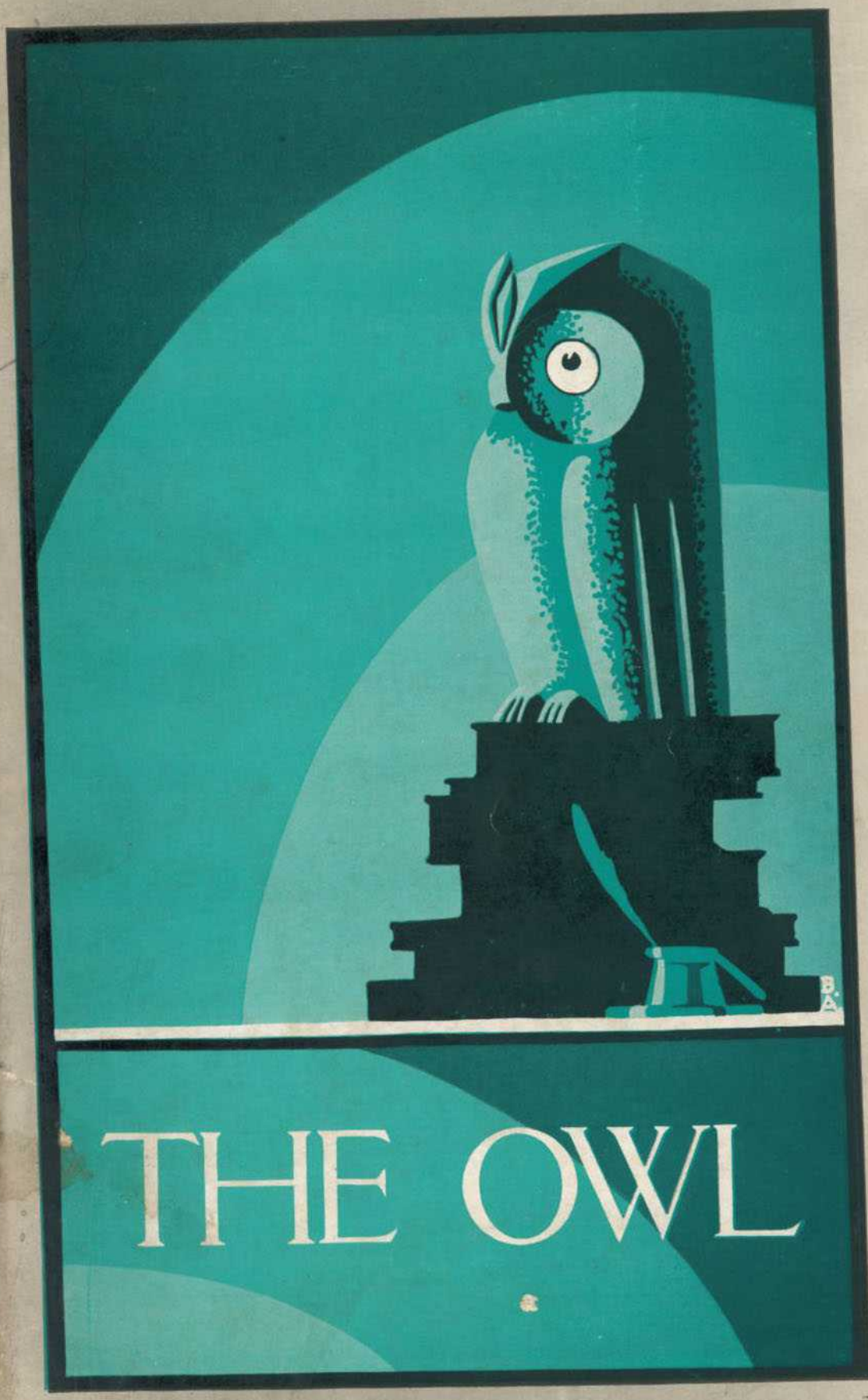


THE OWL

The Owl.

Is a magazine for the whole College, men and women, students and staff alike; it must have contributions from the pens and purses of all. It must ignore no class and injure no individual; it must serve all interests which bind us together as members of our College, and itself become one of the strongest of those bonds; and when in the fulness of time, the present fledglings have become Old Birds, the Owl shall still tell them of the old College and the new brood.

Long life and prosperity to "The Owl."

Students are requested to patronize those who advertise in "The Owl."

Contents.

* Contributions by old Students.

"THE OWL."

The Official Magazine of the City of Leeds Training College.

WINTER TERM, 1934.

To Our Readers.

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

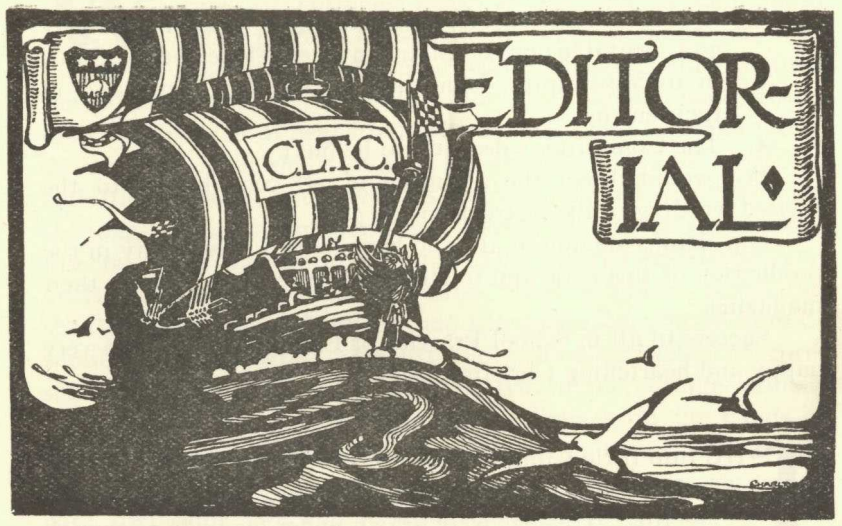
Articles on topics of general interest are welcomed, and the Editors especially desire a humorous tone in contributions. There is also scope for the writer of the short story. All contributions not printed will be returned.

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.
A limited number of single copies at 10d.
Business Manager: Mr. Addison, Cavendish Hall, Beckett Park, Leeds.



IN this issue of "The Owl," the Old Students' Section has arisen, like the phœnix, from the dead ashes of its former self and will endeavour in the future to supply that long-felt link between past and present members of the College. We invite all old Owls to help, by contributions and items of interest, to make it a really live section of the magazine.

We take this opportunity of welcoming to the College, Mr. Lawton, who is himself an old Owl, and wish him every success.

We are interested to note that, among all the contributions received for this issue there are undeniable evidences of a definite urge to write on topics of social interest, and though we may wail and gnash our editorial teeth over the lamentable lack of real humour, we applaud this belated discovery of a social conscience. Youth awakening to a sense of its responsibility in the world! Yet though life may be real and earnest and the League of Nations an affair of vital importance we would still reiterate our request for something to make us laugh. In spite of war-talk, sedition bills and school practice there must be still some little humour left in the world, even if it be only of the sardonic variety. But from the "Shakespearian quotations applied to college life" and the inevitable "ragging" themes may the Lord deliver us!

It may be that we are harbouring unknown some playwright of distinction—some embryo Galsworthy. It may be so. The Editors have therefore decided to offer a prize of £1 for the best

one-act play submitted to us which observes the following conditions :-

1. The play must be original.
2. It must be handed to the Editors not later than the 20th February, 1935.
3. Entrants should enclose their names, the title of their play and a suitable nom-de-plume in an envelope and hand this in to Miss Smith, Librarian, on the day they hand in their entries.
4. The Committee's decision to be final.

We would direct the attention of all contributors to the revised wording of the instructions on page 10.

Our thanks are due to all who have helped in any way in the production of this issue and to Ripon College for a copy of their magazine.

Success to all in School Practice or Examinations and a very happy and heartening Christmastide.

Oriental.

THE thin little Chinaman lay in silence on the low divan, and pulled nervously with his fingers at his thick, bloodless lips. His legs were drawn under his body as though he were afraid of occupying too much of the luxurious divan, and from time to time he drew the heavy silk gown he wore a little closer round his limbs. He seemed perplexed, and half afraid to move. His thoughts troubled him, too, for as they coursed through his mind they brought with them fresh nervous little movements, and increased the paleness of his yellow face.

The Queen, he thought, had long been a power behind the throne, and her claim to the title of Empress had been by no means slight. Compared with her power, her majesty, her cunning, the King's feeble qaulities had little to endear them to his subjects. These insignificant beings had long looked upon their Queen as their leader and their advocate. The King was to them a burden and an oppression. Now that the Queen was gone, there seemed little hope that the weak King would escape ruin. Little of his great army remained, and the white menace was growing steadily greater and more pressing.

The little Chinaman felt his limbs grow cold at the thought of the destruction which seemed certain to follow the passing of the Queen. He remained absolutely silent, and yet his hands and eyes spoke louder of his agitation than any words could have done. For perhaps ten minutes there was complete silence in the room, and then the fat old Chinaman seated on a tasselled cushion opposite the divan spoke quietly. "Oh ! son of Sloth, move quickly, for this game of chess has lasted long enough."

C. W. Hill. (Fairfax).

Musings and Meanderings.

"Richard Jefferies" comes to Yorkshire.

I

WHERE the path went up out of the village and the last row of cottages stood at the end of long lupin filled gardens house-martins were screaming as they hawked for flies, their white rumps flashing against the dark dry green of the hedge. The morning sun had already drawn a shimmer of heat from the corn and dried the dews of the short night; snail shells around the thrush's anvil betrayed the activities of dawn, but now birds and animals had withdrawn for the long siesta of a summer's day, leaving the heat to flowers and insects. Only the swallows and martins hawked ceaselessly, and swifts cut the high blue air, tense black scimitars screaming shrilly. Down the side of the field heartsease, tiny violet of midsummer, was growing amongst the yellowing stalks of corn, small and insignificant before its relatives in the cottage gardens who have developed hues of exceeding richness in the hands of man. Yet at the edge of the orchard, and on the waste land by the potting shed where a few plants have escaped the gardener's care, dwindling size and sobering colours betray their ancestry till the visitor mistakes them for their delicate purple and cream brethren of the fields and asks if they are "wild pansies." It is curious to see how some plants have changed thus, losing scent, or form, or colour, whilst others survive even a change of name. Monkshood and toadflax, foxglove, Jacob's ladder and bell flower grow in the midst of calceolarias and dahlias as unchanged as in their native woods and lanes, preserving a cool, sturdy beauty, a delicate elusiveness of colouring amongst an exoticism that is only gaudiness in our Northern gardens.

By the side of the copse the ivy rustled continually, and just within the shade of the wood young blackbirds and thrushes scattered in consternation, but soon paused and eyed the intruder, half-curious, half-timid. A jay which suddenly burst out of a haw bush with a clatter, and came screaming overhead, put them to precipitate flight again. The jay and blackbird are the sentinels of the woods; nobody heeds the inquisitive chip-chipping of the tits, or the chattering indignation of Meeko the squirrel, but when the rapid "chuck-chuck-chuck" goes up the rides, or clangour awakens the silence the woodfolk take cover, and unless the watcher can spare an hour of waiting he will see little.

