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The Journal of the University of Leeds



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FEB., 1935

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# THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

*"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sicke fathers; yet have wee ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when wee known 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.

**B**OTH for the farmer and *The Gryphon* editor it is the barren season. For the latter the Christmas vac. still leaves behind it somewhat of the after-Christmas torpor, yet it provides him with a symbol on which to base his editorial.

With the advent of each New Year we turn our backs upon the past, sometimes relieved or sometimes with regret, yet always in resignation since it is for ever dead and gone. Then looking to the future we spy out the signs of coming things. Here the Editor, peering like Old Moore into the Union hieroglyph, sees looming in the approaching weeks the Union elections and the A.G.M., since by a shrewd ordinance of Authority these violent distractions are banished from the Summer Term.

So within a space of weeks the Union will be plunged—with all appropriate journalese—into the turmoil and hubbub of eager party strife. Earnest young men with set expression scurry to and fro, determinedly collecting supporting signatures for their nominee. From the tub-tops they will harangue the incredulous mob, working up passions to fever pitch, while the secure Olympians look on this mortal folly with austere disdain, and the simple Fresher wonders to himself: "Who are these giants of the Union?"

But are we fair? Has not Leeds in recent years shown a reviving, heartening interest in its Union elections? Has not partisan enthusiasm increased, while rancour has diminished?

In the midst of this election fever comes the A.G.M. Like the British public at a General Election, the Union has one moment in the year when it is master of its fate. Regrettably in recent years we have proved unequal to the opportunity. By the insolence of a few and the indifference of the many this occasion has been transformed into a stupid farce.

Let the Union this year re-assert its dignity. Rag the speakers by all means, if they lapse into pomposity, but respect the canons of fair play. Chastise the knitting female from the omniscient gallery with your plaintive chant, but scotch the vapid adolescent with his ceaseless rain of peas and paper aeroplanes.

Let us show a proper pride in the management of our own affairs and prove ourselves full-grown. The Union year so far has not been without its creditable achievements, and has been unspoilt by any grievous contretemps. Let us then go on, encouraged to greater strengths in the battles that still lie ahead.

## Notes and Comments.

A chiel's amang you, taking notes,  
And faith, he'll prent it.

BURNS.

### New Cover.

*The Gryphon* Committee is unanimously in favour of changing the cover of the magazine, during this session if possible. You must have noticed the bright interrogation mark on the cover of this issue, replacing the old wrought-iron gateway design, which, we submit, has had its day and ceased to be.

Artists, Poets, Visionaries! take up your pens and draw! Sketch something bright and new for the cover to be. To be, or not to be? It depends on you. Besides there is a

### Prize.

Of two guineas for the design which is accepted by *The Gryphon* staff. The colours should be clearly indicated in the case of pen or pencil drawings. and ample room left for the title and number of issue. All entries should be in by 16th April, 1935.

**Explanatory.**

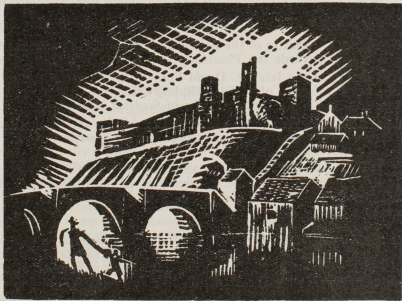
It has been pointed out to us that a note made in the December issue, about the suppers at dances and socials, was couched in a style which can only be described as bad taste. None has suggested that the rebuke was unmerited, but we have heard that it was futile. In our zeal for presenting the matter in a bright and vigorous form we overstepped the bounds, and for this we apologize, hoping that all who took exception to the paragraph will accept this in the magnanimous way of the principal person concerned.

**Thanks.**

We wish to thank those contributors who, pressed into service at the last moment, gave of their best. Particularly do we shake the mit of the Lady of the Valentines, the pseudo Russian author of "It Was Bound to Happen...." and the poet of a new era, Stanton. These three were placed. Congrats. to all those in the "also ran" class, for some very fair contributions.

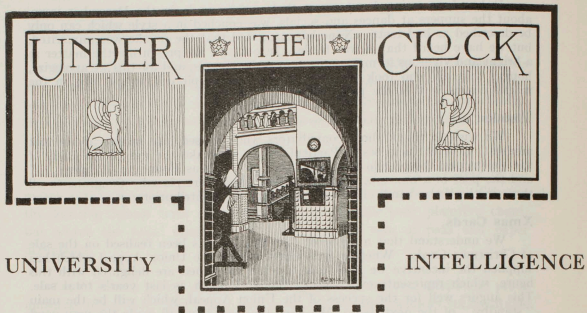
**Xmas Cards.**

We understand that a profit of £20 10s. 1d. has been realised on the sale of Christmas Cards. Whether it is Christmas or the Union Appeal which has supplied the incentive we know not, but all concerned are delighted with this figure, which represents over twenty times as much as last year's total sale. This augurs well for the success of the Union Appeal, which will be the main "standby" of the next issue. We hope that you have all made the very good resolution of making this new year a great year in the history of the University buildings. But more of this anon.....

**CASTLE ON A HILL.**

(lino-cut).

W. S. GOBAT



**A**T its meeting in November, the Council expressed its deep regret at the death since the last meeting of three members of the University, namely, Mr. J. Rawlinson Ford, Mr. E. George Lancaster and Mr. Oliver Marsden.

The cordial thanks of the Council were offered to the following donors :—

- (a) The Leeds Committee of the British Pharmaceutical Conference for their gift of £25 towards the Pharmacy Department Equipment Fund.
- (b) The family of the late Dr. David Forsyth for their gift to the Library of a large collection of books, including Literature, History and Science, together with a great many books of Scottish interest.
- (c) The Heckmondwike Urban District Council for their donation to the Library of 27 volumes of the Proceedings of the Institution of Municipal and County Engineers.
- (d) The Società Nazionale "Dante Alighieri" for the gift of 95 volumes of Italian Literature. The books contained in the collection deal chiefly with modern times, but some of them are editions of classical Italian authors.

At its meeting in December the Council gratefully received a gift of about 280 books and pamphlets, mainly theological, from the family of the late Mrs. William Harvey. Mr. T. E. Harvey also gave a number of volumes, including a valuable set of "The Nation."

A valuable gift of machinery was announced from the Turner Tanning Machinery Company, of Bramley. This is not the first gift of the firm, for they are installing five new machines in the Leather Industries Department at no cost to the University, with a view to keeping the Department up to date.

### Appointments.

Dr. James Sharpe, M.D., F.R.F.P. & S. Glasgow, D.P.H., Deputy Medical Officer of Health for Leeds, has been appointed Honorary Demonstrator in Public Health. Mr. L. Pyrah, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S., has been appointed Clinical Lecturer, and Mr. A. B. Pain, Ch.M., F.R.C.S., has been appointed to the same position also. Mr. H. D. Stephens, L.D.S., has been appointed Clinical Dental Lecturer.

An honorary Lectureship in Modern Icelandic has been instituted, to which Mr. E. O. G. Turville-Petre, B.A., B.Litt., of Oxford, has been appointed.

### The Brotherton Library Building.

The outline of the whole structure from floor to roof is now visible. All that remains to be done is to finish the covering of the dome. At the time of writing this latter presents a strange sight, for all that is in position is the steel lattice work which will hold the centering for the permanent roof and which also acts as a scaffold supporting the platforms for the workmen. The men engaged on the erection of this temporary framework looked for all the world like spiders in a web, as one of the daily papers suggested.

The marble columns, with their bronze bases have been encased in wood but the proportions of the central reading room are now seen. The lofty aisle has been roofed in, as well as the gallery with its recesses, the brick walls separating these recesses being mainly finished.

The Brotherton Collection room, with gallery and skylight, is now structurally complete, save for the glazing of the skylight. It will undoubtedly be one of the most attractive features of the building. A good deal of preliminary work has also been carried out in the installation of the heating and ventilation system.

It is with much regret that we have to record the death of Mr. Benjamin Dickinson, who has been foreman bricklayer during the last five years. He was a regular purchaser of *The Gryphon* and was himself a collector of early printed books. His genial presence will be greatly missed by his fellow workmen.

R.O.

### ERICA SPAUL.

One of the happiest, brightest and quaintest of little children should not pass from us without record; hence this tribute to the memory of Erica, the only daughter of Professor and Mrs. Spaul, who died on December 8th last at the age of six. Her bodily presence has gone, but she will long remain in the hearts and lives of many people, old and young. Just one little incident. What intense delight there was on the morning of "Rag" day to peep through a keyhole into the zoological laboratory and see a familiar figure at the blackboard right in the line of vision. "Daddy's just drawn a tadpole!" Erica was a great authority on tadpoles, even if on this occasion she was really looking at a capital P. All the effort of toiling up those stairs to the Botanical Department, one step at a time—the little legs could not stretch far—with one or two other young irreplaceables, must have been very well worth while to judge from the triumphant look on that determined little face.

Professor and Mrs. Spaul have the strongest sympathy of all our community. Those who got to know the amusing prattle, the comical remarks, the love of a little romp and banter, above all the affectionate nature of that happy, innocent, chubby little girl, will not easily let her memory slide from their minds. "Except ye become as little children...."

## UNION NOTES.

FATE decrees that many have to write something about nothing—many write examinations knowing nothing, others write newspaper reports about nothing, and not the least Union Secretaries write notes for *The Gryphon* on nothing. Yet an attempt must be made. When the last issue appeared, terminals were looming over us; they soon passed and we departed from this hallowed spot to make merry. Now the new term has barely begun—most of us are still thinking of starting work! Very little has happened, yet we must say something about it. The doings of Union officials during the vac. might be of interest, but there is a remarkable degree of reticence as to what actually happened. Rumour has it that one high official had a most engaging farewell as he left to represent Leeds at a certain university in the Midlands—we congratulate him, but we refrain from details.

However, amongst all the frivolities, we have discovered some who have been doing some work. Leading lights in the M.R.C. and W.R.C. have collaborated in organising a joint effort for the Union Appeal Fund. May be, Leeds, in centuries to come, we'll have some Union buildings! These energetic souls, under the capable direction of Miss Bloxham, are devising some weird and wonderful entertainment, which is to be followed by something extraordinarily good in the way of dances. As to the entertainment, mystery and secrecy still clothes its actual nature, but we have heard that a noted university singer is making another public appearance; also there are rumours that all these well-known wits of *The Gryphon* are making public débuts. Indeed, it will be a weird and wonderful show! We hope you will all be there to add to its respectability. It is to be on Friday, March 8th.

Further interesting facts have to be noted here. The election date is nearing. Soon notices will appear announcing that we want a President for next session. Also, there will be four positions on the new Union Committee to be filled by general election. We will also want a woman Vice-President. In years past, on election days, large numbers have not bothered to go to the poll. This year we expect you to do your duty. Remember, if you think you are a likely President, or have the ability to fill one of the four open seats on the Union, your nomination proposed, seconded and supported by at least 50 signatures of members of the Union, must be sent to the Secretary of the Union at least seven days before the date of the election. This date will be announced on the Union notice boards very shortly.

Another important event takes place this term—the Annual General Meeting. This is held in accordance with the Constitution on the second Thursday in February. This year it falls on February 14th. We hope you'll be there. It is usually the only chance the whole University has of meeting together to discuss student affairs—we trust that there will be some opportunity for these affairs to be heard! Please remember that any additions to the published agenda have to be submitted to the Union Office four days before the meeting.

My pen is dry. There seems little more to be said except to wish you a happy 1935—may you outwit the examiners at every turn.

P. BARRON,  
Hon. Secretary L.U.U.

## For Men Only.

**S**OME time this term each Representative Committee will be holding its elections. The successful candidates will hold office during the Session 1935-36.

The Men's Representative Committee represents by far the largest number of students in the University, viz., all men at University Road (with a few exceptions). It is, therefore, on behalf of the M.R.C. in particular that we appeal to YOU! Your constituency elects one or two members, according to its size. These will constitute the M.R.C., a body consisting of 28 students.

This body, in its turn, elects representatives on to the Union Committee, which, with representatives from the other R.Cs., is the legislative and executive authority of the Students' Union. To this, the M.R.C. elects 11 members. This number is made up of the President and Secretary of the M.R.C., (*ex-officio*), four men who will not be in their final year in their period of office, and five men from any year. In addition, men are elected to the various sub-committees of the Union. This is the primary function of the Men's Representative Committee.

Apart from this, the M.R.C. is mainly occupied, legislatively and executive, in improving the amenities of the Union Rooms. For example, during this session, new furniture has been bought for the lounges, a new piano has been acquired, the gramophone was put in working order, and new records and cabinet were placed in the J.C.R. A billiards handicap has been held. The Freshers' Smoker at the beginning of each session is run by the M.R.C. Later in the term it is proposed to hold a joint Appeal Effort of the W.R.C. and M.R.C. for the New Union Rooms' Fund.

In a more general way, the M.R.C. is responsible for the interest of its constituencies. If men have reasonable complaints or positive suggestions affecting their interests, they should inform their representative, who will bring the matter before the Committee for consideration. If it should be of sufficient importance, it will be passed on to the Union Committee, for weightier consideration.

Thus it is clear that in proposing candidates for election, great care and thought should be taken. Mere popularity is no criterion that a man is capable of holding a position of responsibility, or, indeed, that he has any vital interest in the social and athletic activities of the University. Both these attributes are essential in the candidate you put forward, so consult your duty and your own interest in the M.R.C. ELECTIONS!

H. BREARLEY, *President M.R.C.*

G. E. WHITTAKER, *Hon. Secretary*

M.R.C.

---

## THE UNION APPEAL EFFORT

IS ON

## MARCH 8TH

EVERYONE SHOULD BE THERE

---

## Valentines.

"He that has ever so little examined the citations of writers cannot doubt how little credit the quotations deserve, where the originals are wanting; and consequently how much less, quotations of quotations can be relied on." [LOCKE]

## President of Union :—

"Tall chap he was, with steely blue eyes and firm jaw.

