1936

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."

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The advent of Puritanism after the Civil War greatly altered music in England. Church and cathedral music suffered badly through suppression, and it continued in this state until the Restoration. All music however was not discouraged or forbidden. Masques continued and short operas such as "The Siege of Rhodes" were staged, the performers being in this case twelve singers and six instrumentalists. In 1675 incidental music to "The Tempest" was published. Instrumental music did not progress far in this period, the chief features of harpsichord music being dance forms known as "Fancies," and Suites, the latter being rather unorganised collections of dance tunes.

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The next period in English music was dominated by G. F. Handel, a German and an upholder of a purely Italian art, the Italian opera. As a composer in this style Handel came to England, and soon the English public, apparently forgetting the English opera of Purcell's time, turned to these new works. This "exotic and irrational entertainment" according to Dr. Johnson brought with it the tyrannously conceited prima donna and primo uomo, unique contributions to English music. Yet it seems plain that had not the Italian opera been supported by the great genius of Handel it would not have secured a firm footing in England. For over twenty years Handel wrote operas in the Italian style, most of them now remembered only by a single aria, and it was not until a rival opera-house under the direction of Giovanni Buononcini arose and Handel's fortune consequently declined that he took to writing oratorios. This new vein he began to explore when he was well over fifty years of age and the chief result of his exploration, as we know, was the "Messiah," first performed in Dublin on April 13th, 1742.

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their Senior year, in work and play, cultivating friendships that will last, and leave College with every hope of a successful career. Every success to the new Committee, and happy meetings!

Editors: Miss Greaves, Mr. Fox.
Business Manager: Mr. Lockwood.
Committee: Miss Howarth, Miss Taylor, Miss Watson and Mr. Tunnicliffe.

It is with very great regret we learn, as we go to press, that Miss Wood is again suffering from a return of her disability brought on by a fall. We trust that she will soon be restored to full health and activity.

Letter to The Editor.

DEAR Mr. Editor,

I gazed long and long at your cartoon "Whither College Youth?" and, as I gazed, images of Easter Island figures, totems, silent Buddhas, Chinese mandarins, chased one another through my brain, and then quite quietly the ominous notes of interrogation on the tops of conical craniums began to lose their perky inquisitiveness and settle with sober deliberation into haloes round the puckered brows of sages. Slowly Eastern Magi with flowing beards became curiously reminiscent of Apostolic faces seen in stained glass cathedral "lights," and it began to dawn on me where lay the answer to "Whither College Youth?" "College Youth" are surely destined to be Apostles too, Apostles to youth, with a mighty mission, a mighty power and a mighty responsibility. Lay Apostles, if you like, but, none the less, bearers of very important tidings to their young compatriots.

These young children, now growing up, are destined to meet the full brunt of the forces of Atheism which have, only last Easter, been united into one solid front at the Prague Conference. Teachers can do much and should do what they can to counter that menace. I have written "menace," for threat it is, and to a nation's life. You may find isolated and comparatively cultured *professing* atheists who are or seem to be "decent fellows," but a whole nation without God is a nation doomed.

As I thought on these things, some words of a teacher, A. C. Benson, came to mind and may be quoted here. "I have grown to believe that the one thing worth aiming at is simplicity of heart and life; that one's relations with others should be direct and not diplomatic; that power leaves a bitter taste in the mouth; that meanness, and hardness, and coldness are the unforgivable sins; that conventionality is the mother of dreariness; that pleasure exists not in virtue of material conditions, but in the

joyful heart; that congenial labour is the secret of happiness .... The simple man will have a strong sense of responsibility, a deep confidence in the Will of God and His high purposes .... If indeed the Spirit of Christ could truly leaven the world, the pomps, the glories, the splendours which veil it, would melt like unsubstantial wreaths of smoke .... I look up among the star-sown spaces, and the old aspiration rises in my heart, 'Oh, that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even into His presence!' How would I go, like a tired and sorrowful child to his father's knee, to be comforted and encouraged, in perfect trust and love, to be raised in His arms, to be held to His heart!"

