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The Journal of the University of Leeds



NEW SERIES
VOL. 15, No. 3

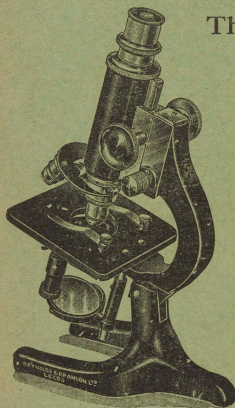
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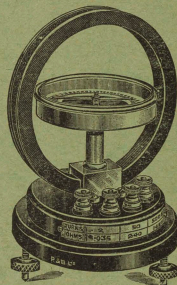
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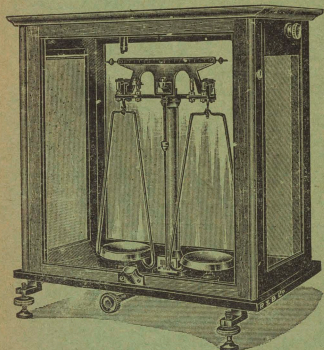
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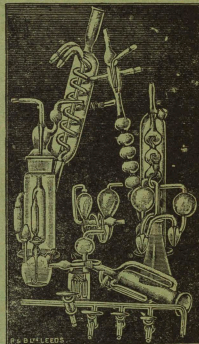
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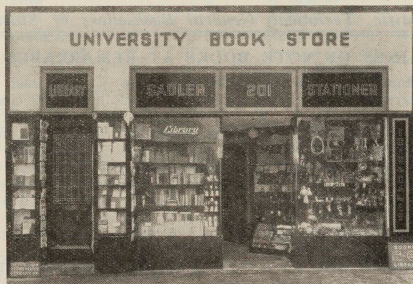
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THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

Editorial.

"A man's manners are a mirror in which he
Shows his likeness to the intelligent observer."—GOETHE.

THE conduct of students at Leeds University debates has long been troubling the responsible officials. Last year the Inter-Varsity debate was completely ruined by the behaviour of certain sections of the audience, with the result that the B.B.C. has not repeated this year its broadcast of this important event in the life of the University. Listeners-in are naturally interested in the reproduction of animal noises when they are announced as such, but on the other hand they are perfectly justified in objecting to hearing them on a wave-length which should provide them with an intelligent discussion by those whom they rightly expect to represent the highest and best intellects in the country. Their protest on that occasion brought the odium on the University which it warranted.

It might have been expected that the disgraceful sequel to last year's misbehaviour would have led to an improvement in conduct on subsequent occasions. For this year's Inter-Varsity debate, the Committee had arranged an unusually interesting programme. No fewer than eight English Universities were represented, and the subject for discussion—The Failure of Democracy—was as topical and as vital as could be wished for, coming as it did on the Polling Day of one of the most important elections in our history. The importance of the occasion, however, had no effect on the usual band of rowdies, who, small though they are in numbers, continue to spoil utterly all attempts at successful debating in the University at every opportunity. The speeches for the first hour were completely drowned—at least so far as the majority of the audience was concerned—by the noise of exploding fireworks, jeering, laughter, ill-chosen remarks and showers of missiles from the ceiling. We do not deny that even the conduct on this occasion was better than usual, but it was so far from being perfect as to make small difference to our argument. The tomfoolery of a score or so of students succeeded in spoiling the enjoyment of some 300 others in the Hall, apart from that of large numbers who now refuse to attend debates merely to watch puerile efforts to break them up.

"By sports like these they are beguill'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child."

That we are justified in making this protest is more than proved by the fact that complaints about the last debate were actually made by a delegate to the recent Conference of the National Union of Students in London. In short, Leeds University is being regarded by our contemporaries as a place where debating on proper lines is becoming almost an impossibility and where the ill manners of a few will not even allow of quiet during the speeches of visitors. The standard of intelligence in a University is said to be judged by the quality of its debates: if that is true, then Leeds must stand very low in the eyes of our visitors and, indeed, of the general public, for whom our doings are ever recorded even more than faithfully by the Press.

Our own Union Committee is giving serious consideration to the question, and those concerned may take it for granted that severe action will be taken in the future against attempts to wreck debates. Their numbers are few, as we have said before, and drastic measures should soon stamp out such unruly elements. Standing Orders already exist by which the debate may be discontinued, or even abandoned, if order is not restored at the request of the chairman; we would suggest that if this fails, offenders should be expelled from the Union, with consequent deprivation of all the benefits to be gained from membership. The only alternative—and one greatly to be deplored—would be to form a closed debating society, instead of making all students members *ipso facto*.

We cannot emphasise sufficiently that we are not protesting against ragging generally, but merely asserting that there is a fit and proper time for all things. As our contemporary at Glasgow says: "There is a difference between virility and hooliganism, between behaving youthfully and behaving like an idiot." There is no lack of opportunity for ragging of the right sort, but strange to say these very chances are not used. The Annual Rag never attracts more than a small percentage of the student body to use their virility in a direction that not only affords amusement to themselves, but proves of real benefit to local medical charities; thousands of copies of *The Tyke* remain unsold from last year because only a fraction of the students were willing to give up a few hours of their time to selling them.

We have been vitriolic of deliberate intent, because we believe that thereby we are expressing the opinion of that larger section of the University which so far has been powerless to suppress their more aggressive fellows.

Notes and Comments.

Christmas Greetings.

We are breaking a time-honoured custom by not concerning our Editorial in the December issue with thoughts of Yuletide, but the fact that on this occasion they appear further within our pages does not detract in any way from the sincerity of our wishes to all our readers for a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year. There is a reminder of the corporate nature of University life in the thought that this wish is not confined only to present students, but is extended to large numbers of old students scattered all over the world.

Valentines.

The next issue of *The Gryphon*—to be published in February—will contain suitable Valentines to various notabilities in the University, and we shall welcome suggestions from our readers.

The Rag Revue.

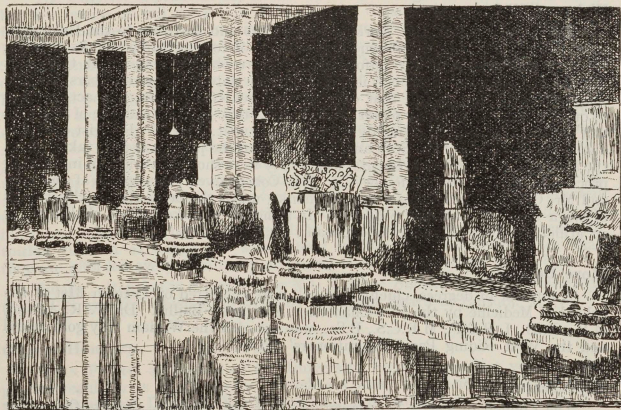
The Rag Revue is reported elsewhere in this issue, but we should like here to add to the multitudes of tributes already paid to those responsible for its production. From those masters of direction—Baker and Williamson—to the humblest volunteer acting as call-boy, all are deserving of the warmest congratulation on having achieved a real success in "The Varsity Vanities."

"Genesis"—but not a Beginning.

The exhibition of Epstein's "Genesis" at the Leeds Art Gallery attracted quite a number of students. Whatever effect this work has on their notions of art, we beseech them not to burden *The Gryphon* with efforts in the same style. One "Genesis" is quite enough.

A Plea.

Are our notice boards becoming staid? Of late there have been few of those striking efforts to command the attention that sooth the jaded nerves of students. Even original ideas of spelling have been conspicuous by their absence. Now then, secretaries, what about it?

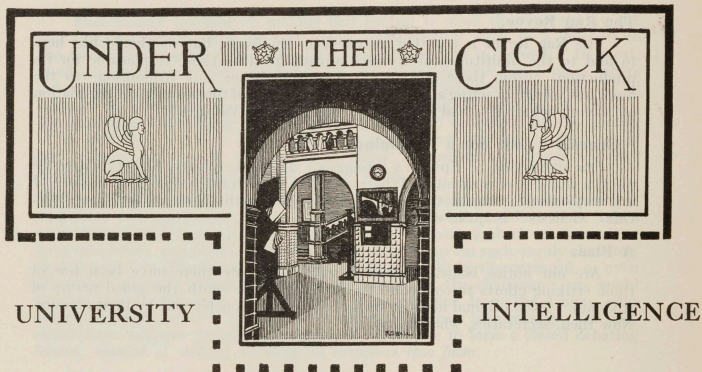


ROMAN BATH, BATH.

[C. Harrison.

"THE GRYPHON."

The last day for copy for the next issue is Friday, January 15th.



Welcome Visitors.

The annual visit of the Working Men's Club and Institute to the University should afford students a welcome opportunity of forging further links between students and members, but unfortunately few took advantage of it this year. Admittedly Saturday afternoon is not a suitable date for large numbers, but the sports fields are not so full that only half-a-dozen could manage to act as hosts to our visitors. Their only regret, however, was this small attendance of students and beyond that, they thoroughly enjoyed their visit. Mr. W. R. Grist extended a welcome on behalf of the Staff and Students, and the party was then taken round the Fuel and Leather Departments, where they were shown a variety of interesting processes. At tea in the Refectory, Dr. J. B. Cohen gave a short speech of welcome, and Mr. Oldroyd, in moving a vote of thanks, urged the necessity for closer links between the Club and the Students. It is hoped to take up his challenge for an athletic fixture between the Club and the University.

More Degrees.

A number of degrees, chiefly medical, were conferred on October 31st at the School of Medicine by the Vice-Chancellor, Sir James Baillie. Dr. P. R. Allison, M.B., Ch.B., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., B.Sc., was awarded the William Hay gold medal and the West Riding Panel Practitioners' Prize.

Representatives.

The Council of Leeds University, at their last meeting, the Pro-Chancellor (Colonel C. H. Tetley) being in the chair, appointed representatives of the University on the bodies named:—

West Riding Territorial Army Association	Professor RITSON.
York Diocesan Training College	Professor STRONG.
Leeds Technical College	Professor DAVID.
Leeds College of Art	Professor GARSTANG.

Hipperholme Grammar School Professor DICKINS.
Leeds Boys' and Girls' Modern Schools Professor COBB and Miss BLACKBURN.
Malton (Old) Grammar School Sir E. N. WHITLEY.

An Appointment.

Dr. J. S. YOUNG, Reader in Pathology at Leeds University, has been appointed to the Musgrave Chair of Pathology at Belfast University.

The Woolmen.

Leeds University students figure very well in the awards issued by the Worshipful Company of Woolmen for theses relating to wool and the processing of wool. Miss EMMA STOTT takes one of the two silver medals awarded with her thesis: "A Contribution to the Theory of Milling," while those receiving Certificates of Merit include Dr. R. O. HALL, Mr. ARTHUR JOHNSON, Mr. M. TEMPELHOF and Dr. A. E. WILSON.

National Union of Students.

The majority of students are aware that such an organisation is in existence, but few realise its full value. In short, it is an organisation which will arrange tours, exchanges and tuition visits for students, both at home and abroad. In the past, tours have been run during the Christmas Vacation to the Winter Sports Centres in Switzerland and Austria. This year, owing to the adverse exchange, the Winter Centre has been fixed at Matlock, full details of which have been posted in every Hostel. It is to be hoped that many students will be able to avail themselves of this excellent opportunity. In the Summer Vacation there were tours to Austria, France, Germany and the Baltic. There are tours arranged by the N.U.S. in which students from the various Universities can join; 302 went on the Austrian tour last year alone. Apart from this, the N.U.S. undertakes to make all arrangements for private tours, enabling the students concerned to avail themselves of every reduction and facility which are granted to students travelling on the Continent, and which cannot be obtained in an individual capacity. The N.U.S. appeals to all students whose courses necessitate tuition visits or exchanges, or who intend to tour the Continent to see that they are afforded every facility by arranging their visits through the N.U.S.

Finally, attention is drawn to the N.U.S. *News Bulletin* and *The University*, the N.U.S. gazette, which is now run by a student Board of Editors.

County Honours.

COLIN PERRY, a member of the University First Fifteen last year, is now playing regularly as hooker to the Yorkshire County team and has earned some distinction against Durham, Northumberland and Lancashire.

Professor Jones.

Professor J. H. JONES, M.A., who received a cordial welcome on his return to Leeds from his American tour, is General Editor of the Pitman's Economic Series, of which nine of the seventeen books are now ready. His colleague, Professor J. RICHARDSON, has contributed to the series in a book on "Business Forecasting."

University Sermon.

The Bishop of Llandaff at Emmanuel Church.

FATHER TIMOTHY REES, of the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield, made many friends in the University on the occasion of the United Mission nearly three years ago and it was therefore no surprise to find a large congregation of students and friends at Emmanuel Church on Sunday, November 22 to hear him preach the University Sermon for the Michaelmas Term on what was, incidentally, his first visit to Leeds since his consecration as Bishop of Llandaff. Bishop Gore was to have delivered the Sermon, but he was compelled to cancel the engagement on medical advice. The Lessons were read by the Vice-Chancellor (Sir James B. Baillie) and the President of the Union (Mr. J. Haller).

Preaching from the 18th verse of the 29th Chapter of the Proverbs: "Where there is no vision, the people perish," His Lordship declared that the vision of God was able to save both the individual and the nation as a whole. The character of a man was the result of his thinking about God: that was why the Eastern civilisation with its conception of God was so different from that of our own. Many people formed crude ideas of God. Some thought of Him as a far away Being "above the bright blue skies,"—others as a kind of tyrant—"a policeman writ large"—always on the watch for faults so as to inflict calamities on offenders, while some regarded Him as the great Sentimentalist as witness certain hymns and prayers.

St. John, in bidding men to "keep yourselves from idols," was warning them from false conceptions of a God Who is Life and Truth and Love, Whose purpose in the world was seen plainly in human history bringing order out of chaos. Men could enter into relationship with God first and foremost through prayer, that great and wonderful force which was able to alter the whole of a person's life. Human life attained a new dignity as soon as it came into co-operation with God.

In order to reveal His Real Self to man, continued the Bishop, God chose the Incarnation, the most stupendous miracle the world had ever seen. A lowly manger was the scene of God's supreme revelation of Himself as Man. This idea was quite foreign to the Mohammedan conception of God, whom he could only picture as "Allah the Great, the Powerful One." This fact of the Incarnation was the great distinctive feature of Christianity.