A Pukka Sahib, sir, Eton, Balliol, and Leeds... only thirty."

[ROLAND].

[May, 1934].

## Secretary of the Union :—

"He never yet no vileyne ne sayde

In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.

He was a verray parfit, gentil knyght.

[CHAUCER].

## Editor of "The Gryphon" :—

"Let there be gall enough in thy ink."

[SHAKESPEARE].

"The feather whence the pen was

shaped—dropped from an angel's wing."

[WORDSWORTH].

## O.T.C. :—

"A few strong instincts and a few plain rules."

[WORDSWORTH].

## M-dg- Spencer :—

"You may not be an angel."

[POPULAR SONG]

## Miss Bl-xh-m :—

"She moves like a goddess, and she looks a queen."

[POPE].

## Miss Aud-y Arm-ta-e :—

"Loneliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament

But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

[THOMSON].

## A. A. W-de :—

"You'd scarce expect one of my age

To speak in accents on the stage.

Don't view me with a critic's eye

But pass my imperfections by.

Large streams from little fountains flow,

Tall oaks from acorns grow."

[EVERETT].

## — Br-wnr-dg :—

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."

[SHAKESPEARE].

## Edu. :—

"Ye wrangling schoolmen."

[WORDSWORTH].

"And gladly wolde they lerne and gladly teche."

[CHAUCER].



**Men Day Students :—**

"Those move easiest who have  
learned to dance." [POPE].

**H. Brearley :—**

"Horace still charms with graceful negligence." [POPE].

**Refec. :—**

"Unquiet meals make ill digestions." [SHAKESPEARE].

**Winif—ed D—d—r—ck :—**

"My love hath my heart, and I have his." [SIDNEY].

**Mr. W. R. Ch—ld :—**

"His only frivolity was a purple knitted scarf, which he wore  
daily." [SINCLAIR LEWIS].

**K. I—gh—m :—**

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke." [SHAKESPEARE].

"If I stop and stand about  
Well I know how things will be,  
Judy will be looking out  
Every now and then for me." [J. CLARE].

**W—ll—am W—d :—**

"O Willy's rare, and Willy's fair  
And Willy's wondrous bonny." [ANON.].

**H.O.R. :—**

"Is there a parson much bemused in beer?" [POPE].

**Club Secretaries :—**

"If you can keep your head, when all about you are losing theirs...." [KIPLING].

**M—g—r—t Mat—i—s—n :—**

"Thou art not sweet, though made of pure delight,  
Not fair, nor sweet." [CAMPION].

**D. W. Pr—stl—y :—**

"There is a certain noble pride through which merits shine brighter  
than through modesty." [JEAN PAUL].

**Staff Generally :—**

"The greatest clerkes ben not the wisest men." [CHAUCER].

**T. V. B—nn :—**

"Whole, half, and quarter mistakes are very difficult and  
troublesome to correct." [GOETHE].

**Al—ce Ew—rt :—**

"Like to the clear in highest sphere  
Where all imperial glory shines,  
Of self-same colour is her hair  
Whether unfolded or in twines."

[T. LODGE].

**Music Society :—**

"Their voices into liquid music swell."

[WORDSWORTH].

**R. T—rn—r :—**

"You dance very well for a second-lieutenant."

[BLOSSOM TIME].

"She liked his little black moustache."

[POPULAR SONG].

**The H.P. :—**

"A good uniform must work its way with the women  
sooner or later."

[DICKENS].

**The Refec. :—**

"Oh, flesh, flesh, how art thy fishied!"

[SHAKESPEARE].

**Mrs. Beck :—**

"Thou art thyself to all eternity."

[D. G. ROSSETTI].

**Stuart Smith :—**

"I had rather be a kitten and cry mew  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."

[SHAKESPEARE].

**The Fencing Club :—**

"Sliced belly, 8d."

[BUTCHER'S ADVERT.].

**The H.O.R. Boys :—**

"Come, Sir Priest, you know that you should not meddle with  
women-folk."

[CHARLES READE].

**The Br—wns :—**

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! the first we've heard."

[T. E. BROWN].

**B. M—D—rm—t :—**

"Ful byg he was of brawn and eek of bones."

[CHAUCER].

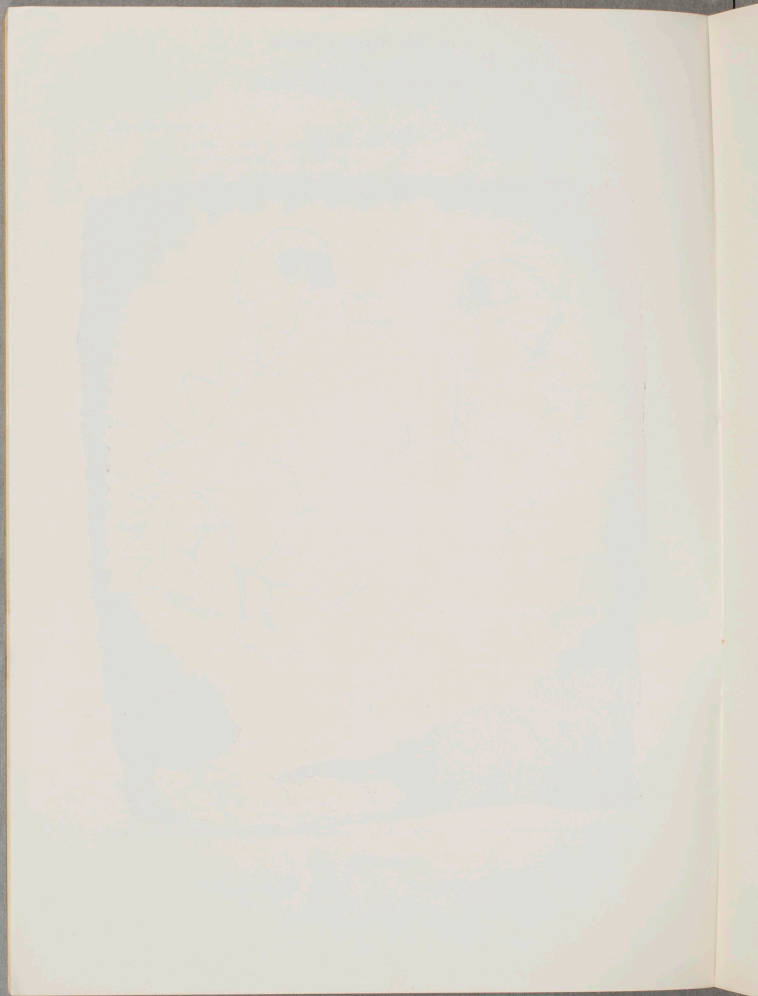
**"THE GRYPHON."**

Closing Date for Copy - - 12th February.

An Edu Student's Dream  
or  
The Swotter's Saturday Night

MONTE-SAURI





## "Edu. Extravaganza."

Book by HIRAM SCHLÜSSNÜSSEHEIMER.

Music by HONEGGER, PALAESTRINA and ALF. HIGGINS.

Lyrics by CYRIL ("Delinquent"), BERT and MONTY NUNN.

THE curtain rises to reveal a colossal lecture theatre, with seats towering up to heaven, filled with thousands of students—women in front, men behind. The men are dressed in green plus-four suits, the women in white berets and maroon dresses. It is very, very early morning (8-55). The students, hereinafter referred to as the Chorus, are flooded with deep blue light and fast asleep. Softly a colossal symphony orchestra is playing a high dithering tremolo on the strings, punctuated by muted train-whistles, tram-bells and the "five-to" bell. This suddenly modulates and becomes the "dawn music" from "William Tell," played against a thumping ground-bass, which, together with a change of lights, indicates the rise of the sun. This ends with a nerve-shattering crash on the percussion, which wakes the end student in the first row, who nudges her neighbour, who wakes and carried on the good work, and so on, rapidly, all up the tiers of seats, to the accompaniment of rippling arpeggios on ten pianos.

In the right centre is a row of school desks and a colossal blackboard. To a brilliant concert arrangement of "Boots, Boots, Boots, Boots, Marching up and down again," a class of boys files in and takes its place in the desks.

A shower of almost unplayable glissandi on the pianos, against a figured bass on the euphonium, trautionium and harmonium, heralds the arrival of the teacher.

Enter the Bad Teacher; he pushes a small trolley on which is the, *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and sings the following aria:—

"We seek these young ones to instruct,  
To fill them full of knowledge.  
Now, if we can succeed in this,  
They need not go to college.  
All knowledge th' *Encyc. Brit.* contains  
Come, let's transfer it to their brains."

He begins to read the first article of the first volume in a droning voice. The students droop over their note-books. Two sprites, Talking and Inattention, spring up through trap-doors, their arms laden with string, penknives and chewing-gum, which they distribute to the delighted class.

Suddenly Fate Knocks on the Door. ("Bonk .. Bonk .. Traa—a—a la—da—dee—dither—crash!") from the orchestra).

Enter the Good Teacher. The sprites and the Bad Teacher fall down trap-doors at his approach. He carries a large portmanteau, wears a flannel suit and has silver locks and a benevolent face. He sings a solemn dirge to the chorus:—

"Ah woe is me, behold this class!  
Things are in a pretty pass!  
They have not learnt a thing to-day  
Oh! What would Mr. Stéphan say?"

He continues, more cheerfully :—

“ Sing a song of Method  
 A pocket full of Theory  
 Though I should teach a thousand years  
 I never would grow weary.  
 You give the boy experience  
 (I'll show you what I mean)  
 He needs the said experience  
 Because he is so 'green.' ”

He then opens his portmanteau and produces an assortment of ironmongery, which he distributes to the class, to be fitted together by the boys; he sings a rondo while so doing :—

“ The lesson, sirs, must always be  
 Related in a high degree  
 To what is done by you and me  
 And all in the community.”

The class quickly produce, from the parts distributed, a pump, a gas meter and a boiler, and in the latter they make tea for the students. The Good Teacher meanwhile writes on the Blackboard, in letters six feet high, which suddenly turn into neon signs :—

“ KNOWLEDGE IS A GROWTH.”

The student chorus rises to its feet, cheering wildly and sings with full orchestra :—

“ You give the boy experience  
 To make the blighter learn,  
 And if you give experience  
 Your Burnham Scale you earn.  
 For Knowledge is a Growth, my lads,  
 Knowledge is a Growth.  
 To swear it on your oath, my lads,  
 You may be very loth, my lads,  
 But plight your bally troth, my lads,  
 Knowledge is a Growth.”

BLACK OUT.

B.B.R.

## R. H. Morley, M.D., B.S., M.R.C.P.

(President of the Union, 1927-28).

**R**ALPH HENRY MORLEY was born in China in 1904 and, returning to this country, was educated at Kingswood School, Bath, before joining his brother at Leeds University. Following graduation as M.B., B.S., London, he held the appointments of House Physician to Dr. Telling at the General Infirmary and Demonstrator in Pathology and Bacteriology in the University of Leeds. He then proceeded to London, holding appointments at the Brompton Hospital and at the East London Hospital for Women and Children, now the Duchess of York's Hospital for Children.

In 1931 he entered general practice in Norwich and at the same time was appointed Clinical Assistant at the Jenny Lind Hospital. It had been his intention later, had health permitted, to specialise in children's diseases at this hospital.

Ralph Morley was a man of rare character and wide interests, to all of which he brought the same independent, intelligent and well-balanced mind, the same keenness, the same shrewd insight and dry humour which endeared him to his friends. Never a popular man and often misjudged in account of his independence, Morley left his mark upon all he undertook.

Despite a series of accidents whilst playing football at school, he was able at the University to excel in swimming, football and tennis and later to begin rock climbing. His interest in literature, modern art and more especially the drama were equally wide. The author of several plays as yet unpublished, his work was held by discerning critics to hold great promise.

His gifts as an administrator were well exemplified during his year of office as President of the Union, and received wider acknowledgement when he was appointed Vice-President of the National Union of Students, an honour he esteemed very highly.

His untimely death at Mundesley Sanatorium, in November last, after a short illness, has left a large gap in the lives of his many friends and one which we at Leeds feel very deeply.

R.E.T.

### Public Lectures and Music—February.

Thursday, February 7	1-20 p.m.	Pianoforte Recital	GEORG HARTEN.
	5-15 p.m.	Bible Lecture	.. Professor JAMES.
Monday, February 11	8-0 p.m.	"European Culture in the XIXth century.	Mr. CHRISTOPHER DAWSON. General Lecture Theatre.
Tuesday, February 12	8-0 p.m.	"Contemporary Poetry"	Mr. I. A. RICHARDS, at Philosophical Hall, Leeds.
Thursday, February 14	5-15 p.m.	Bible Lecture	.. Professor JAMES.
Monday, February 18	5-15 p.m.	"The Stalling of Aeroplanes."	Professor MELVILL JONES, M.A., of Cambridge.
	8-0 p.m.	"Purcell"	.. Mr. E. W. ALLAM.
Thursday, February 21	1-20 p.m.	Music Recital.	Harp: MARIE KORCHINSKA. Baritone: ROBERT EASTON.
Friday, February 22	5-15 p.m.	Bible Lecture	.. Professor JAMES.
<b>Sunday, February 24</b>	10-30 a.m.	<b>University Service.</b>	Preacher: The Rev. W. F. LOFTHOUSE, D.D., Emmanuel Church.
Monday, February 25	8-0 p.m.	"Manuel de Falla"	Mr. E. W. ALLAM.

All lectures at 8-0 p.m. will be given in the Great Hall, and all at 5-15 p.m. in the General Lecture Theatre, unless it is otherwise stated above.

## A Good Girl Gone Wrong.

**L**ONG, long ago, when children were seen and never heard, there lived a little girl called Mabel. Now Mabel was quite a nice little girl with yellow hair and nondescript eyes and no one would have thought that she would have—well, gone wrong—as she did.

