



The Grubphon

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS



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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.

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LOVE

by

THE EDITOR.

" a biological process with all the variability of life. In general it follows certain well defined lines but, as in a great piece of music, though there is a central theme there are endless variations."

WILLIAM BOYD writing on *Inflammation*,
p. 124 of *Textbook of Pathology*.

THE GRYPHON OFFICE is ideally placed for seeing Cupid at work in the Union.

In our frequent ascents to the Editorial level we often turn a blind eye on couples exchanging greetings outside the Union Committee Room and a deaf ear towards purring sounds on the catwalk outside our own front door. As we freeze our smiles into formal nods for our closest acquaintances, we steer a narrow course towards the desk on which our proofs await us.

When *The Gryphon*—ravenous creature—demands an overtime effort on our part, we tactfully avoid the light-switch in the passage-way: the searchings of our office key rattle an encouraging approval to our invisible guests who, disdainful of the crude publicity of the J.C.R., are having their courtship on a higher plane.

During our years at the Union we have witnessed the rise and fall of flirts, the harnessing of frisky colts and the taming of tempestuous shrews. We have noted with regret the dissolution of beautiful relationships and with joy the maturing of permanent associations.

To love is to embark on a voyage during which two people discover their individual capacities for adjustment to each other and as a combined unit to the society in which they are to live. We have been intrigued by the impacts of varying intellects, interests, temperaments and standards of value. Love has been fostered and destroyed, before our very eyes, by the reactions of friends and parents. It has blossomed in a day and withered in a year. It has produced the faith of fulfilment and the cynicism of disillusionment. It has eluded some who failed to grasp it boldly and has been destroyed by others in the rashness of a moment's weakness or despair.

Love can transcend the bounds of frontier and language; it may succumb to the first misunderstanding; but these are trials worthy of the great adventure.

Like the most enjoyable and vital things in life, Love is free. May we all find it and, when we do, may we partake of it wisely and well.

TO SAY THE LEAST

by

W. E. JONES.

THE LAW OF 1288 must have made quiver the hearts of Scots bachelors. It ordered that a woman's leap year proposal to an unattached man was to be accepted, on pain of a fine of anything up to a pound. Any Scotsman living up to the ill-gotten reputation of thriftiness would find such a choice delicate (to say the least); and one of our lesser historians has made so bold as to suggest that the peak which Scottish emigration reaches every fourth year might be connected with this problem. What is needed is a firm assurance from the Astronomer Royal that these fourth years do in fact coincide with Leap Years; but what with calendar changes, and the French Revolution (doesn't Thermidor sound so commercial!), and Daylight Saving, and the International Date Line (which indeed many cynics believe to have been invented by a man with a bissextile year complex), the chances of such a categorical statement are fast disappearing (to say the least).

I have been making a deep research into the whole thing, which is (to say the least) important. I have emerged staggered from my researches: I fear I lack the words to drive home to you the effect that Leap Year, oh, those fateful words!—(to say the least) has had on the history of England. I was horrified to discover that when Drake put to sea in 1588 he did so to avoid an imminent proposal by Elizabeth, who you will remember was becoming (as far as looks were concerned) a bit *passée* (to say the least) and who depended more than somewhat on Leap Years. He *just happened* to meet the Spanish ships: and while this proves what a great Queen she was and what a lot England owes her, I think it shameful (to say the least) that these facts have been hidden, as it were, under a game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe. I needn't add that his trip round the world was undertaken for roughly the same reason.

You can imagine my surprise at all this. But there is more: did you know that William the Conqueror, contrary to current legend, *shot himself* while out hunting in 1087 to avoid a proposal in the following year from the daughter of a baron who was, so to speak, hunting him?

But my tears came unbidden when I found out how the Beowulf story has been mutilated by critics and scribes. You see, someone has tried to hush up this (to say the least) parlous state of affairs. It is not generally known (and indeed, very few will admit it) that Grendel's mother, far from coming to slay Beowulf, came to thank him for ridding her of a pest of a son. She was (to say the least) struck by the power of the man; took one look at this prince of warriors, gripped his hand firmly, and proposed. Beowulf fought like fury to get away; and finally only escaped a fate worse than death by tearing off the ogre's arm. She drowned herself because she couldn't bear to live without either Beowulf or her arm.

The story that the Wife of Bath intended to propose to Chaucer is (to say the least) apochryphal.



POESIPHONE

A Socratic Dialogue,

by "PLATO."

I WENT DOWN TO THE KAFETERAEUS, yesterday, with Steupidysse. Sitting, by chance, with Socrates and Thrasymachus, we fell to discussing the Gryphonicon.

"Am I," asked Steupidysse, "My Brother's Keeper?"

"Surely," said Thrasymachus, "men do not set down words as they speak them. Were that so, we should have read 'My Brother's Caper.'"

"There were misprints, too," I said, "for the line about the adolescent rump should have ended not with a comma, but with a colon: *anger*, on the previous line, should have read *Hauger*, for that name was not mentioned elsewhere—a strange thing for the Gryphonicon."

"Then," said Socrates, "let us see if we can get to the bottom of this. I, for one, think the rump was a symbol."

"But surely," said Steupidysse, "this can have nothing to do with music."

"Certainly not," I said, "You do not understand these things which are written for posterity."

"Or for posteriority," said Thrasymachus.

"To me," said Socrates, "the style of this poem is not free, pure and childish, but constrained and immured."

"But what of 'I Look into her Eyes....' " said Thrasymachus, "was not that well done?"

"What is well done is not overdone," I said.

"How," asked Steupidysse, "can a spirit be filed?"

"One must take the rough with the smooth," said Socrates.

"And what of the children," said Thrasymachus, "—each one dearer than the last?"

"It is not always easy," said Socrates, "to understand what the poet means. Is it meant that each one is more expensive or more cherished than the last?"

"But surely," said Steupidysse, "this can have nothing to do with cobbling."

"It would seem," I said, "that the poet's capering brother was more in need of a tailor than a cobbler, as, 'middle-aged and frayed,' he fumbled the books."

"I well remember," said Steupidysse, "whilst fumbling the books in the Athens market, finding a copy of that rare book...."

"This is neither the time nor the place for such things," said Socrates.

"Then what of the rediscovery of Lawrence," I said.

"I was not aware that he had been lost," said Thrasymachus.

"But Arabia is a vast country," said Steupidysse.

LOWER

THE BRIDGE

by

G. A. OVER.



IN ABOUT TWO YEARS' TIME, if I continue to evolve according to schedule, I shall be a human being. At present I am a rather clumsy centaur, undergoing slow but pleasurable transubstantiation. The horsey half is a pre-war, science bred relic: the human being will draw life from the Arts. He will probably retain the hooves for effect.

Such hybrids, at various stages of emancipation, must be scattered in quite large numbers throughout the universities. Is it an emancipation? If you think so, do read on and let us wallow for once in blatant prejudice and indiscreet generalisation.

I was never a scientist at heart. (A pathological condition to be avoided). My Grammar School seemed to sort out boys and girls into either "Science" or "Arts" as inevitably as their mothers, eleven years before, had thrust them into either blue or pink frocks and pants. After one rather enjoyable year of tales of Archimedes in his bath, fascinating iron spheres and heated rings, we were asked: "Sheep or goats.... which?"

Girls fled to the God-given alternative of cookery, and we boys, noting that the Latin mistress was a short, stout horror, given to spitting on her scholars as she declaimed Virgil, turned to Physics. In effect, we chose our careers.

Five years later, we discovered that tourists in the Arts country needed a Matric.-Latin visa.... Accepting the inevitability of it all, I passed on.... H.S.C., Leeds, one year, two, the Army, release, return.... Return to what? The little physics I had sported was lost; dumped in Malta, pitched overboard into the Atlantic, shed in Germany. A new course, then? In a subject always loved, rather than tolerated, hated?

To find, on a short Leeds leave, that rules had gone with the sirens, and that professors were eagerly ready to help in all difficulties, was an astonishing experience. A real enthusiasm welcomed one into English House. Laughing references were made to "conversion," "the man who saw the light"; and the contrast with my memories of the Physics Department was staggering.

Were the staffs, then, so different? The effects of learning on personality are very strange, and though an air of aloofness, existence in a world beyond every-day experience, is common to most scholars, this world seems to vary with the subject dominating the mind. Both a Dr. McDunkle in a Physics Lab. and a Mr. Stilton-Bright in an English House may be "withdrawn" from life, but how very differently! The one in the chill, rarefied atmosphere of another planet; the other lost

in a dream-life of poetry ; vaguely tropical, colourful, enervating.... Universities are often centres of intellectual and emotional drunkenness. And a good thing, too.

Two University worlds exist side by side, ultimately complementary, but individually unconscious of the fact. I am glad to have left the one, and found the other. There seems to be more "humanity" in the new world (vague, woolly thought, my lad ! no wonder you were no physicist) —greater opportunity for the development of character, and more encouragement to take the opportunities. Saturation in the works of the great minds of all time is bound to have an effect on even the feeblest mind of the present time. Literary studies present, in the vastness of their scope, material for the development of a broad, "educated" approach to life rather than specialised ability.

When it is of worth, ours is an individual effort. Each student's contribution is essentially unique ; it is a part of himself, orally expressed, or put upon paper. Such work has deep-rooted value. Our breed, however, is inevitably mixed. We have pedantic critics and quibble-drunk wags who stand near to the scientific frontiers, relying for company upon a grey, sombre little clutch of grammarians.

But even these stand out brightly against the drab background of that other world. There, imagination is still-born. "They," the enemy, have no leisure-delight in their work. When problems are done, they will turn to the Social Room. (Their dancing, perhaps, has something geometrical in its source, something drawn from applied maths. in its execution....friction, impact, simple harmonic motion. It contrasts with the vague, undisciplined, elemental writhings of other schools....). Otherwise they will read Sapper ; or, at moments of edification, Eric Ambler.

The common ground of their studies is not shared with enthusiasm : their conversation is commonplace, stunted. If Thackeray, metaphysics and the heroic couplet are so well known in the Cafeteria, at the coffee level, why should Newton, calculus, and the exponential series wither at the swing-doors ? "Wit" descends among the scientists in cold showers of irony, squalls of sarcasm. Their lives are fully planned, their schemes of work prepared, and, living in this Army-like atmosphere, their politics are equally uninspired. "Progress depends on us !" they chant, with their horrid little atomic bombs up their waistcoats. All we who have "gone astray," and especially philosophers, are trilby-hatted spivs,



dependent upon the Great Ones for life. We are industrial waste products.

Meanwhile, discarded, we arty ones "unbosom" ourselves in conversation and in essays. We delight in this anatomical exhibitionism, and try to forget that we are but the bye-products of a red-brick University, who must tolerate sun-abandoned lecture rooms and sooty hovels until the two men and a boy finish work on the Arts Wing. Until then we must share the rooms (and acid fumes) of the enemy.

To me, this brings sadistic delights. A luxurious feeling of liberation accompanies the sight of differential equations on the black-board. A dull lecture on Middle English has been relieved by a glimpse of the second law of thermodynamics behind the lecturer's head. I can sport rag-tags of memory at dramatic moments, bluffing colleagues in Philosophy with chats on mathematical induction; proving Pythagoras gaily on a steamed mirror. I am even tempted to prattle technically on Shakespeare's imagery. (Article on chromatic aberration with its climax: $1/v - 1/u = 1/f$??).

All very silly, isn't it? 'And why "the enemy"?' * you ask. "Surely there is already too much emphasis on dissonance, little on reconciliation?" True. But reconciliation needs a two way effort. Even in the midst of a piece of biased flippancy such as this article, I would insist that it is the scientist who refuses to pull his weight.* He really does regard the schools of literature, history, and the like as slightly ornamental weeds in the 'Varsity back-garden.

The two worlds exist, and perhaps we hybrids, stimulated by intellectual cocktails, can help in their union. As it is, the severance is becoming more marked. Very soon, intermarriage between the groups will present problems amounting to religious disputes.... "And what is Johnny to be brought up as?" will become the household wrangle.

