK.
CLAUD HAMILL.
FRANK ROBERTS.
DENNIS CLAREBOROUGH PICKERING.
LEONARD LOOSE.
LAURENCE FARRINGTON.

VALE.

Professor Ingold.

PROFESSOR C. K. INGOLD, Head of the Department of Organic Chemistry since 1923, has left us to occupy the Chair of Organic Chemistry at University College, London, and it is fitting that the sense of obligation and gratitude which must be felt by all those students who have been associated with him should find some expression in these pages.

A rare gift of tact and sympathy, combined with an unflinching lucidity of scientific exposition, have ever been at the disposal of his students, whose individual attainments he has always treated as a personal matter, making effort a pleasure, failure an incentive, and success doubly satisfying.

This is not the place wherein to refer to his scientific achievements—let it suffice that they have caused the influence of the School which he has built up at this University to be felt wherever research work in Organic Chemistry is carried on.

To wish him success in his new sphere is superfluous, but it is our united and earnest hope that he will find happiness and satisfaction in continuing there the work which has been our inspiration in these laboratories.

L.H.

Mr. F. W. Baxter.

AFTER being with us since October, 1926, Mr. Baxter has gone to the Chair of English Literature at Queen's College, Belfast. Born in New Zealand, he graduated at Auckland University College before coming to England, where he became an M.A. of Worcester College, Oxford. During the War he served with the New Zealand forces in France. After leaving Oxford he joined the staff of King's College, London, and from 1924 to 1926 was Assistant Professor of English Language and Literature at the McGill University, Montreal. There he was a colleague of Stephen Leacock, known in England chiefly for his fantastic humour, but who is in everyday life Professor of Economics! The third year English Language Class were told one day in tones of reproach that this sparkling wit, when introduced to Jespersen's "Growth and Structure of the English Language" found it the most thrilling book he had read for years. After which, what miserable undergraduate dare consider the development of modern English syntax as a topic not pulsing with *joie de vivre*?

Mr. Baxter has a versatile mind, and seemed almost equally at home in Language or Literature. He entered the English School on the Language side, but for the past year has been teaching Literature almost entirely. The gift of comic phase was evident in all his lectures, and "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight" was frequently invested with meaning which would have surprised exceedingly the original narrators of that romantic tale. Mr. Baxter's genial spirit will be missed in Leeds. We wish him a very happy and successful career at Belfast.

F.G.P.

Mr. A. E. Ingham.

AFTER being with us for four years, Mr. A. E. Ingham left at the end of last session. He came to Leeds as reader in Mathematical Analysis in October, 1926, at a time when that branch of Mathematics formed but a small part of the Maths. course, and by his efforts this subject, somewhat perplexing and incomprehensible to the beginner, has come more into its own. For the last two or three years Mr. Ingham has served on the Council of the London Mathematical Society. At the beginning of this year he was elected a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and appointed a Tutor and Director of Studies; he has consequently returned to the fold to take up the duties connected with his new post.

BIRTHS.

- BIRCH.—To Prof. T. A. Birch (1914-17, English) and Mrs. Birch, 248a, Notre Dame, Lachine, Montreal, the 1st July, a daughter.
- CARRUTHERS.—To Dr. J. N. Carruthers (1914-15, 1918-20, Geology) and Mrs. Carruthers (née Fench), at 31, Royal Avenue, Lowestoft, on the 13th September, a daughter, Mary Jean.
- CURRIE.—To Donald I. Currie (1914-15, 1919-21, Medic.) and Mrs. Currie, at "Appleton," Colwyn Bay, a son.
- FRESHWATER.—To S. B. Freshwater (Col. Chem.) and H. M. Freshwater (formerly Miss H. M. Noxon), on July 9th, 1930, a daughter. Address: 292, Footscray Road, Eltham, London, S.E. 9.
- PARKIN.—To T. R. V. Parkin (Col. Chem., 1918-22) and Evelyn Parkin (née Alcock, English and Education, 1919-23), a daughter, June 18th, 1930. Address: 3, Bedford Road, West Green, London, N. 15.

MARRIAGES.

- ANDERSON-BEAUMONT.—H. H. Anderson (1924-27, Engineering) to Patricia Clare Beaumont (1923-27, English), at the Sacred Heart Church, Leeds, on the 4th September. At Home: "Garthdale," Lynnmouth Avenue, Flixton, near Manchester.
- BROADBENT-GLADWIN.—R. Broadbent (1921-25, Engineering) to Miss Marion Gladwin, at St. Chad's Church.
- BROUGHTON-HIRST.—Horace J. Broughton (1919-23, Arts) to Lucy Kathleen Hirst (1918-22, Arts), on May 31st, 1930. Present address: Umtali, Southern Rhodesia.
- DAWSON-SMITH.—Dr. Edward R. Dawson (1921-6, Chemistry) to Miss Hilda Smith, on the 16th July.
- EXLEY-SHIRRA.—Clifford A. Exley (1920-22, Education) to Miss Margaret B. F. Shirra, on the 6th August.
- GOLDSBROUGH-OLVER.—R. W. Goldsbrough (1924-5) to Edith Vyvyan Oliver (1920-25, Medicine), at Headingley Wesleyan Chapel, on the 30th July.
- GORDON-PICKLES.—Professor E. V. Gordon to Ida Lilian Pickles (1925-30, English), at the Parish Church, Liversedge, on the 30th July.
- HALLORAN-SMITH.—J. H. Halloran (1921-4, Mods.) to Miss S. F. Smith, at Cloughton, Yorks., on the 12th August. At home: 12, Summerfield, Sheffield.
- GUENIN-MERCER.—Hedley Roy Guenin (1924-7, Engineering) to Iris Mercer (1923-7, Arts), at Prukit Mertajam, Straits Settlements, on the 22nd May.
- HELLIER-GENTLES.—Mr. C. S. Hellier to Helen E. C. Gentles (1922-6, Hist. and Ed.), at Trinity Presbyterian Church, on the 29th August. Address: 82, Hambledon Road, Linthorpe, Middlesbrough.

JOHNSON-ROSE.—L. R. Johnson (1922-6, Zoo. and Agric., 1926, Staff) to Miss Gladys Rose, at Bishopthorpe, on the 17th August.

KEY-FISHER.—Dr. Arthur Key (1923-8, Chemistry, Fuel) to Miss F. M. Fisher, at Upper Independent Chapel, Heckmondwike, on the 27th May, 1930.

LITTLE-THOSEBY.—Ronald B. Little (1924-8, Agric.) to Margaret B. Thoseby (1923-8, Educ.), at Holyhead, on the 3rd September.

MATHERS-ROBERTS.—Arthur L. Matthews (Hist. and Educ., 1919-23) to Miss Florence M. Roberts, on the 7th August.

MILNE-MORGAN.—Geoffrey Milne (1916 and 1919-21, Chemistry, 1923-8, Agriculture Staff) to Marian Kathleen Morgan (1923-9, Geography Staff), at the U.M.C.A. Church, at Tongwe, Tanganyika Territory, on the 14th May. Address: Amani (via Tanga), Tanganyika Territory.

OLVER-COULTER.—R. H. Olver (1922-1927, Medicine) to Miss Jean Todd Coulter, at the Wesleyan Church, Normanton, on the 10th September.

PILKINGTON-DARNBROOK.—Reginald Pilkington (1922-5, Law) to Miss M. Darnbrook, on the 11th June.

SCOTT-PRATT.—Mr. G. C. Scott, B.A. (Lond.) to Marjorie Pratt (1921-5, Science and Education), at Woodhouse Moor Wesleyan Church, on the 26th July.

SHEARD-CRABTREE.—Hubert Sheard (1919-25, Medical) to Miss I. Crabtree, on the 4th September.

SUTCLIFFE-HEY-HEY.—Mr. W. L. Sutcliffe-Hey to Margaret E. M. Hey (Dental), on the 7th August.

TOWERS-MAUDE.—Albert Towers (1922-7, Science and Education) to Miss Gladys Maude, on the 12th August.

DEATHS.

WEATHERHEAD.—The 21st July, at Khotabharu, Kalantan, Malaya, Harold S. Weatherhead (Engineering, 1922-4).

GRASSHAM.—The 23rd May, at Nkana Mine, N. Rhodesia, William Leslie Grassham (1921-5, Mining).

BRISCOE.—The 10th July, at his residence at Morecambe, James Arthur Briscoe. Mr. Briscoe was maintenance Engineer at the University of Leeds for a great number of years. He retired from the service of the University about four years ago.

OLD COPIES OF "THE GRYPHON" NEEDED.

As we announced in May, the Director of the New York Public Library is anxious to complete his collection of *Gryphon* copies, for filing purposes. Four of these have been received, for which our thanks are due. The following are still needed, and we should be very grateful if any old Student could send any of them along:—

NEW SERIES.—Volumes 1 and 2.

Vol. 4. No. 1.

Vol. 5. Nos. 1, 2.

Vol. 8. No. 1.

OLD SERIES.—Vol. 13. Nos. 2, 3, 4, 6.

Vol. 14. Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5.

Vol. 15. No. 2.

Vol. 16. Nos. 4, 5.

Vol. 18. Nos. 4, 5.

Vol. 20. No. 5.

Vol. 21. No. 6.

Vol. 22. Nos. 5, 6.

Who's Who.

S. G. SMITH, B.Sc. (President of the Union, 1930-31). First XI Soccer, 1923-27, Devonshire Hall House Committee 1927 and 1930, General Athletics Secretary, 1929-30.

J. JOHNSON, B.A. (General Athletics Secretary, 1930-31). Soccer Colours, 1927-28-29-30; Captain of Soccer, 1929-30; Captain elect, 1930-31; First XI Cricket, 1928-29-30; Colours, 1930; Corporal O.T.C.; Rag Committee and General Athletics Committee, 1929-30.

MISS R. M. HEAFFORD, B.Sc. (President, Women's Representative Council, 1930-31). Secretary of Westwood Hall, 1929-30; W.R.C. and Union Committee, 1929-30; Netball Team, 1927-28-29-30; Secretary Netball Club, 1929-30; Women's Athletic Team, 1927-28-29; Women's Tennis Team, 1927-28-29; Women's Swimming Team, 1927-28.

C. A. SUTCLIFFE (President, Men's Representative Council, 1930-31). M.R.C. and Union Committee, 1928-29-30; Business Manager of *The Gryphon*, 1928-29; Sub-Editor, 1929-30; Chairman Rag Committee, 1929-30; Sales Committee, 1928-29-30; Refectory Committee, 1929-30; Fives Team, 1927-28-29; Hon. Secretary Fives Club, 1928-29.

MISS R. HOOTEN, B.Sc. (President, Medical Women's Representative Council, 1930-31); Medical Society; Evangelical Union; Member of Medical School Branch of the Research Defence Society.

J. S. GOURLAY (President, Students' Representative Council, 1930-31). S.R.C. 1928-29-30—Assistant Secretary, 1929-30; Hon. Secretary Golf Society, 1928-29; *Gryphon* Staff, 1928-29.

J. G. RICHARDSON (President, Dental Students' Representative Council, 1930-31). Dental Students' Society Committee, 1928-29-30; Assistant Secretary, 1928-29; Hon. Secretary D.R.C., 1929-30; Publicity Manager *p.p.* Rag Committee, 1929-30.

