

# THE GRYPHON

PRICE 6D

The Journal of the University of Leeds



May, 1940

THIRD SERIES  
VOL. 5 No. 6

THE  
Good-bye Dance

THURSDAY, 27th JUNE

*If we do meet again, why we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.*

—SHAKESPEARE.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26th, at 8-30 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28th, at 7-30 p.m.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29th, at 7-30 p.m.

Henry Fielding's burlesque on Restoration Tragedy

**TOM THUMB  
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————— *If you are going down this Term*

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**If you want**  
**a**  
**UNION**  
**NEWSPAPER**  
**you will have**  
**to support**  
**it!!**

≡ ≡≡ ≡

**Tell them**  
**you saw their**  
**advertisement**  
**in**  
**'The Gryphon'**

≡ ≡≡ ≡

# THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

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## Editorial

THE British Student Congress, which was held in our Union during the Easter Vacation, attracted a great deal of criticism and a certain amount of ridicule. It deserved both. Students took the proceedings with an almost Druidical solemnity and sanctity, referring, for example, to the preliminary survey in the first two days as if it were an exhaustive research and absolutely the last word, instead of being a hasty tour of the most fundamental social problems, a sort of half-cooked intellectual Irish stew. The superficiality of the reasoning grew monotonous, reaching its climax in the last plenary session, when what was almost a pamphlet of resolutions was passed almost unanimously. The ostrich school of thought was there in full feather. Catch phrases were more prominent than knowledge.

This is mere destructive criticism. The important fact remains that, after seven months of war, five hundred students were prepared to come together from all over Britain to discuss, and attempt to solve, the problems which face our civilisation, and to declare their consciousness of their social responsibility. From this viewpoint the Congress has a claim to be a historic moment in the development of University life. The conception of the University student as having a special responsibility to the community is accepted only by a minority of students. Some look on the University as the path to comfort, if not prosperity; others look on it as the means of obtaining that scrawny culture which will purge the soul with Greek tragedy when somebody two hundred yards away is purging theirs with starvation.

It is an idea which can mean much or nothing at all once the enthusiastic atmosphere, like that of a temporal Salvation Army meeting, has evaporated and the pleasant glow of virtue has died down. After all, what is there students can do for the community? Most of their time will be taken up with their work as a doctor or lawyer or chemist. They cannot all be in Parliament or conducting social organisations of one kind or another. What they can do is to increase the number of people in the community who look on social problems with an attitude wider than that of class or nation, and can judge them with a skill based on factual knowledge and discriminating judgement.

It is a commonplace that University students do not attain anything like that ability. The fault lies in the apathy of our Union life. Here we are on well-trodden ground and no doubt you imagine you know exactly what is coming next. But we have a practical proposal to make.



It is impossible, especially for the day student, to attend a great number of Union activities. It would be asking too much of his altruism to expect him recklessly to disregard his degree. In any case, in his professional life he will probably find that it is as well to know a few odd facts about law or dentistry or whatever it happens to be. What is needed to keep him in touch with Union events is a weekly Union newspaper which gives accounts of the various meetings, political, social and athletic, and gives a list of the ones which are to come. *The Gryphon* cannot do this adequately. As far as news is concerned, it wanders in when everything has been tidied up and forgotten. A newspaper will not perform miracles, but it will help to weave everyone more firmly into the life of the Union and defeat the narrow outlook of the day-tripper or the department, or even the hostel. From a consciousness of the Union as a corporate society may come consciousness of the wider society of humanity, and from the greater interest in debate come something more impressive than the Congress produced. All of which is very hopeful, considering we are talking of a production which is very easily turned into a penny rocket.

The idea has already been tried successfully at other Universities. It has been mentioned frequently in *The Gryphon*. This term, however, it is hoped that something more concrete will be done. We aim at publishing a small—a very small—newspaper, at least once, as an experiment, prior to launching it properly next session. The war makes it a difficult matter, but, if it will achieve the aim stated, it is a necessity all the more urgent. Paper is a difficulty. The financial side is a difficulty. Even on the modest scale which is contemplated, it will cost about eighty pounds a year, and where that is to come from is an interesting problem in optimism. Ultimately, no doubt, it will depend on students being prepared to buy a copy when it would be quite easy for them to get one free. That is, ultimately it will depend on your estimation of its value and your support.

## Notes and Comments.

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

BURNS.

### British Student Congress.

The Congress undoubtedly gave the Union a most thorough house-warming. The handful of Leeds students were lost beneath an avalanche of debaters and photographers, not to mention newspaper men thickly posted on the way into the building.

In between the sessions of the Conference was a very full social programme which was carried through successfully, though the panatrophe nearly ruined one dance by a sudden fit of temperament, and one party returned from Ilkley Moor in a very sodden condition to find the most indefatigable photographer leaning out of the window busy making them into a scoop picture.

In the Impromptu Concert Mr. Nathan, of Leeds, made a good job of compèring a play in which members of the audience were asked to volunteer for the parts, a play in which Mr. Hardy was elected villain with applause, and successfully carried off the prize. Raper, Hardy and Lewis and another delegate also provided an amusing sketch, "Whitehall Waxworks."



**H. G. Wells.**

We were struck by Mr. H. G. Wells' apparently inexhaustible energy. He began at 10 o'clock, spoke for more than an hour, took a leading part in the public discussion, and then talked on anything and everything with the students who were introduced to him. On his departure, about three o'clock, he was still in fine debating trim. He wanted to meet as many students as possible, and was best pleased when he was threading his way down the Refectory on a voyage of discovery of his own.

**Past Copies of "The Gryphon."**

We have now got one set complete, except for the first seven volumes (and of these we have several separate issues), and another set complete, except for the first twelve volumes.

Mr. W. H. S. Cheavin, one of the founders of the Music Society, sent the majority of the copies we have received, and others were sent by Mr. N. Cooper, a former sub-editor of *The Gryphon*, and Mr. A. Rawling, who included an extremely interesting dream of a Union Building which appeared in *The Gryphon* for 1911.

On reading these magazines we find, amongst other things, that there was a great controversy about 1909 over the "paternal attitude" of the authorities and the question of beer in the Refectory. Even in these days it was considered a good idea to put empty cigarette packets into *The Gryphon* box.

**Old Students Please Note.**

We want to complete this collection of past copies of *The Gryphon*. Any copies of *The Gryphon* before October, 1909 are welcome, and especially any before November, 1904.

**C.F.**

The Cercle Français produces an extremely bright magazine which, whilst primarily of interest to students in the French Department, is well worthy of a wider circulation, unless everybody's French is completely hors de combat. Copies of this term's number may still be obtained from Miss S. Dainton, price 2d.

Few people know about another magazine of University interest—*The Mirfield Gazette*, produced by the College of the Resurrection.

**March Editorial.**

We regret that, owing to a misunderstanding of the manuscript submitted, the President's Editorial was headed by a note of apology. This remark had not been intended for publication.

**Staff Play.**

For the first time for many years we are to have a play presented by the Staff. It is "The Tragedy of Tragedies, or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great," a burlesque on Restoration Tragedy, written by Henry Fielding, and first produced in 1730. Caste includes: King (Mr. Muir), Queen (Miss Selby), Princess Honcamunca (Miss Baxter), Tom Thumb (Miss Mattinson), Giantess (Mr. Jefferson and Mr. J. C. Dickinson), Merlin the Magician (M. Inebnit). The producer is Mr. Garside. The performance includes the Court Dance and incidental music will be played on the harpsichord by Mr. Allam in period costume. Further details are in the advertisement in this issue.

**O.S.A. Invitation.**

The O.S.A. extends a hearty welcome to going-down students and their friends to attend their Summer Function on Saturday, June 29th.

We would like to remind students going down that joining the O.S.A. will keep them in touch with their University life and friends. The life membership is £3 3s. 0d., which may be paid in three instalments; annual membership 5/-, and for post graduate students and present students on active service, 2/6.

Ask for O.S.A. application form at *The Gryphon* table.

We are greatly indebted to the O.S.A. for their co-operation, especially in the scheme for sending *The Gryphon* to men on active service.

**The Union Ball and the Dental Students' Dance.**

Both these functions have been held in the Riley Smith Hall this term and were very successful. The year which began so quietly in the social sphere has fully recovered—at least at present.

**Congratulations.**

Our congratulations are due to F. E. Aaron for winning the Junior International Cross Country.

**Swansong.**

Now all that remains to do is to surrender the leash of this unruly beast, *The Gryphon*, into other hands. Like most editors we started off by writing a large part of the October number as well as editing it, but things have brightened up considerably since then. Prominent among our contributors have been R. H. Spencer, who could always be relied on for a virile expression of his opinion, and J. I. Hardy, who has brought careless writing to a fine art.

Our successor, Mr. Rivett, needs no introduction. We feel considerably pleased now that we spotted his literary talent long ago in his Boat Club notes.

At the time of writing, we feel fairly sure that the paper shortage will not affect *The Gryphon*.

**UNION NOTES.****Presentation of Pictures.**

The cordial thanks of the Union are offered to the following persons who gave, or contributed towards the cost of the pictures which have been given to the Union.

TITLE OF PICTURE.	ARTIST.	PRESENTED BY.
"Gryphon Variation"	Professor Penzol.	The Artist.
"Joyfulness"	Gauguin.	Mrs. Redman King and Weetwood Hall.
"Le Gare Ste. Lazare"	Monet	The wives of the Staff per Miss Hibgame.
"Les Paveurs de la Rue de Nerne"	Monet	Miss McLaren.
"A Young Man"	Van Gogh	Devonshire Hall.
"A Ballet Dancer"	Degas	Devonshire Hall.
"Cornfield"	John Nash	Oxley Hall.
"Ile de la Cité"	Signac	Dennis Haw and 50 friends.
"Still Life"	Cezanne	25 Subscribers.
"De Profundis"	Kramer	The Artist.

These pictures have now been hung in the corridors and the lounge and do much to soften the bare walls. There is still room for more pictures. All pictures have to be accepted by the Union Committee before they may be hung.

### The Charity Rag.

So far the constant reminder to "Work for *The Tyke*" has met with negligible success. Though there are still several weeks before *The Tyke* will actually be sent to print there are unfortunately such things as University examinations which tend to draw one's thoughts away from charity, so why not write your contribution now before it is too late. Surely there must be one or two humorists left in the University in spite of the prevailing conditions.

The Rag will have to be held on June 29th, despite the usual student apathy, and again we hope to endow a bed in the Leeds General Infirmary. We suggest that the students should give up this day—all day, to enthusiastic collecting as their part in the national effort. As in the past years we still hope for the best, but very greatly fear the worst.

### Library Scheme.

We have got but little further in our appeal for books to fill those many bear shelves in the Union Library. A new scheme has been evolved whereby each student is asked on leaving the University to present a new book, or the equivalent amount in money, to the Union. The name of the donor will be inscribed in the book which they have presented. We hope that this scheme will meet with success, and it will be put into action this term.

### Extracts from the Union Committee Meeting Minutes on March 7th.

#### (e) G.A.C.

COLOURS AWARDS. This had been left until the summer term when the whole year could be reviewed before deciding whether full colours should be awarded during the War. There would then be three alternatives:—

- (a) Normal awards, i.e., full and club colours.
- (b) Reduced war-time awards of club colours only.
- (c) No awards.

Accordingly, Club Captains were to be asked to submit two colours lists:—

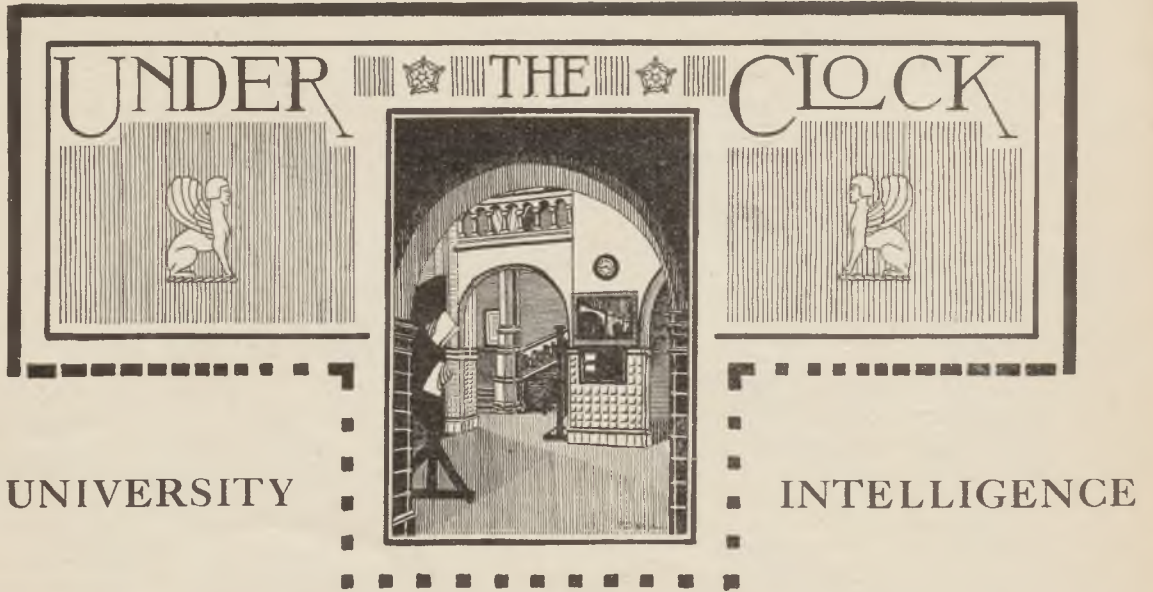
- (a) One for normal colours awards.
- (b) One for Club colours only.

The latter list would be used only if it was felt desirable at the end of the year not to award full colours but to award Club colours only.

- (c) UNIVERSITY TIME-TABLE. The shortening of courses had been suggested in order to give a degree to students who would be called up for military service in their final year. With reference to this point it was felt that the Universities were not arranging the time-tables to the best advantage. The Universities were, from the point of view of organised academic study, closed for five months of the year, and Medical students wasted three months after passing 1st M.B. Course before starting their 2nd M.B. Course. It was proposed that a recommendation should go from the Union Committee to the University Authorities that students, especially those liable for military service, would welcome vacation courses, and the Committee requests that steps should be taken to enable students to continue studies through the long vacation in order to enable them to complete their courses in the shortest possible time without lowering the standard of examinations.

D. T. MILNTHORPE,  
Hon. Secretary, Leeds U.U.





**Meeting of the Council, Wednesday, March 20th, 1940.**

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

The Council learnt with great regret of the death of two honorary graduates of the University, namely, Dr. J. L. Kirk, upon whom the degree of Ph.D. was conferred in 1939, and Dr. Thomas W. Woodhead, who received the honorary degree of Master of Science in 1915.

The Council sent its congratulations to a member of the staff, Dr. W. T. Astbury; to a former member of staff, Professor Pearsall, and to an old student of the University, Dr. W. Sucksmith, on their election as Fellows of the Royal Society.

The Council was gratified to learn that the annual Treasury Grant was to be maintained at its normal figure during the ensuing financial year, and that the annual grants from the West Riding County Council and from the Barnsley City Council had also been renewed. The Council placed on record its grateful appreciation of the continued help of these several Authorities.

