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The Journal of the University of Leeds



December 1939

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THIRD SERIES
VOL. 5 No. 3

The Teachers' Provident Society

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THE GRYPHON.

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.

Editorial.

WAR has affected the life of Universities in many ways foreseen. Athletic and social activities have been curtailed, in one case freedom of speech restricted by the banning of political discussions, and many students have been unable to return to their Universities because their private resources, or their scholarship, have been affected by the war. Leeds appears to have been lucky in these matters, though at the time of writing the question of "blacking out" is a serious source of friction, but it is affected as much as any by one problem—the position of the undergraduate soldier. Interrupted in the middle of his course of study, he does not know what his academic standing will be when he returns, or if he will be able to return for financial reasons. It is gratifying to note that the University authorities have the question very much in mind and also that it was discussed at the Annual Council of the National Union of Students held at the end of October. The State that makes such high demands must not be allowed to discard its assistants lightly when the need is over.

The Universities themselves are faced with the prospect of a period of cultural stagnation. This is a serious loss to national life. The development of those tastes and knowledge which give colour to life are being curtailed, and intelligence, which might be trained, is being gradually diverted into the Army. The post-war world will need all the enlightened understanding it can get to bring order out of chaos. A people drained of its understanding is a blind force in the hands of the unscrupulous demagogue and a weapon more lethal than any science has invented. Under these circumstances, a special responsibility lies upon those students, not affected by military service, to maintain the cultural activity of the University, and to fit themselves to play an intelligent part in post-war affairs.

I know as well as you do that to talk of the cultural activity of the University savours a little of optimism. Apart from their work, quite a number of students do not get beyond the football coupon stage in thought, and many, who pride themselves especially on their learning, are only quick-firing, non-thinking batteries of prejudice. However, if the modest standards which have been reached in the past are to be maintained, there will have to be an improvement in those students who remain. Women attend society meetings with great regularity, but usually sit in silent contemplation—as if they were taking a compulsory apprenticeship for a time when they will sit knitting and giving periodic assent to their lord and master, who, on the other side of the fire, gives his rulings on the evening's news. No doubt they are listening, but they are making

no contribution themselves, nor will they get the most out of a meeting by such a passive attitude. Medical students rarely appear at meetings except with the avowed intention of having a little fun and games, whilst many technical students are content to be mere technicians—not that I wish to disparage the value of a technician as such.

If you do your best to become an intelligent member of the community you will not by any means bring a heaven upon earth. Your personal influence will be slight. Even in an ideal democracy, great power could be given only to the few. Yet your work will not be valueless. The soundness of the building depends upon the soundness of each individual brick. You should consider it a duty, for you are in a very privileged position. At a time when other people are being abruptly turned aside in their career you are being left free and undisturbed. That privilege should not be taken lightly and for granted.

Notes and Comments.

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

BURNS.

Mr. P. A. H. Rivett.

Mr. Rivett, the new President of the Union, has taken a part in many Union activities, including the Boat Club for the past four years, the O.T.C., in which he is C.Q.M.S., the Medical Society and the Union Committee. He has already shown his ability to direct the storm when the Union Committee is in that mood, or to keep the business going when it is beginning to drool towards the fourth hour of the meeting.

A.R.P.

We think a prize for carrying-on should go to the Geology Department, which has brownpaper defences in the form of crossed hammers on the fan-light of the main entrance to the Department.

Society Programmes.

Even in peace-time arranging an attractive programme means hard work. The audience seldom realises that to the secretary the speaker is as wonderful a phenomenon as the trout he has taken a day to catch is to the angler. The various Society Secretaries have done well to keep the programmes going so far, and they deserve enthusiastic support. They appear to be getting it too.

The keystone of the whole system of meetings and socials at the moment is Mr. Keidan, who spends quite a large part of his time in the Union Office having a sort of game of solo chess with himself, trying to fit in all the Societies wanting the Refectory.

Medical and Dental School Notes.

These notes are not intended as official information from the schools. They have exactly the same status as the Notes and Comments, and the responsibility for them lies with the Editor only. He has, however, drawn on the assistance of people who have first hand knowledge of these places. This makes them sound rather like Central Asia, but you know what we mean.

“Gryphon” Finances and Contributions.

Only about one in three University students pay for *The Gryphon* they read. This is not satisfactory at the best of times, but, at the present time, when *The Gryphon* is faced with rising costs and decreased advertising, it is not good enough. We are managing to pay our way, but only by rigid economy. Presumably you find *The Gryphon* mildly amusing in some obscure way, otherwise you would not be reading it. Leave your friend with his own copy, and buy one of your own.

We were glad to see contributions from such a wide range of departments, Medical, Physics, Fuel, Economics, French, to mention only a few. One or two contributions were rather long, two pages—about 1,200 words—is about as far as we like to go.

Blanche Leigh Library.

The University is fortunate in obtaining the Blanche Leigh Library of Cookery Books. Both Mrs. Leigh and the late Alderman Leigh have already been generous donors to the University. An account of the Library appears in this issue.

Tea Dances.

We are told on good authority that at these socials women students feel the men are much too fond of “discussion groups” for themselves only, held in an aloof corner.

Bound Copies of “The Gryphon.”

The bound copies of *The Gryphon* unfortunately disappeared in the recent removal and as we intend to bind two sets of past copies of *The Gryphon* to be deposited, one in the Union Library and the other in *The Gryphon* office, will any student possessing the following missing issues kindly forward them to the Editor: 2 copies May, 1939; 2 copies October, 1936; 1 copy March, 1936; 2 copies March, 1929; 2 copies February, 1931; 2 copies March, 1933.

Medical and Dental School Notes.

A.R.P.

The ground floor of the Dental School has now been converted into an air-raid casualty station and nearly all the students have volunteered for service. Three teams have been formed and a shift system of duty has been arranged; the post is manned twenty-four hours of the day.

The University authorities have given the old Women’s Rooms to be used as a home (originally “The Billet” now “The Ritz-Carlton”) for those students who live out of Leeds, and splendid housewives some of them have turned out to be. Instead of discussions on difficult patients one now hears at the Dental School talk of whether the next day’s lunch should consist of “sausage and mash” or a “joint and two veg.”

MINE was TOM LONG, and her’s was chocs.—
Both had our favourite Christmas “box!”

Night Life.

The pathology lab. has been converted into a dormitory for those who have to be present at night, and arguments both of the verbal and pillow variety continue until the early hours. Patients arriving early in the morning have now grown accustomed to the boarding house-like appearance of people stripped to the waist or in dressing gowns making their way to the "bath room."

A.R.P.

The Dean has, at last, published the instructions for students in case of an air-raid. These instructions are quite simple and it is essential for every student to familiarise himself with them. A rehearsal to test the efficiency of the A.R.P. arrangements is to be held and pre-clinical students are asked to volunteer as "victims." Six clinical students are to be trained in decontamination work.

S.R.C.

The approach of December means the collection for the Xmas tips, and the "Nurses' Coffee." We hope this year to hold the Annual "Nurses' Coffee"—the tea-dance given by the clinical students for the nurses—as usual.

UNION NOTES.

Air Raid Rehearsal.

An evacuation scheme was tried out in the University and the Union Building on Monday, October 30th. The evacuation of the Union Buildings was carried out under the direction of Student Wardens from the Union Committee, and the building was cleared in about three minutes. We thank all the students who helped in this important trial for the way in which they put up with the discomforts of the shelters and the inconvenience caused.

Armistice Day Collection.

Colonel H. V. Kitson, O.B.E., and members of the British Legion, wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of £5 5s. 8d., the proceeds of Leeds University Union Poppy Day Collection.

Extracts from Union Committee Minutes, dated 9th November, 1939.

Billiards Society.

The Hon. Secretary read a letter from Mr. G. S. Bell regarding the formation of a Billiards Society. In the discussion that followed, it was pointed out:—

- (i) that such a Society would, at times, be using the tables to the exclusion of Union members who were not members of the Society.

- (ii) that all members of the Union could already be considered members of a Billiards Society, as the tables were for general use.

The feeling of the meeting was against the formation of such a Society.

It was proposed and seconded " that the M.R.C. should be asked to consider running occasional Billiards tournaments and that if these were organised, that women students should not be excluded."—Carried.

Refugee Relief.

The Hon. Secretary read the recommendation from the Union Committee Meeting of 1st June, 1939, concerning the granting of money from Union Funds for charitable purposes. A letter from P. W. Carlene, Hon. Secretary of the Refugee Relief Committee, was read. It stated that £20 per month was required for the eight refugees. Mr. N. B. Belshaw said that this figure was an underestimate. A lengthy discussion followed in which all speakers expressed sympathy with refugees; all felt that they should be helped in some way, but opinion was divided on the manner in which this should be done, particularly with regard to the use of Union Funds for the purpose.

It was proposed and seconded " that the Union Committee should organise functions immediately to raise funds for the Refugee Relief Committee."—
Carried.

It was proposed and seconded " that a Joint Committee from the Entertainments and Refugee Relief Committees should organise a function within the next month."—Carried.

It was proposed and seconded " that the Joint Committee should consist of a minimum of six members from each Committee."—Carried.

Special Business.

- (a) RESIGNATIONS. The resignations of Mr. H. Brasier, Debates Secretary, and Mr. W. E. Lister, G.A.S., were accepted.
- (b) VACANCIES TO BE FILLED. These resulted as under:—
- | | | |
|-------|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| (i) | G.A. Secretary | Mr. G. R. T. Birtwhistle. |
| (ii) | Building Appeal Committee | Mr. B. H. Rushton. |
| (iii) | Constitution Committee .. | Miss A. A. Jervis. |
| (iv) | Medical Scheme Committee | Miss M. Eglington. |
| (v) | Finance Committee .. | Mr. S. Keidan (S.R.C.). |

Representative Council Reports.

M.R.C. : Mr. Kuipers, elected Secretary M.R.C.
S.R.C. : Mr. Twist, elected Secretary S.R.C.

Pictures.

Fifty Turner prints had been presented to the Union by Sir James B. Baillie.

Union Building, Mis-use of Rooms.

It was reported that students were not co-operating in maintaining certain rooms in good condition. It was the duty of all Union Committee members to assist in the strict observation of the rules.

N.U.S. Committee.

The Secretary of the N.U.S. Committee read a report on the N.U.S. Annual Council Meeting held at Birmingham on the 28th and 29th October. After discussion of the report it was agreed that a lack of interest in N.U.S. existed. It was proposed and seconded "that representatives of the Peace Council and the N.U.S. Committee, with the President and the Hon. Secretary ex-officio members, should meet and consult with a view to stimulating interest, and report back to the Union Committee."—Carried.

Finance Committee.

ESTIMATES. The following estimates were passed:—

	£	s.	d.
Athletic Clubs (November only)	77	2	8
Union, general expenditure	793	10	0
Union Building	1,055	0	0
Grounds	1,269	12	0
Pavilion	426	6	0
Gymnasium	325	17	0
Boat House	96	19	0
W.I.V.A.B... .. .	7	6	0

Included in the estimates for Gymnasium and Boat House were items of £20 each to be credited to a Suspense Account for painting and repairs. The Pavilion already had such an account. These items were approved.

It was recommended that a similar account be commenced for replacement of machinery at the grounds. It was proposed, seconded and carried "that £50 per year be placed to the credit of a Machinery Suspense Account, and that this be allowed to accumulate until after the conclusion of the war."—Carried.

Athletics Grounds Committee of Council.

This Committee had decided to permit the continued use by the Military of the Athletic Grounds and Pavilion. It was noted that two deliveries of coke had been made by the Army Authorities.

The College of Housecraft had applied for use of pitches at Weetwood. They had been recommended to apply to the City Authorities for the use of pitches at Lawnswood School.

It was decided that the decision of the Grounds Committee should be modified and that the College of Housecraft should be given the opportunity of using the pitches, providing they were required on days other than Wednesdays and Saturdays, and that they were agreeable to paying a nominal charge.

D. T. MILNETHORPE,

Hon. Secretary, L.U.U.

HAVE A MID-DAY SNACK IN THE TEA-ROOM

UNION COMMITTEE, 1939-40.



(Photo, Lomberger, Leeds.)

Back Row: B. H. RESURRO, Sec. N.U.S. Comm.; G. MORGAN; J. TWIST, Sec. S.R.C.; J. N. STIELING, Pres. S.R.C.; B. A. S. BRALLA; L. C. C. MOTO, Pres. M.R.C.; Sec. House Comm.; L. to R.

