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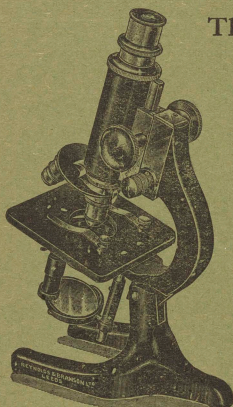


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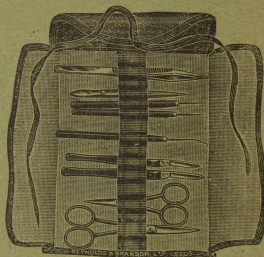
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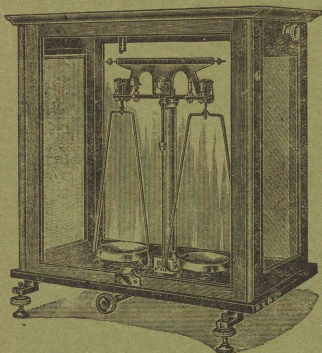


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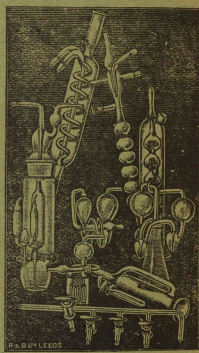
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THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

Editorial.

WE are meditative; a thought despondent. A sense of the supreme importance of environment as an influence on mood is upon us. Who, we ask, could sing joyfully in a November fog? Who could muse on sorrow and the ultimate meaning of life when under the spell of a July afternoon? And who, we demand (for this is the point, and our excuse) could write an editorial suitable for the first flush of term whilst surrounded by the depressing silence of the University in vacation? The corridors are empty, the library deserted, the Union rooms closed. Even the office of the Hall Porter, the social centre of our cosmos, appears subdued and ill at ease. As we toy with the lofty plural for the first time in this little room next to the stars, the solitude rebukes our trifling thoughts and airy fancies, and we are driven to meditation and introspection. The joy of communal beginnings seems very distant.

Conceiving that the Freshers as a body are already primed adequately with their importance we pause not, but address the University as a whole. It is not for us (who are too near our own first Bazaar Day for condescension) to offer advice to the very young. But we are oppressed with the importance of beginnings and of one's attitude towards them. It is characteristic of human nature that there should be a glorious optimism about the undertaking of a new venture, without which it is doubtful whether any project is born. Far be it from us to criticise this spirit, since enthusiasm is one of the greatest things in life, but the sober atmosphere around us urges that we temper enthusiasm with caution and judgment; the judgment which will be smothered in the unthinking hurly-burly of reunion.

Perhaps you have noticed that the person who is loudest in acclaiming the new term and who vows his services to the greatest number of activities, is the first to forego his obligation in favour of any momentary distraction. He becomes aware of what he has undertaken and, perceiving that all his projects cannot be carried out, abandons them despairingly *in toto*. It becomes a case of "too much attempted, nothing done."

Let it not be thought that we are opposed to initiative and enthusiasm, or that we are attacking the "glorious unattainable." All we would urge is a serious consideration of one's powers and potentialities and a correspondingly judicious arrangement of one's time. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the prime end of a university career is educational, and the balanced student will subordinate his other activities to his work. Time is always too precious to be wasted, but let us not abuse it by asking too much of it.

We are acutely conscious that our advice will probably be ignored—indeed that in many cases it will not be read at all until the bustle of the first vital days is over. Nevertheless we feel it to be true, and at any rate have the satisfaction of having issued it. Nay, even though it is refuted, we can always point out the atmosphere in which these musings were born.

Notes and Comments.

Go-opy!

In spite of soul-searing appeals from the notice board for copy, in the hope that we might catch the eye of some forlorn straggler, there has been the usual difficulty in collecting enough matter for the first *Gryphon* of the year. One might imagine that several months of absence from the University would clarify one's views and impressions, at the same time stimulating a yearning for their literary expression. But no. The long-suffering editorial staff has been taxed to the utmost with regard to fertility and versatility, and though this was expected (thanks to warnings from embittered past members), the strain has been great. However, now that the first and worst stage has been passed (we hope successfully), it is up to you to see that we are not so imposed on again. In particular, we appeal to Freshers for copy, since their impressions cannot yet have developed into the inertia apparently bred from familiarity.

Miss Storm Jameson.

It is with great pleasure that we publish in this issue an article by Miss Storm Jameson. Miss Jameson graduated at Leeds with first-class honours in English in 1912, proceeding M.A. in 1914. Since then, of course, she has been a prominent figure in the sphere of letters, particularly as a novelist.

Attention!

If you notice that the picturesque "students' slouch" is *démodé* this term, abandoned in favour of an (approximately) upright carriage, you will know that the Military Tattoo is responsible. Many Leeds students found a pleasant break in the vac. doing minor jobs at Roundhay.

For New Readers.

We would call the attention of new readers to the fact that a subscription of 2/6, payable in advance, entitles them to all six issues of *The Gryphon* during the coming year, thus effecting a saving of sixpence as well as adding to our own convenience. Copies should be claimed from the table at the bottom of the Great Hall staircase on the day of publication, or, subsequently, from the Union office.

Still Another Note for Freshers.

Freshers, too, might be reminded that the gay social whirl of the University is open to them from the moment they enter our portals. In the past, we have been asked by anxious First Year Students whether it is "done" to go to the Union Ball in one's first term. Of course it is "done," and let no more excuses be offered such as this one we heard in the past—"Of course I can't go to the Union Ball, because I don't know anyone to invite." What a reflection upon our gallantry!

Our Poets.

It is touching to note the lack of poetry in this edition of *The Gryphon*. True, some of last year's poets, with heads bloody, if not bowed with the "Poetomachia"

which raged in our pages, have gone down, but some of the Left Wing still remain. Why are ye dismayed, O prophets! Let us hope your inaction is but a lull before a storm of song, and that our ears will be assailed by a very battery of verse.

The Next Issue.

The last day for copy for the next issue may seem a little early, but we urge all contributors to make a note of it and adhere to it. In particular we appeal to secretaries to let us have their reports as soon as possible, and thus lighten that last minute rush of work which is rapidly driving the staff crazy. Last day for copy does not by any means infer that this is the only day.

The Weather and Work.

The capacity for work, says an authority, depends largely on the amount of sunshine which one enjoys. If this is so, the fine weather which has blessed the vacation may have its after effects in the coming term. For instance, should you see P——, the celebrated notice board proper making a hurried dive for the library, you will know that he has indulged not wisely but too well in sun-bathing. Or you may be able to weigh a students' possibilities of gaining a First no longer by his hunted look but by his tan. There are possibilities.

"THE GRYPHON."

The closing date for copy for the next issue is Friday, October 14th.

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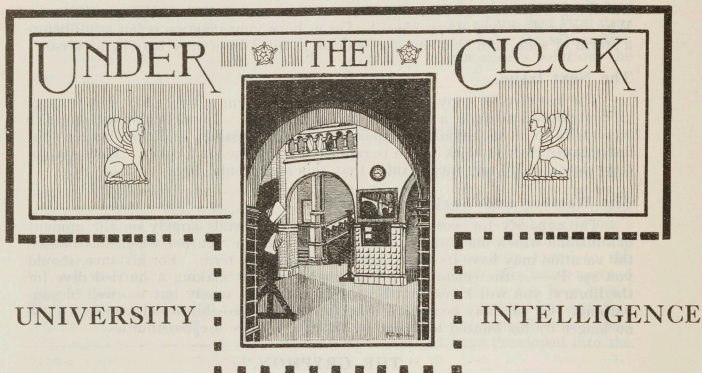
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University Honorary Degrees.

This is our first opportunity of recording the conferment of honorary degrees by the Chancellor at the congregation of the University on July 4th. Honorary degrees were conferred on Sir James Hinchliffe (Chairman of the West Riding County Council), Miss Ellen Mary Musson (former Chairman of the General Nursing Council), Professor Herbert Read, the poet and man of letters, and Mr. Osbert John Radclyffe Howarth, Secretary of the British Association. To these should have been added Sir John Simon, but owing to pressure of State affairs at Geneva Sir John was unable to be present.

Sir James Hinchliffe, who received the degree of LL.D., was presented by Professor Hughes, who expressed the admiration of the University for Sir James' long period of public service in the interests of the county, not only in formal government, but also in the field of voluntary social service.

In presenting Miss Musson, who also received the degree of LL.D., Professor Maxwell Telling mentioned that she was the first member of her profession to receive an honorary degree, and remarked on the appropriateness of Leeds as the first English University thus to honour the nursing profession.

In outlining the career of Professor Herbert Read, who received the degree of Litt.D., Professor Hamilton Thompson recalled Professor Read's close associations with the West Riding of Yorkshire and with Leeds in particular. He also paid tribute to his versatility as a man of letters and as an authority on art.

Mr. Radclyffe Howarth was presented for the degree of Ph.D., by Professor Gilligan, who applauded this honouring of the chief permanent official of the British Association, a body which had long and intimate associations with Leeds. At the same time he spoke of the notable contributions made by Mr. Howarth to the study of Geography.

The Vice-Chancellor, in his address, said that students who were passing out into the world to-day would be faced with one of the most difficult and critical periods in the history of the world. It was not for them to blind themselves

to the problems which beset the nations, but they must be willing to enter into and share the common problems of national anxiety. The inestimable privilege of residing in a University had placed them in a position to render important assistance to their fellows, and it was their duty to make use of this peculiar position to the full. International harmony and understanding could only be achieved by emphasising the importance of the spiritual over the material, the belief in the higher destiny of mankind as opposed to worldly gain.

Acknowledgements.

The Council acknowledges gratefully the receipt of the following gifts and grants:—

A grant of £500 made by the Huddersfield County Borough, and a contribution of £25 towards the University Tutorial Class held in the Huddersfield area.

The renewal by the Worshipful Company of Skinners of their grant of £250 a year to the Leather Industries Department for a further period of seven years.

A gift of a considerable quantity of music by Dr. Herbert Thompson. Dr. Thompson had also given to the University over 200 lantern slides to illustrate lectures on English painting.

A grant by the Hull Education Committee of £720 for the financial year 1932-33.

The gift of four books in Sinhalese from the Buddhist Temple of the Tooth at Kandy, and three leaves of the sacred Bo-tree from Dr. J. Rawlinson Ford.

A number of Icelandic publications and the promise of further supplies to supplement the Melsted Collection.

Professor Wilson.

Professor F. P. Wilson has been appointed to represent the University on a Consultative Committee of the North Eastern Branch of the Training College Association on the teaching of English.

New Hostel Warden.

Miss Helena J. McLaren has been appointed Warden of Oxley Hall in succession to Mrs. Moorman.

Appointments.

Mr. H. H. Moll, M.D., M.R.C.P., has been appointed a Clinical Lecturer.

Mr. J. M. Macrae, L.D.S., and Mr. S. H. Brenan, L.D.S., have been appointed Clinical Dental Lecturers.

Mr. David Roberts, B.Sc., has been appointed Lecturer in Economics.

Obituary.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. W. F. Husband, a former Registrar of the Yorkshire College and Leeds University. Mr. Husband retired from the Registrarship of the University in 1921.

Death of Leeds Student.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Harold Raymond Priestley, a Commerce Student in his first year, who was killed in a motor accident on August 1st. The sympathies of all who knew him at Leeds will be extended to his family in their sad loss.

Prizes for Short Clinical Papers.

The Council of the British Medical Association has decided to offer prizes for short clinical papers by fourth and subsequent year medical students and newly qualified practitioners, under the heading "Describe three cases of medical interest which have been under your care, and for each case discuss differential diagnosis, aetiology, methods of prevention (where available), treatment, and prognosis." Papers must not exceed 3,500 words, and a certificate signed by the President of the Association, together with a cheque for £10 will be available in the group of Universities comprising Durham, Leeds and Sheffield.

The New Sports Pavilion.

The Sports Grounds at Weetwood are famous as being amongst the finest in the country, but there has been one thing lacking—an adequate pavilion. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Charles Tetley this anomaly is to be removed by the building of a new pavilion worthy of the grounds. There are to be fourteen dressing rooms, with every comfort and convenience, not only for players, but for spectators, whilst the site (between the cricket and Rugby fields) is much more suitable than the temporary dressing rooms at Oxley. Students of Leeds will unite in thanking Mr. Tetley for his generous gift.

Public Lectures and Music.

The list of public lectures and musical recitals for the session 1932-33 is now available. The list includes visits from many eminent figures in various spheres of activities.

Professor Seton.

IT is given to very few heads of University Departments, even in so long a period as thirty-two years, to effect such enormous developments as those for which Professor Seton has been responsible since his appointment to the Chair of Agriculture in the Yorkshire College in 1900. He came to a department that had a staff of about half a dozen and he retires leaving the department staffed with over fifty. Under his guidance the work has grown from a few localized activities until it now ramifies into all parts of Yorkshire and in to every sphere of Yorkshire's rural interests.

Through all these developments he has been confronted with an amazing miscellany of problems. The correspondence files show him to have dealt with enquiries upon matters ranging from the constitution of the soil to the organisation of toy balloon races at garden fêtes, and from the rearing of calves to the reduction of obesity in persons addicted to milk drinking, without injuring the milk trade. But whatever the problem he has always brought to bear upon it his patient interest and his keen critical faculty. His capacity to be healthily interested in anything is one of his mainstays in life. It must have had a beneficent influence upon hundreds of people and will, we trust, be a great factor in ensuring for him many happy years of retirement. *Ennui*, boredom and weariness appear to be unknown to him. He can enter a restaurant after many hours of work and fasting, and suddenly become oblivious of the pangs of hunger (ours as well as his) because of the sheer intriguing interest of the graining of the door or the construction of the sideboard.

