



The Gryphon

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS



"VACATION"

by Don Burrell

FRESHERS NUMBER

OCTOBER
1947

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7th October, 1947

To all Freshers:

I am pleased to have this opportunity of welcoming, on behalf of the Union, all new readers of The Gryphon.

This will be your first acquaintance with a journal which, we hope, you will read regularly for many years to come.

This magazine is what you choose to make it. Given a wealth of material, the Editor and his staff can mould it into a vital force within the University.

Without your co-operation it can, and sometimes does, fall far below this objective.

We hope, that as time progresses, you will look forward to each subsequent publication and come to regard it as an integral part of your University life.

President

Leeds University Union.

The Gryphon

FOUNDED 1895.

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

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OUR COVER PICTURE: *Time*: 1st August, 1947, 1-0 p.m. *Place*: Norfolk Broads. On board *Perfect Lady II*. *Camera*: Kodak Folding No. 2; 1/50 sec. at f 11. *Subject*: Just a member of the crew often seen at the Union and Medical School. *Photographer*: Don Burrell, 6th year Medic. *Point*: The Spirit of Vacation.

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FUNCTIONS OF A UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

THE UNIVERSITY is a training ground for life. To the many facets of this training, a university magazine is capable of making innumerable contributions.

In a literate society, the importance of an ability to express an opinion, explain a policy or discuss a subject in precise, interesting and attractive writing cannot be overestimated. A university magazine provides a medium for the development of this important faculty.

University students are admittedly less apathetic than the rest of society to the examination of other people's ideas, but there is inertia enough among them to provide experimental material for anyone who would attempt to attract and ensnare the sleeping minds and roving eyes of the multitude.

The ability of the individual to criticise and discuss the affairs of the community is one of the pre-requisites of a true democracy. A university magazine provides an opportunity for the innurement of this useful, human trait. There is the additional advantage that such discussion assists in obviating defects in university machinery, in reflecting student reaction to existing conditions, and therefore in raising even higher the efficiency of the service rendered by the University to the student community.

The insidious development of a cloistered mentality is a regrettably prevalent phenomenon in most universities. A periodical which encourages the study and discussion of events occurring in the world at large would assist considerably in counteracting this tendency towards narrowing of students' mental perspective.

Especially since the Second World War, students have had little time for subjects outside their own limited course of study. The Honours English or Mathematics student is usually completely unaware of the fascinating topics discussed by Agriculture or Medical students. The efficient utilisation of a common periodical must result in the greater enlightenment and broader education of all students. A magazine is often the only means of publicity available for sports' clubs, societies and associations. It is a medium which they do not always exploit as fully as possible.

It is often the most vital link between old students and the *alma mater* and the only mirror and permanent record of student activity available to other universities and the public; it must, therefore, be representative of student life and thought. It should also reflect the life of the community out of which the university has arisen.

A university journal can fulfil these functions if fully supported by its readers who, in the final analysis, get only the magazine they deserve.

1 WRITER : 700 READERS.

We estimate that readers of *The Gryphon* number 2,000 inside the University and 1,500 outside it. The number of people whose contributions appeared during the past year varied between 18 and 39 per issue. Four to eight contributions were rejected each issue. If *The Gryphon* is to be regarded as more representative of University opinion, there must be contributions from many more students.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

In this issue, the work of 35 people has been printed. This includes the authors of excerpts from material previously rejected. Gems of thought and expression are often found in articles otherwise unsuitable for publication. The printing of excerpts enables us to offer the undiluted benefit of their merit.

ABOUT YOUR ARTICLE.

The ideal article is a page and a half in length (750 words of large type or 1,250 of small type). It is written clearly, grammatically, without verbiage or involved phrases, and deals with an interesting subject. An interesting subject? Any topic which possesses several points of contact with the familiar. If you are not quite sure about some idea of your own, a note in the contributions box will be promptly replied to. Better still, ask Mr. Conroy to point us out, and clap us on the back next time you are inspired.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

For many years, *The Gryphon* has been run at a financial deficit which would be considerably greater without the patronage of our advertisers, some of whom have stuck to us through many difficult years. Within the last five years, the cost of production has risen by about 100 per cent., and since 1945 advertisers have been asked to pay the increased rate of 4 guineas per page per issue. Unfortunately, the new rates had not been adhered to as strictly as they might have been. During Summer this year, the standard rates were announced clearly and consistently to all advertisers. Some of our oldest found it necessary to reduce the size or frequency of their advertisements, but we greatly appreciate their continued patronage. On the other hand a few have discontinued.

We ask all past and prospective advertisers to consider from the figures quoted above and the quality of this student effort the merits of *The Gryphon* as an advertising medium. Further details may be obtained from our Business Manager.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Opinions expressed in *The Gryphon* are those of the contributors, with whom we do not necessarily agree. Contributions will not be rejected solely because they involve controversial issues, and we are anxious to print your individual views on any matter discussed.

IN THIS ISSUE.

We welcome back to the Editorial Staff **Mr. George Hauger**, last year's Editor, who has returned to the University on a research scholarship. His contributions in this issue are material evidence of his sustained interest in *The Gryphon*.

We asked "**Agricola**" for an article in the predigested style in which "**Idle Man's Fruit**" appears. It is a frank experiment in which readers are the guinea pigs. We await your reactions with fear and trembling.

Mr. J. S. Whiteley, 4th year medical student, is an able newcomer to these pages. We trust that his refreshing contributions will continue.

Union News and ourselves show signs of beneficial co-operation. **Mr. Peter Tillot** and "**Neander**" are responsible for the feature on "**Love from a Stranger**."

Mr. Bryan F. Matthews, B.Sc., is also a new-comer to *The Gryphon*. His pleasant and personal style is strikingly suitable for the subject which he has discussed.

Mr. R. W. J. Yiend is President of the Leeds University Christian Union. We trust that his article will receive the attention and discussion it deserves.

Mr. Richard Mason asks us to thank all those people whose ideas he has copied, and solicits further assistance via *The Gryphon* box should they fail to locate him when necessary.

We are impressed by the vigour and honesty of work submitted by **Miss Mollie Herbert**.

THE PLEASURE OF READING DARWIN

by

GEORGE HAUGER.

THE WRITINGS of Charles Darwin are to be recommended as a source of great pleasure. Perversity led me to read those works to which so many refer by hearsay—"The Descent of Man," "The Origin of Species"—but delight led me on to Darwin's letters and lesser known works.

I am convinced that Darwin is one of the best prose-writers of his time. When I was at school, why was I tricked into believing that only "literary" men could write fine prose? Presumably because none of my teachers or text-book writers had ever read anything like this extract from "The Voyage of 'The Beagle,'"

"In the deep ravines, the death-like scene of desolation exceeded all description; outside it was blowing a gale, but in these hollows, not even a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the tallest trees. So gloomy, cold, and wet was every part, that not even the fungi, mosses or ferns could flourish. In the valleys it was scarcely possible to crawl along, they were so completely barricaded by great mouldering trunks, which had fallen down in every direction. When passing over these natural bridges, one's course was often arrested by sinking knee deep into the rotten wood; at other times, when attempting to lean against a firm tree, one was startled by finding a mass of decayed matter ready to fall at the slightest touch."

"The Beagle" is not only absorbing because of the amazing collection of facts it contains, but enchanting because of the magical way in which Darwin presents his observations on a thousand things. How many searchers for written beauty are familiar with this passage?

"No doubt there are some delightful scenes. A moonlight night, with the clear heavens and the dark glittering sea, and all the white sails filled with the soft air of a gently blowing trade wind; a dead calm, with the heaving surface polished like a mirror, and all still except the occasional flapping of the canvas. It is well once to behold a squall with its rising arch and coming fury, or the heavy gale of wind and mountainous waves. . . . It is an incomparably finer spectacle when beheld on shore, where the waving trees, the wild flight of the birds, the dark shadows and bright lights, the rushing of the torrents, all proclaim the strife of the unloosed elements. At sea the albatross and the little petrel fly as if the storm were their proper sphere, the water rises and sinks as if fulfilling its usual task, the ship alone and its inhabitants seem the objects of wrath."

Many extracts could be quoted to illustrate the pleasures of "The Beagle." Let us leave the book with this one:

"Farewell, Australia! you are a rising child, and doubtless some day will reign a great princess in the South; but you are too great and ambitious for affection, yet not great enough for respect. I leave your shores without sorrow or regret."

"The Descent of Man" is popularly regarded as a classic concerning men and monkeys, and, I must admit, I searched the pages diligently until I found Darwin's pronouncement on man's ancestors. When I found it, it proved to be a single dignified sentence, so calm that I felt I had been guilty of bad manners in my eager quest for the sensational.

"We thus learn that man is descended from a hairy, tailed quadruped, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World."

Because of his dignity in treating his thesis in "The Descent of Man," Darwin produces a more profound and lasting effect on his reader than he could have done had he been guilty of loud-mouthed showmanship. Consider the powerful swell of this single sentence.

"We must, however, acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man with all his noble qualities, with sympathy that feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men but to the humblest living creature, with his god-like intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system—with all these exalted powers—Man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin."

SOME nineteenth century journalist referred to Darwin as a man who tried to displace God. In "The Origin of Species," we find numerous open references to the Deity which settle Darwin's attitude to God (at least for the time at which the book was written), for example :

"There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one...."

