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Talkative Passenger: "Do we pass any good inns on the road driver, where I can get a GUINNESS?"

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(Collapse of Talkative Passenger.)



G.E.2204.D



ENOUGH TO MAKE A CAT
DIE LAUGHING-



The Retort Frigid

"I feel like a Guinness"

"I wish you were"

(a chilly silence.)

First Man: "A terrible thing happened to me last night."

Second Man: "A terrible thing happened to you last night?"

First Man: "Yes, someone asked me to have a Guinness and I didn't hear him!"

(They retire to a neighbouring hostelry to repair the damage.)

THE GRYPHON

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EDITORIAL

"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.

FIFTY YEARS AGO, when Leeds University was first granted its charter, aviation and the internal combustion engine were still in their infancy. The strongest explosive was T.N.T., Telephone communication was only just beginning to link one-half of the world to the other. The steam railway engine was still the fastest means of transport. Life was leisured, dignified, stable and founded by and large on traditions that seemed as established as the rock of ages. Now, after 50 years and two world wars, much of the stability has vanished. Our communications which ring the world only tell us faster than before that a Hydrogen bomb exploded on the other side of the world is strong enough to smash the culture that we have laboriously constructed over centuries of thought, trial and costly experiment. Human dignity is still as valuable as it ever was, but is precariously balanced between the forces of national war and intolerant ideology. What leisure we have is transient, with none of the old nonchalance born of a secure confidence in human power over external nature and over the creations of our own minds. Fifty years is not long for such tremendous things to happen, and the University has had to grow in the middle of these alterations, which have changed not only the earth's surface but also man's relation to the universe. This has had its effect upon the structure of the University. We have no ivory tower where one can remain for too long out of earshot of the world. The very last impression one gains of the University is that of a cloistered retreat where one can be insulated from the rude bustle of industry and life.

And yet the continuity in the University life of the last 50 years emphasises that the one tradition that is unassailable is the ideal of knowledge and scholarship. The words are a long way from being platitudes. A period of disintegrating values makes it all the more essential that our actions should be grounded upon knowledge of reality and not upon delusion. The rushing Twentieth century tends to make our actions hasty and we are in danger of living improvising lives where

the traditional goals seem to have lost their power of giving direction and purpose. Knowledge of the great essentials can only be gained by a broad and catholic experience of all that human thought has accomplished, and the function of a University is to give access to this experience in all its complex variety.

One distinction which mercifully seems to be vanishing is the distinction between "useful" and "useless" knowledge. It transpires that the co-called "useless" knowledge is really far more useful in a profounder way than its brother, but its use is not one that can easily be defined. One realises its value when it is omitted or suppressed. The simple distinction between the Sciences and the Arts is only made for the administrative purposes of the curriculum; one cannot have a purely "Arts" or a purely "Science" education without really having something less than an education. The emphasis at Leeds was primarily, as befits a University in the middle of a great industrial city, technological, but as it has grown its scope has widened until no one with any experience of its cultural life could term it a technological University. In the fields of Drama, Literature, the Visual Arts, and Music, there is always something going on, often both startling and ambitious. The foundation of the Gregory Fellowships is an enterprise of great originality and foresight and could, in these days when the decay of the Patronage system and the pressure of ideology have placed the artist in an unenviable position, have far-reaching consequences. The qualifications which one gets from a University education are not simply in the letters behind one's name, but in the versatility of approach and flexibility of outlook when confronted with problems for which no particular academic pursuit can provide a cut and dried answer.

With events happening at such a pace it is as impossible to predict what the next six months will bring as the next 50 years. The University has ambitious plans for expansion. Already new buildings are rising over vacant ground, and it looks as if it will be a considerable time before the sound of construction will die down. It is safe to say, however, that the University will continue to maintain the standards of scholarship which it has inherited and fostered.

The Gryphon Short Story Competition

The prize of £5 offered for the best short story submitted goes to Mr. Cyril Jacob for his story "Ash of Wrath." All those people who submitted stories will receive a short criticism of their work made by the judge, Dr. Phyllis Bentley.

The Gryphon Committee would like to take this opportunity of thanking Dr. Bentley for consenting to judge the competition.

Lascelles Abercrombie

CEREMONIAL ODE

Intended for a University.

WHEN from Eternity were separate
The curdled element
The gathered forces, and the world began—
The Spirit, that was shut and darkly blent
Within the being, did the whole distress.
With blind desire after spaciousness.
Into this yearning, strictly bound by Fate
And closely natured came like an open'd grate
At last the Mind of Man,
Letting the sky in, and a faculty
To light the cell with lost Eternity.

So commerce with the Infinite was regained:
For upward grew Man's ken
Laying foundations deep in the ancient fen
Where other life helpless and prone remained.
With knowledge painfully quarried and hewn fair,
Platforms of lore, and many a hanging stair
Of strong imagination, Man has raised
His wisdom like the watch-towers of a town;
That he, though fastened down
By fate, be with its cruelty not amazed,
But be of outer vastness greatly aware.

This, then, is yours: to build exultingly
High, and yet more high,
The knowledgeable towers above base wars
And shameful surges reaching up to lay
Dishonouring hands upon your work and drag
Down from uprightness your desires, to lag
Among low places with a common gait;
That so Man's mind, not conquered by his clay,
May sit above his fate,
Inhabiting the purpose of the stars,
And trade with his Eternity.

Cyril Jacob

ASH OF WRATH

THE SKY ABOVE was dull and grey, as heavy and as leaden as the hearts of the poor Jews bent over their prayers in the dark synagogue. The drifts of rain drowned out their tears; each reverberating roll of thunder found its echo in their hearts; and each new flash of lightning with its shining scalpel tore aside the tissues of their souls, exposing the tatters beneath. The thunder a rod for their backs, the penitents saw and heard, drew their prayer-shawls closer about them, shivered and sought refuge anew in the words before them. . . . "Oy," muttered the old women in the lobby, raising withered foreign hands, "what a day for the fasting! what a Day of Atonement!"

Rachel looked up at the clock in her living-room and shrugged her shoulders. To-day, at least, the time meant nothing. The figures were deep in shadow, but she could see the changing faces on the beaten bronze of the pendulum as it slowly swung from side to side, catching the dying flickers of the memorial light upon the table—the faint orange flame licking the side of the glass, feebly fighting the white wax.

"Another time," she thought, "I will not buy from them again. The candle going out before the hours are up! What would he say? Surely he would have blamed me, teased me, said my eyes were growing dim; I should have known the wax. But let him rest in peace. We had good times as well as bad. The child was his, though. Saw it from the very start. She would be no different even if he were here now. He'd stick up for her, her and all her Gentile friends. . . . The years have dried up all the shouting and the crying. She knows what I am thinking, and does what I want her to do, or not, just as she pleases. Why shout or cry? No use. We know each other."

But where was she now? It was late enough for her to be down, breakfast or no breakfast. No sound from her room. The light was deceptive. She must still be asleep. She would sleep to the Day of Judgment, if you let her.

The stairs creak beneath the mother's feet in the dark hall. The door swings open to a glare of light. The neighbours must not see that. Hurriedly Rachel snapped off the light. Light on this day of all days! Drawers out; an odd stocking over the bed-rail; shameless scanty pieces of underwear on the floor; the bed-clothes all askew. "Ruth!" The bed is eloquent in reply. A note in scented paper on the dressing-table. She has gone. And with a Gentile!

The light was on. She can't have gone long. The back door flies open at a touch. The wind tears at her hair, the rain at her face. Two figures are grey in the rain at the top of the hill.

O GOD, let her be cursed for a wanton. O GOD, she has darkened my doors and darkened thy race.... Let them be filled with confusion, O Lord; with the wind of the North let them be smitten, with the storm that setteth the mountains on fire. Let thy enemies know that thou art the Lord. Let thy lightnings strike upon her, O Lord. Avenge thyself, O GOD; strike them, and avenge me, O Lord.....

The tree at the top of the hill is all twisted. At its foot, two bodies lie crumpled, grey and sodden in the rain, are merged together.

Lord, what thou hast given, thou hast taken away. Blessed be thy name. for thyself thou hast avenged, both in her and in me. I was alone, now am I desolate. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

The door of the house is shut. Inside, the flame has died.

Keith Waddams

POEM FOR EASTER.

I CRIED to the hills
but my anguish returned to me
and the hills were silent.

*I cried to the waters
but the waters heeded not my cry
and the salt in my teeth
was the salt of my tears.*

*I cried to my God
that he had forsaken me*

*But He shook his head
and approved my dying.*

James S. Lee

THAT FAIR MISTAKE

HE OPENED THE FRONT DOOR and stepped out on to the pavement. His black hair was pressed down with grease and his face shone from repeated swills with cold water. He wore his best blue suit, which usually he wore only on Sundays. Today was Friday, but he thought that it was an important enough day to merit the best blue suit. The girl he was going to meet was worthy of nothing less. So he had taken the trousers from the press and the coat off the hanger.

For a moment he stood fingering his tie, then, straightening his shoulders, he strode off down the street. Here he was in his best blue suit strolling into Town to meet a girl. He had got a girl. Again he straightened his shoulders. A girl of his own, someone who cared for him, not as his mother or father cared for him, but as a woman cared for a man. Or a girl for a boy.

He turned down an alley, leading into the next street. It was very dark and he trod carefully, avoiding the puddles of rain-water which might have taken the shine off his shoes.

He came out of the alley and strode quickly along the street to the main road. In a quarter of an hour he would be there, outside the Gaumont, waiting for her. He hoped she was not there already. What would he say if she was there, waiting for him? "I'm awfully sorry, but —— ?" She would think he had done it purposely. She would think he did not care for her. But he did. Never mind, if she really cared for him she would wait.

He reached the main road and stood beside a lamp-post waiting for a tram. He looked up the road to see if there was one in sight. There was nothing but empty track. A tram rattled by, going the other way. Its lights shivered through the damp, glistening windows.

He would be late. He knew he'd be late. Why didn't the tram hurry? Why was it late? Why didn't the driver realise he was waiting here? Just waiting?

