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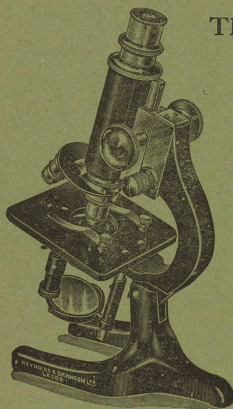


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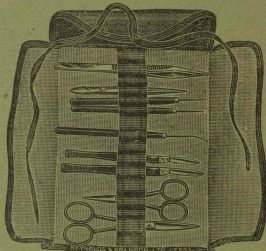
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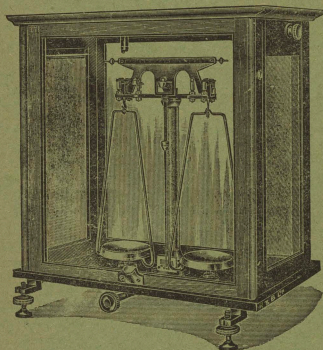


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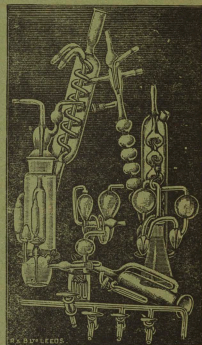
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"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sicke feathers; yet have wee ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when wee know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curtesie which wee have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

Editorial.

STILL it goes on. Despite the exclamation marks of coloured posters, despite the sturdy appeals of the Men Who Matter; in spite of all our pages can do, students as a whole are still a purely negative body. Since the beginning of term there have been innumerable appeals and meetings with the object of getting people together and making the Freshers realise that they are an integral part of the University. Speeches have been made, precedents cited, the future prophesied. The gratified Freshers have listened, some few who excelled in a particular line have joined that activity, and then—the matter has been dropped as far as the others are concerned. Those senior students who remember their own hopes of Bazaar Day and have now sunk into an inglorious obscurity, grin to themselves. Still it goes on.

Yes, Freshers are beginning to realise that those cheery and confidential letters which were circulated during the vacation are a gigantic fraud, that unless they are prominent enough to be on nodding terms with these Men Who Matter, they are of little significance. Now that the glamour of term beginning is over, the habitual apathy which makes the more prominent students ask despairingly Why? has descended like a blanket.

Why, indeed. We say boldly that it is not the fault of the students whose support is desired. You may deliver speeches until the cows come home, you may plaster the notice board until it looks like a particularly amateur bill station; but without the personal touch there will be few results. How easy it is to refer those who are interested to the captain, or the secretary, or the president of this or that institution! How easy to say information may be obtained through the pigeon-holes! And how futile! Yet year after year this method of procedure is adhered to, and apart from the support of those few who are confident in their own ability, nothing accrues. In consequence we have the old complaint that a few enthusiasts carry the burden of everything upon their manly shoulders. You, O Men Who Matter, have never known the overwhelming diffidence and to use an unfashionable word—shyness, which fills the heart of the ordinary, negligible student with horror at the thought of addressing you on his own account. Even now we can hear you laughing at the idea. But unless this is overcome there can be no wholehearted co-operation, no real success.

Let it be granted that many students are too lazy or too indifferent to take an interest in anything outside work—they do not matter—yet there is still a large inarticulate body, not particularly brilliant in any social, sporting, or society line, who are waiting, waiting to supply support and numbers if—at first—nothing else. Surely it is up to those who have already established a niche for themselves to seek this support and make it their own. How often do the groups that gather under the clock or in the lounge throw out a word to the solitary student leaning against the wall or sitting furthest from the fire? He is not only unnoticed: he is cut, since the common bond of studentship should make every man and woman the fellow of the other.

But here we are up against that trait in the English character which forbids one stranger to speak to another during a two hours' railway journey, our celebrated reserve and caution. But as we said, the fact that we are students should be a passport to at least acquaintanceship. Because a student is not a member of your department, club or society there is no reason why he should be ignored. Only by the common bond of social intercourse can that sickening word "apathy" be wiped out. And the first move must come not from those who are victims of our present custom, but from those of assured position.

These remarks are a little serious for such an early stage in the session, but they are inspired by the lament which is already arising, that no one does anything. If the pernicious trait of self-consciousness and reserve can be overcome a habit will be formed which is not only in the interests of the University and its members, but of vital importance in the great Afterwards.

Notes and Comments.

Bazaar Day.

Bazaar Day was the usual hectic rush for both staff and students, but this year we have not had so many stories about the quaint doings of innocent Freshers. Is it that seniors have become more merciful in giving advice, or can it be that we are up against a lot of unusually slick newcomers? Anyway, things seem to be settling down for the winter term, though the boards can still offer something to anyone who cares to leave work for an evening. If there were a tax on all posters, the Appeal Fund would certainly be given a fillip.

The New Buildings.

To the person who has little to do with the new buildings, the most obvious sign that they are near completion is the beautiful curving drive between the Mining and Chemistry blocks. It is, indeed, a pleasure for those who cycle, to speed along this track instead of bumping over the old sleepers, splashing through pools, and dodging lorries. The lawn, too, has sprung up with miraculous celerity, so that next summer the Woodhouse Lane side of the buildings at any rate will look worthy of Leeds.

And Now—Songs.

Well! well! well! We are nothing if not versatile. Mr. W. S. Davies, an Arts student in the second year of his course, is to publish shortly (in conjunction with the firm of Peter Derrick) a song entitled "Reaching for You." We had a vague idea at first that this meant a degree, but a glance at the proof dispelled this foolish notion. However, we wish him every success; and patrons of University dances and socials particularly may soon be acquainted with this song.

Examinations.

The press is again agitating about the iniquities of the examination system, and curiously enough as we were looking through *The Gryphon* files a day or two ago we came across a thundering denouncement of exams. Well, we are willing to listen to reason. If anyone has a practical alternative it is high time it was mooted abroad. But there is no use in indulging in vague blather about the best man giving the worst results in exams. Do *you* know one who ever did?

The Social Side.

We are pleased to note that the number of informal dances and socials is increasing, for there is nothing which encourages the "get together" spirit more than a free-and-easy entertainment of this type. If a vote were taken amongst students, we are prepared to wager that seventy-five per cent. would favour them as opposed to the formal bring-your-partner affair. And since students as a rule are—*cheu!*—practically paupers, the important matter of cash is successfully met. So secretaries and committees, make a note!

Freshers' Smoker.

The Freshers' Smoker this year was none the less entertaining because the usual procession around the town afterwards was discontinued. One or two "bloods" certainly tried to carry on this stupid custom, but—we are glad to say—the Freshers were not interested. In any case, is there any point in trying to show them what lads we are?

Artists!

We should like to appeal to those people who are so adept at producing posters to favour us with some of their work. At present the art of sketching seems to be the prerogative of one person, and though the standard of his work is so excellent, it should not discourage others who have a leaning in this direction. If we have any disciples of Tom Webster, Strube or Fougasse—why then, what about it?

This Is True.

And now listen to this. On Bazaar Day the official of a certain departmental society was trying to recruit a Fresher who had just joined that department. The Fresher was not interested, saying he could derive no benefit from the programme arranged.

"Why? Do you think you know everything there is to know about ——— (the department)?" Said the amazed official.

"Well, I got a scholarship," was the ingenuous reply.

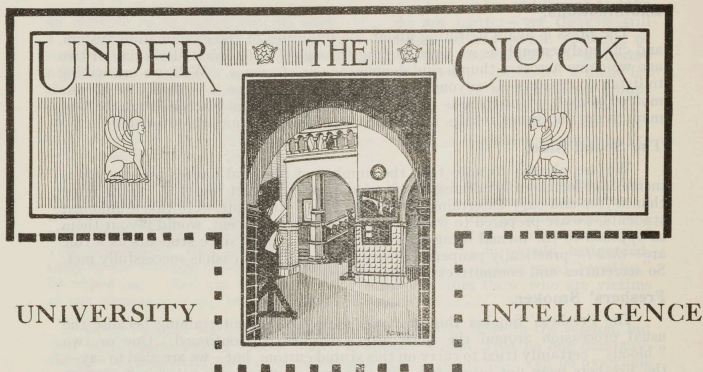
Poor lamb!

Freshers' Debate.

If the Freshers' Debate is any criterion we have a vintage year before us. There was little nervousness and we were delighted to find one man who even after four days of our worldly cynicism, could proclaim "I've been thinking lately....."

Past and Present.

It is pleasing to note the number of articles in this issue by old students. By means of *The Gryphon* it is hoped that a closer link will be forged between past and present students, and that the tendency to drift away from 'Varsity life on going down will be counteracted. Quite apart from the O.S.A., we ourselves are always delighted to receive letters or articles from old students.



Dr. G. W. Watson.

Dr. G. W. Watson, of Leeds, has succeeded Dr. Maxwell Telling to the Chair of Medicine at Leeds. Dr. Watson studied at the Leeds School of Medicine before going to London and Vienna. He was appointed honorary physician to the Leeds Public Dispensary in 1908, and stayed there for ten years, being also honorary physician to the Leeds Tuberculosis Association. In 1912 he was appointed Honorary Assistant Physician at Leeds Infirmary and later Hon. Physician. During the War he was Registrar at the Second Northern General Hospital, Beckett Park, with the rank first of Major and then of Brevet Lieut-Colonel. He was visiting physician to St. James' Hospital, Leeds, for many years. He has been Professor of Clinical Medicine in the University of Leeds since 1925, and upon Dr. Maxwell Telling's recent retirement from the active staff of the General Infirmary, he became senior Honorary Physician there.

Vice-Chancellor's Reception.

The Vice-Chancellor welcomed new students in the Great Hall on October 5th, speaking to them of their opportunities and the purposes of their studies. He advised them to study for the sake of the subject itself, and said that if this were done examinations would prove no great difficulty. The new students were entering on the beginning of independent and responsible citizenship, and it was their duty to seize to the full an opportunity such as only a University could give for advancing knowledge on their own account.

Visit of Prince George.

Towards the end of the vacation we were honoured by a visit from Prince George, who inspected the Mining, Physics and Chemistry blocks. Unfortunately (being vacation) very few students were up, so we were unable to give him the vociferous welcome which in term time would undoubtedly have resulted.

Further Honours for Professor Rowe.

Professor F. M. Rowe, D.Sc., F.I.C., Head of the Colour Chemistry and Dyeing Department at Leeds, has been admitted to the livery of the Worshipful Company of Dyers and to the Freedom of the City of London. Professor Rowe has previously been awarded the Company's gold medal on three occasions for original work in the science of Dyeing.

Mr. J. N. Reedman.

Mr. J. N. Reedman, Lecturer in Economics at Leeds University, has been awarded the Acland Travelling Scholarship, which enables him to spend nine months at Geneva to study economic problems. Mr. Reedman graduated at Leeds as a Bachelor of Commerce, later proceeding to Master of Commerce. Later he was awarded a Fellowship of Sheffield University, where he proceeded Ph.D., since when he has been lecturer in the Economics Department at Leeds.

Presentation to Mr. G. W. Richardson.

During the vacation a presentation was made by the staff and students of the History Department to Mr. G. W. Richardson, M.A., on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Scupham of Oxley Hall; the gift being an electric fire.

Errata.

We regret that in our last issue the name of the donor of the new sports pavilion was given as Colonel C. H. Tetley. We should, of course, have attributed the gift to Mr. C. Tetley, and we take this opportunity of acquainting our readers with the mistake.

Owing to the long space of time between the May and October *Gryphon*, we announced in the latter the engagement of Mr. A. E. Ingham and Miss Rose M. Tupper-Carey. Actually, the happy pair were married during the vacation; the error being due to our having received the engagement notice very early.

Prize Competition.

The New History Society, under the patronage of the International Universities League of Nation Federation, offers three prizes for papers to be written by the students of Universities and Schools of Europe, on the subject of "How can the youth of the Universities and Schools contribute to the realisation of a United States of the world." The prizes are three hundred, two hundred and one hundred dollars. Further particulars may be obtained from *The Gryphon*.

M.R.C.

On Tuesday, October 11th, the M.R.C. Freshers' Smoker was held in the Refec. The President, Mr. N. Gill, welcomed the Freshers on behalf of the M.R.C., and the G.A.S. and the different captains exhorted them to turn out for the 'Varsity clubs, enticing them by promises of a Tour in Scotland, whilst various secretaries extolled their societies. Mercifully the speeches were mixed with entertainment. Vocal and violin solos and panatrope records were enjoyed, Mr. Foss and Mr. Yen amused us with conjuring tricks, and Mr. C. N. Frank entertained us with lightning sketches, with Tetley's Brewery as the "theme song." An enjoyable evening was terminated by a sing-song.

F.E.

Professor Harvey's Inaugural Lecture.

ON Monday, October 17th, in the Great Hall, Professor Harvey delivered his inaugural lecture as Professor of Philosophy, the subject being "The English Tradition in Philosophy." The Vice-Chancellor, the Lord Bishop of Ripon and Professor Gillespie, the retiring Professor, were present.

The Vice-Chancellor, in welcoming the new Professor, said that he knew the Chair of Philosophy would be safe in the hands of such a distinguished writer as Professor Harvey, and that he hoped he would have a long and happy tenure of office, as his predecessor had had.

