



The Gryphon

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS



REDBRICK UNIVERSITY

by Martin Ambery Smith

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1946

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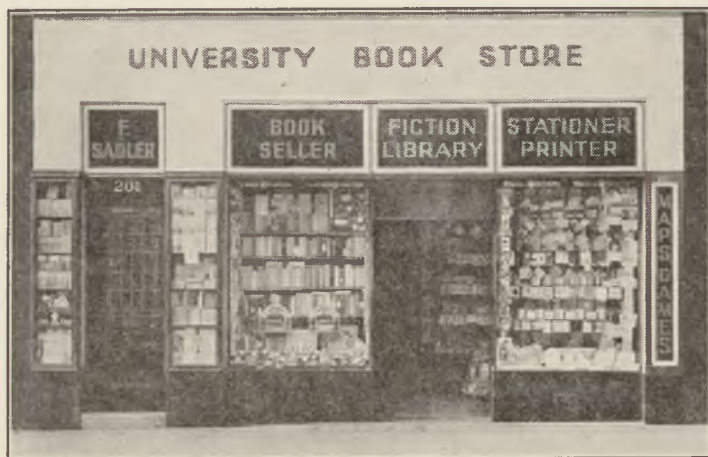
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The Gryphon

FOUNDED 1895.

'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.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

DECEMBER, 1946

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A SHORT SHORT SHORT STORY—Donald Austin	7
REINCARNATION INCARNATE—Kenneth Salinsky	8
VERSE	10
GERMAN UNIVERSITIES TO-DAY—J. W. Harvey	12
TRAGI-COMEDY—W. G. Baines	14
HOW IT APPEARS TO ME	18
THE MELTING-POT OF CULTURES—Martin Sampath	21
APOLOGIA PRO VITA STUDII—F. J. West	25
CULTURE, TYRANNY AND CHAOS—F. Norman Lewis	26
HALLS OF RESIDENCE IN MODERN UNIVERSITIES—Junius II	27
UNION PERSONALITIES	29
NOTES FROM THE HALLS	30
SOCIETY NEWS	33
OLD STUDENTS	37

Some Contributors: J. W. HARVEY, Professor of Philosophy at Leeds, just back from a lecture-tour in Germany. MARTIN SAMPATH, Medical School. A Trinidadian. Formerly newspaper editor. McGill University. W. G. BAINES, playwright, sub-editor, Physics Dept. F. NORMAN LEWIS, ex R.A. Arts student and proud of it. Intends to enter the Church. S. J. COLLIER, ex-Green Howards. French Dept.

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Editorial

LIKE MANY UNION INSTITUTIONS, "THE GRYPHON" PERIODICALLY hangs out its "Under New Management Sign," and, like them, it still retains some of its age-old features. One of the most important of these is the appeal for copy.

Few students seem to have sufficient enthusiasm for their beliefs to want to spread them by the printed word, few seem to believe sufficiently in their imaginations to want to publish their stories and verse, few seem to have enough confidence in their critical faculties to wish to make their comments known more widely. Above all, few students realise that in the University Magazine they have probably the best opportunity of publication they will ever have. The sole criterion of copy is merit. Commercial anomalies do not exist.

It is a great pity that so many contributors find the bubble of their enthusiasm pricked after the first rejection. One looks for some degree of persistence.

Readers often complain of restriction to one sphere in the subjects of the articles in *The Gryphon*. It must be realised that the keen people make it their business to take part in all they possibly can, and if we are continually hearing from them, it is because of our own lethargy.

It has been suggested that the Editorial Staff should ensure, by their own writings, that no one side of affairs becomes too prominent. This is wrong-headed to begin with. But, if it were carried out, the next complaint would be that the pages were the platform of the Editorial Clique.

When the Editor plagues people for contributions, they often ask, "What sort of things do you want?" The answer to that is, "What is your conception of a University Magazine?"

The Gryphon is the University's ambassador, ignoring time between our day and those of the Old Students, ignoring distance between Leeds and the corners of the world where fate has sent people who still look towards us. It is also a living member of the University community to-day. If we neglect it, it will become a passenger, or worse; if we play fair by it, it will be one of our greatest assets.

KENNETH MARTIN

DEVONSHIRE HALL AND THE BOAT CLUB SUFFERED A TRAGIC LOSS IN the death of Kenneth Alan Martin. He was accidentally drowned in the River Aire on the 19th October whilst sculling alone.

Martin's home was in Scarborough. He was a second year student in the Physics Department, and had a brilliant career ahead of him.

The men of Devonshire Hall had known him since last Christmas, and looked on him as a true friend and good companion.

They, and the rest of the University join in expressing their deepest sympathy with his mother and relatives in their great loss.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

I.S.S.

With the problems of Europe continually staring us in the face, no student can afford to ignore or even to take a merely passive interest in the International Student Service. Too many of us, after reading our newspapers, look up with pious expressions and exclaim, " Things are in a terrible mess across the Channel, but what can I do ? " I.S.S. is a possible answer, an effective one, and one well within the scope of us all.

No one need think that I.S.S. will ask him to become a martyr. Its appeal is to ordinary folk in the name of humanity. Its rewards are many and immediate—and superfluous, since its aim is service, one virtue which is patently its own reward.

I.S.S. will be putting its case to us in pamphlets and reports. If Leeds is not in the forefront of its supporters, it will be to our discredit. If we play the Levite, it will be to our shame.

Student Health Report.

The Report on Student Health (October 1946) is now printed. It is to be hoped that sufficient copies for every student at least to read the findings will be made available. If some of the conclusions seem to be obvious, in that they have always been our impressions, it is good to have them substantiated by facts. Of 2,000 questionnaires sent out in connection with the Report, only " over 800 " were returned !

" Union News."

This term has seen the foundation of a Union newspaper. In principle, the venture is to be supported, and anyone who has seen the issues so far will realise that it deserves to be supported in fact, too.

Ex-Servicemen.

Most ex-Servicemen have settled down among us as part of the family. They have a lot to teach the rest of the students, and it is good to see that all but very few realise that the students have a lot to teach them.

Union Ball.

All who attended this year's Union Ball have praised it, the University—conscious as a Union event, the socialities as a social function—and the soulless as value for money.

General Knowledge.

- Q. What branch of science is devoted to gazing at heaps of stones and thinking how nice they must have looked once ?
- A. The Ministry of Reconstruction.

(L.G.H.S. Magazine).

A Short, Short, Short Story

by Donald Austin

"LOCAL PSYCHIC KILLED IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES."

"Mr. Doran MacMahon, the well-known psychic and fortune-teller, whose establishment is on the corner of Belmont and Barton Streets, was killed yesterday by an extraordinary explosion on the pavement outside the City Food Office. The cause of the explosion is not known. Passers-by believe he was returning from a holiday, as he was seen to be carrying a large suit-case....."

*Belfast Evening News,
Friday, 6th September, 1946.*

You do not know me, and frankly, now that this has happened, I have no desire to be known. Let me let you have the facts. I am returning from Blackpool where I have spent a few days on holiday, and I board a No. 3 'bus which goes past my flat. I place my bag at the rear end of the 'bus and take a seat on the ground floor, so to speak. I am invited by the conductor to go upstairs, because I am smoking, but I stay below so as to keep an eye on my bag, and put my cigarette out. I am about to leave the 'bus when a gentleman whom I have never seen before in my life is in the act of picking up my bag. I am mildly surprised at this, since it has my name of the outside, but I say to him very politely:

"Excuse me, that is my bag, sir."

"On the contrary, sir" (with some conviction) "it is mine."

I know by his accent that he is an Irishman.

"Then perhaps you can prove that you are the owner by telling me what it contains."

The conductor waits patiently, and there is no heat.

"Certainly." (deep breath) "It contains two pairs of pyjamas, one green, one cream; a brown leather travelling case; four shirts, three pairs of socks, all grey; some miscellaneous papers of mine; a pair of shoes, and a box of dominoes. I am rather keen on the game."

I am astonished. Let us open the case, and see if he is right. I supply the key, and the conductor opens the bag. My Irish friend is right, and I apologise. Of course there are too many witnesses to argue, so I smile and leave the 'bus.

I am on my way home when I think with some amusement that I do not play dominoes. As I mount the steps which lead up to my flat I wonder if they play the game in the Club next door.

**Last Day for Copy for the VALENTINE ISSUE
JANUARY 14th.**

**Don't wait until the last week for copy to let us
have your contributions.**

REINCARNATION INCARNATE

by Kenneth Salinsky

"DO YOU BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION?" ASKED THE FAT MAN. Pottleton thought before answering—a luxury in which lately he had seldom indulged. He thought visibly and with effort—with effort because thinking was for him a serious business, and visibly, so that none should mistake the fact that he could think.

"Yes," he said, "and no," then, having sucked his pipe meditatively for a second, added, "or rather, just no." He replaced his pipe doubtfully, and exhausted by this effort, relapsed into silence, eyeing his companion uneasily.

"Then," murmured the fat man, "let me tell you what happened to my friend, my old friend, Pointings Thomson," and his sonorous voice caught and stumbled over the word "friend."

Pottleton glanced round the open greenness of the municipal park and saw that they were alone, and that he must stay and listen to the man's story whether he liked it or not. Pottleton rather imagined that he would not like the story.

The fat man lowered himself slowly on to the bench, and while with one massive fist, he indicated briefly that Pottleton should do likewise, he used the other as a pillar on which to rest the mighty dome of his head.

"About sixty years ago," began the fat man, "Pointings Thomson was on the verge of death. His best friend would have admitted to you that Thompson had not been a good man, but his more recently acquired friends could have told you that he was by no means a poor one." Here the fat man paused, and the dome shook slightly on the pillar as the baser half of human nature was recalled to his thoughts. Pottleton remained seated on the edge of the bench and looked uneasily up at the obesity next to him.

"Thomson," continued the fat man slowly, "had drawn up a will. He had few relatives, and but one true companion and friend." (His voice once more had difficulty in avoiding the emotion which this last word seemed to place in its way). "Towards the end of his days the speculation on who was to inherit his money grew as he faded. Greed flourished and prospered in the decaying soil of his rotten flesh. He had always been a man of strange custom and habit, and not many of those who gathered daily round the low couch, which was soon to be his death-bed, greatly troubled about his failing strength. Indeed, they delighted in mentioning to him his nasty cough, in remarking that his features were becoming pallid and senile."

"I believe I mentioned that he had one, only one, acquaintance who honestly lamented his impending death. This was his valet, a yellow-coloured, slight man, bent with servitude. He, and he alone, nurtured the sparks of life in his master. It was he who made his meals and washed him—kept the gloomy sick-room as free from dirt and squallor as possible. This man it was who, at an imploring glance from the film-covered eyes of the dying man, ushered politely from the room those who each day came to bid farewell to Thomson and hail his riches.

"He had a nervous habit—Thomson," he continued softly. "He used to tap his fingers on the side of the couch. He did it all the time. He always had done, ever since his valet had known him. His hand now seemed permanently fixed in a bent position or perhaps it was that no-one ever looked at his hands, but the left one was tapping, drumming nervously, persistently, on the woodwork. His visitors loathed him for that habit—and feared him. Some used to push his unresisting arm beneath the blanket, pretending to straighten the bedding, but soon it would slip out and the tapping of the cracked nails would come across the thick air of his silent room. Every visitor learned to hate that dying man and his maddening fingers."