Thither, College Youth!

Hope.

Have you ever smelt the luxuriant sweet of dewy grass?
Or touched the pale green fern that quivers as you pass,
Or fed a trembling robin with your own encouraging hand,
Or broke a way through glistening clover, and the damp of yellow sand?
All the moving orbs in Heaven as they shed their silver light,
Show a streak of startling colour in the dark, depressing night,
The quivering fern lies dying and the grass is dry beneath
All hope is gone 'cept that white light on the gloomy dying heath.
That light's the glowing radiance from another higher world,
To give me just one spark of hope, where blackness is unfurled,
To show me that I yet may find where Nature never dies,
And having found, may never lose the LIGHT that never dies.

E. Henry. Leighton.

Doubler Stones - Silsden-Edge of Moor.
A Sonnet.

Suddenly burst upon the sight
In wonderful, beautiful, mystic light
A wide, green stretch of vale and hill
That swathed in loveliness the will
And stirred the soul to leap and sing
Till all the crags and boulders ring.
To walk across the heathered moor,
Lazily thoughtless of all before;
And then to stand in a radiant gaze
At the hills and the streams and fields and ways,
And the valley's river's meandering flow,
Seeming to move by the winds that blow.
The edge of the world was transformed by a light
That shone from the future's mysterious might. D. W. B.

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other secular choral works, instrumental suites and organ concertos which he wrote.

Our native English composers who were rather obscured by Handel were Croft, Greene, Boyce and Arne, worthy men but not outstandingly great. They wrote many anthems and hymns which are still sung in churches and Boyce wrote several symphonies for strings, very pleasant music but lacking dignity and breadth. During the 18th century the "Three Choirs Festival" of Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford was formed and in 1724 the Royal Society of Musicians was founded. Both institutions flourish to-day.

To other than scholars of music the period from Handel's death in 1759 to about the year 1850 will contain few familiar names of musicians. Samuel Wesley (1766-1837), the son of John Wesley, was the outstanding figure in a period of only average musical attainment. He wrote Masses for the Catholic services, Anglican anthems and services, glees, songs and instrumental works, and was acknowledged to be the leading English organist of his day. He deserves to be remembered if only because he realised the genius of John Sebastian Bach whose cause in England he propagated with the utmost enthusiasm.

Much of the music composed at this period was religious in nature but John Field (1782-1837) deserves special mention as a composer of instrumental music. Gradually the harpsichord was giving place to the piano and apart from his phenomenal skill at this instrument Field wrote several Nocturnes for piano. These were of unusual historical significance for on them Chopin based his famous Nocturnes using both the style and spirit of Field's pieces.

Foreign musicians were constantly coming to England now, some permanently, others on short visits, all influencing the music produced. Clementi, Haydn and John Christian Bach all visited London and the boy prodigy, Mozart, also came with his father. On the continent we must remember that the stars of Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert had all risen triumphantly by 1830 and yet the new forms of symphony, sonata and concerto which they perfected seemed not to disturb the English composer, occupied as he was with trifles such as glees and anthems.

So until the advent of Parry (b. 1848) Stanford (b. 1852) and Elgar (b. 1858 d. 1934) English music remained on a comparatively low level.

The latter composer particularly raised music in England to the high degree of excellence which it had not enjoyed for two centuries. Elgar experimented with the more classic forms of the art which had previously only been heard on the continent. A

staunch Catholic, he followed the path of religious choral music and symphonic writing. "The Dream of Gerontius," the "Enigma Variations" and his symphonies will live for all time as examples of the greatest music. Parry and Stanford brought typical English vigour and freshness into secular choral music, the former's "Blest Pair of Sirens" being a magnificent piece of work in this sphere.

