

THE GRYPHON

PRICE 6D

The Journal of the University of Leeds



September, 1940

THIRD SERIES
VOL. 6 No. 1

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"Gryphon," September, 1940

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THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

Editorial.

THE worst prognostications of the pessimists are confounded: Universities are to re-open. Those who erroneously foresaw their early closure will have to find something else over which to brood; those whose incurable optimism refused to countenance such an idea will do well to consider how our Government, apparently oblivious to everything except the production of concertina wire and Bren guns, has yet considered the Universities, has realised the immediate necessity of men with technical training, and the long term need of the Arts students; and has advanced a step towards the improvement of educational opportunities by granting 1,200 scholarships to young soldiers.

Now that we are assured of a continuance of our academic life, what are we going to do with it? Shall we see yet more of the thinly-veiled Red propaganda, re-hashed and produced—often enough in all good faith—by people who claim it as their own ideas? Will the great religious revival which is said to be sweeping the country reach as far as the Universities? Will there be demonstrations of rampant patriotism as at Bristol, or of so-called "organised hooliganism" as at Liverpool? In all seriousness, we hope for something of the sort. When the Student Body is too quiet out of school it means it is stagnating.

It is traditional to dedicate the first Editorial to the Freshers. To them we would say: You are lucky to be here, make the most of your opportunities. Take everything as seriously as possible—except yourself. Be as rabid a Red, or as keen a Conservative as you can—but never forget that you are the young in heart. Try laughing at yourself occasionally: it's easy whilst we are young and the habit lasts a lifetime. Learn all you can about your "-ism," and a bit about that of the other fellow; his may have one or two good points. And whatever you do—keep your sense of proportion between the parallel lines of Reason and Humour and, whatever else you do, do it with enthusiasm.

Notes and Comments.

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

BURNS.

"The Gryphon."

The present somewhat emaciated *Gryphon* is a war baby; it has had to be reduced in size and supplies will be strictly limited. It will be essential to be a regular subscriber if you want your *Gryphon* during the war. It is intended to continue to publish some kind of journal as long as possible, even if it has to be reduced to a broadsheet. Messrs. Macmillan Graham, of Manchester, have done noble work with the advertisements—in these hard times no easy job, but in spite of this the subscription price has had to be raised from half a crown to three shillings—this is cost price.

Moynihan Lecture.

The first Moynihan lecture will be delivered in the Riley Smith Hall of the Union by Surgeon Rear-Admiral Gordon-Taylor on Wednesday, October 2nd. This is a momentous occasion in the medical world; in time the Moynihan lectures will no doubt be the surgical analogues of the Hunterian lectures.

The Rag.

We were somewhat dubious about the practicability of a Rag in wartime—"public opinion," the inevitable "student apathy," the possibility of Teutonic interruptions, all seemed to point to cancellation as the wisest course. Mr. E. K. I. Hurst spent five arduous hours persuading a frankly sceptical Union Committee that a Rag was not only possible, but essential. Judged by Leeds standards, the Rag was an unqualified success. *The Tyke*—so virtuous that few of his ancestors will recognise him—sold some 26,000 copies; one could not possibly move at the Rag Dance, so that must have been a good show. The College of Housecraft co-operated nobly and completed the Odeon chorus, and *that* was a good show, too; over £100 was collected by a somewhat ungrammatical circular to local potentates; Flag Day was very wet, and there was an even greater dearth of collectors than usual. However, in all £1,250 was distributed to charity. Good-for us. Incidentally, why do University girls shun the Odeon chorus?

Handbook.

This has not been published this year: the first interruption in the series since 1912. A somewhat attenuated pamphlet takes its place—we hope that we are not reduced to the same level.

N.U.S.

A rumour, at present unconfirmed, leads us to believe that this organisation has reached a crisis in its career. As an organisation it is sound; its objects are admirable, its assets are—or were—considerable; it seems to have come somewhat unstuck during the last 12 months. Leeds is a founder member and was the scene of one of its greatest efforts. We venture to predict that this Autumn N.U.S. will reach a turning point in its history—it will take either the right path or the left.

Medical Students' Emergency Scheme.

Many pre-clinical students spent the long vac. at the Medical School, manning the four mobile first aid units which are stationed there. They have been doing excellent work ; suffice it for us to record that to date their total " bag " is one sandbin, one telephone kiosk, several bent wings and a nocturnal revolution in the hitherto sacred precincts of the old History Library, where the fair members of the units sleep.

Spotlight.

We commend the series " Spotlight " to your notice ; the first of this series on the Infirmary, ventilates an old grouse of Medical Students, and from experience of other hospitals we may say that the treatment of students in the L.G.I. leaves much to be desired. The next article, on Women's Hostels, will appear in the next issue of *The Gryphon*.

Methodist Society.

The formation of such a society was considered last term, when a very successful meeting was held ; it is proposed to hold an inaugural meeting on Friday, October 11th. This is an entirely new venture and we wish it every success.

A.P.

Our predecessor, A. Petch, is nearly in the Army ; we wish him as much success as he had with *The Gryphon*. He was first of a long line of Editors not to have an Editorial Row, and he did much to consolidate the financial and literary position of the magazine. A short story of his appears in this issue.

Always Cautious.

We would remind our readers that the Editorial and Notes and Comments are the unaided efforts of the Editor ; such inspiration as they do contain is derived from no official source, and they must not be regarded as the opinions of any official body.

It is with the greatest regret that we have to record the death of two of the University's most valued friends : the late Vice-Chancellor, Sir James Baillie, and Mr. Stanley Wilson. Sir James will be remembered by many of the more senior students ; always extremely interested in student affairs, he was largely instrumental in securing the erection of the present Union. Mr. Wilson, a member of the University House and Estates Committee, also showed an active interest in student life and was the donor of one of the billiard tables in the Union. An appreciation of Sir James appears elsewhere in this issue.



Victory.

The Registrar, the H.P. and other University notables have been digging for this on top of the A.R.P. trenches : anyone found inside attempting to tamper with the roots of their produce will be regarded as a flatterer and treated as such.

* * * *

"Modesty has ruined more kidneys than any amount of cheap liquor."

American Medical Journal.

* * * *

Tailpiece to British Student Congress.

".... We write rather lengthily about this little farce, not for its own sake, but because it was the means of showing that there is a talent among us fit for greater things when the time is ripe."

From *The Gryphon*, December, 1914.

* * * *

"The knowledge of disease does not depend so much upon scientific principles as many imagine. It is chiefly the result of experience and imagination. By attending the sick, and carefully observing the various occurrences in diseases, a great degree of accuracy may be acquired, both in distinguishing their symptoms and in the application of medicines. Hence sensible nurses and other persons who wait upon the sick often know diseases better than those who have been bred to physic. We do not, however, mean to insinuate that a medical education is of no use : it is doubtless of the greatest importance, but it can never supply the place of observation and experience."

WILLIAM BUCHAN, 1772.

The Northerner.

* * * *

"The opprobrium which has been heaped upon domestic servants by playwrights and humourists is something to be deplored and no doubt has contributed largely to their scarcity. In their defence, I give it as my opinion that no other class of female can bear the same gynaecological scrutiny."

GLYN DAVIES, M.B., F.R.C.S. Ed., M.R.C.O.G., in *Arrows*.

* * * *

Definition of intoxication : To feel sophisticated and not be able to pronounce it.

The depth and roundness of its flavour,
Make TOM LONG 'baccy first in favour.

UNION NOTES.

THIS session marks the second year of our occupation of the new Union buildings. Perhaps some details would give an idea of the activities of the Union during the past year. The Session 1939-40 was begun under very difficult circumstances: the outbreak of war completely upset the plans of the Union and the lack of reliable information from almost any quarter made these difficulties even greater. Nevertheless, these were overcome in the course of the session and the Union may congratulate itself on a splendid recovery. Of course, this was only made possible by the close co-operation between the University authorities and the students. One of the outstanding features of our first year in the new quarters was the great popularity of the tea room. Receipts were £1,728, of which £282 18s. 3d. was profit, after £73 had been spent on a refrigerator. Moreover, the billiards room was very well used and the receipts amounted to £84, despite a reduction by 50% in prices at the beginning of the second term. In the Riley Smith Hall several successful dances were held and socials were once more a popular feature of Union life. The "penny hops" at dinnertime were also very well patronised. Mentioned must be made here of the gift of a panatrophe by Colonel Tetley, Pro-Chancellor, while the Vice-Chancellor presented the President's Chair for the Committee Room; finally, the gift of 12 club chairs by the late Stanley Wilson, Chairman, House and Estates Committee, must also be acknowledged. One "major" event of the last session was the granting of permission by the University authorities for the sale of alcoholic drinks in the Union on special occasions. Finally, a summary of last session's activities must include the British Students' Congress, held during the Easter Vacation at the Union. Over 500 students from all over the country took part in the Congress, and, despite deliberate misrepresentation and attacks not based on the facts, the Congress was a great success. I should like to close this resumé with an appeal to all students to help preserve the life of furniture and fittings in the Union by reasonable use, cleanliness in cloakrooms, respect for fellow students' property. Use the Union as much as possible, but use it decently.