When Mabel was ten years old her Mama and Papa sent her to the High School (it was rather nicer than the Grammar School) and before she had been there long Mabel was asked to write, instead of her English Homework, a poem or an article for the School Magazine. ("Surely you have some ideas about coming to school!" said Miss Briggs), and Mabel wrote on "Holidays," which for a little girl, was rather cynical. It was a beautiful little poem and she signed it, quite sweetly and simply, "Mabel." This is how it goes:—

H is for Holidays which we all await,  
O is for the 'Ologies and 'Oographies I hate;  
L is for Latin which is even worse,  
I is for I who am writing this verse;  
D is Detention where often I stay,  
A is for Absent when we are away,  
Y is for You who are reading to-day  
This poem on the long summer Holiday.

(Mabel. Form I).

Now isn't that sweet? Of course it is hardly elaborate, but it has a rare simplicity—and rhymes.

Then as Mabel grew older she turned to prose and wrote "My Dream, which was like this:—

One night as I was trying to do my homework—you notice I say trying—I sat back in my chair and watched the firelight. After a while I felt a tap on my shoulder and what do you think I saw? A little hobgoblin, who had jumped out of the fire. He said in a squeaky little voice: "Would you like to see the Firelight Fairies?" and I said "Yes, please." "Then mount my broomstick," said he; and so the goblin and I sailed over the house tops until we came to a wide chimney. We sailed down this and I thought we should land in the fire, but no. There was a flash and a bang and then I saw lots of little fairies in robes of crimson and gold and gay apparel. They were feasting from tiny goblets and plates of gold, adorned with precious jewels. I joined in the revelry and was just going to dance with a Fairy Prince when "Bang, bang, whizz!" and a great, big, black Giant came hurtling down the chimney; it was King Soot, the enemy of the Firelight Fairies and he was reaching out to grasp my neck; I was struggling and screaming, when I heard a voice: "Wake up, wake up"—it was Mother, and I had been dreaming!

(Mab. Form IV).

And she signed herself "Mab" because it sounded more fairy-like.

By the time she reached the sixth form she had forsaken prose and wrote "Après-Midi," which was full of sweet-sounding similes and hyphenated words: "swart-smiling," "gnarled-green" and "ripple-grey." It had a chorus:—

"I love the leafy lane and brooklet crystal-clear," which echoed through the poem. She had been reading Tennyson and signed herself "Mariana"—oh so musically, oh so mournfully!



But a change was to come; little Mabel was to leave the primrose path of pure poetry and "Après-Midi" was her funeral dirge.

Mama and Papa sent Mabel to the big city, to the University. And Mabel began to write free verse for the University Magazine. And it went like this:—

women with purple toe-nails  
and forty chins spouted philosophy.  
Pamela waited. tin-trays and fleshly mushrooms  
breathed out harmony: spiders and chinless youths  
in cummerbunds  
and hellish boaters: Pamela watched and waited.  
a radiator fumed and spat and gurgled obscenely  
and a pink-eared lady  
prinked  
still Pamela waited.

It went on like this and Mabel left poor Pamela waiting until the end. She signed herself "Crescendo."

But it was not crescendo, worse was to come. A chinless youth (with perhaps a hellish boater) told her that those nondescript eyes of hers were green, like Greta Garbo's. Mabel immortalised him in tiny print in:—

White Clouds

I saw a white cloud hanging in the sky,  
A sky of blissful blue with silver rim;  
I saw the sun bathe amberly the sward:  
All earth content, I thought of him.

Flocked thoughts and mem'ries of a dark past time:  
Phlegmatic calm turned ember-white  
With adoration. And a mellow afternoon  
Brings recollection.....

And Mabel signed herself "Miranda," for she had found her Ferdinand. Ferdinand changed to Bertie, and Bertie to Jim, and Jim to John—but the poems went on!

Where, oh where is our little Mabel? Won't you, Miranda, start again at the beginning? Like this:—

G is for *Gryphon*, our pride and our joy,  
R is for Rag-week.....

and sign yourself, simply and sweetly "Mabel," once again?

BARNEY.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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

*The Carliol, Cointrom Reinne* (two issues), *Dublin, Echo de Belgrade, Mitre* (Ottawa), *Wheel, Le Tribune des Jeunes, University College, The Arrow, Die Stellenbosche Student, Mermaid* (two issues), *The G.U.M.* (three issues), *Otago University Review, The New University, The Presidency College* (Calcutta), *The Bede, Leeds Girls' High School Magazine, Tamesis, Sphinx, Gong, Oulet, Bedford College, Universitiek Zeitung* (Hamburg), *The Serpent*.

## Impressions of an Indian Student.

**L**ONDON! What fun losing my way in the streets and asking it of pretty faces only. Needless to say I lost it often, sometimes simply for the fun of it. But before asking it of a person I was careful to scan all the faces around me. I was always rewarded for my search. Sometimes I had to wait for a few minutes, but I could afford to do so, as I was not pressed for time. The streets of London have great charm and fascination for an Indian, especially for one who has just arrived. As losing my way in the streets was becoming a habit with me, I was afraid of losing myself altogether in this great city. Hence I made up my mind to leave it. I found my way to Leeds.

From London to Leeds! What a change. I left London on a very lovely day. Unusually lovely. It reminded me of India. I was in high spirits. My mind was released from the thraldom of the gloom that had been creeping on me on account of the gloomy weather of the last so many days. I wanted to shout, sing, dance for sheer joy. The faces of the passengers in my compartment did not encourage me to indulge in such silliness. When I reached Leeds it was raining. What a damper to my spirits.

An Englishman is cold and reserved by nature, though sometimes he affects to be so. His reserve is intensified by books, newspapers, journals and magazines. On a journey it is difficult to lure him into talk, particularly for a stranger. There were eight passengers in the compartment, besides myself. All of them had books or papers with them. Some of them were reading studiously, while others were simply making a show of it. As I had nothing to occupy myself I began to read their faces. I did not find much interest in any. Common clay all of them. The gentleman sitting by my side was middle aged, well dressed and bald like a billiard ball. He had a miniature moustache on his lip, artistically curved; I thought it was pasted on it. He was fumbling with the pages of an old novel—a thriller that had exhausted its thrills by that time. He was a study to me. He seemed to have the "Yes-sir-ness" of a businessman, just a dash of the bean, and the standoffishness of an Anglo-Indian official—an attitude that in India forebodes ill to applicants for jobs, or promotions, on to latecomers in the office. The weather was too glorious and the countryside too lovely to keep me quiet. I wanted to give free vent to my feelings. I cautiously ventured "glorious weather, isn't it?" He simply grunted. A few miles further I projected another feeler: "How lovely this countryside is." "Yes, it is," was the reply. Very promising; from grunt to words. After a few minutes I made my third attack: "England is a beautiful country." His reserve melted under the warmth of my words. He expanded with patriotic pride—a real Englishman—and his patriotism gave him away. For about an hour we gave good exercise to our tongues in this beautiful weather. We discussed British politics (of which I knew little), Indian politics (of which he knew little), European politics, world politics, business, arts, literature and religion (of which both of us knew little). The effort was too much for him, he was out of breath. The weather all of a sudden changed and it began to drizzle. The train was speeding on as before, unmindful of the change. Looking out of the window I saw an angler standing patiently in the rain, on the bank of a pool, with the rod in his hand. When I looked to my fellow passenger he had dived back into the depths of his reserve and I found it difficult to coax him out of his shell in this weather. After some time the train steamed into the station of Leeds and I found a friend waiting for me.

Leeds! What experiences have I had since my arrival here! My admission to the University was an ordinary affair, but my entrance into the lecture room

an event in my life. When I stepped in there were one, two, three, four, five . . . full one dozen girls in the room. I was taken aback; the sight was too bewildering for me—an Indian entering a room full of girls. (By the way, I wrote of this incident to my wife. She is very furious as to why I have joined a "girls' school." I have failed to assure her that things are in order. I am sure I shall receive a very warm reception on my return to India). I thought of beating a retreat, but the time-table nailed to the door of the lecture room assured me that I had made no mistake. With all this I could not muster sufficient courage to advance in face of this battery of glances, but I had to do something to relieve myself of this bewilderment. I bowed my head and in sheer desperation advanced into the room and slunk to a seat in the corner. The whole battery was swivelled to that side. I pretended to read a book that I had fortunately with me. I read the words, but I could not understand them. I felt as if I was rolling in the sea and there were thousands and thousands of mermaids playing and gambolling around me. I was in this state of confusion when the door opened and to my intense relief a male figure entered the room. I hailed him as my Messiah, but . . . great God! I found him to be a fellow-sufferer. With bowed head and sheepish look he slunk to the seat nearest to mine. His very presence in the room, however, was a source of relief to me, as he divided the attack of the enemy. After a few minutes the barrage was lifted. Their feminine curiosity having been satisfied the girls began to enjoy themselves in their own way. They talked in the same breath, laughed, joked, sang, danced a step or two—the room could not permit more exercise—and smoked. All of a sudden there was a hush and a rush to the seats—a hush and a rush like the hush and flight of small birds when a hawk swoops on them. The door had opened and a black-clad figure was standing in it watching the scene with an amused look. The professor had come, the talisman was broken and my stupor vanished. The work of the day began; the world was prosaic once more for me, as the wonder, the novelty, the sense of mystery and curiosity, all disappeared. At the end of the period I made bold to approach some of the girls for information about the work that had already been done in the class, as I had joined rather late. Their courtesy and readiness to help me put me at my ease. My sincerest thanks to them.

G. SARWAR

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## Men Day Students' Association.

**A**LTHOUGH all the bills are not yet in for our November dance, there is an estimated deficit of £2. This will be shared with the Women's Association, so the result is not too bad. The explanation of it is the low price of the tickets, the fact that our salesmen too often took "no" for an answer, and the amount of bribery we had to do with free tickets. There is no use raking up the fact that we had to pay £6 6s. 0d. for the use of our own hall. We do wish to thank Sir James and Lady Baillie for their continued interest in the Society and for their kind attendance at the Fancy Dress Ball. I wish to assure members that their patronage is personal and their advice invaluable.

Now is the time when the annual question arises of a visit to the pantomime. The position is that the management of the "Royal" Theatre will allow us to book a block of seats when normal behaviour can be guaranteed. No one seems prepared to give it! We may be able to conquer fresh fields at the "Grand" Theatre, and the project is in hand.

This is the one term which has no examinations for most people, and apart from the elections we have thought of nothing to do yet except work. If anybody has any ideas for mass action will they please bring them forward.

Our secretary, Mr. Adams, has achieved fame, having experienced all the thrills of setting off on a honeymoon without any of the binding clauses or drawbacks (see below). Not everybody has a chance like that!

And in conclusion...  
.... the food in Refectory doesn't get much better or cheaper, does it?

In the last week of last term Mr. D. A. W. Adams, B.Sc. (Union Treasurer; Secretary, M.D.S.A.; research colour chemistry, 1934-36), together with the future Mrs. D. A. W. Adams (qualifications unknown), went as delegates to the Birmingham University Union Ball. And thereby hangs a tale. A few of his good, kind friends thought they ought to have a send-off from the station as befitted a devoted couple. And so, armed with pounds of confetti, this little band awaited the two and created the desired impression so well that the whole population of the station joined in to see the touching sight. It was sheer bad luck that Mr. Adams (the bridegroom) turned up in pin-striped bags and natty gent.'s suiting. Anyhow, they were soon covered in confetti and congratulations: the guard promised they should have a compartment to themselves all the way and the honeymoon train steamed out. We don't know what happened after that, but we hope the confetti carefully packed in his pyjamas didn't tickle too much. After all, there is nothing like a trial run to see whether you like it— is there?

The following books have been received:—

- |   |                             |                           |
|---|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>Pitman's Yeak Book and Diary, 1935.</i>        | 1/6.                        |                           |
| <i>The Local Government of the United Kingdom</i> | } 12/6                      | J. J. CLARKE. Pitman.     |
| <i>Outlines of Local Government</i>               |                             |                           |
| <i>Morality on Trial.</i>                         | HUGH MARTIN. S.C.M.         | 3/6 or 2/- (paper cover). |
| <i>Significance of Jesus.</i>                     | W. R. MALTBY. S.C.M. Press. | 1/-.                      |

# Inter-Varsity Debate

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd

at 3 p.m., in the

General Lecture Theatre

Subject :—

THIS HOUSE CONSIDERS THAT THE  
PULPIT IS THE COWARD'S PARADISE

**TURN UP IN FORCE!**

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## The Man with Bad Dreams.

**I**T was merely by chance that I met him. One day in late summer, when there was more than a threat of thunder in the air, I was driving along one of those long, winding, tree-clad lanes which are a feature of the Yorkshire dales, and feeling thankful for the cool breeze which swept round the windscreen on my face. My destination was X—, where I was to spend the last few days of a belated holiday with an old friend whom I had not seen for many years. Being a Southerner, I was enjoying these novel surroundings when he first came into view about half a mile ahead. Walking slowly along by the side of the road, he was dressed in a nondescript suit and a battered felt hat, and had a large rucksack slung over his shoulder. In spite of his ordinary appearance there was something about him which immediately attracted my attention, although for the life of me I could not say what it was. It came as no surprise when he signalled to me for a lift, and I pulled up within a few yards of him. I asked him to jump in. We had gone about a mile further along the road when he began to talk, slowly and shyly at first, and then with great excitement. He explained that he was not in the habit of begging lifts and that he was by profession a globe-trotter. His cultured voice told me he was no tramp, and I judged him to be one of that fraternity of restless gentlemen who roam the earth, with small, but independent, means. After telling me some of his hair-raising experiences, he confided to me that he had asked me for a lift because he felt he must talk to somebody.

