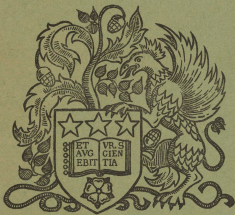


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The Journal of the University of Leeds



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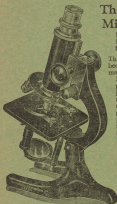
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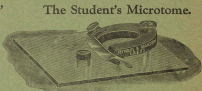
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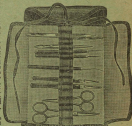
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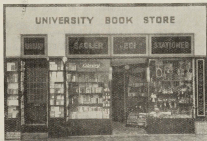
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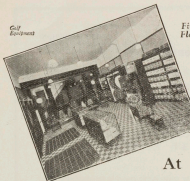
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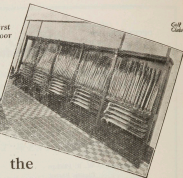
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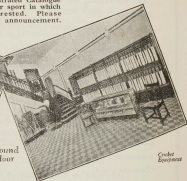
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THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

"The Gryffon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any nicke 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."—LVLV.

Editorial.

"What is it then," some Reader asks,
What is it that attaches
Your fancy so to fans and masks,
To periwigs and patches?"

A QUESTION so reasonable—and yet one so difficult to answer. For the glamour and spell of the Past is like the early morning mists, wreathing and curling around us, visible to the eye, yet, when we strive to grasp them, eluding our feeble efforts, to haunt and mock us till at last the hot sun comes out and disperses them, and only the faint regret is left in our hearts for that bewitching beauty which is unattainable. It is, perhaps, the very impossibility of attainment which causes us to muse longingly upon the days of "periwigs and patches," when Modesty walked hand in hand with Beauty, and Courtesy was sworn companion to Courage. We have gone a long day's journey since then, and were we to try to retrace our steps, perchance the darkness would overtake us, and we would wander down some bypath and never reach our resting-place at all. "But," we can hear someone whispering, "why should we ever desire to go back? Is Human Life to-day so poor? Was there ever an Age so surrounded by comfort and luxury? Was there ever a time when Youth was so free and independent? Away with your old Shades, and mouldy relics of a by-gone year, and give us the chances and thrills of To-day."

Alas, perhaps you are right. Maybe the enchantment of the Past would vanish even as the mists, if it were the Present. Yet do not rob us of these our kindly Ghosts; let us still listen to the gracious swish of old brocade, and linger with the old days when Time ticked silently away—a slow, sweet dream.

Now we must hurry and speed along Life's highway; breathlessly hasting from one thing to another. Haste..... ah, that is the worm which is eating at the root of To-day's fair rose. As we run from this appointment to that, dreading lest we shall be crushed by the great Machine of Time, which follows relentlessly and swiftly upon our heels, we may call to one another: "See how free we are. What glorious liberty; Was there ever anyone as independent as we?" But these are but hopeful catchwords to which we cling, lest we should lose the conviction that To-day is best. Oh, that we might slacken the pace once more, and again find leisure to pursue the gentle Art of Culture.

"With slower pen men used to write,
Of old, when "letters" were polite:"
In Anna's, or in George's days,
They could afford to turn a phrase,
Or trim a straggling theme aright."

Which bring us—at last—to our point. Is it not the time now—these few years that we spend at this Seat of Learning—for all of us, whether we would study Arts, or Science, or Medicine, to emulate our forefathers in that Art, and find time to turn our phrase, and trim our straggling themes? All of which, as you will no doubt perceive, is but an ill-disguised request for contributions to *The Gryphon*.

Notes and Comments.

"The Gryphon."

Since the Handbook contains detailed instructions to would-be contributors, we thought it unnecessary to repeat them in our own pages. We find, however, as time goes on, that it becomes more and more necessary to do so. Articles recently received have been written on both sides of the paper, without the author's name and even without a title. We can usually, after due deliberation, distinguish the verse from the prose, but in one particular instance, we unfortunately had to reject one unsigned contribution, since we were unable to determine whether it was a society report or a humorous article! While much of this is no doubt due to laudable modesty, we beg to remind our readers that *The Gryphon* preserves a discreet silence where writers wish to remain anonymous to the General Public. It is essential, however, that the committee should know the names of their contributors, so as to be assured of their authenticity. May we therefore ask you once again, to write legibly, on one side of the paper only, leave a margin, indicate the approximate number of words, add your name and department, and a pseudonym if desired.

"Mr. Nora Stephens."

The other day we received a mysterious letter written from the University in a feigned hand and signed "Nora Stephens." Since there is definitely no such student at Leeds a little investigation seemed necessary, and we were soon on the track of Mr. Nora Stephens. After he has read the above he will understand that we can hardly regard seriously his would-be feminine outlook on "Rags." We shall be pleased to hear from him again, provided that he attaches his true name—not necessarily for publication as we rather like his pseudonym.

Promising Poets Proffered Prizes!

Willing as ever to encourage local talent, and mindful of the state of penury to which the Christmas vacation unfortunately reduces most of us, *The Gryphon* has pleasure in announcing a new Prize Scheme. Two prizes of a guinea and half a guinea respectively, will be given for the best contributions, humorous or otherwise, in verse, received on or before Saturday, January 17, 1931, on the subject "Christmas Terminals." Should no contribution of sufficient merit be received, the prize money will not be awarded.

The Union Ball.

Varied comments have reached our ears on the subject of the Union Ball. It seems a pity that this, the Union's chief social function of the year should not be better supported by the ordinary student. If you can suggest any way in which this state of affairs can be remedied, why not air your views in our correspondence columns?

Public Lectures.

"Careers Overseas."—On Monday, November 17, Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, M.A., of the Overseas Settlement Department of the Dominions Office, lectured in the Great Hall on the above subject. We are proud to think that, at the present moment, Leeds University Old Students may be found in every country in the world—and we feel sure that, as a result of this interesting and valuable lecture, the number of old Leeds-ites holding responsible posts abroad, will go up by leaps and bounds.

Lord Brotherton's Will.

During his lifetime the late Lord Brotherton of Wakefield took a very keen interest in our University. Realising that lack of funds was a great drawback in our efforts to bring Leeds University into line with the other Universities in the Kingdom, he founded a chair of Bacteriological Research, and with other splendid gifts helped us with our extension scheme. More recently he has, with a magnificent sum of £100,000 and his own world-famous library, founded the "Brotherton Library." And now, in his will, he has bequeathed to us a further £100,000, bringing his total benefactions to the University to well over a quarter of a million pounds. We can hardly express our deep sense of gratitude and appreciation, and feel more strongly than ever that we have by his death lost one of our most keenly interested and generous friends.

Oxley Hall Appeal Bazaar.

Congratulations to Oxley Hall on yet another contribution to the Union Appeal! Hostel efforts are still the most substantial, and the sum raised by such means is steadily, if slowly, mounting. Oxley Hall Bazaar, on October 29, was an enjoyable event, and we must congratulate the organisers on raising £71 towards the Appeal.

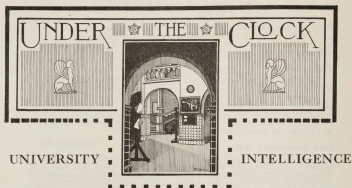
It is interesting to note that the following books, by members of the University Staff, have been recently published:—

JOSHUA C. GREGORY, B.Sc., F.I.C.: "The Scientific Achievements of Sir Humphrey Davy." London: Oxford University Press: Humphrey Milford, 1930: 6/-.

H. F. HALLETT, M.A. "Aeternitas: A Spinozistic Study." Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, 1930: 16/-.

Modern Language Association.

January 22, Thursday.—M. Jean Mistler, romancier, député de Paris: "La Vie à la Chambre des Députés," at 7-30 p.m., in the large Chemistry Lecture Theatre.



Rawdon College.

An historic event in Baptist circles took place on September 24, when new extensions at Rawdon Baptist College were formally opened by Miss Ackworth, a relative of one of the founders. The College was built in 1859 to accommodate forty students, but the scheme was not completed, providing for only about half that number.

Theological Degree for Leeds?

At a Luncheon on October 7, to celebrate the reopening of Wesley College, Headingley, the Vice-Chancellor said that there were approximately 100 theological students already in the vicinity of the University and that the Wesley College would increase the number by sixty. He thought the time had now come when they ought to consider whether they could not institute a degree in theology at the University. The Bishop of Ripon said that the day had passed when any one part of the Christian Church could look with jealous eye on the development of any other Church.

Obituary.

The death has occurred of Professor Walter Ross Phillips, who occupied the Chair of Law in the University from its institution in 1899 to 1919, when he accepted an appointment to a similar post in Egypt.

The Council passed the following resolution at its meeting on November 19: "The Council records with regret the death of Prof. W. R. Phillips...."

To the study of the Law Prof. Phillips brought a penetrating intellect, quick to discern the principles disguised in the complexity of legal practice, a sturdy sense of humour hostile to all pedantry, and a catholic interest in humanistic sciences, ranging far beyond the limits of mere legal lore. These great gifts he lavished upon his pupils: no demand on his time and energy was ever refused:

Who's Who.



J. E. JENKINSON, B.Sc.

(President of the Union, 1930-31).
Devonshire Hall House Committee,
1927-8-9-30.

Hon. Secretary Hostel Committee,
1928-9-30.

Captain Devonshire Hall XV, 1929-30.
President Devonshire Hall, 1930-31.

R. T. BLACK, B.Sc.

(Secretary of the Union, 1930-31).
M.R.C., 1928-9.

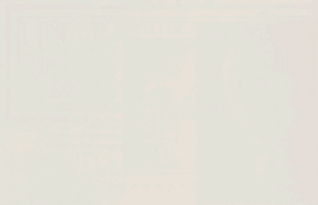
Union Committee, 1928-29-30.
Chairman Rag Committee, 1928-9.
Refectory Committee, 1928-9.

Gym. Team, 1927-28-29-30.
Colours, 1927-8 and 1929-30.
Captain 1929-30.

Soccer Colours, 1928-9.
Soccer XI, 1929-30.



[In the October number we published photographs of various Union Officials. There have been sundry alterations on the Committee since then, and we have pleasure in including the above two photographs, to bring our "Who's Who" up to date.—Ed.].



day after day and hour after hour, in the informal atmosphere of his private room, he poured forth to groups of students the riches of his learning, enlivened by flashes of sparkling wit, making them realise that the Law is a living thing and teachers of law may be as human as themselves. His colleagues felt that, with other ambitions, his exceptional endowments must have gained him a very high position on the judicial bench."

The Council also learned with deep regret of the death of Mr. J. R. Taylor, Staff Tutor, and Lecturer in the Department of Economics, and placed on record its appreciation of his work in the University and in the cause of Adult Education in Yorkshire.

Lord Brotherton's Will.

Lord Brotherton, in his will, bequeathed to the University a sum of £100,000, bringing his total donations to the University to over a quarter of a million pounds.

Appointment.

Mr. Julius N. Ashley, B.Sc., Birmingham, Ph.D., Manchester, has been appointed Research Assistant in Chemotherapy.

W. R. Phillips.

AN APPRECIATION—By Three Solicitors.

WHEN we first became students we were told by lawyers of standing that W. R. Phillips would have graced the High Court Bench. After ten years in busy practice we confidently assert that even such a high estimate of the profundity of his legal knowledge and his humanity was just. He belonged to a generation of the staff which is little known to present day students and was one of those to whom the University owes much in the establishment of its traditions.

The writers were three students in Law who were demobilised from His Majesty's Forces early in 1919. Professor Phillips generously gave separate courses of lectures for us and enabled us to qualify as Solicitors one year earlier than we otherwise would have done. At that time, unknown even to many of his best friends, he was suffering from cataract and there can be no doubt that the extra work entailed in preparing those special lectures made serious inroads into his leisure. He was compelled frequently to work late into the night and thereby accelerated the blindness which he must then have known was overtaking him. The writers have no doubt that the sacrifice was willingly made: it was in accordance with the traditions of the generation of Professors of whom W. R. Phillips was one of the most able and human.