[We regret that we are unable to include the Hon. Secretary of the Union in this list. Mr. C. A. Sutcliffe, the Secretary elect, has unfortunately had to resign and his successor has not yet been elected.—Ed.]



Lansdowne C. A. SUTCLIFFE. *Leeds*



Pimlico J. JOHNSON, B.A. *Leeds*



Tisbury Miss R. M. HEARNSON. *Leeds*



S. G. SMITH, B.Sc.



J. S. GOURLAY

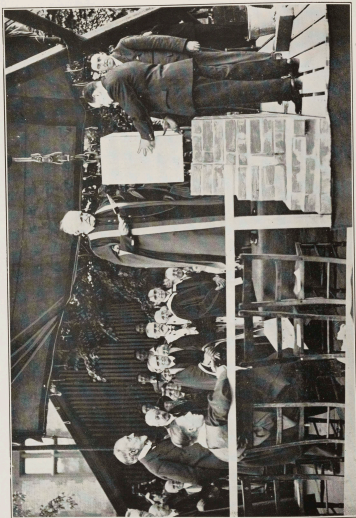


Leigham J. G. RICHARDSON. *Leeds*



Miss R. HODGES, B.Sc.

Laying Foundation Stone of the New Library.



By kind permission of "The Yorkshire Post."

The Laying of the Foundation Stone of the New Library. June 24th, 1930.

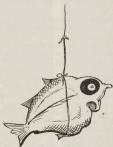
A MOMENTOUS day dawned in the history of the University when her sons and daughters assembled to witness the Laying of the Foundation Stone of the New Library. This is particularly true if we believe, as many do, that a seat of learning should be measured by its books, and that the place that houses them should be the noblest house of all. Truly, beauty and learning will flourish side by side when the dream of our architect materializes, and it is through the magnificent generosity of Lord Brotherton that we can see this embarked on in our own time as students. It was as much in gratitude to him as in honour of a great occasion that Leeds students met together.

Some time before three o'clock, people were making their way to the Great Hall for the preliminary ceremony. In their progress up the stairs they passed almost unheeding a little group consisting of a meek and gentle donkey, and several burly members of the 'Varsity teams clad in ethereal garments. Many of these drooped negligently under rhubarb leaves as it, like Gilbert's aesthete, possessed of a passion for "a bashful young potato, or a not too French French bean." Not a word they spoke, but they could afford to be silent now, who later on were to enter "trailing clouds of glory."

Meanwhile, the audience gathered in the Great Hall, the brighter sparks of the University in the gallery, the more respected and respectable members of the town in the body of the Hall, all waiting for the arrival of the great ones who were to be present. Precisely at one minute to three came the rustle that heralds such a procession of pomp and circumstance. Everyone half rose. Suddenly, the shock of awe subsided into a shock of mirth. There was the colourful assembly—the mace, the train, and the coronet—but oh, how translated! Sometimes the spirit of ragging produces trivialities, at times it becomes a frenzy ruining the soul, but there are moments when it achieves a stroke of genius. This mock procession was superb, with its furbelows and sticks of rhubarb—and with what simplicity did those bringing up the rear in gym tunics give an effective likeness of the Junior Staff. Perhaps it was produced by the air of mild benignity with which they glanced from side to side. In silence they paced through the Hall and out at the other end.



The Donkeys aroused great interest—Queen condescended to mount.



NAB. 1930.

KING AND QUEEN ENCOURAGE EMPIRE PRODUCTS.

1. Queen graciously accepted some Leeds rhubarb.
2. The dairy class was very popular.
3. While a display of birds in the Great Hall was greatly appreciated.
4. Our Fisheries also produced an exhibit.

These were followed by the true celebrities, among whom were numbered our Chancellor the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Brotherton and the Lord Mayor of Leeds. We were honoured by a message from His Majesty the King. Then speeches were made by the Duke of Devonshire, the Vice-Chancellor, and Mr. Offer, the Librarian, while that made by Lord Brotherton was celebrated by a flight of doves from the gallery. Occasional frivolous suggestions there were, in particular one that descended from the roof on a string, but all these were but merry quips to offset the solemnity of a great occasion. Then the mighty ones left the Hall to go by a tortuous route to the scene of the actual stone-laying. A few ribald spirits then began to let down from the gallery lines baited with kippers, presumably to catch belated members of staff.

In the No Man's land between Woodhouse Lane and De Grey Road a space had been cleared and there stood the platform with an enormous stone suspended in mid-air. On the outskirts of the throng frolicked bedizened figures and quaint beasts reminiscent of an old English May Day festival. Professor Hamilton Thomp-son was fittingly chosen as spokesman for this great occasion. When his voice sounded, Tishy, the cross-legged cow and the other Ragers subsided in the presence of our greatest of jesters—though he had taken on a graver habit for the nonce—as though they had perforce to cry with Corin to Touchstone "Thou hast too courtly a wit for me. I'll rest."

H.

Verse.

Minuet.

(Translated from the French of
Fernand Gregh).

The wistfulness of minuets
Hestirs mute longings and regrets,
And with tears
I hear that voice steal faint and low
From far away, from long ago
Dim with tears.
Ye fragile airs of harpsichords
Thine notes that flee in phantom hordes
And then fade,
You are an ape-dimmed cameo
That wakes and smiles an instant—so!
But to fade.
O troubled songs of secret tears
Old truths and half-forgotten fears,
Tremours erect,
Sobbing hidden as the lost
Farewell is murmured, buried fast
With pride as sweet,
Ah! how you break men's hearts in twain
With mocking debonaire refrain.
Yet so sad!
Ghosts of minuets half-heard,
Light sobbing, a low laughing word,
Caresses sad,

B. de L. H.

On the Malvern Hills.

For E.D.C.

Let us be thankful for this range
Of old hills, for this ancient clay,
Battered by seasonal lapses and change
Of many an interstellar day.
Here crags were sharp against the sky,
The glacier cut the precipice,
And this round hill on which we lie
The matrix was of fire and ice.
Here our dark ancestors dug the sod
And cowered and fought above the plain;
And here the exiled Roman trod
And turf was wet with more than rain.
This we inherit. This is our own;
The more because we love, and know
How wounds may bite into the bone
And still the slender grass will grow
Over the terror, over the pain,
The cosmic scars, the human thrust;
And beauty be moulded by Autumn rain
And Winter frost and Summer dust.

HILDA BREARLEY.

"....That—there were no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal!"

The same road, but a mist behind, round a field
That folds a bloom of cloistered daisies—pure,
Though sprung in a distant year: new years yield
Daisies new that grow, but immature
Are these and timeless, to all seeming
Tranced in a dream my ravished childhood is still dreaming.

Oh, was it not enough to go my ways
With faith, enough to have a rearward view,
As through a glass, of my receding days;
With a strong heart to take a long adieu
Of boyhood's spellbound isolated isle,
Content if I could turn and gaze with every mile.

Content if not to commune with the flowers,
At least to know them there inviolate;
Aware, though hours were sped there, that all hours
Were there reborn, and time still kept its state,
And though not *hearing* sound of song or cry,
To see the morning lark sing to the placid sky.

I was defiled, but looking back on innocence,
Could purge defilement; and past purity
Beamed both behind and fore—cried for defence
To me, as my own radiant child might cry,
Not loath to attend upon a man defiled;
And I was glad and strong, for 'twas my child, my child.

Then who has bid my own fair offspring go!
Never did I: —my soul cries: "None but you;
She was your morning star that rising slow
From out the night, moved up to meet the hue
Of day: shunned it as soon, no further clomb,
But turned, appalled, and soft retired home."

Naught's left me then but the day; no star of morn's
Soothing with infant calm the day's hard brow;
No magic of horizons, and no dawns
Big-voiced with surprise; nor any hope now,
If evening comes, of shepherd's cry across
Far vales and farther hills—Oh, no loved Hesperus!

Only the day, and the road, and a journeying far
From a field that hides a timeless bloom of flowers,
Forever young and fair: —my flowers they are!
Watch over them Eternity: those hours
At least keep pure in which parenness partook;
Since gone is the sower, his field forever forsook.

R. REEVE.

To Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Malvern, 1930.

You were loved splendidly. You loved with all your might,
Suffered, had friends, and saw child-bearing through,
Spilled ink against tyranny and for your own delight.
You lived as every woman ought to do.

HILDA BREAKLEY.

The Rock Pool.

(For G.T.).

Chasms of green amber, miniature abysses,
Each poet a mimic ocean, Neptune's eye,
Caverns obscured by dark blue hair of Nymphs,
Floors paved with agate, jacinth, pearl and jade.

There bloom those animals like flowers, rayed mouths
Of carmine, starred flesh of anemones;
There walk the shells which the thief crabs have stolen,
Whorled pulces that creep along the sand.

And still the blue sea calls with flashing voices
To these lost fragments of his liquid empire,
Announcing from afar off his return,
Reentering in triumph of his lone waters.

When wave by wave, urge of the stealing flood,
He occupies again his progeny,
And covers up his brood of infant seas
In one universal and irresistible crystal.

Still underneath that weight of dreadful waters,
One with the oceans of the Line and Horn,
The weeds will wave in the stream, the crab-thieves crawl,
The anemones stretch out their red mouths for prey....

C.R.

Coming and Going.

Weeping I came, a child to a strange home:
"Mother," I cried, "Oh do not leave me here
With strangers!" "Foolish child! they have been dear,
And dear are they to me, now as I leave."
Leaving she wept, And oh that I should grieve to come,
And, going, she should grieve!

Strangers they welcomed me. Tears could not flow
But that they dried them. Sleep in a strange bed
Bore dreams so dear that sleep was cherished,
Dear was the earth to me at twenty-five;
Parting was pain. And soon I thought: oh, if to go
Were easy as to arrive!

For being a man I am a babe away,
Helpless to come, more helpless to depart:
Confound even by the "Here thou art!"
Much less able to conceive "What followeth?"
What could I, came Death now, but go a baby's way,
Cling to the skirts of Death.

R. REEVE.

The Hills of Night.

I sought the wind upon the hills of night,
Where music is, and beauty and the light
Of understanding.
Strangely the wild star-music came
High on the wide wings of the mystic night,
Stiffening the hills with wonder. Now
In the cold dark a voice cried out to the wind,
Told of all wisdom, told of all the might
That is undreamed of.

Swiftly a white hand, like the elusive mist,
Caught mine and held it cold, and the darkness spoke:—
"Vast is the wind and mighty, here on the hills
Where all the chill of the earth and the dark are now,
Living and never-ending is the wind
And proud withal—"

I strode through the heather, far from the hills of night,
Afraid of the music and beauty, afraid of the night
Of understanding.

ENID M. JONES.

The Value of Place Names.

