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THE GRYPHON

The Journal of the University of Leeds



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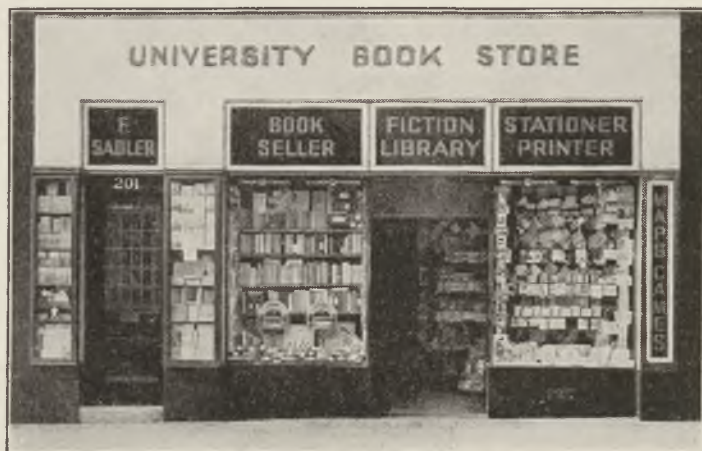
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THE GRYPHON

The Journal of the University of Leeds

"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sick feathers ; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgments when we know them full well to be of weak matter ; yielding ourselves to the curtesies which wee have ever found bound to the preciseness which wee ought to feare."—LYLY.

Editorial

In this, the last issue of the "Gryphon" for the session, it will perhaps prove profitable to review briefly Union activities in the past year. Old students may thus contemplate the progress made by their successors, and younger students who are to bear the burden of administration next year may glean general lines of policy.

The relations between the Union and the University have been maintained on an amenable, if not an improved footing. Many issues have been settled in a rational and logical manner largely by personal contact of officials from both sides ; a procedure which wins decisions far more quickly and pleasantly than haranguing in committee rooms. Staff—student committees—how some students love committees !—have worked well, and proved of great value. Perhaps our most important achievement is the Report on University Reform. The desire for closer contact between student and lecturer is reflected throughout the Report ; there is a desire for staff residence in hostels, for the re-inauguration of staff, student debates, and almost every department expressed a wish to welcome staff into the Union Building. A most pleasing feature running through the Report is the recognition of the need for a wider education, embracing many aspects of knowledge apart from the one studied for a degree. Many of the measures advocated are perhaps Utopian, but they do indicate that students are not unaware of the part to be played by the Universities in the future. The growing interest of students in the post-war world has, we hope, been stimulated by a series of lectures planned on this subject. There certainly is abroad among students many hopes, and many ideas ; even Medics. have ceased their endless discussions on cancer psychoneuroses in order to debate the part their profession is to play in the reconstruction of a better world.

This year has been a difficult one in many ways. At times we have seemed to lurch along blindly instead of moving surely forward, but the Union is more than still on its feet, despite war-time conditions. It is alive and growing.

To those about to join the ranks of the O.S.A. we wish every success in their new spheres of activity, and may those who take their places in Union administration bear lightly the burden they have assumed. And may the Union be loyal to its elected officers !

O. P. EDMONDS,

President of L.U.U

Union Notes

In the recent Presidential Elections, Mr. G. McLeavy was elected President of the Union for the Session 1944-45. The President-Elect is in his fourth year at the University, at present engaged on chemical research for the degree of Ph.D. He is an athlete; plays badminton in the University team, fences, and rows in the Second Crew of the Boat Club. We wish him every success in his term of office.

Miss M. Whitehead was returned unopposed to the office of Senior Vice-President. Miss H. L. Farr left us at the end of last term, on the completion of her University course. Votes of thanks are the usual thing for Officers of the Union when they go down, but the vote of thanks given to Miss Farr rang more sincerely than they usually do.

Mr. J. Ransom has been elected Junior Vice-President for the Session 1944-5. He has not served on the Union Committee, but has been Captain of the Rifle Club and is playing a considerable part in the organisation of this year's Rag.

The Union Committee elections are in progress as we write. There is no dearth of nominations, but many nominations have been rendered invalid by being returned after the time fixed for acceptance of nominations. It is quite impossible for the Returning Officer to organise the Elections if she is to be expected to accept nominations late. The voting papers have to be sent off to the printers, and a list of the candidates posted up in the Union for the consideration of the Electorate.

Since the last issue of the "Gryphon" Mr. A. E. Wheeler, the University Registrar and Professor B. M. Connal, both staunch friends of the Union have died. The students of to-day are probably unaware of the debt the Union owes to these men, who both so nobly deserved our gratitude, but even so, their passing has been sincerely mourned in the red brick building. Mr. Wheeler's seat on the Union Committee is to be left vacant until next Session.

M. THWAITES, Hon. Sec., L.U.U.



Notes and Comments

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

We must ask our readers to forgive us if this section of the "Gryphon" assumes ever vaster proportions, for three issues now have to carry the burden of information which, in our old care-free undergraduate days, was disseminated through seven issues. There is also the point which, in our lonely passion for orange-boxes, we have been declaiming from the house-tops for years that the "Gryphon" is a University magazine, and as such, its principal function is the recording of events important in the world of our own University.

THE RAG

The climax of this term is always the Rag. No longer are the streets of Leeds scoured by Pirates, Columbines and Ladies with lamps, or its inhabitants victimised by Fuzzy-Wuzzies, Indian Fakirs, and Desperadoes-in-General, but we still hope to raise the bulk of £2,500 for our hospitals. The Rag Committee, under the very able Chairmanship of Mr. A. B. Wade, is busy organising four Dances, a Rag Play to be produced by the L.U.U. Dramatic Society, which has chosen the comedy "Tony draws a horse," and the sale of the usual number of twenty-two thousand "Tykes." Our students cannot trust that over-worked excuse, "Oh! but my exams!" in the faces of Rag Officers, and we hope to have at least a hundred volunteers to sell "Tykes" on June 27th. We cannot, as formerly, have two consecutive Saturdays for the sale of the "Tyke" and Flags, but we are hoping that Leeds will be as generous on a Tuesday as it has always been on a Saturday.

REPORT ON UNIVERSITY REFORM

It is a sad reflection on human nature that it takes a war to jolt humanity out of its rut. This country's great educational reforms have almost always been conceived during war-time, and this particular war is no exception. The Union was represented indirectly when the Secretary last term attended the W.E.A.'s London Conference, on the Education Bill, as a representative of N.U.S. That Conference has been fully reported in the Wall Newspaper.

A Sub-committee of the Union, supplemented by Professors Evans and Dobree and Mr. Dickinson (Economics Dept.) prepared a report on University Reform, a task which occupied several months. A Special Meeting of the Union Committee ratified it after a stormy sitting of four hours. The report has been confined, in the main, to problems of curriculum and teaching, though other questions, such as whether or not students should live in Hostel were touched upon. It was interesting to note that many students through their Departmental Reports, asked that lecture notes should be distributed in printed form before the lecture, so that they could concentrate on the actual matter, rather than the taking of notes. We were surprised at the number of Departmental reports which asks for residence in Hostel—we had perhaps been misled by snatches of coffee-room conversation as to the students' attitude to Hostels. The request that the degree course should last four years, instead of the present three was unanimous, as, interestingly enough, was the demand that Arts courses should include "A scientific subject" and vice versa. There were, of course, many other suggestions, and recommendations, but our readers will realise that it is impossible even to begin to summarise a twelve thousand word report here. We do not claim that the report is complete, or anything even remotely approaching perfection in any way, but a good deal of hard work and many high hopes have gone into making of it, and we hope that these will bear fruit. It has been presented to the University Authorities, and to the N.U.S.: filed in the Brotherton and the Union Libraries, and in the Union Office. Fifty copies were made, and any student wishing to study the report may borrow a copy from the Office. We take this opportunity of thanking the Staff members of our Sub-Committee for their invaluable guidance and assistance and for the Spartan manner in which they turned up week after week.

