

THE GRYPHON

The Journal of the University of Leeds



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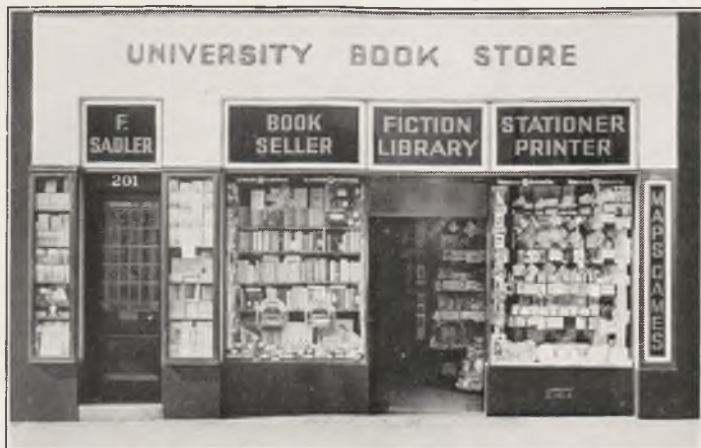
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THE GRYPHON

The Journal of the University of Leeds

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

Editorial

It is traditional for the Editorial of the *Gryphon* to be completely impersonal, but I hope the University will forgive me if, in the first paragraph of my sixth and last Editorial, I set aside that tradition to say how much I have enjoyed my job in the last two years.

It is difficult for us, living as we do in complete touch with everything that happens in the University, to realise just how important the *Gryphon* is in the corporate life of our Alma Mater. To many of us still up, it is just another magazine to be glanced hastily through while drinking coffee, but to others, to the old students, to those of us who are on active service, it is the very life-line of our associations with Leeds. In this, it fulfils an extremely important function—that of being, as far as we can make it—an expression of the corporate life of our University, and not merely a Union newspaper. As long as there are only one quarter of us resident in Hostels, as long as Degree courses are crowded into two years and three months, as long as we have a hundred and one things to do outside the University, which at present we cannot avoid, because the existence of all that our civilisation means depends on each and all of us putting all we have got into the war effort, it will be difficult to achieve any sense of complete unity, which will embrace the newest Fresher, and the oldest member of Convocation, the most remote of science laboratories, and the artist of arts students. That is why an organ like the *Gryphon*, which touches, or should touch, all of these, is so indispensable.

Though modern life may not seem redolent of romance, as life seems to have been in Mallory's and Shakespeare's days, yet we do live in interesting and important times, and as the Universities should be composite of the intellectual essence of the nation, life in one of them should be one of the most interesting experiences of our time. We are living through social changes probably as far-reaching in their implications as those of the French Revolution, and it is for us to be in the van of circumstance—not by hurling ourselves into political intrigue, but by doing our own job well. The Union has come to life rather astonishingly this year, for as the possibility of peace comes nearer, bringing with it the necessity for important decisions, people's minds seem to have begun to work again. Several new ventures of important cultural value have been started, and though it is a little early in the day to prophesy, they appear to be meeting with considerable success.

Finally, I wish my successor, whoever he may be, every success in a difficult but worth-while job. The Editorial of next term's issue will be written by Mr. O. P. Edmonds, President of the Union.

Union Notes

Since the publication of the last *Gryphon*, some difficulty has been experienced in legislative and administrative work in the Union, owing to the fact that January Finals have necessitated four resignations from the Union Committee, and robbed us of Miss J. Hetherington, who was House Secretary from August to December, 1943. We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Hetherington publicly for the efficient way in which she carried out her duties, and of congratulating her successor, Miss E. Horrocks, and wishing her every success.

Mr. B. Wade, of the Dental School, has been elected G.A.S. in place of Mr. N. A. Cutler, to whom the Union's gratitude is also due, and who has now left us for the R.A.F.

The Presidential Elections will take place on February 17th. There are four candidates, Mr. O. P. Edmonds, who has been nominated for re-election; Mr. G. McLeavy, this year's Junior Vice-President; and Messrs. C. Barrett and R. H. P. Fernandez, of the Medical School.

The by-election for seats vacant on the Union Committee will take place on February 22nd. It is gratifying to note that there are 15 nominations for four of the ten open seats.

Leeds sent four representatives to the Council Meeting of the N.U.S. held in Birmingham on February 4th and 5th. This Council cancelled Congress, which was to have been held in Bristol, as it was felt so large a gathering to be impractical in view of the military situation. Instead, Regional Conferences are to be held; the Universities of Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool and Sheffield hope to hold such a conference in Manchester during the Easter Vacation. Council also urged students to organise themselves into labour gangs in order to relieve pressure in the labour field when the Second Front is opened. We hope that our own students will co-operate fully.

Affairs in the Union are running very smoothly, and Union officials are no longer justified in "apathy grouches" as they were in the last three or four years.

The Union has raised approximately £19 for the Red Cross Fund. We make no comment, but note in passing that the proceeds from the penny hops is already over £30.

We should like to congratulate the Editorial Board of the Wall Newspaper on its tremendous success since its inauguration in November. This foster-child of the *Gryphon* has lingered, "living and partly living" for three years until galvanised into activity by its present staff. We see no reason why the two, University magazine, and Union newspaper, should not continue to work smoothly side by side, as long as there is a Union.

Union Office.
9th Feb., 1944.

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

* * *

Endowment of Prize in Anatomy.

A year or two ago two gentlemen decided to leave their bodies to the Anatomy Department of the Medical School. They were Major George Waddington, of Collingham, and Mr. Guy Waddington, of Halifax. In each case the desire was to give aid to medical education, and their wishes were in due course carried out. Recently a group of relatives and friends of these two gentlemen, including Major Waddington's mother, presented to the University a sum of money to found a prize in Anatomy, in memory of the deceased. This Prize, which will be known as "The Waddington Prize," will take the

form of books presented to the most promising student in the junior Anatomy Class at the Medical School. Mrs. Waddington, in handing over the cheque to the Professor of Anatomy, expressed the hope that the example of her son and her nephew might be followed by others ; and in accepting the cheque on behalf of the University, the Professor of Anatomy hoped that when others came forward to offer their posthumous services to Medicine they might well consider combining the corporeal donation with some form of financial aid to the Medical School as had been done by the Waddington family.

* * *

Notes and Comments

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

The events of the last month might almost have lead the visitor to believe that the Union is turning into a theatre. On Tuesday, January 18th, the Ilkley Players presented " Love in a Mist " for the amusement of our American and Canadian visitors, and many students availed themselves of the opportunity to laugh too. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings of the following week were occupied by the L.U.U. Dramatic Society's presentation of " Thunder Rock " as its Annual Production. The last four years have proved that the Dramatic Society is versatile in the extreme : " Cariolanus," " The Trojan Women," " The Importance of Being Ernest," and " Thunder Rock " are just about as different as any four plays could be. At the risk of appearing naive, we venture to say that we could find nothing to criticise in the production of " Thunder Rock " ! On Sunday morning everyone concerned was getting frantically worried because the set had not arrived, but it was in position in time for the last dress rehearsals. The histrionic standard was remarkably high, as it needed to be for a play which has little action, and many long speeches. Particularly praise-worthy was the way in which the cast supported the principals during those long speeches. We thought Mr. Peet was not quite so happy as Charleston as he was the Admiral in last year's Rag production of " French without Tears," but we could hardly believe that Mr. Smith, as the consumptive down and out, Briggs, was the same person who lollopped gaily around in a ballet skirt on the same stage a year ago. Though Mr. Teich was impressive as Dr. Kurtz, we were more impressed by the quiet, but none the less brilliant way in which Miss Schwartz, as his wife, supported him. Their last exit was especially dignified. Miss Fletcher had perhaps the least difficult role as Melanie, but her interpretation of it was spirited and interesting. Miss Webster almost convinced us that she was an old maid ; we liked Mr. Hyett's accent, and we liked his poses, but thought him a trifle over-aggressive in the first act, though he corrected this in the third act. Mr. Wellman's performance as Captain Joshua was all the more surprising, because, to carry the weight that the part requires, he should have been several inches taller, but his acting was sufficiently forceful to counteract this lack. Napoleon probably rejoiced in Elysium. And after seeing Mr. Metcalfe as Flanning we shall never make derogatory remarks about dentals again. The lighting effects, by Mr. McLeavy and Mr. Ransom were really competent, and Mr. Berczi's sound effects were

indeed sound effects, and not merely noises off. Mr. Severs is to be more than congratulated on being the first student to produce the Annual Production in ten years; it is good to know that the Dramatic Society can carry through a complete production from the first rehearsal to the last show. His interpretation of Robert Arden's play was sufficiently imaginative and intelligent, and sufficiently unostentatious to cloak its pseudo-intellectualism, and bring out all its finer points.