This new session is marred by the first break in the publication of the *Handbook* since 1912. Paper shortage, the difficulty of obtaining advertisements and the doubt about sales at an increased price were the causes of this break. Instead of the *Handbook*, essential information will be given to Freshers in type sheet form.

There is no reason to suppose that student activity in the new session will diminish. However, only 15 out of the 45 societies that were in existence in 1939-40 have applied officially for renewal of recognition for 1940-41. It is not thought that the defaulting societies do not require recognition, but it does suggest negligence on the part of society secretaries. This state of affairs ought to be remedied at once. One of the most disappointing activities last year was the Union Library. There was very little demand for books during the last session, and an extremely limited response by students "going down" to the suggestion that they should contribute a book. Nine editions were presented by King's College students. Any further gifts of books will be welcomed. The Book Exchange enjoyed continued popularity in 1939-40. £6 from its accumulated commission being donated to the Refugee Relief Fund.

The Rag, 1940, was a great success. It was decided to hold a modified Rag without any of the joys of Rag Day, but only after considerable discussion. Even though the number of collectors was fewer than in previous years, over £1,400 was collected by the enthusiasts. The sale of *The Tyke* raised £566 3s. 8d.; the Appeal £115 2s. 6d.; the Rag Dance £81 16s. 6d.; the Rag Revue £284 10s. 8d.:

the Flag Day £402 10s. 8d. This is inclusive of expenses and the amounts to be allocated have not yet been decided on.

Mention has already been made of the British Students' Congress, which was organised by the National Union of Students. It has been erroneously assumed that N.U.S. was responsible for the resolutions passed at the Congress and last session saw some considerable criticism of the N.U.S. However, the idea gradually infiltrated into students' minds that N.U.S. was not responsible for the resolutions. In addition to the Students' Congress, the N.U.S. sub-committee at Leeds organised a local conference on "The War and After." The Union has also participated in the work of the N.U.S. Faculty Committees of Education and Medical Students.

Finally, students who join the Services are asked this session to give their names and particulars of the Unit they are joining. The object is to compile an official role of such students.

NORMAN B. BELSHAW,

Hon. Secretary L.U.U., 1940-41.

The President's Appeal.

WHEN asked by an American tourist how to grow a lawn as perfect as those under his care, the gardener of an Oxford college replied that all it was necessary to do was to roll it and water it every day for two hundred years.

Not only the lawns, but the whole distinctive atmosphere of our older universities are the result of centuries of slow growth and careful nurture. We cannot match their centuries even with decades, but at Leeds there have been planted the seeds which, with the rolling and watering of a succession of keen and capable gardeners, will produce an air as distinctive as that to be found at Edinburgh or Cambridge.

At Leeds we have the traditions of half a century; some good, many bad. But in the permanency of our new buildings we shall be able in the next few sessions to strengthen and add to the good things we possess, so that when peace comes our University will take its place and play a useful part in the building of a new and better world. It is for those of us who have returned for a new session (few though we are) to give the Freshers good guidance; and it is for the Freshers, into whose care very soon the tender, new traditions will be passed, to learn quickly, for the calls of service are taking away all too rapidly the veterans of one or two sessions.

It is customary in this first issue of *The Gryphon* for the President to address a few words to the Freshers. In fact much attention in this issue is being given to you, for this year, more than in any previous, you are of great importance. The future of our University is in your hands, and to fit yourselves for this great responsibility there are many lessons to learn—and few here to teach them. But the one lesson you must learn now is that many who would be your fellow-students have offered themselves as a sacrifice to the terrible gods of war that our civilisation and our Universities, without which there can be no civilisation, might be safe. In their absence let us make our University one to which they will be proud to return. Let this be your contribution to the "comforts" for the student-soldiers.

SIMEON KEIDAN,

President,

Leeds University Union.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Meeting of the Council, Friday, 17th May, 1940.

The Pro-Chancellor (Colonel C. H. Tetley) in the Chair.

The Council recorded its deep regret at the loss sustained by the University through the death of Mr. W. B. Woodhouse.

An offer by Mr. C. R. Brotherton to establish two Scholarships, each of the value of £100 a year, tenable in the Colour Chemistry and Dyeing Department of the University, was gratefully accepted.

The Council also accepted with gratitude an offer by the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company to provide another Scholarship of £60, together with fees, tenable in the Mining Department, on condition that a suitable candidate was forthcoming.

The following appointments were made to the Staff of the Surgery Department in consequence of the impending retirement, early next session, of Professor E. R. Flint from the Chair of Surgery and the Directorship of Surgical Research, namely :—

Professor P. J. Moir, M.C., M.B., Ch.B., F.R.C.S. (at present Professor of Clinical Surgery), to be Professor of Surgery.

Mr. H. W. Symons, M.B., Ch.B., F.R.C.S., to be Professor of Clinical Surgery.

Mr. L. N. Pyrah, M.Sc., Ch.M., F.R.C.S., to be Director of Surgical Research.

It was decided to send a cordial letter of congratulation to the University of Iceland on the occasion of the opening of the new University buildings on the 17th June.

Council Meeting, Wednesday, the 19th June, 1940.

The Pro-Chancellor (Colonel C. H. Tetley) in the Chair.

The Council placed on record its deep regret at the sudden death of Sir James Baillie, for 14 years Vice-Chancellor of the University. The great strides made in the provision of new buildings, the many extensions in the range of academic activities and the securing of increased amenities for the students, bear eloquent testimony to the marked success attending his tenure of office. Under his leadership the University gained greatly in numbers, in vigour and in prestige, and his untiring and devoted services for its welfare will for long be remembered with gratitude.

On behalf of the whole University the Council desired to express to Lady Baillie its heartfelt sympathy in her great loss.

The Council recorded its deep regret at the death of Mr. Stanley Wilson. As a member of the Council and Finance Committee and as Chairman of the Textile Industries and Dyeing Committee and of the House and Estates Committee, he has performed services of great value. By his death the University suffers a loss which will be felt both by Council and Committees and by members of the Staff.

The Council also expressed its sincere regret at the death of Colonel W. H. Braithwaite, a member of the Military Education Committee.

Mr. A. S. Johnstone, M.B., Ch.B., F.R.C.S., B.M.R.E., was appointed Honorary Demonstrator in Radiological Anatomy in the Department of Anatomy and Mr. G. B. Royce, B.Sc., M.B., Ch.B., was appointed part-time Demonstrator in Physiology.

Union Officials, 1940-1941.

WE regret that due to the exigencies of war we are unable to present you with our usual portrait gallery of Union Notables. However, do not let that deter anyone who is not already familiar with the appearance of any member of the Union Committee from hazarding a guess and confirming it by reference to the Union Office or to that mine of information, the Union Porter—either of him.

S. KEIDAN, **President.**

Union Committee, 1939-40-41. Entertainments Secretary, Finance Sub-Committee, 1939. *Gryphon* Committee : 1937-38-39-40 ; Sub-Editor, 1938-39; Business Manager, 1939-40. S.R.C. : 1937-38-39-40-41 ; Rag Publicity, 1938 ; Rag and *Tyke* Business Manager, 1939 ; Chairman 1940. Medical Magazine Committee, 1939. Societies : M.D.S.A., Jewish Students' Association, Medical Society.

A striking figure, our President ; is ordnately proud of the growth on his upper lip and of his ability to consume coffee. Ambitions : to break the Union Committee of its habit of turning its meetings into endurance tests, and to become a doctor. There was a pathetic trustfulness about him when interviewed—he disclaimed any interesting hobbies or vices. An unconfirmed rumour states that he is an authority in the regulations concerning Nurses' Homes.

Miss DAPHNE WILDE, **Woman Vice-President.**

Union Committee, 1939-40-41. N.U.S. Sub-Committee, Appeal Sub-Committee, 1939-40 ; W.R.C. President, 1940-41. Sports : 1937-40, Hockey Club Colours 1937-38-39 ; Treasurer, 1938-39 ; Secretary, 1939-40 ; 1938-40, Cricket Club, Full Colours, 1938-39 ; Treasurer, 1939. Societies : Peace Council, Co-ordinating Council, Secretary, 1938-39 ; Chairman, 1939-40. English Society Committee, 1937-39 ; Vice-President, 1939-40 ; Dramatic Society, 1937-40 ; Classical Society, 1939-40 ; International Society, 1938-39. Hostel : Weetwood Hall ; Committee, 1938-39 ; Entertainments Secretary, 1939-40 ; A.R.P. Captain, 1939-40.

The W.V.P. is in the midst of a brilliant University career ; a first-class degree, a " Parkinson ", two full athletic colours, President of the W.R.C. and Vice-President of the Union. She amazed everyone last term by her portrayal of Lady Utterword in Shaw's " Heartbreak House." She is a great psychologist, though is not always happy with the results : possesses a terrific " defence mechanism," and a delightful personality behind the barrier.