For a long time we have had to rely on foreign composers for "Grand Opera." Balfe's and Wallace's efforts at opera savoured too much of sentimentalism and musical mediocrity typical of the 1880's. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan gave us a unique and splendid type of comic opera but it was left to Verdi, Wagner and Puccini to give us the real solidity and splendour of "Grand Opera." The last twenty years have seen a change in this situation. Our modern English composers are keenly alive to all the possibilities inherent in choral and instrumental music and Rutland Boughton has written "The Immortal Hour," a fine opera worthy to rank with anything that the Italians can produce.

Perhaps most advance by modern composers has been made in the realm of orchestral music. Strange though it may sound to us at first, the music of Delius, Bax and Holst has certainly the merits of originality and enterprise and indicates that English music has become vital once again. A.H.W. (FAIRFAX)

The Express.

Swift rhythm of power from control half unleashed
Beats steadily on through its sinuous length,
And dun smoke swirls upward in wreaths uncompleted
For ever drawn out by that pulsating strength;
Masking the green of the hurtling hedges
And dimming the blue of the vanishing sky:
The smooth-flying bird seems to hang o'er its sedges
As panting in movement we catapult by.
Darkness..... vibrating in muffling gloom.....
The hot, grimy smell of enveloping smoke.....
The grate of the wheels; siren's shriek and the boom
Of engine's reverberant, deepening choke... .....
Faint clink of the pick-axe; dim forms in the flare
Of a yellowish light..... Shadows..... Dimness pales gray
And sudden the shock of the bright, clashing glare
Of the day—all a-dazzle's the dizzying sway.
Lines all converging..... ..monsters supine.....
Tiring and tiring, gone all the zest
Of that palpitant heart.....a shrill scream and a whine,
Weak movement, a sudden slack jerk and then rest

P. A. G., Macaulay.

Door Handles

I do not know whether it is a manifestation of the chameleon nature of man, or whether it is the result of external and immediate impression upon the outside personality, between the appearance of the house and its occupants, there seems some strange affinity. Most strikingly evident is this intangible relationship between the door handle and the individual to whose privacy it provides access. It may be my subjectivity, my desire to read into even inanimate objects an expression of the person who is to be seen by turning the handle and entering the room beyond. I never feel this more intensely than when, pausing outside young Jackson's room, I allow my hand to slide ruminatively round the surface of the handle before pushing open the door. It is a worn, naked-looking thing. It has an illusion of newness, yet underneath the cheap varnish, blistering under the sun which slants from a sky-light over the stairs and gives a ghostly simulacrum of warmth and heat, can be seen the warped and twisted wood, ridged like a bunched hand with the sinews laid bare, revealing the tortured grain.

And I might well pause before I push open that door and enter that room. As the door yields, and the handle's roughened surface turns in my hand with the sound of resin against rough cord, which on this lonely landing sounds like a derisive screech, I see him. "Confound him!" I mutter to myself, "Why is he always in the same position, seated at that table, as if he were ignoring what his eyes admit to be true yet his tongue denies, strenuously and feverishly. Why does he maintain this illusion of life and wholesome activity when I know, and he is sure that I know, that he is already dead?" As he rises from the table, and approaches me with that quick, nervous stride, I have an overwhelming physical repulsion for which I feel immediately ashamed, yet which surges over me again as soon as he takes my hand in his warm moist palm, presses it quickly and eagerly, then with a mixture of diffidence, hostility and despair, drops it and returns with the same urgent haste to his seat by the table. I always feel that he suffers agony as the result of his excitement after I have gone, yet he does not betray a sign of his pain during my stay. I feel that I shall show a less perturbed appearance when next I call, but as soon as I enter, a nameless panic takes hold of me, paralysing my abortive effort to introduce reality into that dusty attic, and to shatter the illusion of life which it contains. I want to say to him, "Don't you realise, Jackson, there's no hope? you must die?" But as soon as I see the tacit acknowledgement in his large sensitive eyes I become an accomplice in a conspiracy of deceit; I discuss his latest book, the certainty of ultimate recognition, the beneficial air of Egypt or Africa, which is to cure his disease—

anything to take our minds away from the appalling truth. As we talk, I am ashamed of the resonance of my own tones, the firmness of my muscles, which I attempt to relax as in sympathy. Soon my voice becomes quieter, and our subdued tones are heard, going rapidly weaker. As I rise to go I feel somehow inadequate for the world outside, from which I shrink with the fear of incongruity. Once outside, I draw in a deep breath, brace my shoulders, and blinking in the sunlight, listen to the roar of the traffic, and resolve never to enter that house, never to turn that handle again.