KUMATI! FOR EVER!

The Editor of the "Gryphon" received this letter just as this issue was being prepared for the Press:—

Dear Sir,

It is 'with grave doubts and many misgivings that we read in the February issue of the "Gryphon" which has just reached us, that the A.G.M. of the Union is to be asked to accept a slight modification of the University war-cry in current usage. Sir, is nothing sacred to the youth of to-day? Are all the sacred things of bye-gone ages of our Alma Mater to be trodden underfoot by the tradition-despising generation? Who cares for the niceties of the Maori language? "Kumati" has long ceased to be a war-cry of those diminishing people. It was the rallying clarion of the University—a symbol embedded in our very hearts. As British as the flag, as Yorkshire as the Pudding! A call which stiffened our sinews, summoned up our blood as we went on to the field or steeled our wills to endure the lecture room or bound our hearts together as we clung to the walls of the Great Hall, whose walls must surely fall in righteous anger upon a reformed usage.

We who toil and sweat beneath a tropical sun in the far-flung stretches of the Empire—cut off from home and loved ones, with no one to plead our cause against this modern vandalism, must now bear this added weight upon our shoulders, already bent beneath the Black Man's Burden. So sorrow fills our hearts as the old order is forced to give way to the new—forced by a generation of destroyers. Have they no hearts? Have they no souls? Or is the "Kumati" to be translated into basic Maori?

We remain, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

Anthony Hunter.

Reginald Dove.

The impassioned gentleman will be relieved to hear that although the new cry was accepted (after scenes such as the Riley Smith Hall has never before witnessed—even if modern youth cannot vie with its forefathers) by two votes, students still cling to the old cry. The new cry is:—

KA MATE! KA MATE!

KA ORA! KA ORA!

TENEI TE TANGATA PUHURUHURU!

NANA I TIKI I WHAKAWHITI TE RA!

UPANE! UPANE!

UPANE! KAUPANE! WHITI TE RA!

the Wall Newspaper recently translated "Kumati" thus:—

"Come matey; Come matey!
Car or row? Car or row?
O.K.! O.K.! O.K.!"

Incidentally, now we understand English History!

BLOOD TRANSFUSION.

The Blood Transfusion Service visited the Union and forty donors were found. This was somewhat disappointing, but at least we have brought the Service to the notice of our students.

CHRISTI ATHLETICS.

We regret to report that Leeds was badly defeated in the Christie Athletics on Saturday, May 20th, scoring only '22 points against Liverpool's 80 points, and Manchester's 33 points.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

The Book Exchange, a perennial trouble, has been once more set on its feet, by Mr. Stephen Croft. He asked us to report that he will attempt to obtain any books required but out of stock by advertisement.

There is also an attempt being made to open a book-stall in the Union where books of general cultural interest will be brought to the notice of students. The venture is not yet fully launched, but it is one to which we wish every success.

DEBATES SOCIETY.

The Debates Society lately changed its tactics by debating internal affairs. The Motion that "The Secretary of the Union should be elected by general ballot," was proposed by the present Secretary and opposed by Mr. J. Menkart, Hon. Sec., L.U.U., 1942-3. Many people appear to harbour somewhat weird and wonderful ideas as to what the Secretary's duties are, but otherwise, the debate was quite interesting. The motion was heavily defeated, as it deserved to be.

TRADITION?

This seems to be a very vexed question just now, but we thought it worth while to air our views, which we know are those of the Union Committee, and fondly believe to be those of the Union, as to where Degrees should be conferred. It is felt that degrees should be conferred in the University and not in any one particular School. After all, if the plea that degrees be conferred in the Department where they were won were carried to its logical conclusion, we should have the Senate trailing unhappily from English House into French House, round the corner into History House, down University Road into Maths. House, and up again to the Textile Department. The picture is too terrible to contemplate! Our University does not yet seem to have realised that it is one entity, not a collection of Schools.

M. T.

EMERITUS PROFESSOR B. M. CONNAL.

It is almost eighteen years since Professor Connal retired from the Chair of Latin, and as is only natural his name means little or nothing to the student of to-day. And yet very few members of staff have given more whole-hearted service to Leeds students and better deserves to be remembered by them. His forty years at Leeds saw many generations of students come and go, and the thought of student days at the Yorkshire College or the University of Leeds inevitably called him to mind. It was perhaps easier in the more intimate days of the smaller community of twenty or thirty years ago to feel a closer bond of staff and students. Certain it is that the friendly intimacy of the smaller community for many reasons better suited his nature, certain too that the student, man and woman alike, who needed help or advice regarded him above all others as their counsellor and friend.

As a teacher—he loved teaching and was a teacher beyond all else—he was sympathetic, direct, stimulating, with a wealth of illustration drawn from wide interests. —If the spur were needed, none could use it with greater effect, but those who felt it were the first, I imagine, to appreciate the wisdom, soundness and basic kindliness of the man who used it. In his heyday he enjoyed cricket, tennis and fives, and his part in staff v. student matches in the days before Weetwood was even thought of will be vivid memories to many of the older generations of students. He was Treasurer of the Students' Union at a most important stage in its development, and if some secretaries were very conscious of the tightness of the Treasurer's purse-strings, they were in the long run very grateful for his wise and careful stewardship in the days of relatively scanty Union funds. He had a firm conviction of the valuable contribution a strong Union could make to University life, and no one rejoiced more than he to see the growth through adolescence to manhood of the infant he had tended with such care. The foundation of the O.S.A. gave him one more link with old students, and one more opportunity of service to them. As a President of the O.S.A., as its Auditor, as Chairman of the West Riding Branch he was happy to give what help he could, to renew old associations and to revive old memories.

This is not the time or place to speak in detail of his many other activities, of the influence of his energy and wise counsel on University development and in the promotion of the University's wider interests, his membership and Vice-Chairmanship of the Joint Matriculation Board, his work on the Teachers' Registration Council in its early days and on the Secondary Schools' Examination Council, his many-sided work for the Classical Association, both parent body and local branch. He lived a full life and took an energetic part in many fields of activity.

His interests, as I have said, were wide, but his abiding passion was Horace. He knew the Odes by heart and found them a constant joy and delight. In Elysium, he would say, I shall try to chum up with Horace. He had much in common with his favourite poet, and yet he was fundamentally of sterner stuff than Horace. He was a man of a very definite and vigorous character. He had strong principles, strong opinions, even strong prejudices, for he was very human like the rest of us. But with it all he was essentially kindly. As pupil and later as colleague I saw much of him. From first to last he showed me nothing but an unceasing kindness, an unflinching readiness to give generously all the help in his power. The wealth of his long experience was unstintingly shared and my debt to him is very great. His standard of work was high; he expected others to have standards no lower than his own. Some years ago he gave me Francis Dodd's admirable etching of him and with the gift sent some slightly altered words of Virgil's,

forsan et hunc olim meminisse iuvabit.