N. B. BELSHAW, B.A., **Secretary of the Union, 1940-41.**

Union Committee, 1939-40. Sub-Committees : N.U.S., Entertainments, *Gryphon*, University Working Men's Institute, Education Society Committee, 1937-38-39-40 ; Secretary, 1938-39 ; President, 1939-40. International Society : Secretary, 1939-40. Refugee Relief Committee : 1938-39-40 ; Secretary, 1938-39 ; Liberal Society, 1938-39-40 ; Secretary, 1938-39 ; N.U.S. Education Students' Committee, 1939-40 ; Chairman, 1940-41.

A reformed politician ; is expecting to be called up daily. Is Chairman of the N.U.S. Education Faculty Committee ; spent last year on the Union Committee opposing everything on principle.

D. HODGSON, **President, D.R.C.**

Union Committee, 1939-40-41. D.R.C., 1937-38-39-40-41. Dental Society, 1936-37-38-39-40-41.

Following in the footsteps of I.D., who is at last a dentist ; has yet to acquire that famous voice. A quiet lad, though we understand that he wields a pretty forcep.

B. H. RUSHTON, Hon. Student Treasurer.

Union Committee: 1939-40-41; N.U.S. Secretary, 1939-40; H.S.T., 1940-41; H.O.R. Representative, 1939-40; Treasurer, 1939-40. M.R.C., 1937-38-39-40; President, 1940-41. Co-ordinating Council, 1939-40. Mathematics Society, Philosophical Society.

Like many of these H.O.R. men, claims to be a misogynist, as though that were something to be proud of. Is reputed to have worked for his living at some far distant date. An expert with figures, he actually understands how balance sheets work. Will of course have no difficulty in explaining what a paper profit is when asked at the A.G.M.

G. R. T. BIRTWHISTLE, General Athletics Secretary.

Union Committee: 1937-38-39-40-41. G.A.S., 1939-40-41. S.R.C., 1939-40. Boat Club, 1935-36-37-38-39-40-41; Captain, 1936-37-38-39-40; Vice-Captain, 1938-39-40-41. Medical Society, 1936-37-38-39-40-41; Hon. Secretary, 1940-41.

Our ever-green G.A.S. and the incarnate spirit of the Boat Club. Also hopes to be a doctor some day. He is quite human, really, and though he often appears entirely oblivious to his surroundings when in the midst of us lesser mortals, we understand that he has a superb bedside manner. Used to drive a Morris 8, believe it or not.

MRS. D. RICHARD, President, M.W.R.C.

Union Committee, 1939-40-41. Constitution Secretary, 1939-40. M.W.R.C., 1938-39-40; Hon. Secretary, 1939-40; President, 1940-41. Dramatic Society, 1938-39-40-41.

Billie MacLeod to you—camouflaged herself last July. A constitutional expert, she piloted the embryonic remains of the Union Constitution through last session with marked success. Is at present President of the greatest number of Medical Women Leeds has ever possessed.

C. H. MERRY, President, S.R.C.

Union Committee, 1935-36-37-38-39-40-41. Student Treasurer, 1936-37; Secretary of Rag, 1936. S.R.C., 1934-35-36-37-38-39-40-41; Secretary, 1938-39; President 1940-41. Representative on *Gryphon* Committee, 1935-36-37-38; Medical Magazine Committee, 1936-37-38-39-40-41. Medical Society, 1935-41. Secretary, 1939-40; President, 1940-41. Sports: Medical Rugger Club, 1934-35-36-37-38-39-40-41—has held nearly every office therein; Tennis, both Medical and University Clubs.

The Grand Old Man of the Union Committee, Mike is now in his seventh successive year of service. Not quite so notorious as he was way back in the '30's. Is now incarcerated in the Maternity Hospital. Has an incredible capacity for fluids, which he is always willing to demonstrate. Hales from Garforth, and though there is not much of him, he is quite civilised.

P. A. H. RIVETT, Vice-President of the Union.

Editor, *The Gryphon*. S.R.C., 1938-39-40-41; Hon. Secretary, 1939; Assistant Secretary, Medical Ball, 1939. Union Committee, 1939-40-41; President, 1939-40; Vice-President, 1940-41. Boat Club, 1937-38-39-40-41; Secretary, 1938-39-40; O.T.C., 1935-36-37-38-39-40—retired as C.Q.M.S. Medical Society, 1937-38-39-40-41; Assistant Secretary, 1938-39.

Had a meteoric rise to fame last year, becoming President at a bye-election at the beginning of the session. Actually the third President to hold office in the new Union. was the first to do so for any length of time: seems to have worn well. Another of these embryo doctors, he is the first Medical Editor *The Gryphon* has had for some time.

Crisis in India.

"It is clear that India's immediate objective must be unadulterated independence. This is no time for mincing words or hiding thoughts. A free India alone could render effective help to Britain. To drain money or live men from a helpless India will not raise its moral status. Dominion Status of the Westminster variety is a myth."

—GANDHI, July 6th.

INDIA is to-day again in crisis. The All-India Congress Committee will meet in Bombay on September 15th, when it will almost certainly decide to begin a national campaign of civil disobedience.

After a year of negotiations, during which the Congress party has asked the British Government to define its intentions towards India, in order that the Indians might judge for themselves whether this war was being waged for democracy and freedom, it has been forced to fall back on its only remaining weapon of defence. For the British Government has refused to accede to any of the Congress demands and has talked vaguely about "after the war."

It is a grave reflection on the attitude of this "defender of the democratic faith" that, at the same time that it stabs heroic China in the back by the closing of the Burma road, it rejects the suggestions of the legally elected majority of India and offers it a mere pittance in return.

The outbreak of war a year ago brought the question of India into frontline importance, and the British Government acted in its usual imperialistic manner. It declared India a belligerent without further reference to its legally elected government, and imposed on its legal code a system of ordinances which rival even those of the Nazis. These ordinances, which give the police authorities the right to arrest anyone who might oppose the existing *régime*, have been liberally used, and every day the list of the detained grows apace—a list which includes such well-known names as Subbas Bose, twice elected President of the National Congress, Dr. Lohia, Socialist Congress leader, and K. Chandra, a student leader.

From the beginning of the war the Congress party has asked that the British Government should—

- i. Define its war and peace aims : and
- ii. Apply the principles of democracy, for which we are supposedly fighting, to India.

These demands were further developed when it asked in July for the establishment of a provisional national government, which would command the confidence of the elected elements in the Central Legislature and would be able to secure the co-operation of the provincial governments. No fundamental change was suggested in the system of government, whilst the rights of minorities were to be specially safeguarded.

But from the very outset the British Government has insisted that the religious differences and the problem of the princes were too great to admit of a solution, and has supported Mr. Jinnah, President of the Muslim League, and other communal leaders, in their opposition to Congress. But Congress has in its ranks a greater number of Moslems than the Muslim League and indeed has this year a Moslem president.

It might be imagined from a superficial review of the facts that Congress was merely taking advantage of the situation to make the position difficult for the British Government, but although it has expressed opposition to this war

it is nevertheless opposed to all forms of aggression and fascism, as has been so well evidenced by its aid to the Chinese people in their struggles against Japan, whilst it detests all forms of fascism, and particularly Hitler's brand, so admirably expressed by Nehru. "If Hitler or any other invader attacks us, we Indians will fight to the death. Rather will we perish in the struggle than submit to Hitler's will." It cannot distinguish the difference between a detention camp made by Hitler and one of British Imperialism.

And so to-day India faces civil disobedience, that is, no-tax campaign, boycott of British goods and non-co-operation in government. All the good offices of Gandhi himself, who has not been wanting in patience in his attempt to find a peaceful solution, have been of no avail. It seems that imperialism recognises no democracy until it is compelled to do so. The Congress Party embarks on this campaign in no light spirit. As Nehru said after the Amery speech in the Commons: "The time of our trial approaches. Zero hour is near. Hard and heavy times lie ahead of us as we march along again on the road we know so well."

S. K. CHATTERJEE.

JOHN W. FLETCHER.

Pome.