There are combined in Professor Seton the sternest sense of duty and the sublimest sense of humour. It is, I think, because of this that all sorts of people besides those within the official range of his responsibilities—shop assistants,

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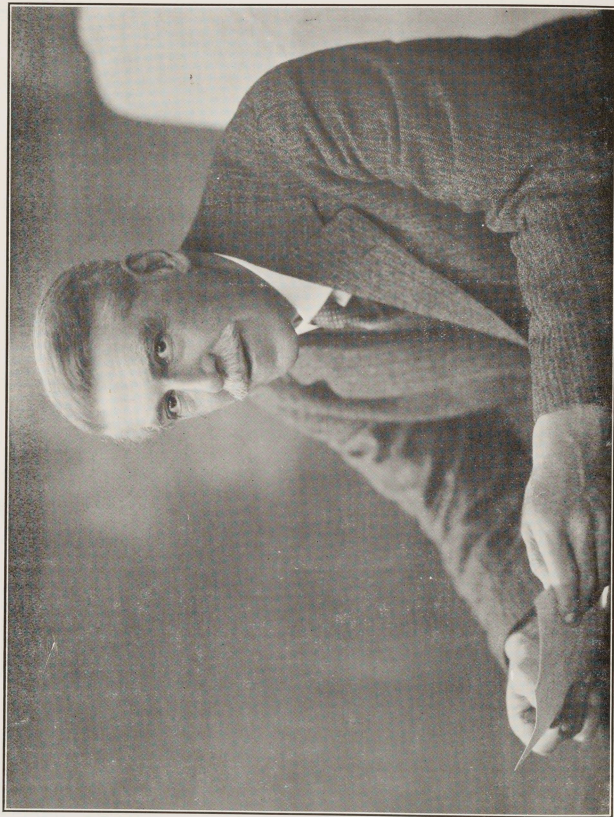
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shop assistants



Professor SETON.

Photo. : Bacon, Leeds.

waiters, railway officials and the like*—have had their philosophy of life changed and their conception of duty raised to a higher plane by their contact with him. There must be many waiters who have served Professor Seton with potatoes and who have been convicted of the sin of serving potatoes without knowing their varieties and characteristics. There is a waiter in a Leeds hotel who learnt the greatest lesson of his life within a few minutes and went home to his astonished family a reformed character as a direct consequence of serving Professor Seton with Cheshire cheese, and then trying to call the bluff that it was Cheddar. There are several waiters on the London trains who for years served a poultice for breakfast under the delusion that it was porridge, until they suddenly saw the light of truth when called upon to serve Professor Seton. There is, too, the case of a Yorkshire station master who was suddenly bereft of all consciousness of his own authority and penitently promised Professor Seton that he would look after the station better in future, keep the clock right and never allow a train to leave at any but the scheduled time.

All his students and colleagues will feel one regret: that the charm and influence of his personality have not been better known among University students as a whole. That, however, could not be, for in accordance with his own self-sacrificing ideals of duty he has always tended to deal with individuals separately rather than with people in the mass.

His great influence upon the farming and agricultural education of Yorkshire and his work during the War years, when he and Colonel Lane Fox were Commissioners for the Food Production Department for Yorkshire make a long and inspiring story. Moreover, his influence extends far beyond Yorkshire. He has served on and been Chairman of the Agricultural Education Association and has worked on the executive committees of other national organisations. And I doubt if one other teacher of agriculture has more of his past students and colleagues in positions of great administrative responsibility.

He will be greatly missed from the Department and we who remain will remain with a greater sense of responsibility, for Professor Seton has laid a foundation such that those who build thereon must take heed how they build.

For him and Mrs. Seton we wish every happiness.

N.M.C.

[Photographs of Professor Seton, by Messrs. James Bacon & Sons, are available. Proofs and prices may be seen in the enquiry office of the Department of Agriculture.]

* If Professor Seton reads this he will want to know what I mean by "and the like."

Acknowledgements.

The Editor acknowledges the receipt of the following and apologises for any omissions:—

Bedford College Union Magazine, The Torch, The Dragon, The Ram, The Northerner, The West Saxon, The Gong, The Nonesuch, Dawn, The Technical Journal, The Leodiensian (two numbers), *The Serpent, The Phoenix, The Bede, University College Magazine, The International Student, The Sphinx, The Cat-a-Mountain, Die Stellenbosse Student* (two numbers), *The Wheel, The Lion, The University of Cape Town Quarterly, The Leeds Girls' High School Magazine, and the A.M.A.*

We have received from Messrs. W. & G. Foyle Ltd., of 119 to 125, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2, the latest catalogue of educational books which shows an extensive selection of old and new volumes and works,

Work in Progress.

....In those days Whitby parents who wished their children to have a secondary education had to send them 20 miles to Scarborough. By the time I was 15 I knew what I wanted—that was to learn, to be a scholar. My mother determined to help me. She made enquiries and found that there were three open scholarships offered in the North Riding. Clearly I must get one of these. It seemed quite simple. You took the matriculation examination and did so well in it that they gave you one of the scholarships. My mother and I travelled to Scarborough and called on the headmaster of the Municipal School, and my mother told him that she had decided to send me there for a year to take a scholarship to the university. I wore a new coat that was too large for me, to allow for growing, and I looked like a young owl. Our simple confidence must have been very funny, but I don't remember that he smiled.

The train journey to Scarborough took 70 minutes. It stopped at every station and more children got into the carriage reserved for us. We were a rowdy, destructive crew, detested by passengers and stationmasters. At places in the journey we came close to the sea, in summer dazzling us with a radiance that the very air caught up and reflected. In winter, I waited in tense expectation for the point where, if the newly-risen sun had passed behind clouds, it sent its rays down on to the edge of the sea in a great ring of glittering light. That was worth seeing. At night, coming home, Whitby was a scatter of lights in the darkness. It gave me the most extraordinary feeling, an almost unbearable pleasure and excitement. I felt light, as if I were going to cry with happiness.

There were two classes in the school in which boys and girls sat together. They were quite different from the other, segregated classes. There was a different feeling, livelier and more unruly. Although there was a certain clear, unacknowledged rivalry, boys against girls, I am certain that it was a good feeling, infinitely better for both than segregation. So far as it went, the education I got here was admirable. It fell short where every school falls short, in the training of the body—to which end organised games are nearly useless. The more intelligent children are bored by them, yet it is these children whose bodies most need support against the assaults of their minds.

Here I made my first real friends—two boys of the name of Harland. They were clever, ambitious and turbulent—bad friends for me, the authorities said, but I thought otherwise. I can't imagine now what they saw in me to make them take trouble—I was unformed and wordless, no match for either of them. I don't think they were actually more intelligent, but their minds were already controlled. At this time I was much too afraid of ridicule to form any opinions. It is true I had a great many, but they were none of them mine. All I asked of a belief before accepting it was that it should be a revolt against something old and respectable. The two Harlands were great talkers—and that suited me very well since I had nothing to say, or no words for it. In summer we formed the habit of going for walks together after school. We were so used to it that we never looked at the superb bay, flickering in sunlight or the colour of verdigris'd bronze before a storm. They easily converted me to Socialism and what was then called Rationalism. (Perhaps it still is). As for Socialism, I was ashamed not to be on the side of the poor and defrauded, and time has strengthened the feeling in me. But I have come to believe that men need gods. Yet I have no feeling for that God who is so accommodating as to have been on both sides in the War.

I can imagine that to my teachers I seemed very raw and unfledged. In my own eyes I was growing up quickly. My ambitions became boundless, but I was afraid to speak about them. I had enough sense to know that they were ridiculous

in an awkward girl. I was very awkward. I forgot that I had a body and it reminded me by falling over a desk or turning scarlet in summer. All this time I was reading and dreaming. But I could never finish a dull book. The boys gave me Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*: it bored me and I only pretended I had read it. It was easier to shut the book and dream. I dreamed that I was famous, that I was a beautiful woman, and again that I was famous. Actually, I had no instinct to make very much of what looks I had. At learning I was not even quick and I could not learn anything that did not interest me. Then I could almost feel my brain moving, like a strong, clumsy machine. The mathematics lessons were an agony to me. My brain seemed paralysed—I stared at formulae without a glimmer of understanding in it. It was the same in the art class, when we were told to make a design. What is a design? I had no idea, and I sat feeling ashamed and stupid. The boy in front of me was drawing quick, bold curves. I looked over his arm and made a copy of them, but it was thin and wooden, a complete failure. How I hated the teachers whose lessons I could not learn. I was detestable then—rude, arrogant, stubborn. I managed to keep near the top of the class, because I could use words and because I remembered so much. And at the end of my year I did get one of the coveted scholarships and went to Leeds University. My two friends had gone to King's College in London and I went up to Leeds alone.

I have never wanted to write about that time. The crude, unformed thoughts of those years, which seem so important, the awkward passions—they are only ridiculous in retrospect. I did not realise at the time that I was deciding my whole life. I worked hard, but erratically. Sometimes for days I did not open a book and then I would sit up all night, bath, and eat my breakfast, and go to college feeling light and alert. There was then no hostel for the women students, but I think the men had a single Hall. Students who were not living at home with their parents had rooms near the University, and this spread a queer, "free" atmosphere among us. There were no rules to be kept. There was no reason, provided one could get in without disturbing one's landlady, why one should come in before three or four o'clock. In my first year I moved four times—I had very little money and I was fastidious—but after that I settled down. I had a bedroom and sitting room for 18 shillings a week—the money included breakfast and a kind of supper. My other meals I ate in the College Refectory, where—I think because in her heart she liked the scapegrace ones best—Mrs. Beck was my good, kind, dear friend. A Yorkshirewoman of rare spirit, she ruled her department as an autocrat. The authorities respected her, and she them provided they did not meddle with her. She was a most loyal servant of the University, and the friend of the generations of students whom she has helped, scolded, advised and loved.

My landlady, who was kind, turned out to be deaf as well, and sometimes on fine, light nights I came home from a long walk in the early morning and let myself in with the key I had coaxed from her. The senior women students would have disapproved of these escapades, but we kept still tongues about them—they were part of my illusion of freedom. I was stiff and unabatable—and very young for my age. In spite of it I was accepted as a responsible person and began to be chosen on committees. In my third year I was elected Secretary of the Women's Representative Council of the Union. My best deed in that capacity was that I bought a new carpet for our common room. There were no funds for it, but I argued that we must buy it and show an unbalanced budget at the end of the year. The professor who was Treasurer of the Union said that in a long experience no woman secretary had ever failed to keep to her budget. But I still think I was right. After all, we really needed the carpet and the money was there, though they would not have spent it on us.

How convey the spirit of these north-country universities? Oxford is in another world. Among the students one met a rough goodwill, shrewdness and an urgency of ambition. All but a few of them had already a definite purpose—they needed degrees in order to teach, to do commercial research, to become engineers, dyers, managers in steel works and woollen mills. There was in most of them a fixed awareness that these three years were only a doorway, and while they played, debated, got up concerts, played the fool, they had always a rope pulling them back to their responsibility. There was not much money spent. But you would not have called us poor scholars. Scholarship for its own sake was not usual among us. Insensibly my vague notions of a life spent among books dropped off and I began to be anxious for my future. This was not a new anxiety—I had long since determined to be independent and, indeed, it was necessary. But now I began to think that scholarship would not bring me in any money. As I walked about Leeds I felt round me and under my feet the pulse of a vast machine. I might be in a university library bent over an Anglo-Saxon grammar, but five minutes' walk brought me to the place where, through a gap between houses, I stared at the ring of factories closing in the town on three sides. By day hideous, at night flames writhed from the chimneys—that was indescribably beautiful and exciting.

You cannot set a university in the centre of an industrial region and think that it will become cloistral. Life at its least gentle, the forms of a purely mechanical civilisation, were clamped round us. But what is the use of cloistering up young men and women? For us, of course, nothing was really important. With one exception, all the young men who were my friends in the university were killed within the next three years. Duncan Fairley, smiling, intelligent, slow-moving; Henry Knowles, who was the most direct, the honestest person I ever knew; Bobbie Watherston, who laughed, and believed in God and the Church. I remember best small things about them—that one was angry with me because I could not recognise "God Save the King" when he whistled it for me during a competition at some professor's garden party, that another stammered as soon as he became excited—and these, with a few smiles, and with the image of a young, frowning face, eyes narrowed in sunlight, and a word or two remembered but only by some accident, seem more important than they are. It seems important to remember these especially. The war memorial, with its long list of names, is not, as some think, a permission to forget how this boy laughed and how another liked strawberries and dancing and to read German aloud. Because it was laughter, dancing, strawberries, and the reading of books, that they laid down, and not something vague and immaterial.

My mind during these years was cruelly confused and uncertain. I wanted to take a first class in the Honours English school, but beyond that I had no idea what I could do. I had never thought of writing, and for some reason I did not expect the university authorities to do anything for me. Why should they? In spite of an air of confidence and arrogance that I could put on when necessary, I had no real belief in myself. I suffered tortures from shyness and from my social ignorance. Yet all the time I was restless with ambition—but it was all undirected and formless. I wanted to work, to earn money—but I wanted something else, too, that I never told anyone about. My restlessness grew as I became used to the routine of work and lectures. There were days when I *could* not sit quietly reading. I leaned in the window of my room, watching, waiting for something to happen, or fled from the house and walked for hours until I was too tired to think. I did not know what was wrong. My mind was a chaos of ideas gathered from books, from the *New Age*, from the economics I read struggling to understand. I know now that I had been wrong to take the English schools. I should have done better to study economics or biology—but I had had no

adviser and it was too late to change. My scholarship had been given for three years, only for three years. I see now that I behaved like a child. I ought to have worked to persuade the authorities that I was fitted for an academic life. Instead, I lounged in the daytime and made up in feverish reading at night. On the only occasion when I was asked what I thought of doing I answered helplessly that I didn't know. I could not answer: "I want to earn money and to be famous"! I don't remember that anyone offered me advice about my future and it did not occur to me to ask for it. I was afraid of a rebuff. Suppose people were to laugh at me!.....

The night before I went down I sat up talking to my closest friend, a dark, handsome girl, whose nature had already the firmness and balance mine lacked. For the first time I told another person of my ambitions. She listened quietly: I think she knew I should be disappointed.... I walked home with her and came back alone past Woodhouse Moor. The night was very dark, without stars. I went round out of my way in order to stand and look at the chimneys of the furnaces. My heart moved in deep, heavy strokes. A wild hurting excitement filled me. How happy I was.....

