

THE GRYPHON

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FEBRUARY, 1918.

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Fig. 3.

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THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

Vol. XXI.

FEBRUARY, 1918.

No. 3.

Editor: CHARLES A. BOTWOOD.

Assistant Editor: MR. ARTHUR W. GOTT.

Committee: Prof. MOORMAN, (Staff Rep.), Prof. BARKER (Treasurer), A. G. RUSTON, B.A., B.Sc., C. A. MOUNTFORD, M.Sc., B. G. FLETCHER, B.A., H. S. CARTER, Miss NELSON, Miss GIBSON, T. W. MILNES (President of the Union), H. WALKER.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EDITORIAL NOTES	25
THE VICE-CHANCELLOR	26
"BALLADE ACADEMIQUE"	26
"BLIGHTY"	27
TRANSLATIONS FROM CHARLES BAUDELAIRE	28
A CLEVER LITTLE DEVIL OR A GREAT BIG FOOL. WHICH?	29
THAT FIRST FLIGHT	29
CARTOON—"THE QUESTION ARISES"	31
R. J. H. F. WATHERSTON	32
WAIMEMA	33
MOONSHINE	34
UNION DEBATING SOCIETY	35
CASUALTY LIST	36

The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries:—*University College Union Magazine* (University of London), *The Serpent* (University of Manchester), *The Mermaid* (University of Birmingham), *The Sphinx* (University of Liverpool), *The Non-such* (University of Bristol), *Floreamus* (University of Sheffield), *The Gong* (University College, Nottingham), *Otago University Review*, *The Students' Magazine* (University College, Exeter).

We must first apologise to our readers for the delay in publication of this issue. Unfortunately, circumstances arose which absorbed our whole attention just at the time when we were commencing arrangements for the journal, and rightly or wrongly, as our readers may decide, preference had to be given to the more essential need.

However, it's an ill wind that finds one without a topcoat, and we cannot refrain from commenting upon one result of the delay. We gather that directly the *Gryphon* became absent it became conspicuous. Questions concerning its fate, and suggestions as to a suitable end for the Editor seem to have been general.

It would be unjust on our part were we to omit to point out that an equal display of energy on behalf of the *Gryphon* prior to the date of its issue would go a very long way to effect a prompt publication.

UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY, LEEDS
CANCELLED

The President of the Union will be glad to receive names of those members of the University willing to gather laurel leaves for the memorial wreath *at once*.

We would suggest the advisability of forming a small Committee responsible for the maintenance of the wreath in a fitting state.

* * *

We have been requested by Mr. T. F. Ashby, late Clerk to the Convocation of Liverpool University, to draw the attention of our readers to a clause in the "Representation of the People Act, 1918," affecting University Franchise. "This Act provides that in the election of two members of Parliament, "a man graduate other than an Honorary graduate, "is entitled to be registered as an elector if he is of "full age and not subject to any legal incapacity ; "a woman if she has attained the age of thirty and "would be so entitled if she were a man." A Central Universities Parliamentary Registration Association is in course of formation in London and qualified electors may communicate with Mr. Ashby at 9, Shalston Villas, Surbiton Avenue, Surrey.

* * *

It is with feelings of the greatest possible satisfaction that we welcome Mr. Arthur W. Gott to the post of Assistant Editor. Mr. Gott's literary experience will be a valuable asset to the Journal and his naturally artistic temperament as evidenced in all his writings is calculated, we believe, to give pleasure to our readers. Besides, a man with a real sense of humour is too great a rarity to miss.

* * *

ON this page will be found a "Ballade Academique" relating to most of the University Staff. We felt as we read this that the Medical School and Infirmary possessed a collection of gentlemen of sufficient *notoriety* to warrant their inclusion. We therefore append five verses specially written by :— ?

Far famed and renowned is our teacher of Physic,
His doings are noted from China to Chiswick,
He'll learnedly talk on the bundle of Keith,
Or waste a few hours on pimples or teeth.

His periods he rolls with a zest and a frenzy,
With numerous excerpts from Jimmy Mackenzie :
The bones of the buried he stirs up with unction,
For they're all dead for lack of the cardiac function.

With the suavity common to all great clinicians
He can—with the grace of the King's own physicians,
Polygraph the pulse beats of a parson in Sark,
Or bow to old ladies in Finsbury Park !

You may drink to your Mayors and Murpheys in barrels,
Or lift up your glass to your Knockers and Carrels ;
But of Surgeons we've got an alarming variety,
Far famed for their learning if not for their piety.

There's "Joey" and "Sammy" and "Uncle" and "Pa,"
To equal this quartet you'll have to seek far ;
But take it *cum grano* or take it as literal,
The most charming of all is a bold "Surgeon-General."

* * *

We feel that the publication of two separate paragraphs relating to the death of "Bobby" Watherston will have the endorsement of all our readers. There surely has been no one at the University during the past six years who did not know and love "Bobby." No words need be added to the great tribute so justly set forth by Prof. Rhys Roberts and Mr. W. H. Perkins. To those who really knew Watherston no tribute can be adequate.

We shall do our best to bring out the next issue of the *Gryphon* before the end of this term ; failing that our readers may call at the H.P.'s office on the day they return from the Easter Vacation, and all being well, will then receive their copies.

Contributions should be forwarded at once.

The Vice-Chancellor.

STUDENTS of the University will be delighted to know that the Vice-Chancellor has very kindly promised to send a contribution to the *Gryphon* during his visit to India, if time for its preparation can possibly be found.

Naturally Professor Sadler's time has been more than fully occupied since his arrival, and those of us who remember the hours Dr. Sadler worked under normal conditions will best realise how unsparing of himself he is when an exceptional pressure of work arises. He writes : "The work to be done is on a vast scale we have been busy every hour since our landing in India." We voice the general feeling when we note with the greatest satisfaction that the Vice-Chancellor's health remains constant, we trust it may continue so to do, and we look forward to the day when he shall once more return to his accustomed position amongst us, which in his absence has been so efficiently filled by Prof. Gillespie.

"Ballade Academique."

BEING a song composed and sung by a number of students at a recent musical evening. So great has been the demand for copies that the authors have been constrained to place the words in the hands of the Editor of the *Gryphon* for publication. The tune to which the verses are sung is that of "Villikins."

In Yorkshire's great city a college doth stand
That is full of strange students from many a land.
They're white and they're black and they're yellow and
green,
Such an odd lot of students can seldom be seen.

There are many Professors who've gone to the War,
And those that remain do not count many more ;
But we cherish those few and the pleasures they bring,
Of their fads and their foibles we're now going to sing.

