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THE GRYPHON

The Journal of the University of Leeds



November 1939

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VOL. 5 No. 2

The Teachers' Provident Society

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THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

Editorial.

THE majority of University students lead uneventful and comfortable lives. The world does not interfere very much with their round of trivialities, and as far as history is concerned they are almost as isolated and obscure as a spider in the dusty corner of a window-pane. This was even more true in the Nineteenth century, when the military experience of most educated men was confined to a drawing-room rendering of "The Charge of the Light Brigade." The strong current of events broke down that isolation in 1914-18, and once again it has us in its grasp. Already for many students their personal plans must, for the moment, stand still.

To say we are no worse off than many other people is cold comfort, but it will help to keep things in proportion. When we heard of the suffering of the Jews in Germany we felt pity, but too often only a passing pity. We said it was terrible, and then had another drink of tea. Starvation in Spain in many cases merited a few coppers in the collecting-box. Now it is our turn to be stoical in our own behalf.

The historian of the future, poring over the yellow documents of our time, like a chemist over a substance boiling and swirling in a flask, may be able to see some orderly pattern in our affairs. To us it appears black and chaotic. Sooner or later, we believe, the Nazi tyranny will be destroyed, but that is not enough. Europe will remain raw and bleeding and fevered long after Hitler has ceased squealing his Eternal Verities. The European problem will never be settled exactly as we would like it. There is no reason why it should be. There is no divine infallibility about our ideas. Apart from that, a country can never reach the static perfection of a Dutch garden. It is always changing, and in that change our lives and this war are merely incidents. Nevertheless, in the midst of the turmoil, when the logic of calm thought grows difficult, we must not forget that our aim is not to conquer, but to ensure peace. We are not singularly well qualified for the task. Whilst we reject Hitler's pacific protestations, do not let us be too ready to canonise ourselves. We are not particularly unselfish. We are ignorant and do not exert ourselves greatly to remedy it. We have prejudices, which we call the right way of looking at things. It is one of the root causes of war that acknowledgement of these niceties is considered by many as innocent and rather gaumless.

It is not my intention to indulge in fireside heroics. That savours too much of the last war. One who has never heard a shot fired in earnest is well advised not to make too loud a noise, lest crowing prove to be the extent of his capacity. Therefore I conclude, not with words of my own, which cannot carry weight, but with those of a student whose poem appeared in *The Gryphon* of November, 1917, Lieut. Francis Smith, M.C.:—

“ To combat innate fear
With noble thoughts and grim determination ;
To put self last when self is threatened most,
To smile when danger's near, with false elation
That others, too, may smile, perhaps forget
The impending horror—This is true courage.”

Notes and Comments.

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

BURNS.

I. M. G. Williams.

Anyone acquainted with the work of the Union Committee knows what a loss it has suffered by the resignation of Mr. I. M. G. Williams to take up a Commission in the Royal Artillery. Mr. Williams took so naturally to administrative work that we imagine his first toy was a small committee table.

O.S.A. and Post-Graduate Students.

The Old Students' Association has very kindly evolved a scheme by which post-graduate students may become annual members of the Association on payment of the yearly subscription to *The Gryphon*. Anyone wishing to take advantage of this scheme should give in his name when buying *The Gryphon*. The Editor has a number of O.S.A. badges (price 1/-), which he would like to sell as soon as possible, as he might be able to lend the money at interest before it is called in.

Bazaar Day.

Was a very refined affair compared to what it was when we were young. This was partly due to there being four Bazaar Days, but also to the spacious splendour of the Union Rooms. Instead of quickfire salesmen, Societies will have to indulge in graceful floor-walkers, with soft, melodious voices.

J.C.R.

Similarly, some people say entering the new J.C.R. makes them feel self-conscious. Perhaps Mr. T. H. Henry, who includes dancing among his many accomplishments, will meet this problem by changing his name to Henri and running a deportment class.

Freshers' Social.

Despite the fact that it was held in the afternoon this event was very enjoyable and a credit to the Entertainments Committee.

Past Copies of “The Gryphon.”

There are a large number of old copies of *The Gryphon* still in existence. Anybody wishing to have them should apply at once or they will be destroyed. Price 1d., post free 2d.

Contributions.

We wish to thank all who have contributed, whether their contributions appear or not. However, "Jeepers" should note that he should have sent his real name as well as pen-name. Being a Fresher he gets the benefit of the doubt, but it is not a precedent. One contributor wrote on both sides of the paper, which causes inconvenience.

To the Medical and Dental School.

Although the Medics. and Dentals represent a very considerable fraction of the University, very few of them buy the University magazine. The usual reason given is that they have a magazine of their own. We understand, however, that this journal is almost entirely technical and is therefore comparable to the Engineers' Journal or the activities of the Chemistry Society. We fear it is just the length of Tonbridge Street cropping up again to prevent you drinking at the well of wisdom or having the pleasure of picking out the mistakes.

In future there will be a supply of *Gryphons* for sale in the H.P.'s office in the Medical School.

The Medical and Dental School Notes, which appear in this issue, are intended to make up for any lack of topical interest.

Medical and Dental School Notes.

THE war did not come as a surprise to us, because for some time the Infirmary had been preparing for the emergency. When war was unavoidable, pre-arranged plans came into immediate operation and we found ourselves piling up sand-bags, evacuating patients into the country, and some of us were instructed to stand by waiting for the casualties that never came. Conditions soon settled down to a fairly normal level. Empty wards began to fill up with ordinary "acutes" and instruction has been restarted to a limited degree.

The beginning of term brought a number of fresh faces to the School and once again complaints arose about the congestion in the Refectory. There seems to be an increasing number of women in the junior years and further refectory accommodation will have to be found for them. The beginning of term brought on an election fever; three medics and one dental standing for President and a by-election for the S.R.C.

Many senior students expressed deep dissatisfaction that they found no place in the emergency medical arrangements, and the S.R.C. has approached the Dean who is going to issue a statement. When there are casualties everyone will find work to do.

The Medical Society has been compelled to cancel a very good programme of lectures, the first of which was to have been given by Mr. Beverly Nichols.

UNION NOTES.

FOR the first time in the history of the Union we started a session without a President. This was due to the resignation of Mr. I. M. G. Williams, who has obtained a commission in the Royal Artillery. The duties of President have been taken over by Miss J. M. Hodge, the Woman Vice-President, who has very ably filled the breach at a most difficult time.

Elections for President and the two vacant places in the Union Committee will have taken place by the time this is published.

Owing to the difficulties of arranging meetings and social functions and providing adequate air-raid wardens, the Union Committee decided that all such activities should be taken over by the Entertainments Committee. This committee has complete power over all Society meetings and functions under the jurisdiction of the Union.

Each week there will be a Tea Dance held on Friday from 4-15—7-15 p.m., in the Refectory. The tickets are 6d. each, and in order to comply with A.R.P. requirements the number of tickets will be limited each week to 100; these will be available at the Union Office.

The Refectory has been "blacked out," so that it may be used for Society meetings up to 7-30 p.m. each night. Much dissatisfaction has been expressed in all student circles that the Union Buildings are not to be "blacked out," even partially, and that in consequence it is to be closed each day at 5-0 p.m.

The Union Buildings are now to be opened on Sunday from 1-0 p.m. to 4-0 p.m., so that any of the large number of students in lodgings may meet there, although only the common rooms and lounge will be open. We are very pleased to see that the new Union Buildings are being very well used and that the coffee, tea and refreshments served in the Tea Room appear to be even more popular than in the old J.C.R.

The Freshers' Social was held on Wednesday, October 11th, from 2-0 p.m. to 6-0 p.m., in the Riley-Smith Hall. Contrary to the usual procedure, no other students were allowed to join the dancing after the speeches were over. This was due to the difficulties of numbers and air-raid wardens.

To assist and partially replace the University Air-Raid Wardens, the Union Committee unanimously decided to avail itself of the kind offer of Professor Spaul to train its members as Air-Raid Wardens. The first lecture took place on Monday, October 16th.

We were profoundly shocked to hear of the sudden death of Professor Gilligan on Monday, October 16th. Professor Gilligan only retired at the end of last session, after giving many years of invaluable service to the Union Committee as the Staff Representative. A wreath was sent from the Union and Mr. T. H. Henry went to the funeral as the Union representative.

A part-time Physical Training instructor has been engaged to take the place of Mr. Morgan, who was called up at the beginning of the War. This instructor will run Keep Fit classes as well as the Education P.T. course. The number of classes depends entirely on the demand by the students, all of whom we hope will take part in these classes. To relieve the congestion in the Gymnasium timetable, the Vice-Chancellor has very kindly permitted us to open the Gymnasium on Sunday from 10-0 a.m. to 4-0 p.m.

Students who have joined up are asked to keep in touch with the Union by giving us their names and regiments, and we shall always be pleased to hear from them.

We regret that the proposed new changing rooms for the Women have been turned down and that the old rooms in Oxley have been renovated at considerable cost. The Union Committee, in June, voted that £1,000 be offered towards the cost of a new pavilion, but the renovations were done during the vacation.

D. T. MILNTHORPE,
Hon. Sec., L.U.U.

HAVE A MID-DAY SNACK IN THE TEA-ROOM

The Vice-President's Appeal.

AFTER one month of University life, we must all have realised the great change and reorganisation that has had to be made in our Union activities. It may be discouraging when, though everyone is fired by the idea that, despite the war, the Union must carry on its work as it has always done, it is borne upon us that we are up against forces outside our control, and in every attempt to carry on as usual, we meet with another initial obstacle. Union life may tend to lose some of its variety and interest. While we recognise this adjustment, can we all realise that even if certain aspects of Union life have been compelled to terminate temporarily, we shall gradually be able to create new ones to take their place, if everyone is willing to do their share?

It is up to the women of the University to realise that now is the time more particularly for us to be ready to take a more prominent part in Union activities than we may have done in the past. Not only in supporting these activities, we can help, but in their actual organisation, so that whatever happens we are all prepared to carry on successfully the work of the Union as we know it to-day. Women stand on an equal footing with men as members of the Union, as has always been the case, but the numerical superiority of the men has tended to leave in their hands the greater number of responsible offices. Already women are taking part in the running of societies, and some societies have at present arranged for changes to be made if their officers are unable to continue as a result of being called up.

The only Union Society, the Debating Society, has loyal support from a small group of women, but is still needing the support of a greater number. It would especially add more variety in outlook if more women could bring themselves to take an active part in debates. The future of the Society is assured by its type of programme depending upon the enthusiasm of students, not upon outside speakers.