STORM JAMESON.

Mission of Fellowship from India.

FROM October 5th to 10th Leeds is to be favoured with a visit of a Mission of Fellowship, which is being sent to this country by the Churches of India, and which will visit the principal towns and industrial centres of England. Amongst their numerous engagements arranged during their short stay in Leeds, there is included a visit to the University, when it is hoped that at least two of the Missioners will address a large meeting. In addition to this they will probably visit some of the Hostels, should time permit.

English as well as Indian students will be welcomed at their meetings, and for the University meeting in particular it is requested that as wide publicity and support as possible should be given.

As

The ruffled sky is black and grey. It swings
Across the firmament in anger wild.
Casting the shadow cities of its wings
Over the earth which stiffens, as defiled.
And black, all black, but for the clouds which sweep
Illumined grey of ghosts o'er heaven's deep.

Oh there is war in heaven! The armies roar,
Treading each in the other's surging wake,
Irregular, low-sweeping ere they soar
To heights beyond imagination, flake
In cohorts through the press of powers behind,
Like thoughts upon a frenzied lover's mind.

And then, as though the hand of God were raised,
The vault beyond loomed deep, the blessing light
Of harvest moon shone peace, serenely gazed,
And silvered into calm the shattered night.
The earth gleamed pale, released from all its stress,
As love completes a lover's happiness.

H.M.

Bullfighting in Southern France.

"THIRTY francs and you see everything," said the agent in his little office in the main street, and we bought those magic slips: "Corrida de Toros, Béziers."

One felt the same stir of expectation in this town in the South of France as one feels "up North" on the morning of a big football match, but the sight, to English eyes, was more picturesque. There were no grim, grey streets shining with a cold drizzle, but, instead, red-roofed houses and white roads, which in spite of the shade cast by the huge palm-trees with which they were lined, glared painfully under the hot sun. The crowd, too, was a motley one—farmers and peasants from the country in colourful Provençal dress, townies in black suits and wide brimmed felt hats, soldiers, wearing either the red fez of the coloured regiments or else the black beret of the Gascons, and a sprinkling of students, mainly in white flannels and black jackets.

As the hour of the fight approached, the crowd began to flow up the steep road to the arena—not a majestic ruin like those of Nîmes and Arles, but a modern structure in red brick, more comfortable if less romantic than the Roman arenas. All along the route were blatant posters depicting the famous *matadors* we were about to see, with their melodious and stirring names: Marcial Lalanda—Domingo Ortega y Corrochano.

The arena seemed very vast after one had fought one's way through the crowds in the gloomy, clammy, stone passages beneath the tiers of seats and had mounted again into the fresh air, to be dazzled by the glare of the sun on the sand and to see the Mediterranean sparkling in the distance. We had not long to wait, and the band, black-coated and serious-faced, was playing a kind of overture. The music ceased and there was an expectant hush as the gates of the arena swung open and the bull-fighters entered in solemn procession, the *matadors* on magnificent horses, at the head. The crowd rose to them, and an excited, chubby little Frenchman pointed out the chief fighters to us. The *cavalcade* paced majestically around the arena and then retired, save for two or three gaily-dressed *torcadors*. I felt a tightening in the throat as I saw they were unfurling squares of red cloth. A blast on a trumpet, a stifled hum from the crowd, and the first bull rushed in, stood still for a moment baffled by the bright sunshine, and then charged with a rhythmic gallop, its tail waving from side to side. There was the flash of a red cloak as it reached the fighters, and the bull lunged forward, missed, paused, and charged again. This time there was a roar of derision from the crowd against one of the *torcadors*, for he let the bull tear the cloak from him and had leapt over the palisade a split second before the bull crashed against the stout planks, splintering the wood and tossing huge pieces in the air. The other *torcadors* advanced and enticed the animal away. It became more and more enraged and charged from one to the other, but was worked round until it faced one of the two mounted *picadors*, who, unnoticed by us, had entered the arena. At the first charge the horse was tossed clean off its feet. I thought that all was over for the wretched animal, but I had forgotten that by a comparatively recent law the mounts of the *picadors* are protected down the right side with armour and wadding and that really the bull had inflicted nothing more than a terrific "shoulder-charge." It was soon diverted by the red cloaks of the *torcadors* and charged the other *picador*. The latter had more dexterity and caught the bull on his cruel lance point. Even so, the animal kept on straining forward and we saw the curious sight of the poor horse being pushed over one way by the bull and held up on the other side by the hefty shoulders of two or three attendants. This we found grotesque although

it seems the usual procedure. The horses get a terrific buffeting, but if the bull can be prevented from working round to the left hand side, which is unprotected, they are fairly safe from fatal injury.

Now the *banderillero* entered and took up his stand in the centre of the arena, flourishing his darts (*banderilles*) above his head. As the bull rushed on him he swerved out of its way with a lithe swing of the hips and at the same time plunged his darts into its back. Three times the same procedure was gone through, the bull becoming more and more wary and making sudden dashes instead of the terrific charges it had made on first entering the arena. Its pain was increased by the *toradors*, who drew their cloaks over its back and thus drove the darts still further into the flesh.

A new figure joined the group in the ring—the *matador*. The *toradors* made way for him and he faced the bull alone. The crowd roared, hooted, whistled. I have never heard anything like that whistle in England. It was a constant hiss which seemed ever-present and which rose to a *crescendo* when any fighter made a *faux pas*. For some moments the *matador* amused himself with making graceful passes before the bull, then, working to the ring-side, he took the sword offered to him. Then his manoeuvring began again until the bull placed both forefeet together and lowered its head. There was a spurt of sand, a flash of steel and a low bellow, almost a moan, from the bull. The *matador* took a second sword, this time a longer, more supple blade, and prepared to give the *coup-de-grace*. The first blow is called the "estocade" and is aimed seemingly at a point on the shoulder. The second is fatal and is aimed at the neck. The bull, now covered with its own blood from its many wounds, made a terrific effort, but the *matador* taunted it with his flaming cloak and even brushed its muzzle contemptuously with his hand. Silence fell as he raised his sword above his head and pointed it downwards at the bowed neck of the bull. There was for a moment a magnificent attitude struck by both man and bull. Then the man lunged forward and the bull fell with an uncanny suddenness. The *matador* bowed gracefully to the applauding crowd, who flung their hats into the ring as a tribute, whilst the bull was being dragged off at full speed by a team of powerful horses to the accompaniment of a burst of music from the band.

There were eight such fights in all in the afternoon's programme, which occupied about two and a quarter hours. Occasionally there were variations as when the *banderillero* performed his part on horseback, guiding his horse with his knees, or when one fighter performed the double function of *banderillero* and *matador*. Sometimes, too, the *matador* would miss his mark and fail to kill the bull with the second blow, for the task of reaching the vital spot is a difficult one, even for a fighter of consummate skill. Any miss, however, did not pass the crowd, who hooted, jeered and even flung bottles and fruit at the *picadors* and *matadors* who failed in their manoeuvres. The *picadors*, as it happened, had an "off" day and after each fight were well hooted.

It was a thrilling afternoon. Related in cold blood, as here, bull-fighting will probably shock you, but see a "*corrida de toros*" on a blazing hot summer day, under a sky of intense blue and surrounded by a picturesque crowd of the *Midi* and one forgets the cruelty inherent in all blood sports until one of your companions waxes indignant, in the interval between fights, at the cruelty of English fox-hunting!

BER.

To Secretaries.

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

Music.

A GAIN with the evenings drawing in and after what on retrospection seems to be a long interval we are plunged into another concert season, for which the attendant programmes are now making their appearances.

Foremost in importance from the University standpoint are the Mid-day Recitals, and for the information of Freshers one should say that these present unusual opportunities for hearing not only a good variety of excellent music, but also of hearing some of the world-famous exponents of the art.

The first recital will be given on October 13th, by Miss Murray Lambert, whom we heard under similar circumstances two years ago, and we know that there is a treat in store since she will include Sonatas by Bach and Delius in her programme.

On October 28th, we are to have a visit from the Kutcher String Quartet, who are also giving the first Chamber Music Concert on the following evening, when at the Recital they will play the Mozart Quartet in D Major and an early but bright Haydn Quartet, Op. 3, No. 5.

For the only Recital in November there will be two soloists, Mr. Herbert Johnson, who will render the Schumann sonata, and Miss Joan Coxon, who will sing songs by Mozart and Schubert.

Then on December 1st comes what will be the tit-bit of the whole season. It was, in fact, an exceedingly pleasant surprise to discover that we are again to have a visit from Mr. Léon Goossens. To those who heard him, no word of commendation is necessary; to those who did not, I would say such players are few and far between, and therefore the concert should on no account be missed.

Mr. Goossens will combine with two other musicians whose reputation is by no means small; Mr. Lupton Whitelock, flute; and Mr. Allam, at the pianoforte, to give trios for oboe, flute and pianoforte by various composers.

This year the Music Society is giving, on December 6th, a combined recital by the orchestra and chorus of music from the period when England was supreme in that sphere. The only exception will be the Suite for strings on English Folk Airs by Arnold Foster, but the atmosphere of this is in keeping with the rest, which includes madrigals by Gibbons and Wilbye and items by Byrd.

In the Spring term there is to be a Quintet Recital, a 'Cello and Vocal Recital by Miss Kathleen Moorhouse and Miss Mary Worth, who are both well-known local musicians. As is a pleasant custom there will be a visit from the XXV String Orchestra under Mr. J. Chalmers Park, and the season will close with a Recital by Mr. Cyril Smith, pianoforte, and Mr. Leslie Wright, baritone, but more will be said nearer the time.

As already mentioned the Kutcher String Quartet will appear at the First Chamber Music Concert, on Wednesday, 26th October, and the Hirsch String Quartet, who have raised the standard of these concerts to such a high level, will play at the remaining three.

At the time of writing the existence of this series of concerts is in jeopardy, and the programmes will not be proceeded with unless sufficient support is forthcoming beforehand. It would be, however, a disgrace to the University if such a calamity happened, and it is therefore necessary for everybody interested to give their support immediately. Particulars can be obtained from Mr. E. W. Allam at the University. Students can also do their bit in keeping up the good work since they can obtain five tickets for 2/6.

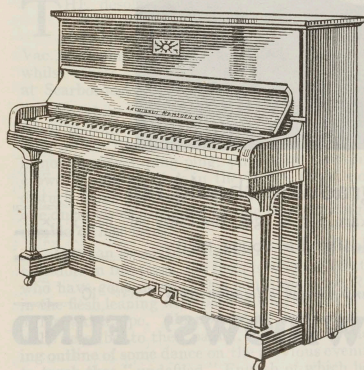
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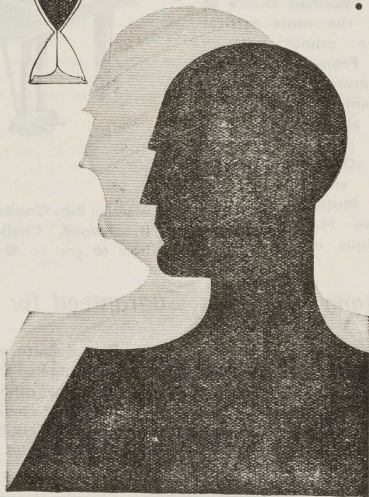
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The actual programme maintains its usual broad representation off the various musical periods. No Chamber Music programme would be complete without due respect being paid to Haydn, who is well represented by one of his best works, the Kaiser Quartet, Op. 76, No. 3, which contains his famous Austrian Hymn. Mozart is represented by his Jagd Quartet, K 458; Beethoven by a very early one in G, Op. 18, No. 2, and also by his last in F, Op. 135, where he has departed from tradition and thought seems more to him than form. Quartets by modern composers, Debussy, Borodin, Malipiero and Prokofieff, will also be given in addition to Schubert's exquisite Quartet in A minor, Op. 29.

The final concert will have an English programme, in which works by Purcell and Arnold Bax will be heard along with two by Vaughan Williams, in which Mr. Steuart Wilson will join the Quartet. In fact a series of concerts to which one will look forward with pleasant anticipation.

The Leeds Choral Union, again under Mr. Norman Strafford, will commence their season by celebrating the Haydn Bi-Centenary with a performance of "The Seasons," with Miss Joan Coxon, Mr. Bruce Flegg, and Mr. Dale Smith as principals. The Messiah will be given as usual in December. The third concert will include Delius' "Sea Drift," the Choral Dances from "Prince Igor," by the Russian, Borodin, and Walton's "Belsazzar's Feast," when as at the first performance of the work, which took place in Leeds, the soloist will be Mr. Dennis Noble.

Unfortunately, the Leeds Symphony Orchestra programme is not yet published but ample information can be obtained from the posters displayed.

E.B.T.

Vacation Musings.

THE desolation which occasionally falls upon the University in term time—after six o'clock for example, if there is no dance on, is a dismal thing.

It is not like the imposing calm which is in possession during the Long Vac., and which can even sooth the souls of those condemned to run Union affairs, whilst others sport in foreign lands, or less ambitious, spend the usual fortnight at Scarborough.

Yet there is a peculiar charm in the deserted corridors such as Lamb remarked when he walked the cloisters of Oxford—"walked gowned," as he puts it. Not that we are likely to be mistaken for a "don," even by the H.P.'s boy. There is no impatient ping-ping, ping-ping, ping-ping of the lecture bell, no heaving crowd around the ink in the H.P.'s office, no lecturer, with fluttering gown, to disturb one's musings. The notice-boards, too, are refreshingly bare, save for one dusty sheet, dangling by one bent drawing-pin, which announces some Society ramble of last term.

One can be sentimental and call up in reminiscent vein, the busy hum of the corridors in full term, the friends who are scattered in both hemispheres and those who have gone down. One can almost see R. (a constant *Gryphon* contributor) in the flesh leaning with both elbows on one of those convenient niches and puffing at his rakish pipe. Unsubdued by the cares of Edu. he ejaculates "terrific show," as he describes to the "papist, the poet, and the journalist," the blurred but cheering outline of some dance on the previous evening. Now he has fled to Switzerland to teach that "undefiled" English of which he is so proud—more fortunate than some, his co-partners in study, who in search of further letters, have fled to the frozen north, and crouching in some icy igloo, strive to tear Icelandic vowel sounds from the very mouths of the morose and shivering native.