"But," he went on, "his valet was affected in a different way. He did not fear that noise in the least. It fascinated him. He was aware of it from the beginning of the day, as he half-drew the shabby faded curtain when the sleeping figure's hand lay still upon the blanket, to the end of the evening when the moving fingers tapped in every corner of the room, on the ceiling and on the door, until he blew out the candle. But even when he softly shut the bedroom door the sound of the tapping fingers followed him through it, followed on his heels across the bare carpetless landing, through to his own room, to stay beneath his pillow as he dreamed."

The pressure of the fat man's hand on Pottleton's thigh increased as he paused and swallowed. Mr. Pottleton hardly dared to breathe and was repulsed by the hairy mass of flesh on his knee.

"Pointings Thomson died," the fat man went on, "a month after he was first confined to bed. The will was read out three days' later to those interested. It was an unusual will, containing but one sentence—one sentence only. The will was read out in silence, and it was received in silence. Nobody knew exactly what it meant—except one man. One man alone understood the terrible meaning:

'I leave myself to Edward Pease, my valet.'

"As the valet sat in an old wooden chair, gripping the arms which had so often been grasped by his master's hands, he shrank in terror. Did he not hear that tapping noise again? Was it—could it possibly be—that this noise that so hypnotised his senses had remained to mock him although its source was dead? Then he saw in the mirror facing him that it was his own hand that was causing the sound, and indeed, on looking, terror-stricken, he saw it rising and falling rhythmically, tapping out that same sound against his will—obeying the will of Pointings Thomson, a dead man."

The fat man turned his head and looked down on Pottleton, Pottleton shifted his weight uneasily and opened his mouth.

"Well—" he said.

But the fat man broke in, and his voice had changed. Now he shouted. "Edward Pease, the valet," he cried, "was my father." The fingers of his right hand bit into Pottleton's leg.

"My father, my father," he repeated, "—and three days ago my father died." As he spoke, the finger nails of his left hand beat on the arm of the park bench.....

The Egyptians in the Red Sea (from the Anglo-Saxon "Exodus").

The host was in panic.
The terror of the water fell on their wretched spirits.
The sea threatened death.
The slopes of the hills were soaked in blood.
The ocean spewed out blood.
There was an uproar among the waves.
The water was full of weapons.
The mist of death rose up.
The Egyptians were turned back again.
They fled in terror.
They saw their peril.
Panic-stricken, they longed to reach their homes.
Their boast was a sorry one.
The dreadful rush of the waves eclipsed them.
None of the army came home, but fate trapped them from behind with waters.
Where before paths had lain, the sea raged.
The flower of the host was drowned.
The waters swirled.
A storm rose up, high as the heavens.
There was the greatest outcry of an army.
The foes cried out with the voices of the doomed.
The sky above grew dark.
The sea welled with blood.
The shield walls were riven asunder.
The greatest of deaths by water savaged the sky.
Brave men perished, kings in their pomp.
The army crumbled at the edge of the sea.
Shields shone above the warriors' heads.
The sea, the mighty flow of waters, rose up in a wall.
The host was fettered fast in death with the way of escape cunningly shut off.
The way through the sea was denied to the fated army
When the surge of the waves,
(The everlastingly cold sea, the naked messenger of distress)
Came back, as it was accustomed, with its wandering salt waves
To the eternal foundations—
The hostile warrior-foe, which came suddenly upon the enemies.

Translated by KENNETH CAMERON and GEORGE HAUGER.

When I take my hand from you
There is nothing for it to use but idleness
And it rests upon my knee
With empty fingers.

When I take my mouth from you
It has nothing more to say
But waits upon my face
As to-day on yesterday.

When I take my flesh from you
It lives under the skin
As secretly as water
The earth within.

You have fingered my bones
To a skeleton of love
That cannot move.
Away from you.

MOLLIE HERBERT.

Novembre.

Au soir gris et pluvieux les réverbères
Léument s' allument.
La syrène aux longs cheveux de mystère
Gémit par la brume.

Des soldants traînent en chantant les airs de faubourg
Sentant le cuir, la sueur, le chien mouillé
Les filles qui se promènent en parlant d'amour
Laissent échapper des rires rouillés.

Les chieus crottés, les gens pressés
Regardent d'un air absent
La plume qui tombe infiniment....

Derrière les vitres des estaminets dansent
Des couples aux corps enlacés, aux joues roses
Et dans le vice qui cotoie l'indifférence
Ou sent mieux la sourde hostilité des choses.

S. J. COLLIER.

The Spider in the Hills.

Unquestionable creature, no one blaming,
I watch you as you lie there, vainly shamming—
Not knowing of my incidental coming
Nor low clouds looming—

With subtlety my blade of grass evaded
By lying between stone and earth embedded,
Presuming there no more you would be goaded—
Yourself deluded.

And I, among these mountains idly playing,
Amused at your inconsequential being,
Shall I escape the coming and the going—
None of my doing?

Both part of the insoluble equation
Awaiting some invisible revision,
Your passiveness against my feeble passion—
In this seclusion.

Prepare. My passing interest is abating :
I shall destroy you quickly, soon forgetting,
Leave this position watching white clouds floating—
Your fate refuting.

Each prone to inescapable selection :
The ruling of the first and last condition :
Your death is only token to my action—
And our destruction.

W.G.B.

German Universities To-day

by J. W. Harvey

OF THE UNIVERSITIES OF GERMANY BEFORE THE WAR, ABOUT TWO DOZEN in number, six are situated in the British zone, seven or eight apiece in the Russian and the American, two in the French, while two have definitely "gone East," to be incorporated within the new boundaries of Poland and Russia. In a six weeks' visit to Germany during the summer I had little opportunity to learn what was happening to the Universities under Soviet control, and what I did gather was on the whole discouraging. I visited, however, five out of the six Universities in the British zone, and one (Marburg) in the American; and I had reliable news of the French zone. The picture as a whole is a grave one. It constitutes a challenge to the wisdom and energy of the Western Powers, and perhaps a special challenge to that part of our public opinion which British University students in a measure represent and which they may help to fashion.

The plight of the Universities, as indeed of every institution and every organised activity in Germany, is of course very serious. Those in the British zone have on the whole suffered most, three having had their main buildings almost totally destroyed by bomb and fire, another being put partially out of action, and one at least having lost the greater part of its library. All are desperately short of funds and of every kind of equipment. The staffs have been purged of detectable and avowed Nazis, and I should say fairly thoroughly, and this means a loss of many technically efficient teachers and the re-instatement of others who come back with constitutions weakened and minds soured by hardship. Then (as we all know) the living conditions are very grim indeed for everyone, but particularly for the population in the British zone. No one, student or staff, gets adequate rations, none of the Universities has sufficient refectory services, while very few students have homes in which study of any kind can be anything but a tour-de-force. In the University of Bonn, for instance, 150 students still live in air-raid shelters, which they prefer to the lodgings from which they might at any moment be ejected. In Cologne I was told of a student who, having no change of underwear, had to lie in bed while his linen was being washed and dried.

Yet for all this the Universities and Colleges are all crowded with students eager to make good the gaps in their knowledge, so lamentably many and large, due to years of isolation and carefully inculcated ignorance under Nazism. The total figures (23,000) show a two-thirds increase on 1939, and they would be considerably larger if the accommodation were not so limited and if student Nazi "party members" had not been excluded as such. The ratio to the whole population (23,000,000 in the British zone) is not much lower than the British ratio, and to those of student age it must be considerably higher, when one remembers the number of prisoners not yet returned and the 2½ million refugees from the East, most of them old people and children.

There are, in fact, undoubtedly far too many students in Germany to-day, more than the country will be able to support or provide with

professional careers. But the pressure to learn, the appetite for information of every sort, is not altogether a bad sign. Certainly it confronts the Western Powers with a great opportunity, which the French administration seems to have grasped with greater vigour than either the American or the British. Eagerness to acquire information and ideas is not, of course (and very luckily) at all the same thing as a readiness to accept credulously any information or ideas that may be offered: yet it does mean to some extent an opening of closed and starved minds, and it is surely our job as the Power in general control of the life of the Zone to do something to supply the right sort of mental provender which is almost as urgently needed as physical provender. Many young Germans are becoming, after the numbing stupor of defeat, again intellectually restless, though few perhaps are likely to be particularly receptive of British ideas or points of view about politics, social organisation, and life generally. But restlessness of mind and a weakening of docility are in this case favourable symptoms. There seems to be no lack of students' societies, circles and clubs, to some extent taking the place of the old reactionary "Corps," whose suppression by Hitler was one of the few services he did to the Universities. But there is little opportunity for organised political discussion in forums where those of diverse views can meet to debate matters of public interest. The German is indeed bad at argument: he hardly knows how to conduct a debate with tolerance and good temper. He is always better at expounding than at discussing, and indeed he prefers enunciation to exposition. Characteristically even to-day, and in a way that moves one to a sort of impatient admiration, in spite of every kind of difficulty the Universities are again turning out their periodical magazines, full of self-diagnosis and disquisition, ponderous and desperately in earnest, printed impeccably upon the finest paper. But it would be better if less resources in time, money and thought were spent on these imposing *Zeitschriften* and rather more in actually getting together to explore and to stimulate one another's minds in discussion, or to undertake friendly collaboration in some productive task.

Some are fortunately ready and eager to do just that, and during the past year the "International Voluntary Service for Peace," one of the societies at work on civilian relief in Germany under the Red Cross auspices, has started work in several centres in which students from several of the Zone's Universities have been most encouragingly co-operative. (I.V.S.P. may be known to some Leeds students, for until last month its headquarters, now in London, were only five minutes from the University, and two members of the University staff are on its executive committee). It is hoped that this hopeful experiment may be continued and expanded next year, and that really international teams may be organised both inside and outside of Germany, at which young Germans may work at some reconstruction job alongside other nationals.

It is to be hoped too that before long it may be possible for students from this country to visit German Universities, and — dare one say it? — also *vice versa*. Those who go from here would have an immense, indeed an embarrassing opportunity, for they would be, whether they liked the role or not, in some degree ambassadors of the British outlook. And I hope that if and when the reverse movement *from* yonder begins the

first representatives of the German student world will be received with magnanimity and forbearance. They will have much to learn, something too to teach us.

"Why should we bother with the young Huns? They asked for it and now they've got it. Let them stew in their own juice." A natural sentiment, but it does not seem to me to be either very elevated or very wise. On the contrary, it is a piece of mean sentimentalism and at the same time the crassest folly. The folk I have in mind over there were toddlers when Hitler seized power in Germany. The vindictive mood might be pardonable if they were inheriting a scathless future, but of course they are not. The wounds of Germany will not be healed for decades to come, if ever, and generations yet unborn there will have to pay a fearful deferred price for the six years war. Again, the mood might not be so plainly irrational if the young generation of Germans were *all* guaranteed and proved to be permanently and absolutely incorrigible. But that is certainly not the case. Many may be quite impervious to western and British ideas and influence, but some assuredly are not, and whether these are many or few it is a matter of the utmost urgency to do what we can to resume frank and normal relations with them, so as to commend to them some of the things for which we hold this country stands.

For it is after all from her Universities and Colleges that Germany in the next few fateful years will have to draw her administrators, teachers, professional men, scientists, engineers, economists and experts generally. Our British administration certainly cannot afford to let all this varied personnel become absorbed in the desperately discouraging task of running the day-to-day life of Germany without making a resolute effort to sow among them the seeds of ideas, mainly western ideas, to which their minds have been strange. For time is running short: and if the British authorities do not rise to this responsibility as far as concerns their Zone, another and very different seed may be sown in the embittered soil of Germany, and the crop reaped from it may be the same as before, armed men.