From Jackson's lodgings, it is only a hundred yards or so to the offices of Stott & Co., whose name in black and yellow paint seems to sprawl grotesquely along one side of the street. Here the influence of the occupant reveals a negative repressive characteristic. The entrance expresses conformity rather than individuality; it is a type, not a character—a representation of modernity. The door handle has been sent with the ready-made door from Scandinavia. It is adequate and businesslike, organic to industry, and suggests hard, polished, efficiency. Inside, the blinding glare of the noonday sun is reflected on the sheaves of cream-laid correspondence bearing the insignia of the house of Stott. There is an overpowering sense of industry in this office, a frenetical urgency which is reflected in the rattle of the typewriters. A chubby, bald, perspiring little man hops around like an energetic and aggressive sparrow. There is something obscene about his shining head and sweaty haste. Blue-bottles, indecently fat and swollen, are impinging against the windows. I always leave these premises early. There seems an influence abroad there which attempts to crush my individuality and to make me harsh and inhuman.

As I climb the stairs leading to my own lodgings, I pause on a landing, and look for a few moments at a door across which a bar has been screwed. The door has been closed ever since old Padgham died. The landlady has despaired of letting it; it is so small and garret like. Only an old eccentric like Padgham could be persuaded to live in that hole. My hand slides along the bar, now roughened by rust, and encounters a smooth, polished, curiously carved object, shaped like a lion's head. I smile involuntarily as I remember the first time I saw that handle, when Padgham, panting and excited, came upstairs brandishing it. In the half-light of the stairs it had looked like a peculiarly squat and evil-looking bomb. Of the history of this piece of furniture, as narrated by Padgham, I know nothing. Who ever listened to Padgham besides, of course, the landlady who would spend hours listening to the perorations of this wizened homunculus? She used to say that he had "the most out-of-the-way knowledge ready-to-hand," and that his room was "full of strange weird

things." By most of us, however, he was merely tolerated, by some of the less charitable among us, despised. There always seemed something preposterously pretentious about the earnestness with which he would discuss the antiquity of some article which he had bought "fabulously cheap." I could never remember the substance of his conversation, I was too busily occupied watching the eager movement of his thin hands with the blue veins standing out on them. Frankly, his interest in recondite matters bored me. I could never overcome my preoccupation with his strange appearance sufficiently to consider the probability of his stairway lectures delivered in a high pitched voice, and I always escaped from him at the earliest opportunity. Once however I entered his room, and, at his request passed two hours listening to him. I forgot what he said. I remember his grave expression, his puckered brow, and glowing eyes peering from a goat-hair couch of problematic origins. Out of that hirsute chair his voice proceeded like an oracle in monotonous cadence. When at last I contrived to leave him, on some frivolous pretext which made my ears burn, I felt a guilty joy.

The last time I saw him, he was mounting the stairs with his peculiar irregular step, ever pausing to recover his breath. He held in his hand some piece of pottery which to me resembled an old tea-pot. His face was aglow, and he kept on saying "Marvellous, matchless." I felt suddenly how pitiable, how childishly pitiful even, the old man was. When he stopped to speak to me again, however, a panic seized me. I brushed by him, with a muttered apology which later turned into a churlish rejoinder. Immediately afterwards, I felt ashamed, as some strong swimmer would feel after he had released himself from the clutch of a drowning man.

