




THE OWL

SUMMER TERM, 1934.



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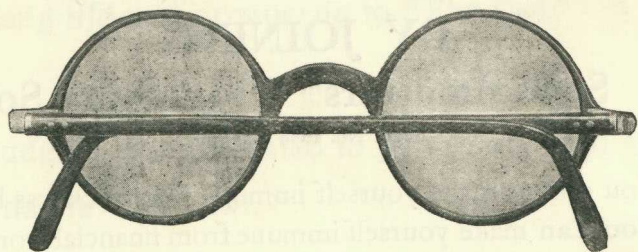
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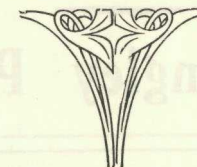
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"THE OWL."

The Official Magazine of the City of Leeds Training College.

SUMMER TERM, 1934.

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Art Adviser	...	MR. HALL.
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OLD STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVES:

MISS F. H. PIMP.	MR. A. L. DALBY.
64, Cowper Street, Chapeltown.	12, Talbot Mount, Burley, Leeds.

To Our Readers.

CONTRIBUTIONS should be legibly written in ink on one side of the paper and handed to the hostel representative as early as possible.

Articles on topics of general interest are welcomed, and the Editors specially desire short stories to be submitted. All contributions not printed will be returned.

OLD STUDENTS, especially those engaged in special work likely to be of interest to the College, are invited to contribute.

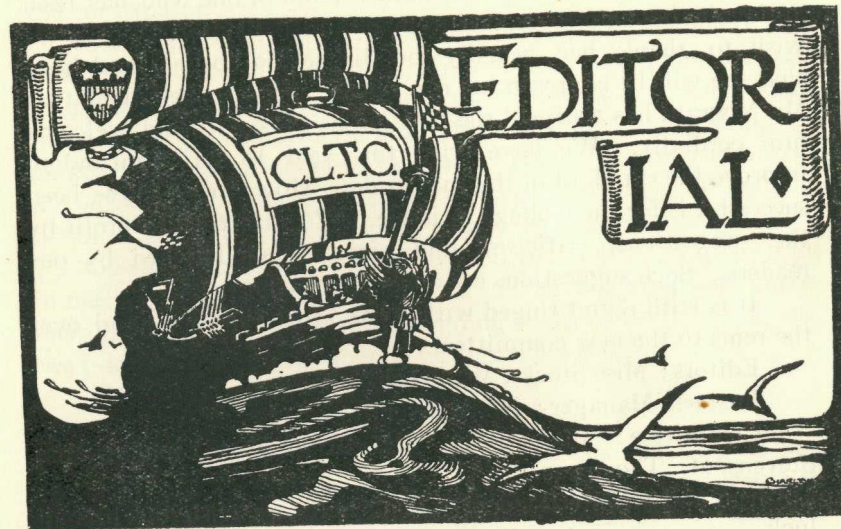
CORRESPONDENCE is invited on subjects of general interest. We shall be glad to exchange Magazines. The Committee invites suggestions for the improvement of the Magazine.

SECRETARIES OF COLLEGE SOCIETIES should hand in their reports as soon as possible.

SUBSCRIPTIONS. For the Session 2/6.

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WE approach the task of writing our last editorial with mixed feelings. Fully aware of the advantages and enjoyment which can be derived from two years in College, we are nevertheless satisfied in the feeling that at last we are going to attempt something more worthwhile than the comparatively small affairs which have been the aims and occupations of our youth.

We hope that everyone leaving College this term will be in the happy position of having a job to do, and the ability to do it well.

The sports and social activities of the College continue this term with unabated vigour and energy. Sports Day, favoured with fine weather, was a success. We congratulate the organisers and all those who helped on their remarkable efficiency. The Cricket and Tennis Clubs are popular and well supported, which is as it should be. The Education Society seems to enjoy itself. The Art Club has reason to be proud of the exhibition which proved such a source of admiration to so many students and visitors.

Before this issue is published, another day of note in the College history will have taken place. Open Day, on June 9th, will reveal to the outside world all the wondrous achievements of the C.L.T.C. This is only part of its dual purpose, since it also hopes to accumulate a large sum for the benefit of the Leeds

Infirmiry. We hope therefore that it will be a success socially, and financially.

To turn to "The Owl." First of all, we regret very much Miss Preedy's stealthy departure to Cambridge, which meant the loss of the President of our Committee, and of one who has been an invaluable help to us, and to many others before us. We all wish to thank her heartily for all she did to help and hope that she will be happy in her new work. We are delighted that Mr. McGrath has accepted the position as President and welcome him cordially. We have tried this year to maintain and to improve the standard of the magazine. How far we have been successful is for the College to judge. We have tried to profit by the suggestions, criticisms and remarks put forward by our readers. Such suggestions are always welcome.

It is with regret tinged with some relief that we hand over the reins to the new committee.

Editors: Miss Stocks, Mr. Leach.

Business Manager: Mr. Addison.

Committee: Miss Beatty, Miss Grist, Miss Lipman, Miss Stevens, Mr. Thompson.

To them and all interested in "The Owl" we wish the best of luck.

Our Magazine.

IN response to a recent request for suggestions towards improving Our Magazine about fifty chits were handed in containing on an average two suggestions each. An analysis revealed a majority demand for more

Photographs,
Illustrations,
Cartoons,
Humour,
Accounts of College activities
other than sports.

There were requests for articles by tutors, what tutors think of College life (humorous if possible), more matter on the teaching profession and School Practice, not so many budding poets, serious articles that are less vague, more thought, less flippancy, more short stories, Hostel notes, letters to the Editor(s), more competitions, more scope for artists—designs, sketches, &c., detective stories, love stories, "things we'd like to know," more jokes, limericks, reproductions of photos of students' travels, snapshot competitions, crossword puzzles!

One student wants "fewer articles of the type which are interesting only to the writer."

Another writes "I feel that our magazine, though intellectual, lacks real vital interest. I cannot, I fear, offer any solution of the problem other than inspired effort. Some of the articles are slightly forced, possibly because of unwillingness on the part of the contributor."

One thing is certain: all improvement calls for effort; if "inspired," so much the better. Your editors depend on you who read this to make their job a success. They do not imply that the magazine was moribund until they of 1934-5 came along to make the almost dry bones live again. No! All they desire is to continue and extend the good work already done, to go one better, if possible. They rely on you to make it possible.

On their part, they promise to keep your wishes in mind and to meet them discriminatingly as far as your contributions make them practicable. What are you going to do about it? If you can't do anything else, why not write them a letter?

Do You Know?

WE take so many things for granted. So long as our personal comfort is not interfered with we are inclined to be unenquiring as to how it is that we are able to live an ordered existence and pursue our own particular occupations without let or hindrance.

Take the College for instance. We speak of the College in its widest sense; not the buildings only, but the students, the academic, administrative and domestic staffs; engineers, gardeners, polishers, laundry workers, charwomen, etc., in all about 630 persons. Slightly altering the parodist:

"To get this small world out of bed,
And washed, and dressed, and warmed and fed,
To work, and back to bed again,
Believe me, Saul, costs worlds of pain."

Occasionally we realise how fortunate we are in having a beautiful estate of over 90 acres and fine buildings, the present value of which is between half and three quarters of a million pounds.

What first strikes a visitor to the College is its size; everything is on a large scale. It has been said that figures talk, and if that is the case, we will let them speak for themselves, and not involve ourselves in figures of speech.

The main corridors in the College building are 120 yards long, and the cross corridors about 50. Advanced mathematics students will be able to calculate the distance they have travelled after completing the round of the three floors. There are 232,500 square feet of polished floor in the College and Hostels, requiring the application of nearly a ton of polish each session.

Apart from the main roads there is over a mile of cinder roads to be maintained on the estate. More than 1,200 yards of hedges have to be trimmed periodically; from April to October 15 acres of grass are cut twice a week, and 31 acres of rough grass twice a year. The maintenance of shrubberies (4 acres) Tennis courts (7,350 square yards) Herbaceous borders (2,154 square yards) the care of 500 head of poultry, etc., etc., helps to keep the estate staff occupied.

Prospective housewives may like to know some of the domestic details. We will confine ourselves to round figures and will not be too meticulous with regard to shillings and pence or odd ounces. If it were possible to have one big washing-day at the College and to send everything to wash in one consignment, items like the following would head the list; blankets 3,000, sheets 2,750; but why go into more detail except to say that, in addition to the household linen, but excluding pocket handkerchiefs, 5,000 articles of personal laundry are dealt with every week, necessitating 404 separate accounts. The need for every article to be marked—is very marked.

It may not be conducive to our self conceit to learn that at the Laundry we are not persons, but numbers. The name counts for nothing; the number for everything. In this respect we are like privates in the Army, better known as 6494 than as Mr. or Miss So and So.

Washing up appears to be a bugbear to most people; in hostel it is a nightmare. Among a multiplicity of other duties, which commence at 6-30 a.m. and continue until bed-time, every day of term the maids wash up articles of crockery, cutlery, etc., required for the various meals, once, twice or three times a day; at a modest computation, 15,000 articles daily, or 3,780,000 yearly; an average of 75,600 per maid. The sweet reasonableness of the rule that the domestic staff shall have prior claim on the hot water at washing-up times we feel sure will be gracefully granted.

Food is of universal interest. Nearly 24 tons of meat, including bacon and ham, were eaten at the College last year. Add a trifle of 2,808 lbs. of sausages and 300 yards of polony and it will be apparent, even to the most undiscerning, that the incidence of vegetarianism is somewhat slight. Potatoes also figure fairly prominently in the dietary; 40 tons of this fat-forming food being consumed annually. Jam, marmalade and syrup are popular, $8\frac{1}{2}$ tons of these comestibles, together with over $10\frac{1}{2}$ tons of sugar, go to sweeten the College year.

In order to avoid becoming too tedious we will lump other annual quantities together: eggs 58,500; butter, lard etc., 8 tons 3 cwts; tea and coffee, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons; flour $11\frac{3}{4}$ tons; currants and

raisins 1 ton 6 cwts; milk 17,280 galls; fish 4 tons 7 cwts; cheese 15 cwts; tins of salmon 1,100; tins of fruit 1,260; rice 15 cwts., etc., etc. During each period of School Practice extending over three weeks 10,000 sandwiches are provided.

The smallest household item we can think of is nutmegs. In a small household two or three would last twelve months; our annual consumption is 720. To have said that 4,000 orders are placed and that the boarding expenses are £8,000 a year would not perhaps have conveyed as much as the foregoing details of the amount of food purchased.

Graphs and costings of the consumption of fuel are responsible for one of the many kinds of nightmare that those responsible for administration are prone to have. Last year 1,469 tons of coal and coke were used, supplemented by 1,654,400 cubic feet of gas. When we read of a shortage of water and of appeals to conserve supplies, we ought to realise that we draw on the reservoirs to the extent of 10,617,150 gallons a year. The swimming bath holds 60,000 gallons of water and this is changed once a week.

If we reverted to the feudal custom of the Curfew we should save a considerable portion of the 30,904 units of electricity which is registered by the meters annually.

There is one item of expenditure the smallness of which we can be proud, and that is on medicines, dressings, gargles etc. The average amount spent on these necessities is about £60 a year. When the rest of the city has suffered from serious epidemics, only isolated cases of infectious sickness (no joke intended) have occurred at the College. This is due in a large measure to the vigilance of the Medical Officer and the Matrons who work in close co-operation to stamp out the first signs of any illness which may tend to spread.

Making a selection of students for admission to the College is no easy matter. It may not be generally known that each year about 3,000 applications from candidates from all parts of the country are received. Think what this involves; the receipt of over 3,000 communications asking for forms of application, and as often as not, for prospectuses; the despatch of the forms and the acknowledgement of the return of each. After careful consideration the Principal and Vice-Principal make a selection of what appear to be the best qualified candidates and a number of these are invited to attend for interview and medical examination. Finally a list is made of those to whom places are to be offered. This procedure ensures an extremely busy time between October and the following February, especially as, during that time a new Session has been begun, the results of the Final Examination have been circulated, a Reunion held, tuition fees and sports fees

collected (£20,000) in addition to the ordinary work of the College. In connection with the admission of students alone more than 13,800 communications are received or sent.