Tragi-Comedy

by W. G. Baines

WHEN SHAKESPEARE WROTE HIS LINE "ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE," it is doubtful if he intended the expression for the archives of human wisdom. It is a pity that the words of men, who see the world through the eyes of their own profession, should be taken so profoundly. In much the same way might Einstein have said: "All the world's an atom," or a conductor, "All the world's a 'bus," and never have achieved fame for the remark. There is no reason why any trade should not reflect some aspect of the world we inhabit, and the stage is by no means the closest approximation.

It is, however, worth noting that Shakespeare, in his wisdom, refrained from driving the parallel further, and omitted to mention whether the play enacted on his stage, the world, was a tragedy or a comedy, giving us instead a short episodic life story of a man for our consideration.

The words have been used: "Comedy and Tragedy." What do they mean?

In everyday speech tragedy is some event which brings unhappiness, while comedy is some event which raises a laugh. In each case the definition is neither clear nor comprehensive, and the dividing line between the two is indistinct. In their purely theatrical sense, the two tend to overlap, and some of the highest peaks of humour can be achieved by pretending tragedy for a time, until at the appropriate moment a new and innocuous meaning is given to the situation, when all who witness it suddenly relax their emotions and laugh. The rarer reverse procedure is even more effective, when a harmless comedy dissolves into tragedy, deepened by the levity of its earlier sequences.

Then it is evident that tragedy and comedy are in some way linked with the interplay of emotions.

We recall the earlier definition of a tragedy as a story with an unhappy ending, showing the downfall of its characters, while in comedy there was a happy ending, when all the characters were re-established. In such a system of classification were such plays as "Hamlet" and "King Lear" classed as tragedy, while the "Tempest" and "A Winter's Tale" were regarded as comedies, although the latter plays contain all the dramatic essentials of tragedy, and removed from their context, certain scenes are deeply moving. Nevertheless this grouping is by no means irrelevant, as can be seen by examining particular cases.

Any of the Victorian melodramas, however good or bad it may be, furnishes a perfect example of comedy. No matter how much the hero may be tortured, or the heroine tricked, no matter whether we take it seriously or not, the final reconciliation of the Good and the punishment of the Evil is a satisfactory rounding off of the series of events which form the drama, and impart to the whole the atmosphere of comedy in retrospect. In this case the issue is complicated by the audience's knowing beforehand that all will turn out right in the end (according to formula), which causes the interest to centre on the actual process by which the plot is solved rather than on the plot itself. Therein lies the weakness of such a dramatic form.

With that in mind a far more fundamental story can be approached. That of the Crucifixion. No more baffling event can be found in all human knowledge, for here is a story which claims to be theological truth and historical fact at one and the same time. For the moment we shall regard it as historical fact.

Dorothy L. Sayers, in the preface and notes to her remarkable radio play: "The Man born to be King," suggests that there can be no such thing as a Christian tragedy, since salvation is offered to every man and can only be denied him if he knowingly and willingly rejects it. Thus the only great tragedy with a Christian background is the Faust legend, where the hero willingly rejects God and prevents himself from begging

mercy even at the last moment. Precisely the same happens in "Hamlet" when the King cannot bring himself to pray.

In the Crucifixion itself, the element of comedy is so strong that most of the tragic elements are driven from it altogether. In this case, while most of the onlookers are unaware of the true significance of the event, the Hero himself is fully aware of what he is doing, and knows what is going to happen, because the whole story was prophesied in detail beforehand! It is quite impossible to be moved to pity for a man who dies knowingly and almost deliberately because he knows that such is his destiny, and who is only to reside in the Halls of Death for three days before becoming divine. In this light the drama is reduced to the level of a rather amusing parlour game, for which the story had been written and only awaited the actor's performance.

How different it becomes if we regard Christ as a mortal man alone. Instead of a mere life-sized symbol of the Sin and the Stainless sacrifice, a form of ritual handed down to us from that old barbarity which has also given us black magic, modern science, Greek drama and all religion, we have a reviled preacher being sent to a miserable (but not overcruel, compared with man's more sadistic efforts) death by a weak-kneed Roman governor and a vindictive, patriotic mob.

The drama plays itself out to its squalid end, where its hero cries in anguish that God should not leave him. And the play is over. If Christ was no more than a man, his last words must be the most pathetic ever spoken, for they can only be interpreted as the belated disillusionment of the unhappy man, who suddenly saw the futility of his whole life. It is noteworthy that Miss Sayers emphasises in her play how keenly this was seen by the intelligent but theatrical Judas, who saw in the Cross the projected glory of his own imaginary martyrdom. I feel that only the true Christian is unable to feel the pathos of this little foolishness, for to him it is the story of God.

If we now make a definition of these two classifications of human action, we can see the further significance of the Christian drama. Let us say in view of what is mentioned above, that tragedy is the interplay of human emotions, in word, act and thought, which in the end is unresolved, while comedy is the resolution of that interplay. The phrase "interplay of emotions" is all important. Without them there would be neither comedy nor tragedy, but just action, to which no label could be applied. It is perhaps worth noting at this point that we are prevented from forming a clear notion of the meaning of these two terms by the very fact that we give so vast a series of conceptions a collective label in the same category as those given to determine objects. Thus we class "communism" with "cat," and imagine that because we have a precise and undisputed meaning for one we must therefore have one for the other, and use a word such as "love" to mean anything from divine exultation to mild interest and to incorporate a wide field of biological causerie in passing.

In much the same way we use the words "good" and "evil." Now it is frequently asserted that tragedy and comedy are the labels we attach to the different aspects of the conflict of good and evil. Above we have

noted the conflict of emotions. The two may be identified. Let us say that tragedy and comedy arise from the battle in the intellectual and the instinctive admixture in the human soul, and that these may be identified with good and evil.

Seeing the universe from the eyes of a mortal man, in the present painfully imperfect state of his development, how shall the vast emptiness, which is the void we inhabit, be interpreted? Are we going from darkness to darkness through the brief phase of material structure which we call life—born in the ashes of a dying universe and destined to die with it? Or are we passing through a long and arduous period of growing up, before we take our intended place as masters of all space? Are we born to a futile life and a dreary slow extinction or a long ascent to a blaze of glory? As individuals we live and die—beyond that it is conjecture—cogs in a cosmic wheel, but of the destiny of life there is no way of finding out. In the end we know that the universe must perish, and the eternal cold will descend for ever, but will life survive that? It is impossible even to make guesses, but we can remember that life is singularly tenacious, and perhaps find some hope in that thought. And when the Drama is played out, how shall it be assessed—Tragedy or Comedy? Only that which is beyond all can tell.

("Tragi-Comedy" is the preface to the author's play "Quest for Nothing.")



The Gryphon received a copy of *The Social Creditor*. The Editor asked a Communist and a Conservative to review it. Below are the results. They are interesting from more aspects than that of a mere commentary on a contemporary periodical.

I.

"Majority 'rule' with a secret ballot is the organising mechanism of 'the common man,' the vehicle of the sub-conscious, the 'animal man.' 'Father, forgive them, they are unconscious of what they do.' Intellect is not concerned."

This is the conclusion arrived at by C. H. Douglas, in a leading article in the periodical named above. The same article starts with a rejection of any hypothesis that the world is governed by blind fate, and with a plea that any summary of present trends must be based on the premise that man controls his own destiny.

It seems pertinent to enquire what philosophy, if any, leads the writer from such a reasonable premise to such a shattering conclusion. The snag is that a closer reading of the whole issue brings one no nearer to an answer. For these people have nothing constructive to say on any subject. To criticise their policy on a single point is almost impossible; in a despair born of desperation, their querulous criticism sweeps from Bolsheviks and Jews—(well-tried whipping-boys!)—to Hitler and Fascism with a wonderful disregard for logic. It appears that they also dislike "International Finance" and the House of Commons! (But why?).

In reading these views, one is left with an impression of utter despair, of a completely bankrupt, negative attitude. Is the world, then, in such a state?

Obviously not. This hopelessness is nothing more than the projection of their own moral bankruptcy, a symptom of a class in decay—a class which sees instinctively that its day is over, but which is incapable of envisaging any form of society which does not include it in a key-role. Hence the snarling petulance; hence the utter muddle of outlook; hence the appeal to emotion every time, and an instinctive rejection of reason.

This is reflected most obviously in their pathetic refusal to admit the existence of any class other than—to quote—"the English Gentleman." It is interesting to note that they describe themselves as "non-party, non-class"—as though to deny the existence of a class society banishes it from reality!—and that the keystone of their outlook is Private Property. Apparently "English Gentlemen" are not a class, but a species whose distinctive feature is the ownership of Private Property.

But these petulant cranks are not without danger to society. Their stupidity may make them appear more amusing than menacing, but this view is itself a dangerous one. If the last ten years have not taught us to recognise Fascism at birth, we have learnt nothing, and that is where these English Gentlemen inevitably end up; they are dangerous because they offer a criticism of anything criticizable with a deceptive assurance

which may take in the unwary. The appeal to emotion is ever more tempting than the appeal to reason, and has met with success in the past; twelve million people have died as a result. To read these views takes one back to the atmosphere of Europe in the '30's, to the burning of the books, and the denial of all human values that matter. In the name of everything decent, they must be tackled wherever they are met, and their hotch-potch of nightmare mumbo-jumbo refuted.

Time is on our side. In the final stages of capitalism, they are a pathetic relic of the past; and this key-characteristic will become more evident as the fundamental contradictions of capitalism become more acute. Stalin once said: "The logic of events is on our side...."

H. H. MOHUN,

L.U.U.C.P. Branch.

II.

"The Communists and Socialists, who with the world Financial Group are the real body of Anti-Christ" is Major Douglas's text. On the front page he attacks the Socialist idea of "the common good," and on the back page we have a thirty-year old allegory from "The Nation," 1917, directed against Jewish finance and the worldliness and dissension of the various religious orders. The middle pages are devoted to irrelevant quotation and news snippets—and a very provoking article "Teaching through Taxation," by W. B. Laurence.

This latter is a devastating attack on the House of Commons' "treachery through negligence" in meekly accepting the financial dictatorship of the Treasury bureaucracy. Although Mr. Laurence must inevitably lose much sympathy by his one-sided statement of the case for those who pay Surtax and Death Duties, he nevertheless brings emphasis very topically to bear on "the Liberty of the Subject and the Right of Private Property, the obverse and reverse facets of one fact." Probably better than attacking the uneven incidence of taxation is the constructive approach of Mr. Norman Crump in his pamphlet, "The Future of Money" (Signpost Press):—"Everyone earning more than the subsistence level (*e.g.*, £2 a week suggested in the Beveridge Report) should pay something in taxation, however small. People should appreciate that all pensions, etc., are nothing more or less than taking money out of one person's pocket and putting it in someone else's pocket, who needs it more. If we all are to qualify for financial assistance in case of need, we all must also be willing to subscribe to the common pool."

The emphasis must remain on the responsibility of the individuals and in the leading article Major Douglas does well to illustrate the increasing submergence of the individual in the group or the State in our post-war society. "Everything is to be conditioned by 'the common good.'" With the increasing measure of State provision one sees a corresponding decline in that "sturdy independence," which has figured so largely in the English character. Too often and too soon the

cry comes up:—" Why doesn't the Government do something about it ? Why don't they provide ? " It is dangerously analogous to the " panem et circenses " of the Roman mob during the decline of the Imperial city. The character of a nation means more than material comfort. That is where Conservatism, with its insistence on the maintenance of religions, authority, discipline, restraint, balance, triumphs over the materialist conception embodied in Communism and Socialism. The Conservative believes in a measure of social improvement, where critical enquiry has shown it to be justified. He does not believe in it as a form of election bribery. That is material progress at the expense of the nation's soul, too big a price to pay.