In beginning his lecture, Professor Harvey said that the last 12 months had been remarkable for the many commemorations of famous philosophers, among whom Hegel and Bentham, Locke and Spinoza were eminent; great thinkers with very different interpretations of the nature of things.

In considering Locke and Bentham, we must ask the question: "Are they characteristic of the English mind?" and if so, "What are the characteristics of their English philosophy?" Both of them, and especially Locke, were representative of English ways of thought, and more still of Englishmen. Moderate in temper, thorough, conscientious, and not without humour, Locke stands as the typical bourgeois Englishman with intellectual gifts. Bentham on the other hand was more odd (which some people say is a very definite characteristic of Englishmen) and his eccentricity was shown in the fact that he was the father of philosophic radicalism. Liked by his younger contemporaries he was accounted dry, shy, inelastic and cogitative, and as such he had the influence of a patriarch and a prophet.

No two English thinkers could be named who wielded so much influence. In them, therefore, the clue to English philosophy lay. Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," with its sober estimate of science had earned for him the title of the "Second Father of Modern Philosophy," and indeed this book was regarded by later thinkers as an origin rather than an influence. Abroad, Diderot, in his enthusiasm for Locke disparaged Malebranche and Descartes. But as a political theorist his influence was greater still, both in contemporary America, and, through Voltaire and Rousseau in Revolutionary France.

Bentham's influence was not so great, his speculations being confined to a much narrower field; but his philosophy of government brought about radical reforms, especially in penal legislation and the spirit of interpretation of English law. He gained a good deal of recognition on the continent as Borrow satirically points out in "The Bible in Spain."

From these two thinkers, Professor Harvey continued, we can see that English philosophers cannot be designated as being in any particular school, as is the popular view, fostered by historians of philosophy. The German historians, especially, have insisted that the tenor of English philosophy has been empirical, as opposed to Continental rationalism. But such a limiting view is wrong, for it seeks to cramp the living history of thought into watertight compartments. Empiricism has been prominent in *British* philosophy, for example in Hume, but, as Professor Muirhead has pointed out even Platonic idealism has had a distinguished following in Cudworth, More, Coleridge, Green, Bradley and Bosanquet. But a closer view of Locke and Bentham will suffice to show that the historian's point of view is quite wrong. Jeremy Bentham, beneath all his ethical empiricism and utilitarianism is more rationalistic than he himself thought, as his "Nature of Religious Knowledge" shows.

Professor Harvey, quoting Dr. Whitehead, then showed that the peculiarity of English philosophy was evident, not so much in the *content* of its thought, but in its *method* of thinking. Its dominant interest lying in the conduct and practice of life; ethical rather than Metaphysical. Bentham dismissed history, Locke, less of an extremist, in his philosophy of human knowledge was pre-occupied with its practice. But on the other hand it is not true, as has been said, that the English philosophers have shown an inaptitude for abstract thought and metaphysics, their strength in this direction has lain in criticism rather than in construction. Bradley's essays in "Truth and Reality" were referred to as an example.

The lecture ended with a most enlightening analogy being drawn between English philosophy and English warfare. Their points of agreement lying in opportunism, small scale operations, and aversion to grandiose constructive plans of campaign. During the present period of belief-disintegration the time was not yet ripe for the acquisition of a solid and central synthetic standpoint which would be in the true tradition of English philosophy.

Professor Gillespie, in thanking his successor for his address, emphasised the valuable lessons which students would receive under the masterly and scholarly tuition of Professor Harvey.

UNION NOTES.

AS these notes are written during the first week of term, there is little to record beyond the success of the Freshers' Social, held in the Great Hall on October 6th. In intervals between dances a large crowd enjoyed items by the Devonshire Hall Crooning Carollers and conjuring by Mr. G. H. Foss, an Old Student, whose work for the Union in the past is gratefully remembered. The guests were received by the President of the Union (Mr. F. Hayton) and Miss C. B. Voase, and appeals to the Freshers for support in the social, athletic and religious activities of the Union and S.C.M. were made by the President, the General Athletic Secretary (Mr. J. Balmer) and Mr. G. C. Roberts. It is difficult as yet to know the result of those appeals, but if any Freshmen have not yet responded! I would remind them that "it is never too late to mend."

The first important social function of the year is the Union Ball, on Friday, October 28th, for which Eric Arden's Band has been engaged. Double tickets, including supper, may be obtained, price 12/6, from the Union Office.

Several students have not yet obtained their Union Membership Cards entitling them to join the athletic clubs and to participate in the other activities of the student body. Cards may be obtained from the Union Office on production of a class ticket.

CEDRIC N. FRANK,
Hon. Sec., L.U.U.

"THE GRYPHON."

Last day for copy Friday, November 18th. Date of publication, Tuesday, December 6th.

... 'Tis Not Hereafter.

IN the privacy of his bedroom John Holmes copied up notes with the automatic precision which comes only from years of practice. The method of his art was to read a paragraph from the volume on his left, gaze at the opposite wall for a few seconds, then jot down a phrase in the neat exercise book by his right hand. With dynamic calm he pursued his way, working with the terrifying persistence which had made him at the head of his year. Occasionally, he glanced at the little clock near the reading lamp to be sure that he was within his schedule of pages per hour.

Five years ago you would have found him in the same position. Hair a little less neat, perhaps, spectacles gold-rimmed instead of tortoiseshell, trousers a little narrower than to-day; but the same purpose and automatic energy would be flooded through this study which had seen every stage of his career. Two years at a University had in no way altered the serious, blinking schoolboy, nor—it seemed—were the coming years in any way to make him a man. Ever since he could remember he had sat in this same chair, until the rail at the bottom was worn thin and the linoleum scored and scored again with the sliding of his heels. His universe centred round this chair. Lectures, the library, his departmental house, were vague and shadowy things compared with the insistent reality of the chair and its immediate surroundings.

So he sat and worked, as he had done for long ages. But once almost imperceptibly his glance faltered, the steady pen wavered. For a few seconds he sat motionless, thinking. For the first time in his life, work was interrupted by a personal problem, and the sensation was not pleasant. Or was it? Yes, he passed that road every morning....who else would it be?....such a friendly smile, not like in town....

He came out of his reverie with a start and applied himself to his work with ostentatious vigour. For the rest of his allotted time he slogged away, then tidied his books, went down to supper with a silent family, and turned in early as was his custom. As he lay in the dark, the problem loomed out from the innumerable scraps and ideas which the day's work had left buzzing in his brain. It was annoying, and must be avoided. Life must not be complicated with these things until he was out of the University and in a good position. There would be plenty of time then. And yet she did not seem the kind of girl he saw so often, neither the flat impersonal creature which was his conception of a university woman, nor the blatant vulgarity of the city. Different, somehow.... But this was an idea, perhaps she was not different if he only knew her better.... it might be policy....a nuisance....Good morning?....not familiar....

* * * *

A week later John Holmes sat in his beloved chair, surrounded by all the familiar things which made up his life. The text was on his left hand, the notebook on his right. But he was using neither, gazing instead earnestly at the blankness of the opposite wall. How many glorious visions had his mind thrown on that wall? The vision of Matriculation was born there, the more glorious vision of a University Scholarship was superimposed, to be replaced by the dazzling and not-to-be-mentioned vision of a First. It was the cinema of John Holmes' life. Now he saw none of these things. The wall reflected—a beret, a girl's beret the colour of a summer sky. By a queer reversal of things, the sky reminded him of her beret. He always thought of her as wearing it, though she seldom did so. Not even the first time he saw her. Queer, but it stuck.

His life, his real life, was only a week old. He was still in a whirl of happiness in which everything but the one central theme was vague and misty, unimportant beside the glorious reality. Should you look for causes, he might have told you that he had spoken to her every day for a week, and that every day she had smiled at him in replying. Causes! That were cause enough to drive a man mad! Like a sickly schoolboy, he took to reading poetry, but soon threw it aside in disgust. It was not a realisation that he, a man of twenty-one was behaving like an ass, but the fact that poetry was flat and second-hand beside his own bounding emotion. What on earth was there good in Shelley, or Herrick, or Keats? Words, words, words. He could not forget that blue....Phyllis. Her name must be Phyllis, she was born Phyllis....how funny, he did not know her name....

The pen dropped with a clatter from his fingers, and he gave himself up to thought. Blue, blue. Like her eyes. Girls are cunning that way. Sweet artfulness! Wonder where she lives, though hardly the thing to ask her. To see her was all he desired, to see her every day for a few seconds, and to see her smile. The lecture hour passed so quickly after that, that he did not glean a single note. Not that it really mattered, for had he not seen her?

With a sigh he looked at the book before him, but not Satan and all his angels could have made him read a line. She must know lots of men—how could a girl like that help it? But none of them were like he was, none of them could possibly *love* her (his English soul shuddered) like he did. Why, if only things could go on for ever like this, he would be eternally happy. Oh, it was not much to ask, surely, just to pass each other every day? He had no thought beyond.

* * * *

Too much. The world crashed in ruins about John Holmes' head. He did not see her any more. She had left the district, of course—why not? Rather a pity she should not see that nervous-looking student any more. He was a nice boy, but he ought to be brought out, poor dear. Still, that was the way of things.

Said the professor: "I am rather disappointed with the results of your Finals, Mr. Holmes. Speaking confidentially, I may say we expected you to do better."

"Yes, sir," said John Holmes.

FESTE.

The Truth About November Five.

STOLIDLY Fuy Gawkes pounded at the wet, red clay, but he couldn't see that it was red very much, because he had only a candle, but he could feel that it was wet by touching it.

Occasionally he pulled a compass from his pocket and looked at it, after which he put it back again; if he didn't drop it first, which he often did, however. Also it would be no exaggeration to say that he was perspiring on the top line, though it doesn't much matter where that is, because he was doing it all over.

"Well," he thought to himself, if anything, "I'm getting on fine now, even if I wasn't built to burrow. Soon I shall be able to get my gunpowder and blow it up, and then won't everybody be surprised? Yes, and then England will be able to trade with France, which will be very nice," he thought.

So Fuy went on with his pick and shovel, but he was careful not to be found out, because if the newspapers had got on to it, he *would* have been in a mess, properly. He always carefully carried all the soil or rather, clay that he dug out,

upstairs in his jacket pockets, also in his waistcoat pockets, and in his trousers pockets as well.

If his wife happened to notice him with his pockets bulging, she would say :

"Fuy," she would say, "Whatever have you got in your pockets," she would say.

"Nothing, my dear," he would answer, and thus allay her suspicions and curiosity.

Well, time went on, and Fuy got on too ; that is, he got nearer his destination. Of course, he struck a few snags on his way. For instance, he ran straight into the bottom part of a tree which was growing at the time in Piccadilly Circus, or somewhere there. He did think of hollowing out the inside of it (the tree, I mean) so that he could make two eye holes to watch the traffic through, but he resisted the temptation, and had a smoke instead, which was very noble, but killed the tree.

Then again : once he was working merrily along when he suddenly felt the ground beneath his feet, wasn't ground any longer, then suddenly it was again, but not under his feet, and it was very hard. He looked round and saw he couldn't see anything, so he struck a match and found that he had fallen into somebody's wine cellar, so he had a drink.

Next morning he thought he had better get out, because he had an awfully thick head, and he thought Mrs. Gawkes might be wondering where he was. So he climbed out of the wine cellar, and made a trap door, which he put over the hole he had come through by, so that he could call again.

Another time, he ran slightly out of his line, and had an awful argument with the caretaker of a road-hole in the Strand, who was very rude to him, and used such terrible language, that Fuy, who had been carefully brought up, wondered whether he had overstepped himself and landed in Germany.

To return to the work, I should like to tell you a little song which Fuy used to warble as he picked and shoved. It was the theme song from a famous talking picture, and it went like this :—

"Sing a song of doughnuts,
You'll find it very nice.
The cat was in the garden,
Chewing lumps of rice.
The old man in the pantry,
Bravely washed his face,
On a cold and frosty morning."

This cheered him considerably on his way, but rather disturbed the earth-worms, who weren't quite used to it yet, then. Sometimes he sang some others, and I might tell you those later if I have time, because I must get on with the story now.

Well, to cut a short story shorter, eventually his compass and logarithms and calculations and things, told him that he had reached his destination, so his wife was very surprised to see him sit down to dinner one day, without anything in his pockets.

"Fuy," she said, "What is the matter ?"

"Nothing," he replied, and thus allayed her curiosity.

So having got his tunnel all made, he hollowed out a little chamber at the end, and prepared to blow his gunpowder up. So he got some and put it in a barrel, which he had got specially to put it in.

Just then he heard a bit of a scuffle in the tunnel, and jerking his head round very quickly, he got a crick in his neck. He also saw somebody's legs dis-

appearing down the tunnel, so he said to himself, gingerly feeling his neck, he said : " I don't care much if anyone does know now, because I'll be famous in a minute when I find a match, which I don't seem to be able to do because I don't seem to have any, so I'll run home and get some."

So he went upstairs home, and got some.

When he came back he got an awful shock, because there was a policeman, standing with another man, and another little man, who said :

" There is the thief who has been stealing my wine. Arrest him, officer."