IN the scientific pursuit of the art of making bricks without straw, of which these remarks are intended to furnish a demonstration, the present writer has often found cause to regret the rationalistic tendency of the modern study of place-names, by none so sternly and successfully pursued as by members of our own University. There are, it is true, learned amateurs who, conducting their researches in the interests of a pet theory, scorn scientific methods and deal freely in romance. An able prelate, who combined high administrative qualities with devotion to the history of the Anglo-Saxon Church, was so carried away by enthusiasm for the missionary zeal of James the Deacon that he discovered his name imbedded in forms which more temperate investigators derive from other sources, and interpreted Hauxwell and Akebar as Jacob's Well and Jacob's Borough. It is difficult to blame the local authorities who, with some authority on their side, changed the Cambridgeshire village of Foulmire into Fowlmere, or the euphemistic spirit in which a Northamptonshire landlord strove to restore to Bugbrooke its Domesday name of Buchebroc, unmindful of the fact that, in the adjoining county of Huntingdon, the aborigines narrowly persist in the opposite practice of pronouncing and even spelling Buckden as Bugden. But, when the light of cold reason is shed upon names whose corruption is a source of pleasure and a spur to imagination, when Giggleswick is deprived of its association with light and frivolous laughter, and when the bewildering picture evoked by Wigtwizzle vanishes, we have some reason to complain.

When the indiscreet Archibald Moffam (pronounced Moom) commented incredulously upon the name of Snake Bite, Mich., the native place of Spectatia Huskinson—who, it will be remembered, introduced the lyric "It's a long way back to Mother's knee" to the American public—he reflected that his own country possessed a village called Nether Wallop, and added "So who am I that I should cast the first stone?" It is unlikely that he knew that the rectorial titles of Nether Wallop were not unfittingly appropriated to the maintenance of the choir-school of York Minster; but this piece of knowledge, which did not escape the attention of a recent commission and found its way into the first draft of their report, would unquestionably have appealed to him. What impressionable mind would willingly pursue such a name beyond its superficial connotation, or use the operator's knife upon Shellow Bowells?

Some names there are that suggest in their modern forms an atmosphere of rural romance, Lugwardine, Wrockwardine, Shepherdine, or even Bedwardine with its hint of a substantial supper at a late hour. The Cotswold district is rich in snug names such as Condicote and Darlingscott, the second of which is eloquent of amorous swains and rustic beauty. We would not surrender for the sake of a correct explanation our early impressions of the Mohammedan dignitary who displays himself in Turkdean, or the swaggering immigrant from the northwest who appears in Somerset as Chesterblade. Tintern Parva and Minterne Magna, Fontmel, Mottisfont and Fovant, Bowerchalke and Tollard Royal are words which we can roll round our tongues without asking too inquisitively whence they came. Sixpenny Handley and Purse Caundle refer obviously to mysterious financial transactions, probably of an illicit and hazardous nature. The county of Dorset abounds in names of the greatest variety, from the slatternly Tolpuddle to the dignified Whitchurch Canonicorum and the chivalrous Worth Matravers. Toller Porcorum veils its disadvantages in a Latin garb, but there is no intentional concealment in Ryme Intrinseca, whose melodies it would be heartless to turn into prose. Why dilate upon the intrinsic jurisdiction of the Abbey of Sherborne, when we feel that through the windings of the echoing lanes

of Ryme, between deep banks blue with borage and viper's bugloss and lit by the lamps of glow-worms, Red Riding-Hood walked to her grandmother's cottage, and the innocent babes toddled woodwards in the convoy of the wicked uncle?

In our own part of England names are perhaps less picturesque, and Seammenden, Ripponden and Slaithwaite have something of the hardness of the local millstone grit. Thimbleby, Throxenby and Thixendale are not lovely names, but they contain a suggestion of remoteness and simple rusticity. Follifoot speaks of light-hearted tripping to elfin music, played by the imp whose name takes the portmanteau form of Raskelf. To some minds Killinghall conveys an heroic scene from an early epic, while to others it may imply nothing more than an abattoir. Names crowd to our memory which we have no space to mention. We would merely remark that if here and there a return from a modern to an ancient form would be an advantage, and Byland, for example, would gain something as *Bella Landa*, "the fair laund," nothing at all can be done for *Blubberhouses*.

Far be it from us to decry the assiduity of the place-name student, for whose methods and conclusions we willingly profess a growelling respect. But we ask indulgence for our fancy, which finds such rich material in erroneous speculation upon the corrupt and dubious. Nevertheless, we ourselves have no patience for the people, few but not infrequent, who do not recognise place-names when they see them. Some years ago a firm of publishers issued a handbook, one of an excellent series, on seals—*sigilla*, not *phocae*. The writer, while recognising this elementary distinction, was less fortunate in the scanty bibliography which he provided; for among the four or five outstanding works which he recommended was one entitled "Notes on the history of Seals," for which he referred his readers to *The Wiltshire Archaeological and Natural History Magazine*. Some earnest enquirer, in search of further information, turned up the reference and found, not, as he hoped, a solid contribution to sigillography, not even a discussion of the habits and haunts of the flap-footed amphibian, but a conscientious history of the manor of Seals in the County of Wilts. We are reminded of the opposite fault of a hasty temperament which, observing the legend "*Drucksache*," on the envelope of a circular, proclaimed it as the name of a German spa of which everyone was talking. So, in any case, it is well to be careful, and, with such examples in view, we may admit that our own method of dealing with place-names has its dangers, and that there is a great deal to be said for the plodding methods of the serious philologist.

A.H.T.

There is a Lantern.

There is a lantern hangs at the grove,
And stars in her hair;
So you may find the fair, strange one
Lingering there.
There is white hawthorn, bowsers her boat,
And white is the sail;
So you may find the fair, strange one
Lingering pale.

But they that go seeking the fair one,
O let them beware
Of the glimmering lantern's light,
And the stars in her hair.

ERIC M. JONES.

Timor Mordax.

The dawn was breaking, when I turned to go,
After my night-long vigil on the hill,
I shivered as I stood, for now I knew
Though Fear lay dead, yet Fear was with me still.

All night the wildfire played on Danden Rigg,
No breath of wind stirred on the lonesome fell;
The new-dug grave loomed greyly in the dawn,
And round it danced the chattering fiends of Hell.

I was afraid, and so I killed the man
That brought dishonour on my house and name,
I was afraid—yet still am I afraid,
For I alone am cause of this my shame.

E.G.W.



IT is an unusual honour, as well as a pleasure, to have two books for review by old Leeds students. "Little Brother Goes Soldiering" by R. H. Kiernan, and "Full Moon," by Jay Marston both carry us back to Leeds more than a decade ago.

Reginald Kiernan was among the ex-service men who came up in the Easter Term of 1919. He had been educated at the Catholic College, Leeds, where we believe he is teaching now. He read History, and took a second class Honours degree in 1921. His reminiscences of the post-war University, and of his contemporaries, such as Louis Robinson, have appeared at several times in the Yorkshire Evening News, as also advice to us who remain, referred to in "Notes and Comments."

"Jay Marston" is the nom-de-plume of Hilda Marsden, who was in the English School from 1914 to 1917, having come up from Morley Grammar School. She took a first-class degree, and was offered a research scholarship, which she refused, and later went out to teach in South Africa. Her story is the result of her life there. She is now married, and is Mrs. Spencer. She is still in South Africa.

We are proud to consider ourselves fellow-students of these two, if separated by several years, and look forward to the pleasure of having more work of theirs to review.

Little Brother Goes Soldiering.

WE are now used to being plunged "flat on our belly in the pit's much mire,"—the miry realism that writers have been gloating over since their emancipation from the Victorian proprieties. The gloating is natural. It is those most sensitive to earth's abominations who are shocked into speaking loud of them—into "realism"; while the blunt of sense can hold their peace unpricked by thorns in the side. Mr. Kiernan is a sensitive and a "realist." "Little Brother Goes Soldiering" is the diary of a boy who goes into the war under age and is thrust into the mire before he is even aware that there is one. He adds himself to the company of those clear minds that call a spade a spade and muck, muck, and flash their vision of it into words before the rest have perceived that it truly is muck and not a bed of roses. The starfish grips your finger if you prod it; our poor little starfish minds are being prodded by the filthy finger of realism and hanging on as to a very rock of salvation.

"Little Brother," however, is happily one of the less clinging starfish. He loosens grip all the way through his book—he is growing up; till at last he fights the tyrant pruddings and says his wish: "I want to get back from all this, back out of it—and sit and think, and look at clean things, and hear my people's voices again." Most of the book then is just description of the troops' aimless warring, wandering about France looking for Jerries and dumping their guns to pot at them.

Until the war has forced age on him, the boy describes not feelings, but rather what causes the feelings: it is the true way; he leaves you to do the feeling yourself. He doesn't froth at you like a bottle of beer, all about himself and his views, as was well said of a girl.

His language, therefore, is straight and quiet; the boy was too young and too simple to give the short vicious periods of Renn or the fluent venom of Helen Smith. There is a kind of aghastness that fills even his simplest words. But the youth and the simplicity dribble thin towards the end. It is as if at first he were on the threshold of a torture-chamber turning round to tell us what it was like inside; at the end he is himself drawn into the torture—Fear is his meat day and night. He is worn old enough to talk so: "Every man seems to be living in a small life of his own, and I know that Death is talking to them all."

"My tables—meet it is, I set it down," says the diarist. It is very meet this time. That which his tables hold is humbling. It is rather stupid to review a war book; an unfitness like that of the Fabians who lifted gnat-voices after that paper of Shaw's which fell on them as an oratorio, sending the wise dumb.

The introduction by Stephen Gwynn, contends, as do most of the introductions to war-books, that this is the best of its sort that ever was; it is "the most vivid and the most truthful" which he has read. Without going so far, we can say that it deals directly with its subject, with no attempt to simplify or to horrify, and therefore achieves its purpose better than many a longer and more self-conscious effort.

M.L.

By R. H. KIRKMAN.

Introduction by STEPHEN GWYNN.

Constable & Co. 6/-.

A Readable First Novel—"Full Moon."

A MONTH rarely passes without each of the leading magazines containing at least one story of love and hate and mystery in the African outposts of Empire. So popular, indeed, is the swamp and the jungle with the majority of readers, that the constituents of the African tale have become almost standardised, until the faint distant beating of tom-toms may be said to provide the undercurrent to every list of new books.

The white man who succumbs to the lure of the occult; the fearless white girl who joins him for better or worse; the more or less stereotyped group of pioneers of Empire who drift in and out of the story; witch doctors and an atmospheric smattering of native terms, these are the features we have come to expect from the African novel, and the expectant reader will not be disappointed when he turns to Miss Marston's book—they are all there.

The author knows the country of which she writes at first hand, and yet her novel differs very little from the average magazine story of African life. It is very readable, but hardly remarkable. The treatment of the story, as such, leaves nothing to be desired, provided that one is content to pursue a well worn theme to a foregone conclusion, but unfortunately, the characterisation is sketchy and conventional, and the atmosphere consists mainly of a stronger dose of the old mixture.

The author has undoubted talent for telling a story. In this case it is perhaps doubtful whether the story was worth the telling, and it would be interesting to see the same author's treatment of matter less conventional, and less obstructed by ready made glamour.

Nevertheless, "Full Moon," by its very nature, is pre-eminently a readable book. We have no hesitation in recommending it.

M.R.

By JAY MARSTON.

Ward, Lock & Co.

7/6 net.

Letters to a Fundamentalist.