Examinations may ruffle the placid surface of student life. They ruffle other surfaces too. In one session, examinations including, the Final Examination, necessitate the marking of 7,171 books.

There is not space to deal with finance in detail. Suffice it to say that it costs over £1,000 a week to run the College. So it will be seen that the fees cover only a fraction of the cost, the balance being paid chiefly by the Treasury leaving the local rates to find about £2,000 to balance the budget.

The above is only the briefest outline of the main items of administration, but perhaps it contains sufficient food for thought.

Dear Cads,

I have just been asked by the Editor, fellow, chappy, bloke—you know, and the fellow that twiddles and er, plays and works things for this Maga-er, Jagam-er, Nagam-er, Owl thing. I mean its up to fellows like me and you, and you and I, and sort of cads like us (or we) to sort of write things—I mean, what? Up the School! What? and play the Game! you rottahs!

Look at the lectures—aren't they too frightfully devastating? And while you're looking at lectures—look at trade—I mean look! Everything's going down—lifts and things—students and, why, there's only writing paper you can rely on and that's stationery. Even coal's slack.

Then there's these sports things—everyone bothered and excited and things, all over a pess of mott-er mett of poss-er shield thing. The cads! Running round and back, and forward and to and from—I mean isn't it too too frightful—Oh By Heck!

Then the Finals—Oh my dears, the Finals I mean. It was bound to happen in the end. Heaps of perfectly frightful people (without their Old School Ties, my dears) sitting and er, thinking, and sort of sitting about in an absolutely divine Hall, positively too too you fellows. I mean the panelling goes back to William the doings or some royal chappie or other. And everything goes back. The clock goes back in winter and my suit goes back to Uncle's

Talking about Uncles, what about the New Road Act? Up the Chancellor of Transport or something! Honi soit qui mal y pense—French for Honi soit qui mal y pense. My dear I was too too terrified with all these vecolip-er, vepolic-er, peloci-er car things dashing around and killing people—like flies, you cads,

not blue bottles mark you, just flies. The things that walk about the place and fly you know—backwards and forwards, and go and stick themselves on silly papers while they're flying backwards and forwards, and sticking themselves. By Heck! Down with them you fellows, the cads—Up the School, and Up the Upper-School—The bounders.

Yours truly,

'Just another Cad.'

P.S. Don't think that's my real name, its just a 'pomme de terre' thing, and that doesn't mean I'm Irish.

"Amidships," Ashore.

I meet them often on the last train at night from York to Leeds—merchant seamen just paid off at some northern seaport and travelling I never can quite find out whither. They are usually in that happy mood by the time they reach York that mere details such as their exact destination and present whereabouts do not worry them.

Occasionally there is a row, and I saw one compelled by the police to break his journey at York for assaulting a fellow passenger. Usually, however, they display merely a craving for a yarn with anybody who will (or will not) listen to them.

I had just sat down in a corner seat of a corridor carriage one night when a wiry, ginger-haired, little fellow came unsteadily to anchor in the seat opposite.

"Evenin' sir, an officer . . . I can see . . . I know 'em." They will insist that I am a naval officer, though I am the merest landlubber.

"Good evening."

"Have a drink wi' me, sir." A bottle of Bass was projecting from his coat pocket.

"No, thanks. Just had one."

"Ah, well no harm done, is there?"

"No, not at all."

"You don' know who I am, do you?"

"No."

"I'm Bill Hughes of Newport-Welsh(hic)-excuse me, please." He pronounced it "pleece." "You won' have a drink? Well, shake hands. They're black but they're a'right, sir." I shook hands.

"I been away five months, jes' paid off at Leith-hic-excuse me, 'pleece.' I'm not drunk, ye know, I know what I'm doin'."

There followed a snatch of a Welsh song which was broken off as his pal lurched in to join him.

"H'lo, Bolshie!"

No answer.

"Bolshie" certainly looked the part. He was a dark, square set, middle-aged man, with projecting under-lip and half-closed eyelids from under which he peered suspiciously and defiantly at me. He was very drunk and very dirty.

"'E don' want uz," after a minute's silent glowering.

"Tha's a'right, Bolshie. Been to sea, hi'self. Me and the gen'lman's having a yarn."

Taffy was answered by a dig in the ribs which nearly knocked him off his seat. Bolshie then made a lunge for the bottle of Bass, but Taffy held firm:

"No, not for you, my lad!"

Disgusted, "Bolshie" got up and wandered down the train. As soon as he was gone Taffy rose:

"You see that fellow! He's the biggest b-----y ruffian God ever created. Don' have anything to do with him. That's Bolshie Ryan from Newport. Irish, he is. Thinks he can fight too. He did beat Johnny Basham, but it's a long time ago. Don' have anything to do with him, he's the biggest ruffian on God's earth. Jes' wait till he comes back again. I'm a small 'un but I'm tough. Aye, I'll punch his b-----y head for him when he comes back."

Much more of this followed, and presently "Bolshie" returned looking, if possible, more morose and more murderous than before.

Taffy gave his pal time to find his bearings and then with an ingratiating smile said:

"Have a cigarette, Bolshie."

There was no fight.

We drew up at Leeds, and I had been shaking hands and listening with all the good will in the world. Just as I was stepping off the train I heard Taffy's voice once more:

"Excuse me, 'pleece,' sir. Could you lend me fourpence?"

x x x x

As I entered the carriage, another night, a man obviously a seaman muttered something for my benefit as I passed. I went on to the further end of the carriage and sat down. Presently he came along with unsteady gait and the glint of recognition in his watery eyes. He wore a toothbrush moustache which looked curiously out of place.

"You're not Jim Coughlan, sir, are you?"

"No."

"Well I could 'a' swore you were Jim. Him and me comes from the same town, the oldest town in the county of Cork. And what is that, d'ye think now?"

"Doneraile," I ventured.

"No thin. Y-O-U-G-H-A-L," he spelt it out for me.

"Perhaps you know Rev. Pat O'Gorman?" I asked. I happen

to know that estimable gentleman and where he comes from—Youghal.

"Aye, shure I do, we were at school together. Very clever he was too. He got on, he did. I stole the rent money off the table from my mother and ran away to sea, God forgive me! Been only home twice since." I noted his weather-beaten, heavily lined face and could not help contrasting it with the smooth features of the clergyman I knew.

"You're a seafaring man yourself, sir, aren't you? An officer, I know 'em when I see 'em."

I didn't contradict—he hardly gave me time. Apparently these good fellows know of no subtler flattery than this of mistaking one for a naval officer.

"I've had many ups an' downs since. Been away two years on one voyage once, sir, and that in a steamboat. Not often that happens, sir. Cruising up and down across the Line. The heat was something cruel. This last voyage I been away six months. D'ye know, sir, I've had icicles on my moustache when I woke in my bunk in the morning."

I smiled.

"Fac', sir. Tha's why I have cut it down so much. Our hands too all frost bitten. Look at them, sir." They certainly were. "The tarpaulins were frozen to the deck, and the tackle"—he said "taykle"—"we couldn't get a move out of it. You know, sir, I'm a bo'sun. Won't you have a drink, sir?"

"No thanks."

He ordered two Basses.

"Well, sir, as I was saying, after that two years' voyage I came home with £240—£240. After four months I was pawning my coat. And I meant to get a Mass said for my poor mother, God rest her soul! I never got that Mass said, God forgive me! Now I ought to have £30 somewhere."

He searched for a while in silence and then drew out a bundle of papers and notes.

"Aye there's the thirty pounds, shure enough."

"Don't lose them" I said.

"I'd rayther lose them than these," drawing out a rosary and a small silver medallion. "Look at it, sir."

I took the medallion and saw that it was of the Madonna and Child. Underneath were the words "Our Lady of Monte Nero." He had picked them up somewhere in South America.

"I take 'em everywhere with me, sir, and I always say some prayers to the Blessed Virgin, sometimes the whole Rosary." He kissed the little medallion reverently and put the whole bundle back carefully in an inside pocket.

"But how is it, sir? She don' seem to do much for me. Here

I am drunk again to-night. Ah, I'm a great sinner. An' I came back after that two years with £200 and never got a Mass said. Here's your good health, sir!"

"Good health!"

"I can't get over it, sir. I came back after two years with every penny of £150, and my poor mother"

"Oh, I bet she's all right," I said.

"I believe you, sir. You know I'm a bo'sun, and I've had many a fight, many a fair stand-up fight. If I win, well and good. If I don't, well I take it like a man. But I've often won, sir. Ah yes, oftener than not. But I always says to the men, I says, we must settle our own differences down here. Keep it from the officers, I say. Keep things amidships! Keep things amidships! am I right, sir?"

"Good policy," I replied.

We had reached Leeds.

"Good night and good luck!"

"Good night, sir! God bless you! Always glad to meet a gen'lman, sir. Good night!"

Amongst other things I had learnt one item in the code of the sea—"Keep things amidships."

Nocturnal Airs.

Soft-slipped shoes pad polished floors
And stir the soundless night.
Furtive Fingers tap at doors;
A voice;—"Put out that light!"
A short, sharp blast, a second one,
Louder, long and bold;
A Motor Horn? a Trumpet Blast?
No, just a neighbour's cold.
A tenor Mattress, much abused,
Groans deep in double-bass;
Ears twitch, and Bolster Straw
Crackles in your face.
She talks, the lady on my right,
She mutters in her sleep;
It's Habit, or it's Hamlet,
Or perhaps just counting sheep.
To drowsy ears comes, half faint,
A distant, droning howl;
It might be Cars, or Clocks or Cats
Or just the College Owl.
Dawn is breaking; some strange sound
Bursts forth, begins to swell;
'Tis not the Cock, the Crow, the Dawn,
It's just the Hostel Bell.

H. L. Brontë.



"The Golden Age."

MANY men of genius have indulged in childhood reminiscences, but are any of these revelations to be regarded as the normal characteristics of the child mind. R. L. Stevenson's childhood traits, as recorded in "The Child's Garden of Verses" are emanations from the precocious mind of an immature genius. This is also true of the recollections of Wordsworth; they reveal the characteristics of an introspective child poet. Wordsworth believed that in childhood we enjoy spiritual experiences which are not vouchsafed to us in later years. In the "Intimations of Immortality" he teaches us that a child is not merely an immature adult; that something may even pass out of life when childhood's days are gone and "the things that we have seen we now can see no more." Other poets, also, have lamented the spiritual degeneration that sets in after we have emerged from our childhood;

"I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy."

Our infancy, according to Wordsworth, is wrapped in a halo of innocence. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," but this is shattered for ever on contact with the sordid realities of life. "Shades of the prison house begin to close upon the growing boy."

One of the most hopeful signs in the mentality of the modern world is the increased interest in children, which expresses itself in a more profound study of their behaviour, their point of view, their relations with each other and with their elders. It is the fashion today to sympathise and encourage rather than to repress; and modern literature, like modern social effort, bears witness to this greater insight into the child's life and a fuller appreciation of its claims. Distinguished people have thought it worth while to record the reminiscences of their own childhood; essayists like Stevenson have tried to analyse the child's attitude of mind; and novelists have ransacked their memories and strained their imaginations to create child characters who shall more closely resemble real children than the stiff and unnatural figures of earlier times. To me the unnatural piety of little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin has always been rather revolting. There are angelic traits in every child's character, as Wordsworth so extravagantly claims, but this does not express itself in a premature desire to go to heaven. Much of the religious instruction imparted to the

young of our churches is still tainted by this sickly, sentiment, and many of the hymns are designed to implant this unnatural desire in the child's heart. In his condemnation of this practice Havelock Ellis says: "The child who grows devout and anxious about the state of his soul is a morbid and unwholesome child; if he prefers praying for the conversion of his play-fellows to joining them in their games he is not so much an example of piety as a pathological case whose future must be viewed with anxiety."