Pictures can be conjured up, too, of a *Gryphon* poet, as we once saw him defending the incomprehensibility of his art under the clock, one chilly February morning. It was the time of the controversy when close friends banded contemptuous epithets in the pages of this same magazine.

Start not, gentle reader, if I say that the library, too, has a charm. True, there is often some earnest woman student bent in unseemly toil at the men's tables (for so it may fall out in the Vac.) to remind us of the chilling spectacle of the closely packed toilers in the library at term-time. In the Vac., however, there is a sense of virtue merely from being in the library. After all, one has everything at hand for work and if one was not tired by that game of tennis in the morning one might get some done.

Let us approach the men's cloakroom. As we open the door we instinctively duck to avoid the well-aimed piece of soap, but are met only by a smell of paint and the stony stares of the white-frocked army which is in possession. Peace reigns here as well, disturbed only by the gurgle of descending tea, and the rhythmic munching of sandwiches. Yes, it is time for lunch, so we mount our "bike" and trundle homewards.

G.B.

Short Note on Art.

WHAT is Art? Exercised by this simple question many of the world's acutest thinkers have poured out their ink in rivers and cascades.

Many of these authors have written with much wisdom, and yet many even of these have allowed themselves to forget that, fundamentally, Art is no province of Learning. I suppose the expression Art School has had much to do with this. One honourable exception, however, may be mentioned, Leo Tolstoy, who has been described as "the world's greatest artist in narrative fiction" by no less than Mr. Maurice Baring, and as "the world's darndest humbug" by an American writer somewhat less eminent, wrote prolifically and pontifically on nearly every subject under the sun—particularly on himself. He died a little too early to encompass the cross-word puzzle and wireless. But in writing about Art, his vision pierced straight through this common fallacy about Learning, and he said a very simple and very wise thing. He said: that whatever was divorced from the understanding of the common people was certainly *not* Art. A clever counterfeit it might well be, Art it was not. Now I believe that had Tolstoy been content simply to develop this theme along a logical course, his essay *What is Art?* would have been a very great book. But, alas, such was the temper of this man's mind that he was quite unable to write simply and without bitterness on so fine a theme. The work became so plastered over with discussions of politics, theology (his *bête noir*) and almost any subject that his disturbing and disturbed mind could introduce that we witness no less strange a phenomenon than the dethronement of both Shakespeare and Beethoven from the lofty planes in Art and humanity that all the world, except Tolstoy, has assigned to them! Their work, says this strange writer, is not Art! His own great imaginative work he condemns in the same terms, so that his sincerity is, here at least, undoubted. Yet what English novelist would not be proud to have written merely *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch*?

Can Art, then, be defined? I think not. Let us merely call it the Materialisation of Beautiful Ideas. This power to conjure up Beauty is among created beings the prerogative solely of Mankind. Animals create *useful* things—the beauty of the cobweb being fortuitous, or, as a modernist would prefer to call it, functional. But among mankind, this gift of creating beauty is quite promiscuously present, among both the ignorant and the learned. The learned

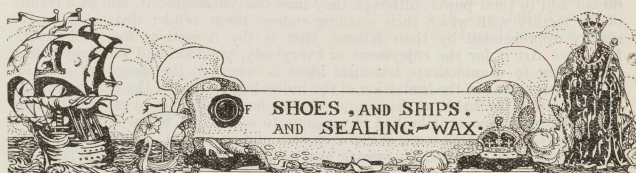
do not add to their power, although they may conventionalise it, and as a result of the facility with which their learning endows them, render their ideas more readily apprehended by their fellows, that is (by definition) less individual. But since Art is for the enjoyment of everybody, you, me and the neighbour, this ability to communicate beautiful ideas is essential, the danger of artistic training consisting in the limitation of the individual spirit and the regimentation of the unit to the habit of the group. It has been said that Liszt would have been a great composer if he had never gone to school. A fellow student, once humming an Irish folk-song, stopped in the middle of it to inform me in all solemnity that he regarded it a miracle that some unknown and untutored peasant could mingle sounds to such ends of beauty! Why? I should add that this man's mental make-up is such as to render him an ardent worshipper of Boards of Education and all other such solemn and infallible bodies. Yet another student tells me (quite humourlessly) that Science has made such great strides in the last 10 years or so that the alchemy of the sunset or the terrific impact on the mind made by the last act of *Lea*r will have yielded all their secrets to the expert in the Physiological Laboratory. Then we shall have Synthetic Art and our Synthetic civilisation will stand complete.

Let us consider, unless your patience is at last exhausted, how the development of what we call civilisation has hindered, and indeed nearly eliminated, artistic expression. There was a time when nearly all of a man's possessions bore the impress of someone's character. Shoes, clothing, furniture, buildings and a hundred other things were fashioned by the hand responding to the mind of a designer. And so it is that a thousand objects surviving from ancient times delight our senses by the communication of some lovely human property entirely lacking in the mechanically-wrought objects with which our civilisation has replaced them. Then the simplest "untutored peasant" of the student mentioned above, who made a song, or a leather belt for his coat, or a wooden candlestick for his hut, was in a definite sense a practising artist. Yet now, the very name of Artist has come to be the inheritor of an entirely new meaning, definite, different, and may be, finally so. For now the word is a title, and employed to describe a class set apart, poets, painters, composers and the like—a relatively small professional group living in symbiosis if not parasitically among the rest of the community and jealously maintaining the distinction of laity and initiate. And worse, for the rest of us appear to feel no humiliation or shame on account of this detachment of the bulk of mankind from one of its noblest functions!

* * *

An afterthought: the old sage of Chelsea, Thomas Carlyle, once defined genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." If I had to defend this thesis, in which I have no belief whatever, I would quote the work of Beethoven. If I thought it needed refutation I would—again quote the work of Beethoven. For the defence: How many times did this matchless symphonist re-write and re-cast his scores? In his excellent work on them, Grove quotes first drafts, second drafts, and so on, demonstrating the musical logic of the great composer. Yet a dozen other tenth-rate hacks have done the same! For the refutation, simply this: who by the mere infinite capacity for taking pains could have written the first movement of the third symphony? Thomas Carlyle was a canny Scot. Now hear a Latin: "*Prends l'éloquence et tords-lui le cou*" was the advice of Paul Verlaine, no mean artist himself! I believe the Latin against the Celt. I believe that all the world's greatest artists have unceremoniously taken Art and wrung its neck. And thus they are great. For there are lines in Shakespeare and Keats, chords in Beethoven and Bach, so completely shattering to the self-possession of the hearer that they suggest nothing less than the sublime contempt of this outrage.

BISMARCK BROWN.



Heard at the Degree Dance.

HE (excusing his dancing) : " You see, I'm a little stiff from badminton."

SHE (coldly) : " Indeed. And where is that ? "

* * *

A correspondent suggests that men students should wear a sober-coloured beret as official headgear. Why sober? Why not a tasteful quartering in the Union colours?

* * *

Dialogue.

STUDENT (rushing to library) : " I want the *Life of Caesar*."

LIBRARIAN : " You're too late. Brutus beat you to it."—*The Wheel*.

* * *

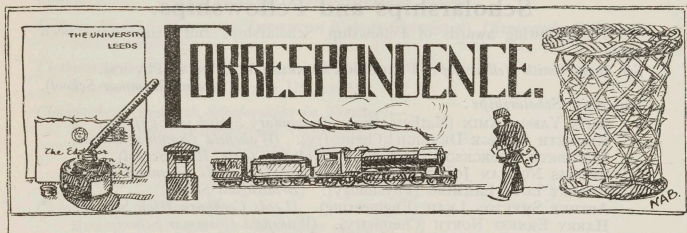
It is rumoured that as the Summer term draws to a close, an aged document is reverently taken from a secret receptacle, carefully dusted and exposed to the vulgar gaze. Every year this solemn ceremony occurs and the precious manuscript does its duty. And it says : " During the vacation the library will be closed from 1 p.m. to 2 p.m."

* * *

We have it on impeccable authority that a letter which arrived recently was addressed to : " The University of Leeds, North St."

* * *

Have you the journalistic instinct? Are you a **force** to be reckoned with in the world of letters? Can you weigh the merits **of an** article accurately, **or in** turn write a powerful article yourself? Don't be alarmed, this isn't **another** appeal for copy. We only wondered if you could detect that this paragraph is printed, not for its beauty, but to fill up the page.



(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).

OXLEY HALL,
September, 1932.

To the Editor of *The Gryphon*,
Dear Sir,

You would do me a great service if you could find space in the columns of your next issue for the following :—

Elected to the position of Union Librarian for the coming year, I realized that, as that office had been vacant during the previous session, a more than usual amount of work in connection with the library, particularly in the way of re-organization, was waiting to be done. Very unfortunately I was totally unable to start upon this at the end of last term. I am now, therefore, making a somewhat belated preliminary appeal for gifts of books from students.

I shall be grateful to receive novels of all descriptions, interesting works—fiction or otherwise—new or second hand, to help to replenish the at present diminutive number on the shelves in the Union Rooms. If the Union Library is to be a success, it needs the books that the average student demands for light reading, and only students know what those demands are. May I suggest that the example of the W.R.C., in presenting us with a copy of "The Good Companions," might be followed by past and present students alike; and especially in the case of those who left us last June it would seem a fitting gesture of appreciation to the Union as a whole.

When we have our new Union Rooms, a really adequate library for students will prove a most valuable asset to them. Meanwhile this year, it is my duty to try to gather together a larger representative collection of books, and I look to the rest of my colleagues for assistance in transforming that glass-fronted bookcase into a real library.

Please do not forget that every little book helps !

With best anticipatory thanks,

Yours, etc.,

JESSIE E. BENSON.

Union Librarian, 1932-33.

Scholarships and Fellowships.

The following awards of Fellowship, Scholarships and Prizes have been made:—

Sir Swire Smith Fellowship: FREDERICK CHARLES POULTNEY (Physics).
(Prescot Grammar School).

University Scholarships:—

AMIN YASSIN AMIN (Mathematics). (Secondary School in Egypt).
KENNETH GEORGE DENBIGH (Chemistry). (Wakefield Grammar School).
ELIZABETH GEORGESON (Zoology). (Southport Girls' High School).
THOMAS NORMAN JONES (Modern Languages). (Leeds Grammar School).
ROBERT LOVE LAMMING (Physiology). (Bridlington School).
ARTHUR SMEETON LEAH (Engineering). (Leeds Cockburn High School).
HARRY ERNEST NORTH (Chemistry). (Wakefield Grammar School).
RALPH PARKER (Latin). (Prescot Grammar School).
RUBY ROBERTS (English)—renewal. (West Leeds High School).
JOHN TEASDALE STOKER (French). (Westoe Secondary School).

Lady Elizabeth Hastings Scholarship: ALLAN CHRISTELOW (History), (Heckmondwike Secondary School), has been nominated for the award of this Scholarship.

Gilchrist Studentship: EDNA ELIZABETH PLUMMER (Latin-French), (Durham High School) has been nominated for the award of this Studentship.

Rutson Scholarship: CHARLES HARRISON (English), (Ashton Secondary School).

Richard Reynolds Scholarship: JOHN BRIDGEFORD MAXWELL COPPOCK—renewal.
(Leeds Grammar School).

Arthur Smithells Scholarships:—

HENRY EWART DYKES—renewal. (Morley Secondary School).
LOUIS ELLIS—renewal. (Leeds Modern School).

Clothworkers' Research Scholarships in Colour Chemistry:—

WILLIAM GARDINER DANGERFIELD—renewal. (Marling School).
WILLIAM CHARLES DOVEY—renewal. (Cheltenham Grammar School).
HERBERT WILSON PARTRIDGE. (Marling School).
RAYMOND THORNTON. (Ermysted's School, Skipton).

Alfred Lund Scholarship: JOHN FERGUSON WAREHAM (Colour Chemistry).
(Watson's College, Edinburgh).

Medical Scholarship: WILLIAM MORTIMER HAIGH SHAW (Oundle School).

Ripon English Literature Prize: JOHN RAYNER HEPPENSTALL (Huddersfield Municipal College) for his essay on "The Poems of G. M. Hopkins."

Proxime accessit: DOUGLAS WILLIAM JEFFERSON
(Darlington Grammar School).

Gladstone Memorial Prize: ERIC WOOD (Huddersfield Technical College) for his essay on "The Participation of the Railway Companies in Road Passenger Transport."

David Forsyth Prize: Divided between FRANK MOSBY (Barnsley Grammar School) and GEORGE NICHOLAS WESTGARTH (Johnston Secondary School, Durham).

Cohen Prize: WALTER CAWOOD (York Grammar School).

Dorothy Wharton Prize: GLADYS MURIEL MUSKIN (Ripon High School).

Agriculture Prizes:—

JOHN KENNETH DENHAM (Barnard Castle School).
JOHN DRUMMOND TALLANTIRE (Lancashire Agricultural College).
CYRIL GEORGE MORTIMER (Morley Secondary School).

Connal Prize: RALPH PARKER (*Prescot Grammar School*).

Leblanc Medal: RAYMOND THORNTON (Colour Chemistry), (*Ermysted's Grammar School, Skipton*).

Clothworkers' Research Fellowship in Textiles:—

THORA C. MARWICK (*Otago University*).

Clothworkers' Research Scholarships in Textiles:—

R. J. BARNES (*Birmingham University*).

C. A. COOPER (*Leeds Central High School*).

F. HAPPEY (*Whitcliffe Mount School, Cleckheaton*).

MERCIA C. HIRST (*Leeds Girls' High School*).

Clothworkers' Scholarship:—

MURIEL GARSTANG (*Leeds College of Art*).

William Summers Scholarships:—

W. DONKERSLEY (*Royds Hall, Huddersfield*).

J. W. DUNNILL (*Huddersfield Technical College*).

Baines Scholarship:—

J. DOWLING (*Leeds Catholic College*).

Craven Scholarship:—

D. G. WOOLFENDEN (*Leeds Boys' Modern School*).

Emsley Scholarships:—

A. BASTOW (*Carlton High School, Bradford*).

ELEANOR D. BOOTH (*Shipley Salt School*).