Congratulations, Dramatic Society.

On Tuesday, February 1st, the Anglican Players are bringing Father Lamb's "Sons of Adam" to the Union at the invitation of the English Society. This is one of the finest examples of serious verse-drama which has been written in England in the past five years, and we hope that the Union will demonstrate its appreciation by attending in large numbers.

The Union has, however, had time for non-dramatic ventures. One of the most significant of these is the formation of a Sub-Committee for Social Reconstruction, the aim of which is to quicken the student's knowledge of, and his interest in the social, political and economic issues which must be faced in the near future. The plan of campaign to arrange one or two open meetings each term, when a speaker of national repute will address the Union on one aspect of these issues. Round these large meetings it is hoped to organise discussion on a big scale. Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Liverpool, Durham, Hull, and Nottingham University Unions have been approached with a view to obtaining their co-operation, and though all seem to be enthusiastic, none of them has, as yet, made any constructive suggestion. We hope that the scheme will get well on to its feet this Session, preparatory to doing good work in the future.

A Staff-Student Committee has been appointed to prepare a report on University Reform, but this has not really got down to business yet.

The Leeds Committee of I.S.S. is puzzled and hurt by the hostility manifested in the Union to I.S.S. We wonder if students know that I.S.S. is not a weird political device to deprive them of coffee-pennies, but is in fact the students' own Red Cross. It is regrettable that the clash between I.S.S. and I.C.S. has confused and irritated everybody in the University Unions, but this does not alter the fact that I.S.S. is doing a magnificent job of work in Student relief overseas, or that L.U.U. has raised less than twenty pounds of the desired three hundred. The Union has given a wireless set, to be sent as a token of friendship to a Chinese University, but we cannot tell you yet which University is to be the recipient of the gift.

It is hoped that the A.G.M. of the Union will accept a slight modification of the University-cry in current usage. Our Kumati! is a rather pitiful abhorption of the original Maori war-cry, and we hope to get a little closer to the original. If the proposal goes through the A.G.M. we will print the cry in full in the next issue of the *Gryphon*, for the benefit of old students.

We apologise for a mistake which was allowed to go through the proofs of the last issue. The Wall Panel donated by Mr. F. W. Trimnel for the Union Committee Room bears the names of the Presidents of the Union since its inception in 1898, and not, as was previously stated, since 1938.

The last date for copy for the next issue of the *Gryphon* will be Wednesday, April 26th, and we hope to be ready for sale before the June Finals come on.



UNION COMMITTEE 1943-4

FRONT ROW. Left to Right: J. W. Belton, W. R. Grist, Miss M. Thwaites, H. L. Farr, O. P. Edmonds, G. McLeavy, D. J. Holdsworth, Miss J. Hetherington, E. Lyons.

SECOND ROW. Left to Right: J. Menkart, Miss A. E. Schwartz, Miss D. Birkby, Miss M. Robinson, Miss V. E. Horrocks, Miss A. Booth, A. M. Smith, Miss S. Bramley, J. W. Bourn, Miss M. Whitehead, D. Coombs.

THIRD ROW. Left to Right: M. Johnson, L. Wood, N. Addison, S. Croft, B. Wade, M. Teich.

Ravenscar

The sea was creeping around the foot of Ness as I stood up there on the cliff top last night. That is its inevitable motion. I have yet to see a swelling snapping tide come brimming up the bay like an overfilled tub. It comes with a slow and definite approach, so that if for one short space of time the watcher looks towards Whitby, on turning back to the bay, he will find that the tide has taken a huge step, and deceive him. The landing post is a foot deeper in water and yet the sea appears to be moving but half-heartedly.

The long white columns were gathering slowly on the margin of the sea, leaning forward and falling over ever so softly and graciously along the flat shore, making a whispering sound only half-heard from the heights of Ness.

The whole great hollow of the bay was quiet, with long spindley fingers of the reef stretching out to sea in the sunlight, and a solitary child or a fisherman casting out fishing tackle from the edge. The other rocks were betrayed only by the curls of spray breaking gently upon them with the movement of a slow-motion film. It was as if all the clocks in Ravenscar had stopped. The rock itself, and its rambling castle might have been the scene of some great Lear—the tragedy of early Britain at this moment: and yet, the first steel-built boat might have made its way past to Whitby without being at all incongruous.

Ness, too high up to be earth, where a child can lie on his back in the grass, and imagine that he is falling clean into the sky, is a good place for pondering Time. The Romans have left their signal station here, and the paths of the Early Christian monks are still used across the cliffs. A mile or two further North stands the Abbey where Caedmon sang, and where the Whitby Synod discussed the creed of Christendom. In the eighteenth century the smugglers' boats came picking their way in along the reef, as the invading Danes had done before them, all craft subject to the same currents and waves and tides which stumble and fall there at this minute.

Between one headland and the next, the coast comes down in a great curve, squared into yellow fields of charlock, or fields dark from lack of sunshine, and beyond are the pines and moors that mark the end of the farms, and the beginning of Northumbria proper.

As a final link with reality the train jerked out of the station and left a trail of white smoke which became part of the sky before the train had rounded the bend of the headland. It became cold, standing and watching from Ness in the evening, and there was nothing left to hold the attention.

Yet it is more than likely that the watcher will be there next morning, very early, to see the unchanging process, and he will know that in another hour, sure as death, the water will be flowing steadily back along the index finger of the reef.

D.J.C.

Valentines

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR.

"I'll be the missionary,
I'll convert you I'll convert you
Into a stew.
A nice little, white, little missionary stew."—*T. S. Eliot.*

PRESIDENT OF THE UNION.

"One man, with a new song's measure."—*G. Sbaugnessy.*

Miss H. L. F - RR.

"She was cool and determined, and laughed heartily."—*W. J. Turner.*

M - GG - - THW - - T - S.

"Before time was, I am."—*Bible.*

"Men say that the passions should grow cold with waning years."
—*Michael Field.*

W - M - N'S B - - T CL - B.

"Strength through Joy."

- - N B - TL - R.

"O boys, the times I've seen,
The things I've done and known."—*A. St. John Gregarty.*

D - V - K - NN - DY.

"He drinks his coffee, smokes and yawns."—*Plover.*

- L - N D - L - and - L - V - SM - TH.

"When you and I go down,
How lonely we shall be.
What shall we do,
You without me,
I without you."

H. Munro.

CL - N - C - L ST - D - NTS.

"Wine and women and song,
Three things garnish our way,
Yet is our day overlong."

Plomer

- - L - - N P - W - LL.

"Watch her feet, how they can dance."

W. H. Davies.

- D - C - T - - N STUDENTS.

"'Tis the like of that we old hags be thinking, of the good times that be
gone away from us."
"God, I will pack and take a train!"

Synge.
Brook.

E. - NG - L.

"The future of jet propulsion is unlimited."

THE L - - TH - R D - PT.

"There's something in the air."

Song Title.

THE R.S.M.

"Arma Viumque Cano."

(Translated:—"The army, the man, and the dog.")