The true Vision of God was given in Christ, the Redeemer of the whole social order. The modern world was asking if Christianity was capable of facing and giving answers to the great national, international and social problems of the day. If, as they believed, God did really exist and had revealed Himself in Christ, then no human activity or question was outside the power of God. By the supreme Sacrifice of Calvary and the Resurrection of Easter Day, all humanity was for ever lifted up. Christ, alone, could redeem the whole social order; man must share in this work by co-operation with God.

Christ—as he manifested Himself and as He continued to manifest Himself to-day in His Body the Church—could alone counteract and conquer the forces of Evil, which were trying to win the world. It was the Church—His Living Body on Earth—that our Lord founded, and not Christianity merely as a religion. Despite derisions and heresies, Christ would remain for ever the Centre and Fountain of His Church which was God's instrument to convert the world. The Church must face this disunited world with a united front that all might be one in Christ.

“'Varsity Vanities.”

Great Success of Third Annual Revue.

“**T**out-Cochrane Cochrane” was the avowed aim of that large body of Leeds University Students who, under the title of “Varsity Vanities,” entertained the audiences at the Theatre Royal from November 23rd to 28th, with their Third Annual Revue in aid of Medical Charities. In reaching for that lofty goal, they certainly achieved much that would have graced a London production, and among the 25 scenes were many that would have done credit to the professional stage. From the moment that the most benevolent of devils in the person of Kid Mephisto gave his satanic permission for Dr. Graustus to proceed with his revue until the boiling pot closed on the last fair ankle of a Bow-legged Belle, the audiences were treated to a regular pot-pourri of song and dance and sketch: there was never any lack of variety or new interest during the whole three hours.

It is difficult to know where to begin the distribution of laurels—when once the palm has been given to that most versatile of men—Ralph Baker. He started off by writing the book and lyrics—a gigantic task which he met with a fund of clever repartee and rhymes. That might have seemed enough for one man to attempt but Baker next turned towards the direction of the production and so for many long weeks he coaxed and coerced the performers into that state of perfection which emerged on the Theatre Royal stage. But his energies did not stop there. Rarely for a moment did he leave the stage himself: one minute he would be the tragic figure of a disappointed pierrot the next the irate wife of a Cockney undertaker. In the roles of vamp and slut, mannequin and lover, poetess and “premiere danseuse,” he was equally at home, enfusing into each separate part some new aspect of his boundless personality. Songs, dances, recitations, sketches, nothing proved too difficult for him to attempt—and attempt successfully.

Next in order of merit may come that equally versatile person W. L. Williamson. To him was entrusted the task of writing a considerable quantity of original music, and he succeeded in producing many very lively tunes and songs. He conducted the orchestra vigorously and for a time was seen on the stage with Cyril Crystal and Malcolm Ross in a medley of music on three pianos—one of the most popular items in the programme. He was given—and deserved—an ovation at the end of each performance.

The Bow-Legged Belles were another great feature of the show. They certainly deserved the first half of their title even if paint and powder just failed to justify their name of “beauties.” They introduced themselves in an hilarious fashion by cleverly-devised silhouettes, and throughout the revue never failed to create roars of laughter. They, too, distinguished themselves by their versatility; first, as fairies, then as harem ladies, now as Spanish senioritas, here as pierrots, in another scene as mannequins, they were always vigorous in their singing and dancing. The Back Yard Pantomime saw them as a dainty if somewhat heavy-footed band of immortals, while the sketch, “The Pudsey Uplift Group,” enabled them to give a priceless imitation of a women’s choir. Their names deserve the immortalisation of print: they were Messrs. Rushton, W. Hobson, J. Hobson, Kirby, Gough, Russell, Hinchcliffe, Monkman, Franklin, Robinson, Richmond, Rollin, Rabinovitch, Green, Fielding, Douglas, Poulter, Westwood, Kearney and Jacobs.

Dorothy Knowles provided a striking contrast to their boisterousness. She danced with vivacity and delicacy, particularly in her representation of a dying

swan. A Spanish scene gave her an opportunity of executing some lively steps, while she figured well in the Egyptian ballet.

Among the other principals, Gerry Kearney—who was also an efficient Chorusmaster—sang and danced with accomplishment, as well as took part in several sketches. Austin Sloan had a number of varied roles, while J. Franklin and C. A. Blackwell were seen at their best amid a multitude of parts as the two women in "The Song of the Dole." Fred Bell sang particularly well in "Dream Lady"; Netta Jackson, Joyce Elliott and Constance Haigh each contributed much in the way of entertaining acting and dance. Others in the caste included Messrs. McDermott, E. Tomlin, D. Kaye, Mosby, G. L. Harris, Laurence, Tinley, Stewart Gourlay, N. E. Kay and Miss D. Brierley.

There were several outstanding sketches. "Shattering a Few Fallacies" admitted the audience into the intimate lives of gypsies, chorus girls, Russian brides, and—for the benefit of the "laity"—students. "The Song of the Dole" was a delicious skit on the dole queues, while the Back Yard Pantomime was a clever parody of Christmas stage fare. "The Love Theme" was presented in most amusing fashion as it might have been portrayed by Pirandello, Shaw, Edgar Wallace and Noel Coward: the censor banned Ralph Baker's version!! "Disappointed Pierrot" and "L'Après-Midi d'Un Don" were the best ensembles of the revue.

Behind the scenes was the usual band of workers, without whose aid the production would have been quite impossible. Mrs. Hamilton Thompson gave invaluable collaboration in the sketches and dresses, as well as taking on the arduous duties of Wardrobe Mistress, with the assistance of Miss O. Turgoose. Steven Bateman, aided by Jack Rhodes, was responsible for the efficient stage management, while N. Lissimore produced some clever scenic effects. The costumes—and an infinite variety they were, too—were executed by Madame Williams and daughter. Rachel Hyams and Cyril Crystal acted as honorary accompanists. Last, but not least, Stewart Gourlay—that admirable compère of the revue—"organised and treasured" the production in his usual capable way, Pete Mosby and Frances Brook acting as assistant secretaries.

The performances were under the patronage of several distinguished persons, including H.R.H. Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Archbishop of York, the Lord Mayor of Leeds, Lord Hawke, Lord Moynihan, the Bishop of Ripon, the Vice-Chancellor and Lady Baillie, Sir Ernest Bain and Sir Montague Burton.

The official receipts are not yet available, but it is certain that about £1,000 will accrue to Medical Charities. Well done, Leeds!

F.

Armistice Day, 1931—An Impression.

SILENTLY they file into the Great Hall, seemingly endless yet always leaving enough space for those who surge behind them up the stairs. There is a solemnity in the air, a sombreness that is only broken by hundreds of Flanders poppies and here and there a gaily-coloured hood or gown or the khaki uniforms of the O.T.C. As if by magic, the stream stops with the opening words of "O Valiant Hearts," and a thousand voices are raised to recall the sacrifices of those "who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God," and particularly of the Great Sacrifice of Calvary.

"Victor He rose: victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of sacrifice."

With voice trembling with emotion, a member of the Staff takes us through words of Lascelles Abercrombie, Bunyan, Isaiah and Laurence Binyon, a strange medley, yet each trying in his own way to express the passing over of the warrior to his Eternal Rest. The one talks of "the splendour of their dying," leaving "a brightness in our breath," the other takes Mr. Valiant-for-Truth across the River of Death to where "the Trumpets sounded for him on the other side." Isaiah lifts them into a heavenly abode, where "the Lord shall be to thee an everlasting light and thy God thy glory": the words with which Toc H daily recalls the sacrifice of the Elder Brethren of all ages pledges us again to everlasting remembrance "at the going down of the sun and in the morning."

The air is split by "The Last Post," then is thrilled by an electric silence as a distant maroon bids the world be hushed for two minutes, so that in quiet recollection it may pledge itself to that peace for which these millions of men laid down their lives. To some of us already personal remembrance does not exist; already dotted about the Hall are those who were born in the first years of the War. Even to some older ones, it is but a memory of frightening nights spent under the shadow of deadly raids by air. But the fact of the Great War can never be forgotten, and so, if for an increasing number, the sense of personal loss is not there, we can never cease to renew our vows each year to work for peace in the world, so that the sacrifice may not have been in vain. Such must be the thoughts within all those bowed hearts which raise themselves with renewed inspiration and hope as the notes of "Reveille" recall that all sleep—be it of life or Death—is ever followed by an awakening to a new Day.

And so once more "Now thank we all our God" for the wondrous things of life, for love, and guidance and, above all, "blessed peace to cheer us"; with the hopeful appeal to the Lord of all life to

"Free us from all ills
In this world and the next,"

we return, with the rest of the world, to our daily tasks, with their constant temptations and never-ending calls to break the vows which we have just so solemnly renewed.

C.

Exhibition of French Art.

Proposed Excursion to London.

IT is proposed to organise a University Excursion to London on Saturday, January 30, to enable members of the University and friends to visit the Exhibition of French Art. The cost of the excursion, including a meal on the outward journey and another on the return journey, will be about 21/-. The time of departure is fixed at 7-50 a.m., and arrival in Leeds about 4-0 o'clock on the Sunday morning. There will be special trams and buses to most parts from City Square. Circulars will be issued at the beginning of next term giving full particulars. Meanwhile, as the theatre season will be at its height in January, those wishing to book seats are advised to make their arrangements through Mr. W. R. Grist.

Those interested in the Exhibition are strongly advised to attend the two lectures on "Some Aspects of French Art," to be given in the Great Hall of the University on January 11 and 18, by Mr. C. W. H. Johnson, Official Lecturer at the National Gallery.

The Leeds Housing Conference.

THROUGHOUT the whole of last Winter an S.C.M. group, consisting of Students from the University and Members of the Headingley Hill Congregational Church, was busy studying housing conditions in Leeds. The study was fairly intensive and included not only consideration of scheme in theory, but also practical investigations into slum conditions in some of the worst parts of Leeds. It was hoped that some steps could be taken to rouse public opinion in the city, and with this in view preparations were made for a big conference to take place in October of this year. We hoped that delegates would be sent from every church, chapel, friendly society and beneficent institution in Leeds and district, for our speakers were to be drawn from among the leading Members of Parliament. Unfortunately the financial and political situation rather upset matters. Not to be overcome, however, by circumstances, a much smaller conference was attempted and, on October 24th, actually took place.

About 30 people, including students, clergy and prominent Leeds citizens, were present at the first session, when Rev. Charles Jenkinson, Councillor for Holbeck, outlined the recent situation in Leeds, bringing home to those present the utmost seriousness of the problem and the apathy of the City Council in face of it. Following the tea interval, a church member of the joint group put the case for private as opposed to municipal enterprise. It may be stated here that in some quarters people are of the opinion that large blocks of flats are the only solution to the slum problem, as it exists in the centre of the city, but there is considerable opposition to the flat, based upon what is described by some as mere Yorkshire sentiment. It was felt, however, that if some practical steps could be taken towards breaking that feeling and showing that flats are not only feasible, but desirable, the Council might be induced to take up that line and so alleviate the situation considerably. It was resolved, therefore, at the conference that a committee should be formed to work towards the launching of a Public Utility Co., which should attempt the erection of such flats as might be required, or rather, as it might be possible to build.

Such work must, of course, take some considerable time and may not materialise for a year or two yet. So we devoted our last session of the conference to consideration of the place of social study, which must go on in the meantime. One of the student members of the group took the lead here, and pointed out very forcibly that it is only through organised study that we can arrive at an enlightened public opinion. A second resolution then came from the conference, that an attempt should be made to organise joint groups of students with members of other churches, the members of the first group acting as missionaries to or organisers of the other groups, so that the group method may be fostered in places where at the moment it may seem impossible.

This latter side has huge possibilities behind it, and realising its implications, we have appointed a social study secretary to take the lead in organising this side of the work. But apart from the social study, there is involved the whole question of the relation of students to the churches while they are up at the University, and here there are tremendous opportunities, for the co-operation need not be limited to social study groups, but might be extended to all branches of church activity, to which students have undoubtedly a good deal to give. That is, perhaps, looking too far ahead. In the meantime, we concentrate on Housing, and hope that S.C.M. in Leeds will be able to contribute something definite towards helping Leeds citizens to find a solution to one of the most pressing problems of the day.

G. C. ROBERTS.

All Things New.

THE craving for novelty applies to lectures as well as to everything else. We do not deny that there is usually a slight feeling of anticipation as the lecturer enters the room, a slight tingling running along our veins as we lean forward, pen in hand, ready, almost eager, to convert to paper the words of wisdom.

It is the end of the lecture and we observe dully and without emotion, how the atmosphere is charged. In vain we look for the sparkle in the eye and the restrained eagerness to discuss some notable point among the rising group of students. The life has gone out of them. They shuffle slowly out of the room, an agreeable lot, but lacking the divine energy of youth. They disappear along the corridor, an occasional laugh floating back to break the stillness of the lecture room.

We cannot help wondering what has happened in that lecture room in the 50 minutes bridging the gap between interest and, no, not boredom, merely indifference, between eagerness and torpor, between most poignant of all, anticipation and disappointment. For youth thrives on the satisfaction of its desires and grows stale and unprofitable in the transition from optimism to pessimism. Wherein lies the root of this poison? Where else but in the much-lauded freedom and independence of the University lecture room?

We must admit that this crude article, this lonely voice of protest, is concerned more especially with the lectures in Arts delivered in this University. Of the extent of the evil in other departments we have no certain idea. It is for others to take courage and raise the cry of freedom if they too are oppressed. Well, what is wrong with our lectures? What is the extent of the trouble and how can it be cured? We crave the reader's indulgence in setting before him a few faults and afterwards our own ideas of the function of a lecture.

The average lecture, as we feel the dull sensation, is merely the dictation of the main facts, which we usually find in text-books, those welcome diversions from lectures. We do not deny that the lecture is fairly interesting; the trouble is that we have no time to be interested in it. This raises a point of historic importance. If lectures were, once lectures, who converted them into the scribbling classes which they now are—the lecturer or the students? Judgment be upon the culprit! Yet the fact remains. We swallow knowledge at a prodigious rate, but we omit to digest it. Who does not prefer the joys of eating and masticating, with gusto, one small dish of good food, daintily served, to swallowing hastily a massive dinner, incapable by reason of its very weight and solidity of being eaten decently and digested with ease. It is gulped down, and the general feeling afterwards is one of dazed heaviness. The average lecture leaves us with this very feeling. It is a podgy, indigestible mass, and we hope to get a First on its food value.