And now the room is closed, and it will probably never be re-opened. Little man with the wizened face and the pathetic manner, come out, come out of the dust, and I will listen to you!

GEORGE SPENCER.

Suggested by a Mozart Slow Movement.

Soft white hands on a white keyboard,
And a quivering flood of melody poured
Into space, while in my heart
A memory wakes, of sweet phantasy
Scarce remembered, and I seem to see
Dim shapes, created by soft notes,
Cool green water, and a leaf that floats
Slowly, wafted by the gentle breeze,
While over all I hear the quiet murmur of the trees.

R. D. Walton.

Advertisement—How it is Done.

ADVERTISEMENT is an exact science rather than an art. Working on strictly scientific lines of procedure, by experiment it has arrived at certain hypotheses and, testing these, has, with ruthless logic, cast out those which proved false and retained those which deserved the name of formulae.

One of the most fool-proof formulae of advertisement is based upon a theory which is strictly in line with the findings of psychology. It can be summed up in the words, "appeal to the complex."

It is as if the advertiser had before him, when composing his message of enlightenment, a list of the various complexes to which the public flesh is heir. An appeal to any one of these mental peculiarities is bound to succeed owing to our loose-thinking and lack of discrimination.

First and foremost is the "snobbish" complex. Consider the advertisement in which a last Bohemian survivor of the well-dressed aristocracy is shown smoking what is termed "The Aristocrat of Cigarettes." The end in view is to make us feel that in smoking these cigarettes we establish our claims to that superiority over our fellow men so long denied recognition. If we take out such a cigarette in a 'bus, we feel, every one will sit up and take notice of a man stamped with culture and breeding. But would a real hundred-per-cent blue-blood aristocrat, up to the neck in Preference Shares, smoke cigarettes at ten for sixpence? [Sir Ian Hamilton smokes Woodbines—Ed.]

Another similar instance is a typical ad. from a bourgeois magazine published at such a price as to be prohibitive to any but the rich. In an unobstrusive corner of the periodical, ladies are advised to smoke a certain brand that is refined and delicate. "No, it is not cheap, but then one always feels that the brand of cigarettes one smokes is so much the indication of one's taste generally." Now, since the quality of a cigarette is directly proportional to its price, the advertisement meant "Smoke our expensive cigarettes and show the world you're well-off." For snobs the magazine was printed and to snobs was the advert addressed.

Appeals to the "sports" complex are numerous. They are to be found in every newspaper and upon every hoarding. A cricketer or a footballer is shown drinking beer or smoking a certain brand of cigarette. The hint is that since athletes smoke and drink these brands, we should follow suit and make ourselves real "sports." A moment's thought would convince us that keen athletes neither drink nor smoke, but, alas, we are not a thinking generation, and the advertiser knows it.

Since the beer magnates decided to pool their resources for advertising purposes, the science has reached a zenith of craftiness.

Whoever thought before of encouraging people to drink because we are a democracy? Yet this is done. The advertiser knows that the newspapers, history books and politicians of our generation have impressed so deeply into our puny minds the fact that we are a democracy, that the word "democracy," like a brake, stops thought and causes a reflex action which makes us lean back in our easy-chair and elicits a sigh of heavenly complacency. In short, the British public now suffers from a "democratic complex."

The advertisement in mind is one which informs us that in the public house, cook's son, duke's son and every other class's son are really equal. The Legal Bar is not the only kind of Bar before which all are peers. Ergo, good Socialist miner from South Wales and gracious Bourgeois from Mayfair, "Beer is Best."

What do we find, however, when we go into one of these 'sanctums for inebriates.' In one room it is fivepence a glass, in another, sixpence, because the seats are upholstered. If your wife has a shawl on you are ushered into the fivepenny room, but if she has a fur coat on, as if by instinct, she finds the best room automatically. No, Messrs. Beer is Best, this won't do. You must find a better reason for us to take up intoxication as a pastime. This one isn't based on fact.