And the policeman said :

" What's all this ? "

Then the other man (not the little one) said :

" Fuy Gawkes, I herewith arrest you for perspiring to blow up the King's Parliament. Anything you let slip, will be used in evidence against you. Ahem ! "

Fuy, who was very shocked, said :

" But I'm under France, aren't I ? because I thought I was."

" What ? " said the man.

" I mean," said Fuy, " that I have built the first *Channel Tunnel*, and if you'll just mind out of the way, I'll blow a hole up into Calais, and give everyone a surprise."

But not one of them believed him.

PEREGRINE.

About a Neck.

IT fascinated me for an hour. It was a longish, sinewy neck, straining forward over its desk. It was straining forward to scrawl down notes feverishly.

Most other necks were upright, at leisure, bored and indifferent. Shaggy hair strayed down over it and a faulty soiled white collar peeped just too far above the ill-fitting coat and collar.

It was a neck which spoke of determination to get down notes and read all the standard books.

It was a neck that you see bored at S.C.M. Meetings, vaguely and silent, whilst other necks crane forward in incoherent discussion.

It was the kind of neck in which the muscles quiver when some one makes some cheap wisecrack about a *Gryphon* poet.

It was the kind of neck which infers that women and all that kind of thing has to be put on one side until a good comfortable post is found.

It was the kind of neck which regularly retreats down University Road at four o'clock.

It was the kind of neck which never flinches under all this rot about Union Buildings and University life.

It was the kind of neck which liked purity and decent-mindedness, because people get a bad impression. It stood very still when people said dirty things.

It was the kind of neck which grew skittish at the sight of a handsome girl and made little whimsy jokes when it spoke to one.

It was the kind of neck that finds Aldous Huxley and D. H. Lawrence faintly titillating in parts, but of course it's all rot that they write.

It was the kind of neck which is very eagerly alert when a professor drops a book or is in a genial mood.

It was the kind of neck that never turns to the Sports Notice Board as it hurries home past the clock.

It sat in that second row and trained forward and gave little ripples of satisfaction when the lecturer made a point and little ripples of amusement when he made a joke. It found life very comfortable.

BER.

The Smell.

YES, undoubtedly, it was a foul smell; the nose of the priest blushed painfully as he caught it upon the breeze. "It is an article of faith," he said, "that a bad smell is the result of evil thoughts or deeds: someone has done wrong to-day!"

"I remember a similar offence," said the traveller dreamily, "in a little wayside inn: we discovered that the publican smoked porters' trousers. Quite an outcry about it at the time."

"If only I were in the library," cried the student, "I would inform you as to the true cause of the unpleasant odour: our books have lovely lists of smells which enable us to identify, if not indeed the actual designation of the body under observation, at least the class of substances to which it belongs!"

"Body....!" said the traveller, "...yes, certainly there's body in it. I remember a man whose religion forbade him to wash...."

"Scorn not the wisdom of the holy," intoned the priest, "if he derived support from the neglect of his ablutions, it is not for sinners to condemn his faith!"

"I could almost be certain," said the student, "almost certain that this smell is due to the bacteriological disintegration of organic tissues!"

"I have no desire to appear dogmatic," broke in the priest, severely, "but my authority empowers me to attribute this nuisance to some human misdemeanor!"

"Never having smelt sin to my knowledge," said the traveller, "I cannot contradict you, but it smells uncommon like body to me!"

"All this," said the student petulantly, "is ignorant drivel: the origin of that smell lies in decay!"

Steadily they pursued the path, pressing forward, if perchance the solution to their problem should present itself in some tangible form; turning a corner in the road they all saw it together.

It was a gallows.

N.A.B.

MEN DAY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

At last the Men Day Students' Association shows signs of developing into the virile body it should be. Representatives of the Association have been elected from each M.R.C. constituency to keep the Men Day Students whom they represent in close touch with the plans of the Committee.

The first general Meeting was held on Friday, October 14th, in the Education Lecture Theatre. The President, Mr. John Appleby, addressed the meeting on the policy for the coming session. It was imperative, he said, that a Day Student should be put up next term as a candidate for the Presidency of the Union. A Day Student as President would be a great step towards arousing Day Students to a sense of their position in the University. He added that it was hoped to hold a dance in the course of the session.

The meeting, both from point of numbers and in lack of rowdiness showed a marked improvement over previous mid-day meetings of the Association. It is earnestly requested that all Day Students who possibly can will support our meetings.

G. BARON, Hon. Sec.

Westminster Bank Leaflets

For the benefit of that large section of the public which finds itself bewildered by business language, the Westminster Bank issues from time to time simply worded explanations of various ways in which it is able and glad to be of use to its customers. Amongst its publications are the following: ¶ *Points before Travelling*, notes on the Protection of Travellers from Loss. ¶ *Thirty-nine Advantages of an Account with the Bank*. ¶ *The Saving Habit*, an outline of the Home Safe system. ¶ *The Financial Machinery of the Export and Import Trade*, or the function of the Documentary Credit. ¶ *Foreign Exchange*, with particular reference to Forward Exchange. ¶ *Safeguards for Travellers*, a warning against carrying foreign notes. ¶ *Securities*, their Custody and Supervision. ¶ *Wills, Trusts, and Settlements*, the Bank as an Executor.

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by addressing a postcard to the Manager,
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8 & 9 PARK ROW, LEEDS

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- YOUTH -

- FITNESS -

he is single? We agree and yet we would point out that every day that passes he is impairing two valuable assets from a life assurance point of view, viz., long expectation of life with corresponding low premium rate and a physical fitness that is at its zenith.

To help a young man to capitalise on these assets, we have devised a special scheme available for young men only. This

YOUNG MAN'S POLICY

says in effect: We appreciate your position; if you were married you'd agree that your duty would be to take a policy. But just start making regular deposits with us. We'll throw in assurance and you'll benefit someone anyway if you die. At the end of an agreed term of years, when the unknown future becomes the known, you can make up your mind about this business. Three options are available:—

1. Suppose you are still single and you don't want cover. We guarantee to return all your money and handsome profits. What a useful piece of capital with which to set up in partnership. What a useful habit of saving formed and Income Tax saved!
2. Suppose you are married and with a youngster approaching higher educational fees stage. We'll return you about three-quarters of your deposits and still keep you insured for the original sum, without you paying us another penny!
3. Suppose you are crocked up and may-be married. How important would Life Assurance be then. We will double your Policy for you and you'll cease paying us any deposits!

We can only contract to do this now, whilst you are young. Why not look into this? No obligation will be entailed. Just drop a card, stating date of birth to:—

A. E. BAKER, BRANCH MANAGER,

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COY.

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LIFE, ENDOWMENTS
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ASSETS EXCEED
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Daydreams.

PEOPLE have often said that daydreams fled with the coming of steam and machinery, but I do not believe it. We live in a more crowded period, perhaps, and at a swifter rate, but as long as human nature remains the same in its fundamentals, there will be folk who find a refuge from practicalities in weaving mental pictures and fantasies. And let me hasten to say that, if one is given to daydreams at odd times, it does not necessarily follow that one is a useless cumberer of the ground, living on dream pictures, and getting nothing done that is worth while. Was not one of Lamb's finest essays a mere daydream? But who would wish his "Dream Children" undreamed?

Everyone has his own particular time and place for daydreaming, and to me it is a wonderful thing that the human brain is capable of such mental feats as to control muscular action sub-consciously, and at the same time, weave such lovely patterns in the mind. We walk in a crowded street, dodging passers-by and their umbrellas on a rainy day, crossing the road at the usual spot, with the accustomed glance up and down for oncoming vehicles, and yet, half of our minds is far away from the shining wet pavements and clouded skies. We are daydreaming, and our thoughts have taken a leap onward to the spring, when the scent of violets is in the air, in a country lane, long before the flowers appear. The trees are bursting their buds, and the hedges are filmed over with a green haze. We are no longer in the busy city, and yet we are conscious of lumbering vehicles and clanging trams. Again, we are in a crowded saloon carriage, and, interesting as the passengers may be, the rhythmical roll of the wheels has a magical effect, and the daydreams follow on one another's heels, thick and fast. The favourite with most of us is more than a mere mental picture of something seen long past. It is a daydream of what we should like to happen, and even though it is impossible, there is intense pleasure in the piecing of it together, and the savouring of its joys to the full.

In times of enforced idleness when I was a little girl, I used to revel in publishers' catalogues, and spent endless hours in choosing books I should like to have for my own, and I think I derived almost as much pleasure from this seemingly useless occupation, as I should, if a fairy had suddenly told me that my wishes would be granted, and I could possess all the books I craved for. It is the same with the "real" daydream (which is a paradox, as a daydream is never real in the practical sense. Once it is realised, it ceases to be a daydream). What I am trying to convey is, that mere discontented wishing is not a daydream. The latter, to be savoured in its full vintage, must be an accumulation of secret hopes and desires, carefully and tenderly cherished in the dark, and lo! when we bring them out from the cobwebby corner, our glass is filled richly to the brim with the choicest of fantasy wine, which is a feast to the mental eye, even though we know we may never really taste it. The joy of daydreams is, that one can capture them at will, whatever the environment. In the home, people may be chattering and asking questions, and whilst one's tongue is giving the required answers, the mind may be withdrawn into a secret corner, without outsiders' knowledge. This is no exaggeration, because I, for one, have done it often, and no one has been any the wiser. Sometimes, daydreams come without conscious volition on the dreamer's part, but, for this to happen, they have to be fairly sure of their welcome.

What is your pet daydream? Don't insist that you haven't time to daydream, for even the busiest person can make time for what he really wants to do and I find in real life, that it is often the very busiest individual who has the most time (this is not a paradox). If you want to daydream, daydream you will, even if it be only for a few seconds on the borderland of sleep, or when you are on a business errand. And your business won't be a penny the worse, unless you are a daydreamer and nothing more!

Daydreams would make an interesting subject for a symposium, as, if they are the genuine article and not faked to suit the enquirer, they reveal a good deal of the inner nature. I should like to alter the old proverb—"A man is known by his friends"—because one's friends may be, and often are, so much better than one's self. But, tell me what your daydreams are, and, if you are honest in the confession, I shall have a shrewd idea of your temperamental make-up.

One of my own pet daydreams, which often visits me unasked, because it knows that it is always welcome, is a house in the heart of the country away from dusty roads and motor cars. It isn't very big, but it is very convenient, having plenty of room for favourite books and china. At first, the garden was small but old-fashioned, with roses and lavender running riot everywhere, and a lawn full of daisies (my daydream gardener does not object), but since I took possession of my daydream garden, I have planted an orchard of apple and cherry trees, and annexed a tangled wilderness with a brook singing through it. At will, I am ankle deep in the orchard grass, and I can feel the soft caress of falling petals, as the wind shakes the pink blossom and the white. It is not always summer in my daydream orchard. The twisted branches of the apple-trees stand uncouth and bare against a winter sky, but I know that these ungainly things are one of the world's miracles, and that they will fill the spring with a pink glory. My dream garden is not merely a feast for the mental eyes. It is full of sound, too, and when I like to listen to it, I can hear the swish of the wind in the grass and the whistle of a blackbird from a high bough. Most people would tell you that you couldn't listen to a daydream, but you can. I've done it, and not once only, but many times. I have heard the creek of the branches in a winter gale, and the boom of the wind round the house. I have listened to the sleepy murmur of the brook in summer, or the rushing of the water in spate. I could tell you much more about my dream garden, but it would not be interesting to anyone but myself. And so, my daydream comes and goes, and I wouldn't part with it—except for the real thing! What about yours?

R.S.

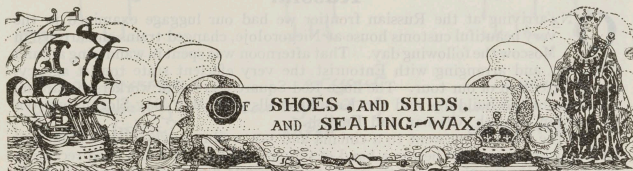
Civil Service Volontaire International.

DURING last summer this association further widened its field of activities by the organisation in the Swiss Canton of Grisons, of a "Service," in quick response to an appeal from the stricken village of Savien-Platy. The village, situated in an Alpine valley, and narrowly enclosed by high mountains, had been laid waste by a severe landslide from the neighbouring slope. Several houses had been carried away or buried, and two fields, of the greatest value to the village in view of the mountainous nature of the country, were entirely covered by the debris of the avalanche.

About forty volunteers—Swiss, French and German, as well as four Leeds students—were entrusted with the work of clearing and reconstruction, which lasted from July to October. A working-day of $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours was maintained throughout. There remained ample time, however, to create a cheerful social atmosphere amongst the volunteers, which became instructive as well as entertaining.

The Service conformed in every way with the ideals of the S.C.V.I. In addition to the great material help afforded to the village and its inhabitants, the genial and intimate camaraderie existing amongst the members of this cosmopolitan group furnished an excellent example of true internationalism, of mutual confidence and goodwill.

E.B.



Scene in Vacation.

Said the nervous Matric candidate to the research student—"Are you doing Précis?"

Fairy Tale.

Once upon a time there was a man who did not sport his colours tie on Bazaar Day.