MANY of those who rejoice in the light which modern scientific research throws on the Bible, fail to appreciate the fundamentalist position, while the "fundamentalist" himself often doubts whether a "modernist" can even be classed as a Christian. This book is a frank discussion of the questions at issue, and the author painstakingly seeks to substantiate and illustrate his own theories, while he tries to understand the position of those who differ from him. Terms in current use which are frequently misinterpreted, not only by critics of so-called "modernism," but even by some modernists themselves, are explained, and an intimate knowledge of the problems confronting young people of to-day is shown. The writer deplors the popular method of adopting party labels. He urges fundamentalists to cease contending for tradition alone, and rather to enquire critically and reverently whether the assumption that they hold "the Faith once for all delivered to the saints" is true or even Christian. A man should cling to each of his convictions until he has found a better to put in its stead, but he should not fear to examine his beliefs, since enquiry is the forerunner of progress. This attempt to "prove all things" is far from meaning disloyalty to the Bible, for "in the last analysis the only test of our loyalty to the Bible is our loyalty to Jesus Christ."

This is a book which those who hesitate between the two schools of thought, or who are vague as to the differences which have caused a breach, would find it profitable to read.

E.M.C.

By PERCY AUSTIN, B.A. Student Christian Movement Press. 6/- net.

Workmen's Fare.

"WORKMAN'S FARE" claims to be "An Account of Herbert Richard Haynes, the Average Working Man, and the Social and Industrial Problems arising out of his Life." The introduction says further: "The intention of the book is to relate social and industrial questions to the actualities of an ordinary working man's life, and thus bridge the gulf between descriptive accounts of the lives of the poor such as have been given us by Mrs. Pember Reeves, Lady Bell, Alexander Paterson, and more recently by Mrs. Eyles and Evelyn Sharp, and the economic text books, blue books, and reports that multiply year by year." This is a comprehensive scheme, which to fulfil adequately would require far more space than the 130 pages of this volume. There is room for no more than the briefest sketch, and no side issues can be touched upon, nor any but the major problems, which is a pity considering the large amount of carefully gathered facts. We begin with the birth of Herbert, the fourth child of an unskilled artisan living in a three-roomed flat of a city tenement. Since he was born just too early to take advantage of such modern conveniences as Infant Welfare Clinics, Nursing Schools, and a chance of free higher education, he suffered both in physique and training rather more than a present day child. He became a half-skilled worker in a gas-meter factory, married during the war, and at the present time lives with his wife and three children in a flat similar to the one in which he was born. He has had one experience of unemployment, which, fortunately, did not last long, and an accident at his work has compelled him to take a job requiring no skill. He is at present considering what shall be the career of his son George, about to leave the elementary school at the age of fourteen years. A brief contrast is drawn between Herbert's chances and George's at a similar age.

In the course of the story opportunity is given for statements about slums, local government, Infant Welfare, Nursery Schools, public playgrounds, industrial conditions, giving of charity, effects of the war, Trade Unionism, the housing problem, the Consumer's Co-operative Movement, the price of living, family allowances, the press, Adult education, unemployment, National Health Insurance, Workmen's Compensation, pensions, elementary education, juvenile employment—all vast issues, treated very simply, from Herbert's point of view, and necessarily very sketchily. One chapter is devoted to Mrs. Haynes and her chief problems. One of the most valuable features of the book is the fairly long bibliography at the end of each chapter, with suggestions for visiting, and topics for enquiry and discussion. It purports to be no more than an outline, but gives openings for further study. The fiction of a real family gives some sort of continuity, though there is no room for any development of the human interest. The book is quite well written, and the attitude one of impartial enquiry, which is maintained throughout. In short, it is a suggestive piece of work, readable moreover, and merits a much expanded treatment.

F.G.P.

By KATHLEEN GIBBERD, M.A. S.C.M. Press. 3/6.

In Memoriam. Norley Cecil Weeks. 1891-1930.

President of the Union, 1913-14.

IT may be trite, but it is certainly true, that we betray the secrets of our character in our games. "Show me a man at play, and I will tell you what he is," I have read in some place or other: and there is something in it. For in our pleasures, that watchfulness, that guarded consciousness of others, is for a time forgotten; and our true self emerges, sweet tempered or hasty, selfish or considerate, fair or most astonishingly unfair. I have been haunted by such thoughts as these ever since I heard of the death of Norley Cecil Weeks: for possibly my clearest remembrance of him is not as President of the Union, nor as Senior student at the Hostel, but as "Sherlock Holmes" in a burlesque of that famous detective which was played one festive night in 1913. He needed no "make-up" for the part, as those who remember him will at once agree, for the traditional appearance of Holmes was the actual appearance of Weeks. Tall and slim, slightly stooping, quick expressive gestures, the domed brow with hair rightly receding at the temples, the finely moulded slightly Roman nose, and eyes grey, luminous, commanding. And, to complete the picture, he played the violin! But more than that. He too had the mind of that view of detection, quick in observation, shrewd in deduction, convincing in argument and consumed with enthusiasm for the cause he had at heart. We applauded the play, for the fun was such as to stir the dullest; but we applauded truly those very qualities which made Weeks the only man for the Presidency of the Union during his time at the University. Apart from his natural ability both as an organiser and chairman of committees, he had too a great capacity for business, a clear grasp of finance, and a remarkable insight into the need of the undergraduate. But there was also a magic in his manner; so quickly was he able to win others to an enthusiasm for his point of view. Musical and artistic, with an absorbing interest in all social questions, he soon made his influence felt. The bare corridors

of the University received first one picture and then another—for after all there might be some with leisure to mark their beauties—the lunch hour music recitals were inaugurated; public lectures upon every subject of interest from Russian Folk Music to Serbian sculpture were soon the talk of the town, wild ragging gave place to social enjoyments more human than highbrow, and even a Religions Mission was held, an adventure which somehow or other proved itself to be one of the greatest achievements of those busy years. Then came the closing of an era, and for by far the greater number, an end of student days, in the Great War. Norley Weeks could take no part in it, for already his strength, never great, was failing. He concealed his disappointment from all but most intimate friends, and threw himself with characteristic zest into the immediate preparation for the Priesthood. He was ordained early in 1916 and accepted a curacy in a slum parish near Birmingham. At first all went well, and he visited me at the time, lighthearted and full of enthusiasm for every part of his work, full of schemes, cramful of hope and faith. Then the blow fell. A medical examination revealed what he had suspected for some time, that his lungs were not only threatened, but seriously affected. To remain in Smethwick was out of the question, and in the next few years he tried in one place and another to find a climate that would give him some chance of recovery. He made so little improvement in four years, that upon advice in 1921 he went to Australia. Neither in the north nor in the south was he able to make much progress, and work in the open was no more beneficial than under shelter. The story of the remaining years is one of indomitable courage, patience, and unbroken cheerfulness: filled with a great amount of writing, teaching, and the supervision of examination papers. The qualities of mind which had made him an able President of the Union seemed to expand into an increasing potency as he grew weaker and weaker. He ministered to a large congregation though he had no parish; no church he could call his own. Many came to him to discuss the social questions of the day, many more for advice and spiritual consolation. Of the tragic beauty of his private life, I may not speak, save to say that where most would have found despondency he found increasing joy, and where most would have found the fullest excuse for doing nothing, he found endless opportunity for doing more and more. He died at his house in Unley Park, Adelaide, on February 1st, 1930, having lived but half man's normal span but having accomplished more than most in the longest lifetime can hope to do.

A.R.L.

Modern Language Association.

October 23rd, Thursday. M. Paul Rivet (directeur du Musée d' Ethnographie de Paris): "Mes Découvertes préhistoriques au Mexique" avec projections. (1).

December 2nd, Tuesday. M. Charles Mauron, homme de lettres: "Trois romanciers modernes." (1).

(1) These Lectures, organised by the Yorkshire Branch of the Modern Language Association, and sent by the Alliance Française, are free to students and members of staff. It is recalled also that graduates in their Diploma year, if they have taken French, are automatically Associate members of the Yorkshire Branch, without subscription.

UNE BIBLIOTHÈQUE "SPÉCIALE."

Les étudiants spécialisés de français ont le privilège de posséder (moyennant cotisation) une bibliothèque de romans et d'autres ouvrages d'auteurs français contemporains. Cette institution démocratique est dirigée par un Comité avec *Constitution et Règlements* à l'appui, pour garantir la bonne marche de l'affaire. Tous les étudiants (sérieux) spécialistes de français en font partie.

Leur Bibliothèque, hospitalisée par celle de l'Université, appuyée généreusement par le *staff*, est toute désignée pour remplir un vide inévitable dans la grande Bibliothèque, et (paraît-il) pour servir d'auxiliaire utile à l'enseignement du français. En un mot, elle peut instruire fort agréablement les étourdis, et fournir aux "forts en thème" un délassement mérité.

Aussi le Comité s'empresse-t-il d'inviter les étudiants de français non-spécialisés à partager l'avantage de ce délassement.... ou de cette instruction, selon le cas—avec les Elus du Département.

Etes-vous amateur de *Complications sentimentales*? Avez-vous *Le Sens de la Mort*? Av. z-vous rencontré *L'Homme qui assassina*? ou celui—fort dangereux aussi—qui *lit dans les Ames*? Savez-vous que *Les Classiques ont menti*? Et *La Nouvelle Jeunesse*, qui sévit en ce moment, a-t-elle des mœurs bien moins disgracieuses que celles du bon vieux temps?

Et puis, savez-vous ce que c'est qu'un *copain*, qu'un *bonif*, qu'une *assiette anglaise*? Que signifie la phrase: "Je voudrais un chapeau tranquille parce que je suis la femme d'un curé"? Ignorez-vous que *Le coq chantait dans sa basse-cour* veut dire "Cook was singing from the bottom of her heart"?

Il ne peut sortir de ce petit examen de conscience (if any) qu'une seule conclusion.

Tout Etudiant faisant des études de français peut, sans demande préalable, payer sa cotisation à la "French Students' Subscription Library." La cotisation est de 2/-. On doit s'adresser à l'un des membres du Comité: Miss Marie Maude, Miss Barbara Welpton, Mr. Caine, Miss Winifred Bateson, Mr. G. L. White, ou à l'un des membres du *staff* du Département.

Les membres du Comité seront armés, sans exception, de carnets de récépissés. Si, dans votre dictionnaire, au mot *receipt-book*, vous trouvez "livre de recettes", il ne faut pas s'y fier, tout simplement.

Officers' Training Corps.

The Leeds University Contingent was formed in 1909 and has an establishment of 3 Officers and 120 Cadets. During the War it gave nearly 200 Officers to the New Armies and at least one in seven gave their lives. Of this record of efficiency and self-sacrifice the University has reason to be proud.

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The Senate officially recognises time spent in O.T.C. studies as University work, and all particulars of such can be had from Sergeant McCarthy, in the Great Hall, on the opening two days, or at Headquarters, 98, Caledonian Road.

The event of importance is of course the annual summer camp. Just fancy! Fifteen days under canvas in the salubrious localities of Scarborough, Llandudno, etc., for the modest sum of 5/-. Make a note, ye Scotchmen!

The social life of the Corps is a strong feature and the Headquarters possesses clubrooms, with piano, gramophone, billiards, etc.

Come to us willing to devote at least one hour (of University time!) per week and you will have joined a brotherhood you will neither regret nor forget!

JOHNNY.

Music Announcements.

We are glad to be able to announce that the Leeds Symphony Orchestra are continuing their Saturday Concerts this winter, with Julius Harrison conducting.