The track crossed the main road that ran due North and South, a long shimmering streak of black laid on foundations that have lasted from the days of Augustus Cæsar. Straight and characterless it bespeaks an efficiency and dominance that has its

counterpart in modern life. Where the gleaming tar ribbons that disfigure the face of England coincide with the ways of the legions, men still move driven by a lust for power, for efficiency, dominance, "Progress." Away to the West where the ground rises to the edge of the limestone escarpment a road comes trolling along between the beeches that line the ridge. It twists across a plateau, drops suddenly to cross a brook and goes up the further slope with a little run; a narrow, green road, now a strip of daisy-jewelled turf now sunk between high banks, it makes sudden turns and rushes, ambles along under the brow of a hill where the West winds go overhead and the Spring sun falls warm upon banks of early violets. It dips amongst yellow irises to a ford, scurries across a main road to visit a tree shaded earthwork, and goes wandering mazily onwards to where the stones of Boroughbridge tell of a civilisation that decayed before Rome was born. It is the relic of an age that moved to a different tempo to that of Cæsar and of modern days, when the road was something of importance besides the going: an age when the earthworks that were their towns seemed to grow out of the hills, where the long barrows of the dead were moulded to the heights they crowned, and from camp and barrow was an outlook, if not the most extensive, the most gracious that could be found. The roads are grass-grown now and the barrows crumble into slow ruin; the camps, more lasting, are the haunt of linnet and lark. The spirit of the Roman, grown from the flaws of that earlier civilisation, is predominant, and the road of the Roman is the path of 'Progress.' Cars travel the Great North Road in endless procession, some of them impelled by organization which is the denial of humanity, efficiency which is dullness of spirit, some going for the mere sake of going, driven by beings for whom self-sufficiency and gentleness, and calmness of mind are things to be scorned or exploited.

x x x x

Dropping from the high "Rig" that is the accumulated result of two thousand years of road making, a path went down the hedgeside. Here high banks were hung with bracken and crowned with the tall spires of rosebay and here and there the lilac pincushions of scabious, but these soon gave way to low grass banks that barely kept the path clear from encroaching root crops. Going through the village straggling along the road with yellow-walled houses, it falls to a stream and then climbs steeply, to wander through game-preserves on the uplands towards the old grey church four miles away. Little frequented by the stranger it is well known to the villagers who follow it through preserves past the very door of the gamekeeper, in defiance of notice boards and barbed wire. For scores of years

the dead were carried from the village to the little town that stood where the last hills sank into the marshes, and the country people refuse to yield their grim right-of-way. Up on the plateau the woods encircle cornfields silent in the heat; far ahead the land drops and the Plain of York lies shimmering: the edges of the Wolds take shape as the eye searches the farthest purple haze.

II

The air was heavy with the scent of elderflowers which lined the green road in banks of creamy white. Underfoot, straggling into the cart ruts was a profusion of gold: moneywort with leaves like green farthings, rock rose and silverweed and here and there the pale yellow of mouse-ear hawkweed shining steadily, clearness in the midst of brilliancy. This riot of colour brought to mind the pre-occupation of the poets with yellow white and red, drawing from them almost exclusively their inspiration whilst green and blue go neglected. Yet of these, one is the colour of high summer and the other has a fascination all its own.

Faced with the task of finding words for the description of colours one is forced to the conclusion of Jefferies that the language is lacking; the most that can be achieved is "cranesbill blue," "speedwell blue," phrases that convey nothing to those who have never seen the flower. For the blue of bugle on the wood's edge, of water mint and scorpion grass, the rich haziness of cornflowers, and strangest of all the tiny blue spot in the red heart of pimpernel there are no words if we take the magic of the poets; yet nowhere as in these blue flowers is there so great a range of colour. Dandelions, buttercups, hawkweeds, cinquefoil and silverweed have little to distinguish them in the distance, but between the paleness of forget-me-not and the deep purple-tinged richness of campanula and self-heal there is such a variety of tone that the appreciative eye can dispense with botany and know the plants by their hues. Nor is the blue of summer confined to plants, for over the emerald of duckweed on a nearby pond darts the metallic airy nymph Agrion the dragonfly; and the same iridescence flashes on the back of the kingfisher as it goes upstream with an angry "Tchek." More elusive than any is the deep lustre of the swallow as he comes low down the hedge-side in the sun.

Amongst the flowers at least, green is the colour of the supernatural. Where the March suns fall on some South facing bank the tiny fourheaded cluster of the moschatel rises from amongst the grasses like a double Janus greeting the Spring. Its light green flowers have a strange suggestion of clarity that the dullest day cannot dispel, and alone among the plants it bears an atmosphere of faëry that is not due to folk lore associations.

Close by in the ditch of the earthwork with the tree-covered rampart rising twenty feet above, the dull green bells of hellebore are growing. They hang beneath leaves of the same colour, and the unexperienced look long before they realise with something of a start that the plant is in full flower. To the townsman there is something unnatural in the green blooms, and the furtiveness of the hellebore has a hint of the sinister that is accentuated by its name. In summer the sickly whitish green stars of white briony straggle over the hedges. Its country name, mandrake, the reputed properties of its roots that were only handled with danger, its parasitism make it a plant of witchcraft and sorcery. All these are flowers of the hedgerows. Under the blazing sun the spurge opens its flower set within concentric rings of leaves at the top of the stem, so that one must stoop to distinguish the flower from its green setting. The hellebore is sinister under over-hanging trees, but the spurge standing in open sunshine by the wayside is arresting in its strangeness.

Within the wood nightshade made an ankle-deep carpet of dark leaves, lit to emerald where the sunlight fell. Tall lilac bellflowers glimmered ghostly through thickets and down the edges of the ride hung the scent of bruised field mint. A pheasant rocketed upwards and clattered away through the tree tops. The wall of the camp four feet high rose suddenly in front, for until one was walking upon them, the carpet of leaves, flecked with sunlight and seen through thickets gave a semblance of levelness to the steepest of slopes. The kingdom of Elmet is crossed by the tracks of the earliest settlers, who left flint arrow-head and bronze axe behind them, and by the road of the Roman, straight and ungracious; the Celt and Dane have left their place-names, and the Saxon his crosses and lynchets. The foundations of the Norman keep at Barwick are still to be seen, the dead are still found around Towton and industrialism has scarred the edges of the kingdom; but the earthworks keep their secret. Now a mere ridge in the corn, now rising twenty feet from the ditch, they cross and recross the limestone with but little suggestion of their origin or purposes. Stone Age, Bronze Age, Celt, Dane and Norman, all may have helped to weave their pattern but to-day the threads are hard to unravel. Rabbit and badger and fox find the looser soil of their enbankments easy to tunnel, man and Nature are levelling many miles, but before they disappear they may yield a little of their history to the patient seeker.

Pausing at the gamekeeper's larder the decaying remains of stoats, weasels, owls and hawks brought to mind the flock of wood pigeons that had risen from the corn as I passed. The killing of hawks has left a gap in the balance of Nature which the more adaptable birds have filled up. Rooks, jackdaws,

starlings, pigeons and gulls have increased until the insects will no longer suffice them for food and they turn to the farmer's crops and fruit. The farmer patrols his orchard, awaiting some chemical that will exterminate all insect pests and meanwhile loses far more than if he allowed the birds free access: if the chemical comes, the insectivorous birds, being highly adaptable will be driven to his fields for food, and attempts to exterminate them will be futile before the waves of migration from the Continent. We shoot the most efficient of Nature's rat-catchers, employing inefficient human ones, and then hold "Rat Weeks," introduce "charming" animals from abroad to supplement our not over-rich fauna, and then make futile attempts to exterminate them when they become a pest. The lesson is simple, but few human beings will learn it: the man who knows better than Nature does not exist.

Dusk was falling as I came up the ride to the gate. The honeysuckle had already attracted a few moths and the scent of field mint rose fresh in the cooling air. A ghostly form went down the aisles with a sighing hoot, small things scuttled in the undergrowth, and a low snaky form crossed the path. As I went through the sleeping fields where pimpernel and scorpion grass had long since closed, the edges of the wood were awakening to life.

III

The slow-worms that had lain all afternoon on the short turf of the path had slipped back amonst the heather as the shadows lengthened, and now the sun had dropped below the distant edge of the moors. From the top of the path the eye followed their sweep, mile after mile of dark purple against the gold of the afterglow. The chimney of the old ironworks stood up blackly, a forlorn reminder of the littleness of man adding to the loneliness and desolation a sense of brooding; for once industrialism had touched the landscape and had not scarred it. Further to the West the skyline humped into three mounds, round barrows on the highest point of the moor. Close at hand they sat in a triangle, heather-covered, the haunt of curlew and plover, from afar they stood equidistant in a trinity of silence, as they were before progress came to the dale, and will remain when the chimney below them has fallen to ruin. On the ridge below me two fast crumbling brethren still lifted the corn in broad discs, and along the brow of the higher hill where I sat had once stood a long barrow, being to these others as a noble to the commonalty. They sought the most pleasing outlook even in death, these old dwellers on the moors and wolds, and raising their last sleeping places did not violate Nature but added to her

beauty; four thousand years of rain and frost have crumbled them where they lie, but their tombs still bear witness to their spirit.

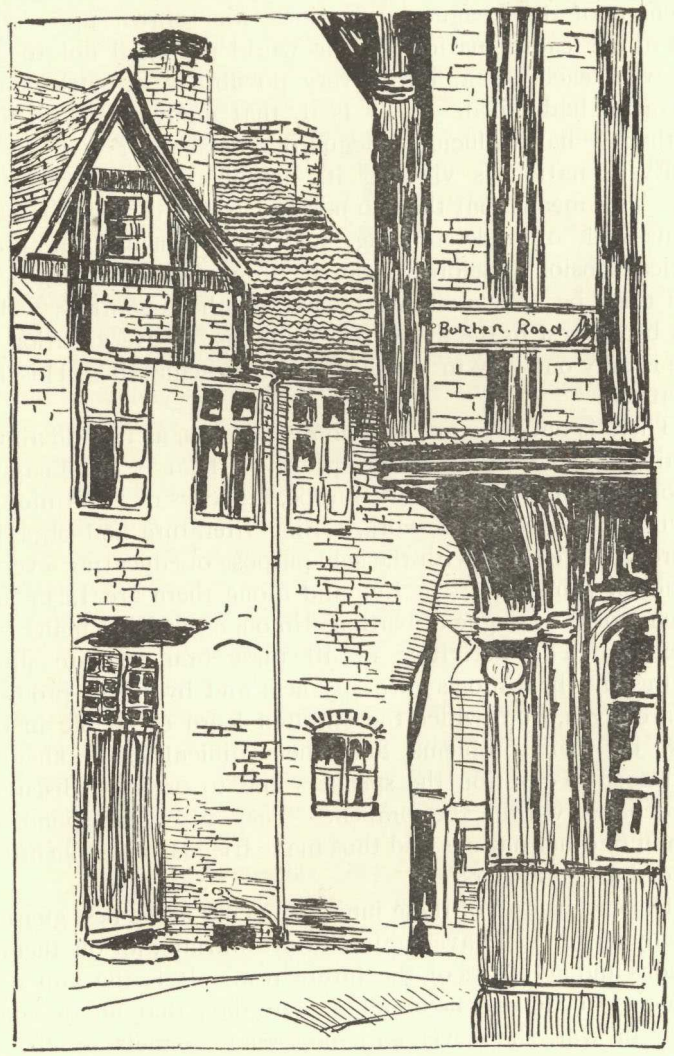
A night-jar churred persistently out over the Vale of Pickering, and from the valley beneath came the screech of barn owls as they started their nightly rounds with a raid on the chaff yards. Something moved in the hawthorn bush nearby and a blackbird went off along the hedgeside with a warning "chuck." The life of the night was afoot. Going down the hill towards the mist drifting in the valley the scent of honeysuckle lay across the road, but it was beside the stack of newly mown hay that one stopped appreciatively. The scent of new mown hay is pleasant on a July noon, but stand in the field or by the stack in the darkest hours of a midsummer night and you will find it giving up sweetnesses that no heat has been able to release.

And so, on over the bridge where the stream was singing faintly and the scent of the little water meadow came fresh into the field and through dew drenched grass. The last streaks of sunset had moved to hang over the north eastern moors until dawn, and in a pale sky shone constellations strange to the townsman who only knows Orion of the midwinter. The mist which had been moving down the valley since the last rays had gone from the water hours before, enveloped everything in clamminess, and the distant hoot of an owl came with strange clearness, as through a new medium..... C. S. (Cavendish).

Memories.