He liked her so much. At least he thought he did; he hoped he did. But how could he tell? Could he use the same toothbrush? Yes, but that was silly. He knew he had a queer, empty feeling in his stomach and he knew that he got a thrill merely by touching her arm. He wondered if he would have been thrilled if he had touched another girl's arm. He didn't think he would have been thrilled as much as he was, when he touched hers.

"Would you like to go to the pictures tomorrow? It's a good show at the Gaumont!" He had had a lot of nerve to ask a girl to go out with him just like that. After all, he had only met her that night. He was glad he had gone to the dance.

The tram screeched to a stop. He walked out on to the road and climbed the steps on to the platform.

"Twopenny one, please!"

"Thankye!"

He sat down and began to fold his ticket. Looking down at it he noticed the number 22184. He looked away and tried to remember them. 2218 or 64, 84 it was. He looked down again—84.

"Two fourpennies!"

"Two?"

He looked up and saw the man nod. The conductor flicked out the two tickets and handed them to him.

"Thankye! Anymore 'fez,' please?"

The man turned to the woman at his side.

"It really is good," he said. He tried not to listen. "I'll bring it over tomorrow and you can have a look at it."

The woman smiled.

"I'd like to see it."

He'd talk to her like that and she would smile at him. He would sit in a tram with her and ask for two fourpennies. Everyone would see they were together. They would overhear them talking. But what would he say to her? He would have to talk about something. You just can't talk and talk about nothing. He didn't even know what she was interested in, but he would soon find out and then they could talk. He knew she would be interested in books. Everyone was interested in books and films and dancing. He knew they would find plenty to talk about.

He was very lucky. She had said she would meet him as soon as he had asked her. Perhaps she had never been asked out before. But she must have been. She was very good-looking. She had a lovely face and a well-built body—she did have a good body.

What had George said at the dance? "Flowering"?—no—"budding bosoms." George had no right to say that about her. She was pretty and she was going to meet *him*. She dressed well, too. Sweater and a black skirt. She looked

smart, very smart, best at the dance. The other lads must have wished themselves in his place. "Would you like to meet me tomorrow night? There's a good show on at the Gaumont." She said yes straightaway.

He looked out of the window at the passing shop lights. Where was he? He didn't know this place? He held his hand against the glass and peered through the shadow. A church jogged past the tram. He slid over to the end of the seat and stood up.

The tram hissed to a stop. He jumped off the bottom step and skipped on to the pavement. A man and woman passed him, arm in arm. He smiled. People noticed you when you were arm in arm. They would notice him and he would be proud. He would be proud of her. He'd introduce her to all his pals. "This is ——." But he didn't know her name. He hadn't asked her. She hadn't asked what his name was. How had he talked to her and not got to know what her name was. What would be her name? Shirley? Doreen? Elizabeth? Anne? Shirley!—or something like that: Shirley. "This is Shirley." And they'd be jealous. They were forced to be jealous.

He turned off to the right and began to force his way through the crowd around the steps into the cinema.

"Excuse me!"

He slid himself between two people and walked on to the glass frame in which were photographs of scenes from the film. One of them showed a man and a woman about to kiss. He looked carefully at the woman's mouth. It was small, soft and well-defined. It would be a wonderful moment when he kissed her. It wasn't like the kissing in a darkened room at a party. It was the real thing. You kissed because you wanted to kiss. He looked at the photograph again. The man's lips looked soft, too. A kiss was a soft thing, smooth and soft. There was something beautiful in a kiss, a real kiss; something tender and thrilling.

He was glad he had got there before her. He looked at the crush of people moving up the steps into the cinema. He would be walking up those steps soon with her at his side.

He stood against the glass frame and waited. The crowd slowly shuffled up the steps and disappeared. He was left alone.

Moving out of the lights, he stood in against the wall.

They had all gone in now. She had better hurry or they would miss the beginning of the first picture. He looked up and down the street, but he could not see her.

The street seemed very quiet and only a few people passed him. They noticed him. He knew they did. And he knew what they were thinking, that he was waiting for a girl. Well, he was and he was proud to be. But he wished he didn't have to stand where people could see him waiting.

He looked carefully up and down the street again. She was late. But they said women were always late. What would he say when she did come? "Where have *you* been?" No, he would say "We nearly missed it. If you'd been any later it would have been a waste of time going in!"

The first picture would have started now. He wished she would hurry up and come.

The commissioner came down the steps and stood on the edge of the pavement, rocking himself to and fro. Then he turned round and walked sharply back to the steps, slapping his white gloves together. A small man in an overcoat that was too big for him came by.

"Na Tom!" said the commissioner.

"Bill!"

The small man stopped and the two of them began to talk. Their voices were loud and he could hear what they were saying. The sound grated on his ears. It was weird, echoing from the marble steps.

Stepping out from the wall he looked up and down the street.

Where was she? She must be somewhere. She was waiting for him. That was it. They had missed each other in the crowd and she was waiting for him—probably on the other side of the steps.

He walked past the entrance, passing the two men who were still talking, each with one foot on the bottom step.

"'Course he ought to have told 'em."

"Aye!"

"But he didn't. That's what all the bother was about."

He passed into the darkness on the other side of the entrance and saw someone standing in the shadows.

She had come. She had been standing there all the time, waiting for him. He was glad she had waited. It showed that she cared for him. And he had waited for her.

He walked quickly towards her, his heart beating fast.

For a while he had thought she would not turn up. He had hoped he had been wrong. He was glad he had been wrong.

When he was three yards away from her, the girl stepped out of the shadows and moved towards him.

It was not her.

For an instant he stopped walking. But then he started again and walked on past the girl.

She had been waiting for someone. He was sorry for her. Why shouldn't they go into the cinema together. It was too late for anyone to turn up now. She was not coming, so why shouldn't he go in with the girl he had just passed. But he didn't want to. His stomach felt empty and unsteady. His eyes were watery, making the street-lights sparkle and glitter.

He walked slowly back to the tram stop and waited. He wasn't really bothered. There would be other girls, better girls. But why hadn't she come? She had said yes straight away. Why hadn't she turned up to meet him? He would never see her again, never. She would be laughing at him. Laughing, because she knew *he* would be there, waiting for her.

The tram rattled to a stop and a man and woman jumped off.

Lucky sod, he'd got a girl. He could walk arm in arm down the street. There would be other girls, better girls. He'd show her, but she would never know. He might meet her again. If he did, he hoped that he would be with another girl. What did he care about her. She was nothing to him. He didn't even know her name.

There was a puddle in the road, between the pavement-edge and the tram-lines. As he was walking to the tram, he stepped into it purposely, and smiled as he saw the shine on his shoes disappear. He climbed on to the tram and sat down.

"Twopenny one, please!"

"Thankye! Any more 'fez,' please?"

What did he care?



From The Gryphon

15

of Fifty Years Ago

THE UNIVERSITY HAS come at last. Long may it exist ! May its Professors ever have a reputation for learning and wisdom, its students continue to be hard-working and conscientious, so that its influence may be wide and far reaching, and that wheresoe'er that influence is once felt, the darkness of ignorance and prejudice may be banished for ever. April 26th, 1904, should be an epoch-making event in English Twentieth century life, and yet scarcely more than a ripple troubled the dull, heavy waters of the traditional English belief in *laissez-faire*. The world at large did not go into raptures on hearing that a new University had come into being ; so much the greater need is there then for this institution of ours to justify its adoption of new conditions of life. It may be said, however, that the students at any rate have already shown their disapprobation of the passive nonchalance of the average Englishman by the demonstration which they made on the occasion of the reading of the new Charter by the Vice-Chancellor. There is some justification, it is true, for the holding of such a view : for the afternoon of Tuesday, the 26th of April, will doubtless long be remembered for its culmination of dissonant clamouring and its great extent of *disjecta membra*.

And yet over-joyed as we are that anything is so potent as to quicken in the dry bones of College life even an approximate approach to universal enthusiasm we are, nevertheless, prone to think that such enthusiasm was rather superficial than profound, temporary than abiding. It was but a spontaneous outburst of physical energy—and as such to be admired—through which a somewhat rich strain of temporary insanity found its way.

For real enthusiasm—a stirring of the soul springs of the individual—would not have been quenched within a day as the other was. Its effects would have been many and various. These would have been mirrored in the conversation of the students, and, as a result, contributions would have been poured into *The Gryphon* box dealing with many controversial matters. For surely the formation of our new University should be epoch-making in this respect apart from any other. There should take place now a review of all the traditions of our College, and a set determination formed to eradicate the bad, and perpetuate the good ; there should be, in short, a re-casting of all the best landmarks of our College life, and, finally, additions made to our existing ideals and a glow of colour infused into much of the prosaic routine now existing in the College.

Martin Banham

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

I THINK I'll give up Poetry for Prose,
 Though why, goodness knows.
 Rejection slips from "Time and Tide"
 hurt the pride,
 But the editors of "Argosy" or "Punch"
 are a soulless bunch
 too.

Few
 people realise the significance of my work,
 They shirk
 the problems I raise
 and praise
 Walter de la Mare.
 Do you wonder I despair?
 I even sent, to "Reveille," a sonnet
 about godiva, with variations on it
 to make it hot
 but they did not,
 They said,
 Earn bread
 and butter from trash.
 How rash
 of me to bid for fame
 under their respected name.
 Writing poetry is good fun
 for anyone,
 But it's depressing
 to find yourself confessing
 that you're bad.
 How sad.
 After the reputation that you have built
 for yourself with yourself, it really takes the gilt
 off the gingerbread.
 I'm going to bed.

If there is any breath left in the Poet
 He will whisper words
 some incoherent (some would say obscene),
 And some just sounding good, and meaning little.
 A few are new, but most are old and stale,
 Though used afresh to tell the same old tale.

If there is any sense left in the Poet
 He will think first
 And write afterwards.
 If he is mad
 He will write first,
 And get published.

If there is any hope left in the Poet
 He'll keep writing.
 Gradually there comes the realisation
 (A sad sensation)
 That Poets with a message
 Catch the worm.
 I simply starve.



THE HARBOUR BOTTOM

by D. Clegg.



HEAD OF JUDAS

by Bernard Brown

G. T. Heard

AS OTHERS SEE US

WHAT IS A STUDENT ?