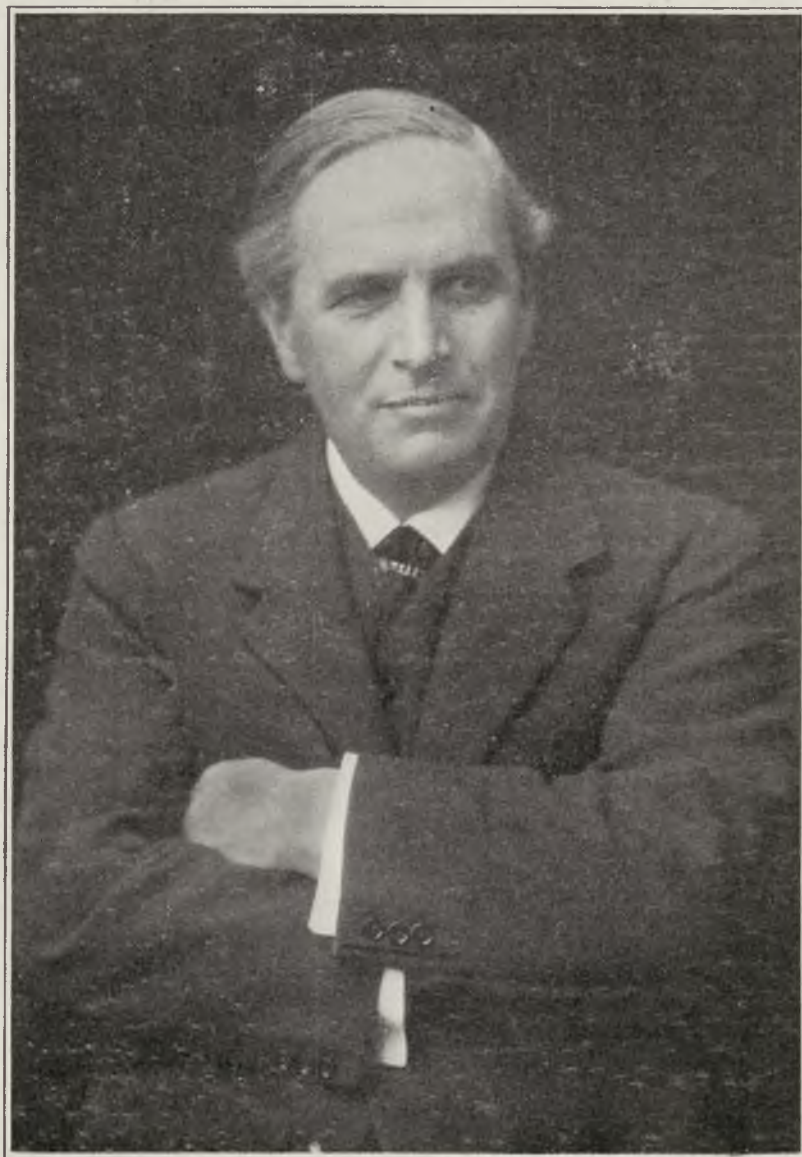
JUST an old lumber-room
 dark
 gloomy
 black;
 crammed with junk,
 miscellaneous
 cosmopolitan
 annoying:
 vacuum - cleaners, pens, book - ends, note - books,
 string, two red carpets, "Penguins," broken chairs,
 alarm clocks, pictures - of - us - at - the - seaside,
 tumblers, linoleum, dirt and done - last - week
 crosswords;
 and underneath
 the lot
 my pseudo - Rembrandt "Artist's Woman"
 dusty,
 smudged
 unframed
 and undeniably lousy.

SANDS.

* * * *

"The majority of the articles and many of the short stories printed in the College Magazines of Britain are sheer maudlin idiocy; the poetry in particular is for the most part balderdash."

The Northerner



SIR JAMES BAILLIE

Sir James Baillie.

THE sequence of eventful happenings which marked the Summer term of 1940 was so momentous and overwhelming that it became virtually impossible to keep pace with, leave alone evaluate, the course of human affairs during those strenuous days. In looking back on what then occurred it is now easier to see things in their proper proportions and to assign to the more outstanding occurrences their relative values. In the annals of the University, when many events have been forgotten which at the time seemed to obscure everything else, the passing of Sir James Baillie with startling suddenness on the 9th of June, will be remembered both with sorrow and gratitude. Amidst scenes of widespread destruction, he stands out conspicuously as a constructive figure : one who has left behind him a permanent memorial not only in brick and stone—imposing as is the edifice that is rising up largely as a result of his efforts and foresight—but in the imperishable things of the mind and spirit.

A University is not a building or a collection of technical appliances. It is a *universitas*, a corporation devoted to the advancement of sound learning in its manifold forms and to the promotion of culture in its broadest aspects, handed down from one generation to the next throughout the ages by successive groups of scholars and students, living a common life and sharing a common aim. In the later Middle Ages, when institutions of this nature first came into being at Bologna, Salerno, Paris and Oxford, the times were no less uncertain than those in which we live, but the men who founded and fashioned them could see beyond the wars and turmoil of their day to the timeless values and the eternal verities. When the youth of these islands could not go in peace to foreign seats of learning, another group of pioneers north of the border was determined that they should have access to the best in human knowledge within their own land. Thus, at St. Andrews, Aberdeen and Glasgow efforts were made to give to Scotland what Bologna and Salerno were to Italy, the University of Paris was to France and Oxford and Cambridge were to England.

Of this North British heritage Sir James was himself a distinguished product, and for nearly a quarter of a century he occupied the Regius Chair of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen. Consequently he brought to his life's work at Leeds a clear mental picture of the true purpose and function of a University, as well as a mind trained in the "things of the mind." He was also, however, a man of affairs, of relentless resolution, of persistent determination and dauntless courage, with which he coupled that shrewdness and sagacity characteristic of his native heath. On his arrival 16 years ago, he found boundless opportunities for the exercise of these qualities in a University which was then very much in the making. Sound foundations had already been laid, on which he built with remarkable results, so that to-day Leeds occupies a foremost position among the newer institutions of its kind, both as regards achievements and general cultural equipment. The Brotherton Library, for example, will always remain (Hitler willing!) a permanent testimony to his labours in the cause of learning and culture, while the Union will be a monument of his endeavours to create a strong corporate life so essential in a largely non-residential University.

Like Lord Morley, Sir James believed that "companionship is more than lectures," and he would have echoed the words of Rashdall when he affirmed that the two most essential functions that a true University has to perform are "to make possible the life of study, whether for a few years or during a whole career, and to bring together during that period, face to face in living intercourse teacher and teacher, teacher and student, student and student." He thought of a University as Burke thought of the State, as "a partnership in all science ;

a partnership in all arts; a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead and those who are to be born." To have a corporate history deeply rooted in the soil of culture is a great thing, but it is also a very fine responsibility to stand among those who make history in their own day and generation. In our own records the name of James Black Baillie will always have an honoured and conspicuous place among our founders and benefactors.

E. O. JAMES.

The Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

"It is remarkable," stated the report of the Palestine Royal Commission of 1937, "to find on the fringe of Asia a University which maintains the highest standards of Western scholarship."

The Hebrew University of Jerusalem has become a great centre of learning and science; it is the crown of all endeavours to create a Jewish civilisation in Palestine. The practical value of the University for Palestine is apparent to all in its potentialities for producing skilled scientists to develop the land resources, adequate training for teachers and higher education for the inhabitants.

When formally opened in 1925, by the late Lord Balfour, there were only three small Institutes of Research, established in Jewish Studies, Biological Chemistry and Microbiology, with a total staff of nine and no more than thirty students. To-day, there are over one thousand students and the academic staff includes nearly one hundred and fifty scholars, scientists and research workers. Distinguished Jews occupying most prominent positions in the realm of Arts and Science in European Universities have, after their exile found a home in the Hebrew University, thereby raising the whole intellectual standards of Palestine.

In 1928 the Faculty of Humanities was established, comprising Institutes of Arabic and Oriental Studies, and of the General Humanities. There is also a large department of Education, and together with the Jewish Community it supervises a Secondary School in Jerusalem which serves as a training school for teachers. for educational research. Among other departments are Social Philosophy and Agrarian Economics, and plans have been completed for the establishment of departments of Sociology, Political Economy and other Social Sciences. There is also a Chair of International Relations.

In 1935 the Faculty of Biological and Mathematical Sciences was established and there are a series of Research Institutes for Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Botany, Zoology, Geology, Meteorology, besides a new department of Agriculture. Much valuable work has been accomplished towards solving practical and economic problems in Palestine, the results of investigations such as the study of the water and mineral resources, of agricultural pests and of public health conditions. The researches of the scientific departments form a distinctive part of the present-day Jewish contribution to human knowledge.

In 1939 the new Medical Centre was opened and has three separate units, the University Hospital, a School of Nursing and the Medical School of the University. The Medical School is at present a Medical Pre-faculty for Research Students, although it is ultimately intended to form a full medical faculty. Teaching is confined to various special subjects, including post-graduate courses for doctors practising in the Near East. Some of the research workers are world-famous, and include Professors Halberstaedter (Cancer Research), Adler (Parasitology), Wertheimer (Pathological Anatomy), and Zondek (Gynæcology).

The barbaric persecution of Jews in European countries has resulted in a steady flow of students who have been exiled or debarred from the University in their native country. The student body, which in 1933 was equally divided between students trained in Palestine and those from abroad, is to-day predominantly composed of foreign students. A large section come from Poland, Germany and South Eastern Europe, but the American continents, China and Scandinavia are well represented.

