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THE GRYPHON

The Journal of the University of Leeds



March, 1940

THIRD SERIES
VOL. 5 No. 5

Leeds University Dramatic Society

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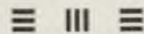
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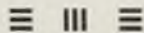
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THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

Editorial

(with compliments and apologies!)

IT would appear that there is some mysterious though fundamental factor in the life of the average University student which makes him oblivious to all external influences other than those directly instrumental in securing his morning coffee and his degree. This strange apathetic condition is extremely unfortunate, effectively precluding as it does the acquisition of a true University education.

The "day tripper" has long been a familiar sight—appearing at nine a.m. with his attaché case, and disappearing again on the five o'clock train; he may have some slight justification for his single mindedness, in that economic conditions may render difficult his full participation in University life. Familiar also is the individual who attends all lectures as are essential and all social functions as are available, who consumes countless numbers of sugar buns and cups of coffee in the tea-room—his is the other and commoner means of self sufficiency. The one gets his degree, and leaves the University an expert on the obscurer derivatives of phenylhydrazine; the other also gets his degree, and a lot of pseudo sophistication. Neither has a mind any bigger than when it inspired the question: "Mummy, where did I come from?"

At the other end of the scale is the "intense" person, who actually does think; we may not always agree with his lines of thought or with his conclusions, but it must be admitted that he is using the mind with which he was endowed to a much fuller extent than are the vast majority of his colleagues.

Shortly after the outbreak of war, the cry went up "Defend the Universities!" The Idealists in the Universities contended that the trained academic mind was going to form the nucleus of the post war phase of social and economic reconstruction. Therefore, they argued, University students should at all costs finish their courses before joining the fighting forces. This aroused considerable dissension; "At present," said the Government, in a classic pronouncement, "everything must be subordinated to the immediate prosecution of the War." The Idealists derived a grain of comfort from the phrase "At present." "Are University students any more vital than article clerks and apprentices?" said the Man-in-the-Street; the Idealists did not claim this, but pointed out that students have as important a rôle to fulfil, and that the position should be judged from an entirely impersonal point of view.

The Idealist has a certain amount of justification for his attitude. There is obviously bound to be a period of reconstruction after the war; it is an incontrovertible fact that the Universities are the seats of learning, producing experts

on social, economic, industrial, and scientific problems. Why then should not the Universities play a leading part in post war reconstruction? The theory is excellent; the practical aspect is far from satisfactory.

The vast majority of students have not, as yet, been very adversely affected by the war; the vast majority have not yet made the slightest contribution towards the National Effort. Admittedly, some filled and stacked sandbags in September, 1939, a few may have helped with the Great Evacuation, and a few may still be taking courses in first aid. These activities are paltry, however, when compared with the work of such organisations as W.V.S.—women with homes of their own managing to find time for canteen work; there are a hundred and one organisations doing an incredible amount of selfless and voluntary labour. The Union, on the other hand, is open and in use for twelve hours of the day; some ten pounds a day are taken from the sales of coffee and buns.

The fact that we play little active part in the voluntary National Effort would be of little account if only we exhibited less obvious signs of complacency and self satisfaction, if we took a more intelligent interest in our surroundings, and if we were more alive to the responsibilities of our "privileged" position. We undoubtedly are a privileged class, and it is up to us to show that we are worthy of that privilege.

"The Universities must play a leading rôle in post war reconstruction." The Universities—University Students. Are we capable of reconstructing anything? are we fit to be entrusted with the re-fashioning of Civilisation? are we really divisible into two groups—crazy intellectuals and apathetic morons? or is it just that we are very young and in a very bewildering world? Whatever the answer, it is our generation or what remains of it that will have to live in the post war era; whether we finish our University careers or not, ours is the responsibility for building the Brave New World. Surely we can adopt a less spineless attitude than we are doing at present.

P. A. H. RIVETT,
President,
Leeds University Union.

Notes and Comments.

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

BURNS.

A.G.M.

Since our far-sighted Secretary has monopolised all the normal A.G.M. topics we must descend to personalities. We hope that the general body of students approved of the candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency speaking at the Meeting.

At present it is not uncommon for students not to be able to recognise their President when they see him.

However small this loss may be from a botanical point of view, it is at least as well to know your fate, or good fortune.

Mr. Rivett came very well through the big moment of the year, although his mathematics is a bit weak. Mr. Munro had one or two finely turned numbers. We foresee that in the future the first few minutes of his peroration will be occupied finding the way through his ecclesiastical vestments to his trouser pocket.

Of the speakers from the floor Mr. Peters maintained his usual standard of skilful speaking and showed a knowledge of procedure that would have been an asset to the Union Committee. Despite the length of his speeches Mr. Spencer kept the attention of his audience all the time.

We could not help thinking that it was a little ironical that the meeting which put such a high value on University education should reserve its main enthusiasm for beer.

T. A. Henry.

We regret that T. A. Henry is going down very soon, if he is not gone by the time this is written. His contributions to Union affairs were marked by quietness, clarity and decision. Despite a lapse into carrying a nearly rolled umbrella we believe that he will develop into a red tape bureaucrat, though his friends have exaggerated his "social successes."

Past Copies of "The Gryphon."

We have to thank Miss E. Tarver for sending us *The Gryphon* for Nov., 1921. Miss Tarver has already helped us, so this copy is even more appreciated. We regret, however, that no other copies were sent. We still want one copy each of *The Gryphon* for June, 1920, and a copy for May, 1917, and any copies 1911 or before, to complete the collection. We will return any copies sent after our wants are supplied.

Documentary Films.

Copies of the Documentary News Films produced under the auspices of the News Film Centre, London, and the News Film Centre, New York, may be purchased from Dr. Delaney. The publication is devoted to the Documentary Film.

Red Cross Fund.

A Red Cross Fund based on the Mansion House Scheme is to be started shortly at the University. Such an appeal at this time needs no recommendation.

Medical and Dental School Notes.

S.R.C.

The S.R.C. elections were held at the end of January. C. H. Merry was elected President; J. A. Knowles, Secretary; and S. Keidan, Treasurer.

Medical Dance.

This was held on January 19th. It was a pleasant change to have a Medic. Dance at the Union and there was quite a number of non-Medics to welcome them.

Dental Notes.

In the Notes and Comments of the last issue of *The Gryphon* a plea was made for an informal private Open Day in the different departments of the University. As if in answer the Social Dips paid their annual visit to the Dental Hospital last week. Such a bevy of beauty, whilst being rare in that place, is always

welcomed by the students, and if future visits are made by such charming creatures, at least the Dental students will not complain Finals. Unlike the students at University Road, Dental students take their finals in March, and that time is fast approaching. Familiar faces will be leaving and fresh ones taking their places. It is to be hoped that new comers to the School will remember that they are still University students and should not sever their connection entirely with University Road, as unfortunately many people do.



Definition of Fascism—Everything that isn't forbidden is compulsory.

* * * *

"I would have a woman as true as death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world."

O.W. HOLMES.

* * * *

Interview for School Practice at Co-Ed. School :

Headmaster : "Have you had any experience of boys?"

Woman Student (coily) : "Well, . . . I'm engaged!"

* * * *

Professor, returning Latin Prose : "This prose is both good and original : where it is good it isn't original, and where it is original it isn't good."

* * * *

Overheard in the Kindergarten :

First Child : "Is Miss —— married?"

Second Child : "Don't be so soft, teachers never get married."

* * * *

Concerning Bars.

Work is the curse of the drinking classes.

* * * *

Edu. Prof. Lecturing in Education.

Of course the prefects at Winchester are hundreds of years old.

* * * *

Union Bar.

Work is a curse to the drinking classes.



D. D. HAW.

UNION NOTES.

Elections.

We extend our congratulations to Mr. S. Keidan, who was returned unopposed as President for 1940-41. As a result of the bye-election held on January 18th and 19th, Mr. Shone was elected to the Union Committee.

Annual General Meeting.

For the first time an A.G.M. was held in the Riley-Smith Hall. The Vice-Chancellor agreed to allow students to absent themselves from lecture on the afternoon of the meeting, and about 400 students were present at the beginning of the Meeting, although numbers rather dwindled towards the end. The Meeting was strangely orderly, and beyond the "aeronautical school" in the balcony and one firework there was very little of the Great Hall behaviour noticeable. On the recommendation of the Union Committee, both candidates and proposers of candidates for the Women Vice-Presidency addressed the Meeting at an early stage in the proceedings. The business included changes in the Constitution, mainly of Societies, submitted by the Union Committee, and two important proposals by private members. These being (i) "that in the opinion of this Meeting all Students who have successfully completed one year of study at the University be allowed to finish their course before being called up for military service; and (ii) "that there should be facilities in the Union Building for the sale of alcoholic liquor to Students." Both motions were carried by a large majority. The latter is now under consideration by the Senate.

Delegates.

We were honoured to have two students, Miss M. Hodge and Mr. N. B. Belshaw, invited to take the Chair at two committees at the Education Conference, held at Nottingham.

The President, Miss Hodge and Mr. Rushton, attended the Meeting of the N.U.S. Council held in London, on February 9th. This was preparatory to the Congress, which is to be held in Leeds from March 27th—April 2nd. A preliminary conference will be held on March 8th and 9th.

Union.

The Union now remains open each night until 8-0 p.m., except on Wednesdays, Saturday and Sunday. This term further blacking-out has been done in the Billiard and Card Rooms.

An assistant porter has now been engaged. The post was advertised, and from 35 applications Mr. Day was selected.

The prices for billiards and snooker have now been reduced, and the M.R.C. is running billiards and snooker competitions, the winners of which will receive a cup, which will be held for one year.

"The Tyke."

The central of the three committee rooms has now been taken over by the Tyke: Messrs. Freidman, Hardy and Lewis. They have immediately started their publicity campaign, and have issued the annual appeal for vast quantities of original copy. This appeal has never yet received an adequate response, but they always hope for the best, even this year. Just help by writing down those everyday humorous thoughts and sayings of yours, some of them are sure to be some use, and drop them into the contributions box.

Union Ball.

Owing to the very poor sale of tickets, due in part to the depth of the snow, it was found necessary to postpone the Union Ball, which was to have been held on February 2nd. The new date has not yet been finally settled, but the dance will certainly be held early in the next term.

Book Exchange.

As a result of the commission on the books sold since the institution of the Book Exchange a sum of £6 had accrued. This sum will be handed over to the Refugee Relief Committee. Any profit made in the future will be given to the Union Library Fund for the purpose of buying books.

Union Library.

So far the results of the hard work done in preparing the Library has been more than disappointing. Only an average of less than one book per day has been borrowed and alterations in the present scheme of working will have to be made. At the moment the Library is open for the lending of books from 1—2 p.m. each day.

**EXTRACTS FROM UNION COMMITTEE MINUTES OF MEETING,
HELD MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5th.**

Finance Committee Report.

There had been some difficulty in dealing with the February club estimates as some club secretaries had been slack in not submitting their estimates in time and many others were submitted without any of the necessary details. Such in future would be returned without consideration.

Pictures.

The question of whether paintings and other pictures should be hung in the Union was discussed. The conclusions arrived at were:—

- (a) The matter was one for the House and Advisory Committee.
- (b) That there was no special objection to pictures.
- (c) That pictures should not be purchased by intending donors until such pictures had been approved by the Union Committee.