- S - C D - PS.
"Coming in on a wink and a prayer." *Song Title.*
- STUDENT IN REFEC.
"Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt." *Hamlet.*
- LIEUT. ST - W - RT.
"Tall, dark and winsome." *Film Title.*
- PROF. WH - D - NGT - N.
"Here to-day and gone to-morrow." *Proverb.*
- Mr. - W - SS.
"He who hesitates is lost." *Proverb.*
- Mr. LANG.
"To er(r) is human." *Proverb.*
- R - B - RT G - RD - N.
"Un Anglais idiot avec son sang-froid habituel."
(Translated :—"Some twirp of an Englishman with his usual - - - cold."
French saying.
- J - HNN - - GR - V - S.
"He never takes the slightest pains
To exercise his drowsy brains." *Plomer.*
- W - LL SH - PH - RD.
"The human Comedy." *Film Title.*
- T - M BR - - RL - Y.
"Britain's retaliation to spam." *Music Hall.*
- IW - N S - K - S.
"For I have put the world away until my love come home again."
- C - L - N - L D - BR - - .
"There's not a man I meet but doth salute me." *Shakespeare.*
- H - ST - R Q - -RK.
"The lady doth protest too much, methinks." *Congreve*
- CAFETERIA COFFEE.
"What's in a name?" *Romeo and Juliet*
- FIREWATCHERS.
"Let sleeping dogs lie." *Walpole.*
- S - M FR - - M - N.
"Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die,
For I have lived long enough." *Merry Wives of Windsor.*
- B - RB - R - - LL - N.
"Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand!" *Romeo and Juliet.*
- FR - D BL - - D.
"How now, my headstrong, where have you been gadding?"

UNION PORTERS.

"Whisper, and I shall hear."

Song Title.

C. F. - LL - - TT.

"I organise - - I can't help it."

P - GG - - TH - CK - TT.

"Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty !"

Twelfth Night.

UNION CAFETERIA.

"I have measured out my life with coffee-spoons."

T. S. Eliot.

9 O'CLOCK LECTURES.

"Woe unto them that get up early in a morning !"

Isiah.

D - NN - S B - RR - TT.

"Ne'er ask me what raiment I will wear to-day."

Shakespeare.

- - N H - PW - RTH.

"To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit."

Shakespeare.

S - - N R - - T.

"Why, here walk I in the black brow of night
To find you out."

Shakespeare.

B - B L - - R - NC - .

"Is there no respect of place, persons or time in you ?"

Shakespeare.

- N - - PPS.

"And I, the last, go forth companionless."

Tennyson.

S - NK M - N - N.

"That old black magic."

Popular Song.

CH - RL - S B - RCZ -

"Believe me, my young friend, there's nothing, absolutely nothing, half
so well worth as simply messing about in boats."

The Wind in the Willows.

"Charles, I will play no more to-night ;
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me."

Shakespeare.

- - DR - Y M - S - - P.

"But Audrey, there's a youth in the forest lays claim to you."

Shakespeare.

S.T.C.

"Never in the field of human conflict."

Most Political Speeches.

"And raw in fields the rude militia swarmed."

Dryden.

"A few strong instincts and a few plain rules."

Wordsworth.

FINALS.

"Here where men sit and hear each other groan."

Keats.

D - V - NSH - RE H - LL.

"Whither wilt thou lead me ? Speak ;
I'll go no further."

Hamlet.

Moral Effort

(Or : DON'T GO TO IT)

This is the tale of Alphonse Roffey,
Who spent his mornings drinking coffee,
And sat until the evening gloom
Imbibing in the Coffee Room.
His pals (he was an engineer)
All had a preference for beer,
And felt it needful to atten'
A lecture every now and then.
But Alphonse drank no beer, nor stirred
A tea-cup with the common herd,
But stayed and stayed, and drank and drank—
Exactly like a petrol tank
Taking in petrol for the day,
But never giving none away !
His pals were certain quite that he
Would never get a B.Sc.
By blotting up daily on an average
Quite two hundred cups of beverage,
Especially as, though still in teens,
His stomach gave him (coffee) beans.
And so they told their Dr. E - - s,
Who's said to have exclaimed " Good 'evans ! "
Look you, man ! Go make him stop,
For if you don't he'll go off pop ! "
But as they knew, no remonstrations
Seemed like to meet the situation.
So the V.C. they interviewed,
And, at the risk of being rude,
Told him Alphonse was daily seen
To grow more like a coffee-bean,
And asked if he would please consent
To make Alphonse his ways repent,
And put a stop to further rounds,
By sending him down on (coffee) grounds.
The V.C. said he didn't think
He could control the amount of drink
That Alphonse lowered in a day
By sending him from Leeds away,
But had a plan—oh ! far superior,—
He'd just close down the Cafeteria.
The students didn't dare to quibble
About the loss of daily dribble
(For e'en a third-year engineer
Sometimes likes a change from beer !)
But stealthily withdrew, quite sure
That they'd have coffee never more,
And found Alphonse, and in return
Drowned him in a coffee-urn !

(Selah).

So, all you folks who daily drift,
 And coffee drink, and never shift,
 Remember that it isn't many
 Who get their coffee for a penny,
 And though you may find work a bore,
 It doesn't help the win the war
 To emulate poor Alphonse Roffey
 Who spent a life-time drinking coffee.

A Non-Engineer.

Gryphon Staff 1943-44

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Snow on the Moors

The day started badly enough in all conscience. It was bitterly cold even under four blankets, so that I shuddered to think what it would be like outside. However I had promised to be in Haworth by half-past ten, so I ventured a tentative toe, and groped for my slippers which I failed to find. Already bad-tempered, I decided then and there that the day would be a failure, but went to the door just in case the weather should happen to be reasonable—for January in Yorkshire.

The first snow of the year lay crisp and clean on the ground ; the hard clear sky was still flooded with moonlight, and the air smelt fresh and young. So I revised my decision, and prepared for a day on the moors. I piled sweater on sweater, and pair of socks on pair of socks, until I felt like a second-hand clothes shop. I packed lunch and ate an enormous breakfast. Then down into the centre of Leeds, where streams of people were already scurrying along the pavements to work, while I was free for the whole live-long day. From the bus window I caught many glimpses of Yorkshire in winter : one small boy resolutely dragging his sledge to the top of a hill ; great steel girders rusted and snow-capped, lying in the yard of a forge ; row upon row of grey stone houses, sturdy, yet standing close together for protection against the storm, and behind them, glimpsed through a street leading off at right-angles, named Hermit's Hole, the sweep of Yorkshire's hills, every line accentuated by the snow, glittering in the winter sun, which flashed back from the windows of a few houses scattered on their summits.

Haworth soon came, and the long tramp began. We had already dropped back a hundred years in time, and the atmosphere felt strangely alien. So strong was this that even the pretty little souvenirs, facsimiles of letters, shoes and dresses, old pianos, thimbles and brooches, could not dispel it. For who can imagine Emily Brontë sitting down to sew buttons on Branwell's trousers? Once away from Haworth, all that is even remotely tainted with civilisation is left behind. No words can describe the savagery and desolation of the moors, nor of Wuthering Heights, crouching sullenly in the lee of a great hill. Yet, in some subtle way, there is dignity in the aloofness, and even friendliness to the Yorkshireman born and bred. "Accept us as we are," they seem to say, "and we will tolerate you." The cold was intense, but the air was as clear and invigorating as a douche of cold water. We ploughed along knee-deep through the bracken, stumbling where the blackened stems of ling, burnt out in the autumn, broke through the surface of the snow. Occasionally an odd sheep lolloped away at our approach; now and then grouse or partridge whirred up from the heather; once we heard what sounded like the wail of a dog, but apart from these things we were completely alone with nature.

Wuthering Heights is small and crude; the roof is broken and the wind blows through the empty rooms; the floor is deep in mud, it is dark, and it stinks; but the view from the window across the deep-set valley, with moorland swelling away on either side, would suffice an Emperor. It is difficult to bring the small kitchen to life; in one corner is a trough of a sink, and opposite, not four feet away, the fireplace built into the wall, its chimney stones blackened and a small ledge carved into the hearth stone, on which the kettle must have stood. Yet, in that small dark room, the non-human passions of Heathcliff acquire not only probability, but inevitability: you feel he was pre-destined, a personalisation of the moors that stretch on every side, as far as eye can see, from his very door, and that though he cannot be confined by either space or time, this is his spiritual home. He drifts in the treacherous white mists that float round the grey cottage, and you can hear him wail in the cough of a sheep at dusk. He is the stark beauty of the moors, and their unyielding isolation.