The sky hangs heavy on the dreary street
And lamps grow pale where fog comes circling in;
Life's weary pageant trudges on to meet
The dark'ning city's dull, relentless din.
A bunch of wattle—someone hurrying by—
One patch of sunlight in the sullen grey
Brings with it glimpses of a southern sky
And sails a-dipping whitely in the bay.
Yellow blows the wattle where the creek runs deep
Gaunt are the blue gums in the trembling air,
The land lies silent in a haze of sleep
And peace surrounds me everywhere—
Until the vision fades and the wattle's light
Is lost in the vastness of the city's night. M. G. Macaulay.

By the storm at sundown the moors were swept
And the pines tossed in ecstatic torture;
Now all is calm again, but I have seen
A peewit, fluttering with its broken wing
And a bewildered birch, hurled to the foot of the Fall. J. A.



An Old World Corner.

Margaret Sykes, (Leighton).

Training for World Citizenship by means of the League of Nations Union.

AFTER the last Great War there was a strong desire for peace throughout the world. Europe impoverished by four years of strife felt the need of some guarantee of peace for the future. Because of this desire the Covenant of the League of Nations was drawn up. By it most of the leading nations of the world promised not to go to war with each other, until every possibility of settlement by arbitration had failed. How is it, that many of us, no longer feel that we have sufficient safeguard against war?

Every nation is viewing its neighbours with distrust and fear. This means that they do not understand each other, and it is this lack of understanding, which is causing our present political tension. Before we can be sure of peace in the world, there must be understanding by us, of other countries. There must be interest in the ideas, and opinions, of every nation, and there is only one way in which this can be achieved. This is by education.

There is only one organisation which has, as its sole aim, the teaching of the principles of peace. That is the League of Nations Union. Throughout Europe, branches of the Union, are carrying on a ceaseless work, selling literature and organising lectures and debates, with the sole purpose of educating everyone in pacifist principles. In England alone there are 1,245 junior branches of the League of Nations Union, as well as many adult branches. The activities of all these branches are similar. Lectures by the Union's own speakers and by other prominent men are given, from which the children learn of people in other lands, of their problems and their difficulties. They are encouraged to question the speakers and to organise discussions and debates within the branch. They also correspond with children of other nations and thus make friends, of people hitherto regarded as 'foreigners.'

The enthusiasm of these junior branches is the best guarantee that any nation can have against future warfare, for on them the decisions and activities of the future rest. It is the aim of the League so to educate the children of to-day, that no thought of enmity or war, shall ever gain possession of their minds. In arousing interest in the League and its work, one of the newest ventures in England is the formation of pioneer camps which have been organised at Godshill, Hants. They were started because of the need felt, that something should be done, for many of the young members who could not attend the Junior Summer School held each year at Geneva.

These camps form a living memorial to the great League

pioneer, Fridtjof Hansen. They include in their programme many points from his early out of doors training, to which he attributed much of his later success in life. An attempt is made to develop such qualities as self-reliance, leadership and the desire to understand the viewpoint of other nations. Camping, woodcraft and direct contact with nature have a deep influence in the creation of a balanced mind and sympathetic understanding. The aim of the camp is to build up a comradeship in work and play that has no warlike tendencies whatever.

After some experiments in 1933, the camp this year was divided up into seven self-governing units, each with a leader. The whole camp was governed by a general council, consisting of the leaders of the unit camps and the general staff. The camp staff was selected for its ability to explain foreign affairs and the work of the League of Nations; also to explain the games, songs and dances of our own country and camping difficulties. Leaders from other countries such as Austria, France, Finland and Germany were included. A daily assembly of the whole camp was held at which a programme of talks and discussions on the League and foreign affairs was followed. After assembly each unit prepared its own day's activities. All kinds of visits to places of interest were arranged, while games and sports were an important feature of the camp.

This type of camp has great possibilities. One of the main difficulties is, however, the lack of suitable people to organise them. At the moment the possibility of holding a training camp for leaders is being discussed, so that several Regional camps can be organised in future years.

Youth has always possessed the spirit of adventure and at no time has it had greater leisure in which to foster that spirit. The camp provides a use for leisure and an outlet for youthful verve, thus helping to produce able citizens of an international community.

———

E. R. (Macaulay).

Armistice Day,—1934.

They do not die who live in noble deeds;
They do not die who, dying, left the seeds
Of Immortality to future years
To treasure 'mid a nation's grateful tears.
They have not died who freely gave their all
To safeguard England's pledge at honour's call;
They have not died who paid the fullest price
And saved their souls by *the* great sacrifice.
Be ours to keep their memory a trust
That neither moth consumes, nor age, nor rust,
Their proud example to commemorate
And live *our* lives, too, at no meaner rate:
To-day in silence honour we the dead,
To-morrow in their footsteps must we tread?

Introducing Aunt Margaret.

DEAR Readers,

The need has long been felt throughout the college for a "Send-your-troubles-to Margaret" column and so at the earnest request of the magazine committee I have decided to become your Aunt Margaret. In future, when cares, worries and urgent problems threaten your sleep, you have only to write your problem on a sheet of paper and send it to me. A kind of cast-your-burden-on-your-Auntie idea, if you see what I mean. Your guardian angel, guide, philosopher and friend,—Aunt Margaret. We have already received a few letters and reprint them here together with the replies, just to show you how efficient we are at this advice-business.

Dear Margaret,

I am continually pestered by a tall dark man. He lurks on Central. He disturbs my P.S. If I take myself to the uttermost parts of the College—lo! he is there. He is getting on my nerves. What do you advise me to do?

Nervous, Brontë.

Dear "Nervous,"

Your case is not unfamiliar. We know the man and what is more, this is not his first offence. We suggest you lie in wait for him at "break" and club him with a McDougall. If this fails, give him a talk on perceptual thinking. This treatment has never been known to fail.

Your friend in difficulty,
Aunt Margaret.

Get the idea? Neat, short and to the point. And now we can work better knowing that we have caused dark clouds to disappear from one young life.

The next letter taxed our ingenuity to its fullest extent. A very serious problem indeed.

Dear Margaret,

I wonder if you can help me. I am very worried about my School Practice as I have never taught before. Could you give me a few hints?

Hopeful, Leighton.

A difficult proposition you'll agree. Were we dismayed? Not a bit of it. Life is real, and life is earnest so we sat down and succoured this soul in distress. As follows. Tutors, please note.

Dear "Hopeful,"

The best is yet to be. Remember, its a good one that gets past your Aunt Margaret. Here are a few practical hints.

HISTORY:- Read "Trevelyan"—night and day. He is the one!

GEOG:- Find out "What is the matter now" or conversely "Now what is the matter." Study your 1″ map. Climb Otley Chevin and keep a close watch on your tree.

MATHS:- See that the windows are clean—to avoid disconcerting answers to your questions.

ENGLISH:- (a) Speak-k c-clearly. Borrow "How to read poetry" from the library. Forget to take it back. (b) If you see a red-tie-a fair man will cross your path. Give him a précis. Tell it not in Gath! (c) Learn plenty of good clean jokes (Aberdeen ones barred). That's all. Good luck.

Your affectionate,
Aunt Margaret.

And if that woman doesn't get a very high mark in Education, we shall be sadly grieved. That's all for this issue. In future, if you want special preparations for warts, gumboils, lumbago, toothache or anything like that send stamped envelopes. Addresses not necessary. AUNT MARGARET.

Flights of Fancy.

ALONE in the wood one warm summer evening, a line in the poem I was reading made me pause and meditate,—to surrender my thoughts to the spell of the trees:—"The horns of Elfland faintly blowing." It was "Elfland" that touched the chord, I think, for staring into the wood before me, I began to picture enchanting Elfland. The forms were faint and features elusive, but piping to his audience of woodland creatures was Pan—not an exalted Pan, a god, but Pan a merry elf, acknowledged leader because he was more reckless and carefree than the rest. Pan, sprawling on a mossy mound, his little pipes to his lips, his lustrous sparkling eyes sweeping far above the creatures near him, out into the gloomy shade. Sometimes he played a merry tune, and all the listeners danced and laughed; sometimes it was a sad, haunting melody, and the wild ones were quiet and still; again it was a wistful broken strain, inspired perhaps by the glimpses its player had had of the troubled world of humans, and the wood-folk shivered and even Pan was melancholy. But the airs were usually gay and lilting, and the crowd of moss-clad fays, bob-tailed rabbits, and sharp-eyed squirrels listened in delight. Above, the birds joined in, each in his own key, yet there was no discord.

The gathering dusk obscured my vision and the unmusical horn of a passing car brought me back to reality. What had Tennyson meant by this line? Was he thinking of the imaginative men who seek escape from worldly cares through

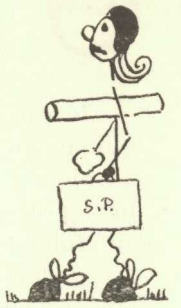
music and poetry? Perhaps that is how the Arts seek re-birth. A man hears the horns of Elfland above the clamour of busy towns; they blow faintly because their thin notes drown in the din of industrial life; there is no time to heed them because of daily routine and the search for amusement when work is done. But sometimes, to those with loftier ideals, yet simple beauty-craving souls, there are pauses in the busy whirl of life when the Elfin horns seem to blow more clearly:—some evening in a peaceful lane when the moon is young, and the breeze sings the bird's lullaby; some fresh morning when the sun is tearful, and the hedges are dew-spangled; some grey day on a cliff-top when the heavy seas below crash in angry majesty and the sea-birds shriek; or some winter day when the world hides under crisp counterpanes of snow, sewn with silver where the sun glances on a frozen rut—then, and then only do the Elfin horns begin their crescendo in the hearts of men whose thoughts are a little out-of-the-ordinary, and stir up the words and notes that are to become the poems and melodies of tomorrow. E. M. HEALD. (Macaulay).

?

Why
As soon as they become Seniors do Collegiates try
To indulge in a mad pretence
That they have all the sense
When really
The Juniors are not nearly
So dumb
Or glum
As they pretend?
Why, year after year without end
Do they insist on imposing a ridiculous name
Of a person of fame
On some poor wretch, least suited to it?
Why do they do it?
Why should a youth, comely and fair and full of zest
Be titled "Mae West"?
Has "Geoge Arliss"
Ever played the part of a "bar miss"?
What has a poor defenceless Junior done
That he should be designated, even in fun,
"Hotcha-ma chacha," or what wrong
Has merited the undeserved and most unrighteous name of "Kong"?
Does "Minnehaha" still reign
In the hearts of all our Senior men, that she may remain
The singularly peculiar appellation,
Given purely in affectation,
Of an inhabitant of Grange?
'Tis passing strange!

"ALKENEOD" Cædmon.

The Ghost of the Dailye Traile

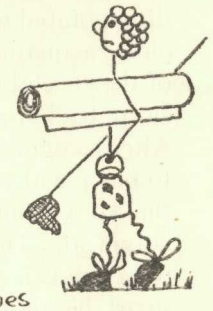


They swarm the drive in early morn,
Alack and Well-a-day!
They are full weary and forlorn,
Yet must they be away.

O what can ailthee, Students dear?
What makes thy brows so pale?
"O ask us not. The Curse is here,
'Tis come — The Dailye Traile!"

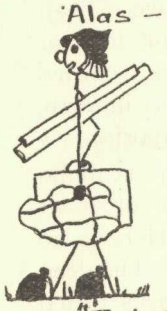
So haggard and so full o' care,
Alack and woe betide!
O tell what things go with thee there,
What bundles by thy side?

"A host of books lie in my ease,
Full many papers too."
"And I have poems — 'Chevy Chase,'
And notes on Timbuktu."



"Ah me! I have a grocer's shoppe,
With jars and tins an'all,
And in my case cold Apple Floppe
Lies wilting on King Saul."

"My cup o'care spills o'er the brim,"
Is yet another cry.
"For beetles in this bottle swim —
'Alas — if they should die!"



"O, I have tales of foreign foes
And pictures of the sea.
And here Stocks and Shares repose
With Sandwiches and Tea."