Mercy on us! It occurs to me that I am to marry a qualified scientist! But there will be no wrangle after all, thank goodness! for hers is that highly revered science termed "Domestic"

* "Disconcerting to note lecture-course on "Science and Western European Thought," launched by "the enemy" for our edification!

ST. JOAN

THE play which is to be produced by the Theatre Group from March 2nd—6th will appeal to a wide variety of people both in the University and in the city.

It will appeal because of the political feeling in it, or because of the wit or, combining both, because it was written by Shaw. The play is one of contrasts, comedy and tragedy, passion and self-restraint, worldliness and holiness. Comedy which runs brilliantly throughout is contained acutely with the austere and sombre dignity of the Church in the Trial and Cathedral scenes.

The play is being presented on a "permanent set," with traverse drops and tapestries for the intermediate scenes. This is the first production by the Group in which whole scenes have been "fied" and, if successful, will be due to the energies of the stage manager, Don Pantony.

One of Shaw's finest works, the play is, however, a headache to producer, actor and stage manager alike; to producer because of the very large cast; to actor because of the subtleties of the times; to stage manager because of his having to change the scenes in a blackout. This is to be an ambitious production by an "amateur" company who have spared nothing in their energies to present this play and they hope that the support they receive will fully and entirely justify their labours.

HUGH O'HARA.

Homage to C. Day Lewis.

[Mr. Day Lewis visited this University on February 2nd, when he addressed a large audience in the Great Hall on *The Colloquial Element in English Verse*.—ED.].

*I expected you young, jaw strutted as in pictures,
The line round your mouth, dragging it down, showing you an
Irishman,
The aspirated " T " determining internal rhyme, sardonic tone,
But time keeps no fixtures :*

*That hollowed and swallowed you, wore your face
To traditional poet-head, unlit your eyes from the flamy phrases
That disturbed us from cough and clatter, having proved you
placeless
When only places paid.*

*We are left, poet, with our hands clasped despairingly
Around the Third Programme (feathers to iron) trying to keep
our mind
Busy while the last destructive torrent gathers momentum behind,
Gathering momentarily*

*You who speak and I who listen to news of the old culture,
Traitor and true, we move with the times, head back with horror,
and those
Among us still who do not know yet how the main glideth,
and those
Who plunge on or who falter.*

*We have had our moment in the dark with love, in the light with
nature,
Have admired the progression from thing to mechanised thing that's
ours from birth,
Endured our youth, that unlike yours, was without hope except by
stealth
(When we didn't listen to teacher),*

*But now we may lean like you our lacks to the flood
While our feet shift slowly in the suck of too much water out of
control
And not the imperative pity of words, nor pity itself can compel
From that turbulence, good.*

MOLLIE HERBERT.

The Hands and



the Flower.

*And, growing in the sky, the lean winds blew ;
The April-widowed raindrops one by one fell down the trembling air
And white-robed, senatorial clouds swirled through
The crystal upperworld. The stage was set anew.
And in a little time a flower was there,
Whose lofty panicle of curved cymes and sepal'd spears
Revealed in stately solitude a crown of royal hue,
Black-purple, emerald-green, grey, gold and mountain blue,
Dazzling a dreaming rainbow into tears ;
Its roots drew succour from the sky ascending,
The clouds, the wind, the longue-tongued furrows of eternity forever bending
On ; a flower so strangely beautiful and fair
That all might gazing there despair
And, waning, wear despair on leaning lips
And hands outstretched. For as I looked the air
Was full of rearing hands and wrists whose finger-tips
Reached up to pluck the supple stalk on high ;
Hands broken, twisted, nipped and gnarled whose bones
Ill-shaped bore evidence of workshop tools and dry-
Rot window-cleaning, crook'd like telephones,
Hands that a petrol-pump might bear in time ;
Some gripped as if in anger, gaunt and greyed,
Some supplication shaped and softly prayed—
Reaching to pluck the stalk—
And others adagio sostenuto played ;
Some writhing from the gambler's sudden itch wrestled imaginary
playing-cards,
Flicking and missing, missing and flicking ;
Some splotched and spotted dribbled ink in spider-lines,
hot-column journalists and bards,
Writing and blotting, scratching and inking ; —
To grasp the flower — ;
Some still grew dank cigars from thumb
And index-finger, lethal-wreathing ; some
Had from the bleary jug's embrace just come.
A snake-house sea of ever writhing fingers. Wrists
Helped hands in corners only to fall to fists ;
Glazing and listless, Boiling and wristless,
Agnostic and eclectic, Feverish and apoplectic,
Reaching for the flower, Reaching and trying,
Trying and, eventually, dying.*

MICK SMITH.

COMMUNISM:

A RELIGION

An article by P. W. EDWARDS.

THE EFFECTIVE BASIS OF MODERN Communism appears to be the belief that Karl Marx discovered the Truth about society, and that the modes of application of that abstract truth are being worked out by the heirs of the October Revolution. Consequently (although its theoretical nature may be quite different) Communism *functions* in the world as a religion of revealed truth, and as a church. This is something we have seen before, and at the first hint of its recurrence in W. Europe we are entitled, perhaps in duty bound, to cry "'ware!" in a loud voice. For what are the consequences which follow, inevitably, from this starting point?

Even with the help of a semi-divine nature, the original teacher does not succeed in covering explicitly every question that may arise. Later circumstances call for interpreters. They differ. There are heresies, a canon of interpretations that are authoritative, a monopoly of instruction, and so—Orthodoxy. Within a century Paul has ousted Peter, Lenin, Trotsky. Gnosticism and anarchism are prescribed. It would be wise to wait for a longer historical perspective before equating Augustine and Stalin; but one can foresee this possibility.

In an Orthodoxy, all possible opinions are either contained, by implication, in the canon, or are false. From the moment, then, that Orthodoxy is defined, to discover something new is to fall into error. To look for something new is more than this, it is sin. If any opinion can be shown to be radically new, then it is wicked. Hence the atmosphere of recantations and retractations in the mediaeval world, which strikes a foreign note on the W. European ear, and was sounded again in the Moscow treason trials.

The general substitution of sin for error is the mark of a revealed orthodoxy. It is not only theoretically necessary, because Truth is known, and has only to be accepted. It is also practically inevitable, because a totalitarian education does not enable erratic thinkers to discover that they belong to a rival trend of human thought, often equally ancient and equally illustrious. Hence the bewilderment of a St. Joan who, put out of her church, has nowhere to go but into a conviction of sin, or obstinately into the fire.

[*Please turn to page 12*

COMMUNISM:

A SCIENCE

A reply by P. A. L. CHAPPLE.

ONE HAS ONLY to turn on the radio or pick up a newspaper to meet with some new attack on Communism. Our press, which was never conspicuous in its hatred of Fascism, and our politicians who were, with a few noble exceptions, quite content to sell Czechoslovakia to Hitler as the price of his war against the U.S.S.R., are abounding with the human values which Communism is alleged to deny! It would seem that our "western civilisation" is threatened.

However, the British people, notoriously obstinate, like to cling to the truth, and form their own views. Hence attacks on Communism have stimulated a thirst for knowledge about Communism. That people want to know what Communism really stands for is a recognition both of the integrity of its individual adherents, and the increasing importance of its collective leadership. The danger arises that any charlatan playing on public ignorance can erect his own particular Communist Aunt Sally for the purpose of "refuting" this "dangerous" creed.

Communism functions in the world as a science, both theoretically and practically; it is the science of social change, the consciousness of a working class grown to political maturity, and the reflection of all that is best and noble in man's environment. Since Communism is a science, it can never be a dogma complete or absolute. It claims to be a method of apprehending phenomena, a method of approach, and not a ready-made solution. The British road to Communism is different from the Russian (or Czechoslovakian or Chinese) because the objective conditions are different in various countries at various times.

Communism is not mechanical; it does not look at one country in isolation, but in its essential interconnection with other countries of the world Communism is dialectical. Dialectics sees motion, change as the expression of conflict or contradiction "in the very essence of things." The changing conditions of to-day arise from the conflicts of the past which are the reflection of contradictions in the real objective material world in which we live, think, and go about our daily affairs. "Im Anfang war die Tat"—and a political analysis must start with a profound knowledge of existing reality—and not merely some aspects of reality. Hence Communism demands of its adherents the constant and serious study of all the many facets of the world in which we live.

[Please turn to page 13

It is not quite clear why the Marxist estimate of human nature is as low as that which resulted from the idea of original sin. However, the notion that the opponents of Communism may be acting in defence of something they definitely believe in is not, in fact, acceptable. Just as the spread of the Mithraists, of the Manichees, of the Catharists, was not a matter of religious conviction, but an effort of the devil to undermine Christianity, so the objectors to the trial of Dr. Manin or the proscription of M. Mickolajczik cannot be moved by a sincere concern for democracy, or even for justice, but must be evil, capitalistic imperialists. It is the inevitable conclusion of orthodoxy.

By what means the orthodox defeat heretics is a matter of indifference. Success is the essential. When the Jesuits wished to crush the Jansenists but could not find anything censurable in their opinions, they found other opinions which were censurable, and compelled ignorant Sisters of Charity who knew no Latin to swear Jansenites had taught them. That is the kind of incident to which we should look to explain the fate of popular democratic parties in Poland or Hungary. As to the motives that move the orthodox, they may be infinitely complex. The Albigenians were poor Catholics, it is true; it is also true that their protectors were the richest and most cultured people in France, against whom a crusade was most profitable. Joan of Arc both claimed her individual right to judge of her individual inspiration and united the French against those very enemies who declared her heretic. The democratic parties of Poland and Eastern Germany were not, it is true, pure Communists; they were purely Polish and German.

It seems to make very little difference to the character of an orthodoxy whether it is spiritualist or materialist. Either way, it thinks human weakness in need of protection. After the final schism between the eastern and western churches, the Russian princes abandoned foreign marriages because of the peril to the soul of association with heretics. Up to 1848 the Romanoffs carefully guarded their subjects against proselytising by Catholic priests and forbade anyone born orthodox to leave his church. The case of the G.I. brides might have been deduced from these precedents.

Orthodoxies being so much alike, the non-Communist members of the French trade unions would do well to study (in spirit and outline) the quibbling legalistic methods of the "squeeze" applied to the Huguenots by the Catholics, to render ineffective the Edict of Nantes. And in general all those students of history who know what black ignorance, crime and cruelty have been let loose in the world by the notion of revealed truth—the affaire Calas, for instance, or the State of Massachusette—have a duty to sound the alarm. Human liberty is a young and weak growth, and the danger is real that all Man has won from the Christian he may lose to the Communist.

Contrary to Marxism, philosophical idealism (religion) does not see things in their interconnection, but metaphysically, statically. It erects a system of absolutes to which the world must conform. Hence it is dogmatic; its claim is to absolute truth. On the other hand, Marxism claims primarily to conform to the objective world and not *vice versa*; it can give only a rough approximation to the truth. It sets itself the task, not of interpreting the world but of changing it. Hence "theory without practice is sterile, practice without theory is blind."

However, if the world is conceived as being in constant change, and if there exist no absolutes, surely, it might be argued, Marxism lays itself open to criticism as a creed of political expediency. As a materialist philosophy, Marxism sees man as subject to certain general and particular biological laws. These are expressed socially at a certain level of production as a conflict between the possibilities of bettering man's lot, and certain given social relationships which hinder the utilisation of the productive capacity of society. For example, production is social; in a factory, hundreds of different individuals make say, a motor car, but appropriation is individual—that is, one or a small group who control the capital draw the profit. This leads to a conflict at every point between these two basic classes, the owners and the producer. This is expressed in terms of booms and slumps, poverty in the midst of plenty, colonial exploitation and misery, and bitter class struggles.