The splendid move and appeal for the erection of new changing rooms at Weetwood, which was so successfully launched last term with very high hopes, for the present will have to be suspended. In the meantime, temporary improvements have been made, but it is up to us not to forget that such a start was made, so that whenever the opportunity again presents itself that appeal will be renewed with fresh enthusiasm.

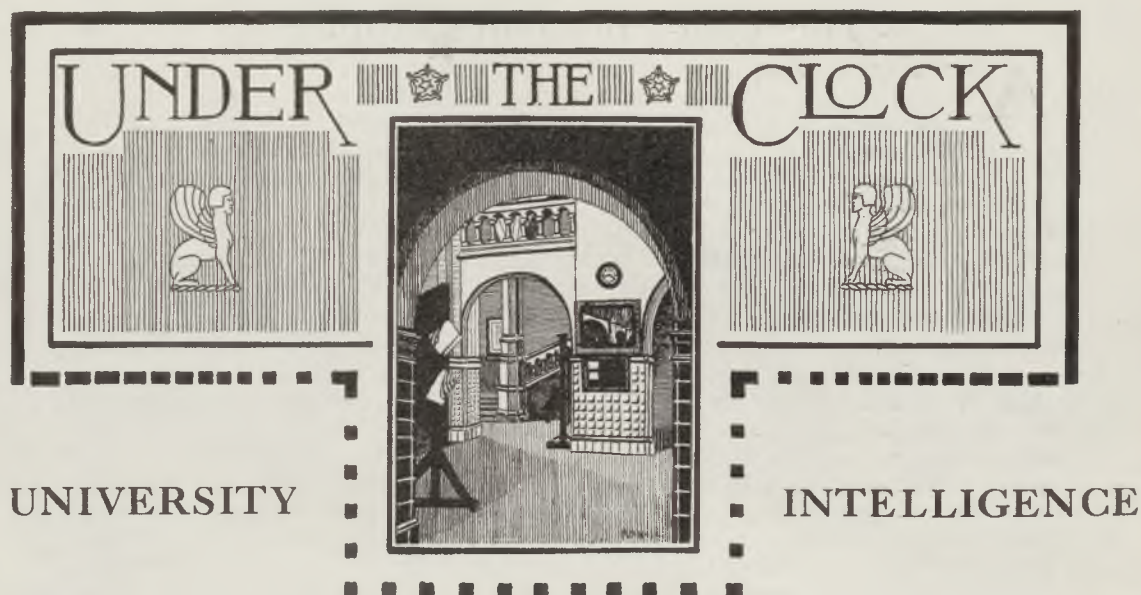
The closing of the new Union Building after 5 p.m. each night has naturally been one of the greatest disappointments we have had to sustain in connection with the Union in the present situation. Attempts are still being made, and will continue, to bring about a change in this decree. Until any alteration is made, the women in hostel are perhaps in the most favourable position to organise, by their initiative and effort, social activities in which all members of the Union may participate. Then to some extent at least, the hostels may take the place of the Union Building as centres of social intercourse.

More than ever before, then, is this a time when all members of the Union can do so much by contributing with their individual effort and ideas to further the aims of the Union.

I would ask all Freshers not to think that all this enforced change prevents you from enjoying the full advantages of the Union. The fundamental basis of Union life remains unaltered and, as such, it offers great opportunities.

To everyone may I say that these opportunities may be enjoyed to the full by each of us taking a very active part in shaping the future growth of Union life.

J. MARGARET HODGE,
Woman Vice-President.



Meeting of the Council, Wednesday, 18th October, 1939.

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

The Council expressed its deep regret at the death of Professor Gilligan, who had been a member of the Staff of the Geology Department since 1907 and who occupied the Chair of Geology from 1922 until his retirement this year.

The following gifts to the Library were gratefully acknowledged:—

A further collection of 490 volumes, presented by Sir James Baillic, including works on Philosophy, English and French Literature, etc.

A manuscript of original poems in Yorkshire dialect, presented by the author's son, Mr. J. O. Brook, of Dewsbury.

A collection of 400 books and 1,000 pamphlets, presented by Professor Hamilton Thompson, including works on English History and Antiquities and a number of sets of Antiquarian publications.

A coat of Persian chain mail, a man-trap and a Persian helmet, presented by Mrs. Johnson, of Roundhay.

The Council expressed its cordial thanks to the West Yorkshire Coal Owners' Association for their decision to renew their donation of £1,000 a year to the Mining Department for a further period of seven years.

Mr. W. P. Welpton.

PAST and present students of the University heard with regret of the death of Mr. Welpton last summer. In his work in the Department he came in contact with a larger body of students than the majority of lecturers. He earned respect for his ability as a teacher and for his interest in his students. For a very long period he was prominent in the activities of the University. An appreciation of his work appeared in *The Gryphon* on the occasion of his recent retirement.



The Gryphon wishes to announce that it is prepared to accept, and personally guarantee, the whole of America except Mae West.

* * *

A cow is milked by pumping the tail up and down.

The chief religions of Yorkshire are: Church of England, Methodist and Yorkshire pudding.

The Scotch wear the kilt because their feet are too big to get into trousers.

The University is in Woodhouse Lane to the left of the horse-trough.

The Dental School is a stone-faced building pleasantly situated beside the Tonbridge. The Medical School is not far away.

God made the world in six days, and then he rested. He then made man and rested again. He then made woman, and, since then, neither man, woman, nor anything else has rested.

* * *

There was an old man of Tarentum,
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em,
When asked what they cost,
And how much he lost,
He said, "I don't know. I just rent 'em."

"After the world revolution the workers will feast on strawberries and cream," cried the mob orator. "I don't like 'em," came a voice from the crowd. "You'll blooming well have to!" was the inspired reply.

Whilst many people feel the wearing of gowns by students would add to the dignity of the University, the general feeling is that nothing further would be gained by a request to grow beards and bleach them.

* * *

Overheard in Weetwood.

"And are all these paintings done by Hostel Students?"

* * *

Selfishness always aims at creating around it an absolute uniformity of type.
(OSCAR WILDE).

A Student Shop-Girl.

BRR----rr-- brr--rr---- What's that? Surely it can't be the alarm already? It doesn't seem five minutes since we came to bed. Let's have a look! What! quarter to seven! Oh! it's the alarm alright—well, here's to another working day!

Up we get, wash and dress hastily, rush downstairs, eat a semi-sitting, semi-standing breakfast, look for the letters and dash for the train. Outside it's nippy: we students aren't used to being up and out at just turned seven. The early morning sun is lighting everything up with a pale golden glow: in fact we've never seen anything like it except in technicolour films.

However, let's stop ruminating because here's the station and we've only just time to book our tickets before the Leeds train arrives. "Leeds return, WORKMAN please"—Workman! What a joy to pronounce that word! Workman! Workman! We say it over to ourselves again and again, scarcely believing it. To-day we're not off to the University, we're off to work—work like millions of other people—hard and for a long time.

The train plods its way wearily out of one station into another as though even it had sympathy for us and was trying to keep the agony away as long as possible. But here we are in Leeds at last. Out of the train we tumble, fumbling with our tickets and still feeling half asleep.

We must hurry now! Work begins at nine o'clock and there's a five-minute walk before we get there. Hurrying, scurrying, all Leeds is on its way to work. Down a back street we go, past the smell of stale meat and garbage bins and in at the back door.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! Up the steps we go! Thin legs, fat legs, silk legs, lisle legs, all with one destination! At the top of the steps we turn and here we are where only the chosen few may stay, for we've passed the glorious sign which says—"FOR STAFF ONLY."

At the top of the steps we stop, take out a card, insert it in the clock and punch, and the hour of our arrival is forever sealed. Vaguely we think "Under the Clock." Hm—rather different from 'Varsity. We make dates under the clock there, but somehow they're a different kind of date. No time to think about 'Varsity now, though. We've got to work. Off with our coat and on with an overall. Just time to slip into the toilet and do our hair and powder our nose. Gosh! how this place smells—sweat and cheap powder! How do they stick it all their lives? But they don't, they get married and get out of it. But imagine getting married just to get out of something you don't like. It's out of the frying pan into the fire! Oh! stop thinking! They don't expect you to think here. You're working with your body, not your mind.

At any rate, here's the bell. It's time to go down into the store. Slowly, slowly, down they saunter arm-in-arm, some chattering, some yawning, some giggling and some looking merely indifferent. Just time for a little chat with friends, then off to the counter where the day's work really begins.

In with the fire-buckets and out with the cash-bags. There goes the cashing-up bell. Simultaneously some hundred and fifty fingers press as many "no sale" keys and the money is transferred from its bag to the respective till. And now the customers are coming, but there's not much trade for the first hour or so.

It's cleaning time till eleven o'clock. Counters have to be washed and dusted and polished till everything shines like a new pin. Then at eleven we're

all inside the counter and there's time for a chat if the supervisor isn't looking. We've simply got to ask our friend on the counter how she went on with that soldier last night.

Ding - - - Half-past eleven. That's the bell for first lunch. Off we go up the stairs, take off our overalls, get our handbags and race out into the fresh air. Some have their lunch in the canteen away up above the store, others at cheap cafés in the little back streets round about. Lunch has to be a hasty meal if you want to do anything besides eat. There's only an hour and it's not long if you wish to take a walk or do a little shopping. Twenty-past twelve already. Time we were back again. Up the steps and we "clock in" once more. Then into our overall and down on the counter again in time for the next girl, whose lunch is from twelve-thirty to one-thirty. Then she is followed by yet another who lunches from one-thirty to two-thirty.

After half-past two we begin our old habit again—clock-watching! Will it never be three? Now we promise ourselves we won't look at the clock again until we've served the next ten customers. Gosh! *this* is a funny specimen. Imagine *her* using that shade of lipstick. She'll look awful. Here's a nice woman. She's actually smiling at us!

"A'm beginnin' to look a bit faded, luv. Can yer suggest how I can tuch miself oop a bit?"

Sure we can! Here's a nice-looker. Speaks with a foreign accent too. Dare we risk it? Course, let's try!

Sprechen Sie deutsch?" „Jawohl, und " Sie auch?"

Ya, ein bischen: ich bin auf der " Universität."

"Ach, and you are working during your holidays. But that is fine! Auf wiedersehen."

Wish we thought so too! Suppose she's a Jewish refugee—poor devil. And there goes the bell for tea, thank goodness.

Half an hour—it's not long. Time for a drink, a bite and a wash and back on the counter again, wishing all the time for seven o'clock. Time goes fairly quickly between four and six as the girls come and go for tea every half hour. But six to seven is awful. We're watching the clock every second. Trade is quiet and everybody seems to be waiting for closing time. Half-past six, then quarter to seven, ten to seven. Ah! here's one of the floor-walkers. That's a good sign. It won't be long before he's locking the doors now.

