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The Journal of the University of Leeds



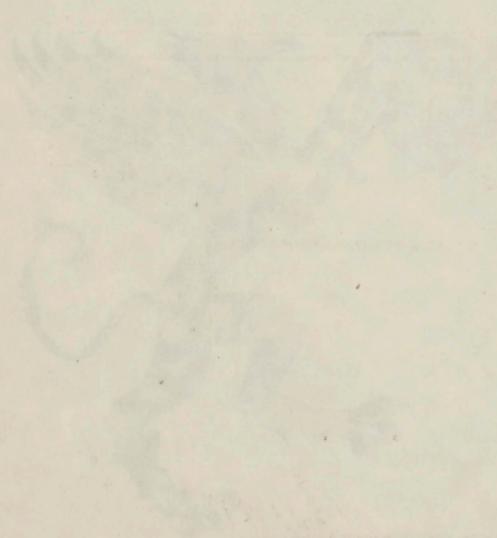
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THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

'The Gryffon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sicke fathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when we knowen 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.'—LJLY.

Editorial.

TO those important people, the Freshers, we dedicate our first editorial, at the same time imploring them not to get swelled-headed about it. For we only follow tradition. At the same time we state emphatically that, unlike many of our predecessors, we have not spent the vac. idling in a deck-chair wondering what to say on this all-important page. We have known for months exactly what we wanted to say, and have been longing to get at it. So, Freshers, we offer you, not the traditional welcome, but something infinitely more valuable, a warning.

There is prevalent among Leeds students a virulent disease which takes the form of mental sleepy sickness. It has claimed many of your elders among its victims. Some have fought before they finally succumbed, but others have offered no resistance to what is the precursor of a slow but none the less sure mental death. The main symptoms are a marked aversion to any exertion, mental or physical; a profound cynicism; a singular reluctance to take part in Rag Day; a lack of enthusiasm in work or play; a persistent habit of grumbling without knowing why. These are generally accompanied by a complete retirement from all things social, which may or may not lead to an inability to tear oneself away from the Library. Some sufferers show an inclination for work that is morbid in the extreme—it becomes an unconscious habit with them. Others use the Library because it is a good place in which to stagnate. The chronic state is, of course, complete lethargy.

An allied disease which, although less pernicious in its effects, is equally prevalent, is a disinclination to throw off childish habits, such as pea-shooting at annual general meetings and water-throwing in Refec.

Both these diseases are terribly infectious. They have robbed us of many who might have been pillars of strength. So, Freshers, guard against inertia as you would against the plague. If you are fresh from school and full of ideas and ideals, don't let them disappear because that kind of thing is not *à la mode*. The adolescent who admits himself one is nearer the truth than the adolescent who apes the mature man.

Fill your days with work and play and live the full life. You will never find a better opportunity. Don't grumble if you can't substantiate your complaints. But if you see something really wrong, don't just criticise. Tell us how to put it right. If you must be cynical, remember that all cynicism is only a pose.

Work hard—it isn't a bad idea—but don't stay in the Library till you are regarded as a fixture. If you join a society, support it. If you are athletic, play games, and play them wholeheartedly. And don't think that when lectures are over your day is ended. You have certain social duties—and pleasures—as members of a self-contained community. Don't court anonymity. Have the courage of your convictions. More important still, have convictions.

If you feel unequal to this, please go down again at once. You could not render us a greater service. But if you have living blood in your veins—then up Leeds, and at 'em!

Notes and Comments.

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

BURNS.

Let's Strike a Happy Note.

Last year an angry Editor, with reference to the lack of contributions for the October number, wrote, "The apathy which prevails is appalling." The year before, an even angrier Editor railed against "the old, damned, sickening story." They were both right. But this year things have changed a little. We actually received a few contributions, few, it is true, but yet real contributions in black and white. Thank you, oh thank you, for those few kind words! To think that in our supreme pessimism we had bought a new bottle of ink! With gratitude be it said that it still stands unopened on the office table. So, just to celebrate, we have given you an extra large *Gryphon*.

Hail and Farewell.

We shall find our ranks sadly depleted this term, for many of the old stalwarts have gone down. Good luck be with them! And now, Freshers, remember that great things are always expected of new blood. Don't disappoint us.

Laudeamus Igitur!

There is not a single student in the University who will not join in saying "Thank you!" to Mr. Riley-Smith for his wonderful gift of £25,000 towards the Union Buildings Appeal Fund. Such generosity is met with very rarely. He has not only set us well on the road, but he has inspired us all with a new zeal for further efforts. Our herculean task now assumes much milder proportions. Mr. Riley-Smith, we give you three rousing Kumati's!

Good Man!

A public word of thanks to R.L.D., our worthy predecessor and guiding hand, for untold work behind the scenes.

En Passant.

Just a line or two to those who are responsible for sending in official news, notes, notices, etc., to *The Gryphon*. Please send it in regularly without being asked. We haven't time to run round after you. Most of you seem to forget that the October *Gryphon* offers you a splendid opportunity for advertising your social club or society. Catch the Freshers while they're young. And remember that the advertised last day for copy is the last day for copy.

Rag Day.

Perhaps we were prejudiced by our interest in *The Tyke* and so did not judge the Rag with the masterly impartiality expected of one wielding an editor's pen. It seemed to us that the whole effort, commendable though it was, lacked vigour and originality. This is not the fault of the officials in charge. Mr. Adams, as Chairman, and Mr. Twitchett, as Secretary, of the Rag Committee, worked long and well for the cause. The Agrics., as Ancient Britons, were good, but the chief fame must go to those who organised and carried through the sideshow spectacles. Here the Engineers were much in evidence, as usual, with the Medics, as a close second. Thanks be to those who conceived of the Ox-Roasting, and who made it such a success. Thanks, too, to the thousand and one other helpers, including those at the

Paramount Show.

Mr. N. R. Miller, the popular and ubiquitous official of the Paramount show, would be hurt if we neglected to thank the talented company which owed so much to his enterprise and energy. Thank them we do, and most heartily. The Women's Chorus (or should we say the Chorus Girls) were excellent, but the sketches, and the Male Chorus, were deficient in "snap," pep, or whatever you like to call it.

R.L.D.

"The Tyke."

Last year *The Tyke* was most successful in every way, and the sum of £550, which was raised, must surely constitute a record, considering the present system of dealing with the adverts. We liked the cover very much, and the pink section, in the middle. All must join in congratulating Mr. R. L. Davidson, the Editor, and Mr. S. Bland, his Partner in Crime, on one of the wittiest and brightest perpetrations of the year.

International Fame.

It comes to few of us, but one Leeds graduate, at least, has brought the eyes of sporting Europe to Leeds University. Miss Grethe Whitehead, by winning the 80 metres Hurdles race, at the recent International Games Contest, held at Budapest, has added to her already brilliant record in this country. We saw a Press photograph of the English Women's Team, before they left Victoria Station. Miss Whitehead was outstanding, we thought. Then we heard that she had murmured "Easy!" on seeing the hurdles, and had lifted herself into first place as an athlete. Miss Whitehead is outstanding.

And it isn't everyone who could fly to Manchester between two Rag Revue shows to cover herself with athletic glory.

Refractory.

This time the news is untinged by complaint. Ours is a nice refractory, not refractory. [Dictionary—unmanageable.] The new manageress is Miss G. Esherton Masson, late of the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington, and she comes to us with the highest recommendations. Can she cook? She can't be beaten! And now, what about those mixed tables?

The New Cover.

So here is the new cover at last. It does not belong to either of the prize-winners, but to Miss Margaret Turner. Although it was judged third in the competition, it was chosen as the most suitable design for printing. We hope you'll like it. Write and tell us.

Thanksgiving.

The lady who won prize 67 in *The Tyke* Gift Scheme wishes to convey her thanks to the students. The prize was a large oak clock, which the winner says she will treasure as long as she lives. Apparently she used to be a cynic, believing that students "would take bread out of an innocent child's mouth to give it to the Infirmary." She thought the Gift Scheme was just a leg-pull. But now she sits and looks at her clock, and gratitude fills her bosom. We thought you would like to know.

**Gleanings.**

"I'm like my father, I don't believe in marriage."

(Film: "Spring in the Air").

* * *

"I can't bear children!"

"Well, it isn't a man's job."

(Film: "Spring in the Air").

* * *

"A yacht!"

"No, a' you?"

(Radio Variety).

* * *

Mrs. T—— has sent the Vicar a handsome gift of toys and games.

(Parish Magazine).

* * *

"Tyke" Day Echo.

"And would you say as 'ow you get much opposition from the Razzle?"

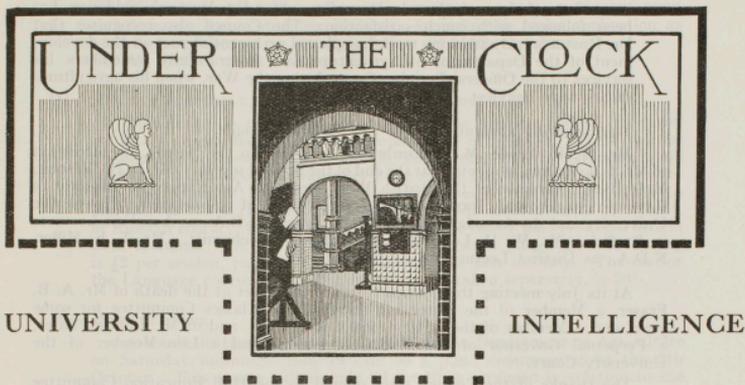
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"THE GRYPHON."

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At its meeting in June, the Council recorded its deep regret at the death of Emeritus Professor J. B. Cohen, formerly Professor of Organic Chemistry in the University, Mr. T. S. Carter, an Honorary Graduate, and Mr. A. H. Pawson, a Life Governor of the Yorkshire College and a Life Member of the University Court.

The cordial thanks of the Council were offered to Mr. W. Riley-Smith for his generous gift of £25,000 towards the provision of a new building for the University Union. The Council also expressed its warm thanks to Emeritus Professor Stroud for his welcome gift of £1,000 towards the Union Building and £100 for the Physics Museum.

Professor J. H. Priestley was appointed Pro-Vice-Chancellor of the University for a period of two years from the 1st July, 1935. Mr. D. R. H. Williams, of Huddersfield, was appointed a Member of the Textile Industries and Dyeing Committee.

The following resolutions with reference to the retirement at the end of the session of two members of the Staff were adopted :—

Dr. Anning.

The Council, in accepting the resignation of Mr. J. J. Anning from the Lectureship in Pharmacy and Materia Medica, which he has held for eight years, desires to express its sincere thanks for the excellent service he has given to medical and dental students. To a valued old student and Lecturer the Council desires to convey its best wishes for his health and happiness in the future.

Dr. Ruston.

The Council desires to record its great appreciation of the work of Dr. A. G. Ruston since his appointment to the Staff of the Yorkshire College 30 years ago. The great development in recent years of teaching and

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research work in agricultural economics, under Dr. Ruston's guidance, has been followed with much satisfaction. The Council also recognises that Dr. Ruston's early teaching work has played an essential part in the development of the Department of Agriculture, and it gratefully remembers his services to the Officers' Training Corps during the War, when his agricultural duties were heaviest.

The following appointments to the Staff were made :—

Mr. W. R. Moule, M.A., Cambridge, as Clerk to the Senate, in succession to Mr. F. T. Baines, who retires at the end of the present session. Mr. B. H. Wilsdon, M.A., B.Sc., Director of the British Wool Research Association, as Director of Research Students at Torridon, under the scheme of co-operation between the University and the Association. Mr. D. W. Jefferson, B.A., as Assistant Lecturer in English. Mr. W. H. Long, M.A., as Advisory Economist. Mr. T. E. Miller, N.D.A., as District Lecturer in Agriculture.

At its July meeting the Council recorded its regret at the death of Mr. A. B. Fraser, a Member of the Extension and Tutorial Classes Committee for some years and a Member of the Agricultural Committee; and of Mr. Charles Yates, a Perpetual Governor of the Yorkshire College and a Life Member of the University Court.

The thanks of the Council were offered to the Hull Education Committee and the Huddersfield Education Committee for the renewal of their grants to the University for the Session 1935-36. The Council recorded its grateful thanks to Mr. H. S. Clough for his gift of £250 towards the erection of an Observatory to house the telescope and other astronomical instruments recently presented by Mrs. Bolton, of Bramley.

The following appointments were made :—

Mr. R. Broomhead, M.B., Ch.B. Leeds, F.R.C.S., as Lecturer in Orthopaedic Surgery. Mr. H. D. Stephens, L.D.S., as Lecturer in Dental Mechanics. Mr. R. N. Ross, B.Ch.D., as Clinical Dental Lecturer. Mr. W. L. Sutcliffe-Hey, L.D.S., as Honorary Clinical Tutor in Dental Surgery.

It was decided to re-institute this session the course for the Diploma in Public Administration.

Saturday Courses.

The following courses will be given by the University of Leeds during the Session 1935-36 if sufficient entries are received. They are primarily intended for teachers, but others may attend :—

I. TEACHING OF FRENCH IN CENTRAL AND SENIOR SCHOOLS.

A course of 12 lectures, on Saturday mornings from 9-15 to 10-15, by Miss Winifred F. Robson, M.A., of the Department of Education.

II. EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY.

A course of 12 lectures, on Saturday mornings from 10-30 to 11-30, by Miss Edith Newcomb, M.A., of the Department of Education.

The above classes will meet at the University each Saturday, from the 9th November to the 14th December, and from the 11th January to the 15th February inclusive. It will be possible for a student to attend both courses. Application for admission should be addressed to The Registrar,

The University, Leeds, 2, and, as the arrangements are contingent upon an adequate entry, intending students are asked to make application as early as possible, and in any case before the 14th October.

Fee for each of these courses, £1.

III. RUSSIAN LANGUAGE, AND IV. RUSSIAN HISTORY.

The courses in these subjects will cover two sessions, and will be given by Mr. J. Kolni Balozky, of the Department of Russian. There will be 20 lectures per session in each section, and during 1935-36 the classes will meet at the University on Saturday mornings in the first term from October 12th to December 14th, and in the second term from January 11th to March 14th. The class in Russian Language will meet from 11 to 12 and, in Russian History, from 12 to 1. It is desirable that students should attend both sections. The fee for the combined course in Language and History is £2 per session, payable on attendance at the first meeting. The fee for the Language course or the History course, if taken separately, is 30/-.