Another complex of the age which is exploited by the advertiser is the "he-man complex," one of the lamentable importations from the ideology of Hollywood. Real men always smoke pipes, and if they are men of taste they smoke "Six Weeds" Tobacco. Sometimes the appeal to the "he-man complex" is given added charm by being accompanied by a careful tickling of the "home-sweet-home complex." The advert tells us that the tough guy's pretty little wife also likes the smell of "Six Weeds."

The "complex" method is the usual medium of advertisers, but another procedure, with an equally sound psychological basis, is employed. This is by "impressionism." Teachers may note! An example is the advertisement for a certain kind of brown bread, which we will call "Brun Bread" for the sake of reference. For about four days the advertisement will run, "Ask for 'Brun' not just Brown." On the fifth day, the words "not just Brown" do not appear. By this time, our minds have begun to call brown bread not brown bread but "Brun" Bread!

In this connection, there is a story of a lady who was so influenced by a shop-window display for "Cow-O-Cubes" that she went in for a dozen "Bull-O-Cubes." The words "Bull-O-Cubes" had been emblazoned before her in sky-signs, newspaper and hoardings, to such an extent that she had become "impressed" with the idea that all meat cubes were "Bull-O-Cubes." Incidentally, later the two firms combined!

Here is a quotation from C. E. M. Joad:—"The highbrow is

emphatically a man with whom advertisement has not succeeded. For my part, I have only to see a commodity advertised to abstain from buying it . . . I tell myself that the money which might have gone into making it good has gone, at least in part, into telling me that it is good, when it is not."

To end upon a more serious note. As teachers, how should we protect our children from these monstrous lies which are daily placed before the nation? Surely they should be warned against such idiotic maxims as "Beer is Best" and "Wheat, the staff of life." Lessons on "Advertisement Trickery" with illustrations, for top classes might prove very interesting and valuable.

[Are these maxims "idiotic"?—Ed.] C. S., (Fairfax).

On the Moor.

WE turned the corner to find before us space, and an undulating stretch of purple moorland. The low purr of the engine quivered in the hot stillness, like ripples quivering on the surface of a lake. A single crow was winging rhythmically through the pale cloudless sky towards the luminous sun now very near the horizon. We sped on past a deserted stone seat, past telegraph poles, standing like stiff, black sentinels against the sky.

In a hollow five paces from the road lay the dyke, its waters trembling like quicksilver. What was troubling the dyke? Fancy said it was the wind, I felt the breeze in my hair and then I saw him, kneeling at the water's edge drawing with his whisperings ripples like blushes to his cheeks, and shadows to his gleaming eyes.

We began to descend, stopping half way down where a stony path cut into the moor. This was the path we had to take. Leaving the car, my companion and I plunged deeper into the silence of the moor.

The sharp stones on the path forced us to leave it for the sheep track through the heather. Springing on its edge were crimson clumps of Bell Heather surrounded by starry mists of Ladies' Bedstraw. Passing several clumps I was contented just to admire, but in the end, unable to resist their attraction I bent and picked a handful.

My companion now had left the path and was plunging on through the stones. We rarely spoke. His thoughts, I knew, were concentrated on Insurance and his prospects of success with the man we were going to visit here and we were not free to seek out and enjoy the beauty of the moor. I thought of age yoked to responsibility and youth free to enjoy freedom, and I wished never to grow old.

The silence had the power of an anaesthetic dulling our senses. It seemed to soak into our bones. It was like a sleep from which we were awakening, roused to life by the nearing farm sounds. The contented snort of a stabled horse welcomed us. We felt that here was life and responded to it. Our conversation revived and as we passed through the gate, we stepped from the silence of the moor into the busy noise of the farmyard. M. A. W. Brontè.

What Is Good Taste with Regard to Music?