No author, however, will create a child character which will be absolutely true to life. Childhood is more or less inarticulate, and since the author's youthful impressions are not analysed until he becomes an adult, he has a tendency to project his mature personality in the creation. Although he belongs to an earlier generation the author who in my judgement, has succeeded best in creating a real boy character is Mark Twain; though it is well to remember that Tom Sawyer is a composite creation and not an individual character. Tom Sawyer did not want to go to heaven, but he often wished it were possible to *die temporarily* so that his lamented death might bring his unsympathetic Aunt Polly to repentance. There is a story, in which it was predicted that on a certain date a West American town would be visited by an earthquake. A solicitous father thought he would protect the lives of his two sons by sending them to live with a relative at a distant town. After some time the boys returned bringing with them a note which read "We are returning the boys, please send us the earthquake." These two rascals might very well have been Tom Sawyer and his confederate Huckleberry Finn. Irrepressible children like these are often difficult to manage, but they are more desirable than little Eva, and modern educationists claim that these characters, with a judicious training, would make the best type of citizen.

Although R.L.S. recalls with enthusiasm the vivid experiences of his childhood, he does not betray a yearning to return to this beatific state of existence. On the contrary, he remarks in "Child's Play"

"The regret we have for our childhood is not wholly justifiable; so much a man may lay down without fear of public ribaldry; for although we shake our heads over the change, we are not unconscious of the manifold advantages of our new state. What we lose in general impulse, we more than gain in the habit of generously watching others; and the capacity to enjoy Shakespeare may balance a lost aptitude for playing at soldiers . . . There is all the world between gaping wonderment at the jargon of birds, and the emotion with which a man listens to articulate music."

Peter Pan is the spirit of eternal youth, but he is not a child

but an adult who is for ever cherishing wistful memories of his childhood. I say he is not a child because it is the ambition of every child to grow up to a hero like his father, or his uncle, or one of his adult acquaintances. This childish trait is expressed by R. L. S. in *The Lamplighter*.

Another writer who has followed in the tradition of Mark Twain is Kenneth Grahame author of "*The Golden Age*," "*Dream Days*," and "*Wind in the Willows*," an imaginative and exquisite story of animal life. His introduction to "*Sanger and his Times*" is a characteristic essay in which he retains as an adult an undiminished delight in juvenile amusements. It is my intention to devote the rest of these remarks to a few general impressions of that masterpiece of child study "*The Golden Age*" This is an analytical account of the preoccupations and misadventures of three boys and a girl belonging to an affluent English family. The characters and situations are obviously fictitious, but it is evident also that the author must have had a vivid consciousness of his own childhood.

Modern psychologists have asserted that the child, as a rule, should derive most of his pleasures from his surroundings by means of his own ingenuity. Children's playgrounds in public parks would be more advantageous to the children if they were planned so as to provide this stimulus to creative activity. The most salient feature in Kenneth Grahame's descriptions is the imaginative element in the children's games. Harold, the youngest, is especially inventive and resourceful in his play activities, and in this he reminds me of the negro boy who was Tom Sawyer's first victim during the whitewashing incident. You will recollect that at this moment he was impersonating the river steamer *Missouri*, with an illusion of reality which is only possible to children. The description of similar incidents in "*Golden Age*" are almost as masterly as Mark Twain's. Harold has had a sudden impulse to simulate the muffin man—"Just at present he was a muffin man, and day and night he went through passages, and up and down staircases, ringing a noiseless bell and offering phantom muffins to invisible wayfarers"

To children of this kind there is no real distinction between work and play. Occupations such as dusting and sweeping, buying and selling, carpentering and whitewashing are regarded as prime amusements when we are young, but when they become part of our diurnal task they grow irksome, and we lose our former zest for them.

Another favourite passion of Harold's was the game of "*Clubmen*":

"Harold was absorbed in '*Clubmen*'; a performance consisting in a measured progress round the room arm in arm with an

imaginary companion of reverend years; with occasional halts at imaginary clubs, where—imaginary steps being leisurely ascended—imaginary papers were glanced at, imaginary scandal was discussed with elderly shakings of the head, and regrettable to say, imaginary glasses were lifted lipwards."

Some educationists have affirmed that a careful observation of the child at play will help us to form an estimate of his character. This revelation has helped us to understand the child more fully and we have adjusted our educational methods in accordance with this knowledge, but does it give us a true indication of the future man? Some men may acquire the humility of a saint, but, you may be sure that as a child, each one was an incorrigible egotist. What is considered reprehensible in an adult is often natural in a child. According to modern thinkers the civilised child sees the world exactly as the savage sees it, as the magnified image of himself and his environment. This trait is often in evidence in the games invented by the children in "*The Golden Age*." The latest caprice that has seized them is the game of *Knights of the Round Table*, and there is the usual dispute as to who shall portray the chief character:

"Well, then" Harold began afresh, "let's pretend we're *Knights of the Round Table*; and" (with a rush) "I'll be *Lancelot*."

"I won't play unless I'm *Lancelot*," I said. I didn't mean it really, but the game of *Knights* always began with this particular contest.

"Oh, please," implored Harold. "You know when *Edward's* here I never get a chance of being *Lancelot*. I haven't been *Lancelot* for weeks."

Then I yielded gracefully. "All right," I said. "I'll be *Tristram*."

"Oh, but you can't," cried Harold again. "*Charlotte* has always been *Tristram*. She won't play unless she's allowed to be *Tristram*. Be somebody else this time."

Charlotte said nothing, but breathed hard, looking straight before her. The peerless hunter and harper was her special hero of romance, and rather than see the part in less appreciative hands, she would have gone back in tears to the stuffy schoolroom.

"I don't care," I said; "I'll be anything. I'll be *Sir Kay*. Come on."

It is usual to regard our childhood and youth, especially the scholastic part of it, as a preparation for adult life. It should undoubtedly serve this purpose, but it would be a mistake to treat childhood entirely as a means to an end. Childhood is valuable for its own sake, and modern methods of education should not be judged solely according to their efficacy in producing future results, but also as a means of producing immediate happiness. Our

humaner treatment of children should enable each child to enjoy his childhood to his fullest capacity. It seems a pity that child prodigies, musical and otherwise, have to forego the delights of childhood in order to fulfil the expectations of their ambitious parents or guardians. A. G. Gardiner in one of his essays bemoans the premature gravity of German children, and he also states that Germany is one of the two countries in the world where child suicides are a familiar social fact. The German play "Mädchen in Uniform" culminates in a tragedy of this kind. Kenneth Grahame would deplore any attempt to mar a child's happiness by obtruding into its consciousness the menace of the future with its inevitable disillusionment.

One of the charms of childhood is its incongruities.

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as OUR ELDERS see us!"

If this power were granted to children it would detract much from unalloyed joys of childhood.

Burns continues:

"It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion."

It is just this incapacity for self examination that is one of the surest safeguards of the child's happiness.

"And perhaps we have reason to be grateful that, both as children and long afterwards, we are never allowed to guess how the absorbing pursuit of the moment will appear, not only to others but to ourselves, a very short time hence. So we pass, with a gusto and a heartiness that to an onlooker would seem almost pathetic, from one droll devotion to another misshapen passion; and who shall dare to play Rhadamanthus, to appraise the record, and to decide how much of it is solid achievement, and how much the merest child's play." (Kenneth Grahame). GWALIA, (Caedmon).

To Harriers.

Vers Libre.

They run
With slobbering lips and hangdog look,
Dull hopeless eyes.
They trot
With not
A notion where they go or why;
No thought
Or hope of aught
To come:
Pained, soulless automata
Minds —
Blank.

R. H. WILES.

ACCORDING TO S.P. INTERVIEWS EVERYBODY IS a born teacher. ~ ~
~ ~ ~ What about born TUTORS !!!



Priestley Hall.

(With humblest apologies to the shade of C. Lamb).

HAIL Priestley! And shall we never again hear that joyful salutation, which once was wont to transform a mere nodding acquaintance into a personage somewhat akin to the returning prodigal? Alas, dear foster mother! Thou art about to become the habitation of a congregation of buxom wenches, who divert themselves, during their waking hours, floundering 'mongst the murky mysteries of dietetics, ever and anon quitting their books to concoct some sticky-looking, evil-smelling mess of pottage, the like of which—an it please the fates—may never be served in thine honourable refectory.

Shame it is that we should desert thee! What hast thou done that thou shouldst suffer thus? And shall we then, in years to come, enthral our grandchildren with tales of adventures which happened within (and perchance without) thy walls, during that blissful year? Alas! That we should look into the future, only to see thy doom!

How happy are they that dwell in thee!

How we shall remember when we quit thee, dear old P. who, like unto the watchful shepherd, suffered not one of her cherished flock to stray—how she would appear at the critical moment and lay her finger instantly upon the empty spot for which you frantically sought, under the dreadful apprehension that you really had forgotten this time, to append your unworthy name in the revered book of words—how she would implore us to take our meals as did the monks of old who (as then she taught) took on the vow of everlasting silence—how she would welcome us back, at the beginning of a new term, with her kindly smile; and with equal gladness, see us off at the end of it!

And who art thou, busily tripping up and down the long dim corridors? Our beloved R.—the friend in need—offering a cheery word to the doleful sufferer, and bidding W., the easer of pain, to hasten along before her fractious patient expires. She it is who bids us a gay "Good-night" when our weary duty of wrestling with awkward windows is reported to her. And then, her worthy aide-de-camp, thou whose smiling countenance has brightened many a sick-room, my dear S.—how we shall recollect the familiar sound of that bunch of guardians of the lock which thou wast ever wont to carry on thy person—how gratefully we received from thy generous hand a mug of steaming milk at 10-30 each morning when we were confined to our own particular demesne!

Alas! These days are almost past—already thy memory seems to grow faint. But shall we forget thee? Never! Shall we forget to chant the hymn of thy praise which brought such hope and pride into our youthful and innocent bosoms?—"Priestley

always. Priestley ever."—Shallow mockery it seems now that thou should'st not last to us for ever. We are torn from thine ample bosom and cast into the world a year too soon. Yet how shall we defend ourselves? Our lives are ruled by higher divinities and—"Kismet"—it is the fate.

Thine own particular songs are ringing in mine ears, and my restless feet would fain execute the simple steps of thy beloved waltz. It grieves me that I should live to hear strange voices in thy hall, behold strange beings reclining on thy faded settees, think of strange hands touching the honoured volumes in thy sunny library. Shall I forget that peaceful week ere yet the evil of our first examinations had o'ertaken us, when, browsing before thy cheerful fire, we feebly endeavoured to glean some knowledge from our hitherto scarce-opened books? Thy hall, converted almost into a shrubbery with verdant foliage, shall live in my memory for ever. How ill I shall take it to sleep once more upon a bed of down after enduring—nay—enjoying—the board-like qualities of thy mattresses! How I shall miss thy ugly, though useful radiator—shall I no more see pictures in those dusky patches where the silvery paint has relinquished this struggle for existence? Must I so soon dismantle thy walls of my gaudy tableaux! Alas! No more shall I scratch my tender limbs upon thy once despised basket chairs—no more shall I wrestle desperately for a rug which yet retains slight traces of a pattern, and refrains from basely catching at feet, flying at the sound of thy gong.

Thy gong!—I shall not easily forget thee—with thy mellow, resonant voice, calling us to our banquets and heralding the approach of darkness and grateful slumber and of dawn and ungrateful wakefulness.

But thy familiar sounds grow dull in mine ear and thy friendly vision fades before mine eye—I am soon to become a being of another sphere. Farewell dear home of my happy Junior Year—though I be, as it were transplanted, thou shalt live in my memory a place of joy for ever.

IOLA.

Reward.

WHEN the world went mad in 1914, one of the victims of its insanity was one Joseph Parry, aged 42, a market gardener of Blackpool. Though far from being aggressively patriotic, instinctively, indeed, a peace loving man, he was as gullible as most of his type when the words "King and Country" were mentioned. From the earliest moment he could remember up till August 4th, 1914, his mental horizon had been bounded by potatoes, their size and price, flowers, their

beauty—and since he must live—their price. Nor was he unacquainted with hens and their whims and ailments. His life had contained nothing more exciting than weekly visits to Preston to dispose of his products, with an occasional business excursion to Manchester, the high water mark of adventure in his life being reached when he assisted in the saving of a careless bather on the South Shore sea front.