The University is open to all students who meet the entrance requirements (equivalent to the Matriculation) without distinction of race, creed or nationality. Some of the post-graduate students are English-speaking non-Jews, and since the war the University has thrown open its laboratories and library to Palestinian Arabs. Some Arabs do attend regularly, but their numbers are curtailed for fear of reprisals from Arab extremists. Most of the students are drawn from the working classes and in their leisure hours many do clerical work or building, whilst some work in the fields. There is a vacation from the University during the harvesting to enable the young men and women to work in the communal settlements and play their part in the upbuilding of the National Home.

Besides the Hebrew University Press Association, founded in 1929 for the purpose of publishing the scientific works of the University members and text books for the students, there is the Jewish National and University Library, which contains more than 350,000 volumes and is the largest library in the Near or Middle East. The Library is open to students and the general public.

The students are organised in a General Students' Organisation, to which are affiliated a number of Societies of a political, religious or social nature. The Committee of this organisation represents the student body before the University Authorities.

The University is almost entirely dependent on private sources of income. There exists a world wide organisation known as the Society of Friends of the Hebrew University with branches in many countries, and it undertakes to extend regular financial assistance to the University. Voluntary contributions are vitally necessary for its maintenance; for example International Student Service helped to obtain £1,000, which was devoted to helping refugee students.

The Right Honourable H. A. L. Fisher, the former Minister of Education in England, speaking at a dinner given last summer by the Society for the Protection of Science and Learning in support of the funds of the University, spoke these memorable words . . . "The University must not only be the custodian of the religious and literary tradition of the Jewish Community, it must advance the frontiers of knowledge in every direction for the relief of man's estate. In the Republic of Letters, which knows no frontiers of race or creed, this University should hold a commanding place, its scholars always skirmishing on the frontiers of knowledge and in that quest advancing from victory to victory. . . ."

The University of Jerusalem, in its fifteenth year, is already a World University by reason both of the international composition of its academic and student bodies and of the universality of its aim. Perhaps it is destined as an instrument of international understanding to play a great part in the spiritual advancement of the world and to draw fast the bonds between all great intellectual and spiritual centres devoted to science and learning.

BASIL M. SANDELSON.

SPOTLIGHT!

No. 1.

On the Infirmary.

OF all the anomalies in this University of Leeds, one of the most irritating is the fate of Clinical Medical Students in the General Infirmary. As a class they are reasonable beings, and they do not expect undue privileges and attention, but they do feel entitled to a certain amount of that consideration which is so manifestly lacking in the composition of most Infirmary officials.

Probably because it is a voluntary hospital its minions are imbued with a "grab" complex, and having become accustomed to taking all that they can from the general public, they cannot dissociate this attitude from their relations with students. It is an unpleasant situation when in a teaching hospital, the students feel that they are there on sufferance and that the hospital authorities regard them as parasites with a very low intrinsic value; where the authorities lose no opportunity of exploiting them; where, in fact, the general attitude of the authorities is: "Give unto me all that ye hath and get ye hence, or become as the lowest of my followers; for, being rich, art thou right welcome: poor, and I cast thee aside like an old boot."

One of the many instances of this attitude may be quoted. Early in the war, gangs of students helped with blacking out, and with the evacuation of patients; they worked hard and cheerfully, expecting no reward, being only too willing to do something to help. The authorities welcomed this assistance; they also noted that there was a great source of cheap labour in the Medical School. When there was a heavy fall of snow, a request that was tantamount to a demand was sent across, asking for gangs of students to clear it away. Emergency work is willingly and cheerfully done; routine labouring jobs are quite a different matter.

The Students' Common Room epitomises the situation. A gaunt, narrow room, connected by an unstable door to an annexe containing three very ancient water closets, it contains three decrepit wooden armchairs, "upholstered" with the most incredibly dirty "cushions," about six partly repaired wooden chairs and a table of doubtful stability. The walls give the impression of never having been clean, and no one would be surprised if the floor were to collapse. This sanctum is dedicated to the students in return for their immediate services in assisting the deplorably small ward and theatre staffs, and for their potential services as resident medical officers at the princely wage of eighteen and threepence a week.

Apart from common decency, it seems a remarkably short-sighted policy to treat potential assets as low grade assistant bottle washers; to regard students as parasites and to bear with them as unfortunate necessities, to be ignored and kept as far as possible in the background. It would be far more pleasant for all concerned if it were remembered that even medical students have feelings; the senior nursing staff could still exercise their prerogative of terrorising everything below the status of an Honorary, the resident medical staff might make some effort to avoid the swelling of the head and the bumptious, superior and entirely despicable manner symptomatic of the new houseman, whilst the administrative staff might remember that, directly and indirectly, students do an enormous amount for the Infirmary and, incidentally, pay for the privilege. It should not be difficult to show a little consideration to them. They would certainly appreciate it.

R.

The Case of Ormalu Pinchbeck.

ON the afternoon of Saturday, the twenty-third of April (the exact date is of no importance, but it has an air), Mr. Smallshott returned to his house in that respectable row of desirable residences, Willow Park Avenue. The warm spring air gave him a feeling of exhilaration. He felt at peace with the world.

His key turned smoothly in the Yale lock and he stepped briskly into the hall, took off his smart spring overcoat, smoothed down his spruce, but scanty, hair and paused for a moment to admire his smart moustache in the mirror. In so doing he caught the reflection of a large vase which stood in a corner.

It was a very large vase, being some four feet high and almost two feet wide where the body swelled out in blowsy opulence. On the side were encrusted various objects d'art such as a pair of shoes almost life size, a pair of scissors, a small bottle, what might be a ball of string and a sea-shell. The intervening spaces were filled with such added attractions as thimbles and buttons, and the whole had been finished off with a tasteful coat of glazed gold paint. This notable article was inadequately supported by a low bamboo table. For some reason Mr. Smallshott had never cared for the vase, but Mrs. Smallshott picked it up in a curio shop and had paid ten shillings for it. Oriental it looked, outlandish and curious. Mrs. Smallshott would have scorned any suggestion that she was artistic, but she had to admit she had good taste, and the fact could not be denied that for ten shillings she had got, weight for weight, the equal of the total display of any jeweller in town. Therefore the vase had been set up in this prominent place and might not be moved.

The pain which the vase gave Mr. Smallshott had never much diminished. Time, the great healer, had done his work but poorly, and the imaginative might have observed that, as he studied his moustache, the light-hearted whistling noises in which he was indulging seemed to take on a deeper and more tragic note.

It was at this juncture that he noticed the smell for the first time, a faint sweet scent that he recognised as being new and unknown. He paused, sniffing like a greyhound, all his senses alert. It was the smell of Turkish cigarettes.

Then he realised that he was not alone. Half-way up the stairs a young man was sitting gazing dreamily down on him.

The young man removed a cigarette from his mouth, flicked the ash through the stair-rail, whence it floated down to join the ashes and stub ends of several previous cigarettes, and opened his mouth for speech.

He was wearing a dirty raincoat and his bony legs were clad in dirty grey flannels. A shirt, which had once been pale green, fell negligently over his coat collar, and his red tie had escaped from the confines of his vivid green pull-over. Long black hair fell almost to his large spectacles which were the dominant feature of his thin, pallid face.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume," he said.

Mr. Smallshott gazed at him open-mouthed. And his gaze included the sight of a large revolver which was lying on the stairs beside the young man.

"From my opening comments you might get the impression that I was unaware of your identity," continued the apparition in a languid voice. "As a matter of fact I observed your name on a letter which the postman put through the letter-box and which I was kind enough to place on the table down there. You are Mr. Smallshott."

"I am," said Mr. Smallshott.

"How do you do. I am Ormalu Pinchbeck."

Having made this announcement the young man was on the point of returning to his philosophic dream when Mr. Smallshott found his voice sufficiently to ask: "What are you doing there?"

Ormalu sighed in a dreary way. "Since you insist," he said, "if one may use a hackneyed phrase, I came here with a view to committing suicide."

"Oh," and after a pause Mr. Smallshott repeated, "Oh."

"After giving considerable thought to the matter, I have rejected the Universe as futile," continued Ormalu. "The leaves develop in this spring weather merely to decay and nourish more leaves, similarly we are born only to procreate and die. I will have none of this treadmill existence, where futility is hidden beneath a mess of fetishes and rituals which have no intellectual foundation."

"Oh," said Mr. Smallshott, with his eye on the gun.

"Yes. I decided the only thing left for me to do was to quit this existence and in so doing make such a gesture against futility as is open to one engulfed in the crowd, however intellectually superior he may or may not be." These points were driven home with an eloquent hand. "I decided that nothing was more suitable than suicide on the stairs of a suburban house, in the midst of smug rottenness and blind ritual. By a combination of an empty house and an unlocked door, I am here."

Mr. Smallshott's hat, for which he had been groping for some time, suddenly sailed through the air and temporarily discommoded Ormalu. When he recovered, the revolver had changed hands.

Smallshott leaned against the front door and smiled pleasantly. "I think," he said, "that this-er-toy is better in my hands."

"Just as you wish," said Ormalu, coldly. "As a matter of fact, on further reflection, I observed a number of fallacies in my argument, and I unloaded the revolver some time ago."