In July, 1920, he underwent the operation for cataract and it was happily successful. His sight restored, and well over sixty years of age, he was appointed Principal of the Khedival School of Law in Cairo. On a number of occasions his services were sought by the British Government and for some months he occupied a judicial office. His departure from this country was a loss which the legal profession could ill sustain.

Every lawyer who received a training under W. R. Phillips acquired a sound knowledge of basic legal principles which proved of inestimable value in his future career. Amongst many notable figures on the University Staff none can have earned and merited more fully the affection and esteem of those who sat under him.

H.R.B.
W.A.K.
F.W.

Claude Barber.

THE announcement of the death of Mr. E. C. P. Barber will be seen with the deepest regret by all old students and members of the staff whose memories go back to the Yorkshire College in the early nineties. The Students' Union, as it was then called, was at that time, in spite of the efforts of stout fellows like H. W. Umney and others, in a somewhat sickly state. In 1893 a considerable forward move was made; interest was stimulated, the athletic side was emphasised, and the Students' Union became the Athletic Union, with Claude Barber as its first Secretary. Barber held office till 1895, the year of the great Bazaar, for which he did a tremendous amount of work, deserving far more credit than he ever received. That was his way, for he was as modest as he was vigorous and keen. There has been, since his time, a long succession of able Presidents and Secretaries, good men and true, but none has rendered, according to his opportunities, more efficient and devoted service to student life in College and University. Professor Smithells, who was Chairman of the Union under both its names from 1891 to 1898, and who knew him well, writes as follows:—

"Claude Barber did as much as anyone I ever knew for the good of student life at Leeds. He worked indefatigably for the just-new reformed 'Union,' and made a real sacrifice for it. Students' organisations and the social and athletic resources in the Yorkshire College had up to that time been really pitiable. Barker took a leading part in a great forward move. He worked without any fuss and was a universal favourite—as modest as he was efficient. Among all the Leeds students I knew from 1885 to 1923 I can remember none who gave better service to the life of the place. I am sure that all of us of the Staff of those days who remain, hold his memory in high honour and greatly deplore his death."

He died on August 22, after a brief illness, at Arequipa in Peru, where he had been in business for over thirty years. His memory, and all that he did here in the service of his day and generation, will live long among those who knew him.

B. M. CONNALL.

J. R. Taylor.

THE University of Leeds and the late Workers' Educational Association have just lost a devoted servant.

J. R. Taylor, having graduated at Edinburgh University, came to Yorkshire in 1915 to work as a tutor for the Workers' Educational Association. Having, in 1920, become a Staff tutor under the Joint Committee for University Extension and Tutorial Classes, he joined the Staff of the Economics Department in 1921, and in 1922 was made Lecturer in Economics History. In spite of poor health he continued his tutorial class work until early in 1928, when a breakdown in health forced him to take a year's complete rest. Returning in October, 1929, he was able to resume his teaching in the University, but had to give up his outside

work. He began the session this October apparently slightly better, but he suddenly became worse and on Sunday, November 2nd, he died.

J. R. Taylor had a love of truth and justice that led him to give his best work to the Workers' Educational Movement, a merciless scorn of insincerity and shoddy thinking, a courage that neither the unpopularity of his war-time views and physical suffering could quell, a gift for warm-hearted friendships, and a genuine interest in his fellow-men. With all these qualities he combined unflinching cheerfulness and a high-spirited, if somewhat sardonic sense of humour. If he sometimes used a caustic tongue his words, though they sometimes hurt, never rankled, for they were always prompted by friendliness and sincerity and never by malice or the vanity that seeks to belittle others.

His high standards of honesty, accuracy, his enthusiasm, and his genuine friendliness to all who came to him for guidance and counsel made him a fine teacher, especially of tutorial class students, group after group of whom he inspired with his own ideal of scholarship devoted to high social purpose.

Those who were his students, both in the University and in Tutorial Classes, have lost a beloved teacher and his colleagues mourn a loyal friend.

H.D.D.

His Downfall.

HE stood on the doorstep of his home, irresolute and downcast. A sudden resolution came into his face and his hand clutched the door-knob, but with a low groan he withdrew it, for in this, his moment of confession, he remembered his past and all that this dreadful mistake would cost him. Through his mind there flashed memories of life as an undergraduate, from which he had only just emerged as a full-blown Bachelor of Arts, with First Class Honours in Economics at that. His career at the University had been such a long series of successes that professors and fellow-students alike, regarded him as one who was about to contribute much to the commercial life of the country. Nobody in his class had been keener in study and research, nobody had excelled him in his examination results. His aptitude for finance, his reliability where any matter of figures was involved, and his alacrity in detecting the slightest error in calculation or argument were all factors that had made others, as well as himself, visualise him as a master-financier in years to come, holding in his hands the wealth of nations and controlling the monetary interests of thousands.

His mind flashed back to Degree Day, when in the Great Hall he had received from the hands of the Chancellor the token of his ability and efficiency, and he recalled his tutor's final words of congratulation and commendation. How proud his mother had been of him! How confident was she in the bright future which seemed to be opening out before her son! And now this had happened to shake her confidence and to force her to the realisation that her son was a failure!

It had all happened so suddenly, so unexpectedly. He had set out that morning to perform this simple mission so full of confidence and assurance, little expecting that so early in his career he was to meet with disaster. He knew there was still a chance of rectifying his mistake, but he felt that his pride would not let him face again those who were responsible for his downfall. How they would laugh at him and sneer at his chances now!

Although his whole being shrunk from causing his mother this great disillusionment, he realised that his only course was to face her and to make a full confession. Summing up all his courage, he entered the house and stood before his mother, disgrace showing in every line of his face. Hesitatingly, brokenly, the words of confession came from his lips: "I bought the loaf you sent me out to buy," he muttered, "and they—gave me the wrong change."

C.N.F.

"A Solemn Warning" or "The Truth Will Out."

Oh, what doth all these, Knight-at-Arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

— except for the fact

that in no way did they even faintly resemble a Knight-at-Arms, the above query might with full justification have been put to A and B on a certain occasion last year.

November is here. But do the gently-falling showers or clinging and impenetrable fogs make me think of bright fires and hot meals—or chilblains? Certainly not!—My thoughts fly immediately to....regattas!

A and B were two students; they were not really called A and B—in fact each had quite a nice name of her very own, but they were as inseparable as a subject and its attributes, a manx cat and its tail-less-ness, or A and B, so I will call them that for short.

Now when A and B thought of the word "regatta," they at once imagined gently rippling waters, jolly crowds, clean flannels—in a word—Henley. Also A and B read their Handbook (1/6 from the Union Office) diligently. A belonged to the Dramatic, and B to the Lit. and Hist., but that did not prevent them from being interested in the doings of others; so they read with a little anticipatory thrill that the L.U.B.C. held its winter regatta, no, its Winter Regatta, during the first term. They noted the date and waited.

They rather wondered where the gently rippling waters could be found near Leeds, and were prepared to appreciate any pool, pond or puddle whatever. They also realised that in all probability the November weather would not be perfect, and so were prepared to make allowances for that.

After persistent inquiry they were reluctantly informed that the Regatta would be held by, or on, the Canal at Rodley; all helpful advice on how to reach Rodley was sternly withheld.

A and B, however, were in no wise daunted, and in spite of a threatening drizzle, caught a car labelled "Rodley" on the appointed day. A was protected by a navy hat and mac., B was hatless, and wore a light fawn mac., and both, with admirable foresight, had Wellington boots.

Leaving the car at the terminus, A and B looked round for a guide; they were just in time to catch a glimpse of a scared-looking young man, muffled up to the eyes, trilby pulled well down, who was slipping furtively away into the mist. He was the only person in sight, and so, rather hesitant, for he looked as one about to commit a crime, they stalked him—for about a mile and a half. Obviously, he did not like it; he turned round at intervals to regard his pursuers with suspicion, and then hastened his step. As it happened, he was not very difficult to stalk, because he could not escape; his track lay along the towing path. A and B assumed it was a towing path because there was grey water lapping against it on one side, and a ditch on the other, whilst the path itself was made of wet ashes. They could see nothing else, because of the mist.

Suddenly, the fleeing shadow in front disappeared—apparently into the ditch. Hurrying up, A and B with difficulty discerned a dismal looking wooden structure—perhaps a boat-house, separated from the path by a fence and marshy hollow. To their surprise there was no one in sight. So they waited. (Just to prepare you, I had better mention here that the rest of this story is entitled "The Wait"). Presently a few men in muddy shorts and dirty upper garments appeared

lounging in the doorway of the hut, and then retired, to be followed by fresh relays in their turn. These obviously regarded A and B as natural phenomena.

After some twenty minutes wait two boats were borne carefully out and placed on the canal.

Another ten minutes passed,.....

Suddenly, the two crews arrived, entered their boats and began to row slowly—away from Rodley and the Boathouse. A large crowd of men followed on the towpath. Presently one man detached himself from the crowd, took two or three steps backward towards A and B, and shouted "If you want to see the race, you had better follow us!" So A and B followed.

The race started before they reached the starting place, and apparently the race was rowed back to the Boathouse. A and B did not see the boats, because the crowd of men came thundering back along the towpath, and they had to get into the ditch to avoid being hurled into the canal. As the men ran they roared in unison—"one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten! One, two,...." and so on, like recurring decimals. A and B climbed out of the ditch and also counted tens quietly to themselves, because they did not see why they should miss everything. They waited about a quarter of an hour, and then began to stroll back towards the Boathouse. For some time they met nothing but a barge. Then suddenly out of the mist burst the crowd once more; it swarmed past and was lost in the haze near the starting place. Patiently A and B turned about; they had gone about a hundred yards, when the swelling sounds of repeated tens warned them that danger was again imminent. They had just time to retreat to the ditch, the crowd roared past, and both boats and supporters again disappeared into the fog.

A and B philosophically ate a couple of tangerines and complimented each other on still being alive. Presently, however, the dismal surroundings, the soggy path, the steady downpour, the dull grey mist and the murky water ever lapping hollowly at their feet, began to effect their nerves, and conversation languished. They proceeded dolefully towards the Boathouse. Presently they came upon a ingubrious gentleman in yellow oilskins sitting on a damp tree stump. They asked him for a forecast of the future. He replied that he did not know which crews had won, but that they were resting; in about half-an-hour, if no barges came along, they would perhaps leave the Boathouse and proceed to the starting point.

A and B consulted their watches and discovered that they had spent two and a half hours on the towpath; they decided to leave the scene of the Regatta. They were tired of it, so walked along in the opposite direction. It became dark; the ashes ceased and mud took their place—mud in which they sank to their knees. The path was only some three yards in width, and on one side was the canal, whilst soon on the other flowed the swollen waters of the Aire. It seemed hours to A and B, slipping and sliding in the dark, before they waded through a farmyard and left the canal behind at Greengates. Tired out, they had to wade from Greengates to Rawdon before they were able to catch a 'bus to take them back to Leeds.

They never think of Henley now. That is the tragedy of it—they will never believe roscate stories of regattas again. No, they have been to a winter regatta—sorry, a Winter Regatta, and they **know**.

Now you see why I always think of Regattas in November.

I see in the Handbook (see above) that the L.U.B.C. will hold their Winter Regatta in the first term, as usual. I wonder if they want spectators? I wonder why?
C. per pro A and B.

Music.

UNFAVOURABLE weather on the evening of October 21 caused a gap in the audience at the Recital for two Pianofortes given by Miss Berenblum and Mr. Allam in the Great Hall. A programme made up entirely of piano duets is most unusual, but its success was unmistakable, and we hope we shall be privileged to hear the two artists again in another programme of duets before the end of the season. The playing was magnificent. The subject of Mozart's Fugue in C minor (K 426) is Bach-like in strength, but the rest of the music is unmistakably Mozart.

Brahm's Variations on a theme by Haydn (Op. 56b) are lovely; there is something new and vital in each succeeding variation. Some doubt exists as to whether the theme is really Haydn's, but it has not been traced to an older source so far.

Germaine Tailleferre's "Jeux de Plein air" was not a very pleasant contrast to the first two works, but one was soothed again by the Sonata in F of W. F. Bach.

