

# THE GRYPHON

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DECEMBER, 1918.

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

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## THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

Vol. XXII.

DECEMBER, 1918.

No. 1.

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EVERY departure from the laws of nature is bound to have its disadvantages. The *Gryphon* is a case in point, being the only specimen on record, we believe, of an animal which hibernates during the summer—or ought we to say *astatates*? And now, emerging from its retirement it regards, with blinking surprise, and a sense of being belated, a world which the events of four short months have changed almost out of recognition. It left a world dark with war, it returns with the dawn of Peace.

\* \* \*

Frequently of late we have been told that we are living through the most fateful and amazing months known to history—so frequently, that the repetition begins to pall. Truth wearies us if she appears too often in the same garb, and a platitude is truth in rags.

This seeming digression is a camouflaged apology for the banality of notes based upon a platitude—"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the "Otago University Review" for 1918; also the "Mermaid" of Manchester, the "Sphinx" of Liverpool, and "Tamesis" of University College, Reading.

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Do we not count among our new orders the O.B.E. ?

\* \* \*

Among the lesser innovations of the past four years, there is, perhaps, none more conspicuous to the student than the influx of new words. A modern conversation on Topical events would have been hardly comprehensible in pre-war days. "Out of every nook and corner of this busy world they come," these new recruits to our word-army, alike from our allies and the enemy. "Na-poo," "camouflage," "blighty," "batman," "strafe," and "kamarad" are but a few chosen at random. Many will prove to be only the slang of the moment, but our English tongue will ever be the richer for the poetic imagery of the soldier-phrase, "going west."

\* \* \*

And how glibly we talk of matters naval and military! their technicalities are no sealed book to us. We know all about Tanks and Barrages, Crashes and Pushes, Dug-outs and Pill-boxes. Abbreviations puzzle us no longer. We know that a P.C. need not be an officer of the Law, while on the other hand an M.P. may. We discuss the W.O. and the C.O. of the W.A.A.C., A.D.C.'s, O.P.'s, K.O.Y.L.I., P.P.O.C.L.I., O.T.C.'s, Pip Emma and Dora. There are tales we could unfold of Dora,—but we are loyal to our own sex. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* R.I.P.

\* \* \*

"Late refinements crept into our language" is Swift's scathing term for such abbreviations, whose increase of late makes one tremble for the newspaper style of the next decade, though, as one modern critic remarks, "It is hardly to be feared that they will make their way into *literature*."

\* \* \*

It is strange to notice how, in another direction, our innovations have carried us back to the very dawn of time. We have brought back the glyptodon and encased it in steel; we have resuscitated the pterodactyle and driven it by petrol. But the sounding names are gone. Economy of syllables has reduced them to "Tank" and "bus."

\* \* \*

With the passing of the old order, autocracy inevitably passes too. The Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs and the Romanoffs have followed the Capets. Greece has won back her birthright, Bulgaria has thrown off the yoke of tyranny. The nations of Europe are striving, however blindly, towards the goal of universal liberty.

\* \* \*

We who have never known the University except under war conditions, will be proud that the honour of welcoming back her "students in arms" will fall to our lot. And yet we have our misgivings lest they should find that the traditions of the University have suffered in our hands. We look to them to help us in re-establishing the old order, which, in this particular case, is a reversion to be desired.

\* \* \*

At the dawn of peace, we think with reverent pride and gratitude of those of our number whom we shall not welcome back. They have consecrated for us

the soil of many a foreign field. "After life's fitful fever they sleep well." Their memory will ever be sacred to us.

\* \* \*

We have sought to keep their memory green by our memorial wreath, but, in its present condition, can we think that it is an adequate tribute to their valour and sacrifice? This is a matter which concerns the whole University, and we make an appeal that some more fitting symbol shall be set up, to express the place they hold in our remembrance.

\* \* \*

Our darkest days are over—we are free to face the problems and tasks of reconstruction. "Much of our old civilization, with its veneer of politeness and its heart of barbarism, will have been riven as the ranges are riven by the earthquake. But out of the wreckage shall come the healthier day. The wounds will heal as they always heal, and the scars will stay as they always stay; but they will stay to warn us against perpetuating our ancient follies. Empires will never again regard their militarism as their pride."

\* \* \*

The next issue of the *Gryphon* will appear in January. Contributions may be sent in up to Dec. 25th.

### Songs of the Ridings.

THE provincial come to London, says Dixon Scott, has advantage over the native born and bred, in that he sees our first city "stretched colossally to scale against the sky—massed triumphantly, a royal city of Romance," feels its power and draws inspiration from it as the Londoner cannot do. In the same way, coming to his subject as a stranger, though with probably no first "vision splendid," the man from the south seems to have entered into possession of our Yorkshire: its greyness, its bleakness, its cutting winds, and the corresponding hard, blunt, uncompromising but genuine nature of the Yorkshireman were not allowed to daunt him long or over-much, for, braving its north-wind criticism of him as (possibly) "the long-haired gauvie" he pursued with untiring energy his research into the heart of things Yorkshire. Hence the "Songs of the Ridings."

It is good to read them in a "foreign" county, to feel the breath of their Yorkshire spirit, to hear the wholesome expressive dialect with its "zitha," "owt" and "baht." Direct, uncompromising it is, in the mouth of the artisan or farmer, where every word is a keen-edged tool which carries out its own special purpose, the scorn of "Eddication's nowt but muckment, sanitation's just a stink" of the conservative old Roman-loving farmer, the delight of the "Jumping Ranter" when he makes his errant flock "roar as loud as t'buzzar down at t'mill" in penitence, or the keen opposition of fact to theory by the artisan of "The Hungry Forties" would lose effect in standard speech; it is the dialect which gives spirit and feeling.

