

THE GRYPHON

VOL. 22. No. 2.
MARCH, 1919.

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THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

Vol. XXII.

MARCH, 1919.

No. 2.

Editor: ELEANOR E. PRINCE.

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We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following Contemporaries:—"The Union Magazine" (London), "The Sphinx" (Liverpool), "Non-Such" (Bristol), "Floreamus" (Sheffield), "The Serpent" (University of Manchester), "The Student" (Cork), "The Mitre" (Quebec).



We are glad to hear that Mr. Milnes has received several contributions towards the projected Song Book of the University. The Medical, Geological, Leather and Mining Departments are now represented (or misrepresented) in topical ditties, while one or two of the songs are of general interest.

The following are the titles of Poems received up to date:—

- A Trilobite Tragedy.
- The Chanty of Geology.
- The Leucocytes Lament.
- The Leather Student.
- The Miner's Noble Calling.
- Comrades.
- What more could you want? (General).
- Now you've put me through it, ..

* * *

We hope that the list will grow rapidly, and that other departments, which have kept silence, will add their quota to the collection. The Song Book must

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represent all sections if it is to fulfil its purpose, which, as has been said before, is not to rival the "Golden Treasury," but to furnish a collection of songs typical of Yorkshire, and in particular, of the University.

* * *

It has further been proposed that the collection should include songs from other sources, such as Yorkshire Ballads, the Scottish Students' Song Book, and others. Suggestions as to songs suitable for inclusion will be welcomed.

* * *

We should like to draw the attention of all students to Mr. Milnes' letter as to the erection of a War Memorial to those of our number who have fallen. The scheme proposed should receive the warmest support from all who are interested in the welfare of our Alma Mater. We feel that it should reach a wider circle than that of students, their relatives and friends, and that an opportunity should be given to the Civic Bodies, the great commercial and industrial concerns of the City, and, indeed to the citizens as a whole, for showing a practical interest in their University.

* * *

Readers of the *Gryphon* have probably remarked on the fact that its successive Editors are individuals of one idea. It is difficult to discover new ways of uttering the age-old plaint, but just a word to timid contributors. The *Gryphon* box is in a retired corner, and many opportunities can be found for posting furtive missives therein, unobserved by the curious or critical. We beseech you, therefore, to take heart of grace, bearing in mind the fact that—

* * *

The next issue of the *Gryphon* will appear in April. Contributions may be sent in up to March 15th.

Wise Saws and Modern Instances

"Why not say, 'So long, old bean,'
and be done with it?"

Prof. B—rb—r.

"How are you going to do it?"

Prof. G——ng.

"I never travel without cotton-wool in my ears."

Mr. B——n.

"Now I want you to *feel* ——."

Prof. M——n.

"No more dancing this term."

The Pro-V.C.

"Er—Er—Er—Er—."

Mr. D——n.

Provincial Literature.

[*Note*.—The closing sentence of the Preface to the "Songs of the Ridings" runs as follows:—"The rise of provincial schools of literature, interpreting local life in local idiom, in all parts of the British Isles and in the Britain beyond the Seas, is a goal worth striving for; such a literature, so far from impeding the progress of the literature in the standard tongue, would serve only to enrich it in spirit, substance and form."

It was this sentence that suggested the subject of this article, a short review of the work of Halliwell Sutcliffe, W. Riley, and of a collection of poems lately published by Dorothy Una Ratcliffe.]

As Thomas Hardy has immortalised his Wessex, J. M. Barrie the quaint old village of "Thrums" and Blackmore the wilds of Devon, so Halliwell Sutcliffe has lifted the veil which hid the storms and the grandeur of the West Yorkshire moorland. He has an intimate knowledge of the moors, and he has himself given the reason why he has made them his own in literature. "From my childhood," he says, "I have always had an intense liking for the people there, and for the strength and individuality of their character. The speech on the moors is, too, a kind of dialect not found elsewhere in England. Its striking old words and phrases seem robust and full of force, like the people themselves. The customs and manners of these folk are interesting and peculiar in a hundred ways, whilst there is a curious sense of place-magic about the moors, which has only grown deeper with me as the years pass by."