LEGEND HAS IT that a tram conductor seeing a party of students off his early morning tram regaled them with a parting question : "What yer going to do about smog ?" The question was addressed quite indiscriminately to the whole tired file, most of whom had about as much connection with the technics of smoke-pollution as the conductor had with the campaigns of Alexander the Great in Parthia, but it did illumine one important notion which the general public has of students, and that is of the student body as an entity which does something. The cynics would no doubt dispute this, and point out, as our tame philosopher remarked, that a University Education is a means of teaching people to live above their income, but they do not have the last word because even if students do nothing they do at least attempt to do it superlatively well, which is perhaps no mean art.

Granted therefore that students exist for some purpose, we find that different sections of opinion reflect different images of students and their uses like so many distorting mirrors. Tram conductors particularly seem to have the most imaginative, almost surrealist view of students, observing them with the practised and unerring eyes of those who see the whole of human variety sitting for a brief space in their personal agony-wagon. There was one to whom a student was not so much a person who does a thing, but a person who wears a thing, a scarf. If it was in term time the scarves duly paid their fares and clogged the early morning traffic. In vacation time it was obviously a rule of nature that the scarves dispersed (ostensibly to their sartorial hideouts), and the Headingley trams could settle down to a more normal routine. The conception is one worthy of Dali in his more abstracted moods ; there is something vaguely sinister and metaphysical about a scarf snaking its way up the winding stairs of a tram, and one feels like the character in H. G. Wells' " Invisible Man " when a cigarette suddenly start being consumed by unseen lungs. However, the idea has its drawbacks, as I found

when I rashly ventured back to the University in the middle of vacation time to collect some books. I sat on the top deck of the tram, and proffered the usual twopence. The conductor caught sight of my scarf and said somewhat distrustfully: "Them scarves have gone back." He said this quite finally; the law of periodical appearance and disappearance had established itself for him after years of experience rocking from one end of Leeds to the other. Here was a scarf out of season. This would never do, the next thing we knew we would be having sledging in July or gooseberries in February. It saddens me to have to disillusion people; to have come to a conclusion at all in the world's welter seems so much of an achievement that to plunge anybody back into doubt seems a cavalier thing to do. Besides, I could not really contradict the essentials of his case: it was vacation time, the University had gone down. I said so. "Oh yes, the University's been down for the last month or so." He looked out of the window for a second and could just see the chalk-square Parkinson tower above the chimneys. University? Down? He looked again and the sun was shining reassuringly on the tower. I was obviously somebody who needed watching, a Person masquerading as a scarf. He had arrived at definite conclusions about both my mentality and parentage. My being there had no validity at all in the scheme of things, but after all he had his work to do and fares to collect so he took my twopence. He fingered it suspiciously before he dropped it into his bag as if to make doubly sure that this could not be the same kind of solid twopence that the scarves usually rendered up. He seemed perfectly prepared to hand in two dud coins for cashing if only to humour my whims. "No," he insisted, "We don't see them scarves this time of year," implying who was I to break one of nature's laws. I got off at University Road feeling very guilty. I could see he remained quite unconvinced.

To the people who run the cafeteria and refectories, students, apart from being people who consume things which must keep their stomachs in a continual state of apprehension, are first and foremost doodlers. On the administrative side this means that every day a day's accumulation of doodling must be violently erased from each table, the top of which is daily ground down to the extent of roughly $\frac{1}{1,000,000}$ of an inch. To the student an empty table top is a temptation to project the bric-a-brac of learning, the odd ugly duckling by-products of awakening potentiality, on to its gleaming white surface. These tables become the lumber room of education. Here are all the interesting, not-to-be-followed-up pursuits of post-prandial intellects. Lethal looking calculations vie with those organic, expanding drawings that start with a dint on the surface and become instinct with all kinds of spatial meaning until the whole side of the table reminds one of a baroque nightmare. Doodling and day-dreaming go together, Miners draw aeroplanes, Literature students draw machines, Engineers draw Disney-like animals.

One feels that this doodling habit should be tolerated if only for the philosophers. Judging from the books of philosophy I have read they spend half their time discussing whether a table is, or is not, and surely the occasional sojourn to the cafeteria allows some abstruse tabloid problem to reach a solution, even if it is only a partial and superficial one. A philosopher's doodle can never be an ordinary doodle to him. The achievement of having created something personal and tangible on something which may arguably be either impersonal or intangible is bound to affect his world view in one way or the other. Besides it stops him from running up the walls.

The general public, bless its general head, has many opinions about students. These opinions are divided into two sub-sections, those based upon experience of the student-in-his-lair, and those based on that totally different character the student-in-town. A great many of the first set of opinions are derived from that hardy annual event the visiting day. On this day whole hordes of aliens are shown round the inner sanctums of each department, and it has the effect of a spring clean unearthing all kinds of things which the rest of the year are taken cheerfully for granted. Occasionally an unknown, forgotten research student is discovered lurking like a Twentieth century troglodyte among the mazes of machinery inside one of the more distant laboratories. These are very rare specimens and should be treated carefully. If disturbed too violently it has been known for them to utter a high-pitched warning sound as follows : "peeaitchdee, peeaitchdee," and to attack with a pair of inky dividers. No visitors are actually recorded as being lost in this way, but one cannot be too careful. The basements stretch for miles and are full of hollow, thudding noises. Stray visitors who are intrigued by these catacombae yorkshire collegorum, should remember that although the medical school is quite a way from the University proper, they still pay money for healthy cadavers, and student grants being what they are.....

Most opinions about students, however, are derived from that quaint thing, the student-in-town. This appears in various guises. Rag day or no Rag day, it is often clad in some ancient jalopy whose only claim to consideration as a vehicle is on the strength of an entry for the Brighton-London old crocks race having been considered worthy of rejection. The opinions of insurance firms about students can be inferred from the way in which the rates rise steeply whenever the concepts student and motor-cycle/car are brought anywhere near each other. Your insurance company is the very archetype of the strong, silent business, and never, of course, has "opinions" about its clients, so one can only infer its attitude from the different degrees of client-soaking which it puts into practice.

The opinions of the police about students are much more accessible, but tend to be unprintable. The student is always something of an unknown and unpredictable quantity, and his actions often have to come in a different category

and be treated differently from those of normal people. If a male bank clerk or shop assistant is seen wandering about the city clad only in a Bikini, harsh things are apt to be said and done, but if he has a collecting box and magazines under his arm people say a little pityingly : " It's only a student," and assume he is doing it for charity or for the *corpore sano* part of the old adage. The male is the same, the Bikini is the same, but this mystical idea of studentship somehow alters everything. Why this should be has never really been studied and would probably form an interesting thesis for some visiting American Psychologist under some such title as " Differential factors in the tolerance of Bikini-clad male undergraduates among the North-British."

Just how immune studentship makes one from the rather drab conformity that most other people endure is difficult to say, and certainly varies from place to place. Foreign students are more violent but much less subtle. Whereas the students in a Foreign University would upset the city or set the Town Hall on fire in a prematurely serious manner for some fanatically political reason, the English student would tend to do it for the sheer uncomplicated joy of erasing its architecture, and because having a gap instead of a building gives the eyes a rest. Whereas University students seem to be a considerable factor in foreign politics, here they are still mainly in the dabbling, heckling stage, which is perhaps as it should be. Countries where students are allowed to run the country show their political immaturity, because a person who runs a country in so far as he does it well, should be beyond the studying stage and not still in it, otherwise actions and policies remain on the undergraduate level. One wonders if students at some Universities really should be called students at all. They seem to spend most of their time either demonstrating against their own government or against somebody else's and apparently have no time to study the problems they purport to be solving. In England student irresponsibility is often criticised, but whatever its excesses it is honest, and not irresponsibility masquerading as responsibility. Student bravado should always be allowed expression on that honest level, so that when real responsibility comes it can be distinguished from its more hilarious and exciting, but often more dangerous partner. A student is and can be a lot of things besides a person on a course of study ; he can be what the future is, or what civilisation is to become, but before these grave things transpire it is good to breathe the irresponsible present.



David Cajeton Marno

COMMENTARY AT THE CROSS.

O WHO has killed my cock christ robin, stained
 his hawthorn berry breast the cochineal
 of dolour, and him with blood has over-woaded, maned?
 Desertion and his grief are very real
 to me, who cannot understand the thorn's
 aurora borealis, which so sears and harries.
 Without display his flotsam mother mourns,
 and love to utter hopelessness she marries—
 having no other prospect; since querns of commerce,
 vested interest, and hypocrisy, have milled
 him through a zodiac of pain, and now amerce
 his scarecrow corpus. What triumph for the guild
 of sadducees, who ripen for a needed shock
 to come, when he assumes the resurrection's burning smock!

LITANY TO EROS.

THE Spring impels numb daffodils
 to bray with golden trumpets on the air,
 uncup loud fanfares at his birth,
 and usher in a gaudy carnival.
 Drawn from the swollen gibbous myrrh tree
 buds the immaculate sly faun,
 one epicene, a wax-
 -en clean lily of a child, sly and wild.
 He, goat foot fleet on mercury toes
 Arrowed through the forest goes,
 evades with tight-rope finesse,
 the barbed wire labyrinth.
 Then comes the nocturnal boar
 to trample him the colour of all pain,
 to claw and furrow alabaster brows,
 in creases of red agony.
 See hot hooves pulp that singular form,
 gnarled tusks gouge out their jealous rut,
 assoil the petal flesh, plant many scars,
 and turn warm blood to crimson judas flowers.
 Now say, "Eros deceives no more
 in fluent dance and dancing lore,
 rest him in earth's loam crucible,
 where crystals clog his ariel blood."

Anthony Jones

TANDEM FLEVIT

"After the event he wept."

I SAW JASON on a high hill above the abbey : Jason, with his absurdly cut fair hair and the face that needed so little shaving. And with the first rush of pain came the boat from South America, the flat in Kensington, the shortest Summer I have ever known.