"May Mell," an Irish tone-poem by Arnold Bax, begins gloriously, but the interest is not kept up.

Mr. Allam's Sonata in one movement, which was performed for the first time in public, was given an enthusiastic reception. Recent criticism compares it with one of Honnberger's famous works. On hearing it for the first time, one feels that it leans towards Impressionism.

Busoni's "Fantasia Contrapuntistica" has many fine passages, and also many unmusical ones, while Cassella's "Burlesca" from a Partita in C is a challenge almost to physical endurance.

Violin Sonatas by Brahms and Handel were heard at the Mid-day Recital on October 28, the Artist being Miss Murray Lambert. Mozart once said that there is something more charming in the really good playing of a woman than a man can ever acquire, and there was real charm in Miss Lambert's playing, whether the statement is true or not. Handel's Sonata in D is delightfully fresh and melodious. The Allegro is a kind of preliminary sketch for the chorus: "Live for ever, Pious David's son" in "Solomon."

The Sonata in A (Op. 100) by Brahms, has become the favourite of the three Sonatas. Its first movement is the most easily intelligible of all Brahms's Sonata movements, and there is a fine outline of melody all through.

"Midsummer Moon" (Rebecca Clarke) was mercifully short. One wonders why this title was decided upon, for there is much in it to make one think of rude daylight. De Falla's "Iota" called forth an enthusiastic and long-continued applause. Long passages of plucked notes shows gross misuse of the violin, for it is essentially a melodic instrument. Such instruments as banjos are specially designed for the purpose. Miss Lambert was accompanied by Mr. Allam.

One of Beethoven's most lovely piano trios was played by the Edgar Knight Trio at the Mid-day Recital of November 7—that in D major, Op. 70, No. 1. It consists of three movements only, there being no scherzo. It is considered one of Beethoven's greatest works in Chamber Music form, and the slow movement is extremely long—not in bars, but in the time it takes.

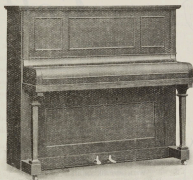
The "Phantasie Trio" by Franck Bridge, after the exhilarating freshness of Beethoven, was monotonous. Sweeping announcements evolve into broken promises, and what would have been graceful music in short movements soon tires in the extended Sonata group form.

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The first Chamber Music Concert was held on November 12, when quartets by Beethoven, Verdi and Mozart were played by the Hirsch String Quartet.

The Quartet in F (Op. 18) is the first of the early group, and the Adagio contains what is regarded as the deepest and greatest movement in all the six. The whole is of greatest interest, for it shows Beethoven's power of developing a short and apparently insignificant phrase.

Verdi's one quartet is seldom played, and it is not difficult to understand this, for its occasional elements of real Chamber Music evaporate too often to allow it to take its place in the ranks of the highest musical literature.

Mozart's Quartet in E₃ (K 428) is extremely delicate and illustrates his strict adherence to high ideals, which alone make for success in art.

The slight unsteadiness in the playing at the beginning was soon replaced by a feeling of confidence. The ensemble was perfect, and there was supreme refinement and consistency of detail all through.

The Song Recital given by Miss Betty Bannerman at Mid-day of the 20th November, was one of the best heard this term. Miss Bannerman has a rich contralto voice, and her singing of songs by Schubert, Schumann and Brahms was exceedingly charming and original. The group of songs by Monteverdi, Legrenzi and Scarlatti did not stir up more than a diffident applause, but the Songs of the Hebrides (arranged by Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser) with the unfailing charm of the folk-song, called forth an enthusiastic demonstration. The accompanist was Mr. Allam.

L.D.

A Plea for the Howler.

L'EXPRESSION "Howler" s'applique toujours à quelque chose d'amusant ; mais, à cause de quelque malheureux petit mot d'une ignorance fort pardonnable, on est condamné si on en fait. Occasion de moquerie, soit ; mais de pénalisation...ce n'est pas juste !

La plupart des "howlers" démontrent, non pas de l'ignorance (cela est fort commun), mais, en vérité de l'ingéniosité. On n'est pas tout à fait bête si on a traduit :—

Le peuple ému répondit=The purple emu laid another egg.

Des mouches d'une taille colossale=Flies with enormous tails.

Je frappe, la sentinelle ouvre—I knock the sentinel over.

Le lion se mit à rugir=The lion began to blash.

C'est bon à travailler mais ce n'est pas bon de pas le faire=It is a good thing to travel, but it's not good to pay the fare.

Plusieurs d'entre nous n'auraient pas de réponse plus intelligente ; Nos camarades de classe qui savent tout traduire-même en faisant des bêtises-ont-ils plus d'esprit que nous ? ou une connaissance plus considérable de la langue française ?

Il faut d'ailleurs du courage pour essayer de comprendre ; tout au moins on a fait preuve d'imagination. Que l'ingéniosité vienne alors au secours de l'ignorance.

Mît à Dieu-ca veut dire "Good God it's raining !"—que les examinateurs fussent de cet avis. M. Felix Boillot a dit dans "Le vrai ami du traducteur" "Il faut que l'examinateur ait le cœur bien dur pour refuser un diplôme à des jeunes gens qui font preuve d'une agilité d'esprit si surprenante." Hélas, je vous assure, Monsieur, que les examinateurs ont un cœur de pierre.

Il est tellement facile d'ailleurs d'écrire des sottises en traduisant du français en anglais et vice versa. Tout d'abord il serait fort nécessaire que l'élève sache sa langue maternelle. On voudrait lui faire comprendre le français pour "old maid." On lui demande en anglais: "What is the feminine of bachelor?" Après plusieurs secondes "A lady in waiting" dit-il. Quel ignorant! Qu'on se moque de lui! Mais je vous en citerais facilement cinquante exemples du même genre. Il nous arrive souvent de traduire en français un passage que nous ne comprenons pas en anglais. Les dictionnaires ne nous aident presque pas. En effet un écrivain français a dit: "Nous admettons sans trop de peine que dans la majorité des cas, l'imperfection des dictionnaires...est la cause des bévues si grossières et si fréquentes que contiennent les traductions." Bravo! Oeuvre=Work. Donc hors d'oeuvre=out of work. Rien de plus logique.

Qui plus est, j'ai remarqué que lorsque j'ai employé un mot qui ne va pas on me dit "Vous l'avez pris dans le dictionnaire!" Ce qui est une condamnation en soi-du dictionnaire.

Mais il me semble que la plus grande cause de la fréquence des "howlers" c'est la ressemblance malencontreuse entre le français et l'anglais. Par exemple, si 'table'='table', pourquoi ne pas traduire 'hors' par 'horse'? Donc: hors de combat=Battle steed.

C'est une tendance naturelle d'être frappé par des ressemblances. Il est fort naturel (hélas) qu'on mette:

Les peupliers frissonnaient sans cesse=The people were frying sausages.

Coup de grâce=lawn-mower.

Trait-d'union=Trade union.

Très volontiers dit-il=Three volunteers responded.

Mes souvenirs sont peu précis=My recollections are precious few.

Coup d'oeil=a cup of oil.

Timbre-post=a wooden paling.

Le style journalistique (cave *Gryphon*) est responsable aussi pour une partie de nos malheurs. Est-ce de notre faute si la langue du reporter est négligée, embrouillée et remplie de termes impropres? Ce nouveau langage pénètre partout (Dickens même ne reconnaîtrait pas son enfant) et nous sommes condamnés à traduire l'intraduisible.

Voici des passages pris dans les journaux français et anglais.

Sous des dehors rébarbatifs et sous une grosse moustache, cet ancien militaire dissimule un coeur sensible.

L'empereur Guillaume est arrivé à Londres dans la matinée; il y restera jusqu'à son départ.

French supply trouble in Smyrna.

Dress in March. Habillez vous en Mars?

Dog talks. Un chien qui cause?

Qui se piquerait de traduire tout cela?

Je n'ai pas mentionné les phrases qui ne peuvent pas se traduire. Comment traduire: "triste comme un bonnet de nuit"? Impossibilité. Un 'bonnet de nuit' n'est pas du tout triste en Angleterre... En effet, 'jole de vivre' égale 'whisky' (me dit-on). Inutile d'insister! "tirons le voile accoutumé." Et, pull down the blinds. (Baisez les aveugles).

Cher examinateur, auriez-vous le coeur un peu attendri par mon plaidoyer? Ne trouvez-vous pas que le marchand de howlers est plutôt malheureux que blâmable, et qu'il fait preuve d'intelligence quand même?

F.C.C.



News travels fast.

BAD spelling," for instance, is said to be peculiarly fostered by residence in a University."—A leader in *The Yorkshire Evening Post*.

And the very next morning our postbag contained a copy of the University College Magazine, Wakes, which arrived, as an elegant white card informed us, "With the Editor's Compliments."

We in Leeds can still hold our own—witness these two gems: One of our very own contributors sent along a titbit for inclusion in "Shoes and Ceiling Wax." He did help—but not in the way he intended. A poster, reminding one of the coloured lights of Picadilly, exhorted all and sundry to hear a discourse on "Religion and Culture"—our office boy seems to think Culture should be spelt with a "K."

* * *

While still on the subject of posters, we should like to draw attention to a play reading at O—— Hall, on Tuesday, November 7—we presume in the year 1833—or has the poster been there since 1922?

* * *

The Rugger XV appear to have acquired a taste for wine instead of beer—at any rate we read "Port Needed" on a certain notice board on the eve of an important game.

* * *

Oh these noticeboards! Once more in the limelight! We learn that Miss —— will lecture to MEN only—does she fear competition?

* * *

An announcement overheard at a meeting of the Lit. and Hist. :—"Professor Grant founded the Literary and Historical Society in 1693."

At the same meeting: Prof. Grant: "The next lady who had an influence over Disraeli was his wife." This is a very curious story.

* * *

Ankle tapping at C—— Hall: We have it on the best authority that a certain prominent member of the Soccer XI was seen prostrate during the C—— Hall Dance, having been, as he pathetically moaned, ankle-tapped during a bout with one of the "weaker sex."

* * *

We gather that prayers may now be said (even by men) in the waiting room at O—— Hall, judging by certain silhouettes seen from the drive on sundry occasions.

People we should like to meet:

- The Fresher who hopefully enquired at Spaldings' for "A seven-and-sixpenny Union Ball, please!"
- The second-year man who bathetically walked into the Union Office with the query: "Please can you tell me what a Union Membership Card is?" (He knows now!!!).
- All the Freshers who obediently called at the Hall Porter's Office for rhubarb!
- The Medic. who was strong-minded enough to refuse Sodium Hydroxide as a substitute for Caustic Soda.
- The Textile lecturer who thinks a hexagon has "six or seven" sides. (Our office-boy says "eight—counting the ends!").
- The listener-in who, with touching faith, rang up the H.P.'s office during the inter-Varsity broadcast debate and asked the operator to "Stop all that noise."

A Yorkshireman in Devon.

Being fleeting impressions of a flying visit to the University College of the West of England.

DEVONIA :—"Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Endure his Northern berr and rude mien;
Feed him with your far-famed cream and cider."
(*After Shakespeare.*)

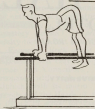
THRO' the carriage window I gazed on furrow after furrow of rich, red soil, on fat, ginger, sheep, feeding on luscious herb—none of your scraggy creatures that eke out a lean existence on Yorkshire's sparsely-grassed slopes—on the River Exe, flowing wine-red in the setting sun—a panorama of beauty and peace.

These last words—beauty and peace—seem to epitomise the atmosphere of the College life. Do not mistake me and think all the girls are Mary Pickfords and the men strong and silent Colmans—far from it—but coming from a University of 1,500 students set in the midst of a hustling industrial population, I seemed to pass into a more leisurely life at old-world Exeter, and certainly there is a beauty of fellowship and hospitality that I have never met elsewhere. Perhaps this is due to its intense hostel life. With only 500 students there are eight hostels. One is an old converted mansion, situated in 20 acres of fairy woodland, the haunts of numberless grey squirrels. The trees are said to be the finest collection outside Kew. They have a habit of falling, which may and may not be an advantage. It depends whether a professor or student is passing at the time! A fish pond provides an ideal arena for the Freshers' Rag. Tennis and squash-racket courts are laid out. It boasts an observatory. A statue of Cupid pulling his bow greets you on one of the terraces. This has no connection with the nearest girls' hostel, Hope Hall, for one of the latter's many unwritten laws is that a girl may not take a man's arm except when crossing a puddle or coming home from a dance! It is rumoured that the Highways Department is perpetually pestered by amorous swains for plans of their road surfaces and that steam rollers are as popular as examinations!