The Yorkshireman has had his particular language taken out of his mouth by the "mere southerner"—remains only that the same southerner shall in his



monologues endue himself with the character of the barbaric Yorkshireman, and this he does. The East Riding sailor with his inbred love of the sea, the sturdy old farmer who prefers the living pictures of his farm to any productions of the "scaumy-legged painters," the unwilling artisan of the West Riding who rejoices in his emancipation "Frae Bradford, Leeds and Huthersfel"—they are all Yorkshire types, worthy speakers of the dialect. Moreover, the Yorkshireman seeing himself thus in another's eyes has little cause to feel ashamed; brusque and curt he may be, but sound at heart and clean of mind as his own wind across the moors.

"Songs of the Ridings" is old Yorkshire, the dales and moors left untouched as yet by industry. The artisan has his place, but as one who is bound by smoky cities, who has felt the weight of his fetters and longs to be freed. The farmer of Cambodunum expresses this, when he says to those who fly to cities and scorn his love of the land

"You may addle brass 'i plenty, you'll noan addle peace o' mind  
That sal bide among us farmers on t'owd hills you've left behind."

So in the "The Beck" and "The Song of the Yorkshire Dales" we find the Yorkshire most of us love best, though the clack of the mills and the steel works at night may have their attraction for us, who seem to grow and flourish "cluttered up i' Leeds" and places like to it. The best of Yorkshire, for we must own it is a partial view the author takes, we find in the "Songs of the Ridings": there is but one drawback—how shall our homely sturdy flowers flourish and grow by the side of the pleasing but exotic by contrast "The Flower of Wensleydale."

For the rest, Dr. Moorman has fully justified his preface, in that for the ballad and verse tale, lyric in all its forms and some kinds of satire, for all these, dialect is a fitting instrument. In "His Last Sail," "Cambodunum," and others, he has gone further and shown that dialect can be full of the very essence of poetry. Of the "Songs of the Ridings" we print below, with the author's kind permission "His Last Sail" and "A Dalesman's Litany."

### His Last Sail.

GRANDFATHER

T' WATTER is blue i' t' offin',  
An' blue is t' sky aboon;  
Swallows are settin' sou'ard,  
An' wanin' is t' harvist moon.  
Ower lang I've bin cowerin' idle  
I' my neuk by t' fire-side;  
I'll away yance mair i' my coble,  
I'll away wi' t' ebbin' tide.

MALLY

Nay, Gransir, thoo moant gan sailing',  
Thoo mun bide at yam to-neet;  
At eighty-two thoo sudn't think  
O' t' Whitby fishin' fleet.  
North cone's up on t' flagstaff,  
There's a cap-full o' wind i' t' bay;  
T' waves wap loud on t' harbour bar,  
Thoo can hardlins fish to-day.

GRANDFATHER

It's leansome here i' t' hoose, lass,  
When t' fisher-folk's at sea,  
Watchin' yon eldin\* set i' t' fire  
Bleeze up, dwine doon, an' dee.  
An' t' sea-gulls they coom flyin'  
Aboon our red roof-tiles;  
They call me doon the chimley,  
An' laugh at other whiles.  
"There's mackrel' oot at sea, lad,"  
Is what I hear 'em say;  
"Their silver scales are glestrin' breet,  
Look oot across the bay;  
But mack'el's not for thee, lad,  
For thoo's ower weak to sail."  
My een wi' saut tears daggle†  
When I hear their mockin' tale.

MALLY

Dean't mind their awfish‡ skreekin',  
They 'tice folk to their death;  
Then ride aboon yon billows  
An' gloor at them beneath.  
They gloor at eenless corpses,  
Slow driftin' wi' the tide,  
Deep doon among the weedy wrack,  
Where t' scaly fishes glide.

GRANDFATHER

I'd fain lig wi' my kinsfolk,  
Fore-elders, brothers, sons,  
Wheer t' star-fish shine like twinklin' leets,  
An' t' spring-tide watter runs.  
T' kirkyard's good for farm-folk,  
That ploo an' milk their kye,  
But I could sleep maist soondly  
Wheer t' ships gan sailin' by.  
T' grave is whisht§ an' fousome,  
But clean is t' saut sea-bed;  
Thoo can hark to t' billows dancin'  
To t' tune o' t' tide owerhead.  
Yon wreaths o' floors i' t' kirkyard  
Sean wither an' fade away,  
But t' sea-tang wreaths round a droon'd man's head  
Will bide while Judgment Day.  
Sae fettle|| my owd blue coble  
I kessen'd her "Mornin' Star,"  
An' I'll away through t' offin'  
Wheer t' skooals o' mack'el are.  
Thoo can look for my boat i' t' harbour,  
When thoo's said thy mornin' psalm;  
Mebbe I'll fill my fish-creel full—  
Mebbe I'll nean coom yam.

\* Kindling. † Grow Moist. ‡ Elfish.  
§ Silent. || Get ready.