A. F. O'ROURKE (*Leeds Training College*).

Wheatley Scholarships:—

H. MARSHALL (*Wakefield Grammar School*).

MARJORIE N. SMITH (*Gymnastic Institute in Denmark*).

D. L. LISTER (*Stockton Secondary School*).

Akroyd Scholarships:—

C. L. BEAUMONT (*Royds Hall, Huddersfield*).

M. HARDMAN (*Shipley Salt School*).

H. ORMISTON (*Yarm Grammar School*).

F. POPPLEWELL (*West Leeds High School*).

J. THOMLINSON (*Archbishop Holgate's, York*).

W. E. CHAPMAN (*Tutbury Endowed Boys' School*).

J. D. TOMLINSON (*Leeds Boys' Modern School*).

C. E. JOHNSON (*Nunthorpe School, York*).

Brown Scholarships:—

F. L. POYSER (*Leeds Central High School*).

H. PRIESTLEY (*Carlton Secondary, Bradford*).

F. H. DEWS (*Ossett Grammar School*).

H. B. GIBSON (*Thornes House, Wakefield*).

E. HARRISON (*Lady Lumley's School, Pickering*).

AGNES W. BROWN (*Leeds Thoresby High School*).

J. E. B. DYSON (*Scarborough Boys' High School*).

H. JESSOP (*Mirfield Grammar School*).

W. OSBORN (*Leeds Boys' Modern School*).

E. STEAD (*Leeds Boys' Modern School*).

L. LOOSE (*Fakenham School*).

President's Appeal.

I SHOULD like to take this opportunity of urging all members of the Union, and more especially Freshers, to give their full support during the coming session to all the activities of the Union, and to take full advantage of the social facilities which the Union provides. In past years there has been too great a percentage of students whose only ambitions on coming to Leeds have been academic. They have attended lectures religiously and spent the regulation numbers of hours in the lab. or in the library, then at the end of their course they have gone down from the University happy in the thought that their three years' efforts had been duly rewarded. Their contribution to the social life of the University is nil—their own narrow sphere is sufficient for them. They deprive themselves unknowingly of the greatest benefit that a University education gives—the opportunity of mixing with their fellow students in the free and easy atmosphere of the sports field and the social round.

In such a University as this where the vast majority of the students live at home or in lodgings it is difficult to create that interest in Union affairs which is fostered in the Hostels. But the Men Day Students' Association and the Women Day Students' Association are doing their best to give Day Students a greater opportunity of taking part in the social life of the University. I would earnestly urge all Day Students to take an interest in these bodies.

Although we still grumble about the lack of Union Rooms we shall soon have nothing to find fault with at Weetwood. There is to be built a new Sports Pavilion, the generous gift of Colonel C. H. Tetley, our Pro-Chancellor, and when this has been completed it will be the finishing touch to the finest University Sports Grounds in England. There will be no excuse for Union members who play with outside clubs. I sincerely hope that this long-standing question will be settled this year. The interest taken in the Annual General Meeting last February was a very encouraging sign, and now that members are alive to the fact that their first duty is to their University it is to be hoped that there will be no further need to raise the subject.

And so, Leeds, I appeal to you all to do your bit for the Union throughout the session. Join your Departmental Society and take an interest in it; plunge into the social whirl and attend the Union Dances—they are most enjoyable affairs which you will always remember with pleasure; support the Debating and Dramatic Societies—you will find all details in the Union Handbook; become a regular subscriber to *The Gryphon*, and above all play for the University—it only costs you 6d. per game home or away. What outside club can equal that?

Now Leeds! It rests with you!

FRANK HAYTON,

President of the Union.

UNION NOTES.

IT is always difficult to write the Union Notes for the first issue of *The Gryphon*. The demands of the printer make it essential that they should be written midway through the vacation in order that the Magazine may appear on Bazaar Day, but it is so hard to think of Union affairs while one is on holiday and, further, all the arrangements for the new term are certain to be incomplete as early as August. Still, by the time these Notes appear, interest in Union matters will be of primary importance and everything will be in readiness for launching out on a very full programme of activities—social and sporting—during the coming academic year.

THE TIMES

A CONCESSION TO UNIVERSITY UNDERGRADUATES

Undergraduate members of any of the Universities of the British Isles may obtain "The Times" at the reduced price of 1d. per copy.

Applications for details of the concession and for the necessary registration form should be addressed to the Manager, Subscription Department, "The Times," Printing House Square, London, E.C.4.

APPLICATION FORM

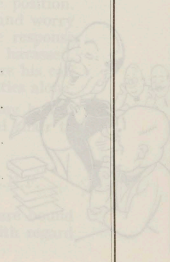
I am an undergraduate of.....University.

Please send me a registration form which will entitle me to the concession referred to.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

(A halfpenny stamped envelope is sufficient if the flap is tucked in.)



TIME and TIES

There are few conferences at which we are not represented. We may be uncertain as to whether a customer is famous for his knowledge of economics or his elocution, but we always know how he feels about ties.

The other day we had an urgent order from a customer about to travel to Switzerland to speak at an important conference. It appeared that he liked to wear a special sort of tie when making his pronouncements, and by some dreadful mischance he had on this occasion mislaid his entire stock.

His ideal tie had to be made to special design from a certain material and had to be delivered at his hotel the following morning. Even in our vast stock of ties we had nothing that struck the exact note, so we promised to search London and to deliver the tie before twelve next day if we were successful.

It was a most exciting race against time, and unfortunately time won. Our messenger arrived at the hotel with the tie but very little breath, ten minutes after our customer had gone.

By this time, however, we were quite worried about our customer's speech, and we began to make rapid inquiries for the address of the hotel in Switzerland to which he was going. We knew that he was travelling by boat and train, so we realised that his tie could catch an air liner and reach Switzerland before him. It did—and the speech was a great success.



We would not like to assert that if all delegates to all future conferences wore Austin Reed ties the results would be Utopian, but in view of this little experience we feel that it might be worth trying. Anyway, we present the idea to the nation.

AUSTIN REED OF REGENT STREET

Corner of Bond and Albion Streets, LEEDS
St. Ann's Square, MANCHESTER 9 Fargate, SHEFFIELD
St. George's Crescent, LIVERPOOL
London, Glasgow, Birmingham, Bristol, Belfast

These Notes, however, do give an opportunity for welcoming all new Students who become *ipso facto* members of the Union. They also give an opportunity of appealing not only to them, but to students in the University as a whole, to put their utmost energy into Union activities of all kinds. It has long been laid to the charge of Leeds students that they are apathetic in matters requiring corporate effort such as the Rag and University games. That charge was partially repudiated last year by an undoubted improvement in the enthusiasm of members of the Union, but there are still large numbers of students who are failing to gain the most from their time at Leeds by neglecting all sides of the Union programme.

There is much to be done in the Union this year. Many sporting trophies have to be brought back to Leeds; the new Union building must be made far more of a certainty than it appears to be at present; and the social events organised by the Union must be better supported if we are to foster a right spirit of fellowship in the University. These aims can only be achieved by the whole-hearted co-operation of every member of the Union. May the year 1932-33 see such an achievement!

CEDRIC N. FRANK,

Hon. Secretary L.U.U.

The Biter Bit.

THAT dread summons came to me on the beach on one of those gloriously fine days in August. I might have known it would come. Only last year at that time I had been sending out the same call to people in all parts of the country. To camps and boarding houses in all directions it had gone, conveying in its frantic appeals for help the critical nature of my needs. There were many who failed to respond. I rated them, I scolded them, but all to no avail. The old, old excuses were made and made again, and since my cause was purely a moral one, I could not use that force which the urgency of the situation would otherwise have demanded from me. But some there were—noble men and women all—who realised my terrible position and responded with a promptitude that has earned for them my undying gratitude and regard. My summons had awakened a sympathetic chord within them and brought from them that assistance without which I could never have faced my fellow students again. Without their aid I should have failed my trust!

But that was long ago! And here was the biter bit. One of those who had come to my aid in those dread days found himself in the same position. The wording of his appeal was almost identical. The same anxiety and worry permeated every word, the same hope was there that an immediate response would be forthcoming to his appeal. I pictured him as I had been, harassed, worried, sleepless and distraught. It would be so easy for me to ignore his call on this sunny afternoon on the beach, so easy to let him face his difficulties alone.

The memory of my own dilemma and his own kindness forced my hand: I simply *had* to respond to the appeal of my successor in the editorial chair to write something for the October issue of *The Gryphon*.

And here it is!

C.N.F.

[NOTE.—If the writer of the above really feels for us as he says, we are bound to protest that his contribution is disgustingly inadequate with regard to space.—Ed.].

LEEDS UNIVERSITY Old Students' Association.

Notes from Headquarters.

THE Editor's request for matter has reached me while on holiday and these notes are written as I sit on the beach and give advice on the architecture of sand castles. This will perhaps explain their brevity. It is hardly a suitable time to discuss Christmas Dinners, but it has to be done as our Annual Dinner is the next event of importance in the O.S.A.

As our members know it is our custom to have the Christmas Dinner on the Saturday before Christmas Day, preceded in the afternoon by the Annual Meeting. This year December 25th falls on a Sunday, and it is impossible for many reasons to hold the Dinner on Christmas Eve. We have, therefore, to decide whether to hold it on the previous Saturday, December 17th, or on the Thursday or Friday before Christmas, December 22nd or 23rd. We want to have it on the day which will suit the majority of members, but it will not be possible to please everyone and we apologise in advance to those who cannot come on the date on which we have to fix.

The committee will be meeting very soon to decide this question and we shall welcome the views of those who will be affected by our decision. We cannot say yet who our guests will be, but we hope that Lord Moynihan will be in the Chair. His term of office as President expires this year and at the Annual Meeting a new President will be elected to whom Lord Moynihan will hand over the reins of office, in person we hope, at the Dinner.

As previously announced in *The Gryphon*, a decorative heading is required for the O.S.A. section of the journal. The editor of the last volume secured from a student contributor a series of such head-pieces for other sections, specimens of which may be seen by turning to other pages of this issue. No response has been received from old students to the appeal in the May issue for a design, although the O.S.A. Committee has a suggestion in hand. A decoration suggestive of the Association's activities is wanted.

London*Letter.

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. G. HELPS,

18, Churchill Avenue,
Kenton, Middlesex.

We ended the last session with the Annual General Meeting, preceded by a Luncheon. There were about forty members present, and after the formal business was over we dispersed to meet again in the evening for a theatre party.

The following members of Committee were elected :—

President : Lord MOYNIHAN.

Vice Presidents : Mrs. CHAPMAN, Professor SMITHELLS,
Miss CROWTHER, Mr. WEBSTER.

Hon. Treasurer : Mr. G. HELPS.

Committee : Miss FOGGITT. Dr. BEST.
Miss FORSYTH. Mr. BLAIR.
Miss GRAY. Dr. DUDLEY.
Miss TURNER. Mr. MACMASTER.

Ex-officio : Mr. HOLLINGS.

So far we have made no definite arrangements for our Twenty-first Birthday Year, but members will be circulated after the first Committee Meeting in September. In accordance with Lord Moynihan's wishes we have decided to postpone the Celebration Dinner until the New Year.

[Dr. Shaw informs us that as she is leaving London, the Branch is for the moment without Secretary: correspondence should be addressed temporarily to Mr. Helps].

Merseyside Letter.

Hon. Secretary : Mrs. E. M. WORMALD,

25, Buckingham Avenue,

Sefton Park,

Liverpool.

As our Branch has been "resting" for several weeks during the holiday season there is little to relate.

Before that we had been flourishing quite well, though we should have been decidedly fortified if a few more of our sleeping members had made their presence felt at some of our gatherings.

It is certainly a regrettable fact that our Branch as a whole shows two marked failings—to wit, a distressing disinclination for the simple sport of walking, and a surprising lack of interest in the joys of the table. As proof of which let it be stated that our fortnightly rambles throughout the summer term were supported by two or three stalwarts only, while only six people volunteered to come to our Annual Dinner—and, as they were all on the committee and saw each other often enough without paying 3/6 for the privilege, we decided to cancel it.

However, I hope our past lapses will be remedied by a tremendous show of enthusiasm in the coming season.

By the time this letter appears we shall have had a General Meeting at the above address on September 29th, to discuss our winter programme. All the brilliant suggestions which are forthcoming then will duly appear in the next number of *The Gryphon*.

Meantime, if any more old students have come to adorn Merseyside I hope they will let me know so that I can send them information of our activities.

We are extremely sorry we can no longer hope to have Professor Bellerby at any of our meetings. To everyone's regret he has resigned from the Chair of Economic Science at Liverpool University. He intends to devote all his time to working in the cause of world peace. In addition he has been nominated Socialist parliamentary candidate for Cambridgeshire. We all wish him the greatest success in his splendid activities.

Another of our members, Dr. A. S. Parkinson, has also left Liverpool—unhappily for us—to practise in Hastings. We wish him, also, every success.

While mourning our losses, however, we must duly rejoice in a notable gain, in the person of the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Moscrop (Catherine Pickles, 1919-23). We extend to the said Miss Sylvia Dorothy a hearty welcome to our Branch, and to her parents our combined congratulations.

We shall soon have sufficient descendants among us to have an annual children's party.

Meantime, I hope everyone will make a special effort to get together this winter.

Mrs. E. M. WORMALD,
Hon. Sec.

Birmingham Letter.

Hon. Secretary: A. L. WILLIAMS,

City Analysts' Dept.,
152, Gt. Charles St.,
Birmingham.

Tel.: Central 7000.
Extension 298.

Each year our Summer Meeting seems to surpass the previous one. This year we chartered a motor coach which started from Coventry, and after picking up the Birmingham contingent, proceeded to Hartlebury Common, where we had a picnic lunch. Then to Bewdley, where we deserted the coach and walked along the bank of the Severn to Arley. Such glorious sunshine, wonderful scenery and of course such delightful company—what more could one wish! With hearty appetites we devoured the tea (complete with many midgets I'm afraid) which awaited us at Arley.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ryder, whose idea it was, and who acted as guides, we extend our thanks. It was unfortunate that on Hartlebury Common, a frisky pony should have felt such an ardent desire to jump over Mr. Ryder's car that it drove the shaft of its cart through the rear window. Thanks to the fact that it was safety glass, however, the occupants suffered no injury.