First there's the V.C. you all saw depart,
Though he left behind relics of outrageous art ;
He likes to see cows and dogs painted bright red,
But we thought the artist had gone off his head.

The place of the V.C. is filled by a Pro,
You surely wont miss him—he's easy to know ;
To the end of his nose his spectacles drop,
But he's quite used to that and looks over the top.

Next comes a tall and a popular Prof.,
He spends all his time manufacturing cloth ;
The *fundamental principle* of debate
He spouts from the chair and the house will sit late.

Now who has not heard of our Professor Grant,
And heard of his doings with Caesar's great aunt ?
"Well—now, what is that ? Indeed—who shall say ?
I really don't know, but I'll tell you some day."

Now up the back stairs in Room Number three,
Lives a Professor you really should see ;
As a "Special" he marches at night all alone,
And takes down his evidence on—a dictaphone.

There's Kendall and Gilligan, who scratch amongst coal,
 And spend half the week down a dirty black hole ;
 The discourse of strata, and fossils, and Mars
 'Tis *offentimes* the earth and 'tis *offentimes* the stars.
 Then there's the man who is keen on his crits.,
 His object in life to pull lessons to bits ;
 His nick-name is one that's a cure for all ills,
 He's usually known as the " Reverend Pills."
 We've a Prof. who loves music and often knits socks,
 And the way that he lectures gives most people shocks ;
 And when he cycles home to his abode,
 He takes the wrong turn and goes up *De Grey Road*.
 There's another fine fellow who lives in the Lab.,
 At concocting mixtures he's somewhat a dab ;
 His students get cross and they don't think it fun,
 " Well one would not wonder at one would not one ? "
 On Thursdays at two there is music sublime
 To which students go (that is if they've got time) ;
 Mr. Hoggett exclaims, " *Gentlemen, if you please,*"
 And they lift up their voices in various keys !!!—!!—!
 Should you visit Prof. Connal, he sits by the fire,
 If you stand outside knocking it raises his ire ;
 He mingles his lectures with satire and fun,
 " *But God-bless my soul, it's a quarter to one.*"

" Blichty."

THERE was no doubt about it ; Southern Avenue a year ago to-day was what is commonly known as a " hot shop." Already we had been half buried and covered with mud from head to foot, while that cursed T.M.'s, the cause of all our trouble was rocheting away as hard as possible in a mad endeavour to lift the scalps of such venturesome individuals as passed too near their snuggeries. Still, there was only one bad place to pass, when we should be more or less out of danger. So we ran for it—a very nasty corner very troublesome to the Hun, who, in consequence, lobed hate over at an astonishing rate. The place was in sight, a moment more and we should be past it, when sheeo—ishoo—ish—ooo ; we heard it coming and down we went as flat as young plover. Suddenly there came the thud, the whole earth seemed to brace itself for an effort : then a blinding flash, an intense silence and for an interminable period I battled against an overpowering gale which beat me down, down through a thickening opaqueness full of floating black spots and acrid smells, into total darkness and oblivion.

Out of the blackness I awoke as from a sleep. A beam of winter sunlight came through a window on my left and lighted up a place where everything was white. There was the clinking of glass against metal, a peculiar stifled groan, a sweet sickly smell, and the shuffling of feet as though some heavy object was carried past. Then a thin dark face with quiet smiling eyes was bending over me, while busy hands plied their sundry little duties. " Hello, old chap—just looking about you a little, eh ? Where are you ? Why, in the field ambulance station of L—, seven miles behind. You had a long sleep—over two hours, but you'll be right enough soon. No, we're not going to cut you up ; we've just been scraping the mud off you and picking out a few bits. But off you must go to bed. Here, Simpson and Walton, take this gentleman up to the little east room and get him to bed." Immediately I was lifted bodily and carried out into a wide hall, up a shallow flight of oak stairs, and into a tiny little bedroom with a cosy white cot in one

corner. Somehow they seemed to have left the lower half of me behind, and I mentioned this strange phenomena to the M.O., who amused himself on his next visit by sticking needles into my legs ; which, however, I could not feel. That was why the cheery Walton, when he brought my supper gruel, volunteered the remark in a hushed whisper and with much mysterious nodding and winking " yours is a Blichty, sir," and incidentally why I hardly slept a wink all night.

The next day a small party of us were taken by motor to C— Fm., a desolate farm in the midst of no where. It was the medical rest camp of the N— division and consisted of tents scattered among innumerable little clumps of abandoned fruit trees. Cold tents, often without floor boards, November weather, shortage of servants, and a general lack even of the necessary comforts all contributed to make our stay here anything but happy. The food was good but it was all mixed up in a basin, and one had to eat it with the help of a knife, a spoon and one's fingers in a manner most distressing to one who had already lost half his person, while the other half had spent the night in all too close proximity to a cold hard floor. To add to our discomfort, there was a large German internment camp on one side of us, and an aerodrome on the other. No sooner had we accommodated our unwilling shapes to the unyielding contours of the floor when heartrending strains of the good (?) old German Songs floated across from the internment camp and these—with intermittent cheerings and shippings were continued until a very late hour. Hardly had the first gleam of daylight appeared when up went a score of aeroplanes buzzing and droning unmusically overhead, and there was no more sleep that day. Fortunately we were not detained there long, and after breakfast found ourselves composing a large group of rolled up mummy-like figures each with a label attached, in the main room of the farm house. Bye and bye ambulances came and took us to the casualty clearing station at V—.

This place proved the most delightful of surprises. The wards consisted of new Nissen Huts (reminiscent of tube stations), with glass roofs and rows of white beds with cheery red coverlets. Flowers were in abundance and most delightful of all, there were real women nurses in real skirts that swished as they passed. On arriving we were provided with a glass of port wine and biscuits, and all who could sit up and take an interest in things were presented with books and papers to read. I was now placed in a wheeled chair and taken into a splendid smoke room and lounge where walking and sitting cases were having a right royal time over all kinds of table games, and there was a huge gramophone. Most of the nurses were Leeds girls and knew many of the leading lights of the medical school while the M.O. who attended me was a friend of the first medical gentleman I ever met. No wonder we were loth to leave V—, but by the next evening we had been severally pushed or carried by Hun orderlies to the awaiting train and soon were rumbling along the line to the Base hospital among the Dunes of C—.