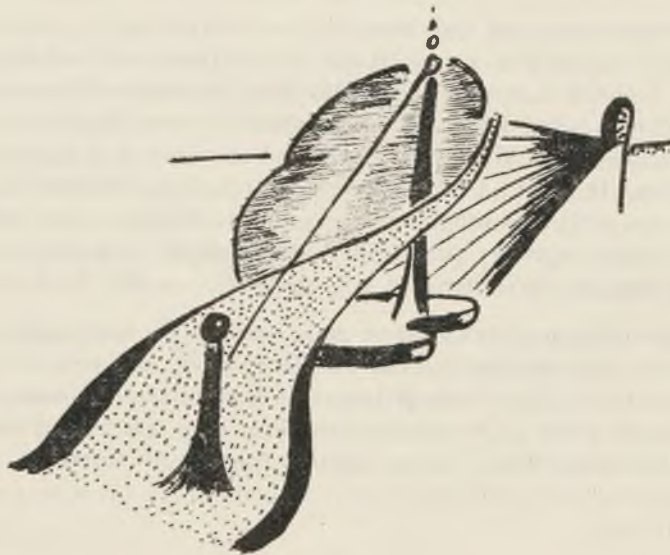
Our mutual friends had never understood though they appeared still to respect us, the price ignorance pays to masquerade as understanding. Had Jason been my mistress or a chance whore bought for lust's sake they would have said with a shake of the head—"the way of man-patience," quick, clever, meaningless as the catch-phrases with which they filled the emptiness at a "difficult" first-night. But Jason was none of these things and our relationship did not end where they said it ought, they and their God's laws. Well, I never believed in their God, though I sometimes think Jason did, even in the Summer before Andrea and Father Ross took him away : perhaps because he held his hands together and was silent the night I told him my mother had died.

In recollection it is ironic that our friends should have been so convinced that I was the power of our relationship—affair—as one had called it in an unguarded moment. For Jason, the sensitive dancer and skater of swift accomplishment, the hands and face of a Cordelia, could never be the force behind anything, always sought after rather than seeking. If they had only known the agony I caused him arriving late at the flat, talking of appointments, bric-a-brac, flirting outrageously in female company, laughing away his fretting and sorrow with indulgent immorality, they would have talked less carelessly of where desire lay. But Jason had the power to hurt, more, perhaps, because he was less conscious of it. After the event he would not speak or come near me, sometimes for days. It was more melodramatic than becoming drunk or sentimental—how I hate that word ! but far worse. Those were bad times and paradoxically I doubt now if his return ever really compensated for them. I could never prevent myself from imagining them as the prologue to some final event and in the end that is what they were. He had not been to the flat for ten days after the bank-holiday week-end at Burnham. Then one evening after the theatre I returned

to find him sitting in the lounge twisting his silk scarf round and round his wrist. As always I allowed him to speak first. "K—I'm going to be married, you know, Andrea—she's a Catholic, I had instruction tonight"—his studiously composed face collapsed, the nearest it would ever get to misery. "So you want to believe all that now"—the senseless contempt ignoring the larger issue. It was like iced water to a drunken man, cutting through his confusion. "Perhaps, anyway I can't be sure any more that I don't. Maybe I need Father Ross more than Andrea—that's my instructor, Father Ross I mean." Confusion was back, ruining his syntax.

After he left I told myself it was symbolic that there had been no scene. There would be no suicide either. Not even a flavouring of the river's veiled invitation. Certainly nothing as childishly irresponsible as Russian roulette. And if I write—"I went on living," it is not a conscious attempt to express the martyrdom of those who refuse to defeat suffering by destroying life, it is a record of simple fact. Only the covers had been pulled over the furniture and the shuttered room was silent.

I looked up again past the abbey, the white statue of the virgin on the hillside, to the man on the top. Really he was extraordinarily like Jason. Of course it could not be Jason and the sudden realisation resurrected for a moment the old, dead fear that the coroner's verdict might have been inadequate—death by misadventure.



Martin Banham

A TREE TO HANG IN

IT NEVER REALLY came as a surprise to me to see a body hanging from that tree. Somehow I had always assumed that sooner or later it would be used for that purpose. If you knew the tree in question I think that perhaps you would understand what I mean. It stands at the top of the hill, a hundred yards or so from our house and about half a mile from the village. Well now, the road curls round towards the top, with steep banks on either side like you so often get in our sort of lanes, and the tree is on your right hand side going up. It's an Oak actually, though it gave up active interest in life about 50 years ago, and all you get now is the odd shoot in Springtime, and half a dozen acorns that even a sow would look twice at. It looks like a skeleton itself, and standing up against the sky of an evening, with the odd owl carrying on from one of the dead limbs, well it always seems just the place for a hanging.

The body was swaying up and down a bit in the wind, and every few moments the loose, stupid looking feet would hit against the trunk with a dull, purposeless kind of thud. I couldn't see the head, though it was obvious from the rest of the body that it was tilted over to one side, probably with its glazed eyes staring in dead fascination at the arms swinging round the body and slapping the legs, and the branches. It wasn't a pleasant sight, but as I say, it didn't surprise me. What did give me a bit of a shock was the sudden realisation that sitting underneath the tree was a woman; practically as dead as the tree she sat under and the body that dangled above her, but still alive, alive enough to moan, anyway.

Now I'm a countryman, and I'm not usually worried by a few noises, especially in the country at gone midnight. There's plenty of it, and strange it sounds if you're not used to it. But I admit that this particular combination of noises wasn't much to my liking. The wind was whispering to itself up in the branches, and pushing that dam body's feet up against the trunk, clump.... clump.... clump, and this woman moaning like a sick cow underneath—it wasn't particularly musical, believe me.

Obviously I couldn't leave them there, either of 'em, so I ran up the bank and over to the tree, kneeling down by the side of the old girl. She took little notice of my presence, apart from uttering one particularly mournful groan straight into my ear, and my bedside manner was a bit ropy too. She was a Gipsy, plain to see, but there was one Gipsy less for the world as far as she was concerned unless something was done quickly. Well, dogs don't stray far from their kennels, and the same applies to Gipsies, so I picked her up in my arms and carried her into the field where, sure enough, there was a caravan standing. Up the thin, creaky steps and through the little halter door, and down on the bed with her. At least I presumed it was the bed until the light from my matches confirmed it, and found the lamp. There she lay, looking as light and frail as an October leaf. I could see at a glance that she was going quickly, and cursed the inadequacy of her type of home. No water, no heat, no nothing, except the yellow, stenchy light of the oil lamp, and this frail little body dropped on to the patchwork covered bunk. We speak a bit harshly of the Gipsy, you know, and when half your chickens disappear overnight you've often cause to; but this was the first time I had ever felt sorry for one of 'em.

I could see that there was no point in running off up to the village for Doctor Baines, for she would be dead long before I got back, and again, I didn't like to leave her to go and see about that bloke (I presumed it was a bloke), hanging in the tree. Not until she died, anyway. So I just sat there and watched her for a few minutes. Well, there I was, feeling pretty stupid with being able to do nothing, when it occurred to me to have a look around just in case there should be anything that could even be improvised to be of some use. The great find of this search, apart from about two pounds of dunglike tobacco, was a small flask of Brandy. No doubt this was the first time this particular flask had been used for medicinal purposes, but all things have a beginning. I moved over to her, and managed to force the neck of the flask between her lips, and tilting it back, managed to stifle a few moans down with a little brandy. It did her a power of good, and after a few moments she showed a bit more inclination to be pally. So I lifted her head up and held her rather like a child, pouring as much Brandy down her throat as I could. I thought the poor bitch might as well die happy if she had to die at all. It certainly woke her up, for she opened her eyes and looked at me as if I was a murderer or a magistrate or something.

"Where's the man?" she muttered. "Where's the man . . . the man, don't let him get the tree . . . Where's he . . . he took the rope . . . get the rope from him." She almost shrieked the last few words, and exhausted by her efforts fell back on me. I plied her with a bit more Brandy and she gradually seemed to calm down, her breathing becoming more regular and more colour coming to her cheeks.

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, he's dead, old girl."

She was looking straight ahead now, gazing emptily at the wooden wall before her. It seemed almost sacrilegious to breathe or move in the silence that followed. Only her breathing, trembling and shocked, disturbed the meditation of the caravan. The yellow lamp glow shaded half her wizened face, so that just the thin lips showed, moving and muttering silently, incantations or curses or prayers. It was she who cut across this weird vacuum of sound. Without any visible expression her lips began to move and her old cracked stringly voice spoke. She went right on, never pausing, hardly raising her voice in any feeling, and I just sat there, holding this dying, talking head, and listening.

"The tree killed our son, and now it has killed his Father. Years ago, five years after our son was born, we were here, and the boy played every day in the tree. But we didn't know that the tree was old and angry and hated the boy. First it did him no harm, and then one day it trapped him in its branches and tossed him to the ground dead. It was not the fall that killed the boy, the tree was the Killer. His Father saw him thrown, saw the dead child on the ground and swore revenge upon his murderer. And then in sadness we left, and went away to the other country out over the Hills, and away across the vale to the sea. We lived there for many years, but never again could we be happy for we were growing older, the boy would be a man almost, and yet his bed was empty. His Father never forgot his curse, and swore one day to come again and kill the murderer. Always up to now I have been able to stop him, but now no more. He was growing mad, and his son called him, always called him to revenge. A few days ago we set out, back over the vale until we reached the foot of the Hills, up and over them, until we were here again. Never did we stop, or eat, nor was a word said on that journey. Today we came, and night was falling, and it was dark, but my man did not rest. He took the rope and went out toward the tree. I followed him, but I dare not speak for he was insane and angry and his child was beckoning him on. He reached the tree, and he stood on the ground beneath it, and he cursed it and raged at it, lashing the trunk with the rope. And then he leaped up into the branches, and clambered up to the spot the boy was thrown from. . . . And then he stopped, and all his cursing ceased, and I could see him there up against the sky, standing, staring. Then he laughed, madly he laughed, and the country echoed to his frantic yells, and he called to me: 'Wife! Wife! the tree is dead, the Killer has been destroyed, we have our revenge, there is no more for us to do.' And I saw the rope around his neck, and I watched him while he tied one end to the branch, laughing and crying stupidly up in the branches. He called to me to follow him. 'I am going to the boy,' he cried, 'the boy went this way.' And then he threw himself away from the tree, still shouting, until the rope strangled his life away, and I was alone. And now I must die too, for all is done, there is no more need for me. Yes, I must die now."