Space forbids me from making many more quotations from Darwin's writings, so I intend to finish with two extracts from his letters.

To-day, we are constantly hearing certain socialists telling us that all scientific research should be carried out with a definite material object in view. Ninety-nine years ago, Darwin wrote to J. S. Henslow :

"I rather demur to one sentence of yours, viz. : *'However delightful any scientific pursuit may be, yet, if it should be wholly unapplied, it is of no more use than building castles in the air.'* Would not your hearers infer from this that the practical use of each scientific discovery ought to be immediate and obvious to make it worthy of admiration? What a beautiful instance chloroform is of a discovery made from purely scientific researches, afterwards coming almost by chance into practical use! For myself I would, however, take higher ground, for I believe there exists, and I feel within me, an instinct for truth, or knowledge or discovery, of something of the same nature as the instinct of virtue, and that our having such an instinct is reason enough for scientific researches without any practical results ever ensuing from them."

For my medical student friends, here is a sentence from a letter which Darwin wrote to his sister during his student days at Edinburgh :

"*Dr. Duncan is so very learned that his wisdom has left no room for his sense, and he lectures, as I have already said, on the Materia Medica, which cannot be translated into any word expressive enough of its stupidity.*"

Perhaps Darwin's work as a naturalist is no longer of supreme immediate importance : I am no scientist, I would not know : but I do know that Darwin as a pleasurable writer has not yet come into his own.

THE BROTHERTON STAKES

by "PIP."

AS Honorary Secretary of an Association which flourishes under the patronage of hundreds of students and many members of staff, I feel that for the benefit of freshers and any non-members, a complete account of our policy, organisation, and future programme should be included in this issue of *The Gryphon*.

However, owing to the limitations of space, I have to restrict myself to describing the most important feature in our syllabus. This is the forthcoming Athletic Sports Meeting, organised by our sub-committee (the Sports Sub-Committee of the Association of Restless Readers), which will be held in the Brotherton Library.

So that would-be competitors or helpers should realise the nature of the Sports, I will outline a few of the major events.

A race of importance is the Modified Potato Race, or Books to the Wall, in which competitors start off from the several bays on the upper floor of the library. Assuming a competitor to start from AA, he walks to BB as quickly as possible, removes a book from the shelves, and returns with it to AA, placing it on a shelf in that bay. He next fetches a book from CC to AA—and so on, until there is no book left in its appropriate bay. If there are sufficient competitors this should result eventually in the general widening of students' knowledge. For example, on a subsequent occasion, an Engineer going to bay PP for "Hydraulics," by Lewitt,

might possibly have to be content with "The Water Babies," by Kingsley. A Soc. Dip. requiring a work on "Peacetime Nutrition," might well find the nearest approach in "The Invisible man."

I am certain that this race will be a success for during May, several hundreds of students had been practising arduously.

For those who are not so athletically inclined, and who frequent the stack (not that I am assuming for a moment that these qualities are connected), we intend to introduce a less energetic competition—again an event which has been much practised. This involves manipulating the bench light switches, the winner being the person who can reproduce most recognisably the rhythm of "Asleep in the Deep."

I might mention here, that as a result of numerous enquiries, I have ascertained that the people with metal-tipped shoes who continually run up and down the marble stairs are not potential competitors for any of our events, but are from Blakey's research laboratory.

The relay race is to take the following form. The first man (or woman more probably) in the team starts from bay AA, walks to KK, and whispers to her second number, "Comin' fer coffee." The 2nd member of the team then hurries to BB, whispers to her 3rd number, "Comin' fer coffee Janet is comin'," and the 3rd member of the team then sets off. This continues until all the readers on the top storey

have been accounted for. The race will be started in the time-honoured manner. On the word, "Hush!" competitors will take their marks, whilst the actual start is indicated by the clatter of a book rest falling to the floor.

As a field event, to be run in collaboration with the workmen on the new wing, we intend to organise "Throwing the Hammer." (I have never been able to appreciate why the hammer has been singled out

as the tool most suitable for throwing—a crowbar would seem to have more point). A leaflet explaining this competition to the workmen has been written—the Brotherton Library being a most adequate building in which to compile such a circular letter.

I have been asked to include a high jump in the Sports Meeting, but the Committee has decided against it. After all, most of us will be for it, sooner or later.

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER.

"That Lawrence, dead seventeen years, should still be deprived of an English public for one of the most important books of our time, is more than remarkable. After all, no one suggests that brown paper should be pinned over those portions of the paintings of Picasso, or Gauguin, or Raoul, or Salvador Dali that might offend the eye of the beholder, however quaint his vision. So why should an attitude of mind that suspects Charing Cross motives behind any reference to plain sex stand between Lawrence and his reading public?"

"It is to be hoped that his legitimate reading public will not allow itself to be browbeaten into submission by such nice judgments. When a creative artist presents a book to the public which might prove to be of lasting value to literature, no barrier should exist between that work and that public."

From an article by MOLLIE HERBERT.

THE TEACHING OF ECONOMICS.

"It has always surprised me how British universities annually turn out a large quota of economists, yet the country goes from crisis to crisis and ruin is just around the corner while the majority of those graduates never attain any responsible position in public life."

"The fact is that undergraduates assimilate a lot of abstractions and are presented with analytical tools for which they have no use, and they become more and more bewildered by the apparent lack of any relationship between theory and reality. Keen students who are anxious to come to grips with reality as soon as possible are frustrated, and may become apathetic."

"Graduates usually find a post where they expound text-book abstractions, or else, they enter business where they become aware for the first time of the fundamental economic techniques."

From an article by HELEN HUGHSON.

THE CHARM OF ADEL CHURCH

by

BRYAN F. MATTHEWS, B.Sc.

NATURE, WHICH IS GOD, in her great and unfailing bounty, has brought us yet another harvest season. The golden, swaying acres have but a few days before their glory is ended, and the labourer, perhaps with some reluctance (for is it not with poignant feeling that we witness the downfall of all that is great and majestic ?) bends his sweating back beneath the undiminished brilliance of the harvest sun. When the last sheath is garnered in, and the pitchforks are stored away once more, the weary labourer falls on his knees in thanksgiving and praise.

It is on such a day that Adel, with its picturesque Norman Church, set amidst the cornfields and woodlands, wears Nature's verdant gown and has an air of serene and pleasant loveliness.

To those who have the tradition and antiquity of Adel's old Church at heart, past memories, recalled in quiet meditation, are not the sole source of pleasure. More wonderful is her long unbroken story and her survival to this day, unharmed and perfect. A brief survey of Adel's history shows how firmly implanted in the annals of the West Riding the Church of Adel really is. First mention of Adel that has yet been discovered is in the Doomsday Record,* no mention being made, however, of the presence of a Church. This is regarded by some as evidence that no Church existed. Nevertheless, it appears that in the Reign of William II—son of the Conqueror—Ralph Paynel, a Tenant-in-Chief in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, endowed the Priory Church of the Trinity at York, with "The Church of St. John of Adela, and a carucate of land and the tithes of the desmesne." The fact that it was entirely re-built after the middle of the 12th Century indicates that at that date the building was old and insufficient.

However, it can be safely assumed that a Church was built in Adel at some unknown date during the Saxon period of our History, and that this building in all probability existed until many years after the Norman Conquest. In confirmation, some oddly carved stones, which no doubt belong to it, have been found among the foundations of the present Church. No part of the present building is earlier than the third quarter of the 12th Century.

FROM THAT DAY TO THIS the Church has stood amidst the fields, little changed by the hands of later generations of men—a great tribute to those whose skill and ability was expended upon its erection—yet preaching its sermons in stones, for such there are within and without its massive grey walls, as eloquent now as they were when they were first fashioned by the mason's hand, though, as in the voice of an old sagacious teacher, Time has made a quaver here and there, where the work is exposed to the weather, and the lines and features of the chief figure in the porch, and those on the capitals of the east side facing the moist winds blowing from the west are almost faded away.

Whilst contemplating Adel's glorious setting, the simplicity of its design, or, perhaps, watching the rooks squabbling in the trees by the Rectory, we are already being prepared for Worship. If, as with gathering strength of arm, we bear against the heavy, iron-studded door, we choose to turn and behold the Porch, there we shall see the subtle work of the mason's hand: The very porch of Adel is intended, indeed was designed, to say to each of us, "Come here and worship Him who sits upon the Throne": in the principal position the ancient carvers have set the figure of Our Lord

* "In Adele, the same Alward" (the owner of Arthington, a neighbouring village), "had one manor and one and a half carucates geldable, where two ploughs may be. Richard" (i.e., Richard de Surdeval to whom the manor of Adel with Arthington had been sub-feudated by Robert, Count of Mortain, half-brother to William the Conqueror), "has it, and it is waste wood pasture one leuga long and one wide. The whole manor is one and seven-eighths leuga long and one leuga wide." In King Edward's time worth ten shillings.

seated in majesty, flanked by the four beasts of Ezekiel's vision, symbolical of the four Evangelists. Above this figure they placed, exalted yet subordinate, the figure of the Lamp, with the banner resting on his foot, which was the accepted emblem of the Baptist, to whose name the Church was dedicated.

As for the finely carved and ornate design of the Porch, I encourage all who can, to see it for themselves; its beauty has seldom been surpassed.