Here again we were under canvas, but much more comfortable, and we shall never forget the splendid nurses in this place, who, with the wards crammed full of patients, showed the most wonderful grit, endurance and stamina in fulfilling their multitudinous duties. By this time the lower part of my body was beginning to remind me that it still existed so that I was allowed out in charge of a giant orderly whom we christened "Marley's Ghost." I was wheeled about the camp all day. Sometimes we wandered down to the railway line and watched the great engines of the "Nord" puff slowly by with loads upon loads of guns and material. Gangs of German prisoners worked, or rather were "told off" to work upon this line. In spite of the tightly buttoned up Herr Officer in charge they seemed to spend most of the time lolling about and chatting, while one or two who were evidently detailed for the duty, languidly lifted a crow-bar or scratched uneffectively with a pick. At the sight of a certain burly Sgt.-Major of R.E.'s however, they would fly like frightened rabbits to their appointed places while the Herr Officer thrust out his top buttons and gave vent to sundry staccato barks.

At other times we ascended by a tortuous path the summit of the hill which lay behind the camp, whence we could see far out over the dunes to the blue ocean and the pearly distance where was England. How we longed for the hour when we should cross, but the Channel was closed and we had many days to wait; so we talked of all we should do when we got there. At last orders came to move, and one very moonlight night we were hurried over the dunes and pine-fringed roads to the train. We arrived at 9.30 p.m., and although the train did not move till 2 a.m. we had the consolation of arriving at Calais up to time and without losing half of the train—as the Transport Officer informed us usually happened. Then began the process of detraining. Walking patients and sitting patients boarded first and then the stretchers. The boat was an old Holyhead and North Wall Packet, exceedingly comfortable, and before long we were all enjoying a hearty breakfast and the luxury of a smoke in the saloon. The most remarkable figure on board was the old Captain. Over seventy years of age, he had been on board a sister ship when she had been torpedoed in the Channel and in spite of the shock and of being in the water two hours he was still sticking it with the true grit of the British Mercantile Marine.

Who could describe the emotions of such a crossing, the dancing blue sea, the bright sunshine, the busy and never ending stream of shipping or the varied assortment of wicked little war vessels that kept a bright eyed watch over all? At last the old white Dover Cliffs loomed up and there followed in quick succession the bustle and hurry of disembarkation—the dear English sounds and sights—the despatch of telegrams and the rushing joy ride through the fair garden of Kent. Little towns flashed by, and everywhere were hands waving and handkerchiefs flying, as the hospital train rushed past, until at last we drew up on the Bridge outside Charing Cross Station.

It was Lord Mayor's Show Day and from where the train stood we could see the procession come down Northumberland Avenue and turn along the embankment. The streets were gay with the watching throng and we were intoxicated with the joy of it all. Soon we were on the platform where a Staff Major gave us each a ticket with the name of a hospital upon it. Pretty V.A.D.'s brought tea, while London's very efficient V.T.C. sorted us and packed us into our various ambulances. Next moment we were slowly moving out of the station. A round red face with feathers on top, looked in and called out "Elow Tommie 'ow are yer," a shower of cigarettes fell into my lap—then a great white rose—and finally a stalwart apparition in blue held up a white gloved hand, the crowd parted—he waved us on with a hearty "well done, gentlemen," and, behold, we were speeding up Kingsway and in Blighty.

T.W.M.

Translations from Charles Baudelaire.

V.

MUSIC.

(La Musique).

Music uplifts me like a sea,
Towards my pale-burning star;
'Mid swirling mists, in depths of space,
I wing my way afar.
Breast forward, so, my lungs take air
Like slowly bellying sails,
Borne on the ocean's wave-spun stair,
Beneath Night's falling veils.
I feel within my soul arise,
Travail of ships in stress;
Tempests and winds from stormy skies.
My straining limbs caress;—
Or else, a pool, and mirrored there,
My unplumbed, sick despair!

* * *

VI.

THE CAT.

(Le Chat).

My beauty, stretch above my heart,
And in your paw, your talons hold;
And let me gaze into your eyes
Lovely, like agate flecked with gold.
For when on undulating back
And head, my lazy fingers slur;
And senses reel with new delight
At contact with electric fur.
I see my wife's face in my mind
O lovely brute; and in my heart
There spring strange memories of her,
That wound and stab me like a dart.
From head to foot a subtle air,
A faint and dangerous perfume,
Is slowly rising everywhere
From off her body's dusky bloom.

VII.
SPLEEN.
(*Spleen.*)

The rainy heavens seem oppressed and frown,
And pour torrential streams of gloomy cold
Upon the misty outskirts of the town,
And on the pallid inmates of the mould.
My mangy wasted cat in search of litter,
Prowls mewling restlessly about the place ;
(A poet's soul is wandering in the gutter
With tired voice and twitching ghostly face).
The smouldering pine-log fumes, the drone laments
In concert with the wheezy pendulum ;
While midst the greasy cards and dirty scents
—Those last foul remnants of debauched old age ;
The leering knave of hearts and queen of spades
Relate their ancient amorous escapades.

ANON.

**A Clever Little Devil or a Great
Big Fool. Which?**

AMPIED was a fool. He used to get up in the morning at half-past five and go out and listen to cuckoos. Then he would come home and eat ham and marmalade and describe common natural objects in highly coloured language to anybody who was near. I know, because I once stayed eight days (counting day of arrival and day of departure as one) at his place. Oh, and he was fond of standing on the sea-shore and hurling ponderous extracts from Vergil's brilliantly boring "Aeneid" at the German Ocean. I never liked Aeneas at any time. But Ampied had such subtle skill in declamation that the distinguished Trojan's solidity seemed to widen, and spread into nothing less than dumb-foundering stupidity. Once when I was bleating at some lambs in a field he came up and spoil the whole morning by trundling out something of Wordsworth's about lambs and spring. I had it in my mind to fell him and rub his chin with buttercups, but—well, you can't do that sort of thing with Ampied. I should as soon think of shouting "Bravo! Capital! That was rippin!" at the end of a sermon.

Ampied never did any work. He had a mother, two sisters and about £800 a year. Satisfied with these blessings, he strove after nothing more than "to discover fresh beauties in Nature" (he was always talking about Nature's "handiwork"). He only meant, you know, by this to find some way of torturing our poor overworked adjectives and adverbs until he could describe a river as "pellucid haunts of nereids" or a stone as "fragment perchance of some old Roman causeway." It was when he dug up the latter phrase from his intellectual gold-mine that the truth blazed up before my eyes. Ampied was a genius . . . everybody is a genius . . . some are past masters of painting, others of music, others (but you know all that). Well then, has it ever occurred to you that there are geniuses who specialise in folly, in mediocrity and in stupidity?

It's true, anyhow, And who are we that we should judge what type of genius is entitled to most honour? Hats off to Ampied! I respect him and all his kind.