However, there is a dance of one sort or another every week.

The University buildings themselves are not worthy of the College, and it is pleasing to see that a fund is afoot to provide for bigger and better accommodation.

WHAT A LIFE!



A few exercises
on Monday



followed by a society
meeting on Tuesday



with an invigorating
match on Wednesday



not forgetting training
on Thursday



and of course the dance on/
Friday



and we nearly forgot the
hurdles on Saturday

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Societies are not as numerous as at other 'Varsities. At debates, though, a large, enthusiastic crowd attend; there is none of the stupid, so-called "ragging," that mars many a Northern meeting. It is like passing from a zoological into a monastery garden! *A propos* there is to be a debate with an American University to the effect that instead of the Pilgrim Fathers landing on Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock ought to have landed on the Pilgrim Fathers.

Exeter is the only College organised as a Borough, with elected Mayor, Alderman and Councillors. At a Smoker, in 1908, a fictitious Mayor was impersonated with such success that the College revived the ancient hero' of Brandinich, with its motto "Je ne pense pas." The choosing of the Mayor, the speeches of the Heads of the Departments, the official visits to other Boroughs gives plenty of scope for excellent buffoonery. The Mayor's chief duty is to organise the Annual Hospital Rag. To quote the Guild of Undergraduates' Handbook:—

"The essence of the Borough is continuity of tradition. On the one hand it is linked to the ancient Borough, with its 500 years of uninterrupted history; on the other, it looks into the future of College, wherein its function will still be to conserve and exemplify the spirit of service to the whole, and the ideal of life in a community, which gave birth to the parent Borough so many centuries ago."

I have only one grouse to make, Exeter. Why did you borrow for your Coll. song-book the song that has stirred stout Yorkshire hearts the wide world o'er and spell it "Ilkley?"

Thou hast committed the unforgivable sin.

"KUMATYKE."

"Au Travail."

ABOUT a score of students of this University have spent the major part of their long vacations in France, working in the regions devastated by the flooding of the rivers Tarn and Garonne, which took place in March of this year. This work was under the auspices of the Service Civil Volontaire, d'Ent'aide internationale—a movement begun in Switzerland in 1920, and whose main object is to secure universal peace. Its organisers intend that, through the activities of the movement in devastated regions in Europe, international good-will will be strengthened, and the realisation of peace secured. It is hoped that this work will become an alternative to Military Service, which is compulsory in many European countries. The last "Service" in which several Leeds students assisted, took place in 1928, in the small principality of Lichtenstein.

It was decided that the centre of this year's activity should be the little village of Albefeuille-Lagarde, near the town of Montauban. The task of attempting to make order out of the chaos left by the floods, was started early in May. By the end of the month, the roads had been cleared of their thick covering of sand and mud, thus allowing communications to be reopened. In June the task of clearing away the houses that had caved in, was begun, and this work lasted till the Service concluded at the end of September. The object was to level the sites of the houses so as to permit an early reconstruction of the village, for which, we understand, the country of Holland has subscribed the sum of a million francs.

The work itself was hard, real navy's work, and moreover, the sun was exceedingly hot. One found, by experience that a pair of shorts and a pair of boots were sufficient clothing. Sunstroke, slight or severe, was no uncommon

thing. Indeed, during the hotter months, the small "Infirmierie krankenzimmer" was full, for the most of the time. But in time one became inured to the heat and to the hard work.

After eight and a half hours' work one felt little inclined to play. We got up at 4-30 in the morning, and started work at 5-30, and our daily work lasted till 5-30 in the evening. To get up at this unearthly hour required a great effort and to most of us was a novel experience. Yet, curiously enough, now when we look back, we never found ourselves grumbling in earnest at the early rising hour. The river Turn, the cause of all the chaos around us, was our happy playground, and our bath, when work was finished for the day. Occasionally, a very informal game of football would take place, or the English would mystify the other nationalities by playing cricket. The more intellectual games of chess and bridge had their devotees too, whilst fishing proved restful and soothing. But the finest game of all was to sit in the village inn, and over a litre of wine, discuss every possible subject under the sun.

Such a concourse of so many different nationalities was a glorious opportunity to learn something of life and manners in other countries and to see ourselves as others see us, and by all was the opportunity taken. Again all political opinions were represented, from the extreme Communism, as found in Russia, to the cold Conservatism of the unthinking Englishman. One got to know what Europe thought of Britain: we had no right, it seemed, to India, for instance, and there is no doubt that the people of the Continent are more interested in the Indian Problem than many of our fellow-countrymen.

And now a few words in particular about the workers from Leeds, many of whom were members of the O.T.C. Firstly, they proved strikingly that their picks and shovels were at least as mighty as their pens, but that in itself would be nothing. By volunteering for the work they consciously showed themselves willing to strike a blow for peace.

The question of Peace and how it is to be created is maddeningly difficult, yet the solution offered by the Service Civil Volontaire, that of an international organisation that comes to the aid of a country in distress, is a practical one, however great the obstacles to the ultimate achievement of its objective may be.

H.

Congratulations !

On behalf of our fellow Engineers we must congratulate R. B. Walker upon getting married so early in life. We all hope that he will be successful in this hazardous adventure upon which only strong silent men embark.

Had we known of his good intentions previous to the auspicious occasion we most certainly should have made an appropriate guard of honour in the Engineering fashion—forming an archway of screws and bolts!

Who says Engineers are ignorant? We are vindicated at long last.

"The Engineering Bachelors."

[Mr. R. B. Walker, of the Engineering Department, was married at Ben Rhydding during the long vacation—his fellow Engineers have just remembered to congratulate him!—E.D.]



The Jesus of the Poets.

An Anthology selected and edited by LEONARD R. GRIBBLE.

IN these days of anthologies one is apt to be sceptical about the need for another, but "The Jesus of the Poets" is a book which many would probably like to possess.

The selection covers a very wide ground, ranging in time from the eighth century poems of Cynewulf to those of poets who are still alive, while the variety of poems included is great enough almost to give expression to the many-sidedness of the appeal which Christ, to-day perhaps more than ever, has for men and women.

Many of the poems included are by men who are acknowledged masters of the poetic art—one notices especially poems by W. H. Davies, Bridges, Graves, Alice Meynell among the Moderns, and by Blake, the Brownings and Milton among the older poets—but in the case of poems by some of the greater poets one cannot help making invidious comparisons with their more secular work.

An interesting feature of the book is the inclusion of poems by American poets—probably the best of these is James Russell Lowell's "The Search"—while even those who are incapable of feeling the poetic merit of a Negro spiritual will at least find it interesting in an anthology such as this.

The poems from Old English will interest rather than rouse enthusiasm, but one or two of the Middle English poems—one might instance the one beginning "He came all so stille"—are comparable with the best in the book.

One cannot help feeling that some of the poems included are pious rather than poetic, in spite of the editor's statement in the introduction, and it is perhaps disappointing that very little, if any, really front rank poetry has been written on this subject.

While sympathising with the difficulties of an editor in grouping poems of this kind under a definite system, one cannot help thinking that an alphabetical arrangement of authors is very artificial and that even a chronological arrangement would have been better.

In spite of these criticisms, however, the book is one which should have a wide appeal, especially among students.

A.M.

S.C.M. Press, 4/-

To be reviewed later: "East Yorkshire," by S. J. BEST.

The Whiteheaded Boy,

well presented by the Dramatic Society.

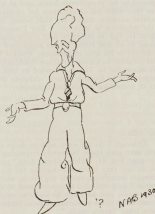
THE Dramatic Society continues to show its versatility this year by the production of an Irish play. It has given us Galsworthy, Shaw, Gilbert, Tchekov, Saki, and now Lennox Robinson, and has proved master of all. The Presentation of "The Whiteheaded Boy" had an exceptionally good reception both in the Press and the University, and one wonders why such success should have to be confined to one night, since previous years have proved two night productions to be impracticable ventures. Is it that the Society's work is not being fully recognised by Members of the University? Yet we are told that a one night show is "hard lines on others who might have wished to see 'The Whiteheaded Boy.'"

The main difficulty of the players lay in capturing the native spirit of the author and being able to present a real and convincing picture of the Ireland of Yeats, of Synge and of Lennox Robinson, which required a sustained lingual effort. Throughout the accent was good and the atmosphere remarkably well maintained, the genial high standard reflecting great credit on the entire caste and particularly on Mrs. Hamilton Thompson, to whose skill and indefatigable energy as producer this success is due in no small measure. She was also outstanding in her clever presentation of Mrs. Georghagan and one is grateful to her for this convincing study of the doting mother who compelled sympathy, although she had brought her troubles on her own head.

The rest of the caste did not fall below her high standard. Denys Foulds is to be congratulated on a successful début, both in the University and on the stage, by his vigorous and masterful acting as elder brother George, who, "since the father died, had not had a minute's rest." He was consistent in both accent and action. James Oldfield presented us with a contrast in the person of "dear Denis," acquitting himself with distinction and he almost became the hero when his imperious fiancée, Delia Duffy, took command of the situation and gathered all the "plums" for the two of them—a sound piece of acting by Miss Constance Haigh, "the nice little girl." Alan Joslin played the rather obscure part of Peter with obvious merit, and Gordon Thompson was equally successful as "poor Donough." William Parker Evans, as John Duffy, merits praise for his efforts at that extremely difficult task of getting Aunt Ellen to "marry him before Shrove," and with all his wily notions, his lovmaking was of that simplicity which covers art—hardly less clever, in fact, than the astuteness of that "great woman for schemes," played by Miss Grace Herringshaw, who revealed true dramatic intuition in her presentation of the philanthropic aunt. Miss Margaret Johnson, as Kate, Miss Gertrude Winter as Jane, and Miss Margaret England as Baby were the three daughters of the family and were eminently suited to their parts, which were executed with ease and accomplishment. Miss Anne Middleton, as Hannah the maid, completed a well balanced caste.

The plot is slight, and everything depends on the swift action of the play and the crowding situations which are natural consequences of the mental make-up of the characters. Yet the reception of the play was enthusiastic and even that most fastidious of all audiences—our gallery—was satisfied at having had "its money's worth."

L. P.



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Thoughts suggested by scrutiny of Union photographs from the dim past.

Two Professors Correspond.

Dear Editor,

May I use your valuable columns to comment on Professor Glassbreaker's invaluable article in a recent article issue of the "Bull. Soc. Chem. Belg." There are just a few points, *idem, ibid.*, which I find do not agree with my views, but nevertheless these are of no great consequence. He claims that he has discovered an entirely new phenomenon—the fluctuating breakage coefficient (*loc. cit.*); for, in certain cases, certain apparatus did not break at the first time of falling, but that invariably the next time of trial it did so. On "a priori" grounds I should like to draw his attention to the fact that if he should look into an article of mine in the "Smash & Grab" Magazine, November 5th, 1929, Ohio, Ind. DEF. Imp. Cal. U.S.A., he would see that I had already drawn that conclusion, or words to that effect. I do not actually accuse him of having abstracted for his own use parts of this article, but I must say it looks jolly well like it and I am open to an unqualified and unreserved apology from the aforesaid Professor, failing which I shall take other steps which may have the effect of modifying his filibustering, swashbuckling attitude.

Yours, etc.,

Professor HIJACK K. SMASHEM, D.Sc., B.Sc., T.H.U.G.

Dear Sir,

In reply to Professor SMASHEM'S delightful résumé of my article, which appeared in his penultimate letter, and in which he alleged the astounding statement that while his observations are identical with mine, his interpretations are at entire variance, may I say that taking his advice I attempted to have a look at the reference he gave us. May I mention, here and now, that I spent the sum of 1s. 7½d. in trying to find it and that I did not succeed in discovering the journal at all and either he has suppressed the magazine or it does not exist at all, except in his fond imagination, which I have now come to suspect. It is my great pleasure to inform Professor SMASHEM, through your inimitable columns, that unless the 1s. 7½d. is refunded by him, free of tax, liens, attachments, post charges, and in English money, complete with a full apology to myself, he will hear of something to his disadvantage.