Representatives of the University were appointed to the undermentioned bodies, namely :—

Yorkshire Council for Agricultural  
Education

The Pro-Chancellor.  
The Vice-Chancellor.  
Professor Priestley.  
Sir Harold Mackintosh.

Committee on Religious Education  
(Ripon Diocese) .. ..

Professor James.  
Professor Richardson.  
Professor Smith.  
Professor Stewart.  
Mr. H. J. Hodsmen.  
Professor Cobb.

Harrogate Grammar School .. ..

Leeds Grammar School .. ..

Morley Grammar School .. ..

Wortley Free Trust .. ..

Keighley—Drake and Tonson's Foundation	Emeritus Professor Gillespie.
Knaresborough—King James's Grammar School Foundation	Professor Spaul.
Northallerton Grammar School	Professor Comber.

The following appointments were made:—

Mr. R. B. Zachary, M.B., Ch.B., as Demonstrator in Anatomy.  
Mr. D. E. Dolby, Ph.D., as Demonstrator in Bacteriology.

## Adult Education in H.M. Forces

**A** REGIONAL Committee for Adult Education in H.M. Forces has now been set up for the Leeds University Extra-Mural Area. This area comprises about two-thirds of the North Riding (Western side) and most of the West Riding, including York. South Yorkshire in the immediate neighbourhood of Sheffield will be dealt with by Sheffield and Eastern Yorkshire by Hull University College.

The object of the scheme is to help in meeting the needs of men stationed in our area who would, in peace time, attend short courses or single lectures on subjects of cultural value, such as Economics, History, Natural Science (including Natural History), Literature, Foreign Languages and the Arts.

Attendance at the lectures will be voluntary and it is intended to provide as wide a range of subjects as possible. It is obvious that subjects should be treated in a non-partisan way but lecturers should, if time permits, encourage and guide free discussion.

As there is so much movement among troops, it will not often be possible to arrange for courses of even as many as six lectures, but it is thought highly desirable that in certain subjects, for instance, History, the same lecturer might very well give three consecutive talks in as many weeks. Although each lecture should be self-contained, there are many obvious advantages in continuity of the kind suggested.

It is anticipated that most lectures will be given in the evenings, but the best times for some units (anti-aircraft, for instance) may be in the afternoons.

A complete list of lecturers will be distributed to the various Commanding Officers from whom requests for lectures will come. Normally a lecturer will not be asked to travel many miles from his own home, but if an engagement necessitates staying overnight, hotel expenses will, of course, be allowed.

It should be emphasised that the scheme is entirely a voluntary one, and all engagements are subject to the convenience of the lecturer, although once a booking is made it is hoped that the engagement will be kept.

The list which has been drawn up includes many Leeds graduates and Staff members.

WM. R. GRIST, *Secretary,*

*Leeds University Regional Committee for  
Adult Education in H.M. Forces.*

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“ THE GRYPHON.”

Last Day for Copy - - TUESDAY, September 10th.

Copy should be in before 1 o'clock.



## British Student Congress at Leeds

THE largest and probably most controversial Student Congress of recent years was held in the Leeds University Union in March, 1940. Organised by the National Union of Students in consultation with other student organisations, such as the British Universities League of Nations Society, International Student Service, Student Christian Movement, University Labour Federation, Federation of University Conservative and Liberal Associations, and the Union of University Liberal Societies, its Patrons were the Principals and Vice Chancellors of the Universities of Aberdeen, Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham, the Master of Balliol, and the Director of the L.S.E. The opening address was delivered by Mr. H. G. Wells, the discussions lasted for six days, and nearly 600 students from nearly all English and Welsh Universities and Colleges, several Scottish Universities, and several Training Colleges took part.

The main purpose of the Congress was to discuss the problems facing the Universities and Students in the world to-day. In order to orientate such discussion, it was considered essential to have some preliminary discussions dealing with the problems facing the world, and to this end the Congress was divided into two parts; the first dealt with "The World To-day," and consisted of an opening plenary session addressed by Mr. Wells, six Commissions dealing respectively with "Democracy and Government," "Economics and Industry," "Social Problems," "Problems of Empire," "A New World Order," and "War," and a concluding plenary session at which reports of the discussions of the commissions were considered. The second part of the Congress dealt with the "Universities and Students in the World To-day," and was introduced in plenary session by Mr. B. Simon, President of N.U.S. There were four commissions—"The Function of the Universities," "British Universities and the British People," "Problems within the Universities," and "Training Colleges"; reports of these commissions were submitted to the concluding plenary session.

The first part of the Congress gave rise to most of the fierce criticism and controversy which was noticeable in the correspondence columns of the press for some time after the event. It was never intended to assume such significance; the discussions were purely and simply to give a background to the later questions of the Universities. It was obviously quite impossible for the Congress with the time at its disposal, to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion to problems which have been exercising the keenest minds in the world for years; it was never intended that it should do so. The first part of the proceedings, which got a great deal of unnecessary publicity, was intended to act as a foundation for the second part, which deserved, but unfortunately did not receive, widespread publicity.

The Congress took a strong line against "poverty, inequality and injustice, wherever they exist"; it deplored capitalism, maintaining that society should be based on "production and distribution . . . organised according to the welfare and needs of society as a whole," and that capitalism denies the co-existence of Democracy. "Imperialist wars" were condemned, since Imperialism spelled exploitation and was incompatible with "the cultural and material advancement of the inhabitants of these [exploited] countries as free peoples." It was felt that a new world order could only be built upon the principles of Socialism, Federation, and Democracy, thus precluding the profit motive and Imperialism. War in general was attributed to economic causes rather than to specific incidents, and the present war was opposed by the majority of the Congress as one waged for "profits and world domination." The minority considered that it was just a war against aggression and barbarism.





With acknowledgments to the Yorkshire Evening News]

[Photo Y.E.N.]

Mr. BRIAN SIMON, *President, N.U.S.*,  
looking over the Conference Programme with one of  
the numerous hitch-hiker delegates.



With acknowledgments to the Yorkshire Evening News]

[Photo Y.E.N.]

Mr. WELLS continues the discussion.

The tenor of the discussions on the problems facing the Universities was that whilst present conditions prevented the Universities from fulfilling their proper function in society, there were a number of immediate reforms which would help considerably to break down the existing barriers between students and the outside world. Four main aspects were considered—the reform and improvement of the Universities, organisation of free discussion, the development of student activities, and the cultivation of a better relationship between students and what they are pleased to call “the people.” It was significant that in spite of the very great divergence of political opinions expressed by students in the first half, in the second and more important part of the Congress the views expressed showed considerable unanimity regarding the duties of students in society and the reforms in the present University system necessary for the adequate discharge of these duties.

In that the Congress encouraged discussion among students and was a preliminary step towards the realisation by students of their responsibilities. It was an unprecedented success; in that it attempted to show the general public that students are not irresponsible juveniles, it was a failure—due almost entirely to the attitude of the press, which, considering students to be fair game, gave far too much publicity to the preliminary discussions, and almost ignored those for which the Congress was called. It is by such Congresses, and by the propagation of such ideas as were expressed in the latter part, that Universities will in time come to fulfil their proper function; by these means will students eventually come more and more to realise their responsibilities, and will so become worthy members of a “privileged class.” But the process will be gradual; it will require time and a considerable amount of patience to achieve any lasting result. No matter what length of time it takes, however, a fundamental change in University education and in the attitude of University students is bound to come; when our successors look back on our extraordinary ideas and behaviour, when they consider our Congresses, Conferences, and discussions in their proper perspective, they will undoubtedly find engraved on the foundation stone of their educational edifice “British Student Congress at Leeds, 1940, A.D.”

P.R

## Rag Service is Our National Service

**E**XEMPT from compulsory service, we must all (to coin a phrase) do our bit. Rag week is the only opportunity we have of making some contribution as an organised body to the national effort. The Rag gives us all an opportunity not only of helping the badly-hit Leeds medical charities, but also of showing to the outside world that we students take our privileges and exemptions in all seriousness.

The war means a big change in our Rag. The needs of the hospitals are greater, our means of collecting diminished. It is demanded of us not as a favour, but as a duty to take our place in the Rag effort and do our utmost to make this year's Rag the best on record.

It is your duty to take an active part in everything organised for Rag Week. If you can't dance or sing, you can sell programmes. If you can't write for *The Tyke* you can sell it. If you can't—but of course you can. Nothing can prevent you from collecting. Singers and dancers, sketches and songs are wanted for the Revue. Jokes and cartoons are wanted for *The Tyke*. Ideas, stunts, organisers and workers are wanted for the Rag. Don't shirk your responsibilities. Remember—Rag Service is our National Service.

S. KEIDAN,

*Chairman, Rag Committee, 1940.*



**Obiter Dicta.**

"Let's have a real hike—with a 'bus!"

"The parish is experiencing difficulty owing to so many of our members being on active service. In the meantime I am carrying on with two young girls."

At the N.U.S. Conference: "Are you going to all the Conferences or are you going to pieces?"

\* \* \*

The cynic is a person who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

"Sooner or later the Nations will become united by the very force of events."  
NAPOLEON.

Bacteria—the rear entrance to a cafeteria.

\* \* \*

*Scene*—a laboratory containing three men of science.

Second Scientist (to first): "I wish you'd move your oxygen cylinders, I can't stir for them."

Third Scientist: "Yes, what we need here is more liebestraum."

\* \* \*

"To-day the one redeeming virtue of Soviet Communism in the eyes of others nations is the probable inefficiency in organizing war."

"Peace by Federation?"—Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE.

\* \* \*

*The Gryphon* finds that the difficulty about the Right Wing is that it does not write.

\* \* \*

"Studying medicine is probably the worst nervous strain you can put any man through. It's like having a wife who is pregnant all the time and never delivered."

AUGUSTA TUCKER.

YOU think that I have nothing else to do  
But catch your gestures?  
Am I then unfair?  
Forgetting that your sense, as yet untrammelled,  
Hardly looks further than a moment's thought.  
Why do I persist  
In dying trivial deaths  
As if there were no work to do, no monuments to build?

S. SHARP.



## Fugitive from a Chain-letter-Gang.

**I**N my last article I told you how drunken men always come and sit next to me on the tram. In a previous article I told you I can never find my handkerchief in bed and how the blankets always keep coming out at the bottom, and years ago I told you how footsteps make me look up when I'm working in the Brotherton Library. Each time I recount one or other of my misfortunes I am overwhelmed by countless letters and telephone calls and people buttonholing me in the street and saying that that is just what happens to them.

Frankly I don't believe it. There aren't so many drunks in this world—and someone must do *some* work in the library otherwise they'd close it down. So now I'm going to tell you some more of my experiences, experiences so soul-shattering and psychologically irritant that if anyone else says they also suffer from them, the world must be in a bad way.

I have a habit of catching people's eye. For instance, this morning the tram conductor on a crowded tram yelled, "All got tickets pliz?" and caught my eye. I looked away, but made the fatal mistake of quickly looking back—he did the same. We gazed at each other. For no reason at all my circulatory system went into action—my face reddened and my larynx said in a hoarse whisper, "I've got my ticket." *Why? Why? Why?* Did anyone else speak? No! Did anyone else's larynx turn Quisling? (Topical note). No! Thousands of people travel everyday on the trams, and I have to be the only possessor of such a larynx.

Naturally the conductor was a little surprised. He blinked, "Wha' dyer say mate?" "I, I just said I, I've got my ticket," I faltered. He licked his lips. "Well; well; let's have a look."

My immediate neighbours became interested—I held out my hand—it was empty! I looked blankly at it with the eyes of a man who knows the cloak of fate is gathering around him. I could feel the conductor turning sceptical. My other hand came out—also empty.

Anyhow to cut a long story short I couldn't find my ticket. I looked in every pocket—in my book and in my shoes. No ticket! Until then the conductor had just stood with his hands on his hips, but he became openly derisive when I started rummaging on the floor.

"Well," I said, with what I knew to be an unsuccessful attempt at non-chalance, "Well it looks as if I've lost it. Ha ha. I suppose I'd better get another—that is, er get—another."

What a supposition! It wasn't so easy as that. The conductor couldn't disappoint the mob. The dreaded words seared into my soul, "I'll have to take your name and address."

My chin dropped, ignominy staring me in the face and my career ruined. I didn't have the courage to give a wrong name and address. My fate was sealed.

So here I am with a prison sentence hanging over my head. I don't know what the minimum sentence is for losing one's ticket—but I hope it's five years—I might learn to forget trams in that time!

Another incident was just as bad, but I did get some satisfaction out of this one. I was sitting in that seat that faces all the rest—it was the only one vacant as usual. (It is always arranged thus so that everyone can see the fun that is sure to happen when I get on).

Just behind my right ear was the sliding window. The conductor opened it then turned away to give someone a ticket, he had intended looking out but had suddenly changed his mind. Well, the wind was blowing down my neck, so I leaned back and closed the window and absent-mindedly refaced the tram.

*Smack!*—a sickening thud behind me told me the conductor had tried to lean out of the window without noticing it was closed.

Well, when he came round he made one or two remarks which the editor has censored. Can you wonder why I ride a bicycle?

You may think that all this is fiction—journalese, but an ex-president of the Union will vouch for me.

Last Christmas he was unfortunate enough to ask me to help him choose some Xmas cards. We wandered round one of the big stores, then one of us, I forget which (it was probably my friend), noticed a good looking girl walking on the other side of the counter, so I said, "Tommy lad, just look there, let's get a closer view." Reluctantly I went.

Now you know those beautiful artistic statues of a nude girl balancing on a toe—one grabbed at my arm, missed, and shattered on the floor! Fifty pairs of female eyes turned on us while we stood in the dust of a broken woman.

I've often managed to upset piles of tinned pears and get lumps of cheese into boxes of eggs, but this was the first time I'd dabbled in art. However, the manager was very nice about it and graciously accepted Tommy's ten shillings.

The other morning I received a chain-letter—you all *hear* about them, but I *receive* them. It seems that if I had copied it four times and sent them to four friends there was a possibility I'd be as lucky as Gracie Fields and Mr. Ambrose, who each received 3,000 dollars. This letter was supposed to have been started by an American officer in Flanders, but I have a shrewd suspicion it was started by the postmaster-general.

Anyway, I've broken the chain and the only piece of bad luck I've had so far, is to be beaten at tennis by a girl-friend.

Reckoning 3,000 dollars for four copies—the publicity that letter has received in this article ought to net me at least a million. If this comes to hand you will each receive your next *Gryphon* free of charge.

JACK HARDY.

## Contrast.

THE great black towns of Yorkshire,  
They veil themselves in cloud;  
The smoke of thousand chimneys  
Enwrap them like a shroud.

But little towns in Yorkshire,  
They stand along the sea,  
Or watch the quiet rivers  
And wold-land rolling free.

The little towns of Yorkshire  
Have quiet streets and lanes  
And sudden gleam of brasses  
Through bottle window-panes.

The little towns in Yorkshire,  
They see the ships go by,  
And have grey towers dark-outlined  
Against the wind-swept sky.

The little towns of Yorkshire  
Dream in their storied past—  
High Whitby, castled Richmond,  
Rest from their wars at last.

The great black towns in Yorkshire  
They flaunt the furnace-flame;  
But little towns of Yorkshire  
Know where the Vikings came.