Now that our curiosity has been aroused (and the art of teaching—first to arouse curiosity then to satisfy it—is evinced by the subtlety of the ancient mason) we step quietly down into the stillness of the nave, and gently close the door behind us. There is nothing pretentious about Adel; it is simple and humble within: yet, as we sit silently in a pew, we are transfixed: The magnificent Chancel Arch, spanning the whole width of the Church, holds us in awe, and as we walk, slowly, with solemn step and deep contemplation, towards the altar, oblivious even of our ringing foot-falls echoing to the far corners of the chancel, we become aware of its revered charm, rich yet not severe, rude yet beautiful. To those who worship at Adel, the Chancel Arch has a message indelibly inscribed upon its capitals, for close scrutiny of the arch reveals certain, most beautifully carved and conceived spiritual truths. For their interpretation they must be read in order, beginning from the face of the north pillar, beside the pulpit, which is first seen from the nave. The general significance of the carvings is obviously concerned with the redeeming work of the Saviour, typified by the beginning and end of His earthly ministry, and with the conquest of the Grace of God over sin.

The Chancel Arch attracts but does not distract; it speaks to man and beckons him to pass through into the Holiest of all.

The charm of Adel's Norman Church cannot be appreciated and imbibed in a single fleeting pilgrimage. Only from intimate and regular friendship with others of like mind, within its walls: from being part of the Church itself and from witnessing and meditating upon the ever-changing scenes of Life and Season therein, can one come to understand and hold dear the charm of Adel Church.

ON THIS BEAUTIFUL AUGUST SATURDAY, thoughts turn to harvest and inevitably to Harvest Festival, when all manner of produce is taken to the Church. The Church stands in the

fields, and now the fields swell the Church. It has been transformed into a veritable cornucopia. Those who helped in the decorations have gone, and all is very beautiful and awaits the morrow.

From the door, the font is bedecked with fruits and flowers, both from the garden and fresh from the hedgerows, all neatly and carefully arranged, replacing the carved-oak cover, which now hangs out of arms-reach. It is gently oscillating in the faint draught which comes in through the slit windows of the west wall, but remains at a safe distance from the top-most rosy apple, balanced precariously upon the splendid, luscious cairn. At the foot of the font too, there are vegetables and flowers, all closely and sensibly placed, so as to give an impression of one large mass of colour.

Turning towards the Chancel, sheaves of corn stand up like huge shields on either side of the Arch, at the foot of the supporting columns. Each sheath is tied about its waist by a girdle of neatly arranged straws, knotted in front in such a fashion that the ears form a rosette, like those which farmers make and fix to their caps during the Harvest Season. The pulpit has lost for this day its usual sombre appearance; its carvings are obscured by the sweet lowly honeysuckle, fresh from the wood, the majestic chrysanthemum and multi-headed michaelmas daisy. Nature herself could hardly have embellished the pulpit so finely.

There, too, across the base of the windows and on every available ledge and sill, are arranged, alternately apples and tomatoes, each with its finest and rosiest face outermost; so crowded are they, that it is with the greatest care that the verger approaches the windows, lest he should touch just one and precipitate the fall of them all. The ledge above the capitals of the Chancel Arch is not neglected, for along its whole extent, on both sides of the arch, are placed the choicest and rosiest apples, delightful to behold.

There indeed is a luxuriance of the produce of the field and garden. Sitting among them I contemplate their ruddiness reflecting the brilliant rays of the afternoon sun, which comes slant-wise through the south windows of the nave. There is a hidden meaning in it. There are visions which lie latent in such apples, visions which are all the more readily revealed by their very cultivation. Such visions elevate the soul to Heaven.

Outside, the sun shines brilliantly. After the dim and solemn stillness within, the light is almost incandescent; one shrinks back from it. But the heart is serene and in harmony with all around; as the eye adapts itself and the mind is jogged from meditation, the brown leaves are seen to fall from the plane trees at the far side of the Churchyard, the eye

catches their fluttering fall and ascends to the rounded summits of the trees; then to look beyond into the pale azure sky. They are part of Adel, these things, which have been from the beginning: they are the setting of the Church we have known, and belong to the place as it has appeared to many generations.

THE EARTH OF SOIL AND STONES.

"What a delightfully pointless existence! We are just little drops of water flung up by a wave and then dropping back to be merged in the ocean.

"But, of course, we live for the benefit of posterity so that those who come after may live the life which we have so nobly sacrificed, that is, if they survive. For the Zulus say that the last measure of a full granary is the measure of blood."

From an article by F. J. WEST.



"Incredibly fine horseman, Ponsonby."

PLATO AND THE WOMAN

by

DONALD AUSTIN

PLATO said, in effect, that things are not what they seem. Behind all appearance is the Form. This question of perception, has worried philosophers right up till the present day. But it is really quite simple. Take a look at any beautiful woman.

Without our knowing it, most matrimonial upheavals have been due to this inability to be content with the mere appearance. Plato suggested that all wives should be held in common. This was an anticipation of the congestion of the modern Divorce Court. It is odd that our jurisdiction has failed to explore the possibilities of this solution. For it is the best way, not of abolishing divorce, but of removing the necessity for it, since the question "Who is your wife/husband?" which must be put before proceedings can take place, must inevitably be answered "I don't know," or more accurately, "I don't remember."

It has always amazed me to think why such establishments as the Sphinx at Algiers have not delved into classical antiquity for a better account of their activities and a clearer and more precise definition of their purpose.

Is there any job of work which cannot be done as well by a woman as by a man? Neglecting for the time being what the boy on the back row said when Socrates asked this question, one thing at least occurs to us: Fighting. Perhaps the promoters of those delightful mud-fights which are allowed to take

place in America have perused Book Five of the Republic. At any rate, their efforts are a step in that direction. Or perhaps they were at a University. Perhaps they are attempting an artistic representation of the parallel vocal art of mud-slinging.

However, the coming of the Day of Emancipation (it is certainly not here yet) makes us hope that they will tend not to make the same hash of affairs as men have made. Plato was responsible for a method of enquiry known as di-electric. The essence of this method is to ask a question and then answer it yourself before your victim gets his breath back. Contrary to opinion, it was Winston Churchill who uttered the classic of all dielectric pronouncements:

"And what *are* the traditions of the Navy?—Rum and Lice, Sodomy and the Lash!" Just one of the traditions which might not have found their way into British History if the vote had been extended to women in the reign of Queen Anne.

The most incontrovertible difficulty in the study of all foreign philosophers is their complete inability to write English.¹ Consequently, when translating Plato's Greek, one feels somehow that one is removing one's shirt in public and hoping that one had remembered to put on a clean undervest that morning. With some parts of the work the analogy may be taken further, with proportionally more embarrassment. Perhaps the School Certificate candidate might

even bite his lip and mutter chastely to himself: "Why, oh *why* did I do it?"

But it is possible, after all, that Plato meant no harm. Perhaps he

was stretching out his ecumenical arms magnanimously towards the auditorium of the whole world and saying, with Wallace Beery: "Let's all have a jolly good laugh!"

¹ Resulting in the inadequate translations which reach us through the medium of the modern cinema. Descartes' dictum, for example, that men are machines but have souls found expression in the mouth of Marx (Groucho, *id est*) in his explanation of all extraordinary phenomena: "It's the machine age what does it."

APPRECIATION

I MET an old man down the road,
And I was sorry for him,
For he had no shoes;
But in his hand
He swung a little cage
Which held a nightingale;
And he could scarcely walk,
His feet were so cut by stones.
Yet he seemed happy.
Then I stopped him,
And bade him good-day,
And we talked together;
And in the end
I insisted that he
Should take my shoes,
And I the nightingale.
Now I am lame.
I can go no farther
I have learnt the blessing of shoes:
And as the bird chirps its witless song
I wonder why
He never even thanked me?

HAZEL M. TOWNSON.

TOUGH LUCK

by

F. RAYMOND CHEETHAM.

I AM SITTING in the cafeteria a week or two before the end of last session with a girl and a cup of coffee. But I like the girl. She is tall and we are talking when Bertram comes in through the door, he doesn't hurt himself much and I mention that he has come in to the girl. Bertram hears me and comes over to our table looking very worried, I sympathise with him.

It seems he has an examination to take the like of which you and I passed quite some time ago, but Bert didn't because he never was much good at French anyway. It appears there is some kind of gentlemen's agreement that everyone wanting to take a degree at the University must have matriculated, which after all is quite right, except that Bert didn't think so. He was just settling down into a steady tremble when who should come along but Peter. Now, I have an idea I can help Bert because Pete was always good at French, in fact he's wasted as an engineer. Well anyway, Peter goes and takes this exam. for Bert and no one is any the wiser except Bert whom the examiners think has bucked up no end in handwriting and French.

Now Bert is nothing if not a sportsman and says he will do Pete's engineering for him whilst Pete has a week-end off. It is a great pity Bert isn't good at engineering for Pete gets the sack for not passing and is pretty fed up, what with the prospect of eighteen months, and even more so when he hears that the examiners think Bert's French has improved so much and that he must have put in such a lot of work that they are going to give him a trip across the channel for having the highest mark of the year! Pete feels that he has been done in the eye and I feel I am going to be for suggesting the scheme in the first place and wish I hadn't met neither Bert nor Pete. But that is not quite the end, for although Bert is a good sailor and is going across gratis up comes a storm and Bert gets washed off the ship and drinks so much water he figures he's more at home there and quietly drowns. So maybe he wasn't so lucky after all and is probably cursing (if they let you curse) Pete for doing so well and me for thinking of the idea anyway; and you know I feel a bit of a heel what with Pete in the Army and Bert in heaven.

