

# THE GRYPHON

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The Journal of the University of Leeds



October, 1939

THIRD SERIES  
VOL. 5 No. 1

# The Teachers' Provident Society

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# THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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## OPENING OF SESSION, 1939-1940.

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The authorities intend, so far as is possible, to carry on the work of the University during the war, though it may be necessary to make some adjustments of syllabuses and time tables.

The new session will begin on the date already announced, namely, Tuesday, the 3rd October.

The Halls of Residence will also be open, with the exception of Lyddon Hall, whose students will be transferred to Weetwood and Oxley.

Each student who has been accepted for admission or re-admission next session will receive in due course a notice stating the day and time at which he or she should attend for enrolment.

Any student due to begin or resume his duties at the University in the coming session who for any reason has now decided not to do so or finds himself unable to do so is requested to inform the Registrar immediately.

It is desired to compile a record of all members of the University who during the war undertake military or any other form of national service. It is hoped that all members will co-operate with the authorities in this matter by sending to the Registrar the fullest possible particulars of any such work undertaken by them, stating whether it is full or part time and indicating the nature of the work and the date on which it was taken up. For example, in the case of the combatant services information should be given (in so far as it is permissible to give it) as to the unit joined, and the rank attained. Any subsequent changes should be notified as soon as possible.

*7th September, 1939.*

# 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.

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## Editorial.

**W**E who are University students to-day have passed most of our lives in an atmosphere of uncertainty, of increasing tension in world politics. Now the uncertainty is over and the issue has been joined.

There is no doubt that the responsibility for the present situation lies with one man, or at most with a small clique of Nazis. But in the ultimate analysis the responsibility for the drift towards war since 1918 lies with the British as well as the other nations of Europe. It is to be hoped that, when the war is over, we shall not relapse into Victory Dances or punitive terms on the one hand, or into racial hatred and militarism on the other. The temptation to do so will be very great. A peaceful Europe will not rise spontaneously like a phoenix from the ashes of the old. But it is not impossible, only very difficult. We are of the same people as manage to live together in the United States. Nations are not a divinely ordered division of society, but only parochialism on a large scale. If we hold fast to our common hand of humanity, which should be stronger than considerations of race or economic welfare, we can have a real peace in Europe. Then there will be an end of this vicious circle.

## Notes and Comments.

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

BURNS.

### "The Gryphon."

Whilst every effort will be made to keep *The Gryphon* as near to normal as possible, the increased cost of production and cancellation of advertisements makes some reduction in size necessary. However, *The Gryphon* is still the forum of University activity and, as such, should be supported by everybody. And it is up to you to keep up the value by putting more into every line of manuscript.

### Rag Week.

We have to congratulate *The Tyke* Staff on a very bright production. The drawings, especially, were above standard. 'Varsity Voyage was also for the most part very good, and had the merit, only too rare in Rag Shows, of showing some genuine artistry. But Rag Day was too like the Flood to be pleasant.

### Copy.

Contributions for *The Gryphon* are always welcome. A full account of *Gryphon* activities appears in the Union Handbook. The main points to be noted by contributors are:—

- (1). Name and Department should be given for the convenience of the Editor and not necessarily for publication.
- (2). Write on one side of the paper only.
- (3). By "the last day for copy" we mean the last day for copy.

We hope to have *The Gryphon* box back in some prominent position by the beginning of term. Put your contributions in it.

### Congratulations.

To Miss Sweeting on representing England and Wales so successfully at the International Games. A short account of the games, written by request, appears in this issue.

### Cautious Caution.

Following the usual custom, the Editorial and Notes and Comments are the work of the Editor, and do not of necessity represent official opinion.

## UNION NOTES.

**T**HIS session drastic alterations must be made in the various activities of the Union; these are mainly brought about by the lighting restrictions and the necessity for reduction in road and rail transport. Any games fixtures that would mean travelling after dusk will have to be cancelled, and in the main, local fixtures will have to be relied on. Other than this there will be little interference with the sports side. The social will suffer more because, as yet, there has not been any attempt to "black out" the University or the Union Buildings. These buildings will have to be closed at dusk, so that there can be no dances, socials or society meetings in the evening.

The long promised Union Buildings were formally opened on July 3rd by Mr. W. Riley Smith, having been rather less formally opened on June 29th, when the Good-bye Dance was held in the Riley Smith Hall. This was most successful as a dance and as a house-warming.

Souvenir copies of *The Gryphon*, commemorating the opening, are now available and will be on sale at the beginning of term.

Although the Union Rooms are now in use, about £20,000 is still required before the building can be said to have been paid for. The Building Appeal Fund still remains open for donations—large or small. The Union Rooms cater for the majority of student activities, the Riley Smith Hall and social room for dances. There are also capacious common rooms, and a tea lounge, with similar catering and refreshment facilities to the old J.C.R. The billiard room contains four tables, two of which have been presented, one by Mr. C. H. Crabtree and another by Mr. S. Wilson. There are also numerous committee rooms, a photographic dark room and cloakrooms. The luxuriously fitted library only lacks books; we have about 350, but still require many more—any offers are acceptable.

The 1939 Charity Rag resulted in £1,130 being made available for medical charities. This may seem a large sum, but compared with £1,370 for 1938 and £1,550 for 1937, it shows a definite drop. This is mainly due to the dislike of work of the majority of students; many do not help in any way, and a proportion of those that do turn out do so more for their own enjoyment than to collect money—the main object of the Rag. To partially remedy this shortage of helpers the Union Committee decided that in future there should be no games fixtures held at the University on Rag Day.

A few figures may be of some interest. Athletic clubs spent £1,220 on travelling, entertainment, equipment, affiliation fees and incidental expenses. *The Gryphon* was subsidised to the extent of £43. Grants to societies amounted to £54. Donations included £40 to the International University Games, £10 to the Leeds University Working Men's Institute, £10 to the I.S.S. for refugees. The J.C.R. tea account showed takings to amount to almost £1,000. The Men's billiards and table tennis showed a profit of £22.

Professor Gilligan, who has had a long and valuable connection with the Union, retired at the end of last session. We were extremely sorry to hear of his unfortunate accident, which prevented him from attending a formal presentation of a small token of our affection and gratitude.

DEREK T. MILNTHORPE,

*Hon. Secretary, L.U.U.*

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**IF YOU WANT SOMETHING WORTH  
READING IN "THE GRYPHON"  
—SEND IT IN**

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THE NOVEMBER "GRYPHON."

Last day for copy - - - Tuesday, October 17th.



## President's Appeal.

“LET the first word in our Editorial be one of welcome to the Freshers. They will find life at College less gay just now than in ordinary times, but no less strenuous and no less full of interest.” Thus the Editor of *The Gryphon* began his Editorial a quarter of a century ago and once again the same words must be used. Whatever each one of us may think, we must all face up to the present, however unpleasant, and determine to play our part manfully.

It is the privilege of the President to address students, old and new, through the medium of the October *Gryphon*, to welcome newcomers and to express confidence in the unstained interest of those students who are not Freshmen in matters pertaining to the Union.

It is a matter of extreme regret that our entry into possession of our new Union Building should be overshadowed by war. It is impossible to say to what extent the Union will be affected as the war proceeds, but we must, at the outset, submit to certain restrictions, restrictions to which the rest of the community are also subject.

I wish to make a special appeal to those students who are not Freshmen. Upon you is the responsibility of carrying on the traditions of the Union, the completion of the schemes already begun and the setting of the standard of behaviour worthy of the surroundings trusted to us. The Freshmen will not have been told everything, on account of the cancellation of the Union's Reception to Freshmen, about the organisation and management of the Union. In all things their knowledge of the Union will be gained from your example.

The University Authorities have announced their intention to carry on, so far as is possible, the work of the University during the war, and they point out that it may be necessary to make some adjustments of syllabuses and time tables.

Club secretaries are responsible for seeing that their members are as well catered for as the circumstances allow. Inter-departmental and other matters must be arranged. Whatever happens, this side of the Union's activity must go on in order that students may keep fit and develop their characters in ways besides the academic.

Finally, Freshmen should realise that a good degree is, of course, of fundamental importance, but it is the broadening of one's attitude to life, the strengthening of one's character and the sense of camaraderie, which are only obtained by mixing with one's fellows, that is the very essence of a true University life. All students, I am confident, will do all in their power to make the difficult tasks of the Vice-Chancellor, his staff, both academic and administrative, and the Officers of the Union, as light as they are able and to continue the great tradition which has been won for our University.

IAN M. G. WILLIAMS,

*President.*

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**DRINK COFFEE IN THE J.C.R.**

## Auvergnat Progress.

**A**T five o'clock in the still-nocturnal morning the Paris express, which had Italian warnings under its windows, rolled into Clermont-Ferrand, capital of Auvergne and the seat of the Michelines. All was dead as a solitary cabman received us and drove us through undistinguished streets. Dawn and birds twittering in the skies brought promise of a great city's waking life, but the day, a Sunday, could give no indication, in the lazy solemnity of this provincial town, of the joys of river, lake and mountain which lay in store.

We were not long in divining the Auvergnat character, its passion for spinach greens, its tight-fistedness and its pride in the Celtic origin it claimed, symbolised by the great bronze equestrian statue of Verdingetorix, which, with the Cathedral, vied for the city's admiration. So we travelled by a clanking tramway, full of blue-overalled Michelin workers, to Ceyrat, dream of the Middle Ages, a red-roofed village nestling at the foot of the wooded puy crowned by the customary chateau. And thence to Gergovia, a plateau covered with the mile-long remains of a busy Gallic city, when one could look out upon an amazing panorama of far-flung puys, vineyards and farmsteads.

It would be impossible to detail the beauties of this region, but certain impressions survive. Such as the midnight climb of the Puy de Dôme, through seemingly impenetrable brushwood, when the mighty Puy and all its hamlets were hushed in night, the Temple of Mercury in the cold and rain, the wooded hills pink with dawn and wisped with strayed cloudlets, the oriflamme-glory of the gorse, the Lac d'Aydat plunged in woodlands, peasant dances in the last village upon the mountain, to the joyous lilt of Auvergnat bagpipes, the woods of Forez deep in snow. . . . .

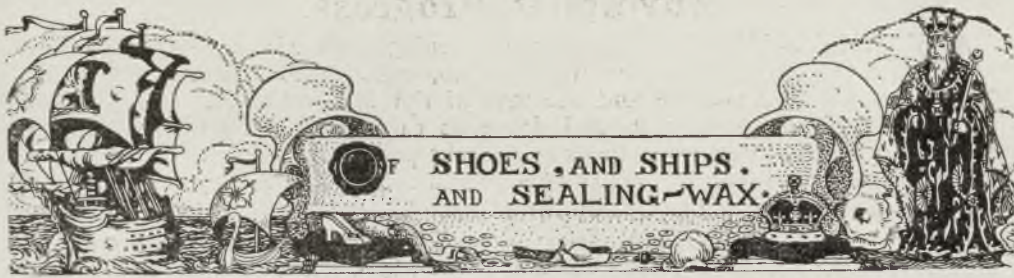
It is small wonder that these beauties, combined with the actual impact of a strange tongue, through cinema, radio, newspaper and conversation, suddenly spurred me to express my wonder in the poetry of the land, not only about the glorious countryside, but even about

tes yeux deux puits de luxure  
où brillent par des soirs de pluie  
tous les réverbères de Paris !