IN considering this question, the first thing to ask ourselves is "What is music?" A very simple question but one which it is almost impossible to answer. The Oxford Dictionary gives us the definition "Art of combining sounds with a view to beauty of form and expression of emotion." Combarieu says "Music is in itself a manner of thought." If words could express what the composer wanted to say he would probably use them. It is indeed largely the fact that he is capable of expressing something beyond words that makes him a musician. There is a relation between music and the experiences of life (otherwise music would not have come into being) but only those experiences which are wholly within the composer's mind and soul—and so far as the listener is concerned within *his* mind and soul. Joy, despair, elation and countless other things inspire composers, and their music makes you feel joyful or despairing or elated, speaking to you of many things. But it does not do so by telling you anything that might be told in words or represented in shapes, lines or colours. Its object is not to make you think of love, joy, despair, nor does it actually reckon with your previous experience of those feelings. Music must explain itself or remain unexplained and inexplicable. You must listen to its own voice and find within your own self the key to the language it speaks. Music attracts people in a number of ways—we cannot, of course, say that a certain piece of music must attract in a specified way. Different people will be attracted differently or perhaps not at all. I will try to give some reasons why people enjoy music. Of course, it must be understood that these specified reasons are merely suggestive. First, the music may appeal through the suggestions it arouses (I shall refer to this again when speaking of musical taste). Secondly, the music may attract by appealing to the emotions. Certain music e.g., works on our feelings through the memories it awakens and in this case we 'stick-up' for the music not necessarily because it is musical but because of these memories. As a contrast, the most musical piece does not mean one which can be easily translated emotionally. There is a vast difference between beauty of arrangement and expression of emotion. I am afraid musical beauty or ugliness is far easier felt than explained. As a standing example of a piece playing upon our emotions take the young man in love who hears a piece of music which fits in with his particular feeling at that time. However unmusical that piece or song may be it suits his emotion and for that reason alone, not because there is any music behind it, he likes it. Thirdly, the music may appeal by interesting our intellect. (I shall also refer to this again later). These three reasons are detrimental to true taste as they do not depend upon the actual musical quality (cf. youth in love). The fourth reason

is absolutely essential to musical taste, i.e., music's appeal in stimulating the imagination.

Very little can be said about it. Imagination is inexplicable but we all know it is there. I am afraid I cannot make this point clear by appealing to your experiences outside music. It is music and music only that must tell its own tale. As an example, it is wonderful indeed to see how a Bach fugue, a Mozart or Beethoven symphony are constructed; to feel and observe how repetition, imitation, developments and contrasts all work to an appointed end, but it is impossible to show how and why they do it. Music is essentially a whole. I suppose as soon as I mentioned the names Bach, Mozart and Beethoven some of you hardened and determined 'low-brows' said to yourselves, "I thought classics would have to be brought in." Have you ever thought what we mean by classics? Is the word 'classics' used as opposed to 'moderns'! If so, the 'classics' are composers whose works have survived because generation after generation of music lovers have tried them and found them good irrespective of the passing fashions. The fact that these works delight music lovers of one century as much as they delighted those of another proves that their works do possess vitality, the supreme merit of a work of art. Arnold Bennett says of classical music, "There are no pleasures (save those clustering round the affair of love) superior to the pleasure of listening to music—I mean, good music well rendered. There is no music less 'dull' than classical music, despite all popular prejudices to the contrary. Bach, for example, is generally supposed to be the most austere and difficult of all the composers. Yet I defy anybody with any ear for music at all to listen to Bach a dozen times without succumbing to his spell and asking for more." But, as with pictures, so with music, you have to acquire a certain familiarity as a necessary preliminary to enjoyment. But once that familiarity is obtained the enjoyment is inevitable.