We regret to hear that we are to lose our Hon. Treasurer, Miss Maude, but hope that her new appointment will prove all that she desires. Gradually, our little band of "the faithful" diminishes. How unlucky we are!

Will members please note the Secretary's new address given above? I hope to arrange that the next meeting will be preceded by a visit to the new laboratories here.

A.L.W.

News of Old Students.

ANDERSON.—Frank W. Anderson (Geology, 1923-27), now lecturer at University College, Southampton, was a member of an expedition to Iceland organised by the University of Cambridge this summer.

BELLERBY.—John R. Bellerby was adopted as prospective Parliamentary candidate for Cambridgeshire by the Cambridgeshire Labour Party in July.

BIRCH.—T. A. Birch (English, 1914-17) is joint author of a little book received from Montreal: "A Higher English Course for French-Canadian Students."

BOYLE.—John Boyle (Law, 1927-30), passed the Law Society's final examination held in June, and in addition was awarded two prizes to the value of £34.

CAMPBELL.—O. F. M. Campbell (Arts, 1929-32) has accepted the pastorate of the Fuller Baptist Church, Kettering.

FAIRLEY.—Dr. Barker Fairley (Mods., 1904-07) has been appointed to the Henry Simon Chair of German Language and Literature in the University of Manchester.

HARTFALL.—Stanley J. Hartfall (Science, 1923; Med., 1926) has been appointed Leverhulme Research Scholar, Royal College of Physicians, the tenure of the appointment being at Guy's Hospital, London, S.E. Present address: 34, Birchington Road, West Hampstead, N.W. 6.

HILLMAN.—By the will of the late Dr. G. B. Hillman, £1,000 was left to the University to found a "Hillman Prize" in Clinical Medicine.

HOOPER.—A. G. Hooper (Ph.D., English, 1932) has been awarded a Commonwealth Fund Scholarship for research in Middle English at Yale.

HUSBAND.—Dr. W. F. Husband (Hon. LL.D., 1924), a former registrar of the University for 35 years (the College from 1876 to 1904, and the University from 1904 to 1911), died at the beginning of August.

MARSON.—Dr. Cecil B. Marson has been appointed Head of the Chemistry Department of the Hull Municipal Technical College.

MATTHEWMAN.—S. Matthewman, formerly of the Swan Press, Leeds, has established a private press for fine books styled the Red Lion Press. Mr. Matthewman contributed largely to *The Gryphon* some years ago, and it was from his press that the two little green-backed "ventures" of the English School came forth.

OWEN.—A report by A. D. K. Owen, Secretary of the Sheffield Social Survey Committee, on the question of employment in the city, was given a long review in the *Yorkshire Post* of August 20th.

PICKERING.—F. P. Pickering (Mods., 1927-30) has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in German at the University of Manchester. Dr. Barker Fairley's appointment as Professor there is noted above. There is thus a double honour for the Leeds German School.

SMITH.—A by-election at Dulwich in June, resulted in the return to Parliament of the Conservative candidate, Mr. Bracewell Smith (B.Sc., 1908).

TIBBLE.—"John Clare: a life, by J. W. and Anne Tibble" (Cobden Sanderson, 1932) has been well received by the press, and had the honour of a full page leading review in *The Times Literary Supplement* of June 9th. Both Mr. and Mrs. Tibble (formerly Mabel Anne Northgrave) were members of the English School in the early twenties. See *The Gryphon* for November, 1921.

BIRTHS.

APPLEYARD.—To Mr. H. (Colour Chemistry, 1919-23) and Mrs. Appleyard, at 14, Wilton Road, Pendleton, Salford, on 25th April, a daughter, Barbara.

HETHERINGTON.—To the Rev. J. Guy (H.O.R., 1925-27) and Mrs. Hetherington (formerly Ella Mary Huxtable, Arts, 1924-26), at St. George's Rectory, Antigua, British West Indies, on 18th July, a son, George Anthony.

VERSEY.—To Dr. H. C. (Geology, 1911-15 and Geology Staff) and Mrs. Versey, on 8th September, a daughter. Address: 21, Sholebroke View, Leeds.

MARRIAGES.

GARDNER-PIGG.—Geoffrey Harold Gardner (Elec. Engineering, 1920-23) to Linda Pigg, at St. Paul's, Whitley Bay, on 4th June.

HEYWORTH-MURGATROYD.—Clifford Heyworth to Doreen Murgatroyd (Science and Education, 1923-27) at Bingley Baptist Church, on February 25th, 1932.

JOHNSON-GILCHRIST.—Ernest Norman Johnson (Col. Chem., 1920-29) to Margaret McIntyre Gilchrist, at Stonelaw Church, Rutherglen, near Glasgow, on June 6th, 1932.

Mr. Johnson was a student in the Colour Chemistry Department from 1920-24, and research assistant to Mr. P. E. King from December, 1925 to February, 1929.

SHAW-DE LA RUE.—On Wednesday, August 3rd, 1932, at St. Paul's Church, Guernsey, Channel Islands, by the Rev. Harry Shaw, father of the Bridegroom, and the Rev. Charles Taylor, M.A., Harry B. Shaw, M.A. (Dumelm.), M.Ed. (Leeds), F.R.G.S., Headmaster of the Hulme Grammar School for Boys, Oldham, to Joyce M. S. de la Rue, only child of Walter de la Rue, Esq., of "Hyndman," Brock Road, Guernsey, and of the late Mrs. de la Rue. Present address: "Edale," 43, College Road, Oldham.

Mr. Shaw will be remembered as the Editor of *The Gryphon* in 1923, a member of the Union Committee, and a Captain in the Territorial Army attached to the University O.T.C.

STAPLETON-WOOD.—Herbert Hugh Stapleton (L.D.S., 1923) of "Altona," Hockliffe Street, Leighton Buzzard, to Ida Eunice, third daughter of Mrs. Wood, of "Pendennis," Legsby Avenue, Grimsby, at Old Clee Church, Cleethorpes, on Saturday, 23rd July.

WALLIS-SCUPHAM.—Charles Edward Wallis to Marjorie Scupham (English, 1919-23), at St. Thomas's, Market Rasen, Lincs., on 12th August, 1931. Address: 25, County Gate, New Eltham, S.E. 9.

ENGAGEMENT.

The engagement has been announced of Mr. A. E. INGHAM, formerly Reader in Mathematics, now of King's College, Cambridge, and Miss ROSE M. TUPPER-CAREY (M.Sc., Botany).

DEATHS.

BRIGGS.—Dr. William Briggs, who died in June, was one of the earliest graduates from the Yorkshire College (Science, 1878-83), and a life-member of the O.S.A. He was principal of the University Correspondence College.

DUNLOP.—John Dunlop (Arts, 1923-26), H.M. Vice-Consul at Shanghai, died at Shanghai, in June, after a serious injury received in a motor car accident.

L.U.O.S.A. SUMMER TOUR, 1932.

Grindelwald.

Tales I could tell, hair-raising like Othello's
 Of knife-edge climbs, and brave, heroic fellows,
 Of hanging by one's whiskers on a ledge,
 Or crawling down crevasses after Sledge,
 Of ladder mounts and sundry other nice-acts,
 Of Mr. Grist's new rope and fearsome ice-axe,
 Of goats and Germans, wine and beer and fried egg,
 Or rhapsodize on Mönch and Kleine Scheidegg,
 But no, though Art be long, yet life is fleeting,
 And when we've quenched our thirst, we fall to eating,
 At least your traveller does, and when in Rome,
 One soon forgets the habits learnt at home.
 Nought marred the journey out, not even rain,
 Though Ramsden nearly missed the London train,
 And as the siren bellowed its boom hearty,
 We raised on high a parting, glad Kumati,
 The sea was like a pond, so calm and still,
 Not even Mrs. Halliday was ill.
 Dieppe and Customs—not the slightest fuss,
 Would that all travelled honestly like us!
 The rest was easy, just one long, long thirst,
 We drank and drank, yet somehow no one burst,
 A tribute to the brew that Mrs. Grist
 Poured out unceasingly with generous fist.
 And Grindelwald, the vale of sunny smiles!
 How praise thy beauty, how describe thy wiles?
 What Muse of earth were fit to sing of thee?
 Great Scott! this sounds too much like poetry!
 Gertcher! Grüss' Gott! those lines I'd gladly filch back
 To sing the homelier tune of Grund and Milchbach,
 Of crags that Connie scaled like some young tiger,
 Careless alike of Wetterhorn or Eiger,
 Of how Diana, even minus quiver,
 Shot down a glacier wall without a shiver,
 While Hilda's knowledge put us in the way
 When all Will's lore had led us far astray,
 And Mills, I'm sure, will gladly tell you how he
 Found more than water bright at Rosenlauri.
 Vast is the theme, no less than Orphean lyre
 Could tell the tale, and poet's pen inspire,
 Crag, precipice, swift stream, and deep crevasse,
 At various times at varying speeds we pass.
 The sternest handicap of all the batch
 Was simply this—we started all from scratch,
 And iodine and anti-midge reveal
 Pale yellow spots of woe and heaps of weal!
 And here's a fact I think I ought to mention,
 We got some glorious specimens of gentian,
 And many another flower *glacialis*,
 Like *hic, haec, hoc, idem* and *talis qualis*,
 Though Dr. Sledge was not the least tyrannical
 In matters scientific and botanical.

The ladies, too, were always in the van.
They climbed, they walked, they swam like any man.
Each vied with each, not merely as a tongue-Frau,
And Nancy wept because she missed the Jungfrau.
While May, although *in statu pupillaris*,
Missed nothing out from Trümmelbach to Paris,
And taught her mentor (what one ne'er forgets)
The gentle art of smoking cigarettes:
While Betty said, just like another Howard,
"Thank God, when climbing peaks, I am no coward,"
And Mary shone as practised mountaineer,
As when she danced at Bear and Belvedere.
The horse-flies loved them too, as nice and juicy,
If anything, I think they favoured Lucy.
'Twas sad to hear the insect called a villain
By Marjorie and all the clan Macmillan.
And all the while, in trouble or in toil,
We turned to Mrs. Grist, whose balm and oil
And cheering word and genuine concern
Advised and soothed and helped at every turn.
Should one, one wonders, give our list of trips,
Like Homer's famous catalogue of ships?
Should one continue in the Virgil strain,
And weep with Dido o'er her impious swain?
Should one recount the bitterest of ills,
And sing of Dutchmen and of broken Mills?
Good gracious! No! I'm certain old Melpomene
Was never wooed by Leodensian dominie.
But oh! the thirst, the bitter, cruel thirst,
That never vanished though we drank to burst!
Tea and more tea, then for a change some tea,
Tea long, tea short, expensive, cheap or free:
The tea that 'taks a firm grip o'third watter'
From Kleine Scheidegg on to Schynige Platte.
And luncheon baskets oft contained a spare egg
To feed the goats at Bonern or at Bäregg.
But when the worst is past, no trouble rankles.
Forgotten peeling arms and swollen ankles,
Forgotten that we almost needed stretcher
When trying to get off the Oberer Gletscher,
Forgotten all the moments apprehensive
Because a single bath was so expensive.
Rather recall the wine, forget the vinegar,
Remember Jungfrau, recollect the Schynige.
Who shall forget the fair Mathildenspitze,
Where five bright mortals nearly lost their wits?
Who shall forget the gruesome, direful hiss
When Nancy slithered down the precipice?
Forget how Ramsden blew, without a scowl, horn,
And led his midnight party up the Faulhorn?
Forget...but time is up, the whistle blows,
The happy band must leave the eternal snows.
Another year! if grist comes to the mill,
May we all meet for higher triumphs still!

W. J. HALLIDAY.



Mr. J. H. [illegible]



Mr. J. H. [illegible]



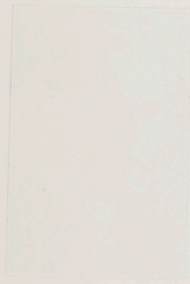
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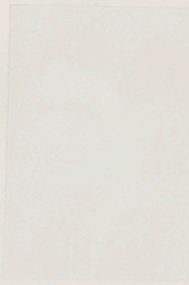
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Mr. J. H. [illegible]



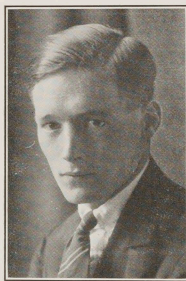
Mr. J. H. [illegible]



Geoffreys

C. N. FRANK.

Leeds



Podmore

F. HAYTON.

Colne



Lonnergan

MISS C. B. VOASE.

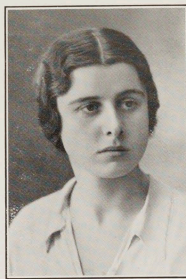
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Lonnergan

J. BALMER.

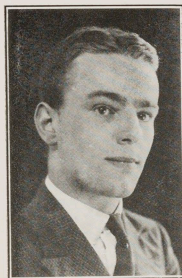
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Lonnergan

MISS M. BARRACLOUGH.

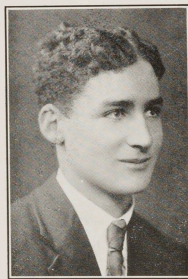
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Geoffreys

N. GILL.

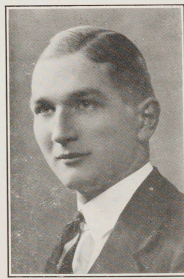
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Brittenden

D. W. SMITH.

Leeds



Brittenden

R. T. RUSHTON.

Leeds

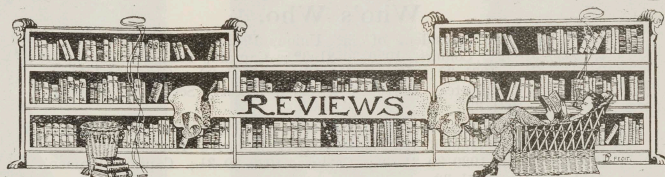
Who's Who.