Major Douglas does not suggest a remedy. He was no doubt reserving it for a later issue, and no doubt it was Social Credit.

A.P.,
L.U. Cons. Assoc.

OWER THE ROAD—Doctor McDougall.



The Melting-Pot of Cultures

by Martin Sampath

THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD, OFF THE COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, AT THE South-eastern corner of the Caribbean Sea, is a tropical island less than 2,000 square miles in area with a population of half-a-million. It has mountains of quartzite, schists and limestone, covered with 'luxuriant polychromatic forests. There are valleys and plains carrying sugar-cane, cocoa, bananas, oranges and pineapples. There are muddy swamplands covered with rice, mangrove and mosquitoes. Deep in the earth there is a wealth of mineral oil, and the whole thing is surrounded by brown, white and golden beaches fringed with coconut trees and incessantly lapped by the smiling foam from home-coming breakers. It could be almost any tropical island in the world. But take a walk down any street in any town in Trinidad and what you see will make you blink. You might very well be in a Hollywood studio where several international and period films were being made at once.

Here comes a group of Negroes and there go some Chinese; here is an aged East Indian in dhoti and sandals and there a young Indian lady in as smart a business suit as you could find in Paris or New York. Here is a Turk, a Syrian, a Jew, an American, a Dutchman, a Japanese; Englishmen, Canadians, Germans, and Russians, Spaniards, Mexicans and Brazilians. In fact, you could perhaps meet any nationality you wished by standing at the corner of Frederick Street and Marine Square in the capital city of Port of Spain. The only race apparently unrepresented is the Carib, which originally occupied the Island, yet, no doubt, there will be good Carib blood flowing in the veins of many of the people we see go by.

As one rides around the City, one sees beautiful cathedrals, churches of many Christian denominations, synagogues, mosques and Hindu temples; homes and civic places built in Spanish, French, Victorian and modern American styles. A Cadillac car passes a horse-and-buggy on an asphalted road outside a small hut copied from ten thousand year old ancestors on the banks of the Ganges, while the Pan American "Trinidad Clipper" drones overhead.

This is the clash of cultures with a vengeance. It is as if Nature scooped up spoonfuls of people from all over the world like so many multicoloured bits of quivering jelly, placed them side by side on the island, and then sat back to see what effect the sun would have on them. And this is just how the people have been behaving—each racial group like a cohesive yet exploratory mass of jelly—so that one finds to-day some interesting cultural and biological streaks and blends lying between the solid cores of the original importations.

When Christopher Columbus discovered the Island in 1497, the King of Spain took possession and used it as a base from which his ships could plunder the South American mainland, and carry back to Europe the gold and silver extracted from unwilling Aztecs and Incas. The Carib aborigenes consistently resented the presence of Spanish garrisons

on the Island, and were finally conquered by slaughter and intermarriage. The only remaining traces of their ancient civilisation are innumerable names of places like Arima (meaning "Water"), Tunapuna, and Paria, and an annual procession in which a "Carib Queen," exhibiting obvious Spanish and Negro features, is carried through the ancient Carib stronghold of Arima amid sounds of revelry and in an aroma of alcohol eagerly contributed by the merry, cosmopolitan population.

The Spaniards made little attempt to develop the agriculture and industry of the Island. This was left to settlers from the neighbouring French Island of Martinique. To these people is owed the marked French cultural inheritance which finds expression in the names of many Trinidad people, most Trinidad animals and plants, certain Trinidad dishes, the French Patois spoken by a quarter of the inhabitants and, the first thing to intrigue the visitor, the typical French constructions used in the everyday English spoken by Trinidadians. The Spaniards themselves left for posterity names like Port of Spain, San Fernando, Sangre Grande.

As sweet-toothed Europeans increased in number, slaves from Africa were imported into Trinidad to meet the demand for cheap labour on sugar-cane plantations, run at first largely by Frenchmen. It is easy to understand therefore, how African languages became quite extinct very early on, giving place to the French Patois now spoken largely by the descendants of these people. The Africans adopted the Catholic faith, often identifying figures in their original mythology with the Virgin Mary and several of the Saints. The drums, chants and exciting dances of Africa (which are still found undiluted in some parts of the Island in mysterious "shango" or "voodoo" rites) are predominant in the music of the Calypso—modern folk song of Trinidad—and in the Annual Carnival ("Farewell to Flesh") celebrations which are an unforgettable experience of infectious emotionalism.

This influence is far-reaching. Even in England, who hasn't heard of "Calypso Joe," "Minnie from Trinidad," "Rum and Coca-Cola" and "One Meat Ball," all of which are based on well known Trinidad Calypsoes? Again, consider the Andrews Sisters: "In the Island from which we come, we have a *national characteristic* which is very strong, for we put the *accent* on the wrong *syllable* when we sing a *tropical* song." Now, you try to say the words in italics as you would say French or Spanish words, and lo and behold, you are talking like a native Trinidadian!

Above all, the Africans have contributed to numerous fascinating biological blends which may be found in places high and low, in Judges' chambers, doctors' and businessmen's offices as well as labourers' cottages. The African has married members of practically every other race on the Island, and the older bourgeoisie was comprised largely of descendants of Negro-European marriages.

On the abolishment of slavery, attempts were made to find cheap labour elsewhere in order to break the strike of the freely liberated slaves. Chinese were imported but, as only men were brought, this source of cheap labour rapidly dwindled and the situation was not eased by wholesale

marriages between the new arrivals and Negro women. Their descendants to-day contribute a good deal to the variety and intrigue of the Trinidad landscape.

Indians were the next immigrants, and these people brought their wives, customs and religions with them, and set up a little India in their new homeland. Their cohesive, national unit was for many years barely penetrated by Christianity and by other western vices and virtues. For this reason, they have been, of all the peoples, the most resistant to intermarriage, but after 100 years, it is clear that even they are not immune.

These people have contributed to Trinidad culture, not by a process of blending so much as by a threading of picturesque strands. Although they are an integral part of all strata of life and engage in all spheres of activity, they retain very largely a national identity. An increasing number of them can speak no Indian languages, and engage in the same Frenchy-English as the rest of the Islanders.

All Trinidad has adopted the Indian's curry and his love of rice, which is now the staple food of the entire population.

Trinidad is the happy hunting ground of the geneticist, be he interested in the plants and animals which these people brought with them or in human material. The status and social life of the offspring of the intermarriages are interesting to consider. In Trinidad, social life in the towns centres around clubs. There are English Clubs, Indian Clubs, Chinese Clubs, Negro Clubs, Portuguese Clubs, Spanish Clubs, and similar racist and pseudo-racist social and amusement centres. The patchwork of humanity after working together in the same offices, warehouses and fields during the day disbands itself at eventide and retires in groups to whichever Club each group thinks will receive it most warmly.

In the British Club, most members can claim three grandparents to have been Europeans. Qualifications for membership are arbitrary. The lighter one's skin, the greater is the chance of getting in. A similar procedure is adopted at the other Clubs, for example, the Indian. If three of your grandparents are Indian, no one will question your application for membership, and if your husband or wife is an Indian, they will let you in so long as you don't say anything against Indians. This procedure seems to be standard at the Chinese and other racist Clubs.

There is the "Cosmos Club," which is one of the most flourishing, and takes care of a happy throng of successful people, most of whom can boast of an ancestry comprising three or four races.

Trinidad has felt the impact of American and European influences and reflects unerringly their progress, prejudices and failures. Those institutions which are English are largely Mid-Victorian, so that the Trinidadian visitor finds England unexpectedly American! It is suggested by some that the English in Trinidad so resent the growing American infiltration that they withdraw into the Nineteenth century rather than be confused with their cruder cousins!

At any rate American influence has been *gigantic* and *stupendous*. Short-wave broadcasts beamed to South America colour the people's

opinions about home and foreign affairs, and reiterate *ad nauseam* that certain American products are the best in the world. More recently, with large scale projects centering around Uncle Sam's Sea, Air, and Army Bases, the G.I's have had an eagerly grasped opportunity of making substantial biological contributions to Trinidad's Technicolour Triumph.

The criterion of beauty, the quintessence of perfection, is the person who most greatly resembles the American screen star in figure, form and accent, and no girl is worth being seen with unless she takes her cue from the idols of the picture house. All this has resulted not only in a feverish search for lipstick, chewing gum, and sweaty, uncomfortable American and British clothes, but also in an endless and relentless pursuit after straight hair (contrasted with the Negro "kinky" variety) and a fair skin, seeking all the wiles of Chemistry, Physics and marital planning to accomplish these ends. For many people, these are the most important attributes for any applicant for any job from temporary secretary to lifelong mate.

It is common in Britain for ladies to have their hair artificially waved. It is common in Trinidad to have one's hair artificially straightened!

Trinidad is a melting pot of races, cultures and beliefs. It is a country where races love and hate each other, where science and superstition reign side by side, where individuals cross borders to embrace other individuals while many retain their pet, irrational claims to racial and cultural superiority.

Trinidad is a useful social experiment. If anything can be gauged after only a few hundred years, the considered verdict must be, that wherever races and cultures meet, they will inevitably clash, quarrel and sometimes coalesce, and that Nature will continue to pursue this relentless course for many thousands of years in the future.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT

It has recently become known
That most of us on our own
Tend to come a cropper
When trying to pronounce Greek names
proper.
The alternatives may be various
In the way one says Darius,
But classical scholars seem to have a bias
Towards Darius.
Furthermore the Persian king Xerxes,
Who was beaten up by the Athenians
with swords and dirkses,
May be familiar, but under no circs.
Could anyone but his best friends call
him Xerx.
It is surprising to think that Zeus
May have both rhymed with and been
painted puce,
Or that Iphiginia
Should have been less than her father
could desire;
And Heracles

Has no relation whatever to Pericles,
Even if his name
Does sound the same;
And Poseidon
Might be phonetically mixed up with
Tyre and Sidon,
While the nymph Calypso
Would never have been led to slip so
Had not Odysseus
Been so anxious to make a ship for the
sea's use;
And if the Pleiades
Shine on while the Heroes lie at ease
Then Here
Will be almost certain to voice a query;
And we may be sure that in signing any
treaty
The love goddess would always write her
name as "Aphrodite"
But Aphrodite
Won't do for Mr. George Wilson Knight.

W.G.B.

Apologia pro vita studii

by F. J. West

MEDIEVAL IS A WORD OF REPROACH, IMPLYING OBSCURANTISM, BLIND dogma, and an enchainment of reason. That the Middle Ages were not guilty of these seems to be irrelevant in this tyranny of words. In point of fact, the human mind has rarely reached the sublime heights of reason which belonged to medieval schoolmen, to name but two of them, Abelard and Aquinas. Of course, the term medieval covers a vast period, and it must be remembered that there were reactions against the times of great activity. However, the Italian Renaissance was but the last of a series, and was possibly not so great a renaissance as that of the twelfth century.

Prejudice prevents some people from examining history objectively. The alleged tyranny of dogma is one such prejudice due largely to the free-thinking of the post-Reformation centuries. Dogma is but the framework of faith. The people who developed this particular dogma were men whose minds rose to unparalleled heights of reasoning. One instance alone is the ontological argument of Saint Anselm, which is, perhaps, the greatest *a priori* proof of the existence of God. The suggestion of the tyranny of dogma implies that reason was dead or that men's minds were enchained, and it is historically false. The Italian Renaissance was a revival of a different type of learning, a revival of Plato and the neo-classicists. But one must remember that there had been a similar revival in the twelfth century, in the centre of the Middle Ages; and, further, it is to these despised medievals that we owe the preservation of the texts of Plato, Vergil, and so on, which were the basis of *The Renaissance*, as it is popularly called.