The little towns in Yorkshire,  
Of moorland, sea and wold,  
Are quiet, grey and dreaming,  
And very, very old.

CORNIX.

## The White Man's Burden.

A study of the growth of the Social Services in our Colonies.

**M**Y first recollections on this subject are perhaps a little bitter, but let the reader judge. It was when I was seven and we lived on a small island in the South Pacific; one of the Cook group: for the rest the Island had better be nameless for reasons of expediency which will be obvious later. It was ringed by a motor road twenty miles long, then white coral beaches interspersed with black volcanic bluffs and outside that the lagoon and the reef. Inland rose a seamed semi-circle of rocks with vegetation clinging miraculously to their sides.

The people were Polynesians, a light-skinned race, who fished and cultivated small farms or worked on European-owned plantations. They had been a strong virile race, renowned for their fighting, and when you consider that to fight even their nearest neighbour meant crossing 200 miles of open ocean in canoes and that this ocean despite its name can be just as stormy as any other, then you begin to realise that they were not without their virtues. But when old queen M——, at the end of the last century, ceded the Island to the British—"asked for their protection" was the phrase—though against whom the protection was necessary is doubtful, when a British warship was steaming close in round the reef, their days of renown were over.

Her successor was declared unfit to rule, and a puppet chief T—— appointed instead. And inevitably there came the Resident, the planter, the trader and the missionary: disease and tribal disintegration were soon in their wake. The natives were tricked out of their land and their women, they lost faith in their old beliefs and Taboos while not believing in the new religion, and lastly, which for the purpose of this study is most important, they were ravaged by influenza, tuberculosis and venereal disease. Whole villages were wiped out.

Thus had the blessings of civilization come to some of our backward brothers.

Of course you will say "all this was 30 or 40 years ago, to-day things are different, there are hospitals and doctors, and there is no need for people to die like flies in an epidemic." Yes, there was a doctor when we came to live in the Island, and a hospital too, and there were schools for the children. I know because I was a pupil at a native school at one of the villages: our teacher Ena told us all about our father the King. He also told us that 48 and 84 meant the same thing. Education is such a wonderful thing!

There were no sanitary conveniences in the Island, whole families lived in one-roomed huts made of laths plastered with mud and roofed by cocoa-nut palm thatching. The cooking was done outside under a little shelter. When an old man was dying of T.B. his grand-children would sleep beside him on the matting of the floor. When he died they would soon follow him.

But what of the doctor and the hospital? Here there enters into this narrative a note of bitterness, of which mention was made earlier. For would any doctor but a complete failure live in such an isolated place? I will not go into details as to how the hospital was run and how many days in the month there was ever even a doctor there at all, for my father called attention to that. He was tried and convicted of criminal libel, and we were compelled to leave the Island.

To-day there is a new doctor because the last died of cirrhosis of the liver. The new one is fast drinking himself to death.



In the same group there are four other main Islands, two larger and more populous than the one which we have been discussing. None of them have any doctor, nurse or hospital at all. You may say that all this is surely a special case, one where unfortunate circumstances conspired against the people. But this is not so, for the conditions I have described are typical of our Pacific possessions and, in fact, more favourable than in most. As we shall see it is roughly the same as in the rest of our Colonial empire.

Let us turn to another part of the world, choosing for example the West Indies, and conduct there a brief survey. Interest is attached to this since a Royal Commission went there some time ago to enquire into certain questions. It will be interesting to review the decisions of this Commission, which studied so fully the life of the West Indian peoples. But here I must disappoint the reader, for the report of the Commission is not to be published. A few of their recommendations in a rather abbreviated form, it is true, were published.

They recommended that a controller of Social Services for the West Indies should be established with a staff of technical experts to administer a Social Services' fund where special hardship was present. The appointment of a director general of agriculture was also recommended. The British Government accepted the second proposal and the first "in principle," which meant that an immediate grant of 350 thousand pounds was made. This was to be administered by the colonial office who could, to quote the words of the official document, "be able from its more distant position to take an unbiased view of the problems of the Island and be helpful, not dictatorial."

Was it not dictatorial to ban the findings of the Commission? In these days of war it is only too easy to hide unpleasant facts because they may prejudice national unity, and to brand any who criticise communist agitators, agents of Hitler, Stalin and the Klu Klux Klan. The Royal Commission was not composed of any of these people: it was headed by Lord Moyne and represented all the more Conservative trends of British opinion. And yet its conclusions were banned! This is a dangerous road. The same arguments against any criticism of the state are in Nazi Germany and in the other Totalitarian countries, Italy, Japan and France.

But we have had enough of Royal Commissions, so let us for the brief remaining space review what are the conditions which have been carefully hidden under a white sepulchre of lies, evasions and pious utterances.

In Jamaica, the largest and most advanced island of the West Indies there are hospitals it is true, but consider that at M———. Picture to yourself a waste of the foulest tropical slums, with a rutted back street ending in a gaunt group of unpainted wooden buildings. Outside stifling heat, inside more stifling heat. An operation is in progress, the surgeon and his assistants wearing no masks. They stopped the operation to greet my English companion!

Officially, 50—70% of the children of Jamaica attend school, but for the majority this is an attendance of one or two days a week; for in the first place the children must work on their father's little farms. There is a proverb in Jamaica which says, in the Negro dialect, "Wan lib a work ask neyger bebe," which being translated is, "If you want to know what a life of work is ask a nigger baby." In the second place there are usually several children in a family and never is there more than one suit of clothes: so the children take turns to wear it, for the Jamaicans are a proud race.

Just a few words more. There is practically no legislation covering housing or working conditions and no unemployment or health insurance. In an official Barbados report it was stated that two-thirds of the population live in dwellings of two rooms or less; there is disrepair, absence of sanitary arrangements, high rents and over-crowding.

Statistics are dull, but it is interesting to note that in Trinidad the percentage of the population suffering from hookworm varies from 78.9% to 80.3%.

In Jamaica it is now illegal to publish news of strikes or other disturbances, and on February 12th the police opened fire on unemployed workers. Is it any wonder that in our Colonial Empire to-day there is a deep distrust of British motives. How can Britain be fighting for the rights of "small nations" when her rule over such nations is the rule of cruel exploitation and suspension of free speech, and when the "freedom" of our great brotherhood of "free peoples" is the freedom of the gallows.

DAVID H. LEWIS,

New Moncklands, Jamaica.

### A Scene in the Union Tea Room.

**A** YOUNG man of countrified appearance and clad in plus fours enters, carrying a sack tied with string under his arm and wearing a twig in his buttonhole. At the serving hatch he turns and shakes hands with a girl who has just come in: they are obviously pleased to see each other. Cups in hand they make their way to a table where I happen to be seated. This is what I hear:—

THE GIRL: "It's ages since I saw you. How are you getting on with your work for the Ph.D. these days?"

THE MAN: "Ph.D.? Haugh! I've chucked all that. I'm working on the land now."

SHE: "What! Chucked A Ph.D.? Good God, whatever for?"

HE: "Well, to be quite frank, I'm sickened to death of this stinking hole. The narrowness of this life appals me. All you see here is a gang of silly, ignorant students, absorbed in themselves and their own careers. Now, when I'm farming I'm doing something (screwing up his fists) I'm an active being! But when you're here, why you haven't the faintest idea about what's going on outside. Not the faintest! Live your own life and don't give a hang for your fellow citizen. That's the policy here."

SHE: "That's all very well, but one has to do a little work to get a Degree, after all."

HE: "Granted. Doing a Degree's not so bad, it's after that you wake up. When you get into close contact with the Prof. and you realise how far removed he is in his academic sanctuary from the rest of the world, well, you just feel sick. Why, there's about 95% of the population the Prof. doesn't know exists, and *he* is supposed to be somewhere near the top of the Tree of Knowledge."

SHE: "But surely if you felt like that you should never have come up to a University."

HE: "I agree, not as Universities are at present, anyhow. Why, the very word's a mockery. 'A place for all,' and the 'all' you find here are either pretentious snobs or swottish dunderheads. It's ironical, you know, the Government pays money to train a good percentage of these creatures for teaching the children of the community, and the people they train don't know the first thing about the community. They may know the *theory* of child psychology, but what do they really know about the kids and their origin."

SHE: "But if they know their job surely that's the most important thing."

HE : " But they can't know or do their job properly unless they know the people they have to teach. It's like a doctor diagnosing a case without first examining the body. Why, I've even heard of Hostel Students who had so little interest in outside affairs that they never read a newspaper from the beginning of a term to its end. What *can* such people know about life in general. Such gross ignorance! It's disgusting, it's sinful."

SHE : " All this may be true, but it doesn't excuse *you* for throwing up a Ph.D."

HE : " No, but can't you see, the same argument is fundamentally true in my case too. I want to get out and see something of life, which I shouldn't do if I got myself burrowed into a lectureship. It's all very well saying you can combine the two, you can't. If you're a lecturer you're too absorbed in your own academic sphere to have any interest outside. I've seen 'em."

SHE : " Well, after all that, I must say you don't seem to have *anything* of the student in you."

HE : " I'm a student alright, but I'm not a swot, therefore I have no place in the University of to-day. Some day, when Universities have more contact with the people—people of all rank—I'll come back, but in the meantime I'm going back to growing my potatoes. (A sardonic laugh). Ask the Prof. which way up to plant potatoes and I bet he doesn't know, but he'll eat 'em willingly enough for his dinner. Well, I'm off, best of luck till I see you again." (The man rises and hurries away through the door. The faces of many students are distorted by inane amusement as the door closes).

SHE : (collapsing on to her chair) " Phew! Fancy chucking up a Ph.D. Why, there are some who'd sell their souls for a chance of one. But, of course, I'd forgotten, they're the swots—the swots who never discover life."

D.S

The views expressed here are not necessarily those of the author, but it is hoped that this article may stimulate thought. Both characters are entirely imaginary and the references to Profs. and lecturers made in a general way.

## To Diana.

YET you were there—  
for one infinite moment o'er that silence moved  
the fresh breeze of your presence  
as you came to me,  
the scent of heather in your wind-kissed hair.

The bracken wastes were softened to a dream  
of lilac, delicate tracery,  
as moonlight softens all to ethereal beauty;  
the rocks, blackened by Time's charring wind  
were pools of mystery as

Together we stood, clear-eyed and smiling,  
facing the world  
in statuesque bravery.  
We could have scaled Olympus  
and wrested all power from immortal Jove:  
or with the early Fathers, scorned  
the perils of the green, unfathomed depths—  
so brave were we.

Then you were gone  
a scathing wind roamed through the dreary wastes  
and left me longing,  
clinging to a straw-like memory, diamond-flecked,  
eternity of moment.

S.





(ROUNDHAY).

The Little Bridge.

### View from a Window.

F AINT roaring city  
 Half hidden in a haze of smoke,  
 Chimneys in regimental row,  
 The scent of cold tea  
 From the kitchen below.  
 Down in that city  
 Humanity lives  
 Hopeless humanity  
 Stubborn and dead.

But the leaves are out  
 And the trees are green,  
 The bare black trees  
 For the Winter have stood  
 Dead stubborn wood.  
 "There's a good time coming  
 Be it ever so far away"  
 Far away  
 Away  
 Far away.

CEAWLIN.

## We Take a Ride.

I DON'T know what caused us, Denise and I, to enter the char-a-banc: we had walked into St. Malo as we generally did when at a loose end, and were strolling round the town in a somewhat blasé fashion, at least I was blasé having seen all the sights, whilst Denise was frankly amused at the antics of the tourists—I remember wondering if she had been equally amused at my first enthusiasm. But there we were getting into the thing with an air of bravado for “a tour of interest and beauty.” We were quite out of the picture as far as the rest of the passengers were concerned: for one thing Denise was French and knew the district like the back of her hand: if I had known what was to happen later I should have been worried about that; then, although my French was not too good, I could manage a normal conversation, so we rarely used English.

There were in the back seats a number of young people from the local C.H.A. hostel, or whatever it was. The men all seemed to have Birmingham accents, except for one little Cockney called, for no particular reason, Blossom. In fact they all had names of a pseudo-humorous nature; one of the females, fortyish and trying so hard not to look it, was Snow-white, and so forth.

Sandwiched between them and us were two children whose harassed aunt had thankfully put them in charge of the guide, I suspect she needed a rest. The boy was about seven, and when he wasn't sucking a lollipop he was hanging out of the window to a sickening extent. His sister was perhaps eleven, and she told him not to. Sometimes they both saw something interesting, whereupon they would rush up and down beseeching us to look before it was too late. But what with the lollipop in the boy's mouth, and the band round the girl's teeth, which made her speech rather cloudy, not many of them understood what the excitement was about. Denise and I did usually, but we daren't let them know for fear they gave us no peace. Then in front of us were a middle-aged couple. The man wore a straw hat and canvas shoes and smoked a pipe, grumbling at not being able to get his usual tobacco—if only she (his wife) hadn't filled the hot water bottle with her wretched tea, which they found was sold in most of the shops, he could have brought enough tobacco to last the fortnight; this was his theme song; she, well upholstered in brown satin, with the conventional cream lace modesty vest, just sat through it all stolidly knitting a grey sock, I was to envy and marvel at her placidity later.

Finally, there was an American family, too like the Music-hall family to be true. Pop wore a cream cotton suit and smoked cigars; Maw navy linen slacks, sun specs., and bits of scarves here and there; they had a guide book and argued with the Guide, who was quite out of his depth; he could recite his piece very nicely and answer a few simple questions, but when it came to “Say, what do you consider to be the average productivity per square mile of this country?” the poor man was stumped. Their children were horrors and had frequent fights with our French pair, who were angels in comparison. They also had a daughter of about seventeen, who sat and smoked and polished her nails and was obviously so bored that we adopted her finally. She spoke French so we could say what we liked.

The Guide pointed out buildings of historic and architectural interest and trying to quell the children from time to time. The Driver seemed quite mad, but we soon became resigned to taking corners on the wrong side, careering down slopes towards what looked like certain death and, when he leaned from his seat to hurl insults at pedestrians and dogs, hoping we should still be on the road when his attention should again be directed towards steering the machine.

It was at St. Valery sur Pont that the bother started. We had taken the first two blind corners of the village without incident, beyond giving a dog the



shock of its life as it lay peacefully sleeping in the sun ; it wasn't hurt, just startled, although its owner, a toothless octogenarian, seemed desirous of arguing the point. But then, whilst our Americans were rhapsodising over the quaint midden, on what in England would have been a village green, and the holiday-makers were saying just what they could do with a few pints of beer, and the woman in front having unwisely said she could do with a nice cup of tea, was placidly enduring a further instalment of the tea-versus-tobacco theme, rounding the last corner of the village we came upon a donkey cart. Even on a clear road it would have been difficult to pass it, because it was laden with what looked like all the worldly goods of the venerable couple accompanying it, he asleep on a large feather mattress and she leading the donkey, and those worldly goods included a bundle of hop-poles or clothes-props or some such things, which most unfortunately stuck out on each side of the contraption ; they were well in the middle of the road, of course. Our driver really excelled himself this time ; he couldn't pass on the right side because of a ditch, so he tried to do so on the other, braking hard. As I said, there wasn't much room and the projecting poles caught us, the cart went into the ditch and we came to a stop some yards further on with a crate containing a turkey decorating the radiator.