But he's rather celebrated amongst a certain section of the junior service at present because he's invented a new gadget for a trench mortar. This must be true because a man in a madder brown coat told me so last week. You can take this which way you like—according to the variety of your genius.

There's an ancient supposition
To which the world still clings,
That genius and stupidity are very different things;
Diverging lines they may be,
Well then, at any rate
They've crossed each other sometime—(that's provided
they are straight.)

So, if we trace them backwards
We shall light upon a time
When talent was contemptible and genius a crime;
Oh! would some gifted teacher
Ram it into us at school
That every man of genius is as least as much a fool.
Whilst some faint spark of intellect
Lurks in the veriest dud,
We're all alike together—all as commonplace as mud;
So boast not if your wit be great,
Hope if your sense be small,
A genius for folly is the commonest of all.

T.H.E.

That First Flight.

(The Confessions of an R.F.C. Observer.)

"No. 5 Squadron will fly on Monday, the 7th inst., at 10.0 a.m., on long reconnaissance duty. A tender will leave the camp for the aerodrome at 9.30 a.m."

Thus ran Sunday night's orders. Now, this wouldn't have been so bad, only it was then Sunday, the 6th, and I was in No. 5 squadron! Ergo,—wind up! Till that day we had done nothing more exciting than "iddy-umpty" across rooms to each other, gaze in pride on our new flying rig-outs, and listen in enraptured wonder to the fully-fledged Observers *training* us in their usual evening entertainment of "swopping lies"—this sort of thing:—

"Well, we were up at 25,000 ft., and the old Hun had done in most of our control wires well over Hunland, and we'd never have turned the old Bus's nose West again, don't-y-know, only I happened to think of crawling along the bottom plane and that gave her a cant you see, and so we got a decent bank on her, and turned home O.K. Dem good, what? Thanks! I don't mind if I do! Chin-chin, old thing."

So, naturally, we were impatient to know what it really was like "upstairs."

That evening I spent in sending wires to the other fellows of the squadron, who, being in a slightly less precarious position than I in the eyes of our friend Cox, had wangled overdrafts and hied them to Town for a little excitement after the soft, peaceful times we'd been having "Over there," they didn't intend to return till later in the day on Monday than the training staff desired them to commence studies. However, one may not miss a flight though one may cut a lecture, without being "cash'd"!

So on Monday morning a somewhat bleary-eyed crowd gathered on the 'drome, complete in leather coat, thigh-boots, helmet, goggles and gloves—ready for the worst. Five planes were ready all “2 Es” and off went the first five men.

I was next on the list. After a little commotion, all five planes got well up. One engine konked out within five minutes, and the pilot headed straight back for the 'drome—and missed it! It was rather a nasty bump too!

I was next on the list. The pilot and obs. both climbed out of the wreck just as though it was something funny! But it wasn't really, was it?—You see *I was next on the list!*

Just then the squadron commander blew round yelling for me. He found me!

“Come along, Shell-shock dear,” he cooed, “there's a bootiful ‘Harry Tate’ (R. E. 8) just filling up. Ready in couple of minutes. Nasty unsafe things, Harry Tate's, but best I could do for you. The pilot crashed his S. E. 5 yesterday, and doesn't quite know if he's steady yet, but doesn't mind trying, just to give you a bit of a joy-ride, you know! By the way, sweet thing, don't forget that if you are *very* violently air-sick, you must give the exact pin-point on your map over which it happened, so that the M.O. can collect evidence! S'long, dear boy!”

By this time I was clambering into my cock-pit behind the pilot and bringing down the wrath of the Mighty Ones upon my head by jumping on things that hadn't got tin plates over 'em to tread on! You know, they're beastly unstuck-together-looking things are planes when you are waiting for your first trip. Very strange! 'Cos they used to look so safe and peaceful from a trench when Fritz was really hateful! However, the pilot and an oily gentleman in shirt sleeves, who was playing with the prop., then sang a certain mystic chant something like this:—

Oily Gent. :—“Contact On, Sir”? (*f*).

Pilot :—“Contact On.”

O. G. :—“Contact Off, Sir”?

P. :—“Contact Off.” (*ff*).

O. G. :—“Suck in, Sir”?

P. :—“Suck In.” (*ff*).

O. G. :—“Grunt! Grunt! Grunt!” *m.p. Rall.*

(One to each turn of the prop.)

P. :—“Switch On.” (*Cres. fff*).

O.G. :—“Switch On, Sir.”

P. :—“Contact.”

(*Cres.*) *ffffff*

Then there was an 'orrible noise and *such* a draught, and I really thought I *must* be flying—but no—only trying the engine. The pilot waved frantically, more oily gentlemen pulled away bits of wood and things *and ran*; there was heaps more noise, some bumps and we seemed to stop! Imagine my surprise, however, on looking down, to see that the 'drome had slipped considerably downwards. Those moving ant-like things had recently been the oily gentlemen getting us off, and that shapeless mass was the remains of the “one up before me.” Perish the thought, but—but that top plane didn't seem *too* well seccottined on, somehow! Wonder what would

happen if it came off? Wonder if you bump right way up or wrong way up when you fall out! Wonder—oh rats! This was flying.—FLYING. I was a *real* flying man—I liked it—I could stand this till doomsday—I — what the!—The whole earth had suddenly swung outwards—ugh—ah, that was better—we were on the level again. That was the first Bank. I breathed freely once more, though I hung on grimly to the edges of my cock-pit! We were above the clouds! By this time I could just about sit up and take a little nourishment, and really, it was a delightful scene—way down below were Southampton and Portsmouth, seen through fleecy light clouds with a gorgeous sun shining brilliantly on the whole of their upper surfaces,—then the pilot started monkeying—Switch-back on a big scale—nuff said. Luckily I didn't do exactly what he wanted me to do—but the M.O. nearly got a chance to collect evidence. Soon I began to get used to the air. I felt awfully brave the first time I stood straight up during the whole of a sharp bank! The plane turns over till it is at right angles to its previous position, ∴ you become || to the earth. Q. E. D.

It is not pleasant to review the whole of one's past life in about 30 seconds!

All this time there had been a terrific din from the jolly old engine, but this suddenly ceased—being replaced by a whistling whine, and the pilot turned round, grinned, and asked me how I liked it. In fact we had quite a long chat, and I discovered we were up at 10,000 ft. and doing so on the level, and that if the pilot fainted, I couldn't guide the bus home in spite of the attempt at dual control, because his feet would still be on the rudder! Yes! Quite an interesting discussion! Also, that if you fall out, you must be unconscious before you bump!