"You mean you hadn't guts enough to go on with it," said Mr. Smallshott, deeply chagrined.

"Not at all. I found on examination that whilst suicide served as a short period solution of the problem, there were long period considerations which had to be taken into account and which entirely altered the whole aspect of the matter. Thanks." This last remark acknowledged receipt of the revolver which Mr. Smallshott had thrown up on to the stairs beside him.

Ormalu lit another cigarette and attempted to cross his legs, found this impossible and so dropped over his knees as before. "Whilst compelled to admit that in the practical sphere nothing has been done at present, nevertheless I am prepared to discuss the fundamental concepts of my philosophy," he informed Mr. Smallshott.

"The sooner you get up off those stairs and outside this house the better," Smallshott replied.

"You, for example, spend your life in clocking on or signing up or something at the appointed time, and at the appointed time coming home from your adding up or writing down or whatever it is you do...."

Mr. Smallshott made an impatient noise.

"...And all to maintain this polished rabbit hutch replete with useless impedimenta such as that golden spittoon you have down there. If it is a spittoon."

"That is a vase belonging to my wife," snapped Mr. Smallshott.

"What does it mean?" asked Ormalu with mild interest.

"Mean! What do you mean by what does it mean? I don't know! I hate the sight of the thing."

Ormalu sprang on the point like the prosecuting counsel. "Ah!" he said, "that is just my argument. You are at war with your environment and yet you accept it."

A further selection of noises came from Mr. Smallshott.

"You are a case of cabined ample spirit," said Ormalu, pointing a stern finger.

"I am, am I?"

"You are like one of those rabbits, or whatever it is, that turn white to fit in with the snowstorm or something."

"Thank you."

"You should get yourself decabined."

"Indeed."

"Definitely. Someday I might take you out and help you to get rid of the earthy trammels of super-urbanised pseudo-civilisation," said Ormalu. "In the meantime it is a duty as well as a pleasure to rid you of the deadening embrace of that golden treasury of old lumber down there." So saying, Ormalu put his cigarette carefully down on the stairs beside him, picked up the revolver, took a steady aim and hurled it at the vase.

The missile landed on the very top of the golden thimble which decorated the side, and disappeared within the depths; the vase tottered on its table, then slowly and majestically reeled over and fell against the stair rail. It crumpled up and crashed on to the floor, where it rolled and scattered in a thousand pieces....

A deep silence followed this historic event. Even the aspidestra seemed to hold its breath and wait. But as for Mr. Smallshott... at the first sight of his pet obsession lying in fragments he felt that his world had been shaken to its foundations and that nothing certain was left. Then, as he gazed, new hope overcame his trepidation. He felt free. He gazed on Ormalu with a new respect.

"There is something in your way of looking at things," he said.

"Not at all," said Ormalu.

We shall never know how far this rapprochement would have gone. At that moment a few hurried steps were heard, a key turned in the lock, the door opened, and in walked Mrs. Smallshott in all her glory

And, at this very interesting point, we close, content to leave the matter as a problem picture

A.P.

GRAND THEATRE.

September 23rd—27th.	—	—	"Ladies in Retirement."
September 30th—October 5th.	"Land of Smiles," with Richard Tauber.
October 7th—12th	"The Maid of the Mountains," with Harry Welchman and Tessa Dean.
October 14th—19th	"White Horse Inn."
October 21st—26th	Shakespearean Festival.
October 28th—November 2nd	D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. Two weeks.



D. D. HAW.

The Island.

YET in the last resort nothing remains
 But thee, O Mother, on thy woodland lawn,
 Cathedrals rising in the silver dawn,
 White violets dashed with the clear April rains.

The hamlets in the dales, the singing sea
 Upon the long, calm beaches of pure gold,
 The misty hill-town on the far blue wold,
 The swallows from the South come back to thee.

The smile of Chaucer, Shakespeare's Infinite heart,
 Blake's flame, the dying sigh of Keats, the faith
 Of More condemned, alone in the dark tower.

Mighty and beautiful spirits take thy part.
 I do not fear for thee. No devilish scathe
 Can hurt for long the land called Mary's Dower....

C.R.

We Build an Air-Raid Shelter.

WITH an ear-splitting crash and a deafening roar the sixth bomb fell. We knew it was the sixth because Herbert chalked them up on the wall as we sat cowering beneath the staircase. The house shivered, rather as if it resented this brutal treatment, and the front-door careered down the passage and half-way up the staircase. Somewhere, in the distance, the merry tinkle of glass announced more broken windows, and then—silence.

"You know," said Herbert, with an air of finality, "what we require is an air-raid shelter."

Next morning Herbert elaborated his theory. Looking up from a healthy fried egg, he waved his fork vaguely in my direction, causing about four square inches of bacon to drop neatly from the end into the sugar basin.

"Good shot!" I observed.

"As I was saying," continued Herbert, obviously ignoring my remark, "these shelters are a definite asset to a house. Not only during the war will they be useful, but think of after the war!"

I thought of after the war, but I failed to see his point.

"After the war?" I queried, helping myself to sugar.

"Yes," he continued, "every house after the war must have a shelter if it is to be of any value."

To emphasise his point, Herbert laid down his knife, gulped a quick cup of coffee and opened the morning paper, which he always has propped up on the butter dish, causing large lumps of butter to remain adhered to it for the rest of the day. He read an imaginary advertisement.

"For sale—mod. house. 3 bedrms. 2 recep. all mod. conv. w.c. 5 mins. 'bus—a.r. shelter."

"But surely," I said, "this is a war to end wars—there will be no need for shelters after this war."

"Rot!" replied Herbert. "Wars always will continue. They have to invent some ideal to make the poor blokes fight."

I could see that further argument on these lines was useless. I tried another tack.

"Kindly inform me where we can find the necessary money to indulge in sheltermania?" As I said this I fished out sixpence, two pennies and a bent Belgian coin from my pocket. Spreading the dismal collection before Herbert, on the table, I repeated the question.

"Oh; that's easy," responded Herbert, with a mouth full of toast and marmalade. "No need to call in these builder chaps. Always make a mess of things. Anyone can lay a few bricks—easiest thing in the world."

I had heard this kind of thing before. Herbert was one of those really amateur handymen; the sort of man who will repair your window or clean out your drains or fix a new tap—you know the type. I remember one occasion when Herbert tried to mend a leaky gas pipe. He succeeded in chopping about two square feet of plaster from the ceiling below and then discovered that he had sliced open a water pipe by mistake. It took us about a month and 10 buckets to get the house dry again.

However, when Herbert decides to do a job there is no question of organising resistance, so we started to build a shelter round at the back of the house.

I say "we," but it was really Herbert who did the actual building. As usual, he appointed himself clerk-of-works, foreman and manager all rolled into one. I somehow became relegated to a post of labourer. Acting on Herbert's instructions, I mixed several bucketfuls of water and carried them to the site, where Herbert, looking comparatively immaculate in a pair of old flannels, was carefully laying bricks, tapping them into position with the end of a trowel as if he had been laying bricks for years.

I should say, at a rough guess, that Herbert divided his time just about equally between laying the bricks and explaining at rather unnecessary length exactly how they were laid to the rather charming girl next door. She was leaning over the fence, admiring Herbert's work—and Herbert, as she usually did on all possible occasions, to my intense annoyance. As I approached with a pile of bricks, I could see that Herbert was going a pretty fair pace.

".....which we call Flemish bond," he was saying as he tapped another brick home and slashed some mortar viciously on top of it and me; "you see, first we put a brick like this, then a row of headers, like that and then a stretcher like....."

She listened intently, not knowing why he continued to drivel and wishing he would take her to the pictures instead. Then she wrinkled her pretty little nose in an enquiring sort of way.

"I thought you always built straight walls, I'm sure that one is leaning outwards?"

That rather knocked Herbert, but he rallied after a short pause, during which he examined the wall with an expert eye.

"Er—yes," he said, meditatively, "perhaps a mere fraction—nothing to worry about—all makes for stability you know."

Apparently she didn't know, for she continued to gaze wistfully at the wall. Herbert lit a pipe and aimed a half-brick in my direction, with a request that I should stop giggling. I just did avoid the half-brick, which went through the next door window, to the accompaniment of the now familiar tinkle of glass.

"Hell!" said Herbert, and disappeared indoors. I found him, five minutes later, doing justice to a stout whisky and soda, which contained just about enough soda to make a pretty average-sized rain-drop.

By the third day the walls were about five feet high and Herbert was working faster than ever, from a scaffold. Then it started to rain.

"All workmen retire for rest when it rains," I said—"foreman blows a whistle or something."

"All workmen, my foot," retorted Herbert, "a spot of rain never did anyone harm. Fetch some more bricks."

It didn't rain that day—it poured. Herbert stuck grimly to his job, the water dripping from the brim of his trilby hat on to his nose end and down his neck. His once immaculate flannel trousers assumed a sodden aspect. But he gamely continued pulling at the old pipe. It required more than rain to stop Herbert. But he did stop. He fell off the scaffold into a heap of mortar.