- F. HAYTON, B.A. (President of the Union, 1932-33). 1st XV Rugger, 1929-30-31-32; Colours, 1929-30-31-32; Captain, 1931-32; Yorkshire County Cap, 1931-32; Union Committee, 1931-32; General Athletics Executive Committee, 1931-32; French Society Secretary, 1930-31; President, 1931-32.
- Miss C. B. VOASE (Vice-President of the Union and President of the Women's Representative Council, 1932-33). 1st XI Women's Hockey; Women's U.A.U. Team, 1929-30-31-32; Colours, 1929-30-31; Captain Women's Athletic Club, 1931-32.
- C. N. FRANK (Secretary of the Union, 1932-33). Union Committee, 1931-32-33; Member of Social Service Committee, 1930-31 and *Gryphon* Committee, 1930-31; Editor of *The Gryphon*, 1931-32; Secretary-Jobmaster University Group of Toc H, 1931-32.
- J. BALMER, B.Sc. (General Athletics Secretary, 1932-33). 1st XI Hockey, 1929-30-31-32; Colours, 1930-31-32; Secretary, 1930-31; Captain, 1931-32; Yorkshire County Cap, 1931-32; 1st XI Cricket, 1930-31-32; Colours, 1932; Secretary, 1931; Captain, 1932; Member U.A.U. Team, 1931-32; Union Committee, 1931-32.
- N. GILL, B.Sc. (President Men's Representative Council, 1932-33). Union Committee and M.R.C., 1930-31-32; Secretary M.R.C., 1931-32; Sales Secretary, 1930-31-32; Debates Committee, 1929-30; Secretary Natural History Society, 1929-30; Student Chairman, 1930-31.
- R. T. RUSHTON (President Medical Students' Representative Council, 1932-33). Rugger Club, 1927-28; Medical School Rugger Club, 1930-31-32; O.T.C., 1927-28-29-30-31-32; Rag Committee, 1931-32.
- Miss M. BARRACLOUGH (President Medical Women's Representative Council, 1932-33). 1st XI Women's Hockey, 1928-29-30-31-32; Treasurer, 1930-31; Captain, 1931-32; Medical Society Union Committee, 1931-32; Rag Committee, 1930-31; Entertainments Committee, 1931-32; Medical Women's Representative Council, 1930-31-32; Student Christian Movement Committee, 1931-32.
- D. W. SMITH (President Dental Students' Representative Council, 1932-33). 1st XV Rugger, 1930-31; Lacrosse XII, 1931-32; Dental Hospital Cricket XI, 1931-32.

Hackney, E.5.

This is more than a gesture, this lying rigid,
 Head involved by the gleams that rinse my window:
 Thus to stir as a child in threshing womb-cords,
 Torn from sustenance, turned in thoroughly voided
 Ecstasies to submit my runes to the Voice
 That skates this eyeless traffic along the nightway.
 Near and near, not nearer, fret on the brain-skin
 Tongues of wheel-hub and gear with gnomie theme that
 Spikes the loins and shakes off the clutching bowels
 Till marrow swills to a level, whitely rocking.
 What, out there, do they seek? But I am helpless.
 And if the ordered shredding of night is now,
 And if this terrible panoply has no term,
 And if they would seek out her strict white body for plunder,
 If at the price of her strength we redeem our endeavour,
 Then I must make the appropriate gesture, meekly
 Turn myself to the loom and weave her absolution.

J.H.H.



The Truth About Christianity.

FOR a book originally published in 1895 to run into its eleventh edition 36 years later is indeed proof of its merits. Over 50,000 copies of this work by Lieut.-Colonel Turton have already been sold, and, in addition, special editions have been printed in Japanese, Italian, Chinese and Arabic. Continual revision has brought the book well up to date and modern problems and difficulties are discussed side by side with those hindrances to belief which have troubled men throughout the centuries.

The Truth about Christianity is an attempt to summarize logically and concisely the arguments for and against the Christian Faith. That is a gigantic task requiring careful analysis of evidence, a wide knowledge of other beliefs and an appreciation of the agnostic and atheistic outlook: it involves extensive study and a real insight into past and current thought and philosophy. Colonel Turton has succeeded in this task in spite of its magnitude, for, as he says, a religion that claims to be the only true one in the world, founded by God Himself and holding the key to all problems, is certain to be assailable at a great many points. In this handy epitome of nearly all conceivable arguments in support of Christianity, the author discusses those many difficulties in a manner that has earned the approbation not only of all Catholics and Protestants alike, but of agnostics and atheists. We would only disagree with Colonel Turton's final conclusions to the effect that the truth of the Christian religion is *extremely probable* on the grounds that, although the difficulties of accepting Christianity are great, the difficulties of rejecting it are far greater. On his own showing, we believe that the truth of Christianity has been proved up to the hilt.

C.N.F.

By Lieut.-Colonel W. H. TURTON, D.S.O. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. Ltd. 2/- net.

As I See Religion.

THE title of this book may lead the reader to think that the author is discussing his own outlook on religion in such an individualistic manner as to lay him open to accusations of a desire to bare the secrets of his soul to a public ever ready to gaze with a somewhat morbid curiosity into the inmost recesses of a man's religious experience. But as Dr. Fosdick sees religion is only as countless thousands are seeing it to-day, and in this most interesting book he is trying to explain the religious outlook of a multitude. The book is only personal in so far as it happens that his own views coincide with many of his contemporaries.

As *I See Religion* will come as a surprise to those who have read the author's excellent little work on *The Meaning of Prayer*; his attitude towards that fundamental question was in complete harmony with orthodoxy. Now this same author attempts to confound the orthodox and to replace the garnered experience of the Christian society over the centuries with a personal experience of religion capable of psychological analysis. Whether one is a Christian or not, he declares, does not primarily depend on the acceptance or rejection of the orthodoxies of official church or creed: whether one really is a Christian or not depends on whether one accepts or rejects Jesus' attitude towards personality. To all other aspects of Christianity, Dr. Fosdick sees parallels in other religions: it is only in our Lord's attitude towards the individual soul that he sees the fundamental difference between the Christian Faith and heathenism. And yet he would break up the very foundations of that Christian Faith by denying the indispensability of "old cosmologies, doctrines of Biblical infallibility, miracles like virgin birth or physical resurrection" and by declaring that there is no such thing as a true Church. He contradicts himself almost in the same breath by agreeing that "doctrine is important" and that "in religion we want the best churches and the truest thinking we can get," although, in his view, these are all secondary to the fountain head of religion, "an individual psychological experience."

We would agree with Dr. Fosdick that personal experience of God is vitally important in the Christian Faith, but would point out that such personal experience, if real, must of necessity guide the believer into the Church, the Body of Christ with its beliefs solidified in creeds and sacraments and with its emphasis on the fact that Christianity, as a religion of life and love, requires a social, communal experience as well as a personal experience, since men can neither live nor love alone.

C.N.F.

By H. E. FOSDICK. S.C.M. Press. 5/- net.

Patins.

MR. HEPPENSTALL has a well developed poetic technique and a poet's sensibility. He owes something, I imagine, to his readings in French poetry of the 19th century and especially in Charles Baudelaire, one of the greatest and most subtle of all the poets of modern times, but his own sensibility is original and flows out into satisfying images and flexible rhythms and into imaginative colour.

I can find no trace here of any direct imitation of Gerard Hopkins, though Mr. Heppenstall's essay on this poet recently won a University prize. This imitation of Hopkins was erroneously detected, rather patronisingly, in his work by the sapient critic of a Yorkshire paper; but I detect in the "highbrow" critics of the Leavis clique an inclination to repeat the names of Hopkins and Eliot at all seasonable and unseasonable times, like parrots. Hopkins and Eliot are both great poets, but the present tendency to make them the shibboleths of a supercilious clique is very unhealthy. Some of Mr. Heppenstall's poems show much greater achievement and maturity than others. "Sonya," and "Justification" are not much, but "Perfection" and "L'Orangerie, Strasbourg" have very great beauty and "Walderauschen," which appeared once in this journal, is a remarkable poem, fresh, original and thrilling, with its fine beginning—

Let him not speak of joy who never lay
Upon the grass of Robertsav in May,
Burned through and through with streams of hot blue light.

and its mingling of all manner of musics of air and river and wood. These poems are full of that delight in the living image in which the essence of poetry lies.

I hope Mr. Heppenstall will cling to his images and not be led astray into following the fashionable substitution of algebra for imagination. The image is the word made flesh; it is the life-blood of poetry. Much may be hoped of any poet who surrenders himself whole-heartedly to the Muse—who can write

A fountain traces endless arches there

or—

Moss-covered phoenixes stare with sightless eyes

or—

Beauty of silvered skies and linden sweetness,
The broken words of winds and running streams,
The dreams of trees and flowers and dark still waters.

or—

Yet burning is the flesh of lilies, cloudy
The breast of doves.....

Here is imaginative life and trustful delight in beauty, without which mere cleverness is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

C.R.

By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL. (Literary Guild, 2/-).

A Guide to General Practice.

MEDICAL Students who are contemplating taking up general practice will do well to read this interesting little book. As the author points out in his preface there is a "dangerous hiatus between the intensive hospital education of the medical student and the hard-won self-education of the experienced medical practitioner," and his book will be of particular value, in as much as there are few such convenient guides to this aspect of the medical profession.

The author deals in detail with the procedure of choosing and entering a partnership and has a particularly interesting chapter describing the difficulties which the young and inexperienced practitioner has to face when dealing with unhelpful patients. His book is eminently readable.

By A. H. DOUTHWAITE, M.D., F.R.C.P. (Lond.). H. K. Lewis & Co. Ltd. 4/6 net.

A Shorter Surgery.

"A SHORTER Surgery" is a concise text-book which will be particularly useful to students who wish to gain a bird's-eye view of the subject, or who desire to use some general guide in conjunction with a more detailed work.

The author lays emphasis upon the practical side of his science without omitting such theoretical knowledge as is necessary for examination purposes. A feature of the work is the abundance of illustrations, which are conveniently opposite the matter with which they deal.

By R. J. McNEILL LOVE, M.B., M.S. (Lond.), F.R.C.S. (Eng.). H. K. Lewis & Co. Ltd. 16/- net.



MUSIC SOCIETY.—For the benefit of Freshers it would perhaps be best to begin with a description of the various functions of the Society.

There are two sections—a chorus and an orchestra, both under the conductorship of Mr. E. W. Allam, the University Lecturer in Music. The Chorus meets each Thursday in the Great Hall at 5-15 p.m. It is not limited in size and everyone is welcome. There are no terrifying auditions to affright the faint-hearted. In the Orchestra, which meets every Friday at 5-15 p.m., in the Old Physics Laboratory, there are vacancies for all instruments. We are especially in need of violas and wood wind, as well as a double bass player, for whom we can supply an instrument. As in the case of the Chorus there are no auditions.

For the non-performing members of the Society we hold Gramophone Recitals about once a fortnight, announcements of these being made on the Notice Board. This year we are hoping to make an innovation by having Mid-day Recitals provided by our own members, as distinct from the University Mid-day Recitals, but the details are not yet fixed. A further announcement will be made later.

Instead of giving a Chorus Recital and an Orchestra Recital as last year we intend to combine the two, as is announced in the programme of University Mid-day Recitals. On the other hand, instead of giving one full evening concert we hope to give two. The first will take place towards the end of this term, and will consist of two or three choral and orchestral items and a number of individual items by members of the Society. The second Concert, in March, will consist of two or three major works for chorus and orchestra, but the programme has not yet been decided.

It has been suggested that the date of the Social be moved from January to the end of October and opinions on this matter would be helpful.

The Annual Subscription to the Society is 2/-. Any further information can be obtained from the Secretaries, Miss D. H. Brierley or Mr. E. B. Tinney, *via* the pigeon-holes. E.B.T.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.—The Debating Society, not yet having emerged from the Long Vacation, a report of its proceedings is out of the question and this brief note is merely an exhortation to Freshers. Once more we would reiterate that whoever you are, however old, however young, whatever your sex, your interests, your abilities, you belong to the Debating Society. You cannot help yourself. Undergraduate membership of the University implies membership of the Union and that in turn implies membership of the Debating Society. In the nature of things a Yorkshireman always takes advantage of any privilege he may possess so we have no fears that the Society will lack support in the ensuing session. In addition to the Annual Inter-Varsity Debate, debates are to be held this term at Devonshire Hall, Weetwood Hall and the Medical School. Mid-day debates will be held once a fortnight. The opening debate is to be held on October 10th, at 5-15 p.m., the motion under discussion being that "The Existence of the Modern University is a Menace to Cultural Development." Given a large crowd of people who, although not lacking in restraint, are not too self-conscious, an extremely interesting discussion should result.—S.G.E.

L.U. GUIDE CLUB.—The Guide Club was formed some years ago so that students who were coming up to the University might not lose touch with the movement. Since then we have found that there are many students who, though non-Guides, are yet interested in Guide activities, so that membership is now open to any woman student who is fond of camp-fair,

Bird-study, First-aid, and the other numerous branches of our work and amusement. The Club is represented at the District Meetings, where we have a vote in the affairs of our District. County Headquarters are watching our progress, so turn up at the meetings and show the world that we are by no means the least of the University Societies. Notices are posted up regularly in the Women's Rooms. Subscription 1/6. Tea is provided before each meeting at a small charge.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.—The year's work of the International Society was once more brought to a close by a successful Conference. With examinations over, members were able to enjoy a delightful and interesting week-end at Marlborough House Hydro, Ilkley.

During the afternoon of Friday, June 24th, Senor and Senora Penzol cordially received all delegates to the Conference, and the geniality and unflinching interest of our Host and Hostess, in the various activities added in no small degree to the success of the Conference. During Friday evening, Mr. S. Suvi, President of the International Society, reviewed the year's activities and indicated the importance and value of such a Conference among students of various nationalities.

Space does not permit a full account of the lectures that were given, but it is enough to state that approximately an hour of discussion followed each lecture, demonstrating that the subjects were of paramount importance and interest.