R. T. HEVLIOS, Pres. D.R.C.; S. KRIDAN, Sec. Entertainments; J. I. HARDY; A. CARTER, Pres. M.D.S.A.

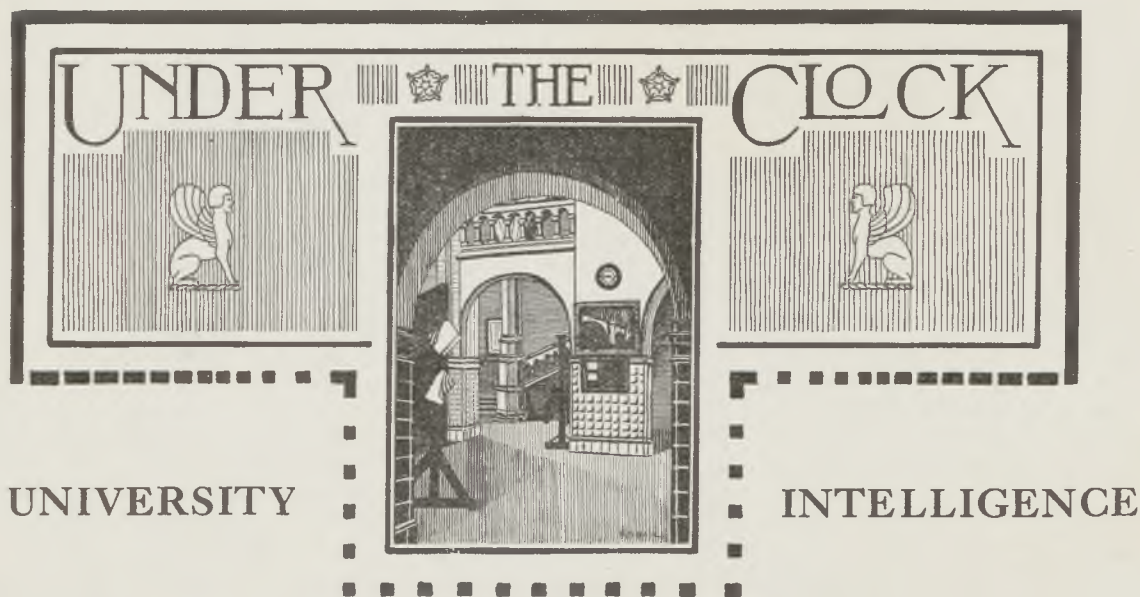
Middle Row: J. W. BOGGS, Clerk to the Union; Miss B. PARKER, Pres. W.D.S.A.; C. H. MERRY; Miss M. ELLINGTON; Miss D. LANSDELL; Miss V. J. C. LEE, Sec. W.R.C.; L. to R.

Miss L. J. G. McLEOD, Sec. M.W.R.C.; Miss A. A. JERRIS; Miss J. TERRY THOMAS, Pres. M.W.R.C.; Miss M. BROMLEY; Miss D. WILDE; Miss S. SAIGH; D. HONGSOX, Sec. D.R.C.

Front Row: W. R. GRAY, Hon. Treas.; A. FRETCH, Editor *Gryphon*; G. R. T. BURWHISTLE, G.A.S.; Miss J. M. HODGE, Woman Vice-Pres., Pres. W.R.C.; P. A. H. RIVETT, President; L. to R.

D. T. MULSTROM, Hon. Secretary; I. D. HONGSOX, Hon. Student Treasurer; Prof. C. W. EVANS, Academic Staff; A. E. WHEELER, Administrative Staff.

The following Members of the Union Committee do not appear on the photograph: T. H. HESBY, M. DOSSBELY, N. B. BELSHAW, W. H. KUIPERS.



Meeting of the Council, Wednesday, 15th November, 1939.

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

The Council accepted with warm appreciation a gift of £1,000 from Lord Moynihan and his two sisters, the Hon. Miss D. W. Moynihan and the Hon. Mrs. Wynn-Parry, for the endowment of a Scholarship at the Leeds Medical School in memory of their mother, the late Isabella Wellesley, Lady Moynihan, of Leeds.

A gift by Mrs. Percival Leigh of a valuable collection of Cookery and Gardening Books, together with a mahogany book-case, was accepted by the Council with grateful thanks.

The following were re-appointed representatives of the University on the bodies named:—

Birmingham University Court	Professor Challenger.
Harrogate Education Committee	Professor Smith.
Board of Education Adult Education Committee	Mr. A. E. Wheeler.
Beverley Grammar School	Dr. Versey.
Bradford Grammar School	Professor Edwards.
Crossley and Porter Schools, Halifax ..	Mr. Binyon.
Central Joint Advisory Committee on Tutorial Classes	Professor Jones and Emeritus Professor Gillespie.
Batley Girls' Grammar School	Miss Hibgame.

Professor Douglas McCandlish was appointed Honorary Director and Mr. W. R. Atkin Honorary Research Assistant of the Procter International Research Laboratory.

The Council decided to confer the title of Emeritus Professor upon Professor C. E. Gough and Professor Hamilton Thompson, who retired from the Chairs of German and History respectively at the end of last session.

Appeal from the New President.

AT this stage in the session it seems somewhat difficult to make yet a third Presidential Appeal. However, there are various points which have arisen since October which are worthy of comment; probably foremost in the mind of the student body was the question of Black-out.

Whilst discussing the question of the Union, it would not be out of place to appeal to people to use the building with a modicum of respect. The J.C.R. floor cost approximately three hundred pounds, and bids fair to be ruined in its first six months by thoughtless individuals ploughing furrows in it with couch feet, and scorching it with cigarette ends. Such damage is easily done and is small in itself, but is cumulative in effect and takes years to repair.

The point made in the Editorial concerning students in wartime cannot be too strongly ingrained. Those of us who are, through no merit of our own, exempt from military service, for longer or shorter periods, must always bear in mind the responsibility of our position for maintaining the intellectual standards of our time. We are privileged to remain out of the front line of battle, some for ever, some until we graduate; as such we are guarantors of a brains trust which, at present, if secondary consideration only, will take its proper place when the clamour of warfare is over.

When the bloody business is finished, which ever side is "victorious," there will be no standards to return to; our mode of living, completely upset by the tension of war, may tend to revert to an hysterical celebration of peace, and the only permanency will be learning. Those of us who have the opportunity now to build up, and increase, the learning of the world are those to whom the world will turn at the dawn of the new era. It is a grave responsibility, and if any sense of proportion is to be kept in the world, we must face it with courage and determination.

P. A. H. RIVETT,
President, L.U.U.

Professor Albert Gilligan, 1874-1939.

PROFESSOR GILLIGAN, who died with such tragic suddenness on October 14th, fourteen days after his retirement from the Chair of Geology, had been in Leeds for 32 years, where he had been successively demonstrator, lecturer, reader and professor in geology. During this time he played a prominent role in the development of popular scientific education in the county.

This is hardly the place to appraise his scientific attainments, but rather to record the valuable service he gave to the University and to the student body in particular. In his career as an undergraduate at Cardiff, he was awarded colours in cricket, football and tennis, and elected to the Presidency of the Union. His experience in that office gave him a true appreciation of student life and a sympathetic understanding of the difficulties and aspirations of the student in a provincial university. It was therefore fitting that he should have sat for so long as representative of the academic staff on the Union Committee. He regarded this service as a privilege as well as a duty and took special interest in the athletic life of the Union, doing yeoman service on the Grounds Committee, where he was able to bring both geological and athletic experience to bear on the problems under consideration.

The circumstances of his own University education, which he received rather later in life than the average undergraduate, gave him a fellow-feeling for students in a similar position, and many will remember with gratitude his benevolent help and encouragement.

An earlier generation of geological students will retain a vivid impression of a short figure walking briskly over moor and fell at the head of the party, or swinging a heavy sledge-hammer with delightful ease. In the evening, after the excursion, he was the life and soul of the party, and under persuasion would render "Father O'Flynn" in the style natural to one with Irish blood in his veins. Ill health in later years compelled him to curtail field work, but did not destroy his approachability and the dignity of the professor never hid the kindness of the man.

H.C.V.

National Union of Students.

THE Michaelmas Term Council of the N.U.S. was held at Birmingham on 28th—29th October, when representatives from a large number of Universities gathered to discuss student Problems in the present situation, and means of alleviating difficulties.

The position of medical students taking duty under E.M.S. was fully discussed, and the hampering of training by extra expenditure entailed or by cutting off from lecture courses, and practical hospital work, was strongly opposed by all sections. The Council resolved to inform all University authorities that they deplored the lowering of examination standards and the cutting of length of courses, urging that the clinical work done under E.M.S. should be allowed to count towards degree qualifications.

It was decided to set up a Medical Federal Correspondence Council to take over the work normally carried on by the Medical Faculty Committee, which would be unable to operate in present circumstances.

There was considerable criticism of the present educational system in all areas—in evacuated areas where some children who had not gone were left without schooling, in reception areas where double shift system was putting an undue strain on teaching staff, and not giving the children adequate opportunities for learning, and in neutral areas where the opening of schools was being held up by Air Raid Precautions, or where the War Office had commandeered buildings and was not employing them at all.

It was suggested that the Reserved Age Limit for teachers should be lowered to enable those who had just left the Universities to obtain suitable posts without fear of having to leave in a few months' time, and that eventually all teachers should be reserved to preserve the educational standard of the country.

The question of the withholding of grants was discussed, and reports were heard from one college where the whole of the education department had been "sent down": the Council urged that students should return to Universities as usual and claim their grants, so that after the war they would have better grounds for requesting their continuation.

The difficulties that evacuated colleges were experiencing with regard to continuation of research work, the provision of suitable lecture courses, and financially, were brought very much to the fore by the delegates from London and Bangor. It was resolved to urge the Government to allow the continuation of all classes of education as normally as possible and to oppose the direction of

education to the immediate aims and needs of the war, by alteration of degree courses. The probable difficulties to be associated with war degrees were discussed with regard to comparative merits of those obtained in more normal circumstances, and arising out of this it was resolved that rather than press for a certificate of attainment to be given to each individual on being called up, the N.U.S. should urge the exemption from Military Service of all those who have completed the first year of their course, until they shall have passed finals.

The reports of interference in University activities by Senates were indignantly received: at Cardiff, the President had been asked by authorities to resign and had refused; at Nottingham, all political debates and press reports had been forbidden. The position at Leeds is quite the opposite and complete freedom of speech and thought is allowed. The N.U.S. agreed to take up this matter with the authorities.

It was decided unanimously to hold the Annual Congress of the Union as usual during the Easter Vacation. The subject will be something closely connected with "Education, Democracy and War," and it was hoped that a great deal of preparatory work would be done in individual Universities so that the delegates will come to the Congress knowing the considered opinion of their Unions. To this end it is proposed to start a number of Study Groups in this University to consider such matters as are closely allied to this type of subject and thereby to interest a wider circle of students than normally concern themselves with the work of the N.U.S., with the hope that some may consider going to the Congress as individuals.

The success of such a venture depends entirely on the support students give, and we earnestly appeal to you wholeheartedly to assist in this work.

B.H.R.

Diplomatische Korrespondater.

DEAR Axis Partner,
I hate to disheartnyer
But I quite agree with my Son in Law
That you've got too near to my own back door.
I'm glad they've told you where to go
For I'm your loving

Benito.

Dear Adolph Hitler
I do hate to belittleyer
But since you couldn't get prevention
I mean to keep non-intervention.
I know quite well that you helped me,
But sir, do I need £. S. D. ?
Please don't think I do not thankyo,
I do indeed, yours ever

Franco.

Dear Honourable Aryan
This is no time to carry on
Running about and finding a pal in
Stalin.
You could have picked a time much finer
busy saving.
Then when we're making pals with China,
It seems this is our parting hour,
Yours sincerely,

Little Flower,



There is no truth in the rumour that Spain has set up a non-intervention Committee.

* * *

We understand that Yeadon Dam is to be protected from air raids.
Anderson, Anderson, all over the dam?

* * *

A.R.P. for the ordinary citizen is merely a matter of the Grand Scram.

* * *

What a pity
That the Union Comity
Must ruin our chances
Of going to dances
By allowing per do
Fifty tickets too few.

* * *

“ Fascism is but the image of Communism on the waters of fear.”
DON SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA.

* * *

“ We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest.”

* * *

“ Hunting is the pursuit of the uneatable by the unspeakable.”
OSCAR WILDE.

* * *

“ If the University of Leeds is ever to achieve any success in the sphere of athletics, it will be absolutely imperative for the entire body of students to be free on one afternoon—Wednesday or Thursday—each week. This will enable players to keep in practice, and, what is more important, would secure a considerable gathering of non-playing students on the occasion of the mid-week Inter-University matches.”

Extract from a letter to “The Gryphon,” February, 1906.

* * *

Pharmacology Lecturer: Spores of tetanus bacilli can live for 10 days in 70% alcohol.”

Envious Voice: “ Boy! What a life!”

* * *

Once upon a time there was an eminent Professor who solved an algebraic problem in two lines and announced it as a mathematical blitzkrieg.

Strange to Relate.

I TUNED in to this programme one evening in September and heard the announcement "Here is Dr. Gordon Hallsworth of Leeds, who has had an adventurous return from Russia just before the outbreak of war." There followed a reconstruction of his adventure, but it was not enough and my curiosity led me to seek him out upon returning to Leeds, this article being the result.