Perhaps it is trite to say that the Renaissance became the Reformation only when it crossed the Alps into Germany, but any vital connection between the two has yet to be established. What one can say of the Renaissance is that it was accompanied by immorality and licence, and a wave of nationalism which lies at the root of many of our present social and political evils.

Nobody suggests that we should turn back the clock five hundred years, but it is idle to deny that the Middle Ages have many lessons of value to us, and, in conclusion, it may be submitted that we are still living on the spiritual capital of the Middle Ages.

Culture, Tyranny and Chaos

by F. Norman Lewis

ALL SERIOUS STUDENTS OF HISTORY will remember that one of the "Press Opinions" quoted at the front of "1066 and All That" is taken from "The Review of Reviews," and runs: "We look forward keenly to the appearance of their last work." It is not our intention to review a review, nor to comment in the above vein on the "Parting Shots" contained in the last *Gryphon*, but to present "Humanitas," the magazine which Perspex rather slightly noticed on her way to save Fountains Abbey.

It seems that Perspex had merely looked through this publication and then, having congratulated Manchester University on its new quarterly, with strange inconsistency, assessed its dominating quality as "nostalgic hankering after medievalism." What she calls the faith of this new journal is contained in a quotation from inside the front cover: "Christians and Humanists have a common treasure to defend... the Universities should be bastions in that defence... in them tradition must be revitalised and developed before being handed on." Such a statement does not constitute a faith, nor does it express the object of *Humanitas*. It is, therefore, necessary to restate the aim as set forth by the editors of this new periodical, and by examination of the second number, to vindicate it.

The editors of *Humanitas* believe that the "Crisis of Western Civilisation has reached its climax," and that it cannot be saved by machinery. "No purely technical or political devices will remove the barriers to international co-operation." The solution lies in recognising that the crisis is one of values, and that the spiritual has primacy, over the material. Men must have a sense of political responsibility informed by awareness of a humane scale of values, so that right action may be taken. "Christians and Humanists have a common treasure to defend: the values of the Hellenic and Judaio-Christian civilisations in which our own has its roots." The Universities must not only be bastions in this defence, but they must also revitalise the traditions.

The scientist who realises the greatest problems of mankind are not solved in the laboratory, and that science is the hand-

maid of civilisation, finds his place in this defence just as the arts-student does.

The ends which concern the editors of *Humanitas*, and the means they advocate, are therefore neither new nor peculiar to them. The Victorian, Matthew Arnold, had the same ideas. A modern philosopher, Jacques Maritain, is acutely concerned with the same problem. He fears that in the attempt to find the solution for the social and economic problems of to-day, both nationally and internationally, men will be made cogs in a vast machine. He fears a tyranny, a technocracy—Huxley's "Brave New World" become horribly real. It is small comfort to reflect that such an organisation could not last because it disregards the true nature of the cosmos and of man.

W. Schenk, writing in *Humanitas*, shows similar ideas. He compares the concern for social justice in 1640-1660 to that of more recent times, e.g., in Tom Paine and Karl Marx. The earlier inspiration was religious. He quotes, among others, the Leveller, William Walwyn, "If you would be esteemed a disciple of Christ, it must be known by love. ... He that hath this world's goods and seeth his brother lack, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" This attitude depended on "a balanced and comprehensive system of thought," which was a view of the whole cosmos. The things of this world were not ends in themselves. Men were the sons of God and consequently brothers. They were capable of "an ordered and significant life on earth... and of eternal life hereafter in the Communion of Saints." But, though capable of great things, man was wicked, and his wickedness lay in the repudiation of God as his Father and men as his brothers. It was the selfishness of men, the lack of love in their hearts, that caused social injustice. So, at the root, the problem was a moral and individual one.

Communists have different theories. They believe that machinery of the state can solve social problems, because the whole problem is not a moral one, but a matter of social organisation. Man's being, they say, will not flower to full perfection until economic inequalities are swept away in a reorganised society.

They, are therefore, unrealistic in not getting down to the root of the problem, man himself.

But the followers of Marx are not the only offenders. "One could take one's choice from the Political Man, the Scientific Man, the Economic Man and a number of others." These one-sided conceptions were used as bases for philosophies which could only lead to tyranny, since they do not take account of the whole nature of man and the universe.

The conclusions we are to draw from this article is that machinery, *e.g.*, social institutions and reforms, is not enough. The Christian would give first place to God, or, would base his idea of society on a conception of man with "manifold social and metaphysical bonds." Those who are not prepared to go the whole way with the Christian would at least wish to inform the spirit of each individual with culture. As yet, Christians have not created that true culture, a Christian Humanism. Nevertheless, the territories which lie ahead of mankind are those of culture, or those of chaos and tryanny.

It is obvious that there must be some mechanics of society, some organisation, and that science must serve the needs of mankind. It is the awareness of this which enables the editors of *Humanitas* to admit two articles on the profit motive to their current number. They are stiff going for the ordinary reader, but quite manageable. They are complementary largely by reason of their disagreements.

I have stressed the article by W. Schenk because it typifies the object of *Humanitas* —to combat a prevalent dangerous idea which the editors declare to be "That if only we could apply scientific methods thoroughly to social, economic, political, and psychological problems of our day, our salvation would be assured."

Other articles are consonant with the object. I can only mention briefly a drastic reevaluation of the work of Virginia Woolf by D. S. Savage, who will presumably conclude his castigation in the next issue.

Twenty pages are devoted to able reviews of books relevant to contemporary problems.

Humanitas is full of good things, and the editors have forged a powerful weapon for bringing the statis and students of our Universities to a consciousness of the great problems of the day and, more than that, of the part the Universities have in the solution of these problems. It is to

be hoped that the high standard of this publication will be maintained and that the Universities will support the magazine. In doing so they will take a great step towards becoming true Universities.

TAILPIECE ON "PERSPEX."

Rev. E. B. Greening, Sale.—"I'm sorry "Perspex" has gone down. She brought a lot of wisdom and gusto to her articles."

Text-book on Plastics: "An outstanding quality of Perspex is transparency."

★ ★ ★

Halls of Residence in Modern Universities

by Junius II

"Would you your son would be a sot or dunce.

Train him in public with a mob of boys."

This is the fear actuating the Group Report of the S.C.M.*; a conscientious effort to define how students should live in the University communities of "Red-brick." The conception is of Halls run by a benevolent despotism of Junior Lecturers and a Warden, and if the conclusions were to be accepted, the Hall of Residence would become a weak and slavish imitation of an Oxford College.

The fundamental premise of this Report is that students, unless directed from above, are "a mob of boys." The pamphlet cannot conceive of an ideal University life unless there be one tutor to twenty men. The tutors are to be chosen from "the able and imaginative" young unmarried members of the University staff. Earnest young intellectuals are to hand out culture with an evening cup of cocoa to gangling adolescents fresh from school.

A vital decision that has to be made is whether the continuity of Hall life should be provided by Tutors and College Servants, as at the older Universities, or whether by the more senior students who stay in Hall until their course is finished. At present, University Halls are developing along the latter lines.

In general, the social and cultural side of Hall is in the hands of a student committee, who provide any necessary organisation. These are not a group who maintain a somewhat "Philistine Tradition," but a group of students interested in the corporate life of their Hall. Mysterious initiation ceremonies seem to be the privilege of the Training Colleges, and no student has ever been reduced to submission and had his spirit broken by any "ragging"; nor are second-year men actuated by any desire to wreak vengeance on their junior fellows. Members of Staff live in Hall, and, if they are sufficiently interested, can contribute to the breadth of Hall life. The tendency, one must admit, is for the elect of the "High Table" to descend but rarely from their pedestals, rather than for them to mix with the student body. An able Warden with imagination should undoubtedly be appointed. The Report rightly stresses that he should be married, for students undoubtedly miss an occasional talk round the fire with someone who should be able to offer them much.

A full-time Warden should be able to watch, with one or two capable members of Staff and a Student President, the careers of some one hundred students, and control, so far as is necessary, their academic and social life.

Some of the conclusions of the Report are unexceptionable. The University should help to finance the social and cultural life of the Hall in all capital expenditure. At the same time the students should be able to control such day to day expenditure as is necessary from their own resources. The current attitude that the University feels itself able to pay only half of capital expenditure for social activities is to be deplored.

The pre-war habit of packing Halls with Recognised Students in Training is rightly condemned. The immediate post-war habit seems to be to do the same with ex-Servicemen. Students should come from all walks of life, from all types of schools, and they should be entering every

type of faculty. It is often said that one of the faults of the University Degree Courses is not that the Science students know nothing of the Arts, but that the Arts students know nothing of the Sciences. An admixture of every type in Hall should remedy this. It is desirable that a limited number of overseas students should live in each Hall. The number should be limited only because there is a danger that if there are too many of one nationality, they will segregate themselves.

Culture is a commodity that can neither be bought nor sold: it is insensibly acquired. It cannot be rammed down a student's throat in Hall or anywhere else. This Pamphlet supposes that it can be offered from above. If a community of varied types and interests live together in congenial surroundings, controlling their own destinies to a very great extent, we shall have Chaucer's ideal of the learned man,

"Of studie took he most care and
most hede,
Nought a word spoke he more
than was neede,
Souninge in moral vertue was his
speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and
gladly teche."

Enough words have been written about the post-war Utopia. Many such Reports as this will find their way into obscure pigeon-holes. It is to be hoped that when the University builds these many new Residential Halls, they will be actuated by the spirit of this Report. The important thing is not to provide rooms for meditation and prayer, but to give students a place where they can lead a decent life—and that as rapidly as possible. Within the Halls as they are, it is proper to attempt to establish a form of life on which future Halls can be modelled. The Halls of "Redbrick University," have set their residents' feet on a path so far untrodden by students in this or any other country. It will be regrettable if the clock is put back to medieval times in an attempt to ape the manners of the Older Universities.

The Report errs in accepting a standard of life which would destroy the individuality of the modern University; its details, with minor exceptions, are admirable.

* Halls of Residence in Modern Universities, S.C.M., 1/-.

UNION PERSONALITIES



MISS HELEN TAYLOR
Senior Vice-President

3rd Year Hons. Agric. Botany. Finds
time for the Boat Club, Badminton and
Dancing.



Mr. D. BURRELL
Junior Vice-President

5th Year Medic. Fond of climbing
(among high mountains, not high society).



Mr. L. CRAMER
Student Treasurer

2nd Year Engineer. Likes Boating,
Dancing—and, of course Engineering.
Doesn't finish with working hours.

Notes from the Halls

Weetwood Hall.

As usual at the beginning of a new session Weetwood welcomed within its portals this year over thirty Freshers, several of whom return from service in H.M. Forces, others who have come from overseas to continue their studies in Leeds. To all we extend a hearty welcome and our good wishes for a successful University career.

The first week of term was characterised by parties for the newcomers given by the hostel committee and second year residents, at which coffee circulated freely, and a good impression was made by the handing round of chocolate biscuits.

This is the most difficult stage of the year at which to attempt to compile "Notes." The first few weeks must necessarily be left free from organised social events so that people may get to know each other. However, whatever ice there may have been has been well and truly broken and Freshers are being asked more rarely the inevitable "Who?" "Doing what?" and "From where?"—no doubt to their relief. Having "settled down"—if anyone ever does "settle down"—we are ready to launch out on our social programme.