She sank down on to the bed as she finished, no more interested in me or in the world. I don't think she had really been aware of my presence, she just had to tell her story before she went on. She told it more to the caravan than to me, and to the little ornaments and carvings and clothes that hung around the place. Her breathing was pretty weak, not surprising after that little speech and I just waited for it to stop. It would have been cruel to try and save her life now, and she didn't waste any time in dying either. Within two minutes she was gone. I stood there a few moments, in a kind of reverence I suppose, then drew the patchwork blanket up over her head, and left her.

Outside it seemed colder than before, and I used up the last drop of Brandy without any qualms of conscience. Well, back to the village for me then, a smart 'phone call to the Police, and this little load would be off my shoulders. They were welcome to it, and welcome to you too, old fellow, I thought, looking up at the body in the tree. It all seemed so strange that tale about the tree being the murderer, but well, I'd always said that it would not come as much of a surprise to me.

The Beginning of the Union

MR. W. HAROLD BECKWORTH, who was the first Treasurer for the Yorkshire College Union, is perhaps the only person living to-day who can remember the foundation, in 1887, of what was to become the University Union.

To-day the Union is a large undertaking financially and administratively. The number of Union Societies alone numbers 64, catering for all hobbies, tastes, pursuits and ideas. Sports Clubs number 36 and are usually being enlarged by the introduction of new and exotic sports from overseas. The Union building is capacious already and is going to be still larger. But the beginnings of the Union were comparatively primitive.

Mr. Beckworth writes of the foundation of the Union as follows: "When the 'Yorkshire College of Science' was transferred from Cookridge Street to the New Buildings in College Road, its students were composed of half-timers, learning the manufacturing side of their trade one part of the day, first hand, and learning the scientific side at the College the other part of the day. The Medical Students also came for lectures from their own Medical School. The Head of the College (who was called "The Principal" in those days) was Professor Bodlington.

Owing to not having anywhere to go during the interval between the lectures, except walking up and down outside, a few of us met to see how we

could remedy this. There was a small room at the back, next to the Cloak Room, which was not in use, so we went to see the Principal and put our complaints before him and asked for permission to have the use of this room, he said he was in agreement and gave us leave to have it. We then went to consult Professor Smithells, the Chemistry Professor (he was beloved by all the students) and he entered into the new project with enthusiasm. We called a meeting of the students and formed a committee and members could be admitted on payment of 3d. per week. This entitled them to the use of the room and the periodicals which were provided, and also writing tables, etc. We became more of a community and named ourselves "Students' Union." The first committee was :

President: Professor SMITHELLS.

Secretary: PERCY RUSSELL.

Treasurer: W. HAROLD BECKWORTH.

Committee: (Major) R. L. BULLOCK, J. EDWARD CROSSLEY,
GEO. DE REUSS THOMPSON, HAROLD MOXON,
H. MOSSMAN, (Colonel) G. A. HIRST.

We soon had a very good membership and in fact we made many friends. As there was a spare piece of ground not built on, from the building to Woodhouse Lane, which was walled round and not used for anything, we thought it would make a two-court tennis ground. Prof. Smithells took the matter up for us and having got the sanction of the Principal, the courts of red shale were ready for use in 1888. So started the first athletic section of the Union.

The first colours of the Union were cerise and white, usually taking the form of a hatband worn round a straw boater.

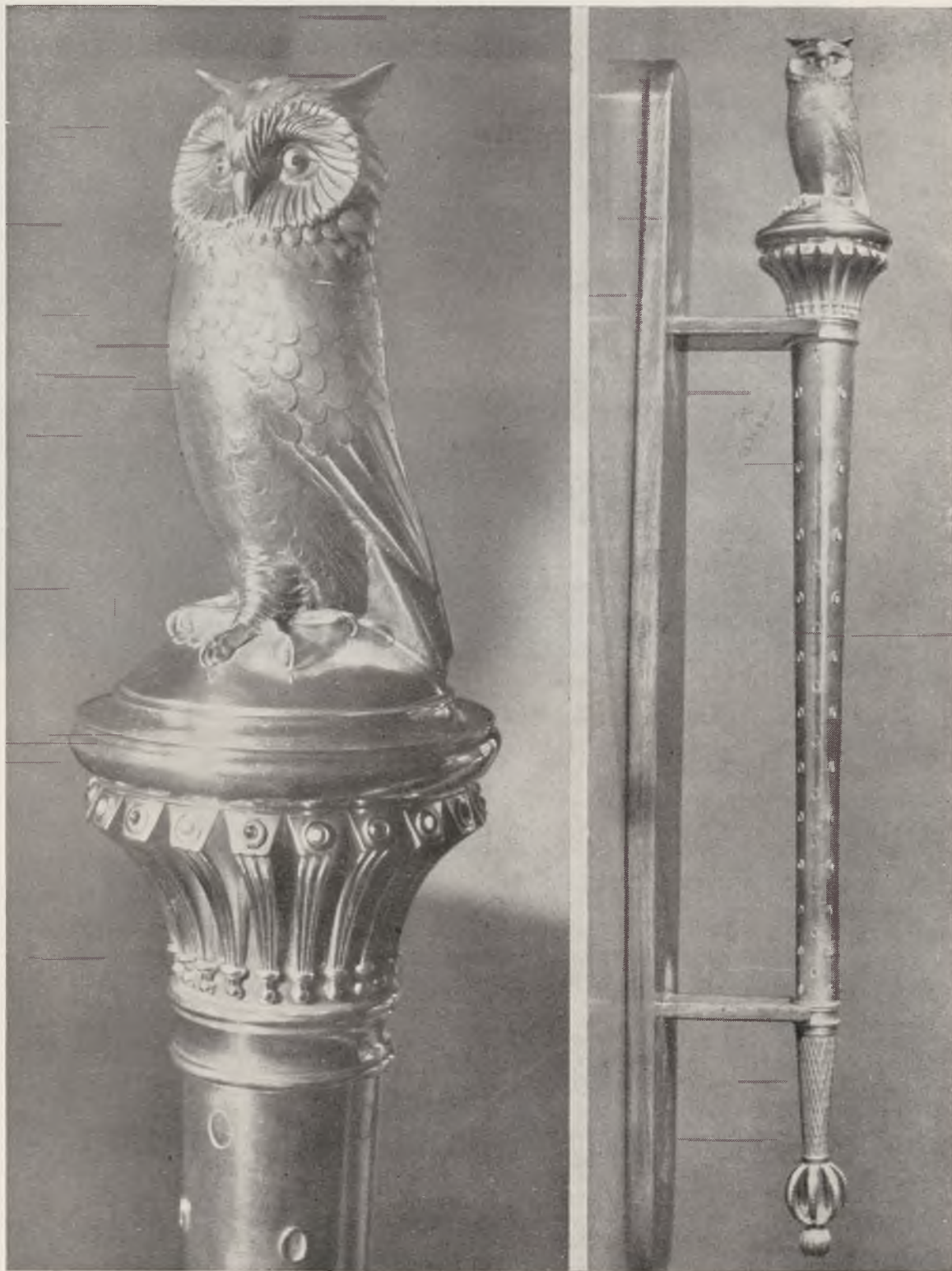
The Tennis Club being such a success it was decided to form a Rugby Football Club and a ground was rented in Kirkstall Lane before the Leeds Athletic Club formed the ground at Headingley, where the test matches are played—in fact the exact test match pitch formed the centre of the Football Ground. The dressing rooms used to be at the Oak Inn, Headingley. A cricket club and Harriers were formed and from these small beginnings there have grown the 36 Athletic Clubs of to-day."





THE EVENING BOAT

by Geoff. P. Davies.



Block by courtesy of *The Observer*

J. Heath-Stubbs**THE BROKEN-HEARTED POET.**

I 'M a broken-hearted poet, enamoured of the Muse,
 With a pocketful of vocables, and not much to lose ;
 She's as white as any goddess on the holy hill was seen,
 Is pretty little Polyhymnia of Parnassus green.
 She's as beautiful as a butterfly, and proud as a queen,
 As she slides from us, and glides from us, among the leaves
 so green.

I have courted her with elegies, and urged her with odes,
 In tragical, and comical, and pastoral modes,
 But like the noble salmon of the Shannon or the Dee,
 She slips through my fingers, and swims out to sea.

She's as solid as suet dumpling, or a cut of prime beef,
 Demure as a deaconess—and fatal as a thief.

Now he smiles like a sunflower, then she laughs like a drain,
 And I flog myself with jealousy, as any silly swain ;
 Oh heart-devouring envy—if that rolling eye were cast
 On a bow-tied British Council-man with a pale pink past !

She's as knotty as a blackthorn stick, and haywire as a hare,
 And a veiled, a viewless vampire—and I wish she was here.

The Observer Mace

Reproduced on the opposite page is a photograph of the silver mace which was awarded by *The Observer* to be competed for annually at the newly inaugurated N.U.S. national debating tournament. This took place for the first time at the N.U.S. Festival held at the South-West Essex T.T.C. in January of this year, when the mace was presented for the first time to the winning team, Mr. Tom Megahy and Mr. William McCarthy of Ruskin College, Oxford. The presentation on that occasion was made by Mr. Dingle Foot and the judges included Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell and Dame Edith Evans.

The mace was designed for *The Observer* by Professor R. Y. Goodden, of the Royal College of Art, and made by Mr. Leslie Durbin. The mace is of silver, studded at various points (*e.g.*, the owl's eyes) with turquoise and garnets. It is some three feet in length. An "O" motif (for *Observer*) is used to decorate the shaft, which terminates with four intertwined "O"s. The owl which surmounts the mace is traditionally the bird of wisdom and the emblem of Minerva. He listens critically to the debate and makes his home each year with the winning team.