The best of Halliwell Sutcliffe's novels are faithful and realistic pictures of the life, character and topography of the Yorkshire moorland, and in them truth is never sacrificed to effect. Haworth, that small village already made for ever famous by a greater pen, is the centre of the Sutcliffe country—the "Marshcotes" of the novels. There is the "Black Bull Inn," the abode of the roysterers, at the top of the narrow, steep street; there are the wide stone steps of the churchyard, the scene of the stirring fight between Red Ratcliffe and the Waynes. These deadly feuds were a very real part of the life of the countryside a few decades ago. Halliwell Sutcliffe does not only paint the sunny, pleasant aspect of the beautiful countryside around Haworth, Skipton and Bolton Abbey, as we have it in the "Dales of Arcady." There is a certain grim and sinister undercurrent which implies that life is a hard and stern undertaking for the men of the moors, and the same spirit is evident to-day in the austere, self-contained farmer of the outlying heath.

Halliwell Sutcliffe depicts the native character in its true untamed savageness. In "Red o' the Feud" when telling of the fight, he says:—"Red Ratcliffe, with the failing sun behind him and the gaining moon in front, was standing on the topmost of the stone steps which lead from street to Kirkyard; and in this strange light, with the advantage of the higher ground, moreover, he looked gigantic beyond the six-foot-four which he could claim. In his hands was a great axe, which, just as they approached, came down upon a second Wayne and stretched him mute beside the first . . . In his face was the light of many battles, waged by his fathers for three hundred years

and odd ; he was as one who had dead men's honour to maintain, one who knew that strength and righteousness were ranged beside him. And the village folk cried and yelled, not knowing which side they favoured, but knowing they had seen a man strike hard to-day." Truly it was the strong arm and the mighty blow which was revered by the heath-folk.

Halliwell Sutcliffe's beautiful word-pictures of the moors themselves, show his intimate knowledge of them. He describes the heath-clad heights, bright in the glory of the spring-time or the mellowness of autumn, or bleak and dark in the awful grandeur of the winter. He pictures them when the bogs have burst and covered them with slimy ooze, which, for centuries has been hiding its black secrets under the heather. He knows every changing phase of this desolate countryside.

That his stories may be more in keeping with their wild and romantic setting, Sutcliffe seeks his characters and plots in the past. He refuses to have his imagination shackled by 20th Century convention : he refuses even to be shackled by considerations of historical truth. His version of the story of the White Doe of Rylstone has no tragic ending—it suits his purpose better that all should end happily. Such being the case, he does not hesitate to sacrifice historical truth to what another great historical novelist has called artistic truth.

* * * *

The author of "Windyridge" comes nearer to the heart of modern Yorkshire character. It speaks much for the reality of his creations that the "originals" are constantly being discovered all over the county, though, in reality, only one character, that of Mother Hubbard, was drawn from life. Mr. Riley fully grasps the humour, conscious and unconscious, of the Yorkshire countryman, and his inborn, inbred love of the moorland, to which—even its most forbidding aspects—are daily swept by storm and blizzard, or transformed into a thing of beauty and colour by gorse gold and heather.

His chief interest, like that of Professor Moorman, lies in the sketching of the typical Dalesman. We find in his pages studies of the farmer, the "local preacher," and the village folk not unlike their prototypes in Dr. Moorman's monologues.

* * * *

Quite recently there has appeared another little collection of poems on Daleshire, which we have been asked to review, as one or two of the poems have already been published in the *Gryphon*. Readers may remember "The Swaling of the Moors," and "A Song of Good-bye." It differs essentially from any of the works mentioned here. The character of the poems is best described by its title, "The Dales of Arcady"*; in fact, they deal rather more with Arcady than the Dales. The Yorkshire we find in these pages is not the Yorkshire that we regard as typical, but a summer-county, swept by soft winds,

* Published by Erskine Macdonald, Ltd., 3/6.

bright with flowers, and musical with bird-song. Dorothy Una Ratchliffe is an interpreter of Nature's may-morning woods. Her verses are woven of the very "stuff that dreams are made on," gossamer light and fanciful. Take for instance, the quaint whimsy of these lines from "The Pear Tree" :—

" A rain of petals the pear-trees give
As a pearly toll for the right to live.
Fragile petals that gently fall
Like tears down the face of the old grey wall.

The swallows tell their babes such tales !
That the tree is a ship with flower-white sails,
Anchored to Earth in the harbour of May ;
But one moonless night she will sail away,
And a prim green tree will take the place
Of the phantom ship with its sails of lace."