### A Dalesman's Litany.

From Hull, Halifax, and Hell, good Lord deliver us.  
*A Yorkshire Proverb*

It's hard when fowks can't finnd their wark  
Wheer they've bin bred an' born;  
When I were young I awlus thowt  
I'd bide 'mong t' roots an' corn.  
But I've bin forced to work i' towns,  
So here's my litany:  
Frae Hull, an' Halifax, an' Hell,  
Good Lord, deliver me!  
When I were courtin' Mary Ann,  
T' owd squire, he says one day:  
"I've got no bield\* for wedded fowks;  
Choose, wilt ta wed or stay?"  
I couldn't gie up t' lass I loved,  
To t' town we had to flee:  
Frae Hull, an' Halifax, an' Hell,  
Good Lord, deliver me!

\* Shelter.



I've wrowt i' Leeds an' Huthersfel',  
 An' addled\* honest brass;  
 I' Bradford, Keighley, Rotherham,  
 I've kept my barns an' lass.  
 I've travelled all three Ridin's round,  
 And once I went to sea:  
 Frae forges, mills, an' coalin' boats,  
 Gooid Lord, deliver me!

I've walked at neet through Sheffield loans,†  
 'T were same as being i' Hell:  
 Furnaces thrast out tongues o' fire,  
 An' roared like t' wind on t' fell.  
 I've sammed up coals i' Barnsley pits,  
 Wi' muck up to my knee:  
 Frae Sheffield, Barnsley, Rotherham,  
 Gooid Lord, deliver me!

I've seen grey fog creep ower Leeds Brig  
 As thick as bastile‡ soup,  
 I've lived wheer fowks were stowed away  
 Like rabbits in a coop.  
 I've watched snow float down Bradford Beck  
 As black as ebiny:  
 Frae Hunslet, Holbeck, Wibsey Slack  
 Gooid Lord, deliver me!

But now, when all yer childer's fligged,§  
 To 't coountry we've coom back..  
 There's fotty mile o' heathery moor  
 Twix' us an' t' coal-pit slack.  
 And when I sit ower t' fire at neet,  
 I laugh an' shout wi' glee:  
 Frae Bradford, Leeds, an' Huthersfel',  
 Frae Hull, an' Halifax, an' Hell,  
 T' gooid Lord's delivered me!

\* Earned.

† Lanes.

‡ Workhouse.

§ Fledged.

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### Central High School.

MANY students of the University, both past and present received their Secondary Education at the Central High School, Leeds, and no doubt it would be of interest to them to learn that its Principal for so many long years, Dr. Forsyth, is retiring at the end of the present year.

Mr. F. Ellison, of the School, who is acting as the Secretary to a Testimonial Fund which has been started, has sent a circular to as many past students as possible, but it is hardly likely that the news of Dr. Forsyth's retirement can reach all past students of the School. In furtherance of this object, this announcement in the University journal will, I hope, materially aid in making known to them the news of his retirement and the fact that a Testimonial Fund has been started. Mr. F. Ellison has sent a copy of the following to all with whom he could get into touch.

"Dr. Forsyth is retiring from the Headmastership of the School at the end of the present year.

It is thought that a testimonial should be made to him on his retirement, to show our appreciation of his services as Headmaster for so many years. You, as a former pupil, are hereby invited to a meeting on Friday, 8th Nov., at 7.30 p.m. in the Chemical Lecture Theatre, to consider the proposal, and the best means of furthering the same.

If you are unable to be present at that meeting, I desire to inform you that subscriptions towards the 'Testimonial Fund' may be made to Mr. F. Ellison, or Mr. S. Parrish (Treasurer)."

It was decided at the meeting on 8th Nov. to hold another one on 13th Dec., at 7.30 p.m., for the purpose of receiving subscriptions collected by workers for this Fund, and also to decide upon the form of the Testimonial.

I hope that as many as possible of the old students of the School, will be present at this meeting, which will be held at the School, in the Chemical Lecture Theatre. I may say that the object of this Fund is not so much to collect a colossal figure, as to make it representative of all old students.

To all who know Dr. Forsyth, and who studied at the School, he will ever be remembered as one who constantly had in mind the welfare of the students under his care; and his devoted attempts to make Secondary Education in the City of Leeds practically what it now is, deserve the highest praise and commendation.

L.G.

### Things we Want to Know.

Whence springs the rumour that a certain Professor was seen to hold up the traffic of a crowded thoroughfare while he salved and pocketed a lump of coal?

\* \* \*

Whether, now that the minds of the O.T.C. are less occupied with matters military, they can devote a little more attention to matters courteous?

\* \* \*

Where, when, and why a certain recently engaged medical said "Shut up!"

\* \* \*

The Medical Student's idea of a rag?

\* \* \*

Why the Chairman laughed so at a certain Lit. and Hist. meeting?

\* \* \*

How L.-Cpl. D—— lost his swagger cane?

\* \* \*

Who took the last car to Horsforth on Armistice Day?

\* \* \*

Whether a certain medical cadet would'nt find it horrid inconvenient to be so tall if his arms were not so long?

\* \* \*

Who was the Fresher who calmly walked into the H. P.'s office and asked for a packet of cigarettes?

\* \* \*

Why the profs. smile so much under the merciless satire of a well-known song?

\* \* \*

And do they really wish to make burnt-offerings of the poets who write these odes?

\* \* \*

Does the armistice really account for the lyrical talents of a lady well-known at the Hostel being turned into such unexpected channels?

\* \* \*

Why people are so inquisitive as to require this column?

\* \* \*

And why some silly ass is always ready to oblige them?