Dennis R. Pepper

MAINLY ABOUT NOSES

SINCE THERE IS quite a lot of frostbite about just now, and since it is inclined to be rather infectious, a discussion of the problems involved and a few suggestions for dealing with the disease might not be out of place. Of course I realise that the epidemic is in no way serious, the number of deaths being virtually negligible and those almost entirely confined to north of the Humber. The difficulty that the medical profession has found in combatting the spreading epidemic would be appreciably lessened if one lived, say, in Canada. If you are walking down the main street in Winnipeg, for instance, and a frostbite germ attacks your nose, then a helpful stranger will merely say: "Excuse me, sir, but do you mind" and pick up a handful of snow and rub it in your face. You thank him and pass on, whilst the germ, foiled and humiliated, retires to lick its wounds. But such a thing is impossible here, for there is no snow.

It's a funny thing about noses, though—they always seem to bear the brunt of a frostbite attack. Noses and ears. With an ear the remedy is comparatively easy. One merely grows one's hair long for the Winter and wears it over the vulnerable ear. A nose is a different matter. An ordinary common or garden nose is allergic to the vagaries of the weather at the best of times, but this is particularly noticeable when there is an outbreak of frostbite. And the length of one's hair is of no advantage.

Early explorers in Africa found that the natives there had a rather efficient way of curing themselves. Should one native go down with frostbite a friend would promptly rub his own nose hard against that of his stricken companion and, since the natives realised that the energy generated would be in the form of heat, the germ promptly made off. Interesting as this cure is, it has found no foothold in civilised England. It was tried incidentally—in that riotous period after the first World War. But the young student who attempted to cure one of the daughters of the Marquis of Granby promptly had his face slapped. It would seem that such a remedy has to become a well-established convention before one can begin to employ it. She died a fortnight later.

Probably the best cure is that employed by the Eskimos. The womenfolk spend part of their time in the Summer months—between social calls and entertaining their husband's guests—in sewing together small furlined hoddles for use during the Winter. These are for some reason known as snoods and are kept in place either by glue or, more recently, by elastic. In the early days the snood—which is derived, I am told, from the ordinary sling—was made entirely out of seal-skin. But the Eskimos soon began to discover that this method was not entirely successful and their wives insisted that the snoods should be fur-lined. So the husbands began killing polar bears. The innovation of elastic to hold the snood in place derives its inspiration from European civilisation, the Eskimo women forming an instinctive attachment to this device. Besides, it was argued, one could only make glue from whalebone and the practise was becoming somewhat uneconomical. And unlike elastic it was also rather uncertain—especially since whale fishing was a seasonal affair. I believe that the snood is one of the more important lessons we can learn from the Eskimos, but although I have suggested it to several of my lady acquaintances—for it is the female of our species who

suffer mostly from frostbitten noses—they have not as yet shown any enthusiastic inclination to follow my advice. They say it attracts too much attention. But which, after all, is the more important—pride or frostbite?

However, until someone is disposed to take my suggestions more seriously, I am afraid that the frostbite epidemic will continue to mount. I have submitted a statement concerning snoods to the Ministry of National Health, who have decided, after consultation with the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Administration Board of Whipsnade Zoo (mainly about Polar bears) to refer the whole question to a Board of Enquiry pending a full investigation by a standing sub-committee to be authorized when Parliament returns from its Easter recess. In the meantime they have issued a white paper on the subject and reassured members of the Opposition in the House that they have every confidence in the Minister's decision, and call upon the public to co-operate fully with the medical profession in carrying out the present directive that at the earliest sign of frostbite the infected member shall be instantly amputated.

Bernard Jones

CHIAROSCURO.

LAST coronation tide
The children swung from

Coward's cavalcade to the old stone hall
The ribbons hung from
The sun. How the heart strings chide
And gall.

Out of that sun knot wound
Desire her knitting
Shadowing from winding and red hot coal
Slow steps and fitting
Each string in each hand around
The whole.

Under that woven tent
Of cool pied streamers
Tripping to the timeless melody
The tipsy dreamers
Not knowing the dance was meant
To be

Only a shaping plan
To dim the brightness
Weighting the enleaded air that told
Upon the lightness
Of flutes of a faded fan
That rolled

Idly from side to side
To yield less coolness
Daily the dancers all lookt aloft
And he in fulness
His garland forthcast full tide
Undofft.

What should the children feel
Of heartache coming
Falling of the garland Its streamers stop
The maypole mumming
And tripping and whipping wheel
The top.

Pointed upon the sky
More slowly spinning
Chequered is the cone and its coming cast
The dancers thinning
Yet thinking the axeltree
Holds fast.

Dices away the up
Turned hearts till handgrip
Slackens on the strings and the feet unfirm
In rainbow landslip
Swirl into the streamers droop
ing worm.

Garlands from high in bow
Give up their holding
Falling across tombstones of year by year
The flags unfolding
In Spain many lost and now
Korea.



CHILDREN BY THE SEA

Bronze by Kenneth Armitage



PORTRAIT

by Martin Froy.

Ralph N. Maud

FROM SOLENT
TO
SOUTHAMPTON WATER

THE LITTLE TENDER blew its hooter—so loudly that the two old ladies looked aghast and offended into the face of the attendant. The noise stopped ; but then a heavy sprinkling of soot began to descend on everybody. Betty gave a little angry shriek—it was music to Frank's ears!—and turned in a panic to protect her best coat and dress. How Frank relished Betty's discomfort and the momentary breaking down of her dignity ! Jock and he went down below and had a small whisky.

The two girls who had been smiling and silent at Frank's table were having a first beer with their respective husbands, who had managed to come on the tender to meet them. The girls were still very quiet ; but no wonder they had scoffed at poor Chris's efforts at shipboard flirtation with them : their men were handsome U.S. Air Force men, handsome in a hardy, crew-cut way. The civil servants were delicate in comparison, protected by waistcoats and raincoats, gripping briefcases empty of immigration papers. Various messenger boys attached to Cable and Wireless and newspaper companies were enjoying themselves. Frank noticed their youthful, unshaved moustaches ; and thought of his brother, who had always seemed to look like that, rather guilty and unshaven, ugly in his youth. The boys were equally at home with English and American money, and made rapid, meticulous calculation of the exchange values involved in buying themselves glasses of beer.

Frank returned to the fore deck alone. He saw Chris holding a map of the U.K. staunchly against the breeze and looking ahead like a Raleigh. This was Chris's big time coming. After too many years he had decided his savings were enough, had finally, though nervously, walked out of the home of his parents in Baltimore and made for cherished England to look at cathedrals and college buildings. He wanted to attend university in England, but he admitted that he hadn't quite decided which. In Frank's deepest throes of seasickness, Chris had visited his bedside : " If you ever find consolation in the Scripture, I have a Schofield reference Bible in my bunk . . . "

Frank turned and saw quite close to him the one who he always thought of as "the nice person." She was one who had really saved him, picking him up in the middle of a storm and taking him to see the John Wayne film. They had not met to talk to each other since Cobh. Frank warmed to her again. She reminded him very much of Helen—she actually looked like Helen, just somewhat older. Her hair was turning prematurely grey. But it was those grey hairs that Frank warmed to....

"I'm nervous," he said.

"Oh, you are?"

There was no tone in her reply, except a friendly support.

"If she's waiting at the dock, I'll marry her."

Frank almost swooned away in the breeze and the fresh sun.

"You've made up your mind?"

"Yes, I've made up my mind.... Exciting, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is rather."

Her subdued understanding was perfect. It made Frank think momentarily of her own problems, of her saying: "Oh, there *is* someone I'll perhaps start working on now, when I get back." Her wistfulness was charming—rare in one no longer young; and gracious, too, the way she had turned aside her head for a dreadfully quiet minute when Frank, imbued with the intimacy of the moment, had asked her, tenderly but rashly:

".... Is it that you have just lost someone, a dependant?"

She was very calm now, gazing up Southampton Water.

"What are you going to do in England?" Frank asked.

"I have only three days here, you know. I'll spend them with a friend in London."

Frank was still thinking of his own future.

"Yes, it's as I told you," he said, slapping his hold on the rail, "the end of the Romantic Ideal. You know, *but screw your courage to the sticking point*...."

"It's probably the best thing you could do."

"Yes," agreed Frank, "I'm sure she will be good for me...."

Betty was sitting on some suitcases, smug and composed as ever, her legs crossed. The glossiness of her dark blue afternoon dress showed through where the light blue tweed of her coat parted. She did not even look pretty as she stared blankly towards the shore. Frank wanted to see her suffering. "How glad I am that she hates England!" he said to himself with a growing exultation.

"I love England and shall be free here. She hates England and is tied to an ailing father in N.W. 20. Yipee!" He could think of nothing to do that might increase her melancholy, except to keep his distance and let her stew in the juice she had concocted out of England.

"Sorry, I'm not thinking..." Frank turned suddenly to the nice person, apologizing for his silence. "My brain just won't function properly during this last lap of the journey." He paused, finding the answer of calmness in her face. "I've never made a decision like this before in my whole life. I've never made any decision before..."

The wind was blowing his cheeks pleasantly, the sun shining. The tender was now making straight for the congested dockside area. *Queen Elizabeth* was in dry dock straight ahead in the distance, and on the left were warships of various types. Frank recalled the fourteen aircraft carriers he had counted in Boston harbour. He would like to tell someone about those—just have them wiped off the face of Boston. These in the Solent were all right though; they savoured of Nelson, or more of Horatio Hornblower. To the starboard lay a waterside hospital in a surround of green land taking the sun. The dockside was drawing nearer. The wind blew freshly against his face, and the little boat had only a forward motion.

Frank still couldn't talk, his mind scattered with thoughts of Helen. He tried to concentrate on what he would do when they reached the landing stage.

The civil servants were up in the open air now, their hair blown, unprotected. The boys were smoking, and jingling coins in their pockets.

The sweet, blonde girl, Elaine, whom he hardly knew, came and stood by him for a moment. Frank absolutely could not talk. Of course, it meant nothing to her. But he was thinking of his own Jenny Wain, Jenny Wain of Puget Sound, Washington, "and points East"—oh, so many points East!—as beautiful and simple as the young, girlish-blond Elaine, standing unknown before him; and what could this not have meant if it had been Jenny, dear Jenny...?