But stay, a ghost! a shade of one
Who came this way before.
O tell what made thee dead and gone;
What sorrow shed thy gore?

"I too came forth with book and case,
I too have trod this road.
To-day I tread a spectre's pace,
To-day I bear no load.

I too once wrote, and sewed and sang,
I painted, marked and read.
But "This is bad!" and "This is wrong,
And that is wrong!" they said.

There came a score, to scold me more.—
Alack and woe is me!
I took me in and shut the door
To lay me doon and dee."

H. Brontë.

Experiences in Norway.

ONE must set out on lone travels with the firm conviction that whatever happens, pleasant or unpleasant, happy or miserable, "it is all experience," and as such can be enjoyed.

It was in such a spirit that I set out alone for my summer holiday in Norway this year, and I found my philosophy completely justified. I had some moments of intense misery among others of complete happiness, yet I can say with perfect truthfulness that I can never hope to have a better holiday. The day we left I promised myself I must return as soon as possible. Now, I wonder if Norway is not barred to me in future because I fear a return visit, however good, could not recapture the delights of the first and would therefore be disappointing.

The country and the people have always had an attraction for me, founded I think, on their mythology, and I set out full of romantic illusions about Vikings. At first I was a little disappointed not to see blonde giants striding about the city, but closer acquaintance re-assured me. There is something in the set of the cheek bones, the wide blue-grey eyes, the ash-blonde hair swept back from the broad forehead that marks out the Norwegian. After recognising my foolishness in expecting them all to conform to one facial type, I was delighted to find that even in the city, the Norwegians have a gay, healthy, true open-air bearing which is typical. They are a much more cheery people than we. Their physique is much better than ours, but the men do not look as smart because their tailoring is inferior. The women's clothes are no different from our own. The shops of Oslo are very modern, and but for their names, might be our own familiar emporia.

The charm of Norway does not lie in its cities, but is found beyond their limits. One catches a first glimpse of it at Ingierstrand, a modern bathing place on Oslofjord. Here is no beach and the rocks run straight down into the fjord. The deep ice-blue of the water blends into the mauve-grey of rocks tufted with a grass greener than we boast, out of which spring the straight dark spires of pine and fir, silhouetting with matchless harmony their deep green branches against a sapphire sky. This clean clarity is reflected in the people. There is no false modesty about changing into a bathing costume in the open. The pride that accompanies the possession of magnificent bodies, bronzed by sea, sun and snow, takes its place. We looked but pale-water-wraiths beside them.

Cleanliness is an outstanding feature in Norway. Even on the rocks at Ingierstrand, there were numerous unobstrusive litter-baskets as well as a man who went climbing round with a

broom. I was much impressed one morning to see a fashionably-dressed lady go out of her way to thrust down a grating some loose paper blowing about the street and then continue her way with unimpaired dignity.

To a lover of trees, Norway is a constant delight. I can now realise to the full what "well-wooded" means. Conifers cover for never ending miles the steep sides of crags where there seems scarce soil enough for a bulb. So thickly were they forested that the crags and mountains appeared as green-furred monsters crouched to spring. Wherever trees did fail, the mountain sides were not less beautiful, being veined with creamy waterfalls which fell into clear tarns and streams of undeniably jade and emerald hues. Occasional fertile fields of barley amused us greatly. Instead of standing in sheaves, the bundles of corn are perched upon poles, for all the world like wispy lollipops. The houses are in admirable keeping with the landscape. Square set and solid the wood logs defy the winds which bend the grass growing on the roof of all true peasant cabins. This camouflage is set at nought, however, by the vivid painting of the logs. Red and green, the national colours, are very popular, and white, cream and orange, patch the hillsides. The Norwegians seem very fond of colour. The red and green national motif is ubiquitous in clothes, decorations and exteriors. Next in favour are blues and mauves. The small Frogner Park in Oslo had a glorious display of every purple hued flower backed by a perfect foil—a lawn of a green much superior to our vaunted northern grass as ours is to the parched stubble of Hyde Park. The clothes of women and children too reflect these colours of happiness and royalty.

Despite my joy in the Norway of the present, I was much delighted to recapture some illusions of the Norway of the Ancient Gods. Passing through the Ramsdal Valley we saw steep crags towering narrowly and in the blue distance breathed the Twilight of the Gods. Thor had but lately smote them with Miölnir, and if one could only see above and beyond, the shining city of Asgard would be revealed at last.

Echoes of the Vikings were recaptured in a visit to the Skibet Museum, where three authentic Viking ships rear their perfect lines despite the gaps of age. The Norwegian genius for clean simplicity is revealed even in their museums—remarkable feat! There are no stuffy mausolea with dead glass cases. Exhibits are arranged naturally as the furnishings in actual Viking and ancient cottages whose worn logs still flaunt their living roof. The Norwegians can trust themselves and dispense with ugly chains, padlocks and rails. It is only the sacrilegious barbaric tourist who abuses his privilege and fingers the intricately carved wooden mugs, bowls and irons: sometimes with very unexpected

results. It is unexpected to say the least to pick up a pewter plate from a table set as for an old Norwegian meal and to find them stamped boldly "London." But such light incidents are overshadowed by marvel at the exquisite embroideries on the national costume, now, unfortunately, a rarity. What delight to see the graceful swing of these heavy skirts in the national dances!—and joy sevenfold to hear familiar strains and see the familiar figure of Tantoli executed by Norwegians. We were privileged to see a team of national dancers in costume perform some of their old dances. This was a fitting conclusion to an authentic Norwegian banquet where we had feasted on raw bacon, dried, uncooked reindeer and mountain sheep, sour milk and Viking beer.

The food gave us many surprises. To people from a land where hotels serve scrupulously measured portions and two vegetables, Norway is a revelation. Having travelled until midnight on the previous day, we came down to the first breakfast in the hotel at Molde, feeling ravenous. On entering the dining room, however, the mere sight of what awaited us, almost satisfied me. A long table in the centre of the room was laden with dishes of every kind,—salads, fresh fruits, fish, meat, sauces and breads of untold variety. Such is Norwegian service—the diners walk round and serve themselves, clean crockery being ready at hand as their courses progress. The Norwegians believe in two good meals a day with a light tea. This is the most suitable arrangement in accordance with their hours of work. They do not divide the day in two parts, but work solidly through, except for a short interval, from nine until three or four.

We were much impressed to see the number of men and women going to business in the morning, each carrying an important looking portfolio. The secret of these portfolios we discovered later. Towards four o'clock each afternoon these workers, with the said portfolio began to appear at the bathing places. From the portfolio they took, not the documents we expected, but a towel, a costume and a packet of sandwiches. Thus ended their day's work until they departed for the evening meal. After that, those so inclined, may go to the de-luxe cinemas showing American films, or to smart cabarets and dance halls—yes, even to the Moulin Rouge, or more accurately the Rode Molle (at least I hope that is accurate). The Norwegians are again much more sensible and honest than we. They rightly recognise that evening dress is not within the reach of all, and the lack of it should not bar anyone from pleasures. Without snobbery and hypocrisy, evening dress is optional, and were it not for too meticulous foreigners, would undoubtedley be rare. The honesty and straightforwardness of the Norwegians should make us wonder how these qualities ever came to be regarded as the prerogative

of the English. Even in the ballroom these people show to advantage; their natural grace of movement is far superior to the shuffling intricacies of hyper-sophisticated dances. We did not wonder at this grace when we saw the amazing slopes negotiated in skiing, the national sport which children learn as they learn walking. The same grace is exhibited in the ease with which they walk (climb would not be the correct expression) mountains. Here again we had another instance of the refreshing lack of snobbery. The over-civilised have the erroneous idea that service is degrading and the server automatically inferior to the served. The Norwegians believe no such nonsense. The mountain guide, the waitress, driver, conductor, all are companions sharing the food, conversation and enjoyment of the party. What a relief from the usual constrained relations between payer and paid, (so often experienced). Wisely they do not consider money any criterion of real values. The peasants are true aristocrats of the soil, honest and generous. They do not try to "realise" upon the effect their picturesque surroundings have on credulous tourists. Indeed it is difficult to insist on making payment for their hospitality. I remember one charming farmer's wife who received 13 weary tourists literally without turning a hair. There was no fussing indoors to repair defficiencies in her hair or attire. She entertained us just as she was, unable to speak a word of our language or we of hers, yet her understanding smiles and attention overshadowed any Mayfair hostess.

I hope I have not given the impression that the Norwegians are a primitive people. This is not so, for they are cultured, but have no trace of the hypocrisy which over-civilisation brings.

Despite their modern dress, pleasures and habits, the Norwegians retain the essential honesty and grace of a people not over-civilised. On the other hand, they are not paragons of virtue. Little acts of courtesy and chivalry shown by English and American men to their women, are not practised in Norway. Women must climb their own stiles and leap their own bogs without assistance. If they cannot do it, then they stay at home. In a country where electric light is so cheap that one can go out and leave it on without feeling guilty of mortal sin, candles are very popular! Human nature at its old trick of scorning the cheap and easy, in favour of the less obvious.

These then, are my impressions of Norway, to whose people I shall ever be grateful. The impressions are purely personal and therefore most probably inaccurate. I have not tried to give a detailed account of my holiday. That would be of little interest to others. I have tried to give a sincere impression of experiences gained on my travels alone, in the hope of encouraging other timid souls desirous of adventure. For anyone in search of a good

holiday, Norway is an ideal country. In the words of the guide-books "it caters for all tastes"--mountaineering, walking, sport, bathing or museum-hunting. Those with romantic illusions may even dine in Valhalla if they visit a certain café, Lucullus, just off Karl Johans Gate.

To those who will adventure—Good Hunting!

ALICE MILLS.

White Chalk and Red Ink.

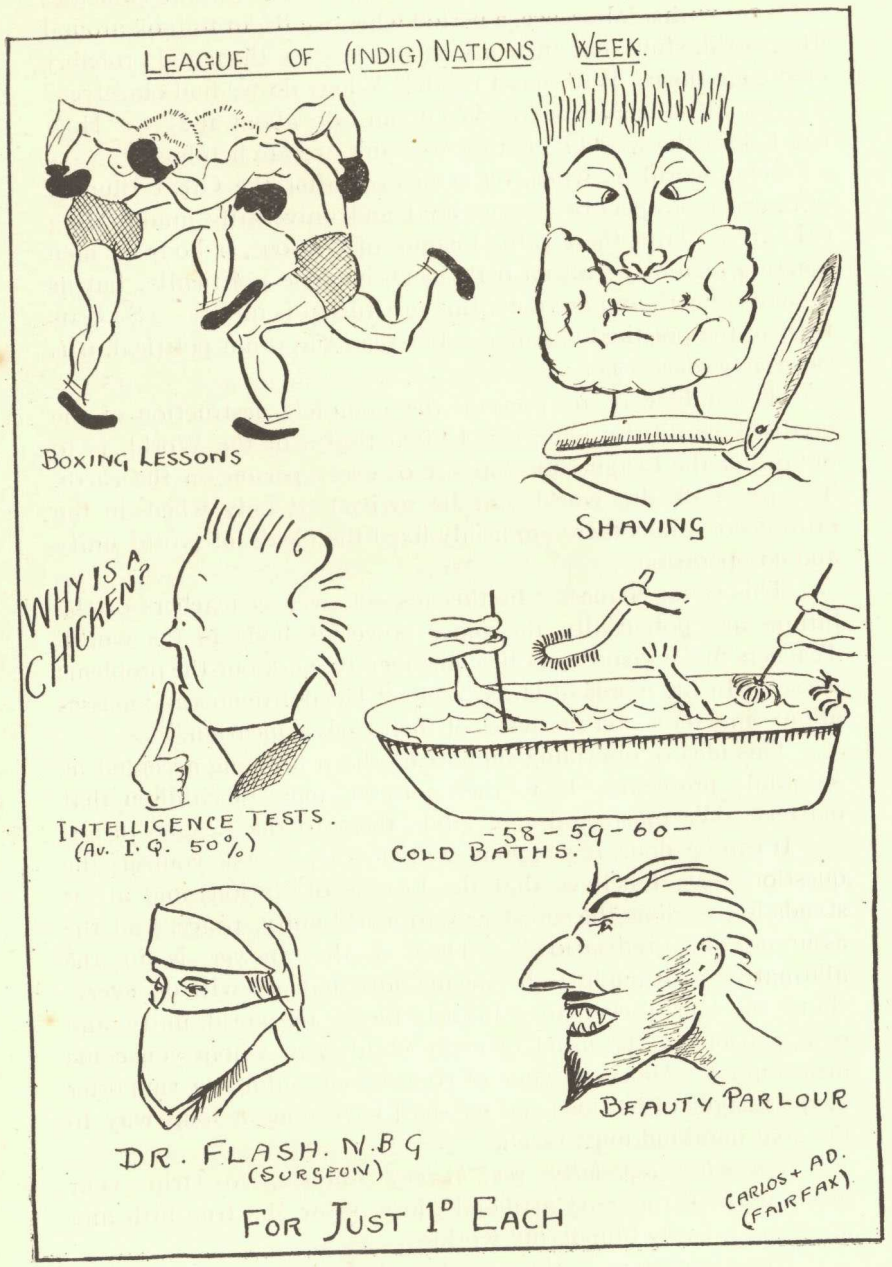
EVERY teacher uses them. They are the red and white corpuscules of a teacher's blood. White to demonstrate and red to remonstrate, they may be thought to be the white stream of instruction surrounded by the red defiles of correction.