Pertinent question at the Freshers' Debate—"What is an Engineer for?"

And now, my littles, a geometry lesson. Turn to page 206 of the Union Handbook, and note the epochmaking discovery of Messrs. Macgregor & Grant. "Squares, *new shape*."

Would you think that our contributors are diffident, shy, and otherwise retiring? Cries of no! Yet many of them have adopted the habit of enclosing return envelopes with their stuff, thus driving us to find our own scrap paper.

R.I.P.

Here lies John Flasch, motor cyclist. "Flat out, as usual."

Here lies A. Scorer, billiard marker. "Gone for the long rest."—*Twicker*.

Said the Editor (discussing copy): "I haven't got much Intelligence."

Said Mr. Frank (his usual bright self): "What is the polite answer to that?"

Russia.

ON arriving at the Russian frontier we had our luggage examined in the very beautiful customs house at Niegoroloje, changed trains and arrived in Moscow the following day. That afternoon was spent in wandering around the town, and arranging with Entourist, the very efficient state tourist agency, for an extension of our tour. The huge Red Square was full of workers placarding the sides of the buildings and the Kremlin walls with May Day Slogans written in Russian, French, German and English.

In the evening we went to a cinema and saw a film in which the villain was an Englishman and the heroes a band of Chinese slaves. It had a good reception but I think the people are a little tired of propaganda films. As for the film itself, the photography and acting, as is the case in most Russian films, were excellent. Leaving the cinema we visited the Motor Repair Workers' Club and went round the various clubrooms. In the theatre (every club has its own theatre) we saw the distribution of diplomas to the workers who had done their work well. In every club, house and shop there are numerous pictures and busts of Lenin, who is worshipped in every part of Russia.

The children of the workers are healthy, well-fed and clean, and are without a trace of shyness, for at an early age they have to address large audiences of their fellow schoolchildren, all of whom seem to be very happy. On the walls of the nurseries side by side with "Baa baa, black sheep," are posters declaiming "Down with the priests and prelates" and "Long Live the 1st of May." There are also many pictures of angry but triumphant workers fighting wretched top-hatted capitalists, and also great ugly capitalists with huge feet treading on innocent, honest workers.

Numerous hospitals and dispensaries are being built and those already there are well staffed and are busy. If a worker is ill and needs a rest he is sent free of charge to Yalta, on the Black Sea, and he stays there until his cure is complete.

It is really remarkable to see the progress that has been made in prison reform. They are no longer called prisons, but "houses of correction," the men being treated humanely, for crime is looked upon as a disease which must be cured. The men are shown how they can be of real use to the state, and certain prisoners are even allowed to leave the prison unaccompanied for one day out of every week. The result is that crime is decreasing, although there is still a lot of petty thieving.

Stalingrad is the town of heavy industry, and here we saw the huge tractor factory which produces 50,000 tractors a year and employs many thousands of men and women. The factory is situated on the banks of the Volga, and near it are the workers' homes, the tractor university where instruction is given in the building and use of tractors, the hospital and many other institutions connected with the life of the worker, such as factory crèches and the workers' club.

During our stay we were free to go wherever we wished and everybody we met was exceedingly kind. The general impression of Russia is that the standard of living is good in the towns but lower in the country. Actually the revolution seems to have had little effect upon the life of the peasant. Those living on state farms are certainly better off than the others, for they live together in large communities and form their own organisations and clubs. The churches and mosques are always full, but few of the younger generation attend the services. Everywhere the enthusiasm of the people is terrific, in spite of the discomforts they have had to suffer during the change from the old order. They know, however, that better times are coming. They have interest in the success of their first 5 year plan and are devoting all their energy to the succeeding ones. It will be many years before their country is in order, but if they continue to progress at the present rate it will not be long before they see their magnificent experiment crowned with complete success.

J.E.F.

Zorgasse



Do you choose
your house by
a bit of brick?



— or your
car by a bit of
steel?



— or your
furniture by a
bit of tree?



Do you choose
your gloves by a
bit of chamoir?



— or your
shoes by a bit of
cow?



Well, then, if
it isn't a rude
question, how
do you choose
your suit?

SEE
IT
AS A
SUIT
AT

AUSTIN REED'S
REGENT STREET

1 and 2 BOND STREET, LEEDS

St. Ann's Square, MANCHESTER

9 Fargate, SHEFFIELD

St. George's Crescent, LIVERPOOL

London · Glasgow · Birmingham · Bristol · Belfast

An Old Student in India.

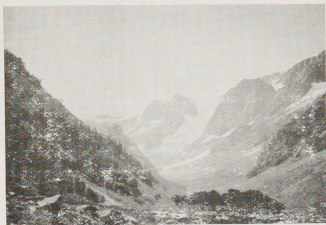
We have received the photographs opposite from F. M. G. WHEELER, B.Sc. (Engineering), Leeds, 1924-27. Mr. Wheeler entered the service of the Indian State Railways as Assistant Transportation Superintendent in January, 1931. Has been stationed at Lahore since that date. During a recent holiday in Kashmir he took a number of snapshots of which those obtained while climbing a glacier near Sunmarg are here described by him :—

1. A snap taken from the mountain side. In the background you will see one glacier and on the extreme right another, the ice-like characteristics of which are discernible.
2. Taken from considerably higher up the mountain. Here we were above the snow line, and on the right you can see the glacier we were making for : in the immediate foreground, the loose rubble indicates the path of a previous avalanche. We were approaching the glacier from the side, because it too was avalanching.
3. Was taken just below the glacier. The picture is rather deceptive because everything there is immense.
4. Well above the glacier. My guide took this in a spot where the climbing was hazardous. It was over rubble in which I found much crystal and some mica.
5. Was taken from higher up looking down on our glacier and over a range of adjacent mountains.
6. Still higher.

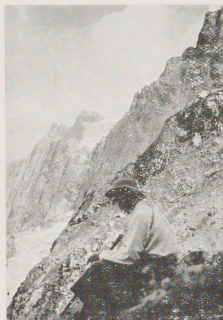
Soliloquy.

HOW peaceful this bedroom seems after all that noisy crowd downstairs. I'm not a bit sociable running away like that, and I'm not in the least sleepy. It would be sensible to do a little work, but really it's hardly worth starting to-night. I must write something for *The Gryphon* ; it should be easy enough since I've had so much experience in writing for the school mag., only I must get down to it and do something. But when? To-morrow is the last day for entries and I've promised to go and see my uncle in the afternoon. Of course I needn't go, but it is my birthday on Saturday and I shall not have another chance to see him. I hope he gives me something decent. The only thing to do is to write an article now although it is late and the room is cold. Yes, I'll begin this very minute.

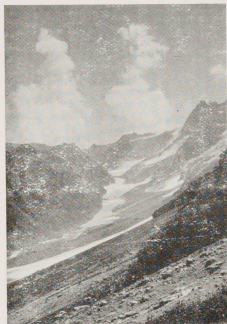
Now firstly subject, secondly a plan, and then the writing of it. Shall it be poetry or prose? That little piece of poetry about the swan song of love which I wrote in the mag. last term was quite good. On the other hand, I have got rid of that easy sentimentality which I was full of then. Good Lord! How my ideas have been altered by reading "Crime and Punishment." No, decidedly, I cannot write a love poem; and descriptions of sunsets or of ruins standing gaunt against the moonlit dimness are all overdone. In that case I'll write in prose. Oh! dear, I am getting sleepy. I wonder if I shall get any inspiration from the view out of the window? Heavens! What a night! If it goes on raining like this there'll be no sports to-morrow. And I've cleaned my hockey-boots with such pains. Now what am I going to write? Good, that'll do! "Impressions of a Fresher" or — er — "First Days at the 'Varsity." But still everyone writes articles like that, they're so obvious and easy. I wonder how high a raindrop bounces on the road. It depends on the heaviness of the rain of course. These go about two inches high I think. They don't bounce straight up either. I suppose the angle is inversely proportionate to something or other. Oh dear, this article! No, "Impressions of a Fresher" won't do. All the other Freshers feel just the same and the veterans won't be interested. In any case, the subject is trite. What about a description of my travels—but I only went to Whitby



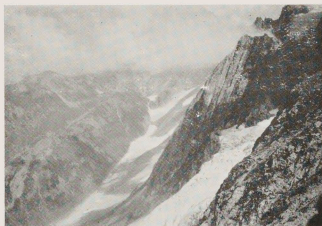
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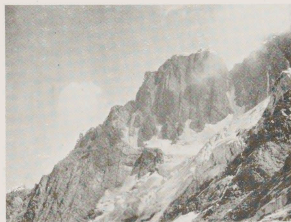
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Extracts from the life of an "Edu" Student.

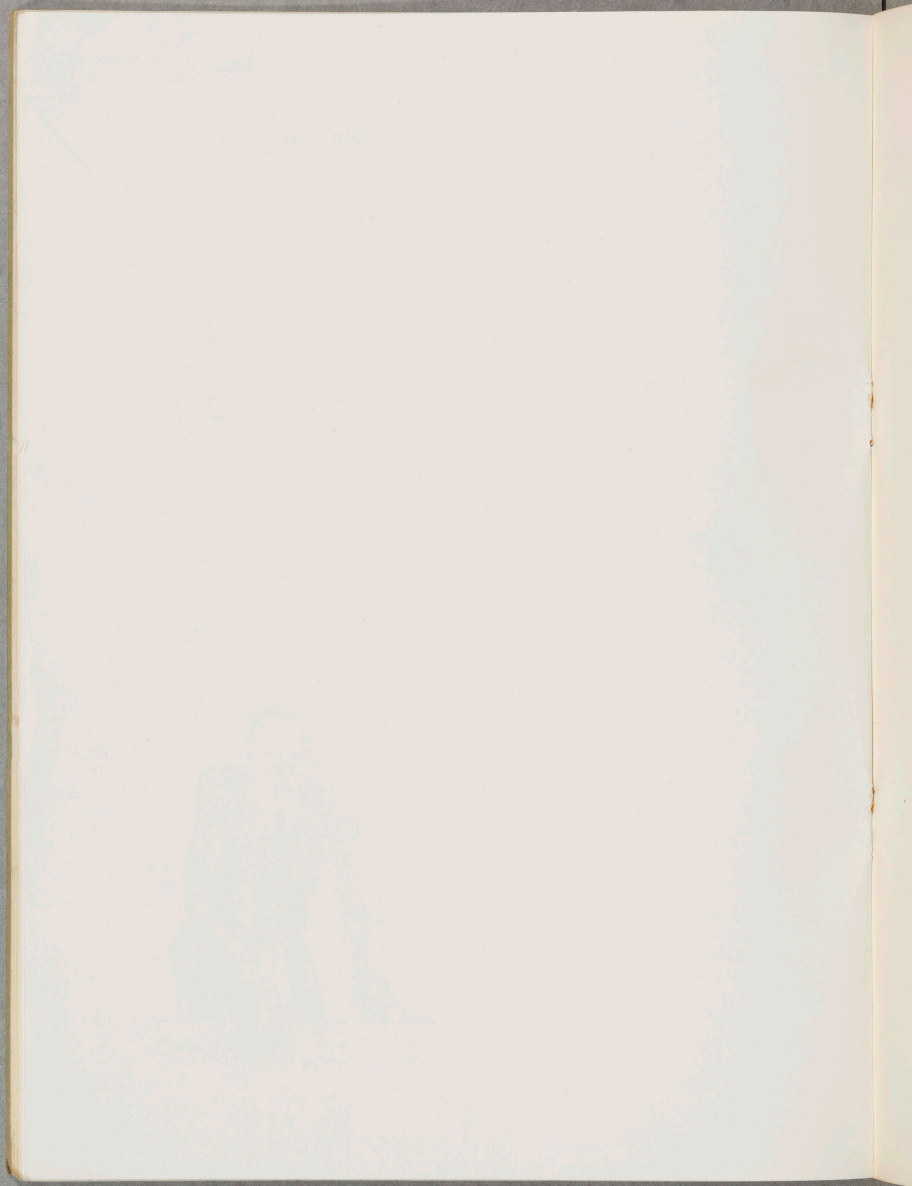


No. 1. Three Weeks' Practice.

STUDENT: "Now, boys, just look at the board while I run through it again."

No. 2. Bazaar Day.
MEMBER OF STAFF: "Are you musical?"
EDU. STUDENT (wistfully): "No."
M.O.S.: "Do you paint?"
E.S. (wistfully): "No."
M.O.S.: "Have you ever done any hand-work?"
E.S. (wistfully): "No."
M.O.S.: "Do you drink?"
E.S. (very dignified): "That's *my* business."
M.O.S.: "Have you any other business?"





this year and that isn't grandiose enough. If you're not a very clever writer you have to have an interesting subject to cover up any dullness in the style. I could make some travels up though. I'll go to Spain, to Granada, and I'll describe the Alhambra by moonlight. Oh, there it is again, more ruins by moonlight. Again, if I wrote an article like that it would savour too much of that book I've just finished reading. It's terribly hard to disassociate one's own original thoughts from those put into the mind through reading. That is why I like uneducated genius. It's just as difficult to imagine this street, at present covered with pools of shining blackness and the rain making the darkness dynamic, to imagine its appearance under the glare of a summer sun. Look, was I consciously labouring just now, trying to develop a beautiful image or was it the spontaneous motion of a mind capable of beautiful ideas? Oh, it doesn't matter, I must get on with this article. Perhaps I shall be able to write better in bed.