A lecture should be an interesting and personal introduction to new fields of knowledge, rather than a hackneyed recital of facts. It should be stimulating and enlightening, arousing the curiosity and delight, but also seeking to challenge the spirit of doubt in youth. In direct contrast to the laborious text-book work and commitment to memory (which is too often necessary), we ought to find a refreshing change in the verbal transmission of knowledge and ideas, in the free and easy atmosphere of the lecture room. How pleasant it is to sit at ease and take notice at a society meeting, and to feel that the speaker is talking to you and not for you. Your mind is relaxed and therefore absorbs knowledge more readily, new facts and ideas have an immediate and striking effect, you absorb them, and depart from that (dare we apply the word?) lecture, a giant refreshed.

F.S.C.

This Lottery Business.

IT may be because the Press is full of the Irish Sweep or it may be because I have been persuaded to buy several so-called "Xmas Gift Scheme" tickets, but whatever the cause I am tempted to write about this lottery business. (It may, of course, merely be an attempt to oblige a hard-working Editor with copy).

Let me quote, not from the poets, but from one of my tickets. "This ticket is a receipt for a voluntary contribution to the above Club and is given and accepted as such." I will not argue about the voluntary—personally I should put a question and an exclamation mark after it—what I do grouse about is the necessity for adding such a clause to make the lottery legal. For it is a lottery—I may win, as a result of my *voluntary* donation, a pair of Chinese slippers, a cut-glass cruet set, a floating bowl (?), a "mystery" prize; on the other hand, I may not!! Why should we have to stoop to subterfuge to make lotteries legal? For is not life a lottery? Isn't it a matter of luck whether we are born male or female, genius or idiot? The psychologist will tell you it is all a question of heredity, but it's a toss-up whether you or your brother is born M.D. And having been born, the lottery business grows more and more involved, the prizes varying from a degree to a happy married life.

It seems to me that the cases of Messrs. A and B are parallel. A draws, in some sweep or other, a horse which in the race appears in the "also ran" column. B marries and is divorced—incompatibility of temperament!! They're both losers—one loses his money, the other loses a wife—and the cynic would add "but not his money"!! We'll let that pass, but the fact remains, both have taken lottery tickets and been unlucky.

Throughout life we are continually buying lottery tickets and winning or losing. Admittedly we must take into account qualities of character, but in spite of this there is always that element of luck which makes life one great big gamble.

All this goes to prove that we ought to be allowed to hold an English Sweep for the benefit of English Medical Charities—or doesn't it? Which? I leave it to you.....

'ERB.

The Garden.

A FRESHER, a second year student and a finals man were leaning against the tiled walls near the clock.

"Do you usually leave it pretty late to work for your exams?" asked the fresher.

"Working for examinations," said the second year man, "is a pernicious habit which betrays a failure to appreciate the value of the finer side of life: as such it should be discouraged in the very young."

"Knowledge is a growth," said the third year student, who had been taking a special course of lectures, "and it is a mistake to force, into the brief space of a few evenings, the development which normally requires a protracted period of application and attention. On these grounds, rather than on any other, I disapprove of the measures to which you refer."

"Did you do much work in your first year?" asked the fresher.

"As a lover of nature," said the finals man, "the greater part of my first year was spent in close intimacy with her creatures: soft cooing of the dove, gauche gambols of the woolly lambs, shrill piping of the linnet, were my companions

and environment. Often I feasted ear and eye with her enchantments : mysterious shadows of the forest and rich ember of the after-glow were mine : down in the valley I dreamed and lived with pulsing Nature round my heart."

"And I," said the second year, "was equally in touch with Nature's mind : grey of the moonlight shadows, blue of the Summer sky, soft dews of evening, formed my text books and my manual."

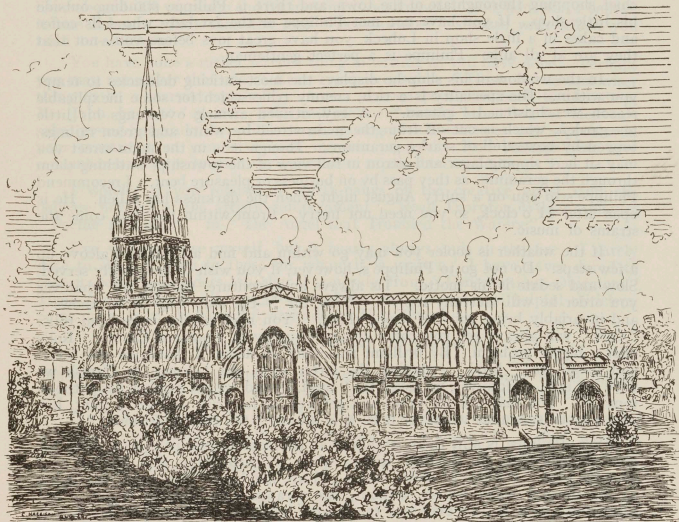
"But surely," said the fresher, frankly fuddled, "surely you did not find this place in Leeds, at the University?"

"Here, in the heart of industrialism," said the second year man, "with rank commercialism on every hand, blatant posters in conspicuous positions, newsboys crying new editions, prams, trams and automobiles filling every road, here, hidden away among the city life, is a haven of refuge, a garden's peace and calm."

"Where is this place?" said the fresher.

"Beech Grove grounds, you fathead," said the finals man.

N.A.B.



ST. MARY REDCLIFFE, BRISTOL.

[C. Harrison.

"Chez Philippe."

THE last rays of the setting sun glint on the green, copper-covered minarets of the Kronberg. Their delicate outline is silhouetted against a crimson sky, three delicate towers rising from the corners of a flat, squat building. The fourth tower is more sturdy in build and from it hang the storm signs shining green and red, whilst in the background twinkle the yellow lights of the harbour and the town.

Rat-a-tat-tat, Boom—boom—the noise of the little shipbuilding yard comes faintly on the breeze. We glance back at the coast of Sweden, rapidly disappearing into the growing darkness and we can just see the lights of Helsingör and its wonderful castle—wide flights of steps and terraces, like scenes in a pantomime, with fairy lights of every hue slung in garlands which gently sway in the evening breeze.

Now we are passing under the shadow of the Kronberg and soon the brilliance of the electric-lit shipyard bursts upon us. A quiet little harbour it seems by day, but at night all is life and bustle. The old town behind blinks a little lazily and almost with surprise at this restless activity almost under the very walls of the royal castle.

A narrow, cobbled street leads up the slope from the harbour. This is the chief shopping thoroughfare of the town, and there is Philippe standing outside his little shop. If you have not met Philippe or the fat lady who sells coffee and cakes in a little shop in Lubeck, you have great joys before you—not that they are at all alike—Philippe is a perfect gentleman.

In the window of his shop he displays the most enticing delicacies to tempt you within. His speciality is a rich, creamy trifle which for some inexplicable reason we christened "gâteau." A gay, striped awning overhangs his little tea garden, which is cut off from the main street by white and green railings, topped by boxes full of scarlet geraniums. Though it is in the main street you may sit here sipping lager and citron in full view of the township, watching them through the geraniums as they pass by on business or pleasure bent. I recommend Philippe's to you on a sultry August night when the darkness has fallen. He is open after 11 o'clock, so you need not hurry. From within the shop come the strains of music.

If the weather is cooler you may go within and find a curtained alcove up a few steps. Do not go to Philippe's, however, if you wish to be quickly served. Slow and sedate is his motto. 'Tis always an adventure, though, for whatever you order he will tactfully reply: "Yees, Sir"—the only English he knows—and invariably bring you the wrong thing. You may ask for coffee and rolls. "Café" will always get you coffee in any country in Northern Europe. Rolls offer a bigger problem. By brilliant reasoning we deduced that rolls was bread and bread was "brod"—whether the latter term was German or Danish we were not sure. However, we asked for "brod"—and we got sandwiches without tops on! You may ask for cakes and get ices, or for trifle and get a joint, but you may be sure that whatever it is, it is always "the best in Elsinore."

Yes, Philippe is still there, standing at the door of his little shop, with his blue uniform with gilt buttons, with a white serviette flung with studied care over his arm. Within, a soldier and a girl are laughing. The music is playing an old dreamy waltz whilst, without, two strangers are sipping citron. The geraniums are as red as ever and the shaded lights as gay—can you not feel it calling to you, that little grey town on the shores of the Sound?

GRAY ELM.

"The Gryphon" Poets.

A Reply to "Conscientious Objector."

DID you go to see Epstein's "Genesis" at the Art Gallery or did you feel that your sixpence would have been supporting Art (with a capital A) to an inordinate extent? I wonder how you would regard the piece—as a priceless joke, or as merely disgusting? You would consider it probably with a mixture of both attitudes, because you at least seem to be removed somewhat from the mentality of the true British Sportsman, who likes his spot of pornography just as he like his spot of beer. I don't think, somehow, that "Genesis" would arouse in you any feeling of the bitter agony of womanhood, the sorrow of the world, which most men feel, too, by reason of their impotence. You probably would not notice the tenseness of those misshapen fingers.

Modern methods of artistic expression are, as a matter of fact, alien to my nature, but I can at least recognise the frequent greatness of the results.

You know, it's so easy to sneer. I used to sneer at most things myself at one time—then for a little time beauty came into my life, and I learned not to sneer so much, although I still can't help doing so sometimes. My only contribution to *The Gryphon* poetry section was a sneer, a skit, but at any rate the "victim" lived about 1,500 years ago and his identity is not known. And, honestly, I believe it was a better effort than the four "Beachcomber" stanzas with which you tried to amuse us.

You have done a rather terrible thing in writing as you have done. Perhaps you may remember that one of Keats' reviewers said: "It is a better and wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet; so back to the shop, Mr. John, back to 'plasters, pills and ointment-boxes,' etc. But for Heaven's sake, young Sangrado, be a little more sparing of extenuatives and soporifics in your practice than you have been in your poetry." And perhaps you may remember how bitterly such reviewers were reproached in "Adonais."

I wonder if you realise the birth-pangs of the creative artist, and the delicate fineness of the artistic temperament? Read Thornton Wilder's playlet "Poetae Nascuntur" in "The Angel that Troubled the Waters."

I've written verse myself, but it nearly always ends in the fire. I rarely dare to show it even to those for whom it is written. I have never dared to cast it before—outsiders, so that I am safe from "Conscientious Objectors." These *Gryphon* poets offer us their work for our pleasure and helpful criticism. Some may have the scornful attitude of Ben Jonson:—

"By God, 'tis good, and like it if you will."

Others shrink away from harsh criticism and mockery and become sterile, unless, like Chatterton and Keats, the world proves too much for them altogether.

It's rather queer, by the way, that you have scoffed at one of the finest poems that has appeared since I came up three and a half years ago. Much *Gryphon* poetry is inclined to be "pretty-pretty"—all soupirs and golden sunsets, but there is some good work appearing just now. I hope you enjoyed "Old Desire" as much as I did.

Just a final word. Dryden once said that lampooning is only permissible when avenging a personal insult, or when attacking any general vice or folly. Dryden was a gentleman as well as a poet.

K.C.R.

American Rugger.

Professor Jones on the West Point-Yale Match.

PERHAPS I am prejudiced. I was nurtured on rugby as played by the Welsh clubs at the height of their fame, when Swansea or Cardiff was more likely than England to smudge the record of a South African or Australian touring side, and people wondered not who would win the international championship, but who would occupy second place. Old fogies like myself believe that the game has deteriorated; they will not listen to those who say that forwards are now too fast to permit the spectacular back play of ancient times. The outside half and centre threequarters of my young days were expected to do something with the ball when they got it: the essence of their play was to draw the opposite wing, thus leaving their own wing unmarked. Now their chief anxiety seems to be to get rid of the ball, preferably to the wing threequarter, who is usually faced by two men and has no room to escape. Doubling, swerving, and that most difficult art, varying the pace in a straight run and thus deceiving those who run across the field to tackle, are far less frequently seen than they were two decades ago. But British rugby, even as now played, is far more interesting to watch and, I believe, more scientific than the American game as I saw it played.

The match that I witnessed was between West Point (the Sandhurst of the United States) and Yale University. Harvard had already beaten the cadets by one point, and this game was expected to decide Yale's chances in the inter-varsity match. The result was a draw, and my host told me that it was one of the most exciting and spectacular games that he had seen for many years. At least, that was what I understood him to whisper with the remnant of his voice. One of the most interesting things to me was to see a sedate, middle-aged civil servant, who had served in embassies in many parts of the world, losing his head as well as his voice at the sight of his University escaping defeat through the only brilliant effort that was made throughout the game.

The preliminaries were more enjoyable than the game itself. Although the last Saturday in October, it was a day of glorious sunshine and almost as warm as the English June day of fiction. Cricket seemed more suitable than football. The Yale "bowl" is a ground that makes Twickenham appear shoddy and Inverleith a toy: it is capable of seating 90,000 spectators. The match was timed to start at two o'clock, but nearly 80,000 people were in their seats an hour earlier, when the fun began. On one side, near the half-way line, there was a large contingent of cadets, in attractive blue-grey uniforms and overcoats; on the other side were Yale students. First the Yale band marched across the field playing stirring marches, and then the cadet band responded with military music. Next the cadets—hundreds of them—marched on the field and gave a display worthy of a highland regiment. The remainder of the interval (enlivened by the inevitable mul-) was devoted to songs, and the rivalry between students and cadets was as keen as at any time during the afternoon. When the teams appeared on the scene the cheer-leaders started in earnest. There were three on each side, all clad in flannels. By the end of the game they must have had far more exercise than any of the players. Nikisch conducting the Leipzig orchestra or Lloyd George in the middle of a pre-war peroration would have appeared motionless beside them. I have never, in a man, seen grace exceeding that displayed by the centre leader of the Yale trio.

As I sat behind the Yale contingent (among the 1898 class) I could not hear the Yale songs and cries, but those of the cadets provided full compensation. And some of my middle-aged companions grudgingly admitted that they included

the most attractive of any. All the cheering during the game was organised. People yelled with excitement now and then—they forgot themselves. But they cheered to order, and kept time if not tune. Whenever a man was injured—which was very often—the cheer leaders picked up their megaphones and announced Song number 000 or cheer section X, subsection P,—and I understood why American dentists at English fairs used to regard a band as a necessary part of their equipment. Great noise kills a little noise. It was noticeable that people cheered their own side only. It was so when the teams entered the arena; it was so throughout the game. Each side was out to win: it was the result rather than the play that mattered. When the cadets became dangerous, I could feel the silence around me, while almost deafened by the noise from across the battlefield. When the students were dangerous I could almost see the gloom on the faces of the massed cadets.