Ah! there's the bell! All customers out, no more in. "Hurry along now please! Closing time!" The chant that brings joy to all its hearers. There goes the second bell. The supervisors get their bags ready to collect the cash bags, and on the third bell the fire buckets are put outside the counters. Fourth bell—time for cashing up! There's a rattle of money, a banging of tills, and a race for the steps.

Up they go like hooligans, tugging and dragging at overalls and uniforms, "clocking" wildly and grabbing their coats and forming a queue for their handbags. On with a little powder and down the steps at breakneck speed. On the way out we've got to show our parcels to the supervisor and then we're free, out in the cool air and the natural light.

Then we wonder was it all a dream or just a day's work?

DOROTHY SHARPE.

THE DECEMBER "GRYPHON."

Last day for copy - - - Tuesday, November 14th.

A Word to Freshers

(CUM GRANO SALIS).

LOOK here Freshers, I've been watching you for some time now and I feel you need some advice, something more detailed than the advice you received at the Freshers' Social, something that will enable you to get more out of your University life and tell you just what to do and what not to do.

First of all get to know the President and the Union Committee—say “good morning” to them—get into the habit of buying them drinks and offering them cigarettes and paying their car-fares (you'll be surprised at their child-like appreciation)—it will help them to realise that you understand how heavily their responsibilities weigh on them—don't forget everybody treats them that way and remember you yourself may be on the Union Committee one day.

Next—join a few athletic clubs—at least three—there are hundreds of club and Union colours to be won and it is amazing the number of people who get them in their first year—really amazing. If you are bow-legged join the riding club—they have horses especially to fit your talent. If you can walk with a roll, join the boat club but—a word of warning—never, never turn up without a long scarf (Freshers do all sorts of funny things), you will need the scarf to keep you warm when you go down to help the crews bring in their boats. You may like a friendly afternoon in jolly company, in that case join the badminton club, they hold their meetings in the gym.—on two large mattresses—I've had some very interesting games of cards in the badminton club.

Now we come to socials—a great part of 'Varsity life—unfortunately, however, this year all the electric light bulbs are required by the war office, so we have had to cut down the number of dances and socials held after dark. But of course there is the weekly tea-dance—go to every one—here you will come up against the opposite sex—be careful how you treat them. It used to be a saying when I was a boy that “there are plenty of good-looking girls in Leeds and the rest go to the University,” but I don't think this is true—no—some come from neighbouring towns and one or two from as far afield as Hampshire. Never ask your partner what he or she is studying—after a little experience you will come to recognise that the good-looking girls are social dips and the good dancers are dental students. I remember the case of a Fresher once asking his partner what subject she was taking and she turned out to be a professor's wife and was the hostess—of course I managed to change the subject but it just shows the errors into which you may fall.

Always remember as Freshers you are looked on as the leading lights at the University, everything you do is an example to others—be bright and daring, always be dressed in the height of fashion—you can if you like smoke with the aid of a long cigarette holder, but there's no need (as one dear young thing seriously suggested to me) to wear a monocle and carry a puppy around with you.

The Brotherton Library has one of the finest collections of books in the country—the chairs there are very comfortable and the rooms very cosy—round about Christmas time the library is crowded with laughing groups of young students gaily exchanging gossip and stories, but during term time the place is strangely deserted, only a few lonely people are to be found there vainly waiting for someone to talk to. Get into the habit of taking a brisk walk round and go up to anyone you see sitting there, you don't need any particular topic of conversation—just go up and tell them it's raining or ask them the time—anything—they are very lonely and they'll be frightfully pleased.

Next we come to *The Gryphon*—it is your magazine—it wants your articles—if you've never written poetry now is your chance to get some published—give us your impressions of the University—tell us about your school or the history of your village—nothing is uninteresting if it is written by you and I think the rate of pay of a shilling a word for Freshers' articles is very reasonable indeed.

J. I. HARDY.

A Word from a Fresher.

TO a world still in a state of apoplexy after the mighty spectacle of its heart-throb No. 1 at Oxford, the ordinary Fresher will indeed be small fry. Yet for the privileged few who escaped the Hollywood epic—confessions of a fresher.

Fresher I had always considered a misnomer owing to its similarity with American slang. "Fresh" to me suggested the saucy master of repartee, the genius of that abomination the wise-crack, and not that poor soul who, tiptoeing through the Brotherton sanctum, his once-small feet seeming as large as the Vaudeville policeman's, breaks into a cold sweat at the mention of Bazaar Day, or at the thought of those fiscal oppressors masquerading under the fair name of secretary and treasurer. And what other ordeals there were! The social, or baptism of fire, where thankfully (and here it was plain there have been Freshers before us) the chairs at the reception were turned from the entrance: the horror of first being let loose on the library to resurrect the Saints in essay form, an expedition which resulted, doubtless from auto-suggestion, in an attack of the jitters or St. Vitus dance, and produced the amazing proof of a Saint in New York and a more mystic "William the": finally the ignominy of being labelled with a yellow ticket—item one very fresh Fresher.

And yet what solace, what consolation when unmasked you stand, a blatant Fresher, there come the three words: so am I.

JEEPERS.

To W.G.

A LITTLE fellow—in a red jersey
 And a pair of black, stained boots,
 Wandering alone. The wet
 Brown leaves begrimed with earthy streaks
 Clung damply to the brown, brave legs
 Which sturdily ploughed through the undergrowth.
 His hair was brown—not golden
 Down: not raven mop:
 But just a boy's untidy
 Crop of straggling ends
 And yet—
 He clutched the bough—bare now
 And grey and damp—with love
 As if seeking sympathy
 And above, alone, one dun last leaf
 Swung lonely. He paused: he listened:
 But the greyness of the sky gave him
 No answer: and his serious face
 Still strained, he dropped into the mist-soaked
 Friendless grass—
 And wept.

"RUTH."



“ —— Strangler fights his own way or not at all!! ”



“ But a body guard is ALWAYS on duty, Lord Grumbly ! ”

The New "Versailles."

FOR the second time within twenty years Europe finds itself involved in a Great War. Three of the leading nations are fighting as they did in 1914. Forced into this war by the tyrannous and aggressive policy of the Nazi party, we must realise that the blame is not entirely theirs. For years, while Hitler was in a reasonable mood, Great Britain refused to take any notice of him, apart from a few contemptuous remarks in the "cheap" Press. Now, at last shaken out of our self-satisfaction, we must pay the price of the mistakes of the statesmen holding sway during and since Versailles.

After this tragedy, what? It is the duty of every member of this nation to see that the criminal mistakes of Versailles are avoided. Never again must hate reign supreme. We must never forget that it is the Nazi party we are fighting, and not the German people, unfortunate tools of professional highwaymen. When this war does end the fatal mistake of crushing, or rather attempting to crush, the Germans must not be repeated. Another Army of Occupation must not be tolerated, nor must the imposition of gigantic indemnities beyond the power of any nation to pay. Gone must be the thought of continuing the naval blockade after those cease to be in power, who desire peace only so long as Germany can have her own way. These are methods which caused that fierce nationalism, which is the germ of Hitlerism, to rise. There is no logical reason to treat a conquered nation harshly. They have paid the price in battle, and to suggest that we should avenge our dead by punishing the foe is absurd, and uncivilised. If we are defending freedom and liberty, why should we deny that freedom to the defeated people?

It is our duty to exert all our powers to secure the restoration of a peaceful Germany, regardless of its internal government, so long as it is willing to live on peaceful relations with the rest of the world. But the major question has to be tackled with a great determination. So long as there exist two sets of nations, the Haves and the Have-nots, there will be many sources of friction. Let us realise that the age of Empires is past, and that all nations have the right to rule themselves, and to have free access to the raw resources of the world. Countries as independent units must go, and in their place a United States of Europe must be set up. Colonies must be surrendered by all, and placed under an international mandate until they are considered by a majority of nations to be fit to rule themselves. A government of nations must be set up, and must have the power of the law behind it, a law backed by an international force. As a natural corollary, nations must surrender their national armament, and be willing to sink trivial hates and dislikes. A United States of Europe is not a dream. It can be made a reality if the people of the Allied nations set themselves out to secure these ends, and as citizens of the world we must endeavour to make this a fact. If this can be accomplished, then the lives laid down have been worth while, and their sacrifice not this time in vain.

BENBY.

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

The Journal of Education, The Student Movement, Christian News Letter.

These may be read in the Union Library.

When the War is Over.

I MET him quite by accident, in the late summer of 1932. His name was Helmut H—, and with a friend he was cycling from his home in Essen to Amsterdam.

After a very easy Fresher year at 'Varsity I had peddled my way *via* Holland and the Rhine gorge to Switzerland, and was now spending a last night on German soil at the youth hostel of Emmerich. The hostel was rather like a two-storied barn—if I remember right it was a schoolhouse—but the atmosphere was clean and homely, and I can still picture the wooden partitions stuck over with magazine clippings and the rather dingy day room on the first floor.

It was here that we first came across each other...he was energetically discussing the next day's route with his friend when I returned from a shopping excursion in the dingy, cobble-streeted frontier town. We gave each other the customary greeting among wanderers—"Heil!" (there was no Heil Hitlering in those days, thank Heaven), and before retiring for the night on the fearfully lumpy mattresses in the "Schlafraum" (plenty of "Raum" but very little "Schlaf") we three had arranged to travel together as far as Utrecht, where I would leave them on my way to Rotterdam.

I don't remember much of that journey, except when Helmut's chain broke and he had to take it to the Village Blacksmith, Dutch style—pork pie hat, blouse bleu, baggy trousers, thick wool socks and sabots. But when we did part company I carried Helmut's address in my pocket.

As my subject was German I had to spend a term abroad, and chose Zurich in which to spend it. En route it seemed quite a good idea to make a detour through Essen.

Ringing the bell in Alfredstrasse I experienced a certain feeling of trepidation. After all it was rather pushful. I had only spent a short day in the fellow's company, and holiday friends aren't always town friends.

The door opened at the second ring, and a typical Hausmädchen, straight hair, blue pinafore, flat shoes and all, inquired my wishes. Was Helmut H— at home? Unfortunately not, but would I care to see his mother? Well, presumptuous or not, it seemed a pity to draw back now, and a detour of nearly fifty kilometers, and a very hot afternoon with a restful armchair just inside the hall door...I would very much care to see Frau H—, if she would be so kind.