Yours, etc.,

Prof. GLASSBREAKER, D.Sc., F.R.S.

Dear Editor,

Although I do not even wish to deign to reply to Prof. GLASSBREAKER, I will save your space by merely requesting your readers who may be interested to re-read Vol. 91, "Helv. Chim. Acta." para. 4, section "f," line 3. I simply wish to say that I am still waiting for his apology and a further one for the deliberate misconstruction of my words, which say, in effect, the absolute opposite to what I had intended to say. I wish to enter a protest against this distortion of my views, and although he seeks to evade the issue of my *ad hoc* argument, I would bring to his notice that famous Latin proverb: "Caesar his rebus cognitis, hostes trans flumen misit."

Yours, etc.,

SMASHEM.

Dear Editor,

Being a busy man, I have not the time to carry on this delightful correspondence with Professor SMASHEM, through your inestimable columns, as your correspondent seems to have. I should like to note another Latin proverb: "Facilis descensus averni."

Yours, etc.,

GLASSBREAKER.

Dear Editor,

I admit Professor GLASSBREAKER is an adept at wriggling out of the challenge implied in my theory. I expect he will say it is fallacious and that I adduce as arguments for the theory those points which he produces as arguments against, but, I ask him, is there one point that is not substantiated up to the hilt, and further?

Yours, etc.,

SMASHEM.

Dear Editor,

I have no wish to carry on this controversy (which I did not initiate) any further. It must be exceedingly wearisome to your readers and I myself am fed up even to the back teeth, but I challenge him to produce *one* single and solitary fact to support his theory.

Yours, etc.,

GLASSBREAKER.

[Although we do not mind the space used in prolonging this controversy, involving, as it does, such highly interesting correspondence between the above eminent scientists, yet we venture to suggest that the exceedingly difficult technicalities indulged in, may not be adequately appreciated by the ordinary average reader.—ED.]

Dear Editor,

From information which has since come to my knowledge, I feel it my duty to apologise sincerely to Professor Glassbreaker. I find that his investigations, besides being absolutely original, are quite excellent, and from what I can tell may be even trustworthy. He is one of the foremost investigators on glass, and it would give me the greatest pleasure to meet him and discuss various problems.

Yours, etc.,

SMASHEM.

Dear Editor,

My opinions on Professor SmasheM have been altered. His magnanimous apology was characteristic of his benign and sensible nature and if he would care to have dinner with me at Woolworth's Café the pleasure and expense would be mine.

Yours, etc.,

GLASSBREAKER.

A. C. COOPER.

The Great Hall Episode—a lost fragment of Beowulf.

Lo! we have heard
 down far hence
 Jestless and joyless
 of careworn creatures,
 This has passed away.
 The Hall porter halted,
 protection of property,
 fear of the Fresher,
 "Why come ye, far clad,
 bold in Rella Roycea
 He viewed the vehicles
 the mudsplashed motors
 An alderman answered,
 "Seek we a safe place,
 Now are our numbers grown
 Yet have we heard
 —over the whale way
 how they stand soothly,
 bedecked with blue hangings
 The hall porter hastened
 led them, light hearted,
 into the happy Hall,
 Asked then an Alderman,
 "And who art thou . . .

of the hopes of Freshers,
 over the fallow waves,
 he joins the company
 cutting all lectures,
 so may something else,
 bolder of letters
 prince of custodians
 leader of lost ones,
 courageous hearted,
 wherein ye ride?"
 —versed in learning—
 most like to birds,
 arrayed in his battle ark
 chamber of south saying,
 nowise our council halls
 of the halls of learning
 over the walrus wash—
 inkstained but roomy
 noblest of halls!
 hearing their wished boon
 let them go upward
 hailed them gladly,
 awaited an answer

Hiatus in MS.

K.C.R.

Bazaar Day, 1930.

A Reminiscence.

Near the entrance, in the roadway
 Hiawatha stood and shivered
 Shivered from his top to toe-mails
 With an all-pervading terror—
 Then the little Hiawatha
 Plucking from his boots his courage
 Made a dive, a rushing header
 Gave a hefty push, a good one,
 Throwing right and left the loungers,
 Loosening he-mails in the entrance,
 Placed a foot upon the staircase
 In a state of trepidation,
 Ever rising, rising, rising,
 To a table where he proffered
 Paper mauve and greatly needed—
 Questions asked, he answered wildly,
 Then he clutched a sheaf of papers
 Of the colours of the rainbow,
 Stumbled blindly to a table
 In a room of books and tables,
 Vaguely viewed through eyes of terror
 Help he asked to aid his memory
 What his name was, where his dwelling,
 Then the little Hiawatha
 Forward marched with lots of others
 To a room, tho' large and airy,
 Closely packed with moving people,
 Seething mass of pale humanity;
 Found a Prof, the nearest to him—
 Got his paper signed—then onwards
 Into queues—he waited, waited . . .
 Passed a long and dreary waiting
 Interspersed with words of wisdom,

Words of wisdom and of welcome:
 "Hiawatha, you are welcome."
 Visits then the centre table,
 Gets a shining orange ticket,
 All his fear, his terror vanishes
 In his pride and jubilation—
 All the time, approached on all sides,
 Begged and forced and pushed and flattered,
 Always pressed and e'er persuaded
 By some zealous secretaries
 Wanting new and eager members,
 Members fresh and keen and eager—
 Soon became a sadder human
 Sadder, wiser, and less wealthy
 Having joined, yes, fifteen of them,
 Of Societies that number
 Economics, Engineering,
 Lit. and Hist. and Geographical,
 C. of E. and Evangelical,
 Photographic, Philosophical,
 Cavenish, and Gay Dramatic,
 And oh! lots and lots of others;
 Till at last in desperation
 Hiawatha, sad and penniless,
 Did a rush, a push a wriggle,
 Fled away with flying footsteps,
 Taking steps by tens and dozens,
 Leaving there in throngs behind him
 Hiawathus in great numbers.
 Thus there ended in the evening
 Hiawatha's registration.
 Leaving piles and piles of mem'ries
 Memories of his first Bachelor Day.

KAY—Wootwood.

C. du C.

On the brink of things invisible I stared,
 The clouds yet darker all that is to be;
 Somewhere beyond there lies an unknown land
 Whose shores stretch far beyond a silent sea,
 Wave upon wave in silence beats that shore,
 Wave upon wave, and heaving tide on tide;
 And on the moving surface dark ships ride,
 Tossed by the soundless surges evermore.

Darkly the clouds droop low upon the sea,
 And sky and world of waters merge in one,
 A wind springs from behind and urges me,
 Driving me forth: my voyage is begun.
 Unfurled the sails, the sharp prow cleaves the ^{tidal} sea,
 The creaming whirlpool follows in my wake,
 Straight as an arrow is the course I take,
 And the furrowed water leaves the tall ship's side.

One backward glance, and only one for me,
 Back to the shore of a familiar land
 Where trodden ways converging meet the sea
 And endless footprints mar the rock-strewn sand.
 One glance alose—and then the past no more.
 I face the veil of clouds that drooping fall,
 Impenetrable, dense, and hiding all,
 Yet there behind—an undiscovered shore.

N.

Lines.

When hideous night has quite confounded day,
And turned his sportive tricks to disrepute,
And put to scorn his amorous civil lay,
And with a rude hand broke his silver lace,

When insult heaped on insult, scorn on scorn,
And dull foreboding with his leaden face,
Have scarce given hope of yet another morn,
And no regainment of a former place,

When all these things, and testy age's smart,
And unclawed times' wide pillar adamant,
Have both besieged and weighed upon your

heart,
Then it's too late to shake another front.

No, when the rose is dead, only its scent,
Lingers a little while, and that's soon spent.
D. HENRY.

To W.P.

Hast thou not seen a bracken-covered hill
Warm-brown beneath grey sullen Autumn skies,
Some day when mists haunt each narrow
ghyll

And in the stillness a lone curlew cries?
Hast thou not watched a slender shaft of light,
Shot from a cloud rift with unerring aim,
Upon the summit with its glory smite
And touch the bracken fronds to leaping flames?
As in a flash among the brooding fells
The sun has wrought what alchemists of old
Strove vainly to accomplish with their spells,
Transmuting bronze into rich-gleaming gold,
So with thy love, the splendour I desire,
Strike all my russet thoughts with glowing fire,
EAGLET.

Song.

In lonely wood why should I strive
The voice of birds to hear?
Sweeter than e'en a nightingale's
Thy song falls on my ear.

And what if God oft-time doth veil
The stars in heaven above?
The brightest, purest, fairest, star
Burns in thy eyes, my love!

Fair are the blooms that April sun
Opens after April shower:
But in thy tender heart there springs
For me a fairer flower.

What doth this song so sweet,
This star-gleam, to me prove?
Or what this lovely flower?
In thy heart is Love!

G. L. B.
(After Victor Hugo).

Lines.

Must things perplex me? Must this spirit's flight
Wild as a seagull's whirling, check its course
And hover, pondering, dimly seeking light
Over the strangeness and the pain of things
And lifting moonlit wings
Soar breathless to the listening stars and force
The dumb dead throat so white
Until it sings?

Must I be lonely, see the lovely folk
Go beating my heart's pulses with desire
While as the lightning cleaves the trembling oak
They set my soul on fire?
Swiftly they wing a cry from voiceless shades
And fleeing blinded down the echoing glades
Perforce I must escape until I tire
Heart-weary, and return, nor yet evoke
The flame that fades.

Lines.

Alone in the firelight, I see not the glow
On orange curtains: I forget the slow
Passing of time in the quiet room.
Outside falls softly the dusky gloom
Of twilight, as Autumn afternoon
Darkens to evening.

The flames dance on for me in vain,
And wreath and twist, as to the strain
Of some wild music; the grey colour
Of the half-light, and the charm
Lying hid in flame-driven shadows,
Hold me not here.

I am far off, and wander as I please
By a pale river, where willow trees
Tell of strange things, and whisper to the
stream,
Of faint reflected stars, and of a dream
By moonlight. And the tall reeds sigh
To the moon above.

N.

OLD COPIES OF "THE GRYPHON" NEEDED.

The Director of the New York Public Library is anxious to complete his collection of *The Gryphon* copies for filing purposes. The following are still needed and it would be of great assistance if any old student could send them to us to be forwarded to the Director:—

NEW SERIES.—Vol. 1. No. 6.
Vol. 2. No. 3.

OLD SERIES.—Vol. 13. No. 2.
Vol. 20. No. 5.
Vol. 21. No. 6.
Vol. 22. Nos. 5, 6.

"THE GRYPHON."

The Gryphon will be on sale Tuesday, February 3. Last date for copy, Saturday, January 17.

Leeds University Old Students' Association.

ANNUAL DINNER.

THE Dinner will be held as usual on the Saturday before Christmas, *i.e.*, December 20th. The time will be 6-30 prompt and the place, of course, the Refectory. Those who were there last year will remember that we had some difficulty in finding places for all who came, and it will be a great help if those who are coming will notify us AT ONCE on the Postcard which is enclosed with *The Gryphon*. The price of the Dinner this year will be 4/- and this will include gratuities.

We have always been fortunate in the guests we have induced to come to our Dinners, and this year will be no exception. Our President, Lord Moynihan will be in the Chair, and the guests are Miss Eleanor Rathbone, Sir Martin Conway, Sir Henry Walker and Mr. Henry Crowther. Miss Rathbone and Sir Martin Conway are of course, the Members of Parliament for the combined Universities and need no further introduction; Sir Henry Walker is the Chief Inspector of Mines and was one of the Honorary Graduates on whom degrees were conferred last June; Mr. Crowther, another Honorary Graduate of the University, will be known to many through his years of work at the Leeds Museum. In addition, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, the University's first Cabinet Minister, hopes to be present.