V. HORTICULTURE.

A course in Horticulture will be held in the Department of Agriculture on Saturday mornings from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., commencing on the 5th October. This course will include 20 meetings arranged in relation to the most important periods in the gardening year. The first hour will normally be occupied by a lecture, the remainder of the time being devoted to demonstration and practical work in the garden. The first seven meetings will be held from 5th October to 16th November. The other meetings will be held from about the middle of February to the beginning of April and from middle of May to beginning of July. Application for admission to the Horticulture course should be made to The Secretary, Department of Agriculture, The University, Leeds, 2. Fee for the course, £1.

Diploma in Biblical Studies.

In response to a widely felt need for a more adequate training on the part of those who give, or will be called upon to give, religious instruction in schools, the University of Leeds has taken the lead among provincial universities in instituting a Diploma in Biblical Studies similar to that instituted by London University in 1928. The courses, which will extend over two years, will commence in October, provided that the entry of candidates is sufficient to justify the Diploma, and they will be designed to give the teacher a really adequate literary, historical and comparative knowledge of the Bible in both Testaments.

There is no institution so well adapted to give instruction of this kind as a university, and, in the interests of culture as well as of religion, it is to be hoped that there will be a large and ready response to this opportunity to raise the standard of teaching in a subject of national importance. The lectures will be given on Tuesday evenings and Saturday mornings.

Italian Studies.

An elementary and an advanced course, and a course on Dante, will be given by Dr. Ungaro on Monday and Thursday evenings of this session. Full particulars may be obtained from the Registrar.

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Julius Berend Cohen,

D.Sc., LL.D., Ph.D., F.R.S.,

Emeritus Professor in the University of Leeds.

BY the death of Professor J. B. Cohen, on June 14th, the University of Leeds mourns the loss of one who for more than 30 years rendered distinguished and devoted service to the cause of education as a member of the staff of the Chemistry Department. Appreciation of this on the part of his colleagues, friends and former students is inseparably associated with deep affection for a man whose personal qualities were such as to command universal esteem.

In preparation for entry into his father's business, Cohen attended a short general educational course at Owen's College and was then sent to Paris for a year. After a further year's experience in the actual business he determined to take up the study of chemistry and returned to Owens for the two years' course of training which was supposed to provide the scientific equipment required by a chemist at that period. After this training, Cohen passed into industry, but the conditions of work were so unattractive that he readily acquiesced in the suggestion of his college friend (Arthur Smithells) that the two of them should spend a year at one of the University centres of chemical research in Germany. Parental consent having been obtained, Cohen proceeded to Munich and for two years worked in the laboratory of Baeyer under the special supervision of Pechmann. On his return he obtained a demonstratorship at Owens and in 1891 was selected to fill the newly-created lectureship in organic chemistry at the Yorkshire College. The institution of this post afforded the first opportunity for the special study of organic chemistry at Leeds.

From the outset of his teaching career Cohen achieved remarkable success. The lucidity of his lectures was such as to compel the attention of all sections of his audience, and many generations of students recall with deep gratitude the debt which they owe to Professor Cohen, not only for the thoroughness of the instruction which they received at his hands, but also for the interest which he showed in their general welfare.

Not the least important of his activities consisted in the preparation and publication of text books for both elementary and advanced students. These acquired a wide reputation and in course of time were very largely adopted as the standard text books for students in most English-speaking countries. For this kind of work Cohen had very exceptional talent and a facile pen. At the same time he contrived to make significant contributions to our knowledge of organic chemistry by original research and in recognition of this he was elected to the Fellowship of the Royal Society. In this connection it may be noted that the number of students whose introduction to the methods of research was made in Cohen's laboratory and whose subsequent accomplishments have given them a high place in the ranks of scientific investigators, represents a remarkable tribute to the inspiration afforded by his personal supervision.

In his earlier years Cohen was attracted to the scientific study of the effects of smoke pollution and, during the War, was actively engaged on work of national importance, more particularly in connection with the medical and hospital services. It was largely this experience which dictated the trend of his later research; with the generous assistance of the Medical Research Council and a laboratory placed at his disposal in the Medical School, this work was continued for some years after his retirement from the Chair of Organic Chemistry in 1924.

Music and painting provided him with congenial forms of relaxation; he was himself an excellent violinist and a painter in water colours of no mean capacity. The musical evenings provided by Professor and Mrs. Cohen were a delight to many friends in and outside the University. The work of various local social organisations also enlisted the mutual interest of husband and wife. Thirty-eight years ago he founded the York Road Working Men's Club, which eventually became the Leeds University Young Men's Institute. In his characteristically unobtrusive manner, he contributed very largely to the success of this organisation by regular and long-continued personal attendance.

Three years ago Professor and Mrs. Cohen took up permanent residence near Coniston Lake, in the house which they had used for many years as holiday quarters. Shortly before his death, at the age of 76, he had made arrangements with his publishers to rewrite his large work on organic chemistry and was actively engaged on this project when illness overtook him. The undertaking of a task of such magnitude can only be interpreted as evidence of extraordinary vitality and astounding physical and mental fitness.

On Tuesday, June 18th, many friends and old students gathered together in the little church at Coniston and took final leave of one whose passing makes their world a less pleasant place. The valedictory address given by the Rev. R. J. Wood, Vicar of St. Michael's, Headingley, was a notable feature of the simple and singularly appropriate service.

H.M.D.

Professor Julius Cohen.

THE generations quickly pass at a University. There can be no students in the class-rooms of Leeds now who can remember the subject of this notice. Even for the majority of the members of the Staff he is little more than a name. When he revisited the University some time ago he felt himself he told me in an unknown world. Yet for more than 30 years hardly anyone was better known there than Julius Cohen. His attractive presence and great personal charm were a welcome contrast in the efficient but rather grim institution of the early century.

Any notice of him ought clearly to be written by a chemist, and no one is more ignorant of chemistry than I. But there is also a certain significance in the fact that I have been asked to undertake the task. Professor Cohen once said to me, probably in some transitory fit of depression, "I ought never to have been a chemist." The words came strangely from one whose books and researches have made such a mark in the development of the science and whose distinction has been recognised by the Fellowship of the Royal Society and by two honorary degrees. But they hinted at the truth that Cohen was very far removed from a narrow specialism and that he embraced in his affection an unusually wide area of human experience and achievement. Testimony has already been borne to his scientific work by Professor Smithells and I hope there will be a notice of it in the present number of *The Gryphon*. My own tribute is that of a friend who was drawn to him from the first by common interests and sympathies. For more than 30 years I was never out of touch with him, and the War brought us into very close intercourse. We were both Special Constables, and for a great part of the time our joint duty was to stand for hours at night in the crow's nest of the Town Hall. It was never quite clear what we were supposed to do there, but we kept watch over the darkened city. There was nothing really to be done, and as we stood there side by side in summer and winter conversation was our great resource. We exchanged views on topics of every kind and I gained an intimate acquaintance with Cohen's mind.

He was shy, modest and retiring beyond almost anyone that I knew in Leeds. His sensitive nature made him quickly critical of many things, but he was most generous and appreciative of the work of other people. In the last letter that I had from him, written when he knew that no recovery was possible, he spoke of his relations with his students as one of the great sources of happiness in his life and expressed warm appreciation of the characteristics of the youth of Yorkshire.

He saw a great deal of his students in private and won their affection by the simplicity and graciousness of his character. There is one section of students especially who will remember his name with a real personal gratitude—those I mean whom the University calls over-seas students. There is now a valuable organisation for bringing them together and making them feel that they are welcomed. But 30 years ago there was nothing of the sort and what was done was almost entirely the work of Professor and Mrs. Cohen, who were inseparable in all their social and artistic interests. Cohen's attitude in these receptions of foreign students seemed to me ideal. There was none of the condescension that sometimes mars such occasions; there was no trace of superiority or of any desire to improve. His manners were the expression of a simple and wholly genuine human friendliness. I recall one incident which reveals the man. The Vice-Chancellor, Sir Michael Sadler, in speaking to him of this work, said that it seemed to him "of international importance." I do not think the phrase was exaggerated, but to Cohen it seemed ridiculous and he laughed loudly as he told me of it. There must be men in all parts of the world who have a specially warm feeling for Leeds because of Cohen's association with it.

Another piece of work to which he devoted endless thought and energy and much money was the York Road Club. I remember very well the beginning of the movement. There was a good deal of enthusiasm expressed for it among both students and staff, but I do not believe it would have survived a year if it had not been for the unflagging devotion of Professor and Mrs. Cohen. I am not qualified to speak of this work, for I have seen very little of it. But I have heard from many of his almost saintlike patience, perseverance and gentleness in the face of all obstacles and discouragements. Others helped and contributed valuable elements to the work, but nothing would have been done without Cohen's self-sacrifice and persistence.

Perhaps when Cohen said to me that he "ought never to have been a chemist" he was thinking of the strong appeal that art had to him. Certainly his was pre-eminently an artistic nature. Beauty of every kind appealed to him and ugliness in all its forms was correspondingly repulsive. Music was a real passion to him. He was no mean executant on the viola, and during all his long residence in Leeds he held frequent meetings at his house for the performance of chamber music. You could rarely go to a concert without finding him and Mrs. Cohen there, and he was specially interested in the mid-day concerts which were instituted by Sir Michael Sadler. I wonder how many of those concerts he missed. I missed very few myself, and I do not remember ever to have been there without him. Certainly his presence was so constant that his absence would have provoked remark.

He was also a watercolourist of considerable distinction. He made many sketches in Italy, but his best work was, I think, done in his own beloved Lake country. Would it not be possible to make some collection of these in some room—perhaps in the staff house? It is one of my great regrets that no portrait of Dr. Cohen—other than a photograph—is to be found in the University. But a score of his best pictures would be an excellent method of perpetuating his memory. There are some in the University already and others could easily be procured. Long experience tells me that his pictures gain by being known. Some that I have on my walls are a constant source of pleasure to me.

I must add one other trait to this inadequate sketch. For many years he made a careful and thorough study of the Italian language. Signorina Terracini, of Bradford, came over every week to teach and talk Italian to a small group, of which I was a member. Professor and Mrs. Cohen were here, too, the mainstay of the movement. He never talked Italian fluently, but he loved the language and gained a very good knowledge of it.

A man so dowered was bound to attract friends everywhere. The Vicar of Headingley, in the excellent address which he delivered at the funeral at Coniston laid special stress on the wide circle of real friends who looked towards Coniston on that day. I think there is hardly any tribute that Cohen would have valued more.

A. J. GRANT.

President's Appeal.

THE beginning of each new session is the time of Good Resolutions, when every man and woman in this University comes up to start a new year's work full of the desire to do better than ever before. There are among us at this season many who are here for the first time and it is to these newcomers that the major part of this President's Appeal is directed. The University of to-morrow will stand or fall by the character and vitality of the newcomers of to-day. Let each of these newcomers remember that he or she has come here at a time which marks the commencement of a metamorphosis which will alter the very size, shape and character of this University, for we are, at this moment, on the threshold of a reconstruction scheme which has already given us new Physics and Chemistry buildings, will shortly present us with a new Library, and within the next few years will completely encase the old University in a new and larger shell. It is also hoped that the coming Session will see the laying of the foundation stone of the new Union Building, a dream which was so suddenly brought nearer to realization by Mr. Riley-Smith's magnificent gift of £25,000.

I would urge every newcomer to enjoy to the full all the advantages and facilities which a University career offers him, both academically and socially, and included under the latter phrase is the very alluring field of Athletics. Here is an opportunity for every newcomer to take an active and immediate part in University life, helping to maintain and raise that very good reputation for sportsmanship which the University enjoys in the North of England.

A final word—remember that the Union is here to help and guide you throughout your University career, and in return it expects you to play your part by taking an interest in the University which is to be your home for the next few years.

K. M. Fox,

President, L.U.U., 1935-36.

DON'T FORGET.

THE UNION BALL

FRIDAY, October 25th.

CHARLIE STEEL and his music.

Who's Who.

- K. M. FOX (President of the Union, 1935-36). Medicine, 1930-36; Union Committee, 1934-36; S.R.C., 1934-36; Hon. Secretary S.R.C., 1935-36; O.T.C., 1930-34; University Cricket Team, 1931-32; Medical School Cricket Team, 1935; University Rugger Team, 1930-31; Medical School Rugger Team, 1934-35; Hon. Secretary 1932-36; Hon. Treasurer, 1932-33.

Union official number 1. Had an exciting fight for the Presidency with other bright lads of the Union. Has a winning smile and a kindly heart. Runs a natty little car.

- G. E. WHITTAKER, B.A. (Secretary of the Union, 1935-36). Athletics Club Committee, 1934; Rugger "A" and "B" Teams, 1931-33; Cross Country 2nds, 1933-35; Athletics Team, 1932-1934; Swimming Team, 1931-33; Secretary M.R.C., 1934-35; Finals in English Literature, 1934.

Is a fine fellow at tripping the light fantastic. Trips it on every possible occasion. Tripped it in Devonshire for three years. Now trips it up and down the stairs between the Union Office and his own.

- D. A. W. ADAMS, B.Sc. (Treasurer of the Union, President M.D.S.A. and President M.R.C., 1935-36). Colour Chemistry, now doing research; M.R.C., 1934-35; Secretary M.D.S.A., 1934-35; Rag Committee, 1934; Secretary Photographic Society, 1934-35; Chemistry Society Committee, 1934-35; Clothworkers' Research Scholarship, 1934-36; Student Treasurer of the Union, 1934-35.

Took over the treasury (!) from E. G. Woodroffe in the early days of last session. An ardent Day Student. Ran away with a First in 1934. Was born at Stroud and came to Leeds in 1931.

- Miss DOROTHY PARSONS, B.Sc. (Vice-President of the Union and President Women's Representative Council, 1935-36). W.R.C., 1933-36; Secretary, 1934-35; Union Committee, 1934-36; Rag, Executive, Finance and Appeal Sub-Committees; Natural History Society Committee; Netball Colours.

Fair hair, blue eyes and a cheery personality. Came up in 1932 to do Zoology. Graces Oxley's halls. Joins the mighty Edu. ranks this year. Interested in Dramatic Society. Keen interest in Oxley's entertainments. Has a cool, calm way of getting what she wants.

- H. THISTLETHWAITE (Vice-President of the Union, 1935-36). President of the Union, 1934-35.

Led us all to glory last year. A great lad in more ways than one. Has been a schoolmaster and a city financier, but Medicine is his only love. With him, it's dignity that does it. Mystery shrouds much of his past. He must be quite old. Freshers will find his photograph in *The Gryphon* for October. Everyone else knows him.

- H. BREARLEY, B.Sc. (General Athletics Secretary and President Devonshire Hall, 1935-36). President M.R.C., 1934-35; Union Committee, 1934-36; Cricket Club; 1st, Team 1932-35; Colours, 1932-33-34-35; Secretary, 1933-34; Captain, 1934-35; U.A.U. Colours, 1934-1935; Swimming Club; 1st team, 1932-35; Secretary, 1933-34; Colours, 1933-34. Hockey Club; 1st team, 1933-36; Treasurer, 1934-35. Vice-President of Devonshire Hall, 1934-35. President of the Mathematics Club, 1934-35. Took Finals in Mathematics last term.