Late 1915 however, found him with hundreds of other market gardeners, poultry dealers, and farmers, in the desolated area that was Flanders. At first the noise nearly bereft him of reason, the filth and stench of the trenches made him violently sick, and he could never, even after three years of modern warfare, accustom himself to looking at a headless corpse without a shudder of nausea. He could not fight: he acquired, after a time, a reasonable degree of accuracy with the rifle, and even absorbed many of the sergeant's hints on the proper and genteel way of butchering the enemy with a bayonet. He only used the bayonet once, when an extra rum ration and the memory of his friend's death sob rendered him temporarily primeval in his desire to kill. He did not use it after that. He could not reconcile himself to slaughtering schoolboys, enemies though they were.

The months and years passed, and 1916 saw Joe at Loos and later in the big Somme offensive where he was slightly wounded in the leg. Then came the great German attack in 1918, which decimated his battalion and took from him the rest of his friends. After this he changed somewhat. He lost the cheerful, optimistic good humour that had popularised him with the men; he became irritable, moody, and nervous. He was near to breaking point just then. But he hung on and came to Mons in 1918, unscathed but weary and with a numbing desire to be home . . . and now he was on the S. S. Blackburn, nearing Southampton, with hundreds of other gardeners, farmers, and miners.

He leaned on the rail and heard as in a dream the racking cough of the war-wrecked man at his side. He was not thinking at that minute of anything in particular—just smoking his pipe and luxuriating in the thought that all that beastly nightmare was behind him, and that life, a glorious life that he even now did not yet dare to dream about, was before him for many years to come. A spasm shook him, causing him to grip his pipe fiercely. He had not come through absolutely unscathed. These shocks shook him from time to time and made him like a little baby. He wanted to throw himself down on the deck and whimper—his limbs shook—he cursed brokenly to himself and then—the spasm passed as swiftly as it had come. He was himself again. Voices reached him—laughing, joking voices—the jesting army was returning home. Home! The flowers would be out now in all

their loveliness, if Fred had done his work well whilst he was away. The potatoes would be beginning to sprout—he made a mental note to grow more potatoes in future. He pictured his wife in the garden, with the sun going down just above the rim of the tool-shed roof. God! What a time they would have. A month's rest, good food and early hours, and this damned shell-shock would disappear like magic. Then—mornings on his round, afternoons in the garden, evenings with a pipe on the gnarled tree-seat or strolling comfortably along the prom. with Ellen, a leisured drink in the "Black Lad," then home along the sweet smelling lanes to dream of pleasant things. He wondered if he would ever be able to turn over the rich soil with his spade without thinking of the shapeless things that he had seen in other and richer earth or if he would ever hear the song of a bird without a mental picture of a June morning in '16 when—ah, be damned to memories, he must put all that stuff out of his head if he was going to enjoy again the life he knew and loved and longed for

The docking, disembarkation and boarding of the train at Southampton were as a fantastic dream to him and he had only just realised that he was in England and on his way home when the train began its northward journey. He had a wild insane desire to throw himself about, to dance and shout at the top of his voice, when the train drew into London Rd. Station. Never had dirty, crowded Manchester seemed so friendly and desirable. Every man in khaki was a national hero, to be acclaimed, slapped on the back and generally made much of. Yet he was tired; all this was very pleasant after the trenches but he wanted to get to his journey's end. Soon he was on the electric train to Heaton Park and a few hours later he was a civilian again, except for his clothes. A free man! He jangled the money in his pocket and mixed with the crowd on the station. As the train came in he dropped his pipe on the platform edge and leant forward to pick it up. The spasm shook him as the train screamed in

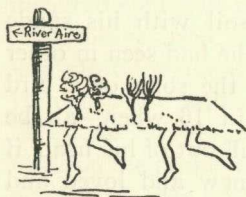
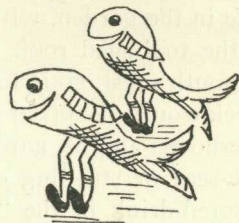
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A lonely figure leaned on the gate and gazed on the desolation of weeds before him. It was Fred. The few flowers that now grew in the garden were an ironic mockery of the beauty that once had dwelt there. The great depression had thwarted his efforts to keep the business going. He was ruined. The headlines of the evening paper in his hand, caught his eye. "We can conquer unemployment." He smiled grimly. The same paper had announced a "tragic accident at Heaton Park," nine years ago. Tragic, was it? He wondered. A.B.L. (Fairfax).

CRAZY NIGHT.

Wondrous sights in a wondrous dream:-
Achilles sewing an embroidered seam,
A Welshman in a Welsh rugby team
And students eating peach and cream.

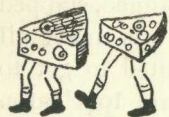
Fishes walking on their heels,
Ladybirds cossetted in steels,
Serpents waltzing round with seals,
And tutors dancing Ninesome Reels.



Otley Chevin in repair,
The quad, running down to the River Aire,
Statues strolling round City Square,
And Juniors tutored with playway fare.

Sir Galahad playing 'Teddy Bears,'
Gorgonzolas walking in pairs,
A student who knows stocks and shares,
And a deserted front on central stairs.

The Happy Prince with the Faerie Queene,
Tigers turquoise and ultramarine,
Solomon wielding a tambourine,
And a hostel demanding more margarine.



A crocodile with acute flat-feet,
Alpine Flora in Cookridge Street,
A ghost that never wears a sheet,
And a lamp where people never meet.

Plums sun-bathing without their skin,
Pigs throwing rubbish into a bin,
An elephant with a receding chin,
And dinners with no fauna in.

Santa Claus in Zululand,
A velvet glove on an Iron Hand,
A canal cut thro' a ductless gland,
And a lido on the 'long-jump' sand.



Dogs in shorts and cats in 'tights,'
Sheep in forts and lambs in fights,
Crazy sports and crazy sights,
Crazy thoughts for crazy nights.

H. L. Brontë.

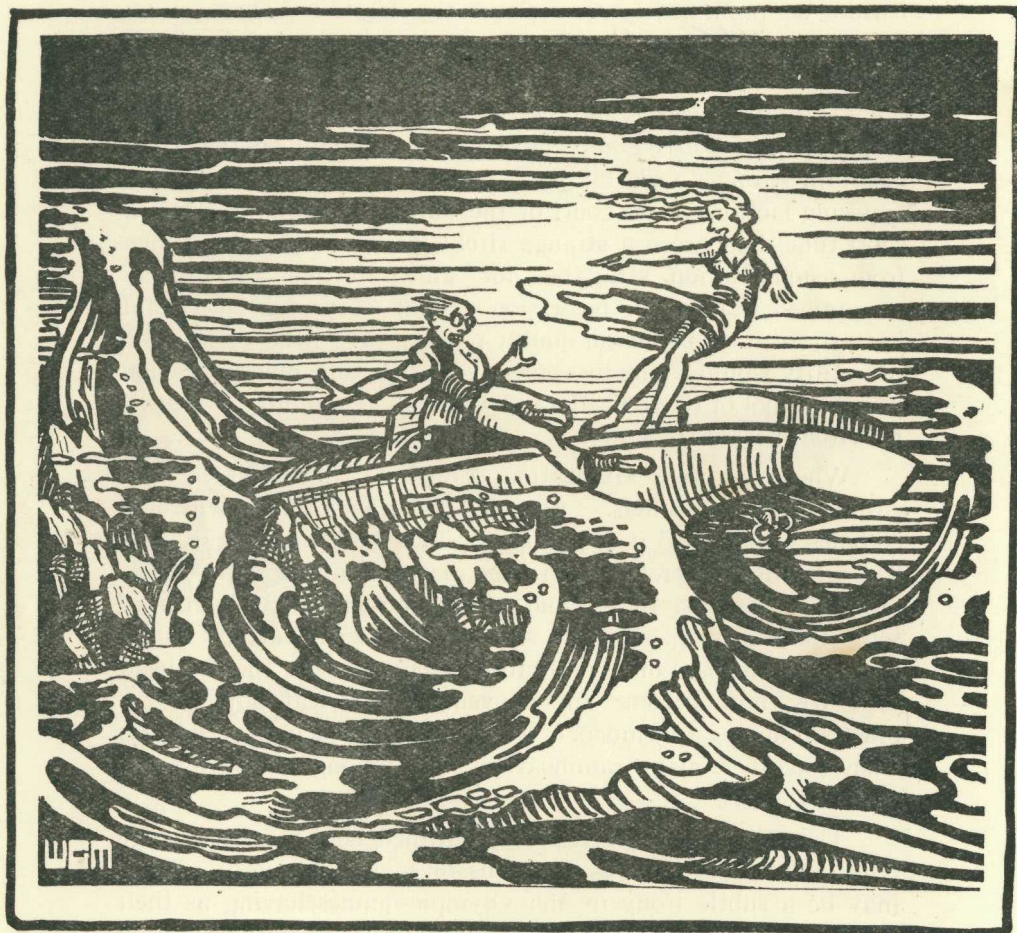
On Ball Games.

IN most parts of the world you will find balls. In Western Europe their importance is great, and their uses many and varied; in North America and Oceania their use is equally important though accompanied by less technical skill. The ritual of cricket and football is so common as to arouse no wonder, but the more pronounced ritual amongst people of a different type of culture impels curiosity. Why should the ball feature so prominently throughout the world? There is no natural reason for its importance; it is a habit that has been imposed upon us and its origins long since forgotten.

Over fifty centuries ago, two communities in the Nile valley, worshippers of Osiris, god of fertility, were forcibly united by a chieftain stronger than his predecessors. Thus there were two opposing factions in the court of the united kingdoms. After a short time there arose a strange ritual, in which groups of men from each faction struggled for an imitation of Osiris's mummified head. The possession of this ensured a successful harvest, for it was a charm doubly potent. The head of the god of fertility would assuredly confer fecundity, and mummification was a symbol of renewed life and vigour. As enmity increased the ritual became bloodier.

When Egyptian civilisation spread, it disseminated this custom amongst others. Accepted by the natives wherever colonies were settled it soon lost for them any meaning it had. Though ritual was retained in some places, as amongst the head-hunters of the East Indies, and in the murderous ball games of some Indians, in general the skill in organized violence it had developed was used more profitably. The contests for the head of Osiris, now become any convenient spherical object, were practised amongst members of a society with much less violence. They have had many ramifications, and amongst them are our national sports.

The story which I have briefly outlined here arouses strange reflections on the motives and ends of sport in society. There may be a subtle irony in the Olympic games having as their avowed end a greater understanding between nations; in a number of placid citizens who have pacifist tendencies cheering on the local football team. And in some respects the wheel has come full circle and what was at first a religious ceremony has well nigh developed into one again. C. SIMPSON (Cavendish).



Musselhort's Romance.

The grey sand scattered round their feet ; the grey waves broke,
A drunken sunset belched across the west. They saw it not.
Upon the sand, the match-king millionaire, grey and also drunk,
Cursed his protégéé. " You fool, you simple wond'rous fool."
The grey waves broke across his threnody.
The night grows cold about them and the seas
Like opaque plumbic powers, press heavily on.
The iron prow yearns upward, poises there
Sways hovering, searching the shifty deep.
Then slides amid a galaxy of drowning bubbles
Down the steep waveside. The night drives on.
The film of silence stretches and there comes
A sudden strain of half remembered songs.
A shout rolls down along the grey sea's face.
Innumerable trumpets blare. A beat of gongs.
The boat leaps onward, jars and crashes down.
The world rocks over. The tottering skies are blown.
Then clouds came down and the waves rose. Ages
Of unutterable thoughts flew round the driving sea.
The match-king's lover stands within the well :
Her hair strains out as weeds drawn by the tide.
She sees the danger, crackles in the rush of air.
Her lungs crack. " You goldarn fool ; the rocks !
You've done it now." Wet hills slide down.
" Elope with you ? I wish I'd stayed at home."
Her voice calls out above the loud sea's voice
" Speakeasy roundouts are rough enough for me
You stammering souse in pants, you drunken oat."
And sigh and curse, and curse and sigh were smothered in the sea.

BERNARD. J. OLDROYD.

White Vision.