Then was pandemonium let loose, or pretty nearly. The old woman was unhurt, and so was the donkey, his harness had been tied up with string, which had broken, so he wasn't even knocked over, but the old man was buried beneath the mattress, etcetera in the ditch. We all piled out and rushed to the spot, but not before three small boys, a girl with pigtails and a perambulator, a pack of dogs and two interested hens. The old woman was going berserk, feverishly trying to extricate her husband. We tried to help but were sworn at, so stood about feeling somewhat embarrassed, whilst the thirsty ones went for a drink, including the Guide, who clearly wasn't taking any responsibility. Presently he came to light, still sleeping peacefully, although his wife preferred to think him dead. She set up a wailing which brought the rest of the village to the scene, including the mayor in shirt sleeves and a cap like a Pullman Car attendant's. The fat was properly in the fire now, the old man came to life and joined his wife in hurling abuse at our driver, who answered in kind. They said it was scandalous to drive like a Jehu to the danger of all who went about their lawful occasions, and we said their method of progress was suicidal ; they refused to believe we were in our senses and we said they had never been in theirs. There was a momentary lull, due to a fog fight, but the mayor soon put a stop to that and turned to us. We were thoroughly excited by this time, except for the middle-aged couple, who were clearly ashamed of the whole proceeding—just like foreigners to make a fuss over nothing—and the Americans who took photographs. Then began an argument over compensation, their so-beautiful cart was wrecked, which had cost an incredible sum, but two years ago (it looked home-made and must have seen service as a tumbrel during the Revolution), their feather bed, which Tante Marie had lovingly made, was ruined beyond repair, and as for their rods, poles or perches, where could they find their like again ? Denise started arguing with the mayor, who demanded her name and then found he knew her father, not only knew him, but was owed two hundred francs for some meal, which fact did not help our case in the least. To cut a long story short, we finally settled on giving them a hundred francs, raised by public subscription, and drinks all round.

We rescued our children from the youth of the village, who had taken a dislike to their clothes and were trying to duck them in the pond, and proceeded, much relieved. But our driver's nerve was shaken, in spite of our denials he regarded our action in paying for the accident as rank cowardice and an insult to himself. For the rest of the journey he drove at a sedate twenty miles an hour, blowing his horn even more frequently than before. Still, it hadn't been such a dull afternoon as we had expected.

KAT.



## Mr. Hodge Presents the Prizes.

THE telephone on the desk, shrilled.

"Hello," I said.

"Hello," answered a female voice.

"I say, Hello."

"Ah! Hello."

The conversation appeared to be reaching a rather tedious stage. "This is Mr. Hodge speaking," I ventured, in a somewhat louder voice.

"Ah, Mr. Hodge. This is Miss Snape, Headmistress of Wiltham High School for Girls."

The voice paused, rather as if it felt that this news ought to impress me. It did not. I loathe girls' schools.

"Please continue," I said.

"Well, Mr. Hodge," replied the voice, with ominous cheerfulness, "as you may know, we are holding our Annual Speech Day and Prize Giving, next Thursday. The governors of the school felt that as you were one of the greatest contributors to the Cricket Pavilion Fund, they must ask you to honour them by presenting the prizes and giving a short address to the girls next Thursday. You will Mr. Hodge, of course!"

I retrieved the receiver from the floor, hoping that the fall had not damaged it beyond repair. I made a sort of noise down the mouth-piece. It rather resembled that of a hen, laying an outsize in eggs. A wretched girls' school. Four hundred miserable girls: I felt awful. It wasn't only the horrible thought of having to face up to a crowd of school girls—but more, that someone in the audience might recognise me—one of the chaps from the Club, for instance. Dash-it-all!—there are limits to which a fellow can go, and oozing soapy words to school girls is distinctly beyond them.

The appointed Thursday arrived, and so did I, at the school with the outlines of my speech scribbled on a post-card. My entrance on to the platform was scarcely as dignified as the occasion demanded. A loose floor-board was my down-fall—literally. This amused the audience immensely. I mean, it isn't every year that one of the "big-wigs" falls. I tried to retrieve the post-card just after it had disappeared down a crack between the boards, but this attempt was doomed to failure. The sight of a man in a boiled shirt, grovelling on his hands and knees is calculated to arouse interest in even a speech-day audience. It did.

Whilst the headmistress was ploughing through the usual annual report, which consisted, chiefly, of thanks to people for services rendered in the past year, I gazed out over the sea of faces. Rows of shiny polished females filled the balcony and rows of not so shiny parents covered the floor. I think that it was just after Miss Snape had thanked someone for a donation to the library fund, that the bombshell burst. Yes, it was Caruthers in the third row. He seemed to notice my look of terror for he waved his programme with a slightly mocking air. What in the world could have brought him to a girls' school speech-day. We had always taken it at the Club that Caruthers was a bachelor—"a decent sort of bird," was how Sparshott once described him. Miss Snape thanked the prefects, thanked the staff for loyal co-operation or something and thanked the school boiler-house man for "untiring energy and devotion to duty"—rather over-doing it, I thought. The great moment arrived when I was called upon to address the girls.

Slowly, I tottered to the end of the platform and placed a supporting hand on the table. Caruthers had torpedoed my speech in advance. Full well I could visualise him at the Club, the centre of an interested circle, telling them how old Hodge actually distributed prizes at a girls' school—"I mean, dash-it-all, chaps—a girls' school of all places—who would have thought it of Hodge." And Sparshott and Jenkinson and Chatterton—they would rock with laughter at this. Mentally, I decided to send in my resignation, the very next day. I tried to clear my throat in true oratorical manner, but only succeeded in emitting a series of distinctly audible gurgles, like those of a hot-water bottle when emptied. The opening of the speech was not too bad in the circumstances.

"—Er— My Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, staff, parents—girls." That sounded pretty comprehensive, and I hoped it was.

"It has given me great pleasure to be with you this evening and to present the prizes to those of you who were —er— were —er—fortunate enough to win prizes." The audience tittered at this. My legs felt strangely weak just below the knees. I saw a girl out in the front row of the balcony, propelling a large sweet, very slowly and deliberately round and round her mouth. It irritated me. Warily, I dragged on with the usual comments about those who had not won prizes—and how they were much better than those who had—and how I had never won any prizes at school—and—well, all the other stock phrases which tradition has given to the distressed prize-presenter.

"You girls," I said, in a paternal note, "you girls, are the citizens and the mothers of the future." The Snape pierced me with an icy stare.

"Where would our Empire be without its women?" I cried with a sweep of the hand which nearly dislodged the net-ball cup. I paused for emphasis. The audience didn't seem to have the faintest idea of the probable location of the Empire without its women. I could have told them of one section which certainly would not have been within a mile of Wiltham High School. I deliberately avoided looking at Caruthers, for he was sure to be laughing—and could you blame him? With a do-or-die spirit, I plunged recklessly into the remainder of the speech.

"Opportunity," I announced, with some gravity, "knocks but once at our door." That was jolly good, I thought. I forget who said it; Cleopatra, Churchill, Agatha Christie—or somebody!

"Are we to let its knocking go unheeded! Are we to keep the wolf from the door—or are we to let it in?" I floundered on, feeling worse every minute. The school had awakened somewhat, from the usual speech-day stupor. This wasn't the usual type of address. This man drivelled. The Lord Mayor coughed as I paused for air.

"Let us keep our noses to the grind-stone. Let us leave no stone un-ground—er—un-turned. We must face the future with a calm confidence, courage and cheerfulness!"

"Where would the Empire be, without—" No! I must have said that before—I think. I took a quick glance at Caruthers and saw that he was enjoying it all, as much as the rest. I could see all this slush being shipped round the Club for weeks. Yes, I must resign—to-night.

"In the face of all tribulation," I continued, doggedly, "and in the face of all adversity, we must remember the immortal words of Napoleon—er—of Schubert—"It is better to have loved and lost—er—lived and lost—that is to say, laughed and lived, I mean, lost—and....'"

The remainder of the evening is best left to the imagination. I left the school quietly by a back door and was taken home by a taxi. Lolling in the rear seat like a partially deflated barrage-balloon, I remembered Caruthers and reflected that the worst was yet to come.

Of course, I never went to the Club during the next week, but I felt distinctly relieved after the following Saturday. I went, with a friend, to the opening of the new canteen at the local Y.W.C.A. "The official ceremony," said the programme, "will be performed by E. W. Caruthers, Esq." We were rather late in arriving and as we entered, there was Caruthers stood behind the counter, with one hand on a tea-urn and the other on a packet of potato crisps.

"Where," he was saying, as he glanced nervously in my direction, "where would our Empire be, without its women!"

You know, there really are times when it is good to be alive.

GEORGE F. HODSMAN.

## Digging for Victory.

"**G**ROW more food" is the cry that we hear on every side, but my father and I, gardening "unenthusiasts" both, had studiously avoided referring to the subject. But one day, quite suddenly, my mother said: "We must begin to dig up the garden for vegetables." In vain we hinted at our weak hearts and lumbago, in vain we pointed out that we had no tools, in vain we suggested paying a jobbing gardener; our number was up, and we knew it.

On the following Saturday afternoon we all assembled in the garden and with moans of despair fell to work. First of all we had to get rid of the lawn—probably that is not the technical term, but that is what we did. It seemed as though our little green patch of green, normally the size of a pocket-handkerchief, had grown overnight. We uncovered stones and bones, worms and earwigs and even some pieces of coal. Seeing these, my father stopped and suggested that perhaps we had struck a vein of coal and that we should cease digging at once and notify the Government—valuable mineral, National Emergency and all that don't you know? Brutally, my mother replied that we could choose whether we dug a cabbage patch or a coal-mine, but we had better get on with it.

After what seemed like years we had before us a sizeable patch of brown earth; and then to our amazed horror discovered that the next item of the programme was "muck-shaakin." To the uninitiated, let me explain that muck-shaakin was a new one on me too. To be precise it is the process of distributing manure evenly over the ground and then digging it in, at least that is what my mother made us do. By this time the word "tired" would not have described our condition; our bodies seemed like aching voids supporting leaden limbs. We were past arguing, we realized now, if never before, how fed up the Children of Israel must have been in Egypt. At last we were allowed to stop, chiefly because our forewoman was herself exhausted, and wearily we trooped indoors.

That night as I crawled into bed I thought of the pride I would take in the fruits of my labour; they would be the finest vegetables ever grown—then as I stretched an aching limb I devoutly added a hope that I'd live to see them. Nevertheless, I put a special clause in my prayers that had something to do with rain on the morrow.

"SIMON."



## The Argument.

THE scene is a room in a University Hall of Residence for Men. In the distance can be heard a faint murmur of voices which swells into a confused tumult of speech as the door is flung open and four young gentlemen of letters enter. Three of them are talking volubly, the other is walking slowly and silently behind, hands thrust in pockets. He reclines far into the depths of an armchair and listens.

The others have already taken up their stations. The ardent militarist, an O.T.C. man and a member of the Boat Club, a true-blue Conservative and Imperialist as well as an atheist, is sitting on the table, swinging his legs as if to emphasise what he is saying. The firm believer in Christianity, who has almost as much faith in the Government as he has in Christ, is leaning against the mantel-piece. Standing by the window, behind a red tie, is the man who is thoroughly opposed to all war and capitalism.

What ensues is truly bewildering. In his usual manner the gentleman with the red tie is delivering a scathing attack upon the Government's war policy. Moreover he says that even if its policy is correct it is not carrying it out very efficiently. Whereupon the militarist challenges this statement and the man with the red tie is driven into assuming the rôle of a person who wants the war prosecuting with more vigour. Both the militarist and the gentleman by the mantel-piece, an atheist and a Christian, are now arguing on the same side against a person who is putting forward arguments which are not really his own.

There is worse to follow. Religion enters the discussion and the fight becomes basically three-cornered, but in reality each of the participants strikes from many points so that it is actually, to use mathematical terminology, a hexagonal or even an octagonal struggle.

Confusion reigns supreme, voices are being raised higher and higher, arms are being flung about, tables are being thumped. The gentleman on the table has joined forces with the pacifist to argue against the upholder of Christendom, at other times the pacifist is arguing against the other two. It is now nothing more than a verbal battle-royal. The proceedings are rudely interrupted by a loud knock on the door which heralds the entry of an irate student of English. Apparently he is working very hard and is being disturbed by the noise which is coming from the other end of the corridor. He expresses his deep feelings on the subject, in what he would probably call "a flowery vernacular."

The situation is carefully explained to him with the result that he sits down and asks what each of the participants in the argument stands for, and why. This is undoubtedly a very awkward moment. Taken aback, they gasp at the sheer blatancy of the question.

Rushing in where angels fear to tread, the militarist puts forward his atheistic arguments, whereupon he is viciously attacked by the student of English. The talk centres around a certain table. How does the militarist know it is there? He can see it. Can he see it when he leaves the room? No he cannot. Then he does not know for certain whether it is there unless he can see it? He says that this is very true. But supposing he remains in the room and completely envelops the table with a cloth. He is then very much inclined to believe that the table is still there, but as he cannot see it he does not know—not even if he sits on it, one would almost have us believe!

The first student of English, having left the door ajar on entering, has allowed even more noise to escape and so disturbed the work of a second and even more irate student of English who enters and asks what is happening. For some quite irrelevant reason the gentleman with the red tie, obviously inspired by the presence

of two students of English, begins a discussion on the relative merits of Dryden and Pope. Titles of poems and learned criticisms are showered upon him and as he obviously knows very little about the subject he makes a strategic withdrawal.

The first student of English deems this to be a suitable juncture at which to introduce an entirely original and erroneous theory of his own concerning the transmigration of souls. Needless to say, this is very long and involved. Everyone begins to talk at once, the discussion becomes more heated than ever. The second student of English decides to return to his work. Various people come in and go out again. A budding scientist comes in to compare the result of an experiment with someone else's, there are private side conversations, people slip out for books and come in again, others sneak off to bed, at times there are about ten people in the room all joining in the discussion, nobody knowing whose side is which, at other times there are only two or three to continue the discussion. But all the time, in spite of extraneous noises and interruptions, the momentous theory is being expounded. Souls are being put into imaginary receptacles and distributed like leaflets, things are occasionally going wrong, people are beginning to remember that they have been on earth before, until the discussion finally breaks up and the silent watcher extricates himself from the depths of his chair and goes away—he is the only one who is really satisfied.