This is a case of still waters running deep. Horace has a quiet and unassuming manner, but he's worth his weight in gold. Have you noticed the spiritual look in his eye?



K. FOX.



MISS D. PARSONS.



G. E. WHITTAKER.



D. A. W. ADAMS.



MISS J. RHODES.



H. BREAKLEY.



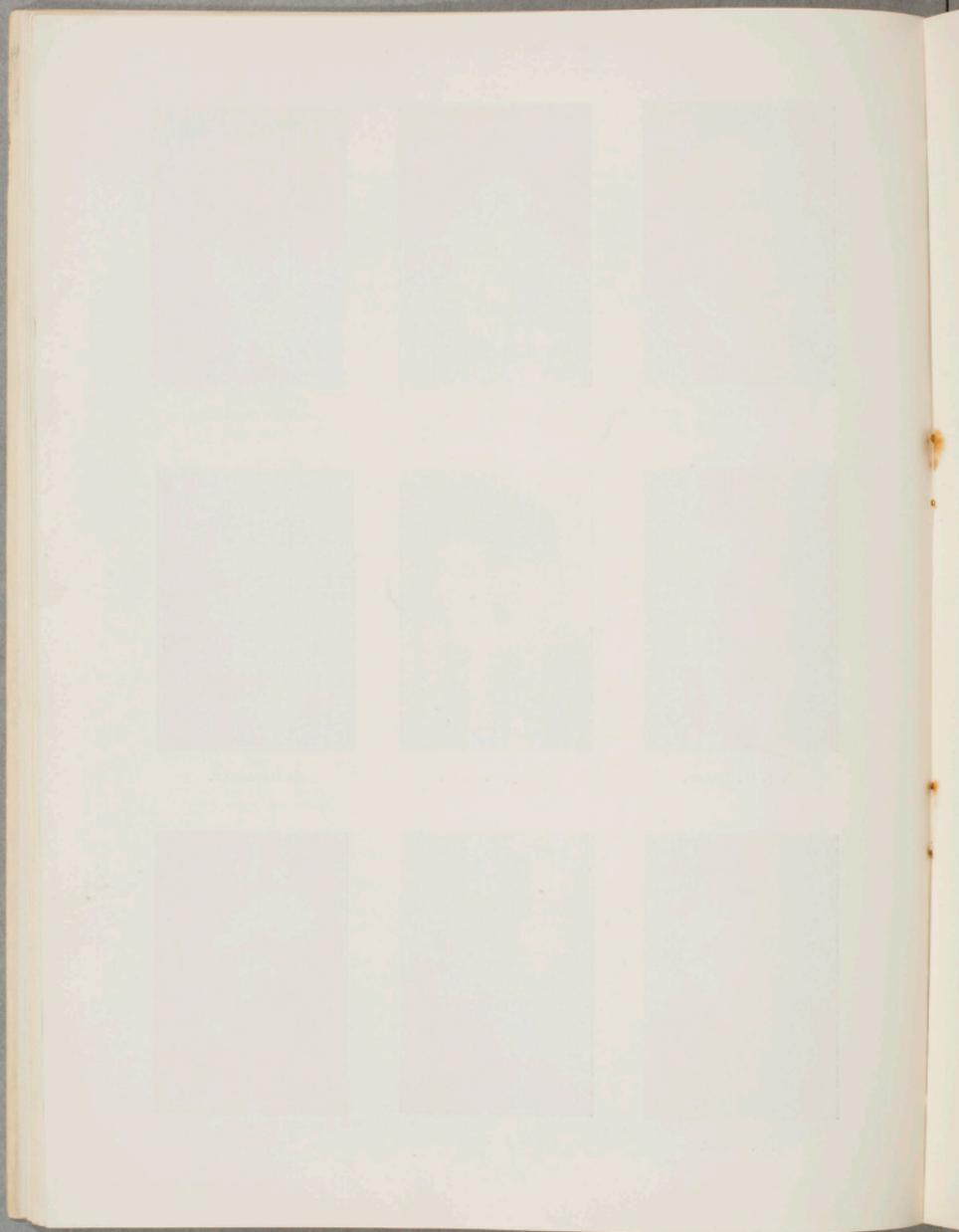
J. O. SYKES.



MISS J. WEBBE.



C. ROBINSON.



C. H. ROBINSON (President Students' Representative Council, 1935-36). S.R.C., 1932-36; Assist. Secretary, 1934-35; Union Committee, 1933-36; Entertainments Sub-Committee, 1934-35; Medical Entertainments Committee, 1933-34-35; Devonshire Hall Rugger Team, 1929-30; University XV, 1931-35; O.T.C., 1929-1935. Company Sergeant-Major for last two years. Tennis, Swimming, Pontoon and Poker.

Commonly called "Fred." A Medic, and came up in '29. Was in Devonshire Hall for two years and then quietly removed. Has since been forgiven. Hobbies: removing gent.'s natty side-whiskers, preferably with a blunt botany razor (*e.g.*, Cedric Sutcliffe); anything fast—on wheels; surf-riding à la speedboat.

Miss JOYCE RHODES (President Medical Women's Representative Council, 1935-36). M.W.R.C., 1932-36; Rag Committee, 1934; Women's Lacrosse Club, 1931-36; Hon. Secretary, 1932-33; Women's Cricket Club, 1931-33; Captain Medical Women's Cricket Club, 1932-33.

Petite and attractive. The type to make you turn to women doctors. Lives in Heckmondwike.

Miss JOAN WEBBE (Editor of *The Gryphon*, 1935-36). *Gryphon* Committee, 1933-36; Sub-Editor, 1934-35; Classical Society Committee, 1933-36; Treasurer, 1934-35; President, 1935-36; Conservative Society Committee, 1934-35; Weetwood Entertainments' Committee, 1934-35; Societies: French, Classical, International. Hockey, Tennis.

Came up in 1933 to do French-Latin. In Weetwood. Spends vacs, coaching infants. Tried nursing and governessing before coming up. Auburn hair, dark eyes. May be seen at any social function. Sold first poem at tender age of 16.

J. O. SYKES (President Dentals' Representative Council, 1935-36). D.R.C., 1932-36; Secretary 1934-35; M.D.S.S., Committee, 1934-35; O.T.C., 1933-36; Dental Students' Society, 1932-36; Treasurer, 1934-35; Music Club; 1st IV, Fives, 1932-34; Colours, 1933-34; Captain, 1933-34; 1st XV, Medical Rugger, 1934-35; Dental Hospital Cricket, 1933-35; Captain, 1935; Medical Tennis, 1935.

A good all-round athlete, who yet has a leaning towards the aesthetic. Women fall for his deep-set eyes. Lends an attraction even to false teeth.

ONLOOKER.

Limericks.

There once was a charming old spinster—
At least, till a colon evinced a
Desire to wed.
"It's one's duty," he said.
But she wishes he hadn't convinced her.

A student named Gregory Paul
Once smoked cigarettes in the Hall.
The H.P. looked hurt.
"It makes so much dirt,
And besides, it's forbidden 'n all."

ARACHNE.

Dimple in Your Cheek

THE roads on the rising land round Hatherley Valley were crowded with people marching, everyone of them, downhill towards the red glow which spread up into the sky and made the moon look a strange, forgotten disc, with no right to be there. And as the light breeze veered the treachery throb of the latest tunes was wafted to the ears of the walkers, their jaunty steps quickened and they rattled the silver in their pockets. The red glare grew redder, the sound of the music stronger, and the trams, like slow glow-worms, and the star-dots of the street-lamps, looked pale and miserable in the blackness.

All Lumsden, Harthorpe, Sanford and Merden is marching to the fair.

*Swarnee swarnee how I love that ol' never say never
the moo-oon above*

The melody of songs swells and cries of "Gritest Thrill o' the Fair—Yuman Ape," "Slippery slope—Tanner a Time," "See the Ugliest Woman an' die," become distinguishable.

The iron gates of the valley come into sight and Lumsden, Harthorpe, Sanford and Merden surge into the yellow, pulsing haze of heat and light which sets hearts a-dancing and makes quick work of the pairing of the lads and lasses. Hatherley Fair comes only once a year and things happen there which happen nowhere else. The dusty ground is soon dappled with a thousand footprints; "Frankenstein's Cave" soon echoes with hysterical shrieks, and giggling mill-girls forget their face-cream and art-silk hose and, screaming, rush down the helter-skelter time and time again.

And away in the magic circle of semi-darkness, where the caravans lie, the Ugliest Woman fries pig's liver in a pan. She turns up the light to hurry it on for she has to "appear" before long. She likes pig's liver with a bit of bread and a drop of tea.

She is not what you would expect an Ugliest Woman to be, but perhaps that is because she is so completely natural. She could soon look hideous with dyed hair and painted face, but her lack of adornment adds a dignity which is incongruous with her title. Her figure is short, her hips broad, her shoulders shrunken and sloping as if with worry long since accepted, but her hands are like the hands of a giant and spread revoltingly from long, muscular arms. Her feet are big too, and she pads round like an animal.

Her meal is soon over and she changes into her show-dress, a dull, sack-like garment with glass beads dotted in a tulip design, hardly distinguishable as most of the beads have fallen off. It is sleeveless and shapeless and the blackness of it makes her skin look like withered leather. She does up the thin, greasy strands of her hair and slipping on a tartan-lined cloak, puts her hand on the knob of the door. But for a moment she stops and looks in the cracked mirror and smiles at her reflection—happily. Then she is off.

Meanwhile, determined young men are fiercely shooting at dancing balls of pink and pale-blue celluloid and sheepishly receiving pink-limbed Mae West dolls for prizes. A crowd of youths watch a yellow-jumpered gipsy lad indolently and skillfully knocking down coconuts. Then, in response to the pleadings of the girls with them, show their skill to the extent of several shillings and at last get a coconut. Whirling roundabouts, like dying catherine-wheels, slow down, and the dazzling greens and golds resolve themselves into peacocks and unicorns and opulent-looking swans. The swings etch themselves against the forgotten moon, rifles bang, gipsy-women eat sickly curls of brandysnap, organs bellow gloriously and huskily. . . . *Can it be the Spring* coaches on the "Electric

Shock" bang and clang harshly and part of Lumsden, Harthorpe, Sanford and Merden is paying sixpences outside a quiet little tent. "See the Hughtest Woman an' Die! Tanner Apiece! Sorry, full up now, Tanner Apiece!

And in the stuffy quietness of the little tent lads and lasses, mothers and bairns stand strangely quiet, staring at Liza Grek, Ugliest Woman, sitting as poised as Fate on her push-covered throne.

"She's not sa bad, is she Fred?" whispers a young girl in the silence.

"Look at 'er 'ands," says a coarse-faced woman, "look, Milly, awful I call 'em."

"Mrs. Lipton down our street's worse 'n 'er!" cries a fat, good-tempered woman, and they all laugh, glad to break the uncomfortable silence. And the Ugliest Woman smiled just a little.

"Mam," shrills a little boy, "she's got a *dimple* in 'er cheek!"

"Ay, so she 'as."

* * * *

Back in her caravan Liza Grek looks into her mirror—

"They always notice my dimple," she says, and smiles.

QUERY.

For Freshers Only.

YOU will hear and see a great deal about the magnificent new buildings which have been and are being erected all round this University of ours, but there is one building about which, it is hoped, you will hear more than any other, and that is the new Union Buildings. For the past eight years Leeds students have been assiduously raising money for these buildings by many and varied social efforts, and it is up to the Freshers to support these efforts now, and, in the future, to take their part in organizing others. As the sum of £60,000 is needed for these buildings, the proportion of this self-allotted task will be realized, but it is almost the only way in which the money can be raised, and we have managed to collect together about £3,000. This, together, with Mr. Riley-Smith's now historic and munificent gift of £25,000, puts us half-way on the road, but it has been realized for some time past that social efforts were not a quick enough way in which to gather the money together, and as a result a scheme was launched last term which, it is hoped, will in the future be a steady and appreciable source of income for the new Union Buildings. It is towards this scheme that I should like to turn the attention of every Fresher who comes up this year, not with a view to asking him to take an active part immediately, but to urge him to give his serious consideration during his stay at the University, and then, when the time comes for him to leave us, to pull his weight for the benefit and comfort of those who come after.

Briefly, the scheme is that every student shall give the sum of five pounds within seven years of leaving the University, which amounts to fourteen shillings and sixpence a year.

We trust that, during his stay at this University, every student will bear this scheme in mind, and will not be found wanting when the time comes for him to make a small sacrifice for the University which has given him his degree and has equipped him the better to face successfully the battle of life.

K. M. Fox,
President, L.U.U., 1935-36.

The Union.

August Bank Holiday—Lancashire 26 for 5!!—and the Hon. Secretary L.U.U. attempts to thrust his mind forward to October 1st *et seq!*

THERE are no Union Committee activities to report at this time of the year, so let us talk of the future.

As usual, at this time of the year, we are full of hope, optimism and noble ideals for the coming Session. *Inter alia*, one bee in our bonnet is this—the Union as a whole must be persuaded to take a more lively interest in the work and deliberations of the Union Committee. There has been a widespread feeling of late years that the Union Committee is a closed oligarchy, a sort of cabal, rather than the democratic institution based on popular representation, that it is intended to be. Apathy, that enemy to all effective corporate life, is largely to blame.

But this can't go on; a part of the Union Notice Board will be appropriated especially for Union Committee use, in order to keep everybody well informed about Union business.

Do you realise that you pay £3 per year Union fee; that all those sums of £3, amounting to nearly £4,500, are entrusted to the discretion of the Union Committee; that it is to your interest, from every point of view, to get to know how your money is administered? You pay your Union fee willy-nilly, we know, but that should make you all the more curious about Union finances. The simple trust of the Union in its officials warms our hearts, but nevertheless we prefer healthy criticism. Give it!

By the way, do you know that no University in England gets its athletic recreation as cheaply as Leeds? Sixpence a match—consider!

Again (and we speak chiefly to the Freshers), see to it that the same small group of men and women is not left to do every job of work in Union affairs. Don't be one of those who only stand and wait. Life here is infinitely more interesting if you identify yourself with as many Union activities as possible.

Experto crede!

It behoves us here to write the epitaph of those many continually active members of the Union, who left us at the end of last year and without whom the place, to many of us, can scarcely seem the same. R.I.P.

Freshers—attempt worthily to fill their positions.