DEREK T. MILNTHORPE,

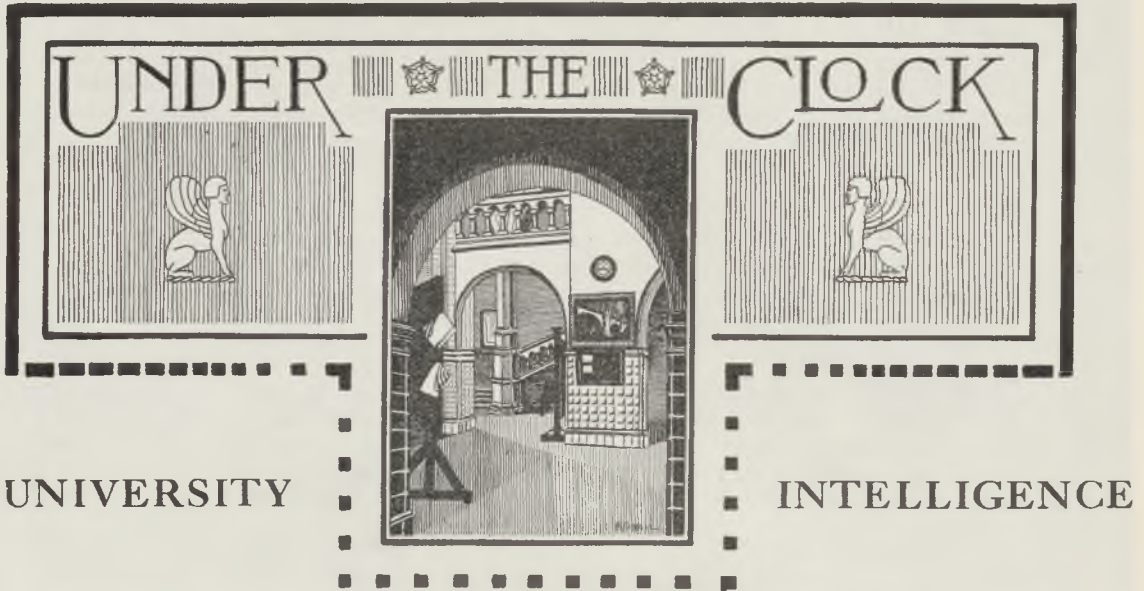
*Hon. Secretary,
Leeds University Union.*

Theatres.

THEATRE ROYAL—Till 16th March, "Jack and the Beanstalk."
16th March—onwards, The Court Players.

THE GRAND.

4th March ..	"Full House"	<i>Ivor Novello.</i>
11th March ..	"Second Helping"	<i>Ivor Novello.</i>
18th March ..	"Chocolate Soldier."	
25th March ..	"In Good King Charles' Golden Days."	
1st April ..	"Rebecca"	<i>Owen Nares.</i>



Meeting of the Council, Wednesday, 21st February, 1940.

Mr. W. B. Woodhouse in the Chair.

The Council expressed its cordial thanks to the East Riding County Council for their decision to renew their grant of £500 to the University for the financial year 1940-41.

The following gifts were gratefully accepted:—

- (i). A collection of specimens "and microscopic slides, illustrating the geology of the Millstone Grit of Yorkshire, the glacial deposits of Rothwell Haigh, sandstones and shales in the Coal Measures—the researches of the late Professor Gilligan," presented to the University by Mrs. Gilligan as a memento of her husband's work in the Geology Department.
- (ii). Additional maps (including maps forming part of the first large scale survey of England), presented to the Library by Mr. H. Whitaker, who recently gave a valuable collection of atlases, maps, etc., to the Library.
- (iii). A contribution of £25 to the Leather Industries Department from the Federation of Curriers, Light Leather Tanners and Dressers.

Professor H. Heaton was appointed to represent the University at the 44th Annual Meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science; and Dr. H. D. Dakin was appointed the University's delegate at the Bicentenary Celebrations of the University of Pennsylvania.

The following representatives were appointed to serve on the bodies named:—

East Riding Education Committee	Rev. C. H. Staveley. Professor Turberville.
West Riding Consultative Committee for Education	Professor Smith.
East Riding County Agricultural Committee	Mr. H. Caley.
Giggleswick School	Professor Turberville.
Knaresborough Grammar School	Professor Spaul.
Pontefract Girls' High School	Mrs. Redman King.
Settle Girls' High School	Miss Lorna I. Scott.

Presidential and Open Elections, 1940-41.

Nomination for the Presidency and Woman Vice-Presidency resulted as under :—

Presidency :

MR. S. KEIDAN (returned unopposed). 1939-40 : Union Committee, Union Entertainments Secretary, Union Finance Committee.; 1937-8-9-40 : *The Gryphon* Committee, *The Gryphon* Sub-editor, 1938-39, *The Gryphon* Business Manager, 1939-40.; 1937 to 1941 : Students' Representative Council, Students' Representative Council Treasurer, 1940-41 ; 1938 : Rag Publicity Manager ; 1939 : Rag and *The Tyke* Business Manager ; 1939 : Leeds University Magazine Sub-Committee ; Societies : M.D.S. Association, Jewish Students' Association.

Woman Vice-Presidency :

MISS AGNES A. JERVIS. 1939-40, Union Committee ; 1939-40, Union Committee Constitution Sub-committee ; 1939-40, S.C.M. Committee ; 1940-41, Medical Women's Representative Council. Sports : 1937-38-39-40, Hockey Club.

MISS EVA J. SAIGH. 1937-38-39, Egyptian Association ; 1939-40, English Society, Vice-President ; 1938-39-40, Peace Council, Refugee Relief Committee ; 1939-40, Union Committee. Societies : 1938-39-40, Arts Society ; 1937-38-39, Women Day Students' Association ; 1939-40, Socialist Society. Sports : Badminton Club.

MISS DAPHNE WILDE. 1939-40 : Union Committee ; 1939-40 : N.U.S. Sub-committee ; 1939-40 : Union Building Appeal Sub-committee ; 1939-40 : Women's Representative Council ; Sports—1937-40 : Hockey Club, Club Colours 1937-38, 1938-39 ; Hockey Club Treasurer, 1938-39, Secretary 1939 ; 1938-40 : Cricket Club, Full Colours 1938-39 ; Cricket Club Treasurer 1939. Societies : Peace Council, Co-ordinating Council ; Peace Council Secretary, 1938-39 ; Peace Council Chairman, 1939-40 ; English Society Committee, 1937-39 ; English Society Vice-President, 1939-40 ; Dramatic Society, 1939-40 ; Classical Society, 1937-38 ; International Society, 1938-39. Hostel : Weetwood Hall Committee, 1938-39 ; Weetwood Hall Entertainments Secretary, 1939-40 ; Weetwood Hall, A.R.P. Captain, 1939-40.

“ THE GRYPHON.”

Last Day for Copy - - - TUESDAY, April 30th.

N.B.—Copy should be in before 1 o'clock.

National Union of Students.

N.U.S. Council.

The second Council was held in London on February 10th and 11th, to discuss the chief problems that had arisen since November. The campaign for the Defence of the Universities came up for consideration and the Council almost unanimously congratulated the Executive on the Work done in the past three months in connection with investigation of economic position of students, with the petition for postponement of Military Service for students who had successfully completed one year of study—Leeds contributed over 300 signatures to the petition, and showed its approval of N.U.S. policy in this matter at the A.G.M. of the Union, and with the Treasury Grant.

It was felt that many students still did not realize that the whole campaign was being fought for an ideal and not from the "individual point of view,"—though it is very important that every student should understand that it does concern him individually. By pressing for the continuation of the Universities, N.U.S. was placing a responsibility on those institutions to show the public that they are worth preserving. It was urged that the Government should institute a special fund to alleviate hardship (due to the war) among students, and so put an end to the diversion of grants, made for educational purposes, to assist students thus affected.

Lord Derby's scheme for Youth between ages of 16 and 20 was severely criticised, and it was felt that such an institution would be an infringement of democracy—in that the Youth Labour Corps would be fundamentally compulsory by force of circumstances in spite of its official "voluntary" nature. The Council decided that such a scheme, and the extensions suggested offered no solution to the problem of Youth, and instructed the Executive to call a meeting of all Youth Organizations throughout the country to discuss this vital problem.

N.U.S. Local Conference.

Excellent reports are coming in from the study groups which are doing preparatory discussion on a section of the Conference subject: "The War and After," and everything points to a successful climax to the work that has been done in the past weeks of this term. The discussions on the reports promise to be constructive and to give a real "student opinion."

The programme has been finally settled: the Conference will be opened by a prominent speaker, either an M.P. versed in Foreign Affairs, or one of the members for the Universities—they will address a Plenary Session on morning of March 8th, at which the Vice-Chancellor will take the Chair. After this, the Conference will break up into four Commissions, two of these will be in session in the morning, and the remaining two in the afternoon. Commission I: Causes and Effects of War; War Aims of Government. Commission II: Economic Problem. Commission III: Educational Problem; Church and International Order. Commission IV: Colonial Problem.

The idea is that each student shall attend the discussion of one Commission in morning, and another in the afternoon. Report of all four will be presented at first session on Saturday, March 9th, after which Mr. Brian Simon, President of N.U.S., will open the discussion on the "Role of the Universities in the New Peace." The Conference is to end at mid-day on Saturday. Don't forget the date, *March 8th—9th*; the Senate has given permission for all students to attend this meeting.

N.U.S. Congress, March 27th—April 2nd.

Registration forms for the Congress are now published and may be obtained from the Union Porter or from the Office. Leeds are acting as hosts to the Congress and are expected to make a special effort to show other Universities that they are capable of constructive thought on the problems that face Youth at the present time. The Conference is being held as a preliminary to this—come to the Conference, then stay up in, or come back to, Leeds for the real climax—the Congress—and hear what other Universities are thinking about these problems. Don't isolate yourself, but come and join in! It won't all be work—there are innumerable dances and excursions being arranged for your entertainment. About 300 delegates are expected to this Congress and it is a big job accommodating at a reasonable charge—if you can offer hospitality to some of them for the week at a nominal charge, why not take the opportunity to make good friends, new friends, with students from other parts of the country! Great things are expected of Leeds students at Easter—don't let us down!

B. H. RUSHTON,
N.U.S. Secretary.

The Challenge.

TEN thousand buildings, quickly erected,
Spring into sight: wooden buildings,
Lavishly furnished and centrally heated—
Built for the men who, in this year of grace,
Go forth to fight.

Ten thousand buildings were built as quickly
Twenty-five years ago: Plaster buildings
Now disappeared, for they, like the hopes
Of the men who fought in the "War to end War,"
Fell into ruin.

Ten thousand buildings were built, more slowly,
During last century: houses, of brick,
Crowded together, dirty, and airless—
Built for the men who, to bring our land riches,
Slaved day and night.

Ten thousand people still live in these relics
Of slavery's bond. They are heroic;
They bear the yoke of industrialism,
Dulled 'neath the thick smoke pall of the cities,
Poor and wretched.

Whilst the armies march on to destruction;
Whilst sacrifice gives its support to the sword,
Ten thousand bodies are crying for freedom,
Ten thousand souls for the light of the Word:
Can we refuse them?

"LEFEE."

WHEN hard worked, hungry, worried or annoyed,
A TOM LONG pipeful fills the "aching void!"

CORRESPONDENCE

VALENTINES.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION,

15th February, 1940.

Dear Sir,

I do not know the origin of Valentine's Day, nor do I intend to look it up, but I do feel that it has possibilities that seem to be somewhat neglected. Every one who has been favoured with a flattering Valentine must surely have wandered about for the next few days with that vacant look which denotes curiosity and secret conceit. But what happens? After a period of time, which varies with both his memory and his opinion of himself, it gradually fades from his thoughts, and thus loses what may be the opportunity of a beautiful friendship with some secret admirer.

I like to think that it is my curiosity which has compelled me to write this and appeal to all those people who take the trouble to look up Valentines, to make themselves known eventually and so enjoy the logical result of their labours.

Yours sincerely,

OPEN AND FREE NATURE.

SUPPORT "THE TYKE"!

"THE TYKE" OFFICE.

Dear Sir,

We read with pride in the Union Notes of the February *Gryphon* "that possibly *The Tyke* is to be on sale throughout the whole of Rag Week." The confidence shown by the Union in our literary abilities is greatly appreciated.

The cancellation of the Rag would leave the voluntary hospitals of Leeds poorer this year by about £1,000, and whilst other Universities, for example Manchester, touch the £5,000 mark, we must be thankful for smaller mercies.

Whilst admitting our genius, we hesitate to describe ourselves as the only members of the Union capable of producing the humour for which *The Tyke* is or should be world famous.

However gratifying it is eventually, to find one's efforts printed 25,000 times, the three months preceding publication are a source of no little nervous strain to those unsung heroes, who, scorning cruder methods of Hari-Kari, offer themselves unsuspectingly as *Tyke* editors.

Contrary to all popular superstition, *The Tyke* is not written by the student body, nor is it cribbed from the illustrated magazines. The sole responsibility for its genesis falls upon the shoulders of its editors. *Despite passionate appeals for support, The Tyke of 1939 had to be written completely from cover to cover by the editors.* The two articles that were submitted had perforce to be censored out of all "humour."

Mr. Editor, somewhere, somehow, beneath those placid countenances lounging in the common rooms or sleeping in the lecture theatres lies, *must* lie a spark of laughter. Most of the students we feel sure must at some stage of their careers have learned to write.