"No more of that," said Frank to himself as calmly as a stone dropping through a dark sea.

Among the scattered numbers of people on the quay, Frank picked out Helen. His heart leaped. They were still too far away to wave. His shortsightedness didn't seem to affect him with people that he knew. Helen was sitting on a bench, next to another American Air Force fellow. Frank waved to her and she waved back. He was suddenly very excited, but he noticed that the airman and Helen exchanged sentences

Frank ran round to where the nice person was standing.

"She's here!" he said to her, with hardly suppressed excitement, like a child.

"Congratulations to you," the other replied, but the breeze had caught up her words as she lifted her head round against it, shaking a few strands of greying hair from her face.

Frank stepped as quickly as he could down the steps to the lower, front deck as the tender turned in to the quayside. In full view of everybody he walked right to the extreme point of the bows, feeling rather self-conscious, as though he were walking towards an altar.

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THE LIVING EARTH

TALMIA IS A SMALL COUNTRY, but a country of contrast. The snowy mountains, rocky gorges and rushing torrents of the north give way gradually to grass-covered hills and rolling pastures, which smooth themselves out into the fertile southern plain whose broad rivers slide peacefully down to the sea.

Somewhere upon this smiling plain nestled a rambling, stone-built farmhouse in which dwelt an old man, together with his nine sons. And they lived, as their ancestors had done before them, by plucking their livelihood out of the rich earth. The old man looked lovingly on all his sons, but especially did he incline towards the eldest, whose name was Peter.

It was this same Peter who, in the mid-day heat of late Summer, lay drowsily with his back to the sky on top of a haystack near the farmhouse. He loved his home and had spent long Summer hours in past years in just the same position, gazing upon the fields that had sustained his family for centuries, as if he wished to pierce their secret. But this time, he was especially thoughtful, and he drank in the scene before him as nourishment for a long journey. He was about to leave home for the first time in his life. Tomorrow he would set out for the place of tall buildings and motor-cars, far beyond the mountains. He allowed a certain amount of natural excitement to sweep through him at the thought, for, although he had often seen pictures of the wonders of cities, he had never experienced them in real life. But he was not going merely to see the sights; the real purpose of his visit was to study science at the university. His natural aptitude for science had long been a source of pride to his father, who had at last consented to his spending four years in more advanced studies, in the hope that what he learned would be beneficial to the farm. So he lay under the sun in a state of saddened but pleasurable anticipation.

The following day he left his father and brothers and began the long journey, leaving smiling tears behind him. For four long years work on the farm continued through the changing seasons. And for four long years Peter worked hard and faithfully away in the city, often sending long, cheerful letters to his family.

The happy return came in high Summer, and the arms of family and farm were thrown open to greet the eldest son. He had expected such a welcome,

and felt satisfaction and pleasure in the actual experience, but the subsequent glow of contentment was curiously missing.

That evening the sun was setting as the family finished supper. The day had been something of a holiday; only the necessary work had been done, and everyone was still wakeful. All his younger brothers were eager to know the full story of Peter's stay in the city, and so, in the cool of the late evening, men and youths sat in a circle round the huge, stone fireplace, to listen to him telling of the wonders of civilisation. He had secretly been looking forward to this moment. He wanted to amaze his brothers so that they would listen more readily when, in the months to come, he started to teach what he had learned. And so he said all he could to impress them. They were duly impressed. They had known something about such marvels before, but a first-hand account by their own brother gave an extra dimension to their own imaginings.

But Peter reserved his most astounding disclosure till the last. Finally, after an hour of talking and of answering the questions, both serious and humorous, which were put to him, he was ready to reveal it. He was determined not to spoil things by over-dramatisation and so, after a slight pause, he began with deliberate reserve: "The thing that interested me most was something that happened after I had been there about a year. It caused quite a stir at the university and, at first, we thought it was just a silly rumour. But it soon came out that a bunch of scientists had discovered how to make a bomb that could destroy a large town at one blow. There was a bit of an outcry at the time from a few people, who said they were frightened at human beings having such power. You can always get some folk who lag behind the rest and try to stop the inevitable. Anyhow, they were soon shouted down. But I must say everybody felt happier when the scientists pointed out that their main idea was not to make bombs. It seems the same energy that makes the bomb so powerful has tremendous possibilities for peaceful purposes. Speaking for myself, I'm wholeheartedly behind the scientists. You only need to look at what they have done for us in the past. It's nothing to what they are going to do in the future."

All reservation had been cast aside as Peter had warmed to his subject. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes bright as he stopped speaking and looked round at the awed faces of his brothers. But his father's eyes regarded him steadily, smilingly: "Do not be too sure. You and your scientists are playing with a fire that will burn more than your fingers."

Peter averted his eyes, surprised and hurt. Surely his father wasn't going to criticize the science he had for so long admired. What could he know of such matters? He had not left the vicinity of the farm for years. The old man saw his son's irritation. His eyes dropped for a moment, but the smile remained carved on his lips.

Suddenly, he rose up and stood in the middle of the silent sons, facing them with the fire behind him. The flames flickered brightly in the open grate, which formed a cradle of light in the darkening room. With this light at his back he seemed to increase in height until he was ten feet tall. The watching men diminished until they were boys again, listening enchantedly as their father told them tales that had been handed down in their family from generation to generation. But this was a story they had never heard before. The old man's voice was rich and full as it had been in the old days.

"There is a legend belonging to our race that my father once told me in my youth. I would like to tell it to you now.

Once upon a time there lived a sorcerer whose skill was greater than that of any other in the length and breadth of the land. And he used his magic arts to gain control over men and beasts. He became the most powerful man in the kingdom where he dwelt and he was feared by all. But despite all his power he lacked one thing only, which he therefore desired above all else. He desired to find and control the Spirit of the Earth, which could infuse the very rocks, and all inanimate objects, with magical life. If his wish were fulfilled the sorcerer would thus have everything at his bidding, to use as he pleased.

And so he devoted the remainder of his life to the task of discovering this Spirit. The philosopher's stone, after which other men yearned so earnestly, became valueless in his eyes. All his labour and aspirations were centred on this one object. So he toiled and studied for more than 20 years. And one night his hard work reaped its just reward. Through his great diligence he discovered in a mountain side the entrance to a large cavern. This cavern was the home of a race of dwarfs who seldom allowed themselves to be seen by men of the outside world, whom they greatly feared. When they saw this sorcerer, who had penetrated into the very heart of their secret dwelling-place, they were full of dread. And they prostrated themselves before him and promised to do anything he asked if he would leave them in peace. Then the sorcerer smiled to himself, for he knew that these dwarfs were acquainted with the innermost secrets of the earth. So he told them he desired but one service of them and then they would be free of him for ever. Eagerly they replied that he had only to name it. Whereupon he cried : ' Show me the place where dwells the Spirit of the Earth ! ' They looked at each other in consternation, but they had no alternative but to obey, and with six dwarfs as guides, the sorcerer set out upon his final quest.

Up and up they climbed until they came to a barren plateau, where the dwarfs stopped. Their leader turned to the sorcerer and said : ' This is the place. We can stay with you no longer, ' and the six of them were gone in an instant. Left alone, the sorcerer looked round in disappointment. This was a most unlikely

and depressing spot ; the rocks were harsh and forbidding. Half-angrily, he sat down upon a small boulder and waited for he knew not what. Hours went by.

Then all at once an ominous rumbling filled the air, and the ground trembled beneath him. He started up in panic, not knowing where to run or where to hide. He stared wildly around him. Suddenly the ground before him split open with a mighty crash and a huge pillar of flame shot up to form a burning chain between the sky and the earth. It burned with such intensity that the sorcerer could not bear to look upon it. Crying out in his fear, he turned and fled from the place, and was never seen or heard of again."

So the old man finished his tale and a thoughtful silence descended upon the room and its occupants. The faces of all the sons danced up and down in the flickering firelight. And Peter's face danced with the rest, but his furrowed brow remained furrowed. It really was unfair of his father to speak like this. An old man and his tales could have no real bearing on the discoveries of modern science. Or could they ? The seeds of doubt in his mind were already beginning to grow. His frown became deeper.

As if divining his thoughts, his father moved across to him and put his hand on his shoulder, saying softly but deliberately : " The hour is not yet come." Then he turned abruptly away to see to the lighting of the lamps, and the still, silent circle of men broke up into a thousand fragments of noisy, shifting humanity.

The daily route of farm life continued with busy regularity during the months of harvesting. Peter worked hard and tried desperately to settle back into his old way of life, but he found that his former peace of mind had completely deserted him. At last, he could endure the vague doubting and wondering no longer and, three months after his arrival, he decided to speak with his father, who eventually yielded to his desire to return to the city where he had studied. Peter felt he would have a better chance of curing his restlessness away from home and family. As he departed from the farm, Winter was already creeping across the plain.

For the second time he arrived and began work in the city where the life and the people were friendly and interesting. But gradually he felt his attitude to the place and people around him changing. He told himself this was because he was getting bored, but he knew in his heart that it was something more. His work on the farm at home had meant a daily repetition of trivial tasks, but they had never bored him. It was as though the milking of a cow brought him into communion with the earth itself, giving him a sense of divine harmony. Of course he had never thought of it like that when he was actually doing it. But the distance of space and time seemed to give him greater perception as well as greater enchantment. Perhaps the same harmony was present somewhere in the life of a city. Perhaps, as a countryman, his harmony only lay in the

countryside. Perhaps such harmony did not exist at all. Yet at certain moments it was to him the most important thing in his life ; it seemed to be the essence of life itself. He knew he could expect no sudden revelation ; he could only go on living and thinking and hoping.

Then, one day, after three years had flowed quietly past, he received a letter from one of his brothers, telling him that his father had died, and asking him to return home. So he began the journey back to the farm with a curious feeling of contentment at the thought of seeing his home again, despite the natural sorrow caused by the death of his father. His brothers rejoiced to see him and by the evening of his first day among them he knew he had returned to stay. As his father had always intended, he took charge of the farm. He stayed and he worked. He worked until the sweat soaked his body and ran down into the warm, brown earth. And he prayed every morning and every night.