The choice of passage and the change were characteristic. Very many Leeds students on hearing of his passing will indeed recall with pleasure and affection their memories of him. If this pleasure and affection with all that it implies were everything that remained of his long life at Leeds, he would have been well content to have it so.

E. E. B.

* * * *

To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

Dear Sir,

You will I feel sure have other tributes to the memory of Professor Connal, but I shall be much obliged to you if you will allow me to add mine. He had been my friend for nearly half a century. I remember my first meeting with him in 1899 and I saw him last a few weeks before his death. During the long intervening period I turned constantly to him for counsel and with him I constantly talked over the affairs of the University and of the world outside. I think no one has personified the University to so great a number of people as Professor Connal. When I have met old students it is of him that they nearly always want news. In the old far-distant days when the Yorkshire College was still the name of the institution, when the entrance was by the door in the Baines wing and the Library was housed in a single room, Connal seemed to know all the students and it was to him that they confided their difficulties and aspirations. As the College grew into the University, and the scores of those early days into the hundreds of to-day,

the old intimacy naturally and inevitably decreased; but Professor Connal's close relations with the student-body never ceased or slackened. He was quick to win their confidence and helpful with advice. When he married there was a remarkable display of the extent to which he had won their gratitude and affection.

Professor Connal was a fine scholar, but above all things he was a teacher. He loved teaching, I really think, more than any other occupation in the world, and as a natural result his classes were popular and lively. Often as I have passed the door of his class-room I have heard laughter which indicated the success with which he made what might have been a dull subject interesting and enjoyable. This was a great service to the College. For in those days the future of Arts subjects was by no means certain. There were those who thought that the destiny of the College was to be a mainly technological institution and that history and literature and still more the ancient languages were out of place. I believe that Connal did a good deal to secure for Arts subjects a permanent and honoured place within our walls.

As I think of him the quality that stands out is his genuineness and complete absence of any pretence or make-believe. His friendliness was without any touch of sentimentalism. There was no gap between his words and his meaning. He was very chary of claiming high-sounding motives for his action and always in fact aimed higher than he admitted. And one result of this simplicity and openness of nature was that, even after an interruption of some length, it was always easy to pick up again the thread of intimacy. This has been noted to me by several people. The friend that you had left you found again unchanged; sympathetic and helpful but at the same time quite ready to criticise and to disagree, for there was no weakness in his friendship.

His talents were greater than his ambition. He published nothing and did not desire to publish. He refused steadily to lecture in public or even to make a speech of any kind from a public platform. And yet he was a very good speaker. His life in Leeds gave him what he wanted and he made no attempt to change it. He cherished a great love for his native New Zealand but he made no effort to return, though his old University would probably have welcomed him. The task that fate had given him satisfied him and he did it amazingly well. Horace was his favourite author and there was much of the spirit of Horace in his outlook on life. And a line of Horace comes to my mind as I think of our long association. "*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus Tam cari capitis.*"

A. J. GRANT.

STOP PRESS.

This issue reads rather like a Boat Club Special, but we thought you would like to know that L.U.B.C. First Crew beat a Cambridge Crew of five rowing Blues by three and a half lengths on Saturday, June 10th. Nice work, boys !

Translation from the Spanish

ANTONIO MACHADO

El Crimen Fue En Granada
(On the death of Federico Garcia Lorca).

I

THE CRIME

He was seen walking through rifles,
Down a long street,
To go to the cold countryside
Under the still shining stars of early dawn.
They killed Federico
When the light had begun to appear.
The orderless few who gathered
Dared not look upon that face.
All closed their eyes;
They prayed aloud, "Nor God saves you!"
Then Federico fell dead.
—Blood on the forehead and lead in the bowels—
. and the crime, you must know, was
In Granada—poor Granada!—in his Granada

II

THE POET AND DEATH

He was seen walking alone with Her,
Without fear to her scythe.
—Already the sun on tower and tower;
 hammers
On anvil—anvil and anvil of forges.
Federico spoke,
 Wooing to the last. She listened.
"Because yesterday in my verse, my companion,
Sounded the clash of your dry palms,
And because you gave the ice to my song,
 the sharp edge
Of your sickle of silver to my tragedy,
I sang you the flesh you do not possess,
The eyes that you lack,
Your hair that the wind shook,
The red lips where you were kissed
To-day like yesterday, gypsy girl, o' death of mine,
It is well to be alone with you,
In this air of Granada, my Granada!

III

He was seen walking alone
 Build, friends,
Of stone and dream, in the Alhambra,
A tomb to the poet,
Above a fountain where waters weep
And eternity may cry,
"The crime was in Granada, in his Granada!"
(Translation by W. K. Severs).

LOUGHRIGG, 1942

Not more remote
The world's ills fall
In line along
These further hills;
Though by the lake
Lie lovers wrapt.
They there renew
The valley's tears,
For time has locked
Thought's glacier
Between the hills
And lovers' lips,
And freedom is
To-morrow's thaw,
Reciprocal
Of flood and fire.

William Kenneth Severs.

THE MOUNTAINS

As climbers caught on peaks, blind with snow
And the ceaseless bitter wind of mountains,
We pause in choice and through our blindness hear
The broken screes made thunderous by fall;
The cold grey wind blows snow dust silently
Across the pass become a terminus
For foreign wars, and on the ice-cracked path
Spring's gentians are trodden underfoot.

Stars poise and wheel like fragile crystal birds,
Drawing east with thin and piteous cries,
And, at dawn, when above the static plain
Beyond the peaks, their crying's stilled, one moves
Across the pale blue glitter of the ice
And pauses at the tarn's crisp rim, and veils
Like fluid hands across the frozen lake
Sweep, lift and fall in token of his death.

For these are not hope's mountains—once his aim—
But the inconsequent and bitter end
Of choosing's furthest range, and he who stands
Has found the frayed rope in the riven rock,
The lanyard coiled in cold and silent drifts;
He turns, and in the first uneasy light
Outline appears: the eternal climbers
From the plains, and the peak's eternal dead.

William Kenneth Severs.

BEVIN BOY

On February 7th, 1944, I reported at Pontefract Colliery for my training as what has now come to be termed "A Bevin Boy." At 7.50 a.m. it was very dark, and my first impression was that of a great unknown. The pit-wheels were pulling coal from the mine, a place of which I had no experience, and there were many strange whistlings, slangings and screechings, making the whole atmosphere fascinating and awe-inspiring. However, I soon became accustomed to all this, as I began to attend the training classes, which lasted a month.

There were fifty in our group, which was the smallest of four groups totalling about three hundred. The first week was spent in lectures, physical training and work on the surface and underground, but these were not evenly distributed on the time-table. During the lectures we were told that if anyone so desired, he could sleep, but on no account must he disturb any person wishing to listen. Several men did sleep, but as they mostly snored, they had to be wakened. Others listened; some intently, others not, but the lectures were usually completed without a great deal of noise. They were rather different from the lectures to which I had been used; some lasted three hours; most were illustrated by at least one film; some were delivered by three different men, and many provoked us to voice our opinions of both lecture and lecturer in language which was not exactly polite. However, I acquired a fair knowledge of how a mine works, and the haulage systems used in it. The best way of teaching us was, of course to take us down the mine and show us what the lecture had really been about, but whenever we did go down, we were usually taught a job which had no bearing upon our previous instruction, and though we mentioned this to those in charge of us, nothing was done about it. Incidentally, I had one particular job eleven times.