May we then appeal to them, through you, to put it down (on one side of the paper only), fold it up and send it along—to us. We offer them neither money nor immortality, but, envying you with your comparative hordes of eager contributors, we too would like to be editors, not authors.

Yours faithfully,

C. L. LEWIS, J. I. HARDY.

Co-editors? “*The Tyke*, 1940.

Co-authors, *The Tyke*, 1939.

Editorial Staff, *Yorkshire Evening Rag*, 1938.

P.S.—It is with sorrow that we realise that the whole of the above remarks apply equally well to the *Yorkshire Evening Rag*.

CO-ORDINATING COUNCIL UNDER FIRE.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION.

19th February, 1940.

Dear Sir,

So the Peace Council is to be known in future as the “Co-ordinating Council.” This news will bring new hope and inspiration to us all.

How wonderful to be a Co-ordinating Councillor! How splendid to be able to sit all day, without any necessity for displaying the courage of one's convictions, without any worries about uncomfortable ideas, without any fear that people might take one for what one is; to be able to sit all day and just Co-ordinate!

But why should the principle of Camouflage stop here? We look forward to the Day when the Conservative Society will be known as the Conversative Society (if a monologue can justly be described as a conversation); the O.T.C. as the Babies' Welcome Guild; Mr. Chamberlain as Little Red Riding Hood.

And the Union Committee as a Bunch of Wayside Violets.

Yours sincerely,

REISARB H.

[The name of the Peace Council was altered to Co-ordinating Council because it was found that the original name gave the impression that it was a Pacifist body. At present the Council is doing active work for the local conference on “The War and After.”—EDITOR].

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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

Journal of Education, Student Movement, News Bulletin.

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

The Finnish "White Paper."

A "WHITE PAPER" has been published on the circumstances leading to the invasion of Finland by the U.S.S.R. Since this publication has been given all the recognition of an official document, and has been widely publicised by Government speakers, by Finnish Ministers, and by the B.B.C., it may be taken as the official statement of the Finnish Government, and as a basis of understanding on which Finnish—British relations are founded. It is therefore very important that the Paper should bear critical scrutiny—and it is very significant that it does not. Whilst it is obvious that some degree of dissemblance is permissible in all propoganda, this publication contains an alarming number of omissions, exaggerations, misrepresentations, and mis-statements.

Thus to take three connected and vital subjects:—

- (a) The Mannerheim-Svinhufud Government of Vaasa (1918) is represented as the democratically elected Government set up in 1917.
- (b) The representation of the Finnish Civil War as a struggle against Bolshevik troops for Finnish Independence is maintained throughout.
- (c) The charge that German troops played any effective part in the Civil War is denied.

All of these mis-statements are contradicted by quite unimpeachably Anti-Soviet authorities—*The Times*, Sir Walter Kirke, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Lieut.-Colonel Hannula, etc., from which sources we may find that:—

In compliance with the Treaty of Brest Litovsk, the removal of the Bolshevik troops was completed within the second week in March, 1918." (Hannula).

- (a) The Mannerheim-Svinhufud Government was a rebel organization seeking to impose a military dictatorship on the country (referred to by *The Times* as Rebel, Rump, White Guard Government).
- (b) In order to do this the "White Guard" (*Times*!) Government signed a pact with Germany, by the terms of which German troops were sent to crush the "opposition" of the popular democratic Government of Helsinki, and to subdue the forces of (already independent!) Finland.
- (c) It was only with the aid of these German troops, and by most brutal violence against resistance in support of the democratic Government that Mannerheim was able to impose his "liberation" on the Finnish people. ("Out of 80,000 prisoners taken at the end of April, 1918, more than 30,000 men and women are now dead."—*The Times*, 11th Feb., 1919. "Some 15,000 women and children were slaughtered."—*Encyclopaedia Britannica*.)

So far from fighting for Finnish freedom, already granted by the Bolsheviks, Mannerheim sought the aid of his enemy of a year before in order to suppress Finnish democracy—an act which prompted *The Times* to announce editorially: "Finland can no longer claim to be neutral; it has become a German Province." After faithfully serving the Czar, oppressor of Finland and Russia, till his deposition, Mannerheim called in an army of occupation from the most aggressive power in the world, and as the price for this German aid he was prepared to place Finland under the tyranny of the Kaiser. Only the crushing defeat of Germany in the Great War saved Finland from becoming a German colony.

"For a successful fight a nation must have an honourable cause—we fight for human justice against brute force" is the way in which Mannerheim describes his attitude. He used similar words as an officer of the Czar's army. The Finnish Government cannot look back on a record which is honest and clean; to represent the whole of its history as virtuous and inoffensive is to show up the present regime in the same light of dishonesty, violence and suppression as its progenitor.

"ARTEMAS."

British Student Congress

Under the auspices of N.U.S.)

to be held at

Leeds University Union

from

March 27th — April 2nd

THEME :

Students, Society and War

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Representatives from all British Universities will be present

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LEEDS is acting as host ; We must be well represented

A nominal regulation fee covers all
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details**

France To-day—A Criticism.

AFTER reading the article in your last issue, I can imagine the general reaction being "Gosh! what an ally!" Though the article was well documented and the figures impressive, there are places where fact is misused.

The "tone" of the article gave the impression that Daladier and his Government were as ruthless as Adolf. For instance, the sentence "The financial policy of the Daladier government was from the outset to make France once more an attractive field for investment and capitalist exploitation," is applicable to almost every previous French government except that of Blum; it is easy to forget that the government of the country is really in the hands of the celebrated "Deux Cents," whose central pediment is the Banque de France. What about England?

Again, the banning of the Communist party and all its trappings is hardly a "great (financial) advance for the *capitalists*." What of the suppression of the Croix de Feu—a Fascist party—over two years ago in a period of peace? Last September and long before, the Communists supported the present war, but opposed it immediately on the signature of The Russo-German agreement. Naturally such opposition was dangerous to the Allies *in general*, and to France *in particular*—not to the capitalists. In England Communism is regarded rather as a joke; it provides the illusion of immediate world-improvement while its incentives to violent speech and personal carelessness gives the agreeable feeling of having made the family take notice of you for the first time. But in France Communism is much more concrete; more "sovietised." Thus the squashing of the Communists is purely for safety—not for political and financial gain—because France can get it in the neck from Germany quicker than we.

Another point; to say that "martial law has been applied to all factories on war production" is misleading. "Martial law" has a harsh flavour about it associated rather with riots in Tel Aviv; it has hardly the same meaning here. On declaration of war all Frenchmen from 20—25 are conscripted and exceptions are very rare. But railway drivers still drive trains; weavers still work in the sheds; munition workers still assemble bombs, *only all* are regarded as soldiers and paid accordingly. This procedure is automatic and is *irrespective of the political party in power*: to ascribe it to the domineering aspirations of Daladier and his government is totally unjust.

The system is truly democratic; the Frenchman says: "Why should I go 'me faire casser la gueule pour 16 Francs' a day, while my brother earns his 2000 a month at home?" How much fairer a method of settling war economy than our way of paying munition workers and A.R.P. high wages—a mere sop to keep them quiet! France's war effort is internally far more equally borne and felt than the world would like to admit.

The last paragraph invites us to regard the conditions in the concentration camps in Southern France as a "final demonstration of the character of the present rulers in France." Few governments have done half as much for the Spaniards as the French. England has admitted some 75,000 refugees, very grudgingly, subjecting them to very heavy restrictions; France counted just before the war more than 4 million, the majority of whom had been allowed to enter without any kind of guarantee. The "herding into camps" and the "brutality of the Senegalese soldiers," are old stories and should be treated with reserve. The Senegalese soldier is not rough and wild; he has the same position in French civil and military life as the young "poilu" from Lorraine. The French solved the "colour complex" long ago.

To conclude ; we should be just to France, indeed mutual understanding was never more essential. Extremes are dangerous, especially those of the type which state :—

“ England will fight to the last Frenchman.”

or

“ Le seul ennemi de la France, c'est l'Angleterre ! ”

The position is best summed up by the young French girl, who, seeing anti-British leaflets dropped on her village, remarked “ Comme si on ne savait pas que l'un sans l'autre, on est foutu ! ”

MICHAEL N. TEMPEST.

B. H. Spencer replies :

Mr. Tempest, magnanimity itself, concedes the factual basis of my article. It is noticeable how agilely he climbs between the rows of facts which I had laid out for his inspection.

All workers make the same sacrifices in France, says he. So what, is not that democratic ? But surely he's forgetting the “ Deux cent familles ” whom he cites in his second paragraph. Are they working for military wages or are they making money “ hand over fist ? ” Come, come, Mr. Tempest, you can't have your bun and eat it ! By the way, could my opponent find time to send me a list of the authorities or firms paying such exorbitant wages to munition and A.R.P. workers ? An accurate map would also be a help. Certainly the French workers aren't so carefree about the fall in their standard of living as is Mr. Tempest, or the Government might not have had to suppress the militant Trade Unions. (cf. Journal Officiel, Dec. 16, 1939. Circular of French Govt. to its Min. of Labour inspectors).

Facts not being his speciality it is not surprising to find our friend distorting statements in my article. To make a point he suppresses the words “ quite frankly ” from a quotation in the second paragraph of his reply. Then in the next line or two we find him, for some reason unexplained, adding the word “ financial ” to a statement of mine which he paraphrases. “ Springs to catch woodcocks,” eh, Mr. Tempest ?

He speaks of the suppression of the Croix de Feu, but says nothing as to its character as a terrorist organisation, and nothing of its association with the C.S.A.R., its attempted coup d'etat in 1934, or its immediate revival as the P.S.F.—under the same leaders. Nor does he mention that Ybarnégaray, a member of the P.S.F.—Croix de Feu, is now allowed to call for firing squads for those suspected of Communism, and that in the Chamber itself !

Surely the point at issue is whether France can any longer be described as a democracy or not. If the holding of a different view from that of the Government on home and foreign policy is regarded as sufficient justification for depriving 1,500,000 people of their elected representatives (and that without any consultation with the country) then I maintain you have not democracy Mr. Tempest.

VISIT THE UNION BOOK EXCHANGE

At the Devil's Elbow.

HOW beautifully she ran—smooth as silk, and never a hesitation. There was no doubt, she was a good car, and a bargain too. I couldn't help thinking that it must have been Sir Arthur's fault—it couldn't possibly have been due to any fault of this beautiful Daimler—when he crashed it so unfortunately into that wall at the Devil's Elbow. The coroner could only give an "accidental" verdict, and mention that possibly Sir Arthur had had a stroke or fallen asleep over the wheel. Impossible that he was driving carelessly, for he had got round the Elbow safely and rammed the wall several hundred yards beyond, where the road is quite straight and well surfaced. Of course his death had been a great shock to me, for we had been in the habit of dropping in on one another at odd moments. People who live out in the wilds do feel the loss of their neighbours more keenly.

When the Grange was sold up I bought the saloon, which had been overhauled by the agents at Lingford, and here we were, scudding along the moor road for home after a day at Benton market.

As I eased the wheel now to the left and then over to the right my mind persistently returned to Sir Arthur. How straight he used to sit behind this same wheel, his yellow gloves caressing its ribbed surface, gently slipping in the gears and only using the special half-tone horn when absolutely essential. I well remember how he used to smile and say, "Monty, its a miracle of engineering. Here's a mass of metal weighing over two tons and I can steer it along the road at eighty miles an hour with my little finger." And he was right.

It was one of those still, late-autumn days, when the countryside seems to whisper, "look out, here's winter coming; let's hope it will pass by without seeing us," and the naked trees and gaunt stems of bracken hold their breath in hopes of remaining unnoticed. The bluish half-light which precedes the fall of night always seems to linger much longer on the moor, and as the Daimler swept smoothly forward I noticed how it became more difficult to discern the tiny figures on the oil gauge. Yet lighting-up time was still quite a way off.

I really don't know when the thought first crossed my mind, but it must have been somewhere around Galton Bank, that steep ascent which is the real gateway to the moor. The thought suddenly set my pulse moving faster. "This road takes you past the Devil's Elbow. You haven't been that way since Arthur And this was the car in which it happened. . . ." And I couldn't get it out of my head. But worse was to follow—much worse.

It was as I changed up after turning the corner by the disused lead mine that I experienced it first—a sensation of being no longer alone. Good Heavens, the car was developing a soul; its capacity for motion and for needing constant attention had given it in my eyes a human quality.