He left England towards the end of August in a Russian boat of about 5,000 tons: there was a large crew, including a number of cadets in training for the navy. The food was monotonous, and the sanitary accommodation insufficient in the extreme, only cold water was provided and there were no plugs for the washbasins. It seems that there is a Russian superstition against washing in still water: rods had at one time been available for pushing the dirt down the waste pipes, but these had disappeared, so they still washed in still water.

Passing through the Kiel Canal they met a rowing boat with half-a-dozen Germans aboard, who stood up and shouted abusive remarks at the Russian ship. (It was just before the signing of the Russo-German pact). Talking with Russian engineers who were returning from England Dr. Hallsworth was interested to learn that they all hoped and believed that the Anglo-Russian pact would be concluded without difficulty. They all insisted that their creed was not one of Communism, but one of State Socialism, and more than one repeated a remark from one of their leaders' speeches—"From each according to his ability: to each according to his work."

In the Leningrad Canal, a narrow sea-lane between two dam-like walls, built with the idea of providing a silt-free approach from the shallow Baltic, he noticed particularly that navigational notices were written in Russian and English and in no other language. In spite of the canal walls considerable silting takes place, and dredges were continually at work. The principle employed was that of bucket-dredging, the silt being conveyed over the wall via a pipe into the sea on the other side. He saw one dredger with a faulty pipe, so that the silt was pouring back into the canal itself, but the Russians didn't seem to notice it.

Leningrad seemed a city of contrasts: as they drew in to a primitive landing stage, made of wooden piles, a wireless started to play from the modern blue and white Port Station: refreshments were available whilst the customs officials made an interminable search of baggage, but there were no lemons for the tea. The city is planned in the French style, but carried out with German thoroughness; the old palaces and many of the churches (which their congregations were too poor to maintain in repair, and so handed back to the Soviet) have been converted into museums for propaganda and education, as for instance the Anti-God Museum. The new buildings have been planned and constructed with the same thoroughness, such as the Palace of the Soviets.

He visited a shoe factory and at a first glance did not think it was much different from an English factory. The party was conducted by a woman interpreter whose English, like that of many others, was imperfect, owing to very few people being allowed to study abroad. The manager spoke to them, and she translated, but with many mistakes, or perversions, so that a knowledge of Russian was useful in supplying the deficiencies in her vocabulary. The manager said that the average wage was 480 roubles a month, or about £5. But 70% of them were Stakhanovites, that is, workers who make a study of their job, both technically and psychologically, and so increase their output; their wage was

given as between 1,000 and 1,500 roubles a month. This provoked some discussion, for either the percentage of Stakhanovites was much lower, or a great number were receiving considerably less than the average wage. But this was not adequately explained: as he says, the Russians are extremely glib in evading leading questions, offering seemingly plausible explanations for anything that arouses the visitors' curiosity, or pretending not to understand the question. The visitor sees what he expects to see, and can either praise or find fault according to his preconceived opinions of the Soviet system, but he may not ask awkward questions. Another point that he could not understand was that although all workers were said to be paid on piece work, no check seemed to be kept: he managed to stay in one department long enough to see each process several times, and no stamps were put on the finished goods, so that there was no way of judging piece work, unless it was based on the output of the whole belt, but the authorities stated emphatically that this was not the case.

He noticed the placidity of the people in the way they queued for everything: for trams, (which appeared of pre-revolution vintage and very overcrowded), for food, and for the pawnshop. The government was not very proud of the pawnshop, and sought to explain its existence by saying that it was safer to leave winter furs in pawn during the summer and remove them for the winter, but he observed a queue of at least two hundred waiting forty minutes before opening time to deposit articles of all kinds. He thought that there must also be a great variety in prices, for some foodshops would be deserted and others have long queues before them.

Rather more cheerful were his visits to a crèche and to a children's summer camp. The first was rather jerry-built, but clean and well-ordered inside and the workers genuinely enthusiastic in their job. The camp was similarly constructed, lacking the solidarity he had observed in Germany, but lacking also their strict regimentation. The children seemed happy and well. These camps were run by factories, and the administration was in the hands of the Workers' Unions, not Trade Unions as we know them, but more like individual student Unions, not craft, but shop associations.

There were restrictions on taking photographs and printed matter out of the country—out of twenty exposures he lost six in the developing (which has to be done before leaving), although he had not photographed the Kremlin, or Red Square, or other forbidden subjects. Letters which he was taking home to post were also subjected to scrutiny.

The end came suddenly: a telegram from England urged his return: no boats were available from Leningrad, so he went to Moscow to see if there was any chance of returning by air. First he had to have his visa altered, and within twenty-four hours that was done and a passage booked by air. Then there was the question of money: they refunded 118 roubles for his return boat ticket, but 680 were needed altogether. Then he remembered being accosted both in Leningrad and Moscow by persons wishing to buy clothes. So he consulted the Intourist Bureau and they sent him to a shop in Corki St. (near the Red Square). He took down a pair of old flannels and two shirts: these yielded 270 roubles, about £11 at English exchange rates, but rather less than £3 in actual purchaseable value. A second visit to the shop with a sports jacket and more flannels produced 125 and 180 roubles respectively, one shirt was sold for 40 and another (very dirty) for 20 roubles (he was only offered 15 but was feeling in the mood for bargaining). The next day he left Moscow at 8 a.m. with the remnants of his wardrobe, and was in London by midnight, having dined and changed planes at Stockholm.

KAT.

We Try a Bed.

MIDNIGHT was just striking on the Town Hall clock as John and I strolled wearily along the now deserted sea-front. It was the first day of our holidays, and I was wondering what kind of lodgings we had found this time. We had not seen the interior when we booked the rooms in the afternoon, for we had been in a hurry to see the sights, literally the sights, of the town. Now, John is more of an expert at choosing digs than I am, so I always leave it to him. He has a theory that we should go the whole length of the front and pick out the dirtiest and most foul looking house. This, he assures me, is obviously the best place. If I press him for further explanation, he starts to chant something about a landlady having "x" pounds to spend, and spending "y" pounds on exterior decoration, then she has "x - y" pounds left for the interior—or something. He finishes up by taking the square root and solving a couple of simultaneous equations. The result should leave us in excellent digs. Still, that's what an honours maths. degree does for a chap. I always feel sorry for him, because he's a decent fellow otherwise. He had just finished reciting this usual melancholy formula as I replaced the gate on its hinges. John had similar trouble with a door-knob past its prime, but he assured me with a sweep of his massive hand, that all would be well inside. I hoped so.

It was rather a shock when we tiptoed into our room and switched on the light ; I should say, attempted to switch on the light, for the switch resented being switched on, and only acquiesced after several minutes hard work with a pen-knife, and after a string of alarming oaths from John. The stuff they teach those chaps at college is something awful. The scene that confronted our tired eyes as the light flickered on, was hardly calculated to comfort two sleepy men. As far as I can remember, there was a species of wardrobe in one corner, a table in the opposite corner, a very moth-eaten carpet whose holes revealed long lengths of broken wooden flooring, and the bed.

Now, I suppose you are vaguely familiar with the general constructional details of the average bed. For the benefit of those of you who are rather hazy on the subject, I will just explain that an ordinary bed consists, in its simplest form, of a head and a foot which are joined by two girders, upon which rests the spring-mattress, and ultimately, the human body. Well, this contraption seemed to depart seriously from orthodox bed practice, for its girders were badly bent, and, as John said, its side elevation resembled a parabola, or at least an ellipse, or something equally as complicated. I have never been in the scrap-metal trade myself, but I very much doubt that the rusty monstrosity was worth more than about a couple of shillings at the outside. Any reputable scrap-metal dealer would not have liked to be seen with it on his premises. I could foresee ugly complications with this bed in the near future. Little did I know. I measured its length and breadth with my shoe, which is exactly one foot long, and submitted the results to John for analysis. As we were getting undressed, he poured forth the alarming news that I should have to sleep in a width of one and a half feet. This was duly measured out with my shoe, and an agreed line of demarcation was drawn down the centre of the bed.

It was exactly 1-15 a.m. by my watch as we settled down into the bed. It would be, at a rough guess, a fraction before 1-16 a.m., when John leapt up.

"Hell!" he said, "there's a 'dead-cat' in the bed."

He was correct. A large oblong bulge in the mattress stretched laterally across his part of the bed about half way down. Repeated prodding and slashing and further use of my shoe had no effect, save to remove several years

from the future life of the bed. Eventually we decided to toss for the right to occupy the moderately reasonable half. It was arranged that whoever lost would have the right, if he were awake, to demand a change over at 5-0 a.m., which John calculated to be half-way through the night. It does show, doesn't it, that even an honours maths. degree can be of use at times, though I would never have believed it. We tossed. I lost.

I shall never forget the next two hours. The "dead-cat" was bad enough, but to make matters worse there were the bed-clothes. These were obviously designed for a single bed, and after retaining a single sheet for about half-an-hour, John, muttering algebra in his sleep, swept even this from me. Shortly after, it began to rain. I usually like to lie awake and listen to the rain-drops pattering on the tiles. To-night, however, they pattered through the tiles, and a series of drops splashed against various parts of my anatomy. I was cold, wet, wretched and thoroughly miserable; small wonder I couldn't sleep. About 3-0 a.m. the mouse episode commenced.

I heard a queer grating sound. After listening for several minutes, I awoke John. Slowly, he came out of a deep slumber muttering something about letting a fellow sleep, and solving a couple of quick equations on the way. We both listened.

"What a filthy noise," said John.

He soon had the situation well in hand, however. He always has. His Uncle Albert, the big-game hunter, he explained in a whisper, had a special technique with mice. The basis of the idea was that you remained "as quiet as a mouse," though I never believed the expression after that night. The mouse, lured on by a false sense of security, emerged from its hole, and you then switched on the light. The mouse was dazed by the sudden glare and was thus at your mercy. This plan was put into operation, and up to a point it succeeded admirably. The mouse was duly lured, and when John put on the light, after two unsuccessful attempts with the switch, it was discovered in the centre of the room. Far from being dazed, however, it appeared to be enjoying a substantial supper from the tattered carpet. John carefully selected a pretty heavy driver from his golf-bag and the hunt was on.

I had never realised what grand sport a mouse-hunt at 3-0 a.m. could be. It must be admitted in all fairness, however, that the mouse entered into the spirit of the game like an old hand. I was astounded at its agility and skill. John made several good shots at points vacated by the mouse a fraction of a second earlier, but after several minutes sport he manoeuvred the animal into a corner of the room. A triumphant gleam came into his eye and he made a particularly ferocious attempt which was neatly side-stepped by the mouse. The club split the ward-robe door into two congruent triangles, and broke a floor-board. John retrieved the driver, and in the silence that ensued, I distinctly heard the mouse laugh. Subsequently, John ridiculed this idea and said it was merely the echo of the crash. He even calculated the time lapse, next morning, between the sound and its echo, in order to prove his theory. I was not impressed by the two-page display of mathematics, however. I repeat; the mouse laughed, and I hope John reads this. Meanwhile, the beast had taken up a strategic position on the mantle-piece, and was coolly awaiting further developments. They soon arrived. John raised the driver in one last effort, but the hunt came to an abrupt end, when what would have been a beautiful attempt clean smashed the electric-light bulb, thus suspending operations indefinitely. John retired, defeated, and he was soon lost in a deep and sonorous sleep.

It was exactly 5-0 a.m. when the bed finally broke down. It was really the fault of the Town Hall clock for, you see, John, from the way he was churning up the bed, and as he afterwards admitted, was indulging in a boxing dream. He must have mistaken the first stroke of the clock for the gong, because he began a sudden, desperate onslaught on the clothes, and the bed, with a wistful sigh, collapsed beneath us on to the floor. I decided, mentally, that the scrap-metal price of the bed had now descended to slightly below eighteen-pence. The noise of the fall must have been terrific for it even awoke John.

"Who the hell! . . ." he exclaimed as he sat up.

Dawn broke as we sat amid the ruins.

"Of course," I said, with heavy sarcasm, "—if a landlady spends 'x' shillings on a bed. . . ."

The pillow descended with surprising firmness on to my head.

GEORGE F. HODSMAN.

Photographic Exhibition.

UNDER present conditions it is an act of faith to plan a function three months ahead. Nevertheless, the Photographic Society have decided that an exhibition shall be held somewhere in the University, sometime in February, 1940. Such a decision could not have been taken without a reasonable hope of adequate support from intending exhibitors, and it is pleasant to record that many old friends of the Society have given promises of support, with an enthusiasm that augurs well for the numbers of prints to be exhibited. This, perhaps, is not so surprising, when it is realised that the long, enforced-dark evenings provide abundant opportunity for the absorbing work of enlarging. There are two factors which are tending to reduce the output of photographic prints. The first is the apathy that descends with the "black-out" and makes nothing seem worth the expenditure of energy; this is quite pernicious, of course, and if the prospect of an exhibition can stir a few people from this inactivity, it will have an immediate value. The second is the increased cost of photographic materials; this can be overcome by the reduction of waste, or by making slightly smaller prints, for example "whole-plate" instead of "ten-by-eight." Copies of the provisional regulations are now available. Opportunity is provided for anyone in the University to enter prints in competitive and non-competitive classes, and the Society will be happy to make contact with all who wish to add to the number of exhibits.