November 8th.	Solo Pianist: Arthur de Greef.
November 22nd.	Vocalist: Murial Brunskill.
December 6th.	Solo Violinist: Jelly d'Aranyi.
January 24th.	Solo Pianist: Harriet Cohen.
February 21st.	Vocalist: Dennis Noble.
	Solo Violinist: Carl Fuchs.
March 14th.	Pianoforte Duets: Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson.

The Chamber Music Concerts in the Great Hall of the University were so successful last winter that a further series is being held. The Hirsch String Quartet from Manchester has been engaged. The dates are:—

Wednesday:	November 12th, 1930.
Wednesday:	December 10th, 1930.
Wednesday:	January 28th, 1931.
Wednesday:	February 25th, 1931.

Tickets from Mr. E. W. Allam, The University.

Culinary Cameos.

"But hark! a sound is stealing on my ear,
A soft and silvery sound—I know it well.
Its tinkling tells me that a time is near
Precious to me—it is the Dinner Bell.
O blessed Bell! Thou bringest beef and beer,
Thou bringest good things more than tongue may tell!
Sated is, of course, my heart—but unsated
Is and shall be, my appetite for food."

C. S. CALVELEY.

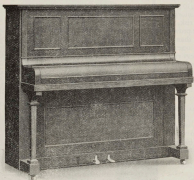
This quotation is very inapt, but still a few introductory lines of good verse lend tone to an article. Firstly, I am vegetarian and tereotal—delete "beef and beer"—and lastly I hate the sound of the Dinner Bell. Do not mistake me, reader, and think that feasting is my abhorrence—far from it—but I like to eat when I am hungry, drink when I am thirsty, regardless of any landlady's or hotel proprietor's dinner gong. Give me a tumbling stream and a fell-side carpeted with bilberries, a lane hedged with blackberries, and you may keep your spotless napkins and rows and rows of table tools. Yet I must confess that once the silvery chimes of the Dinner Bell enchanted my heart. The occasion was the inn at Wasdale—peace to the shade of Auld Will Ritson!—after a doughty descent of Scafell Pike in a storm when all the bounds of heaven and hell seem let loose. I did not dress for dinner, at least. I wore somebody else's shirt, a stranger's shorts, and a pair of odd socks, while mine steamed in front of a roaring fire. Surrounded by coils of Alpine rope and piles of barge-like boots with rows of shining studs—here and there a gap—each nail a tale—we lunched and laughed and chatted cheerily. What matters it that I had tasted finer food, never was there a better sauce—the fellowship of the fells, kindred lovers of the same spirit of the mountains discussing her ways, now winsome and wistful, now dark and deceitful. A song, gentlemen! "The rope, the rope."

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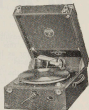
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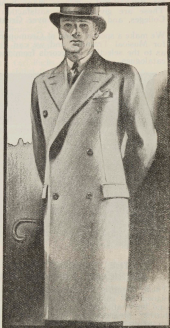
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But, as everyone knows, this year has seen a definite decline in commodity prices. Whenever that happens in our field, we are in a particularly favourable position to secure immediate benefit. So are our customers. Because we invariably pass on every benefit as soon as we get it.

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A biting wind blew round the cairn on Beamsley Beacon with a velocity that made standing upright well-nigh impossible. A shuddering remnant of humanity found a quick route to the valley. And then the walk home, arms and knees blue, and nose tipped red with the cold, when suddenly, delight of delights, an odour of a sweet smell was wafted to my nostrils. Incense rising from an altar? The scent of the honeysuckle or briar-rose? No, fish and chips! I never knew till then, oh chips, how soothing thou couldst be! and "pennorth" after "pennorth," duly salted and vinegared, filled an aching void and thawed a frigid frame.

It was at a little village in Normandy at about six, or was it eighteen o'clock in the morning? Thirsty were our souls and so we knocked at a cottage door. A Graymalkin or Paddock bade us enter. The room was stone-flagged, with a wide open hearth where a heap of twigs crackled fiercely under a black cauldron.

"Double, double, toil and trouble
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

An old hag, habited in black blouse and skirt, hunched in back, with long grasping fingers, thick curling lower lip and grey straggling matted locks, periodically stirred the seething pot, chuckling continually. Black cats brushed our shins and arched their bony backs, weirdly "mee-owing." We gulped our coffee, which seemed to taste like the soup of the witches. Then a one-eyed man entered, his other eye distended as if mauled by a cat's claws. This was enough. Bidding a hasty "bonjour," we made a hurried exit from this Hecate's hovel.

"Clomp, clatter," twenty tired scouts tramped over the cobbles in the main street of Staithes, a quaint Yorkshire fishing village tucked away in the cliffs, where all the women wear big bonnets and the men "go down to the sea in ships." We intended to "grub" on the rocks at the cliff bottom. Not for us the "Cod and Lobster" that impudently thrust its square black front on the pseudo-promenade, or "Captain Cook's Cafe." We squatted round a flat table of stone, out of reach of the greedy spray, and produced our ambrosia in the shape of a six-pound tin of corned beef and a slab of cake. Ha, dear reader, you expect a humorous account of how we opened the "bully," but remember we are Scouts and unlike our friends in "Three Men in a Boat," did not forget to bring a tin-opener. "Open Sesame," and a meal is prepared in the presence of many envious visitors. A few "gate-crashing" gulls we tolerated, considering their catches fit payment for our orchestra of sea and shingle.

"Ne'er was a meal so beautifully made
In pub or palace, kitchen, esplanade."

Have I been in Refec.? Perish the thought. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

J.W.A.S.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following periodicals, and apologises for any omissions:—

University College Magazine, New Troy (London), Bedford College Union Magazine, The Bede (Durham), The Gong (Nottingham), The Nonesuch (Bristol), The University Gazette (Birmingham), The Student (Edinburgh), The Sphinx (Liverpool), The Serpent (Manchester), The Torch (Hull), The Rhodian, Natal University College Commemoration Number, University of Capetown Quarterly, The Die-Nesas (South Africa), W.U.'s Views, The Umpa (Witwatersrand), Deutschland, Die Stellenbosse Student, Belle Vue Magazine, The New Schoolmaster.

Sub-Committees of the Union Committee.

On glancing through the pages of the Union Handbook the "Fresher" is confronted with a wonderful array of Sub-Committees. What do they all mean? Some are self-explanatory, but the object of others is rather obscure.

Executive: Questions involving Union affairs are discussed by this Committee.

Finance: As the name implies, this Committee controls the financial side of the work of the Union, all expenditure of Union money being sanctioned by this Committee.

General Athletics: A very large Committee, including as it does a representative (the Captain) of each Club. All Athletics questions are brought before this Committee.

The Gryphon: Arranges for the appearance of *The Gryphon* (The University Journal) six times per Session. We feel tempted to say writes *The Gryphon*, but this is not quite true.

Debates: Arranges for mid-day and University debates.

Entertainments and Hospitality: This Committee is responsible for the organising of the various Dances run by the Union, e.g., the Union Ball and the Goodbye Dance. In addition, where delegates, visitors, etc., from other Universities are entertained by the Union, this Committee is responsible for suitable arrangements being made.

National Union of Students: After reading in the Union Handbook an account of the work of the National Union of Students in helping to co-ordinate inter-University activities, etc., etc., etc., the Fresher will realise the object of this Committee.

University Problems: In the life of any University or similar "institution" problems must keep cropping up. Here then is the Committee to look into and solve these problems. If the supply runs short we expect it to make and solve its own for the benefit of the Union.

Rag: This Committee is responsible for the organising of all Union Rags and in particular the Annual Charity Rag—all Freshers are invited to send in ideas to any Member of the Committee and to turn out on Rag Day.

Sales: Responsible for the production and sale of the Union Handbook, wallet, ashtrays, etc., etc.

Social Service: To assist in the Social activities of the Union and to arouse interest among students in the activities of the Leeds University Working Men's Club.

Overseas Students: We, at Leeds, have always endeavoured to make all foreign Students feel "at home" and enter into all Union activities. This Committee keeps a watchful eye on foreign Students and looks into any difficulties which may crop up.

Union Library: The Union Library may be small, but everything must have a beginning. Help the Committee to improve it.

Union Appeal: The Fresher will probably soon realise how badly we need newer and better Union Rooms. This Committee thinks out new schemes for raising money.

C.A.S.

An Encounter.

IT was on one of those cheap trips beloved of Americans and the holiday-maker from the country, bent on seeing Paris in four or five days. For twenty-five francs you ride in a more or less comfortable char-a-banc for two and a half hours, and see half Paris. If you want to see the other half you come the next afternoon and take the alternative trip.

I was sitting in the back seat with my two charges and a friend of theirs, Elisabeth, who talked incessantly. Usually, she tired me dreadfully, but to-day I was glad she occupied Marie so exclusively, and left me free to look about. There was a mixed party of Americans and English in the very front. The guide repeated his remarks to them in a low voice. They were almost as baffled by his English as his French, and after several moments would interpret it to each other. Joseph was amused at this frequent comedy, and would ask me every time if his English were very bad. There was a row of provincials dressed in a tasteless jumble of clothes which a little more carefully chosen would have been fashionable, but with their sallow skins and podgy persons, looked merely cheap. There was the rather greasy-looking father in a white straw hat, a discontented mother, an aunt with a face so insignificant that you looked at it without ever noticing it, and two daughters, who just came short of being pretty.

The first time I noticed the girl in green was as we dismounted in the Place de l'Etoile, and stood for the usual two minutes beneath the Arc de Triomphe, looking, probably with a feeling of utter impassiveness, at the undying flame over the Soldat Inconnu. She was small and thin, and her dress, the colour of young beech leaves, was cool to the eyes on that blazing August day. As she stood quietly there, a strangely aloof air distinguished her. Returning to the char-a-banc, I noticed that her grey shoes, with ridiculous high heels, were worn. Back in our seats I looked again. The small hat was worn so as to show a broad forehead, and straight smooth hair, very fair and silky. Her face was curiously flat, with thin, wide mouth, carefully reddened. But her eyes, when I saw them, held my attention—set rather wide apart, under straight brows, and what a colour—clear green, such as one sometimes sees in an evening sky on a background of faintest primrose. A glance at her companion completed the sense of incongruity. For he was dark, somewhat gross, with heavy, bold eyes, dressed well, yet in flashy style. He looked at her with a barely-restrained possessiveness, and she was smiling slightly, and resting her hand on his shoulder, a narrow hand, the fingers stained with henna. They spoke little, and soon we stopped again. The guide showed us Napoleon's tomb; the Americans, with habitual lack of self-consciousness, expressed their heterodox notions on art, the provincial family tried to assume the correct amount of interest, my pupils watched my face to see whether I was amused at the display of English. The man looked as intelligently pleased as he thought was expected; the girl stood at the edge of the group, outwardly conforming to her position, yet why did I feel she was so aloof—indifferent and rather scornful of us all? I don't know unless it was her eyes, and they were utterly without expression, not through stupidity, I was sure, but the art of not showing more than she chose.

The hot afternoon ended back at the tourist office. With relief we scattered for gutter. Down the street we followed the girl. She looked one of a type hard to mistake, especially with those reddened lips and fingers, those shoes. Still the illusion persisted that she was merely an onlooker at the whole farce. She paused before a café. The man said something, and for the first time I heard her voice. She laughed, and I knew I was right, for it was the sudden high, care-free laugh of a country child in the hayfields.

D.L.