The scene half an hour later: myself seated in a chair much more comfortable than the one first espied, drinking iced coffee and listening to the musical voice of one of the most charming ladies you could possibly meet, explaining that her son would be back from the "paper" at six o'clock (he worked in the office of the famous *Nationalzeitung* of Essen).

During the week that I stayed there—yes, they literally forced me to stay a whole week—I met Helmut's sister, three brothers and father, and was shown all the sights by each in turn. We almost wept at parting.

I have been to Essen many times since then, and Helmut has been over in England. Last summer when I was returning home to my teaching job as usual, he informed me that he was leaving for Berlin on another job, but I mustn't forget to call on him there. He reminded me of this in his letter last July, and I wrote in reply that I should be in Berlin at the beginning of September, and nothing would prevent me from calling on him there.

I reached the Rhine in late August, to encounter train loads of soldiers and guns moving up to the Siegfried Line. The Reichsautobahnen were likewise carrying what the railway couldn't cope with, and I put down the accelerator and only raised my foot when Emmerich was left behind, Emmerich where our friendship started.

When the war is over, and if I am still capable of doing so, I shall go to Essen once again. If he is no longer at his home, perhaps someone will be able to tell me where he lies....

M.C.

VERSE

"Ashes."

WHAT is my loved one?
But a drop in Time,
A speck of dust in Space
Whose wilderness o'erwhelms his puny race.

When life is gone
Will Heaven stop the mould'ring decay?
If Earth retake
What earth did make
Her hand no power can stay.

Perchance thy rhyme—
If chance protect this page—
May live beyond thy span,
And be preservéd by a curious age:

Yet He must die—for all thy love,
Th' inviolate law no mortal is above—
He is a Man!

H.B.M.

THE sweeping stretches of the open moor,
Froned with ghylls
Whose sides the bracken veils;
The heather, favoured haunt of Autumn's bees;
The white roads, flanked by mortarless grey walls;
The distant old Cathedral in the vale,
Aged, yet ageless, dim
Beneath the haze that hides its sleeping city;
The moorland shepherd with his well-trained dog—
I see them, and I think on him who made them;
And I wonder.....

The roaring bomber with its trail of death;
The sharp-tongued fighters circling round their prey;
The tanks and armoured lorries,
Relentless witnesses of man at war,
Bent to destroy the empires he has builded
And wreck his own invention;
The anti-aircraft guns, erect
Like modern "devil's arrows"—
I see them, and I think on man's alertness
To despise the things that matter;
And I wonder.....

LEFEE.

Koganei. *

WHO can believe on the world
 who first see this?
 Last night I dreamt that I
 had stolen a cherry's so frail soul
 and was immortal!
 yea, for all the number of my days!

Ethereal wonder of our art
 forevermore,
 you have the winsome gold caress
 of blessed Sun
 full bloom of dawning clouds inspiring
 above the impetuous wood:
 yet is this all?

See, see the sun-prone desert, as earth was—
 here would be scarce one day-lived bloom
 were't not for subtle will of God.
 So is this dual unison:
 of clangorous Sun
 full bloom of dawning cloud inspiring,
 and Spirit's sanction for their faëry delicacy.

Here you may dream and dream and rave
 of empires lost,
 but beauty gained and ineffaceable:
 Beneath this aromatic heaven
 souls are never old,
 but gay, are gay again indeed
 midst fan and poem
 and sparkle of unimaginable eyes.
 and moving joyous talk beneath the cherry.

Would I could say with certitude
 that like the kakko's hopeful note in May
 O all this throng were Children of the Gods
 and all these blossoms with the Spring
 imperishable!

W.D.

* *The Gardens of Tokyo.***Crisis. September, 1939.**

DANGERS and fears and war's alarms,
 And talk to heighten trembling qualms.
 What knows this world of quiet calms?

And yet amid the muttering
 Of angry guns and shells that sing
 Come tender voices whispering.

In speech unspoken; harebells' chime;
 And sunflowers in the Summer-time;
 The silent song of snow and rime;

And stars that pray in velvet skies;
 And jewelled wings of dragon flies;
 The light in lovers' shining eyes;

A moonbeam flashing like a knife;
 The splendour of a holy life.
 These things are greater than our strife.

DEIRDRE.

THE hair of Autumn sheds its gold,
 Bountiful was her travail day;
 The beech-leaves burning in the mould
 Feel Winter and go gray.

On sombre moors the bracken rusts;
 The yellow fields are wan with hay;
 Dandelions lose their woolly polls;
 Now tarnishes the golden day.

The fine rain falls on city walls;
 Under the wind the roses pale;
 A single blackbird flies and falls
 And battles with the gale.

On the pool of the sky white swans surge by,
 With furl'd necks aswoon they lie:
 With beating hooves and burning manes
 Embattled stallions thrash the sky.

The womb of the earth is heavy with birth,
 Dimly my blood burns in my veins;
 Oh for the dumpy robin's mirth,
 And the tingling Winter-rains.

Then shall my spirit, stark and free,
 Cast-off the Summer's drowsy skin,
 And taut with electricity
 Leap with lean Winter, keen and thin.
 CLIFFORD HOLMES.

Gloria Filio.

WINE on the window pane,
 Bread in a flaming furnace;
 Sweating, seething masses toiling in blood,
 Wounds dripping gore from human flesh:
 Da Robur.

Flaming bloody monst'rance
 Flashing divine flesh—
 Solace in begrimed dejection.
 Wine from a bottle,
 Bread on hoval table;
 Fer Auxilium.

"DULCIS."

Chanson.

THE poet and his dream!
 Wings in the evening air,
 The maid and her mirror
 And the rat in the grain.

The widow and her weeping,
 Mad Meg and her bells,
 The sigh in the birch trees
 And the gay water leaping.

The Queen with her court,
 The page in the yard,
 The lepers barred,
 Me alone with my heart!

(Version of the original poem in French by
 ANDRÉ SALMON).

Spanish Evening.

PALE purple mist that gently rolls,
Fades and dissolves at sight,
Leaving the scent of closing flowers
To linger through the night.

Shadows and softly moving shapes,
Birds in a darkening sky,
Haunting, the strains of voices singing
A gypsy lullaby.

J.S.S.

Il Passa.

HE passed by! no doubt I should
Never have lingered in his way;
But I lived beside the road;
And my arms were full of flowers that day.

He spoke to me: perhaps I should
Never have heard his magic story;
But the morning filled my room with its glory,
And it was April in the wood.

He loved me: no doubt it were wise
Not to have shown a love so warm;
But alas! when the heart is awake,
'Tis only the heart that replies.

He went away: perhaps I should
No more my lonely vigil keep;
But soon the Spring returns again,
And, without him, the skies will weep.

(Version of the original poem in French by
HELENE VARESCO).

LINDSEY.

“Gryphon” Staff, 1939-40.

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Promenades.

I KNOW a promenade. It is not one of the hideous concrete erections that dominate our town, and thus enable it to be called a seaside resort. It is a rough stony track running alongside a tarn, and lies exactly thirty miles from Morecambe, and three from the recognised centre of Lakeland. One might say that my promenade forms part of the "high road" of the Lake District, but no motor car has ever used it. They have attempted—young bloods you know—and I doubt very much if it has heard the din of a motor cycle, although things of this noisy nature are found nowadays in the quietest of quiet places. Whether a hardy cyclist has carried his steed along the road I should not care to say, but I will wager that no more would he test his powers of "pass-storming." You see it belongs to Nature, and you must use arms and legs, provided by God; not wheels, cylinders and lubricating oil, which we associate with man and noise.

Along what I have called the "high road" there lie two other tarns, one at either side, guardians, so to speak, of the shrine which the worshipper will discover in the middle and highest part of his journey. "Discover" is the correct word, for there is no breasting a sharp rise to find it stretched at one's feet. It is an intriguing sheet of water with the promenade skirting it for possibly one hundred yards. There are enchanting bays which seem to beckon to one inviting closer acquaintance and rocky headlands jutting out and betraying the hard volcanic rock that elsewhere lurks beneath the thin grass covering. The first time I passed by I was in a hurry. I had started to walk only that day, and I had tarried and strolled—clouds, rocks, flowers, views had interested me and I was late. I passed the first tarn which sulks and frowns; and is almost hidden in its rock cup beneath high walls of gullied rock. Perhaps it is only shy and seeks refuge there. Even so the path keeps at a distance away. After a while I came to the little sea with its promenade where tiny waves were gently splashing among the pebbles and stones. It has a delightful name, but I feel I ought not to reveal it. For those interested in puzzling it out here is a helpful hint. The track leaves the tarn just where the stream, which later reaches the sea at one of Cumberland's western bridges, issues from the lakelet. I crossed the stream by means of those wobbly stones worn flat by the passing of nailed boots and shoes, but I now regret having left the tarn so hastily. Since, I have longed to explore those corners tucked away, and that minute, and I imagine, fascinating rock pool which lies at its northern end. The third tarn lies some distance from the path, but rests in an open, exposed position, naked, impudent, unashamed, there for all to see. I have no love for it.

You may ask why I call this track a promenade, but a nearby help defines the word as "a walk or place for walking for amusement or exercise." Now a promenade at the seaside provides amusement only in the sense that something pleasing or humorous occupies the attention. It is a shallow, frivolous way of spending time. As for exercise, who can stretch his muscles and limbs, and breathe deeply of God's clean air on a length of asphalt packed with humanity? Men on such promenades do not walk for exercise but wander aimlessly, blankly, jostled hither and thither. My promenade does not provide amusement but rather enjoyment. I desire agreeable sensations—peace, solitude, quiet—and there I find them. As for exercise there are opportunities unlimited, not on the path itself but around and above it (we are not hemmed in by green railings or lines of petrol-perfumed traffic); equally, should I desire to sit awhile to ponder or to dream, I can do so, unhurried, undisturbed, alone.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.



"RUSSIA TO-DAY."

The first thing we do is to teach the kid to talk, and after that to keep quiet!



" ——— Well he ought to be tough—he's studied under Slug Regan for five years!!"

A Country Gentleman.

I COULD easily present Alexander McCulloch as a "character." Smart young journalists who write the sprightly twitterings of the sophisticated magazines have a tendency to turn every countryman into a person, sound in the elementary virtues, but essentially a gargoyle of humanity. It is a superficial, self-satisfied view.

At the time I got to know him he was almost eighty, although he thought he was only seventy-five. He was tall and almost as supple as one of his beloved saws. His face had a weatherbeaten expression of philosophic kindness, and he wore an assortment of old clothes which had been given to him, or been bought at the general store with his pension as the need arose. All his days had been spent on farms in a radius of about twenty miles in the quiet picturesque countryside north of Inverness. He was then living with his son, a shepherd, and filled in his leisure by cutting sticks, carrying water and doing similar odd jobs.