The very soul of man revolts against the degradation of our society to-day. The conflict of man and man expressed socially as a conflict of classes reflects a social diversion of labour where the useful workers by hand and brain, professional and clerical, must ally themselves together to end the profit seeking system which drives to increasing monopoly formation.

Man can only free himself from spiritual, political and economic bondage, in so far as he will consciously take up the struggle with his fellow men against the parasitic classes who monopolise and retard the development of the productive machine. In an age of abounding possibilities which is bringing only greater threats of misery in the capitalist world, it is in his interest to do this. But this long term interest may involve him in great individual privation to achieve this ideal.

Herein is expressed the nobility and essential humanism of Communist belief. Poverty, oppression, racial hatred, narrow nationalism, capitalism; we shall abolish these with the social system which gave rise to them. Internationalism, the brotherhood of man, freedom for the colonial peoples (misnamed commonwealth) socialism; with these we shall build a new world in which man for the first time will be able to develop his real self. Though the way ahead may be difficult, the future is ours.



A SHORT STORY

STRANGE MIDNIGHT

by

ROBIN SKELTON.

THERE WAS NO MOON, and the amber shining eyes of a black cat in a doorway were the only indications of any other life than mine as I trod the midnight street. The wind, that before had stirred the crumpled papers on the pavements to shudder wearily in their sleep, had dropped. The air was still, and the solitary street lamp at the far corner of the narrow street only emphasised the absences in the night; the absence of children's scurrying feet at marbles in the gutter, the gossip of housewives above their yellow-stone door steps, and the roar of distant traffic from the great world of the main street beyond.

I thought that even in the daytime this way was neglected: even while the city was alive with trams and newsboys, and chattering lunch-hour typists. No one would come and go except a child on an errand or from school, or the woman who "did for" number three off to the shop round the corner. Only at five o'clock was there any life, any realisation of the needs of man, for soon after the strident factory whistle had wailed lower to merge into the traffic's roar and rumble, and at last ceased, they would come home. Silently, except for the grumble and slur of studs on the cobbles, the bunches of men would enter the narrow way; no laughter, no joke, save an occasional mumbled "Good evenin'," and the wearied "See thee laater," of the drinkers. And the dark doorways would open as the crowd moved down the road, and the ranks would become thinner and the "Good-nights" fewer, until the last great body had shouldered its way through the furthestmost door, and the sneek clicking was the click of monotony's doom.

I walked along the cobbles, and my tread seemed loud inside the darkness; somehow terrible, before the mute doors and blind windows of life that slept, and dared not dream of to-morrow, for surely no dreams could inhabit such gloomy rooms as those whose heavy daytime curtains frowned upon the wan-faced children playing by the steps, and never twitched or moved at any disturbance; for the doorway is kinder to curiosity, and "the parlour" must not be disturbed. Surely there were no dreams of faerie laughter for the children of this street, and if the tattered picture book brought sunlight once in a while, eyes marred by smoke and darkness could not keep it long.

There was a brooding heaviness as I neared the last dark house, and children, old before their youth, seemed to be staring from the windows ranged behind me, and women with rasping voices silenced were standing, with clasped workaday hands, watching me. Was there a plea in those

dull eyes? Was there a shadow asking sympathy sighing from behind them in the narrow doorways? The lamplight grew brighter and nearer and I quickened my steps a little; the gaze of so much humanity made me afraid to think, afraid to care, though as I reached the corner I was certain I heard the rumble of heavy boots on the cobbles and saw with eyes beyond my will the black surge of mankind, husbands and fathers and sons, crowding down the street, and losing number one by one as the staring figures at door and window watched men detach themselves from the crowd; saw them come with lagging steps, and stood and waited.... It must have been a dream, for I saw no smile, nor did any doorway welcome, but through the leaden air ran a murmur of "Strike...."

I almost ran to the edge of the dark, then stood a moment underneath the lamplight, trying to collect my senses. I was eased to hear real footsteps following, though as they grew nearer, and a man emerged from the narrow street, I became curiously nervous. He was a little white-faced workman with a threadbare coat, and as I gave him the light he asked for his cigarette, I saw that expression on his face which I had only then fled from; and my hands were shaking, and to try to dispel such nightmare illusion I asked him where I was; pretended I was lost, or, at any rate, a little unsure. He named the road that I had reached in a reedy whispering voice, and then turned, smiling a little for the first time, to point the street I had passed through. "That's a funny street, sir," he said, "my wife's sister used to live there once. They say there's a ghost....first time I ever 'eard of a ghost in a city, though...." I didn't want to listen but he told the story, in a thin anaemic voice; the story of a man that died, and cursed his life with his last breath, and cursed the home that had been his, and the homes of all his neighbours. I could not help listening, and as, at last, he turned away, I held a curious match to the scarred enamel name plate on the street corner. The light flickered as laboriously I spelt over the letters, the footsteps of the departing story teller thudding, like some insistent hammer, on my mind. He was going back again down the narrow street he had left, and it did not seem at all strange to me (that he should come and go so aimlessly), as I studied the letters on the cracked plaque, but I was disturbed when, suddenly, the loud hammer stopped, and there was no sound but the whisper of the letters, spelling themselves over in my mind. The match was low; I paused to listen. The steps had ceased, without rhyme or reason, right in the middle of the road. No door opened or shut. No latch creaked. Only my breathing rasped on the air, and the thump of my heart as I listened. Silence. Bewilderedly, I glanced again at the plaque with a strange dread in my heart. Had I seen spirits? and was this, too, a spectral thing? It was rough beneath my fingers and I caught the words at last between my temples' thumping at the silence and strangeness in the air, and I started laughing....

I laughed as I made my way along the wide lamp-lit streets to my house.... But it never existed, that other one. There is no such street. I knew it, even as I stood before the plaque, and started laughing because there was really no reality at all, and no ghost to be afraid of, and no men to hear me, and because—Oh, how funny it is, how ridiculous—the lane was called "Prosperity"!

COME AND BE MY VALENTINE

“UNTIL NEARLY THE CLOSE of the 19th century,” says the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, rather archly, “the custom of sending ‘Valentines,’ *i.e.*, anonymous love-tokens, written or otherwise, on St. Valentine’s Day was fairly general. They gradually lost their original significance and the custom, where it survives, has been completely vulgarised.”

Which seems a pity. It is a sign of the times, however, that the delicate habits of our forefathers have now fallen into desuetude or become mere formalised routine. If you must *send* Her something, buy it, ready done up or printed on a card. Don’t *compose* anything—it will cost you an idea, it will need subtlety, it will need thinking about—and *there isn’t time*.

Yet Valentine sending must have had its advantages. All romance has its own particular problems and the preliminaries are not among the easiest: it seems to me that the actual boarding was much simplified when the anonymous love-token was in fashion. It was the very litmus of love. Its effect could be observed secretly and scientifically and if the result was negative—well, at least *face* was saved.

Interpreting reaction to a Valentine was as difficult as composing one, and far more interesting. There is a story of a youth who once sent a Valentine to a ‘bus conductress. It is of no importance what he wrote, but it went something like—

I see you each morning on the 8-49 :
I’m sending you now this Valentine :
Heart-throb, Passion, my Life, my Ange,
Take my love and keep the change.

and on three consecutive days he critically examined its effect: how she beamed when he got on, how she lingered over his ticket, the sad little tinkle when he got off. He thought his Valentine had been a wonderful success, but he found it on his door-mat on the fourth morning—returned by the Post Office—address unknown.

In all, I think the passing of the Valentine custom is a regrettable loss. Decay set in apparently with the year 1868, when Valentines were taken over by Big Business. Thus we find in Brand’s *Popular Antiquities*:

“An enterprising perfumer has this year (1868) endeavoured to impart to the ancient usage a somewhat novel character and has on sale a large assortment of boxes containing articles of millinery, singing birds, scents, and so on, in lieu of the simple letter with its enshrined mottoes, device or cartoon, which satisfied the taste of the last generation. So we improve upon our ancestors and, so to speak, *tread out*, old customs; for whatever may be the gain here in elegance and costly effect, the simple rites of the original fashion of St. Valentine are seriously tampered with and we are not sure whether there may not be a few still living who will regard this daring innovator with an unfriendly eye. What, we wonder, would Elia have said to him?”

What, indeed?

G. A. WAIN.



1948.

"As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away...."

—Dr. Johnson.

University Population.

"Men, some to business, some to
pleasure take
But every woman is at heart a rake."

Pope: Moral Essays.

Weetwood Hall.

"In those white cloisters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton
breath—

Each hour more innocent and pure."

William Hebington.

Devonshire Hall.

"Oh the doing and undoing."

W. S. Gilbert.

"...the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace—and nothing
said."—*Milton.*

Lyddon Hall.

"Here, where men sit and hear each
other groan—

Where palsy shakes a few sad, last,
grey hairs,

Where youth grows pale and spectre
thin and dies."—*Keats.*

Woodsley Hall.

"We're low, we're low, we're very,
very low."

Ernest Charles Jones.

H.O.R.

"They were a gloomy, seedy looking
confrérie."—

Samuel Butler.

Engineers...

"...shall triumph among young ladies
of indeterminate character."—

Ezra Pound.

Ex-Servicemen.

"Telling tale after shameless tale."—

Arthur Symons.

Soc. Dips.

"Farewell! Thou art too dear for
my possessing."—*Shakespeare.*

University Choir.

"——— so out of tune
Straining harsh discords or
Unpleasant sharps."—

Shakespeare.

Proposed Union Bar.

"Black spirits or white, red spirits
or grey

Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that
mingle may."—

W. Shakespeare.

The Brotherton.

"In the labyrinth there dwelt men of
all ages from mere lads to grey haired
old men who had entered late in
life."—

Samuel Butler.

Preliminary Medical Clerks.

"They examined his chest for a rash
And the rest of his body,
For swellings and lumps."—

A. A. Milne.

P.M's. L.C.I.

"A piteous corse. A bloody piteous
corse

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in
blood.

All is gore blood.

Shakespeare.

New Refec.

"Fish dinners will make a man spring
like a flea."

Thomas Jordan (1612-1685).

S.C.M.

"Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout heaven aint
goin' there."—*Song.*

Finals.

"Present Fears
Are less than horrible imaginings."—

Shakespeare.

Social Dips.

"It is not easy to fool little girls
nowadays as it used to be."—

J. Thurber.

To Dr. Rayner My Fossil Queen of '48.

" Loud Bawls do not a lecture make,
Nor a spate of words enthrall me ;
But I love you for your ginger hair
Though your knowledge doth
appal me."—

Dr. B-nn.

" That one may smile and smile and be
a villain."—S.

Prof. D-rw-rd.

" A figure that has grown so fabulous."
W. B. Yeats.

Mr. B--rn-.

" He multiplied as far as four
And knew what nine was taken from
To make eleven.
He could write...."—
A. A. Milne.

Mr. Wi---n K---ht.

" His flashing eyes
His floating hair
Weave a circle round him thrice."—
Coleridge.

Mr. Me-k-ej--n.

" A Bird in the Hand is worth two at
the Bush ? "

The Steward H.O.R.

" I have seen my head (grown slightly
bald) brought in upon a Platter."—
T. S. Eliot.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Br-ck.

" One face, one voice, one habit and
two persons."—
Shakespeare.

**Warden of Weetwood,
Mrs. R-dm-n K-ng.**

" Her slow eyes and parted lips gave
her the appearance of a woman who
did not know where she was, or where
she was going."—
James Joyce.

President of the Union.

" A proper man, as one shall see on a
Summer's day, a most lovely
gentleman-like man."—
William Shakespeare.

" I might call him a thing divine, for
nothing natural I ever saw so noble."
William Shakespeare.

D-v-d V-ck-rs.

" Yet I suppose him virtuous, know
him noble, of great estate, of fresh and
stainless youth."—
W. Shakespeare.

On entering the Bth***on.**

" What bloody man is that ? . . .
This is the Sergeant."—

Macbeth : Act 1, Sc. 2.

R-dn-y M-h-b-r.