## The Rubaiyat of O'Mark Hayyam.

*Some fragments recently discovered in the ruins of Teheran.*

"O'Mark Hayyam was born at Naishapur in Kherassán in the latter half of the XIXth century, and studied chemistry in the University there in the first quarter of the XXth century." [Vide any book of Reference.]

Dreaming while Nine o'clock was drawing nigh,  
I heard a Voice from out the Sand-Bath cry,  
"Awake, my Little one, and fill thy flask  
Before the Hot Stilled water hath run Dry."

And, as the clock struck, those who stood before  
The Chem. Lab. shouted—"Open then the Door!  
You know how many things we have to weigh,  
And, once worked out, we may cook up no more."

(Here a large portion of the work appears to be missing).

But come with old Khayyam, and leave the lot  
Of Bad Results ( $MnO_2$ ) forgot  
Let L-ws-n be sarcastic as he will  
Or all the Profs. cry "shocking!"—heed them not.

"How sweet are Accurate Results" think some.  
Others "How blest th' Organic Lab. to come."  
Ah, take your rest, and let the Swotting go;  
Nor heed the distant Finals, yet to come.

And those who crystallised their stuff again,  
And those who took it from the Bottle plain,  
Alike do no such good results reward  
But, finished once, the Dem. wants done again.

Think, in this dingy Lab.—dull, drab and grey,  
Whose Doorways ne'er have seen the light of Day,  
How student after student with his Flask  
Abode his Term or two, and went his way.

And we, that now make Messes on the Bench  
They left, and with distill'd Water drench,  
Ourselves we must from th' Inorganic Lab.  
Depart, our Benches leave again—for whom?

Let all the Demonstrators who discussed  
Of keeping Flasks and Bottles clean, be thrust  
Like foolish Students forth; their words to scorn  
Be scattered, for—their Flasks are thick with  
Dust.

Oh, come to Chapman's room, and leave the Wise  
To work; one thing is certain—Prices rise.  
One thing is certain, and the rest is lies:  
The Flask that once is smashed, forever dies.

Myself when young at lectures did attend  
Both Prof. and Dem., and heard great Argument  
About Atomic weights; but at Exams.  
Came out without a Pass, as in I went.

With them through Newth and Mellor did I go  
And swotted hard to make my knowledge grow.  
But all the hard-earned knowledge that I reaped  
It came like Water, and like Wind did go.

Into my muddled Head, and *why* not knowing  
The stream of knowledge from the Prof. came  
flowing,  
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste  
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

Up from the Entrance to the Hall called Great  
I climbed, and in my allotted Desk I sate,  
And many a knotty Question answered then,  
But not enough to stave away my Fate.

There was a Calc. to which I'd got no Key,  
There was an Equation which I could not see,  
Some little Talk awhile of P and V  
(To fill up space) I wrote, and then—Ah Me!

Then to the Supervisor himself I cried  
Asking "what Means had Chemistry to guide  
Poor little Students stumbling through Exams.?"  
And "A blind Swotting up!" the Man replied.  
KEKULÉ.

## Profs. and Neckties.

(For Students only.)

THE eleventh (or hypoglossal) ledger of Curry Patkins' masterpiece has some curious anecdotes which should be carefully studied by every student. They should be read with solemnity for the following reasons among others:

- A. They are true.
  - B. They are the first issue.
  - C. They are unexpurgated.
  - D. They are allegorical—
- ∴ (a) They are too deep for laughter.  
(b) They are not too deep for tears.

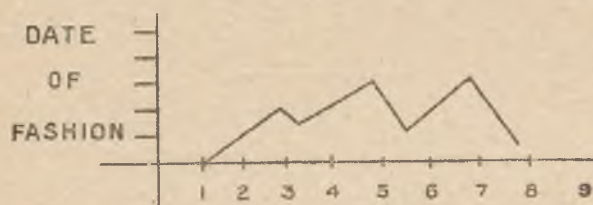
"Now" (to use the profound enclitic of a famous physiologist), whereas Hatpins and Neckties are often closely—too closely—related, Neckties and Professors might be deemed (I speak pharmaceutically) an incompatible *Mistura*. But then Profs., like many another drug on the market, is at rare intervals combined with incompatibles, *e.g.*, Profs. and Mistakes, Profs. and Puns, Profs. and Aridity. There are two Profs. in this story, and strange to say both are heroes, neither is a villain, and each deserves the approval of the student. It is the story of a contest between the two heroes. How it started, nobody knows, but certainly the conflict was a desperate one. Unfortunately the duties of the protagonists necessitated their meeting every morning, a circumstance which proved enormously expensive, as you shall speedily learn. It was a question of a wager and the stakes were of course an exam.—the loser being condemned to read through his opponent's book (both were authors) and submit to an examination upon it. Hence the uncompromising hostility—and the expense. The situation stood thus: Each Professor had challenged the other to don a fresh necktie every morning, the first failing being sentenced to the



## The Gryphon.

forfeit. In view of this perilous ordeal each was prepared to spend his last cent rather than yield. Superficially Prof. A. had a marked advantage, for he was favoured with a goodly share of this world's goods, and moreover his wife's brother was a wholesale draper, so that he was in a position to enter upon the contest with equanimity. But the handicap was not so heavily weighted against Prof. Z. as might have been imagined before the removal of the deep fascia, for there was an elastic tissue of ingenuity in the depths of him, and in his periphery a sensory endplate for bargains.