It was not a rough game. The tackling was vigorous, but always clean. One great difference between the American game and ours is that in the former the players are allowed to obstruct an opponent in his attempt to reach and tackle their colleague in possession of the ball. They do so with their shoulders. "Interference" is, indeed, reduced to a fine art, and most of the players seemed to do little else. It is for this reason that they are so heavily "armoured" and look more like divers than football players. But I saw nothing unworthy of sportsmen. It was a clean game, which gave the referees little trouble. One man fell awkwardly and broke his neck—we heard at sea, a few days later, that he had died—but it was an accident that might easily have occurred during a match in this country. American football is, of course, a far more dangerous game than the one we play, but it was universally agreed that in this match both sides played according to the highest traditions of their own game.

In Northern Union football a team is composed of thirteen players, and in watching a game I always miss the additional couple found in amateur football. It is easier to cut through. In American football a team is composed of only eleven players. Of these, seven are in the forward line, one is at quarter-back, two at half-back and one at full-back. With so few players one expected to see far more open play than at home, but the rules of the game make such play unprofitable. The ball was given less air than in our matches and for that reason the game was less interesting as a spectacle. I only saw one run which caused the pulse of a foreign spectator to beat more quickly. One of the Yale players received the ball well within his own half, fairly near the touchline, tucked it under his arm, threaded his way through the opposing forwards, swerved past the backs and scored the equalising try. It was worthy of Trew or Poulton. I saw little else beyond hard, close play between evenly matched forwards. Nor was there any kicking the memory of which survived the match. The ball seems to be smaller than an English football—either that or the players had exceptionally large hands. Everyone picked up the ball with one hand. It was, therefore, easier to kick a "long ball" than it is in this country.

I will describe the rules and details of the game in the next issue of *The Gryphon*.

J. H. JONES.

ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE.

1932, February 10th. M. CHARLES BRUN:

"Le Régionalisme Littéraire."

March 1st. M. ANDRE LAMANDÉ:

"Montaigne et Nos Jours."

In Praise of Edu.

NO matter whether one peruses back numbers of *The Gryphon* (in particular the special Valentine numbers) or whether one merely hears snatches of conversation, one automatically, maybe instinctively, shivers with dread, awe, fear, at the magic word "Edu." Yes, it is perfectly true, there is a traditional pity for the R.S.T., and a look of kindly sympathy for the poor misguided souls doing Edu. If you disagree, ask anyone, or read *The Gryphon*. Let me quote from that worthy journal, which scorns to use sarcasm ; ;

"Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter the Education Department."

"Here we suffer grief and pain."

"Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

Need I go on? You all know the reputation of this wonderful department—and believe me it is absolutely undeserved. Drawing from my own first-hand experience (how familiar that phrase will sound to all Eduites), I say definitely, knowing full well the risk I run of making countless enemies, that the course in Education is by far the most useful and interesting of any University course.

Take, for instance, the branch known as Theory of Education, or Psychology. Granted it sounds none too inviting—but you try it! Here is the ideal training course for life—admittedly a degree is a useful adjunct—but surely the leading of a well-planned life is the main object, and I therefore suggest that Psychology should be included in departments.

Most of you, dear readers, will no doubt marry eventually. Many of you will have children. Suppose for a moment that your first-born shows unmistakable signs of fear whenever you approach and that they grow steadily worse until the paroxysms assume alarming proportions. What can you do about it? How are *you* to know the trouble is a conditioned reflex unless you've done Edu? Or again, if your child lisps, stammers, cannot sound his "r's," is left-handed and easily blushes, how would *you* cure him—in 10 lessons! To the man who patronises Beech Grove House it is literally child's play—but to you it is not.

I could easily reel off hundreds of similar cases where the value of Edu is inestimable—but I won't, I will merely invite, exhort you—for your own good and the good of the nation—to join us. Call at the Students' Section and fill up a form!

EDUITE.

The Clock Speaks.

IT may be surprising to know that a clock can speak. But really, it is a wonder I have been able to remain silent so long when one considers the hours and hours of undergraduate conversation that I have had to endure daily for so many years.

They say to each other: "I'll see you under the clock," without considering my feelings at all. It never occurs to them that I may be heartily sick of undergraduate wit and wisdom, and that for these many years I have yawned my poor old head off whenever two students, standing below me, have proceeded to solve with the greatest ease all those religious and political problems which have baffled the wisest of mankind for centuries. There are times when, listening to them, I grow sentimental and think of the days when I also was young and

thought that all that the world needed was a touch of my guiding hand. But usually they bore me, and I am surprised that they have never heard me sigh with relief when the bell sends them scurrying off to lectures.

On the whole, I find the budding philosophers and religious reformers much less amusing than the would-be men-of-the-world. These, with their incipient moustaches and their world-weary air, are to me a source of perpetual delight. The things they say! There is no spectacle in the whole world so exhilarating as that of a youth of 19 trying to appear *blasé*. Fortunately for me, my face (or dial, as some persons ignorantly call it) is incapable of expressing any emotion whatever, or it would long ago have cracked its enamel and disarranged its numerals by bursting into derisive laughter.

During dull periods, when only sensible persons are lounging below me—persons that is, who are of not the slightest interest to such a student of human nature as myself—I while away the time by observing the Hall Porter. He doth bestride this narrow world like a Colossus. By craning my neck I can just manage to peer round the corner when he is chalking some announcement on the board, and I dare aver solemnly that there is no lecturer in the whole University who can write so beautifully on a blackboard as he. In fact I once heard a student declare that the H.P. should be specially engaged to teach certain members of the Staff how to use a piece of chalk—especially ——— and ———.

What can I say of the ladies? To my everlasting regret they very seldom stand and hold conversations in my vicinity. That is a pity, for I feel sure they are more earnest and mature than the men. The men often seem puzzled and worried, as though they don't quite know what to make of life and are extremely anxious as to what awaits them in the near future. But the women appear to be quite sure what it is they expect from life, and to have made up their minds to get it.

It is interesting to watch these students, decade after decade, in this procession of youth—ever changing, yet ever the same; firmly believing they are very advanced if they voice age-old objections to religion and convention; impatient because their elders have not created, in a few brief years, an earthly Paradise; and determined to make, out of the mess bequeathed to them by their predecessors, a sweeter and better world. They will find, eventually, that the world will jog along in pretty much the same old way despite their earnest endeavours to teach it better manners, and that they will finally accomplish about one-hundredth part of what they set out to accomplish. But let them not be discouraged. That one-hundredth part will be well worth doing and will be their contribution to the upward evolution of Mankind.

It has been quite a relief to speak. For years I have tick-tocked on the wall, seeing all things but keeping my opinions to myself. I have broken my silence only because the other day a curious animal called *The Gryphon* paid me a visit and said: "Dear Old Clock, you are a very old member of the University; your observation post is strategically unrivalled; tell us what you think about us."

And I have told you.

C.J.

Acknowledgements.

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

The Leodiansian, *The Serpent* (Manchester), *University of Cape Town Quarterly*, *Leeds Girls' High School Magazine*, *Glasgow University Magazine*, *The Mask* (Royal Technical College), *The Mermaid* (Birmingham).

A Most Ungallant Attack on Women Students.

HERE is a subject, if you like. But though I approach it with a trembling heart, the thing must not be shirked. There are so many things about the average undergraduate which make a fellow look up the meaning of "misogyny"; and as I never had a reputation for gallantry anyway, here goes.

In the first place, why do women in lectures always huddle together on the front row like a lot of sheep? I used to think it was to prevent their being contaminated by the near presence of the men, but observation of their attitude outside lectures quickly dispelled this view. Nor is it a desire to catch the pearls of wisdom which lecturers let drop now and again, for those who lounge at the back or round the walls can, when necessary, cull anything of importance quite easily. I am ready to admit that such a proceeding is quite harmless, but it quickly palls. One gets the impression that to-day might easily be last week.

Again, should a woman be called on to read or translate, or use her voice in any way, why does she confide exclusively in her neighbour, a thing so utterly at variance with the traditions of the sex? It is not modesty and it certainly cannot be reticence. There is no reason at all for it, but the fellow at the back has to be content with a grudging word here and there and must suffer in patient silence. To a serious student like myself it is most provoking.

Before the bell tolls the knell of parting leisure, the corridor is regarded—quite justly—as a social club where the more serious aspects of life can be studied soberly. But when the women are inside, positively panting for the arrival of the lecturer, one has almost a sense of guilt at wasting the golden moments. The concerted shuffle into the room when he tops the horizon in full sail is one of the time-honoured customs of our great University. But the repulsive sight of open notebooks and marked texts when one is just wondering what the subject is to be would put anyone off for the rest of the day. Inhuman is the only word to describe it.

Should the man on the dais quote a good joke, the element of the class that matters signifies its approval in the usual way. But should he indulge in some weak, *i.e.*, original jest, which in the usual way would be howled down, what happens? The women titter politely and the men try not to look self-conscious. This misguided politeness only encourages him to further flights of foolishness. These scholars must be educated, and pandering to their foibles is not the way to do it.

There comes a time, usually about a quarter to the hour, when the voice of wisdom dries up, having exhausted its material. That is the time when the normal person leans back and takes stock of what has been said or ponders on the infinite, according to taste. The lecturer makes piteous efforts to spin out his 50 minutes by

- (a) Quotations.
- (b) Repetition.
- (c) Vague and irrelevant remarks on life in general.

It needs no great perspicuity to detect what is going on. But do the women notice it? They do not. Instead of passing over this period of barrenness, they carry on with those copious notes which are a constant source of awe to me. Surely it is not kind to chronicle a person's weaknesses so industriously! Where Johnson had his Boswell, his modern counterpart has a score of earnest biographers, hungrily snatching at every word. Let us hope that such evidence will not be brought up against him, for it is surely damning.

I have also noticed—but I pause. A dull terror seizes me at the enormity of what I have written. The point is, have I the courage to sign my name? After consideration I am forced to the same conclusion as yourself. I have not.

SLACKER.

Short Legal Note.

(The case is nearing conclusion. Witnesses on either side have been heard, and the Stipendiary is summing up and about to pronounce judgment).

"..... Messrs. Harridge's witnesses have placed the question of theft beyond doubt. The lady has been carefully observed over a period of months, not only by this firm, but by others. What of the defence? Appropriation of the said articles is not, indeed, denied, but rather, explained. Eminent medical testimony has been forthcoming and its purpose has been to show that the defendant lady is the host of two Personalities, entirely distinct and separable. Firstly, we are assured, she is a lady of irreproachable social reputation, a model wife, the pattern of domestic virtue, and an example of unusually high cultural acquirements. In evidence of this last quality, we have the nice discernment she has consistently shown in the articles appropriated. She has chosen this and rejected that. But wait. It appears that propinquity with beautiful and expensive things results in the appearance of the other and more sinister Personality, whereupon she is impelled irresistibly to secrete about her person as many of these beautiful things as commend themselves to her impeccable taste. My verdict must lie as follows. It would be manifestly unjust to condemn to prison régime a lady of such assured social virtues and culture, and she must clearly be acquitted. Yet on the other hand, it would be a gross perversion of my duty to allow so persevering and successful a thief to remain free. What can I do? Here, in assuring us that these two Personalities are quite distinct and separable, the medical evidence has been of the greatest assistance to the Court. I therefore acquit the innocent and estimable lady first described, and commit the second to Holloway jail for a period of six months with hard labour."

BISMARCK BROWN.

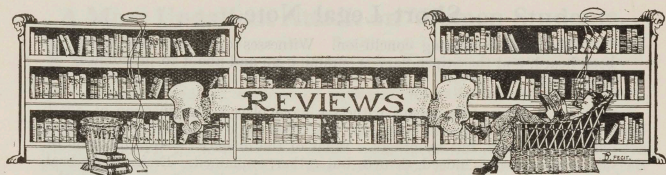
The Inter-'Varsity Debate.

THE Inter-'Varsity Debate, held in the Great Hall on October 27th, was the largest event of this nature ever arranged at Leeds, but unfortunately the occasion did not meet with the numerical support that it deserved. The question of disorder prevailing during the debate is discussed in the Editorial: we would confine ourselves here to the equally serious problem of the attendance. There were 250 members in the Hall at the beginning of the debate, but over 150 left before the end, so that the final voting was only 39 to 38. This means that there were only 77 members out of a University of nearly 1,500 students who had sufficient enthusiasm for a Union function of this kind to stay throughout the debate.

The best feature of the debate was the summing-up of the London delegate to the motion "that Democracy is a Failure," but the speeches from the delegates on the floor of the House were also exceedingly interesting, particularly those by Nottingham, Liverpool and Leeds, the last-named being represented by the Secretary of the Union (Mr. W. S. Skidmore). Nottingham especially delighted the more sober-minded section of the audience with a piece of irony against those members of the House who had obviously mistaken the Great Hall for a nursery.

After this year's experience, the Debates Committee ought seriously to consider whether it would not be advisable to discontinue Inter-'Varsity debates until Leeds has learnt how to support and appreciate them.

C.G.T.



"The Mastery of Sex."

THE author of this book is well known to many Leeds students and therefore his views on such an important a topic as Sex will be of unusual interest to them. In attempting to discuss the whole problem through the eyes of both psychology and religion, Mr. Weatherhead is certainly adopting the two mediums that should be most helpful in finding a solution to one of the most vital questions of modern civilisation. It is, indeed, an invaluable feature of the work that assistance has been given by Dr. Marion Greaves, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., for so many books of this type are rendered useless by their failure to bring into account the medical aspect.

Add to this the fact that the Rev. A. H. Gray, D.D., Dr. J. R. Rees, M.A., D.P.H., and Principal W. F. Lofthouse, M.A., D.D., have each contributed a few lines of approval and support and it will be seen that here is a book worthy of intelligent study, if not of final approval, in the midst of a veritable flood of ineffective and often dangerous publications on sex problems.