One part of the scheme of which everyone complained was the Physical Training. There was far too much of it; for instance, in one day we had four and a half hours, not continuously, I admit, but out of eight working hours, it did seem rather a lot. In the main it consisted of vaulting, running and football, with the usual muscle-stretches in light moments. The primary fault lay in that several of the "Bevin Boys" were thirty-five to forty years of age, and hardly in a fit condition for such a strenuous task as this. The scheme was taken in good spirit, in spite of its defects, and I was surprised at the way in which the older men tackled the job, although they were given permission to miss it if they wished.

Surface work and underground mining were taken very badly, chiefly because many had been drawn in the ballot, and would have preferred the Army. Some of these men showed a real keenness to make the best of their misfortune, but there were a few who were determined to do as little work as possible, sometimes carrying this spirit as far as trying to prevent others from working, too. The point of the surface work was to harden one's hands, but the work itself was demoralising in the extreme, as we moved a pile of frozen dirt five yards—which took us about four hours,—in the snow and cold of February. The next day we moved the same pile back.

After four weeks of this life, we were allocated to various pits. I was lucky, as I was to work two miles from home, but there were many ridiculous

situations, such as a Normanton man being sent to Wakefield, and vice-versa; neither of these men was allowed to change.

Following my "Stage A" training, I worked for a fortnight on the screens for "Stage B." This consisted of picking dirt out of the coal as it moved along a conveyer. I now began to meet the real colliery workers but they were surface men, and I rather looked forward to meeting the miners down the pit itself. On the screens there are three types of men. There are those who are too old to work down the pit any longer; there are those who have been injured in the pit, and there are those who have not the intelligence to go down. I am exonerated from this last category as I was compelled to go underground as part of my "Stage B" training.

Since that time, I have been working down the mine and I feel that it is an experience that every man ought to have, for by it, he will meet men who curse and swear, but will do anything for him; who are scorned but do not scorn others; who work under terrible conditions, and who can show what it means to face danger at their work, and yet wear a smile. J. Milner.



A concert was given at Leeds University on April the 27th by the London Belgian Pianoforte Quartet. This quartet was formed shortly after the invasion of the Low Countries, for four well known Belgian musicians; the distinguished violinist, Maurice Raskin, Léonard Ardenois, viola; the directeur of the Conservatoire of Louvain, Rodolphe Soiron, violoncello; and Marcel Gazelle, professor of pianoforte at the Royal Conservatoire of Ghent. These artists, since their arrival in England have continuously endeavoured to make the British public more familiar with the works of Belgian and French composers. The programme consisted of the Schuman Quartet in E flat Major, Op. 47, the B minor unfinished Quartet by Lekeu; and Fauré's C minor Quartet, Op. 15; and was an other effort in this direction, for the so striking quartet by Lekeu, a lesser known Belgian composer of the César Franck school, was a revelation to the greater part of the audience.

The artists, whose skill and mastery was already known to those who had the privilege of hearing them at their previous visit to the University, in February, 1942, rendered with sober vigour the subtle diversity of the various movements of the Schuman quartet, successively, brilliant, intense, moving and vivid, they did not fail to underline the deep-lying poetical sensibility characteristic of the majority of Schuman's compositions. On the other hand, the purity and firmness, distinctive of the artist's interpretation was most fit to extol the penetrating grace of Fauré's music, of a lighter style, and contrasting passages of subtle elegance with a more dreamy harmony. But most impressive was Lekeu's unfinished quartet, reflecting such depths of emotion that it is impossible not to recognise the powerful expression of a wounded soul in which the tumults of life and suffering reach a poignant beauty, and surprising greatness. J.D.

Of Shoes and Ships and Sealing-wax

"MOTORING THEORY" OR "FURTHER SHAKESPEARE"

It is considered that Shakespeare must have been a motorist, and abundant evidence is found in his plays to support this:—

"Whence that knocking?" (Macbeth). Obvious suggestion of excessive carbon deposit, or loose big-end.

"Will this gear ne'er be mended?" (Troilus and Cressida). Indicates that there were dilatory garage men even in those days.

"Here an engine fit." (Two Gentlemen of Verona). Apparently the foreman's instructions to his mechanic at some time or other.

"And Phibbus' car shall shine from far." (Midsummer Night's Dream). Possibly a reference to defective headlamp-masks, or owner's instructions to cleaners.

"Thou hast wore out thy pump." (Romeo and Juliet). Whether oil, petrol, water or air not indicated.

"How well the wheel becomes it." (Hamlet). May be appreciation of the spare wheel, or more likely change from tiller steering.

"Which of you know Ford?" (Merry Wives of Windsor). Henry evidently older than one thought.

"Sirs, take you to your tools." (Titus Andronicus). The settlement of some Trade Union dispute, no doubt.

"Give me this guage." (Richard II). The manners of foremen when addressing an apprentice do not seem to have changed since 1596.

"Here's a goodly gear." (Romeo and Juliet). This a rarity in the days when synchromesh gears were unknown.

"My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left." (The Comedy of Errors). It was necessary, it seems, even in those days to provide rear and side lamps when parked.

"O most wicked speed." (Hamlet). Evidently William had appeared before the local magistrate at some time, for exceeding the speed limit in Stratford-on-Avon.

* * *

"In my last letter I told Jack to forget that I had told him that I didn't mean to reconsider my decision not to change my mind, and he seems to have misunderstood me."

WATER BABIES

There were eight of us—at least there were eight of us left by the time we arrived at Rivercummu. Bridget and I thought that we had better have a boat between us, so we hired one for six so as to be on the safe side.

We only got one pair of oars, however, though we asked for three.

Bridget and I stood on the landing-stage to watch the others being pushed off. Suddenly, the horrors of Vergil—Charon and the Styx—come over me. I began to feel green; the water looked so grey and cold; and I had new socks on. I looked sideways at bespectacled Bridget, and saw her Adam's apple wobble at least twice. But she kept her usual ruddy hue, and I gathered that her bile duct was functioning more normally than mine. I stepped in, and the boat turned sideways: Bridget stepped in and it came up and hit her in the eye. We pushed off—all prepared. We had decided that Bridget should row for the first half-hour—that was if we weren't swimming by then. I sank comfortably into the back seat surrounded by imaginary cushions. I was perfectly happy—except for being soaked to the skin every time the oars touched the water, and having my chin biffed by my knees—Bridget's legs are rather long—and of course the minor detail of having my hands torn to bits in wild attempts to control the rudder.

An ominous grating sound on the bottom of the boat told us only too plainly that something was wrong, and the fact that we had already broken on oar in two made us even more suspicious. We both looked over the side—unfortunately we chose the same side. We had, we discovered, landed on the rocks. Bridget tried to push us off with our one oar, but she pushed too hard and fell flat in the boat. I picked her up, dusted her and put her back in her seat—then she regained consciousness.