Gradually I became aware that this argument was entirely false. It had nothing to do with the car: there was another person, yes, a person with me. I glanced around the roomy saloon, put my free hand on the seat beside me, forced myself to concentrate on the view through the windscreen, but not for long could I get rid of that horrible feeling.

Devil's Elbow lay a couple of miles ahead, and the purring engine was putting the road behind at a good forty miles per hour, when. . . .

"The coroner was quite wrong, Monty."

I screamed—yes, screamed out loud. I think the very matter-of-factness of the voice made it all the more unnerving.

"Don't make such a noise, my dear fellow. Surely you know who it is."

"Arthur!" I gasped, and looked to the left, but the seat was unoccupied. I spent the next few seconds pulling the car off the grass verge, slowing her down to thirty....

"Keep your nerve; man; there's no reason to be windy. I had to tell you the truth, though." It was the same gentle voice with its characteristic lilt that Sir Arthur had acquired from his Scottish ancestors.

"Monty, I neither had apoplexy, nor did I fall asleep at the wheel. That coroner was a bad guesser."

The voice paused a moment, there came a short sigh, and it went on a little more quickly.

"I distinctly remember this part of the road on that fateful day. And it was just growing dusk too, like to-day. How pleased with life I felt that afternoon." A short pause. "Monty, I had a deep affection for you, and I would like to save you."

The voice had grown rather tired. I noticed it keenly, every slightest inflection, for my heart still leapt, and my knees felt very watery; fear seemed to have sharpened my mind at the expense of my body.

"Yes, my friend, I met my death through the smallest flaw imaginable."

"You mean....Arthur...." a whispered stammer, as I forced myself forward to switch on the headlights.

"When the car went round the Elbow its steering was fully locked to the left, and there is a bump in the road just there. It jerked up the wheels and snapped the tie-rod."

I gripped the wheel feverishly, fought to control my voice.

"But Arthur, you didn't crash on the Elbow itself. You travelled beyond for several...."

"Quite right. You know the wonderful self-centring action of these steering mechanisms. I never realised that anything was wrong until I felt her going for the verge after she had straightened up at the corner, and then it was too late.... I had accelerated."

As the voice ceased, the lights encountered a sudden curve in the road, fearfully acute....the Devil's Elbow! I automatically braked, spun the wheel. And as I held it round the corner my mind flashed over the words I had just heard. Surely the whole thing was rubbish. I had imagined it, and anyway what had this event of the past to do with me?

The bump in the road rocked the car and shook my nerve, and the tired voice whispered, "it has snapped again, Monty...."

I released my hold of the wheel, flung myself forward and pulled on the brake with both hands.

When the car stopped, it had one wheel in the ditch—a rear wheel, for the skid had spun the car round. The door had to be opened by force due to the twist of the body, but eventually I summoned the nerve and the energy to alight, and with the aid of my torch made an inspection. The rear wheel sitting in the ditch would have told any fool what the first job would be, in order to get the car going again. It didn't interest me. I turned to the front, knelt on the ground quite heedless of the dirt, and shone the light on the tie-rod. You know what I saw....

Everything Happens To Me.

YOU'VE all been on the tram when a drunken man has staggered upstairs, and you've all watched him sit down next to some embarrassed person and talk to him in a voice that made the windows rattle, and by gosh you've thanked your lucky stars he didn't sit next to you instead of the other fellow.—Well, give a thought to me—I'm always the other fellow. Everytime I get on a tram, word is sent on ahead by some complicated spy system and a drunk gets on at the next stop and finds me out. You can laugh, but it's true. I usually get on a crowded tram so that I'll have to stand, but the conductor sends me down to the far end where a seat has been kept for me—then the drunk arrives! He barges down the aisle, banging into everyone to attract their attention, then plonks himself down on to my knee and murmurs, "Sorry, Sharlie, old pal, old pal—the tram shlipped." Why do they always call me Charlie? I don't know. Anyway I never say a word—I am inured, I just study the window and pretend I'm not there. I used to get off the tram and get on the next one, then when the second drunk arrived, get off and catch another—thus it would take thirty-seven trams and about five shillings in fares to get me home. Any time you want a good laugh get on a tram that I'm on—that is if you can stick trams—they are the bane of my life. To begin with it takes me three times as long as anybody else to get the right tram. I have to use a system—I used to just stand waiting for a 3 and of course fifty-five 2's would come along—so now I pretend I'm waiting for a 2 and foil their machinations (I like that word machinations, I've just learned how to pronounce it properly—listen, machinations). Anyway, let's get on the tram—the drunk will turn to me and say, "It makesh y' wonder dunt it?" I assure him it does, and we lapse into silence, and I curse myself for not doing what I'm always determined to do, and that is to turn to him with a sort of superior air and make some witty remark in a nonchalant way, that dumbfounds the drunkard and sends the rest of the tram into fits of laughter; instead, I blush furiously and look uncomfortable. Then he says, "'Ave yer seen Fred lately?" Hell, what can I say?—I say "No," and then when he looks hurt I find myself saying, "er—have you?" It's a fatal mistake I know, because then people begin to suspect he's a friend of mine. To my further embarrassment he usually answers, "I don't know who you're talking about!" They are not always so friendly, sometimes they start a fight, the only weapon I have is to get drunk myself and annoy them in retaliation. But then I usually get on the wrong tram, so it's not worth it.

You may think this is just an isolated instance of annoyances, but these things don't just happen you know—it's all part of a wonderful plan to get me into a home for nervous wrecks—I expect them—I know something will happen to me at any moment. That's why I always sit in a corner, when I'm in a big room. If I sit in the middle of the room I can't bear to hear someone walking up behind me—I expect a blow on the head at any moment. As the steps come nearer and nearer, my pulse quickens, my eyes dilate and my respiration beats all records until the steps are right behind me and I jump up and screeeam!

All my life I've had troubles—it has made me highly strung. I think it started because my nurse was dropped when I was a baby. Gosh, I was a terror when I was a kid—I had to be put in a vice everytime I was fed and anaesthetized each time I was changed. Now I have a terrible nature—I bite babies and dogs are afraid of me.

I shun lots. If anything has to be done and I'm in the crowd that doesn't want to do it, they always draw lots and I *have* to do it. I was once camping and I had to go for the milk across a few fields in the dark. I won't mention the terrific alsatian dog in the farmyard or the barbed wire on the fence, but I will

say that some cows had been grazing in those fields and that when I eventually got back I was so disgusted with cows that I couldn't bear to have the milk in my tea.

I could go through endless lists of things that happen to me—the other night it was rather cold, as a matter of fact it was very cold. Hell! why should I make excuses to you—I'll admit it, I took a hot water bottle to bed with me. (It was a very cold night though, honest). Ah, you know already what happened—yes it leaked all right, but that was not all, let me describe the environment, the little things that made that little thing worse. To begin with I was dead-tired and it was terribly dark (my room is not blacked-out—and in any case the electric bulb is missing, apart from the fact that the switch is broken and I had no matches). Where were we? Oh yes, in bed—let's get back then. When I discovered the leak I flung the bottle out of bed, and as the sheet was wet I got on top of the first blanket, then I discovered my pyjamas were wet so I had to look for another pair (in the dark mind you). I can't put trousers on from memory, I like to see what I'm doing—I had a little difficulty and when I was finally successful they were torn down the middle, and I had on two dis-connected legs of pyjamas. The worst was yet to come—the cord was pulled through one end! If there's one thing in all this miserable world that makes men never smile again it is pyjama cords that are long at one end and missing at the other. I just could not reach the other end tucked away in its groove. I can't go on with this, it will bring tears to your eyes, but that's the sort of thing I have to put up with. (A preposition is something you haven't to end a sentence with).

I walk about with a terrible dread of being run over by a 'bus when I need a shave, think of the horror of me being unconscious in the hospital and looking untidy—I must appear noble in my suffering.

Not only human fate is against me, but inanimate objects conspire against me. Fountain pens leak all over my hands as soon as I touch them (I could go on the stage with this trick), toothpaste jumps from my brush to my trousers (I need hardly mention tomatoes that squirt, I have to put them in strong envelopes and swallow them whole). I have a "secret weapon" against lamp-posts that come and stand in front of me in the black-out—I wear a crinoline.

I'll now tell you about a piece of string that will probably ruin my young life or at least make me bald. Some of you may know that all my life I've wanted to be a dentist. I was going on fine until I started "fillings"—then they gave me a grand new shining machine that grinds holes in people's teeth. It has an electric motor, which works the drill by a cord running over pulleys. (The fun I have fixing the cord over the complicated system of wheels and pulleys would take three bound volumes of *The Gryphon* to tell you about). Anyway this cord doesn't like my hair. I start to make a cavity and it leaps into life—dashes over from a yard away, gets hold of my luxuriant hair and ties it into several kinds of inextricable knots. It takes me two hours and a pair of scissors to free myself. I can't believe that this piece of string saw that celebrated school report of mine which said I "was born to be hanged," but it's certainly acting as though it did. Of course I try to fool it by pretending I can't find the foot-switch and sometimes I mutter, "h'm this cavity is already prepared." I've even tried coming in with a bathing cap on, but it's no use—I'll either have to be a bald dentist or specialize in extractions.

I have tried with a young cord that ought to be innocent of these things—it was all right at the beginning—but I was so surprised at being unmolested I found myself drilling neat little holes in my mouth mirrors, and together with the expense and nervous strain I think I'll specialize in extractions after all.

JACK I. HARDY.

VERSE

The Sentimental Writer.

WHEN front page's screaming tales of war:
 Page two describes the starving poor:
 Financial page is just a bore,
 And crime reports spread out galore,
 There's peace and quiet on page four,
 With the Sentimental Writer.

For dear old ladies past their prime
 Who carefully shun life's toil and grime;
 For those who hate reports of crime,
 Or strive on Higher Planes to climb,
 He writes his page of thoughts sublime—
 The Sentimental Writer.

To write such stuff he needs prowess.
 What if the world is in a mess?
 He'll always be a great success
 With tales of flowers and water-cress.
 A perfect *gentleman* of the Press
 Is the Sentimental Writer.

He writes of daffodils and trees,
 Of mother-love and humming-bees,
 Of gardens with a scented breeze.
 He cuddles dogs upon his knees
 And for all this gets princely fees,
 The Sentimental Writer.

Gushing with sentiment devout,
 He'll write his message all about
 The joys of Spring: how buds come out;
 How birdies sing: how "Nev" got gout:
 What would the Public do without
 The Sentimental Writer?

FLOSS.

Windy Night.

RUBBED velvet night,
 Leans shapeful back,
 Rubber Shade of the housepiles:
 Lion's mane, cat-o'-nines
 Lashing roofs and rushing decrescendo

Bellying sheet quivers intense,
 The pennant that licks taut from a masthead,
 Rift and belly-booms out.

A strained colourless music
 Rises from roots of bushes,
 Indistinct as tea-leaves.

Sleep beneath soft part
 Of loose articulated
 Fleshy brontocaurus.

C.K.Y.

Ignoramus : Miserere Domine !

WHY speak to us of love
 With longing in your eyes?
 Us, who never knew the word !
 No whispers by the flickering light,
 Of fires on the red-glow wall,
 No smooth caresses of the silken strands
 Of golden hair as soft as air,
 Have been our lot.
 We never felt the sensuous sheen of silken hose,
 Nor glanced with fond affection in a lover's eyes.
 Is this what you call love?
 It is not so for us. We tread the way
 With leathern sandals thonged upon bare feet,
 Our soul's eye fixed upon a distant star,
 The mind uplifted in a pure delight,
 All sensual feeling transcended to the infinite.

LANCE.

The Seagull.

○ THOU foam-wanderer, planing
 High over sea-girt crags and cliffs,
 To beat thy pinions scarce deigning;
 But poised on the air thou dost drive
 From cliff to the surge, from surge to cliff again:
 And like a plummet thou dost dive
 And soarest back to the craggy edge,
 Then down to the tumbling, rumbling main,
 Where thou heaviest on floating sea-sedge
 Flecked by the dapier foam.

Inaccessible thy nest:
 Where grasses cling to the crumbling rock-ledges
 And anemones fear to look over edges
 Thou standest unmoved, and suddenly wheelest
 In the yawning chasm, and feelest
 The rushing of emptiness, and comest to rest
 On the tall cliff-side of the bay.

Far below the sea rolls pebbles together
 In clattering cascades against the rock wall,
 And flings its foam hither and thither
 With hiss as it splashes on stone.
 Thy screech is heard over all
 Stabbing the eternal sea-moan
 With its restless cry and its piercing tone.