The Charity Rag at the end of last term—the swan song of so many of last year's notables—had not quite the same success as the year before, yet it realised the considerable sum of nearly £1,700. *The Tyke* was better than ever and the stunts of the Devonshire men and of the Engineers were strikingly original and successful. The expenses of the Paramount show were very heavy and, if it is decided to run another next year, a tighter control will have to be kept in every department of its organisation.

To the Freshers—don't omit to come to the Freshers' Social. You will be introduced to the President of the Union and the General Athletics Secretary; you will have tea and get to know each other, and then follows a hop. By the way, if you don't dance, you must learn—you miss more than half the social life of the University without this accomplishment.

On the first Monday in term is the Freshers' Smoker—for men only. This is your only opportunity of hearing all the Club Captains describe the attractions of their clubs. Tea, an entertainment and undergraduate wit intersperse the procedure.

And finally, all our efforts this year must be directed to incrementing the New Union Building Appeal Fund. For the information of Freshers, a gift of £25,000 from Mr. Riley-Smith brought the Union's dream vastly nearer. We have now about £30,000, but the authorities are reluctant to start building until something near the total requirement of about £60,000 has been obtained. But you will read and hear much elsewhere about the Appeal Fund, Appeal efforts of previous years, the Rockley—and Fox—schemes. You have only to observe our present Union Rooms to realise why we are doing our utmost to bring the new Building into reality.

The Union Handbook, price 6d., is absolutely necessary for every Union member. It contains everything about everything; why—even the Hon. Sec. L.U.U. was not fully aware of its contents until preparing it for the Press in the Long Vacation.

Happy Hunting, Freshers!

G. E. WHITTAKER,

Hon. Secretary, L.U.U., 1935-36.

“Tin Pan Alley.”

YOU have only to ask any taxi-driver in London for “Tin Pan Alley” and off you will be rushed to Denmark Street, the home of the majority of our popular song publishers.

Here, above the hum of the traffic, song-writers work day and night, completing the numbers we whistle in the bath and hear on the air and in the theatre. It is a big business employing hundreds of people, and each firm has many departments, including the General Office, Production Department, Sales Office and Professional Department. Were we to enter the latter we should hear the strains of dance bands and artistes trying over new numbers.

To bring a popular song to life means a great deal of hard work. Hundreds of manuscripts are submitted to publishers every day, and out of these are selected the numbers which the firm realizes have commercial possibilities and are the type which the public likes. Fashions in popular music change like everything else, and these firms have to be “wise” as to what style of song is most likely to be successful, irrespective of its value from an aesthetic point of view. Often good numbers are written by unknown composers, but each firm has its band of staff writers.

The song selected, after careful arrangement and editing, is published and then advertised in the big musical papers.

An extensive “plugging” campaign follows. Band leaders have to be persuaded to include the number in their repertoire. If they broadcast all the better, for the radio is a good song advertising medium. Hotels and restaurants are visited and the professional manager, with his wares tucked underneath his arm, interviews stage stars and theatrical producers. For a number to be featured in a film or an important West End stage show is a big stroke of business. The recording of it takes place quickly, for all songs are recorded before their general release as “sheet” music, so that any public demand can easily be met.

Bright ideas and original “catchy” tunes constitute the essence of a successful popular song, but the public is always the judge. Once it takes a song to its heart the writer's name is “made” and “Tin Pan Alley” will clamour for more of his work. This part of London is a hive of industry and these publishers will spare no pains in ensuring the success of a song. So the next time you hum your favourite foxtrot or dance to the melody of that haunting waltz refrain, think of the work of the song makers.

TEMPO.

How It Happens.

THEY said of David even when he was still at school that he took things too seriously. It went against him rather, because he was not much use at games and turned stupid when remonstrated with. His wide, grey eyes became a little wider and he would offer as an excuse that he did not care for football much.

When he came up to Leeds it did not matter a great deal. They tried to hound him up to Weetwood at first because he was the right build for a front-row forward, but it was soon discovered that he had absolutely no public spirit. History was his passion, and after two years his knowledge of the sixteenth century was said to be second only to that of the professor himself. The way was open to a nice first, followed by a restful Ph.D., and after that heaven knows what dizzy heights of scholastic fame. As a matter of fact, his subsequent career—but that is outside the story.

A quiet fellow, if you like, but by no means a recluse and not unpopular. He often spoke in Union debates, bringing slow, deliberate arguments to bear on topics that the others tried to be funny about. And everything he said or did had a seriousness which resolved into a worship for one god—work.

A man who goes in for that sort of thing and does not mind showing it is not usually considered of much account, but David won by it a queer kind of respect. It was partly because his efforts were made for their own sake and not for anything they might win; and partly that through him it was dimly realised that working hard might be compared in a way with training in the gym. for the Christie.

At the end of his second year he went to a Summer School of Economics at Whitby. There were lots of other serious people there, but after a week of it most of them concentrated more on Whitby than on Economics. What with the sea, and the moors, and everything.... well, the accent was more on Summer than on School.

David was one of the few who did not care to slip away as soon as lectures were over. He spent careful time copying up his notes and reading suitable books to amplify them. When he went for a walk it was purely for exercise, and usually alone.

It was on such an occasion that he really met Sylvia. He had seen her in class, of course, but David was not one of those people who think that being in the same class is excuse enough for starting conversation and getting fresh. He had noticed her blue eyes, too—as had better men.

Their real introduction came when he met her out on the moors five miles from anywhere. It was very hot, there was no one else in sight, and they both wanted food. Even David could not help improving the occasion.

Over their "farmhouse" tea they—naturally—discussed economics. Then somehow the conversation twisted round to themselves. Sylvia told him about teaching in Weymouth and David talked about reading history at Leeds. Then they walked back together.

Well, you know how it is the first time you feel that way (I am talking about David—Sylvia I can't answer for). The school lasted another week, and by the time it ended David was ready to run round in small circles at his lady's command. More strange, Sylvia herself seemed to have caught the fever just as badly, and hung on to his words as readily as she did on to his arm. They were both ludicrously happy and promised all sorts of foolish things that wise folks like you and I smile at. When they parted it was in a kind of dream, and did not even begin to hurt until the next day.

"Always remember," David said at the station, "that if you need me at any time I will come. Nothing can stop me. I mean that with all my heart."

"I will," she replied. "But it won't happen. Write to me often and cheer up. We'll be together again at Christmas."

Curiously enough they both meant it, and even more curiously, they kept on meaning it. You must have read lots of stories about fellows like David falling violently in love with some girl and then going to pot. David was not like that. On the contrary, his work took on a new zest. And if you could have gone as far as an elementary school in Weymouth you would have found Sylvia doing pretty much the same thing.

David's devotion was such that he would readily have given up everything to help Sylvia. For the first time in his life a career was not quite all-important. But work was something different now, a means to a far more glorious end. When finals came along he was in a state of readiness probably unparalleled in all the bitter annals of Leeds examinations.

It was the morning of the sixth paper, with five days to go, when he saw the telegram in the hall porter's rack. For a moment he felt rather sick. Then he ripped it open.

Can you come at once. Urgent. Sylvia.

He stood still, automatically folding the telegram into neat creases.

There was an air of bustle about the corridors. In a moment or two he noticed it. Then he walked slowly up the stairs to the Hall, just as the 10 o'clock bell began to clang.

FESTE.

Mabel's Sister—Maud.

DO you remember Mabel? Mabel the Good Girl Who Went Wrong? Well Mabel had a sister called Maud (after her godmother), and Mama and Papa sent Maud to the Big City, to the University. And Maud kept a diary.....

October 1st.

I have arrived! My new home awaits me! I am indeed alone. Miles away from home, yet I feel strangely content. Mistress of my fate at last—free to make my way in the world. I have already fallen under the spell of this grimy city and am enthralled by the University and by the quaint Union Rooms. As yet I am somewhat bewildered—my new companions seem strangely flippant, though my fellow-Freshers (horrible word) seem as serious-minded as myself. "O brave new world...." I shall read a little Tolstoy before retiring.

October 2nd.

Bazaar Day. The Great Hall was a maelstrom of moving faces. The sunlight filtering through the tall windows, the long, blue curtains, the buzz of animated conversation enthralled me. I had a useful and enlightening conversation with a learned man who somehow led me to confess to my interest in the Rarer Butterflies. He gave me many useful hints. I did not buy a *Gryphon*—it seems a frivolous magazine. Was persuaded to keep on with my Guiding. Went to a supper-party, but did not offer to recite.

October 7th.

Hostel is certainly proving an experience. The young woman who cleans my room is delightfully Yorkshire. I may write her up for the School Magazine.

The regulations I do not find irksome—though I forgot to “sign out” when I visited the Art Gallery yesterday. Had an interesting conversation with the Warden on Burne-Jones.

Began a little poem :—

Autumn's last leaves are shrouding
Imperceptibly, unfaillingly,
the street,
they huddle
neath the lamplight, in the gutter
Like dead mice, with the
Rain, dripping ever
on them.

October 12th.

Have been persuaded to buy a ticket for a social. I suppose one *must* join in these social events a little. A second year taught me some new dance-steps to-night. Meant to read a little Voltaire but had no time., But I can “twinkle”!!

October 15th.

No one seems eager to compare literary notes here, and my new theory on Flecker seems rather wasted. I have had all hostel flocking to my room to have their palms read and to learn cable stitch. Read “Down the Garden Path” before retiring. Really amusing. I had no idea.....

October 20th.

French Social. Marvellous. Bought a ticket for the Geography Social, too. Shall watch the Soccer on Saturday.

October 27th.

Union Ball. Norman.

November 5th.

Devonshire Bonfire.

November 11th.

Men Day. Laurie.

November 13th.

Tea. Devonshire. Norman.

November 20th.

Theatre with Bobbie.

November 28th.

Who *shall* I have for Hostel Dance?

* * * *

Another Good Girl, you see, Gone Wrong.

BARNEY.

“THE GRYPHON” STAFF.

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THE SECRETARY OF THE UNION,
THE GENERAL ATHLETICS SECRETARY,
S.R.C. REPRESENTATIVE.

About "The Gryphon."

YES, we really received a few contributions for this number, and we shall feel elated about it for months to come. It was all so unexpected that we just aren't ask how or why it happened. We have no desire to probe the fundamental mysteries. If this will happen once in a while we are content to breathe a grateful prayer to those brave souls, few though they be, who saw fit to drop into *The Gryphon* box something other than matches and cigarette ends. May their efforts encourage many others to do likewise.

And so, cheered by this good omen, we dare to offer a little well-meant advice to future contributors—it is with bated breath we speak their holy name. What we say must of necessity apply more to Freshers than to the seasoned frequenters of our learned walls. Yet if there are among them one or two harder spirits who have not yet succumbed to the mental sleepy sickness that has claimed most of their kind, we beg them humbly to read this page.

First, then, write on any subject you like. We are very broad-minded. If you are indignant about anything, say so in the Correspondence columns. Letters call for less literary effort. Can you draw? Then let's have it. Does anything ever amuse you? Share the joke by sending it to "Shoes and Ships." Are there any questions you want to ask? We have a trained staff of experts to deal with all enquiries. You can have no problem too knotty for us.

When you have conquered your bashfulness and decided to write something, no matter what, please remember that it will help us if you (1) write legibly and on one side of the paper only; (2) number the pages; (3) underline any words you wish to go in italics; (4) make your punctuation clear by exaggerating the size of full-stops and commas; (5) pin your sheets together; (6) send in your copy early, and save us from heart failure as the last day draws on.

And don't be too shy to send us your real name. It need not be printed if you prefer to use a pen-name, but obviously we cannot accept anonymous copy. You can trust us. We are very discreet.

You know where *The Gryphon* box is? On the corridor leading to the Men's Cloakroom. Pop your copy in there when no one is looking. Or give it to any of *The Gryphon* Staff. They won't laugh.

If you want to see your stuff in print, or if you want to send a fine, first-rate journal (advt.) home to mother, you can buy all the copies you want at the table on the Great Hall stairs for the first two or three mornings after publication. After that, try the Union Office. Of course, if you subscribe at once for the whole year, you will save 6d.

If you find your contribution has not been printed, don't worry. It may be that, owing to lack of space (?), it has been held over till next time. And even if we can't print it, we thank you for the kind thought from the bottom of our editorial heart.

Finally, if you think *The Gryphon* is a rotten rag, write and tell us so. Tell us why. Tell us how you could improve it if you were the editor. Good, hearty criticism is better than lethargy. And who writes *The Gryphon*, anyway? You are *supposed* to.

That will be all, thank you.

THE EDITOR.

Send Union Xmas Cards this Year

The University of the Future.

FOR some time there has been talk of the "overcrowded professions." We have heard that in Germany and Italy, along with other European countries, the number of students has been restricted, and now our Northern Universities have taken an initial step to limit the supply of professional men: a Matriculation Certificate will soon no longer be a key for entry into these Universities. It is becoming increasingly obvious that there is not, nor in the future can there be a demand for all who would like to be qualified lawyers, doctors, engineers, schoolmasters.

At the older universities the present high cost of living is sufficient to restrict the numbers of the students to either scholarship-holders or sons of well-to-do parents. The graduate from Oxford or Cambridge has therefore usually a post waiting for him, either through his own brilliance or his family's influence. The provincial universities, on the other hand, pass out yearly hundreds of graduates, sons of lower middle-class parents, into the fierce competition of the present day. We admire the spirit of the father who, because his son shows signs of intelligence, sends him, even at a personal sacrifice, to the university to better himself; his wisdom is not always so admirable. How often it happens that the son, when qualified, has to take a job which he feels is beneath him, if he is not to be a further burden on his parents. Parents are, naturally, not the best judges of their son's ability, and when the son does not command as good a position as they fondly expected, they feel they have wasted their money; so they have, for he would have been far more contented in an office or a trade.

Further restrictions are needed if these disappointments are to be avoided. For the reason of these disappointments does not, in nine cases out of ten, lie with the economic system or the National Government; it is in the nature of things: the son has not "personality." He has a certain brain-power, indeed, and he has absorbed a quantity of facts, but he is fitted for the part of a cog only; he hasn't it in him to be a driving-force, a leader. In future, candidates for entrance to a university will have to pass a "personality-test," more searching than that given at present to R.S.Ts., to prove that they are capable of benefiting themselves and the community by a university course and education.

The university of the future will be a smaller community—there can be no doubt that by such a test the number of students would be decreased—maintaining its traditional place as a nursery of potential leaders drawn from all classes. Gone will be the "day-trippers," so scourged—vainly, for acon hardly influence human nature—in the Handbook and elsewhere, who yet comprise the majority of the students. Their successors will be accommodated at technical and other "continuation" schools, where, in return for their output of brain-energy they will achieve their sole aim, a certificate, and will no doubt serve the community well in a routine post. All university students will live in colleges where, with the abundant opportunities for interchange of ideas with other students of all types, nationalities, interests and conditions, each will learn self-reliance, lose his angularities and in that free, unbiassed atmosphere evolve for himself a satisfying philosophy of life.