" He is a gentleman that loves to hear
himself talk.
And will speak more in a minute
than he will stand to in a month."
W. Shakespeare.

P-t-r T-ll-tt.

" Sometimes he caught himself listening
to the sound of his own voice."—
James Joyce.

B-ll F-st-r.

" The first thing to do is to form the
committees :
The consultative counsels, the
standing committees, select com-
mittees and sub-committees.
One secretary will do for several
committees."—
T. S. Eliot.

B-ll J-ne-.

" He gets a horse laugh
When he mimics the staff
And even horser
When he imitates Chorser."—

A---ur -olla--.

" The Right was never Wrong."

St-nl-y B-rw-n.

" One whom the music of his own vain
tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting
harmony."—
Wm. Shakespeare.

M-k-.

" This inconstant belly."
Grant, Textbook of Anatomy.

H-n-r M. B-r-g-s.

" Stern Daughter of the Voice of God."
William Wordsworth.

A-dr-y M--d.

" Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy
shrill delight."—*Keats.*

Th-m-s H-o-rth.

" It was no use making him take the
pledge ; he was sure to break out
again a few days after."—
James Joyce.

-d-th F--lkn-r.

" She babbled and chattered and said
foolish things."—
Guy de Maupassant.

P-t P-dl-y.

"She was a frank mannered, talkative young lady, with a freckled face and prominent brown eyes."—

James Joyce.

K--t- S--p--.

"No Simple Man the Semple Man
Who almost is a Gentle Man."

M--r-c- H-y-s.

"His wife was said to be his master."—

Samuel Butler.

Pe-e- Ha--i--n.

"Lord, my heart is not haughty nor mine eyes lofty, neither do I exercise myself in great matters or in things too high for me."—(Psalm 131).

Pt*r C*a*p*e.**

"Whose flames about the world are so alarmed

We almost think we're roast before we're harmed."

T. *. S. L*n*am.

"Il faut souffrir pour -----?-----"

Prof. Bam* ***ree.**

"Get the sense and dem the gremmah."

D*n*1* Auin.**

"When he walks down Piccadilly
With a poppy or a lily
In his medieval hand,

Fa, la la."
(*Gilbert and Over*).

Lines

written on surveying
the ravages of beer on one's
reflected face in the mirror with
apologies to various personalities including
Colonel Tetley.

by "NICK"



*Is this the face that sank a dozen beers?
It was less pallid and less dissipate
Yestreen, 'twas glowing with the cup that cheers,
This stubble lay beneath the skin, innate.*

*But soft, what sheen from yonder eyeball gleams?
'Tis purest rose, where beautiful white should be.
How hard, in sober day's revealing beams,
To view, nor blanch, this ghost that yet is me.*

*Alas, poor tippler, quite chapfallen, thou'lt
Creep in a pretty pass from digs to-day,
The Union stalk with gait and aspect foul,
And muse, that he who drinks must doubly pay.*

*But at thy back in God's good time thou'lt hear
The stroke of six, the enchanted hour of beer.*

THE INTERNATIONAL DATE-LINE

by DEREK KING.

I WAS INFILTRATING into the coffee queue, when I was suddenly halted by a *Gryphon* scout with the peremptory request that I write something about "La Ligne du Changement de Date," as the French so prettily put it, in honour of its being Leap Year. Since a student's first duty is to enquire, I hazarded the time-honoured riposte "Wot, me?"

"After all," I reasoned, "there must be scores of articles on the International Date Line in circulation; I'll just visit the Brotherton and utilise a likely screed. Who's to know?" I couldn't have been more optimistically wrong. After three days of searching through magazines, encyclopaedias, bibliographies and an occasional copy of "Men Only," I had at my disposal several maps to show the position of the Date Line—none of them exactly agreeing; assorted diagrams, mostly of clock faces, presumably to make its function clear to the unfortunate geography student; one very learned article on its mathematical significance, of no value whatsoever for rehashing; one pair of hands covered in dust, and one splitting headache.

This was definitely not in my contract. It wasn't as though the wretched Line had anything to do with Leap Year anyway, this latter being a cunning device invented by the female sex for the sole purpose of ensnaring we gullible males and made possible only because the earth insists on revolving round the sun in $365\frac{1}{4}$ days and not in 365, as would a sensible planet. The Date Line exists because the earth confuses the issue by rotating on its own axis at the same time, thereby keeping the sun perpetually wondering where it is expected to shine next. This rotation takes approximately twenty hours to complete and from it we take our solar day; in that time, the sun is at its greatest height above any particular meridian (*i.e.*, line of longitude) only once. This moment is known as noon and incited Noel Coward to write one of his better lyrics. Since the sun shares, in some measure, the limitations of the human frame, it cannot be at its greatest height above two meridians at once, so that noon at the Greenwich meridian of 0° coincides with noon nowhere else. The earth rotates through its 360° in 24 hours; by mathematics (see *Very Simple Arithmetic for Arts Students*) it should take twelve hours to rotate through 180° , so that noon on the 180° meridian must be twelve hours different from noon at Greenwich. Because the earth rotates from west to east, making the sun appear to move westward, if we consider the 180° meridian as being west of Greenwich, then noon there must be twelve hours later; on the other hand, considering the 180° meridian as being east of Greenwich, we are reluctantly compelled to admit that noon there must be twelve hours earlier. As Greenwich Mean Time has been generally adopted as a standard all over the world and other local times taken from it, the meridian with a difference of twelve hours must be 180° from Greenwich. Here it was inevitable that Tuesday morning began as Tuesday night ended if travelling eastwards across it—a great encouragement to those eager for longevity; for the

poor unfortunates travelling towards the Americas, life was more cruel since they must pass from Tuesday night to Thursday morning and lament the disappearance of Wednesday.

Before Magellan's ship circumnavigated the world and thus re-established the truth known to the ancients that the world was indeed a sphere, no one had been concerned about the differences of time in relation to longitude. So it happened that Magellan's men put twenty-four hours between themselves and the good citizens of Spain with most unfortunate consequences; because, we are told, they were discovered by the clergy observing the Saints' Days on Saturdays. This was not quite the thing to do in the Spain of the Inquisition so that religious propriety was only satisfied after the men had been shaven and had done penance for their sin. Fortunately for the "nouveaux-riches" of to-day, a Pacific cruise does not require such drastic payment.

As the Pacific Ocean became gradually better known to Europeans, it grew increasingly obvious that the use of the 180° meridian itself as a date line was most unsatisfactory. Certain groups of islands, notably the Fiji Islands, are split by the meridian so that the settlers were in the peculiar position of having to change dates if they made only a short sea journey. One very canny Scot living on the small island of Taveuni put this apparent inconvenience to great advantage. With the aid of a ship's navigator, he built a store so that part of it was east, part west of the meridian. Since his religious beliefs prevented him from working on the Sabbath, his stratagem was not without point!

Unfortunately for such ingenuity, the Governments most concerned in Pacific affairs, led by that of the United States, devised a line that was purely artificial and did not touch land anywhere. The Americans ensured that the Aleutian Islands, although some are east of 180°, should keep the same date as Alaska; the Fiji, Tonga and Kermadec Islands, which lie mainly to the west of 180°, but which are British possessions in the Australian sphere of influence, adopted the same date as Australia and New Zealand. The year when this decision was reached seems to be shrouded in mystery and even to-day the International Date Line is discussed in text-books without any reference to it. Most authorities draw maps of the Line that bear little relation to each other and seem to be no more than figments of their imagination.

Though this artificial Date Line solved the problem for the island settlers, it did not free ships from date troubles. Before the war, when American citizens were accustomed to make summer cruises, there was always a rush for the most popular cruise of all—the one which crossed the Date Line on the evening of July 4th travelling towards the Philippines. As midnight approached celebrations grew more and more hectic, but instead of stopping then, the survivors could look forward with just cause to another twenty-four hours of convivial bliss.

With this sobering thought in my mind, I remember the Mad Hatter's words to Alice, "If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting 'It': It's 'Him'"; and it occurs to me that I have done Him enough disservice for one year, Leap Year or no.



PROGRESS and CIVILISATION

by

F. J. WEST.

A WELL-KNOWN STATESMAN, once stigmatised the ideas of another as those of the nineteenth century. Now this is a particularly glib and fallacious assumption that our century is apt to make, for it at once exposes two current ideas, namely that we are now more capable of dealing with our problems, hence the past is in some sense inferior, and secondly, that we have made progress. It is obvious that the keyword here is progress, and we must define it before we can go further. [It is important to know whether we have made progress, since it will have considerable bearing on our future conduct]. A useful definition is sometimes supplied: that progress consists in the ability of man to control his environment.

It is, of course, apparent that environment varies from age to age and that mental activity is a factor in it, since a man usually thinks before he acts. Environment, taking that to mean circumstances external to man, changes; for instance it changed considerably when Columbus opened up the New World; it changes in that the outlook of other people changes and different ideologies arise. It changes with the discovery of new deposits of oil, gold or other raw materials. In other words, the ability of man to influence his environment cannot really be compared from one age to another, because the environment is never the same. The result of this constant change means that it is never possible to measure progress, for progress really consists in each age being able to solve the problems confronting it, and all that really happens is that as society becomes more complicated owing to its environment, so our solutions become more complex. This theory will probably stand the test against history.

Feudalism is very much maligned. Actually all it was was a society organised for war on a basis of land tenure, and it solved the immediate problem facing society and incidentally provided a universal order for life. Of course it broke down when new problems arose and it is this constant challenge of new problems which prevents stagnation, and inevitable death to society. Yet one would hardly say that *because* people lived a thousand years ago they were inferior to us, for they had that ability to control their environment at the time and we can not be sure, at the moment, that we have, for there is a distinct possibility of the present disintegration of society. After all, even the twentieth century, with all its applied science, is still very much at the mercy of his environment. Four feet of snow and our scientific civilisation cracks! It appears, therefore, that civilisation, in the sense of material and technical factors, is not necessarily to be identified with progress and if the ability of man to influence his environment is a question of the mind and thought of a man, one ventures to suggest that the thought of to-day is not superior to the thought, say of Plato or Aquinas, for human nature has not changed, even if there is now a technical efficiency unknown to our forebears.

HINDUISM

by

A. SEETHARAMIAH.

HINDUISM IS THE RELIGION of over 300,000,000 people in the sub-continent of India. This religion has had a powerful moulding influence not only on the history and philosophy of India, but also on the many countries of Asia and Europe. Many millions of people all over the world have come under its influence to a lesser or greater extent. Now that India is politically free, there is no doubt whatever that her art and culture, science and industry, religion and philosophy will once again blossom forth to attain their full stature and shape her destiny. Free India will make a difference to the world and have the need to understand what Hinduism means and what it stands for.

Vedas (*Veda=Knowledge*) are the earliest recorded works on Hinduism. Rig-Veda, the first of the four Vedas was written about 15th century B.C. They are songs of praise and prayer to God and they are our earliest Aryan literature. They give a clear picture of the then existing social conditions. The Upanishads belong to a later date. They are records of famous debates held in forest universities by great sages who were seekers after truth. They embody speculative thought and philosophy. To every Hindu the Upanishads are what the New Testament is to the Christian. Schopenhauer could call them his own "Solace in life and death."

The Bhagavad Gita (*Song Celestial*) which condemns all the essentials of Hinduism from the Vedas and the Upanishads may be called the Hindu Bible, and it is, as it always was, extremely popular.

What are the distinctive features of Hinduism?

From the very beginning the spirit of enquiry and the search after truth have characterised Hinduism. Attempts have been made to find what gives value to our lives and makes life worthwhile. What is the meaning and purpose of life? And it is significant that this beautiful prayer, perhaps the most perfect of all mystical utterances, should be for enlightenment :—

"From the unreal lead me to the Real;
From darkness lead me to Light,
From death to Immortality."