J. E. WILLIAMS.

### “The Choice is Yours.”

THERE are some who sigh for the days of old,  
When men were men, or so we're told.  
For the time when monsters roamed abroad,  
And man was master by use of his sword.  
They sigh with sorrow and look forlorn,  
Say that it's out of their time they are born.  
But have they considered, I wonder now,  
That all was done by the sweat of the brow.  
For a Knight to be dressed in a suit of mail  
Just to go in search of the Holy Grail  
He had to stand for hours on end,  
And when laced up he couldn't bend.  
That the bedrooms then had floors of stone,  
And eiderdowns weren't even known.  
A radio set had never been made  
To broadcast how the Home side played.  
And watching the Jesters wasn't much fun,  
Stood in a draught till the show was done,  
Then coming to Wines and Women too,  
Choice vintages were all too few.  
Liqueurs and whisky, rum and brandy,

And other strong spirits that make your legs bandy,  
Were far ahead of those stirring times,  
Nor were they known in temperate climes.  
Women were modest and quite good at sewing,  
But did they enjoy it? To that there's no knowing.  
If Sonny stayed out after Curfew Bell,  
His path could only lead to Hell.  
Imagine meeting the Girl-friend's father  
Quivering with fury, worked up to a lather.  
“You were out after dark, it was nearly eight,  
This is final, see, not another date.”  
Perhaps when thought out, you may concur  
That to-day with it's comforts you prefer.  
Luxury for all, at moderate prices.  
Virtues in plenty, and just skip the vices.  
Tramcars, 'buses, parks, jails and pubs,  
Stupendous theatres and elegant clubs.  
As it is now it should be Heaven of heavens.  
But somehow we're wrangling at sixes and sevens.  
And perhaps after all when we leave this thick haze,  
We'll be living again in the Good Old Days.

ERIC RAWSON LAX,

### “Gryphon” Staff, 1940-41.

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THE GENERAL ATHLETICS SECRETARY,  
An S.R.C. REPRESENTATIVE.

## A New Union Committee.

WHO the hell are these people anyway? I'll put down 1, 2, 3, . . . . . !  
How often have we heard at Union elections questions like the above? How many times have we heard also the complaint from Union officials of the apathy of students. Such remarks as these are, in fact, an indictment of the Constitution of the Union Committee.

Its main defect lies, in our opinion, in the fact that a member, once elected, is not subject to any control by the electoral body and is answerable to no one but himself. The deliberations of the Committee are therefore not a true reflection of the interests of the student body.

A Union Committee, if it is to serve the interests of the community it represents, must of necessity allow of a system of control. This is the main feature of the new Draft Constitution which we propose below. Briefly, what we propose is this; that the Committee should be a delegate body and that any member can be replaced at any time by his electoral body. Further, we suggest that the former differentiation between the sexes be removed so that all offices are open to both men and women.

It will be generally agreed that the mass of the Students have their closest contacts with their fellows in their own departments and therefore it is on the basis of the department that the electoral system should be built. We suggest the following points as being essential to our scheme.

1. The Union shall be divided into Departments and groups of Departments thus—

Classics and Philosophy.	Physics.	Law.
French.	Chemistry.	Economics, Commerce and
English.	Mathematics.	Social Diploma.
Italian, German, Hebrew,	Zoology and	Medical School.
Russian, Spanish.	Botany.	Dental School.
History.	Agriculture.	
Geography and	Textiles.	
Geology.	Mechanical, Civil and	
Education.	Electrical Engineering.	
	Mining and Fuel and Metallurgy.	
	Colour Chemistry, Dying and Leather.	

Representatives from each Hostel.

One representative from M.D.S. at home.

“ “ “ M.D.S. in lodgings.

“ “ “ W.D.S.

2. Representation shall be as far as possible relative to the number of Students in the department, thus—

Physics	..	..	1
Medics	..	..	8 according to years.

3. The policy of the delegate shall be that of his group and any delegate may be recalled by his constituents at any time. This entails regular meetings of the group to discuss and decide policy in relation to that of the Union Committee.
4. Both bodies shall meet monthly, the times to be correlated to ensure the maximum of discussion in the representative bodies.



5. Women shall be given equal rights with men, e.g., the President may be a woman.
6. The President shall be elected by and from the Union Committee. He shall be replaceable at any time and shall *not* be an *Ex-officio* member of every sub-committee.
7. The Editor of *The Gryphon* and the General Athletics Secretary shall be elected by the Committee, but not necessarily from it.
8. The Executive to consist of the President, Secretary, Treasurer, G.A.S. and three other members of the Committee. It shall have full charge of the day to day affairs of the Union and shall see to it that the decisions of the sub-committees and general committees are carried into effect.

The total number of the Committee will be about 40, little more than the present Committee, and yet ensuring that every part of the Union has some voice in the running of Student activities.

It is evident from the above that the M.R.C. and the W.R.C. will no longer have any useful purpose to perform and these would automatically be dissolved. The case of the Medical and Dental Councils is, however, different, as these bodies have various common rooms to administer.

Naturally this brief exposition does not pretend to be the final word. . . . . that should result from the discussions of the whole Student body; but we hope that in the above proposals there lies the solution of that most difficult problem—the apathy of the electorate.

JOHN W. FLETCHER.  
R. H. SPENCER.

## The Ballad of Havera.

### A Yorkshire Song.

JOHN O' GAUNT is come a-hunting,  
Riding down the forest path:  
"Tell me, fellow, who goes yonder  
Leaning on his knotted staff?"  
—"Please your Grace he's from the war—  
'Tis the cripple, Havera."

"Noble Duke and Prince of England,  
Lord of meadow, stream and wood;  
Hast thou land of all this forest  
For a cripple's livelihood?  
For a soldier lamed in war—  
For thy servant, Havera?"

"Lo! thy boon is quickly granted;  
Here I give thee of my ground  
All that in a day of Summer  
Thou can'st hop with crutch around,  
To be held in peace or war  
By my servant, Havera."

In the early glow of morning,  
On Saint Barnaby his day,  
See him starting on his journey,  
See him hopping on his way;  
By the night he's travelled far  
Has the cripple, Havera:

Though the sun is disappearing  
Ere the circle be complete,  
He, his crutch now swiftly hurling,  
Makes the start and end to meet:  
Nothing is there now to bar  
From his land good Havera.

Still within the vale of Knaresbro'  
Lies a plot of farmland fair,  
Where the wheat and barley flourish  
Ever better than elsewhere:  
It is known both near and far  
As the Park of Havera.

CLARENCE.

---

DOWN South—Up North and in the Wildest West  
TOM LONG is known to smokers as "The Best."



A HA'PORTH OF TAR.

A. K. AMES.

**T**O glide in peace on liquid mirrors  
 drenched in sunlight, contemplating depths  
 clear as inspiraton, yet mysterious as Time—

to whirl in gay abandon  
 through clouds, hoarse cry of wheels  
 accompanying the hurried glimpse of fairground fairyland—

to crunch tough leather on frost-riméd earth  
 striding over moorland  
 in tweed and wool, through March's fury—

and silently, to think;

These we have loved  
 'Ere screaming cannon belched it's ball of pain  
 and made Hell of the world.

S.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE LIBRARY—AN APPEAL.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION,  
THE UNIVERSITY,  
LEEDS, 2,  
*April 30th, 1940.*

The Editor of *The Gryphon*.

Dear Sir,

The regrettable indifference towards the books in the Union Library continues unabated. This is possibly due, partially to lack of sufficient personnel for supervision during sufficient borrowing periods, but mainly to the limited selection of books yet available. It will be difficult on grounds of expense for the Union alone to make good the latter deficiency by the purchase of a large number of new books; but if, on the other hand, individuals or small groups of students make gifts of books the matter would be remedied in a comparatively short time.

In the first instance this appeal is directed to all students who will be going down next July. In their hands lies the possibility of creating this new tradition in the Union, that Students who are about to leave shall be encouraged to present a book to the Union Library as a pleasant, useful and permanent record of their University career. We do not want text books, or in fact any old and tattered volumes which will lie on the shelves untouched by generations of students to come. We want new books; good books of fiction, biography, travel, history, philosophy, the arts, etc.; interesting and popular works for leisure reading. If you are unable to give now, leave a promise for a future gift before you go. If you cannot afford a particular volume, co-operate with a friend and make a joint donation. But whatever you do, do not forget to give.

An appeal is also made to present students who use the Library regularly, to volunteer to supervise the borrowing of books for short periods. The duty is very slight and merely consists of recording borrowers' names—perhaps three or four in an hour. One may therefore work practically uninterrupted at the same time.

A small number of new books are about to be bought for the Library. Suggestions for future additions, which may be left at the Union office, are always welcome.

Yours faithfully,

N. G. BROMBY,  
*Union Librarian.*

## "SOCIAL DIPS." DEFEND THEMSELVES.

THE UNIVERSITY,  
LEEDS, 2,  
*23rd April, 1940.*

The Editor of *The Gryphon*.

Dear Sir,

We, the first and second year Social Science Diploma Students, deprecate the hasty and rather ill-considered words of a member of the recent British Student Congress, duly reported in the local Press, in which we were designated as the unintelligent but wealthy members of the University.



We would point out that just as no University "School" is free from the less intelligent student—no school free from the frivolous type—so the Social Science Students would have, amongst their numbers just as wide a range of intelligence quotients, and just as many keen students as, say, the English School, or the Education Diploma Students.

Each year we have amongst our members a sprinkling of graduates, both internal and external, all of whom testify to the catholicity of the course, and the amount of reading and practical work to be done. May we here remind our fellow students that throughout the course we spend two days a week, and at least a fortnight and a month respectively of the Easter and Summer vacations, in practical work when we "get down to a practical job," in addition to our theory?

We would remind all students that hasty, sweeping, and ill formed statements given wide publicity can do much harm. The public has no means of testing their truth, and the non-payment of grants by Local Authorities to Social Science Students already in training, would have far more serious consequences than the speaker ever dreamed of; for not all Social Science Students are wealthy!

In conclusion, may we state that we hope we shall, in our subsequent jobs, do just as serious and constructive work for the state as the farmers, the engineers, the manufacturers, the teachers, the doctors and the clergy, and work side by side with them, and with their help, for the ultimate good of the community?

We are, Sir,

Unanimously yours,

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE STUDENTS.

### BLITZKRIEG ON "THE GRYPHON."

H.Q. Coy.,

4TH BN., DEVON REGT.,

c/o ARMY POST OFFICE,

The Editor of *The Gryphon*.

19th April, 1940.

Sir,

It is about ten years since I first entered the portals of the University of Leeds, and yet the articles, poems and so forth are pretty much the same to-day as when I purchased my first copy. As a private in an infantry battalion, I am at the moment confined to bed with a touch of 'flu'. I have therefore given *The Gryphon* (Feb., 1940) a more thorough perusal than usual.

The first thing one notices is the cover. If the University Arms are to be printed in colour, why not in the correct colours?

Then with regard to the subject matter, surely for the general welfare of the community, *The Gryphon* poets could be persuaded to stay their pens for the duration? Surely enough has been written about Death or Night or even Love? We must all make some sacrifice for democracy. Still, I will admit that this issue (Feb., 1940) is not as bad as some. In the old days Mr. Heppenstall and others used to let themselves go.

There is quite an interesting article on "France To-day," and the usual humorous essay "Sleeping" (this has all been done before, Jack).

As regards the Editorial: it is, of course, the sort of article that one could get from any long-haired student of twenty with pinkish politics for the price of a half-pint of beer, or a cup of coffee, according to taste. The whole article seems to

be a rather pointless ramble by someone suffering from an inferiority complex. Quite what is meant by "emotional and spiritual approach" is rather beyond a simple soldier to comprehend, but in so far as "snobbery is based on mere ignorance," the editor's remarks on the army seem to bear this out.

Turning over the pages idly we arrive at page 134, and here we are confronted by a real gem of constructive thinking from a report on the Twentieth Annual Conference of the University Labour Federation by John W. Fletcher and R. H. Spencer. Apparently, apart from whining because they have had their allowances cut, the chief outcome of the representatives' deliberations of the 4,000 students is this pearl of wisdom—"...a system of society under which there inevitably occur, from time to time, Imperialist wars of tremendous magnitude is incompatible with the continued expansion of a liberal culture." So what? I suggest that the greatest contribution to liberal culture will be the defeat of Nazi Germany. This is a *sine qua non* of all culture.

I would like to see these lads, all 4,000 of them, at the end of a 28-mile route march, with rifle and full equipment, training to defend the culture they talk so glibly about.

Curiously enough, turning back to page 133, I see that John W. Fletcher has forsaken "peace" for "co-ordination."

The more serious criticisms that I have made are not meant to be purely destructive, but what I wish to emphasise is that so many of the views expressed are painfully detached from life, particularly when that way of life itself is dependent upon the winning of a war of—to use our cultured friends' own words—tremendous magnitude.

Yours faithfully,

G. T. PEACOCK,

Pte. No. 5620152.

*Agric. Chem.*, 1930-34.

**S**TORM wrenched and torn, dull agony of dusk,  
The scattered cloud ships rest, defeated, dying,  
Sailing on seas of frightened blue.  
Westwards the waning light fans out, sickly with age and grief,  
While motionless the long, shark-bellied shapes  
Strive from the black, far-rolling hills,  
Or hang like weeping things, grey dangling wisps of pain.  
Life is no more; as artificial forms on painted grounds  
Stiff nature-things grow cold, stand meaningless and still.

The grip of darkness tightens as we walk.  
See where the brooding pines stand huddled close,  
Black velvet smooth.  
A dim blue snake of road winds craftily, cleaving the sleeping earth,  
twisting through desolation,  
Flanked by a blank-faced barn, derelict, hopeless, grim.

Now like a caul we wear the feeling night,  
Now to our feet the heather rustles stiff;  
And slower..... feel the cool, hard wall  
Snarl at our elbows as we lean, and look,  
And talk, and say, how fine these evenings in the dales can be,  
How beautiful.....

A thousand stars accuse, piercingly gazing,  
A sobbing breeze beseeches, clings for pity;  
Swift creatures stir the grasses, pass and pounce,  
Warring the unseen slaughter of the night.  
Else stillness. And the way lies farther yet.

S. SHARP.

## “Heartbreak House.”

IT seemed in October of last year as if the Dramatic Society would have to forego its annual production, as the difficulties at that time appeared insuperable. It was therefore with some anxiety that the production in the early part of March of this year of G. B. Shaw's "Heartbreak House" was approached, and Mr. Muir, the Stage Managers and the Cast are to be congratulated on making the first play to be given in the Riley Smith Hall, the Society's most successful production for several years.

The success or failure of the play depended mainly upon the interpretation put by the portrayers of the parts of Lady Utterwood and Mrs. Hushabye upon their parts. Daphne Wilde and Muriel Kaye deserve the highest praise for their spirited performance, and the power with which they gripped the attention of the audience is an indication of their good acting ability. The contrast in the manner of the two sisters was skilfully portrayed (although one could have wished that Mrs. Hushabye's hair had been a little less red). Their dress and make-up were well chosen. Their gestures were in character and both Miss Kaye and Miss Wilde have rich and attractive speaking voices and their clear enunciation was equalled only by that of Irene Heap as Guinness. Miss Heap, who maintained a delightful Irish accent throughout the play was particularly effective in her entrances and exits and in her changes of facial expression. She acted with the ease and assurance which marked the performance of all the women.

Few would have guessed that Kathleen Mattison as Ellie Dunn had taken the part at only a few days' notice, for her mastery of the script was perfect and her confidence on the stage told of much experience in dramatic work. It was necessary that she should differ in manner and appearance from Mrs. Hushabye and her sister, and it was a pity that she robbed many of her longer speeches of their effectiveness by lowering her voice until it became practically inaudible at the back of the hall.