For the last year, he said, regularly once or twice a week he had had a certain dream, always the same. In it he was walking along a road and came to an inn, where he had supper and secured a room for the night. Each time he went to bed and fell into a sound sleep, but never did he dream of waking up the next morning. Always the dream was the same, even to the bread and cheese he had for supper. And now after a year of searching this, he indicated with a wave, was the very road of his dream. I was inclined to disbelieve him until he started describing the features of the road ahead before they came into view. It was *uncanny*. I heaved a sigh of relief when I dropped him outside the very inn at which, he said, he was fated to sleep. The last I saw of him was his cheery wave of thanks as his old grey felt vanished into the doorway.

The reception my friend gave me at X—drove the incident out of my head that night, and the fresh air and the long journey did their work when I retired. I awoke next morning in bright sunlight and with the pleasant smell of the rain-sodden countryside in my nostrils. My host explained to me at breakfast that there had been a terrible thunderstorm during the night and that a village inn some miles away had been struck by lightning. An unknown man, who had been staying there for the night, had been killed in his bed.

FLEASCARER.

## The Manœuvres of Jane.

THE University Dramatic Society can lay a very justifiable claim to versatility of outlook. Two years ago it gave us a one act play, followed by a shortish Spanish play, "Dona Clarines." Last year Sheridan was hurled at us, good in itself, well acted, but rather perhaps less worth the trouble. This year the Society achieved a triumph in a new sphere. They got away with a bad play. To read "The Manœuvres of Jane" in book form must give the impression that there could be nothing more unsuited for presentation by such a society. The play dates; it has a false note of meaning something; it is stilted. Despite obvious surface difficulties, the play *qua* entertainment and skill of presentation was the finest achievement of the Dramatic Society for three years.

The secret of this success lies in the attitude the producer had manifestly decided to adopt. The play dates... well, let it. Its venter of conscious purpose is clearly but carefully laid on with a trowel. Leave it at that. Above all, let's be stilted. In other words, the Dramatic Society produced a play by Henry Arthur Jones that remained as that peculiar brand of nineteenth century entertainment. This is not to suggest that we were presented with a period piece. Rather there was a straightforward staging of a play as it was written. Such an outlook betokens no tampering with the author's own ideas of what his own dramatic intention is.

The producer, if we are to judge by results, was ably assisted by a caste which, in its turn, did nothing more than interpret what was there. It must be admitted that it would have been difficult to find anything else to interpret in the play, but this does not in any way reflect on the acting. The standard was adequate in every way and, in the important cases, far more than adequate, without attaining to the dangerous heights of brilliance.

The impression left was that everyone concerned had done all required and nothing more, which might have impaired the result of general unity.

J.J.N.

## Here's to Pantomime!

**P**ANTOMIME is one form of entertainment which has survived by virtue of its own ardent life, and although changed considerably from its earliest days, still holds a fascination for the average Englishman and woman. Demon kings, transformation scenes, harlequinades and grotesque choruses are absent from most pantomimes to-day and in their place we have a more sophisticated entertainment, which could be called glorified revue.

The spirit of Pantomime is still present, however, just as much as it was in 1723, when "Harlequin Dr. Faustus" was produced at Drury Lane and was the beginning of a tradition which this famous theatre has held ever since—that spirit which enchants the young and reminds the old of youth. If Pantomime is to stay it must always be built around the old folk-tale, with its vision of fairyland and with political and personal allusions. Christmastime without Pantomime would indeed be strange, and we should fill up our glasses and drink the health of those people who make Pantomime a real and great entertainment. Then stop for a moment and consider what weeks of strenuous toil go to make up an apparently effortless pantomime. Perfection is only reached by hours of constant labour and monotonous repetition.

Come with me to a small theatre in the Midlands, where rehearsals for the day are about to begin, six weeks before Christmas. As we stand near the stage door and watch the performers arrive it is hard to imagine that these quiet, ordinary-looking people are those very nymphs and fairies who make our hearts flutter on Boxing Night. The fairy queen who flits so provokingly in a patch of limelight and the comedian who keeps us in roars of laughter at his quaint antics, are in private life very ordinary persons. We pass into the theatre and notice with a strange feeling the stalls draped like ghosts. In the well of the orchestra someone is thumping away on a piano built for the production of rhythm rather than melody. The chorus are now in their practice dresses and are rehearsing the opening number in Scene III.

By the side of the piano stands the dance producer in overcoat and muffler. The dust slowly rises from the stage as the girls' feet rhythmically beat the floor.

"Stop! Not a bit like it," the producer bellows halfway through the number. "Let's have some more pep in it. You're supposed to be chorus girls, not cab horses! Come on, once more." The weary piano lifts up its voice again and the girls begin their dance, while the producer keeps up a running fire of criticism. The stage carpenters are hammering away and the property men are hurrying here and there.

In the Prompt corner stands the Stage manager, busy making notes as the rehearsal proceeds. On him rests the responsibility for every detail in the running of the show. The immensity of his task is plainly seen when one realises that the Drury Lane Theatre has a stage staff of 100 men. As for the rest of the performers, they are loitering in the wings, waiting for their call, for no one knows what number the producer may require to be rehearsed next. Heartbreaking jobs these rehearsals, with all the glamour of Pantomime tragically absent. Yet, bit by bit, songs, action, scenic effects, comedy and music are all blended together until we see the final glorious result on Boxing Night. The weeks before Christmas are weeks of long exertion for all connected with Pantomime, but worth while for those to whom the smell of grease-paint and powder that haunts all theatres and hides in nooks and corners "like the faded scents of past triumphs," means so much. So, here's to Pantomime! Long may it live to charm us with its colour and vitality, its humour and beauty against a background of moving limbs and laughing faces.

TEMPO.

## The Billiard Player.

(An impression made after a brief visit, but none the less reliable).

His figure tall, his eye a frostlike blue, . . .  
 "Damn," "hell," and all the other words he knew.  
 From his full lips they fell in accents mild,  
 Like to the babbling of an idiot child;  
 Delighting not in their poor, paltry strength,  
 But rather in sustained, unwav'ring length.  
 The roll of mighty thunder, and Earth's fall,  
 Leaves no new word, for he has used them all  
 About the rolling of a billiard ball.  
 "In off" the red, or perhaps a "double balk,"  
 Remained the only pure things of his talk,  
 Though varied with "Give me the *blushing* chalk."  
 'Tis pity that the baize, the cute cues there,  
 Should bring the baizest out, and make him swear.

LUCIFER.

## It Was Bound to Happen in the End.

(With profound apologies to the Western Brothers).

The Soccer Club, they tell us, won a match the other day,  
 It was bound to happen in the end.  
 Weetwood Hall have moved their cannon to a safer place, they say,  
 It was bound to happen in the end.  
 Tickets for a Great Hall dance fell to half-a-crown,  
 We got a lunch worth eating—and we didn't go down town,  
 And now we've learned *The Gryphon* staff have turned some poems down,  
 It was bound to happen in the end.

At a social in Refec. we heard a decent band,  
 It was bound to happen in the end.  
 At last we've found an exam. question we could understand,  
 It was bound to happen in the end.  
 Every Edu. student is now taken to the flicks,  
 The University Rugger Club has beaten the Medics.  
 and the Union outfitters sold a tie for one-and-six,  
 It was bound to happen in the end.

In the J.C.R. one afternoon we found an empty chair,  
 It was bound to happen in the end.  
 An English Honours student was heard to say "Oh Yeah,"  
 It was bound to happen in the end.  
 A Fresher up in Devon said he'd like some shepherd's pie,  
 A fellow on Bazaar Day didn't wear his colours' tie,  
 And the Musical Society all shouted "hi-de-hi!"  
 It was bound to happen in the end.

TUGETOFF.

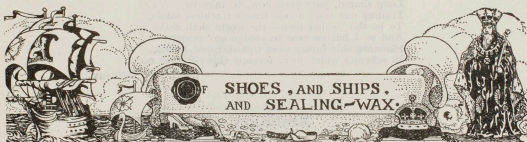


## To His Mistress' Eyebrow.

Let others prate of the swinging gait  
Of the figure fine and free,  
Let others praise her endearing ways,  
Such words are not for me.  
I love the haze of her wond'ring gaze,  
And her lashes sweeping low,  
I love the light of her eyes at night,  
But most her dark eyebrow.

Cool, arching spray, alluring, gay,  
Blacker than gleaming jet,  
Though I may prize her love-lit eyes  
And her lambent looks,—er—yet,  
This I adore, aye, more and more,  
For ever, just as now,  
'This not the light of her eyes at night,  
But most her dark eyebrow.

LUCIFER.



### No Flowers by Request.

Tired investigator: "Will those who have finished their papers please pass out as quietly as possible?"

### The Fresh Fresher.

Professor: "Are you Green?"

Fresher: "Not very, sir."

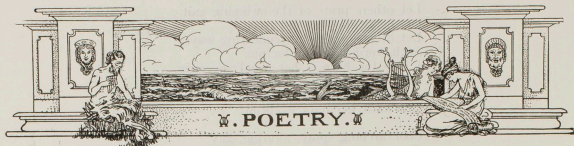
### Our Debating Boys Again.

"The main object of life nowadays is to strip other people, or, if we are not quick, they will strip us." Nudism?

### Cartoon.

This should have a motto underneath:

MON DIEU, MON DROIT, MON AHAN!



### The Stirrup Cup.

My Friend, our life is broadening, and we go  
 Out to a world of longings, hopes and fears,  
 Into a whirl of men and matters, tears,  
 And gains, and loves and losses, where the flow  
 Of things may part us in our later days,  
 Across the whirligigs and desert lands  
 Of middle age conventions, ruts and bands  
 Of dull "mature ideas." I fear our ways,  
 Long shared, part even now, to take us  
 Trailing our stars across time's trackless sands,  
 To be the "other men" the world shall make us;  
 And so I hasten now to pledge our years,  
 Planning this future over tight-gripped hands,  
 In schemes which ne'er foresaw this rift that nears.

LINDSEY.

### Ambition.

I'm just bursting with ambition—  
 Life's so full of things to do  
 That one poor mortal's span of years  
 Leaves time for very few.  
 But there's one thing that's paramount, let all the rest go by:  
 I must go round the Circular Route before I die!

It's really very cheap, I hear,  
 Just twopence all the way.  
 If I can save up twopence  
 I shall go there one fine day.  
 And then I'll smile and say, "Oh my! what a plutocrat I am,  
 Sailing round the Circular Route on a big blue tram!"

Some trams are labelled Vicar Lane  
 And others City Square,  
 Victoria Road, and Beeston,  
 And a Lawnswood—here and there.  
 And though Hunslet sounds inviting, and I quite like Headingley,  
 The tram that's labelled Circular Route is the tram for me!

But there's one thing that worries me:  
 Though the label roundness claims,  
 I'm beginning now to wonder  
 If I ought to trust to names.  
 Oh, what a disappointment if I took a tram and found  
 That the Circular Route was oblong, just as City Square is round!

JUDITH.

### Nocturne Macabre.

Always something stirs ;  
 even in the dim hour of dawn,  
 or in the cold, gray, dead-cold hour before the dawn,  
 Always something stirs.

A dog barks.  
 A curtain moves at a lighted window ;  
 A door slams ;  
 And lights veer to and fro across the railings  
 and across the sky,  
 Somewhere a car's brakes screech,  
 and the dog barks.

A man stands and gazes dully  
 at the profile of a gargoyle  
 against the dim, cold, misty Milky Way . . . .  
 A dozen clocks syncopate on the quarter . . . .  
 Two dress shirts and two white scarves  
 leave the bright haven of an open door,  
 and bounce away, murmuring . . . .  
 And become two cigarette-end fire-flies,  
 gliding, swooping and dancing  
 in the shadow at the end of the square.  
 And the man kicks a match box into the gutter  
 and pads on dreamily to the corner . . . .  
 and stands and gazes dully  
 at the profile of a gargoyle,  
 against the dim, cold, graying sky.

Still . . . the deep shadows are silent :  
 the circles of light are undisturbed . . . .  
 The housetops are silhouetted against the half-lit sky,  
 sharp, stiff, and lowering ;  
 And all the shadowy, gaping corners  
 glare coldly . . . .

Still . . . "this mighty heart"  
 a vein gone still, too fearfully still . . . .  
 A silent beam veers across the distant sky,  
 the watcher stiffens in horror  
 unnamed, unmeaning horror—  
 and hears a sigh—his own,

Moves and walks on  
 whistling windily, unsteadily,  
 a Wedding March,  
 beating the pavement loudly  
 with a stick.

A vicious swing misses the match box,  
 and the crack of the stick on the pavement edge  
 echoes . . . .

. . . in and out of the deep shadows,  
 round and round the circles of light.  
 The dog barks . . . a healthy bark.  
 The man under the gargoyle moves and shivers,  
 and glares and disappears round the wall,  
 a little ashamed of his reveries.

(He left with a glare and a grudge,  
 maybe his was a sweeter, happier vision—)

the watcher shrugs and sighs,  
 and listens to the comfortable shuffle  
 of the other's feet ;

then swings the stick delicately  
 round . . . and round,

And whistles more sootily,  
 and more accurately ;

Reassured . . . .  
 the feet still shuffle . . . .  
 the dog barks . . . .  
 —always something stirs.

STANTON.

## Sonnet.

Now the lark singeth only with thy song,  
 And thine the lovely lineaments of earth;  
 The morning's chalice holdeth but thy worth:  
 And in the Summer's grace, thy grace, among  
 The trefoil and the rock rose, where the long,  
 Slow, lovely moments still await the birth  
 Of day's next sweetness, where the spirit's dearth  
 In peace refresheth, and ariseth strong.

Oh sun of day, upon the passing face  
 I see the transient glory for a space  
 Linger in light of loveliness begun;  
 And in the sudden smiling of a place  
 Of primroses, or tranquil mind's new grace,  
 Radiance, as from thy day, oh day's sole sun,

W.H.

## Drifting.

I grow more happy now,  
 I feel the haze of sleep descend  
 like a warm cloud, or a round unpeopled eternity,  
 a timely, unchiding friend.

The haze dims the leaping flame  
 picture, book, and silly souvenirs:  
 the warmth clings round and draws and holds,  
 and wraps me alike from memories and fears.