This search leads them to make the great discovery that there is but one God, all powerful, all pervading, benevolent and merciful. They found the Real One behind the Seeming Many. The question they asked themselves was : who is the one whom men call by many names? The answer they found was : Him, the one Real, sages call by many names. Though people in different parts of the world call God by different

names, He is the one and the same, even as the rain water assumes different colours and shapes, depending on the soil on which it falls is the same. Again, God may be a giver of wealth to those who need it, a divine physician to the sick, giver of knowledge to seekers for it. They may even worship God in those forms, but it must never be forgotten that they are all worshipping the many faces of the same God.

Great importance is attached to the soul of man. It is distinct from the body ; it pervades it, is imperishable and does not die when the body dies. When the body dies the soul takes up a new body even as we discard an old jacket and put on a new one. There is only one Supreme Being : it and the soul are one ; and immortality consists in realising this unity proceeding on the assumption that all are of the same divine essence and therefore of equal worth and entitled to the same fundamental rights, Hinduism yet hesitated to take the bold steps essential to realising this end to the fullest extent. This is probably because there is such a thing as degeneration of accepted ideas. If this is not set right, the suffering of our day would be without meaning and justification.

The well-known Karma philosophy, which lays great stress on the purity of not merely ends, but also means accounts logically for the inequalities of man. Why should one person be so different from another in his abilities, in his circumstances, in his character ? It must be due to their past Karma : actions in a previous birth. Karma has not merely a retrospective aspect, it has also a forward look. It is not merely effect, but it is also cause. Our past Karma determines the kshetra, the field of our life. It is our duty to make what we can of it, and that will determine our future life. This cycle of births and deaths, which may be compared to a railway journey from station to station, goes on till the soul reaches and becomes one with God—the final God.

One has one's rights which can not be divorced from one's duties and obligations. In fact "all rights to be deserved and preserved come from duty well done." Though both rights and duty are important, the great stress has been on the latter. One has to practice non-violence in thought, word and deed and learn to love all God's creatures and must eschew cowardice and practice fearlessness. It has long been recognised that it is essential to liberate not only bodies from starvation but minds from slavery and fear.

Tolerance has been the keynote of Hinduism, and during the thousands of years of its history it has never sought to convert people of a different faith. The attitude taken is that all religions are like different paths, which lead to the same God, even as the mighty rivers, though they seem to flow in different directions, all reach ultimately the same ocean.

A man's life is divided into four Ashramas (stages or periods) of about 20 to 25 years' duration each. The first period is spent in acquiring knowledge as a student. The next stage is one of a married person, a householder. A householder is enjoined to practise non-violence, speak the truth, have a living bond of compassion with all living objects, control his passions, be hospitable and of charitable

disposition. After this stage he is ripe with knowledge and experience to enter public life and do service to his people and country. The last or fourth stage comes when he is well past 70. He then spends the rest of his days in quiet, calm places, away from the din of cities in communion with God, having control over desire and egoism.

Society is classified into four broad guilds or castes, their function depending on the aptitude of the individual. There are the learned men whose main preoccupation is knowledge. They are the priests, teachers and interpreters of law and morality. Next come the professional warriors, who rule the country and protect it from external aggression. The function of the third guild is to develop trade and commerce and agriculture. The unskilled workers have a separate guild of their own. Their castes are to work in harmony with one another as an organic unit. This flexible caste system helped to maintain the skill of the guilds, gave a stability to society and still holds Indian society together. This system during the course of several centuries gradually hardened into a conservative force for good as well as evil, and Indian patriots now seek to reform it.

Hinduism, which indeed is a way of life, has gone through many vicissitudes during the past 4,000—5,000 years, but yet it not only survives but there is an amazing continuity. It has incredible vitality about it. In times of difficulties, distress and danger one always remembers the promise the Lord has made :—

“ When Righteousness
Declines, O Bharata ! when wickedness
Is strong, I rise, from age to age, and take
Visible shape, and move a man with men,
Succouring the good, thrusting the evil back,
And setting Virtue on her seat again.

It is because of the foundation built on this rock of religious belief and its own intrinsic self-rejuvenating merit that Hinduism survives and flourishes. So the soul of this ancient yet modern religion, a religion which age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety, lives on, a friendly but detached calm its true expression.



CHRISTMAS HANGOVER

by
GEORGE HAUGER.

IN THE WORLD OF PERIODICALS, Christmas lasts from Autumn until Spring. As soon as Summer shows signs of collapsing with its inevitable and frightening suddenness, magazine committees begin to suck feverishly at their trickling fountains of ideas for Christmas novelties; yet when the only remaining evidence of the festive season is a certain persistent flatulence, the Reviews Editor is knee-deep in copies of Christmas numbers from his contemporaries. *The Gryphon* thanks the Editors of *The Gong* (Univ. Coll., Nottingham), *The Mask* (Royal Tech. Coll., Glasgow), *The Morleian* (Grammar School, Morley), *The New Durham* (Colleges of Univ. of Durham), *The Northerner* (King's, Newcastle), *Smith* (Goldsmith's Training Dept., London), *Sphinx* (Univ. of Liverpool) and *The Torch* (Univ. Coll., Hull) who, together with our old friend, the Editor of *The London Hospital Gazette*, have sent us the December issues of their magazines.

Unlike *The Gryphon*, none of these magazines showed its readers that the staff thought Christmas worth marking or honouring in print, yet few of them failed to produce a number which, in the more sober moments of the vac. was not at least as rewarding to read as our own publication, and one or two printed photographs of a lavishness unknown in our pages. *Sphinx* wasted some of its beautiful glossy paper and some of its sorely-needed (according to the Editorial) money on a stupid picture, but *The Gong* reproduced six superb photographs (two in sepia) amongst its well-arranged literary contributions. I consoled myself with the conviction that our line cartoons and decorations leave any other illustrations in these magazines a long way behind.

A short story, "The Rickshaw," and an article, "Existentialism," both in *The Gong* were by far the most satisfying productions in their categories in all these journals. They had a shape and purpose which made reading them tremendously pleasurable and satisfying. I hope I shall goad our contributors into exercising the most ruthless self-criticism when I declare that *The Gryphon* has published almost nothing of such a high standard as these pieces for at least the last three or four years.

Taking off my hair-net and laying down my cigarette-holder, I turn to the poetical effusions our contemporaries blazon across their pages or use as fill-ins after articles of awkward length. Like ourselves, other university and college magazines print those verses whose significance exists for the trembling soul of the writer alone: like ourselves, they print a great deal of humdrum "poeticisation"; and, like ourselves, they print one worthwhile poem in a thousand. Unlike ourselves, however, they do print a fair quantity of verse, even if serious attempts are sandwiched between "Thwaite Notes" and "Camp Hall Notes," as in *The Torch*. Taking off my wig and lighting my pipe, I am at liberty to grumble that the whole lot of university and college magazines haven't got a comic poet worth his salt between them. Oh, I know we have—but he sticks to *Union News* with his verse.

Had our own Editor with his all-embracing and original ideas, our own cartoonists, the photographers of *The Gong*, a couple of the best writers from *The Gryphon* and a couple from each of the other magazines been given ample sufficient backing and commission to turn out a Christmas number, the result would no doubt have made us take the necessary two steps forward to catch up with our eyes. I am sure, indeed I hope, that Leodensian patriots will indignantly protest that we have the resources for a first-class magazine in our very midst. I agree, my friends: it is indeed true. But why . . . ?

Baalbek.

*Faint the sweet smell of sweat
Stains the still air,
A lying figure, damp faced
Twists
Moans.
Sanctuary from heat and glare,
Hot dust,
flies,
light
Physical, hurting the brain
(Narrow, weary eyes)
A polished brazen bowl
Monotonous infinitude
Of dreary Eblis.
Only blood on the ground
Scarlet incredible
A poppy in the dust—
Else camel grass,
desiccated,
brown—
Lizards bask on shattered temple steps
Columns against the pale blue sky.
Silent,
deserted,
in deepening sand.
Here we lie
Conquerors
Conquered
Wholly, utterly,
By the Sun God.
Passed now
But the world is mad
Still.
Shall we have to return
—bloodily huddled
awkwardly across the sand—
And sacrifice ourselves
More fully?*

W. SHARPE.

TIME and Mr. ELIOT

by M. D. H.

DIFFICULT AS IT IS not to be difficult when discussing time, perhaps, as Mr. Eliot has devoted so much of it to its discussion, we might hazard a look at his Four Quartets with the idea of Time in our minds. I believe his conception of Time to be the traditional conception of the mystic. If I were bold enough, I would refer to Dionysus the Areopagite; I would also refer to the Upanishads. But I am not bold enough. Instead, I will ask the reader, with the Four Quartets at his elbow, to venture with me into this fearful mystery. The relevance of the expedition's taking place now and at once will be apparent when I remind him that this is that most complicated phenomenon, a Leap Year, in which it seems most appropriate to disturb such a disturbing question.

We are aware at first, on beginning *Burnt Norton*, although we are ourselves in time, of the timeless world about us, linking up with light on water, and the eager life of children. Blood is life, and in its limited motion is one with the life of the tree and the star. Comprehension is the still point of life: in time, but also in complete accord with timelessness: in itself out of the world, yet partaking of the life of the world. The still point is the intactness of Life itself, to which Eliot relates the occasional consciousness allowed to man, but to which he does not relate the equally occasional moments of sheer happiness, which belong solely to life in time. Time is necessary to man, because only by means of it can eternity be won:

Only through time time is conquered.

Here and now contains only half things: men and bits of paper

Distracted from distraction by distraction,
no daylight and no darkness (which is the darkness of God). Two
ways lead from the metallised progress of the world in time, one is
negation and internal darkness, the other is negation and internal light:

not in movement

But abstention from movement.

With or without the help of Nature, the still point of comprehension
still contains the light.

Quietly and impatiently, Eliot accepts the futility of words which cannot carry the whole meaning of the oneness of Time, the immortality of not the particular words or music, but their universal shape or significance. He states the difference between desire, which is movement,

and love, which is still, unique and timeless. Half-amused, half weeping, he recognises that the bulk of man's life in time has nothing to do with life.

The procession of birth-to-death in East Coker is explained in terms of building, removal and decay ; the last end of ashes to dust being the first beginning of new growth. The reader is involved by the location of the country lane leading to the village : the light falling, directing his attention, on the open field. In the open field is contained the whole life of the earth, of the immortal earthbound peasant whose daily ritual is the living everlasting ritual of earth. Dawn, which finds him in the country, might as well find him on the sea : there is contrast, but only of location. Seasons and tenses are alike confused in an effort to indicate the irrevocable nature of Time, which is three tenses, four seasons, always and at once.

Now he condemns those old men who have lived " full " lives, and derived their knowledge from experience. The pattern of such knowledge is false, always shifting, unlike the constant pattern of the still point, the comprehension of which is nothing to do with longevity.

The darkness of God, which is the uttermost end of excessive light, is the life of the still point, in which all motion is contained. The odd moments of comprehension through happiness in time are only pointers to the end of time, birth and death. Then comes a reiteration of the paradoxical mystic code, in which renunciation is the equivalent of possession. The conscious poet* is compensated for his consciousness : he and time can be at peace, although greater contact has to be sought with the " still and still moving " other intensity.

In *The Dry Salvages*, the emphasis is still on rhythm : the rhythm of the river is the rhythm of the seasons, the rhythm that drives the sea and compels all Nature is the time older than chronometers, still, unchanging and endless. Man cannot imagine any future, which unlike the past, will have no destination, because the dimension he understands when he thinks of " past " and " future " is apart from that understood by the saint only, the reconciliation of past and future in Incarnation.

The concepts Eliot has used to convey his meanings are used again and amplified in the last of the *Four Quartets*. The seasons' confusion, the indifference of location, " the intersection of the timeless moment " with time return. Where one is is *The Place*, when one is is *The Time*. Curiosity cannot be fulfilled, only the capacity for fulfilment. Now the world in time and the world outside time lose their particularity : " two worlds become much like each other." Liberation from time is achieved by Love, which is still, unique and timeless overcoming Desire, which is movement. Echoes of the mystic creed revive as the poem ends :

the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

Sithean.