Anyway it's warmer here than at the window. Shall I put my green or my red dress on in the morning? If Rebecca hasn't washed—Got it! Good! I'll write a character sketch of Rebecca, how she is so round and small, and how she displays with pride her new apron nearly every week when she comes to wash. Sometimes she has a bright check and she will say to mother "It's nice to wear something bright these dull days, Mum!" or she will be wearing a white starched one when it will be "Nothin' looks as nice as snowy white, I allus thinks, Mum!" But an article like that would have to be very funny or very cleverly drawn, and I can do neither. In any case I don't like Rebecca and I like to write about something I like very much. Just look at that three "likes" in one sentence. "Your English is deplorable, my dear child," as Miss Wood used to say. How I used to dislike her classes because it always seemed to me that she made such an obvious effort to get the class to respond to her, that just through pure cussedness, I would be as unresponsive as possible and would never smile at her jokes, which in reality quite amused me. Still raining!—and I haven't thought of an article yet. I'm nearly asleep! What shall I write about? What *shall* I write about? What shall I..... V.C.

In Loving Memory

of two fair ladies who tried to
dine in Refec. at the Men's table.

October 10th, 1932.

O what could ail ye, Freshers fair,
Transgressors of unwritten law,
Profaning with impunity
The finer sense of all who saw?

Ye heeded not the vulgar mob,
The common herd who sat at meat;
With firm, determined head ye sought
The topmost, farthest distant seat.

I saw a gleam in those fair eyes
A flush of rapture tinged the cheek
At thought of man's proximity
Ye came with fixed intent to seek,

"We knew no silly, stupid law,
We only saw a table void.
No unbecoming modesty
Our all-too-transient bliss alloyed.

"We came, we saw, we conquered not,
In disappointment we retired,
Mid cheers from men unnumbered, who
Our intrepidity admired."

O fresheresses undismayed,
O forward Amazons, beware!
Tempt not frail man, lest ill befall
Your venture in the lion's lair!

Hail to the Lord's anointed two
Who braved the wrath of Mrs. Beck!
May not their brave example fade—
That mute, but not inglorious trek!

R. ELLIS.



We regret that in our last issue we published the poem "Hackney, E. 5," under the wrong initials. The signature should have been J.R.H., and we apologise for any misapprehension which may have occurred through the error.

To the Adorable.

Lover of mine with your beloved eyes,
I seek you through the world of all my days;
Questing, from my wide window, where the haze
Upon the mountain all the summer lies;
Pursuing, in the way the high bird flies,
Or the slow river breaks to light, and sprays
The watcher by the weir, your spirit's ways.
Nor slays the constant search, nor satisfies.
Gay, without need of you whom still I seek,
Stranger, I walk the daylight of the hours,
Light with your loving is the voice I speak,
The benediction of your vision dowers
My set of head, the moulding of my cheek,
And fills my presence with the song of flowers.

W.H.

Heart of Me.

My love is far above all womankind,
High on a throne of mystery and light,
Thy humble steps and thought can never find.

Indeed she is not woman. Rather she
A concept of my own unreasoning mind,
A thing which in the world can never be.

Oh foolish am I thus to idolise
Frail woman's flesh and worship what I see!
Oh foolish thus to dote on what my eyes

Tell me is mortal, transitory, weak!
No woman can be lifted to the skies
For earthliness, can not be that I seek.

'Tis idiocy and dotage, 'tis a spell
Which works like bane on all I think and speak,
Which makes a goddess of a damosel.

Pity me not for what my heart has wrought.
Though centred in warm clay, do not dispel
My dream, for 'tis as lasting as my thought.

She lives a constant light and mystery;
And though that hell with all its legions fought,
It could not touch this very heart of me.

H.M.

Of His Generation.

I lose my function. Neither the ecstasy
Uplifts my thyrus, nor the phylactery
Brow-binds me truth and peace to graph them—
They who are impotent yet without me.

A syntax fine-spun, meshing finality;
A tauter image, knotted with molten threads:
These things I turn, would mould my speech in
Measures umbilical to my brain-flesh.

But how the season's ordure is barren stuff:
These vapours shroud my heat of its photosphere.
The shuttle jams, the girder crumbles:
Smoke is a pepper for mechanics.

I mark the slain hours, heliac potency
That stabs no zenith. Else the chronometer
Is wound and maimed: three stubs of wrist go
Endlessly ticking undialled seconds.

J. R. HEPPENSTALL.

Small Energumen.

Over this floor that crusted glass inlays
And sponge of camomiles, prim lupins gleam
In stalagmite precision through their sprays.

The clear airs ripple—meshes that scarcely seem
Liquid—and spiral to where the sun-ball's glues
Spill on the surface like a lambent cream.

So rare it is, this element I choose,
That barely feel I how my breathings fail,
When such delicious mode of drowning woos.

But now impinges on the sentient veil,
With lemon zone, a Zulu prince of bees,
Reeling mazed in brews of peasebloom ale.

He rings my knell. Chromatic litanies
Involve me, and a glazing look I raise
To see his drunken sleek vitalities

Boom in the frail extinction of my days.

J. R. HEPPENSTALL.

COMING SOCIAL EVENTS:

- Friday, November 4th - International Society Social and Dance.
Thursday, November 10th - Economics Society Social.
Monday, November 21st - Men Day Students' Invitation Dance.
Monday, November 29th - Women Day Students' Dance.



(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).

TO GRADUATES IN ENGLISH.

THE HIGH SCHOOL,

UMTAH,

S. RHODESIA,

September 18th, 1932.

Sir,

I shall be very grateful if you will help me in an endeavour to get in touch with some Leeds graduate at present teaching English, who would be prepared to make use of the Empire Interchange of Teachers Scheme and change posts with me for a year from September 7th, 1933.

The Umtah High School is a Government School, mixed, with a senior division of approximately 200 pupils, and prepares for the South African Matriculation. There is no post matriculation work. The usual interest in games, athletics, dramatics, etc., is expected. Umtah is a very pleasant spot to work in, and Rhodesia, with the famous Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe Ruins, etc., and its associations with the great Empire builder, C. J. Rhodes, is well worth a year's visit.

The Interchange Scheme provides that teachers participating are responsible for their own travelling expenses, while their salaries continue to be paid by their own employing authority.

Umtah is not an expensive place to live in for the person of moderate tastes, rent at about £90 to £100 a year, and the cost of holidays, being the major items of expenditure to the married man. The single teacher would probably be offered a resident post and would find his means quite ample.

Applications should be made through the employing authority to the League of Empire, 124, Belgrave Road, Westminster, S.W.1. I myself should be only too pleased, of course, to answer personal questions.

I am,

Yours, etc.,

G. MILLER

(Leeds, 1919-22, Secretary of Union, Editor of "Gryphon," etc.)

AN OUTSIDE VIEW.

October 13th, 1932.

Sir,

As once again your contributor Mr. Bismark Brown has seen fit to squirt some more of his malicious humour over the garment of the goddess of Education may I suggest that the time is ripe for someone to chastise him. A year ago it was the "Machinery" of Education. Now it is the "Boards of Education and such like infallible bodies" that he jibes at. It is such hidebound obscurantism as his that we freethinkers must fight to the last ditch, and we mean to do it. It is Education that is destined to be the solvent of the sediment with which orthodoxy is muddying up the waters of Progress.

I am not an undergraduate, but I read *The Gryphon* regularly in the Public Library.

I am,

Yours, etc.,

JAS. TOWNSEND.

RAG RESULTS.

Sir,

Although many of those for whom this letter is intended will have gone down before publication, we do hope it will give a feeling of pride to those still at the University.

May we thank all those who helped in any way with the Rag Revue, *The Tyke* and the Rag, for the magnificent way in which our appeal for a record turn-out was answered.

The Rag Revue realised £820, *The Tyke* £620 and the Rag £1,201, making a total of £2,641 for Charity and a record year for 1932. Both the men and women students may be justly proud of their efforts, and we do hope even a greater turn-out will be the plum of our successors year of office.

Thank you again, Leeds, well done, and don't forget to drill it into those Freshers!

JOHN HALLER, *President L.U.U., 1931-32.*A. B. TURNBULL, *Chairman Rag Committee, 1931-32.*

KUMATI.

THE UNION ROOMS.

Sir,

I have been making enquiries as to the meaning of the *Kumati* war cry which was demonstrated to us Freshers at the Union Social, but so far have not been able to find out. As a last resort I am writing to ask you to be good enough to enlighten me.

Yours, etc.,

IGNORAMUS.

[The *Kumati* yell is of Maori origin, but just how and why it was adopted by Leeds is rather vague. It is popularly supposed to be the war cry of the New Zealand football team, which was spread abroad when the All Blacks came over several years ago. However, though this cry is somewhat similar, it is not the same. Though we have made enquiries ourselves, this is the only information we have managed to obtain.—Ed.]

THE "J.C.R."

THE SO-CALLED JOINT COMMON ROOM,
THE UNIVERSITY,
LEEDS.

Sir,

It was pointed out by several speakers in the course of the Freshers' Debate that a great advantage of the Modern University is the opportunity it gives for both sexes to mix on an equal and national footing.

But where in our University is a Joint Common Room? The words have been stuck up on the door of a room in the Men's Union buildings, apparently by some satirical sign painter, but they have no significance.

Difficulties arise as a result of the lack of accommodation, but must we always console ourselves (or excuse our inactivity) with the well-battered formula—"When we get new Union buildings?" Of course, men and women are not going to sit in the same room just because they ought to do so, but some reason can be provided for so doing. The solution is to have a Joint Tea and Coffee Room—instead of the separate refreshment rooms. It seems impracticable in the present buildings, but most things worth doing are impracticable.

Cannot the Union Committee do something in the matter? It is grotesque in the extreme that a University such as ours, where there is a really fine spirit of co-operation between men and women students, has not a public room really used by both sexes.

Yours, etc.,

B.

A PROTEST.

THE UNION ROOMS.

The Editor of *The Gryphon*.

Dear Sir,

There has been much mooted abroad of late in our University about the necessity for new Union Buildings; for greater co-operation amongst students in the social life of the University; and for every sportsman to play for a University team. All these, sir, are worthy causes, and yet there is something which is far more urgently needed to ensure a healthy spirit at Leeds. I refer to a crying evil—the glass panels in the door of the General Library. Even to such fervent under-the-clockers as myself there is only one thing more desolating than the route of toilers hustling past us to and from the library, and that is to see the several ranks of women at work on the tables before the door, letting youth, beauty and romance slip by. They have been led astray by those glass-doors and the sight of their sister-students within. We have resisted, although there are defections even in our ranks from time to time.

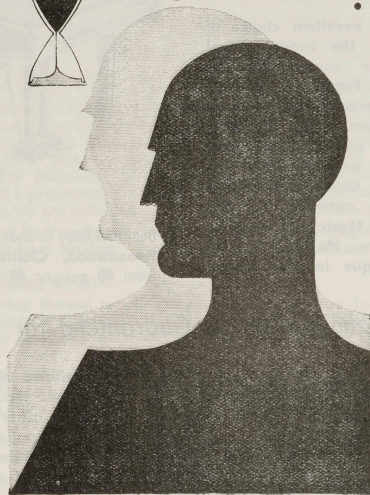
What if the Freshers now with us lack our resolution?—the race of under-the-clockers—who, may I humbly suggest, is the backbone of our University—will die out. Wood-panels for the library door must be our motto!

I am,

Yours, etc.

[We regret that the signature is undecipherable, but, nevertheless, print this interesting document.—Ed.].

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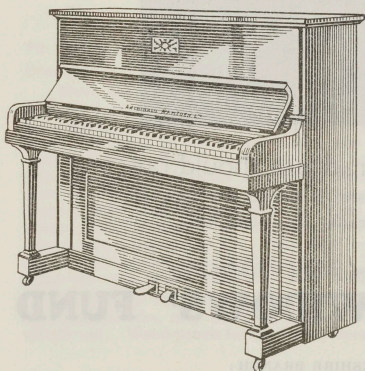
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Music.

THE exigencies of the press are such that only one of the University Concerts has taken place, and by the time these notes appear in print it will almost be a thing of the dim and distant past, so a detailed description will avail little.

Miss Murray Lambert, who gave the Violin Mid-day Recital on October 13th, is by no means a stranger to the University, as some of us had the pleasure of hearing her at a similar recital about two years ago. This time her programme was as varied as the short time of a recital permits. Commencing among the ancients we first heard a Sonata in E major by Handel, a typical work but with plenty of interesting points, and a broad firm reading made enjoyable listening.

Coming down to the middle of the last century we arrive at Brahms and his Sonata in G major, Opus 78, which represents him in one of his serious moods. In this type of music Miss Murray Lambert seems very much at home although in some of the more vivacious parts a little extra fire would not have been objectionable. The pianoforte portion of this composition is exceedingly fine and the success of a performance depends as much on the pianist as on the soloist, and consequently we are indebted to Mr. Allam for such a fine rendering.