Five hours later we were dropping down, through the pine woods of the Wash-Dene Valley into Hebden Bridge. Everywhere was running water, and falls like mists. The tall slender trunks, and the delicate tracery of the pines were marked out clearly by white lines of snow; at one point there was a tiny glade where grass emerald green fringed a minute stream of water so clear that it seemed you could almost cut it and pick it up in pieces; the red-gold bracken gleamed under the ice, along with bronzed autumn leaves lying uncrumpled on the path, as though preserved in amber. It was like walking through fairyland.

Still, we were sufficiently tired to be pleased to find an inn, where we got a real Yorkshire tea, with home-made scones warm from the oven, short bread and spice cake. A long train ride through the Yorkshire valleys, of which by this time, however, we had had enough to wish the train would not stop quite so readily, brought us back into a Leeds, which under the brilliant light of a full moon looked comparatively clean for once. Half the Headrow lay in shadow, against which the green of the traffic lights glowed brightly. I thought of all the wonderful sights which had been boasted of in literature—Gaza, and the Sphinx, Baghdad and Jerusalem, and Niagara Falls, and the skyline of New York, and though perhaps I was being dangerously insular, I thought to myself that the Yorkshire Moors have some strange inexplicable fascination which none of them possesses.

M. THWAITES.

GRAMOPHONE RECORD LIBRARY.

It is only since 1942 that this library has been started by Mr. Prooth, who so kindly lent the Union a set of gramophone records. Since then many records have been purchased for the library by the Union Committee. Unfortunately one cannot have a large selection of records at the beginning, but the stock has been built up steadily since.

The idea behind the Record Library is, to enable men and women of the University to hear music, which they cannot hear otherwise. It enables people to learn, to develop their taste and what is more, to enjoy themselves while doing so.

Most people who have been attracted to the gramophone by the purely topical side of the entertainment that it gives, have recognised that it offers lasting pleasures. Most of us are no musicians and are not "musical" people, but are only the ordinary man of the street. Several of us are not even taking Art subjects at the University—but do not allow this to put you off. Many people who thought they had no ear for music, found that they may enjoy certain works of classical music once they tried it. If you are a beginner or a so-called "Fresher" in the musical field, let me tell you in few words as to the state of mind in which to approach the Record Library :—

Many, when faced with a general record catalogue, find that it is full of secrets to which they do not hold key, and that hundreds of the names and numbers are nothing else—just names and numbers to them. Try anything once, and do not be put off by some of the customary musical descriptions, which are necessary and are often part of a universal language. "Op. 12, No. 4," simply gives the order of a composition in the published list of the composer's works. The famous "No. 5" Symphony is given as Opus 67 in the collected works of Ludwig van Beethoven. "Opus" is just the Latin for "Work." Several generations of pianists have known the melody of "So deep is the night" as Chopin's Study in E Major, Op. 10, No. 3.

Avoid having a one-track mind; the time will come when you will want to specialise, no doubt, but it is advisable to do some exploring first. Do not underrate your musical taste, but try to form your own opinions. If you really like a record, play it over and over again. You may get tired of some of your early discoveries, or they may not seem so wonderful in the light of later experience.

C. N. BERCZI.



INTER-VARSITY DEBATE.

The L.U.U. Debating Society held its Inter-Varsity Debate on January 21st. Mr. O. P. Edmonds, President of the Union, was in the chair, and the motion before the House was : "That, in the opinion of this House, the German people should not be victimised in the framing of the peace."

Mr. Robinson, of St. Andrews, speaking to a fairly full house, opened for the proposition with a sound and forceful speech. He traced briefly the history of the German national character from Tacitus to Hitler, showing it to be fundamentally brutal and aggressive. This, he maintained, was moulded by brutal and fanatical leaders. He differentiated between German and Nazi, and

pointed out that victimisation was incompatible with our war aims. Moral reconstruction would play a large part in the post-war world, and, he concluded, it was not for us to re-mould the German national character, but for the German people themselves.

Miss Greene, of Leeds, in reply, said that the German could not be separated from the Nazi, and asserted that the rank and file were as much to blame as their leaders. Her theme was retribution for the wrongs and atrocities committed by Germany as a whole nation.

Miss Newcombe, of Manchester, seconded the motion in a brilliant speech. Her main points were that victimisation does not mean retribution or punishment : that the planning of a long-term peace is essential, and not the ephemeral satisfaction of revenge, and she cited Campbell Bannerman's treatment of the Boers after the Boer War as an example of lenient and far-reaching policy. The House showed its appreciation at the conclusion of her speech with a well-merited burst of applause.


Miss H. L. Farr, of Leeds, speaking at very short notice, emphasised from the historical side the brutality of the German race, and maintained that they should pay in kind for the crimes they had perpetrated.

There were many lively and interesting speeches from the floor, but although the fair sex was well represented, their inherent gift of eloquence had apparently deserted them, for, *mirabile dictu*, not a single woman rose to address the House from the floor. Philosophy, psychology, and dogs were used—and abused—for the strengthening or otherwise of both sides of the argument.

Mr. Hubberstey, of Sheffield, summed up the case for the Opposition, and Miss Pittock, of Leeds, stressed the main points in the armament of the Proposition.

On the question being put to the House, the motion was carried by 57 votes against ten, with four abstentions.

J. S. PARRY, *Assistant Secretary Debates Society.*



THE BRIDE.

It is five minutes past ten. In ten minutes his 48 hour leave will have ended. The train which brought him back to Brancaster was late. And he must move quickly if he is to report back on time.

Instead, he stands gazing at the "Times of Departure," seeing nothing but one blurred line of black print merging into another—merging : arrival—departure—other lines criss-crossing, cross-hatching with his. With an effort he separates his own black line, concentrates upon it. An outside porter offers to carry his bags but he neither sees nor hears him.

The voice at the microphone carefully pronounces : "The train for Brotherham leaves at ten minutes past ten from Number Five Platform stopping at Burydam, Dewswick, Hallifield, High Moor —" High Moor startles him into consciousness. This is the train that will take him home : home to Barbara. And Barbara is waiting for him, needing him desperately.

He dashes to the booking office, on to the platform, and as the train is signalled out, into a compartment. The train moves, and waving girls with the

platform they are standing on move backwards and whirl out of sight.

In the opposite corner, an Air Force Officer is arguing with his friend that any change in the social order can only be effected by a change of heart and that without this, mere intellectual planning is dangerous. "Quality of feelings, intensity of passions and sensations, these come before intellect," he says, "intellect leads only to death."

He gazes vacantly at the speaker who thinks him to be interested in these provocative remarks.

"Don't you agree with me?" the officer asks, delighted to include another listener.

His lips quiver and he mutters inaudibly: "I must get back to Barbara." Then he breaks into choking sobs. "Poor little Barbara, darling Barbara—"

Why the hell is the train moving so slowly? Don't they realise that Barbara is waiting? It comes to a stand-still and he stupidly wonders if he can't run home more quickly. He goes into the corridor, but the train is in motion again and he leans against the window.

He doesn't see the grimy mills, the stark factory chimneys belching clouds of dark grey smoke, the dismal grey stone houses of the workers, or the spaces of barren earth with mounds of rubbish here and there around which children are playing. There is only Barbara with her merry wide-blue eyes, her warm white neck, her pouting pear-shaped breasts and soft well-turned thighs.

He sees her in the sitting-room. The gramophone is playing and she is dancing, lifting her skirt above her knees, smiling at him enticingly. He sees her poised to dive into the river which runs along the end of the field, hesitating to wade before taking the plunge.

"Darling Barbara, God how I love you," he murmurs, and he shuts his eyes as though in prayer.

The train jolts on. The officer's voice drones, rises, falls. Steam mists the windows—the steam of human breath congealing on cold glass. You can draw silly figures on the steam-blurred panes—odd heads, skeleton conventional little men; cats, dogs. Darkness has breathed on the outside of the panes—a vast, dim, dull, obliterating blind sameness of darkness, of night. It is warm, steamy. The voice still drones. The other passengers are dozing.