Graduates will leave the university of the future authorities on all subjects—including the art of living.

A.

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Lourdes Festival.

THE sight of the sun rising over the snow-crested Pyrenees more than repaid the troubles of a whole night spent in the kind of cattle-truck that passes for a third-class carriage on the French railways. We stuck our heads out of the windows, regardless of whether we endangered them or not, and just looked and looked and looked. Nobody spoke.

There they were, the giant mountains, dim and sleeping in the half-light, faintly grey, their summits merging with the clouds, so that you could not tell where the mountain ended and the sky began. And then it came. A slow flush crept quietly, unostentatiously, over the ridges, and suddenly everything was pink. Not the gaudy pink you sometimes see with an English sunrise, nor the angry glow that goes with sunset, but a faint shell-pink that turned to gold as you watched it. And the sun hung pale and tremulous. Minutes later the peaks were clear and white against a hazy sky, infinitely chill, infinitely lofty.

It was wonderful, that Basque sky. Early morning saw it pale-tinted. By noon its blue was fierce, intense and living. And at night its black was fathomless behind the southern stars.

Lourdes at six o'clock in the morning was wide awake. In fact, it had never been to bed. For this third and last day of the great festival pilgrims by the million were pouring into its streets from the little station that seemed ready to burst, so full it was.

They came not only from all over France, but from all over Europe, wherever the Roman Catholic faith has ardent followers. Everywhere you could see the white bérets of the women's pilgrimages. Amongst the bright young faces passed the old, the sick, and the lame. All had the same look of exaltation. All were going in one direction.

Down the steep and crazy street we went. Impossible to hurry. Down to the bottom of the hill, across the bridge that spans the mountain torrent, strangely and deeply green, and through the Place of the Rosary to the golden Basilisk. A trinity of churches this, all separate yet built in one mass, so that from the outside you would say that it was one great church, with singular unity of line. Two great walls starting from the door of the upper church curve round and down to the ground like two encircling arms. And from the middle of the Place of the Rosary a mighty statue of the Blessed Virgin looks over the heads of the pilgrims towards the Basilisk. The whole building is gilded, painted, beautified, triumphant. It stands high and alone, looking proudly and lovingly across towards the little town.

Mass in the lowest church, and then breakfast at a little pavement table. Rolls, still warm from the oven, butter and the inimitable French coffee. Beyond, along the road, the multitudes still drifted, young men and women, old and infirm, priests, some in sombre, some in vivid garb. Here and there the black gown of an English nun. Farther on, a picturesque Breton costume, with lace cap and flowing apron strings. A stolid German face, followed by a swarthy Spanish peasant-woman, and next to her the broad, homely features of a Dutchman.

After breakfast we took the Way of the Cross, up the great mountain which is called Calvary. Some went on their knees. Beyond we could see the microscopic funicular that goes from one summit to another. And below us crowds of men stirring like ants.

Down again into the Sacred Grotto behind the church, down the winding hillside path to where the Virgin Mary appeared to Saint Bernadette, the little shepherd-girl. And then across the broad stream that flanks the church, into the meadows. These were filled with thousands of worshippers, for Mass was being broadcast from the side of the church, that Mass that had not stopped day or night since the three-day festival began. Since every Catholic priest in France was there, there were more than enough. For each one takes Mass in turn, yet no one takes it twice.

The church, seen from the meadows, wore a different aspect, for we saw its side high upon a towering crag, and behind it the dark green mountain pines. At the base of the cliff, in a little natural cavern, was the tiny shrine of the Immaculate Conception, hung round with hundreds of crutches left by those who had sought and found their healing there.

Far to the right stood a hill-girt convent. Behind us, at the edge of the meadows, were the ruined walls and battlements of the ancient fortress. Before, the green meadows and tranquil stream, and on every hand worshippers singing and praying as they knelt upon the grass or strolled about. On the left, on the top of a great mountain, the grim old castle of the Counts of Bigorre, grimmer still now that it is a prison, frowned down upon us. And over all the sweet, strong voice of Cardinal Verdi echoing down the hillside from the church.

Lunch in a shadowy field away from the crushing heat. A penitential priest, sitting sadly under the hedge, drank water from a bottle and pulled at a dry crust.

The full heat of the afternoon sun found us sitting on camp-stools in the church parvis, waiting among millions, to see the procession of Church dignitaries and the Papal emissary. No use trying to move. The crowd was one compact mass. Even the church walls were fringed with humanity. Suddenly all was silent, and, from the many loud-speakers placed on every side, came a still, small, holy voice. It was the Papal message from Rome.

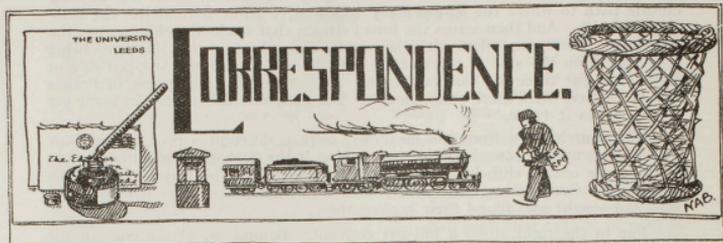
And then the procession. First came the flags of Flanders, proud and vivid, and then flags and banners of all colours and kinds, French and foreign. Next, the ordinary priests, in long and serious file, then cardinals and dignitaries in gorgeous robes. Last of all, borne on a golden litter with a great golden canopy, the Papal Emissary. Purple and scarlet and cloth of gold. Slowly and solemnly they massed before the great church door, a human rainbow. And Mass began once more.

Long after, the procession retraced its steps. The crowd, uncontrollable, rushed to surround the little figure that, with calm and gentle hand, showered blessings on them all.

When darkness fell, there came the torchlight procession, thousands of pilgrims each carrying a lighted candle for the Holy Virgin. Among the crowd we saw an illuminated banner with the word "Nottingham" upon it. Round the church they went to the sound of "Ave Maria" from a million throats, then up and round the encircling walls, candles swaying, feet scarcely moving. We joined in. At the top of the walls we stopped and looked down into the parvis. Where before all had been darkness there was now a whirlpool of pin-point lights, seething, creeping, turning. Behind us along the wall a shining serpent wound its endless way. Where the old grim castle had stood a mighty searchlight now sent forth its beam, and high on the top of Calvary, hung, as it seemed, in the depth of the sable sky, a crucifix of light.

Little town of naked souls, although this happened many months ago, your "Ave Maria's" still ring silver in our ears.

J. W.



PATRIOTISM.

July, 1935.

The Editor of *The Gryphon*.

Sir,

The recent controversy over Maud Mason's essay, in which she proclaimed that England was the best country in the world, must have interested many like myself whose lot it is to "teach the young idea how to shoot." The unfortunate inspector who happened to throw out a hint of criticism of this ultra-patriotic outlook and of the teaching methods which had produced it, was, I consider, perfectly right, although public opinion at the time would seem to disagree with me. Love of one's country is an admirable and natural thing, but if the young generation is to grow up with this dogmatic, imperialistic spirit, then those who teach it to them are only breeding war.

I myself will never teach love of one's country to the exclusion of all others. Internationalism rather than nationalism is what the world needs to-day. I will teach my pupils to appreciate their homeland and to be loyal to their king, but I will also teach them to take the foreigner "by the hand and call him brother." If I hear a child state that England is better than any other country, I shall tell him to go and see the others before he decides. And then I suppose I shall lose my job.

Edu.

The Editor, *The Gryphon*.

Sir,

I trust it is not too late to refer to what was one of the outstanding events of last term—the "Varsity Gold-diggers" Revue at the Paramount Theatre. I am not alone in thinking it was one of the best things of its kind Leeds has seen for a long time, and a venture upon which the Union is to be congratulated.

But the printed programme! Its combination of cheap bombast and abortive attempts to be humorous made me want to cry. Even more inexcusable was the lack of grammar in the ill-written and would-be serious introduction.

Perhaps another year this essentially important feature will be given over to more competent hands.

Yours faithfully,

FESTE.



Pyla Dunes.

On Pyla dunes the sand whipped round
Against my hands and face;
A myriad stinging little grains
The wind whirled into space.

Far, far below, a blue, still sea,
Ribbed out with bars of sand,
And all the while the little grains
Bit, bit into my hand.

Behind the dunes, far, far below,
The shadowy forest rolled.
My flesh was torn by tinsel threads
From Pyla's cloth of gold.

Above, a gold heat-hazy sun,
A shimmer hid the shore.
The sand still bit into my face,
And I could bear no more.

Where I had toiled with burning steps
I now slid down again.
And Pyla guards her beauty still,
With her twin-sister, pain.

JUDITH.

French Coast.

I've tried the still creeks where the water-hen roosts,
And the rushes seep-seep in the mud.
I've lain on my face at the cliff's chalky edge
Where the spray comes up-flung from the flood.

I've sailed down broad rivers, by harbour-lights led,
And tossed where the mighty winds blow.
I've seen purple mountains rise out of the dawn
To frown on the breakers below.

But give me the pine-land, gold-girdled with sand,
And the biting blue edge where the sky meets the land,
Where the greeny-black forest rolls down to the sea,
And the green wave creeps up to the tree.

JUDITH.

From the German of Goethe.

I think on thee, what time the sunlight's shimmer
 Beams from the main;
 I think on thee, what time the moonlight's glimmer
 In founts shows plain.
 I picture thee, when on the distant ridge-way
 Some dust-cloud wakes;
 In depth of night, when on the narrow bridge-way
 The rover quakes.

I hear thee too, when there with roaring muffled
 The wave doth come.
 Oft times go list'ning in the grove unruffled
 When all is dumb.

I am with thee, e'en tho' thou still so far be,
 Thou still art near!
 Down sinks the sun, soon 'gin the stars gleam o'er me.
 O, wert thou here!

VENTADOUR.

Schoolmaster Summer.

Summer speaks! Let all men listen!
 All the little leaves that glisten,
 And the gold and silver maze
 Of blossoms in a sunlit haze,
 The fields that lie in quiet repose,
 And the buoyant breeze that blows
 Creating harmony in trees,
 And the simple, shady nook
 Beside the rippling, murmuring brook,
 The regal rumbling of the sea
 And children laughing merrily.
 Influential teachers these.
 Summer speaks! Let all men listen!

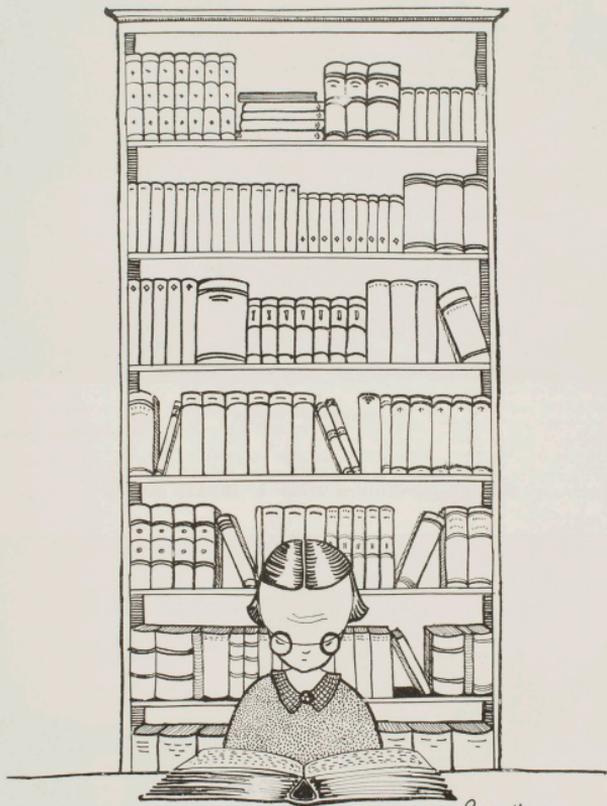
Beauty all around we find.
 Beauty of heart and soul and mind
 Should Summer's beauty us remind.

Joy is summer's second string,
 Joy in every living thing,
 Joy's the song that we should sing.

Hope for better times in store,
 Hope for strength to labour more,
 Hope to meet those gone before!

Summer's lessons plain to see.
 Beauty, Joy, and Hope, these three
 Think! What will your answer be?
 Summer speaks! Let all men listen!

TEMPO.



NOW DILLINGER'S DEAD!



ENGELBERG IN WINTER

Photo: K. Meuser, Engelberg

SUMMER FUNCTION & STAFF v. SENATE MATCH



Left to Right: MRS. CONNAL, A. E. FERGUSON, THE REGISTRAR L. G. JOHNSON, A. E. WHEELER, PROF. WILSON
 PROF. CONNAL, W. R. GRIST, MISS HIGGAM, MRS. MOTT,

Photo: S. A. Smith

The Pilgrims.

A long road; a fair day;
Under the sun, they stride away.

Over the hill, the way lies:
The "fare-ye-well," in the mist dies.

There-away, beyond the trees
They mount the slope, into the breeze.

A hand-wave; a turned back;
And a long lope on the down track.

Here begins another day,
With a quiet prayer for the far-away.

Drawing water, hewing wood,
"Hope and patience, give us, God!"

Past the trees, atop the rise,
Far and fair, the world lies.

The broad plain, the wide sea,
Far and fair, and wide and free.

"Give us, God, the wind and the rain!"
"Give us, God, our own again!"

On the quiet vale, the evening falls:
And the free sail where the gull calls.

LINDSEY.

DRINK MORNING COFFEE

in the

J. C. R.



Christ and Money.

THE Editor of the S.C.M. Press had here a fine opportunity for sentimental cant, but he has given us instead a very sane little book. He says that he "covets the privilege of making people think." He need covet it no longer.

The book is an attempt to interpret Christ's views on money in the light of modern social problems. It is not intended for the professional sociologist, but is written with a view to helping on the understanding of "the plain man, the average Christian." Money is not wealth, only a symbol of wealth, a medium of exchange. Money is stored-up personality. Money is the emblem of service. Lack of money is not a thing to be desired any more than excess. From a Christian viewpoint both are equally harmful to the soul.

"The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them high or lowly
And ordered their estate."

These lines, four of the most blasphemous ever penned, show the wrongfully acquiescent attitude of some Christians towards material privation. The things of the spirit can often only be purchased by money. "Jesus Himself, poor as He was, grew up under conditions which allowed Him a sound education, a country life in Galilee, a visit to His capital, and a good deal of personal freedom."