Three or four weeks passed with little strain to either, for each was able to draw on stocks in hand; but as the weeks merged into months the fashions of their ties gradually aged, though now and again there were intercalations of latest types. A tracing taken with Snark and Ringworm's Stylotonometer represents some amazing fluctuations.



Duly the students awakened to the Battle of the Neckties, and whilst it was accounted a grave breach of decorum to refer in any way to the interesting situation, wagers were staked on the issue, and lodged with a self-constituted bookie who, I regret to say, lately died leaving an enormous fortune mostly to charities. He always debited his gradual downfall to that memorable episode.

Prof. Z. at length finding the drain upon his resources somewhat exacting, took to hunting the drapers' shops about sale times. On one occasion when I myself was purchasing a tie—a very expensive one, silk, 7s. 6d.—at Tink and Tailor's haberdashery stores, I caught him asking the price of a certain case full of shop-soiled ties and saw him take the lot at 2½d. each. "Now" these at the rate of six per week ought to have run to three months' wear, but unfortunately the "constant" of the box was a small decimal (log. .356429), for I learned from an inside source there were duplicates, triplicates, and worse, which reduced their time capacity to a run of 9 days at the most. He did contrive to extort an extension of time by turning, with his own professorial lancet and forceps, some of them inside out, but his utmost efforts could not stretch them beyond three weeks. Henceforward he purchased more circumspectly and examined each tie individually, with the result that while each cost him more, he covered a wider range with an equal outlay.

In course of time even the well-to-do Prof. A. found himself somewhat hard pressed, but by reducing his customary cigars to half-penny fags and his evening champagne to rhubarb wine, he manœuvred a fresh tie (at wholesale price) every morning. And Prof. Z. maintained the fight right manfully. He also took to personal economy. He walked the first and last

stage of his daily tram journey, he wrote with a pencil instead of a fountain pen, and he stinted himself to only one power on his microscope.

But lo! a certain great war broke upon the world which put great pressure upon his financial circulation by magnifying the resistance of prices. The expert will be startled to learn that a reading taken at the time mounted to 187.34 m.m. Hg. on the pecuni-conometer. Ties grew dearer and dearer, sales became rarer and rarer. He reduced his lectures to a mnemonic synopsis and published it as a cram book for lazy students, but his ties swallowed all the proceeds left him by a greedy publisher. His personal retrenchments became severer. He took to a pipe, twist, and one newspaper per week—and those luxuries which had become almost a habit—bath, shave, haircut—were dispensed with. **AND BEHOLD HE GREW A BEARD!** And such a beard as...! A romance in itself\* There was one useful result of his economy—he was effectually disguised and was enabled to scour the stores of all the pawnbrokers, wardrobe-dealers, and rag-and-bone merchants incognito and with impunity, and to amass an assortment of old ties that would have done credit to the king of the Cannibal Isles and all his wives. But in the end he evidently exhausted all stocks in the neighbourhood, and he was driven to other methods of replenishment. I may say he was never disguised from me. I knew him by that sure symptom of cerebral hypertrophy—the large intellectual lobule on his left pinna which he would wag friskily when amused, viciously when annoyed. I have seen him at second-hand stalls furtively purchasing fents of printed calico, lengths of striped silk, and other coloured remnants which have subsequently figured in class in the guise of neckwear. I regret to say that I inadvertently put a stop to these surreptitious purchases, for on one occasion he caught me eyeing him as he was slipping a bundle of old shirtings into his pocket.

But did he yield? Yield! Profs. never yield. He fell back upon old stocks, and concocted ties from every conceivable fabric. He culled snippets from all sources. He ran the gamut of the curtains, cushion covers, bed hangings, tablecloths, bedspreads, tapestries, and I can vouch for it that on several occasions he had recourse to remnants of sanitary wallpaper. His wife's old wardrobe yielded tribute—frocks, blouses, camisoles, shawls and other apparel better imagined than described. He tried specimens separately, he wove them together in algebraical variety.

It was clever. I backed him heavily. I knew he would win. Moreover I was struck with admiration by some of his creations. To see a strip of purple hearthrug deftly worked up with a ribbon of crimson staircarpet; to see a length of magenta silk stocking incorporated with a band of cream pants; to see a piece of green antimacassar interwoven with the

\* In the 17th ledger "Fifth cervical," there is an epic poem with the title—"The Ginger Beered," from which I hope to extract one or two fine vigorous wriggling specimens for public exhibition.—*Grayton*.



golden yellow strands of a clothes line; to see a sector of pink sunshade combined with the coloured fringe of a bath towel—they were an education in analines. Would that I could wield the pen of a haberdasher's advertiser to describe the kaleidoscopic permutations and combinations of these variegated fents and remnants!

And he won too. By some inadvertence his wealthier rival donned a tie which he had worn a month previously, and which Prof. Z. at once spotted and charged him with the crime. Investigation proved the charge correct, and Prof. A. was constrained to submit to the examination. Needless to say, he failed, failed badly, was ignominiously ploughed. But strange to say, by some mistake it was upon his work he was examined.

Which, as before hinted, is an allegory. Curry Patkins hides the moral in this sweet little lyric:

Pill. Rhei Co. the best in Yirrup!  
Rhubarb, aloes, myrrh, all stir up  
With peppermint, soap and glucose—syrup—  
Don't whine and squirm; gulp down and  
chirrup!