RICHARD MASON'S COLUMN

IS PSYCHIATRY ALL HOOEY ?

A Medic. friend of mine was asked by a preliminary clinical student the other day, what branch of Medicine he was most interested in. My friend replied that he would very much like to be a psychiatrist. Said the prelim: "Psychiatry is all hooey. We are given all sorts of fancy theories about the causes of certain sets of symptoms and we are never told what can be done about it. What good is it to tell a patient that his pains are all imagination? That never cures him."

I am afraid that my friend rather lost his temper and from what he tells me, the subsequent heated discussion very nearly ended in a display of fisticuffs.

This incident reminds me of another friend—a young lady she was when she first complained of abdominal pain. She had her appendix removed, then her gall-bladder, then her stomach, and in her premature middle life, the surgeons started on the organs in her nether regions. All the excised organs were found to be perfectly healthy. I trust that the new Psychiatry Department will succeed in sufficiently enlightening the present generation of Medical students to prevent such unnecessary mutilation of God's unique creation.

BIGGER AND BETTER STEAKS.

I had a lovely steak the other day. It was five inches long, three inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick. It was served with fried onions, sliced tomatoes and lashings of chips. It cost me one and six. When I was half way through, it suddenly occurred to me that this was the biggest, tenderest, and most delicious steak I had had since I returned from abroad. I couldn't decide whether it was beef, lamb or venison, so I asked the waiter. "Whale steak, sir," he told me.

Whale steaks are excellent and I can recommend them to all my readers. I wonder why I have never seen them in the Union Cafeteria. Perhaps there aren't enough in the country to go around.

A friend of mine has seen whales at play in their breeding grounds in the

Hebrides. It seems to me that we ought to convert part of our navy into a whaling fleet and give our sailors something productive and exciting to do instead of having them perpetuate foul diseases in foreign ports.

A THING OF BEAUTY.

That oval patch of grass near the University Road tram stop is a blot on the landscape. Covered with tall weeds it presents an incongruous picture against the lovely white facade of the new buildings. As a little patch of Nature in the raw it would perhaps contribute to an artistic unity of contrasts, but even this is marred by the horrible transverse scar produced by the caterpillar footsteps of short-cutting students. As you pass by next time, stay awhile and breathe a silent prayer that the powers that be should soon convert this plot into something more pleasing to the eye; a bed of beautiful flowers would be appreciated even by University students.

THE UNION BALL.

Until last year there used to be an annual mad scramble for Union Ball tickets. Students who failed to get tickets from official sources were driven to well established, private black markets where tickets could be obtained at prices ranging from £1 to £3 each.

At last, with a stroke of inspired genius, the 1946 Executive Committee grasped and remedied the situation. Realising that a black market results from a big demand for an article made scarce by real or artificial causes, they provided an unlimited supply of tickets, and converted the J.C.R. into an additional ballroom.

I hope that this system is again put into operation this year. May I suggest a further improvement? In order to provide guests with some place to "sit out," the new cafeteria could be used for supper. It might be connected with the Women's Common Room by a decorated canvas tunnel (in case it rains) and both the W.C.R. and the Social Room would then be reserved for the more amorous aspects of the great occasion.

THIS UGLY CITY OF OURS.

Have the businessmen of Leeds no pride in the appearance of this City? The soot-coated buildings in which they have their offices are a disgrace to the community. It is clear that they have not lost their sense of what is beautiful and clean-looking: witness their lovely homes and gardens in the suburbs. Yet they obviously don't give two hoots about the appearance of the buildings in which they make their money. There is no blackness on the walls of Leeds that water will not remove. The whiteness of the four lions on the steps of the black Town Hall is not entirely due to the activities of pigeons in the neighbourhood.

It is time that the citizens of Leeds voiced their desire for a more beautiful City and vocalised their revulsion against this handiwork of apathetic misers.

(Many business houses in the city have recently had a washing.—ED.).

HOT SUMMERS.

The Summers of childhood usually seem longer and more pleasant than those we experience as adults—even young adults. Those lovely, warm picnics by the river in by-gone days are exaggerated in our memories while the images of cold, rainy weeks are happily suppressed.

In spite of all this, the Summer we have just enjoyed has been the longest and loveliest that I can remember, and the old folks tell me that it has been their best since 1921. Last Winter was the worst for 100 years, and according to the law of averages, this Winter should be really mild. And I hope so too. I am sure no one is looking forward to a repetition of the great 1947 freeze—no matter what one might think about the virtues of embarrassing the Labour Government.

ARE FOREIGNERS CLANNISH ?

The Warden of one of our hostels told an overseas friend of mine: "It has been my experience that if we have two students in Hall from the same country, they immediately get together and don't mix with the other students. For this reason, it is my policy to accept only one student from each foreign country."

The Warden didn't say whether he would give a country like India with its 40 students here the same numerical opportunity at his hostel as he would give to Jamaica's half dozen or to Trinidad's two representatives.

The Warden is apparently unaware of the basic common sense principle that people with similar tastes and problems tend inevitably to drift together regardless of their country of origin, and that if foreigners in a community do not mix with the other residents, the fault must lie largely with the reception they receive in that community.

FREE COMPETITION : STUDENTS GET BETTER MEALS.

The new Cafeteria is to be congratulated on the excellent meals and service it has been giving to students since its inauguration last year. Striking testimony is given to the efficiency of this venture by the scores of Medical and Dental students who last Winter braved the sleet and snow of Tonbridge Street just to have lunch here. In Spring and Summer when better communications were established, The Medical School refectory was practically deserted. This does not surprise me in the least. I had several meals there last year (I was visiting a Medical friend) and was terribly depressed by the filthy tablecloths, the smoky, badly ventilated atmosphere, the long, agonising delay between ordering and serving, the poor quality of the meals, the incivility of some members of the refectory staff and the high charges.

After a few months of free competition, the Medical School refectory lost about three quarters of its patronage, and the University refectory has also had its burden considerably lightened. The respective staffs now appear extremely happy at their task of doing so much for so few.

STUBBLE TROUBLE.

Most women students have, at some time or other, suffered from the above complaint. In fact, statistics (private) reveal that the incidence of stubble trouble varies inversely with that of the boy friend's barber's rash!

I wish that someone at University would start a movement for the cultivation of the noblest of masculine accoutrements—the fully grown beard. Not many young ladies to-day have experienced the soft, caressing thrill of the genuine article. Let me hasten to assure them that when once they have done so they will no longer be satisfied with the cold contact of a face as smooth as a baby's, or the treacherous touch of a human grater. And incidentally, both stubble trouble and barber's rash would be banished for good.

"LOVE FROM A STRANGER"

From the PRODUCER'S

Angle

by PETER TILLOT.

THE tradition of a farce for the Rag Play dies hard apparently. M. Walsh, *The Yorkshire Post* critic, in his note on *Love from a Stranger*, spoke of the play as "sombre fare for a Rag Week production." Perhaps wisely so; at any rate the Theatre Group is disinclined to present a thriller for the Rag again. This year's production was an experiment and the vote of our audiences seems to be for something in a lighter vein.

As a thriller the play was not the best choice; but, as with so many of the Group's productions, the only one available at short notice. Like Emlyn Williams' thrillers it shows all the faults of the actor-playwright creating a part for himself. On a professional stage all we need is the late Frank Vosper and a

supporting cast who are merely technically competent. Similarly with *Night Must Fall*, *The Wind of Heaven* and *The Morning Star*. But Williams has an advantage over Vosper: he is a better workman, and some, if not all, of his players can make their voices heard without the fascination of their author's Welsh accent.

Certainly this is true of *Night Must Fall*: just as it is not untrue of *Love from a Stranger*. The different quality of the dialogue and the way in which the tension is allowed to fall show that, without the peculiar attraction that Vosper himself had for his audiences, the play is very shallow. The very similarity between the two plays shows how dangerously easy it is to mishandle such a theme.

Despite the disadvantages it was an invigorating experience trying to reap the meadows of corn; and fascinating to see how each of our audiences laughed and cried in different places—and in none of them where we expected them to do either.



L to R—Pamela Semple, Eileen Hewson, Richard Gendell, Brian Golding and Margaret Webster.
Seated—Dennis Cahal and Rita Allen.



The CRITIC in the Stalls

by

AUNTY LOUISE (Eileen Hewson)

and HODGSON (Richard Gendell).

"NEANDER."

*"There is no ancient Gentleman,
but gardeners
..... They hold up Adam's profession"*

HAMLET.

THE purpose of the Rag Play is that of the Rag itself—the extortion of hard cash from the public. It is not the critic's task to disagree with this aim; he can only regret that this consideration led to the selection of a play so intrinsically worthless and so hackneyed as *Love from a Stranger*. Worthless because it told us nothing save that young women with money ought not to marry plausible strangers with dyed hair, and hackneyed because every backstreet Drama Society, dazzled by the play's meretricious success as a film and on the radio, has felt itself impelled to produce its own version.

Producer and cast, however, did not allow themselves to be unduly worried by the play's essential falseness. They worked hard and long, and the result possessed an entertainment value only slightly less than a show at the local Palace of Varieties. Indeed, a certain rarefied and melancholy pleasure (akin to that produced by prodding an aching

tooth) might have been obtained by a spectator with a warped sense of humour, and a feeling for the drama.