Looking ahead, the main features of this term centre on carols. Weetwood students hope to give their concert to staff and friends on December 1st, and on Monday, December 2nd, we hope Devonshire Hall choir will pay its annual visit to our precincts.

The immediate future, so immediate as to be part of the past by the time these notes appear within the cover of *The Gryphon*, holds in store for the Freshers a very revealing entertainment, cooked up by the Second-year students. It is to be hoped that they will be able to hold up their heads again afterwards.

We were glad to have Miss Hunter, the women students' P.T. organiser, to speak to us on the newly arranged facilities for gym. and indoor physical training for women. A keen interest was shown by Weetwood.

Relieved of the burden of washing-up by an increase in the number of staff and in spite of B.U.'s, we in Weetwood are looking forward to the rest of this session.

ALWYN M. GOODWIN
(Secretary).

Oxley Hall.

This session in Oxley has started very well. We have welcomed into Hall thirty Freshers, who seem keen, independent and hard working and who will, we hope, make a great contribution to Oxley life.

An old tradition of Oxley has been broken this term. Saturday night entertainments have outlived the period of their usefulness and, as a result, all, except such things as Hallowe'en and Christmas parties will no longer be held. This does not mean that there will not be social gatherings on Saturdays, but that these will be freer and more informal. Unfortunately, we have not been able to have an Oxley dance this term, but hope to hold one early in the New Year.

M.W.

Devonshire Hall.

The tragic death of one of our number has, of course, affected life in Hall, during the early part of the term. Freshers' Day and the Freshers' Concert were, naturally, postponed indefinitely, though the very small number of Freshmen admitted this session enabled them to become acquainted with the men of Hall at a much earlier date than is normally possible. It is pleasing to note that they have entered into the corporate life of the community, and are showing a great interest in Hall affairs.

The Warden welcomed the Freshers and the returning ex-Servicemen at a tea party held at the beginning of term. These "Welcome Tea Parties" have been a feature of Hall life for many years, and have a practical effect in introducing the new men to the Warden, the President, and Hall officials. Also, they introduce the Freshmen to the culinary side of Devon entertainments, prominent over a great number of years at our Christmas and Summer Dances.

The Dramatic Society has already held one meeting, and others will take place fortnightly. It is hoped to stimulate interest in the Society, so that a full production can be held at the end of the Spring Term, an inevitable custom until the war. An excellent feature of the Dramatic Society is the increased interest and help from the Staff resident in Hall.

Another noteworthy fact is the ambition of the "Common Room" in searching for speakers from within and outside the University. An eminent writer, a high ecclesiastical dignitary, a learned gentleman of the Bar, a famous sportsman, and a well-known orchestral conductor are amongst those who, it is hoped, will come to address the group.

Practices have been held regularly for the past few weeks in preparation for our annual Carol Visits to Oxley and Weetwood Halls. The dates of the visits have been fixed, and we are looking forward to them.

On two occasions this term we have welcomed to Hall the Bishop of Truro. It is hoped that several members of the University Staff will dine in Hall during the Session.

On November 28th we hope to entertain Henderson Hall, Newcastle, with whom we shall play Rugby and Soccer; and for the first time a Cross-country Run has been arranged. There will also be a Smoking Concert this term, at which the entertainment will be provided by men of Hall.

Of course, the highlight of the social programme this term will be the Devon Christmas Dance. It will doubtless maintain the high tradition of the past.

The Devon Bonfire, on November 5th, was a great success, thanks largely to the efforts of a handful of enthusiasts. We are sure members of the University and of the public enjoyed themselves. We must express our great thanks for the use of the land on "Weetwood Farm," and the gifts of wood and a sack of potatoes for the occasion.

It can be seen that the term has been a full one. Nevertheless, it is believed that some men have managed to do a little work. However, time will show. . .

KENNETH CAMERON,
Hon. Secretary.

Hostel of the Resurrection.

The University term opened in H.O.R. with the Annual Michaelmas Retreat, conducted this year by Fr. H. Bishop, C.R., our new Warden. An influx of Freshers and students returned from the Forces has brought our numbers nearly up to pre-war figures. We expected rather more first year students, but unfortunately various restrictions kept numbers down. However, it is hoped that those who have

joined us will make up in quality of service what they lack in numbers and, in this respect, their response to the various calls of Union activities is already quite promising.

Our Precentor, Norman Lewis, has his hands full at the time of writing in organising this year's Carol Party; judging by the volume of sound which, at intervals, issues from his neighbourhood, he seems to be having a certain amount of success.

The Hostel Rugby Captain, Anthony Perry, is not having quite so much success in the formation of a Hostel Rugby team: most of the first year seem to prefer Soccer. However, we hope to raise a XV for our traditional match in November against the College at Mirfield.

C. P. DAVIS.

Lyddon Hall.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the start of the new Session was the presence of a considerable proportion of new faces amongst us, both ex-Service and others. Equally noticeable, however, since then, has been the speed with which our new members have settled down and taken a very active part in Hall life.

Early in the term we held our first Annual Smoking Concert, which provided a good opportunity for a "get-together." Following this, a social was held on November 2nd, proving a most enjoyable function and, we hope, providing an auspicious omen for a more formal dance to be held later. During the term we have been very pleased to welcome as guests several University personages, amongst them the President of the Union, Professor Dobrée, Professor Wetton, Professor Evans and Mr. Gabriel, a list which we hope will continue to grow rapidly.

Following in the tradition of last session, Basketball has been very popular and we will soon be in a position to welcome all challenges, both for this and other outdoor and indoor sports. The Library has now attained a fair magnitude and is merely waiting for bookshelves before it can function properly. Bearing in mind our convenient proximity to Union activities, we may safely claim that this session, the question is not "what to do" in our spare time, but "which to do."

A. T. DENNISON,
Hon. Secretary

Woodsley Hall.

Woodsley Hall is now firmly on the University map. After the last-minute negotiations of September, and the two weeks of frantic preparation, redecoration and planning, the Hall was ready for the student invasion of October 1st.

The Warden, Dr. Chambers, and the students wish, first and foremost, to recognise that this transformation could never have been effected, but for the tireless energy and great willingness of our Matron, Miss Wood. She worked fantastic hours, to a degree seriously endangering her health, and suffered every disadvantage of lack of staff, materials, and—above all—time. We are immensely grateful.

Woodsley, swiftly "coming-of-age," has acquired a "character," an atmosphere, of its own. It had a mixture of two "atmospheres" to disperse in the process—of twenty years' rush as a business men's hostel, and, early in the century, of the sanctity and quiet devotion of the Church of England ordinands. The spirit of the second fled from the building on the night of November 15th, at the height of the House-warming Party, but the marbled busts, gazing down at us from soup to coffee and reflecting on holier times, are there as reminders.

....And there is the room in which Queen Victoria once slept, probably unamused.

The Hall is represented in Sport by a Basketball team; Hockey enthusiasts hope to raise an eleven, and challenges are to be issued in the table-tennis and darts arenas.

The formation of a "Music Group" is envisaged: having acquired a good piano, we hope to ask University pianists to give occasional recitals. The advent of a new radio-gram, in January will enable the group to listen to works from the Brotherton and Union collections.

The garden, said to have inspired T. S. Eliot's "Waste Land," is left to the Agriculturalists, but it contains an E.W.S. tank, which should make an excellent swimming bath for the Summer term. Meanwhile, it is half full of rain-water, and there is always the week following exam. results....

G. A. OVER.

MID-DAY RECITALS.

Those students who had the good fortune to attend the lunch-time song recital given on Friday, 18th October, by Frederick Fuller, baritone, accompanied by Dr. Edward Allam, Head of the Department of Music, could not fail to appreciate that Mr. Fuller had achieved a mastery of the Latin idiom. He showed that he was conversant with not only the musical style of the Spain-Italy—South America—Portugal spheres, but, also, with the spirit and lore of the people, with which he imbued his songs to great effect.

The works performed included songs by Scarlatti, modern Spanish composers (including the now well-known Manuel de Falla), and popular songs of South America and Portugal.

Of these, perhaps Falla's "Jota" was the most technically characteristic. It calls for truly Spanish vocal technique, which is a sheer impossibility to most English singers. It demands a tone more nasal than the full rich one of an English singer. The piquancy of this tone is perfectly adapted to the clear and articulate performance of the ornaments peculiar to the kind of music. In spite of this handicap, Mr. Fuller did more than usual justice to the work. He was ably supported by Dr. Allam.

I shall make no further comment on this recital beyond thanking Mr. Fuller for a most entertaining interlude. It is to be hoped that this will not be his last performance in the Great Hall.

A word about attendance. It is to be regretted that the attendance of students at these recitals is so small. The more obvious attractions of the Union tend to sheer students past the University notice-boards at lunch-time towards the cafeteria and panatrope. These are not to be deprecated, but it must be kept in mind that a taste for music is acquired with the same long and patient training that brings skill and ability in a profession. These recitals are open and free to all. Do come. A programme of forthcoming recitals, to keep you warned in advance, will be found on the University notice-board.

P.B.S.

SOCIETY NEWS

Swimming Club.

Now there was once a goodly company, which was called the Swim. Club, who did wish to do battle with the men of Birmingham.

And there was also another company, which was called the G.W. & R.

At the tenth hour the men of Leeds did enter into the caravan of the G.W. & R. and behold they were in a room.

Now the men of Leeds did wax merry, so that they did sing. But there was in that room a woman, who was old, so that her garment did reach to her ankles. So that the men of Leeds had to sing "Daisy" and other clean songs, and to sit—not to sing, "Immobile."

And they came to a city which was Birm. And at the third hour, the men of Leeds did do battle with the men of Birm. Now the battle was fierce and the captain opeed his mouth, so that the water did enter: so that his bowels were turned to water, and the battle waxed yet more fierce. Many were the teeth that were lost on that day, and great was the woe thereof: many were the trunks that were torn—you'll need time for that one.

But the men of Leeds were victorious. So that, at the sixth hour, the men of Leeds took to their cups and did wax exceedingly merry, for in the Union of Birm. is a bar. So that they did speak of the Boonion Yawl, and the "Say. Gee. Are." which they said was a Lead Doss. And they saw many beautiful dancing women, for it was an hop.

But the men of Leeds grew weary and wished to return whence they came: but they were sore afraid, for they were on a beast which was called Tram, which did shake and did sway and did growl. In the tram was a dulcimer, which was as sweet as a bell. Which did ring when the beast was an hungered and did ring again when it had received the sacrifice.

And the men of Leeds entered the caravan of the G.W. & R. and they were glad, for it was the eleventh hour and they were exceeding weary, so that a deep sleep came upon them. And the caravan did move. But they knew it not for they slept. And they came to the parting of the ways where did lie a caravan which was to take them to Leeds. But they knew it not for they slept. And it was called Derby.

And they lifted up their eyes and looked out. But it was dark. So they slept.

And a second time they lifted up their eyes, and they saw a light. So they awakened. And it was the second hour. So they left the caravan and they looked and behold! they saw a notice.

And it did say "YORK."

And they were not amused.

And the evening and the morning were the first day....

E.C.W.

Liberal Club.

So far, this term, a successful meeting was held when Philip Fothergill, Chairman of the Party Executive, addressed the Club. He said that the Party would definitely put six hundred Liberal candidates in the field for the next General Election. Future speakers this session will be: Elliott Dodds, Ronald Walker, Hubert Philips ("Dogberry," of the *News-Chronicle*), and Major McCullam Scott. Keep a look out for further announcements of these attractions.