W.

### From a Lyddon Window.

THE eve is drawing on, and all the view,  
Obscured by mist, is dark and cold and grey;  
A light gleams in a window far away,  
And, sharply outlined 'gainst the sky's pale hue,  
The towers of our Alma Mater rise.  
The leaves have fallen from the autumn trees,  
Whose tortured branches groan; the chilly breeze  
Swirls the dead leaves, then dies away in sighs.  
A single star gleams fitful through the mass  
Of homeless clouds, that pause to weep their fate;  
Their tear-drops gather on the window-glass.  
A robin whistles lonely for his mate.  
I gaze till evening deepens into night,  
Then turn to greet the cheerful firelight.

YSIAD.

### Overheard.

SCENE: CITY SQUARE.

TIME: ARMISTICE DAY.—NOON.

THE Square is densely packed with a motley concourse, "both young men and maidens," who from time to time raise a strange and unintelligible cry, and agitate strips of bunting. They preserve some semblance of order and exclusiveness. The uninitiated gather on the outer fringe of the concourse aforementioned.

1st uninitiated on-looker:

'Ere, what's "Kumati"?

2nd ditto.:

Shut up, don't yer know it's the French for "Victory"?

### Milton—in the Light of 1918.

THE monk, in an access of virtue, dons his prickliest hair-shirt.

The English student sits down with a copy of "Paradise Lost," and a conviction that Paradise is going to be wilderness enow'.

And yet Milton is sometimes surprisingly modern. Among the "mazes intricate, eccentric, intervolved" of his sentences one is continually coming upon some few lines which modern events have invested with new meaning and interest. They come as oases in a desert, as currants in a war-time fruit cake, as one o'clock in exam. time. Of course this is rank heresy, therefore I rejoice in the shelter afforded by a "*nom-de-plume*."

However (to change the metaphor once again) the results of my excavations are now tabulated, brought into something resembling sequence, and presented for the execration of those true admirers of our greatest epic who will consider them (and not unreasonably) as *lèse-majesté*. I crave their indulgence, and beg to offer my apologies to the author.

#### SCENE I. A HOME-CAMP.

A Sub.'s Soliloquy during Review.

"One yonder I descry, and by his gait  
None of the meanest, some great Potentate.  
. . . . . such majesty.

Invests him coming, yet not terrible,  
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend  
With reverence I must meet."

The "Potentate."

" . . . . . He through the arméd files  
Darts his experienced eye, and soon, traverse,  
The whole battalion views."

#### SCENE II. FRANCE.

Starshells on the Front.

"Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,  
The seat of desolation, void of light  
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful?"

Flanders' Mud.

"Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea  
Nor good dry land, nigh foundered on he fares."

The Trenches.

" . . . . . mazes intricate  
Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular."

Enemy Patrols.

" . . . . . of these the vigilance  
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapped in mist  
Of midnight vapour, glide obscure and pry.  
(Night) hides me, and the dark intent I bring.

Gas-masks.

"Our purer essence now will overcome  
Their noxious vapour, or, inured, not feel.

"Over the Top."

"Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait  
The signal to ascend."

Enemy cleared out of a dug-out.

. . . . . Longer in this Paradise ye may  
Not dwell. To remove you I am come.



*The Boche's Reply.*

"Departure from this happy place (our sweet  
Recess, and only consolation left  
Familiar to our eyes!) All places else  
Inhospitable appear and desolate."

## SCENE III. THE WAR IN THE AIR."

*R.A.F.*

" . . . . . on the bordering deep  
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing  
Scout far and wide into the realms of night  
Scorning surprise."

*The Pilot.*

"Through the palpable obscure he finds  
His unknown way, and spreads his aery flight  
Upborne with indefatigable wings."

*The Channel Patrol.*

"Sometimes  
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left'  
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars,'

*Hostile Plane brought down.*

"Him the almighty power  
Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky  
With hideous ruin and combustion."

## SCENE IV. UNREST IN GERMANY.

"Highly they raged  
Against the Highest."

*"The Highest."*

"One shall arise  
Of proud ambitious heart, who, ne'er content,  
Will arrogate dominion. . . . . dispossess  
Concord and law of nature from the earth."

## SCENE V. MISCELLANEOUS.

*Uncle Sam gets to work on the Western Front.*

"Gladly then he mixed  
Among those friendly powers, who him received  
With joy and acclamations loud."

*Munitions.*

"Sulphureous and nitrous foam  
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art  
Concocted. . . . .  
Part hidden veins digged up  
Whereof to found their engines and their balls  
Of missive ruin."

## SCENE VI.

*Nov. 11th, 1918.*

"All things invite  
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
Of order, how in safety best we may  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are and where; dismissing quite  
All thoughts of war."

*Leeds University celebrates the Armistice.*

Infernal noise! War seemed a civil game  
To this uproar: confusion heaped  
Upon confusion rose.

*And, finally, the harassed Editor makes a desperate appeal for contributions.*

"Our voluntary service he requires."

KUMARIA.

---

**Obituary.**

WE regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Walker during the recent epidemic of influenza which has claimed so many victims. Mr. Walker was well-known for his activities as Secretary of the union during the session 1917-18, and in connection with the social life of the University his personality will be missed, for he was one of the most active supporters of the various societies which help to make the communal life of the College.

We regret the passing of a life so full of possibilities and promise, and extend our sympathy to his bereaved family and friends.