Tom Willetts, as the half-mad old Captain Shotover, was good in the opening scene, and although hampered by his shaggy beard he got all his speeches across well. Grenville Morgan as Boss Mangan had the most difficult male part, and although he had obviously worked at the character and had an extremely fine voice, the general effect was disappointing. In the same way Peter Keightley, as Hector Hushabye, except in the short scene with Randall, did little more than roll out his speeches in a thunderous bass. His allowance of moustache was again rather generous, and it is difficult to understand why Shaw left it so late in the play to explain why Hector was wearing Arab dress. The only man besides Mr. Willetts to be completely at home in his part was Howell Witt, whose appearance and gestures as the burglar were amusingly convincing, though unfortunately he spoke so quickly that his strong Welsh accent rendered many of his speeches unintelligible. Jack Bell, as Mazzini Dunn, improved as the play went on, but neither he nor Martin, as Randall, seemed really at ease on the stage.

The sets were simple and effective, and good use was made of the lighting facilities with which the Hall is equipped. The acoustic properties of the Hall are excellent, and it is to be hoped that more use will be made of such a well-equipped hall for Dramatic productions in the future.

TYACK AND GARLAND.

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**HAVE A MID-DAY SNACK IN THE TEA-ROOM**



## Professor Hamilton Thompson.

**T**HERE is still something to add to the charming speeches which have been made, by one standing somewhat outside the spheres of Professor Hamilton Thompson's brilliant academic career as I do. I value highly the opportunity not only to express my admiration for an old friend, but also to reflect in a few words the important influence which he has spread so widely in the archaeological world.

A certain journal advertises itself as a ministry of information between Trent and Tweed. Hamilton Thompson may justly claim a district at least 30 miles in excess of that. Every archaeological society between Thames and Tyne at least gives him honour. There is no church, I believe, in that area which he could not describe here and now in full detail. Those who have heard him can picture him passing in review from the 11th to the 18th century, without a note and as his wont is—and at the same time from the chancel to the west end. He has done notable service as president and correspondent of many societies, he has directed the spade if he has not wielded it himself. He has written matter that attracted the attention and increased the knowledge of experts. He has gained—as indeed he has fully deserved—two great honours—The Fellowship of the British Academy and an Honorary Fellowship at his old College. This latter in the eyes of a member of his University is indeed a supreme recognition. Endowed with such gifts, he has devoted them in generous measure to the archaeology of his adopted county and to the city which has been his home for 17 years. To the Yorkshire Archaeological Society as member of the Council, to the Thoresby Society as President, he has given distinction as well as his valuable help. On behalf of those societies and of what they call the outside world I desire to record here our real and warm gratitude, and would add the personal touch of a warm and (if he would allow me) affectionate appreciation of his friendliness, his humour and his ability. I think perhaps I must slip into the kind of phraseology which it is well-known we engineers use to one another and conclude *SERMONUM CUM DOCTORUM TUM SALSORUM TE AUTOREM PRAECELLENTISSIMUM HODIE SALUTAMUS.*

Owing to the confusion at the beginning of the year, Professor Hamilton Thompson's retirement was passed over almost unnoticed. We feel that this short appreciation by Lieut.-Colonel E. KITSON CLARK will be of general interest. It was delivered at the presentation to Professor Hamilton Thompson at the University.—EDITOR.

## Photographic Exhibition

**A**NY critical review of a photographic exhibition must necessarily be subject to the personal tastes of the critic and it is important that it should be made clear that this limitation is inherent in the following discussion.

The exhibition, which was held in the Great Hall at the end of February, was numerically the largest ever to be organised by the L.U. Photographic Society. The technical quality of the prints was, in general, good, and, in some cases, reached very high levels.

For many years the impression made by the intermittent exhibitions has been that the workers have been too preoccupied by the struggle to attain a useful standard of technique to pay sufficient attention to the pictorial content of their prints. This year technique has not been the over-riding consideration and, indeed, in some prints it had been correctly used as a flexible instrument for the expression of an idea. "Inner Farne Lighthouse," by W. S. Bullough;

"Early Morning, Whitby," by J. Rudsdale; and "In the Beginning," by G. Parker, were far from literal renditions, but not because of inadequate technique. Certain subjects make severe demands on technique and a notable quality was to be found in two night subjects in Chester by D. M. Davies, and in all the prints by A. Millard and R. Carrick. A small, but beautiful, photograph of honeysuckle, submitted by Dr. Carrick, just failed to have a considerable pictorial appeal because three blooms which might have formed a strong triangular composition were almost exactly equal in strength of position and in tone values.

Comparison with the loaned collection "Photograms of the Year, 1940," served to emphasise the fact that rigid specialisation on a particular type of subject matter is almost an essential condition of success in photography, and it was noteworthy that landscape provided the most successful prints. For example, the architectural and portrait subjects of A. K. Ames were less successfully handled than the excellent landscapes with which he won two prizes. A case can of course be made for the avoidance of specialisation by comparatively young workers, and a number of experimental prints provided much interest. The toned prints of A. W. Billitzer were among these and mention must be made of the startling portrait "Twenty-one" and the pattern picture "Weeping Ash," both by W. S. Bullough.

The contribution from overseas students was unusually large, and three studies in Venice by C. H. Berczi showed a highly individualistic outlook, whilst "Tapping the Wires," by G. Zak, showed the excellent technique and refreshing novelty so typical of Central European Countries.

The exhibition was visited by a very considerable number of people and it was gratifying to notice that many of them returned to make a more leisurely examination of the pictures than time permitted on their first visit.

G.P.

### Miss Alice M. Cooke.

THE news that Miss Alice Cooke died in January in a nursing home in Manchester recalls the presence in the University of a remarkable woman and a powerful influence in the development of the school of history. Harold Temperley, who made so great a name for himself in Cambridge as Professor of Modern History, was the first who shared with the Professor the teaching of the whole human record; and his death was announced shortly before the outbreak of the war. Then, after Mr. G. M. Young and Mr. G. F. Young, had held the post each for a short period, Miss Cooke was appointed. When her illness made a new appointment necessary Mr. Hamilton Thompson came to us, and his memorable work as a teacher and later as director in the department came to an end last October. Miss Cooke's tenure of office is thus—like her subject—almost medieval. There will not be many among the staff who remember her and to the students she can only be a name.

She came to us warmly supported by the historians of Manchester University and by Dr. Ward of Peterhouse, Cambridge, with whom she had a life long friendship. Her special task was to inaugurate a department of medieval studies, and she was highly successful. She was never strong and was not at her best with a large class—though she was quite successful there—but with a small band of Honours students her influence was really remarkable. Her special subject was the Life and Times of Saint Francis, and though her method and temperament were both thoroughly critical and scientific she inspired many with an enthusiasm for the subject which coloured and influenced their whole lives. Her chief interest was in religion in the middle ages, and shortly before her illness she was asked to

write the chapter on the monasteries for the Cambridge Medieval History. But she was not a narrow specialist and historical studies generally profited by her influence.

She had a sudden seizure in the last year of the war and her recovery was at first despaired of. But she recovered and had many years of fruitful work before her. She was appointed to teach history at Newnham, Cambridge. I have no personal knowledge of her work there, but it had, I know, the same characteristics that we valued in Leeds. Every one admired the courage and patience with which she struggled against the effects of illness. She kept up her interest in certain historical problems, even after her retirement from Newnham, and even did a little private teaching. Then came a serious accident and she had to face a life limited to the walls of a single room. She moved to Manchester and there she died. I heard from her at intervals and she wrote with great interest about problems and aspects of religious history.

She had a great gift for friendship and there are many who could give a more intimate account of her mind and thought than I can; but all of us who were privileged to know her will treasure the memory of her sensitiveness to the greatness of the Saints, her single minded devotion to truth and her indomitable courage.

A. J. GRANT.

# ATHLETIC NOTES

## A RETROSPECT OF ATHLETICS DURING THE WINTER OF 1939-40 —THE FIRST WINTER OF THE WAR.

**B**Y far the most important event in the athletic world of the University during the winter months has been claimed by the Cross Country Club, in that F. E. Aaron was chosen to represent England in the Junior International Cross Country Championship, run in Paris on Easter Day. Aaron ran exceedingly well and won the race for England, beating the French and Belgian runners.

Athletics throughout the University have, this year, had two great set backs. Firstly, the war has meant the curtailment of fixture lists and the elimination of long distance travel; and secondly the great Cold Spell at the commencement of this year meant the cancellation of matches in both January and February, so that only a very few of the Inter-University fixtures were played before the end of the Easter term.

Leeds has been more fortunate than many of the other Universities in that the fixture lists have been fairly complete and the strength of the opposition has, on the whole, been up to the usual standard, and many local fixtures have been played which in peace time are not sought because of the strength of the clubs. Also there have been only a few people called to the Colours as yet and so teams have been affected to a very slight degree.

As is generally known, the U.A.U. is not functioning for the duration of the War and therefore the Christie is now our only Inter-University event. The Christie was, on the whole, rather a failure, chiefly because of the weather. In the Soccer, Leeds won one Manchester match, but lost both to Liverpool. The final had not been played off before the end of last term. The Rigger was a disappointment and had to be abandoned owing to the severe weather preventing any matches or practices being played at Weetwood from the first Saturday in



January until March. It was then too late to get our matches played. The smaller indoor clubs were also affected badly by the severe weather and many matches were cancelled.

In normal times the U.A.U. arrange tours for united University teams. Now Mr. Kerslake is most energetically arranging fixtures for Representative Teams, made up from the Universities in the U.A.U. The fixtures have been a great success in Soccer and Rugby, but as yet Leeds has had no representative above the reserves.

It has been decided that the matter of colours shall be surveyed at the end of the session, so that the whole year can be examined as a whole and the matter gone into when both winter and summer fixtures lists can be surveyed.

The U.A.U. became of age on March 14th of this year and its birthday was celebrated by a Dinner at Pinolis' Restaurant in London, at which Leeds was represented.

### Summer Term, 1940.

The Women's Sports were held on Saturday, April 27th, but were spoilt by a very heavy thunder storm.

The Cricket Clubs and other Summer Clubs have been able to make up good and full fixture lists with local Clubs and Universities. The Boat Club is hoping to get a few fixtures, although Regattas have been cancelled generally except at York.

Representative fixtures are hoped to be made in Cricket, Tennis and Athletics, later in the season.

It is hoped that as many students as are able are taking part in the various branches of Athletics of the Union as all mental agility must have some outlet in some form of athletics.

G. R. T. BIRTWHISTLE,  
*General Athletics Secretary.*

### Easter, 1940

**N**OW once again the nations strive  
And red Destruction stalks abroad,  
Once more big guns are thundering,  
Once more unsheathed is Ares' sword,  
Great searchlight beams eclipse the stars  
And mock the lightning of the Lord.  
Wild ruthlessness holds sovereign sway  
And freedom is enslaved by fraud.

But still amid these wild alarms  
We hear soft breezes murmuring  
Mid breaking buds in quiet lanes  
The throstles and the skylarks sing.  
The blackthorn, snow and golden rain  
Of hazel untold riches bring,  
And strife is not, where by the stream  
Pale primroses proclaim the Spring.

And, as of old, this Easter morn,  
We kneel before our holiest shrine  
and see in faith our Risen Lord  
Incarnate in the Bread and Wine,  
And hear His wondrous Voice resound:  
"Ye conquer in My Holy Sign.  
Fear not the feuds of mortal men,  
But go in peace, for ye are Mine."

DEIRDRE.

# SOCIETY NOTES

**DRAMATIC SOCIETY.**—The Annual Production, which was held despite all fears to the contrary, and of which a report will be found elsewhere, was, it is to be hoped all will agree, a successful conclusion to a successful season's activities. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking everyone concerned in the production of "Heartbreak House." Inadvertent omissions in a list of such persons are apt to cause heartbreak, but here particularly we would like to thank all members of the Society for so nobly supporting the show, both by selling tickets for it and by coming themselves, and thus making it a financial as well as a dramatic success.

Before the end of the session we hope to hold a reading of "Troilus and Cressida" in the grounds of Weetwood Hall. This is a traditional reading and it is to be hoped that as many members as possible will make every endeavour to come. It will take place after the examinations and notices, giving time and date will be posted in the usual places.

Next session a more varied programme is being arranged, and we hope that as many of the present members who will still be here will give us their full support and will influence their friends to do likewise.

P.E.K.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.**—The exhibition held at the end of February was a very real success since, from a society numbering less than 30 the record total of 189 prints was shown. The previous record of 184 prints was set up in 1933, when the number of members was over 100. Following the exhibition, the judge, Mr. D. Holmes, criticised some of the exhibits, and this was keenly appreciated even by the exhibitors whose work was criticised. As is quite usual, there was a long discussion at the end of the meeting. The annual general meeting, held on March 11th, was badly attended, a bare quorum of members being present. It seems to be too common a habit to leave the fate of a society in the hands of retiring officers, who frequently have difficulty in ensuring the continued existence of the society.

These being the last notes I shall write as an official of the Society, I should like to add a personal expression of thanks to the many people who, although unconnected with the Society, have nevertheless been of concrete assistance to me during the protracted period in which I have held office in some capacity.

G. PARKER, *Hon. Secretary.*

**GEOGRAPHY SOCIETY.**—The Easter Vac. was the occasion for a week's walking trip in the Dales, from the 1st to the 8th of April. A number varying from 12 to 14 spent the time walking, scrambling, limping and hitching between the Kettlewell, Malham and Ingleton Youth Hostels. Memories of this trip will go down in the annals of the Society as "days of fresh air in the rain and the Sun"; and of how certain members of the party endeavoured to show the locals of Kettlewell that they were not the only people who could throw a pretty dart.

The weather was, unfortunately, not too kind, but with a party consisting of notable geologists even rain and sleet over the limestone crags is a thing of beauty. The pace which H.C.G. adopted was notable in his progress over Mastiles Lane, although his deviations to find a shorter route usually ended up with him being rear-guard. The auction sale at Hubberholme proved an amusing lunch-time interlude, although at one time we thought the reckless bidding of one member of the party might result in all of us giving a hand with a piano up Birks Fell. The palatial hostel at Malham overwhelmed a few of us, and our reactions, after Kettlewell, were expressed in many ways. The laid-on h. & c. gave would-be naval men an opportunity of having a shave; whilst the true Yorkshire spirit came out in a fine rendering of "Ilkley Moor." The inclemency of the weather at Malham somewhat restricted our activities, giving us little chance to have a full day's walk; but the efforts of a party of Roundhegians relieved the monotony of remaining inside the hostel most of the day.

Our three days at Ingleton gave most of us chance to revive memories of Intro. Geology field days, passing up Chapel-le-dale, Pecca Falls and Thornton Force. Ingleborough was climbed after negotiating the rough ground and mountain mists. No doubt the Society impressed the inhabitants at Ingleton by tripping around in gym. shoes and sandals at the local Saturday night hop. They certainly did not contribute to the din which echoed from the Village Hall, ably supplied by a female drummer blowing a whistle for an interminable Paul Jones.

The week was certainly an enjoyable one and has given added support for the continuation of such a holiday, to include it amongst the Society's many established institutions.

F. BAMFORTH, *Hon. Secretary.*

THE CLIMBING CLUB.—The major indoor meet of the year was held on March 8th, when the lounge of Staff House was densely populated with the climbing species, the President and Mrs. Grist being host and hostess. Competitions, films and a delightful talk by Mr. Inebnit on his adventures in the Alps contributed to a most enjoyable evening.