Last year we had an innovation in the shape of an entertainer, and his efforts seemed to be appreciated, but there was too little time available for those who wished to talk to old friends. We therefore propose returning to our usual arrangement this year, and after Dinner there will be no definite programme, but those who wish to talk can do so and music will be provided for those who wish to dance. By the way, it would be a great help if members would indicate, preferably by letter, whether they approve or disapprove of the arrangements, and in the latter case would suggest alternatives. We are always ready to give a trial to new ideas.

The Year Book is now being prepared for the press, with the expenditure of much midnight oil. Those who come to the Dinner will get their copy then; the other copies will be posted as soon after Christmas as possible. We know there will be mistakes in it and invite you to point them out to us so that they may be rectified in the next issue. It is no light job keeping all the particulars up to date.

Elsewhere you will find accounts of the London and Manchester Branch Dinners, both of which took place on November 18th. We can speak from experience of the latter, and congratulate Miss Martin on the excellence of the arrangements.

ANNUAL MEETING AND SUMMER DINNER.

At the last meeting the Committee was instructed to reconsider the arrangements regarding the above. There were two main reasons for this. Firstly, our year ends on June 30th and it is not possible to present an audited financial statement on or about July 1st. This makes it difficult to discuss finance, which ought to be the most important item at the annual meeting. Secondly, it was felt by many that Midsummer was hardly a suitable time for a Dinner, and that if a function is to be held, then it might take some other form.

The matter has not yet been fully discussed by the Committee, but will come up at the first meeting in the New Year. We are anxious to carry out

the wishes of our members, and it will be of enormous assistance if all who have any comments to make on the proposal to alter the arrangements, or have any suggestions to put forward, will let us have them as soon as possible.

And now, on behalf of the Association, we send to all our members, at home and abroad, our Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year—Health, Prosperity and Happiness to all old Students of Leeds.

G.L.S.

Furnishing.

Five years ago O.S.A. House was used only for business meetings and occasional social evenings. Now, in 1930, it is a busy social centre, the home of members of various societies, of play-readers, bridge enthusiasts, and friendly tea-drinkers. The original furnishings have done good service, but a busy woman needs more clothes than her stay-at-home sister, and this busy house of ours needs more equipment than did the purely business headquarters of 1925.

We need more crockery for increasing members, furniture for a second lounge, and above all we want to furnish a bedroom, so that any old student who wishes to spend a night in Leeds may stay at O.S.A. House.

The very success of the House justifies our appeal for more funds. It is some years since the first and only appeal was made, so we hardly feel we shall be trespassing on the good nature of old students if we appeal again, especially to those old students who have gone down in recent years as well as to all who live in the vicinity of Leeds.

Gifts may be sent to the O.S.A. Treasurer, Mr. W. R. Grist, at the University (see enclosure in *The Gryphon*), or may we suggest to those who would prefer it, that they will find a tactful collector at the Christmas Dinner, who will be grateful for any subscription, large or small.

DOROTHY SELLERS,

GEOFFREY L. SHARPE,

Hon. Secs., L.U.O.S.A.

O.S.A. Notes. Manchester Letter.

Manchester members and intending members please note that our next meeting, the Dinner Dance, will take place on **Wednesday, 21st January, 1931**. We shall be able to have more of our members with us on this night than on the Tuesday, and the Ritz, where we intend to hold the meeting, will be open till 12 o'clock on the Wednesday.

We have already extended a hearty welcome to all old students coming into the district in these pages, and I am glad to say, more than usual have written to me, and turned up to meetings. If anyone has not received a notice from me, I shall be very glad if he or she will send me a post card to 465, Bury New Road, Kerral, Manchester. All Branch Notices will then be sent to the address given to me.

We tender our grateful thanks to Professor and Mrs. Raper, Mr. H. L. Robinson, Mr. Webster and Mr. Chappell, for making the Annual Branch Dinner one of the most successful meetings of this branch.

Our President welcomed our guests, Dr. C. E. Gough, and Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe from Leeds, Dr. Anderson (St. Andrews), Miss Roxbee (Bristol), and Mr. Silverster (Sheffield), and regretted the absence of Mr. C. W. Duckworth (Manchester), and Mr. Kenneth C. Bruce (Sheffield). He also welcomed a number of old

students, who were with us for the first time, and hoped we should see them at other meetings.

Manchester University Refectory supplied our bodies with nectar and ambrosia, while Professor Gough regaled our minds with classical tales. The "Modern Sword of Damocles," otherwise the after-dinner speech did not seem to trouble him much.

Mr. Sharpe brought us hearty greetings from Headquarters, which were very much appreciated and as heartily returned. He also reminded us of the Appeal Fund and of the need of our University for service or contributions to the Fund.

Mr. Webster, who proposed the toast, "Leeds University and O.S.A.," urged us to higher endeavours in the service of our fellow-men. He reminded us that we were meeting in troubled times. The eleven year old Peace we had just celebrated was but a renewal of the war in commercial circles. We had our duty not only to our University but to other people and must face the situation with a quiet courage and impart that courage to others. No one government can be blamed for the situation; it is a national question.

In this connection Mr. Webster quoted a parable:—Two frogs were panting by the side of a lake. One frog said to the other, "I wish I had an aspirin, old chap." The other replied, "I'm awfully sorry, I haven't one, and I haven't the strength to go and fetch you one from the nearest Boots'. I wonder if there is anyone who could fetch one for me?"

A snail in the neighbourhood offered to go for the aspirin.

Spring passed, and early summer, late summer, and then autumn came, and still the frogs lay panting by the lake, and there was no sign of the snail and the aspirin.

The frogs argued together and one said, "I don't believe the snail has gone for that aspirin at all."

A small voice from behind a stone said, "If you two devils don't stop quarrelling about it, I won't go for that aspirin."

J. K. MARTIN.

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.

As we write the November Dinner of the London Branch has come and gone. There were about eighty of us gathered within the friendly walls of University College. Unfortunately, our guest of the evening Mr. J. Milner (now Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, and a former Leeds student), was unable to be present—a Land Bill was being discussed in the House. So, as on a similar occasion last year, "exigencies of Parliamentary duties" robbed us of a guest. Still, we were not without a speech or two—Dr. Calvert, from the Chair, proposed the health of the guests and the reply to the toast was forthcoming from the Presidents of the Men's and Women's Union Societies of University College. Professor Smithells then proposed the health of a very special visitor, Mrs. Beck, who was in London inspecting kitchens. The serious part of the evening was followed by a light entertainment (even Dr. Pexton was unable to understand how the conjuror performed his disappearing egg trick). A short

spell of dancing and our performance ended with a rousing Kumati, which must have awakened echoes in the British Museum.

Our next dinner is booked for Saturday, February 7, 1931, at the Coventry Restaurant—so please make a note of it now. If the activities of the London Branch appeal to you and you did not receive a notice about the November dinner, send your name and address without delay to the Secretary or to Mr. Grist.

West Riding Branch.

After four years of inveterate play-reading we thought we had just about exhausted the world's stock of plays, but we have been fortunate this term, not only in our dip into the lucky bag of French's catalogue, assisted by the advice of our Dramatic Specialists Department, but also in getting what we wanted at almost the first time of asking. The result was such prizes as Ambrose Applejohn (how did we manage to miss him before?), Charles and Mary, and Aren't we All, with Badger's Green still to come. Incidentally, it would greatly ease the work of the West Riding Committee if certain contemporary dramatists—(shall we say Mr. C—w—d and Mr. L—sd—le?)—could be persuaded to increase their output. So if anyone has any influence with these gentlemen will he (or she) please bring it to bear before we begin the periodical cudgelling of brains known as "Arranging Next Term's Programme?"

The evening of Sharp Practice turned out to be nothing more dreadful than debates, while the Dramatic Evening was devoted to the production of a play by one of our members—an experiment we hope to repeat if any more long-suffering authors will yield their works into our hands.

As we write there is still the Musical Evening to look forward to, not to mention the Christmas Party, which promises to be the best we have ever had. Already, dark plots are being hatched in corners, and brows are bent with worried look on the problem, "To fancy dress or not to fancy dress." We want a bigger crowd than ever this year, so book the date now—Mrs. Beck is prepared to welcome thousands.

The Austwick week-end is reported on elsewhere, but we should like to thank all those who have been so kind in taking passengers in their cars on this and other occasions this year. They have been most self-sacrificing, but we would like to utter a solemn word of warning and remind them that the good die young. We hope they will be very careful for we cannot spare any of our members—at least until they have paid their Life Membership Subscriptions.

M.A.H.

Mrs. Pepys at Austwick.

THIS 18th of October to Austwick, where I did find a goodly company of gossips from Leeds which pleased me greatly, they being for the most part our cronies who do meet on Tuesday nights, and a right merry band. Did find myself with some others, lodged at Mistress Truelove's where we had excellent fare, she being a mighty fine housewife and making good preparation for our coming. Then in company to Mistress Fell's where lodged the rest of our party, they, as we arrived disputing much where each should sleep, being very crowded, especially the men so that I bethought me how O.S.A. acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

We did pass the evening right merrily with games and talk but some more serious did play a game called bridge which intrigued me greatly. Resolved that I would learn this bridge. Some did then propose a walk which all agreed to,

it being a fine night though dark. When all had returned much time was passed in talk of many things but especially of one Epstein who it seems doth make strange statues in London but some do say they are good. I to my sore vexation for I do rarely love good talk did miss all this being retired early.

Next morning we being up betimes did to Mistress Fell's and found all in bed whereat we did chide them for their sloth that they did lie so late. At last all being ready, we did disperse, some to the Lakes with Master Grist, some to play at golf and some to walk to Gaping Ghyll, I with the last, being curious to see this place. Master Thompson and Master Howarth being our guides we set off but they did lead us into a bog so that our feet were wet whereat some were displeased and did rate them soundly, their fine shoes being spoilt. They, however, did make amends by bringing us at last to Gaping Ghyll where we did greatly marvel at the wonder before our eyes: and indeed I think I never saw so fine a sight before. For here is a huge cavern into which the river drops, 'tis said 300 feet, and at the bottom are strange sights which many have seen but for my part I had as lief let others test the story.

Here did we take off shoes and stockings in hopes to dry them but could not, so having eaten our lunch, did put them on again and set off once more. Arrived soon at Clapham, a pretty village which all did admire, especially the bathroom at the inn where was hot water to comfort our feet. Having refreshed ourselves we did return to Austwick where all were gathered and there was much talk of strange doings that day.

Then it growing late, we did at last set off for home leaving one behind, he, poor wight, fearing to venture in the dark having no lights. So we made pleasant journey till we did come upon Master Thompson by the road in dire need of help which when it was given it was then late and nigh midnight when we reached home. And so to bed, I revolving many pleasant adventures in my mind ere I did fall asleep.

BIRTHS.

HURST.—At Four Gables Nursing Home, Horsforth, Leeds, on the 20th October, to Mr. Hurst (Science, 1915-18) and Mrs. H. R. Hurst (née Hilda West, Arts, 1915-18) a son.

KELSALL.—At Red Deer Farm, Clouston, Sask., Canada. To Peggy (née Bailey), the wife of Draycott G. Kelsall (Tiny) Agric., 1922-24, a son on November 23, 1930.

NEWENHAM.—To the Rev. and Mrs. G. A. B. Newenham (née Marjorie Brogden, Science and Educ., 1922-26), on the 11th September, 1930, the gift of a son (Christopher O'Brien).

TEALE.—To C. Teale (Civil Engg., 1919-22) and Mrs. Teale on the 7th November, 1930, at Jevington, Green Lane, Coventry, a son.

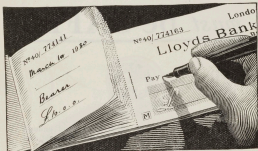
MARRIAGES.

HEBDEN-LINGWOOD.—Roland Hebden (1922-26 Science and Educ.) to Vera Lingwood (1922-26, Science and Educ.) on 2nd August, at Ardsley.

NORMAN-PACKWOOD.—Phyllis L. Packwood (1922-27 Maths. and Educ.) to Cyril Norman at Faleshill Baptist Church, Coventry, on July 30, 1930.