SLOWLY I inclined my head, and as I did so my thoughts went careering back and in an instant I reviewed the adventures that had brought me to my present position. I saw the ship which Hilmington and I had chartered to take us to Buenos Aires blown out of its course. Our landing on the island. I saw my friend and myself climbing the little hillock to view the island. And then we had seen it. Even now the impression was stamped upon my memory, the setting sun glinting on the distant hills and in the midst that shining white figure of majestic beauty. Focussing our glasses on this we had viewed a gigantic figure carved in pure white metal. Then we had come next day to view this marvellous apparition. I recalled that terrible shriek from the beach, the firing of a rifle and saw the men left with the boat surrounded by a horde of savages. Hemingway stood in front of me, there was a whizz, a gurgled cry and a spear stuck from the back of his throat. Then the terrible burning pain in my shoulder and unconsciousness. When I awoke I was lying in a bare mud hut, with a burning pain in my side. The weeks of illness slipped away, the recurrent fever that had so weakened me and brought me to my present weak state was now like an awful nightmare. Slowly I had recovered, the spear had entered high up in my right shoulder and the wound healed. And then I was allowed to wander about the village. I recalled the naked savages and their barbarous living. The language they used was not unlike that used by natives in the Phillipine Islands and I had soon picked up their language. I saw Lamkul the old witch doctor, who was now standing behind me. He told me that I had violated the tradition of the race. No infidel eye had ever rested on their god before. . . . unless death had been the penalty. And he told me drily, his black eyes staring from his sunken face, that I was to be made a sacrifice at the appropriate time.

A week later he approached the subject again. He told me "Thou art growing weaker and the fever is eating into thy vitals." I knew this was true, escape was impossible. We were hemmed in by mountains, and I could not hope to reach the sea unaided.

And all the while my mind was wondering about the strange thing I had but glimpsed. The sight of that carved figure ate like acid into my imagination. I had not seen this since, but I had noticed once on the night of the new moon certain villagers taking baskets of food and flowers along a steep path that led from the village. And a chubby little youngster who used to play in the village was missing the next day. Lamkul said he had been offered as a sacrifice to the god.

And then before the night of the new moon Lamkul had at last told me what was to be my fate. I was to be slain in a temple situated in a crevice some half mile from the village and my body placed at the foot of the god I had unwittingly offended. I had known it was hopeless. There could be no escape. So I had asked for one thing, the sight of this god, this thing of marvellous beauty before I died. Lamkul had grunted assent because I was to be killed and a look could do no harm; so I was carried there on a litter by two strong native warriors. The vision flashed before my eyes now of the marvellous whiteness of the metal of which the figure was made. It was the figure of a man standing with arms upraised. The work was crude but the whiteness of the material was almost too great to look upon. And then as I looked the fever had attacked me again, and all last night I had lain weakly in my hut. Now I had been carried to a big stone building and mid horrible religious rites was to be sacrificed. Kamul drew a gleaming axe from a platform, an axe of the same marvellous metal and whispered to me "Bow thy head, in a second all will be over." Standing there I obeyed weakly, my brain was in a stupor, and as I did so these thoughts flew through my brain in an instant.

I felt the axe being slowly raised, and as the keen blade descended I saw my body lying at the foot of the white god lying amidst flowers, flowers fading, while the birds drew near.

B. GRIFFITHS (Cavendish).

Trees.

IT has often occurred to me what a striking resemblance there is between people and trees. It is almost as if the climatic influence of the region has acted similarly over both, to produce between them an almost uncanny likeness. I do not mean by likeness the comparison of a man to a tree trunk, but the soul of a man to the soul of a tree. The idea of a tree possessing a soul may be fantastical, even laughable; but call it what you will, there is a spirit peculiar to each type of tree that influences us when near it.

Looking at the English trees I cannot help but see in them the English people. On the smooth grassland the great beeches and oaks stand quietly in the depths of their own shade. Low, spreading masses of symmetrical green, sunlit and slightly moved by the breeze, there is in them something of the sturdiness and security, the beauty and steadfast serenity of the English nation. They embody a spirit unperturbed and calm; a spirit enriched with the mellowness of an age old tradition and grown wise with yet older experience. And yet despite all their luxurious beauty,

is there not in their air a certain smugness caused by a conventionality carried too far? Is not their strength flavoured with a touch of self satisfaction and over-contentment in their own security. I sometimes feel their beauty to be like the perfection of civilisation, where man has set his standard of what is "right" and "good taste," and attempted to force beauty between its narrow borders. Anything not conforming to their approved standard is unacknowledged; but surely a thing strangely lovely in its unconventionality stirs a deeper and more genuine feeling than that which has reached perfection.

We see the dark, twisted branches of a windflung pine against the wonderful verdure of the beeches, and our hearts go out to this little oddity of a tree. There is something appealingly sad and mysterious about it that makes it to the condescending oaks as a tragedy is to a novel. The unexpectedness of its shape seems to waken us from the mental lethargy into which we have sunk. So much have the winds of life affected it that it has a more moving influence over us than the passive oaks; even as those people who have suffered influence us more deeply than those on whom pain has never fallen.

If the gods were to change the present population to trees, I think the slopes of England would be still more densely clothed with the luxuriant green of oaks and horsechestnuts. And here and there among all their perfection, would be a little "freak" of nature with its branches ever shaped to the wind; the memorial of a person with an understanding of the mute loneliness and heartfelt joy of life; the memory of a personality ever exasperated by inability to express itself and haunted by the pain underlying all true beauty.

M.G. (Priestley).

Thought at Midnight.

John lay awake and mused for a time.
He heard a nearby church-clock chime.
Twelve o'clock. Tomorrow would sever
John from his life at Coll.—for ever.
The years passed by. John mused again,
Tense. Remembering. Waiting; when
A clock struck twelve — he thrilled to the bone,
To-morrow he'd run a school of his own.
Twelve slow strokes — after forty years.
A smile, with just a hint of tears.
To-morrow, after the prayer in the Hall,
John would be finished — done with it all.
Does the thought of it make life pall?
Does it make you ask: What's the good of it all?
But you don't know all John's seen and done
In between verses three and one!

AUFSATZ.

Retrospection.

I feel that the writing of an article of this kind is a difficult task. I will try, however, to set down some of the conclusions I have arrived at after a two years stay in College.

When we entered College we were given a very boisterous welcome into our new surroundings. I refer to the Rag Week. If Ragging fails to produce a very cordial relationship between Juniors and Seniors, it ought to be abolished.

After Rag Week most of us begin to settle down. We begin to know each other, and we choose our particular friends. College life is essentially a test of character. There is a very great danger of the Herd instinct playing too predominant a part. Each individual should be himself; he should not pretend. There is a possibility of some students being in a very definite minority as far as principles and outlook are concerned. The majority is not always right, in spite of its numerical strength, and I think it is here that the test of character begins. It is true that the individual must adapt himself to the community in which he lives. He must not impose himself on those around him, but he can always maintain an individualism, a very necessary feature of life in a community, and one of the traits that is sometimes lacking in College life.

In College I think most of us have learned to be more tolerant. This is a quality that is very essential in the world in which we live. As our stay in College grows we begin to see the other fellow's point of view. The field in which our thoughts evolve is considerably enlarged, and we begin to realise that the place in which we live, in many ways, is a miniature world.

With regard to the organisation of College life, I think many of us come up against a great obstacle—that of time. Our existence seems to be very "cut and dried," and here there is a danger of College life becoming merely a means to an end, with the result that life is apt to become artificial. I suppose that this is inevitable. A definite plan has to be fulfilled in two years, and possibly we very often fail to organise our time efficiently.

I often wonder if we are a mere collection of eight hostels, that occasionally meet together for Lectures and Socials—for College spirit, I think, is rather lacking. I would be sorry for the Hostels to lose their individuality. but I think there is need for a fuller realisation of the College spirit. I think that here, the Students' Representative Council could effect a unifying influence, if it became the centre of all students' organisations. I am certain that here there is much scope for development. We should be a community in which Hostel life plays a secondary

part. A Students' Union with its own particular meeting place for cultural and social life may solve this part of our problem.

Let me conclude with a few words about the greatest feature of College life. We have had many advantages of real friendship (some of which will no doubt be continued for life) but it seems incredible that in a few weeks time some of these friendships may come to an end. Let us hope that the memories of College life may be rekindled, and that many of the friendships that have been made, may be renewed through the reunions.

HARRY EASTWOOD.

Twenty-Four Hours.

- 11-0 p.m. Alarm clock set for 5-30. Suit ready over chair. Blissful repose.
- 4-50 a.m. Chaos is let loose—the alarm goes off before its time. Slumbers ended. Expletives in unknown languages heard from bed. "England arise—"
- 6-0 a.m. A prehistoric car carries two sleepy beauties to ye Citie Square. Bustle and din.
- 6-30 a.m. The aforementioned beauties attempt the impossible—to collect a certain twenty-five lads, seen on one previous occasion, from a crowd of 1,000. Impossible achieved.
- 6-45 a.m. To the station with them (railway not police). "Mind this truck. Mind this truck. Mind this truck. Mind this—" crash! Further breathed expletives and discomforting chortles from the lads. All entrain.
- 7-0 a.m. Raucous adult voices yell the cheering news of 'good-hidings' to come 'if tha duzznt biave thissen' and 'if tha duzznt cum back wit cup.' Replies of 'we've swept the seas before boys and so we shall again.' Quietness reigns.
- 7-2 a.m. — for two minutes.
- 7-15 a.m. Not quite deaf yet.
- 7-30 a.m. Start of 20 mile tour of train to see where Joe H - - - - - ve and his lads are.
- 7-45 a.m. Back to Group 26 of Coach F of Train C, to find all heads out of windows. Thick ears dealt out and heads hauled in. Community singing.
- 7-50 a.m. 'How far is it to London, sir?'
- 7-55 a.m. Ditto.
- 8-0 a.m. Ditto.
- 8-5 a.m. Ditto.
- 8-10 a.m. Take it for granted until further notice.

- 8-15 a.m. 'What's that? What's this? What's this? What's that? What the dickens do you want to know for anyway?'
- 8-20 a.m. 'Put that head in! Sit down! Stop pulling those blinds down! Please sir, he's got my place! Oo, I hav'nt sir, I wor sat 'ere afore. Yer warrant. I wor. You l - - r. Ssh— Children you must never let your angry passions rise.' Peace once more.
- 9-0 a.m. Terrific yells and cat-calls from the far end of the compartment. 'Buckley! Traitor! You dirty scruff! Let's bump 'im!' Authoritative voice. 'What's all this?' Subdued murmurs. A small voice: 'Look, sir, 'e's got black and white stockings, them's t' Widnes colours.' 'Hmph. Carry on!'
- 9-45 a.m. 'Sir, they're having their lunch at t'other end o't train. When are we goin' t' have ours?' 'I don't know.' (afterthought) 'Who told you to go down the train? You're not supposed to leave the compartment.'
- 10-0 a.m. Sudden observation of other details of dress. 'Them's t' Unslit colours on yer tie aren't ther sir?' 'Yes, lad.' 'Wheear did yer get it through, mi dad wanted one?' Name forthcoming. 'When do we get our rosettes?' 'When do we get our lunch?' 'What?' 'How?' 'Why?' 'When?' 'Where?' 'I don't know.' 'I don't know.' 'I DON'T KNOW!'
- 10-15 a.m. A little silence—a very little, while inner man is attended to. As tea comes along chant rises and swells: 'Tea, tea, dishwater, dishwater. Tea, tea, dishwater, dishwater.' (Chanted in monotone with even accents, with extra emphasis on each dish).
- 10-30 a.m. While the cat's away, the mice will bunfight.
- 10-45 a.m. 'Will those responsible for the mess in the Dining Room—sorry, Coach—stay behind and pick it up?' Or words to that effect, meaning everyone to the rescue.
- 11-0, 11-5, 11-10, 11-15 a.m., und so weiter. Just to remind you. 'How far is it to London?'
- 12-0 noon—2-50 p.m. London, Motor-coaches, Squeeze, Sights, Guide, Mansion House, Bank of Tower, England Bridge, St. Paul's Embankment, Westminster Ben, Big Buckingham, Monument Palace, Brain fag, Stembly Wadium.
- 3-0—4-30 p.m. Football match. Thrills. Widnes, Hunslet, Hunslet, Hunslet, Hunslet, Widnes, Hunslet, Hunslet, Hunslet, Hunslet, HUNSLLET. If you've never heard of it before, you have now.