I pass into boundless space,  
 where nothing stays my feet, and overhead—  
 I dare not look—but know—  
 there is no sky, no horizon.  
 Peace in a meaningless void  
 Still ————  
 I wander not, for where the cloud led  
 there is no-where to go—nought to avoid.

The friend takes and holds me,  
 in silence disarming fears and regrets.  
 Remorse and shame and hate—thank God!  
 —she knows not, nor knows anything?  
 —not even the cowardice in which I flee the strife  
 for the closed, tearless, mindless, peace . . . .  
 —nor that I come, but takes me?  
 and . . . giving nothing, I yield . . . .

STANTON.

## Fragment.

A sunburnt hand on sable velvet gown,  
 Moulded in a frail slimmness of repose  
 Like some rare instrument of artist's craft . . . . .  
 It seemed too delicate, too finely wrought  
 But to smooth silks or finger cunning point.  
 Not till the dance had placed that hand in mine  
 Was latent force, a woman's strength, revealed,  
 While yet the consciousness of friendship's warmth  
 Infused the gentle grasp with thrill of life . . . . .

B.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## Quae Delectant.

*Sic inivat tre sub umbras—*

The flight of birds;  
The rustle of autumnal leaves,  
Many hued, dry and crackling;  
The sea, heaving under limestone cliffs;  
And seagulls, as they float  
Whitely on the unseen air;  
And water, surging brown in flood,  
Peat stained and amber clear,  
Or crystalline and pure  
Amid pebbles of red granite;  
Trees by night in winter,  
Uplifted stark and naked to the stars,  
And the bursting buds of Spring;  
Summer skies, and the haunting beauty  
Of the sunset over Jotunheim;  
And cirrus clouds, thin, ethereal,  
Splendent in the moonbeam;  
And bronzed flesh on lithe bodies—  
All these delight me.

## Song of the Breton Fishermen.

(From the French of Brizeux).

Ah, joy indeed to cleave the seas  
In mild, clear air where fans the breeze  
Far fairer than through fields!  
Though blue of sky should weep to grey  
With hope our hearts are lit to-day  
For God His goodness yields.

He walked upon the waters then;  
He will protect us, craft and men.

Jesus, friend of fishers lowly,  
Come with us, for Thou art Holy,  
We beseech Thine aid!  
Take the helm, our poor bark cherish,  
Innocent and wife must perish,  
Ply we not our trade.

He calmed the wind and waters then;  
He will protect us, craft and men.

B.

---

Don't worry! None shall poetry  
spout, nor in any way put you out,

on

MARCH 8th.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

### THE LAST WORD.

THE UNIVERSITY,

December 5th, 1934.

Dear Sir,

May I apologise through your columns to all who were offended by the tone of my letter in the November issue of *The Gryphon*? I am afraid that in using the words I did I violated the principles which prompted me to write.

Nevertheless, I still protest against the wholesale exhibition of militarism in *The Gryphon*. I believe the life of Christ to have been ideal, and that the most perfect life is the closest imitation of His. Also under no circumstances whatever can I conceive Christ going to war or sanctioning anyone else doing so.

We all fall short of our ideals, but impulsive human imperfection cannot account for continued war preparation in times of peace.

To H. E. Dykes, R.N., I would like to say that in following out these principles a University should set an example approaching the ideal rather than exhibit the reverse in order to drive desperate men to desperate methods. To-day we do not need the O.T.C. To-morrow we certainly shall if military organization continues at its present strength.

To H. C. Catley the opening remarks particularly apply. I may add that I do not believe in hesitating steps, but in frank, friendly strides.

Yours sincerely,

C.E.

### REFEC. AGAIN.

THE UNIVERSITY,

LEEDS, 2.

The Editor.

Dear Sir,

I know that it is the "done thing" to complain about Refectory food; but I really do think that it is time that steps were taken to improve the lunches there.

The obvious reply to any such complaint raised by a student is that the food at present provided is as good as the behaviour of the students who eat it. I feel sure, however, that if the food were made rather more civilized the manners would soon follow suit.

Other Universities seem to be able to serve a much better lunch for the same, or less, money, and also to run a "Special To-day" lunch at a price much below the minimum for a meal at Leeds.

Yours, etc.,

"FED-UP."

(N.B.—The Refectory Committee is at all times willing to consider definite complaints or constructive suggestions.—EDITOR).



## WHO GOES WHERE?

Our customers can always have things marked with their names without charge. In the case of gentlemen who for one reason or another prefer to remain anonymous we are, of course, always delighted to arrange for the marking to be done in invisible ink.

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## Music Notes.

**A** SONATA Recital was given at the University on November 21st, by Sydney Errington (Viola) and Elizabeth Walton (Pianoforte) with two groups of songs sung by Alice Moxon (soprano). We should like to hear many such recitals at the University. The viola as a solo instrument is sadly neglected, but owing to the efforts of Lionel Tertis and William Primrose it is at last coming into its own.

The programme opened with the Sonata in F Minor by Brahms. This was written for either clarinet or viola. The last time it was played in the University was on the clarinet. The viola is a more expressive instrument and this was obvious in the slow movement. If Mr. Errington has a fault it is that he is not sufficiently forceful and passionate in his climaxes. On such occasions he was overpowered by the piano.

The Sonata by Hindemith is an early work and is not so startlingly original as some of his more recent work which the B.B.C. inflict on us from time to time. We found it both interesting and enjoyable.

The third Sonata was a transcription by Lionel Tertis of Delius's violin sonata. We do not consider this to be one of Delius's finest works and perhaps this is why we were not held by the music, although the interpretation was a very expressive one.

Two groups of songs were sung by Alice Moxon (soprano). The first was a group of Old English songs which were sung in a charming manner with commendable restraint. The second group were modern English songs which received an excellent rendering. We would especially praise Miss Moxon's choice of songs, which deserve to be better known.

Some unusual songs were heard at the mid-day recital which was given on November 22nd, by Astra Desmond (contralto). She began with five songs by Yrjö Kilpinen, a Finnish composer. These were incidentally sung in German. They were forceful in character and imposed a severe test on the singer. Miss Desmond sang excellently. Her climaxes were thrilling and it is to be regretted that a sustained high note provoked an outburst of applause before the end of one of the songs.

There followed three hymns from "Rig Vedas," by Helst, which were sung in a striking fashion. The recital concluded with seven songs from Hugo Wolf's "Italienisches Liederbuch," which revealed Wolf in many moods. The lieder of Wolf are still for the most part waiting to be discovered. Every mood was faithfully interpreted by the singer. The recital was unusual in that it consisted entirely of modern songs of a dramatic type and Miss Desmond made the most of her opportunities. Modern songs make large demands on the accompanist and Mr. Allam played with his usual high standard of excellence and in no small measure helped to make the recital a brilliant success.

The last of the Mid-day University Recitals consisted of music for two pianofortes played by Doris Berenbium and Edward Allam. It opened with a Fugue in C Minor by Mozart. This revealed Mozart in a more sombre style than usual and was played clearly and quietly. There followed a little piece by Farnaby, who flourished in Tudor times. Then came the piece de résistance in the form of Saint Saëns variations on a theme used by Beethoven in his Sonata Op. 7. These were played well on the whole, although throughout the recital we felt that stronger contrasts would have been an advantage. The players performed in a smooth efficient manner and their soft passages specially were very delicate.

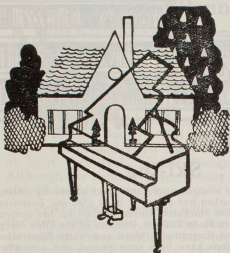
An interesting work was a "Sonata in one movement," by Edward Allam. We heard this described as "dilute Stravinsky." Certainly its insistent rhythmic figure and polytonality do suggest to some extent the compositions of the modern ante-romantics.

Another modern work concluded the recital. It was the Waltz from "Façade," by William Walton, arranged for two pianos by Herbert Murrill. It is extremely clever writing, being as one young lady said "a normal tune with a twist," and made a fitting close to the recital.—R.S.

---

" But the loveliest music far  
Is the rush at the opening bar."  
If music be the food of love, come  
and listen, on MARCH 8th.





## WHAT'S THE ATTRACTION AT CHEZ-NOUS ?

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### Winter Sports : Ski-ing.

FOR the benefit of those English people who wish to enjoy the sport of ski-ing during their short holidays abroad, Mrs. Clifford Norton has edited a book (*Ski-ing Exercises*) actually produced by the collaboration of Miss Margaret Norris, famous for her system of exercises for health and aesthetic values, and Herr Hans Falkner, director of the Ober-Gurgl School of Ski-ing. The book comprises 60 pages of diagrams and illustrations interspersed with a number of the exercises to be performed, concise instructions have been interspersed and a number of photographs added. The main object of the book is not so much to teach one how to ski—that can only be done on skis and in the proper place!—as to provide a series of exercises to be performed at home in England which will train the muscles and joints of the body for the great demands made on them in the actual performance of ski-ing : these preparatory exercises assure a flying start in actual practice.

Methuen, 5/-.

### Aces Made Easy.

THIS is *not* the official guide to Bridge. It is not for those who take their game of cards as seriously as did Mrs. Battle, but for those of us who can enjoy 130 odd pages of rollicking humour, with screamingly funny sketches on every page—this is the ideal book for the leisure hours. It is by W. D. H. McCullough and Fougasse (who is quite as English as you or I), and the partnership is a most successful one. One is led to imagine the kind of book Stephen Leacock might produce, together with the aid of *Punch* artists. The authors have written several books. The cover assures us that there are, by the same authors, such titles as *Card Playing for Profit*, *Elaine of the Bleeding Heart*, *The Odd Tricks of San Luis Rey* and (“owing to a stupid misunderstanding”) *The Thames and its Bridges*.

The dedication is to Horatius, who kept his Bridge to himself. “Every care has been taken to avoid any suspicion of plagiarism, especially where such has taken place.” The sketches are extremely clever. One such explains the enigmatic smile of Mona Lisa, who holds a hand of trumps. In order to encourage that “clean, frank, healthy understanding between partners,” a few conventions are suggested. Thus the free hand placed in the Trouser Pocket means “I have the ace,” but placed on lapel means “I have none.” Similarly, there is a table for non-trumps, “for the use of the fairer sex,” and a Glossary. According to this an Initial Bid is a D. poor bid made by B.F.; Sequence—things that fall off dresses, and a quick trick is Spotting the Lady.

In short, excellent foolery, which we can thoroughly recommend to all who have a pack of cards and a sense of humour. You will have the Dummy-ache with laughing.

R.L.D.

“Aces Made Easy.” W. D. H. McCULLOUGH and FOUGASSE.

Methuen, 5/- net.

## Uncle Pennywise and Peter.

**M**ISS BAUMANN is a former editress of *The Gryphon*, and for that reason alone we were pleased to hear of her new book. She acted as Guide in several "excursions abroad" with the North Regional Children's Hour, and these imaginary journeys proved so popular that the idea has been extended to a travel book of their very own for small people.

The title, a singularly happy one, gives little indication of the contents. We were prepared for an account of the Pinkydink Pixies and the magic trousers of the Bonnie Bunny. But we were wrong. Uncle Pennywise is no ordinary uncle, but he and Peter share adventures in a world which is, if not ordinary, at least very real. Uncle Pennywise is not only charming, he is modern. Although his nephew Peter is only six, this Perverse Uncle decides to take him abroad for his summer holiday. One fine day he and Peter were off and away.

Peter took his penguin with him to Calais, where a daring mosquito bit him the first night; but morning saw cheerier moods and bluer skies. Breakfast astonished Peter—nothing but bread and butter, and coffee in giants' cups. The bread was in crescents, and Peter ate three of them. They saw the funny little bungalow trams, a gramophone-listening shop, and the market. An Arab in a tall red fez tried to sell them rings and brooches. They saw, too, a monument by a sculptor called Auguste Rodin, in honour of the citizens who bore the keys to Edward III, and then there was a Festival of the Sea, with sea-serpents in the procession.

Paris! There they saw the highest tower in the world, and bought post-cards. Peter put many kisses on one of his—this sort of kiss: x x. Uncle Pennywise drew a map of the streets on the back of a post-card, and they took a taxi. to the Square of the Star. And so on, . . . to the Louvre, where a small, round gentleman slipped on the floor, . . . to Notre Dame, with its guardian gargoyles, . . . to the café. Peter thought Paris the nicest place that ever was.

The strange but happy pair picnicked at Versailles, with a little girl called Rosaline and her mother. Then Switzerland called them; they left Paris at night, and Peter demanded a good-night story. So Uncle Pennywise told him the tale of the stupid farmer. Through the Snow Mountains, with the Man-with-the-Bow-and-Arrows, down the Rhine, haunted by Robber Barons, to Germany. Thence to the Land of Blue Cabbages, which grown-ups call Holland, and to England again. Peter stayed there, with sand-castles for countries, and sand-pies for cities; but Uncle Pennywise set off again. He promised to come back some day.

This brief survey cannot do justice to the admirable way in which so many fine ideas and real experiences are introduced, with never a suspicion of deliberate "over-loading." There are many charming drawings from the pen of Clifford Lees. This is a book which should not be missed, especially by anyone who is a Pennywise uncle or aunt. Thank you, Miss Baumann, for creating such a treasure for all of five years old or more. And please, please make Uncle Pennywise keep his promise.

R.L.D.

"Uncle Pennywise and Peter." MARGARET BAUMANN.

Methuen, 6/- net.

"THE GRYPHON."

Last Date for Copy - - 12th February.

## The Story of Joseph Wright.

THE story of Professor Wright's rise to eminence has been sketched by many newspaper contributors writing in the great Smiles tradition, but whoever wishes to know the authentic story in full must henceforth consult this most charming volume or the full biography of which it is an abridgement published at the Oxford University Press in 1932. Mrs. Wright is no compiler at second-hand, she is the authority. By the issue of this smaller and cheaper volume, she has put the professor's life story within the reach of a much wider circle of readers.