Mr. Weatherhead has avoided technicalities as much as possible, but has entered into a perfectly frank discussion of Sex and supplements his discussion of its problems with solutions that appear to have worked satisfactorily in the instances he quotes. We welcome the emphasis he lays on the grave dangers of ignorance or half-knowledge and the sympathetic treatment he gives to the mishandling of the sex instinct, though the border-line may not be placed in the same position by all students of the problem.

The chapter on "Sex and Society" in particular arouses interest by its reference to divorce, companionate marriages, novels, plays, cinemas, dancing, industrialism and the like. All Christendom will support him in his definite appeal for life-long monogamy and the vital necessity for chastity before marriage, but he is far from receiving the unanimous support of the churches in his attitude to birth control.

We would not claim finality for the author's pronouncements, but we would recommend them for the careful and selective study of those who wish to bring a frank healthy-mindedness to this question.

F.

By the Rev. Leslie D. Weatherhead, M.A. S.C.M. Press. 5/- net.

TO STUDENTS.

Advertise that old motor bike or last year's books in *The Gryphon*. Very cheap rates. *Pigeonhole* W. A. P. Dawson.



Inspiration.

My lover loved but you when he loved me,
And graciously
He bore Love's urn of loving,
For he knew
It was for you.

His face is singing,
His love is like the morning.
All beauty bringing
For my adorning.

Alien this beauty
Laid on me most blessed.
Oh adoration!
I by joy possessed.

W. H.

Drowning.

I went down to the sea to swim,
And left my clothes upon a stone,
Meaning to return to them
As always I had done.

The sea so strong had hungered long
To have me. And at length,
My most of weakness in a trice
Surrendered all my strength.

So easily, so easily
I drank the drug the salt sea gave.
I turned my eyes towards the shore:
And looked upon my grave:

I saw my clothes upon the stone,
And knew what it must be
To have my corpse ride through the streets
And I not there to see.....

Like bubbles bursting in my thought
Were water, earth and sky;
The world a dream, and death the sleep,
The sleep to dream it by.

R. REEVE.

Sunset Trees.

The trees are black against the sunset sky;
Behind, the dull red glow fades out to grey,
Smoke-grey on the horizon.
I think the trees are sisters; side by side
They stand enchanted by some age-old spell,
Their night-dark hair free-flowing,
Slender and frail in cold November gloom,
They keep grave silence, lamentation stilled,
And sound of sad complaining.
Beautiful against the sky are they,
The sunset sky slow-fading.

M. ARUNDEL.

Hambourg.

About his brows, rapt seraphim :
 One keeps his forehead deep and calm, and one
 Weeps for the pale divinity in him ;
 While one more stern retires
 Unto the mind's, the deep sea's horizon,
 Whence, like a moon, and with a moon's slow fires,
 Illumineth the motions of the deep.

And yet a tenderer doth keep
 It's seat behind the bases of the eyes,
 Where steadfastly with marvellous gaze
 It looketh how the ivories
 Are soft as milk beneath the master's hands.
 Thinketh : how priestlike Hambourg plays,
 And yet how like a lover feels the keys.....
 Cries the angel in the eyes to the seraph o'er the seas :

O the lips of whose desired,
 And the breasts of whose beloved soothe like these !

R. REEVE.

Lonely Death.

Accursed of God I wander through the earth
 Companionless and lonely in my night,
 The enemy of life and hopeful birth,
 The foe of joyful things which love the light.

The roaring avalanches are my voice,
 The writhing seas and tempests are my breath,
 Within the toils of battle I rejoice
 That men of will solicit aged Death.

Disease, my sallow fellow, serves me well,
 Is faithful to his lord, and Agony
 Full oft the harbinger of passing bell,
 And chance, so fickle, serves me constantly.

And yet my fearful hirelings look with dread
 Upon me for with man they still may live,
 Where e'er I speed, my awful curse I shed
 And nothingness the only boon I give.

Who looks on me without a wild distress,
 Who curses not the places I have trod ?
 Who could be lonely with my loneliness,
 Who so cut off alike from man and God ?

J.C.K.A.

Beethoven Agonistes.

Then sing no more, grey keys : I cannot hear.
 I only see the pattern of your dance
 And know your meaning darkly, as you prance
 These good hands' answer to the looming fear.
 Grand sounds within me, jutting hard and sheer,
 Into great-structured epics I still trance,
 But ah ! no gold-point lyric thing may spear
 My deep-closed brain in subtle waking glance.
 Between the flowering and the bee-got fruit,
 Between the passion and the rime of deeps
 Where one perfection stirs, with lightning shod,
 Between the chiming chord and one far mute
 Harmonic focus where my meaning sleeps,
 Beyond my dulled sense, is unspeaking God.

J. R. HEPPENSTALL.

The Birth.

I.

O spirit that broods o'er earth on Christmas Eve,
 Ungird this time-girt mind ;
 Speed, speed, in the looms of thought, weave, weave,
 That olden tale of Birth,
 When Peace, Faith, Love, gleamed o'er a cold dark earth—
 Like stars white, lost in the blue waste-land of night,
 Born not of man, by which his barque he steers—
 Peace, Faith, Love, the light
 That blends white time's crimson-centuried rays
 Ablaze from the tombs of countless hundred years.

II.

Weave, weave ; that Bethlehem night, by one lone star,
 Dipped in silvered light,
 When travellers three came riding from afar,
 Across the night-blue earth,
 To the lowly ox-shed where Mary gives birth,
 To Christ : to the Babe Whose life, in years of strife,
 Embodies yet the hope, the vision, the dream,
 Of world-united life,
 When motherland, fatherland, in brotherhood shall build,
 A warless world that moves in international scheme.

III.

Weave, weave—a war-dark night, when moon nor star,
 Shed its silvered light ;
 Above, the zoom of unseen monsters hums afar,
 The quest of death-white rays ;
 While children, crouched in snow-seeped fields, watch the blaze
 That kindles hell at the screech of each bursting shell,—
 'Twas war that war should end, but on a younger race,
 War's blight-of-hopes, fell ;
 That myth of Birth was scorned ; and again is found,
 The bloody haze of war in every place.

IV.

O spirit, cease ; weave not a tale of woe,
 To dim this eve of joy ;
 Wherever doubt-free child to bed may go,
 Knowing Nicholas good will call,
 There breathe anew a dream of Christ's cradle-stall ;
 Wherever doubt-filled man, in carol of praise,
 Hymns age-old words, of Peace shrined in this Birth,
 Before Him, raise, O raise,
 The thought, desire, the deed, of man's advance
 To war-free brotherdom-of-man in Peace on earth.

J. H. HIGGINSON.

Night.

Day's golden sky is turned to grey ;
 Philoniel begins her joyous lay ;
 Sad mortals homeward bend their way ;
 Black night rolls on.

Dark night, as thick as Erebus,
 Now veils with showds mysterious
 The eyes now vowed to Morpheus ;
 Quiet sleep falls on.

Far, far away in some deep wood
 A poet dreams in restful mood
 Of leprechauns and fairies good,
 Called up by night.

Now, hoots the owl, and to his call
 The poet's elves and pixies fall ;
 Now, covered with night's misty pall
 He still sleeps on.

To the East, right away from this restful scene,
 Rise the beams of Apollo, decked in glorious sheen ;
 Gone are poets and birds and the fairies' queen ;
 So day dawns on.

F. A. AMOORE.

Questing.

Why do you go wandering, wandering
In phantom bands along the yellow plain,
As though you sought some beauty that was lost

And could not be again?
I, too, across the yellow, cowslip plain
Go wandering; the same sun sinks for me,
The same sounds come to me along the wind,
And yet you will not turn your phantom heads

To beckon me,
The plain goes stretching on into the dusk,
And all the twilight things awake again
To frighten me, and yet you will not turn.

There is a mystery within our eyes,
The blue of southern waters, halcyon skies,
Or bluebell pools, shaft-sunlit in the woods
When Spring is here.

We dare not turn to you, for beauty there
Lost to the world of men lies hidden deep.
Better to tread the plain unceasingly
Searching for beauty, than to see, and sleep.

ENID M. JONES.

Soliloquy: October, 1931.

Pack away tradition: tempus fugit.
Forget the yellow negligence of Michaelmas
And vaunt no more proprietary nonchalance.
We must learn a new way and breathe new air.....

(In subterranean labyrinthine closenesses
Hot-air pipes slowly crawl round laboratories).
Come now, with diligence apply yourself to learning,

Look sober and thereto soberly;
Prepare, prestrate yourself before the rack of effort.
Blot out, Oblivion, Prudence, pray prevent

Extravagant gestures of a gallant penury;
Acclimatise us to compression.

Put off, put off the arching periwig—
Draw the brows straight and low;

Bow no more to Pope, Castiglione,
But toil with tabulated erudition.....

(Thick soles become tired feet
Nor are the streets of the city as it were transparent glass.
Fares please. One penny.

Here the Black Prince, O stalwart in erect and stupid heroism
Frowns on the shuffling herds that pass and pass).

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.
Il faut cultiver le jardin.

Penny fare.

YANN FLOT.

Song Unforgotten.

One sang a song, and I agreed
It made heart's-ease articulate;
And it did so, but more it did:
For what I thought an opiate
A serum proved, and saturate
I was with it as flowers with seed.

And day to day my dreams defined
What I could never have divined—
The song I thought forgotten now did breed
A nightingale inmemoried,
And pestilence of beauty in the mind.

R. REEVE.

Correspondence.

(The Editor lays our columns open to all points of view, provided moderation is used in expression, but accepts no responsibility for the opinions of correspondents).

THE UNIVERSITY,
LEEDS,

To the Editor.

11th November, 1931.

Dear Sir,

We trust that you will allow us to make public, through your columns, our depreciation of certain features of the Commemoration held in the Great Hall this morning. The features to which we refer are khaki uniforms, rifles and the blowing of bugles. We feel very strongly indeed that this is an appeal to other sentiments than those which we have no doubt every member of this University would wish to express on such occasions as these. Everybody, doubtless, desires the maintenance of peace and the spread of brotherhood and goodwill amongst the nations of the earth, and these are the sentiments that such gatherings as that of this morning should express. Rifles, etc., do not assist in the expression of such sentiments, and we would therefore register our ardent desire that they should not be evident at future Armistice Day Celebrations in the University of Leeds.

Yours, etc.,

S. G. EVANS.

F. C. MAXWELL.

O.S.A. HOUSE,
UNIVERSITY ROAD,

12th November, 1931.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

I picked up an old Lecture Notebook to-day, and from its leaves there dropped a newspaper cutting, headed: "Mr. Laurence Housman reads from his Plays." It concluded: "You felt, when he had finished, how highly favoured Leeds is in having a University thoughtful and broad-minded enough to offer it from time to time the opportunity of getting in tune with such rare spirits as that of Mr. Laurence Housman."

The lines vividly brought the scene to mind. Housman's wonderfully mobile face, the inflections of his voice, and his power to enact a whole scene alone. I remembered similar occasions when the Great Hall was packed to the window-sills and scores were turned away. Why? Simply because some wise spirit among the powers that be (or used to be?) had invited a poet to read his poems, a dramatist to read his plays, or a novelist to tell us how to write novels. Masfield, Drinkwater, Binyon, Hugh Walpole, St. John Ervine, Galsworthy; between 1922 and 1926 we heard them all.

Is it too much to hope that we in Leeds may again be favoured by a Winter Lecture Programme worthy of a University town?

Yours, etc.,

FLORENCE F. STEINBERG.

LONDON DAY TRAINING COLLEGE,
SOUTHAMPTON ROW,
W.C.1.,

15th November, 1931.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

I was very glad to see that the S.C.M. in Leeds proposes to carry on the work which the University Problems Committee was set up to do. I think it is advantageous for it to be opened up in this way to all interested, but I hope every effort will be made to see that all points of view are represented and that membership is not confined to S.C.M. circles.

Since coming to London I have been struck by the pride in its own individuality which exists in a University with far less corporate life than that enjoyed by Leeds. In Leeds we are only proud of those things that we imagine to be imitations of Oxford and Cambridge; in London they are proud of the differences. In Leeds, it is true, we protest that we do not want to be like Oxford and Cambridge, yet we belie our words by our actions; if someone in a moment of unusual frankness declares us to be a counterfeit University, we cannot laugh at the absurdity of the accusation; we can only grow angry, knowing it to contain much truth.

If we cannot bear this criticism from outside, we must be all the more ready to criticise ourselves from within: The following are some of the questions I should like to see this Committee investigate:—

Are the technological departments a vital and useful part of the modern University or merely a bait for the money of local magnates?

Is our local connection an element of value in itself?

Should we imitate Oxford and Cambridge in regarding anyone born outside these islands as a dago or a nigger? (There are people inside our University who would have us do this, as one of the means of asserting our equality!).

Another question which must be frankly faced is why the general intellectual and cultural level of Leeds is definitely lower than that of some other Universities. Personally I believe that we enjoy a great advantage from our close contact with ordinary life; we do not feel that great gulf between our dreams and their application to life (partly, perhaps because our dreams are not so lofty, but also because our knowledge of life is greater).

We must, above all, beware of allowing the small public school element to gain control. I was at a public school myself and I know that we, more than other men, are moulded into one type, our contacts have been limited and anything that is different we are apt to conceive as inferior. Some of us believe that the chief function of the Union Committee is to see that people dress properly for Union dances; others that the only way to gain recognition is for us to prove our pre-eminence in sports; both ideas are equally dangerous, yet they are spreading rapidly through the University. I believe that we must learn to criticize and, above all, to laugh at ourselves. If this letter excites controversy it will have served its object. Since I am out of reach of the tar and feathers, I am only open to attack through your columns.

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE COCKIN.

" RAUPAKI,,"

BRAMHOPE,

November 20th, 1931.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

Will you allow me, through your pages, to express the thanks of the Committee of the University Babies' Welcome to all those who contributed to our funds on the Flag Day we held at the University last month. The sum raised was £13 5s. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., an increase of 12/1 $\frac{1}{2}$ on the previous year. We are most grateful to the Staff and Students for the generous help they give us each year in this way, and by means of this we are able to have a balance on the right side. The Welcome costs us about £108 a year, and this contribution from our annual flag day is a substantial and very welcome help.

Yours, etc.,

C. WINIFRED CONNAL,

Hon. Treasurer, University Babies' Welcome.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

THE UNIVERSITY,

LEEDS.