*On a sallow tuft in a grizzled fen
Sat a bent, old, one-eyed fairy;
In her miry booth in a crooked glen
Lived damply One-eyed Mary.*

*A conical rock was her clumsy shrine
And her priest was an alder tree.
A goat and she knelt down to dine
On pond-weeds prompt at three.*

*On this island knoll, her splintry hame,
She'd whisper all day long,
And even the reddish adders came
To join her in her song.*

*A sinewy stream and a cauldron wan
Would sing soprano clearly,
And a piebald trout watched what went on,
And a sheep sang bass or nearly.*

*But a willow arched her curved ribs
And the list'ning mist was frightened,
So One-eyed Mary went to sleep
And thus were few enlightened.*

MICK SMITH.

Love's Labour's Lost.

*This is the century when we do not die
For love, love's conception, love's plastic sensuousness,
When we suffer the slight for which there is no redress,
When our wounds seem red, seem deep, but easily dry.
The ground's struck from us of rare misery,
The thing itself's so thrown, so netted round us,
And love that moves outside inverted commas
Shares in the comedown, democratically.
So in these years when I might have died for love,
Wrung my neck, or your own, inviting poets
To phrase us in the terms of literature,
I have supported movements, and austere
Philosophies, whose precepts never throve,
And filled that file marked "Eloquence" with notes.*

MOLLIE HERBERT.

Mockery.

*I shall trace my rose on the wind
On Friday,
And frame its dust myself
'Neath an empty tree.
Two years hence,
I shall find your scattered liveness,
My kitten,
In a dozen English meadows.
I have ridden oceans,
Built stone eternities . . .
Who shall boot the fragments
On a lakeland peak
That were me ?
Why do I laugh ?
(So soon, so swift it will be).
Do I laugh because the mountains laugh ?
Or because I hold a rare diamond in my hand ?*

HAZEL M. TOWNSON.

Chansons du Cabotin.

*Au bal ce soir, memes visages, memes mines,
Memes copains et memes copines.
Memes boutades et memes chansons,
Meme écharde au coeur et meme ton
De mirliton. Pauvre pantin pathétique,
Qui pleure en sourdine tel les violons !*

*Mon coeur n'est qu'une pauvre boîte à musique
D'amour tout fait, en tape-a-l'oeil, rempli.
Un nickelodéon chromé, mécanique
(Dieu, faut-il tout de meme y accoupler l'ampli ?)
Pour que, tambour battant, dans le délire musical
Ma vie puisse sangloter dans la tabagie d'un bal.*

S. J. COLLIER.

HALL and SOCIETY NOTES

WOODSLEY HALL.

Our Christmas Dinner last term was a great success and the Matron and Staff are to be congratulated on serving us with a marvellous meal in the traditional manner. During his speech the Warden expressed the Hostel's sincerest good wishes to Bill Hornby on his engagement and approaching marriage and presented him on our behalf with a small token of our regard. The party which followed was well up to Woodsley standards with Ted ("Holiday Camp") Wigglesworth organising the chaos in general. The acting of some clever charades, written by our President, was the most hilarious "do" we've had for a long time.

As usual, no work was done during the vac.—or so we're told, comments varying from "Didn't do a stroke" to "Marvellous time—can't remember a thing!"

The Hostel Meeting this term ended on an optimistic note. We felt that there was hope for us yet. Preparations were made for our next social, which promises to be better than our last.

As far as the world of sport is concerned, George Barbier was presented with the Indoor Sports Trophy. He's rather disappointed really because the trophy is up for competition again this term and it looked rather good on the mantelpiece for feminine adoration. Still, best of luck this time, too, George. Basket Ball started badly this term, but with more practice and having worn off the vacation sloth we should do better.

Otherwise life proceeds quietly in this haven of rest, the only sounds heard being the click of billiard balls, Pete Wells trying out some new harmonies on the piano and the President murdering the old, and above all, our Australian intellectual trying out his pungent wit, to the accompaniment of much laughter—his own.

L.J.T.

H.O.R. NOTES.

Last term saw us back to our pre-war numbers. Our last and most distinguished guest, John Parry, took the plunge into matrimony during the summer vac. and we welcomed an influx of ex-servicemen. "And there we were, cruising at 28,000 feet!" they said, but exam. results shot a lot of us down!

We were glad to welcome a good number from the University to the Carol recital and it was generally agreed that Jim Duffy and the choir maintained the somewhat austere standard to which our visitors are accustomed.

A new departure was a series of lectures on Christian Apologetics open to any who might be interested. Apparently few were, maybe this was due to poor advertising; or was it that the average war-hardened ex-Service student is confident that no one can tell him anything new about a science-exploded superstition?

The term ended with a sumptuous Xmas repast; a spate of speeches (mostly veiled insults) and then a very amusing concert by the First Year. All this occupied about four hours and there was every excuse for the student who replied to the (Oxford) Warden's usual kind enquiry: "Are you tired?" "Yes Father, tarred and feathered."

METHODIST SOCIETY.

The Methodist Society takes this opportunity of giving a welcome to those people interested in the Society who have not yet been to any of our meetings, especially to those day students who cannot come to the Sunday meetings at Brunswick. We would like particularly to bring to their notice the Tuesday Group Meeting at 5-15 in the Union, and the Thursday Prayer Meeting at 1-30 in Eldon Church.

Watch out for notices announcing further meetings. Any enquiries should be made to Rosemary Godman (Women Day Student Representative) or Roland Hughes (Men Day Student Representative).

Catholic Students meet at Leeds.

This term the Leeds University Union Catholic Society has the privilege of being the host at the Union of Catholic Students' Regional Conference, held on February 28th and 29th. Students from all universities and colleges in this region are expected to attend, and a Social will be held to give them the opportunity of meeting students from all faculties.

Also this term, in response to the request of Medical Students after the talk on "Birth Control," Father Hennelly

agreed to address the Society on the subject of "Abortion." All those interested were most welcome.

Spanish Dancing Display.

A display of Spanish dancing is being arranged and will be open to all. "Zarzuela," "zarabanda," and "flamenco" may soon be household words. Perhaps even a Fiesta in R.S.H. might be arranged with gypsies and guitars! Quien sabe?

This term student members have been persuaded to reveal their frolics in Spain, and have shown their undoubted superiority by defeating the Committee "experts" answering "veinte preguntas" (or twenty questions).

Forthcoming production

"Saint Joan."

No sooner had the last curtain fallen on "Athalie" than Theatre Group was considering its next production. This is to be George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan." It is to be produced by an ex-Service student, and is unusual in that two actresses have been chosen to play the part of St. Joan.

Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" was chosen for a Playreading early this month.

Open Meetings planned by L.U.C.U.

L.U.C.U.'s programme for this term carries a new enterprise. Three "Open Meetings" have been planned with the object of explaining clearly what the Christian Message means to the Christian. It is hoped that all who are interested will find time to drop into one of these Tuesday "Opens" at 5-15 p.m.

The beginning of the summer term will see a notable event on the L.U.C.U. calendar—a Youth Hostel Week-end.

Valentine Social to be given by the Geographical Society.

Bright spot of the Geographical Society's programme this term was the Valentine Social held on February 14th. Also arranged is an excursion during the Easter Vacation similar to that arranged at Christmas, when a group of stalwarts set out to savour the attractions of the Yorkshire Dales, and Youth Hostels.

The proposed visit to the Coal Face had to be cancelled for fear of possible effects on coal output, and was replaced by a very instructive visit to a Steelworks.

Best of Luck to them!

This term the Choir and Orchestra combine to produce their most ambitious programme yet. In March they will give Bach's Mass in B minor, in the University Great Hall.

In lighter vein, several informal evenings have been arranged, when members of the Society sing and play, either solo or in groups. These informal evenings started last year, are intended to unearth and encourage hidden talent in the Society.

Doctors, too, must be protected!

The last two meetings of the Medical Society have revolved around the relationship of Law and Medicine.

Last term Mr. Justice Hallett found time to come to the Medical School from his dealings with criminals at the Leeds Assizes. He gave a very interesting talk on "The Law and the Medical Profession."

This term Dr. Durand, Secretary of London and Counties Medical Protection Society, discussed Law from a medical man's point of view. It appears that newly qualified doctors can never be too careful when signing certificates, whether for death, insanity, or hot water bottles! He enlivened his talk with lurid examples of the downfall of doctors who failed to keep records, and the dangers of prescribing in ampoules instead of in minims. So, beware Medics!

The next lecture will be given by Prof. Gibberd on "The Private Life of the Fœtus." A large attendance is expected!

Mishap befalls Principal Girl.

The Xmas Coffee Party for Nurses given by Medical Students, was once more a great success. As usual the evening started with a concert, the first half being devoted to sketches and individual turns, and the second half to a pantomime. The pantomime told of a little girl, Red Riding (surname) Hood. Unfortunately, on the morning of the performance the principal girl broke his arm, but in spite of this he rose to great heights that evening.

Following the concert the guests were given supper, and the rest of the evening was spent—dancing!

PAT BROOMHALL.

SPORT

Report by MAURICE J. HAYES.

Rugger.—Medics. v. University.

The Annual blood bath was held on Wednesday, 21st January. The game, which was played under ideal conditions, was fast, clean and entertaining to watch.

It opened with some good passing by the University. The movement was stopped by prompt tackling on the part of the Medics.

The outstanding features were the solidity of the Medics, defence and the opportunism showed by their wingers. They succeeded in making the first try, which was a very clever run down the left wing and had the University backs running the wrong way.

In the second half a very similar try was scored after the University had been pressing hard. Both these tries were unconverted.

From this point the University attacked consistently, but due partly to the sound defence, and partly to faulty handling at the crucial moment they were unable to score. However, about 10 minutes from the end, the whole team combined to score a try which was the result of sheer brute force.

After this fortune swung repeatedly, but neither side succeeded in scoring again.

The Medics won a very well contested game in which, strange to relate, no limbs were broken though much blood was spilt.

Result: Medics., 6 points; University 3 points.

Boxing.—Christie won by Leeds.

The Christie final was held in the Gymnasium on 29th January.

It was disappointing in that only three of the eight fights were held. Leeds were given a walkover in four fights and Liverpool one.

We were denied the delight of seeing our two "killers" in action, namely Brewer (Heavyweight) and Sloman (Light heavy).

Leeds only had to win one fight to secure the Christie and this was done in the first, fight by J. S. Whitely. Whitely, who showed very improved form, was on the aggressive most of the time and showed himself clearly superior over a very game opponent.

Our other representatives were not so fortunate, and both were knocked out in contests which degenerated to slugging matches.

Nevertheless, due to the fact that Liverpool refused to put up four fighters, Leeds won by 5 fights to 3.

Hockey (Men's).

Leeds 3 v. Thirsk	4	Leeds 2 v. Ben Rhydding	1
Leeds 4 v. Sandal	1	Leeds 3 v. Liverpool	- 2
Leeds 8 v. Nottingham	1	Leeds 3 v. York	- - 2

The Men's Hockey Club is now having a run of very well deserved success.

The game against Thirsk was a very excellent one in which both sides were evenly matched. The victory over Sandal was an all team effort. The whole team showed very good form and the result was never in doubt.

Against Nottingham the co-operation of the whole team again dealt very adequately with their opponents.

In the other games the Leeds team was tested to the full. They were rather fortunate to win against Liverpool, who attacked in very determined fashion.

Leading goal scorers are P. Turner and Shaffer.

We wish the Club continued success for the remainder of this season.

Soccer.

Again we are pleased to report a successful term. The 1st XI, who are unbeaten at home have played the last 15 games without defeat, and now occupy second place in the County Amateur League. They have also reached the Quarter Finals of the W.R. County Challenge Cup.

The 3rd and 4th XI's are maintaining their positions in the W.R. Old Boys' and Leeds Combination Leagues.