J.F.T.

Chess Club.

Most male students to-day at least "know the moves," and even with this basic knowledge, chess played in the J.C.R. seems to yield many light hours of argument and altercation. Even in the Medical School, the "chess set" entertains many people, and one game changes hands many times before reaching a conclusion. Indeed, so great is the enthusiasm, that a new variety of chess has been invented there—with an appropriately lurid pseudonym. To those who want to study the game more deeply, however, *e.g.*, to know exactly when to cough, hum, or upset the board, I can do no better than recommend the Chess Club, which meets on Mondays at 5 p.m.

First formed about 1906, the Chess Club has one of the longest and most successful records in the Union. Great experience in match play can be had by playing against other Universities, and such clubs as Leeds and Bradford. Two major prizes are played for annually, the Robinson Trophy (which is the Chess Christie Cup), at present held by us, and the English Universities Championship. This year, a second team is being run, and we welcome new players.

Spanish Society.

We have been very pleased to find that so many people are now interested in Spanish that the number of members has already risen to 80 ; quite an achievement for a Society which is not yet a year old. As Miss Capp, the former President, unfortunately left us at the end of last term, a Special General Meeting was called on Monday, 28th October, to elect a new one, and we are very happy to welcome Mr. F. Earnshaw, a 2nd Year Honours Student, as the new President.

So far we have had two meetings. On 14th October, in celebration of El Día de la Raza, Mr. Dickinson of the History Department, and Señor Irizar, gave talks on Columbus and Bolivar ; and on 28th October, we spent an amusing evening learning Spanish folk songs, under the guidance of Dr. and Mrs. Brown. On November 11th, Señor Meana, of Manchester University, will give a talk on "Tontos y Locos." We do hope that everybody who is interested in our activities, especially Freshers, will come along to a meeting some time. If anybody would like any further information the Secretary would be pleased to supply it.

English Society.

After the comparative inactivity of the war years the English Society is once again a thriving organisation. This term we have had meetings at least once a week, which have had gratifying support. Prominent amongst these was the Society Social in November. The Committee have drawn up a programme for the rest of the year which will, we trust, be as well received by the members as were our debates, dialect readings, and other activities this term, and we may look forward to establishing the English Society once more as an integral part of Union life.

JOHN LLOYD BAILES.

Student Christian Movement.

Once more we are able to record a successful beginning to the year. The enthusiasm of both new and old members has made our discussion and study groups lively, while the friendly atmosphere which was so manifest at our Freshers' Reception has pervaded all our meetings.

We hope to have both a Christmas Party and a Carol Night this term, and are looking forward to these as a pleasant finish to the term's activities.

Finally, we would like to remind members and others who are interested, that S.C.M. holds a short prayer meeting in Emmanuel Church on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1-40 to 1-55, finishing in time for you to get to your 2 o'clock lectures.

Publicity Secretary.

Physical Society.

This session, the Society's membership has reached the record figure of 133, and our first two meetings have been well attended.

The Presidential Address this year was given by Professor Whiddington, and a large audience of interested students heard him speak on some aspects of "Science in the War."

The speakers at the "Student Speakers" meeting on October 25th, were W. D. Corner, who talked on "Speleology," and E. P. Wohlfarth on "Films." Free discussion and questions followed these talks.

A party of Physics staff and students visited the Grand Theatre early in the term to see "The Hasty Heart."

It is hoped to arrange further theatre and works visits during the session.

B. G. WHITE.

The Jewish Students' Association.

We opened the term's activities with a reception for Freshers. Since then we have held a debate, a dance and several successful Wednesday meetings. Our programme this term included an address by our Life President, Professor S. Brodetsky ; talks, discussions, socials and musical evenings designed to appeal to all Jewish members of the University.

RENEE COHEN.

Catholic Society.

Membership of the Society this term is remarkably encouraging—which fact we attribute to the alteration in name of the Society. So far this term we have had interesting talks by Mgr. Dinn and Mr. John Power, J.P., and an outing to Fountains Abbey (which has been—and still is—the subject of great controversy) was thoroughly enjoyed by all in spite of bad weather. The Annual Social this year, held on All Hallows', was a great success.

At the time of going to press two of our members are in London attending a Union of Catholic Students' Conference—several of which have been arranged for the session. It is hoped that numbers

present at the discussions, meetings and Benediction on Mondays will go on increasing during the rest of this term.

PATRICIA CORRIGAN.

C. of E. Society.

The Society has seen an encouraging increase in numbers this term. We extend a welcome to all newcomers, particularly to those recently returned from the Forces.

We were glad to see a large attendance at our first Corporate Communion, on October 11th, while the second, held on November 8th, marked the return of an old friend of the Society, Father Symmonds.

Mr. J. Raitt Brown, Secretary to the Ecclesiastical Commission, gave an interesting talk on "The Ecclesiastical Commissioners—are they Human?" at our first meeting. The Society is now looking forward to the visit of Archdeacon Hunt, of the S.P.G., on November 18th, when he will speak on his work in Matabeleland, Southern Rhodesia.

A.B.J.

French Society.

The French Society started the session with a Freshers' Social on October 10th, at which Freshers were welcomed, including many, ex-servicemen. At the A.G.M. Miss J. Holland was elected Student President and Mr. J. Sugden, Secretary. A play-reading of "Topaze," by Marcel Pagnol, which was very much enjoyed, was held on the 29th October. This meeting was organised by Mr. C. P. Barbier and Mr. R. Kelly—members of the Society taking part.

A varied and interesting programme has been planned for the rest of the term, including a talk on Ravel by Dr. Edward Allam, and a Christmas Party. We invite any student who is at all interested to join the Society, even if he does not speak a word of French!

Methodist Society.

You may wonder why there are denominational societies of the Union when there are two interdenominational societies already in existence. The Methodist Society was formed in 1940, with the express purpose of providing fellowship between Methodist students. This is still its primary aim, for by fellowship is meant so much.

Apart from being able to hold Union meetings, we are very blessed in having the crypt of Brunswick Methodist Church where we can meet Methodist students,

not only from our own University, but also from the training colleges, the Yorkshire College of Housecraft and Wesley College. This should tend to give us a wider outlook and it brings students together, offering them friendship as the first step towards that nobler fellowship which can be enjoyed by all Christians. At these Sunday meetings, and particularly at weekly Group meetings, we try to deepen our own religious convictions, to widen our field of vision and to discuss how we can make ourselves most receptive to seeing God's purpose for us in the University or college and be strengthened to carry it out. Thus we extend to everyone a very sincere invitation and, indeed, we do welcome all, Methodists or non-Methodists, who are at all interested in our activities. Even if you do not wish to join the Society, there is always the circle of students at Brunswick into which you can fit yourself for an afternoon's excellent free tea and a discussion or talk to follow.

We are also providing a means for old students to keep in touch with University activities and with their friends in the formation of an Old Students' Association, which plans to meet once a year for a Youth Hostel weekend and to have a termly magazine with news of students present and past.

M.E.C.M.

Agricultural Society.

The danger with some Union Societies, especially Faculty Societies, is that their programmes might drift into technical channels of little interest to members, and of no interest at all to anyone else. The view is held in the Agricultural Society that technical subjects should be left to lecturers, and accordingly, this term the programme has been concerned with matters as far off a farm as the Society's name will allow.

Instead of farming topics like Artificial Laumination and fertilizers, subjects dealt with have ranged from life in the Scottish Highlands to social problems in Trinidad, and in two film shows the choice of film was governed as much by consideration of technique as by what the films—documentary and scientific—had to tell. (Early next term a film on the T.V.A. is to be shown).

By broadening the programme in this way many non-farming people will find a number of meetings interesting if they keep an eye open for notices.

D. S. MacLusky.

Theatre Group.

This term the Theatre Group is attempting what is, perhaps, the most difficult task in its history—the production of the “Agamemnon” of Aeschylus. The play is to be presented in the Riley-Smith Hall during the first week of December, and later at the N.U.S. Drama Festival at Birmingham in the second week of January. Those who are interested can obtain further particulars from the Secretary.

There have been no play-readings yet this term, but it is hoped that some will be arranged soon. Notices will be posted to give warning of these events.

It was very encouraging to note the large number of Freshers who joined the Group this term, and we are looking forward with all confidence to a successful year.

RITA M. ALLEN.

The Debating Society.

Since the beginning of this academic year there have been various stimuli to increase the scope and frequency of activities of the Debating Society. Unfortunately, however, the student response has not been as enthusiastic as had been hoped, and due to the recent replacement of members of the Debates Committee, places made vacant by resignations, and by students unexpectedly leaving University, activities were temporarily suspended.

Nevertheless, it had been possible to arrange a Public Speaking Contest early in the term, and the winners of the Men's and Women's divisions both spoke on the superior merits of boiled eggs as compared with fried eggs. Mr. J. Rummelsburg and Miss M. Hetherington were easy winners, with Mr. W. G. Baines and Miss Joyce Anderson taking the second prizes. The Freshers' Prize was won by Miss Hudson, who spoke on capital punishment.

The most important event of the term was on Tuesday November 19th, when the L.U.U. Debating Society opposed an American team of two debaters. Leeds was represented by its popular President, Mr. D. J. S. Waterhouse, supported ably by Mr. J. E. Williams, and the American team comprised Mr. Norman J. Temple and Mr. Edward P. Dunn. The subject “Resolved that Patriotism is the last Refuge of a Scoundrel,” proved to be rather fascinating, and many members of the Union spoke from the floor. The

Social Room was packed to capacity and the enthusiastic audience appreciated the high standard of rhetoric, attained by the speakers.

Mr. Waterhouse was in his usual form. The American speakers took the subject rather seriously. The Chairmen of Debates, Mr. R. J. Mahabir, in welcoming the visiting team, expressed the hope that this important international exchange of ideas by representatives of the intelligent youth of both countries would be carried much further than debating.

Next term is the Annual Inter-'Varsity Debate, and it is hoped to arrange an attractive series of debates and other forms of expressions of opinion before this major event takes place. The main difficulty in the past has undoubtedly been the lack of speakers willing to take part in debates, but if this is overcome, we can look forward to a Debating Society worthy of Leeds University Union. That the talent is there, we have no doubt, but it is difficult, if not impossible, at times to seek it out. So the Debates Committee appeals to interested members to display some extra keenness in a big effort to bring this important Society back to the top.

R. J. MAHABIR,
Chairman of Debates, 1946-47.

RAG, 1946.

Despite the weather conditions on Rag Day this year, the result has been surprisingly good.

In all, £1,853 has been allocated to the charities listed below:—

Leeds General Infirmary	..	750
Leeds Hospital for Women	..	200
Northern Police Orphanage	..	20
Herzl Moser Jewish Hospital	..	100
Leeds Convalescent Society	..	50
Leeds Public Dispensary	..	200
Leeds Maternity Hospital	..	200
The Lady Almoners Fund (L.G.I.)	..	208
Yorkshire Society for the Care of Cripples	..	30
The Yorkshire Council of the British Empire Cancer Camp'n	..	50
The Linen League (L.G.I.)	..	45
The comparable figures for the previous years are:—		

1944 .. £2,800.

1945 .. £1,700.

Leeds University Old Students' Association

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS

WARNING !

If you have not yet sent in your request for tickets for the Christmas Functions DO IT NOW! The Caterers cannot guarantee anything at short notice.

In case you have lost your preliminary notice here are the brief details of the Re-union.

Friday, 20th December, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m., a **Dance** in the Social Room of the Union. Evening Dress optional. Admission by ticket: Single 3/6; Double, 6/-.