Bridget with her whole oar, and I with my odd half, made our way up the river. All too soon, it was my turn to row. We chose a nice over-hanging tree which we hoped would serve as anchorage for the change-over. Bridget steered in close—rather cleverly I thought. Unfortunately I was watching a fly on the end of her nose as we sailed under the willow, and was brought to earth only by the resounding crash of her skull on the overhanging trunk. We both got up

together, excessively polite, to exchange seats; in actual fact the choice lay between the water and the tree. We both chose the tree; as the boat shot under us and turned sideways, Bridget yelled something about wearing her best Sunday skirt. I reminded her, as politely as I could that we were both dangling over the water, with only one of our four joint legs in the boat, and that one leg was hers. She muttered sulkily, and I distinctly heard the words "clothing

coupons." At last I managed to kick the boat nearer, and we boarded again. With the help of a sturdy branch, we tried once more to change places. Unluckily I did not hit the middle of the seat, and the next time I saw Bridget she was still hanging miserably from the tree. With one and a half oars I rowed back to her from the middle of the river. She dropped so gracefully into the boat that the water came over the side and we both had a mud bath.

Out in mid-stream once again we thought over the situation. I suggested tentatively that we had probably had a more exciting time than the others, and Bridget splashing in the water agreed that perhaps we had. When Bridget had scrambled into her seat, and we had roughly dried our clothes, we decided to hasten homewards. Then it began—the gurgling I mean. I tried hard to convince Bridget that it was NOT my stomach—though I had mentioned my hunger once or twice. We then decided that the boat had probably lost all the bottom it had ever had, so redoubled our efforts to get back before the inevitable happened. We were met with angry looks and a boat-hook. In a trice we were ashore and counting our pence. We had threepence half-penny between us, so thought it wiser not to mention the fact that we had left the boat without a bottom.

C. K.



THE SONG OF THE GROUNDED FLYER

My turret crested helmet against the gale,
I caught the glint of cockpit in the sun,
Knew plane lift, the delight of turning gull
That self dependent hangs above the wave,
Enduring hardest hail of ice and men.

But now no ocean murmur, poised on wing
That guides the coasters' ocean course, nor sight
Of waves as metal under Autumn sun,
For I have known the petrel's fall to earth,
The gannet's clamour at the gun.

And though what's gone was opposite to good,
In the clear dawns I would again ascend
And pass above the cloud floor of my will,
Seeking then, far from loud complaining towns,
That same inconstancy of combat's skill.

William Kenneth Severs.

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

Meeting of the Council, Wednesday, 16th February, 1944.

The Pro-Chancellor (Colonel C. H. Tetley) in the Chair.

The Council recorded with regret the loss by death of Mr. Robert Armitage, a Life Governor of the Yorkshire College and a Life Member of the University Court.

A report of the decision of the East Riding County Council to continue their grant of £500 to the University for the financial year 1944-45 was received with gratitude.

The following gifts to the Brotherton Library were reported and the Council expressed its grateful thanks to the donors:—

A collection of Music (chiefly classical scores) and Literature, formerly in the possession of Mr. Benjamin Lee, of Yeadon, presented to the Library by Mr. F. Lee, of Thornton, Heywood, Lancs.

170 books, portfolios and pamphlets on mediaeval architecture, including folios and one or two stories on the Cathedrals, Abbeys and Churches of France, presented to the Library by Professor Hamilton Thompson. The collection formed part of the valuable Library accumulated by the late Mr. John Bilson, D.Litt., F.S.A., of Hessle, who bequeathed it to Professor Hamilton Thompson.

Professor Hughes was appointed Deputy Pro-Vice-Chancellor for the remainder of the Vice-Chancellor's absence.

Meeting of the Council, Wednesday, 15th March, 1944.

The Pro-Chancellor (Colonel C. H. Tetley) in the Chair.

The Pro-Chancellor paid a tribute to the work of the late Mr. A. E. Wheeler, Registrar of the University, who died on the 3rd March, and the following resolution was passed:—

The Council records its deep regret at the death of the Registrar of the University, Mr. A. E. Wheeler. Coming to Leeds from the Board of Education in 1912 at the instigation of Sir Michael Sadler, he was appointed first to a post which had been specially created for him—that of Vice-Chancellor's Secretary, with within a year of arrival he had been made Secretary of the University. Seven years later he became Registrar, an office which he filled with conspicuous ability for nearly a quarter of a century. He brought to the conduct of University business an alert and receptive intelligence, and with the constant encouragement and guidance of Sir Michael Sadler he soon acquired a wide knowledge of academic affairs. His stature as administrator and his wisdom in counsel increased steadily with the passing of the years, and it is merely truth to say that he attained the enviable posi-

tion of being trusted by members of Council and Senate alike. His advice when crucial or difficult matters were under discussion was always sound and disinterested.

Mr. Wheeler played an important part in the expansion of the University which marked the period of his registrarship, and his many outside activities must have done much to further public interest in and sympathy with the work of our institution. In 1922 the University marked its appreciation of his services by conferring on him the degree of Master of Arts *honoris causa*. Mr. Wheeler never did things by halves. His apparently inexhaustible energy was manifest in everything he undertook. In addition he had a gift of friendship in which many of us were privileged to share. To Mrs. Wheeler and her two sons the Council sends a message of sincerest sympathy.

The Council also recorded its regret at the loss by death of Lord Airedale, who had represented the Crown on the University Council since 1914, and Sir William Nicholson, a Life Member of the Court since 1925.

The Council accepted with very much pleasure an announcement of the gift by Sir Montague Burton of an endowment of £18,550 for a Lectureship in Modern Hebrew, and placed on record its warm appreciation of this further evidence of Sir Montague's practical interest in the development of the University and its deep satisfaction that permanent provision had been made for the inclusion of this subject in the University's curriculum.

The Council expressed its cordial thanks to Messrs. Humphreys and Glasgow, Ltd., for a donation of 250 guineas towards the equipment fund of the Coal Gas and Fuel Industries Department.

An announcement of the decision of the Leeds Education Committee to renew their annual grant of £12,000 to the University for the academic year ending 31st July, 1944, was gratefully received.

The Council also learnt with gratitude that the Barnsley Education Committee had decided to renew their grant of £200 for the year ending 31st March, 1945.

Mr. E. J. Brown, B.Com. (London), Accountant to the University, was appointed Acting Registrar.

A part-time Lectureship in Public Health was instituted and Dr. Dennison, the present Honorary Demonstrator in that subject, was appointed to the new post.

It was agreed to hold a meeting of the Court on Wednesday, the 17th May.

Meeting of the Council, held on Wednesday, 17th May, 1944

The Pro-Chancellor (Colonel C. H. Tetley) in the Chair.

The Council recorded its regret at the death of Mr. J. Atkinson Jowett, a Perpetual Governor of the Yorkshire College and a Life Member of the University Court, and of Emeritus Professor B. M. Connal, formerly Professor of Latin in the University.

The decision of the West Riding County Council to renew their grant to the University during the financial year 1944-45, on the same basis as in the preceding year, was received with cordial thanks.

The Council gratefully accepted for the foundation of a Scholarship tenable in the Mining Department a fund of £1,250, collected by the shareholders of the Briggs Collieries, Ltd., as a testimonial to Dr. Walter Hargreaves on his retirement from the Chairmanship of the Company. The Scholarship will be known as the "Dr. Walter Hargreaves Scholarship." Dr. Hargreaves has been a member of the Mining Advisory Committee of the University for many years, and its Chairman for the last twenty years.

The offer by the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company of a further Scholarship of £60 a year, plus fees, tenable in the Mining Department, was gratefully accepted.