A marked contrast to the above was the Easter week-end meet, when a party of six, camping in Langdale, did desperate deeds on Gimmer, cooked stew, got wet through every day and dried their soaking clothes over primus stoves at night.

On Easter Tuesday 16 climbers met at Coniston Youth Hostel for the start of a week's climbing. For the greater part of the week the weather was appalling and consequently more walking was done than climbing.

During this term week-end meets have been held at Almscliffe and Ilkley and plans are being made for a camp in North Wales during July.

DEREK DIBSON.

L.U. BOAT CLUB.—After a rather slow start, the club is now able to put five passable crews on the water for a rather heavy fixture list, including intended fixtures at Durham, Nottingham and York. An appeal is made for all present rowing members to help by paying subscriptions as early as possible and to take their training seriously in spite of the inconveniences of the war. As a fresh maiden crew will probably have to be formed for York Regatta, anyone interested is invited to come down, even if they have little or no rowing experience. They will be self trained as far as our limited coaching permits.

J.O.M.H.

## HOSTEL NOTES

OXLEY HALL.—Last term ended very pleasantly at Oxley, except for the fact that our first and second year students left very suddenly two days before the end of term because of the German Measles epidemic. The Freshers gave us a very enjoyable social on March 2nd, during which they performed two short plays, "Let us join the Ladies" and "Thirty Minutes in a Street." They were both extraordinarily well produced and we are glad to see such dramatic talent among our Freshers.

The Women's Social this year was held on two nights, Friday and Saturday, March 8th and 9th. Of these the Saturday was the most popular, but on each night the play "Quality Street" was excellently performed and we wish to thank the producer and her caste for giving us such a pleasing entertainment.

This term has begun with a fire-drill and an A.R.P. drill, which Professor Spaul kindly came and inspected. We are looking forward to the Garden Party on May 18th and praying for a fine morning for the Hostel photo. on May 3rd.

D.L.

DEVONSHIRE HALL.—The wish which was voiced in these notes last term that we should have the pleasure of seeing the Hostel Dramatic Society in action again was realised on March 11th. Thanks to the indefatigable Mrs. Smith, three one-act plays were presented to a large and appreciative audience of men and visitors. The plays were well chosen, varying as they did from the grimness of Eugene O'Neill to the hilarity of Ian Hay. We congratulate those taking part and in particular the three producers.

### SUMMER TERM.

Everyone is bearing up well under the double burden of the Budget and fast approaching examinations. The most popular relaxation seems to be the tennis court.

We were pleased to hear that it is likely that a full Summer Dance will be held on June 21st. We shall not dread introducing visitors now that black curtains have superseded brown paper and cardboard for the black-out in the Entrance Hall.

The Hostel Summer Term Meeting will be held on May 21st—this being preceded by the photographer's nightmare—the Hostel Photograph on May 20th.

Soon we shall be in the midst of House Committee and Presidential elections. Good luck to those who succeed us; and best wishes for the future to all Devonians who are leaving us this year.

F. F. VICKERS, *Hon. Secretary.*



# LEEDS UNIVERSITY

## Old Students' Association.

### Notes from Headquarters.

#### SUMMER FUNCTION, JUNE 29th, 1940.

An interesting programme is being arranged for Saturday, June 29th, when we hope that for a little time at least the trials and tribulations of war-time may be forgotten. The Union has kindly promised the O.S.A. the use of a cricket pitch at Weetwood and of two tennis courts at Oxley. Professor Hemingway and a Sports Sub-Committee are undertaking the organisation of a *mixed cricket match* and possibly of an *American tennis tournament*, if entries are sufficiently numerous. The less energetic members may take part in a *Treasure Hunt*, which will be held on the grounds. Cricketers, tennis players and treasure hunters are asked to meet at the Pavilion at 2-30 and, later, will re-unite there for tea.

In the evening we hope that a large O.S.A. party will attend a performance in the Union of "The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great," by Henry Fielding, to be presented by the members of the University Staff. (See full particulars elsewhere in *The Gryphon*).

Owing to the necessity for economy of paper we cannot send out our usual forms for replies and, therefore, ask members and friends very earnestly to co-operate by forwarding your names to the O.S.A., The University, Leeds, 2, before *Wednesday, June 26th*, if you intend to be present. Please state your preference for your form of entertainment, *e.g.*, (1) cricket, (2) tennis, (3) treasure hunt, (4) Spectating, and your intention of staying to see the play in the evening.

N.B.—You will receive *The Gryphon* some weeks before the Summer Function is due to take place, so please do not forget the date and the importance of sending your reply, to give the organising committee every assistance in making the day a success.

The end of another University session is at hand and we should like to thank those Union officials, particularly the President and Vice-President of the Union and the Editor of *The Gryphon*, who have made our dealings with the Union so pleasant throughout the year. We hope that many going-down students will join the ranks of the O.S.A. before leaving Leeds. Enrolment forms may be obtained from the Hall Porter's office, from the Union Porter, or from the O.S.A. office at 38, University Road.

Again we thank the many Old Students who have sent to us particulars of their national service. The record grows apace and further news of Old Students is always welcome.

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

Mr. Ferguson adds :—

“ I'm not certain if you can make use of the following as News of Old Students, but I've had a letter from Captain James W. Killeen, R.A.S.C. (Zool. & Ed., 1932-37) who landed in France with the 1st B.E.F. and says that he met a number of Old Students, his own contemporaries, over there : G. F. Wilson (Geog. & Ed., 1932-36), now a Captain, R.A.S.C. : Girdler (Engineering, 1935), an Officer in the R.A. ; Forster (Medic., 1933), with the Green Howards ; “ Tut ” Turner (Hist. & Ed., 1931-35), a very senior Subaltern in the Border Regt., is a Town Major ; Lawrence (Medic., 1930-35), is M.O. to a Gunner unit not far away ; and Joey Miller (Geog. & Ed., 1932-36), sometime Stage Manager to the Rag Revue, is now stage managing a Field Battery. He adds that only the presence of the burly Sergt. McCarthy is required to hold a re-union.”

### LONDON LETTER.

55, Station Road,  
Hounslow, Middlesex.

The London Branch has not held any meetings since the last letter. Will all committee members please note a meeting is being called for Saturday, June 1st, 1940, at Stewart's Restaurant, opposite Victoria Station, at 4-0 p.m., to discuss among other subjects the Summer Luncheon, the Annual General Meeting and the future of the Branch.

C. H. R. ELSTON, *Hon. Secretary.*

### WEST RIDING LETTER.

Department of Botany,  
The University,  
Leeds, 2.

There is little to report in this letter, as no branch meetings are held during the Summer term. Dr. Lissimore was unfortunately unable to show us his films on March 11th, owing to an attack of the prevailing influenza—we very much hope that he will be able to bring them along on another evening. Mr. Grist came to the rescue at very short notice and we spent a very enjoyable evening. A party of 29 thoroughly enjoyed Ivor Novello's “ Ladies with Action,” on March 15th, though none of the evacuated teachers were able to take advantage of this Friday meeting. We hope to see a lot of branch members at the Summer function on June 29th.

KATHLEEN M. MATTINSON.

### EAST MIDLANDS BRANCH.

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

As we anticipated last September, it has been impossible for us to hold a gathering of our own, but thanks to the courtesy of the Nottingham Yorkshire Society (whose President, Mr. W. H. Coates, is one of our most active members), we were invited to their Annual Dinner and Dance, on March 14th. Several of our members took advantage of the kind invitation and had a most enjoyable evening. When the President invited to take wine with him those who had consorted with *The Gryphon*, we drank with fervour—and were suspected by other people present of visiting cheap public houses. To our shame, it must be admitted that we had not the courage to give them “ Kumati.”

We are hoping to arrange a Summer function and notices will be circulated as soon as possible. Any suggestions will be welcomed.

## HULL AND EAST RIDING LETTER.

Co/227,  $\frac{1}{2}$ Park Avenue,  
Hull, Yorks.

Spring has come, leaving the snow behind to bury itself. The light evenings, fostered by the Daylight Saving Bill, should hasten in us an eagerness for extending our good wishes to all members of the Branch and for an endeavour to pull ourselves together once again for the sake of the Clan we represent.

The members of this district have necessarily been scattered far and wide, and thus, so far, it has not been practicable to hold anything in the nature of a party. Tentative enquiries have been made for a gathering and these have been encouraging. So will any members (including newcomers to this area), who are eager to come to the fore with any suggestions, please drop me a line, when every effort will be made to meet with their wishes. Now is the opportunity when the blackout restrictions cannot hinder us. Don't miss it.

E. C. FROW, *Hon. Secretary.*

## News of Interest to Old Students.

Items intended for this section of *The Gryphon* should now be addressed to F. BECKWITH, O.S.A. Editor, The Leeds Library, 18, Commercial Street, Leeds, 1.

**BROTHERTON.**—Details of the munificent gifts for educational purposes to be available under a Charles Brotherton Trust (representing a quarter of a million pounds), in various West Riding towns, were made public on April 20th last. Mr. Brotherton is a nephew of the late Lord Brotherton, and chairman and director of the Company under his name.

**DICKINSON.**—Mr. H. D. Dickinson's recent book on Socialism was reviewed in the *Times Literary Supplement* of February 24th.

**DOUGLAS.**—The James Tait Black Memorial Prize for the best biography or similar work published during 1939 has been awarded to Professor D. C. Douglas for his *English Scholars*.

**FRANGOPULO.**—See the Reviews.

**GRISDALE.**—Miss D. M. Grisdale's edition of "Three Middle English Sermons from the Worcester Chapter ms. F. 10," published by the Leeds School of English Language (at 7/6), was very favourably reviewed in the *Times Literary Supplement* of February 24th. Professor Dickins and the author are to be congratulated on this latest addition to the School's series of texts and studies. Other volumes are to follow shortly.

**JESSOP.**—A "Study of the Christian Ethic," entitled *Law and Love*, by Professor T. E. Jessop, is announced as forthcoming by the S.C.M. Press.

**MALLINSON.**—Messrs. Dent have just published "Amusons-nous!" by Vernon Mallinson, senior Modern Languages master at Loughborough Grammar School.

**WOLEDGE.**—Geoffrey Woledge, Librarian of the University of Belfast, is co-editor with B. S. Page of "A Manual of University and College Library Practice," issued by the Library Association. Dr. Offor contributes one of the chapters.

## "Gryphon" Staff, 1939-40.

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THE GENERAL ATHLETICS SECRETARY.  
AN S.R.C. REPRESENTATIVE.



## ROYAL SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

Among the names of Fellows elected to the Royal Society in March were three of great interest to readers of these notes: Dr. W. T. ASTBURY, Dr. W. H. PEARSALL (now Professor at Sheffield), and Dr. W. SUCKSMITH (now at Bristol University).

## BIRTHS.

BLOMFIELD.—To Mr. G. W. (M.B., 1933) and Mrs. Blomfield (formerly Mary Gough), at Rupert Lodge, Grove Road, Leeds, 6, on March 13th, 1940, a son.

ELLIS.—To Mr. Fred (Hons. History and Education 1929-1933) and Mrs. Ellis, of 15, Cherry Garden Lane, Folkestone, Kent, on 31st March, 1940, a daughter, Mary Veronica.

HUGHES.—To Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hughes, at Rose Bay, Sydney, on 28th March, 1940, a son.

PENN.—To Dr. Anthony Eric (Science, 1929-32, M.B., 1935) and Mrs. Penn, of Baildon, on February 26th, 1940, a son.

SHARP.—To Dr. William (M.B., 1932) and Mrs. Sharp (formerly Margaret Thackray), of "Pinewood," Tringham Close, Ottershaw, Surrey, on February 26th, 1940, a son.

SUGARÉ.—To Dr. Harry (M.B., 1922, M.D., 1928) and Mrs. Sugaré, at 140, King Lane, Leeds, on April 2nd, 1940, a daughter.

THOMAS.—To Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Thomas, 84, South Mossley Hill Road, Liverpool, 19, on April 25th, twin son and daughter. Mr. Thomas is with the Liverpool Gas Company and has been a member of the Merseyside Branch Committee since its formation.

## ENGAGEMENT.

The engagement is announced between Miss Alice Stevenson (History, 1929-1933), of Newmillerdam, Wakefield, and Mr. Frederick G. Cattermole, of Lowestoft.

## MARRIAGES.

AIKMAN-DOBINSON.—Surgeon-Lieut. Andrew Aikman (B.Sc., 1936, M.B., 1939), of Bradford, to Patricia Mary Dobinson (M.B., 1939), of West Park, Leeds, on March 9th, 1940, at St. Chad's Church, Headingley, Leeds.

GILLAH-CARTWRIGHT.—Henry Q. Gillah to Avarilda Cartwright (Science, 1925-29), on December 27th, 1939, at St. Lawrence's Church, York. Mr. Gillah is a graduate of Cambridge. Address: St. Catharine's, Anlaby Common, Hull.

HIGGINS-THOMAS.—Geoffrey Higgins (B.Sc., 1936, M.B., 1939), of Wakefield, to Gladys Thomas, of Blackburn, on April 25th, 1940, at St. Thomas's Church, Blackburn.

KEIDAN-BIRK.—Dr. I. J. Keidan, M.B., Ch.B., 1930 (Honorary Demonstrator in Anatomy), to Miss Gladys Birk, in London, on March 20th.

KILLEEN-LAMBERT.—James W. Killeen (Zoology, 1932-36) to Hilda M. Lambert (Chemistry, 1935), at St. Dunstan's Church, Woking, on August 26th, 1939. Captain Killeen is now on active service. Home address: 15, St. Margaret's Grove, Oakwood, Leeds, 8.

POULTER-GARBUTT.—Ronald Poulter (Leather, 1929-32) to Elsa Garbutt, of Roker, Sunderland. Address: 12, Armley Grange Avenue, Leeds, 12.

RHODES-USHER.—Patrick Bradley Rhodes, of Morley, to Frances Margery Usher, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Usher, of Headingley, Leeds, on April 13th, 1940, at St. Chad's Church, Headingley, Leeds.

SMITH-CLARK.—John Wells Smith to Bessie W. Clark (Botany, 1934-39), at St. Margaret's Church, Horsforth, on March 30th, 1940. Address: 21, Richmond Road, Leeds, 6.

## DEATHS.

BOYLE.—Dr. Alan Boyle, of Disley, Cheshire, died in March at the age of 59. Dr. Boyle, who was a brother of the present Lord Mayor of Leeds, graduated at Leeds in 1905.

DU GILLON.—On March 10th, T.M., son of the late Professor Du Gillon, died in Paris.

GROVE.—Thomas Grove, a retired schoolmaster and an old student of the Yorkshire College, died on March 4th, at the age of 66. He had taught at the Central High School, Leeds, at Robin Hood and at Stourton.

**HUSBAND.**—Dr. J. C. R. Husband, M.D., of The Crescent, Ripon, died on March 6th, at the age of 83. Although a graduate of Durham, he studied for a period at the Leeds Medical School.