It is a far cry to Archimedes marking out in sand geometric figures and their construction lines in order to demonstrate his proofs; white chalk and the blackboard represent here the march of the years. Yet chalk is as ephemeral as sand, both one minute portraying the fruits of human wisdom and, the next, reduced to the sterility of oblivion. Yet human knowledge is unlike human habitation. You must build the latter on rock if you wish it to survive the centuries, for, once the ravages of time erase it from view, its glory departs. But human knowledge, if worthy of the name, is capable of surviving the dust out of which it has been wrought. So the teacher must seek consolation here as the atmosphere bears away with it his industry of an hour ago. The roots of wisdom outlive the soil in which they have flourished.

Red ink is concerned with the erring aspect of human expression and consequently is unable to rise much above the level of correcting human failings and misconceptions. Above all it is dogmatic. Humanity invariably rejects far more emphatically than it accepts. Hence the ceaseless flow of red ink.

But there is a hidden subtlety in both. Instruction, it might be thought, can be compared with a flowing stream and therefore should find its representation more in the fluidity of red ink than the rigidity of white chalk. Criticism and correction are the fixed and solid values and should express themselves in something less mobile than red ink. Yet the history of knowledge and instruction reveals the subtlety. It is our standards of criticism that change for more readily than the thing we are criticising. Human expression and determination are almost as old as the hills; it is the flow of criticism that establishes our values and its symbol is red ink.

H. VENSTER.



Make History!

YEAR after year in company with thousands who are doing the same thing elsewhere, some 200 youths and girls enter here upon a college life. This adventure coincides with adolescence, a period when we begin to look around the world, study our institutions and analyse them and probably challenge them. With what result? Where do we find ourselves?

Usually the answer to "What can I do about it?" "How can I right the world?" is that we can't, we are helpless.

The world is worse off than ever after the Great Blunder with every prospect of another final and universally annihilating calamity. True, there is the League of Nations, a body of men meeting regularly; also a little has been done politically, but as a mere council, and no more, this institution is useless. So is its trust in the political machine. For the issue is not political, *it is supremely educational.*

The only way to prevent the complete destruction of the civilised world, to achieve a United States of the World, is to obtain for the League, the support of every person on the earth. The peace of the world can be arrived at only when, in the millions of minds there are firmly fixed the ideals of world unity and co-operation.

This is our chance. In this respect, we, as teachers of the future, are potentially the most powerful body in the world. Teachers make history; politicians merely work out the problems we set. In the words of H. G. Wells "The politicians and masses of our time dance on the wires of their early education."

This idea of obtaining support has been too long accepted as an adult problem. It is the enormous mass of children that matters. We must, and can, guide them to the League ideals.

It can be done if everyone will do this. Ask yourself the question, "Do I believe that the League of Nations and all it stands for, is alone the surest way to world unity, peace, and the assurance of civilisation." Then if the answer is in the affirmative as it ought to be, decide now that you will do everything in your power to establish ideals of world unity and co-operation in the mind of every child with whom you come into contact. Make everyone of your school-children a supporter of the League of Nations and we shall have gone a long way to the goal mankind must reach.

Remember especially you history teachers, to strip your teaching of all the petty artificial glory, show the true filth and misery of a badly blundering world.

The alternative is the complete destruction of civilisation. There will be neither victor nor victim in another struggle.

War means Finis.

D. E. (Cavvy).

Fas est ab hoste doceri.

I MET the Fat Man during the summer vac. He must have been easily 16 stone. Not that his weight matters much; I merely mention that fact so that you will realise what I was up against. There were other peculiar things about him too. His tie, for instance, was a threat to the League of Nations and I should think that the colour and design of his suit would, in wartime, be a powerful force in scaring the enemy. It was in a railway carriage that I met him, beneath the shade of an old picture of the "Swallow Falls" and I can still see him, sitting opposite me, with three crushed wretches on his left, and hear him settling most problems from Fascism to the correct method of filling a pipe. For a time I refused to be drawn into conversation and settled down resolutely behind my evening paper. For the first ten miles of the journey he made an elaborate comparison between the palmy days of his youth and the present degenerate age; for the next five miles the criminal inefficiency of the Government was his central theme and it was only when, by way of economy cuts, trade unions and dole queues, his talk drifted on to education and the teaching profession that I really began to be interested. He had strong views on the teaching profession, he said. Very strong ones. I shuddered in my shoes for I knew exactly what was coming next. It was this:-

A teacher, he said,

(a) is a born fool.
(b) has never done a day's work in his life.
(c) would inevitably die, if he had.
(d) is overpaid and underworked, and
(e) is ignorant of the world outside school.

Now a, b, c and d are good old contemptibles. They may be heard daily in trams, buses, trains and clubs. We may ignore them. But (e) is different and perhaps there is more in it than the Fat Man thought. He merely left it at that but it is quite possible to say much more. The average teacher is insular. He lives in a little circumscribed world of his own, and, beyond the limits of his profession, knows nothing of the outside world. He may study the child in all earnestness but he is ignorant of the lives, work, hopes, fears and difficulties of its parents. He is apt to consider himself as a being set apart from other citizens. He has never mingled with them in any way since the age of 11 or 12. The secondary school and the training college have demanded his time and interest and developed in him the academic mind. Perhaps every teacher should have an opportunity for indulging in some good honest manual labour. The feeling of exhaustion that follows nine hours continuous work in factory or workshop is an admirable influence in the broadening of the mind,

and the brain that has reeled before the incessant buzzing of machinery is not so prone to hasty and ill-formed judgements.

The teacher's ultimate aim is to train children for complete living. How is it possible for him to do this if he has never himself completely lived? Let the teacher investigate social conditions, let him discover the lives of the people, in a word, let him see for himself. When he does this he will cease to be an educational parrot echoing the archaic ideas of a past age and will become a capable moulder of the youth of today. Do you agree?

CLO, (Fairfax).

Impressions of a Junior.

AA guess aa's still just a wee bit Durrham laddie. Well yi knaa aa cum oop t' College hopin' t' hev a reet good do, but my wurd what a surprise aa got. Dee yi knaa what they meyed me dee. Well aal tell ye. They meyed me gan on what's caalled a Rag Run. Yi shud hev hard me gan off the deep end. Anyhoo aa got it ower. Aye but it's a grand thing when a chep can say he's feelin' champion and as far as he knaas there's nowt the mattor wi him.

The Seniors meck it pretty het fer us at fust but efter a bit we settle doon and enjoy oorsells.

Aa's sorry ti say hooiver that wev hed sum real bad weather. "It tecks aal sorts of weather to meck the harvist" as the sayin' gans. Folks get on grummilin aboot hevin' a bit frost, or if it rains kinda heavy like. Aa thinks hooiver that they hev aal the reet in the wurld ti grummil at the weather noo.

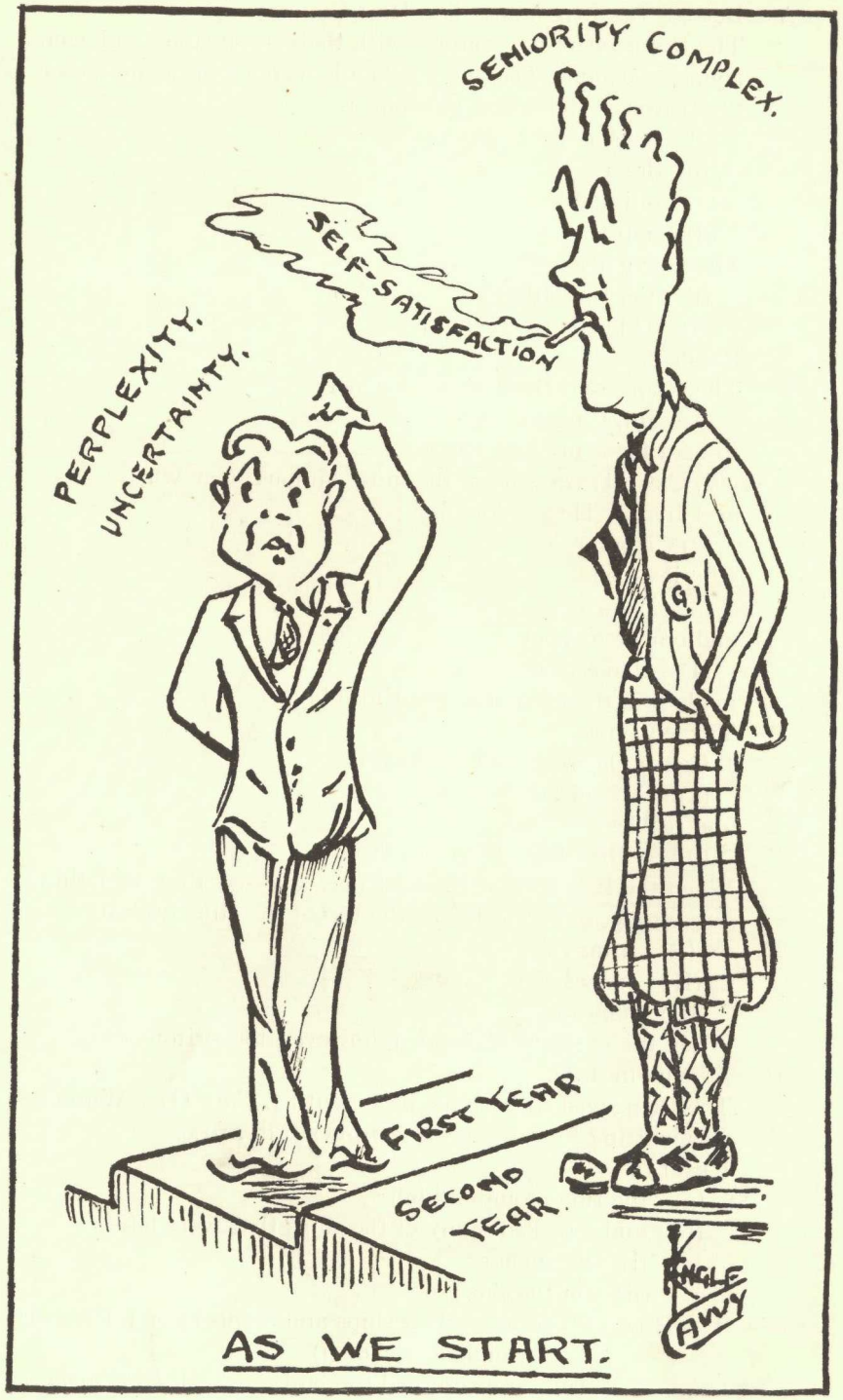
There's wun thing aa's pleased ti say hooiver, the dark neets are here agen. See there's the Brontë lamp lit aalriddy. Hoo the time flees and nee mistiak. Aye the Brontë lamp's seen a bonny lot i' changes in its day. It seems ti us cheps ti hev mare charm aboot it than it had at fust.