Whilst the number of prints hung in an exhibition is the primary measure of its success, the number of visitors to the exhibition is an important secondary standard. It is hoped, therefore, that all who read this note, whether or no they are interested in photography, will endeavour to visit the exhibition. It is intended that the usual custom will be followed, and a loaned collection of pictures by acknowledged masters of photographic art will be on view. Whilst a knowledge of photography adds to the delight produced by such pictures, it is no more necessary than is a knowledge of the technique of oil-painting to an enjoyment of the Old Masters.

G.P.

CORRESPONDENCE

"NEW VERSAILLES"—AN OLD STUDENT'S VIEW.

COLWYN BAY,

November, 1939.

To the Editor of *The Gryphon*.

Dear Sir,

Will you allow a word from an old man who was a student at the Yorkshire College and the old Medical School? The youthful optimism of *Benby's* eloquent little article, "The New Versailles," is charming. It speaks for a considerable body of generous-minded wishful thinkers, some of them eminent. No more hate! A satisfying and enduring peace! These are what we all want, with or without a "United States." But how are they to be achieved? Jews and Czechs and Poles must not hate Germans, nor Arabs Jews, nor Chinamen Japanese, yes, and Irishmen must not hate Englishmen. They must all say, "Let bygones be bygones and let us make a fresh start as friends." And no more aggression.

It was a pity that the last war engendered such a bitter hatred in French hearts, for that was the meaning of Versailles. Yet it was natural. A sense of deep injury with a dread of further injury is a combination that makes for hatred when the enemy is known. Terror is a great breeder of cruelty. Draw the dragon's teeth, then, and his claws, and hate ought to give place to pity and forgiveness. But it doesn't. Vindictiveness remains.

Let us not aim at a vain Utopia. Let us try to be practical. Let us hope that the politicians will this time, between them, make a better settlement: but, although they will probably avoid some of the mistakes of Versailles, they will doubtless, being human, make others. Let us hope for the best, but don't let us expect a universal brotherhood of man with an international police to curb the unruly. It cannot be done by that "stroke of the pen" we hear of. Men and women of ability and courage are working in various ways for international goodwill, but very difficult times are ahead of us, with an inextricable tangle of conflicting interests. And our friend Adolph is not the only one of his kind.

A United States of Europe is a golden dream. Will it come true, someday?

Yours hopefully,

S. L. B. WILKS.

"NEW VERSAILLES"—A PRESENT STUDENT'S VIEW.

Sir,

Your correspondent "Benby" has made an impassioned appeal for a United States of Europe. There is no space in such a letter as this to reply to the whole of his article, but one phrase does stand out as worthy of comment—the suggestion that Hitler was ignored by the British government for years before the present war. The facts point quite in a contrary direction, and can be verified in the press of the period. In 1932 Germany left the League of Nations, with a Hitler declaration of "rejection of the use of force." Less than three years later, in

May, 1935, the Hitler government introduced conscription, while once more the Chancellor declared that his aim was peace and that he had no designs on either the Rhineland or Austria. A few months later the British government allowed him to re-militarise the Rhineland to the annoyance of the French government. At the same time the British-German Naval pact was being signed, allowing Germany to build up to submarine equality with Britain. This pact was not only declared by Sir Samuel Hoare to be no danger to Britain, but was hailed by the Government press to be the beginning of an all-round limitation of armaments.

In the following year began the farce of non-intervention in Spain, which prevented the democratic (cf. Britain) Spanish government from obtaining arms against what even Mr. Churchill described as "a foreign invasion" by German and Italian Fascism to put a reactionary Franquist government in power. These same rulers of ours did not find it necessary to defend Austria in 1938, although they had guaranteed its independence at Strisa in 1935. They have since declared their approval of Hitler's invasion of Austria in a pamphlet dropped over Germany.

Since Austria fell, Czechoslovakia has been ceded to facilitate the "Drang nach Osten," the British government meanwhile "accepting the principle of self-determination" and then registering shock and disappointment at the invasion of Prague in May this year.

Does this seem like a refusal to take notice of Hitler? If the reader is still unconvinced of the British government's close relations with the Nazi government let him think of the Hudson Wohlat conversations with regard to a British loan of £1,000 millions to Germany, or let him read in the latest Blue Book an account of the discussion of Henderson and Hitler about an alliance between the two countries.

No, "Benby," British policy during the last few years has never been able to ignore any State in Europe or the world. "We" are not fighting against Fascism nor for Democracy. While we seek alliances with Italian Fascism we crush Democracy within Britain and the Empire. Is it hatred of "that evil man over there" which brings Turkey to ally herself with Britain, or is it rather a promised £40 million loan? Our sacrifice in this war will not only be that of our lives but of democratic freedom of which we are so proud. Only by defending our rights now can we ensure the kind of peace which "Benby" envisages.

Yours sincerely,

R. H. SPENCER.

Blind Guides?

THE sub-title of David Paton's book—"A Student Looks at the University"—contains the key to its chief virtue. The first two chapters contain a clear and vigorous resume of much that is wrong in our life as students—the shallow, erotical relationships of many of us, the lack of any interest in the University other than the obtaining of a good degree, the disregard of world social and economic problems, our rejection of all but material values, our petty prejudices and bigotries. Most students would profit by a reading of that section of the book even if they read no further, but the two later essays, the first dealing with faults of the modern university, which are external to the individual student, and the second suggesting a reorganisation with special reference to the position of the S.C.M., are well worth attention and round off a readable little book into an essential unity.—F.W.S.

J.C.R. CONDUCT.

THE UNION,
THE UNIVERSITY.

Dear Sir,

It was with distaste that we read in the J.C.R. the notice, in which—

“ The house committee strongly deplore the way in which students are treating this lounge, and intend to take action. . . . ”

We regard with some concern the dictatorial manner in which a committee representing the student body “ deplores the ways ” of that body.

A committee, we should think, has the right only to criticise a minority.

We suggest that, if the notice is not unwarranted, the words are at least ill-chosen.

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

DAN SCOTT,
DONALD MACKINSON,
W. W. BLACK.

Our correspondents are referred to the President's Appeal.—EDITOR.

VERSE**À la Davies.**

HARSH Fate, that led my steps abroad
Beyond this land where wild flowers grow—
A winter and a wartime, Lord,
How vain and foul the times are now.
Pray, all ye men
And you who ken
Not why I stand and stare so long
In soil that's wet with human blood—
A winter and a wartime's wrong
May never come together again,
May never come
This side the tomb.

PENCHANCE.

Slaves.

THE wind is harnessed to the mill,
The water harnessed to the wheel;
But man is harnessed to them both,
And is the slave of driven steel.

The wind can break his strongest towers,
The waves can break his iron ships;
But man can never curb the tide,
Nor hold a whirlwind in the slips.

V.W.M.

The Man Who Died

(for D. H. Lawrence).

BUT that half-starving agony
Has definition in his dream
Only as grave and old,
Death's dream by day and night.

Nor thorn's-flesh may be man-mould
Casting his dog-days in the pit of incense;
Hermaphrodite seedling assures her station
That the flower may bloom from virgin root.

Then hell-rays turn four-wise for the loved of men;
Trinity of priest and celibate server;
Sanity in home breathes at the earth's-front;
Child-fear as ethic from the flaming hoodoo
—Four for love and the next moon's madness.

H.R.H.

To Scott

SCOTLAND'S bard and England's minstrel !
King of all romantic song:
Scott of Scots, yet child of England
Questing Treasures for her tongue:

Human judge of human nature;
Scotland's Shakespeare speaking prose,
Served by fame, yet toy of fortune,
Mourns thy spirit? for it knows:—

Almost are thy kind forgotten;
Lost their skill with voice and brain:
None are left to trace man's likeness;
None to raise the minstrel strain.

"CLARENCE."

WARM, good earth,
Sweating sods of heaving life.
Lifting up your fragrance sweet
In praise and exultation
And thanksgiving for the creator's goodness,
In you is our life,
From you the needs of humankind still pour
In ceaseless abundance.
Yet man would come
And by defilement terrible
Mingle your sweet texture
With blood of Mothers and suckled infants
In carnage incomprehensible.
It cannot be,
It must not be
That thou of whom all beauty flows
Shouldst be so 'based.
Grow on, live on
And superabundantly replenish
The empty coffers of man's daily need,
And he will yet,
In spite of madness and of teeming brain,
By care and nurture
Pressed from aching bodies,
Yield thee thanks !

GARLAND.

Resurrexit !

THE Lenten lilies shrill one golden blast
 From quivering trumpets, then they faint and fade
 All trembling, to the soon-forgotten past.
 The young green leaves are timorous and afraid.
 The Garden sleeps, all silver 'neath the stars.
 But round the Tomb thick darkness like a veil
 Conceals where Love, behind the prison-bars
 Of Death, unvanquished fights and shall prevail.

In this mysterious time before the dawn
 Whose first red blushes herald in the day,
 Comes God's own lightning like a whip of scorn
 And smites the Tomb. The Stone is rolled away,
 And forth He comes, that patient Holy One,
 Forth, to a world all drenched with April dew,
 Fairer than dawnlight, brighter than the sun,
 And Lord of all things, Who makes all things new.

And wondering at the sight the Garden wakes
 Half-joyful, half-afraid. Each stone and clod,
 Each leaf and flower and tree obeisance makes,
 And hails the Risen Christ as Lord and God.
 In quiet triumph, Firstfruits of the dead,
 He moves on through a world dawn-fresh and sweet.
 The blackbirds whistle round His thorn-crowned Head,
 And flowers spring before His pierced Feet.

DEIRDRE.

THERE have been quiet days
 When life ceased flowing, and the idle time
 Became a small eternity;
 When every word grew pregnant with an epic force
 And half a gesture filled a world
 By river banks, along still woody paths,
 With evenings by a placid fire,
 When talk was warm and intimate and friendship bloomed.

There have been roaring days
 When life rushed onward, and a moment's flight
 Saw instant glories, mad delights, and hopes gone sour;
 When things were done that made or lost a world,
 When high achievement crowned a great design,
 And triumph strove with failure;
 Days when we spurned the devil, fought the gods,
 And scorned defeat and victory alike.

There have been days of recollection,
 With times relived, when memory stirred,
 While hope gazed forward with her sightless eyes.

S. SHARP.

Peace and War.

BESIDE the margin of the wind-blown mere
 Stood the gray heron, meditative, sad.
 The reeds bent, and wind whistled through the sedge;
 Save for his plaintive sound all else was still.
 Here there was desolation, but was also peace.

The cold gray clouds, louring so sullenly,
 Were rent asunder by a threatening hum,
 And into calm grown grim and menacing
 A giant aeroplane roared, on swift wing.
 War cast its ghastly shadow on the mere.

V.W.M.

Torii

(Tanka form).

PAINTING, they say, was
born of calligraphy. There,
some Heaven-urged brush
would seem to have spluttered ink
angularly, like music.

A character, this,
with inverted afterthought
vertically writ
below—image a-quiver
in a gracious garden lake.

All the frame for friend
convolvulus has, and shows
crude ink on Sunrise.
Now shall we see the holy
fowl descend whence snow, and perch . . .

Else ideograph,
symbol of I know not what
articulate wish,
strange, unfathomable, writ
there before we men could read.

W. D. HINDE.

Lacrimae Rerum.

THE falling leaf, the fading flower
Whisper "Hope not beyond an hour.
We have bloomed a moment, and we must die,
Though the rain will weep and the wild wind sigh."
An echo breathes from the past and clings,
Lacrimae rerum—the tears of things.

Lest we should hear, and hearing say:
"Dreams are of childhood; one bright day
And the vision fades, and the shadows creep.
Hope is dead. Let us wait for sleep."
Light in the flame of Thy golden wings,
The Cross that wept for the tears of things.

IDES.

Summons.

COME let us take a star and wander forth
Into the mazy glory of this earth,
And gaze in brightness of its radiant beams
On all the mysteries of death and birth.

See where the rose bloom hangs upon the tree,
And trembles in the still and golden air,
The bird sobs rapture from the budding branch,
Because he sees and feel God's Promise there.

All lovely things this star shall light with grace,
That we may see the glory of His face.

IDES.

Hitching Holiday.