Particularly since French poetry is in such a poor way at present ! Yet is it possible for an Englishman to express his heart-throbs in any tongue other than his mother's ? At first I was inclined to think not. My studies of du Bellay and Baudelaire would, I hoped, rejuvenate my own modest poetic efforts in English. One afternoon, however, over a nostalgic cup of tea, there came a conversion like Saul's at Antioch (or wherever it was). I began to listen hard for the rhythms of speech, to deepen my knowledge of slang, for as everyone knows it is here that poetry begins, graduating later into the popular ballads of Tino Rossi, and then into the literary form ; after all, wasn't it from slang Latin that French arose ? The students' songs, in which I gathered a lot, still lilt plaintively in my memory, with a tang of Cinzano.

As an Englishman I soon realised how much more poetic a language was French, with its rich Romance phonetics, than that atonal offspring of Low Dutch, English ! I proposed therefore the endowment of a Society for the Abolition of English Poets in favour of French. Of course, the stuff must be thought, felt and conceived in French (in France, with the moral backing of a Pernod Fils), not merely translated, and for this a wide vocabulary is essential. There are words in French which are peculiarly poetic, yet when translated they lose all their colour, since there are no English equivalents.

W.D.H.



Earnest student (just before Finals): "You know, I think we ought to have another lecture. We've an awful lot to learn."

Lecturer (brightly): "I know. So have I."

\* \* \*

#### Caledonian Jest.

The hostess was admiring the new kilt worn by her small girl visitor and asked if it contained a pocket. "No," said the far-seeing child, "but I've got a bank at home."

\* \* \*

#### And a Yorkshire One.

The Yorkshireman at the pictures was refreshing himself periodically with sweets without offering any to his fiancée. At length she was moved to ask bitterly if they were good. "Aye, they're grand," was the stoical reply. "Tha shud a' bought some."

\* \* \*

#### Literary Note.

"I am not intelligent enough to write unintelligibly."

NORTHANGER ABBEY.

\* \* \*

Serious voice in the car park on the night before Rag Day. "And what are we doing about beer?"

\* \* \*

#### Explanation.

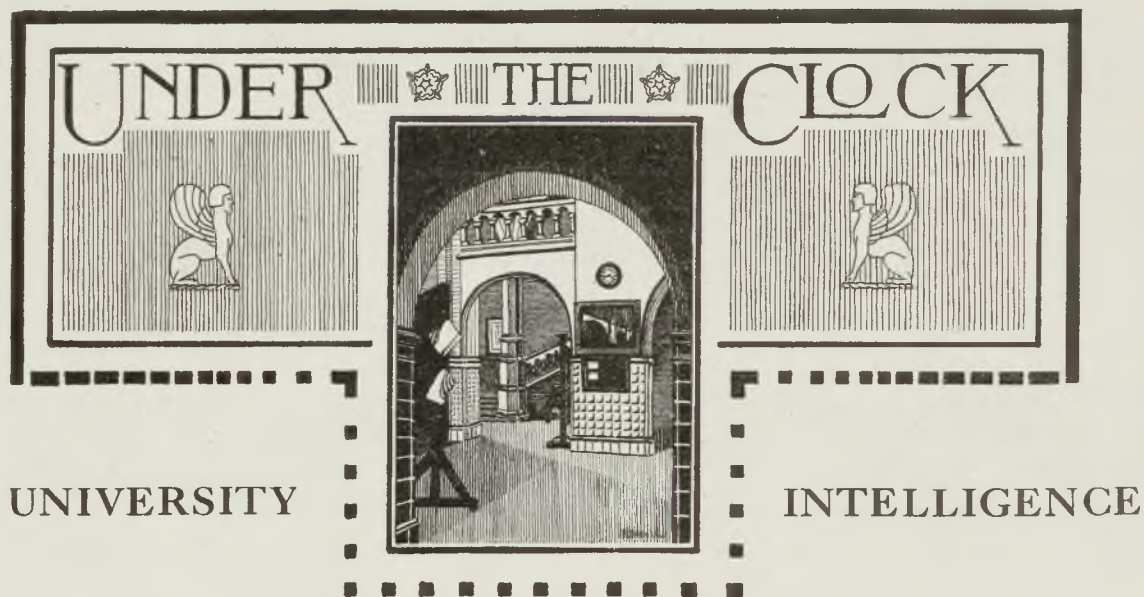
We understand there is no truth in the rumour that the University Authorities publish finals results at five o'clock because the public-houses open at six.

\* \* \*

The Babies' Welcome Flag Day, which is normally held in the Autumn term, has no connection with entertainments arranged for Freshers.

\* \* \*

University students may be divided into three classes: bone-headed hearties, neurotic intellectuals and the Editor of *The Gryphon*. He is just nice.



### Meeting of the Council, Wednesday, June 21st, 1939.

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

The Council recorded its gratitude to the donors of the following gifts:—

- (i). £1,000 from Captain V. H. Holt, for research in the Agricultural Department on bracken eradication.
- (ii). £100 a year from Messrs. Cefoil Ltd., of Maidenhead, for investigations on Linkage rebuilding in Protein and other Fibres.
- (iii). A Knowles Patent Yarn Balance, presented to the Textile Department by Mr. Stanley Wilson.
- (iv). A collection of over 1,100 lantern slides, presented to the Geography Department, through Mr. J. C. Gregory, by Mrs. Hastings, of Grange-over-Sands. The collection was made by her husband, a well-known mountaineer, from photographs which he took during his climbs in Europe, India and North America.
- (v). A cabinet of lantern slides and a number of original tracings and reprints, given to the Medical School by Emeritus Professor Wardrop Griffith.
- (vi). Two billiard tables, presented to the Union by Mr. Stanley Wilson and Mr. C. H. Crabtree.

Mr. M. G. Evans, D.Sc. (Manchester), at present Lecturer in Physical Chemistry in the University of Manchester, was elected to the Chair of Physical Chemistry in the University of Leeds, in succession to the late Professor H. M. Dawson.

The Council appointed Mr. R. G. S. Hudson, D.Sc. (London), F.G.S., at present a Lecturer in the Department of Geology, to the Chair of Geology which will become vacant on the retirement of Professor A. Gilligan at the end of the present session.

Mr. J. B. Speakman, D.Sc. (Manchester), F.I.C., F.T.I., at present Reader in Textile Chemistry in the University, was elected to the Chair of Textile Industries in succession to the late Professor A. T. King.

The following appointments were also made:—

Mr. Frederick Whalley, D.S.O., M.B., Ch.B., D.A., as Lecturer in Anaesthetics.

Mr. Herbert Agar, M.B., Ch.B. (Leeds), B.Sc., F.R.C.S., as Tutor in Obstetrics and Gynaecology.

Mr. A. Stewart Johnstone, M.B., Ch.B., F.R.C.S. (Edinburgh), D.M.R.E. (Cambridge), as Lecturer in Radiology.

Mr. R. V. Riley, B.Sc. (Leeds), as Research Assistant in the Fuel Department.

Professor M. J. Stewart was appointed Pro-Vice-Chancellor of the University for a period of two years, in succession to Professor J. H. Priestley.

Mr. J. W. Haigh Johnson was re-appointed the representative of the University on the Governing Body of the Ossett Grammar School.

#### **Meeting of the Council, Wednesday, 19th July, 1939.**

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

The Council recorded its deep regret at the death of Mr. E. George Arnold, LL.D., Pro-Chancellor of the University from 1921-1926; of Mr. H. R. Burrill, of Messrs. Simpson, Curtis & Burrill, Solicitors to the University; and of Sir H. Stuart-Jones, an honorary graduate of the University.

Mr. E. C. Stoner, Sc.D., Cambridge, F.R.S., Reader in Physics, was elected to the recently-instituted Chair in Theoretical Physics.

The following appointments were also made:—

Mr. N. H. Chamberlain, Ph.D., Leeds, as Lecturer in Textile Chemistry.

Mr. Arthur Johnson, as Assistant Lecturer in Weaving Mechanism.

Mr. C. S. Whewell, Ph.D., Leeds, as Assistant Lecturer in Finishing and Research Assistant in the Textile Department.

Mr. Hubert Gartzen as Assistant to the Director of Physical Education.

Mr. Ian Macpherson, M.D., M.R.C.P., as Medical Tutor and Registrar.

Mr. J. W. Roderick, B.Sc., Bristol, and Mr. W. A. Linning, B.Sc., Glasgow, as Lecturers in Engineering.

Mr. J. F. Gaunt, B.Sc., as Research Assistant in Dyeing.

Mr. J. Stubbs, Ph.D., Leeds, as Temporary Research Assistant (for Bracken Investigation) in the Agricultural Department.

Mr. M. O'C. Walshe, M.A., London, as Assistant Lecturer in German.

Mr. T. C. Thomas, LL.B., Cambridge and Wales, as Lecturer in Law.

Mr. F. A. E. Crew, M.D., D.Sc., Ph.D., Director of the Institute of Animal Genetics, Edinburgh, was invited to deliver the Clive Behrens Lectures in the Agricultural Department during the two years 1939-1941.

### New Grant from the Clothworkers' Company.

The University has learnt with gratification of the decision of the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers to make an additional grant to the University of £500 a year to allow of the institution of a new post of Research Lecturer in the Department of Colour Chemistry and Dyeing. This brings the total of the Company's annual grants to the University to £10,500, the amount being made up as follows:—

- £4,000 a year in perpetuity.
- £3,000 a year for general maintenance.
- £3,000 a year for research.
- £500 a year for a new Research Assistant.

The two grants of £3,000 are given under deeds which have just been renewed.

The Textile Industries and Dyeing Committee of the University, in expressing its gratitude to the Company, states: "At all times, but especially at the present when it is so necessary in the national interest to develop to the fullest extent the country's resources, the Company's encouraging support and practical generosity are of inestimable value to the University. The Committee which is privileged to advise as to the conduct of the Clothworkers' Departments desires to express to the Company its most grateful recognition of this further munificence and of the continued confidence which this implies."

### Union Officials, 1939-1940.

- I. M. G. WILLIAMS (President of the Union, 1939-1940). Hon. Secretary, 1938-39. Union Committee, 1937-38-39. M.R.C., 1937-38. Sub-Committees: J.C.R., Refectory, Union Executive, Athletics Grounds Committee, N.U.S., Finance, Entertainments and Hospitality, Union Buildings, Ways and Means Committee, Revision of the Constitution, *Gryphon*, Rag, General Athletics, Representative to Council, N.U.S., 1937-38-39, Pavilion, University Working Men's Institute, Overseas Students' Committee, H.O.R. Hon. Secretary, Finance Committee, 1937-38, Rugby Union Football Club "A" XV, 1936-37, 1st XV, 1938-39, Club Colours, 1938-39.
- J. MARGARET HODGE, B.A. (Woman Vice-President, 1939-1940). Union Committee, 1938-39. W.R.C., 1938-39. President, W.R.C., 1939-1940. Union Entertainments Committee, 1938-39, J.C.R., 1938-39, I.S.S., 1936-37-38. Geography Society Committee, 1936-37, Treasurer, 1937-38, President, 1938-39. Swimming Club, Colours, 1937-38, Secretary, 1937-38, Captain, 1938-39. Hockey Club (2nd XI), 1937-38. Cricket Club (1st XI), 1936-37-38-39, Secretary, 1937-38, Committee, 1937-38-39. Badminton, (1st Team), 1936-37.
- T. H. HENRY, B.Sc. (Vice-President of the Union, 1939-1940). President of the Union, 1938-39. M.D.S. Association Committee, 1936-37-38; President, 1937-38. M.R.C., 1937-38. Union Committee, 1937-38. Entertainments Secretary, 1937-38.
- D. T. MILNETHORPE (Secretary of the Union, 1939-1940). Secretary, Lacrosse Club, 1938-39.
- W. E. LISTER, B.A. (General Athletics Secretary, 1939-1940). A.F. Club, (1st XI) 1936-37-38-39; Colours, 1937-38; Vice-Captain, 1938-39. Cricket Club, 1936-37.