Rita Allen, miscast as the young wife, struggled hard with her intractable material, but we never really believed that a woman so obviously intelligent would fall for such lines as those spoken by the blonde stranger (Dennis Cahal) who, in fact, seemed hardly to believe it himself. Eileen Hewson as the Aunt made the best of some mediocre lines and the play's two doubtful jokes, whilst Margaret Webster found nothing difficult in the part of the understanding friend. One's sympathy went out to Gadsby Peet who, in spite of the lush corn of his lines, yet captured at least the feminine part of the audience. Richard Gendell, as the gardener, brought a disconcerting breath of fresh air and life into this most stagy of plays. Pamela Semple and Brian Golding gave almost the similitude of life to their cardboard parts.

THE IDLE MAN'S FRUIT

by "AGRICOLA"

Illustrated by J. S. WHITELEY.



THE Banana is the most widely known of all Tropical fruits. It has an attractive shape and colour; its convenient size makes it easy to handle; it is a natural sterile packet whose contents can be exposed and eaten with the minimum of embarrassment in any surroundings.

Like the human being, more than three quarters of its weight is water. The remaining 25% contain Sucrose, Glucose, Fructose, Cellulose, Pentosans, Pectins, Mucilages, Fats, Globulins, mineral salts, vitamins and other substances.

A ripe pre-war banana would contain 100 calories; 24 bananas should supply all the energy for an average student's day. There is little foundation for the claim that additional bananas are required for Engineers and Medical students.

Although a native of South-east Asia, more bananas are to-day exported from the West Indies and Central America than from the whole of the East. Scores of varieties are known in Caribbean Lands and hundreds in the East. Two varieties are commonly seen in Britain: the large "Gros Michael" and the smaller inferior "Canary."



A sudden downpour is no occasion for blasphemy in Banana-land. The ingenious native conserves his vocabulary by carrying on his head with dextrous calm the green, natural umbrella of a benevolent banana leaf. The leaves also take the place of newspapers... for wrapping the tropical equivalents of fish and chips.

The banana plant has an interesting anatomy fully half of which is below the surface of the soil. The "trunk" portion is nothing but a column of leaf bases enclosing a growing bud which eventually emerges at the top, hangs over the side and develops into the familiar "bunch" or "stem." As the bunch hangs at the green-grocer's, the fruits generally point downwards. On the plant, the free ends of the bananas are always upward.

Banana growing has its difficulties: Panama Disease has been known to destroy almost entire plantations. The leaves simply turn yellow, then wither and the plant dies. It is supposed to be a virus disease. Frog-eye Blight caused by the *Cercospora* fungus gives the leaves the pattern suggested by the name.

Banana breeders have been hard at work. There is no truth in the rumour that they have been trying to produce fruits fitted with zip-fasteners. It is also officially denied that they have been working on a non-skid type of skin.

It is a fact that banana breeders have developed a variety which is resistant to the diseases we have mentioned. Pollen was taken from a wild, seeded variety and placed on the stigmas of "Gros Michael" flowers. The offspring was resistant to disease, but sometimes produced hard seeds. As these were rather rough on dentures, the offspring was back-crossed on "Gros Michael" and the edible, resistant I.C.2 variety was born.

For countless centuries the banana plant has held a prominent place in Hindu marriage ceremonies.

Transporting the banana from its home in the tropics is a specialised business. An armada of banana ships fitted with high class refrigeration provided a regular feature of the Caribbean sea-scape before the war. In 1941, the ships were switched to the non-luxury task of literally bringing home the bacon from America.

Bananas must be stored at 53 degrees Fahrenheit during the 14 to 17 day voyage. During the trip all carbon dioxide and ripening odours produced by the fruit must be removed by vacuum, as these hasten the ripening process. For this reason, all prematurely ripened fruit are



either dumped directly overboard or fed to passengers. Upon arrival in this country the fruit is ripened for 5—10 days at 65 degrees Fahrenheit.

Pisang wax is obtained from the leaves of one species of banana. From the trunks are obtained dye-stuffs, paper pulp and potash fertiliser. The fruit skins are used as animal fodder. The fruits themselves give banana chips, banana figs, banana wine and liqueur, essence, alcohol, vinegar, pectin and banana splits.

Some people prefer the flavour of the refrigerated fruit to that when freshly picked. The flavour, fresh or refrigerated, is for me only a memory.

Humorous anecdotes inspired by the ubiquitous banana have convulsed the British public for many decades. The best one I ever heard is about the... (Censored—ED).

A recent cartoon in *Punch* showed a large and a tiny banana with the tiny one saying, "Mummy, what is England?"

EMPTY VESSELS AT THE A.G.M.

"It is deplorable that we students of Leeds should allow such despicable conduct among a few of our members to have any effect, or even to continue at all. As it has been an annual occurrence now for some years, there is a tendency to accept it as a tradition. Such a course cannot be too strongly condemned, and the sooner the practice is forgotten the better for the Union."

"Such a meeting should be an occasion for the students to become acquainted with the affairs of the Union, and the opportunity for members to bring up points to which they think attention should be drawn."

"Stamp out (the hooliganism) by closing the balcony to all men students; by refusing admission to those with rattles and other playthings; by calling the meeting on a Saturday when only those really interested will attend or, as a last resort, by adjourning the meeting sine die."

From an article by DAVID W. BEAL.

HOW TO WRITE AN ESSAY.

"Now to deal with attempts at successful conclusions: they should be short and clear; this tends to cause the reader to fold the paper before tearing it up. Again, it should be smooth and gentle, like oil on troubled waters, yet at the same time it should leave a definite impression on the reader's mind, in the author's favour whenever possible."

"Having combined all these qualities and terminated in a firm manner, you modestly write your initials at the bottom right-hand corner of the page and hope for a befitting reward."

From an article by A. R. FLETCHER.

IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

"When one gets to Czechoslovakia from Germany, one notes involuntarily the contrast between a certain apathy, an indifference to their country's future among the German population, and the buoyant zest and energy with which the Czechs tackle problems of public interest."

"Czechoslovakia is throbbing with life. The streets of Prague are full of people at every hour of the day. The shops are doing brisk business. Cafes are thronged with people in the evening. Principal streets and squares are bright with illuminated advertising. Everything is intensely alive."

From an article by M. S. IYENGAR.

WE BELIEVE . . .

by

R. W. J. YIEND

This is the first of a series of articles which are being written to clear away any misconceptions and dispel any vague notions about Christianity, and its place in the world in which we live. Nothing of compromise or ambiguity will be written, therefore all who are puzzled, irritated, half-persuaded, or unmoved by the faith of a Christian are asked to read these articles with sincerity. You are asked to bring nothing to them, save your reason and honesty, and it is earnestly hoped that you will scrutinize your own beliefs about man and the universe in the light of the Christian revelation of God, and His Will for human immortality.

CHRISTIANITY is NOT a facile philosophy, a system of ethics, or a refuge for the grief-stricken, the soft-hearted, and the scoundrel; nor is it even a religious relic of "Merrie England," jealously guarded by a minority of superstitious cranks.

It embodies a Vital Message from a Living God to the individual human soul. Christianity is an urgent proclamation of the reality and love of God appearing in the form and personality and works of a man—Jesus of Nazareth.

It is my desire to repeat the text of that Message in clear and vigorous words, because I believe that in this ever-troubled world it is the only message which has any relevance to the hope and destiny of mankind—and "mankind" includes every man and woman within the precincts of Leeds University.

There was once a time when religious matters were openly and eagerly discussed. But nowadays, these topics must not be mentioned at all; they must never be breathed in polite society; they must not be allowed to disturb the complacent drift of daily life, as each person chooses to live it; they must never penetrate the frigid atmospheres of the intellect; nor must they be echoed down the hallowed halls of a University.

Whenever people gather and talk about life and death and man and destiny, the mention of the word "God" throws the assembly into confusion. There is an

awkward silence: someone looks round for a way of escape, a nearby door or an open window . . .

Is it not strange? Is it not passing strange that people feel like this—that they should shrink before the discussion of such a vital matter? If God is the champion of love, beauty, goodness and justice, as He is popularly supposed to be, why should anyone be embarrassed by the mention of His name? Surely we have heard enough of the other things in recent years—hate, ugliness, evil and injustice. The question is a universal one.

Yet there is a simple answer. For whenever God is introduced into the conversation, we all become aware (however faintly) of an ineluctable Truth, which underlies the stratum of our visible world: an unpopular Truth. A Truth which tilts at favourite idols, ridicules inflated pride and empty vanities, points out the difficult way, and causes conceit to swell into self-righteous indignation. Little wonder that we are so often embarrassed by the thought of a God.

So it is then that many of us at many times, when we appear to "get along very well, thank you," will not face up to God because His Truth is unwelcome; because His Call makes a spiritual claim upon our lives. We may well recognise in the Voice of God a commandment which would conflict with some selfish ambition, some immoral course, some dishonest practice, some favourite sin—even if only that of pride in our own virtues. It is this spiritual claim upon our vital activities which is resented and resisted to the last ditches of arrogance and conceit. The demands of God are not often well received. If only we could realise that they come from a loving Father, who is concerned with our well-being in this world and in the world to come.