He nods, himself. The rhythm of the train mingles with the rhythm of his thoughts, half sleeping, half waking: tired, tired, tired. Fantastic images insensibly fill his mind, as fog fills the streets of a city, blurring, obliterating.

It is the bank of a river. Inexplicably, a moving stair-case—the London tube—he is conscious of Arctic cold, of exhilaration. The black-out contracts, expands—cities—*island cities*—blinded by the light of their own star-constellations.

The bundle of letters—

The lit window in the dark—

Forms—

He enters the open door shrieking—"Barbara, darling Barbara, I'm back, I'm back. And he kneels on the floor to kiss the face of his wife whom he has shot dead three hours before.

D. SANDELSON.

Of Shoes and Ships and Sealing-wax

We have always loved Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," and our favourite quotation from its many quotations is :—

"No more will I endure love's pleasing pain
Or round my heart's leg tie his galling chain."

(Please could a biologist elucidate. Personally, we don't get it, but being merely Arts— !)

We feel the Rev. Patrick Brontë must have been trying to outdo this when he wrote :—

"She dresses as plain as a lily
That modestly grows in the valley
And never will go
To play, dance or show—
She calls them the engines of Satan."

We feel there may be hope for our own efforts :—

"I, wonder why
Folk go as far
As J. C. R.
If there's room at all
In the Entrance Hall."

And this attempt is, comparatively, positively brilliant :—

JULIUS CÆSAR. Act 1, Scene 2.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled tramcar grinding to a halt,
Ewles said to me, "Dar'st thou, Whytlaw, now
Leap in with me into this noisy tram,
And climb to yonder deck?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow : as indeed he did.
The counductress roared, and we did buffet her
With lusty sinews, throwing her aside,
And stemming her with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the deck propos'd,
Ewles cried, "Help me, Whytlaw, or I fall."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the tram steps
Did I the tired Ewles.

J. S.

With apologies to William Shakespeare, J. Ewles and R. Whytlaw-Gray.

L—U—O—S—A.

The world to-day is a world of initial letters and only the initiated, a comparatively small number, know what any particular set of abbreviations stands for. L.U.O.S.A. is no exception to the rule, although its members are to be found in every part of the civilised world. L.U.O.S.A. stands for the Leeds University Old Students' Association which celebrated its Coming-of-Age a few weeks ago.

The child which thus attained its majority in the midst of World War No. Two was conceived in the midst of World War. No. One, when the late Sir Michael Sadler was Vice-Chancellor of the University. He felt that the University was out of touch with a large majority of its Old Students who were serving their country in one branch of the Service or another. With the idea of correcting this state of affairs for the future, the Appointments Board was set up, with Mr. W. R. Grist as secretary. The function of this Board is to compile a Register of Students finishing their University training and to arrange for interviews with the directors of undertakings requiring such men and women.

When the Appointments Board was firmly established, Sir Michael turned his attention to the social side, and at his suggestion a number of enthusiastic final year students met in Mr. Grist's office on January 5th, 1923. When they left that room the Leeds University Old Students' Association had been born.

The success of the new venture was assured, and considerable advantage was gained for the members of the University Union by the far-seeing action of the promoters in coming to an arrangement with the Editor, P. P. Murphy, and Committee of *The Gryphon*, whereby the O.S.A., in exchange for a section of the journal for its especial use, undertook to buy 250 extra copies of *The Gryphon*. This brought down the price of the journal from 1s. 3d. to 6d., which further increased its sales among the students. By Christmas of the same year Old Students were taking 450 copies.

The next year the Life Subscription was introduced and the number quickly reached 50. There are now nearly 880 Life Subscribers, and the Committee is trying to raise the number to 1,000 during the 21st Birthday Year.

Over 1,300 copies of each issue of *The Gryphon* are sent to Old Students to keep them in touch with their Alma Mater and in peace time, at any rate, letters come in to Headquarters from practically every country in the world to say how the news of contemporaries and of University doings and even the advertisements of Leeds firms are appreciated.

In 1924 appeared the first Year Book, giving the names and addresses of members and their year of entry into the University. Since 1939, however, owing to the need for economy, no further Year Book has been compiled, but that issue shows that the Association had branches in Birmingham, East Midlands, Hull and the East Riding, London, Manchester, Merseyside, and the West Riding, while other branches were in process of formation in Wessex, the West Country and Sheffield. The London branch, indeed, flourished before the trunk of the tree and became an integral part of the Association on the formation of the latter. There was, too, a Women's Old Students' Association in those earlier days. It too heartily welcomed the bigger development and became merged in it.

So that the Association could have a suitable home of its own the University very kindly loaned it a house in which two rooms were furnished as lounges from donations sent by appreciative Old Students. An office soon became a necessity and a part-time clerk was appointed to help the hon. secretaries to cope with the growing administration. When the new Union Building was planned a room was generously provided for the exclusive use of the O.S.A. and members of the University staff who are full or associate members of the Association.

The aims of the Association can be summed up briefly as follows: (1) To keep Old Students in touch with the current life of the University and with one another; (2) To enable individual members through the Association to offer service to their Alma Mater which has given them so much of what they value most.

In peace time Headquarters organised annually two big re-unions in Leeds, one in Midsummer and one—the Annual Dinner and Dance—just before Christmas when the Annual General Meeting is also held. Since the war, however, restricted travel and the difficulties of black-out have caused the Summer function to be suspended, while in December the Annual General Meeting has been preceded by a Luncheon instead of a Dinner.



ON SLEEPING IN OTHER PEOPLE'S PYJAMAS.

(Solemnly dedicated to the S.V.P., and all others whose night attire I may have graced).



If a stranger being were to descend from Mars in a chariot of quicksilver, and were to ask you, "What is Life?" and you said: "It is the great things; it is the beauty of freedom; it is the wonder of knowledge; it is the power of doing," you would be wrong, because life is none of these things. Life is a good cup of coffee; life is the daisy at the bottom of the garden; life is sleeping in somebody else's pyjamas. This gives you a most curious sensation; you look at yourself cautiously in the mirror; you wake up in the dead of night in a cold sweat and explore yourself, whispering meanwhile in a trembling voice, "I am not, I can no longer be me," for what, if you look at it objectively, is personalism? You are born, an unattractive lump, showing marked resemblance to the oyster and the black-beetle; you squawl your way through a year or two, known to yourself as "Baby," and then one day, the realisation pours in upon you suddenly like a great water; "I am me; I am nobody-else, and nobody-else

is me; I am me," and thereafter you base your life on this great fact. But sleeping in somebody-else's pyjamas alters all that. Your legs are no longer specifically yours; they seem to have become unexpectedly possessed of the wiggles and sqoggles, curvings-inward and sweepings-outward, angles and bumps, protrusions and perambulations, headlands and bays of a strange land. Oh! what a noble piece of work, if it weren't for his legs, is man! They stick out at peculiar angles; bunions, bowlegs, callouses, chilblains, splay-feet and knock-knees lie in wait for the unwary. No! these pyjama legs are not yours; they have quite a different personality; your identity is broken down by two yards of material sewn up into tubular shapes, with seams on the insides, and creases down the middle; for though we delude ourselves as to the inviolability of the individual, few of us are little more than walking clothes-horses. We see a disreputable old trilby, pulled well forward, and a coat of ancient vintage slung over the shoulders, and to it we say "Good morning, sir. I'm terribly sorry I've been missing your lectures lately"; a dinky little scrap of black velvet, with a cheeky red feather, and floating yards of veil calls forth an "Oh, my deah! How sweet your new hat is (while to yourself you mutter "What will the creature do to herself next?"); a tweed costume and flat heels provoke you to back-slapping and old-girling, what! And a navy cap with gold braid produces more fluttering in the female heart than can possibly be to the physiological good of that indispensable organ. There are a few indispensable things. How many of us would really miss the British Empire if a super-mammoth whale came and swallowed it whole, yet how many of us could get through one day comfortably without a tooth-brush? How can we help but get our sense of values mixed when we live in such a strange world? Give me, for instance, a banana; add thereunto a grapefruit; throw into the scale a pair of fully-fashioned real-silk stockings; and a fantastic undy, all frills and flutters and with no utility value; allow me, just once, to wallow in a bath full of the hottest hot water, faintly perfumed with exotic bath-salts, coloured mauve; smother me with talcum powder, and feed me with Black Magic, and you may take my immortal soul and all that it implies. The fields of Elysium hold no charms so potent as the memory of the pre-war lip-sticks, and when I remember the rainbow brilliancy of quondam nail-varnishes, the iron enters into my soul. Yes, war has certainly been an experience!