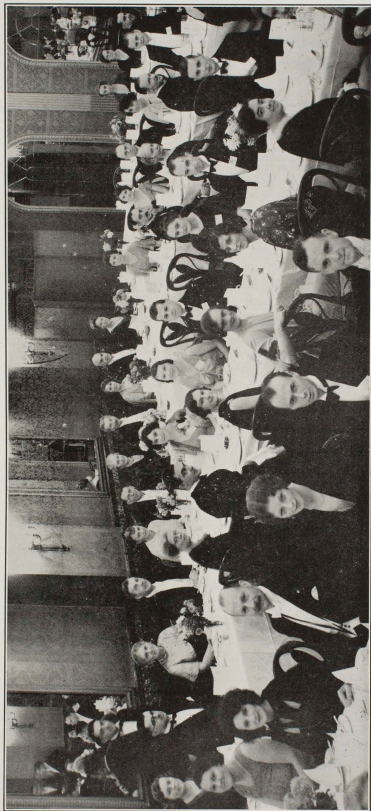
Joseph Wright (1855-1930) was a self-made and a self-taught man, typical of all that we associate with Yorkshire character at its best: he never put money first, and ever thought of himself last. "There is hardly anything in England one cannot become except the king," he said. Quite early in life he found himself in the workhouse (his father being one of those working men who do not work if they can avoid it), and it was only after a hard struggle that the Wrights got a decent home for themselves. Joe began as a half-timer at the famous Saltaire mills when he was seven, and later worked long hours a day for many years. About 1870 he was stirred to teach himself to read and write: he set his hand to the plough and there was no looking back; his progress was phenomenal: his industry was amazing. But all through his life Joseph Wright possessed a splendid constitution, an undimmed eye, a stupendous memory and a magnificent confidence in his own powers.

From his attendance at evening classes at the Yorkshire College (he came from Bradford!) to his appointment as Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, he marched unhesitatingly forward. The account of his brief career as schoolmaster, his student days in Germany, his early days at Oxford, makes an enthralling story. Almost his last words were to the effect that if there was one thing he wished to be remembered by it was the *Dialect Dictionary*. Certainly that work is the rare product of a remarkable genius: not that even Joseph Wright could dispense with collaborators: but it is plain from Mrs. Wright's account that only Joseph Wright in all England was capable of performing the Herculean labours involved in its compilation and publication. Mrs. Wright gives a vivid impression of the atmosphere of high adventure present in the Oxford "workshop" during those busy days.

After the tale of Joseph Wright's early struggles and the epic story of the Dictionary, it is inevitable that the chapters on his home life, his children, his various dogs (one a member of his Gothic class), should seem to be on a lower level of intensity. In 1904 our University honoured him by conferring on him the degree of D.Litt. Towards the end comes the story of Oxford's delay over the Taylorian extensions, Joseph Wright's disappointment at the refusal of his gift and how the University of Leeds will one day receive the £10,000 offered. Up and down the book are good stories about the professor and yarns he loved to tell himself, good homely Yorkshire humour most of it.

It is a grand book of a kind all too rare: it is a book worthy to be read again and again: it is a book which school and college libraries cannot afford to be without. Mrs. Wright put us all in her debt for her gracious record of an inspiring life.

LONDON DINNER.



GUESTS (left to right): Mrs. WEBSTER, Mr. F. WEBSTER, Mrs. ABERCROMBIE, Prof. GARSTANG, Miss STORM JAMESON, Prof. ABERCROMBIE, Mrs. GARSTANG, Prof. GREEN, Mrs. BROWN, Mr. R. B. BROWN, Mrs GREEN.

(Photo by Rowood Ltd., Baker Street, W. 1.)



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### S.C.M. Publications.

THE S.C.M. Press has made an invaluable concession to the limited purses of students and others by reprinting a number of its publications in a most attractive form at the low price of one shilling each. These "Religion and Life Books" already include works by the Archbishop of York, Dr. Fosdick, Kagawa, Canon Streeter, Dr. Maltby and other noted theologians, and many additions are promised in the near future.

As samples of the series, we have received "Psychology and the Christian Life," by T. W. Pym, and "Christian Beliefs and Modern Questions," by O. C. Quick. The former offers an introduction to the study of psychology in its application and relation to the Christian way and, after a careful analysis of the scientific aspect, maintains that in Christianity is to be found the dominant motive for the conduct of human life. The service of God provides a unifying purpose in life, without which it is impossible to secure that internal harmony which psychology declares is so necessary for man's complete satisfaction. Canon Quick's book is an attempt to state orthodox beliefs in relation to modern viewpoints and seeks to demonstrate that the Christian faith, in its rigidity and its adaptability, in its definiteness and breadth, hangs together as a whole, thereby judging the partial understandings of men. His chapter on Evil, while not pretending to offer a solution of an insoluble problem, nevertheless removes many of its difficulties and demonstrates the right method of approach to the subject, while his remarks on Christianity and bodily health shed interesting light on the recent increase within the Church of the practice of psycho-therapy and faith-healing.

C.N.F.

Both published by S.C.M. Press, at 1/- (Paper cover).

### The Dream of the Rood.

PROFESSOR B. DICKINS and Mr. A. S. C. Ross, of the Department of English Language at the University, have collaborated to produce this handy edition of the Old English poem *The Dream of the Rood*. The arrangement of the book is that followed in previous volumes in the same series (*Methuen's Old English Library*, edited by Dr. A. H. Smith and Mr. F. Norman), namely, a full introduction on the sources of the poem and on the date and language of the texts involved, followed by a text, with variants, annotated page by page, concluding with a select but very full bibliography, and a glossary. The introduction opens with a discussion of the Ruthwell Cross, on which, it seems, select passages in Northumbrian dialect from an original version of the poem are inscribed in runic characters; it is suggested that on historical grounds the cross may probably be assigned to the first half of the eighth century, a date which is confirmed in the opinion of the editors by the linguistic evidence of the runes. But the main text of the poem, in West Saxon, is found in the Vercelli Book (late tenth century), and the hypothesis of the editors is that the original poem, of which the Ruthwell Cross offers selections, was expanded in an Anglian version: it was from this that the extant West Saxon text was derived. The famous Christian relic, the Brussels cross (late tenth or eleventh century), contains in its silver work a third piece of evidence in two lines (in late West Saxon), of which it may be said that they are reminiscent of the poem. The frontispiece to the book is a drawing of the runes on the Ruthwell Cross.

Methuen, 2/-, pp. xii, 50.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY  
**Old Students' Association.**

*Notes from Headquarters.*

1. **The Annual General Meeting.**

This was held on Friday, December 21st, 1934, at 5-30 p.m. The minutes of the meeting are published in another place in this number of *The Gryphon*. It was unfortunate that the severe and widespread fog prevented many members from being present at the meeting, but, as such members will see from the minutes, the reports of the Treasurer and the Secretaries revealed a very healthy state of affairs at Headquarters. The year ended with a credit balance of £27, and the future financial outlook is such as to justify the Committee's step in engaging Miss Yardley as permanent half-time Secretary. She replaces Miss Crowther, who left at the end of the Michaelmas Term.

At the conclusion of the meeting, Professor Gillespie, as Chairman of the Committee, presented Miss Crowther with a cheque from the Old Students' Association in recognition of her great services to the Association.

2. **The Annual Dinner** followed immediately after the meeting. Again the fog did its utmost to foil us, and prevented our President, Professor Connal, from being present. Fortunately Professor Gillespie was there to deputise, and altogether the total of 76 present was very good considering the weather conditions. We have particularly to thank Mr. Herbert Stott, who slowly froze for two hours at a Leeds station while waiting for the Liverpool delegate to arrive.
3. Although it is early yet to think about the Summer function we shall always be pleased to receive recommendations from members as to its form and a convenient date.

**MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING,**

held in the STAFF REFECTORY on *Friday, December 21st, 1934, at 5-30 p.m.*

Professor GILLESPIE in the Chair. About 15 Members present.

1. On the proposal of Mr. Stott, seconded by Miss Pickles, the Minutes of the previous Meeting were taken as read and were adopted.



2. **Treasurer's Report.** The Treasurer reported that the financial position was a satisfactory one, owing to the economies chiefly in the Year Book. There are 683 Life Members. Miss Holgate proposed and Miss Smith seconded the adoption of the Report, with the thanks of the Meeting to Mr. Grist.
3. **Secretary's Report.** (a) The Secretary reported that although the half-crown subscription for going-down Students has been tried there had been no substantial increase in the number of Students joining the Association. It was suggested by Mr. Brosigil that if the privilege were extended to September more Students might take advantage of it. After some discussion, from which it was clear that there was no strong feeling in favour of continuing the half-crown subscription, the matter was left to the Committee for consideration for next year.
- (b) The Summer Function had been held at the new Sports Pavilion, in July, in glorious weather. Over 100 people were present: a cricket match between a team of Old Students and Professor Priestley's XI, won by Old Students, tennis followed by tea, talk and a visit to the Rag Revue—gave a most enjoyable day! The affair had been an experiment and certainly appears to warrant repetition.
- (c) The House Committee had been reconstituted and, as there was £8 in hand in the furnishing fund, the Committee was authorised to spend the money.
4. **Election of Officers.** At the last General Meeting a resolution was passed that the Members of the Committee should retire in rotation. The Chairman reported the deliberations of the Committee, which had decided that as the Membership of the Association was so scattered, the numbers available for service on the Committee was limited, and hence a rotation of Membership was undesirable. The Meeting then endorsed the opinion of the Committee.

Miss Pickles announced that she wished to retire from the Committee as she was leaving Leeds. Professor Gillespie, seconded by Miss Holgate, and passed with acclamation, offered to Miss Pickles the thanks of the Meeting for her devoted service to the Association as Secretary and Member of Committee. Miss Pickles replied. The Members of Committee were then elected, as follows:—

<i>President :</i>	Professor B. M. CONNAL.	
<i>Past Presidents and Vice-Presidents :</i>	THE VICE-CHANCELLOR (Sir James B. Baillie, O.B.E.), SIR MICHAEL SADLER, K.C.S.I., C.B. THE LORD MOYNIHAN, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.S., LL.D.	
<i>Vice-Presidents :</i>	Professor A. SMITHELLS, K.C.M.G., F.R.S. Emeritus Professor C. M. GILLESPIE (and Chairman of Committee).	
	Professor J. K. JAMIESON. Dr. S. E. J. BEST. Miss H. ROBERTSON. Miss A. SILCOX. Professor C. E. GOUGH. Mrs. SELLERS. Mr. G. L. SHARPE.	
<i>Hon. Treasurer :</i>	Mr. W. R. GRIST.	
<i>Hon. Secretaries :</i>	Dr. FLORENCE R. SHAW, Mr. STUART SMITH.	
<i>Hon. Auditor :</i>	Professor CONNAL.	
<i>Committee :</i>	Miss JANE HOLGATE. Mrs. GOODE. Miss I. MILNES. Miss H. RICHMOND. Mrs. SELLERS.	Mr. A. RAMSDEN. Dr. R. E. TUNBRIDGE, Mr. H. STOTT. Mr. F. BECKWITH. Mr. J. W. DODGSHUN. Mr. G. L. SHARPE. Mr. SETON.

All Branch Secretaries.  
Two Union Representatives.

5. The Chairman then presented to Miss Crowther a cheque for her services as Clerk to the Association; he emphasised the work of Miss Crowther in clearing up the difficulties in addresses, receipts, letters, *Gryphons*, etc., and for her help to the Secretaries and Treasurer. Mr. Grist also spoke appreciatively of Miss Crowther's work.
6. There being no other business the Meeting was then adjourned.

## Statement of Accounts, 1933-34.

RECEIPTS.						
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions:						
Current Year ..	154	5	0			
Arrears ..	5	15	0			
Future Years ..	10	15	0			
			170	15	0	
Subscriptions, less Rebates			172	10	0	
Less Rebates ..			11	9	5	
			161	0	7	
Interest on Life Subscriptions invested .. ..			80	7	9	
Insurance Commission .. .. .			17	13	6	
Medical Society Magazine Members .. .. .			59	2	0	
						£ s. d.
Credit Balance, 1934 .. .. .			32	6	6	
Debtor Balance, 1933 .. .. .			4	10	3	
			27	16	3	
Balance, June, 1934 ..			£318	3	10	
						£ s. d.
O.S.A. House Balance, June, 1934 .. .. .			0	1	5	
Furnishing Fund Balance, June, 1934 .. .. .			8	3	0	

PAYMENTS.						
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Gryphons .. .. .	150	7	4			
Packing .. .. .	2	5	0			
			152	12	4	
Less Sales .. .. .			0	2	0	
			152	10	4	
Printing and Stationery .. .. .			17	0	6	
Postages and Petty Cash .. .. .			60	2	6	
Year Books .. .. .			32	15	6	
Less 1932-33 Advert. .. .. .			1	17	6	
			30	18	0	
Dinners .. .. .			28	1	7	
Less Recs. .. .. .			23	17	0	
			4	3	10	
Clerical Assistance .. .. .						10
Office Equipment .. .. .			10	3	3	
(Addressing Machine) .. .. .			2	10	0	
Less Grant from Medical Society ..			7	13	3	
Badges .. .. .			2	5	0	
Less Sales .. .. .			0	15	0	
			1	10	0	
Miscellaneous .. .. .			1	18	11	
			285	17	4	
Balance, June, 1934 ..			32	6	6	
			£318	3	10	
						£ s. d.
Examined and found correct,						
December, 1934.						B. M. CONNALL.

THE GRYPHON

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### L.U.O.S.A.—LIFE SUBSCRIPTION ACCOUNT, 1933-34.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Life Subscriptions Received .. .. .	63	0	0			
Instalments .. .. .	21	0	0			
			84	0	0	
Uninvested, 1932-33 .. .. .			4	0	2	
			88	0	2	
Investment in Building Society, June, 1933 .. .. .	2,045	7	10			
Invested, 1933-34 .. .. .	85	7	9			
Investment in Building Society, June, 1934 .. .. .			£2,130	15	7	
			2	12	5	
Money still to be invested						
Examined and found correct.						
December, 1934.						B. M. CONNALL.