Then we commenced coming down. Not ordinary lazy sweeping circles, but a sudden, twisty, nose-dive! Phew! Then you do realise that you possess “an interior mechanism”! When I “came to” we had flattened out and were bearing obliquely down on the 'drome, waiting for the bump! You never know how you are going to land the machine. An obstreperous blade of grass, or somebody sneezing, may capsize you or break your undercarriage—One knows not, neither does one guess.

* * *

I explained to everybody later in the evening how little there is to be nervous of and how perfect is the game of flying.

Is not it?

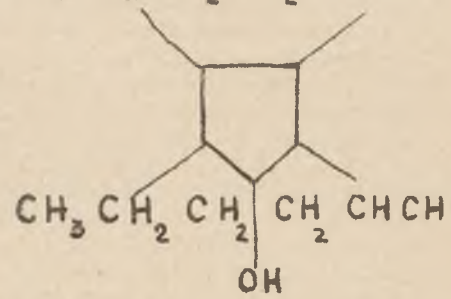
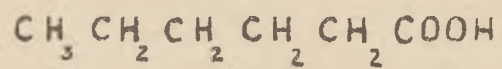
Yes, it is!!

“SHELL-SHOCK.”

THE following announcement will no doubt be of interest to readers of the *Gryphon* :—

ILETT—MELLORS.—November 3rd, at St. John's, Wakefield, by the Rev. T. H. Bywater, Vicar of Outwood, John James Ilett, Second-Lieutenant, Manchester Regiment, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ilett, of Lingwell Gate, to Clarissa Horsley, daughter of Mr. J. Mellors, H.M. Inspector of Mines, and the late Mrs. Mellors, of St. John's North, Wakefield.

Mr. Ilett is the Vice-Chancellor's private secretary and Miss Mellors is a B.A. (Hons.) of Leeds University.



"The Question Arises"

R. J. H. F. Watherston.

THE death, at the front, of Lieutenant R. J. H. F. Watherston (Leicestershire Regiment) was recorded in the newspapers yesterday. Those who knew Watherston as a pupil, and had a warm corner in their hearts for him, look back over three years of war and ask two questions.

The first question is a minor one. A month before war broke out, Watherston had failed to pass the Final Examination for the B.A. Degree and was feeling much out of heart. He was soon to show the stuff of which he was really made. Rejected at first for foreign service by the doctors, he remained on the spot and did remarkable work in the Leeds University O.T.C. as sergeant instructor. Again and again I have heard skilled teachers of long experience, within or without the University, speak of their youthful instructor with the utmost regard and respect. We are driven to ask whether our bookish tests in the degree examinations had been at fault. I think not. A year or two after the event, Watherston himself told me that he had spent far too much of his undergraduate time on such diversions as riding a motor-bicycle which a friend had lent him. Still, it was in the minds of some of us that, when the War ended, his position should be specially reviewed. After prolonged military service he could hardly be required to give, in the ordinary way, another session to academic studies; and, after all, he had not fallen far below the pass-line. But, degree or no degree, Watherston had "made good." On life's own testing-ground, he had proved himself capable, unassuming, kindly, straight.

The big question remains: have lives like Watherston's been rightly sacrificed? I know what his own answer would have been. He had no doubt as to his duty. He was fond of life and quiet mirth. I remember the comic parts he took or understudied in the "Frogs": his jests at the irregular number of his ribs (an irregularity which worried the Medical Boards far more than it had ever worried him); his humorous appreciation of the abundant choice of names (Robert James Henderson Fell Watherston) with which parental forethought had endowed him, only to result in the playful "Bobby" of his intimates, or the cordial and respectful "Watherston" of others. Yet there were things he prized beyond life and laughter. Together with many another gallant fellow-student of Greek who now rests with him on the Western battle-fields, he sprang to arms when, in August 1914, Germany had unoffending Belgium by the throat (as she still has) and was brutally treating her women and children. Though wounded twice during the present year, in January and June, before he was killed in December, he was not the man to make an end till the Germans had been thrust out of Belgium; and if he had lived to have sons of his own, I am sure his stern resolution in any fresh crisis would have been that of the wise and humane Sir Walter Scott. A century ago, when the mettle of our race was being tried no less searchingly than now, Sir Walter Scott wrote: "I would maintain national independence in the present struggle to

"the last man and the last guinea, though the last guinea were my own property and the last man were my own son."

In yesterday's newspapers there is not only the Roll of Honour on which Watherston's name appears; there is the announcement that Jerusalem, the Holy City, is in British hands. Wherever the bodies of our young heroes chance to lie, the spirit that sustained them to the end was that of Crusaders.

W. RHYS ROBERTS.

December 12th, 1917.

This brief tribute to the brave and lovable character of Robert Watherston was too late for insertion in the *Gryphon* last term. The General under whom he served has since written in the highest terms of his efficiency as an officer, and of the fearless courage with which he was repelling a dangerous raid when he fell on December 3rd. That is what we felt sure would be. Watherston was Watherston to the last.

W. R. R.

January 23rd, 1918.

THE University has suffered very grievous losses amongst those who have fallen in battle, but none will be more widely and deeply mourned than that of Lieut. R. J. H. F. Watherston, of the Leicestershire Regiment, who was shot through the head in a German raid on our trenches early in December. "Bobby" Watherston, as he was universally called, had achieved a unique personal popularity amongst his contemporaries at the University, and amongst the numerous O.T.C. cadets whom he helped to train. This popularity was not based on academic or athletic achievements, but simply and solely on his beautiful character, which was compounded of modesty, helpfulness, self-sacrifice and charity in the true sense of the word. He entered the University in 1911, a Mirfield man, and he at once exhibited those excellent qualities and rendered those valuable services which we always expect from the Mirfield students. He took no degree, mainly because he could never resist the temptation to throw himself heart and soul into the organisation of every movement which he considered to be a welding influence among the diverse little communities into which we are so apt to separate. When war broke out he was a sergeant in the O.T.C., and he immediately applied for a commission. Several times he was rejected on medical grounds, and finally he became one of the officers of the University Contingent. Here he quickly showed his great qualities as a guide and friend to other young men. There never was a man who was less of a militarist, and yet without the usual aids of the drill-sergeant he became a drill instructor of great ability and could handle a parade in a wonderful manner. He was never in the least degree out of temper, and to many who were accustomed to rougher methods it was marvellous to see him produce the clean smart movements which go to make good drill. When the Contingent was reorganised early in 1916, he took advantage of less stringent medical standards and transferred to a battalion of the Leicestershire Regiment, where he again made his personal influence an important factor. He went to the Front in November, 1916, and was twice wounded before his death. Although

never pugnacious, he died fighting, and his men speak with admiration of his bearing during the trying bombardment which preceded the raid. For many of us there is something inconceivable in the death of "Bobby" Watherston in a violent struggle against his fellow-man, but upon reflection we feel that it really adds nobility to the life which preceded it—a life which, above all others in our community, was a gentle expression of the simpler virtues. The very self-criticism and modesty with which he would seek advice on worldly matters were always lessons to his advisers on the emptiness of worldly hopes. Duty to his God and to his fellow-man was the only test he ever applied to his actions and, if his death and memories of his life remind his friends of the basis of his life, he will not have died in vain.