BEACH-WADDY.—Arthur J. Beach (1925-28, Hist.) to S. Margery Waddy (1925-29, Mods. and Educ.) on November 4 at St. Nicholas, Gipsyville, Hull.

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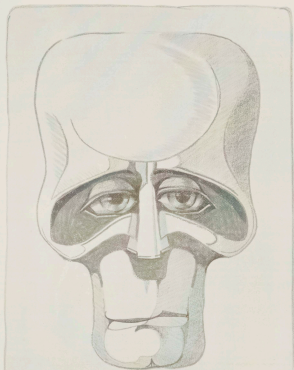
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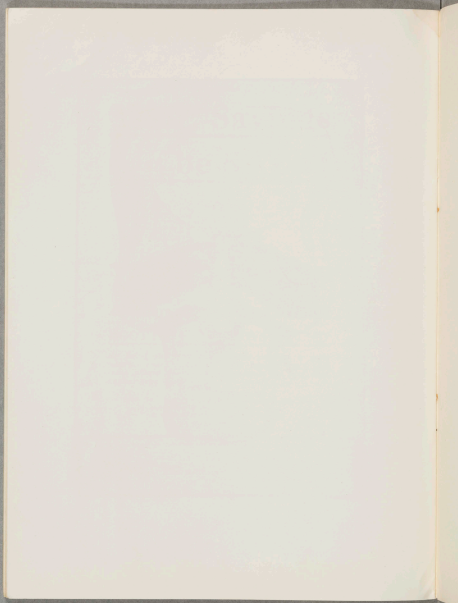
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The Examiner
N.A.B. 1930



Correspondence.

To the Editor of *The Gryphon*.

Dear Sir,

I should like to bring to the notice of all your readers, and especially Old Students of Devonshire Hall, that an Old Devonian Association has been formed. This, we think, is a step which is much overdue and will meet a long-felt need, for we feel sure that there is a large body of old Devonians who would be only too glad to take advantage of the formation of this Association, and thus have a chance of keeping up the many particular friendships they formed during their residence in Hostel. The chief reason for the delay in the formation of the O.D.A. is that in past years we have not had a home we could call our very own. Now, of course, we have, and it is one which will be attached to the University for all time.

As soon as the Association is in full swing, it is proposed to hold a Reunion of O.D.s. in the form of an Annual Dinner at the end of the Christmas Term, although it appears that the inaugural Dinner will be delayed until 1931, when we hope to have a strong and flourishing Association.

Circulars containing the Articles of the Association are being prepared and will be sent out with the next issue of *The Gryphon* to all O.D.s.

If there are any ideas or suggestions in connection with the O.D.A., I shall be very pleased to receive them at Devonshire Hall.

Yours, etc.,

W. L. WILLIAMSON,

Hon. Sec., O.D.A.

An Open Letter to M.L.

Dear M.L.,

You divide students into two main types—little moiling beasts, and swots—I am not quite sure which I am. Probably a combination of the two with a preponderance of the latter. Your Carlyle-like clarion call in the November *Gryphon* (the Dead Sea as a reminiscence of "Past and Present," is it not?), has made plain to me the folly of my former life.

I realise now that my immediate duty is to become master of my thoughts and feelings, after which I am to seek more work than I have at present (Finals Honours people do have rather a slack time). Hitherto I have not known work—only toil and indulgence. I confess that your differentiation of toil and work is too esoteric to be quite clear to me. Still, I realise that my studies have hitherto been practically useless—I ought to have dismissed the thought of examinations with a light laugh—and to have read with the sole aim in view, of furthering my hates, loves and amusement—you will agree with me, however, that a study of Grimm's Law provides little training in the morals—only in fact, deterioration.

And yet, do you know, I have enjoyed quite a lot of my reading during the last two and a half years, in spite of the fact that examinations loomed very large on my horizon. You see I was then under the delusion that I was under a certain amount of obligation to my people to get a decent sort of degree, if possible, and then get a job—yes, I did intend to work.

Then I rather thought with Undershaft in "Major Barbara"—"If you wish to know that to live is happy, you must first acquire money enough for a decent life and power enough to be your own master."

However, my soul is now bloody and bowed after reading the remarks of yourself and the Editorial in the November *Gryphon*.

All that is required of me is to be unreasonable. Before closing, I would ask your indulgence for those who have not yet seen the light. The average student should be an object of commiseration rather than condemnation. He comes to the University more or less innocent and trusting—he usually leaves completely disillusioned about life as a whole. At a time when it is usually a moral obligation to him to work (or toil) as hard as is humanly possible, he is distracted by the malaise of adolescence. He runs head up against sex (usually for the first time), his religious ideas are in a chaos which shrieks aloud to be straightened out (he is a fool if he bothers much with pedice), and his greatest need after his first session is about one year's seclusion on a desert island to give a chance to "Gnash this sorry scheme of things entire."

If only it were possible, we should all be very much happier if we could refrain from speculations about life until the necessary ogre of degree examinations is passed when we shall be able, with a free conscience, to indulge in speculations and experiments in life till the cows come home.

And even then, I am not at all sure but what Fitzgerald's Omar wasn't wise when he said:—

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be;
And, in some corner of the Blubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of thee.

Yours sincerely,

KEITH C. RICHMOND.

UNION NOTES.

THE Union Committee held its first Ordinary Meeting in October, when several vacant offices were filled, elections ratified and policy discussed.

The Union Committee approved the sale of a Christmas Card with the University Crest as in past years, but decided that the profit this year should be cut out and that the cards should be supplied to students at 4d. each instead of 6d. as last year. The Hall Porter is booking orders, and has already supplied a large number of cards in time to catch foreign and Colonial Mails. All students who take a pride in their status as University students will send these cards to friends this Christmas; 1,496 were sold last year; this year 2,000 have been ordered and it is expected to sell about 2,500, but all are urged to note that it is impossible to get orders through at two days' notice, so intending purchasers should place their orders in good time.

The Union Ball was a tremendous social success: several Universities sent delegates, and a most enjoyable evening was spent in the precincts of the University. We have sent delegates to the University College of Exeter and to Birmingham so far this term, and it is expected that other Universities will be visited in due course.

One notable achievement of the Union Committee so far this session is the securing of large reductions in the prices of Union apparel at Macgregor & Grants: a revised price list, dating from December 1st, will appear in due course, and students interested will note that the reductions are substantial enough to make quite a difference in the quantity of goods which their Christmas presents will buy for them.

Owing to the fact that the Inter-Varsity Boxing Championships are to be held at Dublin this year, only one representative will be sent in the person of S. Boxendale, the Captain of the Club. He will contest the feather-weight championship, and will undoubtedly carry with him the good wishes of the whole Varsity. We join in wishing him every success.



SINCE the last issue of *The Gryphon* many matches have been decided and we can assess our Christie prospects with a fair amount of success.

The A.F.C. have been disappointing—after losing unskillfully at home to Manchester 3-2, Johnson was badly injured in the Amateur Cup against Whitehall, and has been out of the game since but is included in the Northern Universities XI. There has been frequent shuffling of the disorganised side, and after a hard won victory at Sheffield 3-2, they went down heavily to Durham 5-1. The defence is apt to be unsteady under pressure, while J. W. Burton alone at half is consistent. The shooting of the forwards is poor although on his day F. N. Anderson is a dangerous leader. G. Gill on the left flank is playing really well.

A more cheerful note is sounded with the Rugby Club who are experiencing a relatively successful season, having won so far 8 of their 14 games. Their best performance has been the defeat of Manchester away 9-6. The game was mainly a struggle of the forwards with A. L. Toller and C. H. Perry conspicuous, while Hayton scored a very clever try. The side as a whole is better than last year though lacking in individual brilliance.

The Hockey Club are really good and with anything like back ought to win the Christie. So far they are unbeaten in Varsity games, winning against Manchester 3-2; Durham 1-0; Glasgow 4-0, and drawing with Sheffield 0-0. The defence is very safe with the backs J. Kak and P. Storrs-Fox outstanding, while the forwards are a fast line who get many goals, although J. J. Fry as leader has a tendency to do too much work. The right wing J. Warin and C. J. L. Harris are a dangerous pair. J. Warin and P. Storrs-Fox were honoured with a place in the County trials, and Warin is included in the Yorkshire team.

The Harriers are this year also unbeaten and bid fair to regain the U.A.U. Championship. So far they have beaten Nottingham, Liverpool, Birmingham and Bristol easily, and overcome sterner opposition in Manchester by 62 points to 79. P. R. Allison, H. L. Wilson and A. G. Oliver are running consistently well.

The Lacrosse Club as usual are having an uphill struggle against the old evil of lack of playing members and had a disastrous day against Manchester, losing 20-1. The younger players lack experience and of the older men C. V. Light and H. L. Wilkinson are displaying good form.

The Rifle Club—to give the Shooting Eight its new title—has a domishing membership, and by its defeat of Liverpool by 577 to 562 points took second place in the Inter-Varsity Rifle League to Cambridge.

The Fives Club, despite the loss of their first pair, appear to have found worthy successors in H. M. Exidge-Harrison and G. K. Horlock Jones. This is a Club with a future, for with the completion of the Devonshire Hall courts will come a great accession of members.

The Women's Hockey are passing through a lean period and after a draw with Sheffield away 4-4, went down heavily to Manchester 8-1. They have a pair of resolute backs in Miss M. Barracough and Miss E. Colbeck, but the rest of the team is not balanced. Miss C. Ruthven and Miss M. Woolford are good, but the forward line as a whole is rather disappointed.

The Women's Lacrosse are also struggling and have lost badly to Manchester 24-1 and Liverpool 12-2. Their chief difficulty appears to be largely inexperience combined with a lack of speed.

The Netball Club looks like regaining some of the glory of former years and so far are unbeaten in University games. After beating Sheffield 30-10, an exciting game with Durham ended in a draw of 22 goals all.

JAMES JOHNSON.

N.U.S. Notes.

LEEDES will act as hosts to the Executive Committee of the National Union of Students next term, when it meets on January 23-28. The Leeds Executive member is Mr. J. E. Jenkinson, the President of the Union, and Mr. R. T. Black, the Secretary of the Union, is the Secretary of the N.U.S. Sub-Committee. It is hoped that everything possible will be done to make this Leeds Meeting a great success. Preparations are already on foot for the entertainment of the delegates, and it is expected that an enjoyable time will be spent by them when they are not in Committee.

It is hoped that Leeds students this year will be even more interested in Travel than in previous years. Mr. Oskar Bock will lecture in Leeds on January 26th, on "Travel in Austria"; all students who are at all interested should attend.

A matter of interest to many of us is the fact that the N.U.S. are endeavouring to secure privilege rates for students between their homes and the University. Since all but a few travel into Leeds daily, any extension of privilege in the matter of fares will save a large amount of money to the general body of students. From this item it is easy to see the great value of the N.U.S. to the student bodies, and individuals also, of the various Universities.

The current issue of *The University* is now on sale at the Union Office, price sixpence. It contains many interesting articles, among which is D. G. A. Lowe's review of University sport and a Travel Article. This periodical should contain much to interest the Leeds student.

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The Society has had a very successful session so far. Four meetings have been held, two of which were addressed by students: October 8, H. B. Hodgson, the President, on "Denmark," and November 17, R. L. Wilkinson on "Norfolk." The students' evenings are always popular and Mr. Wilkinson is to be particularly congratulated on a most interesting paper which provoked a lively discussion. On October 20, Professor Gordon, of the English Dept., told us something of Iceland, and on November 3, Mr. F. Griffiths,

B.A., one of the lecturers in the Department, departed from the more general character of the earlier lectures and gave a detailed account of "Modern Tectonic Theories." On December 1, the last meeting of the season, we hope to welcome M. Infibut, who is to speak on "The Swiss Alps."

The first social of the season, held on November 10, was a success from every point of view, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

By the time this is printed two rambles will have been held, weather permitting, on Saturday, November 22, to Hawksworth (led by the President), and on Sunday, November 30, to the Washburn (led by Miss N. Robson.)

Next term promises to be even more enjoyable than this present one, for we have a programme of distinguished lecturers and we also hope to welcome the Sheffield University Geographical Society sometime during term.