- I. D. HODGSON (Hon. Student Treasurer, 1939-1940). Hon. Student Treasurer, 1938-39. Union Committee, 1936-39. President, D.R.C., 1937-38; Secretary, D.R.C., 1936-37. Boat Club, 1933-39; Vice-Captain, 1936-37; Secretary, 1935-36. Treasurer, Dental Students' Society, 1936-37. Entertainments Committee, 1936-37. M.D.S.A. Committee, 1936-37. Constitutional Reform Committee, 1936-39. Union Finance Committee, 1937-39. Rag Censor Committee, 1937.
- JÉAN TERRY THOMAS (President, M.W.R.C., 1939-1940). Secretary, 1938-39. Union Committee, 1938-39-40. Medical Society Committee, 1938-39-40. Entertainments Committee, 1938-39. House Committee, 1938-39. Catering Committee, 1938-39. Finance Committee, 1939-1940. Swimming Club, 1935-39.
- L. C. G. MUNRO (President, M.R.C., 1939-1940). Secretary, History Society, 1938-39. Secretary, Dramatic Society, 1938-39. Rugby Union Football, H.O.R. XV; University "A" XV.
- J. N. STIRLING (President, S.R.C., 1939-1940).
- G. EATON SMITH (President, D.R.C., 1939-1940). Union Committee, 1938-39-40. Finance Committee, 1939-1940. D.R.C., 1936-37; Secretary, 1938-39; President, 1939-1940. Dental Students' Society Committee, 1935-36-37; Assistant Secretary, 1937-38; Hon. Secretary, 1938-39.
- A. PETCH (Editor of *The Gryphon*, 1939-1940). Secretary, Economics Society, 1938-39.

Unfortunately economy prevents our publishing the photographs which usually grace this article, and in the first zeal of cutting down we omitted the spicy notes on the private lives of the people concerned. However, the newspapers state that the British public demands that it know the worst, so it is obviously our duty to provide it.

I. M. G. WILLIAMS is a massive gentleman with a mop of bushy hair, a solemn eye and a quietly decisive manner. However, he has his lighter moments. We have recollections of his executing a few graceful steps on emerging from a French Oral examination, and his favourite relaxation is coffee and biscuits for two in the J.C.R. Even then he has a slightly judicial air. The very time he ought to be judicial, too.

We were present on the historic occasion when Miss HODGE was elected to her first office—Freshers' Representative on the Geography Society Committee. Since then she has gone from height to height, and her tact and managing ability may be judged from the fact that last year she successfully guided the rugged virility of that Society through a week's hiking. We had hoped to give proof of the charm of her smile by reference to the aforementioned photographs, where it would have shone "like a good deed in a naughty world," but, as they say in the best obituaries, alas! it was not to be.

T. H. HENRY has either a bad memory or a good conscience, as he says he doesn't mind what is said about him. Good natured and unassuming, but not to be moved from the argument he thinks correct. We believe he considers himself Yorkshire, but to judge by the abandon with which he dances the Kumati he has some relatives in Borneo. He has a beautiful head of hair the colour of old gold or ripening barley, whichever you prefer.

D. T. MILNETHORPE came suddenly into prominence from the obscurity of Devonshire Hall. (Whoever wrote this is asking for trouble). He has a sunburnt face and nice, curly hair. We have done our best to rake up some scandalous information about him, but he has covered his tracks too well.

W. E. LISTER is a Devonshire Hall man from the Isle of Man; so he was the obvious choice for General Athletics Secretary. He is one of these smallish, wiry people who are so athletic, a footballer of professional standard. Sartorially speaking, he strikes a note of quiet refinement. That is, he wears a raincoat like the rest of us.

I. D. HODGSON has a strong voice, which will inspire confidence in the most timid patient. He would make a good auctioneer. Is much addicted to proceeding rapidly by water from a given point A to another given point B.

Miss THOMAS has given a great deal of time to Union affairs concerning the Medical School and also the University in general. In addition to the kind, but firm, look which so many women Medics. acquire, she has an air of imperturbable majesty.

L. C. G. MUNRO, an H.O.R. who did much to revive the somewhat moribund History Society. He has a mellow voice and a kindly eye, which will have a soothing effect when there is a tendency for the breadknife to be hammered into the sword at the Sunday School Treat. One of the long line of distinguished University men who have been callers at Lyddon.

J. N. STIRLING appears to spend most of his time in the depths of the Infirmary which the layman reaches most easily on a stretcher. An effective public speaker, he is long and spare, with one of those intelligent, scientific faces which appear to such advantage in the popular press in the act of discovering a new face powder.

G. EATON SMITH, big and burly and fond of a great variety of games. He has a Commission in the Territorial Army and is one of the first University men to be called up.

A. PETCH, racially he is a mongrel, combining an almost pure Scottish ancestry with a name belonging to Whitby. As the same name appears in Central Europe he claims connection with that area too. It will be remembered that the well-known Continental vampire, Dracula, landed at Whitby, and it is possible his ancestors came over then. Speaks quite good English if he is careful.

ONLOOKER.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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

*The Congressional Record*, *The Carlol*, *Nunthorpe Secondary School Magazine*, *Wu's Views* (Witwatersrand), *The Auricle* (Witwatersrand), *Die Stellenbosche Student* (South Africa).

These may be read in the J.C.R.



## The Click-ma-clack.

THE year, 1938. The place, a fishing village on the North-East coast. The season, early Spring, and a dark, cold morning. There was a mist hanging over the sea, and the waves were pounding sullenly on the frail breakwater that enclosed what the fisherfolk proudly called "t' 'arbour." An elderly fisherman whose baptismal name had been long forgotten by all save his immediate relatives, but who rejoiced in the appellation, very doubtful in origin, of Codeye—for such is the custom of the folk of this coast—came rolling down the steep bank of the street in nautical fashion, for had he not served his time in His Majesty's Navy? He reached the slip which led down to the narrow stretch of sand where "Guiding Star," a gaily-painted little coble of which he was the proud owner, lay beached. Codeye was the first down, and none of the other fishermen of the village had yet reached the beach, though their voices could be heard in the distance, great rough voices of men wont to shout against howling winds and clashing waves. He stood waiting for them, listening to their voices drawing nearer, and to the beating of the sea, the only sounds to be heard in the chill half-darkness. Then, gradually, he realised that all was not well; that a strange sound was intruding, a raucous ticking, like a sleeping hen having bad dreams.

He looked all around, listening all the time. The sound did not come from the sea. Or from "Guiding Star." Or from the "Ship," the village pub at the bottom of the bank. It was nearer than that. Quite near. In fact it was coming from the heap of rubbish which had been dumped on the beach to await removal by that universal scavenger, the sea. An unsavoury heap it was, too; mainly fish guts disdained by the gulls. What was that story the old folk used to tell about the strange beast which came clucking from the sea, feeding on rotten fish and betokening evil? Codeye leaped back from the slip and hastened up the steep bank to meet his cronies who were just coming in sight. Old Dad was with them, and Codeye knew that he, the acknowledged village authority on all things from beer to international policy, would be able to give a local habitation and a name to the noise.

Again Codeye came to the top of the slip, this time in company with his mates. There he halted: "Canst 'ear owt queer?" he said. They all fell silent and listened. "Nowt" was the general reply. Codeye began to think that the new barrel at the "Ship" has been more than potent. Old Dad was still listening. Suddenly he, too, leaped back from the top of the slip. "It's a click-ma-clack!" he said hoarsely.

A click-ma-clack! All the fishermen, even the young lads, knew what that was. Away in the dim past a coble had been literally engulfed by one, and only one member of the crew had returned to tell the tale of a weird beast like an octopus which made strange sounds as it moved, sounds from which it took its name. All the fishermen, therefore, followed Old Dad's example, and hastily left the beach.

Outside the "Ship" they stood and held a council of war. "Will it bite?" "What'll we deea wi' it?" Such were the questions fired at Old Dad. After much thought the oracle spoke: "We mun steean it ti deeach; it's a click-ma-clack." No sooner said than done. One and all took up stones, pebbles, half-bricks, whole bricks, lumps of scrap iron, all the junk of the foreshore, and heaved them at the pile of rubbish whence the noise came. The result was overwhelming. The clicking ceased and was replaced by a whirring and a clatter as if a giant were rattling great rocks in a tin can the size of Buckingham Palace. The fisherman stopped in horror. "It's crazed noo," they said.

At that moment an upstairs window of the "Ship" was flung open. "What's that hellish row about?" demanded the young artist so rudely awakened from slumber. "It's a click-ma-clack, and we mun steean it ti deeath," the fishermen chorused. "Click-ma-clack! What the ——! That sounds mighty interesting," said the artist, and in a few moments out he came, overcoat over violent orange pyjamas.

"Well, where is this wonderful beastie?" He spoke in a jocular tone, and the fishermen resented this "bloody foreigner" making fun of their great discovery. They answered him bluntly: "Can ye not hear it, groolin' as lood as th' auld coo hersel'?"

"Oh! That!" said the artist, and began to laugh. "Why, I threw that on the rubbish heap myself because it was annoying me;" and without more ado he ran on to the beach, rooted among the guts lying there and returned waving aloft a very red and indignant alarm clock, which was protesting violently at the treatment it had received.

"Here's your click-ma-clack," he said.

I was told this tale by a fisherlad of a rival village, and he swears that it is true. At any rate it is wiser not to speak of click-ma-clacks in that village; the sea is deep, and deaths by drowning always seem accidental. Readers, you have been warned.

COASTER.

## 'Twas on the Isle of Capri. . .

**I**T was raining in Naples, raining as it rains in England when it seems as if it will never cease. As a result, we decided to go to Capri—in face of all the Italians who assured us it would be raining in Capri too, just as much, if not more. How could it be raining in Capri, we asked ourselves? Gracie Fields goes there for the sun. Song hits are inspired by its warmth. In fact nothing would deter us, and straightway we went to book tickets for the boat. The Italian who took our money sneered when we suggested that it might be warm. But even that did not put us out.

We waited impatiently for the next day. An hour before sailing time we were on the quayside in the pouring rain, searching for our boat, which, naturally was not there yet. Upon asking the man with the beret and the round face, we were told quay number Three was the one, but we didn't trust him. We asked the hatchet-faced loafer. He too said it was quay Three. On this confirmation we went to quay Three and embarked upon our boat. Previous to this we had watched two chained and miserable-looking convicts being taken off and put into a Black Maria; which last happening made us both resolve henceforth to walk along the straight if narrow path.

A quarter of an hour before sailing time the remainder of the passengers arrived. They consisted for the most part of peasants, with bags on their backs, accompanied by their women-folk, who were leading small "bambinos" by the hand.

From the shore we were bidden farewell by hordes of relatives, who were there obviously to see fair-play; and the eventual departure of the boat was followed by so many handshakes and tears that the voyage might have been one of a year and a half instead of an hour and a half.