We claim no responsibility for the following fairy-tale, which we owe to a contemporary:—Once upon a time there was a good student who listened to a Professor of —telling stories for three whole years. Then he recited the first two letters of his alphabet backwards without making a single mistake, and went far away to a foreign land. When he came back he went to hear the stories again for old times' sake, and there he heard the Professor tell his joke. So he drew his sword and killed him.

* * *

The Diary of a "Dresden" Traveller.

FRIDAY, August 29th, 1-30 p.m. After fighting and struggling in the midst of the swirl of London traffic with a suitcase and haversack, I arrived at Victoria station. I made a careful study of the wrong Indicator and then asked a "Bobby" and was directed to the entrance of the Dover Platform. Three of us waited there for a longer time than we desired for our Organiser and Leader. On his belated arrival we were calmly told that he had been feeding in the Station Restaurant, twenty yards away.

2-35 p.m. The train started, so did that journey!

4-20 p.m. Arrived Dover and embarked on the Princess Something-or-other. It was a charming boat—or so we thought until they turned us off the 1st Class deck and sent us below.

A very disappointing crossing, the sea being too smooth to be interesting.

8-0 p.m. Land ahead! Ostend! It reminded me of a chorus girl without her nocturnal make-up—it was still daylight.

Bump! We had touched the Quay and we were instantly the prey of a myriad of jabbering porters. I began to wonder whether I had picked up anybody else's luggage but mine. Every porter seemed to be wanting it. The vermin! The scroungers! The!

11-20 p.m. Train set off for Cologne. Thought of settling down for a sleep but oh, those wretched wooden seats!! What hope of that perfect sleep—the supposed reward of the traveller?

Saturday, 3-0 a.m. Sleep came.

3-5 a.m. Sleep went. Passports! We were at the Belgian-German border.

3-10 a.m. Sleep came again.

3-15 a.m. Sleep went again. Customs!! We had crossed the frontier and were standing in Aachen Station. Now completely unsettled, we fell to christening the various officials with loving names, which lasted until....

4-0 a.m. Someone lifted the blind—Hurrah! Dawn had broken! No, there was no mess.

6-0 a.m. Arrived Cologne. One exceeding fair damsel approached our quartet. To one, "Are you Meestair Baakair?" The one, "No, that is the gentleman."

6-30 a.m. Breakfast! What, ham and eggs? Here? Double portion for me please. Later we were joined by two more fair "Teutronics," which MADE the journey from Cologne to Dresden, although the seats were as hard as ever.

10-5 p.m. Arrived Dresden. Taken up to the Lignerschlass—a delightful old castle—one of old "Bill's" lost possessions.

Taken into the Lounge, which was at the front of the castle. The big swinging windows were opened, and what a view! Looking over the Elbe we saw the myriad lights of the City of Dresden. A river steamer paddled by, the thrashing of the water barely drowning the notes of the steamer's small band and the merry-makers' songs.

Sunday morning. Some went to church. Quite true! One stayed in bed and another stayed to amuse him.

Afternoon. Sightseeing in Dresden—that beautiful city of Arts.

Evening. Twelve more Leeds travellers arrived from their wanderings (etc.) in Austria and Hungary. German students arrived spasmodically most of that weekend. In all, the party numbered thirty-three.

Evening finished by watching the twinkling lights of Dresden from the castle windows and the river terraces below—little did we think what dramas and romances would be enacted on those terraces during the following days (or should I say, nights).

Monday, Reveille 5-45 a.m. Some did P.T., others did not!

Went by train to Schoudan, about twenty miles farther up the Elbe. Had a wonderful walk through the pine forests to the Jugendherberge at Hohenstein, a quaint old castle set on the pinnacles of Saxon Switzerland.

After lunch talk on "Youth Movements and Friends in German Life," by Dr. Mattusch—a great little man.

Later, continued our pine forest walk or climb—seven hundred steps hewn out of the solid rock. Phew! Where there is ascent there is descent—down to Rathen, where we boarded a river steamer bound for Dresden. Never will I forget dinner on that boat.

Tuesday, 9-30 a.m. Talk on "German Art and Architecture." Visited Opera Platz, Zwinger and other specimens of the beautiful German architecture. Lunch at Studentenhaus. Talk on "German Student Life," by Dr. Fünke.

An extremely interesting and educational day. Impromptu entertainment in the castle at night. Watched by most of the party. Some were absent. Where? Why?

Wednesday, 9-30 a.m. Talk on "Social and Political Life in Germany," by Dr. Selig, while we basked in the sun.

Visited Zeiss Ikon camera works. Very interesting. Collected much literature but failed to obtain a "buckshee" camera.

Lunch at Hygiene Exhibition. Some toured the Exhibition. Others went to the Swimming Pool to sun bathe! 'Nuff said!

6-30 p.m. Went to the Opening Night of "Aida" at the Opernhaus. A fine building. Magnificent rendering of the opera.

Thursday. Sun-bathing by the river in the morning. Tramped to Krutche and visited the Londerschule, which is a model Boarding School, in the afternoon. Went through pine woods and over moors. Squatted down on the way to listen to talk by Dr. Mosle on "German Educational Activities."

Held discussion groups in the evening. Some were again absent for unknown reasons. The river terraces have a lot to account for.

Friday Morning. Discussion on "Anglo-German Relations with reference to Student Activities."

Afternoon. Sun bathing at Swimming Pool and shopping expedition.

Evening, 8-0 p.m. Reception of the Humboldt German Student International Club at the castle.

8-30 p.m. Started dancing. Wonderful time. A certain German Woman Student was an expert dancer of the German Waltz. A certain English Man Student was the partner. 'Nuff said again, except that they only missed one waltz, and that was a mistake. Two persons were known to be absent for a stretch of two hours, although it was such a splendid dance. The "Blue Angel" loosened her remaining Cupid's Darts that night. They struck home. Queer business! The poor male lost his luggage coming home.

Saturday, 4-30 a.m. Dance ended. Sat and watched sun rise. Went to bed tired but happy.

10-20 a.m. To the accompaniment of loud cheers from the German students led by Dr. Mattusch and Herr Scuria, together with a farewell "Kumati," our train left Dresden for the homeward trip.

12-30 p.m. Great excitement—luggage lost! Yes, another lot. It belonged to a "hero" who looked after somebody else's luggage with zealous care but, unfortunately, forgot about his own.

Unexciting journey. Train packed. Third Class full. Corridors full. Therefore, travelled Second Class. Oh joy! Comfort. *Sleep!*

Sunday, 5-0 p.m. Arrived London. "Twenty minutes to get to St. Pancras." Quick! Taxis!" With great effort I threw the whole lot, plus baggage, into taxis. "Bye! Bye!" "Cheerio!" They were gone. I was alone in London. Only for a few minutes. Ha! Ha!

And so ended the Dresden tour and long to be remembered!

"Schwartz."

A Holiday with the N.U.S. Camp at Obertraun.

ABOUT one hundred students met together one Sunday morning at Victoria. They were mostly strangers to one another, but the ice was soon broken after spending nearly two days in the same carriage. The party dispersed at Salzburg for walking, climbing, canoeing and camping. There, one night was spent in a convent from the windows of which there was a wonderful view of Hohensalzburg.

After a four hours' journey from Salzburg alongside little lakes set in the mountains like sparkling emeralds, the campers arrived at their destination. Obertraun-Dachsteinhöhlen is tucked away at the end of the Halstättersee, entirely surrounded by mountains which tower up immediately behind it. This little village is very Swiss in character and though small, straggles along each side of the lonely roadway for some distance. Each window and verandah of the chalets is a vivid splash of colour, mainly the reds of the geranium, dahlia and begonia. Hedges of scarlet-runner beans are very popular. A clear stream flows along either side of the roadway where clothes are washed. To complete the rustic atmosphere there were two skittle alleys in the village. Here, the main party was housed in the village schoolroom, next door to the quaintest of churches, which provided us with an alarm by a noisy chime of bells at 6-0 a.m. No sky was visible when lying in bed, and in the early morning the mountains were enshrouded in clouds, fleecy white or misty grey according to the weather. The students met together to feed in a "gasthof" or inn, where at night the villagers could be found drinking lager and singing Austrian hits to the accompaniment of the mandolin.

Obertraun is a very good centre for expeditions, which were organised to suit one and all. There were half or day-long tramps alongside the lakes and through cool pine woods at the foot of the mountains, or by glacier streams on the mountain side where waterfalls thundered down, swollen by the rains. Halstatt, an hour's walk round the lake from Obertraun, is a wonderful place, rising out of the lake, the chalets all clinging to the mountain side and the overhanging gardens a riot of colour. No railroad runs through it to spoil its beauty, but a little steamboat carries its visitors across the lake.

The Salt mines above Halstatt were visited, where after walking along a very narrow tunnel for half a mile into the mountain one descended by shoots! And the garb one had to wear!—Grey or white cotton jackets, and trousers resembling

Dutch costume, crowned by a wee porkpie hat perched on the top of the head, made of black velvet and turned up with white pique and black buttons! Away in the mountains behind Obertraun there were the marvellous ice caves, the second largest in Europe, and also the Giant Caves, which take three days to traverse. Neighbouring peaks were climbed, including the Dachstein, where the night was spent in the Gmünyhütte on the edge of the glacier. The first parties were fortunate enough to cross the glacier at dawn and descend to the wonderful Gosausee, but the later parties were prevented by heavy snowstorms. Lastly, there was always the lake for boating and sunbathing with cool dips into the deep green water, but these days, alas! were few and far between, as there is much rain in these parts in August. All these expeditions were made doubly enjoyable by the presence of the Austrian guides, who were always charming, thoughtful and patient.

The return journey was again broken in that very beautiful city of Mozart-Salzburg, which is like a patch of Italy transplanted north of the Alps. That last night was a very romantic one, as the party slept in Hohen-Salzburg, a castle perched on the summit of a high hill behind the city. It was a perfect night for the ascent to bed. The domes of the city were bathed in silvery light of the moon and it was hard to remember that it was the twentieth century and not the eighteenth. The long stone room, supported by wooden pillars, where we slept, had a wonderful view towards the Salzach-Fluss and the night was disturbed only by the sound of the sentry pacing in the courtyard below. All this for the sum of three halfpence a night! Salzburg still looked dreamy at four o'clock the next morning, when the homeward trek began.

Thirty-six hours later when dashing for the train at Dover it was hard to realise the Continent had been left behind, but the carriage seemed strangely luxurious after bare boards, and it was full of cockneys—real Gorbliney ones—
K.M.J.

By way of contrast comes an impression of the more humorous side of foreign travel—"Bonzo," one of the guides who helped to make the Budapest trip such a joy.

Bonzo—or King's English as she is spoke on the Continent.

BONZO—that was what we called him. Imagine a little man with a big head topped by a shaggy thatch, which was sometimes concealed under a much-treasured but shapeless piece of felt. His chins rested on three gleaming inches of starched collar, balanced at the back by a refractory roll of mauve and white-striped shirt. His body, embraced in a too well-fitting jacket, was supported by a pair of short, apparently pyjama-clad legs, and the ensemble completed by tan and white shoes, gloves, cane, and a diminutive Woolworthian attaché case containing pamphlets. When walking our dear guide gave a forward jerk of the head and an upward lift of the toes.