I was very interested in an article in your last issue concerning *Gryphon* poets; and being a some-time Student of English (Honour Bright), as well as a firm prop of all the walls and radiators in the Arts wing, where I have for years mused silently upon the strange ways of human kind, I feel tempted at last to put forward a theory calculated to quell the misguided ardour of your so-called poets.

Mr. Editor, poetry is dead, and the age in which we live calls for vital speech instead of potted sentiment, too like, alas (if I may use a simile), in its luke-warm heaviness and eternal recurrence, to our marmalade and raisin pudding of Refec., and sprinkled, alas, too sparsely, with the currant of intelligence.

Let me then show your struggling poets the true path to fame. Let me prove to them that even the great Milton was following a false trail in all his poetry. Vitality, freshness, reality, truth, grimness, starkness, these are what are needed as an antidote to stale and flabby sentiment. Lines like these, for example, seven short, intelligible lines, close-packed with reality and meaning, condensing all the emotions upon which men from time immemorable have wasted vast and unnecessary quantities of ink:—

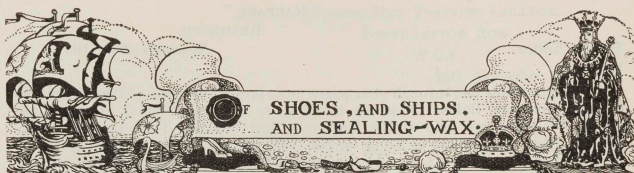
"Ancient—
Stereotyped and unclean
Forever. But to have been
High in the iron-girded dark of at all,
Withal
Sheet-white, steel-chill, swoon-still—
Oh!"

Mr. Editor, if we were to burn the works of all our poets, and to tear out the poetry pages from *The Gryphon*, we should be performing a service to mankind. We need nothing more than those seven mystic lines which I have just written; all other versifiers are as nought.

[I must stop now. The lecturer has begun declaiming "Paradise Lost"—You'll excuse me if I just follow in the book, won't you?].

Yours, etc.,

"THE MAN OF MODE,"



Leeds.

Long-libelled Leeds, how can I hymn thee?
 Drabness and dirt do daily dim thee;
 Gloom gathers greyly o'er thy streets:
 Ever it rains or snows or sleets
 Within thy walls, save when a pall
 Of murky mist hangs over all,
 But, should the fog with filthy fold
 Give place to light, thy buildings bold
 Are dull and drear and deuced depressing;
 And frankly, I don't mind confessing
 I much prefer the heaviest haze
 To Briggate's bright and blatant blaze.
 Thy clanging cars, thy clattering carts,
 Thy murky mills and muddy marts,
 Ay, e'en thy flashing founts of follies—
E.g., the "Queen's," the "Empire," "Polly's"—
 I could endure sad city, but
 Thou now hast dealt the unkindest cut
 Of all, committed crueller crime,
 Than when, O dismal den of grime,
 Majestic Marsden's marble mien
 First made all Albion Street turn green.
 Time taught us tacitly to suffer
 The stony stares of this old buffer;
 But Leeds; O Leeds, not this, not this!
 Spare us, O spare us "Genesis"!

* * * *

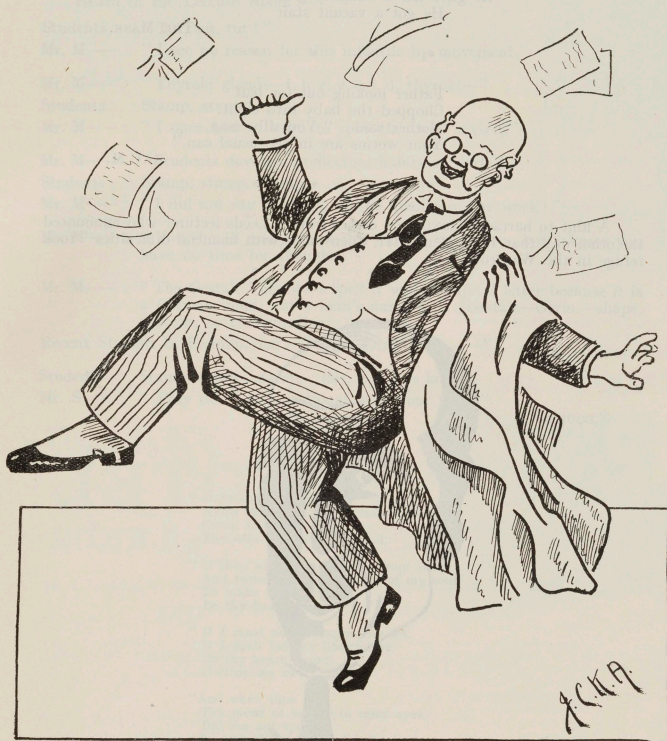
"W.L.W."

Amid the usual hurly-burly of the crowds thronging under the clock these November days, there was a figure of especial note. Hat pushed on the back of his head, overcoat flying open, eyes glinting, he attracted wide attention. And as he whirled out of sight, the loungers murmured reverently "Revue..... Williamson....."

* * * *

We usually lay the palm for absent-mindedness on Professors rather than students, but it must be transferred to the Leeds undergraduate who is reported to have posted a letter in the ticket box of a tramcar at University Road, and then to have placed his disused ticket solemnly in the nearest pillar box.

* * * *



END OF TERM.

The Professor who let himself go.

On the steps she sat between the dance,
 A maid of beauty rare ;
 He gave her a naughty glance,
 He got a vacant stair

THE MASK.

* * * *

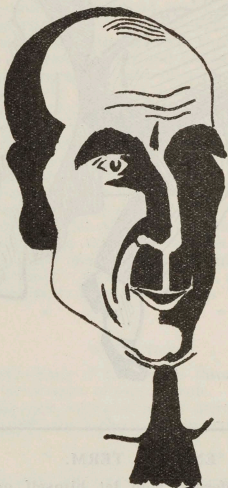
Father looking out for bait
 Chopped the baby into eight.
 Mother said : " You silly man,
 Your worms are in the usual can."

G.U.M.

* * * *

A hint to harrassed taxpayers comes from a Leeds lecturer who announced the other day that King Henry III, when faced with financial difficulties "took refuge in the Wardrobe."

* * * *



MR. A. N. SHIMMIN

(A Portrait from the Economics Dept.)

Ces Bons Mots.

Heard in the Lecture Room:—

Students: "Tut, tut, tut!"

Mr. M——: "I see no reason for this infantile lip movement."

Mr. M——: "Thyroid glands—t, h, r, y, o, i, d, thyroid—"

Students: Stamp, stamp.

Mr. M——: "I once had to learn to spell the word myself."

Mr. M——: "Students develop intellectual habits of work."

Students: Stamp, stamp, stamp.

Mr. M——: "I did not say anything of the quality of the work!"

Mr. M——: "You should really think this out for yourselves, but I know you have no time for thought!"

Mr. M——: "The Gestalt Theory—I spell it with a capital letter because it is a German noun, not a man's name—...[Gestalt—Germ.—shape, pattern, or configuration]."

Recent Student in Examination: "Mr. Gestalt says ——"

Students: Stamp, stamp, stamp. (Mr. S—— is late).

Mr. S——: "Pray don't get emotional with your feet!"

"Educo."

Lolavel.

"O Stranger, peace!
Know thou that this is holy ground.
Cease, O cease
Thy wild, unhallowed sound.

"If thou wilt wake me now from sleep,
And taste the fresh springs of my soul
To make thee whole,
Be thy heart deep.

"If I must now consume thy lot,
If I shall bid thy life endure,
Be thy heart pure:
Destroy me not.

"And when thou seek
Thy meed of beauty in mine eyes,
Bid me not speak:
In solitude my spirit lies."

J. R. HEPPENSTALL.

TO SOCIETY SECRETARIES.

Have you tried *The Gryphon* for spreading the news of your important meetings and socials? $\frac{1}{4}$ page, 5s. 6d.; $\frac{1}{2}$ page, 10s.; whole page, 17s. 6d.

Music Notes.

THE second mid-day recital of the session was given on the 29th October by Mr. Steuart Wilson (tenor). The programme consisted of one of Schubert's song cycles: "The Maid of the Mill" (Die Schöne Müllerin). This work is very beautiful and typical of Schubert. The greater part of it is written in a quiet mood and this suited Steuart Wilson's voice, especially pleasant being the two songs "The Brook" and "The Favourite Colour." One feels that in such numbers as "The Rivals" and "Jealousy" he could, with advantage, have made a greater contrast. The general effect was very agreeable, and it was a great pity that shortage of time necessitated several cuts. The accompaniment was tastefully played by Miss Jean Hamilton.

At the opening concert of the Leeds Symphony Orchestra, Keith Douglas acted as the Conductor. As the first item Glinka's Overture to "Russian and Ludmilla" was played; it is merely a short piece of brilliant orchestration. The Concerto in A of Mozart, which Angus Morrison played very tastefully, showed an unusual side of the composer, being mystical and oft-times melancholy. The Cesar Franck Symphony is now becoming well-known and in this the brass playing was good. The most interesting item of the evening was the portion of the Dohnanyi Suite, which was very neatly performed. Mr. Angus Morrison gave expressive renderings of works by Granados and Debussy. The programme on the whole was composed of pieces of brilliant orchestral colouring, but did not contain sufficient solid music.

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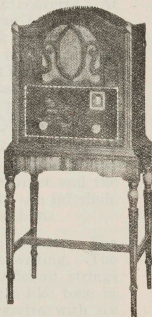
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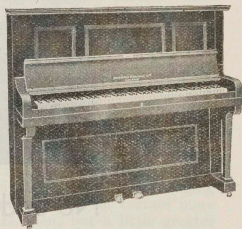
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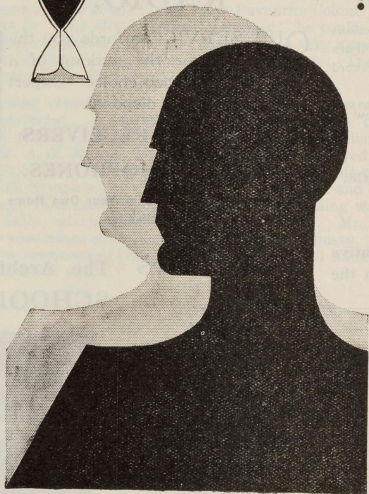
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The Hirsch String Quartet have given two Chamber Music concerts. At the first concert one of Haydn's delightful little quartets was followed by Schumann's first successful quartet. This is an original work which rather savours of his piano music. Especially notable was the clean cut martial rhythm for the 'cello in the Scherzo. The prominent violoncello passages in Beethoven's Rasoumoffsky quartet in F, were refreshingly treated. The Russian folk song theme in the last movement is a compliment to his patron. The players worked well together while their treatment of the soft passages was very satisfying.

At the second concert on November 18, with the assistance of Mr. Harry Mortimer, clarinet, the Quartet played the Clarinet Quintets of Mozart and Brahms. Both composers show an intimate knowledge of the clarinet and the performance was decidedly artistic, leaving nothing to be desired. An interlude was made by a pleasing work by the present day composer, Koechlin.

The mid-day recital on November 10 was given by the same Quartet. The Beethoven "Harp" Quartet is a good example of his mature writing. The harp-like pizzicato arpeggios which occur successively on the different strings were neatly performed. The players produced quite a soft organ-like tone in the exquisite Adagio. In addition, the closing movement, Allegretto with six variations, gave opportunity for little individual displays. The Quartet maintained their high standard of playing, while the multitudinous expression marks were accurately interpreted. The only movement of the Quartet in G, by Gibbs, formed a bright conclusion.

On Saturday, 14th November, the Edward Maude String Orchestra provided an interesting evening's music when several works new to Leeds were performed. The Dances from Purcell's "Faery Queen" were very pleasingly played. Miss Frise-Smith was the solo pianist and gave works by Scriabin, Debussy and Liszt.

E. B. T.

Mid-day Recital.

THE new departure of the University Music Society in contributing to the series of Mid-day Recitals was heartily welcomed by a large audience in the Great Hall on Thursday, November 19. In a programme of Madrigals, ballets and part songs, the Society had made a particularly felicitous choice, for this type of music does call for an element of happiness and joy in the singing and that element in the choir of students more than made up for certain mere technical flaws. As usual the women outnumber the men, but a little greater strength in the tenors would make up for this deficiency in numbers. The sopranos at times were inclined to be rather shrill and unsubdued, but the contraltos were always pleasing in their sense of combination and proportion. The choir responded well to the lively rhythm of such songs as "Thus saith my Chorus bright" (Wilbye) and "Sing we and chant it," although in Wood's "I call and I call," it failed to master the intricacies of time. Stanford's "The Blue Bird" was given a delightful rendering and "My lovely wanton Jewel" (Morley) showed the ability of the choir to strike a contrast with more vigorous songs like "Fire, Fire." "Full Fathom Five" (Wood) was awarded a justly deserved encore in which the chorus repeated an exceedingly enjoyable version of a song that requires a good understanding of crescendo and diminuendo.

Mr. E. W. Allam, the Conductor, is to be congratulated on a result that can only have issued from careful training and practice.

F.

Leeds University Old Students' Association.

London Letter.

Hon. Treasurer :

Mr. G. HELPS,
18, Churchill Avenue,
Kenton, Middlesex.

Hon. Secretary :

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

As we write, the November Dinner is just over and there is no doubt about its splendid success, despite the unfortunate change of date. We had a record gathering of some 90 people, under the chairmanship of Mr. Hollings, to welcome the visit of Sir James Baillie and also Dr. Mawer, the Provost of University College. We were treated to two delightful speeches, chiefly reminiscent, by Dr. Mawer, who proposed the toast of "The University of Leeds," replied to by Sir James, who described the changes now taking place at Leeds. The dinner was followed by dancing, and it was interesting to note that the gentlemen, who were in a large majority, were, on the whole, very reluctant to dance, preferring to grace the corridor in the time-honoured fashion. The London Branch continues to flourish mightily.

Birmingham Letter.

Hon. Treasurer :

Miss J. MAUDE,
32, Coundon Road,
Coventry.

Hon. Secretary :

A. L. WILLIAMS,
44, Broad Street,
Birmingham.

Tel. : Central 7000.
Extension 49.