From the depths of an arm-chair he later assured me that it was my fault, for making him reach out for bricks, and he summed up his opinion of me in a few, but admittedly, well-chosen words. Then he continued: "Well, at least, the wretched shelter is nearly complete. It's been hard work for me, but it will be worth while."

"Pleased to see you acknowledge my share in the beastly thing!" I added.

"You, damn you," he replied, "only thing you've done is nearly break my leg."

We finished the job the following morning and we cemented the floor inside. Feeling none too good we decided to spend the rest of that day, and the night, in the country at the expense of one of Herbert's obscure relations. As Herbert said:

"That's why you have relations. You must have somewhere to sleep when you can't afford to pay."

It was rather distressing, in a way, when we returned home, next day. Where once had been our shelter, there was a large hole. Brick rubbish and mortar were scattered over a radius of several yards.

"Little Finland," murmured Herbert with a sigh.

"Mod. house. 3 bedrms.," I observed, "2 recep. all mod. conv.—lovely view, bmb. crter."

GEORGE F. HODSMAN.

The Two Apprentices

A Tragedy (or is it a Comedy?)

ONCE upon a time there were two young men, who worked side by side at the same bench, in the same workshop, in the same happy and prosperous little country (500,000 permanently unemployed). Though Chance, in her obscure way, had thus contrived that they should always be together in this one spot, Nature, working equally obscurely, had fashioned them in entirely different moulds. As to their physical appearance, there was, indeed, little to choose between them; one had fair hair and blue eyes, the other dark hair and brown eyes, and that was all. But one sensed all the same that they were two distinct personalities, not mere replicas of a universal human pattern. The difference between them is perhaps best summed up by saying that the One was always bent solicitously over his machine, finding out if it could be made to work more efficiently, whereas the Other, head held high, would listen fascinated to its smooth purring, straining to comprehend the significance of the sights and sounds about him. The two got on well together, because neither of them knew that the other was there.

It must not be supposed that Chance, having arranged that they should always be in intimate, if unconscious, proximity to each other, had not greater concerns to attend to. For she estranges men and diversifies the interests of the race, in addition to uniting it in common needs and ideals. As a result of this, opposing masses of human beings had been continually on the march from the beginning of time, whetting knives against each other and ravaging the world to rid themselves of fear. Yet no one seemed to know if these gigantic movements—least of all our two apprentices in the workshop, who were one day summarily faced with the fact that their country was at war and demanding imperatively that they should do something about it. Action of some sort was obviously inevitable, but what could they do?

The Other had no doubts as to what he was going to do. He was a youth with a high and fanatical forehead, who believed ardently in the possibility of man's unaided self-regeneration, and saw, with fevered clarity, palaces of crystal and cities of jasper rising from the muddy welter of men, machines, and sheer agony that is called war. To put on an uncomfortable and ridiculous costume he subdued his high spirits and willingly dulled his critical intellect in order to obey the behests of hoarse-voiced, routine-bound bullies; for the time being he saturated himself in the bellicose passions he thought were natural and generous hatreds. His history at the time, like everybody else's, can be traced in the

contemporary military records. It is sufficient for our purposes that the recompense he received was a bit of bronze, laid reverently and tenderly on his shattered chest after he was dead. Unreliable reports have it that the general awarding the medal fainted because the head of the recipient rolled off his shoulders when he touched it with his hand.

The fate of the One is veiled in obscurity. He was marched away from his bench and locked in a large building, from which he was never seen to emerge, although any day one could see flowing from the gates a murderous stream of shells, hand-grenades and toxic gases. When the coming of peace finally dammed up this stream, a festal cordon was thrown round the factory and those within were called upon to emerge into the sunlight. Yellow with dirt and corruption, some looking bewildered, others merely listless, many more unable to look like anything at all, they shambled up to the dais to receive their reward from the exalted panjandrum who presided there. Presumably the One was among them, but, whatever distinctive peculiarities he had once possessed, had been corroded by the action of many chemicals into the same grotesque flatness common to the others. It was enough to make the Devil himself giggle, to see how proudly each one played with his bit of bronze, almost getting his fingers caught behind his protruding breast-bone, so emaciated was he. This pride of theirs was the only manifest sign of their humanity; in all other things they acted as if the life in them had been replaced by a few cogs and some clockwork machinery, as if they were marionettes condemned to go through the same limited series of gyrations in an existence that would be henceforth an endless "dance macabre." But they were heroes none the less, and the nation was determined that they should be honoured, even though they were only mouldering relics of what they had once been. And duly honoured they were—and given a pension on top of the plaudits and medals. How, then, could the One complain that the war had treated him harshly? Yet, such is man's ingratitude to Providence and so unaccountable his refusal to count his blessings, that that is exactly what he did.

* * * * *

In regions of space so remote that they could hardly have influenced the events that had just taken place on the insignificant speck of dust far below, the spheres were at the moment trying desperately to soothe with their sublimest chords a couple of squalling, peevish young imps who were quarrelling over their dolls.

D. N. MITCHELL.

ATHLETIC NOTES

SESSION, 1939-40.

The Athletic Clubs of the Leeds University Union for the Session 1939-40 had their activities cut down both by the war and also by the bad weather of January and February, but teams on the whole were up to their usual standard. Outstanding successes were attained both in the Cross Country Club and in the Men's Tennis Club, the latter having won the Sheffield Shield and having beaten the winners of the previous session's U.A.U.

Colours.

At the end of last session it was felt that, since Christie Matches had been played and that teams were little affected from those of the previous session, some recognition should be made to club members, and so it was decided to give both Full and Club Colours, as in pre-war years.

SESSION 1940-41.

Fixtures.

During the coming session it is hoped that all clubs will be able to make up good fixture lists, using local fixtures in the place of those made with clubs which are now either extinct or at too great a distance to travel.

Here I should like to suggest that all clubs should endeavour to fill in their old long-distance fixtures with any local Forces' team in the district. I should like also to suggest that as fixture lists may be rather empty, Inter-Faculty matches may be arranged and efforts made to practice for them beforehand. Now is a suitable time for the suggestion to be put into practice and interest will be taken in the matches, as in the House Matches of School Days.

TO FRESHERS.

To all Freshers it must be pointed out that there are excellent facilities for all forms of Athletics. At Weetwood (a 2d. tram from the University) there are the Athletic grounds and magnificent Pavilion. For those who favour the Gloves, Epée, or Gymnastics, there is a well-equipped gymnasium beside the Union, which is always open. The Wet Bobs and those who are thinking of joining the Navy can be trained on the choppy waters of the Aire at Woodlesford, where there is a Boathouse filled with all kinds of craft, from skiffs to VIII's.

The captains of clubs are relying on you who have just come up to the University to fill the gaps in the teams caused by those who have gone down and have joined the fighting forces. Do not wait to be asked to join a club; contact with the secretary of the club in which you are interested, either by letter, pigeon-hole or through some friends, and he will tell you what to do and where to go.

G. R. T. BIRTWHISTLE, G.A.S.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY Old Students' Association.

Notes from Headquarters.

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley."

THE truth of that quotation was re-discovered by your Committee last June. Careful plans had been made by an enthusiastic sub-committee for the Annual Summer Function, announced in the last issue of *The Gryphon*. Unfortunately the number of members who intimated their intention to be present was too small to enable us to pay our way and the arrangements had to be cancelled.

RETIREMENT OF JOINT HON. SECRETARY.

We announce with regret the resignation of Mrs. R. E. Tunbridge from the office of Joint Honorary Secretary of the L.U.O.S.A., taking effect at the end of the session ending June, 1940, consequent upon increased responsibilities at home. At the same time we congratulate her and Dr. Tunbridge on the birth of a son in June last. Mrs. Tunbridge assumed office in July, 1936, and the Association owes more than it realises to her keenness and enthusiasm for its welfare and to the very close contact she was able to keep with the University during the past four years.

As her successor in office we welcome Mrs. W. A. Sledge, who enjoys the distinction of being the third successive Joint Hon. Secretary to be married (prior to assuming office) to an Old Student. We wish her good luck in what is bound to be a difficult time for all society secretaries.

WAR SERVICE.

May we remind all members who are, or who become, engaged in the Naval, Military or Air Forces, or in any branch of Civil Defence, to keep the Secretaries posted with all details of their appointments and promotions, so that we can keep a record for the University.

A. E. FERGUSON,

Joint Hon. Secretary.

HULL & EAST RIDING LETTER.

In spite of the interruption of air raids, bringing in its train the loss of sleep and the lack of interest in affairs about us, we as a branch have been able to carry on during the Summer. Although the branch hasn't had the luck to have had a gathering in the way we should like, we did meet each other in a casual way, exchanging compliments and good wishes.

Let us then see what we can do in the future. Further inquiries *re* activities may be solicited from me. New members to the district are particularly welcome.