The 2nd XI are playing well in the West Yorks. League, but are finding it difficult to make ground lost in the first half of the season. In the Leeds Half-Holiday League one University side is practically certain to take the championship, their chief rivals being the University "A" XI. Both these sides have reached the semi-finals of the League Cup. The University has been further honoured by the selection of five players in the Half-Holiday League Representative XI.

Analysis of results so far :—

Played 122. Won 58. Drawn 14. Lost 50.

Swimming (Men).—Water Polo.

Christie : LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY *v.* LEEDS U.U.S.C. (1st Team).

Result : Leeds 3, Liverpool 1.

After a few friendly-games and practices earlier this term, Leeds turned out a strong team for their visit to Liverpool on February 4th.

Defending the deep end in the first half, the Leeds team, although pressed hard by the keen Liverpool attack, showed superior positional play. Owing to one of the very few defensive lapses by the Leeds backs the Liverpool side went ahead ; the score being 1—0 at the change round. When attacking the deep end the visiting team exploited their superiority in teamwork and were not long in finding loopholes in the Liverpool defence, which conceded three goals before the final whistle.

Many improvements were noticeable in the Leeds side. The quicker and more varied shooting of the forwards, a defence that was inseparable from the opposing forwards, and Leeds and District League experience showing itself in constructive positional play.

Team :—D. C. Leyland ; F. B. Ayers, J. de Heer ; G. S. Carter ; J. Carter, J. M. Hirst ; J. B. Stott.

Score : 3—1. The forwards scoring one goal each.

The Boat Club.

The Club now has the first four crews and three maiden crews training for the approaching season and two more maiden crews undergoing preliminary training.

The first eight, formed from the first and second crews, is shaping well under the guidance of D. M. H. Holt and C. N. Berezi. The crew is :—

Bow	Smith, J. V.
2	Moscovici, W.
3	Rowe, P. B.
4	Mathers, G.
5	Semple, K. E.
6	Holman, R. L.
7	Gisbourne, B. J.
Str.	Smith, F. M.
Cox	Pick, D. H.

and its first fixture is on March 6th, against Liverpool University over the 3½ mile Head of the River Course at Chester. On the following Saturday (March 13th) we are entering for the Head of the River Race itself.

Also on March 13th there is a home fixture for the 3rd and 4th crews against Bradford A.R.C., St. John's College, York, Manchester University and Nottingham University College. Supporters are always welcome at Swillington Bridge.

F. M. SMITH,
Captain of Boats.

Letter to the Editor :

Dear Sir,

We suggest that the weekly 'ops and mid-day turns are really means utilised by various sections of the male population to practice their tactics for the next game, or to sublimate the athletic aspirations of those fortunate enough not to belong to the L.U.R.U.F.C.

Once inside an 'op the real intricacies of the game are demonstrated. From the kick-off to the final cry the poor females are subjected to much hacking and tripping which the would-be Rugger enthusiast hides under such technical terms as " telemarcs," " feathers " and " fishtails."

There being no honour among thieves, opponents advance from behind the 25-line in order to scrag the " dancer," who remembers just in time the advice he has so often heard—" Heel," " take," and " push " ! The tackling, however, proves too severe, and a drop-out ensues.

Half-time brings the familiar sight of the line-out in Cafeteria, with its accompaniment of break-throughs and trys.

Finally, threes, halves and forwards alike are " marked," and the succeeding day is spent by the crooked, bathing blistered feet in methylated spirits.

Signed, " LOOSE FORWARD."

Announcing . . .

A
SHORT STORY COMPETITION

PRIZE WINNING ENTRY

TO APPEAR IN **SPRING NUMBER OF "THE GRYPHON."**

A PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS will be offered for the best **A HUMOUROUS ORIGINAL SHORT STORY** submitted to **"THE GRYPHON"** by a student of this University.

The Competition will be judged by a well-known literary critic, who has asked that the following rules might be observed by contributors :

- (1) Strict anonymity of MSS. ; name, department and year to be enclosed in a separate envelope, which will be referred to after the entries have been judged.
- (2) MSS. to be typed in double spacing.
- (3) MSS. not to exceed 1,500 words.
- (4) The Editor's decision to be accepted as final in all matters relating to this Competition.
- (5) Envelopes to be marked :

" SHORT STORY COMPETITION."

Should there be an encouraging response from students, similar competitions will be notified in subsequent editions.

Closing Date for Competition :

MARCH 10th, 1948.

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FUTURE CONTRIBUTIONS

The Editor wishes to invite contributions on the following type of subject for use in future issues. Contributions should be as brief as possible and submitted in good time so that material can be referred back to the author for adjustment, if necessary. Copy should bear author's name and department even if a pseudonym is to be used in printing.

**Sociology Number to appear in April, Final Date for Entries,
March 10th.**

Capital Punishment ; Love and Marriage ; Romantic Ideals ;
The Family Unit ; Monogamy and Polygamy ; Falling Population ;
Sex Education ; Cemeteries ; Juvenile Delinquency, etc.

Graduation Number, to appear in June 1948.

This number is primarily intended for graduates, who are invited to submit copy concerning research and post-graduate activities which they have undertaken. We would like their views on careers and the sort of problems which they have encountered after completing their University course of studies.

Leeds University

Old Students' Association

LEEDS AND WEST RIDING BRANCH.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. F. G. B. Hutchings, the City Librarian, for an address on "The Public Library and Adult Education." The discussion terminated only when it became necessary to lock up the Union. Our only regret is that more people did not take the opportunity of listening to such an interesting talk.

On Monday, February 23rd, we shall read Shaw's plays. Please bring a copy if possible. The meeting will be held at 7-0 p.m. in the O.S.A. Room in the Union.

We shall attend a play given by the Theatre Group in the middle of March. Particulars will be given and orders for tickets taken at the meeting on Monday, February 23rd. No further notices will be sent.

L. M. SUTTON, *Hon. Sec.*,
7, Woodsley Terrace,
Leeds, 2.

LONDON BRANCH.

The London Branch of L.U.O.S.A. is now alive again, and we cordially invite the support of all old students, not only in London, but in the South of England, and those whose business carries them to London.

Owing to the illness of the former Secretary, Mr. Flston, functions have been in abeyance during the past year. We shall now revive, with extended membership.

With the co-operation of all old students in London we are compiling a comprehensive list of members, so that it will be possible to put anyone in touch with others of the same department and/or age group, to organise activities which will appeal to all tastes, to hold a successful annual function, and to support the Provincial Universities' Ball (well worthy of support) with much more enthusiasm than in past years.

We have already contacted 250 members, among them many distinguished old students.

The Committee, elected in 1946, were the guests of the President, Capt. Harry

Ward, at a lunch at The Waldorf Hotel, on November 1st, and the guests of Dr. H. Hollings at a second lunch on Jan. 17th. The new Secretary, Mrs. Stephens, was elected, and Mr. R. Murdin Drake co-opted. The Committee now consists of:—

President : Capt. H. WARD.
Vice-President : Mr. J. BLAIR.
Secretary : Mrs. M. STEPHENS.
Treasurer : Mr. G. A. MELLOR.
and Miss BOOTHMAN, Mr. ANDERSON,
Mr. R. M. DRAKE and Mr. A. MAC-
MASTER.

The first big function, a Dinner, has been arranged for February 13th, at the Waldorf Hotel, Aldwych, at which the guests will be Mr. C. R. Morris, the Vice-Chancellor-elect, and Mr. W. R. Grist.

The Secretary is eager to get in touch with as many people as possible, and anyone who is, or knows, an old student in the wide London area is asked to send in their information.

Hon. Sec. : MINNA STEPHENS (Mrs.),
The Firs,
Headley Heath Approach,
Box Hill, Tadworth,
Surrey.

ADAMSON.—Dr. Rhoda Adamson has left Leeds to settle in South Africa.

CLAYE.—Professor A. M. Claye is the author of "Management in Obstetrics," announced by the Oxford University Press for publication during 1948.

DEWS.—Dr. Peter Dews has sailed for New York to take up a Wellcome Research Fellowship in Pharmacology for two years.

DOBREE.—Professor Dobree contributes an introduction to a new English translation, by Françoise Delisle, of Alain - Fournier's "The Wanderer" (Le grand Meaulnes), published recently by Paul Elek.

DODDS.—Mr. J. M. Dodds, Town Clerk of Harrogate, who took his LL.B. in 1922, is to take up an appointment as Secretary and Legal Adviser to the Yorkshire Area Electricity Board.

EDWARDS.—Mr. E. J. Edwards (1898–1902) has retired from the Lectureship in Geology at the Royal Technical College, Glasgow. Old students of the period mentioned will perhaps remember him as a frequent contributor to *The Gryphon* under the pseudonym of "York Wither." He was a member of the Rugby XV which won the Christie Challenge Shield in the first year of its existence.

MOORE.—Mr. H. I. Moore is the author of "Background to Farming," a book with illustrations by Mary G. Milne, published by Allen and Unwin.

PEACOCK.—Professor Ronald Peacock contributes an article on "Modern Languages as an Honours School" to the current issue of the *Universities' Quarterly* (Vol. II, No. 2).

ROGERS.—Mr. Edward Rogers, science master at Cockburn High School, Leeds, has been recommended for appointment as headmaster of Robins Lane Modern Boys' Secondary School, St. Helens.

BIRTHS.

CRYSTAL.—To Dr. and Mrs. Crystal, at Denison Hall, on January 7th, a son.

DUNLOP.—To Dr. Alfred and Mrs. Mary Dunlop, at 1, Woodhouse Cliff, Leeds, 6, on January 10th, a son.

EVERATT.—To Dr. C. A. and Mrs. Margot Everatt (née Heath), at the Chesterfield Nursing Home, Clifton Court, Bristol, on January 14th, a son.

LAWTON.—To Dr. Edward O. and Dr. Dorothy Jean Lawton (née Armitage), at Brockford, near Stowmarket, Suffolk, on January 7th, a daughter.

MAGIDSON.—To Dr. Oscar (Squadron Leader, R.A.F.) and Mrs. Magidson (formerly Ruby Sumrie), at Denison Hall Nursing Home, Leeds, on January 1st, a son.

ENGAGEMENT.

The engagement is announced between Mr. ERIC M. WOODHEAD (Physics, 1939-42), of 42, Wyngate Drive, Western Park, Leicester, and Miss HEATHER M. WEAVER, of Moseley, Birmingham.

The engagement is announced between Rev. FREDERICK ANDREW AMOORE, Honours History and H.O.R., (1931-34), of East London, S. Africa, and MARY DOBSON (History Honours and Education, 1931-35).

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS

The Annual Christmas Luncheon, on Saturday, 20th December, was one of the best meals we have eaten in the Refectory, in spite of much anxiety beforehand, and the Annual General Meeting which followed it was one of the longest. A full account of the Meeting is given below.

New Year Dance. Owing to unforeseen circumstances the committee was regretfully obliged to cancel this event.

Reminder to Members.

The influence and usefulness of the Association is dependent upon its strength—numerical, representative and financial—and the Committee will appreciate the interest and co-operation of the members in its activities and in the increasing of its membership by your personal contacts.

MINUTES of the 25th Annual General Meeting, held in Refectory on Saturday, 20th December, 1947, following the Christmas Luncheon.

Present : 27 members, with the President, W. R. GRIST, Esq., M.B.E., in the Chair.

1. The Minutes of the 24th A.G.M., published in *The Gryphon*, were taken as read, approved and signed.

2. Arising out of the Minutes the Secretary reported that—

(a) The Committee had re-considered their proposal that the Hon. Secretaries and Treasurer should not normally hold office for more than five successive years and had decided to drop the suggestion in keeping with the feeling of the A.G.M.

(b) The Committee had examined Prof. Milne's proposals : (1) that members of the Staff should be elected to O.S.A. Committee ; (2) That a number of wives of members of Staff should be elected to the Committee, and had ruled that No. 1 was already covered, i.e., that any member of Staff sufficiently

interested to join the O.S.A. was welcomed to membership and all members were eligible for election to the Committee. No useful purpose would be served by election to the Committee of wives of members of Staff as such.