The sea seemed choppy and the rain was like pin-pricks upon one's skin, but we never doubted for a moment that the blue waters of the Mediterranean could be anything but smooth. We were wrong. Before half an hour the sea was mountains high—or so it appeared to us. The boat was but small, and it was tossed about like the proverbial cork. We, hardened voyagers, both admitted that we felt sea-sick, and to add to our troubles, there was wafted over us an additional nuisance in the shape of an obnoxious smell of rotting cabbage. Where it came from we never found out, but we still suspect the gentleman in the brown dungarees, with the queer-shaped sack under his arm. I was certain it was a corpse he had hidden there.

An hour dragged by, and we reached Sorrento, where some few peasants disembarked and more came aboard. We were past caring. Sorrento looked anything but romantic and we had not the slightest desire to take a look at it.

After we had sailed over many oceans, we arrived half an hour later at Massa, where, because it was too rough to land, a lifeboat had to be put out in order to carry passengers to and from the ship. We managed at this point to summon up enough interest to watch the proceedings.

It was growing dark, and the crew had to work with lanterns, so that with the black shadow of the high cliffs behind, and the great, towering waves, the scene was quite picturesque, and might have been anywhere but in the Mediterranean, and at any time but the twentieth century.

Now once more the engines made the deck throb, again the cabbage odour rose, and again the peasant landlubbers made themselves objectionable by being unable to subdue their seasickness qualms. But what matter? Capri loomed ahead, against a beautiful background of a purple sunset. We drew nearer until we were in the shade of its protective harbour, where the sea was quietened. Now we had opportunity to look around.

So this was the island on which the Gods of Olympus took refuge from their toil. The twinkling lights seemed to beckon us, and there was no noise but the lapping of water against the sides as we glided into the harbour.

Sun or no sun, we thought, as we walked up the narrow streets, and the restfulness of the place caressed us like silk, we shall stay at Capri for a long time.

ISOLA DI CAPRI,  
*January 10th, 1938.*

P.R.

IN things enduring and old  
That know not speed,  
I find beauty.  
Purple, rolling moors that flow to meet the sky,  
And gathered towers that rise  
Grey over the half-sleeping, narrow streets  
Of some Cathedral town;  
A chant, its ancient cadences  
Swelling through dim, carved aisles, whose mighty walls  
Repeat the thundering "Amen";  
Great organ-symphony of waves  
Gale-driven, beating at the echoing cliffs;  
The song of sea-winds, mingling with the cry  
Of hovering gulls, white-winged;  
Sunset pale gold beyond a darkening hill;  
One lone star, in a sky  
Of night's unshadowed blue;  
Dawn rising stormy-silver, black and gold  
Over a waste of waters; and I stand  
In wonder and thanksgiving. . . . .

E.M.C.

## Conditions of Seasonal Workers.

**S**UMMER holidays mean bad employment, a 74-hour week and miserable wages for the seasonal workers. In July I had a week to spare, and used it to find out for myself what the conditions and wages of the seasonal workers actually are. Here is a report of my investigation.

I started work at nine on a Saturday morning in a restaurant on the sea-front of a large and popular seaside town. I was to work as a counter-hand at a weekly wage of 35/- and "all meals"; I found when I started that I also had to supply my own white coat and apron or to pay for the laundering of the ones I borrowed. I also found that "all meals" did not include breakfast; there seemed to be no time for any meals, for the restaurant was busy and none of us got time for more than one quick Woodbine in the lavatory until half-past three, when we had 20 minutes for a hurried lunch. We had two cups of tea and supper after that on that Saturday and, together, they did not take a half-an-hour off our hours of feverish working to cope with the rush of holiday-diners. We finished at ten past eleven. On Sunday the work was heavier—some of the workers were off, the recent Act of Parliament making compulsory one free Sunday per month—and the evening found every worker in the place fagged, hungry and complaining; the rest of the week was easier, though on no day did my time spent not working, including meals, exceed an hour and a half, between nine in the morning and eleven at night. In August the hours are 7-0 a.m. till 11-0 p.m.

Here is a list of the wages we got, in addition to our meals. It shows that seasonal workers are paid at a rate of about 5d. per hour.

	PER WEEK.
Head cook .. .. .	55/-
Fish fryer .. .. .	50/-
Assistant cook .. .. .	50/-
Kitchen boy (age 22) .. .. .	30/-
Counter hand (self) .. .. .	35/-
Counter girl (doing same work as self, age 19) ..	20/-
Waitresses (over 18) .. (plus tips, 10/- to 15/-)	20/-
Waitresses (under 18, who, by law, finish at 7-0 p.m.)	16/-
Waitresses (under 18) .. .. . (plus tips) who, by law, finish at 7-0 p.m.	16/-
Washers up .. .. .	25/-

No increase in wages is given in August, and the waitresses are the only workers to profit by the extra work, though they say that it makes little difference to them.

These are the cold facts about seasonal employment. The recent Act of Parliament makes a day and a half off a week for every worker compulsory. I spent the spare time visiting other restaurants in the town. I found that the wages quoted in my list to be general, and the hours in some places to be even longer than at the restaurant where I worked. Conditions varied according to the nature of the employer. I heard of one who bullied his workers and had much difficulty in getting enough labour for the Summer; I heard how the local sanitary inspector had visited another restaurant and found it to be insanitary to a degree, and had made drastic orders for improvement; I heard of other places which were still insanitary, and saw one washing-up place which

was a cellar beneath the kitchens, where three people worked, where the waste water ran into an open sump three feet away from the sinks, to lie there creating a nauseating stench until it was pumped up into an open drain; in many places the workers did not know when they were to get their statutory times off until they went off on the night before.

"Why don't you join a Union?" I asked many of the workers. Some agreed that it might do good, though all said that "Unions weren't looked on with favour in the district"; others flatly refused to "cut their own throats for the sake of any Union." There are difficulties, and I heard many of these summed up by the local secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union. "You might get them to join," he said, "but what will they do when it comes to a clash? Go on back at it just as they have always done." In my own place of work I heard of a strike of waitresses which happened a few years back: the boss told them to get back to work or to go home, and they left their leader and went back to work. The reason for this is the constant fear of imported and other blacklegs, together with the fact that the seasonal workers are on the dole for the nine months of the year when it does not seem possible for them to pay a weekly sixpence to the Union. It would profit them ten times over if they could get solid and united action in that town, but years of the dole, with Summer work that gives them no chance to recover from the poverty of the dole, has taken the self-confidence from many.

The workers of Britain must come to the aid of the seasonally employed. It is not only in the restaurants that the conditions and wages are bad; hotels, photographic shops, cinemas, pleasure arcades, motor tour companies and many other places have men and women working under bad conditions, for very long hours and negligible wages, with nothing but the dole to carry them through the nine months of Winter. Those of the employers who would like to do better for their workers are tied down by keen competition and cut prices. The possibility of blacklegs must be abolished so that a campaign for union membership may be started in every seaside town that will lead to success. Success will mean fair conditions, standard hours, overtime pay and more employment.

JOHN MOXLEY.

### Autumnal.

**T**HROUGH cool September noon white horses go,  
 Galloping tireless down the forest rides;  
 Amid the gold oak-leaves small breezes blow;  
 Above the trees one towering cloud abides;  
 Motionless in the noon's translucent tides,  
 Shining it stands, its pinnacles aglow.

Round its pure gates the crystal air is driven,  
 Washing the base of this minster of the skies;  
 Deeply and richly blue this Autumn heaven;  
 The wan wood glimmers with a million dyes  
 Of fading glory, and its slow crests rise,  
 Gilt with decays creeping and glittering leaven,

Into the cloud-world like a smouldering pyre,  
 Whose faggots break into sharp flame one by one,  
 Till it is consumed by fierce desire:  
 Lo, the white horses of the Autumn run,  
 Sleek with the last libations of the sun,  
 While the whole coloured forest seems afire...

C.R.

## Valse des Fleurs.

ONE day I volunteered to fetch Irmgard from her dancing class. When I arrived the notes of Delibé's "Valse des Fleurs" were being hammered out on the jangling piano. Nine or ten giggling girls of ages varying from eight to fourteen were arranged in line, practising the steps of a dance. The little dancing mistress was counting aloud: "Ein, zwei, drei; ein, zwei, drei; point your toes! Sigrid, you are out of step."

The little dancing mistress was short and fat. She wore thick glasses and her hair was screwed up in a tight and unbecoming bun. Anything less like a dancer would have been difficult to imagine. "Nein, nein! Halt! You are so heavy, so wooden. There is no life in you! Watch me!"

The piano began again, and the little dancing-mistress danced. She was as light as thistledown, as nimble as the slimmest ballerina. Watching her dance, one forgot that she was short and fat and forty at least. Even the "wooden" children ceased to giggle.

The tune came to an end, and Fraülein Gertrud supported herself against the piano. "That will do, you may go. It is time, young ladies." The girls scuffled out to find their coats, and then their mistress turned to me, still breathless. "You will stay a little while, Fraülein?" she panted, with a look of entreaty that made it impossible to refuse. "My mother would be so glad to see you."

I collected my small charge, Irmgard, and Fraülein Gertrud ushered us into a tiny room, clean and fresh, but crowded with knickknacks, photographs, cactus plants and crotchet mats. A little old lady was propped up with cushions and wrapped in shawls upon a sofa. She looked very old and frail, but she greeted me with a bright smile. "Come in, my dear," she said, in perfect English. "It is so long since I saw anyone from England." Her accent was so good that I was astonished. "Have you been to England," I asked. "Very often," was the reply.

The lonely old woman was eager to talk, and in the short time whilst Fraülein Gertrud was gone to fetch some wine and cake for my refreshment, I heard all their story. The old lady had been a famous ballerina. She had danced in Berlin, in Rome, in London. She had been beautiful and famous, and had known what it was to be the most sought after woman in Germany, if not in Europe. She had married a very wealthy man, and had one daughter, Gertrud.

Then tragedy overtook her. She fell and injured her spine, and could never dance, or even walk again. The wealthy husband deserted her, and she and her daughter had to exist on the small allowance he chose to pay them. Gertrud had inherited her mother's talent for dancing. Her mother's old dancing-master was teaching her free of charge, because he had such faith in her ability. She danced in the chorus of the ballet. Then things took another turn for the worse. The husband died, and with him died the allowance—for he died a bankrupt. Shortly afterwards the old ballet-master died. Jealousy and ill-feeling in the ballet made it impossible for Gertrud to stay—besides she had to earn some money. Her mother did needlework to eke out their scanty income. Gertrud began to give dancing lessons. The name of her famous mother—not yet quite forgotten—ensured her a fairly steady number of pupils. Between them they managed to make ends meet. They retired from the city, and for some years now had been settled in the village where I found them. Gertrud had grown plump and breathless, but the spirit of the ballerina was still in her feet. It was no longer surprising that she should dance so well.

She came back with a tray of cake and wine, and after that I fetched Irmgard each week from her lesson, and learned to love the courageous little dancing-mistress and her frail, patient mother. Very few of her stiff, young pupils ever knew the tragedy behind the kindly, smiling face of Fraülein Gertrud.

V.W.M.

## The Inquisition in a Yorkshire Lane.

I GOT up from my luxurious seat on the grass bank as Harry turned the corner and came into sight. With the complete knowledge of everyone's business characteristic of the country, I knew he was on his way home after buying some cigarettes and posting his coupon.

Harry was seventeen years old. He had lived in the country all his life, and was a very decent fellow. He had been very nice over such incidents as the time he found me planting onions in a manner which was tantamount to burying them alive, and for that reason I resisted the strong temptation to pull his leg when he questioned me on the—to him—glamorous town life from which I had recently emerged.