Talking of experiences, I had such a strange one the other day. I was sitting in the office, crossing out the Editorial for this *Gryphon* when along the corridor came the weirdest sound—"Tap! Tap! Tap!" (I fear you'll never believe me, but I swear before the spirits of my ancestors as to the verity of this incident). On came the sound, freezing the blood in my cheek, the ink in the ink-well, and the cry on my lips. Tap! Tap! it came steadily nearer. Drawing my cutlass, I prepared to defend the honour of my cause. There was a thundrous rapping on the door and in came Long John Silver. "Oh!" I said, crawling out from under the desk, "It's you, is it?" "Sure," he said, "It's me. There's a body in the Union Office, and we thought you might know something about it!" Whereupon, he picked me up, threw me out of the window, and in the twinkling of an eye, I found myself facing trial by my peers. "Do you swear?" asked the Usher.

"Not so much as I used to," I replied.

"Fine her half-a-crown for contempt of court"! said the President. "Et tuus, Brute?" I murmured, broken-heartedly, and from that moment I stood with bent head and folded hands, awaiting the axe's final stroke.

"Call Mr. Holloway!" cried the Usher, and into the box he came.

"What is your evidence?" asked the President.

"Sam," began Mr. Holloway.

"Don't be familiar!" said the President.

"Beat the retreat! Beat the retreat on thy drum!"

Instantly there swelled up a long roll of muffled drums, merging imperceptibly into sad oriental music, and to its insistent rhythmic beat a strange procession wound its way into the Committee Room. First came a camel, and on its back was a turbanned figure, with rings dangling from its earrings, playing upon a piccolo, and then came the Textile Department, disguised as troupes of swaying maidens, stamping their feet, and swirling their straw skirts, flinging up their arms, and also playing upon piccolos. The Court paused; the procession advanced until the leading figure came level with me. I saw that it was the Senior Vice-President, and she leaned down, and whispered in my ear, "Have you seen my Geranium?" We all began to search feverishly, in J.C.R., the Cardrooms, and the cloakrooms; feeling very bold I even ventured into the Dark Room, and there I found Charles Boyer.

"Oh, Mr. Secretary," said Mr. Boyer, "you are adorable!"

"That," said the camel, poking its head round the door, "is damn silly!" "I am sure," said Professor Brodetsky, "we could do it by algebra, if we tried." One Union Committee, minus a couple of aspirins, take away the number you first thought of, gargle every morning with Dettol, eat more potatoes, and you've got it.

But there was no sign of the geranium.

"I believe I encountered it in T. S. Eliot," I said, trying to be helpful, and the swaying maidens took up the chant:

"Oh, are there geraniums in Eliot?

Anybody here who could tell yer it?

Now we'd really be hurt

If we thought they occur

Geraniums, of all things! in Eliot.

But are there geraniums in Eliot?

For though we're quite sure we can't spell yer it

We really would mind

If you thought you could find

Geraniums—geraniums! in Eliot!

I thought there was a geranium," I began timidly.

"You shouldn't think!" remarked Long John severely.

"I will think!" I want to think! In fact I insist on thinking."

This seemed to be a deadlock, but an ominous voice said just behind my left ear, "What about the body in the office?!"

"Blow the body!" exploded the S.V.P. "I want my geranium!" but the camel bore her and the swaying maidens conveniently away.

But then, what can you expect if people will go round sleeping in other people's pyjamas?

Hostel and Society Notes

This term two open meetings have been arranged which should be of interest to students outside the Economics Department. The first is on February 3rd, when an address was given by Dennis Sandelson, the author of "Whose Future Anyway," on "Individualism and Socialism."

On Friday, February 11th, the newly-elected Common Wealth M.P. for Skipton, Mr. Hugh Lawson addresses a lunch time meeting. This is the first time that students have had an opportunity of hearing the aims of the Common Wealth Party.

A Staff-Student Committee, consisting of Colonel Dobrée, Professor Evans, Mr. H. D. Dickinson, and five members of the Union Committee, have been elected to deal with the N.U.S. plan for University Reform. In addition to preparing a report on University Reform, this Committee has an essentially practical aim in its intention of suggesting possible future reforms for Leeds itself.



BOAT CLUB NOTES

The New Year is now well in its stride, and the season marked only by internal activities of the Club is hastening to a close. Since the reformed last October, we have considered its potentialities with an eye on the oncoming summer.

The Inter-Faculty Races, held towards the end of last term, found nine fours on the water. Five rowed in Division I. for the Sir Michael Sadler Cup, and four in Division II. for the Professor Garstang Cup. The School for Medicine was well represented by four crews, two in either division, and, after a severe struggle, both trophies are medical property for the rest of the year. Technology I., setting aside convention and the hitherto indisputed fact that the quickest way to the finish is to remain in the boat, showed an admirable do-or-die spirit.

Club membership stands as high as it has ever stood in the past, and the energy displayed at times is amazing, for it is now a thing of the past that the crews should row only on Saturday afternoons.

Important events this term are a three-cornered fixture with Agecroft R.C., and Manchester University; a similar fixture with Bede and St. John's Colleges, York (both at Leeds towards the end of February); the Wheeler Cup Sculling Races, and last but not least, the annual festive occasion.

Mr. Michael Johnson has had to resign the captaincy, as he is leaving the University, and Mr. Charles Berczi has been elected to fill his place.

No very great damage was done when the Boat House was flooded recently.

We should like to point out to our new members that if summer is not here yet, it soon will be, and it is only steady practice that furnishes the required standard. The water flows under Swillington Bridge—take advantage of it.

Finally, a word of congratulation to our sister Club, which beat Durham in its first fixture. Doughty and dainty was one comment.

M. W. J.

Weetwood Notes

"Gossip, gossip everywhere, and not a soul is safe."

This, to some, might seem a disgraceful state of affairs, but in Weetwood it is merely a prelude to what we hope will prove a very enjoyable evening. Tradition has it that in the Spring Term the Freshers repay the hospitality of the "other years" by means of a social. The social given last term was a great success, and, I am sure, was enjoyed by everyone present. The programme included a short dramatic feature, entitled "I want to be an actor," a sketch on Weetwood life, and various short poems of interest to all.

At Christmas there was once again a large and appreciative audience to hear a recital of carols, on which the Choir had been hard at work for many weeks. The solo items and the choral singing were a great credit to the conductress. We were also very glad to welcome the Devon Carrolers again, and thought they were sadly depleted in numbers, we very much enjoyed their hour's entertainment.

On November 5th, everybody in Hall was late for breakfast, as the revellers the night before had taken a fancy to the gong, now of historic interest, and presented it to our fellow-students at Oxley. It is better to draw a veil over the other activities of that eventful night.

The present term has been most disjointed; exams have been the bane of most people's lives, although the fortunates of the Education Department have been enjoying a real vacation until quite recently. We hope, however, that in a week or two, Weetwood activities will have resumed their normal character.

M. M. H.

Oxley Hall Notes

The usual Oxley report might quite easily leave anyone with the impression that life is a round of social gaiety. We admit its pretty good, but this year the "grindstone" seems more in evidence than ever before.

Up to a year or two ago the glow of a coal fire in the library was sufficiently inviting in itself to draw many within the precincts. Fuel economy now leaves the hearth cheerless, but every evening the long oak table is crowded earnest figures who seem regardless of anything save the books which lie before them.

Nevertheless, Oxley will always be socially minded. Saturday entertainments carry with them a tradition as old as Oxley itself and even the strain of an increased pace of work has not impaired them.