But aa doot Aarn gettin' away a bit fra the crack and not consarning mesell aboot what aa shud. Aa must get on and concentrate on me prisint dooty.

There's a lot i folks oop t' College, both pupils and tutors. Now these tutors are continually askin' questions. Wantin' te knaa this and wantin' te knaa t'other. Nee doot there's a lot ti be larned bi askin' things. Noo as yi knaa there's reason in aal things, but why shud we hev ti answer their questions, when they get paid ti teach us puir cheps.

Aaltigether college life is champion what with 'ostel matches and soshuls. Yi would laugh fit ter kill yersells if yer cud see sum of the 'ostel matches. Hooiver life is not aal play. Noo and then we dee a littul wurk when we hev a minit ter spare, but as a rule we hev a champion time.

MANNING, (Grange).



A Page from a History Student's Notebook.

A. BEFORE THE INVASION. THE ROM CONQU.

The Roms. were not content with their possessions and were trying to conquer Gaul. The Gauls were of the same race as the Britons. They had the same :-

(a) speech
(b) dress
(c) religion
(d) habits.

They were also :-

(i) Very warlike
(ii) Difficult to conquer.

RESULTS.

The Roms. sent their greatest general

(1) Jul. Cæsar

to lead the army agst them.

J. Cæs. (1) was one of the most famous men who ever lived. He was the first

(2) Roman

who invaded

(3) Britain

and our great poet

(4) Shakespeare

made him the hero of a beautiful play.

B. THE INVASION.

J. Cæsar (1) crossed (Aug. 55 B.C.)

(A) Strs. of Dover

and reached

(B) white cliffs of Britain (3)

When the Britons saw the fleet they guessed that something was wrong and collected at the top of the cliffs (B) with

(I) arms
(II) horses
(III) chariots.

When the Romans (2) landed, however, the Britons fled.

C. AFTER THE INV.

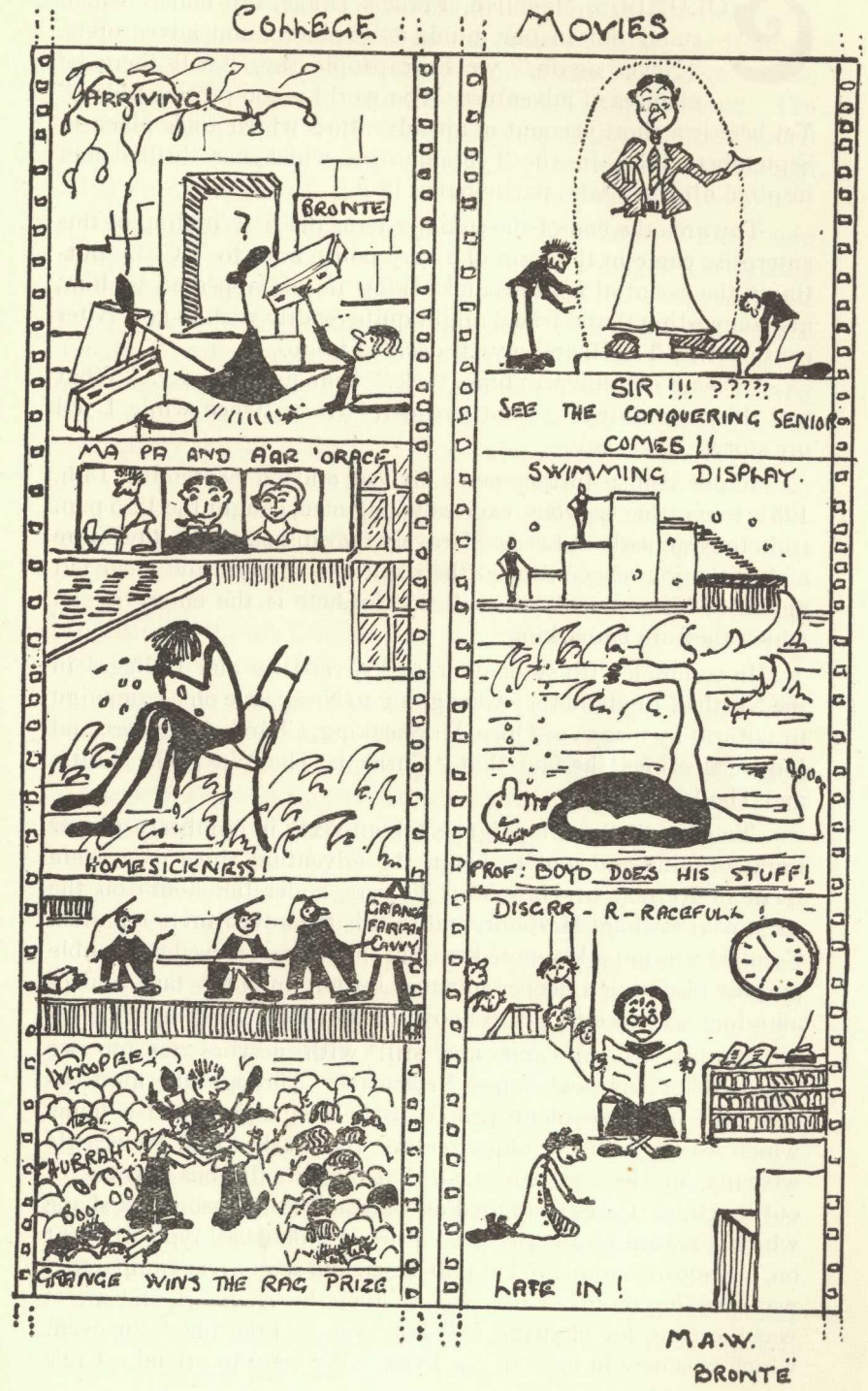
The Brits. wished to make peace with J. Cæs. (1). While he was waiting for hostages a terrible storm arose.

RESULTS.

(a) the tide mounted high
(b) and wrecked many of the ships that were left
  (i) at anchor
  (ii) on the shore.

The Roms. (2) mended their ships and 3 wks later J. Cæs. (1)

(A) weighed anchor (i)
(B) and returned to Gaul. H. R. (Fairfax).



A Great Adventure.

COLUMBUS, Magellan, Francis Drake, are names which stand out in our minds as explorers and adventurers. "Never again," we hear people say, "will there be chances of adventure. The world is too prosaic today." Yet here is a short account of an adventure which took place in September, 1934, in the Tyneside area which has thrilled and inspired all those who participated in it.

Towards the end of the summer term the first inkling of this enterprise came in the form of a very polite note to T.C.B.--outlining the essential features and asking if this appealed to him, also suggesting that a friend might quite readily wish to go. After consultation T.C.B. and myself decided to go.

"Please get down to brass tacks" I can hear you say. "What was this adventure?" Gentle reader, have patience while I tell my story.

In due course further news arrived and on September 13th, 1934, two rather nervous, excited young men, caught the 12-5 p.m. train to Newcastle at Leeds. Gravely they discussed the adventure and as the journey continued their spirits rose high and then fell again. "No wonder" you will say, for here is the enterprise on which they are embarking.

In common with students from Universities and Colleges in the North of England they were going to Newcastle on a campaign to witness by means of Open Air Speaking, Church Addresses, and Indoor Meetings, the fact that "Christ is The Way, The Truth, and The Life."

To give all the campaigners (about sixty in number) a proper frame of mind and soul to begin the adventure three days were spent in Retreat at Hawthorn Towers, a derelict house on the coast near Seaham Harbour, and to this the adventurers repaired. Comfort was not a key-note here, but the Retreat served the double purpose of giving a deeper spiritual insight into the task and of affording a chance to get to know all the other campaigners.

Saturday noon came and still with nervous tension we prepared for our next stage, Newcastle. Through the kind co-operation of benevolent people each campaigner had a home which was to be his headquarters for the week. Into Newcastle we came, on the way causing a diversion in the bus because of our luggage. Cases were used as seats and mine assumed a shape which for want of a better description, I should call typically "sat on." Enquiries were fired at policemen and soon every campaigner was speeding on his or her way to their host. Short and sweet was the time for chatting for soon was to take place an event which was new in most of our lives. We were to attend a Civic

Reception specially ordained for our welcome. And what a welcome! No Yorkshire welcome could compete with this hearty Tyneside gathering, honoured by the presence of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Newcastle, prominent members of the Newcastle City Council, and the Sheriff of Northumberland. The melodious sound of the Tyneside accent rang through the Council Chamber and the welcome made us feel at home immediately. After speeches, "eats," and so to our several homes.

Sunday dawned and with it a new foreboding. Each man campaigner and most of the women were engaged for Sunday addresses in the churches and chapels of Tyneside. Never before had I spoken from the pulpit of a church. What would happen? Would I make some foolish mistake? With nervous tension I ascended the pulpit steps. Now I should begin. The same feeling came over me as occurred when I first stood in front of a class of elementary school children. The congregation were expectant and were "weighing me up." I knew my subject and had scarcely opened my mouth when my nervousness disappeared and I was quite at home. I had chosen a subject near to the thought of the people at the time, quite accidentally, resulting in a keen interest being shown. In the afternoon I addressed a Children's Gathering (at Jesmond Parish Church, for the information of Tynesiders), and my duties were over for the day.

But what of Open Air Meetings? Every campaigner had been allocated to a pitch, there being nine open air pitches in various parts of Newcastle, (Byker, The Bigg Market, Cowan's Monument, Benwell, Messrs. Armstrong's, among others), and each had for purposes of organisation, a pitch leader. My pitch was under the leadership of a Manchester graduate, and the other man came from Hull. The two ladies of the pitch were almost at home since one came from Tynemouth and the other from Durham.

Monday evening came. Our pitch leader manfully stood on a rostrum we had been fortunate to obtain and explained why we were there. Our subject was the Life of Christ, and we were opposed after a while by a Fascist speaker. Yet we managed to retain the crowd until we finished and then the Blackshirt got them but they were not sympathetic towards him as they had been to us.

Tuesday evening came, our crowd was waiting for us, and to the best of our ability we dealt with simple facts of the Christian life. We were appealing to the crowd (of about 150), yet had not really been on controversial ground.

Wednesday evening came, a Labour meeting had first claim on the pitch, and no meeting resulted after an attempt to start in a back street had been tried.

Thursday evening came, and with it the Fundamentalists. Our subject was the History of Christ's Church. This aroused numbers of questions which were dealt with either by means of the platform or by discussing in little groups with the men.

Friday evening was the high night. Social and Industrial Problems were dealt with, including Slum Clearance, Politics, International Affairs, Peace and War, Drinking, Gambling, and the problems of Sex. Discussion and heckling waxed hot after the speakers had finished, and, commencing at 7-30 p.m. it was with reluctance that the meeting closed at 10-15 p.m.

On Saturday T.C.B. and I bid farewell to Newcastle and came home far more alive to the problems troubling the man in the street, (Bishop's salaries was a bad one), and far more ready to believe that the average man is more religious than he is given credit for. To give credit is one way of showing that understanding of God which one miner expressed to me in these words: "I haven't had a job for fourteen years, but still I haven't lost hope." To any Junior who feels that he would like to have experience of campaigning, I say, "Go." It is worth more than reading hundreds of books. You get to know what is behind a man's mind, and the psychological effect it has on him. It broadens your outlook on life and deepens your spiritual belief. To bear witness to the Christian faith is its keynote, and faith gives the needed courage. Moreover, Leeds Training College for the first time in its career had representatives on a campaign. May some Junior carry on the feeling now established that at any rate the S.C.M. in Leeds T.C. is alive to the call of witness, fellowship, and service, to help forward the Kingdom of God.