The antagonism to wealth shown throughout the New Testament is open to different interpretations. Mr. Martin explodes the old-fashioned ideas and points out that Christ, while realising the dangers of covetousness, realised too the limitation of extreme poverty. Men do not work only for selfish ends. There is often a desire for self-expression through creation and enterprise. From the Christian point of view the motive of gain must never be allowed to become dominant. Business must be primarily the service of the community.

We commend Mr. Martin's idealism and advise you to read his book.

J.W.

HUGH MARTIN: *Christ and Money*.

110 pages.

S.C.M. Press.

1/-.

[Further Reviews held over.—Ed.]

On Active Peace-Service.

THE Swede leaned across the table towards me and said "Excuse me, sir, but do you think that ideas have played a great part in human development?" A tall thin man of about 22, with high cheek-bones, horn-rimmed spectacles and an almost American drawl—one might very well have mistaken him for an American—he was continually asking questions calculated to disturb those who take the world for granted, on the assumption that what is, is right.

The question he put to me as we were sitting at dinner had a peculiar bearing on the situation, for we were at that moment engaged in attempting to put into practice an idea directly concerned with human development. There were about 20 of us, drawn from nine different countries, and for some weeks we had been working together with pick and shovel, clearing an area of ground for use as a football field. Three years ago, a scheme was started at Rhosllanerchrugog, in North Wales, to convert some old pit-banks of an area of about 17 acres into a park, children's playground and football pitch; the village was badly struck by unemployment, but the miners determined to use their period of "playing" in creating something of use to the community, and they set to work with great enthusiasm. Shortly afterwards the local people were joined by volunteers from many countries, brought there by the International Voluntary Service. Again in 1933 a "Service" was organised to help on the work, and this year, 1935, with the park and children's playground completed, it remained to clear the football pitch, and once again International Voluntary Service for Peace sent a contingent of volunteers from various countries to give their labour. So we worked for five weeks, and at the end of that time the pitch was cleared and ready for the turf.

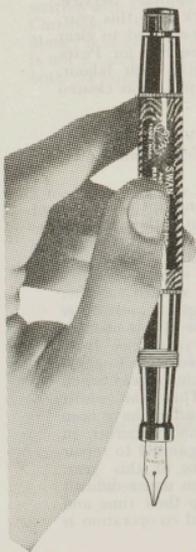
What is the idea underlying this work. Why should I.V.S.P. gather its volunteers from many countries and send them to work for a stricken community, rather than simply collect money for it?

In its first form the movement aimed at providing, in conscript countries, a non-military form of service for those whose conscience prevented them serving in the army; the service was to be as hard as army service and directed to doing work which was necessary but for which money was not available. Then, very soon, Pierre Ceresole, the founder of the movement, realised what a valuable work for peace could be done if men from different countries worked together in this way—an international army could be built up, not to fight against other men, but to fight natural and economic catastrophes such as the effects of landslides and of unemployment. So, in 1920, 1924, and every year since 1926, services of this type have been organised, in France, in Switzerland, England and Wales, the Principality of Liechtenstein, and last year a scheme was begun in the earthquake stricken area of Bihar, Northern India. This year, whilst one group of men has been clearing the football pitch at Rhos, others have been working at Oakengates, Shropshire, and at Les Amburnex and Litzirüti, in Switzerland. This latter scheme was an Emergency Service organised to repair damage done by a landslide and flood which occurred in June of this year. Every one of these services involved hard physical labour, often under difficult conditions, and on each occasion volunteers offered to give up their time and energy, often at a personal sacrifice, to prove that international co-operation is practicable.

"Have ideas played a great part in human development?" The Swede stared through his glasses, waiting for my reply and the opportunity to argue with me. Volunteers on all sides were conversing in different languages—Italy with Norway, France with Czecho-Slovakia, Latvia with Denmark. These few minutes after the evening meal, with a hard day's work behind you, are perhaps the happiest in the 24 hours; there is such a sense of relaxation after toil, of comradeship and unity. Ideas, after all, can only affect human lives inasmuch as they are put into practice. To talk about peace is very good, but peace can only be brought into the world by the strenuous efforts of men of goodwill—ideas must develop into action, and peace, of all things, cannot come by waiting; it is no passive state, but something to be struggled for.

"Well!" I replied, beginning to peel an apple in an effort to sustain my argumentative powers—but I will not tell you all that I said to him. You can get all the information you want about I.V.S.P. from Kenneth Clay, pigeon hole "C."

D.C.B.



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Simply ONE, TWO and it's FULL

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'SWAN' PEN

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Always use 'Swan' Ink—Best but costs no more!

LEEDS UNIVERSITY Old Students' Association.

Notes from Headquarters.

THE Summer function, which took place at the Sports Pavilion, Weetwood, on Rag Day, June 29th, was once again favoured by splendid weather.

By a happy coincidence, the annual Staff *v.* Senate cricket match was held at the same time, and although the number of Old Students present was not so good as last year, over 40 members sat down to tea in the Pavilion. Afterwards, a group went to see the Students' "Rag Revue." As in previous years the function was kept very informal and its success makes its continuance appear well worth while. On another page we give some photographs showing well-known personalities who were present.

Insurance Department.

We wish to draw the attention of our members to one aspect of our work which does give a financial return to the individual member. We have an arrangement with one of the leading Life Assurance Companies by which we are able to give our members a very substantial rebate on the first premium on any Life policy they take out. Further, the commission payable on future premiums is credited to the O.S.A., so that the member and the Association both stand to gain.

You who have recently gone down in particular are likely to be considering the question of Life insurance, at any rate in the near future, and we invite you to give us the opportunity of quoting you for the particular policy you have in mind and at the same time telling you the rebate to which you would be entitled.

FLORENCE R. SHAW, } *Hon.*
STUART SMITH, } *Secretaries.*

MANCHESTER LETTER.

On May 25th we visited the Central Library and the Blackfriars Telephone Exchange. Both were full of interest, the former evoking so many questions from one of our party that we can only conclude he is in training for a parliamentary career. In the Exchange we were led from one marvel to another. Henceforth we shall regard telephones with awe and handle them with reverence. We are still ignorant, however, how faults are detected in those ingenious machines which detect faults in the remainder of the "works." After three hours sight-seeing we were all ready for tea. This was followed by the annual general meeting for the election of officers.

On June 21st we paid an interesting visit to the Peak Cavern, at Castleton. We reached it after a short delay caused by one of us attributing its possession to his Satanic Majesty. Contrary to the expectations thus aroused the cave proved to be the only cool place in Castleton.

Next we proceeded to Bamford for tea and, in spite of our drivers losing themselves in the wilds of Derbyshire, eventually got there in safety. Our strength restored by refreshment we plunged into violent arguments on various subjects, whose inter-connections it is now impossible to understand. On one point only were we unanimous. That to pay to see an empty bathing pool is against the best traditions of L.U.O.S.A.

Our future policy is at present under consideration and we hope to vary the branch's functions so as to cater for all tastes. If all old Leeds students in the district make a point of visiting some functions we shall be well satisfied.

Hon. Sec., A. S. EGGLESTON,

254, Oldham Road,

Ashton-under-Lyne.

LONDON LETTER.

The Annual General Meeting was held in June, and the following officers were elected:—

	<i>President:</i> Professor W. GARSTANG, M.A., D.Sc.		
<i>Vice-Presidents:</i>	MISS GREENWOOD.	MR. DUTT.	
	MR. F. WEBSTER.	DR. DUDLEY.	
<i>Committee:</i>	MISS HAWORTH.	MISS JORDAN.	MR. CORNOCK.
	MISS LEADER.	MR. NEW.	MR. MACMASTER.
	MR. SUTCLIFFE.		MR. SYMONDS.
<i>Secretary:</i>	MISS TURNER.	<i>Treasurer:</i>	MR. BLAIR.

It was announced that Miss Crowther, owing to pressure of work, had been compelled to resign from the Vice-Presidency. The Association accepted her resignation with regret and thanked her sincerely for her valuable services as Secretary and Vice-President.

When the lunch and general meeting were over, several members were delighted to avail themselves of an opportunity to visit the Royal Institution. Mr. Kilburn Scott kindly made the arrangement for us and acted as cicerone. We saw some of the original apparatus used by Sir Humphrey Davy, Faraday, Professor Tyndall, Lord Rayleigh, Sir James Dewar and others who carried out researches there. Models used by Sir William Bragg in his researches and for his Christmas lectures were seen, too, but we found his small grandchild even more interesting!

The ramble from Reigate to Merstham, on 25th May, was enjoyed by 15 members, who came in spite of the heavy rain during the morning, and were rewarded by a pleasant walk up Colley Hill and through woods carpeted with bluebells. We saw part of the "Empire Air Day" display at Kenley as we descended the hill towards Merstham. The cruise from Richmond to Hampton Court, in July, took place on an ideal summer afternoon. The chief topic of conversation of the 30 members and friends was—of course—holidays. Some of the party finished the day by dancing at Richmond.

Now that the holidays, so eagerly discussed then, are over, we must look forward to our Winter arrangements. The dinner is booked for Friday, 22nd November, at the Holborn Restaurant. In addition, a ramble has been arranged. Mr. and Mrs. New have very kindly offered to act as guides at a ramble on Saturday, 26th October, from New Eltham Station into Kent. The distance is about six miles, and those who are energetic may walk back, but the others may return by bus to New Eltham, where refreshments can be obtained. Will those who wish to attend please send a postcard to the Secretary by 24th October. The fare is 1/4 from Charing Cross or London Bridge, and the train suggested is London Bridge 2-16 p.m., arriving at New Eltham at 2-36 p.m. (These times should be verified as the Winter time-table will be in use then). This arrangement will be kept even if the weather proves unsuitable for a walk as Mrs. New assures me that our guides are prepared to meet that train whatever the weather.

The suggestion that Whit, week-end should be spent in Paris has been well received. Will those interested please give their names to the Secretary. The arrangements will be made by "Cooks," and the cost, inclusive of two excursions, is not to exceed five pounds.

The Secretary hopes that all those who have come to London recently will get in touch with her, and she will be willing to help them in any possible way.

Hon. Secretary: ELIZABETH E. TURNER,

3, The Yews,

217, Selhurst Road, S.E. 25.

WEST RIDING LETTER.

A new term, bringing Freshers to the University, means new "Old Students," and, one hopes, an influx of new members to the branch.

One hesitates to accuse anyone of diffidence, and yet bashfulness seems a quality much cultivated in Leeds of late—so many young people say "we'd like to come, but we don't know anyone." Perhaps you don't, and even after you have attended one or two meetings you will still be a bit strange, but why not come three times and see what happens! Many people have new jobs and find most evenings occupied. We suggest that they arrange to come in once a month, and try to get their friends to come on the same evening.

For the information of new members, meetings are held at 7-30 every Tuesday of term, at O.S.A. House. There is no subscription, but a charge of 8d. at playreading and 6d. on other evenings covers the cost of books and includes coffee and biscuits. We now possess a very good gramophone, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Bibby, and the ping-pong table should have arrived before this is published. (Its appearance has been delayed because the Treasurer and Secretary could not endure the idea of panting hotly indoors when the mountains and the bunkers beckoned).

There will be a committee meeting on September 24th, at which the term's programme will be arranged. A copy of this programme will be inserted in each West Riding member's *Gryphon*, and will also be posted in the Lounge. The Secretary will be pleased to send one to anyone who is interested, and particularly to new members. The first meeting will be on October 1st, so turn up and see what the branch is like.

So many people have been abroad this summer that we thought it would be interesting if everyone brought holiday snapshots and reminiscences on October 8th, when they can compare experiences. By this time even the enthusiasts who develop their own photographs should have a good selection for our entertainment.

The Annual General Meeting will be held on November 9th. At this meeting, officers for next year are elected, and any other business is discussed.

If any member has a proposition to bring up at this meeting, or any suggestions with regard to policy, the Secretary would be obliged if she is notified not later than November 12th.

Appropriately in a Jubilee Year, the branch will be able to show their loyalty on November 5th—and incidentally enjoy themselves in a noisy, not to say brilliant fashion. There is now a flourishing Rising Generation and on their behalf we shall try to arrange an afternoon tea party during the winter—ages nothing to twelve, parents invited, too.

For several years we have had gifts of light fiction which adorn the bookcase in the Lounge. We are still appealing for the surplus which members turn out after Summer holidays: crime preferred, although even Arlen has his "public." Gramophone records are accepted gratefully, too, especially dance music.

Last term was quiet, as usual in summer, but we enjoyed several tennis evenings in Beech Grove and had a pleasant theatre party at the Civic Playhouse. Those of us who attended the Summer function at Westwood, on Rag Day, were entertained by the Staff v. Senate cricket match, plus conversation and childish frolics with several of the R.G.

Miss Steinberg has been appointed to the Staff of the College of Commerce and we wish her all success. Miss Dorothy Richards has returned from a year in Canada, having exchanged her post; and we shall be interested to hear her experiences. Two of our members, Miss Hellwell and Mr. Ferguson, were married this summer. We wish them much happiness and hope they will continue to be associated with the branch.

GRACE M. SMITH,
Hon. Secretary.

Owing to pressure of space, the next instalment of the "University Historical Notes," by G. Woleedge, has been held over till the November issue.—ED.

Winter Sports in Switzerland.

Christmas and New Year, 1935-36.

A SMALL but select L.U.O.S.A. party went to Engelberg last Christmas and spent an enjoyable fortnight there under ideal conditions and at no great cost. We shall organise another party for the coming Christmas vacation and have already booked accommodation at the Schweizerhof Hotel, Engelberg, which we found so comfortable last year.

We have been granted most advantageous terms if we can get a minimum membership of 15. For £19 5s. 0d. there will be second-class return fare from London, full hotel accommodation for 13 days (instead of 12 as last year), including all tips and taxes, sports fee (giving free access to the skating rinks and free tuition in the splendid ski-school. This last item is important. Practically everyone goes to the tuition classes on the various snow-slopes and this normally costs about 15/- to £1 for the course. The teachers are expert skiers who know how to teach. Those who have never tried ski-ing and wonder whether it is worth while to go for a fortnight only, will be cheered to know that any able-bodied person between the ages of 5 and 75 can learn enough ski-ing in one day to have a really enjoyable time. Difficult turns and very quick running are acquired after practice, but it is surprising how expert one becomes in a week or less.

Skating can be learnt in a few days, and it is quite common to find beginners who are able to do the "edges" and even waltz after a fortnight on the perfect ice of the rinks. There are very good facilities for "curling" at Engelberg, and skis can be hired for a few francs for the whole time. The "Sports Shop" is close to the hotel and all the goods loaned or sold are of first-class quality. Dances are held every evening in most hotels, and we may attend any of these. On Christmas and New Year's Eve there are very jolly fancy-dress balls, with competitions and prizes.