A small party, aptly described by L. Ryder as "the faithful," met at the Imperial Hotel on November 7th. After tea, the present officers and committee were re-elected, and Mr. Woledge, who joined us for the first time (his first opportunity to do so), was added to the committee, since he shows every indication of becoming one of the faithful.

Afterwards we spent a merry evening at the Alexandra Theatre with the humorous "Lord Richard in the Party."

We are uncertain of the support that would be given to a Christmas Party this year. If those members who favour the idea would let me know immediately, and if they are in sufficient numbers, we could endeavour to work out a programme in time. Otherwise the general feeling is that the next meeting should be a theatre party to a show of outstanding merit early in the New Year.

A.L.W.

West Riding Branch.

CHRISTMAS PARTY.

This is just a brief reminder for those who have forgotten our arrangements for the Christmas Party: this is on Saturday, December 12, at 6-0 p.m., in the Refectory. Fancy Dress is optional, but we hope to see large numbers of original and colourful costumes. (The alternative is any old thing you like except formal evening dress!) Please send word to the West Riding Branch Secretary *immediately*, stating how many friends you will bring with you.

M.I.B.

News of Old Students.

GLOVER.—The Indian Lac Association for Research has issued at Calcutta this year "A practical manual of lac cultivation," by P. M. Glover (Zoology, 1925-28).

HEATON.—Dr. Herbert Heaton (History, 1908-11), Professor in the University of Minneapolis, is on a visit to Europe in search of documents to illustrate the economic history of the nineteenth century. He paid a visit to the University in October and spent some time among the City records: he received a hearty welcome at his old school in Morley.

SMITH.—Dr. A. H. Smith (English, 1921-24), Lecturer at University College, London, has assisted Mr. E. Monsen in an edition and translation of Snorri Sturlason's *Heimskringla*, just announced.

SPEIGHT.—Miss E. M. Blackburn writes:—Last year the Educational Book Company Ltd. offered prizes to successful competitors in a general knowledge test. The results were known last month and the first prize of £1,000 has been divided between Miss Rose E. Speight and another competitor.

SPINK.—Mr. Gerald W. Spink (Honours Mods., 1918-21), M.A., 1923, has been granted the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh for a thesis in German embodying hitherto unpublished biographical research concerning Ferdinand Freiligrath.

NOTA BENE.

The careful attention of Old Students is drawn to the statement on the Annual Meeting and Dinner, enclosed in this issue. An immediate reply is requested by the Secretaries.

BIRTHS.

CAWDRY.—To Mr. C. J. (Dental, 1922-24) and Mrs. Cawdry (formerly Kathleen Wrigglesworth, French and Educ., 1923-27) on 5th November, a son.

PARSEY.—To Mr. W. R. and Mrs. Parsey (formerly Beatrice Hilda Wright, Arts, 1909-13), on 10th November, at Station Road, Grassington, Skipton, a son.

MARRIAGES.

FURNESS-SENTON.—Edwin Furness (Econ., 1928-31) to Marion Senton, at the Friends' Meeting House, Paddock, Huddersfield, on the 7th November,
Address: 6, Norton Street, Elland.

HYDE-HODGSON.—L. T. Hyde, B.Sc., to Evelyn Hodgson (Botany and Educ., 1924-28), at St. Aidan's Church, Leeds, on 12th August.
Address: 5, Mount Avenue, Hemsworth, near Pontefract.

BAIN-BOOKER.—William Bain to Kathleen M. Booker (Geology and Educ., 1922-27), at Adel Church, Leeds, on Saturday, November 21st.

UNION NOTES.

THE two most important annual functions of the Union have taken place since the last issue of *The Gryphon*—the Inter-Varsity Debate and the Union Ball.

Concerning the Debate a report appears elsewhere in this issue; suffice it to say at this juncture that it was not what might be termed an overwhelming success due to the inane ragging by certain students, and some drastic steps will have to be taken if the good name of the University is to be maintained.

But on the other hand the Ball was, without doubt, one of the best ever held at Leeds. The experiment of decorating the Great Hall by coloured flood lights and fairy lamps instead of the usual paper decorations proved a great success. Another cause of success was the excellent catering for supper. Though there was a small loss on the Dance it is about a quarter of that of previous years, and if more students of the University would realise that it is their Dance, this loss would soon be turned into a profit. In conclusion, the Entertainments Secretary and his Committee deserve every congratulation for what was, beyond doubt, a credit to the University.

The following Universities and University Colleges were represented:—Birmingham, Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Nottingham and Hull.

The Union has been represented at the Union Balls at Hull and Newcastle respectively by Mr. J. Haller and Miss C. B. Welpton, and Mr. W. S. Skidmore and Miss E. M. Caldwell.

To turn to the business side of the Union the most important change has been in respect of *The Tyke*. The Service Publicity Ltd., of Manchester, have taken over the advertising side of the next issue, thus relieving the business manager of a very difficult and thankless job. There may be some who will grumble at this step and argue that it is making the magazine a commercial proposition and not a students' effort, but it must be remembered that advertising, if it is going to be successful, must be done by a man who knows his job and not by an amateur. Further, this change should increase the profits by well over £100, and after all the whole aim of producing this magazine is to increase the amount collected by the Rag and to hand as much as possible over to Medical Charities.

W. S. SKIDMORE

(Hon. Sec. to the Union).

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Men's Representative Council.

At the second meeting of the M.R.C., held on Monday, October 19, Mr. W. Birkenshaw was elected to the vacancy on the Union Committee caused by the resignation of Mr. P. H. Barran. The list of newspapers and periodicals for the Union Rooms was revised and it was decided to substitute *Autocar* for *Nash's Magazine*. It was also decided, for the convenience of members reading periodicals in the Union Rooms, that two periodicals may be borrowed at once instead of one at a time, the borrower being responsible for the safe return of both.

Mr. K. A. Butcher has resigned from constituency M.8 (Chemistry) and Mr. Middleton has been elected to the M.R.C. in his place.

N. GILL,

Hon. Sec., L.U.M.R.C.

S.R.C. Notes.

It is pleasant to record the revival of interest in sport which is taking place at the Medical School. The Rugger club, which has in the past led a rather precarious existence, is now set upon a firm footing, with a list of regular mid-week fixtures. An added stimulus was given by the team's victory over the rest of the University by twelve points to three. The Soccer club is again in a flourishing condition, although, as with the other teams, its personnel varies from week to week. The majority of Medicals playing for the University are to be found in the Hockey club, of which the first team has six members of the School.

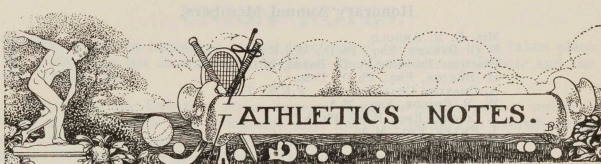
From sporting to social activities is a short step and amongst these latter may be mentioned the Annual Dinner of Past and Present Students held in November at the Hotel Metropole. The Dinner was presided over by Dr. G. B. Hillman, M.P., an old student of the School, and amongst our guests were the President of the Union, the President of the D.R.C. and representatives from Liverpool and Manchester. The talk of the town was the "Varsity Vanities," and the School may justly take pride in the not inconsiderable part played by Past and Present Medicals in this production.

R. RAINES,

Hon. Sec., S.R.C.

Union Handbooks.

The O.S.A. Editor will be glad to receive the 5th and 15th issues of the Union Handbook for the years 1905-6 and 1915-16 respectively from any reader having them for disposal.



SO far this session the sport at Leeds has varied considerably and some clubs, of which much was expected at the beginning of term, have disappointed us, while others, which started rather badly, are now doing remarkably well.

The Rugger Club is the first club which (although being very unfortunate in that it could be a first-class side if all players turned out) has disappointed both themselves and the University. After inflicting a serious defeat on Sheffield at Graves' Park of 29 points to nil, they lost to Manchester at Weetwood by 14 points to 6. In this match, however, F. Hayton, the captain, had to retire suffering from concussion, and P. H. Barran, at full-back, was injured early in the game also. It may interest its supporters to know that C. H. Perry, a present Student, is the County hooker.

The Men's Hockey Club began the season rather badly, but, unlike last year, in crucial Varsity matches this session they have pulled off a victory. They have played Sheffield University and beaten them by two goals to one. They have also beaten Manchester University, at Manchester, by the same score. The defence is exceedingly good, especially J. Balmer at centre-half and P. Storrs-Fox at full-back. The forwards, too, are improving in their shooting. J. F. Warin, C. L. J. Harris, A. G. Kidd and N. E. B. Tinley are all doing very well, and we like to think that at least one club seems to be doing something in the Championship. J. Balmer and J. F. Warin are chosen to play in the Final County Trials. Congratulations and the best of luck!

The A.F.C. are also doing quite well considering (as was stated in the last issue of *The Gryphon*) that the team is very young. They have played three Varsity matches and have drawn two and won the third. At Weetwood they drew with Manchester—two goals each—and at Graves' Park they shared six goals with Sheffield. Their win over Nottingham, 3—2, will give the team confidence, as it was in the final of the Northern Universities that Leeds were beaten by Nottingham last year. A. F. Griffiths, the captain, J. Wray, Gill, F. N. Anderson and Barraclough are showing good form in attack, and Ward, at full-back, is defending amazingly well compared with last season's form.

Of the three clubs mentioned above, it is to be hoped that they will be represented in the U.A.U. Northern teams.

The Harriers team are having a varied experience, defeating Nottingham away, but losing to Manchester University and Old Mancunians at Leeds. Then on November 14th they beat Sheffield quite easily, A. G. Olver being first man home.

As usual, the Lacrosse of both the men and women is in rather a weak state. We are unfortunate in Leeds in that very few schools in the district play Lacrosse. Still the respective teams stick to it and in time surely our turn will come.

The Women's Hockey so far this term are doing remarkably well. In all their friendly club matches good form has been shown, and it was not expected that the first team would beat Sheffield 6 goals to 2, and that the second team would score 15 goals against the Sheffield second team without reply. The most encouraging point is that the forward line, at least in the first team, are all working hard and it is not one person who is doing all the scoring.

The Netball teams also are showing great improvement and now that the 1st VII is up to full strength, better results still may be expected. Miss B. Welpton's shooting is very good.

The Gym. Club, with its various sections, is training hard for their fixtures, and one may just mention that the Boxing Club has a very promising team and is looking forward to the Christie matches with great interest.

F. BELL, A.A.S.

THE FIVES CLUB.—So far the first team has played only three matches. The first was against Alleyn Old Boys, a team from London, and, although we lost, we put up a good fight. The next was against the Old Crossleyans, whom we defeated comfortably on their own courts. Playing under entirely new rules against the Giggleswick Masters, at Giggleswick, we did very well to lose by only 5 points. We have some consolation in the fact that although we have sustained two losses to one victory, we have scored more points than our opponents.

The second team has played two matches, winning the first and losing the second. As the latter match was played on Eton courts, we hardly expected anything else.

Since our last notes we have formed a third team, whose task it is to practise for next year. It sounds a long way off, but the members are very keen and already show considerable improvement.

REGINALD C. M. BEENY.

MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.—Since the last issue of *The Gryphon* the water polo activities of the club have started in earnest. The Leander Winter Swimming Club is attended on Monday nights, when valuable practice is obtained against first-class players, besides coaching in the crawl stroke and life-saving. Some very good Freshers will be of great assistance to the team this year and a very successful season is expected. Against Batley A.S.C. we drew 2—2, while against Bradford Carlton A.S.C. we were victorious to the tune of 5 goals to 1. In both cases the squadron race was won easily. Our first Varsity fixture will be played against Durham University, at Newcastle, where a gala programme and probably a polo match will be contested.

Finally, in case anybody is still hiding his light under a bushel, I would like to point out that we are still rather weak in gala events and especially need recruits for back stroke races and plunging.

R. ORTON SMITH, *Hon. Secretary.*

BOAT CLUB.—On the 3rd October, stray fish, a few cows and the odd bird or two were rudely awakened by the thud of oars in rowlocks, intermingled with "Deep Three!" "Time Bow!" "Easy All."

The season started excellently with a good number of Freshers. By now all of them, after a few weeks' coaching by the older members, have acquired considerable skill and were placed in crews for the Inter-Faculty Races rowed on December 5.

Eight crews went into strict training, but sad to relate there was no Science Crew to defend the Michael Sadler Cup, won by their Faculty last year.

As before, the "bumping" system was employed, that is, the boats started two lengths apart and raced over six furlongs to their respective finishing posts.

Owing to the comparative inexperience of crews, reasonably heavy clinker-built gigs, with fixed seats, were used, and although these are not so spectacular as the slim racing fours usually visualized whenever a Boat Race is mentioned, they in no way detract from the excellence of the race, for did not Pater Aeneas race his men in trivemes: "— ingenti mole, urbis opus....."?

As yet no University or club fixtures have been decided, but these will appear in the next issue of *The Gryphon*.

R.T.

Hostel Notes.

OXLEY HALL.—Students of Oxley Hall have so far passed a peaceful, but at the same time eventful term. On November 11 Professor Richardson came to Oxley and gave a very interesting talk on "The Present Economic Situation." Despite the proximity of exams, we have attended most University functions this term, and have provided a number of entertainments within our own walls. We have just recovered from the excitements of our Dance, and supported the "Rag Revue" in large numbers, since for many weeks, members of Hall were industriously sewing or rehearsing for it. The Dramatic Society visited us on December 1 for a play reading and social evening.

E.B.

HOSTEL OF THE RESURRECTION.—It was a great honour and a great pleasure to have the Bishop of Llandaff with us for a night when he came to Leeds to preach the University Sermon. We had all looked forward to seeing him again, not a little curious perhaps, to see how episcopal garb became him. The Sermon itself brought back many memories of his Mission in February, 1930. Another and more frequent source of pleasure to us is the number of men who come to the Sung Eucharist in our Chapel on Sunday mornings. It is a real joy to have them and I would add that there is still plenty of room!

The Music Room is a centre of great activity nowadays, what with the boisterous accompaniment of well-worn records and community singing in general. But other sounds which emanate from the same quarter tell us that the carollers are busy once again. This year Carol Night is on Thursday, December 10, and we hope it will provide a little diversion in the middle of exams. for some of our friends.

L.A.P.