J. W. (Fairfax).

A Visit to a Coal-Mine.

DRESSED in our oldest rags and armed with safety lamps, a party of us stood at the top of the shaft. We were visiting the New Lount Colliery near Coalville, Leicester, and were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the cage in which we were to be rushed half a mile down into the earth. After a time we found ourselves huddled in a small, box like structure, and after a final warning to hold on tightly, we started. Never shall I forget the sensation we had of dropping rapidly, as if from some great height! Although the whole journey only took about a minute it seemed interminable. Then suddenly the feeling changed, and we seemed to be floating gently upwards. Not so, however, for with a little bump we landed on the floor of the pit.

We then began a most interesting journey through the mine. We were soon walking through small, low galleries, right away

from the main one which was high and well lighted. As we went along in single file, the silence was broken by shouts, such as "Be careful!" "Bend down!"—but sure enough somebody's head would go crack against the roof which would almost immediately slope upwards again. The whole process reminded us forcibly of a gym lesson—"Trunks forward bend!"—"Trunks upward stretch!"

In some places the ground was very damp and sticky, and in one part we found ourselves balancing rather unsteadily on one of the truck rails to keep ourselves from falling into the sticky mud all around us, one hand against the side of the gallery and the other still clutching the safety lamp.

The galleries of the mine are all supported by pit-props, and as our guide pointed to one that had collapsed, our gaze slowly wandered above our heads, and into our minds came thoughts of death, of being buried beneath loads of rock. We almost visualized the heading in the evening paper.—"MANY DEAD IN PIT DISASTER."

With some difficulty, however, we at last managed to reach the coal-face safely. Here many miners were pecking away at the coal, which was afterwards sent on trucks to the shaft, up to the top of the mine, and from there to the engine room where the various sizes were sorted out by machinery. The miners, we learned, worked in relays of seven and a half hours, and were paid after each day's work.

Slowly but surely we wound our way back to the shaft. The upward journey was much pleasanter than the first had been, but strangely enough, this time we seemed to be going down into the mine.

It was a very dirty and begrimed party that stepped from the cage: hats awry, faces blackened and shoes covered with thick, grey clay; but notwitstanding, our visit to the coal-mine had been a most enjoyable and interesting experience. MARJORIE MORBEY.

The Mary E. Paine Prize.

THE Committee of the "Mary E. Paine Memorial Fund" have decided that the first award shall be made in the summer term of this session and that it shall take the form of a student's prize. This will consist of books or apparatus to the value of about £1-10-0 The prize will be awarded for the best essay of not more than 1,500 words, on any subject, to be submitted not later than April 4th. Full details of this award will be found on the various hostel notice boards.

With Apologies to Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

It is an Ancient Senior
And she stoppeth one of three
"By thy long grave face and glittering eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The bathroom doors are open wide
And I am next one in
The last one's gone, the tap's turned on
Cans't hear the merry din?"

She holds her with her heavy hand
"This bath is mine" quoth she.
"Hold off, unhand me, grave-faced loon!"
Eftsoons her hand dropped she.

She holds her with her glittering eye;
The Junior stands stock still
And listens like a three year's child:
The Senior hath her will.

The Junior stands there by the wall,
She cannot choose but hear:
The Senior hath her cornered;
No help or aid is near.

How long in that same state she stood
I have not to declare
But ere her scattered wits returned
She heard, and in her soul discerned
An angry voice i' th' air.

"Is it you" quoth the voice, "Are you the girl
Who's trying to steal my bath?"
The Senior turned and with face cloth wet
She swept her from her path.

Alone, alone, without a bath
Alone on a corridor bare
And not a single sink in splash
But what someone was there.

x x x x x

PART II

Four times fifty College men
(And I heard both jest and pun)
With laughter loud, a merry crowd
They come o'er one by one.

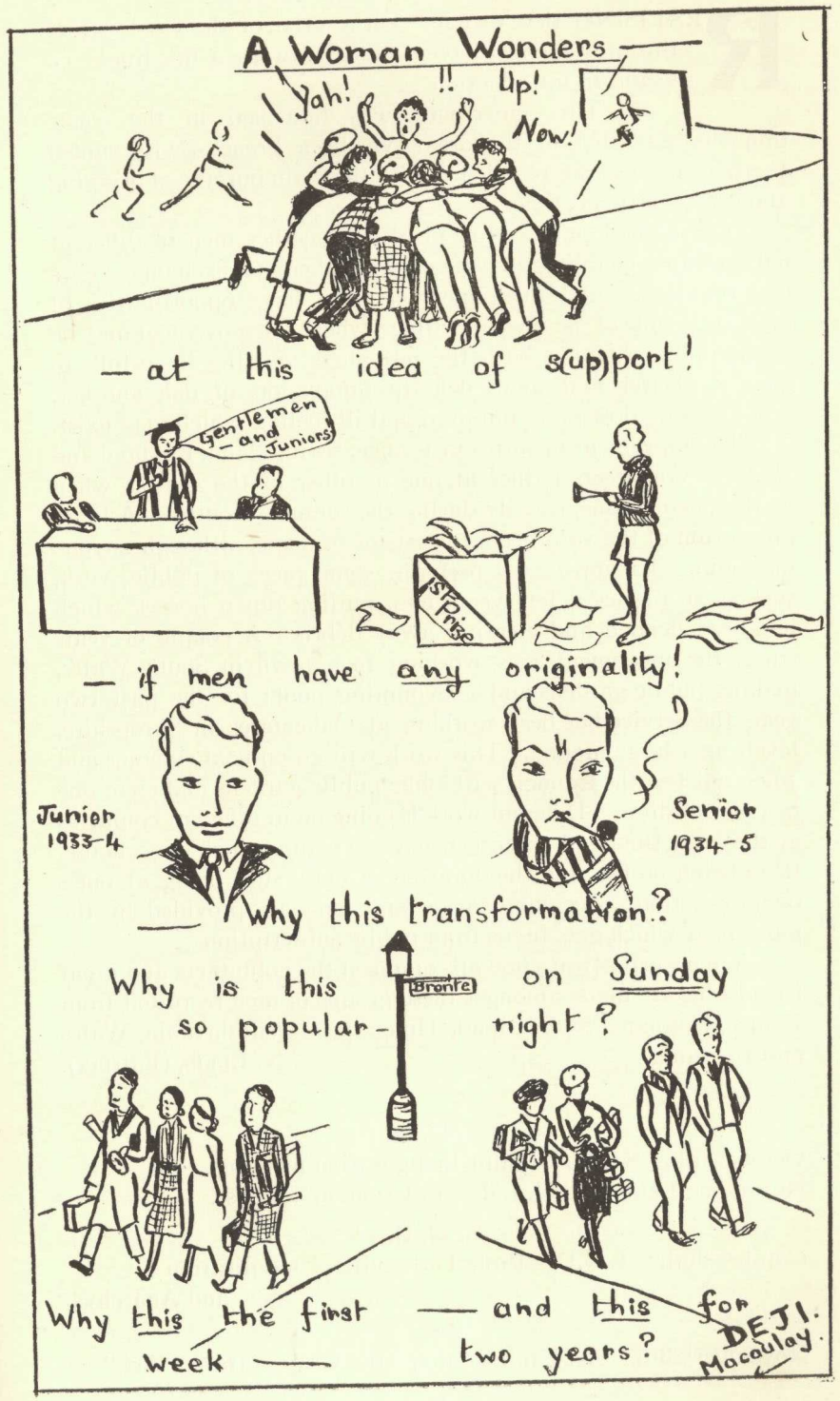
"I loathe thee, dirty Junior
I loathe thy filthy neck."
And thus outspoke the College men
For *they* were without speck.

Alone, alone, all all alone,
Alone on a wide settee
And never a one took pity on
Her soul in agony.

Oh, Juniors, 'tis a dreadful thing
Abhorred from Hall to Hall
To try to steal your Senior's bath
And thus to take the rights she hath
When going to a ball.

Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
To thee, thou Junior.
He washeth best who waiteth best
Both now and evermore.

DOROTHY WRIGHT.
ELSIE LIVERSIDGE. } Cædmon Hall.



International Voluntary Service.

REALISING that very few know even of the existence of this movement, I have decided to write a few lines as a means of introduction.

This movement was launched in the years immediately following the Great War by a French-Swiss named Pierre Cérésole, who founded it with the main purpose of bringing about international peace.

The method employed is to bring together men of different nationalities, enabling and encouraging them to exchange views and opinions. All these members also have opportunities of meeting people of the town or village where the movement may be centred, thus helping both the foreigners and the townsfolk to gain a clearer and more definite impression of one another, and breaking down any international ill-feeling which may exist.

The movement operates in France, Switzerland, England and Wales. Volunteers gather at one or other of the centres when work is being done, usually during the summer months. A large proportion of the volunteers consists of students, although anyone may join. The movement performs some piece of public work, such as, in France a few years ago, pulling down houses which had been flooded and clearing away débris. A couple of years since, the movement was working in a town in South Wales, making public gardens and a swimming pool; for the past two years the Service has been working at Oakenfates in Shropshire, levelling a large mound. This work will go on next summer and when finished the Council will make public gardens and erect one or two buildings. Different work is going on in different countries at the same time and volunteers may go to any which they choose, there being no fees and the duration of one's stay being at one's own discretion. Accommodation and food are provided by the movement which gets funds from public subscription.

A fine spirit always prevails amongst the volunteers and great friendships are made amongst these groups of men recruited from France, Germany, Switzerland, Hungary, Czechoslavakia, Wales and England.

N. Ellis, (Fairfax).

S. C. M.

October 5th. S.C.M. Junior Inauguration meeting.
November 27th. S.C.M. Miss Pattison, an address.

L. N. U.

October 26th. L.N.U. Prof. Turberville, "Civilisation and Anarchy."

Art.

November 23rd. Art Club lecture, Miss Gray, "Italian Art."

In Memoriam.

Miss W. L. MERCIER.

The death of Miss Winifred Mercier, Principal of Whitelands College, and formerly Vice-Principal of Leeds Training, took place on September 2nd. Her loss will be most keenly felt by all who are concerned with education.

She was a woman of brilliant gifts. She took a First Class in the Final Honours School of History at Oxford and was then appointed first to St. George's School, Edinburgh, and later to the Manchester Girls' High School. In 1909 she became Director of Studies and Lecturer in History at Girton College, Cambridge.

There is no doubt that a very distinguished academic career lay before her, but she felt very strongly the claims of the elementary school and its problems. In 1913, therefore, she became Vice-Principal of our own College. Later on, after a period as lecturer in Education at Manchester University, she was appointed Principal of Whitelands Training College in 1918.

The contribution she has made to education cannot be measured by the posts she held, nor by the honours she gained. Her interests were very wide, and her judgment and eloquence made her opinion valued and respected by all who came into contact with her.

She was a leader in thought, and the development that has taken place in Training College life and thought owes a very great deal to her vision and her power. Her interests were not confined, however, to immediate Training College problems. She was on the Committee of the Teachers' Registration Council, the Nursery Schools Executive Committee, and the Archbishops' Commission on Religious Education. On all these bodies she showed the same statesmanlike and constructive ability.

She had great personal charm and she possessed in a remarkable degree the power of inspiring and stimulating others. Her tolerance, her humour and her generosity gained the deep affection of all who worked with her.

Although she was not at our College for a very long period, we owe a great deal to her and we are proud of so close an association with her.

Miss Simpson, (Vice-Principal).

Dr. E. A. BURROUGHS,
Bishop of Ripon.

The College has lost a friend in the Bishop of Ripon, who last visited us in February, 1932. His interest not only in education but in young people themselves was well known. His sympathy with them was unstinted and he gave generously of his energy and thought. He was deeply concerned in the problems of schools and colleges, and was always glad to visit them. All those concerned with education will deeply regret his death at so early an age.