January, 1918.

W.H.P.

Waimema.

THE first time I met Waimema I thought he was just about the ugliest thing that could be constructed with any resemblance to human form. I had been down with a more than usually sharp dose of fever and had been sent down to hospital, to arrive, as usual, just when I was getting better. However, I enjoyed a day or two in bed well enough, for we were all pretty well tired of wandering through trackless bush after Germani who only turned up just when you felt convinced that they'd cleared right out of the neighbourhood.

Anyway it was a blazing hot Sunday afternoon and I was listening to the efforts of a Padre to keep a service going with the help of an harmonium thing that was half squeaks instead of notes, when I became aware of the presence of Waimema squatting in the sun about fifty yards away, steadily gazing at me as I lay in contentment in the shade of the E.P. hospital tent. I didn't take much notice of him then, because he was just like thousands of other niggers and shenzis that the place abounded with. After the Orderly had brought the cup of hot water and condensed milk coloured with a little mud that they called afternoon tea, I tried a cigarette, though all I could raise in that direction was a mouldy packet of "Flag." I finished off one of them however, and chucked the end out on to the sand. Instantly I saw my silent watcher rise and come towards me and again noticed his extraordinary ugliness which was accentuated by his garb, which consisted of half an Army blanket tied round his shoulders in such a way that it left off just at that point where most people would have considered it essential that it should begin. He carefully picked out the half inch or so of cigarette and handling it as if it were radium, carefully stuck it in a split straw and started sucking it for dear life.

It lasted him for hours and when he couldn't find positively another trace of it anywhere he sucked the straw and was still sucking it when night came down with a bang as it does hereabouts and I saw him no more.

Next afternoon, however, he rolled up again and squatting just where he had been the day before, began his vigil with a smile of greeting that split his face from ear to ear. I always like to treat the natives decently when they behave themselves, so I threw away the cigarette I was smoking before it was half done. He was on it like a flash, but seeing that he had a prize of exceptional value he extracted an empty brass cartridge case from a slit in his ear and dropped the fag-end into it and bottled it in with a wad of paper. Having replaced the cartridge he bent down and carefully scooped up the ashes I had knocked out of my pipe in the morning and returned to his post and carefully rolled up the charred fragments in a piece of the "Sphere." The resultant apology for a cigarette he proceeded to smoke with evident relish, but apparently the real article in the brass case was to be reserved for high days and holidays only.

This sort of thing went on for several days with variations of one sort and another until the M.O. finally decided that I wouldn't get either worse or better in the near future and sent me back to my battalion.

I caught a glimpse of Waimema helping my boy to place my kit on a trolley waggon just as I started off on the incredibly bumpy journey back to the old game of patrols and outposts. About three months later when we had just completed a flanking movement which had more or less flummoxed the Bosches without a shot being fired, the General decided we might sit down for a bit as everyone was a bit done in. Accordingly we dug in and I had a Lewis gun allotted to my platoon. In due time this arrived, followed by a string of porters, each with a tin box full of drums on his head and his eyes nearly starting out of his head.

After they had deposited their boxes in the precise spot where I had decided to have a pit dug for myself, they all started burrowing like rabbits and surrounding the holes with a wall of earth that wouldn't keep out a pea from a pea shooter. I was just thinking how impossible it was to drive from their heads the fact that "out of sight, out of danger" was utterly false where rifle bullets were concerned, when a voice said "Jambo Bwana!" right in my ear. I turned round to see an enormous grin on a face that I immediately recognised as belonging to Waimema. He had been promoted to Lewis gun porter and was attired in blouse and shorts and a tarbush that was miles too small for him perched on his fat head. We conversed amicably for a while and then, after having offered a cigarette which was accepted with dignity, I went over to our improvised mess for a "Sundowner."

I saw him frequently after that generally picking up grisly remains of cigarettes and cigars, of which there were plenty, as we had our second line transport with us, and I also found out that he was rather a "nut" amongst the other porters and they generally did what he told them to, although of course, he had no official position. However, one day we started off to do a battle fight and did it sure enough. Our Battalion was advance guard to the column and my Company was advance guard to the Battalion, so

we were sure to get anything that was going. We bumped the Bosches after about four hours marching, and they put up a very fair fight too, so fair that I was distinctly uncomfortable for some while, quite apart from the sinking feeling that is the inevitable result of bullets cracking round your head at short range. We had stumbled on a "shamba" or native clearing in the course of our march and a few Germani had opened fire on us from it. I got orders to cut round the edge of the clearing instead of crossing it and carried on so that we eventually landed with our company on one side of the clearing and the two following companies on other two sides, leaving the fourth side open through which the Bosche picket or outpost or whatever it was cleared. But scarcely had the first lot cleared out than a heavy rifle fire opened on us from the left, whereas the first shots had been on the right. Our Company had got a bit ahead of the main body and when the Bosches began to work round us, McBane, our Company Commander thought, and very wisely, that we had better fall back and get into touch with the rest. He then went on to tell Walters, whose platoon was ahead of mine, to get back, and presently Walters came along, each man doubled up with a sort of palsied stealthiness that showed they were getting nervy. I had orders from McBane to wait until both Walters and Rycroft had taken their platoons back. We could only boast three platoons a company in those days, but Rycroft did not turn up. I could see McBane peering through the bush to find him, then I saw him light a cigarette and step forward as if he were going still further forward. At that moment, however, a very heavy fire opened on us from three sides and I saw McBane collapse. We were all flattened out on the ground and the bullets were cracking round our heads like a watchman's rattle, and I wondered what on earth to do. I could just see where McBane was lying, but the bullets were splintering the trees all over the place just about six inches from the ground, making it impossible to crawl up without getting outed almost to a certainty. I was just trying to screw up my courage to make the attempt, however, when I saw one of the porters rise and walk quite calmly up to where McBane was. It was a thousand to one that he was hit, but he reached McBane alright, and bent down as I thought, to lift him up. Instead of that, however, he picked up McBane's cigarette and started puffing at it, and turned to come back. Feeling rather an ass at the thought of his doing a thing I had hesitated to do, I shouted to him to fetch McBane in. He looked down at McBane and evidently thinking he might as well do it now he was there, dragged him along by the shoulders, and though I expected to see him fall every second, managed to get him safely under cover. It was Waimema as you may have guessed.