LYDDON HALL.—Example is better than precept—so we are told; and so we congratulate the four people in Lyddon playing for the University first teams and the numerous others who have found places in other teams. Hallowe'en was celebrated with chestnuts and apples, to prepare the unfortunate victims for the truly lifelike ghosts which later confronted them; whilst the Hostel Dance on the 20th was agreed to have been the usual success. Sewing parties at all times and places have been the rule for some time—we were down in full force at the first production of the "Rag Revue" on the Monday.

R.H.

COLLEGE HALL.—Our frivolities for the term are over, Hallowe'en has passed with its usual rejuvenating festivities and the Men's Dance is now but a pleasant memory. Past also is the Professors' Social, distinguished by two plays remarkably well acted by some of our stage enthusiasts. Before us are exams, but wait; we have some good news to announce. On January 21, 1932, for the small sum of 1/6, you can enjoy a scrumptious tea and a real good game of Bridge or Whist in the hallowed precincts of College Hall. In other words Come to our Bridge Drive and support a really good Appeal Effort.

DEVONSHIRE HALL.—Hostel has been exceptionally quiet this term—the clock has occasioned comment by its unfailing accuracy in tolling out the hours, and motor-bikes, cycles, and wheelbarrows are confined to their proper domain. The Freshers—a hefty crowd this year—have successfully applied much brawn and muscle to the rolling of the tennis court. Led by a smiling and pretty announcer a good night's entertainment was given by them to the rest of the Hostel. Visits to Hostel have been paid by Dr. Hawkyard, by the West Riding County Council, by Mr. Allam, who was on the prowl for musical talent, and by the Bishop of Ripon, who, fortified by a Hostel dinner and the high table, ventured a story bearing on matrimony. The Hostel Soccer XI, with a good list of fixtures, is having a successful season. The Fives Courts, now used on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons by the 'Varsity teams, continue to be well patronised.

W.N.L.

MEN DAY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.—The Association which was formed last year, is now well founded and has got well into stride. A host of activities are being considered by the committee and will be expanded at the General Meetings which are held from time to time. It is earnestly requested that as many Men Day Students as possible will attend these meetings. They are held for the benefit of all members and it is there that members should air their grievances. Any complaint, from Refec. soup to exams, will be carefully considered. Suggestions for future activities are invited as the committee are desirous of making the Association a live and useful organisation to Men Day Students. A block of 100 seats was booked for the "Rag Revue"—and we spent a jolly evening. It has been suggested that the Association should hold an "Invitation Dance" on the same lines as the various hostels. This will be discussed at one of the above meetings.

A Mid-day Debate has been held between the Association and the Hostel of the Resurrection. Mr. J. W. A. Singleton represented the Men Day Students.

Watch the Notice Board for further announcements.—J.H.P.

WEETWOOD.—Actuated by the recollection that "unless ye become as a little child"....we have, within our little cosmos, occasions of rejuvenation. Such a one was the Freshers' Social, held on October 21, when all of us were requested to appear as children under 11. The result was an amusing conglomeration of babes, little children, and early adolescents.

Apart from rare musical evenings, "like angels' visits, few and far between," and the enterprising efforts of isolated individuals, Weetwood's harmonious attempts have hitherto been confined to the bath ("heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter"). Now, however, the gregarious instinct having prevailed, these Philomelas warble in concert in the Common Room each Saturday evening under the able and greatly appreciated tuition of Mr. Kellaway, no guarantee as anyone whose roof is not absolutely flat, is capable of song. There is method in this madness, however. When the rafters have rung for some time, there comes, none knows whence, the remark that one of our members has a marvellous sense of rhythm. The bait is swallowed; she is asked to perform. She, modest maiden, protests she can only play jazz. That, it seems, is no impediment, and soon, just to show its appreciation of rhythm, Weetwood is dancing!

Weetwood is nothing if not practical, and the basis of this musical outburst must therefore be sought in utility. Whether this is as yet publicly acknowledged, I cannot say—no doubt it is a case of "what oft was thought but ne'er...expressed"—but the motive force is an ardent desire to emulate Orpheus. So, by singing Siren song as we wander down the drive—"o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent"—we shall not need to hurry, and run the risk of a broken leg, for the charmed tram-driver, listening with bated breath, will stay his stubborn locomotive, and never again will Weetwood be late for lectures!

It is good to be roused occasionally from the state of coma into which one inevitably sinks about this time of the year, but this month we have undergone an unduly violent shock to the nervous system, in comparison with which the fire-alarm (it would have been most successful if we had heard the whistle) pales into insignificance. Cleanliness, we know, is next to Godliness, and having recovered from the fear at first engendered by something so strange, we felt that Weetwood had taken a huge stride in the right direction when its windows were washed. Fortunately for our susceptibilities the day chosen for this operation was one when the rain was so heavy as to cast a profound gloom over everything, and thus the retina was not injured by gazing suddenly on the bright colours of nature, hitherto contemplated only "as through a glass darkly."

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES.

GUIDE CLUB.—This session shows a decided improvement in the membership and activities of the Club. On November 6, we thoroughly enjoyed a "First Aid" Evening, run by our County Camp Advisor, Miss Hopkins, as well as much appreciating a friendly visit from Miss Hibgame who, we are sure, will never forget how to deal with a "dropped shoulder" (broken collar-bone), for which she heroically allowed herself to be treated by our none-too-skilful fingers! Our other meetings have also proved a success, nor must we forget our delightful excursion with our President and Mrs. Grist to listen for the Dipper's note re-echoing among moorland streams! The Club is now officially represented in Leeds "B" Division, Central District, of which Miss Miller-Jones is District Commissioner. Several of our members have responded to the appeal of the Social Service Secretary, and are attempting to teach country dancing to some of their less fortunate sisters, while several are engaged in active Guiding.

H.E.C.

FRENCH SOCIETY.—Although this Society was only conceived last session, we have now reached a membership of over a hundred. Our meetings have proved a great success in every way, especially the Debate, where it was decided by the majority that "students of the French School work too hard!!" This year the rule about speaking French only has been kept much more strictly, and the social atmosphere of our meetings has caused even the shyest Freshers to converse quite lengthily in that language. We should like to point out to non-members that in addition to its other obvious (!) attractions the Society is making every effort to find "Holiday Posts" for its members in France, and has already secured the co-operation of the French Minister of Public Instruction and others, together with the assurance of at least ten jobs. By the time this appears we shall have finished the term's meetings by a Social in the Refectory; next year we hope to go one better by holding an "Appeal" Dance in the Great Hall!

H.E.C.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY WORKING MEN'S CLUB.—The University Scout Club paid a visit on November 7, and held a sing-song which was very much appreciated by Club members. Their next visit, in the near future, will be looked forward to with considerable enthusiasm. The second debate of the session was held at the Club on Thursday, November 19. After a very lively debate the motion before the house that "Betting and Gambling are doing untold harm at the present time and should be checked by Law," was defeated. It is hoped that next term it will be possible to arrange an Athletic fixture—a Soccer Match between Students and Club Members.

E.A.M.

THE CONSERVATIVE SOCIETY.—This Society held a very successful open meeting on November 20, in the Mathematics Lecture Room. The speaker, Mr. Vyvyan Adams, M.P. for West Leeds, addressed the meeting on the National Government and its problems. He spoke briefly but clearly and described, in the course of his speech, the national crisis. The problems, he said, which the National Government had to face arose from this. The immediate situation was to be relieved by a system of scientific tariff. Under this head came the questions of unemployment, adverse trade balance, increased income tax and the dole. In the second division of problems, placed under the head of the International Peace, he put the question of Disarmament foremost. Questions later provided an interesting discussion on a variety of political problems.

H.R.

MUSIC SOCIETY.—This term has seen a very gratifying increase in membership, our numbers are now in the region of ninety. We have still room, however, for more members and we shall be pleased to welcome any new ones. An innovation this term has been the mid-day recital by the chorus, an account of which will be found elsewhere. The orchestra are preparing for a mid-day recital on Tuesday, January 19, when the main item will be a Mozart Symphony. The chorus have now started work on Handel's "Dixit Dominus," for the Annual Concert on 11th March. In this composition and in Act II of Gluck's "Orpheus," the chorus will be assisted by the orchestra, who among other things, are preparing the Overture to "Rosamunde," by Schubert.

E.B.T.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—During the last month the Society has been pursuing its usual interesting activities. Following the visit to Thorne's Toffee Works on October 14 Mr. J. A. Moy-Thomas, B.A., gave an interesting and extremely amusing account of his recent visit to the island of St. Kilda. The following week (28th October) a party of members visited Bryant & May's Match Works, where they learned that matches were made out of trees. At the next meeting of the Society, on November 5, Miss L. I. Scott, M.Sc., gave an instructive address on Naples, appropriately showing some fireworks of Vesuvius on the screen. A visit to Kershaw's Optical Works next claimed the attention of members, while at the meeting on November 19, Maurice Black, Esq., M.A., F.G.S., gave an admirable lecture on "The Natural History of Limestone Deposition in the Bahamas". The rambles on Sundays are still continuing their popularity. A party of some 20 members visited the "Rag Revue" on November 23.

F.D.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—Since the publication of the last *Gryphon* and up to the moment of writing, two very interesting papers have been read, the first on "The Scholastic Theory of Beauty," by Dr. S. J. Curtis, and the second on "Formalism in Aesthetics," by Mr. A. C. A. Raines. Both meetings were well attended and the discussions were searching and keen.

We are now able to announce that our Open Meeting on February 12, will be addressed by Prof. T. E. Jessop, of Hull, who will speak on the comprehensive subject of "Philosophy and Science." We trust that such a paper will have a wide appeal both within the University and outside.

E.J.T.

DEBATING SOCIETY.—We want to bring to the notice of all members of the Union the fact that the attendances are consistently poor and speakers are not coming forward as they should. This is a sign that the majority of people in the University prefer to be "College Passed," rather than "University Educated." The Debates Committee is working very hard to provide good and well attended debates, and it is up to you to give it some encouragement. A little better support would be very gratifying: we leave it to you. Thank you, Leeds!—C.G.T.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY.—More details of our programme are now available. The subject for discussion at the Study Groups is "The Confessions of St. Augustine." The Rev. R. L. Watson, the Vicar of Emmanuel, opened the series with a helpful address on the main points of the book. The need for preparatory reading and careful thought is again emphasised. There was an encouraging attendance of nearly seventy members at the Corporate Communion, celebrated on Tuesday, November 10, at Emmanuel Church, by the Rev. R. L. Watson, assisted by the Rev. Fr. Symonds, C.R. After the service twenty-four of us breakfasted in the Refectory. Arrangements have been made for a lecture, with lantern slides, to be given early next term by the Rev. Fr. Biggart, C.R., Warden of the Hostel of the Resurrection, on "The Oxford Movement." W.H.

SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—During this month the attention of the Society has been fixed upon International Affairs; an enthusiastic and comprehensive address by Mr. Arnold Forster, a well-known authority on Disarmament, resulted in a real desire to help forward actively the work of World Peace and directed our attention towards the coming World Conference on Disarmament. Mr. Clifton Robbins of the International Labour Office of the League of Nations, revealed the surprising achievements of that Department, and it was encouraging to discover that the work of co-ordinated world reform of Labour problems had gone so far, and moreover, that this Office was enthusiastically stimulating world economic activities and introducing a spirit of co-operation into International Trade. F.C.M.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—That inimitable provoker of mirth, Professor Hamilton-Thompson, delighted the Society with an account of the greatest delight of his boyhood, Libretto as Literature. His audience was convulsed with laughter throughout and the Society looks forward with anticipation to another talk next year. Unfortunately the first meeting for members' own contributions coincided with an Appeal Dance, but all who, came had a very amusing evening listening to their own literary effusions. The best of these, a poem on "Leeds," is printed elsewhere in this issue of *The Gryphon*. F.C.M.

THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.—Now that the term has well advanced, the S.C.M. has been able to settle down to a most promising programme arranged for the year. The Freshers' Conference, held in October, once again proved that a good start is often half the battle. Two very instructive mid-day addresses have been given, one by the Rev. A. Findlay on "Jesus and Nationalism," the other by Canon Elliott on "Disarmament." Again, the "Housing Problems" Conference, held at Headingley Congregational Church, was a great success. The S.C.M. appeals to its members to give their whole-hearted support to the various study groups, especially that on Re-union; and to anyone interested in these widely-differing subjects, a very hearty welcome is offered. An urgent appeal is made for members to join in our mid-day family prayers held each day in the S.C.M. Lounge; and for those who are able to attend, the short Devotional Services held each morning in Emmanuel Church. C.F.D.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—The Society continues to increase in membership as the term goes on and the various readings have been exceptionally well attended. A new departure was made on November 10, when a Social Evening was held at Devonshire Hall. The play read on this occasion was "The Liars," by Henry Arthur Jones, which was much appreciated by a large audience. It is hoped that as a result of this reading more dramatic talent will be forthcoming from Devonshire Hall for the Dramatic Society. A visit to the Little Theatre was also arranged for members and it is hoped to make visits of such a nature a permanent feature in the Society's programme. Owing to the Rag Revue there was an unavoidable gap until December 1, when "A Hundred Years' Old," by the Brothers Quintero was read at Oxley Hall. D.F.

THE WOMEN 'DAY STUDENTS.—We are having a very successful term. We can look back with pleasure on the Grub Grab and the Dance, and forward to the Christmas Party. Our Dance, which was held on November 13, in the Refectory, was most enjoyable, and it was pleasing to see so many Freshers there. Our Secretary, however, in the busy days before the Dance, must many times have wished for that Specimen Partner described in the last *Gryphon* to materialise. Miss Hibgate, who received the guests as our Honorary Warden, is proving as helpful and sympathetic as Miss Silcox. May we from the height of our maturity wish the Men Day Students' Association—hardly out of its infancy—continued success. S.B.

ECONOMICS SOCIETY.—Our membership now stands higher than at any time since the Society's inception and the enthusiasm of our members is making the Society a really living force. Our lecture programme is being carried out quite successfully and since the beginning of the year we have heard Professor Richardson on "Britain's position in the World Economic Crisis," Mr. James Ewing of the Bradford Dyers' Association, and also Dr. Northcott of Rowntrees. The discussions following the lectures have been productive of much good material in the way of budding orators. Our excursions grow more popular each fortnight and for our last trip, which was to Mackintosh's Toffee Works at Halifax, the demand for places in the party greatly exceeded the supply. H.A.

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