The Council accepted with regret the resignation of Mr. W. R. Moule, Clerk to the Senate, on his appointment as Director of the Students' Department of the British Council, and recorded its grateful appreciation of his services during the past $8\frac{1}{2}$ years.



Hostel and Club Notes.

BOAT CLUB NOTES

The beginning of the summer term saw the Boat Club in its usual frenzy of preparation for the fast approaching big fixtures. So much painting, varnishing, patching and what-not to be done—so little time to do it in. The loss of Mr. Clissold's services for boat repairing, and the additional wear and tear of the Women's Boat Club made the job of Vice-Captain even less enviable than usual.

A week-end at York with thirty miles rowing resulted in three sore, but appreciably fitter crews.

Our own Invitation Races this year have had their dignity enhanced by the decision of the U.A.U. to recognise the Shell division as being for the Northern Universities Fours Championship. It has also been decided to enter a Four in the Cambridge Red Cross Regatta, to be held early in June. Following that it is proposed to build eights, for which we have already had offers of fixtures.

The Club have this summer been very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. J. G. Benstead as coach. A fine oarsman himself, he brings the wealth of experience gained in three years rowing in Cambridge with him, and we much appreciate the sacrifice of valuable time which he has made on our behalf.

A past Captain and Vice-President of the Club, Dr. J. D. M. Holt, has recently married. Dr. E. J. Townsend, a more recent old member, has done likewise. We wish them both all possible happiness.

On Saturday, 20th May, at Durham Invitation Races, we scored the following successes:—

Division I (in fine boats over ten furlongs)

v. Durham I: Durham got away at the start, and was leading by 2 lengths at Bede Boathouse; Leeds pulled level, but lost ground at the bend leading to Elvet Bridge. After Hard Arch, Leeds pulled level, and a "ten" at St. Chad's Boathouse secured the final lead of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths.

v. Durham School I: Leeds got away at the start and won comfortably by $5\frac{1}{2}$ lengths.

Division II (in fine boats over ten furlongs). Second crew.

v. Durham Colleges: Leeds stuck at the start and lost $2\frac{1}{2}$ lengths. Despite great efforts this lead could only be reduced to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths.

v. Bede College I: A good race; Leeds II rowed far better than against Durham Colleges, and won by lengths.

Division III (in strakes over 5 furlongs). Third crew.

v. Glasgow II. Won by two lengths.

v. Durham School III. Number 11 of the Leeds crew unfortunately broke his slide at the start, but carried on, and the race was lost by only half a length

P. B. D.



The Editor takes this opportunity of reminding all Clubs and Societies that their ideal publicity agent is the "Gryphon."

WOMEN'S BOAT CLUB

The summer term started in grand style with a blaze of fine weather, and the turn-up of both new and old members was most encouraging. Keep it up, Leeds!

Last term practicing was handicapped by bad weather, but we did enjoy the novelty of rowing round the pit-heaps when the floods were out, and the Aire broke its banks. While on the subject of past activities we would like to take this opportunity of thanking two past Captains for their efforts in fostering the growth of the Club. Miss J. Hetherington, who did much of the original spade work at the Union, and at the Boat House, completed her term of office in the successful engagement against Durham Colleges last December, and Miss E. Jameson who carried on nobly during a difficult term. We wish them both the best of luck in their teaching and hope they will come and see us during the summer. As for this term's arrangements, the keynote is regular practice. First and Second crews are in the making, and at least two others show signs of being very promising material. A return fixture with Durham for the First Crew is being negotiated, and we hope, with other clubs, but at the time of writing we have not heard from them. Second crew fixtures are also in the air.

The possibility of erecting a temporary hut for a changing room is being debated, but as we wish the Club long life, future policy has also to be considered. At any rate, we hope to have either a hut or definite plans for a post-war Women's Boat House by the end of term.

We would like to record our appreciation of and thanks to L.U.B.C. for their help and tolerance of the embryonic L.U.W.B.C. and to wish them the best of luck in their ambitious summer programme.

M. JOHNSON, Capt.

J. PENISTONE, Vice-Capt.

OXLEY HALL NOTES

It feels very strange to be starting a new Oxley "year" at the beginning of the summer term. The fourth-year education students left us at Easter, and the new Oxley Committee has taken office.

In spite of the fact that exams. were in full swing for those taking Second M.B., and looming ahead for others, we held our Goodbye Dinner, and had the usual hilarious evening.

Only a few harassed people are dreading June and the exams. it will bring. Others feel freer to take full advantage of the lighter evenings, and Oxley has produced many tennis enthusiasts this year, especially among the First years.

We never have many social functions in the summer term, but some record must be made of several of last term's events. Early in the term we dis-

covered a wealth of hidden genius when we had a Local Talent Evening, and the Freshers entertained the rest of Hall with a lively performance of "The Man in the Bowler Hat."

Unfortunately, for the first time, owing to the rush of shortened courses, Oxley was unable to present the usual three act play for the Women's Social. Instead, we had a reading of "Dear Brutus." Those taking part must be congratulated on a finished performance which would have done credit to weeks of intensive rehearsing.

We had another gay tea-dance, and on one Saturday evening, some members of the Rhythm Club came to give us a talk and demonstration on "Swing."

On the more serious side, plans have been made for a Classical Music Club, and we hope to be able to make the best possible use of our excellent collection of records next term—if the gramophone works.

WEETWOOD HALL NOTES

Hostel at the moment is a turmoil of mixed feelings; for some the summer term is one of recuperation, for the older and less fortunate members it is the beginning of the last lap. Whereas for some, tennis, cricket and swimming seem all important, for others contemplation must be laid aside, and all their time and energy concentrated on preparing for the great ordeal to come.

After much preparation, the Freshers' Social took place early in February, and I think every one will join with me in proclaiming it a great success. They are indeed to be congratulated on their vocal efforts and acting ability.

Three impromptu concerts were held on Saturday evenings, to give people an opportunity of proving their versatility and ability to amuse. The items varied from Classical music to original works composed in infancy—who could have told that there was such budding genius and talent in our midst?

An event which caused much giddy fluttering of our girlish hearts was the presence at dinner one evening of the candidates for the Presidency. We heard them expound their admirable views of policy and on how a women's Hostel should be run. This question was dealt with later in greater detail at a Hostel called to discuss general Hostel reforms now and in years to come. Radical changes were called for, and theories propounded as to what Hostels should be like in the post-war world.

It was with great regret that we said good-bye to both our "Fourth Years" who were such an invaluable part of Hostel life, and to our most distinguished and frequent visitor who is now far from us basking in the warm sunshine of Cornwall.

HOSTEL OF THE RESURRECTION

As the year draws on our numbers dwindle further, and we are now left with fourteen ordinands, compared with the usual peace-time complement of fifty-five. The present full total of thirty-two is made up by the addition of other University students.

Despite its small size, however, the Hostel is able to carry on most of its activities. In one way or another nearly everyone had some share in this year's annual production, "Spring Meeting," by M. J. Farrell and J. Perry, which was presented on the 19th and 20th of February; its success was due mainly to the efforts of the producer, Mr. Kenneth Severs. It was not possible to keep up the Rugby 15 last term, but the Football II, ably captained by Mr. G. P. Cundall, gained distinction by winning all its matches. In the game against the College of the Resurrection, where the substitution of Soccer for Rugger recalled the early days of the biennial event, the Hostel scored its first victory over the Mirfield team for many years.