It was further decided that Departmental and Hostel Branches of the O.S.A. would be of no help to the Association.

3. The Hon. Secretary's Report for the year 1947 was then read, as follows:

Reunions were again held at Christmas and in the early Summer. The Dance in the Social Room on Friday, 19th Dec., was a success socially, if not financially, while the Luncheon in Refectory on the following day was a success in both respects. The A.G.M. was attended by rather more members than usual and they showed a much more active interest than for some time, with the result that the new Committee took some "homework" away with it.

On the 5th July, immediately after the A.G.M. of Convocation, and under the joint auspices of Convocation and the O.S.A., a Luncheon was held, at which the President and Mrs. Grist were the Guests of Honour. Mr. Grist was presented with a pair of special binoculars by Ross, a cheque and an album of signatures, as a token of the good wishes of his colleagues on the Staff and Old Students of the University on the occasion of his retirement.

Later the same afternoon many of us went up to Oxley Hall for the Garden Party held there by the kindness of Miss McLaren. Alternative plans had been made in case of bad weather and, although the weather was not really bad, it was not really garden party weather, with the result that the indoor attractions, chief amongst which was a most interesting film show by Mr. Grist, drew most of the crowd.

Much time has been devoted by the Committee to considering the recommendations of the last A.G.M., as members will have seen from the answers to questions arising from the Minutes.

In March Miss Broadbent resigned her appointment as Joint Hon. Secretary on the grounds that she could no longer, owing to family circumstances, devote so much time to the work as she felt it

required. The Committee recorded its appreciation of the energy that Miss Broadbent had devoted to the affairs of the Association and co-opted her on to the Committee.

O.S.A. Clerk. In the course of the year we were approached by the Editor of the Medical Magazine, with a view to sharing our Clerk on a 50 x 50 basis. At the time we had no Clerk, but were again being helped out by Mrs. Luscott. After a sub-committee had conferred with representatives of the Medical Magazine Committee, we were able to agree on the matter and Mrs. Usher was duly appointed and began her duties early in November. Satisfactory safeguards have been arranged all round and the Office is now running smoothly as a full-time job. All the work is being done in the O.S.A. Office.

O.S.A. Editor (*Gryphon*). Attempts have been made to find someone to take over this work from Mr. Beckwith, so far without success, and Mr. Beckwith has agreed to continue for the time being.

O.S.A. Office. The question of transferring the Office to the Lounge in the Union has been much debated and some new steel cupboards have been bought, but in the end it was decided to make no change as it would hamper the work of the Executive Officers, spoil the Lounge and give no help to the hard-pressed Union. Instead, we have offered to allow the Union Committee to use the Lounge, subject to conditions, in writing, for lunch-time meetings of sub-committees and for special purposes, provided we ourselves are not requiring it.

Bedrooms at 38, University Road. These had not been tenanted for some time and were handed over to the University for use as Tutor's Rooms, of which there is a great shortage, at the beginning of the present Session.

O.S.A. Club. A suggestion from the Secretary that it might be deemed necessary, in the not too distant future, to establish a registered O.S.A. Club in Leeds, has been discussed and a sub-committee appointed to consider and report on the matter.

Deaths. We regret to record a number of deaths in the course of the year, notably

that of our former President, Emeritus Professor Barbier and of Dr. A. H. Eastwood.

A.E.F.

The adoption of the Report was moved from the Chair and carried.

4. The Hon. Treasurer's Report for 1947.

Copies of the Report and Balance Sheet as follows were circulated.

I attach Income & Expenditure Account and Balance Sheet for the year ended 30th June, 1947, which show a loss of £41/0/11 on the year's working, due principally to increased cost of *Gryphons* and postage thereon. Against this it has now been ascertained that the surplus of Income Expenditure for previous years has been understated, so that after deducting the loss a credit balance of £90/2/7 still remains. This has been practically wholly built up during the war years, when the number of issues of *The Gryphon* was curtailed.

A study of the accounts since the formation of the Association shows that it has only just paid its way, and with the lowering of interest rates on investment in the Building Society and the increasing costs of *The Gryphon*, Stationery and Printing, etc., some steps must be taken to put it on a sound financial basis. The following statistics may be of interest:—

Total Life Membership at 30/6/47	1,046
Non-active Members, due to death, resignation or other causes	236
Active Members to whom <i>Gryphons</i> are sent	810
Total Annual Membership at 30/6/47	322
Paying annually	71
Total Active Membership	1,132

The number of annual subscribers continually varies as new members are always joining and old members resigning or, to be more accurate, not paying their subscriptions. In addition to the above membership, *Gryphons* are sent to 132 Medicals, in respect of whom a grant of £40 is received from the Medical Magazine Committee, which amount also covers certain clerical assistance which is given to them. For the purpose of calculating the costs it is proposed to ignore these medical members.

In addition to the cost of *Gryphons* and postage thereon, the following approximate overhead costs have to be taken into account.

	£	s.	d.
Printing and Stationery	25	0	0
Postages and Petty Cash	15	0	0
Grants to Branches	15	0	0
Sundries	5	0	0
Wages, assuming full services of part-time clerk	80	0	0
	140	0	0
Less Insurance Commission and Sundry Receipts	20	0	0
	£120	0	0

The overhead cost per active member per annum is therefore £120, divided by 1,132, or, approximately, 2/1½. Assuming that five copies of *The Gryphon* are published annually, it will be necessary to add 1/8 and 5d. postage—2/1—to the figure of 2/1½, making a total of 4/2½. If an extra copy of *The Gryphon* is published, a further 5d. must be added to these figures.

It will be seen that the annual subscription of 5/- per annum therefore covers the costs and leaves a small balance in hand per annual subscriber. On the other hand, the interest on life subscriptions and investments amounts to £71/3/4, which, divided by the number of active life members, amounts to 1/9 per life member, which is considerably less than the total cost of 4/2½ mentioned above. The reduced rate of interest of 2½% on the Building Society investment is the cause of the loss on the life subscriptions, but there is always the possibility that the era of cheap money will pass and higher interest rates be resumed. Another factor to take into account is the higher mortality rate amongst life members which is likely to occur during the next 10—15 years, thus leaving a substantial amount of invested capital which will be interest-bearing but have no costs against it. The factor will, of course, be offset by the fact that practically all new life subscribers are young and have a long expectation of life.

It seems clear however that the life subscription of £3/3/0 per annum will have to be increased if the O.S.A. is to pay its way. If accumulated capital, against which there are no costs, is ignored, the life subscription would have to be raised to £9/9/0, which, invested at 2½% per annum

would bring in $4/2\frac{1}{2}$ per annum, the sum required. It is obvious that such a figure would not attract any new life members, and it is doubtful, in my opinion whether even a subscription of £6/6/0 would be helpful towards building up the membership. It is rather a question of charging "what the traffic will bear," and it is suggested that either £4/4/0 or £5/5/0 be the new figure, bearing in mind that if the higher figure of £5/5/0 is adopted it may prove unattractive to prospective life members, it will be very difficult to reduce the figure again.

I do not recommend any alteration in the annual subscription figure of 5/- for following reasons:—

- (1). It still pays its way.
- (2). A large number of the annual subscribers pay by Bankers' Order and it would be difficult to get them to alter this arrangement and might even lead to a loss of subscribers.
- (3). If the subscription rate is altered for new members there would be two different rates of annual subscriptions, which would cause difficulties in office working.

E. LUSCOTT,
Hon. Treasurer.

The Treasurer explained various items in his Report and answered questions thereon, after which the Report was adopted on the Chairman's proposal.

5. Election of Officers and Committee for 1948.

Arising out of the Committee's recommendation to have only one Secretary, Mrs. Sledge asked if the Constitution did not rule that there should be a woman secretary as well as a man. Actually that is not the case, but as there was no copy of the Rules available in the Meeting Room it was decided to elect Joint Secretaries to avoid a possible breach and Mrs. R. P. Kellett was nominated and elected. After the elections were concluded Mr. F. W. Beaton suggested that the Secretaries should have a copy of the Rules on the table at future meetings.

The following Members of Committee were due to retire according to Rule 6: Dr. A. H. Eastwood (deceased), Misses Navey, Quarton and Stone. Mrs. Sledge, Misses Broadbent and May and Dr. G. McLeavy were nominated by the Committee and elected, there being no other nominations.

The full list of Officers and Committee is as follows:—

President: W. R. GRIST, Esq., M.B.E.

Past Presidents and Vice-Presidents:

Emeritus Professor C. M. GILLESPIE.
THE VICE-CHANCELLOR
(Dr. B. MOUAT-JONES, D.S.O.)

Vice-Presidents:

Prof. J. K. JAMIESON, Dr. S. E. J. BEST,
Miss HANNAH ROBERTSON, Miss A. SILCOX,
Emeritus Professor C. E. GOUGH,
Mrs. EASTWOOD, Mr. G. L. SHARPE,
Emeritus Professor W. P. MILNE,
Miss E. M. BLACKBURN.

Chairman of Committee:

Professor J. T. WHETTON, D.S.O., O.R.E.

Vice-Chairman: *Hon. Treasurer:*

Dr. W. A. SLEDGE. Mr. F. LUSCOTT.

Hon. Secretaries:

Mrs. R. P. KELLETT.
Mr. A. E. FERGUSON.

O.S.A. Editor: Mr. F. BECKWITH.

Hon. Auditor: Mr. G. L. SHARPE.

Committee:

Miss BROADBENT. Mr. KELLETT.
Miss MAY. Mr. KERRY.
Mrs. SLEDGE. Dr. McLEAVY.
Mr. BERCZI. President of Union.
Mr. COSBY. Senior
Mr. JOHNSON. Vice-President.
All Branch Secretaries.

6. Recommendations to A.G.M. from Committee.

(a). *Increase of Life Subscription.*

The Treasurer gave figures to show that, while the Life Subscription of 3 guineas was actuarially sound between the wars, the Association was now losing heavily on it owing to increased overhead costs, postage, etc., and said that in order to make ends meet the subscription would need to be increased to at least 5 guineas. Existing Life Members, of course, would not be affected, but new members would be called upon to pay the new rate if approved. The annual subscription of 5/- was still paying its way and there was no proposal to increase that at the moment. The meeting fully appreciated the situation

and agreed to the raising of the life subscription to 5 guineas as from that day.

(b). The Secretary announced that the Committee had under consideration a project for the establishment, as soon as circumstances permitted, of a registered O.S.A. Club in Leeds. This would be a permanent building, with large hall or meeting room, restaurant and bar, bedrooms for use of members visiting or passing through Leeds and bachelor members of Staff, with a resident caretaker. A sub-committee had been appointed to go into the matter and report to Committee.

Mr. Ferguson suggested that such a club might well be considered by the University Authorities as a suitable War Memorial (on which our opinion had been invited some time ago) for the University as a whole and for which we could all work.

This idea of a club was welcomed by Prof. Milne when he got up to propose :—

7 (a). That the O.S.A. establish consulships in strategic points all over the world for the purpose of meeting newcomers or

visitors to the region and helping them to settle down or see the right people and things without undue loss of time.

7 (b). A motion : " That this meeting is concerned about the delay in appointing a new Secretary to the Appointments Board and the consequent loss of continuity of contact with Old Students " was carried, and the Secretaries were requested to forward it to the Senate, with a copy to Convocation for information.

7 (c). It was suggested that the time had come, particularly in view of probable developments in the Association, for the appointment of a qualified accountant as hon. auditor. After discussion it was decided that the Secretaries should endeavour to find a qualified accountant who would be willing to be nominated for election at the next A.G.M.

7 (d). It was mentioned that Miss H. Robertson, a Life Vice-President, was lying in bed in Leeds with a broken thigh, and the Secretaries were asked to write to her, expressing our regret and wishing her a speedy recovery.

... but a cheque is better!

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