The Scilienne, by Paradis, was enjoyed as much as anything by the audience while "The News from Moldart" constituted a sparkling finish.

Concerning Coming Events.

At the Mid-day Recital on November 10th, Mr. Herbert Johnson will play Schumann's Pianoforte Sonata in G major, Opus 22, while Miss Joan Coxon, who is known for her sweet voice and pleasant style, will sing songs by Mozart and Schubert.

On Thursday, December 1st, there will be the tit-bit of the whole season in the recital of Trios for Oboe, Flute and Pianoforte, for it is seldom that one has an opportunity of hearing two such marvellous wood-wind players as Mr. Leon Gossens and Mr. Lupton Whitelock playing in conjunction. They will be assisted by Mr. Allam. No one who heard Mr. Gossens last year will want to miss hearing him again, and neither should anyone who did not, lose this chance.

The last recital of term will be one of Choral and Orchestral works of the Elizabethan period by the University Music Society, under Mr. Allam, and though it is a danger to prophesy, especially about things with which one has an intimate connection, I believe many will be agreeably surprised by the standard attained by the Society.

While on the subject of the Music Society it might be well to say that an extra Concert has been arranged for Monday, November 28th. Choral and Orchestral items will include a portion of a Haydn Symphony and modern part songs by Sir Walford Davies and Gerard Williams. An opportunity will also be given for the performance of compositions more of the chamber type by members of the Society, which will include solos from Miss Dorothy Brierley (soprano), Mr. R. Greenhalgh (violin), Mr. F. H. Cooper (cello), and a Beethoven Trio by Messrs. N. E. Kay, L. M. Goldthorp and G. France.

The second Chamber Music Concert will be given by the Hirsch String Quartet, on Wednesday, November 16th, and they will include Haydn's Kaisar Quartet, Opus, 76 No. 3, which contains his well-known Austrian hymn.

Jan Smeterlin will be the solo pianist at the Leeds Symphony Orchestra Concert on November 19th, at what should prove a good concert with Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony and the Pianoforte Concerto, No. 4, in G, by Beethoven. E.B.T.

A Room of One's Own.

MEN, except in the case of Nietzschean "Strong men," have spiritual homes, which form the centres of their universes and determine their points of view. So much is generally admitted. In this article, however, I want to show they find that they need rooms for themselves in their spiritual homes.

This need is illustrated by the analogous need for a material room of one's own. The home is a collective establishment, comprising a number of individuals, and in so far as man is a social being the home satisfies his needs. But man is also an individual, and this need must be satisfied. In order to sort out the impressions, registered in his collective existence, he must have some place where he can privily commune with himself. Christ used a mountain. Men should use their rooms.

People can be so fully and completely themselves in their rooms. Especially if it is at the top of the house like mine, segregated from the rest of the household. That is the word—segregated—cut off from the herd, separated from the direct influence of others. Separation is necessary, it is the keynote of criticism and influence must be criticised. A place so personal as a private room provides more than bodily separation, for the individuality of its owner becomes its own individuality, and the absolute individualism of the cosmos thus formed can calmly and systematically criticise the relativity of collectivism.

(But perhaps you don't believe that a room can be identified with its owner because you say material things cannot register and give out impressions. Learn then that they can. Be slighted in love and you will know that places you visited with your beloved shriek at you with superhuman, and therefore, inhuman, insensibility:—"I know all about it." Superhuman, because the place tells you that it knows, not only the external happenings which took place there, but also the most secret psychological experiences you underwent; inhuman, because no person would jibe you so).

Live then in a room for three days, and it will have associations for you, live in it for three years and it will be part of yourself.

This same need then, is felt for a spiritual room. A room which will satisfy a man's individuality and give him a basis for criticism. Men identify themselves with movements for this reason; when they find the movement does not satisfy these needs they break away. If it were only a case of selecting one's spiritual home society would be static; stagnantly static. Take for example the case of Christianity. In the first place men in the spiritual home of monotheism felt the need of moving into a different room from the Jews. They became Christians. Later on two more rooms were formed—Roman Catholicism and the Greek Orthodox Church, over the "a filio" business in the doctrine of the Trinity. And so the progress of selecting one's own room has continued. In the same way Capitalists, distributists and communists form rooms in their spiritual home of political economy.

And so, dear reader, I come to my conclusion; and I have a horrible fear I am landing myself in a chaotic contradiction. For it follows that a man can never completely enter into a spiritual home, but must separate himself behind the closed doors of his own room. All he can say is that his room fits in best with the structure of a house which he will make, for convenience his spiritual home. Now he will choose his home because he has the emotional, volitional, and intellectual conviction (following in that order) that his room does fit into that

house and his conviction will be determined by the characteristics of his own individuality—selfishness or altruism, optimism or pessimism, and so on. And this is where the contradiction comes in. I said to start with that all, except intense individualists like the Neitzscheans, had spiritual homes, and I finish by saying that all spiritual homes are filled with intense individualists—so

Do what you will
This world's a fiction
And is made up of a contradiction.

NEVILLE DUFFIELD.

Leeds and Lausanne.

"**P**OUR Monsieur." A jolly little Swiss servant placed a big envelope beside my plate. "If undelivered, please return to L.U.O.S.A., The University, Leeds, England." I rejoiced a little that I had joined the O.S.A.

It was my first meal at a certain International School in Lausanne, where I had come to teach English. Staff and students of all ages, all nationalities and both sexes were seated haphazard at the table, talking (all in French) and laughing. They were very polite to the new professeur, but a little shy. The dark, closely cropped Swiss girl on my right asks if she may look. I explain things and we laugh. Eric, the Czecho-Slovakian wants to look, and also the dark, handsome Spanish boy. Thank heaven, the ice is broken. Floriat Gryphonus. If I were asked what Lausanne is famous for I should say, not for its beautiful Cathedral, not for its University or for its marvellous situation on the Lake of Geneva, but for its children. Yesterday afternoon Anne Marie, my ten year old friend from the hotel, and I went to see Knie's Mammoth Circus. Anne Marie wore a little scarlet coat with a white fur collar and she had a little white American sailor's cap on her straight dark hair. The circus tent was enormous, but it was full—full of children; all bright and happy, clean and prettily dressed, brown as berries and full of beans. What a row we all made when the big clown asked us to count before he shot the little man. Un, deux, trois, quatre, c-i-n-q, ("plus fortment") s-i-x. Our d-i-x nearly brought the tent down over our heads. How we gorged on chocolate and ice cream blocks! Weren't the tigers terrible?—one man in the cage with fourteen man-eating tigers and such wonderful things they did. And "les otaries," the sea lions, weren't they great?—especially the "leetcle one," thought Anne Marie. "Lausanne est le paradis des enfants," say the advertisements. There is truth in advertising after all.

Anne Marie has twelve yo-yo's, and can do the most marvellous tricks with them. Everyone is crazy about yo-yo here. I met a lady with a beautiful yo-yo of ebony and ivory for which she had paid over ten francs (with a Swiss franc worth a shilling). Lausanne's yo-yo on their way to work, sober business men earnestly yo-yo on their way to lunch, but Anne Marie does not like to see "big peoples" yo-yoing in the street. Such puerilities should be concealed from the public gaze.

And now, I've forgotten to describe the scenery and the Lake, which I set out to do. Perhaps it is as well. The deep blue of the lake and the inaudible massiveness and loftiness of the background of the Savoy Alps clutch at the heart like sad music. O Altitude!

K.C.R.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY Old Students' Association.

Notes from Headquarters.

ANNUAL DINNER.

THE date of the Annual Dinner has now been fixed for Saturday, December 17th, at 6-45, preceded by the Annual Meeting at 5-0. We hope this year to have the Meeting in the Staff Dining Room, so as to avoid the discomfort of turning out of the Chemistry Lecture Theatre (possibly in rain or snow) and passing along to the Refectory. A fuller notice will come with the next issue of *The Gryphon*, but will members please book the date now! We are aware that the date chosen is going to be inconvenient for many and impossible for some, but it is unavoidable. We are very sorry for those outside Yorkshire whose duties will prevent them from being there, but we cannot have our Dinner on Christmas Eve, and there are insuperable objections to a day during the previous week.

Will any branches or any individual members who have any resolution to bring before the Annual Meeting, or any subject they would like to have discussed there, please notify the Secretaries as soon as possible so that they may be considered by the Committee at its next meeting.

We cannot yet tell you the names of our guests at the Dinner, but we hope to announce their names in our next issue.

INSURANCE.

May we again direct our members' attention (and particularly that of our newer members) to the benefits we can give those who are thinking of taking out a Life Insurance Policy. Life Insurance is one of the best (if not the best) forms of saving and the time to begin is when one first gets a post. We shall be glad to give full particulars to anyone who is interested.

G.L.S.

West Riding Letter.

Hon. Secretary:

MARY I. BAILEY,
Lindley House,
Kirkstall,
Leeds.

Hon. Treasurer:

W. R. GRIST, Esq.

It is some time since a detailed report of West Riding Branch activities was printed in these pages, but even so it is extraordinarily difficult to find a great deal

to say! It is impossible to recall all our meetings—they are too numerous—and readers will therefore, I hope, excuse this brief summary.

The Summer Term meetings, though not as well attended as those of the Autumn and Spring Terms, were yet enjoyable, particularly our evening on the river at Collingham, when the weather was very kind to us.

On May 5th we had a social Evening in the Refectory, to which we invited all "going down" students. Unfortunately, the pressure of examinations and the usual round of University activities militated against a large attendance, and we entertained only ten guests! This first effort on our part to unite Old Students and present students in their final year proved somewhat disheartening, but it is hoped that a more convenient date will produce better results.

So far (October 16th) this term we have read two plays and spent an evening at Woodhouse Feast. We have a meeting every Tuesday at 7-15 p.m., and have five more play-readings to come, as well as such forms of entertainment as dramatics, bridge, etc.

We would remind those who are interested that our Christmas Party will be held in Refectory on Saturday evening, December 10th. A circular regarding this will be enclosed in the next issue of *The Gryphon*—but book the date now and tell your friends to do likewise!

M.I.B.

London Letter.

Hon. Secretary:

F. ANDERSON,

130, Gunnersbury Lane,
Acton, W.3.

Telephone: Acom 1327.

The Dinner celebrating our Twenty-first Birthday will be held on Friday November 18th, at the Holborn Restaurant, at 7-30 p.m. Our President, Lord Moynihan, has very kindly promised to preside. Any member who has not received his invitation is urged to write or telephone to the Secretary. Please book the date.

The Committee wishes to congratulate the retiring Secretary, Dr. Shaw, upon her new appointment in the North and desires to record full appreciation of the work she had done for us. We are very sorry to lose her.

Her successor has been appointed as indicated at the head of this letter.

The committee is considering again the question of more frequent gatherings of an informal nature, and members will be circularised in due course.

F.A.

Manchester Letter.

Hon. Secretary:

Miss I. K. MARTIN,

465, Bury New Road,
Kersal.

Unfortunately, I was out of England when I received *The Gryphon's* last request for a report of our Manchester Branch activities.

Our last meeting took place in May, when we rambled from Higher Poynton through Lime Park and Whaley Bridge. The main body left London Road station

by the right train and was joined by various other members later. We were not complete till "Doris" brought the last members of the party in to tea in fine style, just as we had given up admiring the view for a moment and were immersed in the intricacies of "midget golf." Everything at tea was "home-made," and I think we all did justice to it. The President and Treasurer retired to play a quiet game of golf unhindered by the plaudits of the gallery, but were not left long in peace. The return train party was not quite so discreet as usual and produced quite a respectable volume of sound in stations.

Schude Hill market proved too attractive on the way home and we wandered through it by torchlight—cures for all ills, ice-cream, food, canaries, hens, rabbits, tortoises and second-hand books were all offered to us in turn. The last-named proved the most attractive and we parted at the stall to the tune of wireless dance music, just after Mr. Prest had procured a valuable book for twopence.

The following officials and committee have been elected for the year 1932-33 :

President : Professor H. S. RAPER.

Vice-Presidents : Miss M. S. HOLGATE. Mr. A. B. ROTH.

Hon. Secretary : Miss I. K. MARTIN.

Hon. Treasurer : Mr. N. CHAPPELL.

Hon. Auditor : Mr. CYRIL JACKSON.

Committee : Miss GREGSON, Miss BEARDWELL, Miss CRAVEN.

Mr. H. L. ROBINSON.

Rev. E. G. JAY.

Mr. J. ROSENBAUM.

Dr. C. DUNBAR.

The following provisional dates have been fixed for Branch Meetings :—

26th October. - - Social.

23rd or 25th November Branch Annual Dinner.

22nd February - - Social.

22nd March - - Social. Possibly a Joint Meeting with
Old Bristolians.

27th May - - - Ramble and Annual General Meeting.

There will probably be another meeting in April or May, the date of which will be announced later. We regret the loss of three regular members who have left this district, Miss N. Burns, Mr. W. Prest and Mr. A. W. E. Drabble. Also we regret the loss of our Treasurer, Mr. A. B. Roth, who has served this Branch since 1926, but we hope to see him often at Branch Meetings.

We are glad to see Professor Raper in the Presidential Chair again.

I. K. MARTIN,

Hon. Secretary.

The Leeds Language Schools.