The studious peace of Summer term is perhaps not so obvious this year, when most people have already taken their exams, during the Easter vacation. At the same time shorter courses encourage greater concentration upon work, and, when the sun shines, zealous bookworms brave the smuts and the soot—those characteristic qualities of Leeds air—in the quad or on the roof of the tower.

Recently the sad news reached us that Alan Pollitt (Arts: 1941-42) had been killed in a raid over Frankfurt last December—the second Hostel student to lose his life on active service.

At the time of writing forty-three students from H.O.R. have had their University life interrupted and are now serving in H.M. Forces or in the coal mines. It is our earnest hope that the time will not be long before they return from the many parts of the world to which their duties have called them and once more take their full share as members of the University and the Hostel. Meanwhile it is the duty of all who are left to preserve an heritage which is indeed worthy of them.

EDWARD M. NORFOLK, Senior Student.



Reflections at Random.

I lay and counted them, as they rippled out into the velvet stillness. Four strokes ; first the chime, preparatory ; then the four strokes, definite. Follows the automatic, unthinking glance to where my watch glows dully ; four o'clock. Insomnia has its consolation ; at first I toss this way and that, but as the night advances, and the minutes crawl with the leaden inevitability of a funeral procession, I give up hope and lie perfectly still. Here comes the stable clock, an insensitive creature which tinkles unchangingly through solemn days and gay alike. Beyond my square of window the old wing stands black against an unfathomable grey film, unbroken by any star ; the only chink of light in this dusky world comes from the window opposite, where some poor devil is waiting for finals. Thank heaven that is over ! And yet, not heaven, but merely time : Time, that contains within itself the whole of life, of all life : Time, which is far more fascinating than that other problem, the problem of what happens to oneself after physical death. Only the mind of man is bigger than time, and even that is as elusive as the Scarlet Pimpernel. Around me lie a hundred sleeping women, each in her little room, and I know nothing, less than nothing about their lives. The proximity disturbs me, but gives me nothing.

If I were a novelist, I could see the underlying pattern of those hundred lives, for we lie within the sheltering arms of one building ; pattern there must be beneath the casual print of mind on mind, a pattern which expresses the bursts of laughter and the lonely tears, the jealousy and deceit, the generosity and beauty of our communal life. We eat together ; we hear music together ; but we live apart. Above roars 'plane after 'plane, until the whole valley rings with the reverberation of engines, destroying thought ; in them are men whom I have never met, nor ever shall, and yet the very fact of their existence leaves its imprint on my life. On a balcony in Cairo sits a soldier, a desert rat, while in the street below the deep voices of the Arabs mingle with the lighter voices of French, Greek and Italian ; the beggar cries his cry, and women's voices ring shrilly from behind shuttered windows ; now an expensive car is threading its way through the crowds, loudly tooting its carefully toned horn, and from away in the West the dull rumble of distant guns comes booming its incessant chorus of mad holocaust ; the sounds rise harmonising into a symphony in the moonlight. The uniformed soldier brushes the civilian in passing, and the flowing white robe of the old Bedouin touches the cheap American suit of the half-caste prostitute. And because he sits there on the balcony, dreaming of home in the pale, clean, friendly moonlight, which makes even this squalid place seem an enchanted city, my life is different. And the tall, shy bloke I met this afternoon, who treated me like a woman, like some frail creature to be cherished, and avoided, and not contradicted, and not like a real person at

all ; how does he fit into the picture ? I shall probably never meet him again, and yet he has coloured my impression of things slightly, and he will remain as a minute ripple on the surface of my memory.

Meanwhile the ineffable light of morning, intangible, spreads across the sky as if someone had spilled blue-white milk on a black floor. O lente, lente curritis, noetis equi ! I grope in the dark for a cigarette, and matches ; the flare lights my room, and then the minute circle glows warmly scarlet as the darkness comes flooding back. My mind returns to to-night's conversation, in which yet once again we re-organised civilisation. I'd rather talk than swot, any day. Silly things, degrees ! And yet, what is it, this something stronger than even personal relationships, which has kept men sitting at desks for centuries ; sitting, while light, flickering from a taper, or pouring white and hard from a reading lamp, falls on an open book, a book containing for the moment his whole being. This whole horizon is bounded by two hands ; on the left a hand, lying on the edge of a page ; on the right a hand, moving across another page, writing, always writing ; seeking, always seeking to know. It goes deeper than a scrape of jam on one's bread and margarine, this thing. It drives one on ; while the years unnoticed slip by. So those who claim that economics rule the world are wrong, or at least, not wholly right. Then, they say that love is life's greatest power, and certainly it can do peculiar things to one's stability, but it is puny, ludicrously incomparable with this insatiable desire to know, to understand, and through understanding, to create. There are plenty of men in the world, but there is only one Truth. Even so, the mystery of personal relationships is Truth. If I cannot see how these hundred sleeping women, lying so silent, so still, all round me, how the Bedouin Arab and the airmen, how the shy boy who treated me as a woman, and not as a real person at all—if I cannot see how they fit into my life, and into each others' lives, I shall never know anything at all. I can write letters behind my name until they have to expand the alphabet to express all my qualifications adequately, but I shall never know anything. From down the corridor comes a faint, moaning sound—somebody having a nightmare. The clock strikes again, five. A door opens. A light-switch clicks. Stealthy footsteps. Not a nightmare, but somebody getting up to work. The light across the way has only been out an hour : so the search goes on. The stable clock tinkles—and I have to be up at seven, so I'd better start counting sheep. God ! What a wreck I shall look to-morrow !

M. Thwaites.

* * *

Leeds University

OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

Notes from Headquarters.

We record with deep regret the passing of two of our original life-members, Mr. A. E. Wheeler and Emeritus Professor B. M. Connal, within a few weeks of one another.

The O.S.A. owes much to Mr. Wheeler. In its early days, when an active member of Committee, he persuaded the University Authorities to provide accommodation for the newly-born Association in Beech Grove Terrace, next the Union, without cost to us. When those premises were needed by the University he found us suitable alternative accommodation in University Road. He took care to see that a pleasant room for us was included in the plans for the new Union Building. Hon. Secretaries, past and present, will always remember his sympathetic consideration of their problems and the kindly advice and help which were always forthcoming.

Professor Connal was a Past President and Vice-President of the O.S.A. Not only those Old Students who attended his lectures, but all that wider circle who came into contact with him outside the lecture room, and particularly those West Riding members who attended the weekly branch meetings in O.S.A. House, will remember the interest he took in, and the contributions he made to, their activities. Along with Mrs. Connal he never failed to be with us at our Annual Christmas Function, until considerations of health and transport intervened, when he was always with us in spirit.

OUR FIRST HONORARY MEMBER.

Large numbers of Old Students will be delighted to know that Mr. C. E. Hilliard, perhaps better known as the H.P., has been elected, by a unanimous vote of the Committee, an Honorary Member of the O.S.A. Mr. Hilliard has for many years taken a keen interest in the growth and welfare of the Association, and as a permanent link between Old Students and Present Students, he has performed a rôle which no member of Committee could undertake.

D. E. BROADBENT } *Joint Hon.*
A. E. FERGUSON } *Secretaries.*

NEWS OF INTEREST TO OLD STUDENTS

BRILL.—Major Leopold Brill (M.B., 1928), of the Central Mediterranean Forces, has been mentioned in despatches for gallant and distinguished services in Sicily.

FOSS.—Group Captain G. H. Foss has been awarded the O.B.E.