Strong-winged one, taster of wind, thou fleet one free,
 Not knowing chiding nor check,
 Never shalt thou dash on the crags foam-flecked by the sea,
 A lifeless white speck.

D. A. RAWCLIFFE.

Risorgimento.

A MEDICI in his bath of porphyry
 when his tall lights guttered, shouted "Ho!"
 and all the charcoal-burners in dark Naples' kingdom
 suddenly spat, and wiped their mouths on their sleeves.....

W.D.H.

TWIN Soul! break not to some grim, shapeless horror,
 Fractured in mass morality, the crooked mirror.
 Mind! retain your thought-refined temper,
 Resist the heated doctrines that would pamper
 Your steeled integrity. And heart, great feeler!
 Reject the liars cooing in tongues of Babel,
 Newspaper lies that wean the mass on evil,
 Divorce all falsity, seducing double-dealer.

Much degenerate action is prompted by nerves:
 The present knot can only be cut with knives.
 This war, no doubt, will burn us clean of dross,
 Will break dead institutions with blood-loss,
 Rich vintage of the blood will buy pale liberty.
 Be strong my soul, and yet, be full of mercy.

CLIFFORD HOLMES.

Plea.

SHALL I take all the stars of Winter nights,
 And all the dreaming snows on frozen seas,
 And all the gulls' songs, and the plaintive wail
 Of strings that tremble from the fiddle's heart,
 Give you the essence of the wide earth's fairness
 To speak to you for me, with lips of pain
 And joy, and winged gladness?

If I gave these to you into your hand,
 Saying they are my love, my life for you
 And in them all myself and all my spirit
 Would you then understand?

IDES.

Triolet.

SHE his mistress, he her master,
 Doth but say "They wedded strife."
 Still the stream of life flowed faster,
 She his mistress, he her master—
 Ye who prophesied disaster
 Did but augur married life:
 She his mistress, he her master,
 Doth but say they wedded strife.

RUTH.

Roundel.

SHE turned her head, though no one called her name,
 If she had not turned then my heart had bled
 She did not look for me, but all the same;
 She turned her head.

She did not know my lion heart had fled
 At her mild glance; she did not feel the flame
 Which burned imperiously in its stead.

I dared not ask her why it was she came
 So near to me; and so no word was said—
 If I go mad, remember who's to blame—
 She turned my head.

RUTH.

From Barden Bridge.

L IQUID diamonds rippling on twisted gold,
Shadows of purpled mystery, soft fluted murmurings,
Waters as clean as pain, and swift blue scream of birds
The velvet cloaks hang green from reaching boughs.

It is as though all beauty in the world were gathered here,
Our senses choke with richness.
Blue skies, warm days, the question of the hills—
This was enough.
But here we surfeit, breathing sensuous truth,
And all our life is narrowed on this spot.

S. SHARP.

Advent.

A S the first bird-song in Spring awakens the earth,
You came; and a voice awoke in my soul,
Like the birds to sing.
As a sudden Summer shower refreshes the grass,
You came; and my soul that was parched for love
Burst into flower.

Like a sun-warm moorland breeze, fragrant with heath,
You came; and I longed for the sweet of your lips
As for honey the bees.
Like a torch at night, on fire, glowing with life
You came; and you brought to my starving heart
A flame of desire.

V.W.M.

Life is Indomitable.

L IFE is indomitable and fair;
Life marches on, whate'er befalls;
After the lightning and the squalls
Have lashed the lands and laid them bare.

While jealous gods of thunder roar,
Stripping the tree-tops in their spleen,
One small shoot shows a tender green
And life bears up its head once more.

W.D.H.

“Gryphon” Staff, 1939-40.

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First Impression of Hospital Work.

AS I approached the North Blankshire Hospital to begin my first spell of hospital duty as a Red Cross trainee I felt rather as if I were going to school again for the first time. The huge rambling building seemed fraught with such mysteries for the uninitiated, and I had heard such tales of the elaborate etiquette of these institutions that I had to muster all my courage to go forward.

I found my way to the Matron's office and after signing my name in a book was despatched to the Receiving Ward, through which all incoming patients reach the hospital. Here I arrived after walking down a seemingly endless corridor, and presented myself to the Sister in charge with the feelings of one offering herself for sacrifice.

First of all I was taken to the stores and provided with one of those long white gowns which fasten at the back. I was not quite a stranger to these as I had once, while on a visit to an undergraduate friend at Cambridge, been smuggled by him into an operating theatre in the guise of a medical student. I was told to hang my things up, regardless of the fact that there were only three or four hooks, all of which were already overburdened, and after looking in vain for a more suitable depository I laid them in a neat pile on the floor.

Returning to the Receiving Room I found a patient waiting to be taken to one of the wards. I was asked if I had ever pushed a trolley before, and if I knew the Edward Ward, and on my replying to both questions in the negative I was thereupon requested to wheel the trolley in question to the ward in question. I did not quite follow the logic of the argument, but with a short prayer for the poor patient I took my place at the head of the trolley. Fortunately, I found a nurse was to accompany me and the journey was accomplished without mishap.

My next trip took me to the children's ward—a large sunny room, where I was fascinated by a little girl patient with the face of an angel who was kneeling up in one of the cribs. I would have lingered in this room, but a voice behind me coldly remarked, "You need not trouble to wait, porter." I withdrew abashed, to be informed later that I had made the acquaintance of the celebrated Sister T——.

Other visits to other parts of the building followed, and everywhere there was so much to be seen that the inclination to "stand and stare" was resisted with difficulty.

Visiting time brought an invasion of relations and friends, and the wards and corridors were soon crowded. Needless to say, as "a stranger in these parts" I was continually being asked the way to one ward or another and felt very conscious of my ignorance.

Later on I had to accompany one of the nurses out with the ambulance to collect a patient. Our destination proved to be a small house on a very large Council Estate. The patient, a man of about 60, was deaf and dumb and so was his wife, which did not make matters easier. Ignoring gesticulated protests, we pinned him up in a blanket and with the help of the driver carried him down the narrow staircase to the ambulance, round which a crowd of interested children had already gathered.

The rest of my time was spent in and about the Receiving Ward—undressing patients, filling in forms, packing parcels of clothes, answering the telephone, reassuring anxious relatives in the waiting room, and so on—indeed for a first-timer I felt I was being kept quite busy. One sidelight on wartime condition was the necessity of seeing that all patients had their gas-masks, ration books and identity cards.

I had heard much of the alleged callousness of nurses and hospital staffs generally, and I must admit that my first impressions did little to dispel this idea. It does not need much experience of a hospital, however, to make one realise that such an attitude is an essential quality for those engaged regularly in this work. If one allowed one's feelings of sympathy to take too strong a hold the work would become too distressing and it would be impossible to carry on. I suppose a kind of protective crust of insensitiveness forms over the habitual hospital worker, acting like an emotional antiseptic against the germs of sentiment. For my part, as a novice, my heart bled for some of the poor specimens of humanity who passed through our hands, and I was touched no less by their sufferings than by the patience with which, for the most part, they bore their trials and the apparent lack of sympathy of those around them. Most of the cases were from poor homes, and clearly life had trained them not to expect a bed of roses. I recall some with the trusting expression of dogs and a pathetic gratitude for any little service one rendered them.

All this I pondered as I left the hospital and breathed the free air again and thanked my stars for health and independence. Since that first time I have made other visits and am beginning to feel quite an old hand, particularly when new volunteers turn up who have not been before. It is work which brings abounding compensations for its less congenial moments. Out of my brief experience I must pay a tribute to the permanent hospital staffs. Their work calls for skill, tact and patience; the hours are long and the tasks frequently disagreeable and harrowing. Yet theirs is a work of mercy, and nobly and cheerfully they do it for a material reward which many an unskilled worker would regard with contempt. Fortunately, material reward is not the most important thing in life.

R.P.D.

“Jeanette.”

“**C**ARBURETTOR'S stuck, old boy,” explained Percy, straightening his back and mopping his brow with a very oily oil rag.

“It's the beastly float—bit of grit got in or something. You know, this wretched petrol is ghastly stuff,” he continued, bending once more into the depths of the engine.

Whilst he worked, I gazed across the harbour; away out to sea, where the spring breeze was whipping up the waves into little white “horse-heads.” It looked ominously rough out there. It was in a very weak moment that I had foolishly consented to accompany Percy on a trip round the bay in “Jeanette,” his motor-boat—I beg his pardon—hydroplane. I had regretted my decision ever since he had dragged me on board. Secretly I was hoping that the engine had seized up, for we might then have spent a very cosy afternoon in the pictures—perhaps even with the little brunette, who was gazing with such interest at Percy and his work from the security of the harbour wall. And I always was partial to dark hair.

The engine, however, dashed all my hopes by giving an almost polite cough : a cough that reminded me of a butler, who on entering the room, finds you kissing the maid.

"Ah!" said Percy, "getting some life out of her." Percy certainly has queer ideas about life!

"Carburettor's cleared now," he grunted, as he tightened a nut with an outsize in spanners.

"Her compressions are fine, we'll have her off in a couple of shakes now, old man!"

Personally I can never distinguish between a carburettor and a clothes-horse, and the news that we might be off in a few minutes depressed me considerably. I looked out to sea again and took a large gulp of fresh air. I needed it, badly.

Percy did something with a diminutive crank-handle and the engine spluttered into life, emitting clouds of blue fumes and a terrifying noise. The whole boat shivered from stem to stern. Percy turned to me, a broad grin spreading across his grimy face as he settled down into the seat beside me.

"She'd never let me down," he shrieked above the noise.

"Never!" he emphasised.

His eyes were now lit up and his face bore that far away expression of one who is sublimely happy. I began to wish that I had refused that fish for lunch. After all, I wasn't hungry, and—well—it might have been wiser.

Percy messed about with levers and knobs until with the noise on the crescendo, we shot forward and swept round in a large arc, Percy tugging desperately at the wheel. I turned round and saw the girl on the harbour wall receding rapidly into insignificance.

We sped out of the harbour entrance with Percy muttering something about oil-pressures and "revs." and with me performing hasty calculations. I knew he only had fuel to last for twenty miles and, assuming his average speed to be twenty-five miles per hour, it should be possible to determine the maximum length of time we could remain on the sea. My brain, however, soon became occupied with more urgent business.

Percy was bent forward in his seat to avoid the full blast of the wind. I was also bent forward, but for a different reason. I had decided that if I was to be sick, it would be Percy's boat and not my pair of trousers that was going to suffer. It is strange how sea-sickness gradually affects you, isn't it? At first I felt nothing more than a slight nausea, but as we lurched about in the choppy sea, I was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that no reasonable stomach could be expected to stand up to the strain.

"She's running fine—"revs." over 2,000," yelled Percy above the roar. But I was in no mood to admire the speed of rotation of an internal combustion engine. I realised that the delicate physical operation, which I should soon have to perform, would severely tax all my powers of concentration, for the next few minutes. After studying the geography of the boat for a few seconds, I crept out of the seat and made my way "aft" clinging desperately to the side of the boat. I leant over the stern.

It must have been several minutes before I dropped back again beside Percy, feeling very faint, but somewhat relieved. After all, the worst was over now and we had been out for nearly half an hour. Percy pointed to a gauge and indicated to me that it was time to return, a sentiment which I heartily endorsed.

My recollection is a little vague, but I think that it was after, either my second or my third trip "aft," that I first noticed the shallow layer of water, covering the bottom of the boat. Percy seemed somewhat impressed by this discovery and I was given instructions and an old can, to bail out the water.

Those problems they taught us back at school are terribly unimaginative. You remember, no doubt, the "oldstager" about a pipe A filling a bath in two minutes, and a pipe B emptying it in three. Nobody is interested in the length of time taken to fill the bath. We are merely interested in getting a bath before the water becomes too cold and before we lose the soap over the side, as we always do. The calculation is one that will never confront us in life. But how much better, if the problem was worded—"If water leaks into a boat at the rate of two pints per second and a seasick man bails it out at the rate of one pint per second, how long will it be before the boat sinks." I had just decided that a set of logarithm tables and a swearing dictionary would be required to solve this problem successfully, when the engine petered out, as engines always do, at inopportune moments.