WE had arrived at Bruges by canal from Holland, and were feeling adventurous. Bruges looked interesting, but seemed populated entirely by English and French tourists, so we decided to leave it to them and push on. The question was, where? So far we had mostly walked, but Belgium is hardly a good country for walking. My friend suggested Luxemburg. It seemed attractive in the guide book, so that was enough. It meant "hitching," but cars were numerous, so once on the outskirts of the town we started hailing. The fifth car stopped. There is nothing so enjoyable as the first lift, especially when you're footsore and it's just becoming dark. The driver was a commercial traveller and took us half-way to Ghent.

The next day we reached Brussels in splendour, rolling back in a somewhat antiquated taxi. We had hailed the driver by mistake, thinking it was a private car, but somehow he understood our frenzied explanations, and beaming, said he lived in Brussels. He would take us there for five francs. Forty miles for 9d. ! We wished English taxis were so cheap.

And so by easy stages towards Luxemburg. The country became wilder as we proceeded east, and so did the peasant folk. We always tried to talk to the drivers as much as possible and had a few stock topics for conversation on which our vocabulary was good. After a few days we became more confident, scornfully avoiding "English spoken" cafés, and indulging, out of sheer bravado, in lengthy duologues with peasants, who probably understood our French very little and we theirs even less, but with enjoyment on both sides. Lifts gradually became scarcer, but we arrived at the frontier after five days.

In Luxemburg, everyone was expecting war to break out any day, for it was August and the fate of Danzig hung in the balance. The people feared German invasion. "But the French are coming," they said, "they are coming to reinforce our frontier next week. We are good friends with the French. We are friends with the English too, but it is the French who will save us."

We met an Englishwoman who had lived there since the war. "They have been saying that since last September," she said, laughingly, "it's always next week the French are coming. They are nice people here in Luxemburg, but they live in perpetual fear, although they are always boasting of their independence."

We decided to go south into France and headed for Reims. But the owner of the car which took us to the French frontier had other ideas. "You must go to Metz," he said, "There are big celebrations there for the 150th Anniversary of the Revolution, and the town is full of soldiers." So we went to Metz.

But the Revolution celebrations had their drawbacks. They lasted four days and, as it was a public holiday, the banks were closed. We arrived in France on the eve of the first day, just as the banks were shutting. We had no French money and the prospect of four days without a penny to spend didn't appeal. We found one bank where the last official was just leaving, and told him what a pity it would be if two young Englishmen had to starve on French soil. He agreed, but what could he do? There was no consul.

It is curious how in France you cannot speak to an official for five minutes before everyone else in the neighbourhood has joined in the conversation. We soon found ourselves addressing what seemed to be a public meeting, but however bad our French was, it worked at last, and a pounds worth of currency changed hands.

Metz was indeed full of soldiers, and of astonishing variety. Colonial troops in brilliant blue, men from the Foreign Legion, gay cavalry units on beautiful jet-black horses — these and many others took part in a huge military display before enthusiastic crowds. All Lorraine seemed to be there; there's certainly no desire in that district for a return to Germany. We slept in a monastery that night and the next day walked through the Maginot line area, although there was little evidence of it on the surface.

Lorraine was not a good district for hitching. The people were friendly enough, but private cars were few and far between, so that we were eventually reduced to hailing lorries. The drivers were more interesting to talk to and eagerly discussed political questions. The next evening found us in a small village, where we enquired for a barn to sleep in. The mayor (we knew he was the Mayor as he wore a taxi-driver's hat) was sorry, but there were no suitable barns, but the prison was vacant. He locked us in the only cell, took our passports, and departed. As the prison was already occupied by a fire-engine and a bier, there was not much room, but we managed to sleep well, although concrete with a few whisps of straw on top is not the best of beds.

The Mayor let us out at six o'clock in the morning, so we set off early on the road to Verdun. By working for a time as lumberjacks, we earned a 25-mile lift on a timber lorry, and later a priest rescued us from the pouring rain and drove us into Verdun.

Verdun was disappointing. It was either the weather or the innumerable relics there of the Great War that made us decide to go straight on towards Châlons. We spent that night at the house of a cyclist we met, a student teacher, who did us the honour of opening some fifty-year-old cider, reserved by the family for special occasions. Perhaps it was the cider or just the fact that we were now better acquainted with the language that made us pour forth such a stream of colloquial French that evening.

We reached Châlons the following morning, where we stayed at the local Youth Hostel. It was run by Spanish refugees, but an Italian acted as interpreter for some Danish cyclists and us. We were now well on the way to Paris, so the next day decided to race this last hundred miles with two French youths, one of whom insisted on playing, for our benefit, a seemingly continuous version of the "Lambeth Walk" on his mandolin. We let them have the first lift that was offered, but we passed them later on, having been picked up by a Parisian launderer and his wife. The former told us that this was the champagne district. "We can't let you pass through it without sampling some," he said. We thought it would be a pity to miss it too, for apart from the fact that champagne is champagne, there is nothing like trying a district's speciality where it is made. "I'm sorry you can't stay with us a few days," said our host, as we parted in Paris. So were we, but we had made it a rule, foolish perhaps, to stay only one night at each new place.

Paris, where the people did speak a language which at least resembled French, seemed like home after where we'd been.

But the time had come to turn northwards again. It was reluctantly that we did so, but we had heard of an exhibition of Social Progress at Lille. Hitching was easier now, for the roads were busier, although we were once reduced to an ice-cream cart for a few miles. As we approached the northern industrial district we continued by train back to Belgium, staying at Amiens and Lille on the way.

And so to the boat once more at Zeebrugge, not having the time, alas, to make a promised revisit to newly made friends in Holland. Still, there would always be next year.

J. S. SCRUTON.

The Three Visits.

BEFORE we went up I told Hopkinson we should never catch a thing, for the moorland stream would be merely a trickle by now, after the fine weather we'd been having. That was early in June this year, just before the drought broke. However, he argued that it would be "an outing, anyway," and a fine test of skill too, worming in a stream which was dead low.

The ride over the moors was exhilarating, and when we got over the thousand feet level we could see the newly-shorn sheep scattered about like small heaps of lime tipped on the moor, for the sun shone brilliantly on them.

On reaching the stream we tackled up rather lazily, and fished an hour or two without enthusiasm. It is exasperating to see the big trout rush out from under the banks at your bait, and after "sniffing it," scamper up the stream like greased lightning. It is also exasperating to see the little ones making a dive for your worm, worrying it like a cat worries a mouse, the whitish insides of their lips showing up in contrast to their little dark heads. We were soon disheartened, and finished the day with empty creels.

The second visit was late in July, and this time I went alone, for Hopkinson wasn't at liberty. The day was even hotter than before, and far more oppressive, but there had been a good shower of rain the night before, so I knew the stream would be in beautiful condition. I had time to fish for only an hour before tea, but I landed half-a-dozen beauties and threw a good many small ones back. They were feeding briskly; in spite of the heat I was hungry too, so I called in at Bracewell's farm for some cream to mix with the crushed raspberries I had brought over with me. During tea the clouds grew heavier and the atmosphere darker and darker, and I was just chatting with Bracewell by the old stone bridge when the rain started to pour down. We quickly made for the stone shed near the bridge, and sat yarning on an upturned wheelbarrow. I thought it would be merely a fifteen minutes' storm by the intensity of the downpour, and that the stream would be in even better condition than before, but my spirits sank after we'd been trapped in the shed for above three-quarters of an hour, and there was still no sign of a break. The stream's tone was altering very noticeably, and what with the hissing of the rain and the increasing roar of what was a little while ago a small waterfall, you found that your ears began to feel dull. Even by now, I knew that fishing was out of the question.

After another half-hour's heavy downpour the rain abated, and the yellow sun began to peep through. Most of the villagers were out watching the transformed stream. Until then I had always thought that these stories of men being caught and drowned while wading in the streams in the hilly North Country were more or less moonshine. Now I know such things are quite possible. The small stream across which Bracewell's cows had waded after milking time two hours before, was now of such volume that a cow would have been swept off its feet in the torrent. I wondered how on earth the fish managed to exist in such a roaring flood.

I reckoned that two days after the heavy rain, the stream would be in wine-coloured condition, so after discussing plans with a friend who has a car, we decided to go up even before dinner. That day, the third visit, we simply could not go wrong. To tell of every capture would become monotonous, we got so many. Every pool yielded trout, and sometimes there were three or four in one pool. It would have been slaughter to have taken all those we got even of takeable size. Between us we kept thirty-five for our friends and our own use, and returned about seventy to the water as soon as they were caught.

Changes in luck such as this are the very essence of the fisherman's pleasure. When he sets out he never knows quite what is in store for him, even though he may have a good idea, and every outing yields something new and original in the realm of nature study, fish habits and the effect of weather conditions on the feeding of the fish.

A K.

WHAT is the Sun that it should run
Its never-changing course?
And by what power flows hour by hour
The River from its source?

Yonder that Tree in constancy
Stands rooted till the end—
O God, tell me why these should be
More faithful than a Friend!

H.B.M.

NOTICE.

The response to our appeal for copy was so good that one or two contributions and reviews have been held over. We hope you will continue the supply and help us to keep the magazine going when so many others have ceased publication. Pressure on space has led to the cutting of most Society notices. We believe they will understand our position and, we hope, find the results still satisfactory.

The following additions have been made to *The Gryphon* Staff:
Assistant Business Manager: Mr. C. L. LEWIS. Co-opted Members: Miss V. W. MURGATROYD, B.A., Mr. J. S. SCRUTON.

THEATRE PROGRAMMES.

Theatre Royal.

December 4th. The last Arthur Brough production of the 1939 season is "Tony Draws a Horse," the comedy by Lesley Storm which is still running at the Strand Theatre. The incorrigible son of a stern father and a dotting mother, Tony creates havoc by drawing a horse on his father's consulting room wall.

December 26th. "Jack and the Beanstalk."

Grand Theatre.

November 27th. "The Women," with full London caste.

December 4th. Harry Korris in the "Arcadian Follies."

Pantomime: "Cinderella."

DON'T FORGET THE WEEKLY TEA DANCES

Dental Dilemmas.

I DON'T like my patients to make themselves conspicuous, and when Mrs. Murphy followed me from the chair to the sterilizer it unnerved me, I turned round with an impression tray in the tongs, and there she was right behind me, placidly returning my surprised look. People were watching us interestedly. Then I understood. "I didn't mean follow me all the time," I breathed. "I meant just from the door to the chair." Two other patients smiled and one cackled openly. I was unnerved alright. "Sit down," I added, and fled to the sink. I always wash my hands "on prosthetics" * when I want to think, I wash my hands more often than any other dresser, I must have spent a good deal of my life washing my hands in the prosthetics department. There is something very peaceful in a stream of warm water running over your hands—it takes your mind away from badly protruding jaws and gives you courage to deal with patients who follow you to the sterilizer.

I slowly dried my hands and studied my patient—perhaps she'd be alright—perhaps this would just be an isolated lapse—but as soon as I got back to the chair, "Young man, you'll not be hurting me, will you? A woman outside said you had to break her jaw to get the impression out, I'm not after wanting that happen to me." This time I spent a good ten minutes with the nail brush!

To make things more difficult she retched badly, and of course just as I was taking the lower impression she chose to tell me she didn't want big teeth like Mrs. Thompson's. I would have bet before she did it, that she'd drop the bowl she was holding under her chin, so I wasn't really surprised when I lowered the chair and crushed her shopping basket, to the accompaniment of the most nerve-racking crackles. Nevertheless, I felt myself going to pieces, I felt I was in for a day of it, so I went and strengthened my soul with half a tablet of soap.

Now for my next patient. I fearfully surveyed the rows of faces, "Is Mrs. Bradley here?" No answer. Well, Mrs. Bradley was supposed to be there at ten, and if she hadn't come I'd have to get someone else. "Next please." A man with a moustache approached me and started his story (all my male patients have either a big moustache or a fetid breath). Perhaps I'm a little particular, but I don't like patients to tell me their woes on the way to the chair—I like to sit them down and lean over them confidentially and whisper, "Yes, what's the trouble?" and I like them to whisper back, "My denture hurts me here, here and here," or just "My denture hurts me here and here," and no-one is disturbed and I am quite happy about my work. But this next patient didn't know my feelings in the matter. He stood up, opened his mouth, put the whole of one hand and two fingers of the other into it and said "Guy sow ig umble mumble dribble." We entered the room under the inquisitive eyes of all present. "Yes, yes," I nodded. "Sh. Sh." Come and tell me all about it. He sat down and opened his mouth, but I was too quick for him, I grabbed his hands and forcibly held them down. "Now just tell me where it hurts you"—he was a strong man and I was quite worn out when he'd finished talking. He told me about his brother-in-law's teeth, how full his mouth felt and how bad his stomach had been, but I still didn't know where his dentures were hurting him. I ran my finger inside his lip, "Does it hurt you here?" He shook his head a few times, then nodded it vigorously, winked, coughed, then plunged his hand in his mouth and started again, "Guy umble mumble. . . ." In despair I again washed my hands then went into the mechanic's lab. and gave his dentures a good polish. "They're fine," he assured me, "I can feel the difference already. . . ."