When the sticks were cut, and the bark and sawdust swept meticulously into a heap, he would put on his jacket and take a seat on the chopping block. Then, having filled his pipe, he would puff away leisurely and air his views on current affairs, or draw on his own memories. Sometimes the conversation would start with him casting an experienced eye over the strip of sky which was visible to him, sometimes it would start by his commenting on a hen which stalked slowly past on the eternal quest for food. Of course to a knowledgeable townsman a hen is just a hen, some are red and some are white. A countryman, however, can see a little more in them than that.

On one occasion he sat for a long time absorbed in thought before he spoke what was in his mind. "Awful the cars that are on the road to-day." I agreed. "I was east there on the moor road last Sabbath and they were tearing along as hard as they could go one after other. There was six passed me in ten minutes!" Then after further silence he added drily, "But what I would like to know is, how many of them have paid for their cars? You can get any mortal thing you like on that instalment system."

He had had two sons, of whom one had died in Aberdeen. The only travelling he had ever done was when he had "gone out" to Aberdeen to see him in the Infirmary. We heard little of this son, for the old man did not carry his heart upon his sleeve. The other son, whom he almost invariably spoke of as "the shepherd," was the apple of his eye. "There's nothing my son can't do," he would say with enthusiasm glinting in his eye, "stacking, ploughing, sheep, anything you can mention. I mind, when he was east there with Macdonald, Balblair. (It is the custom in Ross-shire to refer to a man by the name of his farm as well as his own surname). A tasty man, Macdonald, and never one to endure bad work. It was at the time of the hairvest, and the shepherd was working in the field by the big hoose when along comes Macdonald himself.

" 'Good morning, shepherd,' says Macdonald, 'Are you busy?'

" 'Awell,' says the Shepherd, 'I'm no like to be idle with six hunder sheep to look after ma lone.'

" 'Yes, yes,' says Macdonald, 'I know that, but I can't see to it the now. Can you handle a binder?'

" 'Oh, yes, surely,' says the shepherd.

" 'Awell,' says Macdonald, 'drop the sheep the now, and go you east to the twenty acre field where they're cutting, and find out what's wrong wi' that

blooming binder, and stop there till the last straw is cut. For its a maist abominable job they're making o't. Maist abominable. May I never be spared to see the like again!'"

Just occasionally he showed he had more than a little of the old Highland superstition—not that superstition is confined to the Highlands. Leeds factory girls religiously collect tram tickets with the figure seven on them. There was a bridge near our house which had the reputation of being haunted, and although he said he had never seen anything there, his tone indicated that he did not put seeing something beyond the bounds of possibility. Once he was very troubled by a story of a girl "on the west coast," as it is invariably called in Ross-shire. She was sent to the well for water on the Sabbath day, a thing which is considered as breaking the observation of Sunday. Beside the well was standing a shining figure, and he, looking on the girl, said, "In three weeks I shall return." Three weeks later, on the Sabbath day, the girl was again sent to the well. She never came back.

His great hobby was felling trees, which he undertook with all the solemnity and concentration of a retired banker improving his golf. He began by chopping away the bark at the base of the trunk, and always explained at this point that real woodcutters would chop halfway through the tree. "But they have the equipment for't. A real woodcutter wouldn't give a docken for this axe of oors." And when the tree was sawn and stood poised ready to fall, he took up his position at the point of danger, and did not pause in what he called his "manœuvres" until it was safely lying on the ground. Then he went home to tell his son that, contrary to what he (the son) had prophesied, the tree was down with no damage to anything.

One of his stories was an amusing sidelight on the relations between employer and men. "I mind when I was with Matheson, Cullicudden. A fine man, Matheson, but hasty. And a dispute arose over lowsing time (the time the horses are unyoked). The men had it that they were to be at the horse-trough in the steading when the hour struck, but Matheson had it that they weren't to leave the field till the hour. Well, the men had to give in, but they held him to it. They were cairting tatties to the station shortly after, and the station was eight miles away. They were only about half-roads home in the evening when lowsing time came. 'Well, boys,' says the foreman, 'we have our orders. Lowsing time's the hour.' So they unyoked the horses and came away home, leaving the cairts by the side of the road.

In many ways he was very innocent. One of his favourite stories was about the week he had spent in Inverness, when he had seen a man selling firewood at a penny a bundle. "Oh, just what you would call a good handful"—and he found it remarkable that he could not understand a word spoken by German prisoners of war he had met. But there was an indomitable energy about him, an innate cheerfulness and a natural dignity which are the possession of few. In my mind's eye I still see him coming slowly along the road, eyeing the trees for a suitable victim, and saying the greeting that was typical of his outlook on life. "Another fine day! We'll have a tree out o' that the morn's morn, if all's well!"

A.P.

THERE are no pessimists or "croakers"
Amongst ten million TOM LONG Smokers.

FILM NOTES.

MRS. NATALIE KALMUS must be a very busy woman, judging by the fact that she is usually credited with being the "Technicolour Advisor" of most British and American colour films. Whether she supervises them all herself or not is a doubtful point: at any rate a slight improvement in Technicolour technique is evident in the two latest colour films to visit Leeds.

The first of these, *The Mikado*, gives a clear indication of the tremendous stimulus colour can give to what would otherwise have been a bizarre and stagey picture. True, some of the scenes are a bit "chocolate-boxy." True, we are regaled with synthetic clouds and painted sunbeams. But in colour, and with the enjoyable strains of Sullivan's music, played by the London Symphony Orchestra, the film becomes a delightful fantasy; a film where wandering minstrels, comic executioners, and singing crowds can and do exist. After one has seen the film in colour, it is impossible to conceive it being made without. From a technical point of view, the high standard that colour photography has now attained is perfectly illustrated by admirable, stereoscopic-like close-ups of Martyn Green when, as Ko-Ko, he sings "Tit Willow." Such close-ups could have been used more liberally in the film, which relies too much on long and medium shots during solos and duets.

Kenny Baker plays the part of Nanki-Poo quite well, but his soft, crooning voice, with its American twang, contrasts strangely with the more straightforward singing of the D'Oyly Carte company. A novel feature of the film, which again helps to emphasise its fantastic unreality, is the use of encores. Six times throughout the film certain songs can be repeated if the applause justifies. Lazy operators may, however, prefer to repeat them whether the applause comes or not.

The second colour film, *The Four Feathers*, lacks but one thing, the triumphant playing of "Land of Hope and Glory." Filmed partly at Denham and partly in the Sudan, and produced by Alexander Korda, the film continues the line of empire epics begun with *Elephant Boy*, *Sanders of the River*, and *The Drum*. There is not a great deal of difference between this film and *The Drum*, except that it is, if possible, even noisier. After a brilliant satirical introduction which would have been a credit to René Clair, the story sweeps on to its logical and, only possible conclusion. From the moment John Clements, as Harry Faversham receives his coward's feathers after resigning from his regiment on the eve of its departure for the Sudan, and then eventually announces that he is going out to Egypt to pay back these four feathers, we know that sooner or later he will turn up and save his regiment in its hour of greatest need, thus winning back his honour and the hand of the colonel's daughter. Unfortunately (or fortunately, if you prefer), the story drags on through several thousand feet of film, with hundreds of shots of our gallant men tramping over the desert, Ralph Richardson going blind with sunstroke, battles with the fuzzy-wuzzys, men going crazy with heat, vultures waiting to swoop, hippos on the Nile, Egyptian sunsets in "glorious Technicolour," and, of course, the Union Jack flapping bravely in the breeze.

Another teeth-gritting, blood and sand epic of white men versus black is *Gunga Din*. This film starts off with the limitation of not being produced in colour, but as good art is reputed to lie in the exploiting of limitations, the film becomes one of the best-photographed adventure films yet made. Every trick of light and shade is employed to the full.

An American film, it follows the American custom of making its men heroes instead of the British custom of making its heroes men. This time, instead of the regiment being saved by John Clements disguised as a Sangali, it is Gunga

Din, the water-carrier who wanted to be a soldier, who comes to the rescue. The part is ably played by Sam Jaffe, who will be remembered for his depiction of the High Llama in *Lost Horizon*, whilst Eduardo Cianelli leaves his usual gangster roles to give an excellent portrayal of the stoical leader of the Turgs.

But the most amazing performances come from the happy-go-lucky Three Musketeers of the film, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, Cary Grant and Victor McLaglan, who, besides sporting perky Cockney accents, light-heartedly battle against incredible odds in a manner made famous by Douglas Fairbanks, Senior. To them, battles are merely further opportunities for "having a scrap": their joie-de-vivre is unimpaired by serious thoughts of King and Country, such as C. Aubrey Smith and Co. bring up continually in *The Four Feathers*.

So much for the heavy stuff. For lighter material we turn to a less ambitious British affair, *This Man in Paris*. This has the limitation of being a sequel, and unfortunately does not exploit it, with the result that the film does not quite reach the standard of *This Man is News*. The plot is built on the recently-found formula of detective assisted (?) by dumb but would-be helpful wife, except that in this case the changes are ringed slightly by making the detective a reporter. With Barry K. Barnes as the reporter, Valerie Hobson as his wife, and Alistair Sim as the Scotch editor, the film is replete with a Parisian setting (which gives rise to a number of obvious wisecracks), counterfeiters, secret codes, revolver fights and a couple of murders.

A different twist on the conflict between Law and Crime is presented in the British comedy *Ask a Policeman*. In this film, the law is represented by the entire police force of Turnbotham Round, in the shape of Will Hay, Graham Moffat and Moore Marriot, whilst Crime is represented by a band of smugglers, led by the local squire, who make full use of such devices as a cave, secret passages, and a phantom coach driven by a headless horseman. Little more needs to be said. The efforts of Will Hay and his two stooges to catch the smugglers, culminating in a chase round Brooklands, in which the three of them, handcuffed together, drive a double-decker bus, loaded with passengers, around the track in the opposite direction to the racing cars, must be seen to be believed. British studios have yet to develop an essentially cinematographic type of humour, as developed by such people as Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy and the Marx Brothers, but at present Will Hay and Co., and also George Formby, with their mixtures of slapstick and music-hall, can provide a good substitute.