IN the October issue of *The Gryphon*, we announced the appointment of two Leeds graduates to the staff of the German Department of the University of Manchester, one as professor and the other as assistant lecturer, and this month we learn of the appointment of Mr. Peacock (Mods. 1926-29) to the German

staff at Leeds. Mr. Brook (English, 1928-31) as already announced, is now on the staff of the English Language Department at Manchester. We need hardly add that a glance at the Calendar will show how many Leeds graduates are already on the Leeds staff. These are not the only signs that graduates of our University are attaining distinction in the world of philology, and that Leeds as a centre for language study is growing in importance.

Former students of the French Department are producing work of considerable scholarship; we may mention the names of Mr. Hainsworth, now of the Leeds staff, or Dr. Woledge, of University College, Hull, or Mr. Milton (Mods. 1920-23), part author of a French course to be published in the near future by the Oxford University Press as its only French course. At the same time, a scheme of co-operative research into problems of modern language teaching is progressing under Dr. Benn, and results are published from time to time: several old students are taking part in this research.

A venture (philological, not like the former one, poetical) by the Department of English Language is therefore very welcome. The first annual number of "**Leeds Studies in English and Kindred Languages**" includes papers by six graduates of Leeds—a note on the authorship of the "Katherine group" by R. M. Wilson, collations of the Vespasian Psalter and MS Harley 2253 (the most important collection of English lyrics of the thirteenth century) by Ruby Roberts and G. L. Brook respectively, a new etymology of "Saracen," by W. Taylor, a contribution to Icelandic genealogy by Frank Mosby, and the *editio princeps* of the Icelandic *Bragda-Olvis saga* by A. G. Hooper. The editors wish it to be known that they will consider for publication in future numbers papers of moderate length by graduates of the English school. Papers, which should be submitted in typescript, should make some definite contribution to scholarship. Subscriptions to the first number (5/- post free) may be sent to R. M. Wilson, M.A., Department of English. Merely from a local point of view we can but wish the new journal success; we offer our congratulations to Professor Dickins, who is himself among the contributors, as well as Mr. Ross. It is also worthy of note that two Leeds graduates in English (Dr. Hooper and Dr. Bertha Thompson) are now in America as Commonwealth Fund Fellows.

News of Interest to Old Students.

DICKINSON.—A new book by Mr. H. D. Dickinson, Lecturer in Economics, is announced: *Institutional Revenue*.

READ. Professor Herbert Read, an Old Student, is the author of a book to be published shortly under the title of *Form in Modern Poetry*. Readers will have noted that Mr. Read was a contributor to the symposium *The Great Victorians*.

REEDMAN.—Dr. J. N. Reedman, temporarily a member of the Economics Staff last year, and an Old Student, has been awarded an Acland Travelling Scholarship, value £250, for nine months; Dr. Reedman has gone to Geneva.

ROWE.—Professor Rowe's recent honour is announced elsewhere.

SMITH.—Old Students will note with pleasure that Dr. A. H. Smith is now President of the Viking Club.

STONE.—A new book by Julius Stone (LL.M., Leeds) is entitled *International Guarantees of Minority Rights*.

BIRTHS.

HART.—To Mr. T. J. (Zoology, 1925-29) and Mrs. Hart (formerly Edith Angood, Zoology and Education, 1926-30), on July 11th, at 65, Haslemere Avenue, West Ealing, W.13, a son, William John.

HAWTHORNE.—To Mr. J. E. (Physics and Education, 1919-23) and Mrs. Hawthorne, on September 11th, at "Redworth," Parkside, Prescott, Lincs., a daughter.

Mr. Hawthorne was Secretary of the Gym. Club, and was awarded Colours for Fencing. Until recently he was Secretary of our Merseyside Branch.

ENGAGEMENT.

The engagement is announced of Miss C. E. GRAY (Science and Education, 1926-30) to Mr. W. E. GREEN (Science and Education, 1926-30).

MARRIAGES.

BROWN-WEATHERSTON.—Dr. W. N. Brown to Jean H. Weatherston (Mods. and Education, 1920-24), at Hope Baptist Church, Hebden Bridge, on September 7th, 1932. Address: Westbourne House, Hebden Bridge.

DAVIES-STEVENSON.—Reginald Arthur Davies to Dora Stevenson (English and Education, 1922-26), at Listerhills Congregational Church, Bradford, on 9th July, 1932.

GRANT-OLCZEWSKA.—Alexander G. Grant (Fuel, 1922-26), to Mary C. Olczewska (History and Education 1920-24), at St. Michael's Church, Headingley, Leeds, on January 30th, 1932. Address: 86, Coniscliffe Road, Darlington.

HEAFFORD-KIENER.—P. E. Heafford (Physics, 1923-26) to Mdlle. N. Kiener of Chateau d'Oex.

HERKLOTS-WALTER.—Geoffrey Herklots (Botany, 1921-24), to Iris Walter, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, London, on 21st July, 1932.

LAMBERT-BURGESS.—J. Lambert (Chemistry and Education, 1922-26) to B. Burgess, of Northwich, Cheshire.

LEACH-FAWCETT.—Walter Leach to Bertha R. Fawcett (English and Education, 1918-22), at Westgate Baptist Church, Bradford, on 11th August, 1932. Address: 28, Woodville Place, Heaton, Bradford.

MILNE-LEE.—J. V. S. Milne (Colour Chemistry, M.Sc., 1920-25), to Winifred Lee (Arts, 1921-24), at Colombo, Ceylon, on 3rd October, 1932.

Mr. Milne will be remembered as one of the University's most successful athletes.

TAYLOR-HEYWOOD.—H. C. Taylor to Doris Heywood (Arts, 1921-25), at Warrington Parish Church, on 16th April, 1932.

WEST-COOPER.—Rev. J. H. West (Arts, 1920-23) to Ida Cooper, at the Baptist Church, Sunderland, on 31st August, 1932.

WITNEY-BELL.—Denis Witney (Economics, 1919-22, and Agriculture Staff) to Blanche E. Bell, at Holy Trinity Church, Leeds, in August, 1932.

DEATHS.

KENWORTHY.—L. A. Kenworthy, 17th September, 1932.

DYSON.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. Edgar William Dyson, chief clerk in the Department of Agriculture until the end of last session, at 5, Manor Drive, Headingley, Leeds, on 26th September, 1932.

HICK.—Dr. Henry Hick, J.P., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., 1875, late of New Wortley, Leeds, and New Romney, Kent, son of Matthew Bussey Hick, of Wakefield, at 15, Prospect Hill, Whitby, on 20th September, 1932. Dr. Hick was a personal friend of George Gissing and H. G. Wells. Lengthy obituary notices will be found in the newspapers of September 22nd.

RETIREMENT.

Mr. J. THOMPSON a familiar figure in the Engineering Department, left the University at the end of October, after many years service as clerk.

Loan Fund—Women.

IN the issue of *The Gryphon*, May, 1928, under this heading, it was stated: "It is intended to publish a statement of accounts at intervals." For the information of those who have never heard of this Fund it may be explained that an O.S.A. for Women was formed in 1902. Beginning with a modest subscription of 1/- per annum, or 10/- for Life Membership, the Association in time used its available funds to help students in special need. When the joint Association for men and women was formed in 1923, all the balance from the Women's Association was retained to be used for the purpose for which it had been subscribed. Old members may rest assured that the work still goes on and recipients reap the benefit of this effort started 30 years ago. Loans vary in amount according to the needs of the applicants, and it is satisfactory to report that there has been no failure to repay within reasonable time. Details of loans are not made public, and the following statement suffices to show the state of the fund:—

Total Funds, July, 1928	£111 18s. 3d.
Total Funds, July, 1932	£122 9s. 3d.

The increase, £10 11s. 0d., is made up of Bank Interest, plus gifts from recipients, less working expenses.

The accounts have been examined and found correct by Miss E. M. Blackburn.

10th October, 1932.

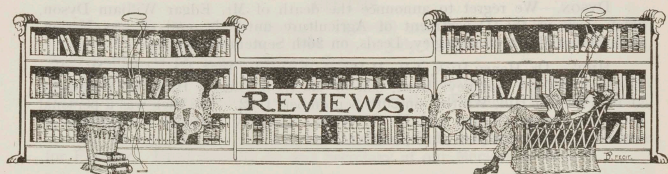
JANE HOLGATE.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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

The A.M.A., The Technical Journal, Die Stellenbosse Student, The Arrows, Twikher (Sheffield University Rag Annual).

Will contributors please remember to write on only one side of the paper. Secretaries have been particularly lax lately about this rule.



As It Looks to Young China.

CHINA has occupied a prominent place in the Press during the past few years and yet it is true to say that few Englishmen are aware of the true position in that distant land. The teeming millions of China do indeed present a problem of social, political and religious significance to the world and a study of the difficulties involved in the modernisation of a land so steeped in the tradition of the past is well worth while. Leeds University, moreover, has a special interest in China through the efforts being made to forge a closer link between English and Chinese students. This little book contains a series of essays by a group of young Christian Chinese who show in most interesting fashion how a conflict is going on between the forces of conservatism closely associated with Confucius and the new ideas and ideals of young China, related in the minds of the writers to Christianity. The family, school, business, national life, world relations and religion all come within the scope of their most comprehensive discussion. The foreword, by Professor William Hung, is useful as giving a belief *resumé* of the historical background.

C.N.F.

Edited by WILLIAM HUNG.

S.C.M. Press.

2/6 net.

An Introduction to International Trade and Tariffs.

THIS book provides a very complete and compact introduction to the subject matter of International Trade and Tariffs, and deals fully with the main principles and problems bound up with this subject. The various chapters are exceedingly well graded to introduce the reader gently and without a maze of technicalities to the working of tariffs throughout the international economic system. It is an invaluable book for both the student and the general reader.

D.T.W.

By R. A. HODGSON.

Pitman.

A Short Practice of Surgery—Volume II.

THE numerous readers of Love's Shorter Surgery will welcome the publication of this more ambitious survey under the joint authorship of Hamilton Bailey and McNeill Love. This book is distinguished by the conciseness and clarity of statement which made the earlier book dear to the heart of the medical student.

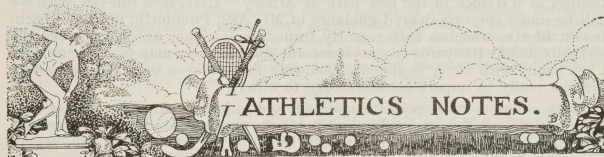
To write a good text-book on such a subject is a difficult enterprise, and in this case accuracy has sometimes been sacrificed in the cause of clearness. The methods of tabulation adopted are admirable, but in dealing with a subject where so many points relating both to diagnosis and to treatment are still largely a matter of personal opinion, such methods must inevitably give too arbitrary a view.

When so much discrimination and elimination of unessential matter is necessary, one should perhaps not cavil at a few omissions, but it is surely a serious lack that a book dealing with the surgery of the abdomen should devote no space to the differential diagnosis of the "acute abdomen," a subject which constitutes a difficult but important chapter in surgical diagnosis. The printing and general arrangement of the subject matter under a comprehensive system of headings and sub-headings make this book pleasant to read.

G.M.K.

By HAMILTON BAILEY AND R. S. McNEILL LOVE.

Lewis.



ONE of the most pleasing features of the new session has been the keenness shown by some of the freshmen who have just come into residence.

Some of them have also shown a great deal of ability in the various games and every one of the winter clubs have found places for at least two freshmen in the senior side. That's the spirit, Freshers—keep it up.

The Soccer Club seem to be the most fortunately placed with regard to players. They have all five of last year's colours men available; Gill, the new skipper, Griffiths, Reed, Ward and Wray, while two very promising Freshers, Holdsworth and Farrer, have stepped in to fill two of the vacant positions. The right wing is the only position yet to be filled. The team made a very promising opening by defeating the West Yorks. Regiment 5-0, and if they can only maintain the form shown in this match the Christie and All England Cups should once again find a home in Leeds.

The Rugby Club, once again under the leadership of Hayton, the Yorkshire County scrum-half, is also in a fairly happy position. So many new men have turned out that it is proposed to run a 6th XV to give some of the "novices" a chance of a game. Of last year's colours men only Hayton and C. H. Robinson remain, but four Freshers have already secured a place in the side. The team lost its opening match at Skipton, but it was only by the very narrow margin of 6 points to 3, so there is no need for alarm.

At the opening trial the Men's Hockey Club seemed to be in rather an unfortunate predicament, but since then two or three good Freshers have popped up to fill a sadly depleted side. Storrs-Fox has taken over the responsibilities of the captaincy and he still has with him two old skippers in Warin and Balmer. Two freshmen, Russell and Hemingway, appeared in the opening match, which

was lost to Ben Rhydding 3—2, and it is hoped that these two, together with a third, Dodd, will settle down to be real assets to the team.

With the exception of Atlas, the Boxing Club is able to call upon all the members of the team which won the Christie Cup last year, so that with Wright again leading the team they should find no difficulty in retaining it.

The form of the Women Athletes is as yet unknown, neither of the two winter teams having as yet had a match, and so we have to rely on their trial matches for any knowledge of their form. The Hockey team has most of last year's players still in residence and if the defence can only gain a little more steadiness at a critical moment they should do very well in the championship matches. Both last year's colours, Misses Barraclough and Pearson are available, while Miss Lockwood has taken over the captaincy from Miss Barraclough.