* Department concerned with artificial teeth.

After all that had already happened I should have been prepared for the next blow, a patient came in and complained that his dentures were too big. Now it is our policy to advise patients to remove their artificial teeth when they go to bed, thus giving their mouths a chance to rest and so prevent shrinkage of the tissues. I asked him in an off-hand manner, "Do you keep them in at night?" "Oh yes," he blithely replied. "Oh, you poor fool," I thought, "you've played right into my hands." I struck up an "Oh, you do, do you" expression, and said "But weren't you told to take them out at night?" The idiot said, "Yes, I was."—I could hardly wait for it, "Well, why do you keep them in then?" I rapped, in the true film District Attorney manner. "Well, y'see I work nights and sleep during the day," was the crushing reply. "Oh-Oh-Oh—Ohhh!" Back I went to the warm water, why does everything happen to me?

Wearily I approached the door. "Mrs. Bradley," I called "No," somebody answered. Every time I went out Mrs. Bradley hadn't come—it got to be quite a game, I had just to show my face and all the patients would yell "No," she's not here yet,"—and so I would take someone else.

The morning wore on—my patients were all of a kind, from the woman with the most horrible lower protrusion you ever saw, to the complaining singer who "couldn't pronounce his S's."

My last patient came in for a "try-in." "Now curl your tongue back," I began, and I was going to say "and close slowly," but I just got to the "and close—" when, *snap*, the jaws closed smartly together and caught my finger. I withdrew it with the blood already trickling out. I resolved to say in future, "and *slowly* close!"

What an end to a perfect day! but wait—a fellow student came up and said, "There's a friend of yours outside: "Who is it?" I asked—"Mrs. Bradley!" came the reply.

I fumed up to the door, I'm afraid I wasn't in the best of tempers and I raised my voice a little. "Didn't you know you were supposed to be here at ten?" I demanded. "Yes, I was here at a quarter to ten." "What," I stormed, "You were here at quarter to ten, didn't you see me come out about fifteen times looking for you?" "Oh yes, I saw you, we were all getting fed up with you coming out like that every minute." "But, but, but didn't you hear me calling your name?" I almost screamed. "Eh! No, I'm a bit dull of 'earing."—I ran home and had a shower!

JACK I. HARDY.

From Creation Onwards.

IN the Long Ago, the population of Earth might have been seen by any interested and imaginative observer as a cauldron of quicksilver, bright, shining and unalloyed. The Almighty Alchemist leaned back on his high stool, and, pushing aside the pestle and mortar with which he was preparing the beings for Jupiter to hold as soon as she was cool enough to receive them, he called for the chief assistant of the Celestial Laboratories. "Lucifer," he said, "take the cauldron there, and pour the population carefully on to that new dish we labelled Earth, but do be careful as it is my special brew." Unfortunately Lucifer was a careless, self-willed person, who thought that some lower official could have done this job without troubling him, so instead of exercising caution he merely tipped up the cauldron on Earth, and the quicksilver went rolling, chasing, tumbling, trickling over the disc as individual, egoistical, little nations.

The Almighty was very annoyed when he noticed how inefficiently the job had been performed, but beyond sacking Lucifer and making him go down and tend the blast furnaces, where the crude metals are melted down for some new experiment, there was nothing he could do. Lucifer developed a liking for his new job, and before long was appointed foreman, but the Earth with its globules of nations, was put on one side to act as a reminder of the assistant's carelessness.

Before long, however, it was noticed by the staff that this Earth, which instead of being uniformly covered by the pure element as had been intended, was now spattered with impure drops of varying size and shape, was constantly being disturbed by vibrations, which made the drops change and roll about in a most peculiar manner. At times one drop would race away and absorb many other droplets, becoming larger and larger, until, suddenly it would burst with a shiver and throw out again a shower of globules, each on its individual track. These bigger drops were termed Empires whilst they existed, and some were conspicuous enough to win special names for themselves. One was called Egyptian, another Greek, others Inca, Chinese, Phœnician, Roman, Spanish, and so on. One particularly large one was nicknamed British.

Another antic of the quicksilver which amused the lab.-boys was the behaviour of certain drops in a vain effort to find all the molecules which had made up their original parent drop, when Lucifer spilt the cauldron. One of the assistants swears that he heard them chanting "Racial Purity" and "Aryan Blood," as they hurried and bullied on their self-appointed, fruitless task; but it may be that he had been drowsing and imagined it. This was all the more amusing to the lab.-boys for they recalled that in the cauldron every drop and every molecule was alike.

After a time the vibrations of the rocking Earth, which appeared in some mysterious way to be connected with the movements of the nations themselves, became more rhythmical, the Empire-drops when they formed were bigger, but the collisions when they burst were increasingly violent. A large drop would almost tip the whole lot over into the channel which ran down into Lucifer's department, but the rocking of the Earth soon formed an even larger drop on the other side, which tended to spill everything into the crucible which the Alchemist had placed there in readiness. Back and forward, up and down, sea-sawed the disc, the nations buffeted each other, and then joined forces with their late opposers, until after a final convulsion the Earth toppled over and shot all its load into the crucible. The Almighty examined the mass, under his all-seeing microscope for a long time. "Yes," he said at length, "a little purification will drive off the few taints. They have not destroyed themselves. They should be fit to display as the perfection of my art. They have had a rough passage, but as a result I can lay aside my experiments, and show these nations as the nearest approach to the beings I had designed, but which were eternally lost by Lucifer's wicked act." And the nations in the crucible shone and gleamed, a brilliant silver unity.

D.H.M.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

The Editor wishes to acknowledge receipt of the following publications and apologise for any omissions:—

Echo de Belgrade (two copies), *Student News*, *Journal of Education*, *Die Stellenbosche Student*, *The Student Movement*, *Wu's Views* (three copies), *The Fulcrum*, *The Gongster*,

These may be read in the Union Library.



LEEDS UNIVERSITY
Old Students' Association.

Notes from Headquarters.

Christmas Function. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16th.

We very much hope that all Old Students who can be in Leeds on Saturday, December 16th, will make a point of attending the O.S.A. LUNCHEON in the REFECTORY. TIME: 12-45 for 1 o'clock. PRICE: 2/6 each.

Doubtless we shall miss many friends who, owing to the exigencies of war-time cannot be present, but with the President, Professor Barbier, to occupy the chair, and the Vice-Chancellor, we hope, to cheer us with his quips, we should be assured of a happy and enjoyable meeting. Professor and Mrs. Gough are old friends of the Association whom we shall be delighted to welcome as guests. We much regret that it is impossible for Professor and Mrs. Hamilton Thompson to accept our invitation this year, but their promised visit will be a pleasure in store for some future gathering of Old Students.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will follow the luncheon, but the agenda is brief and there will be time for a leisurely tour of the Union Building and probably for much chatting and reminiscing—perhaps even time for a cup of tea—before the party must disperse on account of the black-out.

It seems unlikely that our Branch Secretaries, dispersed in many cases to widely scattered "reception areas," will have much business to bring forward for discussion at the Annual Meeting, but we ask them to notify Headquarters if they have anything to add to the agenda.

IMPORTANT. Will members who intend to be present at the luncheon please send a postcard or telephone to

THE HON. SECRETARIES, L.U.O.S.A., THE UNIVERSITY, LEEDS, 2,
not later than MONDAY, DECEMBER 11th. (Telephone No. 20251).

The arrangements will be quite informal and payment may be made on arrival at the Refectory.

RECORD OF NATIONAL SERVICE.

Again we thank those Old Students who have already replied to the University's request for particulars of national service. Printed forms are now being sent to all members of Convocation and of the O.S.A., and if members who have already given particulars should receive a form, we ask them to disregard it and not to accuse us of oversight!

It is possible that some Old Students of the University are not included in either the O.S.A. or Convocation lists and if anyone knows of such a case and can give any information we should be glad of their assistance. The compiling of



Edu. Student compelled to do P.T.

This is a libel on our Physical Training Instructor, but the other representation is correct.

Freshman Observer.

It ain't all fun and petting,
Undergraduetting,
The student body as a whole,
Is intellectuole.

"FIVE THOU."

the record is an interesting but colossal task and we are anxious to make it a success, but this is only possible if we receive the full co-operation of every Old Student. This is needed most urgently and we remind members once again of the importance of notifying us of changes of address.

In spite of the War, may you all have a

Happy Christmas.

D. G. TUNBRIDGE, } *Joint*
A. E. FERGUSON, } *Hon. Secretaries.*

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF CONVOCATION.

The Annual General Meeting of Convocation will not be held in December, but probably at some date next term, when it is hoped that the Clerk will again be in permanent residence in Leeds.

UNIVERSITY AND OXLEY HALL OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

Owing to the difficulties of travelling and to the fact that many old students' Christmas holidays will be of brief or uncertain duration, it has been decided not to hold a Reunion in January as arranged. There is a possibility, however, that it may be held during the Easter holidays.

EILEEN M. SYKES,
31, Lime Grove,
Long Eaton, Nottingham,

HULL AND EAST RIDING BRANCH LETTER.

c/o 227, Park Avenue,
Hull.

Since writing my last letter tentative inquiries have been made *re* the possibility of holding a local meeting, but owing to the scattering geographically of many of our ardent members, such a gathering has been found to be impracticable at any rate at present. Time might right the situation.

The local branch is still in existence, at least in embryo, and it is hoped that it will again bud when better days come. An attempt will be made to convene a luncheon party at one of our local cafés during the Xmas holidays, if there is sufficient support.

As this will be the last letter this year may I offer to all Old Students the Season's Greetings, with a prayer for an early return to peace in the New Year.

E. C. FROW,
Hon. Secretary.

“ THE GRYPHON.”

Last Day for Copy - - - Tuesday, January 16th, 1940.

N.B.—Copy should be in before 1-0 o'clock.

News of Interest to Old Students.

Items of news intended for this section of *The Gryphon* should be addressed to the O.S.A. Editor; such items are inserted free of charge.

The address of the O.S.A. Editor is: The Leeds Library, Commercial Street, Leeds, 1.

(Contributors are reminded that these columns are subject to censorship by the Ministry of Information).

BAINES.—A. R. Baines has been appointed Director of Wool Textile Production in the Wool Control (Ministry of Supply) as from 2nd September. Mr. Baines, who has just spent two years in the "shadow scheme" for the wool textile industry, was a student in the Department of Textiles at the University from 1911 to 1914, and took his diploma there. He served during the last war in the 4th K.O.Y.L.I., was wounded in 1915, and decorated with the Croix de Guerre with palms.

DOUGLAS.—Professor Douglas's new book on "English Scholars" is reviewed at length elsewhere in the pages of the current issue. It received a full page review in the *Times Literary Supplement* of November 11th and has also received Mr. G. M. Young's benediction in Cape's own magazine.

GILLIGAN.—A short obituary of Professor Gilligan was contributed to *Nature* of November 11th by Professor Hudson.

MILNER.—J. M. Milner (Mods., 1931-34) has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in the Department of French at the University of Birmingham.

STURGEON.—R. A. Sturgeon is now at Southsea, Portsmouth (30, Southsea Terrace). He would be very glad to meet other Old Students in the neighbourhood.

SUCKSMITH.—Dr. W. Sucksmith (Physics, 1918-21, D.Sc., 1931) has been appointed Reader in Magnetism at the University of Bristol.

SYMONDS.—The degree of Doctor of Divinity has been conferred at Oxford on Rev. H. E. Symonds, of Queen's.

THOMPSON.—After a long delay the Surtees Society has at length issued as its 150th publication a centenary volume written by the Secretary, Professor Hamilton Thompson. It comprises a history of the Society from 1834 to 1934, together with a full annotated bibliography of the Society's publications and a list of all the members from the beginning.

WOOD.—Norman Wood (Physiology, 1927-30, M.D., 1938) has been appointed Lecturer in Pathology at Bristol University.

IN PIAM MEMORIAM.

On December 21st, exactly two hundred years ago, there died that lady of whom Steele had said "To love her is a liberal education." Her good works have long survived her and it is seemly that a brief reminder of them should be given on the present occasion and in this journal.

The name of this pious benefactress is Lady Elizabeth Hastings. During her lifetime she performed many good works; it was she, for example, who saved Holy Trinity Church, Boar Lane, by a timely gift of £1,000. But she is now remembered for her zeal in the cause of education, a zeal which was equalled if not surpassed by her administrative acumen and foresight. So that in her name there still exist valuable scholarships of benefit to young people of merit in Yorkshire. In the University's calendar there will be found particulars of the Senior Scholarship available to graduates of Leeds and Sheffield in alternate years and tenable at Queen's College, Oxford; it will be the turn of Leeds in 1940. Such graduates, alas, must be male and unmarried.