---

It is with great regret that we announce the death of Shen Shan Mao. As a student in the Engineering Department, Mr. Mao made many friends; graduating in 1915 he spent some time in gaining practical experience before his intended return to China; but a very sudden and serious attack of consumption made his return impossible and after a long period of treatment in various Leeds hospitals he died on July 25th, 1918. Mr. Mao took a very keen interest in all his work and probably the outstanding impression left on those of us who knew him, will be that of a man with a most genial and striking personality and possessed of broad and clear views extending over a very wide field. Much sympathy will be felt for his relatives and friends for the loss they have sustained. We hope it may be some small comfort to them to know the respect in which Mr. Mao was held by all members of the University.

---

SINCE going to print we have heard of the death of Mr. Dutfield, a promising first year science student, and one whom the University could ill afford to lose. We tender to his relatives and friends our deepest sympathy.

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**DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.**


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**Tennis Challenge Cup.**

*To be presented by Frank Gott, Esq.*

By kind invitation of the Ex-Lord Mayor, Frank Gott, Esq., the following representatives of the Union and the *Gryphon* Committees met him in his private rooms at the Town Hall: Mr. Trimmell, Mr. Milnes, Mr. Butcher, Miss Irvine, Miss Patterson, Miss Prince. It was decided that the Challenge Cup, to be presented by Mr. Gott, should be awarded to the winning couple in Mixed Setts, Tennis Doubles Tournament.



**Debating Society.**

THE first general meeting this session was held on Monday, Oct. 14th. Prof. Moorman, whom we all heartily welcome as President, opened the meeting with a short presidential address, welcoming all new members, and expressing the hope that the Debating Society would have a prosperous and successful year. The men's committee was elected, and the full committee for the session now is

Prof. Moorman (*President*).

Prof. Grant,  
Prof. Barker } *Vice-Presidents.*  
Mr. Welpton,

Mr. Hepworth,  
Miss Noxon, } *Secretaries.*

Committee: Miss Irvine, Miss Gibson, Miss Saville-Jones, Mr. Trimmell, Mr. Butcher, Mr. Hewson, Mr. Cornwell.

There followed an amusing and spirited series of debates on a great variety of subjects ranging from the taxing of bachelors to the fining of Profs. who lecture after the bell has rung, and nearly every member present took part in the proceedings.

Judging by the eloquence and wit displayed by many of the speakers the President's good wishes for the Society seem about to be fulfilled.

The second general meeting of the Society was held on Oct. 28th, Mr. Cornock proposed the motion "That there should be no minimum age limit for entrance to a University." He declared that an age limit was a purely artificial thing and no real test of merit; brain power and mental suitability alone should be the necessary qualifications. The motion was opposed by Mr. Forest on the grounds that an age limit was the only practical way of excluding those who were too young to enter upon the life and responsibilities of a student in a modern University; without an age limit it would be possible for boys and girls in their early teens to enter a University, and the results would be detrimental both to the individuals concerned and University life as a whole. Miss Noxon and Miss Stevenson seconded the proposition and opposition respectively. A brisk debate followed including a very humorous piece of oratorical declamation in favour of the motion from one of the male members of the House. The motion was lost by 16 votes.

The Leeds Inter-<sup>varsity</sup> Debate had been fixed for Jan. 24th, 1919; delegates from the Universities of Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield and Birmingham will, it is hoped, take the principal parts in the debate which will be followed by a Musical Evening. The Debating Society is free to all members of the Union and every student is urged to support a society which will sharpen their wits, broaden their knowledge and help them to control unmanageable tempers! Suggestions for debatable subjects will be most gratefully received by the Secretaries or any member of the Committee. The debates will be held as usual on alternate Mondays at 5.15 in the Education Room.

**Literary and Historical Society.**

THE First General Meeting of this Society was held in the Refectory on Monday, October 7th. After the election of Mr. Butcher and Miss Noxon as Vice-Presidents, Miss Glass and Mr. Middlebrook, Mr. Pepitch and Mr. Laboulle as Committee members, Mr. Pepitch gave a most interesting paper on the "Southern Slavs." It was a brief but highly comprehensive survey of the Southern Slav States, showing that, in spite of different religions, the Southern Slavs form one nationality, with one speech, one literature, and one ideal—the hope of union and liberty. Mr. Pepitch showed us how, even after centuries of cruel oppression, the Southern Slavs still go on towards their aim.

The Second General Meeting was held in the Refectory on Monday, November 4th, when, after Miss Robertson had read the balance sheet for the year 1917-1918, Miss Williams read her paper on Rabin-dranath Tagore. This was a most sympathetic account of Tagore's philosophy; his conception of harmony and beauty, love and life. Miss Williams spoke of the mysticism of Tagore (who was a great deal in common with some of our English poets), drawing some very interesting parallels between his work and that of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Traherne. Afterwards Miss Williams read several of Tagore's poems on childhood, leaving her audience to form its own judgments on them.

As no discussion was forthcoming, Prof. Moorman read two poems introducing yet another Indian author. Both meetings were greatly enjoyed, and there was a good attendance of members.

*President*: Dr. Gunnell.

*Vice-Presidents*:

Miss Noxon,  
Mr. C. Butcher.

*Secretary*: Miss Preston.

*Committee*:

Miss A. Barker, Miss Glass, Miss Saville, Mr. Middlebrook, Mr. Laboulle and Mr. Pepitch.