Humour of a more subtle variety is contained in *The Hardys Ride High*, the sixth of the popular Hardy family films. In this modern version of the medieval morality play, with Right exemplified by Judge Hardy, and Wrong by Micky "Andy" Rooney, we find a more human type of entertainment than that which Hollywood usually sees fit to serve. This time the Hardys inherit a fortune, producing a metamorphosis of Andy Hardy from his normal self to a near-smoking and near-drinking "fancy-pants," who ends up with an exciting, but uncomfortable experience in the private flat of a chorus girl. Some day, perhaps, Mickey Rooney will grow up into a normal Hollywood screen lover. Will he, however, be able to live down the famous rough-house love-stuff of his adolescence?

MONTAGIUS.

IT IS A DUTY TO KEEP
"THE GRYPHON" GOING

CORRESPONDENCE

15, AVENUE JULES FERRY,
AUTANY (SEINE).

October 7th,

Dear Sir,

As a contribution to war work for soldiers, and as a Frenchwoman who has no right to do anything but knit, I should like to organise a fortnightly paper to be distributed to English soldiers serving abroad. I was, until my marriage three years ago, an Englishwoman and a teacher in Leeds, and knowing the splendid work the students do for charity by means of the "Rag" and the "Tyke," I wondered if any would care to contribute articles and sketches for the amusement of the Tommies.

My plan is to start with a very limited edition, printed on a home printer, and to send these to the English Military authorities in France for distribution, and to work up to a greater number of copies when it was possible to interest some printer or continental English paper in the scheme.

The paper might be called the "Mustard Pot," and would keep away from politics and religion. Its aim is amusement and would have to be light in tone.

If you feel you could interest any students of the University in this experiment would you ask them to send as soon as possible their contributions directly to me.

I thank you in advance for your consideration of the matter.

Very sincerely yours,

MARCELLE POIRIER.

The Gryphon Committee propose to send on copies of *The Gryphon* for reprinting in this production. Should anyone wish to contribute directly we shall be pleased to forward articles without their being considered by *The Gryphon*. Address: Mme. Poirier, c/o *The Gryphon*.—EDITOR.

THE UNIVERSITY,
LEEDS, 2.

Dear Sir,

I should like to appeal through your columns to all students on behalf of the Refugee Relief Committee. This year the Committee has accepted the responsibility of assisting four Polish students who have found all their means of support removed. We have agreed to provide them with books, clothing, and hospitality. For the first two, we are in urgent need of money. Once more we are endeavouring to arrange a weekly collection of 3d. per week per student, and I should like to appeal to all students to give generously, and not to refuse hastily. These Poles have been told that they can render their best service to the country by finishing their degrees, and it is up to us to help them. Secondly, we require offers of hospitality for these students. Will anyone who can offer hospitality for any period please get in touch with me immediately? The Committee would be willing to meet part of the cost, if necessary.

Finally, students who are interested in this work, or would like to know where the money is going, should come to our meetings at 9-30 a.m. on Saturday mornings in No. 3 Committee Room (Union Buildings).

Yours sincerely,

NORMAN B. BELSHAW

(Hon. Sec., Refugee Relief Committee).



LEEDS UNIVERSITY
Old Students' Association.

Notes from Headquarters.

Christmas Function, Saturday, December 16th, 1939.

As no late evening functions are being held in the University at present we have regretfully to announce that no arrangements can be made for the Annual Christmas Dinner and Dance this year. Even should the University's restriction be lifted the Committee agreed that owing to transport and "black-out" difficulties many members would be unable to attend such a function.

☛ We are anxious to keep up the custom of holding our most important annual gathering at the end of the Christmas term and we hope that members will approve the decision to hold an *O.S.A. Luncheon in the University Refectory at 1-0 p.m. on Saturday, December 16th.* This will be followed by the Annual General Meeting and during the afternoon there will be an opportunity for members to explore and admire the new Union Building. Further details will be given in the December *Gryphon*, but will you please make a note of the date *now* and determine to come if it is at all possible.

The Manchester Branch.

During the Summer term a questionnaire was sent to the Manchester Branch members asking for their views on the desirability of continuing the Branch, which for some time past seems to have been in a state of coma. The replies showed that there was still sufficient interest in the Branch to have made it worth while to revive its activities had the times been normal, but the present circumstances seem scarcely appropriate for such an effort to be made. We thank those officials who for many years gave unstinted service to the Branch and we hope that when happier days return there will again be a flourishing and successful Branch of the Association in Manchester. In the meantime the activities of the Branch are officially suspended. Members will of course continue to receive *The Gryphon*, but subscriptions are now payable directly to Headquarters.

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

MERSEYSIDE LETTER.

7, College Road,
Bangor,
North Wales.

The above address speaks for itself—the Honorary Secretary is now nothing but an Evacuee, dragged from hearth and home in the wake of schoolmaster husband and schoolboy sons. And so instead of the usual Autumn letter recounting our annual meeting and announcing a varied list of forthcoming attractions, there is nothing to relate at all.

Many of our members, not to mention our President and Hon. Treasurer, are similarly banished from Liverpool, so that there is little hope of fixing up even small select gatherings of the clan. Our Vice-President, Mr. H. P. Lupton, is still in Liverpool—address: "Romsdal," Cooper Avenue South, Liverpool 19. If any other members are still holding the fort on Merseyside and have any bright ideas, they could get in touch with him.

For my part I should like to hear from any other waifs and strays in the wilds of Wales, and if there are sufficient we might even be inspired to start an evacuation branch of L.U.O.S.A.!

And so until the great drift back into the towns sets in—which Allah grant may not be long—that is all I can do about it.

ETHEL M. WORMALD,

EAST MIDLANDS BRANCH.

Hon. Secretary: Miss F. R. SHAW,
160, Upper New Walk,
Leicester.

It is with great regret that we must write of our difficulties in the present circumstances, Our membership is a scattered one geographically and, even in pre-war, pre-black-out days, we found it no easy matter to collect our members together. Alas, present conditions make these difficulties almost insuperable—at least as far as the Winter months are concerned. Although we find it necessary to cancel our Winter meetings, we hope to arrange a meeting in the Summer. We are glad that *The Gryphon* is carrying on, and if any members wish for insertion of news items, the Secretary will be pleased to hear from them. Good luck until our next meeting!

News of Interest to Old Students.

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

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The O.S.A. Editor does not claim any magical significance for the fact, nor feel that he has merited any peculiar honour by it, but he feels that it is not without interest, at least to himself, to record that the present issue of *The Gryphon* is the fiftieth for which he has acted as O.S.A. Editor. The occasion seemed auspicious for a few reminiscences, but alas, paper is no longer plentiful.

CROFT.—In June of this year Harraps published for school use a small book of short selections made from the *Aeneid* by A. M. Croft.

DAVIES.—T. J. DAVIES (Arts, 1935–38) has been appointed Minister of the Meanwood Road Baptist Church, Leeds, 7.

DOUGLAS.—A new book by Professor D. C. Douglas, entitled *English Scholars*, has just been published by Messrs. Jonathan Cape; it is a study of some late Stuart historians. A full review will appear in the next *Gryphon*.

JONES.—Professor J. H. Jones has collaborated with Mrs. Cartwright and Mr. P. H. Guénault in writing *The Coal-mining Industry; an International Study in Planning*, which was published by Pitman's in August at the price of 16/-.

WILSON.—Mr. R. M. Wilson (English, 1927–30, M.A., 1931), Lecturer in English, is the author of a book on *Early Middle English Literature*, which is reviewed at length elsewhere in these pages.

RECORD OF WAR SERVICE.—Old students are reminded of the note printed in the last issue of *The Gryphon* with regard to the record of war service which it is desired to compile. Already a few replies have been received, and for these correspondents are asked to accept the Association's best thanks.

BIRTHS.

ALLAN.—To Dr. G. J. and Mrs. Allan (formerly Constance Grocock, Chem., 1925-28, Ph.D., 1931), at 3, Mortimer Road, Cambridge, on August 14th, twin daughters.

BENN.—To Dr. T. V. (Mods., 1920-25) and Mrs. Benn (formerly Mildred Woledge, French, 1925-29), of 3, The Turnways, Headingley, Leeds, 6, on July 6th, a daughter, Julia.

MARSHALL.—To Mr. W. and Mrs. Marshall (formerly Alice I. Wright, Botany, 1926-29), at Thornleigh Nursing Home, Odsal, Bradford, on September 16th, a son.

SINGLETON.—To Rev. J. W. A. (Philos., 1929-32) and Mrs. Singleton, of 170, Blackburn Road, Bolton, on October 10th, a son.

SUTCLIFFE.—To Mr. Cedric A. and Mrs. Sutcliffe (formerly Freda G. Peace, English, 1926-29, M.A., 1932), on April 18th, a second daughter, Catherine Eleanor Mary. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe will be remembered for their Union activities ten or a dozen years ago.

TUGWELL.—To Rev. F. and Mrs. Tugwell (formerly Muriel Stevenson, Arts, 1927-30), of 45, Rooms Lane, Morley, on August 20th, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

ESCRITT-LEWIS.—Edwin Escritt, of London, to Mary Lewis (Science, 1930-33), of York, on July 29th, at Clifton Church, York.

FINCH-CLIFFORD.—Laurence J. Finch (Mods., 1931-34) to Clarice I. Clifford, on July 29th, at St. Bartholomew's Church, Sydenham. Address: 125, Moseley Avenue, Coventry.

GREEN-CLARKE.—Dr. Edward Green, of Horsforth, to Edith Winifred Clarke, of Guiseley, at St. Oswald's Church, Guiseley, on October 14th.

KEIGHLEY-BURCH.—Captain Robert Keighley (M.B., Ch.B., 1938) to Dr. Jacqueline Burch, on September 30th, at St. Michael's Church, Leeds. Captain Keighley was President of the Union in the Session 1936-37 and was a prominent member of the O.T.C. and the Boat Club. Miss Burch came to Leeds from London in order to complete her clinical training.

OLVER-DORN.—Arthur G. Olver (Dental, 1929-34) to Elsie Dorn, of Whitkirk, on September 23rd, at the Friends' Meeting House, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds. Mr. Olver will be remembered as the second of two brothers equally famed for long distance running.

QUAYLE-BURNETT.—Dr. Gordon Quayle (M.B., Ch.B., 1936) to Miss S. M. Burnett, on July 29th, at Doncaster. Dr. Quayle, who is at present serving with the R.A.M.C., was at one time Sub-Warden of Devonshire Hall.

RUSSELL JONES - WHITEHEAD.—Selwyn Russell Jones, of Macclesfield, Cheshire, to Grethe Whitehead (Arts, 1932-36), of Adel, Leeds, at Adel Church, on September 2nd. Address:—Silvaplana, Tytherington Park, Macclesfield.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced between Mr. C. W. de J. Bishop (Arts, 1935-38), of 47, Brudenell Road, Leeds, 6, and Miss Sybil M. Bennett (Arts, 1936-39).