For he considered me an authority on all matters connected with wasp-waisted Sunday suits, light boots and haircream. I was also credited with reliable knowledge of the C.I.D., night clubs and the various brands of wine, a reputation I had got by a species of association of ideas after he found out that I had three times seen a motorist "gonged" by the police. I had also been seven years at a secondary school, which was almost the same as being at a public school, places which were lit by a rosy glow in his mind from long study of school stories.

Conversation to Harry meant a painstaking cross-examination of the other man. Therefore I was not at all surprised when he soon dismissed my opening casual remarks and said:—

"What sort of shaving cream do you use?"

I named a well-known brand, which announcement he received with that absolutely non-committal expression he always wore when he wanted to get to know something without giving away his own position.

"How often do you shave?" he continued, earnestly.

"Oh, usually every day."

Few remarks of mine have made such an impression. He was silent awhile, as if to put a respectful distance between his own and such great feats, and then remarked that he usually shaved on Saturday.

"Did you shave when you were a prefect?"

"Yes."

"Did the other prefects?"

"Most of them. One fellow shaved three times a week, and was very fond of rubbing his chin because it made a rasping noise."

Harry now appeared satisfied on matters of toilet, and we cycled for a time in silence.

"It's a fine evening," I ventured at length.

"Yes. Did the prefects smoke at your school?"

"Some of them. The captain smoked a pipe. It was a kind of tradition."

I knew this would interest Harry. It was not exactly the tradition he had read about, but it was a tradition all the same. With artistic sense I suppressed the facts that in my last year the captain's pipe cost a shilling, and the stuff he smoked ran along the border where tobacco ends and weed-killer begins.

"Did the captain have a cane?"

"No. Only the headmaster."

"Did he use it—er—public school way?" Harry made a motion with his hand to convey his meaning delicately.

"Yes."

Harry chewed this morsel over for some time; then he started on the subject of "japes." He had been over the ground before, acting on the assumption that "japes" were in the natural sequence of events at school. My slender stock of incidents which could possibly come in this class had long ago been exhausted. I could only reply:—

"A fellow in the Sixth in my time once threw open the library door and said: "Has anybody seen the old man nosing about?" Then he realised that the old man—the headmaster—had been standing behind the door, and he had slammed him headfirst into the bookshelves."

An appreciative grin had spread across Harry's face.

"Did he give him a flogging?" he asked, expectantly.

"What!" I exclaimed, taken by surprise, "oh no!"

"Was he expelled then?"

"No."

"Well what happened then?"

"He apologised about a dozen times. He was in the Sixth you see."

Even this explanation did not wholly satisfy. It was clear to me my story lacked dramatic value. Harry obviously had difficulty in visualising such an outrage with no sequel in which a pale, but erect, young figure stood before an assembly of the school, and startling developments followed next week.

He rode for a while ruminating on this enigma. I was rather glad of it, for the witness box is a very exhausting place. But he began again, as if determined to get something worth listening to.

"That science master you said did a lot of fishing, was he ever big-game hunting in Africa?"

I knew for a fact that he regularly went to Morecambe with his family for six weeks. However, I merely said that to the best of my knowledge he had not.

"When the masters go abroad, does anything even happen to them?"

I could only say that the French master once tore his trousers on a walking tour in Brittany.

"What countries do they go to?"

"France usually. Sometimes Germany or Italy. The Chemistry master went to Russia one year."

"Russia!" Harry's interest was evident. "What does he want to go to Russia for?"

"Oh, to see what it's like, I suppose."

"What's he like? . . . thin, dark, Bolshie sort of chap?"



"Well, no, not exactly. He wears rather thick glasses as he's shortsighted, and spends most of his spare time messing about the countryside in his car."

The "thick glasses" and the "messing about the countryside" clinched it. Poor little "Uncle John," as decent a fellow as ever lied about what his car could do, was catalogued for ever as a dirty piece of work.

And here we were at my gate. I gave him a "goodnight" and turned in, leaving Harry to pedal away into the dusk, considering the Anarchist form master with perfect satisfaction.

## VERSE

AND did the world, surprised, stand still  
 While I loved you?  
 The ecstasy of those December days!  
 The skies so blue!  
 When even yellow gas-lit street lamps  
 Assumed a golden hue.  
 I saw a pattern in the hawthorn twigs  
 And found that buttercups were beautiful.  
 The bourgeois park took on a mystic veil!  
 It was a love-light quite insatiable,  
 And shall I thank you for these new heights  
 Of sentimental sensibility?  
 I think not beloved.  
 I found that you were man  
 And these the dreams of idle adolescence.

S.M.B.

### Menuet.

(Version of the original poem in French by Fernand Gregh).

THE music of sad minuets  
 So fits my silent, old regrets  
 That I weep.  
 Those tremulous, sweet sounds to hear  
 From long ago, from yester-year  
 That softly weep.

Frail tones of the harpsichord,  
 Fleeting notes, a dainty cloud  
 That vanishes,  
 Like an old pastel with a smile  
 That glows and hovers a brief while  
 Then vanishes.

O music sad with secret rue,  
 Grief unspoken—grief most true—  
 Mute modesty—  
 Sighs unheard at sad leave-taking,  
 Gentle pride, love-forsaking  
 Quaint dignity.

How you rack the heart in pain  
 With your mocking, sweet refrain  
 Of despair!  
 Faintly heard, sad minuets,  
 Feathered sighs, untold regrets,  
 Kiss of despair! . . . .

LINDSEY.

## The Garden.

It is so fair a garden. By the path  
 The stately lupins hang translucent bells  
 Heavy with thunder rain, or crinkle back  
 Their dusky seed-pods, curled as spiral shells.  
 The sultry air is laden with the scent  
 Of countless roses, scarlet, cream and gold  
 Whose buds break forth in velvet starriness  
 Then fade and wither ere they can grow old.  
 And tiny plants and mosses multi-hued  
 Are woven into patterns gay and strange,  
 Are carpets 'fore the throne of Oberon.  
 Along the lawns the haughty peacocks range.  
 The trees are infinite, intensely green;  
 And in the midst, where leafy beeches sleep,  
 There lies the pool, in sombre mystery,  
 Like Nature's heart unfathomably deep.

DEIRDRE.

## Kirkham.

A RIVER winding mid the meadow-sweet,  
 Foxgloves and pine in rank confusion strewed,  
 Lush meadowlands astar with buttercups  
 And hedgerows twined with vetches multi-hued.  
 Here once, where now the jet-black cattle feed  
 In fragrant solitude, once—long ago—  
 An Abbey stood, and monks with shaven crowns  
 Lingered to watch the river winding slow.  
 An Abbey stood, the valley's Queen and pride,  
 And lilies grew, her countless shrines to deck:  
 Then she was raped by unbelief and greed.  
 One lancet window rising from the wreck  
 Of Time's destruction tells the mournful tale.  
 No more the pealing of the Abbey bell  
 Proclaims that Jesus on His Altar Throne  
 Triumphs eternally o'er death and hell.  
 No more burn tapers in Our Lady's shrine,  
 Or gleam the windows in the sunset glow;  
 No chanting echoes on the evening breeze  
 Where still the river sparkles, winding slow -----

DEIRDRE.

## On a Castilian Sound Shift.

ON the eve of the mighty sound shift in Castile,  
 a monk all mad for love a madrigal made,  
 sitting in azure cell with floating motes a-wheel,  
 where shifting notes and ever-dancing neumes forever played.

It had a tang of Barbary and the soul  
 of great Cervantes groaning at his oar  
 on the fray-bearded Main;  
 like fire it ran through broad peninsulas  
 of torch-lit brawls and windmill sails  
 webbed in driven stars.

Swordsmith and stevedore,  
 Christian and lordly Moor,  
 emeer in his Alcazar,  
 all chanted this Sursum Corda of love's fears  
 unto the blue-gladed casements of Algiers,  
 and warring faiths laid down their scimitars.

W.D.H.

## Spring Pastoral

(at *subitae horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt  
Harpyiae* . . . AEN. III).

THE chalk-flecked fallow rolls over like a fold  
of lime-green linen curving over and down  
into the green bottom, the track and the pond-corner.  
The Old Heath Road dips over and winds down  
away into the far fields, green and green,  
brown, brown and green, motley patch-carpet ribbed  
with neat embroidery of hedgerows, grooved  
with wayside channel of meandering beck,  
embossed with tidy, rounded, nesting coppice.

Each sound resolves a seasonable theme  
in native harmony: the lark links up  
his fine and delicate lust with the growing earth;  
the unshorn sheep and starting, leggy lambs  
bleat and attend, and bleat through the gentle air;  
deft plashing strokes unseen make patterns neat  
in the rich wayside of the strolling mind . . .  
and red beast, red and white on the distant green  
move imperceptibly.

The further wold  
smoothly bounds in the scene of patient peace.

O pause by the hill-top gateway, there to admire . . .  
steely pylons piercing the far sky, roads—  
"main roads marked red"—where the news comes clamouring  
its nervous, sterile myth of daily change:  
three heedless shadows out of the spring cloud drone  
whine, scream, swift roar and hum long out of sight . . .  
black-bellied Harpies leaving a stain on the field  
of memory, and faith-fed prospect fouled  
with cruel vision of suggested vistas,  
association's jealous incubus,  
death-seeking, quietly nourished thoughts of death!

LINDSEY.

Lincolnshire Wolds,  
April, 1939.

## Je Connais . . .

(Version of the original poem in French by Lucie Delarue-Mardrus).

I KNOW them and too often haunt  
Living souls long dead for me,  
For they have played their timely rôle  
Against my sensibility.

They have changed as I have changed,  
Life has taken its stern path.  
They hover in the drear beyond:  
Indifference, life's only death.

When they are no more, I think,  
That late farewell will be less vile  
Than the spiritless return  
Of the customary smile.

LINDSEY.

---

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J. C. R.**

## “C'est la vie, la vie, la vie Chérie . . .”

WHEN I first came up to the University I thought it would be a good idea to do French in order to have an extra long holiday in my 2nd year and avoid the Midsummer Exams.—and of course France seemed an ideal place for a holiday. When you are 18 you have some very hazy, romantic notions about France, and strange to say, they often came true.

If you are the sort of person who loves mediaeval history and the peal of old church bells, you should go to Caen (phonetically pronounced Ka). We lived within the chaste walls of a nunnery. The mass bell tolled before six every morning beneath my window. I could hear the rattle of rosaries in the courtyard and the chiming of the old church clocks as they struck the hour one after another. William the Conqueror founded this city. It was his favourite place of residence, and the legends of his deeds have never left its winding streets. (“1066 and all that,” you know). Above his tomb in the Abbaye aux Hommes there is the inscription “Guillaume le Conquérant, DUC DE NORMANDIE,” and then below, for of course it is of much less importance, “et Roi d'Angleterre.”

There were innumerable churches. Some were built round with houses and shops, some had large grounds with picturesque cloisters. Some were ornate, fashionable, noisy with sightseers, full of images. Others were simpler, quieter, with delicately coloured stained glass windows. If you walk along by the river and look across the “prairie”—a stretch of meadowland which extends from the centre of the town to the country—you can distinguish many spires and towers dreaming up to the sky. Little has changed since William and Mathilde came over from England to enjoy a respite from those turbulent Anglo-Saxons. The rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed peasants bargain for butter and pigs as they did hundreds of years ago. They won't hurry, and they won't do “owt for nowt.” When the bargain is finally fixed, they pay with notes that have been stored up for years in their old stocking—I have smelt the mould in them.