BELIEF or disbelief in God may be more a matter of instinct or intuition than of intellect: for a man can believe in only what he feels to be true. But it is easy enough for such an instinct to be

deliberately stifled by burying one's personality in the shifting sands of life's vanities, vexations and false ideals. This ostrich-like habit of ignoring the reality of God can only lead to the tragedy of spiritual starvation. And it is significant that a life lived without God so often proves obstructive to the fulfilment of human happiness.

Of course, you may well say (after bearing with the author thus far) that there is, for you, no logical necessity for the belief in a God : that all these religious ideas are really elaborate defence mechanisms, improvised by the human mind to protect the delicate dream-worlds, the wishful thought-life, and the fond heavenly visions against "logic's icy douche."

If that is the case, then we are indeed sorry for your sake. To you is left the desolate highway to annihilation, the lonely brilliance of a reality which has no meaning. For you must tread the road where courage itself is a mockery ; and your only comfort is the mournful song of the atheist :

To laugh a little,
And for a little pain to cry ;
To live a little,
And for eternity to die . . .

Here is a concise summary of what we believe, being the Good News of Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Saviour of the World.

We are followers of Jesus Christ, because we believe that ALL the claims He made for Himself are literally true.

That He was the incarnate Son of God, the only complete revelation of God to man : the Light of the world : the Way,

the Truth, the Life : the Resurrection and the giver of Eternal Life.

That He lived a perfectly Holy and exemplary life.

That He died a criminal's death, so that God was able to accept the sacrifice of His perfect life as a ransom for as many as will look to the Cross in faith for the forgiveness of their sins. As St. John expressed it :

"...God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life."

So lived Christ, and died, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God—that as many as believe on the Son of God should not enter into God's judgment, but are passed from spiritual death into Life. To embrace this amazing truth and to follow the teachings of our Master does not mean that we suddenly become holy, or miserable, or very virtuous ; it simply means that instead of walking in darkness, we shall have the Light of Life.

That Christ rose from the dead and ascended into "heaven."

That He is alive in spirit in the world TO-DAY, and that wherever He is in the hearts of men and women, there is the Kingdom of God.

Finally, we believe that such a revolutionary faith would inspire all true Christians to tackle their daily lives in a "new and living way," as people who have indeed been "born again," as folk with an enduring vision, a glorious hope, and an abiding peace ; as having nothing (of their own), yet possessing all things.

FASCISM IN BRITAIN.

"In Britain, the active Fascists are still allowed liberty to spread their ideas. Mosley and his followers are laboriously building up their organisations, finances, 'reform' parties and associations and 'non-political' book clubs.

"It is not enough to point to the numerical weakness of the Fascists and their followers ; they have found powerful allies in the past and will find them in the future. This is not to say that Fascism is inevitable in Britain. It is not. If it is not allowed to exist, it cannot menace democracy.

"But attempts will be made to revive Fascism ; it will be called anything but Fascism ; its aim will be suitably disguised ; but it is fairly certain that somewhere in it will be buried the ideas of anti-Semitism, Chauvinism and racial discrimination, with appropriate trimmings.

"The price of freedom is eternal vigilance."

From an article by M. R. ASHWORTH and H. H. MOHUN.

INDIA AND BRITAIN

We received last term an excellent article: "Verdict on India," from Mr. Contractor, research student at the University. Dr. Nagrath, student at the Medical School, was asked to reply. The controversial issues discussed are no longer topical, but we publish the following excerpts as a summing up of progressive thought for the future.—

THE EDITOR.

TO-DAY India stands on the threshold of independence. At long last a fruition of the unwearying labours and great sacrifices of the Nationalists is in sight. What verdict can Britain expect from posterity on her management of Indian affairs? No doubt she has been culpable of many blunders, but an impartial review will clearly show that her achievements far outweigh and outnumber her mistakes.

R. B. CONTRACTOR.

HAVING been in very intimate contact with many Britishers during the last four years while serving with the Forces in various theatres of war, I have a high opinion of the British as individuals and as a nation, far be it from me to belittle any of their sincere attempts, sometimes at great personal sacrifice, to improve the lot of my countrymen. They have achieved certain things for which we are indebted to them; on the other hand the Britisher in India cannot be absolved of all responsibility for some of our present day troubles. I am a firm believer in the

great future that awaits India. There are limitless fields where Indo-British co-operation will be beneficial not only to both countries, but to the world as a whole.

There is little doubt that we will forget the unpleasant past and start on a new era of co-operation, equality and prosperity for all. May I quote Mr. Attlee (10/7/47, in the House of Commons, speaking on the India Independence Bill) "My hope is that we may forget past differences and remember how often and in how many fields of human endeavour Britons and Indians have worked together in harmony." There is little doubt that Britain to-day has atoned for the failings of yesterday, by such peaceful handing over of power which is unique in the history of the world, and Britain is entitled to the highest praise from all freedom loving peoples of the world. The people of India will part with Britain and her people in a spirit of genuine goodwill, and with a keen desire to renew relationships on terms of complete equality and warmhearted friendship.

C. L. NAGRATH.

JUNK AND PREJUDICE.

"A university education has been wasted if the graduate is not capable of throwing overboard the mental junk and prejudice which is rife to-day, and of putting his learning in its right perspective in relation to other branches of learning."

From an article by F. J. WEST.

UTOPIA.

"'Utopia,' or 'Flowers of Progress,' was produced in 1893. The story concerned an island in the middle of the sea where everything really was Utopian, until it decided to anglicise itself, and become thoroughly British. This, of course, upset things completely, but all, eventually, ended well."

From an article by P. G. BELL.

Evensong—Luschai Hills.

"ROCK OF AGES CLEFT FOR ME"
And a Butterfly poised and fluttering
 "LET ME HIDE MYSELF IN THEE"
Glorious coloured and trembling
Rests as we sing at Evensong,
at Evensong.

"COULD MY ZEAL NO RESPITE KNOW"
Somewhere near shrill cicadas
 "COULD MY TEARS FOR EVER FLOW"
Quivering in full-voiced delight
Sing as we sing at Evensong,
at Evensong.

"NOTHING IN MY HAND I BRING"
Still-green a matchstick mantis
 "SIMPLY TO THY CROSS I CLING"
In holy attitude, kneeling
Preys as we pray at Evensong,
at Evensong.

"WHILE I DRAW THIS FLEETING BREATH"
So the roaring river's flood
 "WHILE MINE EYES ARE CLOSED IN DEATH"
In brown torrent rushing, quickens
As my heart quickens at Evensong,
at Evensong.

T. N. S. LENNAM,
 Arts.

Manipur River,
 Tiddim Road MS. 144,
 MANIPUR - BURMA, 1944.

In Memoriam (El Alamein, October 23rd, 1942).

Watch from your place amidst the stars and weep
To see the victims of your violent end
Lamenting their unbandaged wounds ; O, leap
From heaven with avenging cry and send
Your anger thundering down the night ;
Search out the pale historian who writes
Fastidious lies of men who fight,
Of men who fought and in the savage lights
Resolved the ultimate equation, Death.
Sing him the song you sang when weak with fear
You walked to hell. O, blind him with truth's breath ;
Destroy his works. And those whom you hold dear,
Whose unwept tears would fill a thousand seas,
Fold them in tenderness and bring them ease.

VERNON SCANNELL.

« Les Vaincus . . . »

Enfants d'ébène, aux yeux limpides
Qui me regardez d'un air triste et distraît
Gamines déjà vieilles, aux tailles souples, aux poitrines bombées
Qui à l'âge ou nos jeunes s'amuse des poupées
Avez déjà rendu les mystères de vos corps vierges
Vous me quettez, ma pâleur vous étonne
Comme Narcisse s'éblouissait de sa propre chair.
J'assume une prestance divine une grandeur éphémère
Symbole de voire race ancienne, humble et débattue
Éprouvez-vous, ô vainqueurs d'autrefois une rancœur
Un sentiment de gloire, de noblesse dépourvue ?
Même ce petit aux yeux de jais,
Mordant les mamelons de sa mère,
Ne suce-t-il pas de ces sources amères
Un goût de défaite, la putréfaction malsaine
Du désespoir qui coule dans ses veines ?

S. J. COLLIER.

Redbrick Professor.

*The houses crouch like alley cats
Hot and stinking in the sun :
The tottering trees hang out like tongues
Their dusty smouldering aching leaves :
Like an angry bull the tram
Crashes wildly into town,
And there he sits and rocks and reads
As though on gentle Argive seas,
Of Lesbia or Sabine farm,
His mind in cloistered Cambridge calm.*

GEORGE HAUGER

The Question of Scansion.

*The question of scansion of Old English verse
Is most unprepossessingly cloudy :
The mind that does battle with Cynewulf's line
Is doomed to be shown up as dowdy.*

*It's a question of syllable stresses, you see—
Exactly as speech would determine ;
And articulation sans rhythm is like
Gorgonzola without any vermin.*

*It's useless, I mean, if your speech has no beat,
Notwithstanding your knowledge of grammar ;
And I'm finding my scansion a difficult job—
And this is my trouble : I stammer !*

*Now I really do try, insofar as I can,
To exhibit complete understanding :
But how can I hope with my grasshopper speech
To scan with assurance, or tangibly reach
The standard the Prof. is demanding ?*

W. E. JONES.

B.D.S.A. CONFERENCE

THE Second Annual General Meeting of the British Dental Students' Association was held in Leeds during the Summer vacation from July 15th to 18th. In addition to 84 representatives from the 15 Dental Schools in Britain there were 17 foreign guests from America, Norway, Sweden, France, Holland, Denmark and Eire.