FEBRUARY, 1935

# OLD STUDENTS!

Do what you  
can to help the  
Appeal Effort

## MARCH 8th

### MERSEYSIDE LETTER.

President :

Professor L. ROSENHEAD,  
The University,  
Liverpool.

55, Prince Alfred Road,  
Liverpool, 15,  
*January 14th, 1935.*

Our meeting, in the middle of December, was one of the most enjoyable we have had. No less than 17 turned up to Mrs. Moscrop's for tea—a fact which didn't in the least dismay that hospitable lady. She rose to the occasion most manfully and one would have said that feeding so large—and untidy!—a family was to her a daily occurrence. After tea we spent two hilarious hours exchanging reminiscences of the good old days at Leeds—and truly diverting they were! (*Query*: Who would be Warden of a Men's Hostel?). This led to an outburst of so g., during which we made it our earnest business to demonstrate to that superior quarter of Wallasey the possibilities of "Ikla' Moor" and "Kumati." Finally, we all trooped off to an elegant cinema, where we viewed with mingled feelings the heartrending title of "Cleopatra," finding in the spectacle, I fear me, far more humour than was ever intended by the producer.

After which we went our ways to our various strongholds on both sides of the Mersey, feeling more than grateful (a) to Mrs. Muscrop for her gracious hospitality, and (b) to Mr. N. Cooper, who—though he'll probably slay me for divulging the fact—entertained the whole party to the cinema.

As to our activities between now and Easter, the Committee is meeting on January 28th to draw up the programme, which will be duly circulated to members. I hope it will include a visit to the nether regions of the Mersey Tunnel.

Unhappily we are losing one of our bright young members. Mr. Swallow appears to have decided that, though Lancashire has its points, there's no place like Yorkshire, and he is accordingly taking up a post there—Dewsbury, I think—this term. We feel slighted—but we wish him every success in the new surroundings.

As a consolation, I have received information of yet four more Old Leedsites in this area. We shall soon be scoring our half-century if our membership continues to increase like this.

ETHEL M. WORMALD.

## LONDON LETTER.

Hon. Secretary : Miss E. E. TURNER,  
3, The Yews,  
217, Selhurst Road,  
S.E. 25.

The Annual Dinner in London was reported in *The Yorkshire Post* of 24th November. A photograph appears elsewhere in *The Gryphon*. Speeches were reduced to a minimum so that everyone might adjourn to a cabaret entertainment and dancing. Professor Abercrombie, President of the Branch, in proposing from the Chair the toast of "The Association," included the guests : Miss Storm Jameson, one of the most distinguished of our women students ; Professor Green, who followed the godlike pursuit of creating new colours and christening them with most attractive names ; and Professor Garstang, who had touched the life of the University in a beneficial and varied way, and whose true eminence has yet to be appreciated for he is regarded as a pioneer by the younger generation. Professor Garstang, replying, said he was pleased that members of the O.S.A. were in London, which is a deadly cold place and a long way from Leeds, for we were able to warm it up mentally and spiritually ! The evening was completed, at least for one-time Lyddon residents, by the "Merry Widow" waltz, which tunelessly reminds us of Miss Marchbank. It just happened that 23rd November was the first day the film of Lehar's musical play was shown in London.

For some time a suggestion that a Provincial Universities' Club might be founded in London has been under consideration. There has been a meeting in London of delegates from all the Societies concerned, with the object of interesting and inspiring them to obtain support for the project. The purpose is to provide a venue for any functions held by the various Societies, and all the usual facilities of London Clubs having Town and Country members. The aim is primarily a social one, not "uplift" or the encouragement of a highly self-conscious intelligentsia, yet a combantant corporate spirit might very well result. It is felt that such a rendezvous would be invaluable to young people who are lonely when they first come to London, and also to those who are "home on leave," or who have time to spare when visiting the Metropolis. The Club would provide opportunities of meeting people of guaranteed social standing and education. The idea is worth careful thought, and the Secretary will welcome an expression of your views.

The next event will be the visit to the General Electric Company's Research Laboratories at Wembley, on 23rd February. A circular is enclosed in this *Gryphon*, and the Secretary hopes you will forward the slip at once if you intend to come.

The circulars concerning the Provincial Universities Ball will be sent out with the next issue of *The Gryphon*. You are requested to return the applications for tickets (price 9/- double, 5/- single) with remittance, to the Secretary by 18th March. The ball will be held on Friday, 22nd March, at the Westminster Palace Rooms, from 7-30 p.m. till midnight. Refreshments will be supplied by a running buffet and are included in the price of the ticket. There will also be a cocktail bar. The Universities or University Colleges supporting the organization are Aberystwyth, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Exeter, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Reading, Sheffield, Southampton and Swansea, and about 500 members and guests are expected.

## BIRMINGHAM LETTER.

The Library,  
The Selly Oak Colleges,  
Birmingham.

The last meeting, on the 1st December, was an innovation on our usual programme : we met in the Birmingham Art Gallery and inspected the loan exhibition of works of art belonging to Midland owners—a most impressive collection and particularly rich in English portraits. We had the excitement of disputing about a picture newly attributed to Vermeer ; but lest our proceedings should seem unduly serious, it must be recorded that we were enlivened by the company of the President's son and heir, aged nearly 18 months, who looked with cheerful interest at everything in sight.

We then adjourned for tea by the fire at our usual rendezvous, the Imperial Hotel.

The next meeting will be on the 2nd February ; details are being circularised to Branch members.

G. WOLEDGE, Hon. Secretary.

## MANCHESTER LETTER.

14, Chatham Grove,  
Withington,  
Manchester,

14th January, 1935.

This Branch has to report the appointment of Mr. A. E. Teale as its new Secretary: will all Old Students please note his address.

The Annual Dinner, held on November 30th, in the Manchester University Students' Union, was very enjoyable. Nearly 40 sat down to dinner and were regaled both bodily and mentally: the President, Mr. A. B. Roth, was in the Chair. The toast of "The Guests" was proposed in a witty speech by Mr. H. L. Robinson, and was replied to by Professor Rowe, on behalf of the Leeds University, who put in a plea for more of his former students to join the local branch (he will be glad to know his plea has already had results). Miss Florence Shaw (co-Secretary of L.U.O.S.A.) replied on behalf of the Old Students, and explained some of the difficulties of its work. She appealed for more co-operation from the Old Students, both individually and collectively.

We have been invited to join with the Convocation of Manchester University at their annual dance: this kind gesture is much appreciated and several members are availing themselves of it.

Our next meeting is a joint one with the Alumni of Bristol, Aberystwyth and St. Andrews: each group has to entertain the rest for about 20 minutes. Our President has promised to tell a few stories—he has not said what kind—and Miss Pennington and Mr. Robinson have promised to give musical numbers.

A. E. TEALE, *Hon. Secretary.*

## O.S.A. WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

Saturday, 12th January, v. Castleford. Lost, 6—4.

Further results will be announced in the next *Gryphon*.

## News of Interest to Old Students.

Items of news intended for this section of *The Gryphon* should be addressed to the O.S.A. Editor; such items are inserted free of charge.

DICKINS.—A review of "The Dream of the Road," edited by Professor Dickins and Mr. A. S. C. Ross, appears elsewhere in this issue.

FOSS.—George H. Foss (Physics, 1928—31) has obtained a permanent specialist commission in the Royal Air Force, and is at present at the A.S.T. Civil Flying School, Hamble, Southampton.

GARNER.—J. H. Garner, a Student of the Yorkshire College and Chief Inspector at the West Riding Rivers Board, has been elected President of the Institute of Sewage Purification.

GOTT.—Mrs. Frank Gott (Hon. LL.D., 1934) has been elected an Alderman of the City of Leeds.

McDOWELL.—Henry Reginald McDowell (Law, 1923—24) has been appointed Deputy Town Clerk of Barking. He has served as chief assistant solicitor in the Town Clerk's Department of Leeds Corporation for the past four years.

PICKLES.—Miss Gladys Pickles (History, 1915—18, M.A., 1923) has been appointed Head Mistress of Bailey Senior Girls' School, Fleetwood. Miss Pickles has been a most valuable Member of the O.S.A. Committee at Headquarters, and has been for some years a Member of the Standing Committee of Convocation. Miss Pickles was one of the original Joint Secretaries of the O.S.A. Our best wishes go with her.

READ.—Herbert Read's latest book is entitled "Art and Industry," and is published by Faber and Faber.

ROTH.—A. B. Roth (Science, 1916-21) has forwarded a pamphlet entitled "A Brief Survey of Carpet Manufacture, with special reference to the major inventions . . ." which comprises a paper reprinted from the *Journal of the Textile Institute*, volume XXV, 1934. Mr. Roth is Vice-President of the Manchester Branch.

SEWELL.—Professor Arthur Sewell (English, 1921-24), of Auckland University College, has written a pamphlet, now in its second impression, entitled "Freedom of Speech" (Unicorn Press, 34, Kitchener Street, Auckland). He has written an article in the current number of the *Modern Language Review* entitled "Milton and the Mosaic Law."

SINGLETON.—The Rev. J. W. Singleton (Philosophy, 1929-32) has been appointed Warden of Horton Lane Congregational Church, Bradford, the first occupant of this position in an important Nonconformist Church.

TAYLOR.—Walter Taylor (English, 1922-25, M.A., 1932) is the author of a pamphlet entitled "Etymological List of Arabic Words in English," published at Cairo by the Egyptian University.

TIBBLE.—The first definitive edition of Clare's poems, edited by J. W. (English, 1919-22, M.Ed., 1925) and Mrs. Tibble (formerly M. A. Northgrave, English, 1920-23), will be published this month by Messrs. Dent. A review of this work will appear in the next *Gryphon*.

WORMALD.—H. R. Wormald (History, 1924-27, Law, 1927-30) has been appointed Deputy Town Clerk of West Hartlepool.

WRIGHT.—The shorter biography of Professor Joseph Wright (Hon. D.Litt., 1904), by Mrs. E. M. Wright (Hon. D.Litt., 1934), is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

## BIRTHS.

ANDERSON.—To Mr. F. (Science, 1920-24) and Mrs. Anderson (formerly Winifred M. Carter, Arts, 1920-24), on 20th November, 1934, at 49, Lawrence Grove, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, a daughter.

HETHERINGTON.—To the Rev. J. G. (H.O.R., 1925-27) and Ella M. Hetherington (née Huxtable, Arts, 1924-26), on 18th September, 1934, at St. Hilda, Oxted, Surrey, a son.

MILNE.—To Mr. Geoffrey (Science, 1916-19-21, Agric. Staff, 1923-28) and Mrs. Milne (formerly M. K. Morgan, Geography Staff, 1923-29), on 14th June, at Tanga, a son, Robert Geoffrey. Address: Amani (via Tanga), Tanganyika Territory.

RYMER.—To Mr. F. R. Rymer, Ph.C., M.P.S., and Mrs. Rymer (formerly Jessie Bunting, History, 1923-26), on 21st November, a daughter, Judith Esme. Address: "Arcady," New Rd., Smithies, Barnsley.

THOMPSON.—To Mr. E. J. (Colour Chemistry, 1919-23) and Mrs. Thompson, of Buckingham Gardens, Perambur Barracks, P.O. Madras, India, on 25th November, a son, Peter.

## MARRIAGES.

GLEDHILL-POWELL.—Edward Gledhill (B.Sc., 1929, M.B., Ch.B., 1932, M.D., 1934) to Mary E. Powell, on 19th December, at St. George's Church, Leeds.

LEASK-LAIRD.—J. E. M. Ewart C. Leask (Russian, 1927-30) to Deirdre Jean Laird, daughter of Brigadier Kenneth M. Laird, Commanding the Lucknow District, at All Saints' Garrison Church, Lucknow.

SADLER-GILPIN.—Sir Michael Ernest Sadler, Master of University College, Oxford, to Eva Margaret Gilpin, Head Mistress of The Hall School, Weybridge, on 18th December, at Marybone Town Hall. Sir Michael's address henceforward will be: The Rookery, Old Headington, Oxford.

SCHOFIELD-GOUGH.—Maxwell Schofield (Arts, 1926-29) to Winifred M. Gough (Social Science, 1930-32), daughter of Professor C. E. Gough, of the Department of German, on Saturday, 24th November, at the Leeds Register Office.

## ENGAGEMENT.

The engagement is announced between George H. Gardiner, B.Sc., son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Gardiner, Bear Park, Durham, and Diana Mary, daughter, of Mr. W. F. T. Plummer and the late Mrs. Plummer, Birdforth Hall, Easingwold.

## DEATH.

SPAUL.—Erica Spaul, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Spaul, Lawnswood, Leeds, on 8th December, aged six. A short note on Erica appears in "University Intelligence."



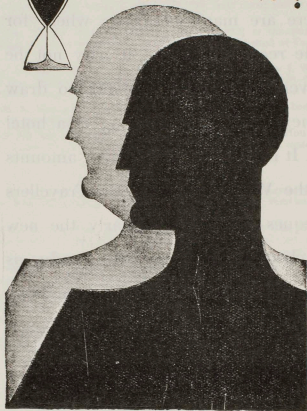
## *Travellers Cheques*

There are many occasions when, for some reason or other, it may not be convenient to go to a bank to draw money for, say, the paying of a hotel bill. It is then that the smaller amounts of the Westminster Bank's Travellers Cheques—more particularly the new £2 cheques—are specially handy, as they make the least demand on hotel cashiers, pursers, stores, etc., for change.