The engagement is also announced between Dr. Norman Clayton (History, 1930-33, Ph.D., 1935) and Miss Truda Wayman, of Huntingdon.

The engagement of Mr. Neville M. Taylor and Miss Doris Myrtle Robinson (Gen. Hons., Science, 1932-35), of "Windermere," Ferriby High Road, North Ferriby, Yorkshire, is also announced.

DEATHS.

CUSHING.—Dr. Harvey Cushing, the eminent surgeon, who died early in October at Newhaven, Connecticut, was an honorary graduate (D.Sc., 1935) of the University.

GILLIGAN.—We regret to have to announce the death, on October 14th, of Professor Albert Gilligan. The announcement of his death, coming so very shortly after his retirement from the Chair of Geology, must have come as a severe shock to his many friends in Yorkshire and elsewhere. Professor Gilligan was born at Wolverhampton in 1874, and, after graduating in the University of Wales, became Science Master at the Glossop County School. His connection with the University of Leeds began in 1907, when he was appointed Demonstrator; by 1911 he had become Lecturer, and in 1920 he was given the rank of Reader in Geology. In the meantime he had graduated at Leeds, first taking a B.Sc. in 1917 and following this up with his D.Sc. degree in 1918. On the retirement of Professor Percy F. Kendall in 1922, Dr. Gilligan was

appointed to fill his place as head of the Department. Of his scientific attainments it is for his fellow specialists to speak, but many students who were not of his Department will remember him for his keen interest in their welfare, especially in the sphere of athletics. To those who knew him intimately, either as students or as friends, it is idle for an outsider to speak, but even on those who had mere casual contacts with him the impress of his personality was unmistakable; I cannot attempt to convey that impress in a hurried notice such as this is, but it is curious that on trying to remember what struck me most about him, I found that it was the timbre of his *voice* that came back to me clearest of all. It is hoped that a more adequate notice of him from those best qualified to speak, may be written for a future issue of *The Gryphon*.

RICHMOND.—It is with profound regret, and with the expression of our deepest sympathy to her parents, that we have to announce the death in tragic circumstances and at an early age of Hilda Richmond, formerly a student in the Department of Botany. She graduated in 1929 and for some time after graduation she served on the Committee of the O.S.A.

At the time of her death, which took place on September 14th, Miss Richmond was a member of an expedition operating in the Lahul district of the Punjab. It is reported that on the day before the party to which she belonged had planned to make its return to a base camp, Miss Richmond, together with the rest of the party, had determined to take advantage of a rest-day to perform a number of miscellaneous duties. Having completed her work on some botanical specimens, Miss Richmond left a message in the camp that she was going out for a while; when she had not returned at the expected time, a search party was organised to look for her. No trace of her was found that same day, but on the next day her body was discovered at the foot of a waterfall. It is presumed that she had been killed by the fall of a heavy stone. The precise spot where she met her death is not yet known. As it proved impossible to convey her body over the long and arduous way to the nearest settlement, she was buried at the camp side in a rugged mountain grave. It was only after two days of hard travelling that the party came to a Christian community at Keyland, and there, in the tiny mission church, a short memorial service of quiet simplicity was held for her.

REVIEWS

Handbook of Physiology and Biochemistry.

36th Edition.

A STANDARD textbook which is recommended for the Second M.B. examination. A number of sections have been completely rewritten and a large amount of new material has been inserted. The book is of a convenient size and includes all the essential Physiology and Biochemistry which a medical student need know. There is an index of 45 pages and a profusion of excellent illustrations, many of which are in colour. S.K.

John Murray.

18/-.

W. D. HALLIBURTON, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S., etc.

R. J. S. McDOWALL, M.B., D.Sc., F.R.C.P.E.

Aequanimitas, with other Addresses.

3rd Edition. Reprinted.

A REPRINT of a collection of addresses to Medical Students, Nurses and Practitioners of Medicine, by Sir William Osler, one-time Professor of Medicine at Oxford. Author of a well-established text-book of medicine, he was a great figure in medical circles on both sides of the Atlantic. He was a great advocate for a liberal education for medical men and suggests a list of books for a student's bed-side library.

Sir Walter Langdon-Brown adds a Biographical note.

S.K.

H. K. Lewis & Co. Ltd.

7/6.

Sir WILLIAM OSLER, Bt.,
M.D., F.R.S.

Early Middle English Literature.

SINCE it was first announced by Messrs. Methuen some months ago, Mr. R. M. Wilson's book has been eagerly awaited and, fortunately now, as its publication coincides with the beginning of a new session, it can hardly fail to be put to instant and profitable use.

The author's endeavour has been to provide a synthesis of conclusions reached in a field of research which bristles with difficulties and hypotheses; even so it is not primarily a synthesis of the conclusions of individual scholars or of isolated facts merely, but it is rather a survey of those conclusions which have some valid ground for general and permanent acceptance. First and foremost then, Mr. Wilson's book is a conspectus of established results. It is also meant to be a readable narrative, a connected story. Scope for detailed discussion of debatable points is therefore very limited; it will be obvious that such sources as Wells's bibliography remain indispensable adjuncts to every book like Mr. Wilson's. This is not to deny the book originality, for it is not difficult to deduce the author's first-hand knowledge of his subject; but it does mean that the book is refreshingly free from the elaborate annotation, the fault finding and the fractious bickering which are among the less delightful products of the language schools.

What does Mr. Wilson mean by Early Middle English? He defines his period as roughly 1066 to 1300, dates whose significance is easily understood. After a preliminary chapter on the effects of the Conquest, which is a statement of the new views about the continuity of Anglo-Saxon culture, there follow two long chapters on the Anglo-Latin and the Anglo-French background, which were perhaps necessary to elucidate a complex period of literary composition in England, but which show how comprehensive Mr. Wilson's title must be taken to be. The literature of pure delight, which is none too plentiful, is only available for consideration after the preponderant didactic material of all kinds, from laws to sermons, has been disposed of. There is little need to analyse the various chapters in detail (the "Owl and the Nightingale" and the "Ancren Riwle" are the only works which have chapters to themselves), but in the end we can scarce forbear to ask how much of all this verse and prose (assuming with Mr. Wilson that much has been lost) may be said to claim our attention as *English literature* of the very first rank. Let us hear a summing up: "On the whole, the importance of English literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, as compared with vernacular literature on the Continent, depends more on its promise of future development than in any specific achievement of its own." Only a fool would conclude that English culture of this period was therefore despicable; it is a scholar's period undoubtedly, but for him there are riches enough.

This is a competent piece of work and well-performed, and its virtues are not those of fine writing and personal preference, but of balance and restraint. Its information and annotation are just what are required in a handbook of this compass, and in the "Conclusion," as in the very fine opening chapter, there is a valuable bird's-eye view of a difficult but vital period in our literary heritage.

Methuen, 8/6.

Early Middle English Literature.

R. M. WILSON.

FILM & THEATRE

GRAND THEATRE.

"PUNCH WITHOUT JUDY" is the sad story of a brilliant young scientist burning up his brain getting a B.Sc. Naturally when a pretty girl comes along he cannot live without her and as they can't be properly married they have to be broadminded. The bosom pal is against the scheme—as he might be against buying a new carpet. Things don't work out too well and Judy goes out of his life till he gets his B.Sc. in his best suit and borrowed clean shirt. (Did you try this method?). However, there was some good comedy from the bosom pal and the landlord and landlady and the acting was sincere and vigorous.

"WHEN WE ARE MARRIED" is the story of three very respectable chapel families who are made to believe that they were never properly married. The play shows their alarms and excursions till they find all is well. The characters are cleanly cut and alive, the play abounds in witty lines and amusing situations. . . . Clara Sopit trying to put the charwoman in her place and being reminded that she used to serve in her father's shop" and a mucky little shop it was . . ." Councillor Albert Parker magnanimously telling his wife he will stand by her and have a proper wedding, only to find she doesn't want to marry him. A very thorough piece of work.

Ballet was new to me. When I saw the first Vic-Wells ballet, "HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET," I thought it was beyond me. Whilst admiring the agility of Harlequin, I derived no pleasure from the spectacle of the waiting lover filling in the time by making legs all over the stage. But the beauty of the moonlit woodland setting of "LES SYLPHIDES," the rhythm and the matchless grace of the dancers, was something quite new to me. The impression was reinforced by the spectacular groupings, the light and shade of dancing, in "HOROSCOPE." A most vivid and interesting form of expression.

"HIS MAJESTY'S GUEST" shows Tom Walls as the forger who has served his time being cold-shouldered by two hard-boiled eggs in a country-house. (The metaphor is mixed, but it will suffice). However, he knows a little about them, and is following up his enquiries in a midnight prowling when two old prison pals come in on a professional call. Yet nothing happens. The two are seen safely off the premises, the two hard-boiled gentlemen are given a lecture for being naughty, the two inevitable young lovers are united and Robin Hood departs. It is not without its humorous moments, but, taken all in all, it is merely a vehicle for Tom Walls to maintain his commercially satisfactory rôle as the jovial, rather dirty old man.

THEATRE ROYAL.

"THE MAGIC CUPBOARD" was aptly described as pleasant family comedy. The play centres round a cupboard which gives everything you wish for, if you don't know its powers, and there is a very amusing scene where uncle and nephew try to get auntie to wish for a £1,000 and succeed in getting a nice cup of tea.

"THE LUCK OF THE NAVY" belongs very much to the last war. The war is referred to as "the game." Peter Coleman put in a good performance as the intrepid submarine commander hemmed in by German spies. The drama was much more exciting than the same thing on the films. An interesting point was George Mudie as the ramrod retired admiral, very much in contrast to his London working class husband of the previous week.

In "VINTAGE WINE" Peter Coleman appeared as the gay young widower of 62, whose two caricatures of sons try to save him from the woman he has picked up in Rome. The situation is complicated by the fact that he married her two years ago. Joan Wallace as the octogenarian head of the family made a fine dominating old lady, whilst Edward Waddy and Lodge Percy were most successful in their efforts to look like nothing on earth. A.P.

"French Leave."

A re-issue of the famous war-time farce, "French Leave," is an adaptation of the play by Reginald Berkeley. It is at one and the same time topical and amusing. The leading part is well played by Edmund Drew, assisted by Betty Wynne. The story centres round the arrival of a battalion of British soldiers from the Front in a small French village. Although at first the film tends to drag, the appearance of the Roosters and Oliver Wakefield cause considerable amusement. The picture culminates in a series of hilarious scenes, which make up for any lack of action in the early stages. N.B.B.