I couldn't very well slang him for hesitating when I had done so myself, but I asked him why he had started back without McBane. He said McBane's weight was more than a porter's head, and it was the cigarette he was after anyway. I sent in a report about the business and shortly afterwards I was transferred to another Company, and saw Waimema no more for two or three months.

I had got to Nairobi on leave and had called at the Mess for letters and was just leaving when a passing lance-corporal, very trim in blue jersey and high fez, gave me a ferocious salute and a friendly grin which I instantly recognised. It was our old friend Waimema, promoted beyond recognition, except for the grin which nothing could change. I exchanged compliments with him, and remembering his taste, was just about to offer him a cigarette, when he produced a battered tin case out of his pocket and offered me one. I took it and thanked him, and we proceeded on our ways. I was watching his receding figure and thinking how clothes change a man's appearance, when I saw his figure stiffen and his cane go under his arm. I saw the Commandant coming along smoking a cigar. Waimema gave him an immaculate salute which the Commandant acknowledged, throwing away the cigar end as he did so. I saw Waimema waver and fall and abandoning his dignity and ramrod stiffness, made a dive at the cigar end and rescued it from the very heel of the Commandant. Next moment he was walking along as stiff and dignified as ever. A leopard cannot change his spots, but I think that would be easier than to make Waimema waste one sheet of tobacco.

1917.

J.L.S.

[It is a matter of great regret to us that the writer of this contribution (Lieut. L. Sieber) was killed in Africa a short time after writing the article. Our sincere sympathy is extended to his relatives, by whose kindness we are permitted to print the foregoing.—Ed.]

Moonshine.

"So In and Out and Round About,
And you'll discover never
A tale so free from every doubt,
From every possible probable doubt,
From every doubt whatever."

MANY of our readers have doubtless heard something of the strange discovery of a new race in the heart of England by Doctor Ethnol O'Gist and Mr. Campbedd. These two earnest observers lived amongst the tribe in question throughout the summer and Dr. O'Gist's accounts have been recently published in the *Gehenna Gazette*. At our earnest request Mr. Campbedd has afforded us certain criticisms and additions to the Doctor's account, part of which he quotes:—

"I am still puzzled as to the origins of this people They dwell in primitive houses made of cloth hung from a thick pole, and as in the case of most people in a low state of culture, they use these only for sleep. The dwellings might be made comfortable if the unfortunate creatures had discovered such simple things as floorboards or beds. I asked once, when I came to understand a little of their language, if they knew what a bed was; and a strange, pathetic light came into their eyes as though they ransacked their mind for happy memories of distant days, and they murmured quietly, "Bedah, bed." This is one of the phenomena to which I have referred as suggesting the possibility that these people represent a retrogression from a higher state of social development.

The only additions I can suggest to this portion of Dr. O'Gist's narrative are two points in regard to the dwelling-places. These are built in perfectly straight rows, and are completely useless as a protection against rain. To continue Dr. O'Gist's story: "They wear a single-hued apparel of brownish-yellow, which deprives them of all distinction; and in its design is an obvious, if poor, imitation of that worn by civilised humanity. There is no variety except in the cut. (But I have noticed that the men adorn themselves with strips of tanned leather ornamented with brass, and in some cases highly polished. This seems to have escaped the Doctor's attention).

The account of the religious rites as practised by these people is of far more interest:—They perform divers mystic rites which suggest a link with those of the Druids, and they worship strange gods. The community, which consists only of men, rises before the sun, and spends the day at rites, genuflexions and propitiations. A start is made with the god of *Alignment*. The people put out in front of their dwelling every article they possess (these are but few) and arrange them in straight lines. Then the *High Priests of Alignment*, uttering agonising cries, emerge from their sacred house, led by one *See Essem*, and "bless the lines" with vigour, flourishing long pieces of cord with dexterity.

Every hour of their lives is ruled by some deity, whom they propitiate in various ways. One of the most malignant is one *Pectee*, whose worship must only be carried out in white garments, of flimsy texture and exiguous dimensions, and involves more strenuous salutations and contortions than any other rite they practise.

Dr. O'Gist believes that, as do most of the barbarous races of the earth, these people dread evil spirits; therefore every evening, when they have retired to their dwellings, the *See Essem* sends round a sorcerer to exorcise such demons as lurk amongst them. He has a voice of thunder, and this he raises high above the noises of the night in a chant, "*Stawp-that Taw King*." When the people hear, they are comforted, cease their frightened whisperings, and give themselves over to sleep. During the night they are watched over by the god "*Nytops*," to whom once or twice in each week, special devotions of a most complicated nature are made. They move out into the darkness in herds, in utter silence, prostrating themselves violently from time to time in ecstasies of devotion and suffering all manner of contortions without complaint.

They have many other gods, who are worshipped in different ways. "*Kumpannidril*" is adored in stately dances; "*Bomming*" with violent noises; and "*Antig-Ass*" by the release of acrid fumes as incense and the hurried assumption of "devil-masks," which are reminiscent of those worn by the witch-doctors in Central Africa.

All the brethren, except the leaders, carry heavy clubs, weighing in every case about 9 lbs. These clubs they carry always, never allowing them out of their sight, for to do so involves capital punishment (termed *Wa Shout*). During their devotions, walking stiffly in bands of a hundred or more, they slap and fling about these clubs with some dexterity and in unison, what time their High Priests shout to the heavens in glee. The dancers shew a barbarian delight in small things, such as knocking their feet together whenever they stop.

Whether or no these people are herbivorous or ruminant I have not been able to discover. Certain it is that they lie face downwards in the grass, in a long line and some few yards apart, for a short time, and then getting up quickly, run forwards to fresh grass, and fling themselves down again. This manoeuvre they repeat frequently. But they also crowd at certain hours of the day, chiefly after sunrise and sunset, into large houses from which the odour of cooked meat comes forth. Further evidence is therefore necessary to clear up this point.

Occasionally a visit is paid by an exalted priest from another community, who wears fragments of red cloth on his head-dress and is attended by other priests similarly decorated. His arrival is the signal for general rejoicings ("*Win Dupp*") and great ceremonial dances are indulged in with solemnity.