In closing, we should like to offer our congratulations to Mr. Jenkinson, a former member of our Committee and a great worker for the Society, who has achieved the distinguished position of President of the Union.

H.B.H.

JEWISH STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.—The Association is now well embarked on its activities for Session 1930-1931, and there is every prospect of a most successful year, popular features serving to attract large numbers of students.

The Freshers' Social was held at the Refectory on October 21, and in spite of wretched weather conditions, a large crowd thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Mr. A. M. Hurwitz, LL.B., was the Guest of Honour. Other notable events have been an extremely well attended lecture by Rev. M. Perlewig, M.A., and a trip to Harrogate for a debate with the Harrogate Jewish Literary Society. In spite of good speakership, we lost our cause although supported by a crowd of our own members.

By the time this appears we hope to have held another successful social on November 22, and a lecture by Dr. J. Salkind on "The Stigma of the Yellow Badge," on November 24.

Preparations are already well advanced for the Annual Ball, to be held at the Victory Hotel on January 7, 1931 (tickets 5/- inclusive), and an Old Students' Reunion during the Winter Vacation.

W. NAHRAN,
Joint Hon. Secretary.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.—The Bible Study Conference led by Fr. Hannay, C.R., on October 31 to November 2, was specially intended for Study Groups concentrating on the Epistle to the Philippians. After a comprehensive summary of the life and times of St. Paul and a free translation from the original Greek by Fr. Hannay, an interesting discussion followed. The Conference proved extremely helpful and an incentive to further study of "Paul the Dauntless."

The series of mid-day addresses held in Emmanuel Church on "The Approach to Christianity," were found to be most profitable and illuminating and the number of people who attended them was very encouraging.

We have also arranged a series of three addresses on "The Revival of India," which will deal particularly with the religious, economic and political aspects. These will be given at 1:30 p.m. in the Maths. Room on November 27, December 4 and December 11.

We hope to have a Christmas Party in the J.C.R. on December 18, and we urge as many members as possible to come to this, in order that we may have an opportunity of getting to know each other better, and of deepening that sense of fellowship which is the essence of the Student Christian Movement.

In order to set our finances on a more business-like basis it has been found necessary to ask our members for an annual subscription of 1/6, and we should be most grateful if they would pay their subscriptions, as soon as possible, to their committee representatives, as we are in dire need of local funds.

We should like to remind all those who are interested, that the Student Movement Magazine is obtainable for 3d. (per month). Copies may be ordered from any member of the three Committees.

E.B.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY WORKING MEN'S CLUB.—Two Debates have been held this term. The first on October 16, "That England should abandon India," resulted in rather an overwhelming victory for the motion, largely owing to the eloquence of Mr. Gordon Thompson, who, we venture to say, judging from his arguments on this occasion, would prove a great success

in Victoria Square on Sunday nights. We were very pleased to welcome at this Debate several Indian students, who gave us some really expert opinions on the subject.

The second Debate, that "A man is improved by a Hobby," was held on November 13. The motion was again won by a large majority, despite the desperate entreaties of Mr. S. G. Evans, who in appealing to our better nature, appeared to regard a hobby as a topic not usually mentioned in "polite society."

The next Debate "That International Co-operation is the only Cure for Unemployment," is to be held on December 4, and promises to be of unusual interest.

W. S. SKIDMORE,
Secretary Social Service.

B.P. SCOUT CLUB.—Mr. Welpton delighted us with a talk on "The Scoutmaster," on October 23. We appreciate very much his enthusiasm in the Club and his valuable contributions to our discussions.

On November 6, Akela, Mr. Richardson, provided us with one of the most enjoyable meetings we have held. He pow-wowed on "Yarns" and illustrated his remarks by telling us the story of "The Big Stone Face," which we listened to with all the wonder and breathlessness of a new Cub. Practical patrol work on the Flag and Kim's game followed.

Mr. Crist, on November 20, showed us slides of ice and snow in the Alps with plenty of characteristic "Gristian" hints on nature study which we have all learnt to look forward to in his talks.

A Scout Club member, Mr. Simpson, has started a Troop at Woodhouse Carr Wesleyan Church. We wish him "Good Hunting" and promise him our loyal backing.

Mr. Garret led an enjoyable hike down the Washburn Valley on November 16, and has arranged a moorland tramp for December 7. During the Christmas vac. we hope to have a "camp" at Draughton for a few days.

N.B.—December 4, Mr. Lodge (Bradford Area Com.) "The Romance of Place Names."
J.W.A.S.

THE BOAT CLUB.—The year opened with the membership record again broken, a large number of Freshers turning up at Rodley, keen to acquire the art of rowing.

As in previous years, the first weeks have been spent by the older members in coaching those who had no experience of rowing. The fruits of their labours were seen to best advantage on the 29th of November, when the Inter-faculty Races were held. By this time not a few Freshers had learned to handle an oar with some skill. The preliminary eliminating races were rowed on Wednesday, November 28.

This year, an innovation in the arrangement of the draw was introduced. The draw for the first crews was made separately from that for the second crews, thus ensuring that no second crew had to row against a first crew. The Michael Sadler Cup and Medals were presented to the winners of the first crew races, the second crew winners being satisfied in getting to the winning post before anyone else.

The system of "bumping" was again employed in the races, whereby a boat bumping the boat in front was declared the winner, whether the course had been completed or not.

As *The Gryphon* went to press before the day of the races, a report is necessarily held over until the next issue.

Fixtures for 1st and 2nd crews are being arranged with the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, Bristol not being able to come to us this year. The 1st crew will row 'Edinbro' at York on the River Ouse, and the 1st and 2nd crews will row Glasgow at Glasgow. There will also be fixtures with Bradford A.R.A. and Durham City.

3rd and 4th Crew fixtures will be arranged with Bradford A.R.A., Durham City and St. John's College, York.

Training for these fixtures will commence shortly after the Inter-faculty Races.

The only date that has been settled upon at present is:

March 14 v. Edinburgh U.B.C., at York—1st crew.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—The present session promises to be the best this Society has had for some years; our membership has passed the century and our numbers are still increasing; the teas provided at meetings have greatly improved in quality and quantity with the result that the most hearty Geological element of the Society has increased.

Our first meeting opened on October 9, when Professor Priestley delivered his Presidential Address on "Wood, Wind and Water," a very interesting address with many controversial points of botanical interest.

In view of the presence within our midst of Professor Sponder, of the University of California, the "Three Student Papers" to be given at the next meeting were cancelled, and instead he took the Society on a Botanical ramble through the States "away back home."

Dr. Lloyd, through indisposition, was unable to address the next meeting, consequently the Society is very grateful to Mr. C. Y. Chang, who spoke on the state of Biological Research in China—a talk which was full of amusing tie-bets. Our next meeting was addressed by Mr. Good, of University College, Hull, when he gave us his experiences as a Botanist with the British Association at the South African Meeting in 1929. Numerous rambles have been held during this term, but an increased attendance at jolly field meetings is desired. On November 12 the Society visited Messrs. Terry's Chocolate Works, York—an afternoon well spent, with plenty of "tasters" on each floor and a box of chocolates for each one.

VERNON WILSON, Hon. Sec.

Hostel Notes.

COLLEGE HALL.—Hallowe'en was celebrated, as usual, in hostel, and once again we returned to our school day costume of tunic and hair ribbons. House 38 gave the entertainment, Shaw's play "You never can Tell." After the play Miss Holgate read a gruesome story which produced the appropriate atmosphere for the occasion. The rest of the evening was spent in playing the traditional games, into which everyone enthusiastically entered.

The Men's Dance was held on November 4th, and proved a very enjoyable evening.

On November 19th, we held our Professors' Social at which two plays were given, "The Ghost of Jerry Bunder" and "The Grand Cham's Diamond."

Apart from various Christmas schemes our social activities are nearly over and the prospect of examinations now looms before us.

M.W.

LYDDON HALL.—To all of us the term has flown by with even more than its customary rapidity; the Freshers have become an integral part of hostel life and its activities, as well as of the University's academic and athletic spheres. One more event remains to give them a still further welcome—the Freshers' Social on November 29.

We congratulate the members of Lyddon who are taking part in the Dramatic Society's production of "The Whitehead Boy."

Our Dance was held a month ago—rather early in the term, due to the previous monopoly of available dates, but it is an event to look back upon as one of the most enjoyable of the term.

A pleasant feature of this year is the number of people who went down last term who are still in or near Leeds, to drop in and tell us that Lyddon is the same jolly place as ever.

R.H.

WOMEN DAY STUDENTS.—The Day Students held their Annual Grub-Grab on Tuesday, October 21. This is an informal welcome to Freshers at which Miss Silcox presides. After tea the third year students gave us a silhouetted competition which was followed by dancing to the strains of a moribund gramophone.

Our only other social activity has been the Dance, which most people seemed to enjoy. We are looking forward to our Christmas Party at which we hope to see a large gathering.

OXLEY HALL.—The Freshers to Oxley Hall this session found themselves plunged into the midst of preparations for a Bazaar in aid of the University Appeal Fund, which was held at the end of October. Sewing evenings were the order of the day, and those who maintain that the home is woman's only sphere might here have found strong proof of their arguments. We feel that our efforts were amply rewarded by the realisation of £71 7s. 0d., and would take this opportunity of thanking all students and members of staff who gave their support.

Other activities this term include a Freshers' Social and a Dance. Musical evenings prove a popular form of entertainment since we now glory in the possession of two pianos; for this we must thank Professor Grant who has very kindly lent us his instrument.

W.M.L.

DEVONSHIRE HALL.—

"In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright."

(No prizes are offered for the detection of this quotation).

We are sorry to report that all is not as well as it might be at Devonshire. A spirit of restlessness and discontent is abroad which is very disquieting to anyone who has the welfare

of the Hostel at heart, for the first rapture and joy inspired by our new surroundings is fled: our Hostel is no longer one of the chief centres of the corporate life of the University. The new Devonshire has not borne out its early promise; it is a home fit for heroes only to live in—a Hostel without a vivifying spark of comradeship. We are segregated and no one knows his fellows. Why, we ask, has the visionary gleam, the glory and the freshness gone? Why are we not happy in our new and beautiful home, this show place of the north? Where is the former camaraderie and exuberant spirit which was such a characteristic of our old Hostel? Old members would hardly believe the pass to which matters have come.

The main reason for this state of affairs is not difficult to find, and strange to say it is a thing which could very easily be remedied. What home circle, we ask, can be happy without the clear fire and the clean hearth beloved of Mrs. Battle? A cheerful blaze breeds good fellowship and stimulating conversation. It is the hub of the wheel of communal spirit, and this was never realised until we left old Devonshire. Everyone sighs for the jolly Sunday morning gathering round the lounge fire, when many matters, both grave and gay, were debated. As central heating is to a warm and cheerful blaze, so is our spirit now to what it was before. Picture our cheerful lounge as it now is—five Freshers like a diabolical cirque of Druid stones in chill November, enjoying the invigorating and inspiring warmth of a radiator.

Perchance the casual reader may lose patience at the apparent unimportance of this, but we all feel that it is a crying necessity which has been denied us for nearly two months, and all for no reason.

Other irritating little matters such as the closing of the lounge at the comparatively early hour of 11-30 p.m., and the irksome restrictions on our visitors, tend to fray our tempers, although on the other hand we are pleased to note that hot drinks are at long last obtainable at supper. A small sop to the heartsewn, forsooth.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and we are not yet resigned to our fate, for who knows but that the august body of bureaucrats who control our destiny may take pity and relax the iron grip of restriction before, like Hyperion, with spirit broken, we become nerveless, listless, dead.

STOP-PRESS.

On the eve of going to press the following results have come to hand:—

Inter-faculty boat races.

Final for 1st crews	Science beat Technology.
Final for 2nd crews	Agrics. beat Medics.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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

The Serpent, The Sphinx, The Mask, Otago University Review, G.U.M. (two numbers), *Die Besembos, University of Pretoria Magazine, Die Stellenbosse Student, Omnibus, The International Student, The Mermaid, The Huguenot, Natal University College Magazine.*

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