SOCIETY NOTES

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—Play-reading is a method of social recreation which will be found most useful in this present time of crisis, and for this reason the Dramatic Society is carrying on as usual, with one exception, viz.: that the Annual Production will have to be foregone. Such are the fortunes of war and we must accept them with a shrug and continue to give the Society our full support in these difficult times.

A fine programme of plays is in store for us and we look forward to a pleasant and successful session with the knowledge that "drama interprets every mood, and its noblest function remains to work upon man's soul and to inspire his spirit with exaltation."

N.B.—The dates on the Programme are subject to alteration—watch the Notice Boards for times and places of meetings.—P.E.K.

ECONOMICS SOCIETY.—We have had to build up a new programme for this session, but this has been managed successfully. There will be no Works Visits owing to A.R.P. regulations. Meetings are to be held every other week on Tuesdays at 4-15 p.m.

R. F. RICHARDSON, *Hon. Secretary.*

S.C.M.—Although we are now at war, the task of S.C.M. remains essentially the same. Our job is to stand for the things of Jesus Christ among students; to understand the fullness of what is meant by the Christian faith; to commit ourselves without reservations to all that is involved in living the Christian life, and to try all the time to bring other men and women into the knowledge of God. These essentials are not changed while our country is at war.

With this in view we are carrying on the programme arranged last year. Here we are fortunate in being able to hold our open meetings unchanged, as we have been allowed the use of Emmanuel Institute. Study Groups are being held in the Hostels and the University on subjects such as "The Kingdom of God and History," "Doctrine," "Prayer," "Democracy" and "Education." Our daily prayers continue to be held in Emmanuel Church at 1-45, and all S.C.M. members are strongly urged to attend, particularly at such a time as this.

Notice of our activities is posted on the Notice Boards in the University, and any further details can be obtained from any Committee Member, or from Denis Moores at Russian House.

L. BARKER, *Assistant Secretary*.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—At a meeting on October 10th, the Committee decided that it was possible and desirable to organise an exhibition to be held some time in the second term. Sufficient support has been promised to justify the project, but additional promises to submit prints, from any photographers in the University, will be of great value to the Society. Regulations will be issued shortly.

We hope to receive permission to hold three meetings in the Refectory, but until such permission is received it is impossible to consider what form the meetings might most advantageously take.

The House Committee of the Union, in consultation with the Hon. Secretary of the Society, has accepted a set of regulations governing the use of the darkroom in the Union Building. Members of the Society will, when the regulations receive the formal approval of the Union Committee, be able to use the room on favourable terms. It is proposed to transfer the apparatus from the old to the new darkroom early in November.

As there is no fixed series of lectures arranged for this session, the normal syllabus-membership card has been replaced by a single membership card, which is obtainable through all members of the Committee (see Union Handbook).—G. PARKER, *Hon. Secretary*.

THE CONSERVATIVE SOCIETY.—It is our intention to keep the Society in being throughout the war period and we shall be very willing to negotiate with persons of any political creed. With this object in view it has been proposed that study groups should be instituted to debate upon questions arising from time to time. In addition, it will provide Youth with the long-awaited opportunity for asserting itself in over-riding ancient prejudice and of laying a solid foundation for the readjustment of the injustices of our system by constitutional methods.

The proposed visit of Mr. Alan Fye has been indefinitely postponed owing to his enlistment for military service. He will be greatly missed.

We believe that the progressive ideas produced, and the work done, by the F.U.C.U.A. was of incalculable value in the past and will be equally so in the future. Leeds has played no small part, for unlike her somewhat somnolent sister Universities, she has been an extremely active participant in all spheres of the Federation.

Succinctly, let those desirous of an immediate "just and lasting peace" recall Rousseau's words: "Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet."—IRENE M. W. JOHNSON, *Hon. Secretary*.

EDUCATION SOCIETY.—This society appeals in particular to all R.S.T's, and we should like to see all such students as members of the Society. We do not mind whether you are a Fresher and in what year you are. The society will hold regular meetings, including one addressed by Lady S. Simon, a member of the Spen Report Committee and one of the leading protagonists of a progressive education for all. In addition, theatre visits and rambles will be arranged regularly. If you are interested, come to our meetings and get in touch with any member of the committee, who will be very pleased to help you.—DEREK V. WORDSWORTH, *Hon. Secretary*.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.—It is the intention of the Committee to carry on as usual this year, and we hope to be able to offer to our many supporters an entertaining and varied programme. Speakers have been rather difficult to engage, but we include in our programme Mr. Forty, B.B.C. Public Relation Officer, Palme Dutt and other prominent speakers. These meetings will take place in the Refectory and members are advised to watch the Notice Boards for further details. In addition to these formal meetings, the Society intends to hold Sunday afternoon discussion meetings in the Union Buildings on a wide range of topics. Moreover, the Society will hold rambles once a fortnight and several theatre visits will be arranged. Anyone who is interested should get in touch with the Secretary, or with a member of the Committee.—NORMAN B. BELSHAW, *Hon. Secretary*.

HOSTEL NOTES

DEVONSHIRE HALL.—The first week of term was marked by A.R.P. activities. After strenuous exertions (particularly on the part of the Warden) we finally evaded the arm of the law and thrust the air-raid wardens into the outer darkness.

The number of Freshers this year is 53. We look to them to take the place of those senior men who were unable to return to hostel owing to the war. They are invited to participate in the running of Hall.

We have also the pleasure of welcoming Professor Evans and Mr. Archibald to Devonshire Hall. We hope that they will have a happy time amongst us.

Deprived of the bonfire and kindred amusements, we hope to increase the number of our social activities. The Senior Common Room has already made a start, and the Dramatic Society has its plans drawn up. We are looking forward to Freshers' Day and the Treasure Hunt on October 29th and 30th.

The proclamation of October 1st has claimed many men. Our best wishes go with those who may have to leave us.—F. F. VICKERS.

WEETWOOD HALL.—Our welcome to the large number of Freshers and to the evacuees from Lyddon Hall was, to say the least, rather unusual. They were introduced to a building in the process of being blacked-out by joiners, sempstresses and the like, and, to add to the confusion, all and sundry had to make drastic alterations in their plans for the year, since the increase in numbers had caused many single rooms to be transformed into doubles, and doubles into trebles.

It has been interesting to watch how the old hands have adapted themselves to vastly changed conditions and necessary curtailment of privileges; both they and the new-comers have concealed their natural dismay at having to conform to regulations of unaccustomed severity, and various schemes are on hand for lightening the social darkness.

We have held one A.R.P. drill, which was quite successful, and have succeeded in obscuring the many chinks of light which caused so much trouble during the first few nights of the black-out. The Hostel A.R.P. Wardens are to be congratulated for their efficiency and unflinching good humour in a difficult task.

It is hoped to hold a modified form of Hostel Dance at the end of term, and to combine the usual Bonfire-night dinner with the Freshers' Social. On the principle of Mahomet and the Mountain it has been suggested that the Dramatic and Music Societies should be invited to visit Hostel, and we sincerely hope that they will find it possible to do so.—B.E.K.C.

ATHLETIC NOTES

THE CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.—Like all other athletic clubs the Cross Country Club is passing through a period of great difficulty, though we hope that by the time these notes appear in print we shall be running matches at fairly regular intervals. Meanwhile practices are being attended with great energy and enthusiasm. Each Wednesday and Saturday afternoons a large pack turns out to enjoy a run of anywhere between four and seven miles over splendid country. We are convinced of the need for regular exercise and look upon running as the best means of keeping fit. If anyone is reading this who feels the same, and has, as yet, done nothing about it, I hope he will take this as an invitation.—D.D.

SCOUT CLUB.—The Scout Club has already become active. We held our first meeting in a Rover "Den" outside the University. A lively and enlightening discussion followed Mr. C. A. Smith's presidential address, in which he asked what were the functions and characteristics of a Rover Crew which distinguished it from other bodies.

We were pleased to see several new members and we hope that others will join; whether or not they have been Scouts previously. Students of all years are equally welcome.—R.H.M.

THE CLIMBING CLUB.—Although the shortage of petrol has made real climbing nothing more than an exhilarating memory, the Club is passing through a period of intense activity. Our attitude towards our craft is necessarily changing—gritstone climbing is no longer a means to an end, but the end itself—Almescliffe must take the place of "Cloggy," gymnastics that of mountaineering. The week-end meets are developing all the attributes of a good circus, with turns which amaze both audiences and performers. The "Crack of Doom," 40 feet of sheer impossibility, has once been climbed, attempts (successful and otherwise) have been made on "Green Crack" and "Central Climb," while our strong party regularly forces its way up "Parsons'." A number of new members with slightly less experience and a greater instinct for self-preservation derive equal excitement by squirming up the "Goblin," swinging from the "Bird's Nest" or striding across "Pigott's"..... In short, the climbing carries on.—DEREK DOBSON, *Hon. Secretary*.

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB.—As the Winter term is generally devoted to training we are one of the few fortunate clubs who have not had to cancel fixtures.

A large number of Freshers have demonstrated their willingness to take part in keep-fit classes in the Gym, and we are hoping to find some new talent. Training on the track will carry on as usual, and we are looking forward to holding local fixtures next term.

We must congratulate Miss Sweeting on her brilliant performance at Monaco, which was reported in the October *Gryphon*, and hope to have the benefit of her experience.—B.E.K.C.

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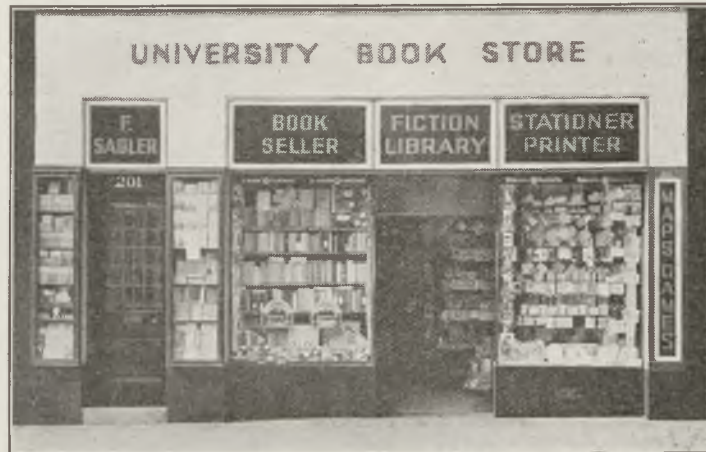


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