JOHN BALMER, G.A.S.

MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.—Owing to dissatisfaction with last year's arrangements and the opening of a new bath in Leeds, some changes have been made in the Club's winter activities. Our own coaching class is to be held on Monday evenings at 6 o'clock in the new bath at Armley. Here, in a full-size bath we shall be under the experienced guidance of Mr. Alec Pitchforth, our new coach. Mr. Pitchforth, who has only recently turned professional, this year broke the Yorkshire A.S.A. 100 yards free style record, and members may place themselves in his hands with every confidence, knowing him to be a practical up-to-date swimmer ready to impart his knowledge to others.

Those keen on water polo are again advised to join the Leander Winter S.C., which has also moved to Armley and holds its meetings on Thursday evenings at 8 p.m. Even better facilities will be available for polo practise this season as this club will be playing regular matches in a local league.

Although there was a very poor attendance at our recruiting meeting it is hoped that Freshers and old members will roll up to support the Club's activities.

R. ORTON SMITH, Hon. Sec.

NETBALL CLUB.—The Netball Club is running three teams this season and judging by the keen support of Freshers at trials all three should do well. It would be unwise to speculate at this stage, but with two County players in the team, supported by E. Wray, D. Martin and M. Holmes, great things should be possible. Who can tell what the season has in store for us? But hopes run high. May March see us the winners—not the Runners Up of the Cup!!

E. M. WRAY, Hon. Sec.

HOSTEL NOTES.

WEETWOOD HALL.—Wonder not, O reader (if any such there be) at the brown study which hangs like a pall over the fair face of Weetwood. Deep and serious are the contemplative musings of the great. Already, and the term is yet young, we have been called upon to make momentous decisions in the realm of daily newspapers and the management of our superfluous income.

How interesting a being is the genre Fresher! Hardly had we recovered from a cold douch of "Monday morning feeling," than we were overtaken by an inundation of a score or so of fresh young females, sublimely contemplating a rosy prospect of double Honours and first team fixtures. However, they have already learnt to appreciate "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," and the social collation partaken at the stillness of the midnight hour. Nothing if not versatile we are now contemplating the study of Hindustani as recreation for our leisure moments.

Strengthened by new enthusiasm Weetwood carollers have already made the rafters ring with melodious warble. Saturday witnessed the first visit of Mr. Kallaway, who assured us

that our voices can only achieve full recognition against a background of manly bass. Since "there is in souls a sympathy with sounds," we offer a cordial invitation to any interested.

Now, however, we turn our faces resolutely to the fore—principally to a Hostel Whist Drive arranged for this term and the Dance on December 17th.

LYDDON HALL.—And so beginneth this year of Grace; out of ten Freshers, four will ultimately take in hand to cure the next generation of measles and chicken-pox; two are studying simple arithmetic; the remainder are wanderers in Arctic snows. So far, I believe they all find life easy—a life consisting of innumerable supper parties with a few Hostel rules and observances squeezed in between—may it continue rosy. Our first fire-drill of the term rattled us out on the miserable morning of the 14th, to behold a wide and starry sky complete with promise of rain; most of us groaned; some, with truly poetic appreciation, enjoyed the breath of the morning. As a well-known lecturer lately remarked—There's no accounting for tastes.

OXLEY HALL.—While looking back on the past with pleasant memories, at this juncture we are also looking forward to the future with the utmost confidence, having recently welcomed to our midst, Miss McLaren as Warden of Oxley.

Twenty-five Freshers have made up our sadly depleted ranks and are quickly beginning to take a part in the life of Hall, as well as in University Sports and Societies. When this goes to press, our part will have been played at the W.R.C. Social, where it is, this year, Oxley's turn to provide the entertainment. Our own Freshers' Social is fixed for October 29th, and Hall Dance for November 11th. Rehearsals of plays, rumours of Fire Practices, and of work beginning, early breakfasts for those world's workers who sally forth to instruct the young, all go to prove that the "new session" is no longer new within the precincts of this home of industry. The Annual Re-Union of O.U.H.O.S.A. is to be held on Friday and Saturday, January 6th and 7th, 1933. Old students will be glad to welcome Mrs. Moorman back on this occasion, and to have the pleasure of meeting Miss McLaren at the Dinner.

COLLEGE HALL.—Back again, and to us it is as if the long Vac. had never been. We were agreeably surprised on refusing to find that Hostel had acquired a new panel picture, a present from Professor Grant, sometime Professor of History at Leeds, which is a great asset to the Common Room. Another equally acceptable gift from the same source is the set of History Books and the bound volumes of Punch, which are new additions to the library, and doubtless in the future it will be no rare thing when working there to glance at the tomes our neighbour is perusing so earnestly and discover that she has been seduced by the entertaining pages of that pleasant journal. We extend our heartiest thanks to the kind donor.

The Freshers have been welcomed, and are just beginning to lose their sense of bewilderment. It is encouraging to find that several of them stand chances of filling vacancies in the various University teams.

Hostel is strangely quiet this term—idle fingers but rarely strum the keyboard, the ukeleles are abandoned, and in place resounds the click of needles, for the knitting craze is upon us, and every hue of the rainbow is represented in the wools that ultimately are to take shape in scarves and jumpers. Most surprising has it been to find thus engaged, people whom hitherto we would not have suspected to have any such inclination, but who are now so far advanced in the domestic art that they attempt the complexities of a polo-jumper. Hostel is, as usual, looking forward to the Men's Dance, but particularly so from the fact that one person has accepted the challenge of knitting a certain article there which recently caused much amusement when she produced it in the Common Room.

The Professors' and the Freshers' Socials are the most imminent social events which we are awaiting with pleasure.—A.N.

HOSTEL OF THE RESURRECTION.—The Hostel, with customary zeal, has entered on the term with enthusiasm, both Freshmen and others having linked up with the various University Societies as a fit and proper beginning to the term. Bazaar Day was preceded, as is the beginning of each academic year by a two-days retreat, which was conducted by Father Cary, of St. Alban's. This was felt to be not only necessary, but also a very helpful stimulus before the plunge into University activities took place.

The Freshmen, who number 22, have rapidly become absorbed into the life of the Hostel, and have already lost the verdure which is associated with them on their arrival. This may have been due to the concert with which the other years were entertained, comprised of a number of exceedingly mixed turns, but which, nevertheless, brought out some useful talent for future plays.

This year the Hostel Rugby team is to be revived and judging from the initial turn-out on a very miserable Saturday morning, the prospects of coaching non-Rugger players into useful members of a XV are exceedingly bright.

It was encouraging also on the first Sunday morning of term to see so many friends from the University at the 10 o'clock service. We would give a further welcome to any other men-students who wish to join us in worship on these occasions since it is still possible to find a vacant seat in the Chapel.—D.F.

DEVONSHIRE HALL.—The advent of a new session in Devonshire Hall was signalled by the arrival of many Freshers (to whom a hearty welcome is being extended) and green grass on patches of the lawn which had hitherto remained virgin despite the strenuous efforts of the gardener to make them bear fruit.

The Freshers are now receiving that broadening of the outlook which is so important a feature of University life by learning several clever tricks on the yo-yo, as specified by a prominent member of the Union Committee and Swimming Club, who is thought to have a secret addiction for the toy. Their general behaviour still further illustrates the effects of the inspiring environment into which the Hostel was thrust two years ago, for there is now a placid dignity about the place to which veterans of the old Hall do not easily accustom themselves.

The growth of the lawn is a more difficult phenomenon to explain. One school of thought attributes it to the very close scrutiny it received from an eminent agriculturist during the vacation, whilst the other considers that an obstacle erected to keep off the men may possibly be a contributory cause.

Preparations for November 5th are not being neglected, and it is hoped that others besides Devonians will be present.—J.C.C.



DEBATING SOCIETY.—The Freshers' Debate, the only debate that has been held as yet, was an unqualified success. The motion that "The Existence of the Modern University is a Menace to Cultural Development," was defeated by a substantial majority, mainly owing to the activities of speakers from the floor of the House, who were numerous, interesting and intelligent, all of which forms a very favourable omen for the future. It may be that "Well begun is half done," but in our case "Much remains to conquer still." We would ask you to continue to support us. Mid-day debates are always well attended. Devonshire Hall we are sure will attract a large number of eloquent speakers and intelligent listeners. There is one debate, however, to which we would call your special attention. The Inter-Varsity Debate is to be held in the Great Hall on Friday, November 25th. The motion that "Progress is but the False God of a Perverted Western Civilisation," will be discussed in detail by representatives of six universities, all of whom will probably be corrected by Leeds men. It will be worth attending. This will be the first occasion on which this debate has been held in the evening, the reason being that an event of such importance surely deserves the attention of a whole evening and not an odd hour between lectures and dinner. We hope to gain the support of a large part of the University and we feel quite sure that those who do attend will in no way regret it. S.G.E.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—The first meeting of the Society had to be postponed from October 17th to the 24th, as the previous date clashed with Professor Harvey's Inaugural Lecture.

Many new members have joined the Society and to them we extend a cordial welcome. We hope they will contribute something to the Members' Evening which is to be held on November 14th. Plans later.

It has been impossible to persuade Mr. J. B. Priestley to visit us, but we hope to arrange at least one open meeting in the course of the session.—G.B.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—We are looking forward to having a successful year as on former occasions. Unluckily our first reading was booked for the same date as the Freshers' Smoker and a Public Lecture, so had to be cancelled. These notes having to be sent in so early in the term we have nothing to report, but by the time they appear in print we will have had the Freshers' Reading, at which we hope to find unlimited talent for our Annual Production which will take place at the end of November.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—The Society held its first meeting on Thursday, October 13th, when the President, Professor W. Garstang, gave his address. This extremely enjoyable meeting was very well attended and we are pleased to note that many of the audience were Freshers. We hope that this attendance will be maintained throughout the session. We still need more members to equal last year's number—so join now and enjoy the many benefits to which membership entitles you.

Our first ramble is to be held on Saturday, October 16th, and it is hoped that everyone who is able will attend in the future. This also applies to the Works visits, which have already begun. Once again may I appeal to all who are interested to join the Society and help it to maintain that standard of popularity which it has attained in recent years.—

J. H. ELLIOTT, Hon. Secretary.

THE ECONOMICS SOCIETY.—The Society is still short of the membership record attained last year. First year students do not seem to recognise that their acquaintance with the science of wealth is incomplete without making use of the facilities provided by the Economics Society. Still, it is never too late to mend, and all new members will be welcome at the first meeting of the Society. F. J. Marquis, Esq., Manager of Lewis's, is unable to be present on November 8th, but has promised to come on March 7th, next term.

LEEDS UNDERGRADUATES' SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—This Society has started the year with a week full of activities. By the time this will be in print Professor Brodetsky will have given his Presidential Address, our Social will have begun the long succession of Refectory Dances, and we shall have held our first ramble. Our lectures are for everybody interested in politics, our Discussion Groups for the keener members, and our Dance and Rambles for all who wish to meet kindred spirits on a sociable, comradesly level.

All lectures are held on Mondays, at 5-15 p.m., in the Education Lecture Room. Details of Rambles are posted up on the Notice Board.

THE SCOUT CLUB.—The first meeting was held on October 13th, when Mr. W. P. Welpton gave his Presidential Address. He discussed all the activities of the club and gave us helpful suggestions. We had present also Mr. Ferro, Commissioner for Central Leeds, and Mr. Richardson, the County Akela Leader. A very interesting programme lies before us, including talks by Mr. Richardson, Mr. W. D. Wills, M.P. (a former County Commissioner), and others, as well as lantern lectures on travel by Mr. N. V. Sowden and M. Incubuit. The membership roll has passed the 40 mark, and we hope to reach 50. All scouts, rovers, former scouts, cub officers, and all who are interested in scouting, camping, hiking, and like activities are cordially invited to turn up to a meeting, without the obligation of joining. We hope that those men who are interested and who have not the time to become regular members will roll up to any meeting—they are always welcome as guests of the club. A good programme of hikes and camps is being arranged this year. Any men who wish to be put in touch with Scout Troops, Cub Packs, or Rover Crews, should communicate with the Secretary, or with Mr. A. H. Pettet (H.O.R.).—C.E.J.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY.—The Society's activities for the session commenced on October 13th, when the Lord Bishop of Ripon addressed a well-attended meeting in Emmanuel Church Institute. His Lordship stressed the necessity of churchpeople bearing witness to Christian morality and the application of Christian principles to modern problems, which he illustrated by pronouncements on several controversial topics. The Bishop was supported by Father Biggart and the Rev. R. S. Watson. A start has also been made with the Study Group and Mid-day addresses in Emmanuel Church. With reference to the former members should note that Professor Hamilton Thompson has been obliged to postpone his paper till the Lent term. The paper on December 1st will be read by Mr. G. Christie, B.A., of the College of the Resurrection, Mirfield. The first Corporate Communion will be celebrated on the 1st November, and it is much to be hoped that all those who by their presence have contributed to the success of our opening meetings will be able to meet together in this act of sacramental worship.—R.S.M.

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