The English of our friend Bonzo is worthy of a study by Cassells & Co. It was specially prepared for unsuspecting tourists whom he mercilessly dragged all round his native town. Whatever the nationality of his victim, undoubtedly he would know something of that language. To his English admirers he frequently gave such orders as "Mak hast!" "Be quyke!" (to rhyme with Tyke), or "set down"—i.e., be pleased to alight from the 'bus.

When gazing on the wonders of the town or attacking "typical" national dishes his eternal enquiry was "How do you find it?" while his eagerness to

know British ways evoked the question "is it customary for—?" The weather being fine made it possible for him to reiterate "Are you beat?" or "Do you know swim?" (although he did not know swim) since "swim" was the only suggestion he had for keeping cool. Of his long list of interrogations not one was complete without the appendage "Yes? No? What?"

Oh what a joy it is to be profoundly learned in the history of this world of ours! No pains were spared to impress us with the burden of this knowledge. Never before had we realised how many countries had been "reconquished," how many treaties "declared," to say nothing of governments "establied." In Bonzo's native town alone the history of science was "exemplified" by a monument to Dr. —, the discoverer of an anti-toxin for "chilled birth fever."

In spite of our unsuccessfully concealed amusement this "gentleman" remained "not offensive because you are our goests," although he hoped that one young lady, who incidentally, according to friend Bonzo, was an "unlike chylidren" (i as in ice), would be less "childless" (childish) on her next visit. So agreeable had he found us however, that he was "desirous" of coming to England to be our "goest" in turn and really to learn King's English as she is spoke at home.

B.P.M.

Somewhere in the Tyrol.

AUGUST, 1930.

THE Post-Auto has stopped in the little village street outside the Hotel Post. There is at least a quarter of an hour to wait because as usual it is before its time—not through any native habit of punctuality, but simply because the schedule allows so generous a margin (on account of the narrow and tortuous mountain roads) that in favourable circumstances punctuality is inevitable.

The driver and some of our fellow-passengers alight to sample the products of one or other of the inns which confront each other with unobtrusive rivalry across the tiny square. The stout German behind us has come prepared and bringing out a packet he begins to munch a sandwich contentedly.

It is a village no one has ever heard of; undistinguished, and in fact precisely similar to half a dozen other Alpine villages we have passed through. Simply "A Village in the Tyrol"—(I commend this as a clue to compilers of cross-word puzzles confronted with irreconcilable combinations of letters). Irregular clusters of plain white houses with overhanging eaves and wooden balconies border the narrow cobbled streets. The Hotel Post alone bears marks of decoration in the form of painted frescoes above the doors and windows, but here and there a window-box introduces a splash of colour. There is poverty, but not squalor; simplicity without drabness. The artistic nature of the people finds expression in a dozen ways which redeem even the meanest dwelling from the common-place.

At the end of the main street rises the tall thin spire of the church, on the interior decoration of which the devout folk have doubtless lavished the customary care and skill with results singularly at variance with our more austere English notions of good taste.

Beyond and all around are the mountains, the glorious, indescribable mountains, presenting a perpetual challenge to the tourist. The wooded lower slopes are now in deepening shadow, but the rocky summits still gleam like burnished brass in the evening sunshine.

Everything is serene. The Italian frontier is only a few miles away, and something of the listlessness of southern climes broods over the small town.

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A few stray chickens wander about the road. A small boy with a feather in his hat is driving a herd of goats into a side street. Each animal has a little bell fastened round its neck, and these tinkling bells make delicious music to our unaccustomed ears. In a shady nook dozes a huge St. Bernard dog, lazily indifferent to the movements round about. Some children, bonny, fair-haired, bare-footed youngsters, are playing quietly outside one of the houses, from which presently a woman appears with a vessel which she fills with sparkling water from the communal spring, then stands chatting awhile with a neighbour. On the terrace of one of the hotels two priests are seated at a table drinking coffee and talking quietly. A maid comes out of the hotel and walks with easy grace to our vehicle where she engages in conversation with an acquaintance. Soft guttural tones fall pleasantly on the ear....

Along the main street towards us comes a wain laden with corn and drawn by two oxen. Had we met it outside the town some pretty manoeuvring would have been necessary on the narrow road to effect a passage. Even here the loose wisps of straw from the overhanging sheaves brush the sides of our conveyance as the cart lumbers by. The wagoner, in Tyrolean costume, removes his long pipe and utters his "Grüss Gott" as he passes us.

Two minutes more. Our driver appears and takes stock of his passengers to see that all are present. Two youths and a girl in walking kit carrying huge knapsacks emerge from the hotel and take their places in the Auto. Their bare arms and legs reveal a skin toned to a rich uniform brown.

The driver sounds his horn as a signal of departure. The stout German finishes his sandwiches; the maid and her acquaintance bid each other "Auf Wiedersehen" and the wandering chickens scatter as the Post-Auto moves pompously forward to resume its journey.

R.P.D.

O.S.A. Notes.

IN this first number of the new session we wish to take the opportunity of giving a very hearty welcome to all our new members and in particular to those who went down in July and thus automatically became Old Students. Many have already joined the Association and for them we have a small job of work waiting. We ask them to find out whether their particular friends have joined, and if not to get them to do so. It is the surest way of keeping up old ties and the sooner it is done the easier it is to do.

To those who have just gone down we also send our Best Wishes for success in the various careers they have taken up. We take a great interest in the careers of Old Students and as far as possible keep a record of their progress, at any rate as far as members are concerned. That brings us to the Year Book, which records changes of address and occupation and of which another copy will appear in December. Will any member who has any changes to record please let us have particulars as soon as possible, and will new members let us know as soon as they have obtained posts so that their particulars may be complete.

The only news of importance for this issue is the Swiss Trip, which is dealt with elsewhere, but we wish to draw members' attention to the programme of the West Riding Branch which will be sent to anyone interested. The other branches, too, will be drawing up similar programmes and we shall be glad to put members in touch with their nearest branch.

Finally, don't forget the dinner! We will give further details later, but you may take it that it will be held in the Refectory on December 20th, so book the date now.

The Holiday Tours.

THE official tour this summer was to Switzerland once more. The party, which numbered twenty-four, left London on August 6th, and spent a most exhilarating fortnight, first in the Engelberg Valley and by the shores of Lake Lucerne, and later in the Grindelwald district.

Everyone was most strenuous: all the less important peaks in the vicinity of Lake Lucerne were scaled, the Joch Pass was crossed, and when we got to Grindelwald we had no difficulty in making up parties for the Faulhorn, the Eismere of the Upper and Lower Glaciers, and the Scheideggs. The members of the Grosse Scheidegg party went over to Rosenlani and some walked on to Meiringen, completing the round trip by train. Six of our number reached the Schwartzegg Hut above the Lower Glacier, and had the weather been more settled there is little doubt that this hardy group could have done the Shrahlegg Pass to the Grimsel.

No one seemed tired at the end of a day's walk and the Hotel Orchestra was kept hard at it to provide dance music far into the night. It seemed that our people produced a revival in dancing, as up to our arrival the ballroom was so little patronised that the orchestra played there only once a week!

A fine series of photographs was taken by various members of the party and the films are being circulated so that all may use them.

A view quite generally expressed was that it seemed strange that the Swiss tour was not patronised by more people. To most people present it was the best holiday of their lives and it does seem an ideal way of going abroad for the first time, to do so in the company of one's fellow students of University days. Such a holiday is free from the vexatious troubles usually associated with continental travel. The worst difficulties are eliminated, and yet our members are not herded together as in an ordinary conducted tour.

Now for future events. A Winter Sports tour is being arranged for the Christmas vacation, and of course there is to be the annual trip to Paris next Easter, varied this time, however, by an optional extension to Milan, Rome, etc. Full particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer, L.U.O.S.A., The University, Leeds.

London Letter.

Hon. Treasurer:

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

Hon. Secretary:

Miss F. R. SHAW,
Bedford College,
Regent's Park, N.W. 1.

The success of last year's Summer Term Luncheon was again repeated when we met to feed at Craig's Court Restaurant, on Saturday, June 14th. Our party numbered some thirty members, including our President, Professor Smithells, and Mrs. Smithells, whom we would very much like to thank for the delightful way they have acted as host and hostess for us during the past year. Just to show that we do not always meet for food and entertainment and that we can be businesslike when necessary, our Annual General Meeting followed, the chair being taken by Dr. Best.

The following officers were then elected for the session 1930-31 —

<i>President</i>	-	-	Dr. H. T. CALVERT.	
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	-	-	Miss I. CROWTHER.	
			Dr. C. B. FAWCETT	
			Mr. G. HELPS.	
			Dr. S. PEXTON.	
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	Mr. H. HOLLINGS.	
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	Miss F. R. SHAW.	
<i>Committee</i>	-	-	Mrs. CHAPMAN.	Dr. S. E. J. BEST.
			Miss I. GRAY.	Mr. P. K. DUTT.
			Miss O. HEPPURN.	Mr. N. HOWDILL.
			Miss E. E. TURNER.	Mr. H. R. ROBINSON.

At the termination of the business part of the gathering, we discussed the feasibility of visiting Kew, Lord's, or Kensington Gardens. The beat decided us in favour of the latter spot, our main objective being the Tea Pavilion. We did enjoy ourselves, even though we were not the only folks in search of tea and the others seemed to be there before us.

Our next activity is our usual November Dinner, the date of which is not yet definitely fixed. It will be held at University College, so that we can be certain of having an exceptionally good evening. We are as anxious as ever to see all the old faces, and new ones too. So please don't forget to turn up, and if you don't receive a notice early in November, send your address to the Secretary.

Merseyside Notes.

Hon. Secretary: J. E. HAWTHORNE, 7, High Street, Prescott, Lanes.

The Branch is still alive and active even though we have not indulged in much advertisement lately.

Our summer programme has been quite successful in keeping us together ready for the winter push.

On March 10th, a party was made up to see "The Roof" at The Playhouse, and from all accounts a splendid show was enjoyed. May 10th saw some of us meeting at the Bandstand in Lord Street, Southport, for an outing. We did not exactly paint the town red—the weather was not kind enough for that—but our late Hon. Sec. managed to get lost in "Pleasure Land" and we very nearly had to drag him away by force when we did retrieve him. Saturday, July 5th, was set apart for a "Family Day" at Ainsdale Beach. The weather was all that it should be, but either families are scarce or the Single Young Things fight shy of being seen with other people's kiddies building castles on the sands and paddling, for the attendance was poor—two of us turned up complete with families, and we were aided and abetted by two of the "whole-heart and fancy-free" brigade. The kiddies had a right royal time on the sands and in the pools, however, in spite of the scarcity of numbers.

The chief event of the summer, however, has been the resignation of Mr. Wormald as Hon. Sec., due to his transference to France for a year, a resignation much regretted by the Branch, which has very much appreciated his whole-hearted enthusiasm for the Old Students on the Merseyside in setting the Branch going and acting so vigorously as Hon. Sec., although he would probably say that Mrs. Wormald has been the chief worker and we have certainly been much indebted to her for hospitality on many occasions after dry Committee work. Fortunately, he will be at Marseilles for a year only, and we are looking forward to his resuming office when he returns next summer.

Meanwhile, the Branch is being kept going and any grouches may now be addressed to Mr. J. E. Hawthorne, 7, High Street, Prescott, Lancs., who is acting as Hon. Sec. pro. tem.