One or two of the poems strike a deeper note, but the charm of the book lies in the short lyrics, and the whimsical little verses of which the following is an example :—

" O Seats of ancient learning, Philosophers and Sages !
A child has put a question, which I cannot find in pages
Of any tome in any land ; and so the answer's missed.
' Where do all the kisses go, after they are kissed ? ' "

Of the Nature poems the short " Song of the Mists " is typical, and far more successful than the longer poems :—

When Twilight beckons from the ghyll
We follow, follow, up the hill ;
Garth, holt, and meadow we caress,
Enwreathing all with loveliness ;
Small, silver, mauve-blue butterflies
Are born of our brief summer sighs ;
Frail harebells in our arms we bring,
To curtsy to the reigning ling ;
Bairnies who watch for us to rise
Steal azure from us for their eyes ;
And poets find their Land of Dreams
Lost in the moonlight of our streams.

THE HOLE OF HORCUM, NEAR WHITBY.

There are times, however, when the verse is spoiled by a faulty rhythm, or a " conceit " after the fashion of the metaphysical poets. This is often the effect of over elaborate wording, and the use of too many " hyphenated " words. A few of these coinages are happy, as, for instance, " the peat-born rill," but there is affectation in the use of such words as " lucent mirth," and " rippling lieds of water."

The little collection of songs, mostly of personal emotion, leave an impression of light-hearted youth, joy in life and sunshine, the summer moors and the fairyland of childhood. We quote, with the Author's kind permission, the Prologue to the poems . . .

M.P.+.

PROLOGUE.

The youngest Goddess sat in a corner of the Universe
and sulked.

For æons, she had watched the older Goddesses play
each in turn with the Earth-Ball, and every time the
Ball passed her way, someone said,

" She is too young, and, if she played with the Ball,
might injure it."

Another added,

"Even our honourable Sister E—— created baleful Etna in her ardent desire to give a beauteous mountain to flowering Sicily, and C——, when she designed the azure Mediterranean, raised her little finger all too hurriedly, causing the whirlpool so dreaded by Grecian sailors."

But the youngest Goddess had waited long and was becoming mutinous.

Her great grey eyes, like silent moorland tarns fringed with shadowy larches, were fixed on the handiwork of the Goddess who at that moment held the Ball.

She noticed the blue line thoughtfully traced across a vast tract of land, the line men call the River Amazon, and she watched the Designer proudly hold the Ball aloft to show her handiwork to her sisters.

"Surely it is the finest river we have yet traced!"

"Nay! let me see it."

"Can it be greater than that which Mortals call the Ganges?"

Then as the Designer of the Amazon threw the Ball above the head of the youngest Goddess toward the lap of a weary, responsible-looking sister, the youngest Goddess leapt above the little silver stars, and caught it in her lithe white arms.

A look of consternation went round the Universe.

"She is too young to play!"

But the youngest Goddess clasped the Ball to her breast.

"Let me play, just once," she pleaded. "I will make no earthquakes, no volcanoes, no geysers, nothing that could spoil the beauty of the Ball."

Then an old Goddess—so old that she could remember God calling order out of chaos, hobbled towards her.

"Child! thou hast seized the Ball, and play with it thou wilt, but disturb not the handiwork of thine elder sisters. Thou canst pattern only where they have not worked."

So the youngest Goddess held the Ball up to the glance of God to get a great light upon it, and by chance found one small space covered with heather and bilberry, a wild sad waste.

"Here, I may play! Oh! my sisters, I would make something rarer and more beautiful of my little wild heath than any of you have dreamed of for other parts of the Ball."

Lovingly she laid her outstretched hand upon the bosom of the moorland, and when she lifted it the uplands bore the soft imprint, and a little river flowed where each finger had rested.

Thus were created
Airedale,
Wharfedale,
Nidderdale,
Wensleydale, and
Swaledale.

And because the fingers of the youngest Goddess quivered with pleasure, they are merry little dancing rivers, and even play underground as they ripple to the Ouse.

In this wise she fulfilled her desire to make something rarer and more beautiful of her moorland waste than her sisters had ever dreamed of for any other part of the Ball.

But, being very young, she boasted of her wondrous achievement, and, as a punishment, the other Goddesses prevented her from ever playing with the Ball again. That is the reason there is only one Daleshire.

THRUSH SONG.

From "Queen Mab's Awakening." D.U.R.

Queen Mab! Queen Mab!
Awake! Awake!
A primrose blooms
In the woodland brake.
From thy sleepy lips
Has tumbled a smile
Which lies a-blossoming
Near the stile.
A primrose blooms
In the woodland brake!
Queen Mab! Queen Mab!
Awake! Awake!

Further Queries, Pertinent and otherwise.

Can anyone furnish the name of, and suggest a suitable punishment for, the person who suggested that the Cup presented by Mr. Gott should be called "Dorothea"?