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REVIEWS

*Jean Simpson**The University of Leeds: The First Half-century*

By A. W. SHIMMIN.

Cambridge University Press, 21s.

IN THIS CAREFULLY PREPARED and thorough survey of the University of Leeds on the occasion of its jubilee, Professor Shimmin gives a dramatic and comprehensive picture of the gradual growth and achievement of a modern university throughout the first fifty years of its existence, and he pays fitting tribute to many of those great men and women, both within and without its walls, to whom it owes its position in the world today.

Professor Shimmin in his introduction stresses that Leeds University, like its predecessors, was founded in response to a need of the community; throughout the book one becomes more and more aware of a feeling of social responsibility among its members, which is perhaps less marked in the older universities, who are finding it more difficult to fuse mediaeval tradition with the ideals and demands of modern society. In this book Professor Shimmin proves that Leeds has already built up a tradition of her own in all fields of scholarship and research, and especially in those of the sciences, which not only adds lustre to her name, but which also is of genuine service to the community as a whole.

The book begins with a historical background. Professor Shimmin traces the events which led to the formation of an independent university in 1904 out of the separate entities of the Medical School and the Yorkshire College of Science. To begin with, these, together with rather an ephemeral Arts department, combined to form part of the federal Victoria University with Manchester and Liverpool. The author touches on the financial difficulties of these early days and pays tribute to the pioneer professors—Grant, Smithell, Connal and others.

There then follows a description of the growth of the University up to its coming of age in 1924, under the guidance of what must be one of its most gifted and attractive personalities—Sir Michael Sadler. During this period, including the 1914–18 war, when changes in society as a whole were reflected in University life, it was Sir Michael Sadler, as Professor Shimmin testifies, who laid the foundations of that community spirit which is found in the University today, as well as encouraging the study of the humanities in what was in danger of becoming a merely technical institution. The material expansion of the University in the form of new buildings, new chairs, a larger staff and more students, which followed, is ably portrayed by the author, emphasis being laid on the significance of Leeds as a civic institution, which is not, however, merely a local concern, but a centre distributing knowledge over an ever-increasing field.

In the fourth chapter, we turn from the historical account of the University as a whole and examine what the author calls “recurrent issues,” namely, those problems which have occupied the university authorities in the past and which still beset them in the present. Such questions as residence accommodation, university entrance examinations, the balance of liberal and vocational studies, are considered. Professor Shimmin reveals that the University is conscious of its obligations and here as elsewhere he looks forward to what may be the solutions of the future.

The next section is devoted to "student welfare," in which he covers the development of student social life, the growth of residential communities and the student medical services. Keenly aware of the importance of this aspect of university life, he comments in a telling fashion upon the changing attitude of the students of the past, present and possible future. He then relates the University to the town of Leeds itself, paying tribute to local benefactors and advisors, whose service has helped to build up not a "regional" university as such, but one that aims at a much wider sphere of influence.

The second part of the book, aptly named "et augebit scientia," is devoted to a survey of each of the faculties in turn, with sub-sections for the various subjects and lively portraits of the notable personalities connected with them. Also included in this is a description of the Brotherton Library, an integral part of the University and an institution of which it is justly proud. The book ends with a comment upon the administration and is supplied with excellent appendices giving various chronological resumé and lists of professors, and an aerial photo of the University, with a drawing of the development plan for the future. Introduced by H.R.H. the Princess Royal, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece, the book is amply illustrated throughout by delightful drawings by M. De Sausmarez and reproductions of portraits.

Favourable comment must be made upon the artistic layout of the book, which, with the lucidity and readableness of Professor Shimmin's text, makes it a most fitting record of all that Leeds University has stood for in the past, and will stand for in the future.

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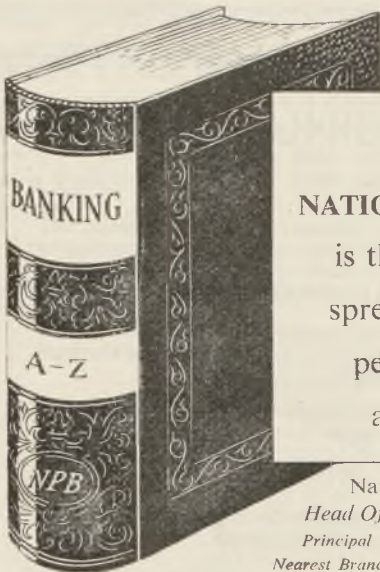
THE ABSCONDED GOD

JOHN HEATH-STUBBS:

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MR. HEATH-STUBBS' new volume of poems represents a further step in his movement away from the early interest in classical form and theme. They show a more immediate feeling and there is an urgency about them which one found lacking in, say, the early *The Divided Ways*. He is moving nearer to the expression of the centre of his experiences and in taking us into his personal problems, both as a poet and a man, he makes us see, if we would, that the problems are ours also. The two ballads included in the present work at first sight remind us of those in *The Divided Ways*. But only initially. The humour has matured and probes deeper, seeking an answer, in *A Ballad of Good King Wenceslas*, to problems far wider than it seems possible a ballad form can contain. It is an excellent example of Mr. Heath-Stubbs' oblique manner of saying what he wishes, for he is in this poem examining the whole position of religion facing the attacks of unreason (attacking, as always, in the name of reason). The poem is topical, and at first slightly facetious, but this is merely the way of presenting a continually recurring problem of civilisation through juxtaposing the widely differing emotions of Christ-mass and Xmas, and relating both to the position of the individual by means of a pervasive irony.



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It is the problem of faith, of justifying the ways of God to man (and man to God) that occupies much of Mr. Heath-Stubbs' attention in these poems. He is "Sixty per cent., at least, in the dark," as he says in the *Prayer to St. Lucy*. We need God who is difficult to reach and once reached, difficult to retain. And even while we search we do so "under judgement." But both the search and the faith—faith which is

the substance of things not seen,
under the snows of time, the green
shoots of eternity;

are necessary.

But Mr. Heath-Stubbs' sense of separation and the necessity for faith to bridge the gap between reason and mystery is not confined solely to a religious problem. The Erinnyes of *Ibycus* stand in his way also between the intellect and the emotions. Sometimes, as in the *Prayer to St. Lucy*, the problem is made a religious one, but usually he approaches it entirely on the human level, reproaching though unable to escape his present position. The intellect denies the emotions their full status, and erudition separates him from passion. He feels with Leopardi that he has been denied an emotional fullness of life by a dominating intellect that must now be accepted as an alternative. The feeling of separation, ably reflected in *Address Not Known*, he finds he cannot escape because it is only the intellect that can give any motivation to the necessary reconciliation. The separation from love and the emotions and the sense that emotional experiences become "the context of a dream," leads the poet, in, for instance, *Shepherd's Bush Eclogue*, to feel that the flux of life needs to be crystallized into a poem before the emotions can be given a durable reality.

One of the most characteristic features of Mr. Heath-Stubbs' poetry is his humour—ironical, wry, sometimes bantering and always purposeful, he uses a felicitous sense of rhyme and rhythm with a confident flair for understatement to indulge occasionally in satire against both the foibles of society and those of Mr. Heath-Stubbs. The selection of poems here presented is both varied and disarmingly chosen. Mr. Heath-Stubbs has also stopped having "potentiality" and "promise," choosing rather to show us that he is now fulfilling them.

DENNIS R. PEPPER.

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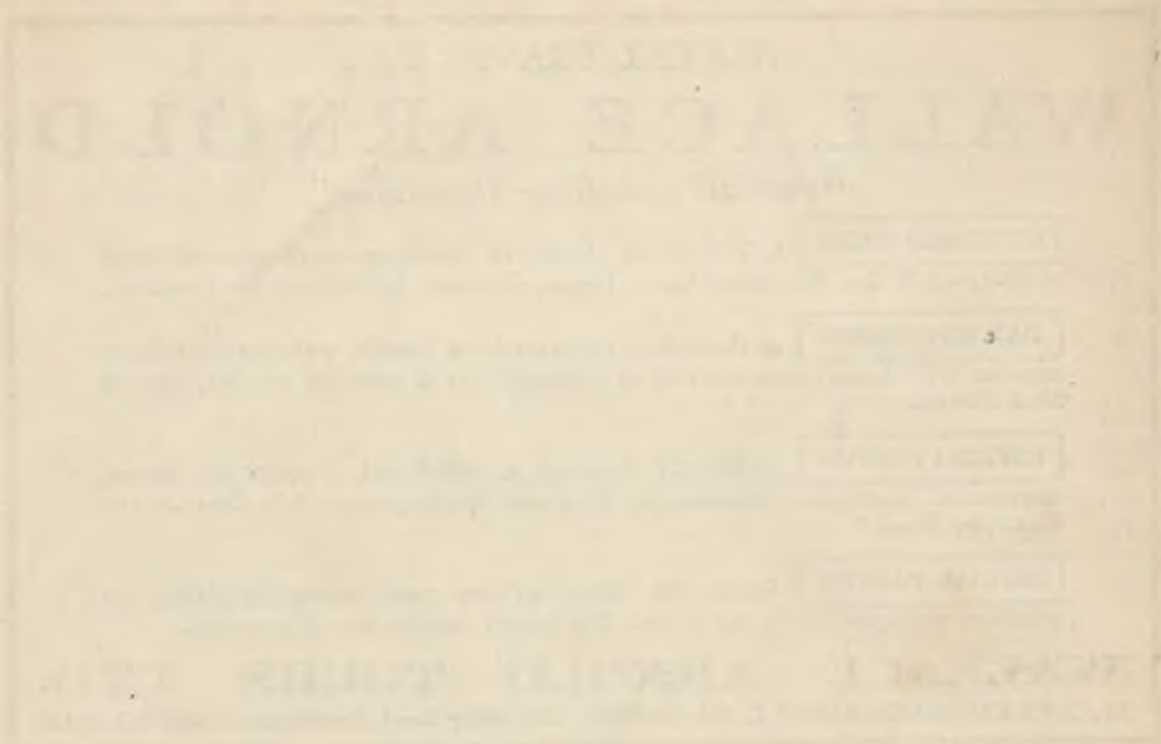
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