College Activities.

LECTURES.

Oct. 16th. Miss Richardson gave a very interesting lecture on 'Childrens' Drawings. The accompanying slides were both amusing and instructive.

Oct. 21st. A service in College was held by Dr. Scott Lidgett, late Vice-Chancellor of the University of London and President of The Methodist Conference.

Nov. 9th. Dr. Morton, a famous head-master of Leeds, spoke on 'School Camps and Journeys.' Thrilling and humorous.

Oct. 23rd. Miss Driver presented a Eurythmic Demonstration. The movements of the children were remarkable for their grace and beauty, and show how rhythmical work can be brought to a fine art.

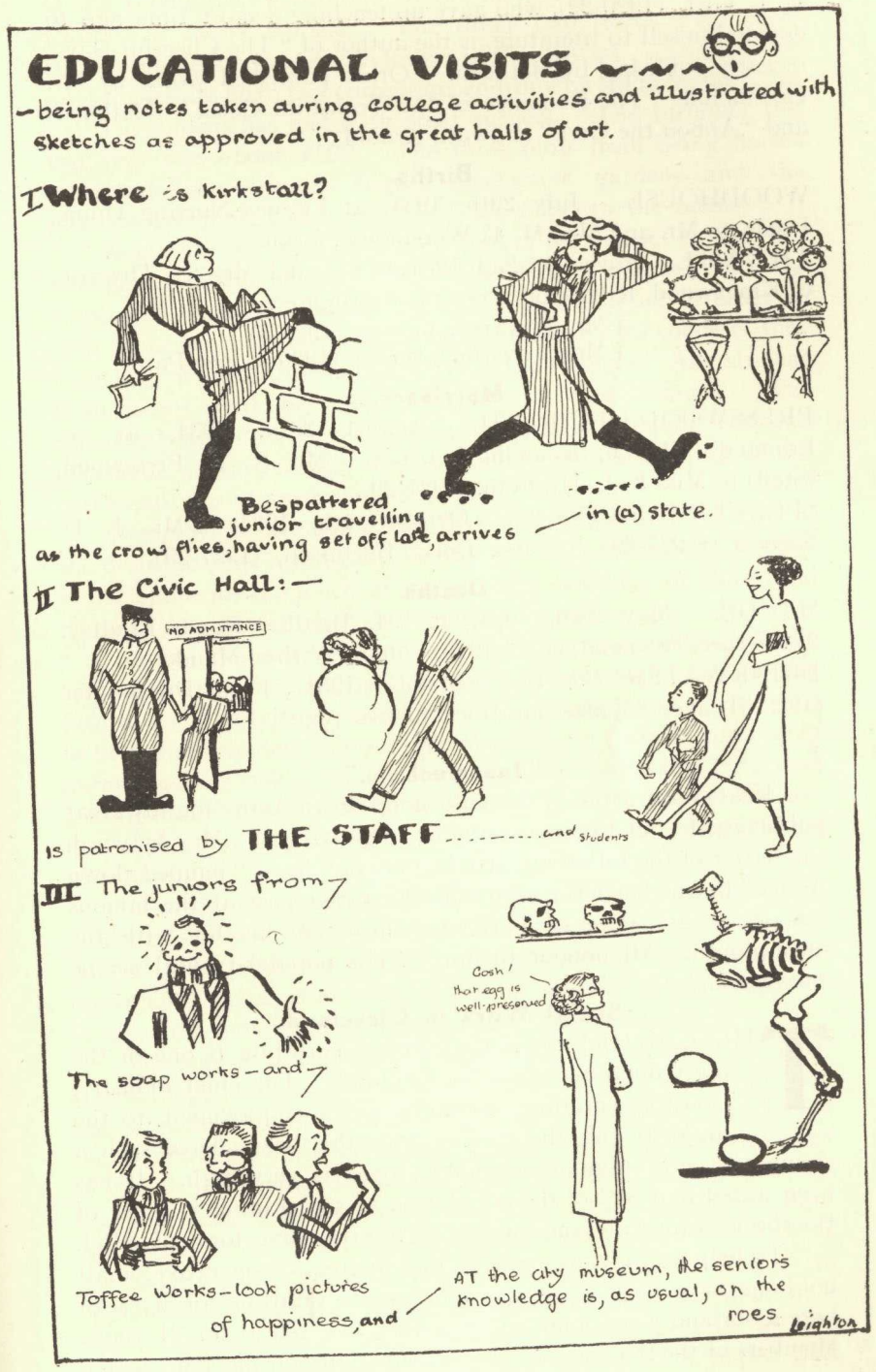
Nov. 30th. The College was entertained by a String Quartet.

SOCIALS.

The social activities of the term commenced with the College Dance on October 19th. On October 27th, socials took place between the various hostels, followed a few weeks later, November 24th, by more inter-hostel socials. This organisation differs from that of last year in that it was customary to conclude, not commence, a term with the College Dance. During half-term, November 2nd-4th, a re-union of old students took place at College. Various activities were arranged for them, including a dance on Saturday, and on Sunday, a service attended by Dr. Airey.

PLAY-READING.

Many pleasant, even hilarious, Friday afternoons have been spent in S6 this term. The Grange opened 'the season' with two one-act plays, "The Man in the Bowler Hat" and "Five Birds in a Cage." Cædmon Hall followed with "I'll leave it to you," by Noel Coward, Cavendish Hall presented "Good Morning, Bill," by P. G. Wodehouse, and Brontë Hall gave a reading of "The Rotters," by F. H. Maltby. This choice of plays signifies a distinct tendency towards light comedy, which is particularly suited to the Friday-afternoonish attitude of the audience. Much unsuspected dramatic talent has been revealed, and students concerned deserve commendation for making the most out of a mere reading.



Old Students' Section.

H. L. GEE, (1920-22), who gave up teaching a short time ago to devote himself to literature, is the author of "The Cheerful Day" recently published by Methuen. Other published works by Mr. Gee include "The Romance of the Yorkshire Coast" (Methuen) and "Ahbon the Owl" (Edward Arnold).

Births.

WOODHOUSE. July 29th, 1934, at Francis Nursing Home, Leeds, to Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Woodhouse, a son.

THWAITE. November 2nd, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. L. Thwaite, of Kingswood, Ribbleton, Preston, a daughter.

{ Mr. Thwaite: Grange (1926-8).
{ Mrs. Thwaite: Brontë (1926-8), nee Parr.

Marriages.

PRESSWOOD-HILDRETH. August 23rd, 1934, at St. Edmund's Church, Roundhay, Leeds. Mr. R. E. Presswood, (Staff) to Miss E. L. Hildreth, (1927-29).

SPENCER-BURLINSON. October 4th, 1934. Mr. J. D. Spencer, (1927-29) to Miss Doris Burlinson, (1927-29).

Deaths.

MAUDE. May 23rd, 1934, at 194, Bradley Road, Bradley. Annie (nee Townend) (1923-1925) wife of Wilfred Maude.

DRINKWATER. On 15th September, 1934. Frank Drinkwater (1929-31) aged 25, after an illness of two years.

"Inasmuch . . ."

Keats once wrote: "I would jump down Aetna for any great public good—but I hate a mawkish popularity." Mr. Aylward, the writer of the following article, may not have "jumped down Aetna" but he has left a secure and lucrative post at the famous school of St. Peter's, York, to throw in his lot with the unemployed. All honour to him! His popularity will *not* be "mawkish."

Social Work in Cleveland.

THE Cleveland district of North Yorkshire is one of the most depressed areas in England. The chief industry, ironstone mining, normally gives employment to the majority of the men. Now this has suffered such a slump, the percentage of men unemployed is very high. It has been stated that 80% of the population of the mining villages of Boosbeck, Lingdale and Margrove receive some form of relief.

To help to alleviate some of this distress co-operative small holdings have been started. Three plots totalling 15 acres of bare moorland were obtained at a very low rental for 21 years. Members of the scheme work for 3 hours daily on the land which

has been stocked with pigs, bees, hens and vegetables. One third of the produce is distributed to the members according to the number of hours worked. The other two thirds are sold at current wholesale prices to retailers in the district. The receipts from these sales go to pay current expenditure on seeds, manure, etc.

The scheme has met with great success. The turnover this last year was about £500. The three plots from being barren moorland have become highly productive gardens and the produce distributed has been most beneficial to the men.

A number of camps have been held in the district to aid this scheme. Students from all over England and a number from the Continent have camped here at Easter and August in order to help in the work on the land. In discussions and concerts they have also helped in the cultural life in the villages. Any student from Leeds will be most welcome at these camps. The experience afforded by these camps is a most pleasant one and invaluable to anyone who wishes to understand something of the real conditions of unemployment.

It was while attending one of these camps that I learnt of the desire to start a furniture factory for the unemployed youths. I first came for a month of my summer holidays in 1933, and returned as a fixture after Christmas of that year.

During the intervening time the boys have become skilled and we are now turning out a small but steady supply of modern furniture. The type we usually make is painted and is designed to fit a small modern house. We also make a certain amount in natural colour oak. So far we have been kept busy by orders from places as far distant as Monmouth and Durham. We are now making an effort to expand so that increased orders will be welcome.

In order to advertise our furniture we have furnished two modern houses at different times and had them open to the public. The total cost of the furniture alone in each house was under £60. This, even with the 5% cut still in operation, seems to leave teachers little excuse for not getting married.

The finance side of the business is the most interesting part. It is arranged entirely on co-operative lines. No wages are paid and as there is no invested capital no profits are paid. The three factors that determine the selling price are cost of material, cost of labour and overhead costs. When any article is sold the sum that represents the labour costs is allocated to the common fund that is shared out to all engaged in the work. The foreman gets 10 shares of this, a trained hand 8, an improver 6 and an apprentice 5. As yet the amount received is not equivalent to a regular wage. As their skill increases they will be able to turn out more stuff and their share will be greater. It is hoped that

when the men are fully skilled they will receive more than the average wage in the pits.

Our factory is always open to inspection and it is hoped that any students or old students of Leeds who are in the neighbourhood will pay us a visit. The firm is called Boosbeck Industries and our workshop is in the High Street, Boosbeck.

B. J. AYLWARD. 1930-32.

The Re-union.

THE annual Re-union of Old Students of the College was held on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th November, 1934. The celebrations took the usual form of Reception, Annual Meeting, Whist Drive and Dance and Religious Service; and it is not likely that any more completely satisfying form could be found. Every year of the College's history was represented.

Dr. Rich and Miss Simpson received the visitors on Friday night and the evening was spent in chatter and the sort of gossip to be expected on such an occasion. In the quieter moments the orchestra (very kindly provided once more by Miss Whitwell) made its presence heard and Mr. Beaumont even succeeded in imposing almost complete silence by his lively impersonations of past and present staff.

The official welcome to Old Students was given on Saturday morning. Mr. Walsh spoke on behalf of the Governors (of whom he is Chairman); Dr. Rich and Miss Simpson on behalf of the Staff; and Mr. Bees, who is retiring this year from the position of Director of Education, on behalf of the Administrative side of the Leeds Educational Services. The ceremony was concluded by the Act of Homage to the Old Students who were killed in the War and Mr. J. Cox placed the wreath on the College War Memorial.

There was little business for the General Meeting which followed. Mr. Woodhouse presented the committee's report and Mr. Glegg the treasurer's. Financially the Association is flourishing, though there is a slight drop in the balance at the bank. But Mr. Glegg did not seem very perturbed by that.

The Dance in the evening was the usual jolly affair. So, presumably, was the Whist. The floor was a bit crowded, but that only added to the general gaiety.

In his address at the Service on Sunday morning, Dr. Airey urged the necessity for the examination of religious dogma in the light of reason and its achievements and deplored the fossilisation of the religious spirit in unchanging and supposedly unchangeable formularies and creeds. The Service was conducted by Dr. Rich and the lessons were read by Miss Simpson and Mr. Eastwood (last year's President of the Students' Representative Council).

Index to Advertisers.

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