* * *

Who was the student, who, during a discussion on psychic phenomena, remarked, "Of course I don't believe in ghosts, but—I shouldn't like them to know I don't"?

* * *

Is there any need to disclose the sex of the student in question?

* * *

Has the Undergrad. who desired to make the acquaintance of "Guppy's mother" finished her laborious search through *Beowulf*, in quest of that lady?

* * *

And has she found her yet?

* * *

Who were the immediate victims of the serenades inflicted by the returning revellers on the night of Jan. 17th?

* * *

What bribery was used by the authorities to procure the unusual silence during the Inter-'Varsity Debate?

* * *

Was it by accident or design that the promoters of the Fancy Dress affair fixed it for St. Valentine's Day? Of course, if it was by accident the postponement is explained.

* * *

Does the Fancy Dress craze account for one gentleman's impersonation of a Cyclops at a Chemi. lecture, with the aid of a monocle?

MIGRANTS AT PADDINGTON.

(Reprinted by kind permission of the Proprietors of
The Oxford Magazine).

Can you, my Topper—clocks have struck,
The train shoots up its steam—
Exchange the haunts of Peter Pan
For groves of Academe ?

Can you be grave—no more affront
With ceaseless, rude bow-wows
The pseudo-dignity of pugs,
The antic pride of chows ?

You, whom Prince Albert on his throne
Oft heard pure Cockney speak,
Now live with men who hail their dogs
In Latin and in Greek ?

No matter, Topper ! You and I
We'll not grow old nor clever,
We'll tell each other day by day
" You look as young as ever,"

So we'll keep green. If ought there be
Of changing with the times—
The Sunday scamper all cut short
By multiplying chimes,

Scarce a policeman in the streets,
And Parks without a Pond—
We'll mind us of our other home,
The Gardens of Beyond.

(And look, we move.) O, be they not
E'en by your memory forsaken,
The daily haunt of you and me
And one, whom God has taken.

April, 1915.

EXCELSIOR.

Now, Topper, twice nine moons have waxed
Since you and I went forth
With brow unmoved, but trepid heart,
To front the Fearful North.

Have you a mind to free your mind,
And talk of many things,
Committees, tape and sealing-wax,
Allotments—marrows—Kings ?

Can you compare in biting phrase
Our middle years, our youth ?
The Tea-cake with the Banbury,
Technology and Truth ?

Is it to praise the life of thought
Your barkings fall like hail ?
What seek you, bustling round " The Moor,"
Marked *urgent*, nose to tail ?

Short-legged enigma ! go your ways,
Your secrets keep intact ;
While I, fate-burdened with a tongue,
My weaker part enact.

Town—Oxford—Leeds : he praises all,
The dog who understands,
But you and I are strangers, Top,
In cities built with hands.

Granting to hubbub and sweet peace
Their quality unique,
We listen with another ear,
An ampler music seek.

For what in each we miss, we kept,
What lost, have still to spend ;
And, late or soon, our music comes,
—The greeting of a friend.

G.

December, 1918.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

3, BARKLY ROAD,

BEESTON,

LEEDS, December 4th, 1918.

DEAR SIR,

At a time when the question of War Memorials is being discussed, and many foolish schemes of useless " War Shrines," " Temples of Fame " and the like are before the public, I should like to bring to the notice of students past and present, a suggestion that has been made to me, to the effect that the best War Memorial the University could have, would be new Union Rooms on a scale equal to those of Manchester and Liverpool.

Nobody will deny the great importance of the social side to our student life, and I fear that the present Union Rooms will be totally inadequate to meet the large demands likely to be made upon them in the near future, when peace brings with it a great influx of students new and old.

Moreover, I feel sure that students past and present, together with the friends and relatives of those heroic members of our body who will not return, would be only too willing to support generously such a Memorial, which, in the vital part it would play in student life, could not but keep daily before us the memory of the great sacrifice that has been made and the true meaning of citizenship and national pride.

Yours faithfully,

T. WRAY MILNES.

MARRIAGE.

NORMAN—BECKWITH.—October 31st, at Holy Trinity Church, Huddersfield, by the Rev. Canon Tupper-Carey, Percy Gordon Norman, M.C., Maj., R.E., youngest son of Mr. Christopher Norman, Overton, West Monkton, Taunton, to Kathleen Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Beckwith, 4, Fitzwilliam Street West, Huddersfield.

BIRTH.

On Tuesday, December 3rd, at Kinnéreth, 55, St. Paul's Avenue, London, N.W.2, to Leon Simon and Nellie Simon (*née* Numanski), a daughter—Aviva Nesta.