All old Students coming to Merseyside (an area stretching from Barrow to Bolton) are requested to drop a line to the above address and join the Branch. New members, complete with subs., which are always gladly accepted, will be heartily welcomed. We shall shortly have an attractive Winter Programme out, probably commencing with the General Meeting and Dinner in October, but a definite announcement on this score will be made later.

In the meantime, remember the address for correspondence.

J.E.H.



THE advent of another season always finds everyone who is interested in the athletic side of University life so eager to get into the thick of the fray once more, that the shortcomings of the past season are apt to be quickly relegated to the sub-conscious—the successes alone are dominant in the memory, and the lessons which should have been learned and digested have been bolted whole and forgotten. It is well, therefore, at the beginning of each season, to review carefully and from all angles each branch of our athletic activities, to remedy weaknesses, and to fill in efficiently the gaps left by those stalwarts who have gone down. It is in the filling of these places that the Freshers really comes into his, or her, own, for without new blood, any club must in time deteriorate, and at a place like the University, soon even fade from existence.

All those who are coming up to Leeds for the first time this season should thus lose no time in getting into touch with the captains or secretaries of the various clubs in which they may be interested, and take no rest until their names appear finally upon those enviable list team lists which adorn the club notice boards. Numerous trials in all the games are held early in term, and secretaries are only too grateful to Freshers who come forward for trials. The names of Club captains and secretaries are to be found in the Union Handbook, together with club fixtures for the coming session, and all Freshers who wish to follow the athletic and social activities of the University should purchase one.

We in Leeds boast of some of the finest athletic grounds in the country—the Rugger pitch is admittedly without equal in the north of England, while the running track is the only one outside Stamford Bridge with a 220 yards cinder straight. Unhappily, our students have not yet come to appreciate this luxury, and the students' Union have even had to make a really humiliating purchase in the shape of hard beams to keep the track free from moss! Anyone who is a member if the Union can use the track, together with discs, javelin, and jumping apparatus, any time during term, and it is hoped that this season an enthusiasm and efficiency worthy of the University and the facilities provided will be shown.

The Rugger club last year just failed to accomplish great things, and although they have a useful nucleus of old players left, a couple of good forwards and some three's must be found from among the new-comers. The Soccer Club was frankly disappointing, and here again only new blood will remedy the glaring defeats of last season. Both men's and women's hockey lost "colours" people with the close of last season, and the women's teams especially will need drastic reorganisation. Lacrosse is maintained in Leeds only after a great struggle and both clubs thirst for new members—the Netball Club will have to look to similar means to regain its former glory. Thus the cry of all clubs is now, as ever at this time of the year—"Eclipse us—Freshers!" and the University waits eagerly for an enthusiastic response.

STUART SMITH.

Correspondence.

THE UNIVERSITY.

LEEDS.

September 17th, 1930.

Dear Mr. Editor,

No doubt "Rag Day, 1930," has already faded away into the dim and distant past in the minds of most students. No doubt also "Rag Day, 1931," is a mere vision in the far-off future. I feel, however, that now is the time for a few words about "Rag Day."

To the Freshers I say "Welcome!"—is it too much to hope that they will ALL, without exception, wind up their first year at Leeds by assisting in the most important Union event of the session—"Rag Day?"

To the students who have helped in the past—Thank you!—I know you will help again. As for the innumerable absentees on Rag Day last year—let us hope they will volunteer this time.

Broadly speaking, Rag Day in June last year was a success—in spite of the fact that we failed to break the record set up in 1929, and are still a long way from realising £3,000 per year. Of course trade depression may be held largely responsible for the comparatively poor response to our efforts, but at the same time I feel that we ourselves are also to blame. The number of students at Leeds with sufficient public spirit to devote one day in the year to such a deserving effort is surprisingly small. It may be hard work, but think of the enjoyment, the experience of having the "freedom" of the city for 24 hours.

In spite of the disappointingly poor response from students we received unreserved encouragement from our old friend and counsellor (where books are concerned)—Mr. Henry Walker. For years he has supplied us with books of every description—on Rag Day he provided the "weary collectors" with a rest room, coffee, biscuits, cigarettes—and all free, gratis, for nothing. Again we say "thank you," Mr. Walker—you have set a splendid example to Leeds.

It would be impossible to thank everyone individually who helped to make The Day a success—but I should like to place on record my appreciation of the help and advice accorded to me by Mr. H. C. K. Henderson. After only two years on the staff of the Geography Department Mr. Henderson has already left us to try pastures new—congratulations and Good Luck.

One final word of advice to Freshers—Work hard! Play hard!! but retain a little energy for Rag Day, June 27th.

Mr. Editor, I crave your indulgence for taking up so much of your valuable space, but I feel that Leeds is a long way below standard in its Rag Day efforts—we look to the Freshers to start an entirely new series of successes—why not begin at £3,000?

Yours etc.,

CEDRIC A. SUTCLIFFE,
Chairman; L.U.U. Rag Com. (1929-30).

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES.

THE ECONOMICS SOCIETY.—Economics has been referred to as "the dismal science," but everyone who has attended our meetings knows that this is no longer true—in fact, we have been described as "the happiest Society in the University."

Justified by this (unsolicited) testimonial, we invite not only would-be Economists, but students from the other departments to join our ranks. We meet fortnightly for lectures and discussions to shed light on current problems which baffle the seeker after truth. In addition, we visit factories and other places of interest; last June we inspected a liner and acquired great nautical knowledge in the process. We also visited Messrs. Lever Brothers' Soap Works and were presented with free boxes of soap to bring Sunlight into our lives.

For the new session, we have arranged an interesting and varied programme, of which the Vice-Chancellor will give the opening address on October 21st.

Professor Marshall tells us that, "Economics is the study of mankind in the ordinary business of life"; it aims at the furtherance of human wellbeing and human happiness. Come and make your contribution to the fund of enlightenment by joining our Society, for (not quite) in the words of Browning:—

"God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we *Economists* know."

PHYLLIS E. KARR,
Hon. Secretary.

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—An interesting programme has been arranged for the coming season, including lectures by some of the most eminent naturalists in Yorkshire, an exhibits meeting, and a joint meeting with the Sheffield University Botanical Society which is to be followed by the Annual Social in the Refectory.

The usual excursions, held on Sundays, are to be continued, and all new members should not fail to turn out for these popular meetings.

Last season the Society organised two popular visits to factories of interest; this year the number of such visits has been increased. A visit to a Coal Mine will be arranged in the second term if possible.

The full list of lectures, visits, etc., are contained in the syllabus, which may be obtained from any official of the Society.

The first meeting is to be held on Thursday, October 9th, commencing with tea in the Botany Department, after which Professor Priestley will deliver his Presidential Address. Everybody is invited to this meeting.

Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, or any member of the Committee.

VERNON WILSON, B.Sc.,
Hon. Secretary.

THE SOCIETY PHILOSOPHICAL.—Do not be perturbed by the title! Yes, even you, a University undergrad, are bound to admit that your thoughts at times wander to the deepest problems of life. You wonder what niche man fills in the Universe; you ask yourself what is the relation between mind and matter or between philosophy and science; is there purpose in the creation? and so on. In our Society you have a unique opportunity, perhaps it will never occur again, of hearing, simply but soundly, the answers of the ages and of finding out your own position as to the fundamental problems of the Universe. Join now. Listen eagerly, discuss keenly.

Meetings in the J.C.R. alternate Fridays at 5-30 p.m. (Tea at 5-0 p.m.).

Subscription 1/- (Members of staff and students of Philosophy Department, 2/6). For further information "pigeon hole," J. W. A. Singleton, Hon. Secretary.

SCOUT CLUB.—KEEP YOUR SUNNY-SIDE UP by joining the Scout Club, the most interesting, informal, and jolliest Society in the University. Never mind if you are not connected with Scouting—you are surely interested in preserving the "Peter Pan" in you, and pursuing the glansour of the out-of-doors. If you are a Scouter or a Rover you will glean many helpful hints from our gatherings. If you are an old Scout sip again the nectar of your Scouting days. Let us reawaken your enthusiasm. Our programme this year includes visits from Mr. Piers, D. Power and Dr. Griffin, known to Scouts in all parts of the earth, talks on "Spanning Years," "Hiking in America," "The Romance of Place Names," "Training Scouters," etc., etc. We are not a Scout Troop or a Rover Crew, but a circle of enthusiastic students, keenly interested in life, its joys and its landscapes. Join us now.

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J. W. A. S.

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Leeds University Natural History Society.

All interested in Nature in all its forms should join this Society.

We have papers and lectures on subjects of general interest and of interest to the Botanist, Geologist, Zoologist, Agric., etc., and exhibits, meetings, excursions, social, and visits to factories, etc., are held throughout the Session.

Syllabuses may be obtained from the Secretary, or any Member of the Committee.

First Meeting: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9th,
when Professor J. H. PRIESTLEY, D.S.O.,
B.Sc., F.L.S., will deliver his **PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.**

The Cavendish Society.

Are you a Science Student?

If so, join the Cavendish Society.
Subjects have been chosen so as to present a syllabus of universal interest.

WORKS VISITS.

Some interesting visits have been arranged to Crockett's, Telephone Exchange, Coal Mines and Tanneries.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

The first Dance, in the Great Hall, will be held by the Cavendish Society.

MEMBERSHIP.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION (including Teas), 4/-
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Lectures are held every Tuesday fortnight in the large Chem. Lecture Theatre at 5-30 p.m., and are preceded by tea in the Maths. room at 5-0 p.m.

GET YOUR SYLLABUS ON BAZAAR DAY.

Leeds University Music Society.

The Society wishes to draw the attention of Freshers to the opportunity it provides for those interested in music, of taking an active part in the musical life of the University.

There are vacancies for all voices in the Chorus, which holds its rehearsals on Thursdays, at 5-15, in the Great Hall. All those who play stringed or wood-wind instruments are invited to join the Orchestra. Orchestral practices take place on Fridays at 5-15.

The Society is recognised as holding an important position in the cultural life of the University at large, and it is hoped that musical Freshers will do their part in maintaining the present high standard of the Society.

Applications should be made to the Secretaries, who will be available on Bazaar Day.

Hon. Secretaries:

S. E. HODGSON, Miss CHERIE.

Orchestral Secretaries:

Messrs. KAY and TINSEY.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION - 2/-

Geographical Society

We are looking forward to another successful Session. Our programme of lectures includes several distinguished speakers. We shall roam in fancy a-whaling with Dr. RUDMOSE BAWDS, of Sheffield University, while we shall hear and see something of Iceland and the Alps from Professor GORDON and Mr. IXENNET respectively. Many other interesting lectures will be found in our syllabus.

The first meeting of the Session will be on Monday, October 6th, when Mr. H. B. HODGSON, our President for the Session 1930-31, will be the speaker.

We propose to maintain the high quality of our teas (cheaper than Woolworth's, 3/6 for the Session), and we hope to see the Refectory filled to capacity at our socials. We know from past experience that we are assured of support from 2nd, 3rd and 4th year Students, but we should like to see more Freshers at both lectures and socials.

You may not like Geography, but you are sure to enjoy our meetings and socials, so turn up in your hundreds.

E. M. HEVES,

Hon. Secretary.



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