The account of her written by Thomas Barnard, a Leeds schoolmaster, and published in 1742, is still the main source for her biography. But besides this contemporary biography, shy of fact and strong in adulation, there is one by C. E. Medhurst (1914); certain family letters have been privately printed (1929-35), and the current issue of the *Church Quarterly Review* contains a good account of her life and work by M. G. Jones.

BIRTHS.

TAYLOR.—To Mr. P. T. and Mrs. Taylor (formerly Constance E. Armstrong, French, 1925-28), on June 11th, a daughter, Gilliam Armstrong. Address: "Linden Lea," 25, Cannon Street, Sherwood, Nottingham.

WILCOCK.—To Mr. A. C. and Mrs. Wilcock (formerly Dorothy Haigh, French, 1925-28), on September 13th, a son, Christopher. Address: 84, Abbey Road, Aylesbury, Bucks.

MARRIAGES.

BARCLAY-BORTHWICK.—Dr. James A. Barclay, Demonstrator in Physiology, to Dr. Grizel R. Borthwick, Demonstrator in Bacteriology, on October 25th, at All Hallows' Church, Leeds. Dr. Barclay is a graduate of Aberdeen, and Mrs. Barclay took a Ph.D. at Edinburgh.

BOSWELL-SUFFERN.—James Mc. C. Boswell (Leather, 1935-38) to Isobel Suffern, on September 16th, at Trinity Church, Leeds.

HARTLEY-WHYTLAW-GRAY.—Dr. G. R. A. Hartley (Chem., 1934-37, Ph.D., 1939), of Ilkley and Norton-on-Tees, to Dr. Philippa Whytlaw-Gray (Chem., 1934-37; Ph.D., 1939), daughter of Professor R. Whytlaw-Gray, on October 28th, at St. Chad's Church, Headingley, Leeds.

HEATH-FREUND.—George Mostyn Heath (Col. Chem., 1931-34, M.Sc., 1935), of Far Headingley, Leeds, to Lotte Fanni Freund, of Mannheim, on October 23rd, in Berne.

PRESTON-FISHWICK.—Dr. Richard Arthur Preston (History, 1928-32) to Marjorie Ethel Fishwick (Arts, 1932-35), on September 2nd, at St. George's Church, Stockport. Address: "Delwyn," Tyrwhitt Crescent, Cardiff.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced between Robert Noble (M.A., London) and Eileen M. Sykes (History, 1934-38), of Huddersfield.

The engagement is also announced between J. R. Welch (Zoology, 1935-38) and Anne M. Gibson (Science, 1934-37).

DEATH.

HOPKINSON.—Sir Alfred Hopkinson, K.C., who died on Saturday, November 11th, at the age of 88, had a close connection with the University, especially in its infancy, and was one of the oldest surviving honorary graduates (LL.D., 1910).

He was born at Manchester in 1851 and was educated at the Owens College there and later at Lincoln College, Oxford. He became Professor of Law at Manchester early in life and retained the chair for 15 years, resigning in 1889 on his removal to London. He had then been attracted by a political career. He contested East Manchester in 1885 and South-West Manchester in 1892, and was Member for Cricklade, Wiltshire, from 1895 to 1898 as a Unionist. Much later, from 1926 to 1929, he represented the Combined Universities' Constituency in Parliament. In 1898 Sir Alfred returned to Manchester as Principal of Owens, succeeding Dr. A. W. Ward, and two years later he also became Vice-Chancellor of the Victoria University, a post he held until 1913. He was knighted in 1910.

It is perhaps unnecessary to devote any large amount of space to biographical details about him, as readers will prefer to consult Sir Alfred's own reminiscences as he put them down in "Penultima," a volume of reflections on a long life, published in 1930. In that book there will also be found some account of the difficulties of the new universities, the part that Sir Alfred played in that far-off gestation, the ferment in the old federal Victoria University which raised so many hopes and forebodings at the proposed, and ultimately successful disintegration. And it should not be forgotten that the efforts owed much of their success to Sir Alfred's own tact and judgment and legal and political knowledge.

REVIEWS

Blanche Leigh Library of Cookery Books.

THE number of books is about 1,200, constituting a very representative collection, which has been carefully selected over a long period of years. The early printed books form a valuable bibliographical section, and the whole library should provide most useful thesis material, if not now, at any rate at some future date.

The oldest items are two Babylonian tablets: these contain lists of provisions and date from 2200 and 2500 B.C. respectively. In addition to the principal European languages, there are Arabic, Chinese, Dutch, Flemish, Hungarian, Indian, Japanese, Persian, Russian and Turkish cookery books.

Amongst the incunabula, or books printed before 1500, are ARNALDUS DE VILLA NOVA, Regimen sanitatis, 1483 (also 1500 and 1503); AVIENUS, 1488; FICINUS, 1489 (also 1576); GRAPALDUS, De partibus aedium, 1494 (also 1511 and 1516); HORACE, 1498; NURSIA, Libellus de conservatione sanitatis, 1475; PLATINA, De la honesta voluptate, 1487, 1499 (also 1528, 1529, 1530, 1539); PLATO, 1491 (first dated edition); SUETONIUS, 1490.

There is a large collection of Latin treatises of the sixteenth century.

English is less well represented during that period, although GERARD'S Herball, 1597 and the Schoole of Salerne's Regiment of Health, 1557, as well as XENOPHON'S Treatise of household, 1557, are present. For the early seventeenth century there are: BUTLER, The feminine monarchie, or the history of bees, 1634; A CLOSET for ladies, 1611, 1644; HART, The diet of the diseased; LANGHAM, The garden of health, 1633; MARKHAM, The English housewife, five editions commencing at 1631; MURRELL, A daily exercise for ladies and gentlewomen, 1617, and A new book of cookerie (1630?); PARKINSON, Paradisi in sole, Paradisus terrestris, 1629; PLAT, Delightes for ladies, 1611. There are also proclamations by James I and Charles I, and five editions of Sir Kenelm Digby's "Receipts."

There is a good representation of later English works: for instance, there are six editions of ACTON'S Modern cooker, beginning at 1845; seven editions of Mrs. BEETON, 1861-; sixteen editions of Mrs. GLASSE'S Art of cookery, 1747-; five editions of SARAH HARRISON'S Housekeeper's pocket-book, 1738-; eight editions of HENDERSON'S Housekeeper's instructor, 1795-; six editions of KITCHINER'S Cook's oracle, 1818-; six editions of MOXON'S English housewifery, Leeds, 1750-; five editions of NUTT'S Complete confectioner, 1790-; nine editions of RAFFALD'S Experience English housekeeper, 1771-; twenty editions of Mrs. RUNDELL'S New system of domestic cookery, 1807-; seven editions of Mrs. SMITH'S Compleat housewife, 1727-; six editions of HANNAH WOLLEY'S Accomplish'd ladies delight, 1672-.

There are a number of early Italian books and numerous French books, especially of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

There is a manuscript containing regulations for the household of King James I, and there are three dated manuscripts by Arnold Bennett in the author's own hand: "On Eating," "Drinking," and "Private Thoughts on European Hotels."

Mrs. Blanche Leigh's "Souvenir Cookery Book," Leeds, 1905, may be appropriately mentioned in conclusion.

Although the collection is distinctively one of cookery books, the term must be interpreted with some width according to the period involved. The early printed books deal largely with food in relation to health: there are also sundry treatises on drinking. Certain seventeenth century English books are concerned with kitchen gardening: later in the century coffee and tea are of interest, and in the eighteenth century there are many general treatises on housewifery.

R. OFFOR,

University Librarian.

English Scholars.

ONE had wondered how this book would compare with that on *English Historians* by the author's predecessor, Professor Grant, but the two are so entirely different in scope as not to be comparable. The conciseness of Professor Douglas's title is somewhat deceptive, for actually his subject is English historical scholarship between 1660 and 1730, as it dealt with English medieval history. It was a fascinating subject to have chosen, and the treatment of it has been enlivened by enthusiasm and tempered by accurate scholarship. Those who work among these memorials of historical learning of a former age will be glad to accompany the author as he guides them from one monument to another, explaining how they came to be. This is not a collection of facile biographies culled from the usual secondary sources, but of fresh appraisals at first-hand of the life and labours of men (and a woman!) doing original and lasting work. Interest in the past was not all of it pure antiquarianism to these men, for they were not mere researchers and nothing else but men very much of their times, patriots, clerics, Englishmen all of them, living before the fashion for scientific history had come in. To them, is the apt comment of Professor Douglas, "the sense of the past was the foundation of wisdom," and they did not supply milk for babes.

The two generations or so which followed the Restoration gave new signs of scholarship in an increased specialisation and a greater objectivity. What a procession of men and what amazing industry! Heading the list is "the grand plagiary," otherwise Dugdale, whose complete works place a heavy burden on the library shelves. Then there is that remarkable group engaged on Old English studies, including the paragon Elizabeth Elstob, whose acquaintance is worth making, the adventurous and respected dean George Hickes, and the erratic and disrespectful librarian and genius Humphrey Wanley (whose career provides perhaps the best sketch in the present book). The Norman Conquest, notoriously a thorny subject, was the object of much too tendentious writing; Brady's work is here revalued. The editing of medieval chronicles introduces a number of first-rate scholars. A chapter is devoted to the lonely Hearne, true catalytic, says Professor Douglas, but scholar and scandalmonger, a melancholy scribbler, whose works are copious and not to be neglected and

whose diaries are not dull. A chapter headed "Clerics in controversy" is ominous, but at any rate the clerics were out busy in the world and not dozing in the cloister, whereof the *Concilia* is a towering reminder. In secular affairs, Rymer, indigent and industrious, whose glory is the *Foedera*, and the quiet Madox, are names not unworthy of honour. It is a pity that our own admirable Thoresby's frequent entrance on the scene is perforce that merely of witness and not principal, but Professor Douglas had a wide enough field already with writers on national affairs.

After 1730 came neglect. Reason bade Clio put away medieval gimcrackery. But the work had not been done in vain and it could afford to wait for a later generation's praise. In the book's final chapter the virtue of these labours and the quality and the outlook of the men who performed them are placed in their proper setting as examples of things that are as truly great as they are truly English.

English Scholars.

Professor D. C. DOUGLAS.

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SOCIETY NOTES

The Social Whirl.

THE unusual conditions of war-time restrictions meant a great increase in the work of the Entertainments Committee. It was first decided by the Union Executive that all social activities in the University were to be discontinued, but later this unwelcome decision was reversed. The Entertainments Committee was to take over all the open social events. Society meetings were to carry on, but in the Refectory. The Refectory was blacked out and the use of it by Societies was to be rationed. This meant that the Entertainments Committee was expected to do more than it ever had done, and to make this easier the committee was enlarged.

Developing further, the successful innovation of the M.D.S.A. tea-dances are being held every Friday afternoon at the modest charge of 6d. Limited to a maximum attendance of a hundred, these have proved very popular and the tickets were soon sold out. These tea-dances will be even more popular (we hope) when they are held in the Social Room and not limited to such a small number. An innovation introduced at mid-term was the Penny Mid-day Hop, held on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1-0 to 2-0 p.m. Definitely an experiment, their continuation will depend on their success. Half-an-hour's dancing will shake up all the vitamins in a Tea-room sandwich and aid in the digestion of a Refec. lunch. For the above, music is provided by the new £80 panatrope. For this the Entertainments Committee is buying a supply of new gramophone records and if you have a particular favourite or desire us to purchase a special record, let us know. Members of the committee will give it an audition, and anyhow it will give us an excuse to go and hear the latest Bing Crosby records.

Two successful Saturday afternoon tea-dances have been held in the Riley-Smith Hall. These were informal, but somewhat "grander" than the weekly tea-dances. These so far have been the only dances that replace the formal balls of pre-war years. But Xmas is approaching, so watch the Notice Boards.

In conclusion, may I add that it was, I think, a great disappointment to all that the Hostels curtailed rather than extended their social programme.

S. KEIDAN,

Entertainments Secretary.

SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—In spite of our prearranged programme being completely smashed by blackout arrangements, etc. the Society has made a good start in the 1939-40 session, having already held two successful open meetings and a discussion group.

Both the open meetings, the first addressed by our President, Mr. H. D. Dickinson, and the second by Miss Marian Jessop, were well attended and, judging from the discussion that followed, extremely interesting.

R. H. Spencer, who opened the discussion on War or Peace, stood up well to the barrage of questions that followed. It was good to hear so many opinions freely expressed when liberty is in danger on all fronts.

By the time these notes are published we shall have had two more open meetings and another meeting of the discussion group. You may have missed these—make sure you don't miss the next.