4-30—11-0 p.m. 'We've swept the seas before boys, and so we shall again.' —To the lad in the black and white stockings: 'Say, kid, are you afraid of the big bad wolf?' 'No!' 'Well the other two little pigs are.' Leeds.

'WE'VE SWEEPED THE SEAS BEFORE BOYS—.'
T.C.B. (Cavy).

Advice to Juniors.

GATHER round, ye Juniors of 1934-6, and list to words of wisdom from one who has the courage to proclaim her faith in human nature. Other juniors have not been so fortunate: they have entered upon two years of sorrow and disillusionment, upon a course in the mastering of disappointment, upon experiences which have blighted their dearest hopes for the future. But I, in supreme pity for wasted enthusiasms, for languishing hopes, will reveal to you the surest and best method of succeeding. Particularly where sports and physical trainings are concerned, this advice will set you on the road to fame.

Shyness and modesty, so becoming in Victorian days, are now alas! not so becoming. Even false modesty in an age where most things in connection with women are false, is not greeted with enthusiasm. In order that you may become one of the shining lights at cricket, get yourself into a hockey team, by proclaiming yourself, in your first term, a good hockey player, and impressing others by your verve and dash, and, even though your hits are a little inaccurate, your general style of behaviour and particularly your "right attitude" to the game will ensure you of a position on every other team in the College.

But you must not falter nor lack courage. I have known some who, hindered by the remnants of an old-fashioned code, have been overcome by a curious sense of decency, and thus have failed to gain their notable positions. Remember to bring yourself again and again to the notice of the "One who is All-powerful" and let it be known that to hurdle forever would be your idea of Heaven. Your enthusiasm must be as a halo round your head, exalting you in the presence of the Awful One! But for goodness sake, don't spoil your chances at the outset by belonging to some weird and unsporting hostel.

Hearten yourself for the fray, by looking forward in anticipation to the long list of gratifications which will enable you (perhaps!) to gain the post of teacher to fifty troublesome little brats, who have twenty minutes P.T. and one half-hour games per week for the next forty years. "MENS SANA—"

Tragedy in Four Acts.

Act. I

JIM Wortle put his cup down with a sigh. He could tell from the look in his wife's eye that trouble was brewing. Emma Wortle was like that. Nature had been profuse in her gifts to Emma but it required a trained eye to find them. The storm gathered. "Now Jim," said Emma. "I've 'ad me eye on a gramophone in Ridge's for some time and I think that in this age o' machinery we ought to 'ave one in our 'ouse." Jim sighed again. It was an old feud. Drawing himself manfully to his full height—four feet nine, he said, "I've told you before I'll be master in my own house and no gramophone comes 'ere." The first part of the speech was an old favourite of Jim's—it sounded well. "We'll have no gramophone. Wind, wind, wind, worse nor a Ford car." Emma was silent. This was unusual and the calm caused Jim some uneasiness.

Act. II

"Its like this 'ere," said Emma to her friend Lizzie who was improving the shining hour by drinking tea. "Jim nearly allus gives in to me but this time he's dead set against a gramophone but I'll get one somehow. I shall have to use guile that's all." Lizzie nodded knowingly not having the least idea what guile was but intending to try Woolworth's for some later. "Yes," she said, "I'll help." "I thought you would" smiled Emma with a Mona Lisa smile that did not become her. "Well, this is my plan. I'll lose me memory and buy a gramophone." "What!" ejaculated Lizzie, "Lose your memory—then leave me out, I aint agoin' to stand for any responsibility." "That's nothing to worry about" said Emma. "I'll only pretend and then Jim'll be so upset that he'll be pleased to have some music in the house." The vote was unanimous.

Act. III

Jim Wortle and Jack Sands, engaged in the vigorous practice of lifting the elbow, looked wise. Jim had stated his case and Jack was in sympathy. It was evident that the wireless must be purchased or the gramophone would arrive to split asunder two loving hearts and destroy the peace of "The Love Nest." Plans must be made. Inspiration must be sought. It was. Then, Jack elegantly perusing last week's 'Daily Thunder' which had held his dainty sandwiches!!!, read out with deep sympathy "Man loses his memory. Buys £100 worth of goods while suffering from loss of memory." "Gosh," spluttered Jim, "the very idea. I'll lose me memory and buy a wireless. Em'll forgive me and as for a gramophone—" he whistled a line or two of "Goodbye to all that."

Act. IV

Emma and Lizzie were prepared. The flour bag had been commissioned and its contents liberally dusted over Emma's face. Lizzie wondered if people went white when they lost their memory. Still, it looked effective. Footsteps were heard and both assumed a blank expression. Loss of memory expression was natural to both. Jack entered supporting Jim. "What's up?" yelled Emma forgetting her part. Lizzie who had been prepared to produce the scene felt like C. B. Cochran when his leading lady left him flat. Jack bowed his head and murmured in a fruity tone "Come on Jim! This is your wife Emma!" "What!" shrieked Emma. "He don't know me! He's really lost his memory. Oh dear! This is a judgment on me." The men congratulated themselves upon their fine acting. Quite a number of touching scenes followed and amidst the exclamations of regret and love there came a knock on the door. Lizzie answered it. "Parcel for Mr. Wortle!" "What ever can it be?" exclaimed the wife. "Looks like a wireless" said knowing Jack, "he must 'a bought it when his memory was gone like." "Poor Jim" sobbed Emma. "If only I'd a bought him one before, he mightn't have lost his memory. I'll never forgive myself." At this moment, Lizzie, who had been regarding the scene sympathetically made herself useful by bringing to light a note addressed to Mr. Wortle. We suppose it was consideration for Jim's affliction that made her hand it over to Mrs. Wortle. She opened it. What a change! Her frame, one of very noble proportions, stiffened and she seized Jim in a loving grip. "Listen to this Jim," she said in dulcet tones—

"Dear Jim,

Hope the wireless is O.K. Dont lose your memory too long and forget the next instalment."

x x x x x x
Jim is an artist at putting on records, and at winding he's a marvel.
H. R. ADDISON. (Cavvy).

The Art Exhibition.

I wandered into the Art Exhibition. Why, I do not know. I am entirely ignorant of art in any of its aspects. My usual method, a popular one I believe, is to stand before each exhibit with a look of intense concentration on my face, for a space of about two minutes. I decided to stick to this. On my left as I went in was some pottery. That is a very bare description. Those pots of varying size and shape moved me considerably. It was a hot afternoon, and they glistened most provokingly. I ceased to think of them as objets d'art. My mouth watered. I moved on hurriedly I pondered my regulation

two minutes before some Gothic and Lombardic lettering. It was definitely good work. So was the manuscript writing and the variegated silk handkerchiefs in the same corner.

Next came the flowers. I would like to thank the people who painted those tulips and things. I forgot the oppressive heat as I gazed at them and dreamed I was for a moment "flower lulled in sleepy grass." And then I saw the Wasle Wasle bird. Believe me, that bird has to be seen to be believed. I know now the derivation of that expressive phrase—"he got the bird." I recoiled. The Wasle Wasle bird leered. So did the Pugwump his neighbour and the rest of these gorgons except the Mingi-Mangi Horse who wore a sad air of melancholy. I pitied him and backed away to the designs corner. I wonder how you do those intricate designs? Do you splash on your paint and then scratch about with a broken comb or—A voice behind me spoke. "Marvellous" it said. "Wonderful" I replied and passed on to the linocuts. There was nothing exceptional about these. I found the inevitable ship at sea, the cows in the field, and a clever impression of a motor cyclist travelling at speed. There was also a night-watchman who, judging by the expression on his face, was bemoaning the fact that the horse that couldn't lose had run nowhere in the two-thirty.

I have forgotten the titles of the landscapes. I know that one was a bird's eye view of a scrambled egg. True, it was cunningly disguised as a view on the Norfolk Broads but it did not get past me. "All Quiet on the Western Front" was there too. Why won't people forget the Great War? A woman behind me seemed to be under the impression that it was the Aire Gap in a thunderstorm. I gazed at her pityingly and murmuring "Faulty technique" passed on. I often murmur "Faulty technique" in Art Exhibitions. It is a habit I acquired from a friend of mine who developed an imposing reputation as an art critic on the strength of those two words, judiciously interpolated.

The figure drawing did not interest me much. Fair ladies sat or reclined in varying positions of languor and bad posture at intervals of eighteen inches, all along the wall. An Alpinist in a hostel jersey, college scarf and football boots gazed out on to the stern unrelenting snows...!

I absent mindedly lifted the lid of a decorative cigarette box. It was empty but nevertheless very neatly coloured.

A little further on I entered the realm of faerie and stayed quite a long time in front of paintings of Peter and Wendy en route for the land of Nowhere, not to mention Old Mother Hubbard and a fearsome witch on a broom stick. A thesis on "Peasant Costume" interested me greatly. Hungars, Czechs,

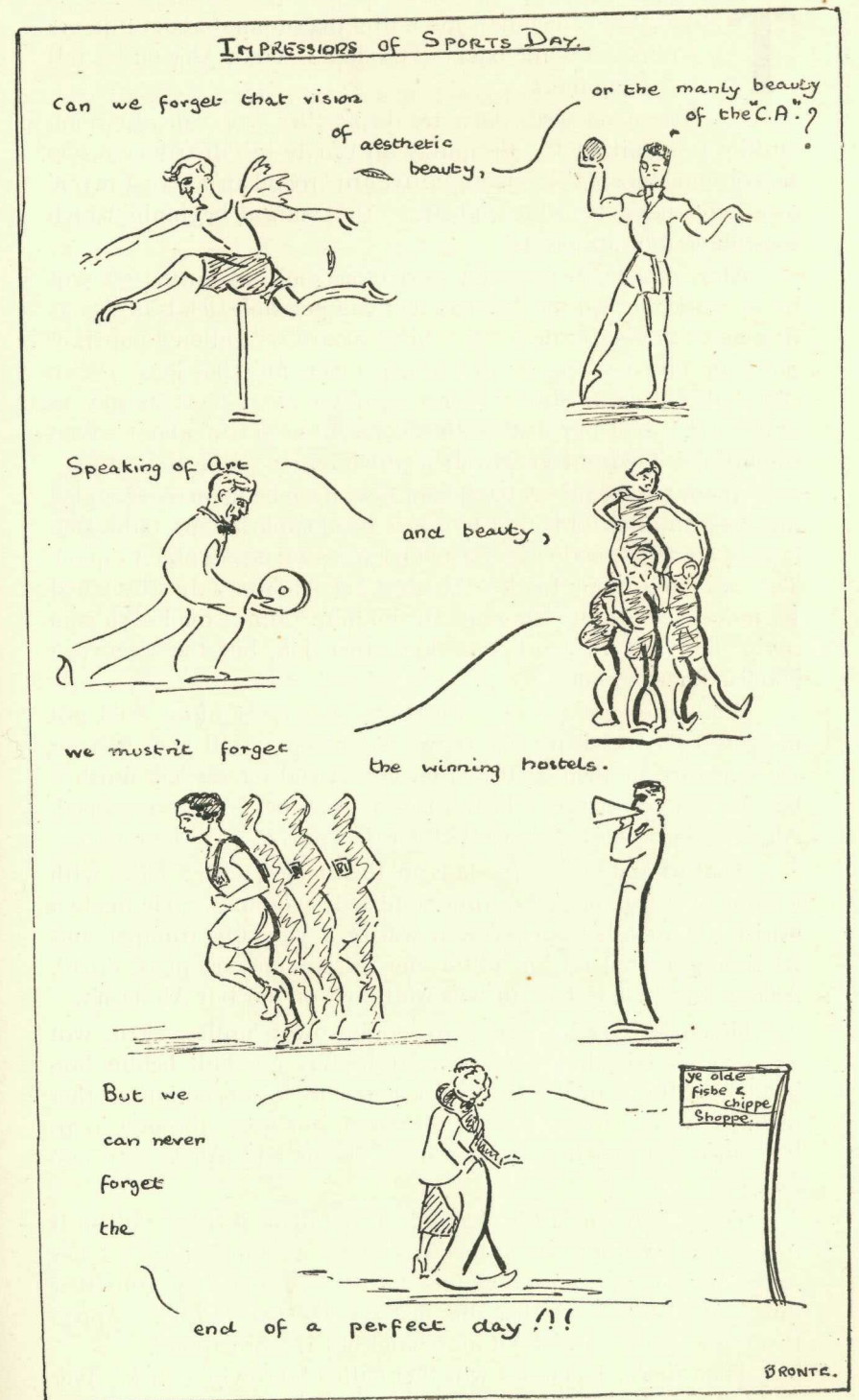
Mademoiselles, Senoritas, pesitas, havanas, piccolos, gigolos, etc., etc., were there in all the glory of their black coats, red waistcoats, green skirts and orange cuffs. The women had curious skirts which stuck out at least a yard and seemed either to have a hoop round the bottom or to be made of very stiff material. I gave this much thought. A little tragedy presented itself to my mind. Imagine the following. The scene is mediaeval Germany. Hans, a nasty character with more than one dirty deed to his name, falls in love with a sweet maiden, let us call her Gretchen. He begins to see himself as others see him. He wishes he had not made such a habit of murders and garrottings in the past. One night, when strolling in the moonlight, Hans is moved. He tells all—his shady past, his love for Gretchen and his desire to reform. The usual stuff, in fact. Surely now is the time to "fold her in his great manly arms" (Hearts Aflame. Page 6) and so on. But can he? We think not. Ten yards of muslin and 5 hoops stand between him and his heart's desire. A very real tragedy that we in this modern age know nothing of. I tore myself away to look at the plates. I thought some were exceptionally good. The designs were of the usual kind—lines here, lines there, with an occasional square, diamond or circle every two inches.