The following will help to indicate the programme of the Conference:—

Saturday, 10-0 a.m. "Germany: her Political Development after the War and the

Outlook on the Probable Future." Herr Walther Wellmann.

Saturday, 2-0 p.m. "The Franchise Report." Dr. Fernandez.

Sunday, 10-0 a.m. "International Relations within the University." Led by Mr.

Warren Scott.

Sunday, 9-0 p.m. "Russia." Mr. Edwin Barker.

The social activities which were held on Friday and Saturday evenings were highly successful. Thanks are due to those who so kindly helped towards the entertainment with individual efforts.

A committee was appointed to give a Report of the Conference and it is fitting to quote a few words from this:—

"We feel that the true spirit of the Conference was met with, especially as regards the many little groups which were formed voluntarily to discuss particular problems. Also, in discussion, it was good to see both English and Foreign students accepting keen criticism of their own particular weaknesses. Finally, it was gratifying to note the keenness which all members displayed as regards the Youth Movement and International Peace Movements."

We ask you, fellow student, to join this Society to promote International Friendship and goodwill that will result in World Peace. If you are not already a member, pigeon-hole the Secretary immediately. A programme of events (lectures, rambles and socials) will be sent to you for a small membership fee of 1/6.—G. B. WYNNE, Hon. Sec.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—A full and interesting programme has been arranged for this session and many interesting speakers have accepted invitations to visit us. It is hoped, in conjunction with the Dramatic Society to persuade Mr. John Drinkwater to speak at one of our meetings.

Do not get the idea that the Society is highbrow and that we spend all our time in chuckling over apt Latin quotations or in discussing academic questions. We are a social force in the University and our Tea Dance in the Great Hall last year was one of the successes of the year. We hope to repeat it, possibly this term.

Meetings are held on alternate Mondays during the first two terms and details of them are to be found in the syllabus, obtainable from the Secretaries or from members of the committee. Notices are also posted up before each meeting. Freshers are very welcome indeed. Let them stalk boldly into our gatherings and be welcomed by the infectious atmosphere of friendship exuded by all our members. Anyone needing further details should apply to any of the officials, or alternatively slip a note into the pigeon-holes for one of the two Secretaries, Miss K. Bradley and Mr. G. Baron.—G.B.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY.—The session will be opened with a meeting in Emmanuel Church Institute on the 13th October, at 5-15 p.m., when the speaker will be the Lord Bishop of Ripon. The Study Group will meet, as usual, on alternate Thursdays at 8-0 p.m., commencing on October 20th, when a paper will be read by the Rev. T. A. Lee, Vicar of Chapel Allerton. The meetings this year will probably be held in the University Buildings, as it is no longer convenient for them to take place at Emmanuel Vicarage. The Society is very grateful to Mr. Watson for his delightful hospitality during past years. A series of four addresses has been arranged to be given in Emmanuel Church at 1-20 p.m. during this term, under the title "Heroes

of the Oxford Movement." The first address will be on October 17th, when the Rev. H. E. Symonds, C.R., will speak about Cardinal Newman. This course is open to all and should be particularly interesting in view of the fact that the year 1933 marks the Centenary of the Oxford Movement.

The first Corporate Communion of the term will be celebrated in Emmanuel Church on November 1st, at 7-30 a.m., and it is hoped that all Anglican members of the University will endeavour to be present. Breakfast will be served in the Refectory for those who require it at the charge of 1/- per head.—R.S.M.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The first meeting of this Society will be held on Monday, October 10th, in the Geography Department. After tea at 5-15 p.m. in the laboratory, the Meeting will be addressed by the President of the Society. Our programme for this session is an exceptionally full one, all the more because Leeds is the 1933 venue for the bi-annual conference of the Inter-Varsity Geographical Association.—N. FISHBURN, Hon. Sec.

SCOUT CLUB.—The past year has been a very auspicious one for the Scout Club, under the able management of Mr. Jack Garnett and his trusty lieutenants. Our membership topped last year's record, and our programme has been most interesting. The outstanding events have been visits from Mr. Earnest Young and Colonel Walton of H.Q., the unforgettable Dinner, and the Christmas Camp, which has come to be the chief social event of the year after the Dinner. Next year promises equally well. Mr. W. P. Welpton enters into his fourth year of office as President. We have visits from Mr. Hubert Martin of H.Q., and Mr. W. D. Wills, M.P., as well as other prominent scouting men. Our camps and hikes should be as good as ever.

One thing we shall miss. Many of our most prominent members have "gone down" this year. We must have Freshers to fill their places—really enthusiastic Freshers, not necessarily scouts (all scouts join as a matter of course), but men of all descriptions who would like to taste of the joys of scouting, with its spirit of friendship and the open air. Come to a meeting and see how you like it. For further information consult the Union Handbook, or drop a note to the Secretary at the pigeon-holes or at Devonshire Hall.—C. E. JOHNSON, Hon. Sec.

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—Once again this Society offers its numerous attractions to all members of the University and particularly to those Freshers whose interest is in those sciences which the Society represents. Last year was very successful from all points of view and we hope that the coming session will be no less satisfactory—so join now and help to make it so. An attractive programme has been arranged and an additional feature for this year is the newly formed Cavendish Federation of Societies whose open meetings should be attended by all Science students.

The rambles organised by the Society are becoming increasingly popular and last year were very well attended. Whatever your department you are almost certain to find a friend on our rambles.

Once again we offer a hearty welcome to all and trust that we shall see a record attendance at our first meeting on Thursday, October 13th, when the President will give an address.—J.H.E.

WOMEN DAY STUDENTS.—The corporate life we hear so much about at the University is easily obtained in a Hostel, but if you are a woman Day Student you will miss it altogether unless you are an active member of the Women Day Students' Association.

This Association exists to provide that social life which makes for unity and good fellowship. Throughout the year we hold among other things, dances, socials, a Christmas Party, and a Professors' At Home.

We begin the year by a Grub Grab to which all Freshers are most cordially invited. Further particulars of this will be posted on the section of the Notice Board in the Women's Rooms reserved for Day Students. I should like this to serve as a reminder to senior students as well as a notice to Freshers.

Support all Day Student functions and do your bit to make the Women Day Students a force in the University life.

MEN DAY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.—The Men Day Students' Association is a comparatively new body, but one of vital importance to all non-resident men at the University. Its aims are to foster the interests of its members to their best advantage, to make day students the important influence that their large numbers justify. There is a tendency for men who are not held together by Hostel life to drift into an attitude of indifference with regard to University affairs, but by welding together day students into one body it is hoped not only to counteract this tendency but to make our organization a real power.

The women have a well-run organization on similar lines, and it is up to the men that they do not fall short of the standard set by the women. A General Meeting will be called early in the term to elect a working committee, and it is expected that all men day students will attend,

CONSERVATIVE SOCIETY.—The Conservative Society hopes for another increase in membership next term, and has arranged an interesting programme. If only students could overcome their political apathy (always the bugbear of our party) we feel sure we could have a vast membership. Surely politics should command some of our attention in these fast-moving times.

At the end of last term Professor Hamilton-Thompson again accepted the post of President, and the following officers were elected :—Miss N. Thompson (Lyddon Hall), Miss O. Turgosse (Westwood Hall), and Mr. D. F. Strudwick (H.O.R.), who will be pleased to answer questions concerning the Society and see new members.—D. F. STRUDWICK.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.—To Freshers, as to old members of the 'Varsity, the S.C.M. extends a hearty welcome. For those who have not had any contact with the movement previously it is as well to state that all who "desire to understand the Christian Faith and live the Christian Life," may count themselves within its fellowship. This broad basis of membership brings together members of all denominations, and many people outside the bounds of organised Christianity in the usually accepted sense. The movement works through small groups rather than through big organised meetings, and its activities consist in a studied consideration of the Christian Faith and its implications in the world.

During the coming winter, in addition to a number of groups studying the Bible and the Christian Faith, a number of people will be meeting regularly to discuss the Christian Message in the international sphere. Another group will be studying the problems of Modern University development, while a third group will meet to consider the message of the Missionary in the world of to-day, making a special study of life and conditions in Africa. Among our other activities for the winter we are planning a Social Study Week-end, and a week-end's concentrated Missionary Study. During the year there will be meetings at intervals on Mondays at 5-15 p.m., the speakers during the first term including Canon Elliott, Vicar of Leeds, and Professor Harvey, who comes new to the University staff. We also include a special week-end for Freshers on October 14th to 16th, details of which will appear immediately. Services and "Quiet Days" held at intervals throughout the winter complete the programme.

Syllabus, membership cards and full information may be obtained from members of the committee, from Robert Nelson, business secretary, or myself.—G. E. ROBERTS, President.

HOSTEL NOTES.

COLLEGE HALL.—The Summer Term, shortest in time, yet the most crowded with events, has spent itself, so it remains but to record its history ere it is effaced altogether by the urgency of the new year, with new faces, new friends, and the novelty of other work.

With our usual cheerfulness we laboured 'neath the stress of exams, a labour deservedly recompensed by the award of several Firsts, whose lucky recipients we congratulate. Hostel Dance, held in the Refectory on June 16th, proved a very enjoyable evening, and the "Good-bye Party" was, if anything, a greater success than usual. After the Going Down Students had entertained Hostel to tea, they produced a series of sketches which reduced the various people depicted to discomfort. And here we must offer our sincerest congratulations to our President and Going Down Students for their work during the past year and wish them the best of luck for the future. We say farewell, also, to our overseas student, Miss Elijah, who has been with us for a year.

Tyke Day and Rag Day saw us turn out almost in full complement, and term closed with Degree Day and the relaxation of the Dance in the evening—a pleasant ending to a happy and eventful year. And now for the future. We extend a welcome to the Freshers who have entered into our midst, and who, we know, will speedily find their level and happiness with us.—A.P.

LYDDON HALL.—Writing Hostel's June notes at the beginning of September almost makes one resolve to keep a reliable diary in future, as dates and things are so illusive. The last three or four weeks of the Summer Term, however, remain in the memory, either as a time of blissful laziness or of high endeavour, according to whether you were a lady of leisure or trainer of the young idea. To either coterie the Summer Dance no doubt stands out as one of the most enjoyable occasions of the year—even the weather was in its most charming mood. The end of term came almost too quickly for most of us, especially for those going down for good. They were given a very jolly send-off at the Good-bye Social, when they were entertained by those of us who will still be Lyddonites next year.

And thus the world wags.

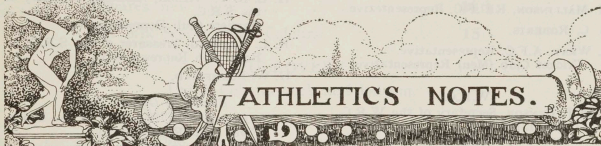
OXLEY HALL.—Students of Oxley Hall passed a busy Summer Term. Our Hall Dance was a great success and was immensely enjoyed by everyone. Later in the term an Appeal Effort was made by Oxley Students in the form of a "Soirée Dansante," which was, on the whole, very well supported. One of the most outstanding events was the presentation made to our Warden, Mrs. Moorman, who has resigned her position. Past and present students of Oxley, and old students of University Hall attended, and our sincere regret was expressed at losing

one who had in the past proved so helpful and sympathetic to us. The Good-bye Dinner was a fitting end to the events of the term. The "going down" students were entertained by the rest of Hall, and all spent a most enjoyable evening.

DEVONSHIRE HALL.—"Hard graft" seemed to be the lot of most Devonians for the bulk of last term—though the last few weeks provided relaxation in various directions. The Summer Dance proved a very enjoyable function: tardy taxis gave several of us visions of "single blessedness." Some of the "old hands," such as Dryden Ruttes, Abe Turnbull and Fred Bell have now departed, but several well worthy of the title of "veteran" still remain. L. A. Westwood is the President of Hostel for the coming session.—W.N.L.

HOSTEL OF THE RESURRECTION.—Memories and anticipations mingle as we assemble at the Hostel for another year's work. There are memories still of Commemoration Day at Mirfield last term, when we were privileged to present the dramatized version of "The Gathering of Brother Hilarius," to some six thousand people, including many friends from the University. There are memories, too, of regretful farewells to a number of newly-fledged graduates whose academic achievements had warranted their passage from the Hostel to the College at Mirfield, where they will study Theology for two years prior to ordination. We bear in remembrance also many happy incidents of the vacation when groups of H.O.R. men have met in walking tours and camps on various corporate jobs.

Our anticipations are concerned in the main with a score of Freshmen who this term will be entering the Hostel (we would like to have said "our fold," but that would involve us in too close an analogy to sheep or even lambs!). Our interest in them will almost reach fever-heat when they are privileged to display their various talents before our critical eyes at the Freshers' Concert a few days hence. Then again, there are anticipations about our Hostel Rugby team which has been restored after the lapse of a year, on such a basis as to allow the University to make the first call on our players. And lastly, we look forward eagerly to seeing, as last year, many students and members of the Staff at the Sung Eucharist in the Hostel Chapel at 10 o'clock every Sunday morning. D. Foulds is the new Senior Student with D. F. Strudwick as Sacristan and P. H. Husbands as Precentor.—C.N.F.



MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.—After a very successful season, especially in the water polo branch of the club, I would like to draw the attention of everybody, particularly Freshers, to the activities of a club which really does something. Whatever your prowess in other fields of sport, everybody, from the 1st Rugby XV man to the all-round rabbit, will derive enormous benefit from one, or, if you are keen, two evenings a week spent at the baths under expert guidance throughout the session. In past seasons one evening a week has been spent in swimming, coaching along with the Women's Club. Some feature of this type will be continued, details of which will be announced later.

Those who are keen on water polo are earnestly recommended to follow the example of the leaders of the club in joining the Leander Winter S.C., which this session will meet every Monday evening at the new Armley Baths.

At the beginning of the term a meeting will be held to recruit new members and decide on the season's activities.

FRESHERS....WATCH THE NOTICE BOARDS FOR PARTICULARS OF THIS MEETING; AND ROLL UP ON THE DAY.

Anyone wishing for further information should put a note for the Hon. Sec. in pigeon hole "S."

R. HORTON SMITH,
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