Those who do not take active part in Winter Sports need never have time on their hands. There are ice-hockey matches, ski and toboggan races, ski jumping and fancy skating to watch.

Engelberg is very favoured in having ski-ing grounds at three different altitudes. Engelberg itself is about 3,200 feet above sea-level, then by a very cheap funicular we can reach the Gerschnialp (4,500 feet), and higher still, at 6,000 feet, the Trübsee is reached by aerial railway. Here is a capital hotel at which lunch can be obtained, a small fee being charged for transfer tickets from our own hotel. The snowfields at Trübsee are as good as any in the Alps, and one can make numerous expeditions of all degrees of ease and difficulty.

During the Winter Sports season, special cheap "period" tickets are issued from Engelberg to Trübsee, and these work out at about two francs for the whole journey, so that if the snow at Engelberg happens to wear a little thin one can be sure of a good thickness higher up. Last year the snow conditions at Engelberg were considerably better than those of most other Swiss resorts. During most of our fortnight there was about 40 inches at Trübsee and 12 to 20 at Engelberg.

The journey out and home is most comfortable, everyone having a numbered reserved seat, with an allowance of four ordinary seats to three people!

The dates of the Tour are from Saturday, December 21st, to Saturday, January 4th, and the party will reach London again on Sunday, the 5th. All members of the University at all interested are invited to send in the form to be found in this issue. Illustrated leaflets and other details will be sent to all who do this.

All enquiries should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, L.U.O.S.A., The University, Leeds, 2.

It is essential that we should have an approximate idea of numbers by the middle of November, and bedroom accommodation will be arranged in strict order of priority.

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.

BAINES.—J. M. Baines (Science, 1928-31) has been appointed Curator of the Hastings Museum.

BEST.—Dr. Sidney Best (B.Sc., 1923, Ph.D., 1927) has been appointed Head Master of the Carlton High School for Boys, Bradford.

BLUNDSTONE.—W. H. Blundstone (Science, 1922-25, Gas Engineering, 1925-26) has been appointed Borough Gas Engineer and Manager to the Corporation of Newark, Notts. Address: 25, The Park, Newark.

DAWSON.—P. Dawson (History, 1923-6) has been appointed Head Master of St. George's Boys' Senior School, Cambridge.

DENNELL.—Ralph Dennell (Zoology, 1926-29) has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in Zoology in the University of Manchester.

GOLDTHORP.—The first part of a lengthy contribution on "The Franciscans and Dominicans in Yorkshire," by L. M. Goldthorp (History, 1928-31, M.A., 1932) has appeared in the *Yorkshire Archaeological Journal*, vol. 32, part 127, just published.

HALER.—P. J. Haler, M.B.E. (Science, 1898-1901) has been appointed Principal of the South-East Essex Technical College. The College is being erected at Barking at a cost, including equipment, of £200,000.

HETHERINGTON.—Rev. J. G. Hetherington (History, 1924-27) has been appointed Minor Canon and Precentor of Winchester Cathedral.

RAYNER.—G. W. Rayner (B.Sc., 1926) is the author of "The Falklands Species of the Crustacean genus *Munida*," published in the *Discovery reports*, vol. X, 1935.

RITSON.—Professor Ritson's appointment to the Chair of Mining at the Imperial College, Royal School of Mines (University of London), was announced too late for insertion in the last issue of *The Gryphon*. The appointment dates from January 1st next.

TIPLADY.—George Tiplady (Colour Chem., 1920-24) has been appointed Chief Chemist to the Old Silkstone Collieries Ltd., near Barnsley.

TOWNEND.—S. Townend (Science, 1929-32, Ph.D., 1935) has been awarded a Robert Blair Fellowship by the London County Council, tenable during the Session 1935-36. Dr. Townend is now in America.

WORTS.—F. R. Worts (History, 1906-09), Headmaster of the City of Leeds School, is the author of "The Teaching of History," recently published by Heinemann.

BIRTHS.

BELLAMY.—To Mr. D. F. (Physics, 1923-36) and Mrs. Bellamy (formerly Olga O. Palmer, English, 1923-26), on 12th June, at 69, Church Lane, Normanton, a daughter, Jennifer Carol.

HAMILTON-SMITH.—To Mr. N. L. and Mrs. Hamilton-Smith (formerly M. I. Bailey, Science, 1921-24, 1925-26), on 5th May, at "Deerbaddin," Maybury Hill, Woking, a daughter, Anne.

HARDY.—To Mr. F. S. (Engineering, 1922-25) and Mrs. Hardy (formerly Marjorie A. Burns, Arts, 1925-28), on April 22nd, a son. Address: 37, Holmesfield Road, Great Barr, Birmingham.

HYDE.—To Mr. Lewis T. Hyde and Mrs. Hyde (formerly Evelyn Hodgson, Botany, 1924-28), at 5, Mount Avenue, Hemsforth, near Pontefract, on July 17th, 1935, a son, Christopher Thomas.

MASON.—To Mr. G. R. (Maths., 1924-27) and Mrs. Mason (formerly Edna M. Aldred), of Gwynant, Crofton Lane, Orpington, Kent, on May 1st, a son, John.

MILNER.—To Dr. E. H. and Mrs. Milner, on April 21st, at Driffield, a daughter.

OLDFIELD.—To Mr. J. C. (French, 1927-31) and Mrs. Oldfield, on August 1st, at 6, Broadway, London, E.C. 4, a son.

SAUNDERS.—To Mr. J. (Dyeing & Col. Chem., 1919-22) and Mrs. Saunders, on June 12th, at Whitmoor Lodge, Bobbers Mill, Nottingham, a daughter, Zoë.

WILLIAMS.—To Mr. R. A. (Mech. Engin., 1919-22) and Mrs. Williams (formerly L. B. Green, History, 1919-25), on 11th September, 1934, at 615, Bromford Lane, Washwood Heath, Birmingham, a daughter.

WILSON.—To Mr. T. H. (Geology, 1926-30) and Mrs. Wilson, at the Lady Chancellor Nursing Home, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, on August 26th, a son. Address: F.O. Box 366, Salisbury, S.R.

MARRIAGES.

BENN-WOLEJGE.—Dr. T. V. Benn (Mods., 1920-23, Ph.D.), Lecturer in French at the University, to Mildred Wolejge (French, 1925-28), on 24th June. Address: 3, The Turnways, Headingley, Leeds, 6.

CARTWRIGHT-TREIZISE.—Roland Cartwright (Science, 1922-24) to Alex Treizise, of Elsternwick, Australia, early this year, at Caulfield, near Melbourne.

CHAMBERLAIN-GAUNT.—Mr. Digby Chamberlain (M.B., Ch.B., 1921, Ch.M., 1924) to Sarah Gaunt, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gaunt, of Hawksworth Hall, Guiseley, on July 10th, at Guiseley Parish Church.

CRACKNELL-ELLINGHAM.—James A. Cracknell (Mech. Engin., 1925-28) to Dorothy E. Ellingham, on April 20th, at St. Mary Magdalene, Gillingham, Kent. Address: 149, Abbey Road, Whitley, Coventry.

DIBB-JACKSON.—Dr. G. A. Dibb (M.B., Ch.B., 1927), of 1, The Crescent, Filey, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Dibb, of Hollin View, Headingley, Leeds, to Gertrude Mary Jackson, of Scarborough, on June 22nd, at St. Martin's Church, Scarborough.

ECCLES-HOBSON.—Alfred Eccles (Chem., 1922-25) to Gladys Hobson (Mods., 1921-24), on April 17th, at the Register Office, Leeds.

FERGUSON-HELLIWELL.—Arthur E. Ferguson (Arts, 1919-22) to Betty Helliwell (Mods., 1920-23), at All Soul's Church, Leeds, on July 31st.

FLEMING-WARBURTON.—Dr. Brian W. A. Fleming (M.B., Ch.B., 1932) to Mary Warburton, on July 4th, at Moortown Church, Leeds.

GARDINER-PLUMMER.—George H. Gardiner (Science, 1925-28) to D. M. Plummer, at St. Mary's Church, Bidforth, near Easingwold, on Saturday, June 8th.

GREEN-COPELY.—T. G. S. Green (Engineering, 1926-30) to Ethel May Copley, on the 2nd May, at West Parade Methodist Church, Wakefield.

JOHNSON-TRUMBLE.—Charles Johnson (English, 1929-33) to Caroline Mary Trumble, at St. Augustine's Church, Harehills, Leeds, on April 30th. Address: 8, Grange Park Avenue, Easterley Road, Leeds, 8.

LODGE-WARREX.—Norman S. Lodge, of Armley, Leeds, to Kathleen Mary Warren (Administrative Staff), at St. Augustine's Church, Wrangthorn, Leeds, on June 25th.

MOLL-SOLDI.—Dr. H. H. Moll (M.B., Ch.B., 1925, Medical Staff), of 25, Park Square, Leeds, to Francesca Teresa, daughter of Mr. Tullio Soldi, and of the late Mrs. Bice Guarneri, Turin, on July 25th, at Leeds.

ROCKLEY-NEWELL.—Rev. T. Rockley (History, 1926-29), (President of the Union 1929) to Grace B. C. Newell (History, 1925-28), at Kirk Hammetton, York. Address: Christ Church, Bircotes, Doncaster.

SIMPSON-APPLETON.—Martin H. Simpson, of Surbiton, Surrey, to Mary H. Appleton (Science, 1926-29), of Ilkley, at Ilkley Parish Church, on June 22nd.

SPINK-HOUISON.—Dr. G. W. Spink (Mods., 1918-21) to Rene Houison, of Newcastle, at Jesmond Methodist Church, on August 6th.

SUTCLIFFE-PEACE.—Cedric A. Sutcliffe (Science, 1927-31) to Freda G. Peace (English, 1928-29), at Trinity Methodist Church, Osselt, on 3rd August. Mr. Sutcliffe presided over the M.R.C. for a year and was a valued member of various Union Committees; Miss Peace edited *The Gryphon* for a time.

WEBSTER-STONES.—Alec Webster (Leather, 1920-23) to Dorothy M. Stones, at the Baptist Church, Harrow, Middlesex, on February 2nd. Address: "Sark," Orchard Avenue, Parkstone, Dorset.

WHITE-SANDY.—J. R. Stuart White (Dental, 1924-28) to Mary B. Sandy, at St. Mary's Church, Garforth, on May 11th. Address: 17, Chapel Street, Halton, Leeds.

DEATHS.

BAKER.—We regret to announce the death, at the early age of 27, of Joshua Baker, of Savile Place, Chapeltown, Leeds, in April of this year. Mr. Baker took his LL.B. at the University in 1929, and was a candidate for the degree of Ph.D. He was an old boy of the City of Leeds School.

BRIGGS.—It is with great regret that we have to announce the sudden death of Dr. Samuel Henry Clifford Briggs, of Oakwell House, Birstall, at the age of 55. Dr. Briggs was principal of the firm of Messrs. Briggs Bros., Ltd., worsted spinners, Cleckheaton. He studied chemistry at the Yorkshire College, and was later awarded the degree of D.Sc. by the University. It is a sad coincidence for us that it was Dr. Briggs who desired some form of memorial notice of Prof. Cohen to be printed in *The Gryphon* for the benefit of old students.

CARTER.—Mr. Thomas Scales Carter, who died at his home, Oak House, The Ridgeway, Golders Green, London, in May of this year, will be remembered for his association with the School of Dentistry. In October, 1914, he received the first honorary degree of M.Sc. awarded by the University.

COHEN.—Emeritus Professor J. B. Cohen died in June at Coniston. Two memorial notices by colleagues on the Staff of the University will be found elsewhere in this issue.

PICKLES.—Mr. Herbert Pickles, second master of the Lawnswood High School, who died in May of this year, was a student at the old Yorkshire College. He was the author of several works on geography.

Apologia pro Vita Mea,

being a record of The Troubles and Pleasures of
a Cavendish Professor of Leeds, 1885 - 1909, by
Emeritus Professor W. Stroud, Hon. D.Sc. (Leeds).

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it,
Never in the tongue of him that speaks it."—W.S.
(not the present writer).

FOREWORD.

I HOPE the semi-jocular remarks which follow will be taken seriously, as the *facts* stated are in every case indubitably true, though the presentation is my own. The purport is to announce that the old Yorkshire College in my time suffered from acute penury, and from the latest accounts I have seen there seems little desire to emulate the ambition of Mr. Wilkins Micawber to have sixpence on the credit side of his account at the end of the year.

The Yorkshire College was until the year 1885 situated in Cookridge Street, where Professors Thorpe, Rücker, Miall and Green held their respective classes in the presence of a few students. Sir Edward Thorpe, though sub-Napoleonic in vertical dimensions, was little inferior to the Little Corporal in dominance of character. Sir Arthur Rücker (one of the most perfect gentlemen I have ever met) taught Physics, Mathematics and anything else that was necessary. Professor Miall taught Biology and had dissected (as it was said) everything from a defunct elephant—in which he had to take up his temporary residence, only emerging for meals and couch—to a cockroach whose anatomical construction was subsequently immortalised by a volume published in its honour. Lastly there was Professor Green, who devoted himself to a few students studying Geology.

Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, in June, 1885, Sir Edward resigned, on his appointment as Government Chemist, while Professor Rücker also resigned in order to oppose the Right Honourable Lawies Jackson (later Lord Allerton) in North Leeds. Thus two professorships became vacant. Professor Smithells was appointed to the Chair of Chemistry and I was appointed to the Cavendish Professorship of Physics, while the Council no doubt congratulated themselves upon the economy resulting from the possibility of combining the Chair of Geology with that of Mathematics (Professor Green had been a fifth wrangler).

When I first visited the Baines Wing of the Yorkshire College I was surprised to find that the ground and first floors were devoted to Chemistry, with the exception of the Physical Department and three administrative rooms. All other departments—Mathematics, Classics, Biology and all the other 'ologies—were pushed away to the top floor as being of little or no account compared with chemistry. The Physics Department consisted of three rooms in a darkened basement, together with two rooms, one on the first and the other on the second floor. Thus the poor professor had to climb three flights of stairs to visit his various rooms. It appeared to me to be designed for a few research students for whom next to no apparatus was available. I should be inclined to estimate that the Baines block in 1885 was devoted 80% to Chemistry, 10% to Physics and the remaining 10% to everything else combined.

Early in July I installed myself in Leeds and proceeded to devote myself to the construction of diagrams to illustrate my future lectures. These diagrams were painted on black flexible cloth with the fewest possible details, and possibly one or two of them may still survive. About two years later Professor Barr and I designed an apparatus for readily photographing lantern slides from books, whereby this tedious process of drawing was entirely eliminated.