Pages from an Irish Note Book.

Quilley.

QUILLEY was the name of the big white house that stood back from the road just where it became most exciting, and it was Barnie's wonderland. Here, lived the little old lady whom he called "Grannie." She was at times a formidable old lady, especially when, in her black bonnet, woolly shawl, a dress that stuck out all round like that of wooden Mrs. Noah, and spectacles that gleamed fiercely beneath her snow white hair, she brandished a stout ash plant at any hissing gander or noisy impudent gobbler that crossed her path. There were few things of which she was afraid, and the spectacles had been known to gleam and the stick to be brandished at Sir Harvey himself, when his new-fangled motor thing had "pretty near frightened the pony out of its wits," and upset Grannie (together with her wide-awake straw visiting hat, tied under the chin by a broad black ribbon in a big bow) into the ditch. But for Barnie there was quite another kind of gleam, a gleam that set his little heart beating and his under lip quivering, when, after the last swallows had congregated on the barn roof and flown away for the winter, he sat in the little pony cart, surrounded by luggage, ready to start once more on the long journey to the big city.

Barnie had a solemn regard for the swallows who came every year with him to Quilley and whose going was always the signal for his own departure. Then for another winter the big kitchen would hear no childish footsteps, and Grannie would sit in her chair by the window clicking her needles, until the spring came again, dreaming of the time when the big house had been full of just such young mischiefs as Barnie. It seemed a place specially made for children, with all its friendly population of hens and geese and turkeys and calves and fowls. Never were such settings as it provided for the great games of make-believe that the very nature of the place inspired. First of all, there was the wide duck-pond up against the grey gable-end of the stable and partly surrounded by a little plantation of elder trees. It was quite easy for anybody to climb the slippery twisted trunks and hide amongst the broad leaves and bunches of yellow blossom mirrored in the still black water beneath. No shipwrecked mariner ever surveyed his coral islet from the top of a tufted palm tree with more thrills, than did Barnie his kingdom from this sap-scented eminence. Round the pond, beneath the trees, ran a damp green-coated causeway

of flat stones which made fine quays and wharves from which little clippers could sail to all imaginable parts of the world. Little green ferns grew between the stones, and sometimes a frog would croak with excitement or a solemn armada of sleek white and brown ducks would glide up (with many questioning monosyllabic quacks) to gaze round-eyed upon the busy stevedores and merchant-men.

Then there was the big straw-thatched dairy, clean and cool, which had once been Grannie's home before the big slated house had been built across the yard. Its only occupants now were the wooden tubs of thick sour milk, the pans of cream and the great box churn that on churning days rumbled and frothed to the time of Dobbin's lazy march out in the stack yard, as he went round and round the shafted wheel that worked the machinery. When his work was over there would be a thick, golden blanket of fresh butter to be lifted out of the churn and battered and salted ready for "Old John" to take to town. "Old John" could neither read nor write, but he never made a mistake in his sales or wrongly delivered a message, and when his figure, perched on the blue milk-float that creaked behind Dobbin, had vanished along the road, Barnie would return to the dairy and climb up onto a high table while Tilley with a clatter of tubs and splashing of steamy water "swilled out." Sometimes she would sing to him in a voice far away and strangely thin, old Irish songs that made him unaccountably sad, or told him stories of the "three sorrows of Ireland," and the way the folk passed the long dark winter. There were plenty of tales, besides, of the "Gentle folk," the Banshee, of Ghosts, of witches and warlocks and the whole plethora of Irish Giants. Barnie used to think of them in the sleepless night hours when the trees round the house whispered mysteriously.

But Barnie did not always spend his time about the house. There were times when Tilley would call to Hugh, her brother, to harness the donkey to its strangely top-heavy cart of scarlet and blue, and the three of them would set off in a fine spirit of adventure to the "Bar Mouth," there to gather sea wrack for the pigs. The springless cart would jolt its way down the "Green Road" to the sea. Long years after Barnie heard the Rev. John (who had a Church in London, not at all like the First Presbyterian wherein he was bred) call this the most desolate road in all Ireland. Barnie was very angry, for to him it was the highway of wonder. True, there was not a house to be seen in all its mile-and-a-half of stony length, except an old and roofless cottage, used as a shelter for sheep, but then its high banks of brown earth were riddled with rabbit holes whose long-eared inhabitants would sit up and look curiously at the approaching donkey cart, until a wave of Tilley's apron, or a crack of Hugh's whip, would send the white tails bobbing into their underground refuge. Up and down went the road (and ever the party would be breaking in upon some new vista as they crested a hill and losing it again as they dropped into a hollow where a little tinkling burn

sped along). Now they would catch a glimpse of the sea shimmering in the summer heat, now of some shaggy heavy-shouldered cattle, strangers to a roof, who lifted their heads from the rush clumped pasture to gaze at the noisy equipage.