One of the greatest dangers that we are faced with at the present moment is "mental blackout." You can combat this by continuing with your Society activities. Make a point of attending the Socialist Society meetings. There's an invitation to everyone.—C. PARNELL, *Hon. Secretary.*

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The international conflict has not, up to date, disarranged the Society meetings. Regular fortnightly lectures have been held since the commencement of the session and we are deeply grateful to various members of the University Staff, who, although offering their services in peace time, have still found it convenient to come along. Rambles have been a considerable attraction, too. Although petrol rationing has not permitted the usual long distance attached to 'bus rambles, local service vehicles have proved convenient in taking Sunday rambles out to such places as Bramhope and Harewood. 'Bus rambles are now definitely a fortnightly institution. It is unfortunate that the Society has lost two valuable and very capable members of the committee in J. R. Barringer, Rambles Secretary and Treasurer, and R. Ireland, due to their voluntary enlistment in H.M. Army. We hope their military service will not keep them away long; in the meantime, we wish them the best of luck.—F. BAMFORTH, *Hon. Secretary*.

MUSIC SOCIETY.—In spite of difficulties, there has been a most encouraging number of new members, though, as we do not mind pointing out again, we are still short of Tenors and Basses. Handel's "Acis and Galatea" is being prepared for a concert at the beginning of next term; madrigals have been sung by the Chorus, while the Orchestra had played Purcell, Mozart and Rossini. Rehearsals in both sections continue to be most enjoyable and we are looking forward to an informal evening this term.—G.A.R.

S.C.M.—Unfortunately our plans for open meetings this term have rather "ganged agley" owing to the complete occupation of Emmanuel Institute by the military authorities. However, we are carrying on our programme as arranged. Hostel groups are now in full swing, but concern must be felt at the small number of Day Student members. We feel that many more Day Students are in sympathy with our aims, and we assure them of a hearty welcome at any of our meetings. Study Groups in Hostels are open to Day Students—Devon and H.O.R. to men and Weetwood and Oxley to women.—L. BARKER.

THE NEWMAN SOCIETY.—We regret that the evacuation scheme should have caused us to lose the services of our former chaplain, Father Somerville, but we welcome his successor, Father Hannan, to the Society.

The Freshers' Tea, we are pleased to record, was quite a success; and we were agreeably entertained by an interesting film show, given by Father Hannan.

At our first meeting on November 7th, Mr. Lachay gave a very amusing account of the hiking holiday spent by Newman members in the Lake District.

The Society is still keeping up the system of having one member at Mass each day; and, in addition, owing to the kindness of the Notre Dame nuns, we now have Benediction at the Convent, each Friday, in the lunch hour.

Our next meeting will be on December 7th, at 130, Cardigan Road, when we are to discuss topical religious problems.—J.K.

ENGLISH SOCIETY.—New elections had to be held this term, since Miss Saigh, it was understood, was not returning. *President:* Mr. Wall. *Secretary:* Miss Sheard. Miss Wilde was elected Vice-President and, when Miss Saigh unexpectedly returned, she was elected as a Vice-President, to succeed to the Presidency should the President be compelled to resign.

There have been theatre visits, hikes and play-readings. Our first-year members are showing great interest, and Mrs. King has been very kind in letting us have the use of Weetwood Hall.—K.S.

MEN DAY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.—It appeared at the beginning of term that our activities, being mainly social, were to be very drastically curtailed; but now, in the light of recent concessions regarding the use of the Refectory, our programme, in conjunction with the W.D.S.A., is being carried out as usual. Our dancing classes enjoy their usual success, although we think, after watching some University dancing, that the Tuesday classes might have a wider appeal. We are holding three or four closed socials a term, and rambles on some Sundays, while judging by the response to the games notice we shall soon be running successful friendly football and rugby matches. We urge members to watch the Notice Board and, above all, to collect letters left in pigeon holes. Otherwise you may miss our Christmas Social at the end of term.—

N. G. BROMBY, *Hon. Secretary*, M.D.S.A.

THE ECONOMICS SOCIETY.—The past month has been an eventful and very successful one for the Society. Our first meeting, on October 17th, was very well attended, the speaker being H. D. Dickinson, M.A., who spoke on "The Planned Economy." Subsequent meetings were on October 31st, when we had a very lively and interesting debate with the History Society, and on November 7th, when a joint meeting with that Society was addressed by Dr. Plant, of Hull University College, whose subject was "The War Economics of Germany in Peace and War." A visit to Tetley's Brewery was, needless to say, an immense success.—R. F. RICHARDSON.

DEBATING SOCIETY.—Despite the almost insuperable difficulties which at the outset seemed likely to overwhelm us, the Debating Society has so far enjoyed a very successful term. The debates have, for the most part, been well attended and have produced a number of very promising speakers, both male and female. Especially pleasing was the number of new speakers who took the plunge at the Freshers' Debate. We wish them a long and enjoyable dip.—H. BRASIER.

ATHLETIC NOTES

WITH the outbreak of hostilities all the athletic activities of the Union have been necessarily curtailed, and clubs have been struggling along with shortened fixture lists and depleted teams. All fixtures which entail travelling after dark have been cut and, where possible, fixtures have been arranged in their place with clubs in the neighbourhood. Only one club, the Men's Lacrosse, has had to stop owing to lack of support and travelling.

U.A.U.—The officers of the U.A.U. have been "called up," so that the offices in London have closed down for the duration of the war. This means that all U.A.U. matches have been automatically cancelled until hostilities cease. A skeleton staff has been kept on, so that all U.A.U. fixtures can be started as soon as possible after the end of the war.

CHRISTIE.—It has just been decided, after much discussion on the part of all Universities involved in Christie Competitions, that all the fixtures should be continued as before, and that all the trophies should be awarded. It is felt that each of the Universities—Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds—will have their teams depleted to the same extent by Service calls as each other and also that these competitions are the only ones that are now left for Inter-University competition.

MAJOR CLUB INTER-UNIVERSITY MATCHES.—At the time of going to press few Inter-University matches have been played. The Hockey Club put up a very good fight against Loughborough College, but lost 4—2, and at Manchester University they met a strong team, which was practically the same as that which won the U.A.U. last year and were beaten 4—0. The Soccer XI met Sheffield University and managed to hold them to a draw. Against Liverpool University, Leeds XI had their first Christie defeat of the present season. The Rugby XV as yet have had no Inter-University fixtures.

P.T. INSTRUCTOR.—Last year, with the advent of a physical fitness campaign, Mr. Morgan was employed as a Director of Physical Education to the University. However, with the outbreak of hostilities Mr. Morgan left the University and it is with difficulty that we have managed to obtain another P.T. Instructor. Mr. Williams is a very competent instructor, and holds General P.T. Classes, which are open to all male members of the Union, on Tuesdays and Fridays from 12 to 1 o'clock. At present these classes are being poorly attended and it is hoped that more people will go to them, especially those who have no lectures at these times.

Finally, a word to those members of the Union who are not joining in the athletic activities of the Union, especially Freshers: there is still time to join clubs. The Boat Club and many others are still wanting more members—both your mind and body need keeping fit.

G. R. T. BIRTWISTLE, G.A.S.

THE CYCLING CLUB.—Despite the difficulties caused by the blackout, and the consequent necessity of shortening our runs so that we can return in daylight, the club is continuing its activities. The first run this session was held on the 22nd of October, when we went to Grassington, visiting Bolton Abbey and Barden Tower on the way. The club also went to Fountains Abbey on November the 5th. Both runs were favoured with excellent weather.

THE CLIMBING CLUB.—Since the last series of notes were written we have had climbing meets each week-end. The first meet in November was held at Ilkley under appalling weather conditions. In the intervals between sheltering in the Highfield and crouching in dripping caves, parties under the leadership of Dr. Allsopp and Lewis climbed the "Cow," "Josephine Traverse" and did several of the climbs in Rocky Valley.

In spite of considerable transport difficulties we met at Ilkley on November 12th, and though there was no rain the rocks were too wet for the safe use of rubbers. The whole party attacked the "Cow" and with one exception the ascent was made successfully. In the quarry, parties did "Josephine Traverse," "Fairy Steps" and "Josephine." The last-named was climbed by a lady with only two weeks' experience. During the afternoon we climbed in Rocky Valley.—D.D.

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.—The first race over the full course was held on October 26th, when the Club held its Trials. There was keen competition for the first eight places and we were pleased to include two Freshers in the first team, which went to Huddersfield for an inter-club run with Lockwood Harriers on October 29th. On November 5th, after a very early start followed by a four hours' bus journey, a team, not entirely representative of the Club, was beaten by an unexpectedly strong Liverpool team at Liverpool. This defeat was avenged on the following Saturday, when in a match with Loughborough University on our own course, six Leeds men came in before the first Loughborough man.—D.D.

A.F.C.—First, a word to Freshers. Some of you have found places in the 1st and 2nd XIs, but many of you have not. Unfortunately because of a certain gentleman the 3rd XI fixture list now presents a miserable spectacle. However, efforts are being made to remedy the matter and some games are already arranged. Efforts will also be made to give opportunities of games in elevens described as an XI. So far the 1st XI has drawn twice with York St. John's, lost to Liverpool and drawn with Sheffield University. Players are asked to watch the Notice Board and to tick off early.

G. W. HALLOWS, *Hon. Secretary.*

HOSTEL NOTES

WEETWOOD HALL.—The Freshers' Social has been and gone in a blaze of glory—bright ideas and super-efficient organisation made it the most enjoyable we have ever experienced. The Fancy Dress provided some of the grubbiest evacuees imaginable, Mrs. Bagwash, Hitler and Stalin in an uneasy partnership, and a Sandbag, who had to be fed through a small hole, no mean feat. Ingenuity and resource were displayed by all in the concoction of their costumes, which were highly commended by the judges. The entertainment was both amusing and original, for which the committee are to be congratulated.

We are looking forward to visits from the Dramatic, Music and Debating Societies in the near future. A Hostel Dance has been arranged for December 2nd for half the students, followed by another early next term for the remainder.

OXLEY HALL.—We have already had a visit from the Debating and Dramatic Societies; the former provided us with some lively discussion on the subject: "The Woman's Place is in the Home," and the latter gave us a very enjoyable entertainment with two one-act plays: "A Marriage has been Arranged" and "Poet's Corner."

Hallowe'en was celebrated in traditional style on October 28th. After bobbing for apples we had a hair-raising ghost story, complete with ghost and ghostchase.

On November 11th we had our Freshers' Social, when a somewhat different version of the normal history course was given in "1066 and All That," and we also displayed our skill in making hats out of newspaper and three pins.

We are very disappointed at the inevitable cancellation of our Hall Dance, but we are looking forward to a tea-dance on November 25th, and to a musical evening later in the term.—D.L.

HOSTEL OF THE RESURRECTION.—For H.O.R., as no doubt for other Hostels, the term has been chiefly remarkable for the increase in alarums and reduction of excursions. The first and greatest alarum brought a party of pioneers to the Hostel in answer to the Warden's appeal for help to "darken our lightness." They succeeded in leaving us completely in the dark as to their inventions. The second alarum came to inform us of the Warden's sickness, which has robbed us of his immediate guidance this term. Nevertheless his able deputy, the Sub-Warden has, with great wisdom and cheerfulness, steered us not only away from but towards our goal.

We count ourselves fortunate in receiving our full complement of Freshers this year, especially in view of the quality of the Freshers' concert. One of the high lights of the concert was the appearance of the Freshers at the behest of the Second Year, adorned with their gas-masks. And then people say that it is impossible to improve on Nature!

Among our reduced excursions this term we must count our traditional visit to the College at Mirfield on Foundation Day, which did not take place. However, we hope to defeat the College at Rugger before the term is over. We also regret to inform our friends at the University that owing to complications caused by the blackout we have had to abandon the idea of holding a Carol Night on the usual scale this year. Let us hope that next year it will be possible to reinstate these traditional fixtures.

The position of Sacristan this year is ably filled by Sidney Coatham, and our Acting and Singing Precentor is Michael Groser.

A Happy and Peaceful Christmas to you all.—H.B.



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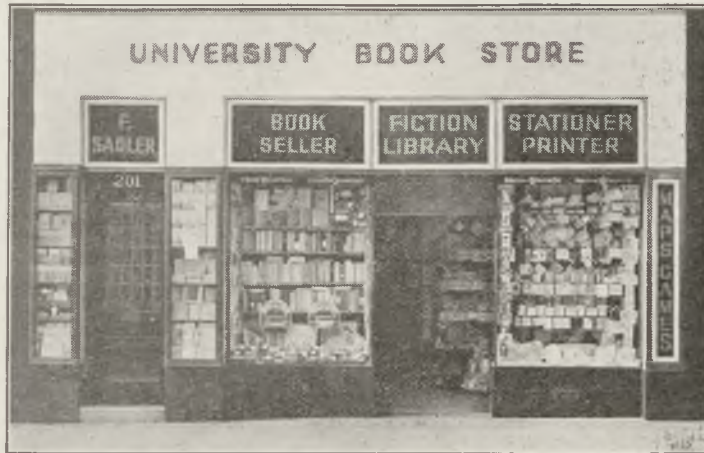


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