The University is just as sleepy. We had two grey-bearded professors for lectures. One spoke English with a delightful Victorian flavour, and the other—well, his watch was always 10 minutes fast, and he expected us to go by his time—just an old-fashioned idea he had! We translated from faded hectographed sheets: “An English tea-party” and Wordsworth's “Solitary Reaper.”

The municipal library was typical of Caen. We climbed up a few storeys of steps in the Town Hall and found it at the top—a long, high room with pictures of its distinguished citizens looking down from each side. William was, of course, in a pre-eminent position. We walked along the polished wood floor. There was a smell of old books. We asked the librarian for a French-English dictionary. He seemed like a ghost from the past—a bent, wizened figure, with a long, white beard. His moist blue eyes peered at us from beneath his black skull cap. Slowly he climbed up the creaking spiral staircase and brought down a large tome—an 1860 edition. We sat among rows of greybeards to do our work, among old gentlemen who spent hours and hours poring over musty volumes. Youth was in the minority.

I turned over the pages of “Les Noms de Lieu de la France,” and came to an interesting chapter on Scandinavian place-names. Vikings driven from

England by Alfred settled on the coasts of Normandy long ago. It is strange to think that those calm-eyed, slow-moving people of Caen had for their ancestors the wild and bloodthirsty Norsemen.

Of course, life in France is not one long chapter of history. There is another side of life—mais alors ça! c'est une autre histoire.

J.K.B.

## International Games, 1939.

**T**HERE are times in our lives when, however cosmopolitan we may be, we really feel proud of being English.

I was thinking particularly of the "Jeux des Universités Internationales," which were held this year at the "Stade Louis II," Monaco, in the setting of an amphitheatre of crags crowned with palms.

The opening parade took place on Sunday, 20th August, amidst the applause of hundreds of Monégasques and representatives of other nations. Each team marched round the arena of the Stadium to the music of the band and gave the individual salute as the flag of its country was lowered to the Prince of Monaco.

We athletes had till the following Thursday to become climatized before competing, and although we trained two hours beneath a blazing sun each morning for the sake of England, we did not let this disturb our enjoyment.

It was glorious to swing on the raft right out in the warm, azure, limpid Mediterranean, with the golden cliffs towering high in the background. Excursions up the mountainside and along the coast to Nice and Menton provided us a collection of beautiful views for the camera. Some of us even penetrated the precincts of Monte Carlo's magnificent Casino, in spite of our being under 21, pretending not to understand what "Quel âge avez-vous?" meant! One morning we were entertained at a Scotch millionaire's cocktail party, and were provided with (apart from pineapple juice and champagne!) a landscape stretching as far as the hills of sunny Italy.

Mentioning liqueur—what would we not have sacrificed for a glass of pure English water in lieu of those foul red and white wines? However, the multitude of peaches, plums, pears, grapes and melons we consumed at "Terminus Palace," where we stayed, made a certain compromise.

The Games began on the Thursday evening and rivalry between the nations was very friendly. Having gained first place in discus and second in the javelin-throwing event, I was eagerly looking forward to standing on the dais the following day, before thousands of onlookers all round, with the second and third winners on either side of me, to the hoisting of the Union Jack and singing of the National Anthem—an awe-inspiring ceremony.

Alas! to-morrow never came. At 1-0 p.m. on the Friday we were bathing beneath a blue, halcyon sky, and at 1-30 p.m. the crisis and the British Consul demanded that we should quit the country. "Quel dommage!" The journey home took two and a half days, amidst a crowd that was confused with panic, and a temperature approaching boiling point. Yet spirits still ran high amongst we 30 students, who entertained ourselves with community singing and humorous stories from Cambridge dons.

Hitler might have deprived us of four happy days in the demi-paradise of the Côte d'Or, but he can never efface that serene picture of the Channel crossing from Dieppe to Newhaven—a silent sea flooded with moonlight and the fairy lights of bloodthirsty battleships, and the mast silhouetted against a firmament bestudded with twinkling stars.

I. G. SWEETING.

## The Gryphon in History.

I HAVE often been asked the history of the chimerical creature depicted on the cover of our Journal and as I have been recently looking up some old historical and other books, where the Gryphon or Griffin has been referred to, I thought the information I obtained might be of general interest.

The undermentioned authors refer to the Gryphon or Griffin in the following terms :—

Hugh Clark's *Introduction to Heraldry*, 1845, page 134. "Griffin, an imaginary animal, never to be found but in painting; feigned by the ancients to have the wings of an eagle, and the head and paws of a lion, and devised to express strength and swiftness united. This imaginary animal was consecrated to the sun; and ancient painters represented the chariot of the sun as drawn by Griffins. As a charge it is common on ancient arms. Gwillim blazons it rampant, alleging that any fierce animal may be so blazoned as well as the lion; but segreant is the term generally used instead of rampant...."

"Griffin, male: this chimerical creature is half an eagle and half a lion, having large ears, but no wings, and rays of gold issueing from various parts of the body."

Ellen J. Millington's *Heraldry in History, Poetry and Romance*, 1858," page 277. "The Gryphon, or Griffin, is very frequently seen sculptured in Gothic churches, more especially in those of the Lombard and early Norman style, and there perhaps be intended, as in Dante's *Purgatorio*, for a symbol of Christ, and of the union of the divine and human natures in His sacred person. As a general symbol, a griffin expresses strength and vigilancy. In architecture, as in Heraldry, he has the head, wings and feet of an eagle, with the hinder part of a lion, and in the description given by the noble Italian poet :

" ' the members, far  
As he was bird, were golden, white the rest,  
With vermeil intertwined.' "

The creature itself is said by Sir John Maunndevile to be a native of ' Bacharie,' where, says the old traveller, ' ben many griffones, more plentee than in any other countree. Sum men seyn that they have the body upwards of an eagle, and benethe as a lyoun, and truly they seyne sothe that thei be of that schapp. (In truth, they say correctly, that they are of that shape). But one griffoun hath the body more gret and stronger than 100 eagles such as we han amonges us. For one griffoun there will bere flynge to his nest a great hors, or two oxen yoked togidere, as thei gou at the plowghe. For he hath his talouns so longe and so grete and large upon his feet, as thowghe thei were hornes of grete oxen, or of bugles (bulls), or of kygn, so that men maken cuppes of hem to drynke of, and of hire (their) ribbes and of the pennes of hire wenges men maken bowes full strong to schote with arwes and quarell.' "

It was said, I fear without much truth, that three talons of the gryphon were preserved at Bayeux, and fastened on high festival days to the Altar; and there seems to have been some curious legend concerning a cup formed of a gryphon's claw, and dedicated to S. Cuthbert.

The gryphon's egg also was considered a valuable curiosity, and used as a goblet. The family of the Dispencers bore a griffin; and a singular representation of this animal is seen at Warwick, at the feet of Richard Beauchamp, who died



in 1493. Rivers, Earl of Devon, also bears "Gu. a griffin segreant (or sejant) or." The sea-griffin, half eagle and half fish, is the armorial ensign of the family of Mestich, in Silesia, and of the island of Usedom, on the Oder.

William Smith Ellis, Esq., in *The Antiquities of Heraldry*, 1869, makes the following references:—

Page 85. "The germ of the legend of the Argonauts and the Golden Fleece has been considered to be found in the fable of the Arimaspi and Griffins. The former, as Herodotus was told, were a Scythian people who waged a continual war with the Griffins, who collected the gold of the country. These are imagined to have been the symbols of two contending parties. The Griffin was especially a fabulous animal of the Persians."

Page 91. "At Persepolis there is the figure of the king killing a monster having lion's paws, a neck scaly as of a dragon, with a scorpion's tail, and a horn issueing from his head which the king lays hold of with his left hand, and with his right plunges a dagger into his body. This could not clearly be intended to represent an incident of the chase. Persian gems abound with monstrous forms. The king is exhibited in conflict with a vast variety of monsters, for instance, winged lions with two tails, and with the horns of a ram or antelope. Sphinxes and griffins of different shapes appear on Persian gems and cylinders. On some bas-reliefs at Persepolis the king is represented killing a lion or a bull; on others a lion is devouring a bull; the griffins' heads and bulls' heads are found carved on the capitals of the temples."

Page 153. "The Standard of Wessex, the historians tell us, in the eighth century, was a Dragon. Now Baldwin, Earl of Devon, who died in 1155, bore a Griffin on his seal. These two fabulous monsters according as fancy may represent them are sufficiently alike. Baldwin's two sons and his grandson, all Earls of Devon, also exhibited the griffin on their seals. As another heraldic bearing is attributed to their family name De Redvers or Riviers, the griffin might not improbably have been assumed by them in their territorial capacity as Earls of Devon, and so assumed as the ancient ensign of the Kingdom of Wessex, of which Devonshire formed a part."

Layard's *Discoveries in Nineveh and Babylon*, page 184, quotes:—"The bull, the wild goat and the griffin are the animals evidently of a sacred character, which occur so frequently in the sculptures of Nimroud."

In Evan's *British Coins*, page 121, we find:—"The Eagle is also a favourite on British as well as Gaulish coins. It is seen on a coin of Tasciovanus with a Griffon on the reverse. Mr. Evans points out the occurrence of the Griffin on other British as well as Gaulish coins, and suppose them to be of classical origin."

Mr. Ormerod, in his *History of Cheshire* (i. 511), gives a representation of a seal of Roger de Lacy, Constable of Chester, temp. John, which exhibits a Griffin attacked by a serpent, that he intimates typifies the hostility of the Earls of Chester to their enemies the Princes of Wales, who bore the Griffin 'as a badge.' Griffith ap Cynan was King of North Wales, A.D. 1079, and probably bore a Griffin for his heraldic device."

In Harl. MSS. 2064 (*The Ledger Book of Vale Royal*), page 307, is given a charter of the Earl of Chester, witnessed by John the Constable, Hugh and Adam de Duttum, etc., on the secretum of the seal of which is a Griffin with the

tail of a fish, and in the same volume are given two charters of Roger the Constable, with a similar seal to that mentioned by Mr. Ormerod."

Charles Worthy, Esq., in an *Epitome of English Armory*, 1889, pages 49, 50 and 51, says:—"Of Composite or Monstrous and Fabulous Animals, a very large number are recorded by some of the earlier heraldic writers. The chief of them, however, are . . . . . the Dragon, the Gryphon, the Wyvern, the Hydra, the Chimera, the Bagwyn, the Enfield and the Opinicus. Parts of many of these, such as the Dragon, Wyvern and Griffin or Gryphon, are frequently, like other animals, borne as charges.

"The Gryphon, or Griffin, also of frequent occurrence, has the head, shoulders, wings and forepart of an eagle, body, hind legs and tail of a lion. It is said to be segreant instead of rampant when in its most usual position.

"A Male Gryphon is similar to the above, save that it has no wings, but two straight horns instead, which rise from the forehead, and rays of gold should issue from parts of the body."