Saturday, 21st December, 12-30 p.m. for 1 p.m., a **Luncheon** in Refectory, Tickets 4/6, followed by the **Annual General Meeting** in the Staff Dining Room.

Applications for Tickets, accompanied by remittance, should be sent to the Hon. Secretaries before December 5th, accompanied, if possible, by a stamped and addressed envelope.

MEMBERS OF STAFF.

All members of the University Staff, with their partners, will be cordially welcome at the Dance and Luncheon, whether they be members of the O.S.A. or not.

INSURANCE.

Members contemplating taking out any form of Insurance should first write to the Hon. Secretaries for particulars of an arrangement we have with a leading Insurance Co., whereby a considerable reduction in the first year's premium can be obtained by the Insured, while in subsequent years a small commission is paid to the Association without extra cost to the member.

A.E.F.

LONDON LETTER.

The Annual General Meeting of the London Branch will take place at 3 p.m., on Saturday, 9th November, at University College, Gower Street, London. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance so that the London Branch can be officially restarted and the programme for the next year planned.

Since our last letter, we visited the Arts Theatre on the 12th July, and followed with dinner. A most enjoyable evening was had by all. On Saturday, 14th September, twelve members met for an informal luncheon at the Restaurant Albert, and afterwards engaged in pleasant conversation until late in the afternoon.

Many members seem unaware that families are welcome at all our gatherings, except on official occasions. We have been limited with regard to members when we have met in a Restaurant, but next year we hope to hold several meetings where this restriction does not apply.

New members are very welcome and ensured of a cordial reception.

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

LEEDS AND WEST RIDING BRANCH.

The Officers for the 1946-47 Session are as follows:—

President: Mrs. TUNBRIDGE.

Secretary: Mrs. BRUNTON.

Tel. 74512.

Treasurer: Dr. HALL.

Committee:—

Miss BENTEN.	Mr. CRUMMETT.
BRAMLEY.	COSBY.
SUTTON.	HAILEY.
MAY.	KERRY.

The first event of the season, a visit to Buckden, was a great success. A party of thirty members was taken in six cars (by the kind co-operation of the owners), to lunch and tea at the Buck Inn, while the afternoon was spent in walking. By the time this goes to Press we shall already have enjoyed Mr. Beckwith's talk on books, and further activities of note are:—

- Nov. 4th. Theatre. "Bullet in the Ballet."
- Nov. 20th. Brains Trust and Social Evening.
- Dec. 2nd. Musical Programme.
Mr. Fletcher of the
Modern School
(Social Room).
- Dec. 18th. Xmas Party.
(38, University Road).

In addition, though we have not this term been granted an Old Students' "evening" for Badminton, we still have hopes that by the kind permission of the Staff we may be able to play on two nights a week.

G. M. BRUNTON,
Hon. Secretary.

Leeds and West Riding Branch Letter.

41, The Drive,
Farrar Lane
Adel, Leeds, 6.
Nov. 7th, 1946.

A few alterations to this term's programme have been made, as follows:—

December 2nd Mr. Fletcher, of the Leeds Modern School, will give a lecture on Music.

December 18th. The West Riding Branch Christmas Party has been cancelled so that members can give their full support to the O.S.A. Dance and Luncheon.

Next term's programme has been arranged as follows:—

Jan. 13th In uniform but off the record. (A series of informal talks on army experiences).

Jan. 27th. "A visit to Czechoslovakia," by Miss Benten

Feb. — Staff Play—date to be fixed later.

Feb. 24th. Talk by Mr. Crummett, of the Textile Dept.

Mar. 10th. Play Reading.

Mar. 23rd. Excursion.

It will also be possible, by kind permission of the Stau. to play Badminton this term on Wednesdays, from 5—10 p.m., and on Saturdays from 8—10 p.m. All members who are interested are cordially invited. We have also decided that the Children's Xmas Party, which was so outstanding a success last year should become a biennial event.

G. M. BRUNTON,
Hon. Secretary.

G. W. FLETCHER.

Resolution passed by the Council of the University of Leeds, 16th October, 1946.

The Council has learned with deep regret of the great loss suffered by the University on the death of Mr. G. W. Fletcher, which has deprived the University of a good friend and a wise counsellor with whom his colleagues were looking forward to many years of active association in University affairs.

George William Fletcher was appointed a member of Council in 1937 and a member of the House and Estates and Finance Committees in 1937 and 1939 respectively. His shrewd and experienced judgment and his close contact with affairs as Director of many financial and industrial concerns enabled him to make a valuable contribution to all discussions in Council and its Committees, but it is especially in relation to financial and building matters that he will be remembered as an advocate of a bold and vigorous policy. As Chairman of the House and Estates Committee he had a heavy responsibility through the war period and his loss will be acutely felt during the coming phase of expansion and development. He appreciated to the full the need for the University to have an efficient—and happy—staff, and his sympathetic and keen personal interest, as well as his intimate knowledge of labour conditions in a wide range of industries were applied to this end.

Members of Council who will miss his cheerful presence at their meetings record their appreciation of the services he so generously gave, and send to his widow and family their deep sympathy.

With much regret we shall have to say "Farewell" this term to our Secretary, Mrs. Brunton. Since September, 1945, she has served the Branch with keen and refreshing enthusiasm, and her original ideas and delightful "sang-froid" will be greatly missed. We thank her sincerely and wish her and her husband and Michael a happy life in Sussex.

We are grateful to Miss Edna Sissons, who has kindly undertaken the duties of Branch Secretary, and ask that in future all communications regarding the Branch shall be sent to her at:

Lawnswood High School,
Leeds, 6.

D. TUNBRIDGE.

Re-union.

A re-union of Old Students of Oxley Hall and Lyddon Hall will be held at Oxley Hall on Saturday, January 4th, 1947, and it is hoped that Mrs. Moorman and Miss Scott will be present. Tea will be at 4 o'clock and dinner 7, and those who wish to do so are welcome to stay overnight. (The charge is tea 6d., dinner 2/6, bed, bath and breakfast, 4/6).

Will Old Students who are able to come kindly notify Miss Kathleen Heap, 43, Thursby Road, Burnley, Lancs., as early as possible. A letter that does not require an answer will be much appreciated.

Former House Secs. are requested wherever possible, to inform students of their own years who may not see this *Gryphon*.

K.H.

News of Interest to Old Students

BERENBLUM.—Dr. I. Berenblum has written as one of the series "Introductions to Science," published by "Sigma" a volume entitled *Science versus Cancer*

BLACKBURN.—Miss F. M. Blackburn was presented with a cheque, a book of signatures and a photograph on the occasion of her retirement from 6 years of service in the Department of Education in October.

CLAPHAM.—A memoir of Sir J. H. Clapham, formerly Professor of Economics and an honorary graduate, appears in the current issue of the *Economic Journal* from the pen of Dr. G. M. Trevelyan.

RANDLE.—G. O. Randle (B.Comm.) has been appointed Librarian to the Bank of England.

THOMPSON.—Professor Hamilton Thompson is the author of a pamphlet just issued by the Historical Association (General series, G.3), at the price of one shilling, entitled *Gibbon*.

BIRTHS.

RICHMOND.—To Mr. Keith C. (English, 1928-31) and Mrs. Richmond, a daughter, Yolanda Margaret Catterton. Mr. Richmond writes from "Aislaby," Pickering, via York.

RIDSDALE.—To Captain P. D. and Mrs. Ridsdale (formerly Margaret Wilson), at Hurst Hill, on April 17th, a daughter, Anne Celia. Mrs. Ridsdale writes from "Moor View," Hingill Road, Richmond, Yorkshire.

WADDINGTON.—To Dr. Peter and Mrs. Waddington, on October 27th, at Scarborough, a son.

MARRIAGES.

BARKER-BARTLETT.—K. C. Barker to Nancy, elder daughter of Mrs. and Mr. W. Bartlett, at St. John's Church, Toorak, Melbourne, on July 22nd.

BARKER-WEICHELDT.—A. F. B. Barker to Violet, only daughter of Mrs. and Mr. F. C. Weichelt, at St. Peter's Church, East Melbourne, on September 17th.

A. F. B. Barker was the initiator of the Leeds University Boat Club and its first Secretary. The suggestion of the Club came from boating experiences at Oundle School.

K. C. Barker was also a member of the University Club and has twice rowed bow when the British "eight" headed the river at Henli, Shanghai. He was also a member of the crew of four which broke the record from Shanghai to Henli, a stretch of approximately twenty miles. He has quite a little collection of rowing trophies.

Professor Barker's two sons have developed a very successful Wool Manufacturing business in Melbourne,

and have recently received a grant of six acres of land at Portland, under the Government scheme for the distribution of industries, upon which to erect a model factory. They already have running a small plant in the Drill Hall at Portland, which is usefully supplementary to the Melbourne plant and is showing certain advantages following the transference to the country.

NEW-KNOWLEDGES.—Patricia A. New (B.A. Hons., Geog. 1941–1944, Dip. Ed., 1944) to S. Francis Knowles (B.A. Hons., Classics, London University) on August 20th, 1946, at Doncaster. Present address: Combe Ridge, Combe Down, Bath, Som.

DEATHS.

BOLTON.—Emeritus Professor J. Shaw Bolton, died in November.

CHAMBERS.—Harold Chambers (Arts, 1942–1945) died suddenly on Aug. 26th, 1946, whilst he was on holiday in Scotland.

FOSS.—Group Captain G. H. Foss lost his life in October when a York Aircraft of the R.A.F. Transport Command crashed shortly after taking off from Dum Dum, Calcutta. Mr. Foss came up to the University in 1928 from the Leeds Grammar School and took his B.Sc. (Hons. Physics) in 1931. After teaching at Richmond Grammar School for a short period he took a commission in the R.A.F. and during the war

became Deputy Director in the Chief of Air Staff's department in the Air Ministry. He was awarded the O.B.E. in 1943. To his widow, formerly Olive Turgoose (History, 1930–33) the Association would convey its deep sympathy in the untimely loss of her gallant husband.

GRIFFITH.—Emeritus Professor T. Wardrop Griffith died at his home in Stainbeck Lane, Leeds, on October 11th, at the age of 85.

KERR.—Major Harold Kerr, R.E.M.E., of West Park Avenue, Roundhay, Leeds, has died in Singapore, at the age of 27.

LAWRENCE.—Captain Harold Lawrence (Medicine) was killed in October, when the motor cycle he was riding collided with a lorry at Huyton, Lancashire. He came up to the University from Roundhay School, Leeds, and after graduation served in India with the R.A.M.C.

LUPTON.—Mr. Arthur Wright Lupton, Lecturer in Pharmacy and Pharmaceutical Chemistry at the University since 1933, died at 345, Otley Road, Leeds, 6, on October 1st, at the age of 53. He leaves a widow and a son and a daughter.

The Gryphon wishes to acknowledge receipt of Strom, The L.G.H.S. Magazine, The London Hospital Magazine, Gentsch Studentenleven.

The Officers and Committee wish all Members a

**Happy Christmas and a
Better New Year**

Sir Bracewell Smith.

On Saturday, 28th September, Sir Bracewell Smith, an ex-student of Leeds University, was elected Lord Mayor of London. A native of Keighley, Sir Bracewell gained his B.Sc., and passed through the Education Department. Although he began teaching in 1907, he soon acquired control of the Park Lane Hotel.

Then followed a successful career in which he was a Member of Parliament from 1932—45 and took a prominent part in L.C.C. affairs. Last January he was knighted in the Birthday Honours.

Congratulations to the North countryman who has attained the highest position in the capital.



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