Our Tea Dance and Carol Service were held after the last *Gryphon* went to Press. This year we aimed to stage one dance in a gayer tempo and perhaps with a little less formality than in the previous few years. We think the party spirit prevailed. Mr. Addison probably had more assisting comperes than he ever dreamed of, the band found itself supported by several impromptu vocalists and the main stairway proved to be an excellent highroad for the Congo, though no doubt an onlooker might have wondered where the litting procession was heading.

We were extremely happy to welcome the H.O.R. and Devonshire Hall Chorus again towards the end of term. To H.O.R. we are indebted for a very beautiful carol service and the visit of Devonshire again came up to all our expectations, the rendering of "Hail Smiling Morn" being as superb as ever.

This term we had expected to be rather quieter, but it doesn't seem to be working out that way. Unfortunately, on account of exams looming up for different people at all stages in the term we feel it will be impossible to produce the annual play for the Women's Social. The evening will be kept, however, and some other form of entertainment devised to mark the occasion. Otherwise everything will continue as usual. We have felt a real spontaneity in the variety of the Saturday evenings entertainments which the various "years" in hostel are now responsible for in turn. The Freshers in particular have shone in the originality of their efforts, and we note with interest and appreciation that the Medical Students are entering far more into the spirit of things. Of the more outstanding events still to come this term are the Local Talent Evening, the Fresher's Social and, we hope, another Tea Dance.

To return to business, fourth year students go down at Easter and, in view of this, elections for a new Committee are already almost upon us. Shortened courses have at last made it necessary to revise the constitution as a war-time measure, and for the duration each succeeding committee will take office for two terms only.

The Goodbye Dinner this year, will come all too early, but though a short life, it has certainly been a gay one.

Leeds University

OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

Notes from Headquarters

COMING OF AGE CELEBRATION.

Wednesday, January 5th, 1944, was the O.S.A.'s Twenty-first Birthday, so our Fifth (War-time) Christmas Luncheon, held in the Refectory on Saturday, December 18th, 1943, stands out in our history as the Twenty-first Annual Christmas Reunion. Our coming of age could not be celebrated in the style befitting such an important occasion, but we are assured by those who were fortunate enough to be able to come that it was a happy and memorable event.

In accordance with tradition the H.P. announced the members as they arrived to be formally received by the President and his charming daughter who for five years has acted as Hostess for Professor Barbier. For some of the members this was no mere formality as it was their first appearance at an O.S.A. function.

As befitted the occasion, the guests of honour were members of the Association who have rendered invaluable service to it in many ways. Those who were able to accept our invitation were the Pro-Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor, Emeritus Professor C. M. Gillespie, Mr. W. R. Grist, Dr. S. E. J. Best, Miss Gladys Pickles, Mrs. Cowley, Mrs. Goode, Mr. G. L. Sharpe. The present generation was represented by Mr. Gordon McLeavy, Junior Vice-President of the Union.

After an excellent luncheon expeditiously served an unusually long toast list was honoured. We regret that paper economy prevents us from giving excerpts from the interesting, reminiscent speeches to which we listened. After the loyal toast, "The University" was proposed by Mrs. Cowley and replied to by the Pro-Chancellor. Professor Gillespie (for 20 years Chairman of Committee) proposed and Mr. Grist (hon. treasurer since inception) responded to the toast of "The O.S.A." The toast of "The Guests" was proposed by the President and replied to by Dr. S. E. J. Best (joint hon. secretary with Miss Gladys Pickles in the period of heaviest spade work). Last on the list but perhaps foremost in our minds came "Absent Friends," proposed by Professor Hemingway (Chairman of Committee).

Before we left our seats we all stood on our chairs and made the Refectory ring to the sound of KU-MA-TI !

MINUTES OF THE 21ST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

Present : Professor Barbier in the chair and 37 members.

1.—The minutes of the 20th A.G.M. were read and confirmed.

2.—HON. TREASURER'S REPORT.

Mr. Grist presented his report and balance sheet as follows :—

LEEDS UNIVERSITY OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
BALANCE SHEET.
1942-1943.

Receipts.				Payments.				
£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions :—				<i>Gryphons</i>				
Received during				(Printing) 42 0 10				
year 1942-43 71 15 0				(Packing) 0 15 0				
Subs. from								
Hull Branch 0 4 0								
<hr/>								
71 19 0								
Less rebates ... 0 12 6								
<hr/>								
71 6 6				42 15 10				
Part Interest in Life				Printing and Stationery ... 18 14 6				
Subs. Invested 52 10 0				Postages & Petty Cash				
Insurance Commission ... 11 18 9				(including <i>Gryphon</i>) ... 23 15 9				
Medical Magazine Grant 55 0 0				Payments to Mrs.				
S.T.C. Use of O.S.A.				Calverley in connection				
Lounge (Half-year) ... 12 10 0				with S.T.C. ... 4 11 0				
<hr/>				Wages ... 56 11 0				
203 5 3				Bank Charges ... 2 6 0				
149 7 1				Cheque Book ... 0 10 0				
<hr/>				Debit Balance on Annual				
				Luncheon ... 0 3 0				
				<hr/>				
				£149 7 1				
<hr/>								
Credit Balance on Year ... £53 18 2								

House Account.				General Account.			
Balance at 30th June, 1943				Credit Balance on General			
held by University ... 35 11 1				Account, 1942-43 ... 53 18 2			
In Bank ... 7 0 11				Balance at 30th June, 1942 3 18 7			
<hr/>				<hr/>			
£42 12 0				£57 16 9			
<hr/>				<hr/>			

Examined and Found Correct
26th November, 1943. (Signed) **G. L. Sharpe.**
LEEDS UNIVERSITY OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
LIFE SUBSCRIPTION ACCOUNT

1942-1943.				£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
Life Subscriptions	Received	50	8	0				
"	Instalments	2	2	0				
<hr/>								52	10	0
Investment in Building Society, June, 1942 ...							2694	15	3	
Interest on Year (Life Subs. Invested, 1942-43)				52	10	0				
Interest not used in 1942-43 and still in Building Society				14	16	9				
<hr/>								67	6	9
<hr/>										
26th November, 1943.	(Signed) G. L. Sharpe.						£2762	2	0	
<hr/>										

He proposed that the balance of interest in the Life Subscription Account should be invested. The President moved the adoption of the Treasurer's Report and proposal and the meeting agreed.

3.—HON. SECRETARIES' REPORT.

Nineteen-Forty-Three has been the least arduous of all the 21 years of our existence from the point of view of the Committee, which has met only three times. No major problems have arisen, unless we include in that category the question whether our Coming of Age should be celebrated this year or at a more convenient season. At the Committee's first meeting in the New Year there appeared to be a feeling that the celebration should be postponed until the international situation made it possible for many members of O.S.A., at present engaged in War Service far away from Leeds, to be present and perhaps for a more elaborate bill of fare to be offered. Seven months later, however, the Committee had shaken off its gloom and unanimously decided that this important stage in the life of our Association should be celebrated as near as possible to the date of birth, January 5th because, after all, one can't really be very excited about one's twenty-first birthday when one is twenty-two or three or more.

It was decided that we should invite to be our guests of honour those members who had rendered great service to the Association. A number of those invited were unable, owing to age or distance or travel restrictions, to accept our invitation, but sent their best wishes for the future of O.S.A. and assured us that their thoughts would be with us.

A message of congratulation was received from the hon. secretary of the Sheffield University Association, who came over to our inaugural meeting to give us the benefit of their experience at Sheffield, in which he wished our Association a long, happy and trouble free life.

It was with very deep regret that we learnt of the death of our first President, Sir Michael Sadler, to whose idea we owe our formation 21 years ago. At the memorial service held in the Leeds Parish Church the O.S.A. was officially represented by one of the secretaries.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES.

The 1942 Annual (War-time) Luncheon was held in the Refectory on Saturday, December 19th. Fifty-nine members sat down to the excellent meal provided by Miss Nicholson and her staff, whom we thank very much for their important contribution to our enjoyment.

A new toast, "To Absent Friends," was added to the short list to which we have grown accustomed, and we thought of those who would have been with us but for the War, and silently wished them a speedy return with their mission accomplished.

In conclusion we wish to thank our President, Professor Barbier, who to-day retires from the office he has held for five years, for the interest he has taken in us during these difficult years. We also thank the other officers, the Committee and the O.S.A. clerk for their loyal co-operation during the year that has gone.