Arthur Charles Fox-Davies, in his recent *Complete Guide to Heraldry*, gives an interesting, and more systematic—if I may use the term—account of this animal, as follows:—"The Griffin or Gryphon. Though in the popular mind any heraldic monster is generally termed a griffin, the griffin has, nevertheless, very marked and distinct peculiarities. It is one of the hybrid monstrosities which heraldry is so fond of, and is formed by the body, hind-legs and tail of a lion conjoined to the head and claws of an eagle, the latter acting as its forepaws. It has the wings of an eagle, which are never represented close, but it also has ears, and this, by the way, should be noted, because herein is the only distinction between a griffin's head and an eagle's head when the rest of the body is not represented. Though but very seldom so met with, it is occasionally found proper, by which description is meant that the plumage is of the brown colour of the eagle, the rest of the body being the natural colour of the lion. The griffin is frequently found with the beak and forelegs of a different colour from the body, and is then termed 'armed,' though another term, 'beaked and fore-legged,' is almost as frequently used. A very popular idea is that the origin of the griffin was the dimidiation of two coats of arms, one having an eagle and the other a lion as charges, but taking the origin of armory to belong to about the end of the eleventh century, or thereabouts, the griffin can be found as a distinct creation, not necessarily heraldic, at a very much earlier date. An exceedingly good and early representation of the griffin is to be found in the great seal of the town of Schweidnitz, in the jurisdiction of Breslau, and belongs to the year 1315. The inscription is '+S universitatis civium de Swidnitz.' In the grant of arms to the town in the year 1452, the griffin is gules (red) on a field of argent (silver).

"The griffin will be found in all sorts of positions, and the terms applied to it are the same as would be applied to a lion, except in the single instance of the rampant position. A griffin is then termed 'segreant.' The wings are usually represented as endorsed and erect, but this is not compulsory, as will be noticed by reference to the supporters of the Earl of Mar and Kellie, in which the wings are inverted. There is a certain curiosity in English heraldry, wholly peculiar to it, which may be here referred to. A griffin in the ordinary way is merely so termed, but a male griffin by some curious reasoning has no wings, but is adorned with spikes showing at some number of points on its body. I have, under my remarks upon the panther, hazarded the supposition that the male griffin of English heraldry is nothing more than a British development and form of the Continental heraldic panther, which is unknown to us. The origin

of the clusters and spikes, unless they are to be found in the flames of fire associated with the panther, must remain a mystery. The male griffin is very seldom met with, but two of these creatures are the supporters of Sir George John Egerton Dashwood, Bart.

"Whilst we consider the griffin a purely mythical animal, there is no doubt whatever that earlier writers devoutly believed that such animals existed. Sir . . . . ., and other writers, whilst not considering them an original type of animal, undoubtedly believed in their existence as hybrid of the eagle and the lion. It is of course a well known fact that the mule, the most popular hybrid, does not breed. This fact would be accepted as accounting for the rarity of animals which were considered to be hybrids.

"Though there are examples of griffins in some of the earliest rolls of arms, the animal cannot be said to have come into general use until a somewhat later period. Nowadays, however, it is probably next in popularity to the lion.

"The demigriffin is very frequently found as a crest.

"A griffin's head is still more frequently met with, and as a charge upon the shields it will be found in the arms of Raikes, Kay and many other families.

"A variety of the griffin is found in the gryphon-marine, or sea-griffin. In it the fore part of the creature is that of an eagle, but the wings are sometimes omitted, and the lower part of the animal is that of a fish, or rather of a mermaid."

In a De Brett's of 1884, which is the oldest edition I have been able to lay my hands on so far, there are 68 coats in which the Gryphon, or a portion of the animal, is included.

I have personally been interested to trace the correct colours in which this creature should be represented, but there is no unanimity on this point by the authors I have consulted.

AUBYN R. D'ABREU.

## "Gryphon" Staff, 1939-40.

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**N**IGHTCAP of comfort to a work-worn head—  
A TOM LONG pipeful ere you go to bed!

# CORRESPONDENCE

LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION,

LEEDS,

7th September, 1939.

*To the Secretaries of all Clubs of the  
Leeds University Union.*

Dear Sir or Madam,

It has been decided provisionally that all club fixtures that would entail travelling after sunset shall be cancelled.

*This applies to travel by road as well as rail.*

The Pavilion and Women's Changing Rooms at Weetwood, and the Union Building and the Gymnasium will, until further notice, all be closed at sunset.

As far as games fixtures are concerned, it may be possible, to some extent, for you to substitute local fixtures for those that will have to be cancelled.

If your fixture lists have already been submitted, amended lists should be sent in as soon as possible.

Yours faithfully,

DEREK T. MILNTHORPE,

*for General Athletics Secretary,  
Leeds University Union.*

LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION,

LEEDS,

7th September, 1939.

*To Secretaries of*

*Representative Councils and Societies of the  
of the Leeds University Union.*

Dear Sir or Madam,

It has been decided provisionally that no social functions—Dances, socials, Meetings, etc.—so far as the Union is concerned, shall be held until further notice. This applies to all activities that would normally take place after sunset in the buildings of the University.

Will you please take what action may be considered necessary with regard to this?

Yours faithfully,

DEREK T. MILNTHORPE,

*Hon. Secretary,  
Leeds University Union.*



LEEDS UNIVERSITY  
**Old Students' Association.**

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*Notes from Headquarters.*

**IMPORTANT!**

**RECORD OF NATIONAL SERVICE.**

The University Authorities are anxious to obtain a complete record of all national service, either military or civil, undertaken by staff, students and former students of the University.

Will old students please co-operate by sending full particulars of their national service duties and appointments to

THE HON. SECRETARIES,

L.U.O.S.A.,

THE UNIVERSITY, LEEDS, 2.

**I**T is with sad hearts that we greet the opening of the new session. The frivolities of last term—the Treasure Hunt—the tennis evenings at Oxley—the dances in the beautiful hall of the new Union Buildings—seem already to belong to a different life.

Those of us who were privileged to be present at the opening of the Union Building felt that a dream had at last come true and revelled in the prospect of using our new room for the Winter meetings of the Association. Those luxurious blue settees and easy chairs will be awaiting us, we hope, when we can again enjoy care-free evenings and blaze abroad unlimited light! We thank the University for providing this attractive room for the use of Old Students and urge members to take an opportunity to see it and to use it informally during the day-time whenever they wish.

The Association acknowledges with thanks the generosity of the Union in making it possible for each of our members to receive a copy of the excellent souvenir issue of *The Gryphon* to commemorate the opening of the Union Building.

The O.S.A. Committee—somewhat depleted, we fear—will be meeting shortly to discuss the future policy of the Association. In the meantime, we send from Leeds good wishes to all Old Students during the difficult days ahead.

D. G. TUNBRIDGE, } *Joint*  
A. E. FERGUSON, } *Hon. Secretaries.*

**WEST RIDING LETTER.**

Department of Botany,  
The University,  
Leeds, 2.

It has been decided to suspend all Branch activities for the present on account of the war, but if it is found possible to hold meetings later members will be circularised. Any new members who would like to receive such a notice should write to the Secretary.

KATHLEEN M. MATTINSON.

**BIRMINGHAM LETTER.**

154, Springfield Road,  
Birmingham.

A most enjoyable trip was held on June 10th, again at Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Hirst's cottage on the banks of the Severn.

We arrived in glorious sunshine and the whole party wandered down to the river, paddled therein and returned to partake of tea.

After tea we went by car to Stourport and made a very interesting trip up the river and returned to a ham and egg supper at a delightful country cottage.

Rain commenced to fall steadily and so we repaired to the cottage, where an enormous bonfire had been prepared. Our clothes speedily dried and we sang songs around the fire until dusk.

Thank you once again, Dr. and Mrs. Hirst, for your kindness to the members of our Branch.  
JOHN LAMBERT.

**HULL AND EAST RIDING BRANCH LETTER.**

c/o 227, Park Avenue,  
Hull.

To my fellow members,

It is time to get together again after the Summer recess, in which I hope all of you have succeeded in partaking of a good and profitable holiday, whether by land, sea or air. The unfortunate occurrence of war may have unsettled matters somewhat, but don't let us be disturbed by it. Just as the Samson of biblical times, with all his strength and power, suffered defeat, so the "tyrant" will be caught eventually and his tactics buried once and for all. Let us therefore lift up our hearts.

It is hoped that my committee will arrange for a social gathering this term, when we have settled down and, owing to the exceptional circumstances of the times, I shall be pleased to receive suggestions for meetings from any of our members. May I mention the fact that a few subscriptions are still outstanding from last session and it is desired that these may be remitted to me forthwith. The Annual General Meeting will be held later on in the term.

A word to new members: I shall have pleasure in enrolling any new members who may have recently found themselves placed within the safety zone of the East Riding. So don't hesitate. Please drop me a line.

With all good wishes.

E. C. FROW,  
*Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.*

**LONDON LETTER.**

Since our last letter the London Branch has held two very successful functions. The Provincial Universities' Ball was attended by many members and friends, all of whom had a very enjoyable evening. The Annual General Meeting was held at the Comedy Restaurant, Panton Street, and was preceded by an excellent luncheon. The minutes of the last meeting and the Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were duly passed. The retiring President, Dr. Grace Griffith, was warmly thanked for her keen interest in the society. The new President, Mr. James Blair, was elected unanimously and the election of officers and committee proceeded forthwith. A resolution introduced by Mr. J. Reeman, that a reserve fund be created to raise a sum sufficient to give a yearly income to cover our annual deficit, was passed after a lively discussion. After the meeting, many members visited Chelsea Rose Show and later had tea together.

Future activities, including the Dinner, have been arranged, but owing to the present international situation it has been thought advisable to cancel them. The Committee hopes to be able to meet at a later date to discuss suitable arrangements whereby the London Branch can carry on under the present difficulties.

COMMITTEE, 1939-1940.

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Mr. W. S. CHEAVIN, Dr. W. G. DANGERFIELD, Mr. S. MULLER,  
Mr. A. WHITE.

*Hon. Treasurer*: Mr. J. REEMAN.

*Hon. Secretary*: Mr. C. H. R. ELSTON.

## 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.

BROWN.—Miss Doris Barbara Brown (Physiology, 1926-29, M.B., Ch.B., 1932) and Miss Hilary E. Long, Reader in Surgery, have left England to take up appointments at the Lady Hardinge Medical College, Delhi.

CAMERON.—W. S. Cameron, who has been appointed City Engineer of Leeds, was educated at Wakefield Grammar School and the Yorkshire College.

CHAPMAN.—A note on the gift to the Brotherton Library, by Mrs. Chaston Chapman, of an extensive collection of rare scientific works got together by her late husband, will be found in *Nature* for May 27th.

CONNAL.—On one of the Editor's infrequent visits to the cinema, in the happier days before the war, great was his surprise to witness as the first item of the programme a display of athletic prowess by Miss Kate Connal and Company, recorded by the film news-gazette. There can now be few fresh fields or pastures new for the University's young ladies to conquer.

COWLING.—A new book by Professor G. H. Cowling, published at the University of Melbourne Press last May, is *Essays in the Use of English*.

CUTHILL.—Dr. R. Cuthill (Chem., 1920-23, Ph.D., 1925) has been appointed head of the chemistry department of the Bolton Municipal Technical College.

JAMESON.—Storm Jameson's latest novel is entitled *Farewell Night, Welcome Day*, It is published by Cassell.

MALLINSON.—Vernon Mallinson (French, 1928-31, M.A., 1936) is the author of *Ecrire: French Composition for Middle Forms*.

MOYNIHAN.—A short biography of Lord Moynihan, by Donald Bateman, is announced as being prepared for publication by Messrs. Macmillan.

RAISTRICK.—The following book by A. Raistrick and C. E. Marshall was published by the English Universities Press in May of this year: *The Nature and Origin of Coal and Coal Seams*. It costs 12/6.

ROTH.—A. B. Roth (Science, 1916-21) has been appointed Convener of the Programme Committee of the Rochdale Rotary Club. Old Students who live in the vicinity and who may have subjects to offer as half-hour Rotary addresses are requested to communicate with him.

SIBELLAS.—Rev. Leonard Sibellas (Arts, 1924-27) has been appointed to the benefice of All Saints', South Kirkby, with North Elmsall, near Pontefract.