It would be impossible to mention here everything I saw at the Art Exhibition. There were pastel stencil designs which you make by drawing crayon lines and smudging them to your heart's content, and all sorts of tricky mats and things. I looked at my watch. It had stopped. This I attributed to the Wastle Wastle bird. Averting my eyes from it, I passed out. A.B.L. (Fairfax).

Perspective.

From far above a long object hurtles downwards towards the earth. The terrible glistening point and long shining tube are dazzling in the sunlight. Projecting from the end, growing ever clearer as this monster of the skies spins earthward, is a long dull yellow rod with dark stains in parts, and from a bulge at the bottom tapers to a thin rounded end at the top. As the object sticks upright in the earth, quivering, a black liquid scatters and falls in great shimmering pools all around. The fearsome missile remains swaying to and fro on the wet shining point until suddenly an immense brown object with five long tentacles falls like the shadow of an eclipse and, by means of two crooked claws, drags it from the earth and carries it far above again and out of sight.

This is not Eastern magic, nor yet a new instrument of death operated by apparatus far above in the skies in some war of the worlds. Even so would a falling pen appear to the silly worm, and thus unkindly monstrous the hand of a boy recovering it.



East Yorkshireman at the Sports.

THA mebbe remembers me tellin' tha summat about this 'ere collidge a while back. Tha does? Well, Ah's off ter tell tha some more.

Tha niver seed sike a ter-do as ther wor yan afternoon 'ardlins a fortnit back. Seemin'ly all t'foalk in t'distrik cum oop tiv oor quod ter see t'stoodents gallivantin' roond an' 'aboot, lowpin' ower wot ther call 'urdles and sike. Ah'll start at beginnin' which is nobbut right an' proper.

Afore dinner all t'lads (er moast on 'em) 'ad gotten off wot bit er work ther 'ad ter do so as ther cud goa an' stick bits o' flags in roond t' course, er dekerate a black board wi' culled paper, er put doon bits o' string fer us ter trip ower, an' sike jobs. W'en ther'd all gotten finished it wor a sight ter see, a'most as gay as Hull Fair. Not but wot it did take a bit er gettin' 'aboot wi'oot tummlin'. 'Owsumiver it were a pithure.

About two be my watch (aboot fowerteen be them noo-fangled uns, but Ah allus 'olds that wot was good enuff fer me ould Dad is good enuff fer me) foalks started ter spread thersens about t'quod. Ther was that mony foalk wi' badges on Ah wer fair frightened ter move case Ah did summat Ah shudn't. Minds tha! Ah isn't sayin' but wot ther orl was doin' ther job, but ther seem'd a goodish click, ter me.

Well, ther got goin! Fust race wer ower afore Ah'd got mesen set ter watch it. Ah thowt ter mesen—Ah'll stop 'ere ter see 'em start an' then Ah'll goa ter t'other end ter see 'em finish—but Ah were ower late. Then t'lasses 'ad a goa. Ah were capped. Ah niver seed noa lasses ser slick on ther pins as wot these was.

That went on fer a bit—lads an' then lasses, with a feller with a trumpet yellin' oot ivery time somebody won owt. He made a fairish din an' all, seein as 'ow it warn't a very big trumpet, but Ah soon got tired on 'im tellin' me ter get mesen oot o' t'road. Ah'd er liked tiv telled 'im wot Ah thowt on 'im but Ah dusn't.

Mesen Ah liked ter see 'em 'oppin' ower 'urdles. Ern, wot won, warn't 'alf slick—'e'd be orlright wiv oor bull behint 'im, mebbe. After t' urdles lasses 'ad a goa at a concoction er ther own. It were a bit o' orlright ter watch 'em goin' through 'oops like nowt ser much as them circus cloons wot Ah've seen noo an' agen.

Tug o' war was a bit o' good. Tha'd niver believe. When it looked like red uns er yellor uns was off ter win up jumped a feller called Ike an' 'e sez ter t'blue uns "Pull" 'e sez an' by gum ther did—pulled like mad ther did just cos Ike sez "Pull." 'Appen ther'd got it all worked oot aforehand but it wor cappin'.

Then ther 'ad summat wot ther called 'throwin' t' disk.' Iver

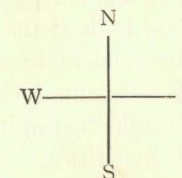
ser many lads took it i' turn ter lark 'aboot in a circle an' then chuck wot looked ter me like a fairish big plate. It went a decent space an' all but Ah didn't fancy bein' ower near when it were bein' chucked. 'Owiver, Ah cum through orl right.

When all t'runnin' an sike was ower a lot on 'em cheered an' a lot on 'em clapped but ther got nowt for it. Mesen Ah was 'aboot wore oot wi' shoutin' an' gettin' mesen all on a dither so Ah were 'appy ter goa fer me supper. Takkin' it by an' large, as me ould Dad used ter say, it warn't a bad day. Ah wouldn't mind anither sich but Ah'se think mebbe foalks 'as plenty o' work ter do afore t' end o' this 'ere term ser ther won't 'ave time fer gallivantin'.

J.M.D. (Grange).

Pons Asinorum.

OUR BRIDGE PROBLEM. The players each hold thirteen cards, except North, who dealt, and East, who incidentally is playing his first game. North has fifteen cards and East has twelve, one of which is the Joker, which is important. What would you do about it? The cards lay as follows:—



North (dealer):	Clubs: ———	Diamonds: 2,3,4,6,7,K,A.
	Hearts: A,9.	Spades: A,K,Q,J,10,9.
West:	Clubs: 5,4,3.	Diamonds: 10,9,8,5.
	Hearts: A,K,Q.	Spades: 8,7,6.
South:	Clubs: 10,9,8,7,6.	Diamonds: ———
	Hearts: J,10,8,5,4,2.	Spades: 4,2.
East:	Clubs: A,K,Q,J.	Diamonds: Q,J.
	Hearts: 7,6,3.	Spades: 5,3.
		Joker.

At first glance the hands appear to be unusual. For instance both North, who dealt, and West hold the ace of hearts. This is easily explained. The cards belong to South (Partner to North who dealt) and he has substituted the ace of hearts from another pack for the two of clubs which was torn in a very ungentlemanly scramble over the result of a previous game. This ace of hearts deludes incautious opponents into calling two hearts and going down heavily, because the backs of both aces are identical and South has written "Two of Clubs" on the back of each. This is

known as Chicane, now obsolete in the best circles, and shows South to be a cunning player.

Two of the players are of Scotch descent and the stakes are fivepence per hundred points.

North opens the bidding and being experienced calls one club. This bid tends somewhat towards the psychic. South interprets the bid correctly because of the sneers of two critical onlookers and a meaning glance from North. West, being left-handed, thinks it is his turn to bid and calls one heart. He is not heard, however, because North and South are busy persuading East to bid. East, playing his first game, calls one club, just as North had done. After a heated argument it is decided that this is out of order. East refuses to go two clubs, even after North has banged his hand on the table in a fit of temper, (Grand Slam). at the same time showing South his five spade honours. West demands a re-deal whereupon South refuses to play. As the cards belong to South a pact is arranged. South then calls two diamonds which is meant to indicate to North that he has two. To drive home the lesson he attempts to tap the foot of North who is expecting some such signal. In doing this he inadvertently hacks the shin of West, who, taken off his guard, drops his cards and clasps his shin. After a good look at the cards North and South pretend to be talking to the critical bystanders. West recovers, picks up his cards, and after assuring East, the beginner, that he is confusing terms if he thinks trumping always implies such violence, tries a subtle bluff by calling: "Double two hearts." If East had a sound knowledge of the game this, an informative double, might help, but at present it means nothing to him. This was really a skilful bid on the part of West because (a) it was psychic and calculated to baffle North, South and even East, and (b) it might easily result in a scuffle which would at least save him a game (5d. at par). North and South, however, do not resort to violence. They realise that West is calling Hearts off a potential two of clubs and that East, having eleven cards and a joker is extremely vulnerable. They have discovered most of this from the conversation of the two critical bystanders who are, to say the least, indiscreet. After South had made a veiled reference to the Earl of Yarborough, North decided that he could get two spades on his own hand. He called. The rest passed, South offering to bet a dollar that North would "make." There were no takers and East led the Ace of clubs which North trumped. North then led three rounds of spades during which West revoked twice. (Finesse). On the third round East played the joker and demanded "one for his nob." In the confusion which followed North dropped two unwanted diamonds under East's chair, reducing his hand to

normal. North eventually made nine tricks. The expected controversy over the Ace of hearts, for which South had already prepared a suitable lie, did not arise because North managed to throw away his nine of hearts, slip the ace on a trick which he had trumped, and retrieve the nine of spades with which he trumped West's ace when it was played.

One incident in the hand will provide a useful lesson for young players. North was three times prevented by West from leading from dummy when the lead was in his own hand. At the fourth attempt North succeeded. There is a moral somewhere.

AUFSATZ.

C.L.T.C. Sketch Club, 1933-34.

ALLOCATION OF PRIZES IN ANNUAL COMPETITION.

OLD STUDENT'S SECTION.

Lino. design	Miss Exley.
Design	Miss Berry.
Life	Miss Stokoe.

PRESENT STUDENTS' SECTION.

Landscape	Mr. E. W. Rolfe	...	1st.
			Mr. G. H. Wilkinson	...	2nd.
Portrait	Mr. E. B. Wild	...	1st.
Life	Mr. W. G. Mellor	...	1st.
Nature	Miss M. Wood	...	1st.
			Miss Etherington	...	2nd.
Character Study	Mr. W. G. Mellor	...	1st.
			Mr. Lindup	...	1st.
Illumination	Mr. E. B. Wild	...	1st.
M.S.S. Writing	Mr. E. W. Rolfe	...	1st.
Design	Miss M. Lickley	...	1st.
Pottery Painting	Miss F. Burton	...	1st.
Embroidery	Miss A. Plant	...	1st.
			Miss R. Dobson	...	1st.
			Miss M. Lickley	...	2nd.

W. G. MELLOR, *Hon. Sec.*

Education Society.

THE number of activities during the term, has necessarily been curtailed owing to the approach of the Final Examination and School Practice.

Those students who have availed themselves of the facilities offered by the different establishments, will have seen some of the complex machines, and the numerous processes, which go to make

the Industrial World of to-day. In most cases the visits have indeed been a revelation and we should be grateful of this opportunity for expressing our thanks to the managers and staffs of the various Industrial and Commercial establishments for the kind invitations which have been extended to us.

The lecture given by Prof. Frank Smith on "Some Old Children's Books" proved to be most interesting. The subject chosen, coupled with the lecturer's fine sense of humour, and his dramatic rendering of the different prose passages, was appreciated by all who were present.

At a committee meeting held recently, it was decided that the Society should join the School Journey Association.