**LAMB.**—We regret to announce the death of Mr. M. C. Lamb, of 38, Poltimore Rd., Guildford, on January 10th, 1940.

**LIVESEY.**—Charles Edwin Livesey, Senior Science Master at Bootham, died on Friday, February 23rd, at Ampleforth, at the age of 60. He was born at York, the son of a Primitive Methodist minister, and was educated at the Bradford Technical College and Yorkshire College, where he was an Ackroyd Scholar. He graduated in 1901, and held masterships at St. Bede's, Stonyhurst and Bootham. He was a keen cricketer and a prominent Freemason.

**MYERS.**—Miss Marion Myers, who died at a Bradford Nursing Home on February 23rd, entered the University in 1908, and graduated in Arts in 1913. She was a Life Member of the Association.

**OGDEN.**—Mr. J. R. Ogden, the noted Harrogate antiquary, died on April 13th, at the age of 74. He had recently given to the University Library a collection of books on the Bible and Bible lands, and a selection of antiquities from Ur and elsewhere.

**PAWSON.**—The Mrs. Mary Pawson, née Miller, whose death was announced on March 6th at Brian Royd, Greetland, Yorkshire, we take to be the old student who took English from 1925 to 1928 and later graduated Ph.D. in 1930.

**PORRITT.**—Dr. Norman Porritt, who died at the age of 82, early in March, was a native of Huddersfield and an old student of the Medical School.

**PROCTER.**—Margaret Lindsay, daughter of the late Professor H. R. Procter, F.R.S., died at Plymouth on April 9th.

**WOODHEAD.**—Dr. Thomas Woodhead, formerly head of the Biology Department at Huddersfield Technical College, died at the age of 76 in March. The University conferred upon him the degree of Master of Science *honoris causa* in 1915.

**WOODHOUSE.**—Mr. W. B. Woodhouse, managing director of the Yorkshire Electric Power Co., died on March 31st, suddenly, at the age of 66. He was a member of the Council of the University.

# REVIEWS

## Peace by Federation?

**T**HIS booklet by Sir William Beveridge is concerned more with the general principles and aims of Federal Union than with a detailed analysis of it as a working system. The problem of world settlement after the war is, however, dealt with from an essentially practical viewpoint. "The foundations of world order must be laid on facts, on the geography, economics and psychology of particular nations, rather than on reasoning about nations in general."

The permanent disarmament of Germany after the war is essential, Sir William believes, but that is not enough, since it ignores the presence of Russia and the danger of the growth of German Soviet Communism. There must be an integration of Germany into the European system in terms of partnership. Then comes the proposal for a Peace Federation, composed of the European democracies, Germany, and the British Empire, with a single defence force and foreign policy. The author realises that "the military aspects of accomplished federation need expert consideration," but claims the problem is not insoluble.

Limitation of the area under federation, he considers, is the only possible way to make the scheme manageable, although he hopes that America could later be induced to join in. Sir William is perhaps a little optimistic when he states that the federation must be prepared to use its armed forces in support of international justice throughout the world. The probability is that a limited federation would lead to a union of non-federated powers, and the splitting of the world into two armed camps.

Whatever the defects of the scheme, however, it cannot be ignored by those desirous of seeing a lasting world peace.

## The Socialist Sixth of the World.

By the DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

**A** BOOK on the Soviet Union is to-day nothing new, but one written by a Dean of the Church of England throws fresh light on that age-old controversy concerning the moral values which are being engendered by the first Socialist state in the world. And the conclusion which the writer reaches, after long study in all parts of the Soviet Union, is that here at last there is growing up a spirit of service to the community such as that preached with so little results in the great religious communities of the world.

But it is not only as a clergyman that the Dean approaches his subject, for, as a man who has started life as an apprentice, has taken a degree in engineering and owned his own factory, he brings to bear on his study all that searching criticism and doubt that such a varied experience encourages. His obvious satisfaction that here for the first time all the discoveries of science can be used for the benefit of the whole community and not in the interests of the few, lead him to the inevitable conclusion that in spite of all the difficulties experienced there is at least one country in the world where the average man can feel confident that his future is assured.

A book which should be read by everyone, but particularly by those who wish to know what the hand of Socialism is really like. J.W.F.

## The Call of God in time of War.

**I**N these times of war, when the Christian is doubtful about the way in which he should look upon the question of taking up arms, Mr. Allen's book comes as a very helpful and refreshing tonic.

He stresses the inter-relation between the wrath of God, which is rather an Old Testament conception, with the love of God, which belongs essentially to the New Testament. He quotes St. Luke XIV 26: "If a man hate not, he cannot be my disciple," and says that we must be ready to be used as the instrument of the Grace and Mercy of God, and also on rare occasions as the instrument of his anger, but, says the author, it must be clearly grasped that it is the wrath of God and not the temper of man which is urging us to fight. There is no attempt made to lay down hard and fast laws about whether the Christian should fight, but the author clearly says that if we clearly believe that God is calling us to this war, we must be prepared to forego all our possessions in obedience to that calling. The book has been written very concisely intelligibly and there are questions for discussion at the end of the chapters. G.M.

S.C.M.

9d.

GEOFFREY F. ALLEN.

## Freedom and Tradition

**C**ANON STORR'S modest book comprises the first set of Burroughs Memorial Lectures, sponsored by the Anglican Evangelical Group Movement, which were delivered at the University recently. His subject is "a study of liberal evangelicalism," and he writes partly as historian, partly as expositor. In the former capacity the author is perhaps most widely known as a historian of theological opinion in nineteenth century England, but now he is relating a living force to its ancestry. First the character of the old evangelical thought of a century and a half ago is clearly and concisely stated—its care for the individual, its love of freedom, its preference for spirit over form, in sum, its concern with practical religion rather than with speculative theology. If it had a consequent narrowness, it had clear-cut beliefs. The older thought was gradually revolutionised, primarily by the growth of the historical method, together with German and other liberalising influences on Biblical scholarship; the influence of the Romantic movement and the Oxford movement are also considered, and that of the later worldly scholarship which destroyed any infallible external authorities.

The second half of the book becomes more expository as it concerns doctrine, creeds and worship, and as it deals with a more recent period. The final chapter is a summary of the essential meaning and spirit of modern liberal evangelicalism: its stand by freedom, its non-rigid and undogmatic views (gaining in adaptability what it loses in authoritativeness), its appeal to experience and reason, its insistence, in a word, that what matters is the spirit of Christ. While the book deals with a general trend, it exemplifies that trend in individual writers who influenced it. This study is not elaborate and heavily annotated, but characterised by simplicity of approach and exposition.

*Freedom and Tradition.*

By Canon V. F. STORR.

Nisbet, 6/-.



## History of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Ashbourne, 1585-1935.

**A** SCHOOL having such a long, continuous history was worthy of a printed record, and it must count itself fortunate not only in the writer of this present History, but in the publisher of it also. The author, Mr. Frangopulo, took History at Leeds from 1927-1930, and later graduated M.A. and M.Ed., and thus ideally equipped he has been able to give his work both accuracy and interest, the former by consulting a long array of printed and manuscript authorities, the latter by fitting a local institution within a national setting. In this and in the general scheme of the book he has worked with an admirable sense of proportion. The publisher, an old Ashburnian, has succeeded in providing a most excellent specimen of book production, its value enhanced by Gordon Arnold's pleasant drawings. Professor Frank Smith has contributed a foreword.

The origin of the foundation is carefully investigated and related to the whole Elizabethan Grammar School movement, and the school's long original charter is translated in full. Detailed records date from 1603, when the school began work, and from them and other contemporary sources the author has reconstructed a minute picture of seventeenth century education. During the next century the school suffered neglect and abuse, but a long period of reconstruction had come to maturity at the end of the nineteenth century. The tone of these old records is far from dull, and Mr. Frangopulo has not failed to make full use of their lively interest. Numbers of pupils were very small, but an increase early in the present century, together with support given by State and county, justified the building of a new school in 1909. It was modernised, co-education was introduced and numbers grew rapidly. It is now a prosperous, well-equipped and vigorous community.

Most illustrious of old boys was Walter Savage Landor, and the governors of 1732 had the distinction of refusing Samuel Johnson a post. It is hoped that something of the great value of Mr. Frangopulo's work has been conveyed even in such a short notice as this: no purchaser of the volume will regret his expenditure.

*A History*, by N. J. FRANGOPULO,  
Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

Published by J. H. Henstock, at the Avian Press,  
7/6, or de luxe edition, 15/-.

## How Britain's Resources are Mobilised.

**T**HE thirtieth of the Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs, this instructive work is among the best from an informative point of view that has so far appeared. The work is particularly interesting in view of the constant criticism of the Opposition that our resources are not being used as effectively as is possible. Before one can understand these ideas it is absolutely vital to know how the resources are organised, and Mr. Nicholson unfolds to us how this is done under the Five Forces, i.e., the Admiralty, War Office, Air Ministry, Ministry of Economic Warfare and the Ministry of Information. All aspects of the subject are dealt with and the case for war-time control is given. Apart from the latter, the whole pamphlet is based on facts and is extremely useful because of that.

*Oxford Pamphlet on World Affairs.*

3d.

M. NICHOLSON.

## The Life and Growth of The British Empire.

**T**HIS pamphlet, which is a follow-up of No. 2 on "The British Empire," gives in an extremely condensed form the history of the Empire. One can only congratulate the author on his powers of condensation, as Mr. Williamson has produced an informative work, which provides a useful background for the study of the organisation of the Empire to-day which is dealt with in No. 2. Owing to the short space available, the author has had to start the history at the end of the eighteenth century. This omits the growth of the first Empire and the loss of the greater part of it, but, despite this rather serious omission, the subsequent history is full. The pamphlet goes on to the Statute of Westminster and covers the changes in the attitude of the nation to Empire. The pamphlet should be read by all who are at all interested in the future of the British Empire, as an understanding of its growth is vital in a discussion of its future.

BENBY.

*Oxford Pamphlet on World Affairs.*

3d.

J. A. WILLIAMSON.

## Prayer in Wartime.

One may sum up the book as concise, logical in its reasoning and with the main points so clearly stated that one cannot fail to see the message behind it. It is an amazing achievement to have confined so much in so short a book and still to have found space for questions to be studied by either an individual or a Study Group. A very finely written book.

S.C.M. Press, 9d.

*Praying in Wartime.*

F. A. COCKIN.

# THEATRE

## Grand Theatre.

### Two new plays.

Of the plays recently produced at the Grand Theatre, undoubtedly the most outstanding are "In Good King Charles Golden Days," by Shaw, and "Jupiter Laughs," by A. J. Cronin. Both plays are excellent entertainment and an interesting contrast. Shaw's play is the more intellectual in its appeal. It is called a lesson in history and the description is a fair one. There is scarcely an episode in Restoration political life which is not expounded. Charles II's shrewdness, his dawdling and his women, the Duke of York's impulsive simplicity, the Catholic question, the fanaticism of the numerous Nonconformists, the beginnings of scientific thinking represented by Newton. One is reminded occasionally of Trevelyan in his more imaginative moments. A distinguished company, including the King, his brother, George Fox, Nell Gwynn, foregather in Sir Isaac Newton's study and talk and talk, and just when the conversation is becoming too didactic there comes a shaft of Shaw's irreverent humour. "Jupiter Laughs" is essentially emotional. There is so much action that at the climax it becomes almost melodramatic. It is the story of the meeting of a neurotic (very neurotic) young doctor, engaged in research in a nursing home and a girl whose whole life is bent on being a missionary in China. The one atheistic and superficially cynical, the other simple and devout, two people could hardly be more opposed. Out of this material, which could so easily be made novelettish, Cronin has created a play intensely dramatic, moving and sincere.

May 20th. Robert Donat in "The Devil's Disciple."

## Theatre Royal.

The Court players are gradually establishing a sound reputation in Leeds, having tried everything from thrillers to Lancashire comedy. Of their more regular performers, Eileen O'Connor gave a fine performance as the humdrum domineering Lancashire housekeeper, and showed her versatility by following it up next week by portraying a timid sister who had never been really outside her luxurious, grim home in her life. Margaret Boyd gave an outstanding performance in "Double Door" as the narrow-minded, proud aristocrat, whose mind is decaying into madness. Edward Waddy, who will be remembered from Arthur Brough days, is another mainstay. Sheldon Bishop, who is tall and has a pleasant, brisk voice, takes most naturally to virile man-of-the-world parts, but he made a fine absent-minded vicar. Peggy Ramsay, an Australian with an African degree in psychology and a remarkably strong musical voice, takes the "heroine" parts, whilst Charles Morgan is the handsome young man. Douglas Emery, who is a little inclined to flounce about the stage, and Phyllis Scully, are the "juveniles"—and very lively ones, too.

**Programme:** May 20th, "Peg o' my Heart."  
June 3rd, "Marry at Leisure."  
June 17th, "Billeted."  
July 1st, "Spangled Hemp."

May 27th, "Cat and the Canary."  
June 10th, "Little Women."  
June 24th, "Without the Prince."

## Unity Theatre.

"Careless Talk"—a Revue with a Reason. The Unity Theatre describes itself as a centre of progressive drama and a people's theatre. Working in an attic, which they have decorated and fitted up themselves, to an audience seated in a mixture of old cinema seats and kitchen chairs in an atmosphere that ultimately can almost be cut with a knife, the members are undoubtedly enthusiastic. But the present revue cannot bear comparison with what I consider to be truly progressive and "peoples" drama such as "The Price of Coal." The sketches are crudely left wing propaganda and suffer the artistic limitations of the self-conscious productions of the Band of Hope. Nevertheless they have some very talented performers, more especially two comedians who gave excellent imitations of prominent personalities. The Ballet, "The League of Nations," was much more ambitious and the only thing warranting serious consideration. Here the crude elements of topical sectarianism were sublimated away, and the story of Europe since 1918, with a prophetic foresight of the future, triumphed over the limitations of the stage and was both effective and beautiful.

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## Elementary Pathological Histology.

**T**HIS is a well-illustrated book that is useful to use in addition to the ordinary text-book of pathology. It cannot be employed as a substitute for a box of slides and a microscope, but it makes a good guide for revision purposes. There are 181 illustrations, 8 in colour. S.K.

W. G. BARNARD, F.R.C.P.

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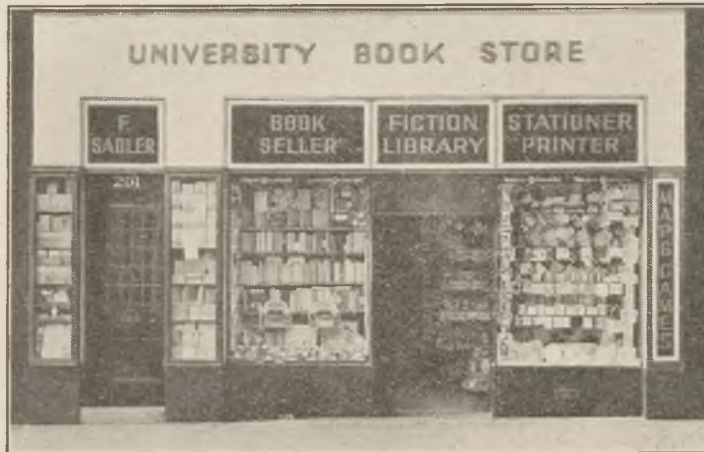


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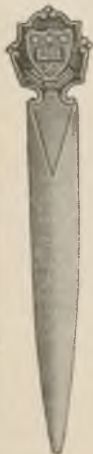
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