The language of this race seems to bear no affinity to that of any known division of the human race, though once or twice I have found words which may have been derived from the Latin. For instance, at the end of their ceremonious dances, their high priest sends them away with a blessing, which, rendered phonetically, is "Dais miss." Surely this may very well be a corruption of "Deus meus."

The Editor regrets that space precludes the completion of an enquiry into this interesting subject. We hope, however, in next issue to be in a position to publish some remarks upon the females of this race.]

T.H.E.

Leeds University Union Debating Society.

A MEETING was held on 6th December, 1917, when Miss Saville-Jones proposed "That men are vainer than women." She stated the subject required treating seriously, and then entered into a long tirade against Man, in the course of which she denounced the way he arrogated to himself beer and tobacco. Mr. Milnes did then valiantly defend his sex, and pointing out that the modern world sees every day the futile imitation of man by woman, claimed that women were at least as vain as men. Miss Irvine and Mr. Bell seconded the proposition and opposition respectively.

A brisk discussion ensued, enlivened by musical (?) instruments of curious powers. The motion was declared carried, though it is worthy of note that while no man voted for the motion, two ladies voted against it.

THE Annual Inter-'Varsity Debate was held in the Great Hall on Friday, 18th January. Mr. Milnes presided. The motion was "That poverty as a social evil can be abolished."

The following account is taken from the *Yorkshire Observer* :—

"The motion was moved by Mr. Science, of Sheffield, who wrestled with the problem seriously and earnestly. Up to the present, he said, the steps taken to counteract the evil of poverty had developed in two directions—deterrence and repression and excessive benevolence. Both had failed, but the real remedy was not to be found in a *via media* between the two extremes—Poverty should be abolished altogether. For the poverty arising from old age the remedy lay with the trade unions. Old men should be allowed to do such work as was within their power and receive a minimum wage, but on condition that they had worked zealously and conscientiously during the earlier part of their life. By this means the trade unions would not only induce a spirit of thrift and industry when the worker was at his best, but also do away with the casting off of the old workers. Old-age pensions, which so far as they increased the sense of reliance on the State, were a curse, might be given to those persons who could show that they had made some attempt to provide for old age. The extent to which drink was responsible for pauperism, Mr. Science regarded as absolutely appalling, and he quoted Mr. John Burns' declaration that the tavern was the ante-chamber to the workhouse. Sickness, another cause of poverty, was largely preventible; and bad housing, bad sanitation, bad conditions of employment must be abolished at all costs. For the feeble-minded there should be farm-colonies and industrial homes. Casual labourers should be assisted by education to become skilled artisans, and indiscriminate charitable relief, a practice to which many religious bodies were addicted, should cease, being a fruitful source of undermining character."

"The opposition was led by Mr. Crowther, of Liverpool. He was confident and resourceful, but showed a tendency to ride off triumphant before victory had been achieved, and on one occasion he was neatly unhorsed by the dreaded "voice." Capital he described as one of the most valued tools in industry. If a man cannot do anything, his recompense is nil. Therefore the possibility of poverty cannot be abolished, unless every person is made able to render service to the community. As to making provision for old age, Mr. Crowther declared that the average working man in this country was one of the most thriftless beings that could be found anywhere, living absolutely from hand to mouth. The proposal to let old men work at lower rates of pay might involve the unprofitable use of machinery. The only possible remedy for poverty arising from old-age was that extra money should be saved in the period of efficiency; but 'you cannot change human nature, and the British working man, a very good man in many respects, will not save up his money.' As to chaining up the weaker-minded brethren, who would decide who was weak-minded? As to the restriction of drinking facilities, some people must have freedom to go to the devil if the traditions

of a free England were to be maintained. 'As to State control, look at things now-a-days under State control. The Government calls itself a business Government. It is not fit to run a tripe shop. When the State takes a hand, stagnation sets in, and the people must be left to work out their own salvation.'

"Miss Stone, of Birmingham, and Miss Gaukroger, of Manchester, seconded the proposition and opposition respectively. The voting resulted in 80 'Ayes' and 82 'Noes.'"

After the Debate, there was a Musical Evening in the Refectory.

F. H. R. HURST, } *Hon.*
A. F. SAVILLE-JONES, } *Secs.*

[Remarks upon the Concert would be incomplete without some reference to the (perhaps well-intentioned) but nevertheless undesirable disturbance which was effected by a very small minority of persons at the back of the Refectory. There are always two methods open to such members of an audience as may disapprove of any particular artist or item; either to present so excellent a recital themselves as shall constrain the less talented to silence, or to absent themselves from the performance altogether. Whichever course is chosen is largely immaterial, but unseemly shouts and obtrusively insincere applause assisted by a tea-tray obligato neither stamp their exponents as gentlemen, nor add to the enjoyment of those members of the audience who (like the writer) are content to receive the efforts of the entertainers with an envy that they are unable to assist themselves and with gratitude that someone is willing to take his or her share in adding to the general pleasure.—*Ed.*]

Casualty List.

SINCE the last issue of the *Gryphon*, report has been received of the death in action of the following members of the University :—

Captain H. E. Whitwam.
2nd Lieut. B. W. Pounder.
Major D. P. Mackay.
Lieut. E. F. Wilkinson, M.C.
Lieut. H. Cheetham.
2nd Lieut. David Lawson.
2nd Lieut. E. B. Longbottom.
2nd Lieut. N. L. Riddett.
Captain G. R. Nevitt.
2nd Lieut. H. C. Graham.
Lieut. R. J. H. F. Watherston.
Sapper H. Procter.

Missing, reported killed.
Captain A. W. Armitage.

Wounded and Missing :—
Lieut. J. S. Parker.

Missing :—
Lieut. Harold Firth.
Private J. Baines.

Wounded :—
2nd Lieut. S. Barrand.
Captain J. C. Findlay.
Captain J. R. Atkinson.
Captain B. S. Bland.
Captain H. Foxton.
Lt.-Col. F. Eric Tetley, D.S.O.
Captain H. Sparling.
Lieut. Owen Bentley.
2nd Lieut. F. Fattorini.
Captain H. R. Burrows.

Distinctions :—
Major W. H. Davis Military Cross.
Captain H. Sparling, " "
2nd Lieut. J. C. F. Wilkinson, " "
Captain H. Foxton, " "
Captain C. Nixon Smith " "
Lieut. N. Sizer " "
Sapper A. Westmoreland .. Military Medal.

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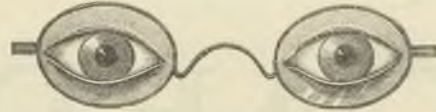
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