Percy uttered at least one, if not two, rather rude words, and retired aft to his favourite position inside the engine. After a quarter of an hour's hard work with the can I decided that the sea was gaining on us and Percy really did look distressed as he told me something about a burst oil-feed pipe and the time it would take to repair. He took a long gaze at the shore which must have been over half-a-mile away and then he seized the oars from the bottom of the boat. He handed me an oar, and with a curt "Row like blazes!" he sat beside me in the water-logged wreckage. For over an hour we toiled away, perspiration standing in beads on my brow. At frequent intervals we stopped and I did a few minutes' work with the bailing can whilst Percy gazed fondly at "Jeanette" and her engine. Engines and Percy were as inseparable as girls and sports-cars. I knew that if and when we ever reached dry land, his first and only thought would be for the engine. My thoughts were connected only with the distance away of the harbour wall in yards and the capacity of the boat in gallons. By a super-human effort we managed to drag the sodden creak as far as the harbour entrance before it sank beneath us with an almost mocking gurgle and plunged us into the water. We struggled up the harbour steps and I turned to Percy with a stare that was nearly as icy as the water that now dripped from our clothes.

"I thought you said she'd never let you down," I asked, with a shiver and a touch of bitterness.

As we passed the cinema, we saw the brunette just leaving—alone.

GEORGE F. HODSMAN.

Don't Forget the Union Ball

Cold Feet.

IN women's magazines: "Why not follow the example of Lady Featherstonhaugh-Marjoribanks and knit jolly little woollies for the men-folk at the front?"

In the windows of respectable local retailers: "Spend your black-out leisure knitting garments for the forces. We have an excellent supply of suitable wool inside." In the hostel common room: an ever widening circle of knitting females.

Something obviously had to be done about it. National Service and all that you know. Next evening, therefore, a grim, determined figure armed with the necessary implements joined the circle of approving veterans in the common room. The little matter of casting-on was slightly more involved than our childish efforts at tea-cosies had given us to understand, but when the other occupants of the room had withdrawn to a respectful distance to avoid flying needles, odd elbows and the like, the effort advanced apace. At the end of a term we had completed at least an inch.

Then, of course, came the **BIG MOMENT**, the turning of the heel. Now the merest layman must know that the turning of the heel is a very ticklish business (to put it mildly) requiring skilful fingers, infinite patience and a nimble wit to reply to the feeble quips of amused spectators. However, amid the awed silence of the companions-in-needles, the heel was finally declared well and truly turned, and we retired in a fainting condition.

After the turning of the heel comes the eternal question: "How long is a soldier's foot?"—and—thanking you, we know the obvious answer. There are methods of ascertaining, *viz.*:—

- (a) The point-blank, quick-fire question. A member of the forces is accosted and asked the length of his foot. We did make an attempt at this, but the "come-hither" glance we essayed at a member of the Tank Corps in Woodhouse Lane did not achieve a satisfactory response.
- (b) By mathematical calculation. Let x be the length of the soldier's foot, etc. Owing to some inaccuracy in the logarithm tables, x came to equal $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards.
- (c) By finding a sleeping soldier and measuring the length of his foot. This alternative we dismissed as impracticable.

By this time the thing had become the subject of stale jokes at dinner tables, where the conversation was flagging. There were various suggestions as to our ultimate intentions: a bit of ribbon and a feather and it would make the dinkiest spring chapeau; a piece of zipp and we should have a delightful receptacle for spare cash (hollow laughter!). There were also suggestions on how to get rid of it. A popular method seemed to be to shove the obnoxious article in a bag and abandon it in the Women's Cloakroom, later putting up a notice bewailing the sad state of our finances.

But no! We were not to be deterred. Never should it be said that a Thacker lacked determination. We would finish the sock or eat our hat (a pretty safe statement considering the extent of our headgear).

Then came the calamity. Arriving home one evening, our room-mates brightly remarked: "Oh, you don't mind do you—they've been round collecting wool for refugee blankets, so we gave them that old fish-net dish-cloth that's been knocking about for such a long time ———"

* * * *

Embroidery is a delightful pastime.

BETTY THACKER,



Office Hall
C. H. [unclear]

Nazi Congress at Nuremberg.

WE had seen there was to be a Nazi Party Congress at Nuremberg before we arrived there, but expected nothing beyond a few speeches and perhaps some troops on parade. But the sight of trains, packed full, steaming every minute into the station soon made us realise on what a vast scale the celebrations were planned.

The first thing we heard on leaving the station was the sound of men marching—black-helmeted storm troops—line after line of them. It was late afternoon then, but we were told they had been marching past since morning.

We had never before seen a town so full of people as this was. Most of them were in uniform. Hitler Youth, brown-shirted workers from the labour camps, S.S. officers, and visitors filled every street. Traffic was almost entirely suspended and special footbridges had been built across the roads, so that the military parades, which were held every day, could continue uninterrupted.

It was obvious that we would never be able to find accommodation in any hotel, but we were determined to stay, and so finally arranged to sleep on sofas in a small café, the only drawback being that business started at five-thirty in the morning!

After supper, we heard Hitler's speech broadcast from the Nuremberg stadium. Everyone in the café listened attentively, and at the finish stood and sang the National Anthem together. For three hours after, we talked with a party of young Germans. It was natural that we should discuss politics and Hitler's new Germany. They were eager to know what we thought of it all. We told them we had seen much to admire, but could not reconcile Hitler's professed desire for peace with the vast re-armament programme. Their answers to this were unanimous.

"We don't want to fight anyone, but we must be prepared to resist invasion."

"But who is going to invade Germany?"

"Russia perhaps," they said, "we must be ready to fight the Bolsheviks. France, too, is Bolshevik. And France may want to walk through Germany to help Russia against Japan."

It was obvious that nearly everyone was genuinely afraid of the supposed Russian attitude towards Germany. An anti-Communist exhibition was being held in Nuremberg, outside which a queue was waiting all day to go in, in spite of a high price of admission. We walked round room after room full of photographs and drawings of Russian horrors, starving workers, executed peasants, and other grim scenes from the revolution.

Throughout each day, there was an endless procession of high Nazi officials and leaders to and from the Congress House. The roads to this building were always lined with crowds, some standing on walls, others in trees; anything to catch a glimpse of their rulers. Many of the figures were unknown to us, but we saw Hess, who received a great burst of cheering, and Goebbels, who was seemingly not so popular. But the crowd was evidently reserving its energies for Hitler himself, who was driven up seated on the folded hood of an open car, smiling and waving to the accompaniment of thousands of "Heils." I was anxious to take a photograph, but the outstretched arms giving the Nazi salute rather spoilt the attempt.

Every building in the city had been decorated with swastikas on red and white banners. We asked some of the owners if they had been told to do this. They said not, but did it because Hitler was there.

Nuremberg itself is a beautiful old walled town and seemed a curious contrast to the events taking place there. The most popular place with the soldiers was an old mill, claimed to be a thousand years old, and converted into a museum for instruments of torture.

We noticed that Jews were forbidden to enter several shops and places of entertainment, and we saw one shop window smashed by a small anti-Jewish crowd that had gathered outside. We questioned one or two Germans as to why they allowed the Jews to be persecuted so.

"They ruined Germany after the War," we were told, "and are still trying to get power. But we do not treat them badly as a rule."

Another incident stuck in our memory. A party of soldiers entering the cathedral had to be told by the priest when inside to remove their caps.

It was always the young Germans who were most enthusiastic about Hitler. Those who had been through the last war were more cautious, but never questioned his sincerity. There was only one answer if Hitler's policy was doubted.

"He is our leader and he knows what is best for Germany."

The climax of the occasion was a display of German Military strength. Tanks of all sizes and descriptions, field-guns and armoured cars passed by for hour after hour, while aeroplanes flew overhead in massed formation. The marching and speeches continued long after dark. It seemed unreal and at times awe-inspiring. There were Hitler youth from every district in Germany, all in perfect step, with stern set faces, and each carrying a red and white swastika banner, while through the loudspeakers along the floodlit route came voices telling the people of the might of Germany in face of a hostile world. And after Hitler Youth, more army battalions passed, silently, except for the drums, as if they were marching to battle. It was a scene we shall never forget.

J. S. SCRUTON.

The Second-row Forward.

An almost-true story.

TO the untutored eye, a rugby scrummage seems to be a shapeless mass of heaving, steaming humanity, but, of course, it is in fact a rather delicately balanced mechanism, especially designed to allow seven men to use their strength in assisting a small, usually bad-tempered, man to heel the ball backwards, whilst not impeding this process with their feet. The components of this machine are quite remarkably likely to conform to a type most suited to the particular position into which they fit. In the front row there are two "props," short, sturdy, hard-headed and pugnacious men, who frequently go into battle unshaven, the better to scrape skin from the faces of their opposite numbers, and between them, the "hooker," who is normally agile, and, from a referee's point of view, invariably immoral. The third or back row consists of an ostrich-like "middle-back," who buries his head in the scrum, apparently with his eyes shut, because he often blocks the back exit for the ball and loudly blames second row for this grave error. Of the two loose-forwards much could be written, but it is sufficient to record that their strongest principle is to refrain from hard work in the scrums, and their success is mainly to be judged by the subtlety of their off-side and obstruction tactics. My story is, however, of the second row, where altruism is paramount and team spirit is enshrined. The two second-row forwards are usually more to be distinguished by their bulk and their scrum-caps than by

the brilliance of their play in the open field. Not for them are the fierce duels of the front row, nor the specious running of the loose-forwards; their duty is to provide the weight and the backbone of the scrum; their fate is grueling work made harder by the grinding of their faces between the mud-caked flanks of a prop and the hooker, and the agonies of their bodies, racked by every collapse of the scrum. They receive most of the kicks of the game, the metaphorical kind coming from an irate scrum-half when the ball is heeled slowly, and the literal type, when the hooker tries to speed it on its way. They see few of the ha'pence; they rarely have a place in the echelon of an attack, it is infrequent for them to save a try by a startling run and a grandstand tackle, they score but few tries. To the second row forward the rewards of the game can lie only in the high moral plane of "playing for the team," yet sometimes there lurks in the second row a modest hope of a more earthly triumph.

A long time ago, as we count time in the University, there was a 1st XV second-row forward who was all that a second-row forward usually is. He was big and strong, he pushed hard and uncomplainingly, he wore a scrum cap, and on those rare occasions when he had the ball in his hands he usually "propelled it, by hand or arm, in the direction of the opponents' goal-line," but towards the end of his career it became known that above all things, he wanted to score a try in an inter-Varsity match. The team naturally did what it could, but his last possible match came with the ambition unfulfilled and raised to fever-heat. Until mid-way through the second half the match had been unremarkable except, perhaps, for the presence of a large Sudanese in the opposing pack. We were attacking rather indecisively half way between the centre of the field and our opponent's twenty-five yards line. Suddenly—it has never been clear how the situation arose—the second-row man had the ball in his hands and a clear field. Away he went, diagonally for the corner flag. He crowded on all sail, and as he went faster than he'd ever gone before, he miraculously found breath to raise an incoherent cry that mingled hope, joy and anxiety. The twenty-five line was spurned beneath the pounding feet; the serried ranks of Tuscany on the touch-lines were stirred by the excitement engendered by an imminent try. The yellow ball was vibrating against the green, maroon and white and, behind the labouring sprinter, a fast centre-threequarter urged more and more speed. Fifteen yards to go, now only ten and the forward saw only a golden goal-line etched in a velvet field. There was a flash of blue and a fleet-footed defender went, like a destroying angel, into the easiest of tackles, diagonally from behind. Down went the forward with a thud, the ball rolled loose, a whistle shrilled; a dream was shattered.

The match dwindled away into the greyness of a winter twilight and, taking with it unrealised, the cherished hope of a momentary triumph, was gone for ever, leaving virtue to be its own unsatisfactory reward.

PHY.

ATHLETIC NOTES

SINCE the first Saturday of the present term the snow and ice has been covering the grounds at Weetwood, so that no matches have taken place at all. The Aire, however, contains too much dirt in it, so that no ice has formed and the Boat Club has managed to keep going throughout. The indoor clubs have managed one or two matches with the other Universities in the vicinity.

It is hoped that since people have been getting fat doing no physical exercise during this term, they will take part in Athletics during the Summer.

G. R. T. BIRTWHISTLE,

General Athletics Secretary.

A Preliminary Course on Strabismics in the Common Law.

“ An interesting example of the principle I have just formulated regarding the position at law of officials of public and semi-public bodies occurred in :—

Hurst v. Leeds University Students' Union,

a case which attracted considerable attention in view of the punishment handed out wholesale to the Committee of that Union. The facts are briefly these :—

Hurst, being a member of the Union, had a Legal Right of Entry into the Union Buildings and was Entitled to Purchase Various Comestibles offered for sale at the Bar, Desk or Counter of the Tea Room, situate approximately in Squares 4 and 6 from the Gymnasium End of the Aforementioned Buildings.