Were I writing an ordinary essay, say upon such a topic as "The Condition of Hunslet in the pre-Adamite Era," I should write an appropriate preamble, have my facts arranged upon suitable cards, assort these cards chronologically, insert suitable scintillations to enliven the paper, and conclude with a proper peroration, and then publish the work. In the present case, however, while the preamble has been completed, I find it extremely difficult to arrange matters chronologically because the various dates are not clearly defined in my mind; I must, therefore, in large measure trust to luck for their appropriate presentation. I shall in consequence start with my experiences of the first term which, although half a century ago, I remember with extreme vividness.

To be continued.

OLD STUDENTS! ≡ *Friday*
come to the *October*
UNION BALL ≡ *25th*

A French School in the Seventies.

Part 2.

(An Old Student continues the story of his experiences
as a young English boy in a French school).

TURNING from food to clothes the universal garment was a sleeved smock of black lustre, which came down to well below the knees, and served the double purpose of a protection to the clothes underneath, and an excellent penwiper.

On Sundays and fête days the school uniform was a sort of Eton jacket with gilt buttons, and a casquette like the present forage cap in army use, with a patent leather neb and a gilt band round from one side to the other, and very smart they looked. I used to think we looked like a procession of super page boys when out for the daily walk. Boys permitted to go out for the day or half-day were fetched and brought back by a nurse or other domestic, whatever their age. The school gate reminded me of an English prison: it had a small grating through which visitors could be inspected, and a small door in one half of the big gates, which opened from the porter's lodge by pulling on a bobbin and cord. This drew up a bolt, allowing the person or persons to enter, and dropped back by its own weight after the door was closed.

The concierge had the not unprofitable privilege of supplying the school with the French equivalent of "tuck," and at the interval about eleven he brought a tray of delicacies hung around his shoulders by a strap, and sold various gateaux, marrons glacés, chocolates and, above all, the local speciality, "sucre de pommes," very like barley sugar. I still think with pleasure of those toothsome morsels which were not known to English schoolboys in those days, and were not sold except in high confectionery circles in England.

There were no organised games during recreation time. Throwing an indiarubber ball backwards and forwards was the favourite pastime, and a game called "bouchon" was extremely popular. It was played for coppers. A cork was placed at a certain distance, with a penny on the top, and the game was to displace the coin by pitching a 10 centimes piece at the cork, the successful thrower getting the penny. Otherwise the boys spent the interval walking up and down arm in arm in twos and threes, talking.

A small species of grape grew on the school wall, called, if I remember rightly, Chasselas and, *mirabile dictu*, these were never touched, but harvested when ripe, packed in sawdust and doled out for dessert.

The "Cours," petit and grand, were fenced in by white palings, the gates of which were always locked even during playhours.

When I was considered sufficiently advanced in French I joined the classes at the Lycée Cornelle, the local University, and among the treasures of that long past I still have several slips of paper inscribed so many "bon points," and some green ones printed "Ordres du jour," which was a higher distinction for especially good work, and highly esteemed.

Strange to say at the end of term I was awarded a prize for Orthography, which I still possess, called "Naufrages Célèbres," and of which I was inordinately proud. Every boy got a prize; if not for a special subject, he was awarded a "Prix d'Encouragement." This scholastic distinction was scorned, much as

in after years I found a prize for Good Conduct was in English schools. Boys above a certain age were allowed to have fencing lessons, which as they took place in school hours were much sought after. It was one of my periodical amusements to watch the instructor, a huge, fat ex-army man, who was spoken of with awe as the *Maitre d'Escrime* and who was arrayed for instruction purposes in a white singlet and flannel trousers, and, the weather being warm, always stamped and slurred himself into a state of profuse perspiration.

During my year at school I never heard of anyone having a bath, nor had I a chance to take one till the holidays, when I had the first bath in nine months in the floating baths on the Seine. Of course many of the boys who went home may have had opportunities denied me, but in conversation they never alluded to them. No baths were provided at the school, and yet we none of us seemed one penny the worse.

When the school broke up the Head Master retired to his country house at Bois Guillaume, and I was left to solitude and the concierge and his buxom wife as attendants, and we lived on stewed meat with sauce piquante till I loathed the sight of it. I remember the long nights in the empty dormitory, my sole companions a matchbox full of glow-worms I had collected on my evening walks, but as I had no idea how to feed them they died off with disconcerting rapidity.

Later, when I wrote home and placed these facts before my parents, my father protested against my being left alone, and so I was invited to join the headmaster's household, and thereafter was very happy.

We played cards every evening, and I who had never played before was initiated into "*Chien Vert*," remarkable for its simplicity. All the cards were dealt out after shuffling, everybody put a 5 centimes piece in the pool, and the first who got the Jack of Clubs scooped the lot. Quite simple even to my ignorance of even the names of the suits, quite exciting, and as my limited pocket money was soon exhausted I found myself at the end of the holidays owing my host the, to me, large sum of 2 francs 50 centimes, and had to write home for money to liquidate my debt. I doubt if I specified for what purpose I required the extra money, as my parents looked askance in those days at playing cards for money, especially at 15 years of age. But as I frequently wrote home for stamps, and had broken a window playing ball, I suppose it would come under that category.

It was a delightful experience to sit out in the garden in the warm summer evening after dinner listening to the hoarse croaking of the bull frogs, interspersed with the playing of hunting calls on a *Cor de Chasse* by one of our neighbours, who practised every evening.

In my bedroom I discovered a complete set of Jules Verne's prophetic novels, the reading of which did a great deal towards improving my knowledge of French.

My recollections of the teaching are at this distance of time somewhat vague. I know we had hours of "*Dictée*," which was like our English dictation, and which familiarised me with the sound of words, and the correct pronunciation, and in which I soon got a correctness of only one or two errors, which was not often bettered by the others. In fairness to them I was naturally in a class of boys much my juniors.

One of the Head's daughters was engaged to an officer of the *Chasseurs à Cheval*, and his horsehair-plumed helmet was in regular occupation of the drawing room sideboard. He gave me a tip about pronouncing French which was most valuable. "Sound every syllable at first slowly and distinctly, *cir—seer, con—con, stance—stance*, giving the fall value to the last e, which as you become more proficient you will hardly notice." Carrying this out gave a rather stilted sound to my conversation for a time, but I certainly got a very good accent by this species of exaggeration.

When I came to recite French poetry I found this necessity of giving the full value to every syllable and vowel very helpful, and a favourite song "Au clair de la lune" was an example of how the E was sung: "lune-er."

There is one drawback in learning French at the fountain head and that is, I naturally acquired a certain amount of slang, and the difficulty was to know which was slang and which was the language of polite society.

One feature which did not appeal to me was the custom of kicking instead of fisticuffs. As we wore a light kind of wooden sabot for school use, the blows were severe, though the amount of fighting I saw during the whole of my stay was negligible.

I have often been questioned as to the morality of French schools.

At first I formed rather a bad impression, coming from a home where we were brought up in the strictest of Victorian methods, but since I have been to several English schools, both boarding and day, I do not think there was much to choose.

My class master was a little, sallow, blue-chinned man with a pronounced stoop which made him look even smaller than he really was. With the cruel aptness of youth he was nicknamed "Le Singe," and before I realised it was not his real name I addressed him as Monsieur Singe, which elicited a ferocious "Comment?" from his lips and a fearsome scowl on his face. The almost hysterical amusement of the class was with difficulty suppressed and it took many weeks of stern application to my work to live down this unfortunate "faux pas."

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HOSTEL NOTES.

WEETWOOD HALL.—News of Weetwood came to us over the water: "It has been a glorious term, the most enjoyable since I came up. What with one thing and another, there hardly seemed time for exams. They came and went unobtrusively, and yet we've secured a goodly number of firsts. Elections provided the first excitement, with an element of surprise to make the results all the more piquant. After that, things followed in quick succession. Hostel Dance, St. Chad's Party, *Tyke* Day, Rag Day, Degree Day, and the Good-bye Dinner, all in one breathless whirl. I'm not even sure that I'm being chronological—one hardly recalled which came first.

"Hostel Dance was a great success, in spite of the somewhat scanty attendance. On Rag Day we ran two lectures, 'Hell' and 'A Dutch Windmill,' and, of course, had as much fun as ever. Good-bye Dinner gave a cheery send-off to the stalwarts who were going down.

"Lily is leaving us to get married. So is Norah, but, as she is to live at the Lodge, she will, Heaven be praised, still cook for us.

"Perhaps you haven't heard that Graham died during the Easter vac. Many of us will miss his faithful 'good morning'!

"Our new Sub-Warden seems happy among us. We return the compliment implied."

Leaning back in our deck-chair under the burning Midi sky, we thought of the cool lawns of Weetwood, of early morning tennis, of evening play-readings under the trees, of many, many things.

Freshers, what better welcome can we give you?—J.W.

DEVONSHIRE HALL.—At the end of Professor Smith's first year as Warden we can truly say that it has been an auspicious start to what we hope will be a long and equally successful reign.

Reference should be made to the excellent work of the late President, J. E. Cooper, which contributed so largely to the smooth running of the Hostel. We wish him every success in the future. The President for this year is H. Brearley, whose services to the University in other departments suggest that he will fill his new position more than adequately.

The Summer term produced a very enjoyable—not to say hilarious—dance, the usual crop of good results on June 26th, and rather less than the usual amount of sun-bathing.

"Mervyn Bill's" Rag Day innovation, ox roasting, was a red-hot success, in spite of the efforts of several well-meaning, but rather misguided, vegetarians.—V.H.H.

LYDDON HALL.—When this is in print some of us will be roaming remains, far from the fold—not lost, but gone before (to quote a great writer).

Reviewing four years in Lyddon, much can be reported. Firstly, we were slowly emancipating ourselves from H.O.R. until the arrival of a band of reckless Freshers who, in one or two cases, have leanings towards parish work and vicarage sewing meetings. Secondly, Lyddon is re-awakening from a social torpor, which she displayed very markedly a few years ago when Honest Labour had, alas! too lovely a face; this re-awakening has been much emphasised this last year when new privileges were gained for the abstract nouns Time, and Place. Thirdly, Lyddon is losing much of her athletic prowess—the stalwarts are disappearing year by year and a gentler, more feminine spirit is in flower in the younger generations.

Of late the environs of Lyddon have been mighty savoury. Detectives have had need to conceal themselves behind trees to guard our precious institution and inmates from harm and annoyance. I am afraid we were much more in trepidation about the prying detectives than of the rambler in his birth-day suit. Another burglary has occurred; pepper-pots with silver hats were removed from the dining room and also the remaining silver serviette rings which were not stolen before.

We had our Dance in the middle of June and all the men were beautifully neat and a credit to hostel, as was the supper [Well I never! Ed.]. In passing, let us remark that Lyddon's social standard is exceptionally high.

It is important to mention that the new wash-bowl in Stew-pan is more useful than the former ill-fated object, having a wide ledge round ready to receive wrung-out washing. Which reminds me that the drama performed by the first, second and third years at the Good-bye Social was very aptly done, though the audience were never clear as to whether Mr. Nobody who broke the bowl was nobody or somebody, or whether the bowl had a hole or was a whole bowl.

There was a most amusing finale to the social. Our President (Miss Woolley) proposed the "Up Leeds." We up. Miss Woolley up. In the midst of the Kumati, chair slid gracefully from under Miss Woolley and great was the fall thereof. We finished the call before we rescued her (which proves our greater homage to the abstract, universal, moral idea of the 'Varsity war-cry than to the concrete, particular, personal incident of the fall of a mighty leader). Few presidents have made a more spectacular or symbolic end to their tenure of office. We hope Miss Hawkes will carry on the good work.

A little note on the Bruises; these stormy young men who bluster past our windows, have been up to their tricks again and, unfortunately, had to appear before the Assizes. One would think that the good influence exuding from our noble block would strengthen in them the profound meditation: Be good, sweet men, and let who will be clever. But no! So Lyddon lives. Goodbye.—(O.K.).

ATHLETICS NOTES.

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB.—The Women's Athletic Club continues to flourish—every year it adds to its prestige, and this Summer the Inter-Varsity Shield was won by Leeds after a great struggle at Nottingham. As a climax to the season, Miss Whitehead, the Captain, was chosen to represent the British Universities at the World University Games in Budapest, where she won the 80 metres Hurdles. But London University has shown its strength for the first time this year, and is likely to prove a fearsome rival next May—we shall need all the talent we can muster. Now it's up to all the Freshers to help to prevent that Shield from leaving Leeds, by coming to the gymnastic classes which are held in the Varsity gymnasium every Friday during the Winter at 5-0 p.m., and acquiring the technique which is necessary for every single event. Individual help will be given by the club coach. There will also be a Freshers' Tea at the beginning of the term to which all Freshers are invited. Watch the Notice Board in the Women's Rooms for all particulars, and ask any of the Committee if you want information.

Special Sports for Freshers are held early in March, and at the Inter-Hostel Sports in May, a cup will be presented for the first time to the most promising Fresher.

Come and join our ranks, both Freshers and all others interested, and let us send a really marvellous team to the Inter-Varsity Sports at Birmingham in May. KUMATI!

G. WHITEHEAD.

Athletic Events. October.

Wednesday, October 16th. Leeds University R.U.F.C. v. Birmingham, at Home.

Saturday, October 19th. Leeds University C.C.C. v. Sheffield, at Home.

Wednesday, October 23rd. Leeds University A.F.C. v. Manchester, at Home.

H. BREARLEY, G.A.S.

SOCIETY NOTES.

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY.—The Classical Society is the youngest of the Varsity Societies and has yet to establish its position. That is why we appeal to the Freshers in the department to give their support. The aims of the Society are to promote a social spirit in the department, especially between members of different years, and to foster a living interest in classical subjects. To what extent we shall achieve these aims depends especially on the new members of the Society. We ask them not only to attend meetings, but, in the discussions that follow every paper, to get up and put forward their own views. The classical languages contain some of the finest prose and poetry ever written—it is to be regretted that the average member of the Classical School accepts that opinion merely for examination purposes. The Classical Society seeks to remedy that defect and to promote in its stead a genuine appreciation of classical literature. We want *your* membership. For particulars apply to the Secretary, pigeon hole "M."

[Up to going to Press, no further Society Notes have been received.—Ed.]

The New York Public Library requires Vol. 16, No. 2 (November, 1934) to complete its files of *The Gryphon*. We will appreciate the courtesy if any reader who no longer needs his copy will send it to us.

Leeds University Union Committee, 1935-36.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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

Beaver, Sphinx, Serpent, Tamesis, Cointroun Fienne, Gong, Arrows, Owllet, Palm, Mash, Mitre (Canada), Torch, Bede, Northerner, Leodiensian, G.U.M., New University, Ram, Wheel, Leeds Girls' High School Magazine, and two journals about the Budapest Games.

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