D. E. BROADBENT.

A. E. FERGUSON.

Joint Hon. Secretaries.

4.—ELECTION OF OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE FOR THE YEAR 1944.

President: The Vice-Chancellor (B. Mouat Jones, Esq., D.S.O.); Past-Presidents, Vice-Presidents: Emeritus Professors Connal, Gillespie and Barbier; Vice-Presidents: Emeritus Professor Gough, Professor J. K. Jamieson, Miss Robertson, Miss Silcox, Mrs. Eastwood, Dr. S. E. J. Best, Mr. G. L. Sharpe.

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE : PROFESSOR A. HEMINGWAY.

HON. TREASURER : Mr. W. R. GRIST.

JOINT HON. SECRETARIES : MISS D. E. BROADBENT and Mr. A. E. FERGUSON.

O.S.A. EDITOR : MR. F. BECKWITH.

HON. AUDITOR : MR. G. L. SHARPE.

COMMITTEE : Mrs. E. E. Bibby, Miss P. Glass, Mrs. C. W. Goode, Miss Kaye, Miss I. Milnes, Miss B. Navey, Miss D. Quarton, Mrs. R. Spence, Miss D. Stone, Mrs. R. E. Tunbridge, Dr. A. L. Bettison, Dr. F. J. Dent, Dr. A. H. Eastwood, Mr. L. W. K. Fearnley, Mr. A. Ramsden, Dr. W. A. Sledge, together with two Union Representatives to be elected by that body.

5.—ABSENT FRIENDS.

Proposals by Mr. T. E. Harvey and Miss Gladys Pickles that a special message be sent to Professor Connal, Professor Grant and Mr. Wheeler from the A.G.M., expressing regret that they could not be present at the Coming of Age Celebrations, were unanimously adopted.

CONGRATULATIONS !

We were very happy to read of the award of the O.B.E., for gallant and distinguished services in Malta, to Temporary Lieut.-Colonel R. E. Tunbridge, M.D., R.A.M.C. Before donning His Majesty's Uniform Dr. Tunbridge was a very active member of the O.S.A. Committee and our representative on the *Medical Magazine* and *Gryphon* Committees. We offer him our most hearty congratulations.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

Have you ever thought that a Life Subscription to the O.S.A. is only equal in amount to 12 3-5 times the annual subscription? If you are an Annual Member and below the age of 60 why not save money by taking out a Life Subscription now? The cost is only three guineas, payable to the hon. treasurer, L.U.O.S.A., The University, Leeds, 2, either in one sum or in three instalments of a guinea each, payable in December, March, and July, the full total being completed during one year. Many old students are adopting this way of making our Twenty-first Birthday Year a memorable one. Think it over!

D. E. BROADBENT.

A. E. FERGUSON.

Joint Hon. Secretaries.

WEST RIDING LETTER.

Department of Botany,
The University of Leeds.

As so very few members turned up at the Christmas Party on December 13th it is thought that people are too busy to attend meetings at present, so it has been decided not to hold one this term. It is hoped that it may be possible to meet again in the autumn.

KATHLEEN MATTINSON.

NEWS OF INTEREST TO OLD STUDENTS.

ALTON.—Freda K. Alton (Modern Langs., 1922-25) has been appointed head mistress of Middlesborough High School for Girls.

APPLEBY.—Acting Flight-Lieutenant Eric Gordon Appleby has been awarded the D.F.C. for his skill and leadership in raids over Germany.

HOULDSWORTH.—Dr. Hubert S. Houldsworth has been appointed Deputy Chairman of the West Riding Quarter Sessions.

LANG.—Lieut. F. D. Lang, R.N.V.R., has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for :—

“Gallantry and outstanding service in the face of the enemy, and for zeal, patience and cheerfulness, in dangerous waters, and for setting an example of whole-hearted devotion to duty, upholding the high tradition of the Royal Navy.”

Lieut. Lang, who is 25-years of age, is a former Leather Department Student, where he gained the Diploma in leather manufacture in 1939. He was well-known in Boat Club and Devonshire Hall circles.

TUNBRIDGE.—Major (temporary Lieutenant-Colonel) R. E. Tunbridge has been awarded the O.B.E. for gallant services in Malta.

BIRTH.

BELL.—To Arthur W. (B.Sc., Gen. Hons., 1934-37) and Mrs. Jean Bell, of 35 Winston Green, Mattersey Thorpe, Doncaster, on August 14, a daughter, Heather Jean.

ENGAGEMENT.

FARR—STOKES.—The engagement is announced between Miss H. L. Farr (History, 1940-3. Edu., 1943-4. House Secretary, 1942-3; S. U.P., 1943-4), only daughter of the late Mr. W. E. Farr, of Leeds, and Lieut. (A.) D. H. Stokes, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Stokes, of Bruton Avenue, Solihull, Warwickshire.

MARRIAGE.

KINSEY—TYSON.—Lieut.-Commander R. P. Kinsey, R.N.V.R. (Engineering, 1937-39) to Miss S. O. Tyson (English, 1938-41; Edu., 1941-42; Sub-Editor of *Gryphon*, 1941-42), at Lancaster Priory and Parish Church, December, 1943. Address : 22, Hill Court, Wimbledon, S.W. 19.

JALLAND—HAMILTON-THOMPSON.—Rev. T. G. Jalland, D.D., Vicar of St. Thomas's, Oxford, to Beatrice M. Hamilton-Thompson, elder daughter of Professor A. and Mrs. Hamilton-Thompson, at Durham Cathedral, on January 12th, 1944.

MUNRO—BROMLEY.—Rev. Louis Cecil Garth Munro (History, 1936-40) to Margaret Grace Bromley (English, 1936-39; Edu. 1939-40) on October 19th, at St. John's Church, Birkdale, Southport. Address : Fold's Cottage, Fold Road, Stoneclough, Manchester.

DEATHS.

FRICKER.—Dr. H. A. Fricker (Hon. M.A., 1917), who was the city's organist from 1898 to 1917, died in November at the age of 75. He was born at Canterbury in 1868, and held various posts as organist until his appointment at Leeds. His work in the city and in the West Riding during his tenure of office was of considerable importance for the development of musical interests, and on his departure for Canada where he took up appointments in Toronto, the University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

GLEED.—S. W. Glead (Colour Chemistry, 1930-33, M.Sc., 1934) died as a result of an accident in Bombay in June of last year, at the early age of 30. Mr. Glead made many friends at the University, and served upon the Union Committee in the years 1932-34.

WAR CASUALTIES.

CARTLIDGE.—Flying Officer Harold Cartlidge (Classics, 1927-30) has died in hospital in the Middle East at the age of 35. He was an old Grammar School boy and after graduating in Classics received an appointment at Thorne Grammar School. To his widow and daughter, the Association would express deepest sympathy in their loss. His death was reported in October last.

CUNDALL.—Mr. W. Cundall, for many years a member of the Weetwood Grounds Staff, killed in action in Italy, December 22nd, 1943.

HUDSON.—L.A.C. Alan R. V. Hudson is reported missing, believed killed, on active service. Mr. Hudson came up from West Leeds High School and graduated in Chemistry in 1935. We would offer his widow the expression of our deep regret at the loss.

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Membership is open to ALL qualified teachers, in whatever type of work they are engaged, and includes University, Technical and Secondary Teachers, in addition to the great mass of primary teachers in the country.

The Union protects its members in every phase of their professional life. To young teachers with high professional ideals the Union offers every attraction.

In September, 1939, the Union initiated a policy of Service Hospitality for all teachers, organised an emergency scheme of sub-associations to minister to the necessities of evacuated teachers, commenced the issue of a monthly bulletin of information to all educational institutions, and planned its own administrative machinery to deal with normal case work and, in addition, the difficult special cases due to war conditions :—Students difficulties of all kinds, educational problems in evacuating, neutral and receiving areas, Salaries, Pensions, Tenure, Billeting, Holidays, Travelling Vouchers, Relief for Evacuated Householders and many other matters that demanded immediate attention and the effective use of resources.

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