When they got to the "Bar Mouth" where the river meets the sea, off would come Barnie's shoes and socks (Hugh never had any to take off), Tilley would turn up her red petticoat and blue apron, and into the water they would wade. With much shouting and splashing they would drag from the rocks armfuls of the glistening brown seaweed to fill the sacks they had brought. Sometimes the coast-guards would wave to them from their white house among the sand dunes, or Jamie the pilot would put off in his dingy, and the trio would stop from their work to watch the steamer he had gone to meet, slowly make its way over the bar and up the river with many solemn and hollow blasts of its siren.

When they got home again it would be supper time and Barnie with a tin of butter milk and a plate of potatoes (boiled in their jackets) would make his way alone out to the flat hay-cart in the stack-yard. There he would sit and make his meal, while the greyness of evening fell gently upon the white-washed walls of the farm buildings and conical peaks of the hay stacks. Bye and bye a faint breeze would stir the trees a little, and a bat would dip past with a flick of leathern wings. Rats would crunch and scamper among the hay, the hens would make little uneasy noises and restless shufflings as they crowded together on their perches in the hen house, and the distant lowing of cattle would sound very lonely and far off in the evening. Then the moon would appear and suddenly Barnie would be aware of the thick black shadows that seemed to be alive upon the grey gleam of the walls, and, filled with an unknown fear, would pick up his plate and tin and slip into the kitchen. A great turf fire glowed out of the darkness and gleamed upon the metal dish-covers ranged around the walls. In its light the fat three-legged pot upon the chimney-crane cast strange shadows, while Grannie's needles glinted and clicked reassuringly in the gloom.

T.W.M.

Obituary.

[We deeply regret that the following information reached us too late for publication in the last issue.]

KERR.

Oct. 8th, at St. Mark's House, Leeds, (the house of her father, Dr. Woodcock, of Leeds), the wife of Capt. A. KERR, M.C., R.F.A., of a son.

Oct. 11th, at the house of her father, Catherine Margery (Madge), wife of Capt. KERR, M.C., R.F.A. and daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Woodcock.

Re-union Dance.

Well, folks!
Some Re-union Dance,
 Was'nt it?
 You know,
 We never knew
 The Library
 And Corridors
 And Physics Lab.
 Could look so— so—
Swish!
 It was the shaded lights that did it,
 I reckon
 They veiled
 Discrepancies.
 And yet
 Somehow
 The supply of electricity in the
Lounge was more than ample.
 Lots of people
 Want to know
 Why?
 It was
 Quite a grievance,
 Evidently.
 And even the Hall had doffed
 Its usually severely Academical aspect.
 And as it gradually filled
 With gaily-coloured groups,
 We almost forgot
 That
 We'd ever been "ploughed" there.
 But why—
 Why—
 Why didn't they drape the clock face somehow?
 'n say!
 However did the H.P. manage
 A voice like that
 Without a megaphone?
 And talking of voices,
 Have you ever heard a Costermonger's wife
 Speak with a One-Inch-per-Hour Army drawl?
 'Cos *we* have!
 Oh, an' I guess we ought
 To apologise
 To King Charles the First:
 You see,
 We thought he was Little Lord Fauntleroy.
 We liked the little lady
 In the Pompadour dress,
 With all that powder on—
 (You're quite wrong!)
 Her hair of course.
 'n it would never do
 To leave out the "Gryphon"
 (But say

Did you notice that,
 As usual,
 The "Gryphon" was devoid of "copy"?
 It was
 A significant omission,
 And most
 Realistic—ED.)
 It's just impossible
 To mention everyone who should be.
 We only wish
 We could.
 We watched
 The Lancers
 From the Gallery,
 And when they came to the whizzy bits
 Well, say!
 Have you ever thrown an egg
 Into an electric fan?
 No?
 Anyhow
 It looked just like that.
 There was just one colour
 That seemed to stand out—
 Khaki—
 Which was just as it should be,
 Or what was the sense of calling it a Re-union dance?
 But somehow
 It struck us
 That heaps of them wore uniform
 Because they funk'd
 Fancy Dress.
 You know
 It's funny
 But men are always scared
 Of seeming to seem ridiculous.
 Girls
 Don't mind:
 At least, not nearly so much.
 Still,
 The Army men
 Made a gallant show.
 Why—
 They even set us trying to remember
 Something
 A fellow called Byron
 Said
 About Lamps
 And Beauty
 And Chivalry,
 Only we couldn't.
 Some folks were lucky;
 They got taxis.
 Others weren't—
 They walked.
 Some didn't enjoy it—
 Others did.
 Why?
 Guess!