In pursuance of his Legal Rights and the Wherewithal to Slake his Thirst, he approached the Bar, Desk or Counter, hereinafter referred to as the Bar. Here he demanded, in exchange for what was, by common knowledge, granted to be the Full Price and Rather More than the Full Value, to wit, Two Pence, a Cupful of Coffee. Also a Cup in which to hold it, a Spoon with which to stir it, and a Saucer in which to spill it whilst finding a Table at which to drink it. Let me say here and now that the Implied Contract related not only to the Possession of the Property In the Coffee, but to the Temporary Lease of the Cup, Saucer and Spoon for such Reasonable Period as was necessary for the Consumption of the Coffee—a time considered by the jury at the trial, on Tasting A Sample, to be a Year and a Day.

He was then informed by the Person Behind the Bar who Purported and Gave Herself Out to Be a Servant of the aforementioned Union, and who was subsequently proved to be what she Purported And Gave Out, that no goods could be purchased unless a Ticket or Voucher were first obtained from the Slot—or Automatic Machines situate inside the Vestibule outside the Tea Room Inside the Union Building.

Hurst thereupon went to the machines and purchased for coppers, Coin Of The Realm And Legal Tender, a Ticket or Voucher, the Action of Purchase consisting in the Depression of a Bar, Lever or Blunt Instrument, subsequent to the feeding of the machine through a Slot in its Side with the Coppers.

It appears from the evidence that he then walked back to the Tea Room, and was Making As If To Enter when he was Assailed By Fumes from some Tea, contained in a Species of Samovar behind the Bar, the lid of which Samovar had just been lifted.

Still Clasping the Ticket or Voucher, he Reeled Into The Vestibule and out of the Building, and was sent home after being rendered first-aid by a local A.R.P. Warden.

Whilst it was not proven at the trial whether his Indisposition was entirely Due to the fumes or whether there was some Contributory Element in the first-aid, it was established that he was unable to Pursue His Studies for a week. When, however, he was again Able To Lead A Normal Life, he again entered the Tea Room, having as a precaution, Stuffed His Nostrils With Cotton Wool. Producing his Ticket or Voucher, he demanded, In No Uncertain Terms, Coffee in a Cup.

He was then informed by the aforementioned Person Behind The Bar that his Ticket or Voucher was now Worthless as The System Had Been Discontinued.

He thereupon Approached Executives of The Union, but could obtain neither Coffee in a Cup nor a Restitution either of his Original Copper Coins or of others Similar In Value. No Evidence Was Offered by the Defence as to the Existence Of A Printed Clause on the back of each Ticket or Voucher Reserving the Right to Devaluate same, either at a Moment's Notice or Over a Period of Years.

The Jury, having found Proven the charge of Fraudulent Misrepresentation, the Court So Pronounced, and Heavy Sentences were Passed on more than 30 (Thirty) Members of the Union Committee.

By a Majority Finding, however, the President of the Union was not sentenced under an Unrepealed Statute of the Fourteenth Century to the Extreme Penalty of being Dispatched By Bow and Arrow, to Cries of "So Perish All Felons!" by the Sherriff In the Presence Of A Company Of Aldermen; it being held that there was no Deliberate Attempt To Misrepresent to the Public At Large, but merely to Members Of The Union Who, it was accepted in evidence for the Defence, were An Exceptionally Talented And Wealthy Section Of The Community, and would thus normally be Clever Enough to See Through the fraud or Rich Enough Not to Suffer By It.

It should be Pointed Out, of course, that the Conviction of the Committee did not prevent Hurst from Suing the defendants for Breach of Contract on the same facts, and he was Able To Recover not only his Loss under the Contract, that is to say, 2d. (Tuppence), but also a further sum of £14,630 (Millions) for Costs and Out-of-Pocket Expenses."

More than nine hundred but less than nine hundred and fifty Words; the same being on two sheets of foolscap and inscribed in a Bold, if Unrecognisable Hand by Eric Hurst, a student in the Faculty of Law at the University of Leeds.

REVIEWS

Why the Christian Church is Not Pacifist.

THE problem of the pacifist and religion has engaged the attention of many amongst us recently. This little volume, by the author of that penetrating work, "An Interpretation of Christian Ethics," puts clearly before us the arguments of the Christian Church against pacifism. Professor Niebuhr skilfully avoids the tempting snare of frequent quotations from the Bible. Many of us realise how often the Bible may be employed as a weapon for two entirely contradictory arguments. On the contrary, the author writes in a convincing manner from a commonsense standpoint and shows a clear understanding even of the point of view of the genuine conscientious objector.

A book which, though it can hardly be recommended for easy reading—many of its sentences being of rather "heavy" construction—will nevertheless be appreciated by pacifist and soldier alike. This volume should find a place on our shelves, beside our dictionaries, our chemistry books and our grammars if we are successfully to participate in the many current discussions about the pacifist.

GEORGE F. HODSMAN.

Paying for the War.

By **GEOFFREY CROWTHER.**

ONE of the Oxford pamphlets on world affairs, this interesting work lives up to the previously earned reputation of this series. Mr. Crowther, Editor of the *Economist*, presents in the confined space at his disposal a very illuminating paper. Moreover, despite the nature of the problem, which is largely economic, all the points raised by the author can be grasped by anyone without the necessity of having any knowledge of economics. The pamphlet deals with the three ways of paying for the war: Inflation; Taxation; Borrowing. The author comes to the conclusion that the best solution is taxation, with borrowing to a restricted degree. In the process he throws some very interesting light on popular fallacies. This work can be recommended to anyone interested in the vital problem of paying for the war, although, as Mr. Crowther says, the most important question is the provision of men and materials.

The Naval Role in Modern Warfare.

Admiral Sir **HERBERT RICHMOND.**

IN this pamphlet the author discusses at some length the main aims of the naval authorities to-day and the very important changes that have taken place in naval strategy since the last war. Starting with the fact that the aim of the Navy is to obtain command of the sea, the pamphlet passes on to discuss the three principal measures of trade defence; cruising, convoy and cutting off the resources needed by commerce attacking craft in the outer oceans. An important point discussed is the position of the neutral port and neutral ships. Finally, the submarine and mines are discussed at considerable length and with particular attention to the rules of war. The pamphlet is of great interest to all who are interested in the problem of the Navy and its relations with the neutrals and to those who are interested in the effect on the Navy of the growth of air power.

BENBY.

Minor Surgery.

THIS is a new book on Minor Surgery by an author who needs no introduction to medical students. Chapters in this handy-sized book are written on a variety of subjects, including "the examination of a patient," wounds, bandaging and minor surgical procedure. It is not every text-book that shows how to tie surgical knots, do a lumbar puncture or set up an intravenous drip.

In short, it is a very useful up-to-date handbook at a very moderate price.

Minor Surgery. R. J. McNEILL LOVE, M.S., F.R.C.S. 12/6. H. K. Lewis & Co. Ltd.

SOCIETY NOTES

S.C.M.—This term we have been more fortunate than last in our meeting-places, although one meeting, at which there were two visiting speakers, lost half of the audience through being summarily refused the use of the Refectory at the last minute. Meetings have been well attended, with two notable exceptions, one being the joint meeting with the Education Society. About 150 people heard Dr. Gilbert Russell during his visit, and C. S. Tsai's meeting (for which we are indebted to the Warden and Students of Oxley) was, considering the short notice given, well attended, as was the one-day Prayer School, admirably led by Fr. Symonds. The Federation Meeting, when the speaker was Mary Trevelyan, Warden of Student Movement House, was very successful, and the speaker succeeded, as no one else could, in impressing us with the importance of the Federation.

Study Groups have functioned well and have given some time outside their normal programme to a subject for the N.U.S. Conference. A notable event this term has been the inception of a Day Students' Study Group, whose subject is "Society and Politics from a Christian Viewpoint."

The result of the elections for President and Vice-President will be known when these notes appear. At present it can only be said that there are three candidates for the Vice-Presidency and two for the Presidency.—L.B.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The Society extended its activities during the last vac. with a week in the Lake District. The time was spent in walking and climbing, with headquarters at the Black Sail Youth Hostel, weather conditions being very good for the time of the year.

This term has seen the lifting of the ban on open socials and, as is usual, the Society took the opportunity to be one of the first to hold its Social on January 26th. Considering the extremely bad weather conditions—it was the week-end of the heavy snowfall—the affair was very successful.

Again the weather has influenced rambles and support has been lacking, contrary to the usual interest in these matters. H. C. Gee, the Rambles Secretary, appeals to members and friends to support him in arranging these outings.

At a Special General Meeting, held on January 23rd, J. S. Scruton and M. T. Metcalfe were elected to fill the vacancies of Treasurer and Second Year Representative respectively.

In accordance with the successful week's tour last Easter vac., when the Society spent an enjoyable time on the Yorkshire Coast, the Society hope to have a similar trip this coming vac., providing sufficient numbers are forthcoming.—F. BAMFORTH, *Hon. Secretary*.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—Two meetings have been held already this term, both of which were well attended. Mr. Grist gave us a most enjoyable show of natural-colour films, and Mr. Gilpin, a well-known Yorkshire ornithologist, showed us some remarkable hand-tinted slides of British bird-life. We were pleased to welcome many non-members of the Society to these lectures.

At the time of writing the exhibition is very near and we look forward to it with great hopes, there having been a surprising interest shown in it. The judge is to be Mr. D. Holmes, who will criticise prints selected from the exhibition at a meeting on March 4th.

The date of the A.G.M. is provisionally fixed for March 11th. A Special G.M. on February 12th amended the Constitution of the Society, to bring it into accord with the form approved by the Union Committee.—G. PARKER, *Hon. Secretary*.

FRENCH SOCIETY.—Although this year began in a state of disappointment and indecision, we can now look back on a full and varied programme of meetings. We have had several interesting talks connected with France, for which we are grateful to Mr. Inebnit.

The debate held jointly with the German Society proved a success, and the plays presented recently were a particular attraction. At the last meeting the first year students gave us a series of riotous sketches, varied by musical items. This meeting was greatly appreciated and we hope to see more of their newly-discovered talent.

The A.G.M. will be held on March 1st, and we hope to end the term with a party similar to that held at the end of the Christmas term.—N.W.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Society continues to function as strongly as ever, in spite of the beef shortage, and bacon, butter and sugar rationing—not to mention the weather.

There was little activity during the Winter term. An interesting debate: "That the Future of English Farming lies in Specialisation," was hotly contested, but the motion lost.

This term has seen greater activity than usual. Meetings normally held on alternate Mondays have been held each week, in order that the programme might be completed.

A "Hat Night" proved an interesting feature, especially when one of the subjects turned out to be: "Should Barley be Used for Bacon or Beer."

Mr. Ferguson, of Jealotts Hill Research Station, in Berkshire, gave interesting papers on the Molybdenum content of Somerset soils and its effect on dairy cattle, and how to increase the feeding value of straw for stock.

An excellent film on the production of Basic Slag and its value as a fertiliser was shown by Mr. Thompson, of the I.C.I., Billingham.

It was with regret that we found it necessary to cancel the Dance, but next year we hope to hold it at the normal time, which is in November.

The Annual General Meeting has been fixed for March 4th.—A. B. BRIARS.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY Old Students' Association.

Notes from Headquarters.

OUR first reaction to the Editor's request for "Notes" for *The Gryphon* was one of impotence. What could we say except to remind members that, from motives of economy, we are not this year issuing the O.S.A. Year Book! Yet as we look out of our windows and watch the thick snowflakes falling fast and purposefully we are led to reflect that no previous Secretaries of this Association have ever looked out upon so much snow spread over such a long, unbroken period. We have even seen one enthusiast gliding to and from his daily work on skis—Never have we heard of so many frozen pipes and idle baths, perhaps we never shall again. What a pity that when the chance of a lifetime occurs our young men and many of our young women should be too busy on Active Service to enjoy the delights of prolonged Winter sports at home! And so at Headquarters our thoughts are constantly with our fellow Old Students—we are eager to know what each is doing to make an end of this fantastic situation, and we wish them luck and a speedy return to us, with the successful achievement of their aims.

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

LONDON LETTER.