JOSEPHY.—Lieutenant N. H. Josephy, of Knottfield, North Hill Road, Leeds, has been mentioned in despatches for gallant and distinguished conduct. He was educated at Giggleswick and Leeds University.

PETCH.—Bombardier Alan Petch (Economics, 1936-39), who was editor of the *Gryphon* during the Session 1939-40, has been mentioned in despatches for gallant and distinguished conduct in the Tunisian campaign.

RAISTRICK.—Dr. A. Raistrick is the author of *Teach Yourself Geology*, recently published by the English Universities' Press.

READ.—Dr. Herbert Read supplies the text to a selection of the paintings of Paul Nash published in April by the "Penguin Books." Earlier in the year Henry Treece edited a collection of essays styled "Herbert Read: an introduction to his work," published by Faber.

SYKES.—The Rev. Dr. Norman Sykes has been invited by the electors to the Dixie Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge to accept election to the Chair. Dr. Sykes is a graduate of Leeds University (1917-21).

BIRTHS.

DAVIES.—To Rev. T. J. (Arts, 1935-38) and Mrs. Davies, on March 27th, 1944, a daughter.

DEARING.—To F/O. (Science, 1935-9), and Mrs. Dearing (formerly Winifred Mary Roberts, Physics, 1935-8), on August 20th, 1943, a son, Basil.

FERGUSON.—To Arthur E. and Betty Ferguson, of 15, The Avenue, Roundhay, on Saturday, 1st April, a daughter, Fiona Jean.

FREEMAN.—To T. W., Trinity College, Dublin, and Mrs. Freeman (formerly Olive E. Aykroyd), on September 7th, 1943, a son, Thomas Michael. Address : 18, Elgin Road, Dublin.

PINDAR.—To Sub.-Lieut. P. L. and Mrs. Pindar (formerly Edwina Cowell, English, 1935-8), on January 9th, 1943, a son, David Frederick.

STEPHENS.—To Mr. H. North and Mrs. Stephens (formerly Minna Salmon, Arts, 1925-8), on January 11th, 1944, a daughter, Barbara Minna. Mrs. Stephen writes from Larkspur Cottage, Curdridge, Southampton.

MARRIAGES.

BOTT—BELSHAW.—Lieut. George Bott, of Ashbourne, Derbyshire, to Bessie Belshaw, of Woodlands Terrace, Darlington, on February 5th, 1944, at Darlington.

BURROW-PARKINSON.—At Garforth Parish Church, May 19th, Margaret Parkinson (Zoology and Chemistry, Gen. Hons., 1934-37: Edu. 37-8), to Kenneth Burrow. Future address: A1, Connaught Ave., Grays, Essex.

DAVIDSON—MCCRACKEN.—Major Christopher L. Davidson, R.A.M.C., to Dr. Elizabeth M. McCracken, of Haworth, on March 4th, 1944, at Haworth Parish Church.

DAWSON—LONGLY.—Surgeon-Lieut. P. G. Dawson, of Headingley, Leeds, to Dr. Joyce May Longley, of Potternewton House, Leeds, on March 11th, 1944, at St. Matthew's Church, Chapel Allerton, Leeds.

HEATON—LANGLEY.—Dr. Edgar Heaton to Bertha Joyce Langley, at Central Methodist Church, Cleckheaton, on April 4th, 1944.

HYLTON—PETERSEN.—Captain W. H. Hylton, R.A.M.C., formerly of Roundhay, Leeds, to Lieut. Lorna G. Peterson, Indian Army Medical Corps, at Poona, in January.

LEWIS-PEDESHWA.—Dr. C. L. Lewis (Medic. 1936-41, Hon. Sec. L.U.U. 1940-41), on April 3rd, to Evelyn Pedesha.

RABAGLIATI-PRINGLE.—Colonel C. I. E. Rabagliati, R.E.M.E., of Edinburgh, to Joan Pringle, of Montreal, at Cairo, on June 9th, 1943.

DEATHS.

- CARTER.**—Dr. Eustace George Carter, who was one of the best known Leeds practitioners, died in February at the age of 82. He was an old boy of the Leeds Grammar School, and came of a family with a long record of medical service. He had held a practice in Chapel Allerton, Leeds, for about fifty years.
- CONNAL.**—As these notes go to press, the death is announced of Emeritus Professor B. M. Connal, at the age of 83.
- FREEMAN.**—Margaret Joyce Freeman, elder daughter of Rev. T. E. and Mrs. Freeman, of Colbron House, Woodville, Burton-on-Trent, met her death at sea in December, 1942. Miss Freeman took History in 1929-32. To her parents and her fiancé, Rev. F. A. Amoores, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, we desire to express, on behalf of the Association, our deep sympathy in their loss.
- PICKLES.**—Dr. J. J. Pickles was a member of the Medical School from 1906 to 1912. He was Resident Medical Officer at the Leeds Public Dispensary, and later served in the last war on the Somme, as R.M.O. to the 10th West Yorks Regiment. He was for eighteen years in practice at Leyburn.
- WHEELER.**—Mr. A. E. Wheeler, Registrar of the University, died on April 3rd, 1944, after a long illness. A tribute to his memory will be found elsewhere.
- WISEMAN.**—Dr. F. L. Wiseman, one time President of the Methodist Conference and one of the most distinguished of figures in Methodism, died in January. In 1937 the University conferred upon him the degree of D.Litt *honoris causa*.

FOR GALLANTRY

- F.-Lt. GORDON L. HATHERLY** (Mining 1937-40), who now serves as Captain of a long-range aircraft in the Coastal Command, received an award of the D.F.C., in January, 1944. The Union's heartiest congratulations!

WAR CASUALTIES.

- ASHMOOR.**—Captain J. B. Ashmore, formerly of Halton, Leeds and Harrogate, is reported killed in Burma. Coming to the University after attending Moorlands School and Epsom College, he took his degree in Medicine in 1939 and joined the R.A.M.C. in 1940. He leaves a widow and a son, to whom, with his parents, we would express our deepest sympathy.
- HARRISON.**—Captain Michael S. Harrison, of the Army Dental Corps, who practised as a dentist in Leeds and Wakefield, has been reported missing in Burma.
- MOORE.**—F/O. Thomas Moore, of Keighley, who came up to the University on a Drapers' Scholarship, is reported missing after air operations.

PHYTHIAN.—Major E. Tony Phythian, of South Parade, Headingley, has died of wounds in Burma. He came up to the University from the Leeds Grammar School, and after graduating taught biology and physical training in a Plymouth School.

SCOTT.—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Scott, Duchy Drive, Heaton, Bradford, have received official notification that their younger son, Lieutenant John Albert Clifford Scott (23), who was reported missing last July, must now be presumed killed. He was educated at Grange High School, Bradford, and Leeds University.

WELCH.—Captain G. E. Welch, who took a commission during the last war and served in India from 1919 to 1921, has died in Calcutta of pneumonia, after serving in France and India during the present war.

WHITE.—Henry G. White, a research scientist, is reported killed on active service at the age of 25.

MISSING, BELIEVED KILLED

JOHN W. WELLBELOVE (Arts 1936-40). Mr. Wellbelove served with the Fleet Air Arm; was reported missing in January, 1941, presumed killed, May, 1941. This news has been withheld in the hope that some message indicative of survival might be received, but we deeply regret that no such message has been received.

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