Notes on the Societies.

Education Society.

A well attended meeting of the Education Society was held in the Education Room on January 17th, when Mr. A. P. Scoles, one of the organisers of music for the troops, spoke on "Music and the Fighting Man." As Mr. Scoles has travelled over the different war zones organising music for the troops in connection with the Y.M.C.A., his lecture was exceedingly interesting—being based on actual personal experience. The lecturer pointed out that wherever there has been war there has been music, martial and otherwise. The Y.M.C.A. recognising the great need to organise music for the troops undertook to supply the camps in the different fighting areas with bands, gramophones and concert parties. Mr. Scoles particularly emphasised the fact that the legend that soldiers did not appreciate good music but preferred ragtime ditties was quite erroneous, that there was no need to come down to any imaginary level of a soldier when entertaining him. The soldiers, he stated, often showed resentment at this treatment, as in the case of one in hospital, who, "fed up" with the rendering of "The Wreck of the Hesperus" called upon his bed-ridden comrades to "take cover." Mr. Scoles further referred to the interest the soldiers have taken in folk-dancing, which has now been officially adopted in many convalescent camps in the place of physical jerks. The impromptu orchestras and choirs arranged for the soldiers during their stay in the rest camps after being in action were ever a source of pleasure to them and exceedingly popular everywhere.

The suggestion that music of a high standard should permeate the schools to make school life happier and brighter was well appreciated by the audience.

M.W.P.

Union Committee.

At a Meeting of the Union Committee held on Tuesday, January 21st, 1919, the Treasurer, Professor Connal, presented the Balance Sheet for Session 1917-18, as given below, which shows the gratifying balance on the year's expenditure of £169 11s. 10½d.

Owing to the return of many of our old students, it was decided to invite six returned ex-members of the Union Committee to resume their seats. The following four have accepted this invitation, and are therefore members of the above Committee:—

Mr. Webster, B.A.
 Mr. Exley, B.A.
 Mr. Dean.
 Mr. Sparling.

In place of Mr. Mountford, who has resigned his position as Vice-President, on leaving the University for another sphere of work, Mr. Webster was elected Vice-President of the Committee.

Annual Debate and Musical Evening.

THE Annual Debate and Musical Evening for Past and Present Students took place on January 10th, 1919.

The subject for debate was as follows:—"A Scientific Education tends to Materialism."

Proposed by Mr. Sewell and seconded by Dr. Gilligan.

Opposed by Miss Jagger and seconded by Miss Ward.

The Motion was carried by 13 votes to 10.

This was followed by a Musical Evening held in the Refectory where the Society was pleased to be able to greet so many Past Students. Professor Garstang kindly took the Chair during the whole evening which was much appreciated, especially at this time when he has so many other pressing duties.

Many musical items were ably rendered by various students, and the sketch entitled "The Wrong Flat" was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The room was then cleared for dancing; our thanks are due to the pianists who played during this time. The evening concluded with "Auld Lang Syne," "Kumati," and the National Anthem, and at eleven o'clock one of our happiest Re-unions came to a close.

NOTE.—Our attention has been drawn to an error in the composition of the Union Committee. Messrs. Sewell, Gilliat, and Hudlikar represent the Refectory Committee, but are not Members of the Union Committee.—Ed.]

Cavendish Society.

Nov. 19th, 1918.—Mr. F. C. Thompson, M.Sc., of the Leather Department, gave an interesting and popular paper on "The Making of Leather." He

gave a brief historical sketch of the subject, mentioning how the leather industry was no longer revolting and unclean as it had been a short while ago. He outlined the usual methods for tanning hides and skins, and touched upon the chemistry of the various processes—liming, deliming and tanning. Finally he gave a brief outline of the different kinds of tannins, both natural and synthetic, usually used.

Mr. Roth's lecture on "Permutite" which sold have been held on December 3rd, was unavoidably postponed until later on in the session.

The Red House Settlement.