In our last letter to *The Gryphon* we appealed to all members interested in the activities of the London Branch to write to the Secretary. The response has been so poor that it has not been worth while making any arrangements. If members interested in keeping the Branch alive would only send a postcard to the Secretary we feel certain that some meetings could be arranged, as the Committee are only too willing and ready to help.

We are very sorry to lose our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. White, who have resigned from the Committee owing to Mr. White having taken an appointment in the North.

C. H. R. ELSTON,
Hon. Secretary,
55, Station Road,
Hounslow.

MERSEYSIDE LETTER.

Tel.: Wavertree 823.

55, Prince Alfred Road,
Liverpool, 15.

The Secretary has at last been returned with thanks from the land of evacuees and, once she clears a way to her desk through the dust and debris of six months' desertion, the "List of Members" will be disinterred and a grand gathering of the clan arranged at the above address early in March. Any newcomers to the district who would like to sign up, please get in touch with me.

ETHEL M. WORMALD.

WEST RIDING LETTER.

Department of Botany,
The University,
Leeds, 2.

Two meetings of the Branch have been held since the last letter to *The Gryphon*. The Full Moon Party on January 20th was a great success, largely owing to Mrs. Hemingway's kindness in bringing a wonderful football game, which had to be forcibly removed from us before we would go home.

On February 20th, the Annual General Meeting was held. It was decided to re-elect the officers and committee *en bloc*, with the addition of Miss Navey to the committee, as war-time conditions make changes difficult. The list is as follows:—

President : Mr. BIBBY.

Vice-Presidents : Professor GOUGH and Miss BLACKBURN.

Treasurer : Mr. RAMSDEN.

Secretary : Miss MATTINSON.

Committee : Mrs. BIBBY, Mrs. GRIST, Mrs. TUNBRIDGE (*ex-officio*), Miss BROADBENT, Miss W. BEDFORD, Miss HARTLEY, Miss NAVEY, Mr. LUSCOTT, Dr. STUBBS, Mr. FERGUSON (*ex-officio*), and the Presidents of the Union and W.R.C. (*ex-officio*).

It was suggested that if occasional meetings were arranged on Fridays, some of the evacuated teachers might be able to come to them, so a theatre party was arranged for Friday, March 15th, to the Grand Theatre, to see Ivor Novello in his new play "Second Helping." Circulars will be sent round about this, but if anyone who is not on our mailing list would like to come, if they let the Secretary know immediately on receiving this *Gryphon*, seats can be booked for them.

After the Annual General Meeting we had a most enjoyable and informative evening, thanks to our guests from Austria and Roumania.

Please remember the meeting on Monday, March 11th, when Dr. Lissimore is going to show us some colour films of the Continent.

KATHLEEN M. MATTINSON.

[Other branches, sending their good wishes, have no news to report.—ED.].

News of Interest to Old Students.

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

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

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

"KUMATI." Old Student listeners to the broadcast of a concert given on Tuesday evening, January 30th, by members of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, were no doubt agreeably surprised (as the Editor was) to hear the authentic "Kumati" war-cry given at the conclusion of the programme. Compare Mr. Woledge's notes on the cry in the October *Gryphon* of 1937.

FRANGOPULO.—Towards the end of 1939 was published "The History of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Ashburne, Derbyshire, 1585-1935," by N. J. Frangopulo (History, 1927-30, M.A., 1936, M.Ed., 1937).

HOLLIS.—*The Yorkshire Post* of February 19th contained a short appreciation of the work of Mr. Thomas Hollis, who retires at the end of the present session after 42 years' service in the Textile Department.

JAMES.—A new book by Prof. E. O. James is announced as forthcoming from the press of Hodder & Stoughton; its title is "The Social Function of Religion" and its probable price 7/6. It forms part of the series *The London Theological Library*.

OWEN.—The following book by A. D. K. Owen is announced for publication in May by Messrs. Ivor Nicholson and Watson at 8/6: "Social Services and the Citizen." It is hoped to give a review of this in a later issue.

WILLIAMSON.—In explaining the absence of a name familiar to listeners to such series as "Composer Cavalcade," a B.B.C. announcer paid a graceful tribute to the skill and care which Bill Williamson bestowed upon his musical arrangements, and went on to say that his absence was due to the fact that he had joined the Army.

BIRTHS.

BAINES.—To Mr. John Manwaring (Science, 1928-31) and Mrs. Baines, in February, a son, Richard John Manwaring. It will be remembered that Mr. Baines is Curator of the Hastings Museum and Art Gallery.

DYKES.—To Instructor-Lieutenant H. E. (Engin., 1928-31, Ph.D., 1934) and Mrs. Dykes (formerly Ivy Simpson, Science, 1927-31), on December 24th, 1939, a son, Philip Henry. Mr. Dykes is on active service; Mrs. Dykes's address is: 77, Main Street, East Ardsley, Wakefield.

HAINSWORTH.—To Mr. Peter L. (Science, 1931-34) and Mrs. Hainsworth (formerly Eileen Bateson, Med., 1932-37), of Lyndhurst, Farsley, near Leeds, on February 15th, a son.

ROBERTS.—To Mr. Stanley (Latin-French, 1928-31) and Mrs. Roberts, on January 10th, a son. Mr. Roberts is a Senior Assistant Librarian at the University.

SMITH.—To the Rev. Frank W. and Mrs. Smith, at Heather View, Oakworth, on January 31st, a son. Mr. Smith will be remembered as Mr. Durdy's colleague in the old Preparation Room many years ago.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced between Miss Edna Hudson (Science, 1934-38), of Heaton, Bradford, and Mr. Eric Rowe, of Heaton, Bradford.

The engagement is announced between Miss Joan S. Walker (Science, 1937—), of Leeds, and Mr. Matthew Anderson (Commerce, 1936-39), of Birmingham.

The engagement is announced between Miss M. Joan Shimmin (French, 1934-38), of Oxford House, 27, Nansen Street, Scarborough, and Mr. A. T. Allen (B.Sc., Wales), of Gwendraeth, Abercynon, Wales.

The engagement is announced between Ralph William King (Chemistry, 1936-39, and Textiles), and Beryl Foster Parker (Economics, 1937—).

MARRIAGES.

BIRCH-HARRISON.—Rev. Hugh Birch to Mary Harrison (Science, 1926-30), at the Parish Church, Halifax, on October 10th, 1939. Address: Gomersal Vicarage, near Leeds.

TRUEBLOOD-CHAPMAN.—Lester W. True blood, of Indiana, U.S.A., to Marguerite M. Chapman (Science, 1933-36), of Driffield, Yorkshire, on July 28th, 1939, at the Judson College Chapel, Rangoon, Burma.

DEATHS.

ACKROYD.—We regret to record the sudden death of Dr. Stanley Ackroyd, on January 17th, 1940, at the early age of 42. After the death of his senior partner some years ago, Dr. Ackroyd took over a practice at Pudsey. He was a former student of the Medical School and, during the last war, he served in the Royal Navy.

BRIERLEY.—Colonel Sir Charles Brierley, C.I.E., late Indian Medical Service, died suddenly at Leckhampton, Cheltenham, on January 25th, at the age of 69, after an attack of bronchitis. He was the son of the late Prebendary J. H. Brierley and was born on March 24th, 1879. He was educated at what "Who's Who" calls the "Victoria University, Leeds," and on qualifying in 1901 at London went to serve in South Africa. Not long after, he joined the Indian Medical Service and, in 1927, was appointed Chief Medical Officer of the North-West Frontier Province and Inspector-General of Civil Hospitals. A monument to his services there is the Lady Reading Hospital at Peshawar. He was made C.I.E. in 1929 and later received a knighthood. He was a keen sportsman and ranked very high as a lawn tennis player.

BUCK.—Dr. Joseph Buck, of Quarryfield House, Woodlesford, collapsed in Boar Lane, Leeds, and died suddenly on January 23rd, at the age of 76. He was born at Whitby. Although he was not a graduate of the University (his M.D. and D.P.H. were obtained at the University of Durham) he studied for some time at the Leeds Medical School in his twenties. He had been in practice in Leeds for about 40 years.

MISSING.

KEARNEY.—As *The Gryphon* goes to press, news has been received that among the members of the crew of the destroyer *Daring*, reported as "missing," is G. J. Kearney, who graduated M.B. Ch.B., in 1934. It will be remembered that the *Daring* was torpedoed last month.

HOSTEL NOTES

HOSTEL OF THE RESURRECTION.—Any attempt to assess the activities of the term must appear precipitate in this snow-laden atmosphere. Nevertheless the insults of Lord Thaw-Thaw spur us on. We were given an excellent start at the outset by the Warden in blooming health and very good form. No little stir was caused by his advice on the Conservation of Matter—and especially of sugar.

We have of course suffered numerous afflictions, varying from joints and laryngitis to boils—a sore point with us, though whether due to rising temperature or falling vitamins we cannot tell. Influenza has lain many of our number on a couch of suffering, but has enabled us to conduct some valuable research into the connection between a scientific diet and the speed of recovery. Naturally, the numerous throat afflictions have had their effect in choir practices, but the intricate task of unravelling the knots in our vocal chords has by no means defeated one with so many strings to his whistle.

Our Sunday Improvement Society has had an active session and included among its attractions a lively and provocative talk by Lord Harlech on the British Cabinet System.

May Easter Joy be yours.—H.B.

DEVONSHIRE HALL.—On January 25th we welcomed the University Debating Society. There was a good attendance in the Lounge to hear Mr. Hoggart propose on behalf of Hostel "that principles have betrayed mankind into its greatest errors." This was seconded by Mr. Sharp and opposed by the Debating Society. After three recounts the motion was carried by 33 votes to 32.

The Spring Term General Meeting was held on February 1st. Much serious business was accomplished and the meeting was enlivened by its customary humour.

Mr. Crowther, the Entertainments Secretary, arranged a very enjoyable dance in the Lounge on February 17th. He and his helpers managed to give the Lounge a pleasing appearance by dimming the lights and concealing our rather primitive black-out arrangements.

The billiards, snooker and squash competitions have been in full swing this term, and are now nearing the finals. The Senior Common Room has again been active and a well-attended meeting was addressed on February 15th by Doctor Belton.

We were sorry to learn that the University Dramatic Society could not visit us on February 20th. We look forward to seeing them in the near future. It is pleasing to note that our own Dramatic Society is to produce three one-act plays on March 11th.

We congratulate D. T. Milnthorpe on his election to the Union Committee (1940-41) as our representative.—F. F. VICKERS, *Hon. Secretary*.

OXLEY.—Since the last edition of *The Gryphon* we have had our Staff Dinner, which we enjoyed as much as ever, though this year the occasion was rendered less formal than usual by the fact that our chief guest arrived without a tie!

On Saturday, February 10th, we had another musical evening, at which we were given a chance to find out how much or how little musical general knowledge we had. The gramophone tried to let us down, but our guests came nobly to the rescue. We are very grateful to those who performed for us.

We were pleased to welcome the Debating Society on February 13th and are looking forward to a visit of the Dramatic Society on February 28th. We are also to have a tea dance, the Freshers' Social and the Women's Social, so we look like having an enjoyable end of term.

Except for our Edu. Students, who are falling by the wayside, one by one, under the strain of School Practice, we have been lucky in escaping much illness in hostel. We only hope to keep this up for the last few weeks.—D.L.

HAVE A MID-DAY SNACK IN THE TEA-ROOM

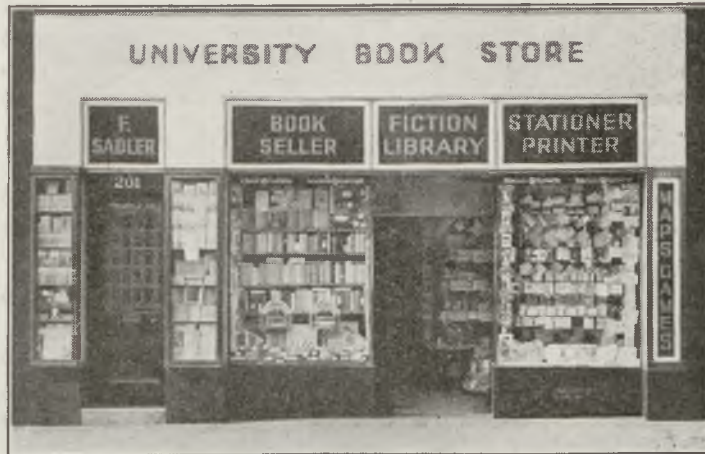
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