After the Honorary Degree Ceremony.

Left to Right: Mr. H. A. MAHONY,
Prof. T. TALMADGE READ,
Mr. W. G. SENIOR.

The varied programme included an Honorary Degree ceremony at which Mr. W. G. Senior, Secretary of the British Dental Association, and Mr. H. A. Mahoney, Principal Dental Officer Ministry of Health, each received the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy. They were presented by Professor T. T. Read, who is Warden of the Leeds Dental School, and also President of the B.D.S.A. for the year 1946-47.

The B.D.S.A. were honoured by the Minister of Health, the Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, who addressed an open meeting

on "The National Health Service Bill." Other lectures of more academic nature were presented by Professor H. V. Dicks, Professor of Psychiatry; and Dr. H. J. Rogers, Nuffield Research Fellow in Oral Biology.

It was unfortunate that the crowded nature of the programme did not allow delegates as much time as they would have wished to examine the clinical demonstrations and films in the Dental School.

At the General Meeting of the Association Mr. M. Saunders, President of the Leeds Dental Students' Society, was elected President of the B.D.S.A. for the forthcoming year. The meeting was followed by the Annual Dinner and Dance, with which the Conference ended.

The social success of a conference is rarely in doubt, but complete success depends on a spontaneous exchange of ideas on all subjects between the individual delegates. The interest and friendliness with which different, and at times conflicting, points of view were discussed showed that in this respect the conference was indeed a success; this applied in particular to the foreign guests with whom the discussions on dentistry were perhaps the least important.

R.C.W.D.
A.G.

SONG.

*Rake the fire,
Snuff the candle;
Desire won't kindle
More.*

*The old power
To passion
Is now our mission
O'er.*

*Lift your hair
From my heart now;
This is where
We shut the door.*

MOLLIE HERBERT.

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.

The 1946-47 session was a very interesting one for the International Society. This was due largely to the increased enthusiasm shown by members of the Society as a whole.

For the coming year, a very full and interesting programme has been arranged, the initial meeting on **Thursday, 9th October**, will be a Freshers' Social and Tea—free to all members and Freshers.

Other activities will include visits to places in Yorkshire of historic, literary and general interest, a visit to the Pantomime, lectures, debates and social evenings to enable overseas and British students to interchange information and impressions about each other's countries.

The Society is closely associated with the United Nations Students' Association, and attempts to keep its members in touch with current international affairs through its discussions, debates and guest speakers.

It is hoped that all those interested will contact the joint secretaries on Bazaar Day or at the Social.

RUTH BRECHNER,
VALERIE MERCER,
Joint Secretaries.

GERMAN SOCIETY.

Was fällt Ihnen bei Fremdsprachen am schwersten ?

"Das Sprechen natürlich"—ist die Antwort, die man gewöhnlich erhält. Die "German Society" hat es sich daher zur Aufgabe gemacht, ihren Mitgliedern über diesen wunden Punkt dadurch hinwegzuhelfen, dass sie ihnen reichlich Gelegenheit gibt sich im Sprechen zu üben. Da nun alle dieselbe Schwierigkeit zu überwinden haben, braucht sich niemand zu schämen oder schüchtern sein, wenn es nicht gleich so gut geht, wie man gern möchte. Auch hier gilt das Sprichwort: Übung macht den Meister.

Da die "German Society" ein sehr abwechslungsreiches Programm bietet, kann man bei ihren Versammlungen—ganz abgesehen von jedem Nützlichkeitsstandpunkt—manche angeregte und heitere Stunden verbringen. Die diesjährigen Veranstaltungen hängen natürlich von den Entscheidungen der Generalversammlung ab, d.h. von den Wünschen der Studenten, die interessiert genug sind, um an ihr teilzunehmen; und hier sind nicht nur die gemeint, die Deutsch als Fach studieren, sondern alle, die ihre Deutschkenntnisse erhalten und erweitern wollen.

Besonders "Füchse" sind herzlichst eingeladen, den Versammlungen der "German Society" beizuwohnen, wo sie sich zweifellos bald überzeugen werden wie leicht Arbeit mit Vergnügen verbunden werden kann.

F.M.J.

MATHEMATICAL CLUB.

The Mathematical Club aims at promoting an interest in Mathematics among the students at the University, and in doing so provides an opportunity for Mathematicians and other students to meet socially.

This session the provisional programme includes a motor coach outing for members and their friends to some local place of interest, a long awaited visit to the offices of *The Yorkshire Post*, and a revival of the Annual Dinner. It is hoped that we shall be able to hold our Social on the first Saturday of the third term, as we did last year, when it was a great success. In addition there will probably be a few theatre visits arranged; and there will naturally be several lectures on Mathematics and allied subjects. The President will give his customary annual address at the first meeting, when it is hoped that all members will be present.

J.G.W.

DEBATES' SOCIETY.

Once again we bid welcome to the Ex-Servicemen and Scholars who are entering a new phase in their lives.

A former President of this Union, in his address to "Freshers" at their reception, said that it should be the ambition of every student to excel in at least one Branch of Union life. I think he was referring to such activities as Music, Drama, Sport, etc., but there is one aspect of Union life which is essential to all students for their future career. In every walk of life, in every profession, self-confidence, self-expression and a strong personality are the key factors in achieving the greatest success.

The Debating Society provides the platform for the development of these factors, and all Union members, who automatically become members of the Society, should take the opportunity of

participating in some way in the discussions and debates. These meetings can only be successful if the Committee receives the support it needs, especially with regard to "Main Speakers." It is from the Freshers of To-day that are born the "University Orators" of To-morrow, not only for Home Debates, but also for delegations to other Universities.

During the coming session, there will be about three meetings per month, the first of which will take the form of a Public Speaking Contest on the 14th October, at 7-30 p.m. (See *Union News* for details). We can promise you a mixture of serious debates (political or otherwise), humorous discussions, and the sombre ritual of Parliamentary Procedure, rich with lively and amusing repartee.

Roll up, Freshers—Let's hear you!

JON RUMMELSBURG,

Hon. Secretary.

ROY DICKINSON and STANLEY GUY.

IT WAS WITH VERY GREAT REGRET THAT THEIR MANY FRIENDS IN THE University heard of the tragic death of Roy Dickinson and Stanley Guy, who were drowned on the outset of a holiday on the Norfolk Broads.

They both entered the University from Normanton Grammar School in 1943 and studied in the Department of Physics, where they were awarded the degree of B.Sc. in January, 1946. Then they separated, Roy taking up an appointment as a research physicist with Metropolitan Vickers in Manchester, and Stanley joining the Patents Branch of the Civil Service in London. After the interim period of settling down in these new lines both were on the threshold of brilliant careers.

While at the University both men were keen sportsmen: Guy representing the University at both Soccer and Boxing.

All who knew these two men will remember them as great companions and true friends.

The members of the Union join in extending their sympathy to both their families in their great loss.

G.E.

ROUND THE HALLS

WOODSLEY.

At the beginning of Year II.

Last year, about a fortnight before term began, a circular letter was sent to twenty-seven students saying that, after all, places were vacant for them in a University Hostel: Woodsley was starting up as a Hall of Residence for male students. They were recommended to bring two towels and any crockery they might require in their own rooms....

The twenty-seven turned out to be a mixed lot: two-thirds were Freshers and, of these, two-thirds again were straight from the Services. They represented all the Faculties and many of the Departments of the University, but there was no evidence of the hand-sorting and scientific selection which goes on, they say, at other places. Where students had to share rooms, it was obvious that some care had been taken to pair off men who were not clearly incompatible, but there were no questionnaires and no interviews: what discretion had been used must have been based on conjecture. In any case a fortnight was not enough to do breeding experiments and juggle about with names—as it was, it was difficult to get the building prepared and equipment installed in time for the beginning of term. The success Woodsley has had as a living unit, the internal harmony there has been throughout the year, and the happiness which each student individually has enjoyed makes such schemes seem now quite unnecessary.

For Woodsley has been a success. During this last year much has been achieved to establish the tradition and good family feeling which hostels and all other centres of communal life should have. Much has been done, too, to establish for the place a fondness and popularity with the world outside. It has gained a reputation—for having a Social Secretary who replies to invitations and for other officials who meet other obligations, for crazy socials which, nevertheless, have an air of sociability ("I like going to Woodsley—they have so many hosts"), for reliability in many things requiring

corporate action. Everyone was in the Rag, in the house-to-house collection or in the celebrated Woodsley Duck in the Rag Procession. There was a Bowls Match with Weetwood....

After the exams. were over the whole house was busy—the cynics said they were busier than *before* the exams., but the results belied cynicism—and the most important event of this period was the farewell dinner given in honour of Dr. Chambers and Miss Best, who were shortly to be married—an event which was to deprive Woodsley of its Warden. Dr. Chambers, it might be said, *is* Woodsley Hall: it was founded under him and he kept it going through an extremely difficult year; a troublesome domestic staff have been held together and an even more unruly set of students, led by a truculent House Committee, have been kept in order—yet he has always commanded that mixture of admiration and popularity essential to the government of all communities. We wish him success and happiness in married life: Mrs. Chambers will find him firm but easily manageable.