On Monday, January 6th, we set out with good intentions and minds alert to learn something of the social work which is being done in our own city. Miss Purdon, Warden of the Red House Settlement, at the request of the Women's C.U. had kindly made arrangements so that we might satisfy this laudable desire. During the next two days, in parties of eight or ten, with cold feet but cheerful spirits we tramped through the mud on our way to visit factories, Work-houses, Babies' Welcomes, Day Nurseries and many other centres of social work. As a rule each group of students visited two places in the day, lunching at the Three R's Club, and having a grand rally of the whole party at the Red House for tea which was followed each day by a most interesting lecture—"The Red House Settlement and its work," by Miss Purdon; "Municipal Health," by Dr. Buchan, Medical Officer of Health for Bradford; "Welfare Work," by Miss Matthias, Head Welfare Supervisor of the Phoenix Manufacturing Co., Bradford. We all had such a thoroughly interesting time that we hope this Course will become an annual institution. L.B.

The Gryphon Magazine.—Statement of Accounts for Session 1917-18.

INCOME.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Sales	30	11	4
Advertisements (paid)	28	1	5
do. (not yet received)	3	17	6
Grant from General Committee ..	6	10	5
Bank Interest	0	1	0

£69 1 8

Balance for 1917-18

£5 1 11

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
Jowett & Sowry	60	1	6
Postages	2	0	3
Hall Porter's Services	1	10	0
Receipt Books	0	8	0

£63 19 9

Balance 5 1 11

£69 1 8

Deficit from 1916-17

£5 1 11

Leeds University Union.—Statement of Accounts, 1917-18.

RECEIPTS.			
	£	s.	d.
Union Subscriptions	460	12	9
Bank Interest	2	11	4
Dividends—War Loan	£5	5	2
National War Bonds	7	16	5
	<hr/>		
	13	1	7
Grazing	7	9	0
Hire of Ground	3	3	0
Musical Evening	0	5	0
	<hr/>		
	£487	2	8

	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand, Oct. 1917	268	3	7½
Invested in National War Bonds	200	0	0
	<hr/>		
	68	3	7½
Balance on year 1917-18	169	11	10½
Balance in hand, Oct., 1918	£237	15	6

CAPITAL ACCOUNT (Retirement and Allowances Fund).

To Amount as shown, 1916-17	£91	13	2
„ Dividend on War Loan	2	12	8
„ Penny Bank Interest	0	9	0
„ Annual Amount set aside, 1917-18	10	0	0
„ Allowance to J. Hardy (to be paid at end of war) 52 weeks at 5s.	13	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£117	14	10
	<hr/>		
By £50 War Loan	49	16	8
Cash in Penny Bank	67	18	2
	<hr/>		
	£117	14	10

EXPENDITURE.			
	£	s.	d.
Gymnasium	55	4	0
Lawn Tennis	6	0	0
Cricket Materials	4	15	0
Men's Common Rooms, College Road	14	18	9
Women's	10	15	0½
Men's Medical School	15	0	0
Women's	4	3	10
S.R.C. Grant	4	0	0
Photographs and Framing	1	1	0
Debating Society	9	5	1½
Swimming Club	0	10	6

Pavilion and Field—			
	£	s.	d.
Machinery Repaired	2	15	0
Plumbing	2	4	0
Horse Hire	5	11	0
Ashes and Carting	1	15	0
Sundries	0	9	8
	<hr/>		
	12	14	8

Union, General Printing, &c. (including Handbook)	6	2	5
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Groundsman—			
	£	s.	d.
Wages and War Bonus	84	4	0
Wedding Present	5	0	0
Washing and Sundries	1	2	10½
Extra work, boy, &c.	1	10	0
Insurance Stamps	0	13	0
Allowance paid on account of J. Hardy, 52 weeks at 7s. 6d.	19	10	0
Rates and Taxes	24	9	2
Fire and Accident Insurance	2	5	1
Tithe Rent	2	3	3
Gas	3	1	2
Water	10	2	7
Electric Light and Lamps	0	17	5
Legal Charges <i>re</i> Income Tax	1	11	6
Paid to Retirement Fund	10	0	0
<i>Gryphon</i>	6	10	5
	<hr/>		
	317	10	9½

Balance on year	169	11	10½
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£487 2 8

Examined and found correct—

A. E. WHEELER, 21st January, 1919.

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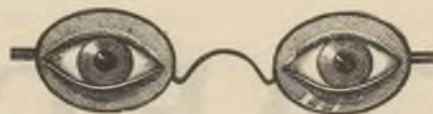
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