**Cavendish Society.**

Oct. 22nd, 1918.—The Presidential Address was given by Prof. Perkin who took as his subject "The Natural Organic Colouring Matters." He dealt most interestingly with the place of the natural dyes in industry, and gave many of their most important characteristics, illustrating several of his points by experiments. Finally he dealt fairly fully with one or two colours such as Alizarine, Indigo and Tyrian Purple.

Nov. 5th, 1918.—Dr. Dufton read a paper at the second meeting of the session on "Some High-temperature Reactions of Benzene, Toluene and other Hydrocarbons." It was an account of the changes which some hydrocarbons undergo when heated under certain conditions; and is the result of some research work which is now being carried out in the Fuel Department. Dr. Dufton treated his subject in a most interesting manner, giving us many new facts as to the condensation products of Benzene and Toluene.



**Leeds University Union Musical Evening.**

THE last Musical Evening, the first of this session, was held in the Great Hall on Friday, 15th November, and proved to be an immense success. It had been intended to hold it on the 1st November, but the hand of fate, disguised as disease, intervened. Retrospectively this was very fortunate, for on the 11th of November the news of the Armistice was published, and this caused all care to be cast aside, with the result that the M.E. was perhaps the jolliest thing on earth. The number present, 293, if not actually constituting a record, certainly vies with pre-war entertainments of a similar nature. We only hope all these people will come to the next one.

The evening was opened formally by Mr. Trimnell, the President of the Union, followed by a speech by the Pro-Vice-Chancellor, Prof. Gillespie. Professor Gillespie remarked that the Great Hall was being used because this was a special occasion. Let us hope that all future Musical Evenings will be "special occasions," for if the Refectory had been used there would have been an overflow meeting on the tennis courts.

The first part of the programme consisted of musical numbers, rendered by old and new favourites. This was highly successful. The artistes included Miss Sawkins (piano), Miss Lee (violin), Miss Chamley, Mr. Kolni-Balozki ('cello), and Messrs. Trimnell, Gilliat, Buggy and Sowrey. Mention must also be made of the "Terrible Six," whose topical song caused much laughter.

After supper the deck was cleared for action, and dancing became general. Our thanks are due to the pianists who played during the dancing. The only complaint one could hear was that there had to be a last dance.

The evening concluded with "Auld Lang Syne," "Leeds University," and "The King," and, soon after eleven, one of the happiest of evenings came to a close.

W.W.H.S.

**The Freshers' Social.**

THE Freshers' Social, held in the Refectory, on October 3rd, was a most enjoyable and auspicious opening of term.

Freshers turned up in large numbers, and after tea, Miss Robertson welcomed them all to the University, and in the latter part of her speech urged upon them the advisability of considering their health so as to keep "fit" for hard work. Miss Irvine, the President of the Women Students, also accorded a hearty reception to the new undergraduates, and strongly recommended an active interest in sports. "Work hard and play hard" was her motto. Miss Taunton, the travelling secretary for the Student Movement then gave a sketch of the work of the World's Student Christian Federation, and urged the Freshers to help on this work by joining the C.U.

in College. Miss Saville, President of the C.U. Committee, spoke of the C.U. as a distinct force and factor in college life, and emphasised especially the spirit of fellowship which pervades it.

The programme was continued by a burlesque operetta, "Charivaretta," an admirable little piece of work on which authors and actors alike are to be congratulated. The audience fully grasped and appreciated the spirit of the sketch, in which Miss Prince, Miss Glass and Miss Mackrell figured to advantage.

Songs, violin and pianoforte solos preceded the dancing, in which almost everyone joined; and the fact that there was not adequate space in the room for this form of diversion, only seemed to increase the general enjoyment.

The evening's entertainment was brought to a close by a hearty singing of the college song and "Auld Lang Syne," and the assembly broke up in the highest spirits.

**Leeds University Union.**

At a meeting of the Union Committee held on October 8th, 1918, the following Committee and Officers of the Union for the Session 1918-19 were appointed:—

*Hon. President :* THE CHANCELLOR  
(THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE).

*Hon. Vice-Presidents :*  
The Vice-Chancellor (Dr. M. E. Sadler).  
Prof. A. Smithells.  
The Dean of Medicine.

*President and Chairman of Committee :*  
F. W. Trimnell.

*Vice-President :* C. A. Mountford, M.Sc.

*Hon. Secretary :* C. S. Butcher, B.A.

*Hon. Treasurer :* Prof. B. M. Connal.

*Staff Representative :* Prof. C. M. Gillespie.

*Representative Administrative Staff :* Mr. A. E. Wheeler.

*Refectory Representatives :*

Mr. Jordinson.  
Mr. Sewell.  
Mr. Gilliat.  
Mr. Hudlikar.

*Women's Representatives :*

Miss Irvine.  
Miss Patterson.  
Miss Ward.

Together with six representatives from the Medical School and the senior N.C.O. (member of the Union) of the O.T.C., Sergeant Frye.

*S.R.C. Medical :*

A. B. Stewart.  
E. R. Woodroffe.  
H. S. Ward.  
D. I. Currie.  
D. Chamberlain.  
J. L. Wesley Smith.

*Editor of Gryphon :* Miss Prince.



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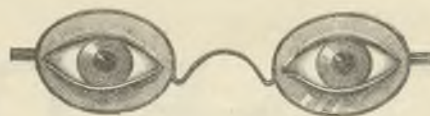
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