STEWART.—John Murray announces for publication shortly a volume entitled *Hugh Stewart: Some Memories of His Friends and Colleagues*, edited by Professor Ernest Weekley. Professor Stewart's vigorous reign over the Latin Department at Leeds will not be forgotten by his former students. This small volume, which will be illustrated, will cost 5/-.

WILSON.—An edition of *Sawles Warde*, by R. M. Wilson, together with *The Conflict of Wit and Will*, edited by Professor Dickins, has been published by the Leeds School of English Language at 8/6.

## BIRTHS.

FRY.—To Dr. J. J. (Med., 1926–32) and Mrs. Fry (formerly Ann Illingworth, Science, 1928–33), of Sunny Bank, Sandy Lane, Newcastle, Staffs., on June 4th, a son.

PLATT.—To Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Platt, of Grove House, New Wortley, Leeds, on May 30th, a daughter.

SIMPSON.—To Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Simpson (formerly Mary Appleton, Science, 1926–30), on February 27th, 1939, a daughter, Susan. Address: Windyridge, Brentry Lane, Brentry, Bristol.

WELLS.—To Rev. Philip (History, 1927–30) and Mrs. Wells (formerly Winifred Peaker, Science, 1928–31), on March 11th, a son, John Christopher. Address: The Vicarage, Upholland, Wigan.

## ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced between Phyllis Mary Clapham (Science, 1933–37) and Dr. Joseph Stubbs (Botany, 1933–38). Dr. Stubbs now holds a post as Research Assistant in the Department of Agriculture, specialising in bracken eradication.

The engagement is also announced between Mary L. Billingham (Botany, 1930–33) and D. H. Adams (Botany, 1932–35).

## MARRIAGES.

BLACKBURN-BROOKE.—Dr. G. N. Blackburn (M.B., Ch.B., 1936), of Holbeck, to Olga Aspey Brooke, of Moortown, at St. John's, Moortown, Leeds, on Friday, June 9th. Dr. Blackburn will be remembered for the prominent part he played in various sports teams at the University.

FRANCE-WARD.—John France, of Mirfield and Dewsbury, to Alma Elizabeth Campbell Ward (Commerce 1935–38) of Harrogate, at Mirfield Parish Church, on September 2nd.

HENSON-WRIGHT.—Dr. H. Henson, of the Department of Zoology, to Betty Warren Wright, of Roundhay, on August 26th, at St. Edmund's, Roundhay, Leeds.

HUDSON-JEFFERSON.—Alan Roy Victor Hudson (Chemistry, 1932–35), of Lofthouse, to Annie Mary Jefferson, of Rothwell, on August 1st, at Lofthouse Parish Church.

MATHERS-WILSON.—William Michael Mathers (Science, 1932–35), of Alwoodley, Leeds, to Dr. Kathleen Wilson (M.B., Ch.B., 1938), of Roundhay, on June 3rd, at St. John's Church, Roundhay, Leeds.

MOORHOUSE-SLATER.—John Moorhouse (Science, 1931–34), of Adel, to Dorothy Slater, of Armley, Leeds, on May 29th, at Christ Church, Armley. Address: "Shangrila," Bridevale Road, Wigston Lane, Leicester.

STEPHENSON-WAYMAN.—Maurice Henry Stephenson (Science, 1930–33) to Eileen Kate Wayman, on April 8th, at All Saints' Church, Huntingdon.

THISTLETHWAITE-GAUKROGER.—Dr. Henry Thistlethwaite (M.B., Ch.B., 1937; President of the Union, 1934–35) to Mary B. Gaukroger (Dental), on June 8th, at the Otley Registry Office.

## DEATHS.

ARNOLD.—Mr. Edmund George Arnold, head of the printing and stationery firm of E. J. Arnold & Sons, Ltd., and formerly Lord Mayor of Leeds, died at his home, Moorfield House, Moortown, Leeds, on July 13th. His connection with the University culminated in his acceptance of the post of Pro-Chancellor in 1921, a post which he retained until his resignation in 1926. In 1924 the University desired to recognise the value of his services to it and conferred upon him the honour of the degree of LL.D *honoris causa*. But the University was by no means the only institution in which he took a great interest; besides holding the highest post which many professional bodies can offer to those whose eminence it desires to honour, Mr. Arnold performed a good deal of valuable service in various philanthropic institutions.

BROOK.—We regret to have to announce the death, in tragic circumstances and at a very early age, of Elliott Brook, who took Chemistry in 1933–36 and Education in 1936–37. At the time of his death, which took place in June, Mr. Brook was teaching in a school at Frankfurt-am-Main, and was accidentally electrocuted while trying to photograph an electric spark.

BURRILL.—Harold Ruthven Burrill, for many years part-time Lecturer in the Department of Law, died at the end of June at the early age of 45. Mr. Burrill was a graduate of the University (LL.B., 1920) and a partner in the firm of Simpson, Curtis & Burrill, of Park Square, Leeds. He was a well-known and respected figure in legal circles in Leeds. He leaves a widow and three sons.



DYSON.—Sir Frank Dyson, K.B.E., F.R.S., Astronomer Royal, 1910–33, who died on May 25th, was an honorary graduate (LL.D., 1922) of the University.

FLEMING.—It is with profound regret that we announce the death at an early age of Brian Willoughby Alexander Fleming, on July 3rd, at 28, Allerton Grove, Moortown. Dr. Fleming took his M.B., Ch.B., only seven years ago and had set up in practice at Horsforth, near Leeds.

HUTCHINSON.—Francis Arthur Hutchinson, "faithful servant of the University," on July 2nd, at the age of 81.

LUMB.—Mr. G. D. Lumb, a well-known Leeds antiquary, who died on August 14th, made the first endowment to the University Library for the purchase of rare books. He was a solicitor by profession, but it was his work for the Thoresby Society that he will be best and longest remembered by.

MARSLAND.—News has been received of the death on August 12th of Roland Marsland, who entered the Yorkshire College in 1890. He had retired from business on age limit recently (he held a post with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co., South Philadelphia Works, Lester, Pa., U.S.A.), and this seemed to hasten his end. He has left a widow, one son, three daughters and one grandson. Many of his friends were in England.

SELLERS.—Dr. Maud Sellers, who died in June at the age of 78, was for a year or two in the early twenties of this century on the Staff of the University as Reader in Mediaeval History. Her doctorate was obtained not at Leeds, as has been reported, but at Dublin. She will be remembered best by her work on the papers relating to the York Merchant Venturers.

STUART-JONES.—Sir Henry Stuart-Jones, who died early in July, was an honorary graduate of the University (LL.D., 1934). He was best known to the world at large, perhaps, for his revision of Liddell and Scott's *Dictionary*.

WATSON.—Dr. George William Watson, of Distington, Cumberland, who died at Carlisle on July 13th, and was cremated at Lawnwood on July 15th, obtained his M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. through the Medical School in 1914.

WELPTON.—We are informed of the death, towards the end of July, of Mr. W. P. Welpton, formerly Lecturer in Education at the University.

## REVIEWS

### The Local Government of the United Kingdom.

A TEXT BOOK which has run through 12 editions since 1922 has obviously established its reputation. In this edition changes brought about by the vast mass of social legislation up to 1938 have been dealt with. All aspects of local government are included. The socio-historical aspect of Local Government is developed and the exact legal position at the present day is given. The book is invaluable to the serious student of Citizenship.

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### Christians in Society.

THIS book is based on the industrial work of the S.C.M., Section 3 of the Oxford Oecumenical Conference, 1937, and the work of Professor Reinhold Niebuhr, of Union Theological Seminary, New York. Written in the past few months it is very conscious of the present critical position in social affairs, and by sound analysis does much to clarify the position for Christians, who, whilst not lacking in sincerity, have by superficial thinking, become divided in opinion. The remarks about Major Douglas' Social Credit are an example.

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## Pacifism as a Principle and Pacifism as a Dogma.

**A**N excellent study of the errors of complete Pacifism, though we are afraid the question is of too academic a nature now for the book to command many readers.

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# SOCIETY NOTES

**WOMEN DAY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.**—The chief object of the Women Day Students' Association is to help Day Students enjoy the advantages of hostel life that they would otherwise miss, and thus help them to become active members of the University life. During the year there are several social evenings for Day Students, and athletic competitions where the Day Students count as a hostel. We need as much active support from Day Students as we can get to make these evenings a success and to uphold our name in athletics. Membership cards, only 6d., can be obtained from any member of committee, and notice concerning activities will be posted on the special boards.

U.O.F. (*Hon. Secretary*).

**THE CONSERVATIVE SOCIETY.**—The exact date of the Federation Organiser's visit to Leeds has not yet been fixed, but this should materialise either at the end of October or the beginning of November. Mr. Fyfe has signified his intention to answer any questions proposed by members or those interested.

To Central Office we extend our thanks for kindly consenting to supply copies of "Speakers' Hints," issued fortnightly, and "Politics in Review," a quarterly journal, in which I can safely say, there are topics of interest for all. In return, we ask you to treat them with the respect they deserve.

Whatever the outcome of this terrible catastrophe no one can accuse the Government of plunging the country into an unnecessary war. May God grant a speedy victory to the Allies, who are united in the just cause of liberating the oppressed.

We, as Conservatives, will do our part, however insignificant. I am confident that when need arises members will be as willing to help the Polish refugees as they were to aid the Chinese, Spaniards and Czechs, for service to humanity severs all barriers of race, colour and creed.

IRENE M. W. JOHNSON, *Hon. Secretary*.

**THE CLIMBING CLUB.**—The first Summer meet of the club was held in Langdale at the conclusion of the June exams. In spite of the appalling weather conditions, several climbs were accomplished on Bowfell and Doe Crag.

During the vacation the club has left its nail marks on many of the British crags; whilst Dr. Allsopp and Lewis have reduced the severest of gritstone climbs to the level of boulder problems. Two other members have taken "the road to the Isles" and enjoyed the worst of weather and the best of climbing in the Isle of Skye.

Two members have acted as leaders for travel organisations: one with the W.T.A. in Skye and the other with the N.U.S. in Lakeland.

Should regular climbing be possible next term we shall have fortnightly meets on the crags which are so easily accessible to Leeds. Though the routes on Almescliffe and Ilkley may lack the exhilaration of those on Scafell and Scurr Alasdair, a technique acquired by regular practice on gritstone is one of the climber's most valuable assets.—D.D.

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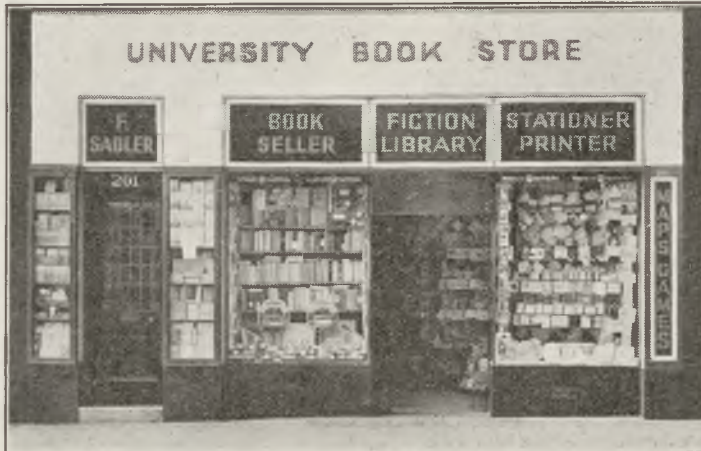
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