The secretaries for next year have not (at the time of writing) been elected—to those who are fortunate enough to be elected and to the Society, we wish every success.

MARY GALLEY, MAURICE CHESNER, Hon. Secs.

Country Dancing. 1933-34.

The Country Dancing this year has been very enjoyable. The classes have on the whole been well attended, though they suffered when Miss Barrett left since this left large numbers for Miss Dunstan's class. We should like to thank both Miss Barrett and Miss Dunstan for the practical help and encouragement they have given throughout the year.

Early in the year the women students gave demonstrations of several dances to the Carnegie men at their Saturday morning class. It was felt by many that a successful joint social could be arranged, so on Friday, March 23rd, twenty-five senior women spent an enjoyable evening at Carnegie when various English, Scottish and Scandinavian dances were performed. On the 21st April the Country Dance Party was held. The programme consisted of general dances, musical items, and exhibition dances by the different women's hostels. The exhibition dances took the place of the competition of previous years. The evening was very much enjoyed by those present. We are hoping to give demonstrations of Country Dancing on Open Day; this, we feel, will be a good ending to a successful year.

RUTH SHAW, (*Capt and Sec*).



General Sports News.

The competition for the Principals' Trophy (Shield) has this year been reorganised. In previous years the shield was won or lost on Sports Day, athletics only being considered in the competition. This year a new system has been evolved, and approved, whereby all the hostel games (including swimming and fives) count towards the shield.

The main points are as follow :-

- (1) A 3—2—1 basis for all hostel matches.
- (2) A 3—2—1 basis for result of Sport Day.
- (3) Not less than eleven players to participate in any hostel games. (To bring in more players).
- (4) Not less than twenty competitors from each hostel on Sports Day.
- (5) The shield is won by the hostel having the highest aggregate from all inter-hostel games and athletics.

Result up-to-date.

	GRANGE	FAIRFAX	CAVENDISH
Rugby	2	2	2
Assoc.	2½	2½	1
Hockey	3	1½	1½
Lacrosse	3	1½	1½
Sports	3	2	1
Cricket			
Tennis			
Fives			
Swimming { Squad			
{ Polo			
Total			

Sports Day was held on Wednesday, May 2nd, and was favoured with fine weather and a keen competition. Grange carried everything before them; this being entirely due to good team spirit and individual performance.

The outstanding performance of the day was the record of 16 secs for the 120 yds hurdles, set up by E. R. Dalton (Grange).

J. W. FLEETWOOD, (*Hon. Gen. Sec*).

Men's Cricket Club. Season 1934.

Results of matches up to and including Saturday June 6th.

College 1st XI

- April 21st v. Thornbury C.C., At Home, Won.
 College—101 (Belton 29; Hall 29).
 Thornbury—64 (Passant, 5 for 12, Dixon 4 for 10)
- April 25th v. York Banks C.C., At Home, Won.
 York—60 (Dixon, 5 for 19, Passant 3 for 14)
 College—96 for 2 wkts. (Clayton 22* Belton 56* Pickering 16)
- April 28th v. North Leeds C.C., Away Cancelled.
- May 5th v. Bradford Tech. Coll., Home, Cancelled.
- May 12th v. Sheffield T.C., Home, Won.
 College—80 (Clayton 38, Sheldon 14)
 Sheffield—63 (Passant 6 for 14)
- May 19th v. Scholes C.C., Away, Cancelled.
- May 26th v. Carnegie P. T. Coll., Home, Lost.
 Carnegie—247 for 8, (Rothwell 81, Belton 2 for 6)
 College—102 (Sheldon 31, Pickering 21)
- May 30th Wed. College v. York T.C. At York. Draw.
 York—128 for 8 wkts. (Passant 2 for 17)
 College—66 for 8 wkts. (Sheldon 30, Hall 14 Wild 12*)
- June 2nd Sat. College v. Bradford Tech Coll. Away. Won.
 College—193 for 8 wkts. (Passant 92, Hey 24, Isaac 22,
 Bradford—41 Dixon 5 for 7, Clayton 5 for 14) [Sheldon 18)

College 2nd XI

- April 21st v. St. Chad's Ch. C.C., Away, Match Drawn.
 College—65 (Pickering 33)
 St. Chad's—11 for 0 wkts)
- April 28th v. North Leeds C.C. 2nd XI Home, Cancelled.
- May 5th v. Scholes 2nd XI Away, Won.
 Scholes—42 (Brumby 4 for 13, Arme 4 for 18)
 College—45 for 7 wkts. (Hey 23)
- May 12th v. Sheffield T.C., Away, Lost.
 Sheffield—88 (Isaac 4 for 15, Hey 3 for 14)
 College—73 (Merriman 23, Arme 22)
- May 19th v. St. Chad's Ch. C.C., Home, Cancelled.
- June 2nd Sat. v. Woodhouse Carr. Away. Draw.
 College—151 for 7 (Jackson 42*, Rushton 25)
 Woodhouse—55 for 5 (Arme 4 for 18)

Hostel Matches.

- May 9th Cavendish v. Fairfax, Cavendish Won.
 Fairfax—41 (Scarborough 4 for 10, Passant 4 for 16)
 Cavendish—43 (Thursby 17, Clayton 3 for 7)
- May 23rd Fairfax v. Grange, Grange Won.
 Grange—50 (Hey 13, Clayton 4 for 14)
 Fairfax—45 (Brumby 4 for 11, Sheldon 4 for 27)

F. WELLS (*Hon Sec.*)

Women's Cricket Club. Season 1934.

Capt.: D. HOLMES. *Vice-Capt.*: M. JEFFERSON.

Cricket has again been very popular, both Seniors and Juniors taking a keen interest in the game. The nets have been an added attraction, and have been well patronised. This season we have had some new tackle, bats and balls, and we feel sure they have helped us to victory in our matches.

Every Saturday has been booked for a match, but unfortunately one was cancelled owing to weather conditions, and one must be cancelled for our A.S.A. examination.

We must thank Miss Dunstan for sparing her time to give us coaching, which has been much appreciated.

Next season we hope our Juniors will have as many enthusiasts among their Juniors—Good luck to you.

The following have played for the 1st and 2nd XIs.

1st XI.	2nd XI.
R. Shaw.	E. Little, (Capt.)
L. Poyser.	N. Price.
D. Holmes, (Capt.)	P. Sudlow.
M. Jefferson, (Vice-Capt.)	J. Ager.
K. Bremner.	E. Field.
M. Howarth.	M. Spencer.
M. Wood.	D. Helliwell.
A. Clucas.	J. Smith.
M. Stephenson.	A. Hindes.
S. Richardson.	D. Wheatley.
V. Nicholson.	G. Mallen.

Our thanks are due to Miss Dunstan for acting as President and Treasurer, also to the Umpires and Scorers who have given their time so willingly.

MARJORIE C. HOWARTH, (*Hon. Sec.*)

Tennis.

Capt.: M. NICHOLSON. *Vice-Capt.*: E. ROEBUCK.

The Tennis Club has not had a very successful season owing to precarious weather, four of the matches at the beginning of the season having to be cancelled. We wish to thank Miss Dunstan and Mr. Whitham for their help in coaching the teams.

The first team has been represented by

M. Nicholson	M. Needham	H. Badland
E. Roebuck	M. Parkin	B. Lynham

The second team has been represented by

M. Perkins	K. Roberts	E. Whitaker
E. Wright	E. Nelson	P. Herman

Results of Matches.

Ist Team.	Place.	Result.
Leeds University	A	Cancelled
Ripon T.C.	A	Cancelled

Bingley T.C.	H	Lost 6—3
The Mount School, York.	H	Cancelled
Sheffield T.C.	H	Cancelled
2nd Team.	Place.	Result.
Leeds University	H	Cancelled
Ripon T.C.	H	Cancelled
Housecraft College	A	Won 59 games 40

On June 2nd we had a mixed match against the Old Owls. The College won by 12—4.

Results of Hostel Matches.

May 9th	Macaulay v. Leighton	Leighton
	Brontë v. Priestley	Priestley
May 16th	Brontë v. Leighton	Leighton
	Caedmon v. Macaulay	Caedmon
May 23rd	Leighton v. Priestley	Leighton
	Brontë v. Caedmon	Brontë
May 30th	Macaulay v. Priestley	Priestley
	Caedmon v. Leighton	Leighton

There is still another match to be played. M. NEEDHAM, (*Secretary*).

First Team.

Results.

Capt.: F. CANHAM.

Vice-Capt.: E. R. DALTON.

Sat. April 28th	York T.C.	Away	Lost
Sat. May 5th	Manchester Tech College	Home	Won
Sat. May 12th	Green Lane	Home	Won
Wed. May 16th	Sheffield T.C.	Home	Abandoned
Sat. May 19th	Leeds University	Home	Cancelled
Wed. May 23rd	Sheffield University	Away	Lost
Sat. May 26th	Green Lane	Away	Lost
Sat. June 2nd	Sheffield T.C.	Away	Lost

Second Team.

Wed. April 25th	Wesley College	Home	Lost
Sat. April 28th	York T.C.	Away	Cancelled
Sat. May 5th	Bradford Tech.	Home	Won
Wed. May 16th	Wesley College	Away	Cancelled
Sat. May 26th	Bradford Tech.	Away	Lost
Sat. June 2nd	Old Owls	Home	Won

So far this has been a disappointing season. Several matches have been cancelled owing to wet weather and of those played, the first team has won 2 and lost 4, while the second team won 2 and lost 2. The first team sustained a heavy defeat at Sheffield University losing by 8 rubbers to 1, but the other matches have been more even, York and Green Lane especially only winning by narrow margins. The standard of play has been only moderate but steadily improves as the term progresses and we hope to finish the season with a series of successes.

The teams have been chosen from, Canham, Dalton, Stanger, Hemmingway, Potter, Schofield, Townend, Boulton, Llewelyn, Dean, Green, Fleetwood, Wild, Gratton.

E. R. DALTON.

Swimming.

Capt.: K. TAYLOR.

Vice Capt.: N. ADDLESTONE.

The outstanding event this term has been the Inter-College Swimming Gala, held on May 9th. This took the form of a triangular contest between York T.C., Carnegie Hall and Leeds T.C. Swimming events and a polo competition were held on a points basis, final scores being: Leeds T.C. 32 pts. Carnegie Hall 18 pts. York T.C. 16 pts.

The contest proved interesting and enjoyable, some excellent swimming being seen, whilst the polo matches were fast and exciting, Leeds being successful in both matches.

The following men represented College: Ward, Taylor, Robinson, Addlestone, Wiles, Maxfield, Potter, Chesworth, Chesner, Rolfe, Wilcockson.

The College Polo team has improved with practice and a sound combination has been built up. The following matches have been played: May 3rd Pontefract S.C. D. 2—2.

A very evenly contested match, excellent team play by both sides. College opened with an early goal from Taylor, Pontefract equalising after keen forward play. A further goal from Taylor was followed by an equaliser after hard play in the goal mouth.

May 31st Wakefield S.C. L. 6—1.

College were forced to send a weakened team but succeeded in holding the score down to 1—1 in the first half. Wakefield were a much superior side and demonstrated real team play during the second half when we were literally swamped. Taking into consideration the fact that Wakefield in addition to being one of the best sides in the League had also a County back playing for them, we were by no means disgraced.

The following have represented the College: Taylor, Addlestone, Wiles, Hancock, Ward, Maxfield, Potter, Chesworth, Gittins, Wilcockson.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Boyd for his valuable assistance throughout the year.

R. H. WILES. *Hon. Sec.*

Swimming Report.

Capt.: MARJORIE COLLINSON. *Vice-Capt.*: KITTY BURGESS.

Sec.: DOROTHY SMITH.

Since the last report the Women's Swimming Club has had a busy time, the polo team showing steady improvement. This was shown in the return match with the University when the College was successful in both the Squadron Race and Polo match, winning by 1 goal to 0.

A very enjoyable evening was spent with the University team, in a gala which included both style and speed events. The resulting draw was very satisfactory to both sides.

Although we have not had so many awards so far this term, we are expecting a rush during the last weeks.

M. COLLINSON.

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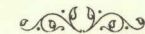
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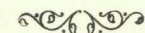


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