At this farewell dinner there was another toast: Frank Earnshaw was saying goodbye as his nuptials too had just been announced. It looked at one point as if the wine bottle was not large enough for such multiple celebration, but we just managed it and yet another Woodsley function ended happily and with aplomb.

So here we are at the beginning of a new session, with a new Warden, some new students and a year's experience: our common barometer is set "Fair with Bright Prospects." It may be our last, for it was not intended that Woodsley should be permanently a University Hostel and it is said that the lease was taken out only for two years. If its future existence depended merely on its success, Woodsley could well last for ever. If year II is as good as the first year was, it might.

G.A.W.

Leeds University Old Students' Association

LEEDS AND WEST RIDING BRANCH.

Now that Fire Watching has ended and you are threatened with a famine of American films, why not give the O.S.A. a trial.

A party of Old Students (of all ages) meets regularly in the O.S.A. Room in the Union Building. We cater for all tastes and try to remember that we belong to what Sir Michael Sadler described as the "friendliest University."

Our activities next session will begin with a Grand Social on October 15th. If possible it will be held in the Social Room but, if this is not available, in the O.S.A. Room. We hope to see all our old friends and very many new ones.

The programme for the first part of the Session is:—

Wednesday, October 15th. Social.

Saturday, October 25th.

"The Shirley Country."

We shall meet in the O.S.A. Room at 2 p.m., and Miss Blackburn will give a short talk on the subject and then lead an excursion to the Red House, Birstall, etc.

(If you wish to go please inform the Secretary so that transport can be arranged. Will there be a spare seat in your car? If so, please inform the Secretary).

Monday, November 3rd.

"Ghosts and Thrillers."

At which we shall all tell our favourite ghost stories.

Monday, November 17th.

"Underground Exploration."

A lecture with lantern slides by Mr. W. D. Corner on potholing.

Unless otherwise stated, all meetings will be held in the O.S.A. Room at 7 p.m.

We also play Badminton. If you would like further particulars please inform Miss L. Archer, 41, St. Michael's Road, Headingley, Leeds, 6, or the Secretary:

L. M. SUTTON, Hon. Sec.,

7, Woodsley Terrace,
Leeds, 2.

News of Interest to Old Students

FAIRLEY.—A new book by Professor Barker Fairley (Mods., 1904-07), entitled *A Study of Goethe*, is announced by the Oxford University Press for publication shortly.

HESELDIN.—G. Heseldin (Engineering, 1919-22) has been appointed Deputy General Manager (Production) of Iraq Petroleum Co., Ltd., and is engaged on the exploration of oil-fields in the Middle East.

JONES.—A book by Geraint V. Jones, one of the £10,000 United Nations literary competition selections (sponsored by Messrs. Hutchinson) has just been published under the title *Democracy and Civilization*.

TYLER.—Cyril Tyler has just been appointed Professor of Agricultural Chemistry at the University of Reading.

CLAY.—Norman L. Clay's latest book is an anthology of good plain prose by writers from Cobbett's day to ours who have taken part in affairs; it is called "Record and Report," and is published by Heinemann at 3/6.

JAMIESON.—Professor J. K. Jamieson has retired from the Chair of Anatomy at Dublin University.

WALTON.—James Walton, of Huddersfield, has been appointed education officer for the district of Mafeteng in Basutoland.

RETIREMENT of Miss McLAREN.

A presentation is to be made later this term to Miss McLaren in appreciation of her valued and outstanding work as Warden of Oxley Hall since 1932, and as an expression of the high regard in which she is held, not only throughout the University but by the many old students who have been privileged to know her.

Donations to "The McLaren Testimonial Fund" may be sent until October 31st, either to the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. D. Tunbridge, 11, West Parade, Leeds, 6, or to Lloyds Bank Limited, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, 2.

BIRTHS.

ARMITAGE.—To Dr. J. R. and Mrs. Ruth Armitage (formerly Williams), on May 25th, a daughter. Address: Stockwell Mount, Bridge Street, Batley.

BASTER.—To Dr. Norman and Mrs. Audrey V. Baster (née Iles), at Sharoe Green Hospital, Preston, on April 19th, a son.

QUAYLE.—To Dr. G. and Mrs. Molly Quayle, of 176, Beeston Road, Leeds, 11, on May 3rd, a daughter.

RZEPECKI.—To Przemyslaw and Elizabeth Rzepecki (née Barton, Latin 1931-34), at the Nunthorpe Nursing Home, York, on May 21st, a daughter.

SCOTT.—To J. W. (Classics, B.A., 1937) and Mrs. Scott (formerly Elizabeth Bennet), on May 2nd, a son, Timothy Joseph. Mr. Scott is now Librarian of Birkbeck College, University of London.

WIGGLESWORTH.—To Dr. F. W. and Mrs. Wigglesworth (formerly Pauline Wynne), at the Willows, Bramley, on May 28th, a son.

CAPPER.—To Dr. J. I. and Mrs. Capper (formerly Margaret Hutchinson), on June 3rd, a son.

HUNT.—To Mr. A. W. M. and Dr. U. M. Hunt (née Kirk), of 2, Shadwell Walk, Moortown, Leeds, on June 29th, a son.

RANDLE.—To Mr. G. O. Randle (B. Comm, formerly Assistant Librarian) and Mrs. Phyllis Randle (née Briggs), on July 10th, a son, Jeremy Ormonde. Mrs. Randle was formerly secretary to the University Librarian.

STEWART.—To Dr. H. E. and Mrs. Mary Stewart, at 209, Boroughbridge Road, York, on June 5th, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BAILEY-HARGRAVE.—Reginald T. Bailey to Joyce Hargrave (History, 1936-40), at All Saints Church, Hessele, on March 1st, 1947. Present address: Hesselewood, Stafford Road, Coven Heath, Wolverhampton.

PARKER-SMALLWOOD.—Wilfred A. Parker to Wendy Smallwood (Agriculture, 1937-40), on April 8th, 1947. Address: Lower Upton, Little Hereford, near Ludlow, Salop.

BURRELL-KNOWLES.—Peter Stanley R. Burrell, M.B., Ch.B., of Wetherby, to Helena Barbara Knowles, of Wrexham, on May 31st, at Berse Drelincourt, Wrexham.

COLTMAN-BAILEY.—Joseph B. Colman, M.B., Ch.B., of Leeds, to Katharine M. Dawson, M.B., Ch.B., of Hull, at St. John's Church, Newland, Hull, on June 5th.

FORSYTH-TOMBS.—Surgeon-Lieut. James D. Forsyth (Dental), of Wensley Road, Leeds, to June Dorothy Tombs, of Doncaster, on June 18th, at St. Matthew's Church, Chapel Allerton, Leeds.

MILNE-NICHOLSON.—Lieut.-Col. William Proctor Milne, only son of Professor and Mrs. Milne, of Leeds, to Eileen Mary Nicholson, of Innerleithen, on June 14th, at Innerleithen.

SANDERS-WILLIAMSON.—Herbert Sanders of North Finchley, London, to Daisy Williamson, daughter of Professor and Mrs. A. V. Williamson, of Leeds, on August 16th, at St. James' Church, Woodside.

TREHERN-LEAF.—Frank Charles Trehern, B.A., LL.B., of Highgate, London, to Elfrida Leaf, M.A., of Naburn, on August 6th, at St. Matthew's Church, Naburn.

DEATH

HIRST.—Rev. John Crosland Hirst, rector of Haworth, died on August 17th. He took Classics at the University from 1905 to 1909, in the latter year gaining the degree of Master of Arts. At Haworth, where he had been rector since 1925, he naturally took a keen interest in the Brontës. He had held curacies in various parts of England and had been principal of a Church Missionary Society training school at Maseno, near Kisumu, in the Mombasa diocese of British East Africa.

BARBIER.—August 11th, at Beech Grove, Otley. Paul Emile Auguste Barbier, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D., Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, Emeritus Professor of French in the University of Leeds.

We deeply regret that considerations of space prevent us from including a fitting appreciation of our former President in this issue of *The Gryphon*. This will appear in the next number.

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The Union stands for the unification of the teaching profession. Its membership, therefore, embraces teachers in all types of primary, secondary schools, and schools and Colleges working under the Regulations for further education.

Professionally, the Union works for the establishment of a highly qualified, publicly recognised, independent learned teaching profession, with emoluments and other conditions of service commensurate with the importance of their work.

The Union has been in the forefront of every phase of educational development in the past fifty years; its organisation affords members the means of translating their educational ideals into practice.

The Union protects its members in every phase of their professional life: legal advice and assistance on professional matters are given free to members.

The annual subscription is one guinea and, in addition, a Local Association fee which varies in different districts.

Students in training at a Training College, Emergency Training College, or University Training Department, may be admitted as Associate members of the Union without payment until January 1st following the date of leaving College, or until the first of the month following the date of permanent appointment to a school, whichever is the later.

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The Gryphon

THE INTERNATIONAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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FRIDAY, 24th OCTOBER



This issue will contain all the usual features. Light articles, serious articles, short stories, sketches, cartoons, photographs, poems, jokes and comments are invited from all readers.

Contributions with a Christmassy and/or International flavour are specially welcome.

It is hoped to make the **INTERNATIONAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER** the ideal Christmas Card for friends at home and abroad.

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