E. C. FROW,

Hon. Secretary.

LONDON LETTER.

The repeated appeals to members to participate in organised functions have yielded one reply since the outbreak of war. A quorum was not established at our last meeting and, therefore, the President has regrettably exercised his prerogative and suspended all future activities of the London Branch until more propitious times. Accordingly, the Secretary has deposited the minute book, etc., with the Leeds section for safe keeping. A statement of accounts has been forwarded by the Treasurer to the Leeds Treasurer.

C. H. R. ELSTON,

Hon. Secretary,

55, Station Road,
Hounslow, Middlesex.

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.

The address of the O.S.A. Editor is: The Leeds Library, 18, Commerical Street, Leeds, 1.

(Contributors are reminded that these columns are subject to censorship by the Ministry of Information).

COOKE.—A short memoir of Miss Alice M. Cooke, Lecturer in History at the University from 1909 to 1920, has been written by Mrs. Alfred Haworth and Miss I. B. Horner, and is about to be published by the Manchester University Press. A review will appear in *The Gryphon* in due course.

HOLDSWORTH.—Harold Holdsworth (History, 1932-35, M.A., 1936), lately Assistant Librarian in the University, has now landed in South Africa to take up his appointment as Sub-Librarian of the University of Cape Town.

RANKIN.—A new book by two members of the staff of the Municipal Technical College, Burnley, entitled "Intermediate Domestic Science," has just been published. The authors are W. Munn Rankin (M.Sc., 1911) and E. M. Hildreth (M.Sc., 1926).

SUCKSMITH.—Dr. W. Sucksmith has been appointed Professor of Physics at the University of Sheffield.

TURVILLE-PETRE.—An edition of Viga-Glums saga, edited by G. Turville-Petre, Honorary Lecturer in Icelandic, is announced by the Oxford University Press.

BIRTHS.

BARKER.—To Mr. Edwin B. (S.C.M. Inter-Coll. Secretary, 1927-30) and Mrs. Nancy Barker (formerly Dalby), a son, George Michael Aldus, on June 11th, 1940. Address: 45, Church Crescent, Finchley, London, N. 3.

TUNBRIDGE.—To Dr. R. E. and Mrs. Tunbridge (formerly Dorothy Gregg), on June 13th a son. Address: 11, West Parade, Leeds, 6.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced between Dr. D. M. Stead (Col. Chem., 1934-39), of 37, Stanmore Road, Mt. Florida, Glasgow, S. 2, and of Cookridge, Leeds, and Miss Joan Aitkenhead, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The engagement is announced between Harold North Stephens, of Eastleigh, Hampshire, and Minna Salmon, of Trysull, Wolverhampton (Arts, 1935-39).

MARRIAGES.

BANNISTER-LOFTHOUSE.—John Arthur Bannister (B.Sc., 1936) to Mary Clegg Lofthouse (B.Sc.), of Beeston Hill, on August 17th, at the Beeston Hill Congregational Church.

CROSSLAND-HIGGINSON.—Percy Crossland (B.Sc., Durham) to Constance Bernie Higginson (Arts, 1925-28), on July 27th, at Andover, Hants.

DAVID-PATON.—On July 20th, at the Parish Church, Wrexham, by the Rev. Canon Lewis Jenkins, Ronald Paul David, A.M.I.E.E., youngest son of the late Alexander David and Mrs. David, of 2, Castleton Court, West Park, Leeds, 6, to Elizabeth Horne Paton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Paton, of Wrexham. (Electrical Engineering, 1920-23). Present address: 25, Ellington Court, Southgate, London, N. 14.

DUNNING-WATSON.—W. Gifford Dunning to Jane Watson (B.A., London), at The Cathedral, George, Cape Province.

FIELDING-SHORT.—Jonas A. Fielding (German, 1930-34), of Bradford, to Marjorie Short (Latin, 1931-35), at the Baptist Church, Atherton, on June 8th. Address: "Valentine's," Brooks Lane, Street, Somerset.

KNOWLSON-ELTON.—Harold Knowlson (Botany, 1932-38) to Joan Elton (Mods., 1935-38), at St. Mary's, Richmond. Mr. Knowlson writes from "The Crest," Sleegill, Richmond, Yorks.

LISTER-PERRAY.—Gordon H. Lister (B.Sc., 1935) to Betty Perray, of Beeston, on August 13th, at St. Mary's, Beeston.

MEACHEN-ATKINSON.—Walter Meachen (Chem., 1932-35) to Emmie Atkinson, on May 11th, at Lightfoot Grove Baptist Church, Stockton-on-Tees. Mr. Meachen has lately taken up an appointment in the Fine Chemical Department of Boots, Nottingham, where, incidentally, a small colony of Leeds graduates already exists.

TAYLOR-ROBINSON.—Neville M. Taylor, of Chesterfield, to Doris Myrtle Robinson (Gen. Hons., Science, 1932-35), of North Ferriby, Yorks., on August 10th, at All Saints Church North Ferriby. Address: "Windermere," Ferriby High Road, North Ferriby, East Yorks.

DEATHS.

BARRACLOUGH.—The death of Mr. Fred Barraclough, a teacher held in high regard in Leeds for his services to the profession, occurred on August 27th, at the age of 73. The University conferred upon him, in 1927, the degree of Master of Arts, *honoris causa*.

BARRAN.—It is with the deepest regret that we announce the death on active service of Flight-Lieutenant Philip Henry Barran, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Austyn Barran, The Elms, Chapel Allerton, Leeds, 7. His death, at the age of 31, occurred during air operations in July. Mr. Barran came to the University from Repton, and will be remembered for his captaincy of the University Cricket XI.

BOWKER.—The death occurred in May, at the age of 47, of Benjamin Bowker, a well-known Leeds journalist. Mr. Bowker took English from 1917 to 1920, and, after serving on the staff of *The Yorkshire Post*, became editor first of the *Lancashire Daily Post* and then of the *Yorkshire Evening News*. He leaves a widow and one son.

FOWLER.—Professor Alfred Fowler, C.B.E., F.R.S., Emeritus Professor of Astrophysics at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, died on June 24th. He was an honorary graduate (D.Sc., 1938) of the University.

JENNINGS.—We regret to announce the death of Lieutenant F. Jennings, killed in action, at the early age of 24. He came up to Leeds from the Belle Vue High School, Bradford, and had only recently graduated M.B., Ch.B. He was a prominent member of the Boxing, Rowing and Lonsdale Clubs at the University. After serving for a short period at the Infirmary Leeds, he joined the R.A.M.C. early this year and was killed in Flanders on May 29th.

THEATRE

"IT'S POSSIBLE." Unity Theatre.

A satirical, political revue—original for the most part. One feels that the cast is worthy of better things than this very blatant Communist propaganda; the costumes and settings are good and some of the artistes are first-class, but there is still the very obvious theme of the gospel according to St. Marx. Without criticising their political ideals, one cannot help wishing that the members of the Unity Company would either indulge in some honest-to-God tub-thumping or else be rather more subtle in their productions.

There were some glaring inconsistencies; whoever was responsible for the song eulogising the "working woman" who stays at home all day cooking and washing must have known very little of the real living conditions of this so-called "exploited class" which lives mainly on fish and 'taties: where nearly every home has an enormous wireless set, usually playing dance music: where the children, if they are lucky, get a bath once a week, and are regarded as fine, healthy brats if they have large pot bellies through eating bread. One has only to walk down Tonbridge Street—but these young Unity people probably never think of using their own powers of observation and actually talking to the working class which they so energetically champion; no, *The Daily Worker* cannot lie! It is strange that a fault which they decry in others—the implicit faith of the Conservative in his *Times*, for instance—should be a star in their firmament.

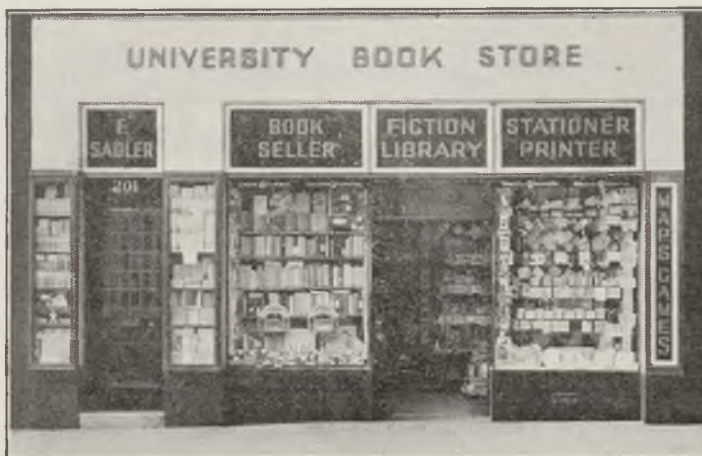
It was also interesting to note that, among a cast and audience which united in deploring the evasion of National Service by "Capitalists," there should be such a large proportion of young men of military age in civilian clothes.

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