*Customers may buy Travellers Cheques  
for £2, £5, and £10, at any of  
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## **SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND**

Resident Secretary—  
H. W. BRUMFITT

YORKSHIRE BRANCH :

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Nos. 20585 (2 lines)

21 PARK ROW, LEEDS





**W**ITH half the season's programme now completed it is possible to review the form of most of the Clubs and the possibilities of honours when all the fixtures have been played.

The Rugby Club, though considerably improved compared with last year's results, is still disappointing. Matches against other clubs have been fairly satisfactory, but as yet only one Varsity match has been won, Sheffield being beaten by 27 points to 3 at home. The other Varsity games against Liverpool (home) and Manchester (away) were lost 5—27 and 3—15 respectively. The Club was honoured at the end of last term by the selection of Proctor, a Fresher, to play wing three-quarter for the U.A.U. on their Christmas tour.

Taking all their matches into consideration the Soccer Club has had a good season so far. Their record in Varsity matches is not so impressive, but they have great hopes of winning the Christie, although to date they have only two points as against Manchester's three, but both their other ties are at home and should yield at least three points. The team has been combining very well, with a forward line rather dominating the defence, in which Roberts at centre-half and Ramsden at left full-back have been prominent.

The Hockey Club continues to be the most successful men's club as far as inter-Varsity honours are concerned. With four points out of a possible six and two home matches to play in the remaining three, chances look bright for the Northern U.A.U. Championship. At the end of last term Sheffield were beaten 4—1, and Liverpool and Edinburgh lost to by 2—6 and 3—5. The forwards continue to be the most effective section of the team, but the return of Hemingway at full-back should tighten up the defence.

The Cross Country Club has not done so well this season as had been expected. A good team has been got together which packs well, but there are no runners outstanding enough to fill the first places in matches. In the Christie contest run over the home course, Leeds came a bad second to Manchester, but beat Liverpool easily. Scott, Martin and White were the first home for Leeds in the sixth, seventh and eighth places, but poorer packing than usual made a rather large margin in defeat. In the Junior contest run at Liverpool for a cup presented by Dr. Allison, an old member of the club, Leeds gained a decisive victory, filling 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th and 9th places for 35 points, against Manchester's 65 and Liverpool's 81.

The Fives Club is still being very badly supported and so far has only won two matches against the College of the Resurrection and Leeds Grammar School.

The Men's Swimming Club has found two very useful Freshers in Dougall and Bettison, both of whom are keen middle distance swimmers, which is what the Club has been needing for a number of seasons. Only one swimming match has taken place, when Durham won by 43 points to 31. In the polo section four victories have been gained—against Durham 4—3, Liverpool 3—0 and Sheffield 5—2, away (4—1 home).

The early promise of great things shown by the Women's Hockey Club has, unfortunately, not materialised as had been hoped. Only six matches out of 14 have been won and only one out of six Varsity matches. Many of these have been very close fights and it is hoped that the tables will be turned in the return matches this term. Misses Mellows, Smithson and Wilkinson have been playing very well in the forwards and have accounted for most of the goals.

The Women's Lacrosse team has had a very successful season so far. In Varsity Matches they have beaten Liverpool 11—2 and Manchester 9—4. The attack has been combining well but their shooting form has been rather erratic.

The Netball Club did very well in their last term's fixtures. Out of 15 games 11 were won and Sheffield, Manchester, Liverpool and Nottingham Varsities were beaten.

The Women's Swimming Club, though suffering from frequent team changes, won three out of their four matches last term. Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham were beaten, and Sheffield only won by the narrow margin of 27 points to 29. Miss Peace has been prominent in plunging and diving throughout, and a very useful all-round Fresher has been found in Miss Hall.

## TABLE OF RESULTS OF THE LEADING MEN'S CLUBS.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals or points.	
					For.	Against.
<b>RUGGER—</b>						
All matches	15	6	8	1	166	180
Varsity matches	5	1	4	0	47	86
<b>SOCCER—</b>						
All matches	18	13	3	2	86	48
Varsity matches	5	2	3	0	10	19
<b>HOCKEY—</b>						
All matches	15	6	9	0	47	55
Varsity matches	5	3	2	0	26	17

R. ORTON SMITH, G.A.S.

## SOCIETIES.

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY.**—We finished last term with a Communist discussion and we thank Martin Pierce for his careful study of the subject and the admirable way in which he defended us from the onslaughts of the Ogpu.

The Society will be sorry to know that we are losing our Chaplain, Rev. R. S. Watson, who is leaving Emmanuel. We thank him for his kind help and interest in the Society in the past years and wish him God-speed in his new parish.

The next Corporate Communion is on Tuesday, February 5th, at 7-30 a.m.. We had a regular attendance of 50 last term. Can we double this number?

On Shrove Tuesday, March 5th, we hope to have our Social in the Staff House from 7-0 to 11-0 p.m. We hope all members will try to come that we may have an enjoyable evening together.

And after that—festina Lente!—A.S.

**CLASSICAL SOCIETY.**—Though still young in years the Classical Society continues its progressive career. The courageous and well-planned programme had to undergo certain modifications owing to the illness of the President, yet, on the whole, meetings were well attended and gratifying enthusiasm was shown. An "Entente Cordiale" with the Sheffield University Classical Society, at which Professor Craig, of Sheffield, gave an illustrated talk on Horace, provided a splendid finish for the term's activities. With the retiring of the President we are looking forward to still greater enthusiasm and success during the present term.—R.A.

**CLIMBING CLUB.**—The Club was revived about the end of November, at an enthusiastic tea party. Since then the weather has done its best to damp the enthusiasm, especially on days on which climbing meets had been arranged. Two enjoyable days have been spent at Almscliffe and Ilkley, however, and many members have made us small parties at other times.

A complete programme for the Spring term has been drawn up, and is exhibited on the notice board. A longer meeting, either potholing or climbing, will be held at Easter. We should welcome anyone, whether novice or expert, on these occasions.—T. TOWNEND, Sec.

**SCOUT CLUB.**—Recent activities have included a fine lantern lecture on "Pot-holing," by Mr. H. Armstrong, of the Yorkshire Ramblers, a hike over Beamsley Beacon, and the Christmas Camp at Madgehill, near Pateley Bridge.

This last was the most enjoyable event in our present session. The Farsley Scouts placed their fine camp at our disposal and ten of us, including our Egyptian and Indian members, stayed there from January 3rd-7th, enjoying true Yorkshire hospitality during our stay. The walks to Wath Gill, Brimham Rocks, Dacre, and the night hike around Dacre and Yokes Folly all helped to make the Camp a memorable one.

The Annual Dinner will be held on Friday, February 8th, at Collinson's Café, Wellington Street, and the Rev. Leonard Spiller, Assistant Commissioner for Deep Sea Scouts, will be our guest at this function. It is hoped that all past and present members of the Club will endeavour to attend and help to make the evening a success. Tickets (price 3/-) may be had from any member of the Club and early application is advised, as accommodation is limited.—F. J.

**THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.**—The most successful of last term's play readings was held at Oxley Hall, where Clemence Dane's "Wild Decembers" was read. We regret that the history of the Brontë family is so depressing, yet nevertheless we had a very enjoyable evening. We look forward to equally successful Hostel readings this term.

Mention has been made elsewhere of the annual production. The Students' Gallery was full on both nights and we much appreciated the enthusiastic support that was given to the play.—A.A.W.

**DEBATING SOCIETY.**—At a meeting of the Debating Society at the end of last term, Mr. Cooper presented his resignation of the Secretaryship, on the grounds that certain aspersions had been cast on the general level of debates in the University, and on their organisation. The representation at that meeting was not good, but those present unanimously refused to accept Mr. Cooper's resignation. This term, however, he finds that for academic reasons he is unable to continue in office, and has resigned, but will retain his position on the Debates Committee.

There is no reason why debates should not be more fully supported in the future, nor any reason why we at Leeds should not be able to pride ourselves on our debating powers, as several other Universities and Colleges can. At present the standard is low. We want you to come and help us to raise it.

The great opportunity to show what we can do in this respect will be this term, on Friday, February 22nd, when representatives from six Universities will come for the Inter-Varsity Debate. There ought to be a record attendance, worthy of the sixteen hundred people who can apparently raise their voices anywhere but at a debate.

**ISLAMIC SOCIETY.**—The efforts of our Society to create more friendly relations and to bring about a better understanding between the different Religious Societies of our University have been very successful. The joint meeting of the Church of England Society, the Students' Christian Movement and our Society, in which Mr. Aftabuddin Ahmed, the Imam of the Woking mosque, spoke on "Christianity and Islam," was very successful. The number of the audience exceeded fifty. The able speaker threw light on the comparative study of both the Religions. The next joint meeting of these three Societies was held in the Refectory on 4th December, 1934, under the Chairmanship of Mr. Y. Osman. There was a very good gathering of students besides the members of these Societies. Professor James spoke on a comparative study of Islam and Christianity. His lecture was very interesting and full of information.

We are now arranging for the Students' Jewish Society to read a paper on Judaism at a joint meeting in the near future, and will soon arrange for the members of all these Societies to hear papers about "Hinduism" and "Parsee Religion." We are sure that these joint meetings will enable the members to know the different Religions well, and will be a source of great information to all. We hope that every member of the University will join us at the meetings.—H. Y. JUNG, Hon. Sec.

## HOSTEL NOTES.

**WEETWOOD HALL.**—Many things happened towards the end of last term to cheer the daily round and lift the shade of sadness from our brow. Hostel Dance did much to dispel the gloom of approaching examinations, due to descend upon us the following Monday. It was in every way a great success. The Devonshire carollers once more delighted us with their many voices and well deserved the coffee and biscuits with which their efforts were rewarded. Unfortunately, the party we usually give for St. Chad's had to be cancelled owing to a case of scarlet fever among the children, but we shall hope to make up for this next Christmas.

Rumour has it that this term is to see the production of a Hostel Magazine in aid of the Appeal Fund. We hope it will be as great a success as was the Whist Drive held last term with the same object. Who knows but that Weetwood is a mine of hidden talent? We shall see.

The cannon has ceased to grace the drive, and now nestles coyly in the little wood. Requescat in pace.

Herr Hitler seems to have a grudge against us—he has torn our one and only German Fresher from our bosom.—J.W.

**OXLEY HALL.**—Since the short Xmas Vacation work has resumed its normal course in Oxley. Having left behind us all memories of terminal examinations we have nothing further to fear until June. This term holds forth no attraction in the way of a Hall Dance, but in spite of that, its social programme is well-filled. We hope that it may be possible to organise a further S.C.M. "hop" on the lines of the one held in Oxley in the Easter term of last session. Two other functions of this term are the Staff Dinner on February 9th, and the Women's Social on March 9th, when it is the custom to present a Three Act Play.

Our Freshers are turning out to be a most likeable and social-spirited crowd. They take their part in all the Hall's social activities as well as being active members of University Societies and sports clubs. We are looking forward to welcoming two of them as members of Hall Committee during the next week or two.

It's a short term, but it promises to be a good one!—E. JENNIE BROOK.

LYDDON HALL.—How to make hay in both work and pleasure! Ask our Freshers—their heads, we find, are as fertile as their hearts. (See Xmas exam. results). Their supper parties, too, are in the limelight and very pleasant evenings have been spent by the seniors who have supported this good cause; moreover, they have resurrected a wireless which makes four our total for Hostel (we are uncommon proud of this).

The Old Students had great pleasure in visiting us the first week-end of term; alas! we are not encouraged to be teachers. However, we were entertained mightily by racy and breath-taking accounts of adventures in exclusive country schools. It seems to us that the country has a great effect on the subsequent alertness of the mental awareness.

How two strips of asbestos changed the world! Those two strips run up and down the edges of the hot-plate doors; no longer the hurtling metallic crashes disturb the chivers in their daily task; no longer the sensitive mind is bruised and shaken; thank you, oh powers in authority, for this new golden peace.

DEVONSHIRE HALL.—It is with great regret that we announce the departure from Hall of J. C. Coates, who has for many years taken an active part in our affairs. As member of the House Committee, as Secretary, and last year as President, he brought forward his great wisdom and resources, and employed them wholeheartedly in those acts of diplomacy which inevitably came his way.

The close of last term was marked by the festivities which annually preceded the Xmas Vacation. The Dance was a great success and everyone had a very pleasant evening with their friends, near ones and dear ones, whirling and side-stepping amongst numerous coloured lights and plants, and entranced by the gay and romantic music of C. Steel's Band.

The Carollers also heralded Xmas in the good old way, once more under the able leadership of J. Lightbown.

During the term sport again played a prominent part in the daily life of the Hall. Squash, Billiards, Fives, and Bridge matches were played, and great interest was aroused in these all important games. There was also an innovation in the form of a Rugby and a Soccer match with Hulme Hall, Manchester, the results being—Rugby 3—3, and Soccer 1—5.

The Hostel Dramatic Society is rapidly developing into a most important body and at the first play-reading talented members provided great amusement.

Thus did Devonshire Hall bid farewell to the Old Year, and now, at the beginning of 1935 we hope for a pleasant year, working and playing with greater enthusiasm than ever.—T. RIGLEY.

HOSTEL OF THE RESURRECTION.—The Hostel of the Resurrection lays itself open to the vulgar gaze, male and female alike, but once a year. We are glad and honoured to feel that Carol Night this year was as successful and more so than ever. To a lay mind and to those many lay minds in the ranks of the embryo clerics in the Hostel, the performance put up by those responsible for the real purpose of the evening was of the very best.

The Hostel has returned from a lamentably short break refreshed at least in the sense that the functions of Collop Monday are already being enthusiastically discussed. The play is under rehearsal, and the Captain of the Rugger side is as hopeful as only he could be expected to be. In this respect he who wrote these notes in the last issue has wished to correct an impression which might have been created regarding the success or failure of the Rugby Team. The side has scored several decisive victories and has certainly betrayed signs of being a team. Nothing more can be expected; nothing more should.

It is as well to point out that the Hostel has several Sunday afternoon discussions and that there is a Sung Mass on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. To both, notice of which will be found in the University, men students are very welcome.

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