Having spoken a little about the 'classics,' I suppose something concerning modern composers must be included. From the outset I must say that to describe as nonsense certain types of modern music which seem to be composed in defiance of the natural laws which the great classics obeyed is no matter of taste. Such a view does not take into account the fact that a good many of the classics were, at the time when they were written, described by theorists as flying in the face of all natural laws of music. Consequently, we must look for good and bad music on both sides. For example, a music hall song is, necessarily, always simple. A symphony is generally relatively difficult, i.e., it is of some length and complexity. The music hall song may have a clear pleasant melody, and words that are at the same time humorous, sensible and possibly even poetical. If so, it is a good

song. Or it may have a commonplace un-original melody and silly words—then it is a bad song. The symphony on the other hand may have strong original music in it, effectively put together, and really expressing some emotion that was in the composer's mind, in which case it is good. Or it may be merely an academic exercise written by a dull unimaginative routine-minded musician, in which case it is bad. You may say "But classical music is so difficult." The finest music, classical or modern, is not more 'difficult' than the most commonplace. For it is upon feeling and imagination, not upon any act of reasoning and analysing, that the comprehension of music depends. But you do not give your sensitiveness and imagination a fair chance if you do not listen intently and wholeheartedly. Be it classical or modern, music is primarily the art of beautiful sound and attractive rhythm. Mr. Francis Toye says "Nothing can quite take the place of the physical sensation caused by the sound or the rhythm in the brain. It is this that causes the delicious shiver, the quickened pulse which are the essence of musical enjoyment." Unfortunately in much of our modern music our ears become biased by excess rhythm and what we hear is not music but simply rhythm. Practically all modern dance music is not enjoyed *as music*. It may be enjoyed for its rhythm, its sentiment or because it is a dance we like to do, but *not for its music*. Nine-tenths of the songs published merely appeal to our weaknesses. They are simply turned out on the mass-production basis. About one in 50 of the songs published outlives five years or gets home at all and still composers offer them in 'shoals.' One curious point about the *new* songs that are published in such profusion is that 99 out of 100 are not new at all. If you take any chance dozen of them and lay them out on the table you will find the same vocal phrases, the same accompanimental harmonies, the same composing dodges all arranged just a little differently. So un-original are these songs that if the law knew anything about music it would hesitate to admit them to copyright. Of course these 'shop ballads,' as musicians call them, are not the only bad songs in existence. Most of these are written by pot-boiling composers with their tongues in their cheeks, but there are others, written by serious composers, that are just as little likely to live, for a dull respectability is in the long run as blighting as a cheap sentimentality.

Such comparisons are bound to lead us on to a consideration of musical taste and although you may think it a rather laborious and long way of arriving at a consideration for taste I think such an introduction is necessary. It is very easy to blunder when speaking of taste. The word itself is not difficult to define; but it has at least three distinct meanings. It may mean leaning towards a certain thing (you have a taste for music or you have

not). It may mean preferring one thing to another, e.g. violin better than piano. But it is the third meaning which is more difficult because it stands for the capacity of telling good from bad in an apparently absolute, not relative, way. Taste is essentially the power to enjoy coupled with the power to discriminate. Tastes are bound to be different with different people. Wordsworth has written "Every great and original artist in proportion as he is great and original must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished; he must teach the art by which he is to be seen!" A point of crucial importance is that instinctive and educated taste alike are often characterised by an overbalance in a certain direction, with results that may become disastrous. To know that our taste is affected by some kind of overbalance is really half the battle, because such knowledge, even if it does not lead us to react serves as a warning. Few of us, if any, may hope to achieve perfect balance but we all may hope to enrich and improve our instinctive taste. The object of taste is the acquisition of that clear-sightedness, discipline and freedom of outlook which will enable you to judge and enjoy musical works on their purely *musical* merits. It is the music we should aim at, not the cleverness of the pianist. Your object in educating your taste is to do away with everything that might render your enjoyment of music less speedy, less frequent, less certain, less keen and less lasting. Such an education is never ending. In such an education, theory is not necessary although it does help in the same way that a knowledge of colour assists appreciation of art. There are one or two factors which prevent our acquiring good taste. The main one, I think, is habits. Because of habits, for example, we cannot readily appreciate Chinese, Grecian or Arabian music. Appreciation depends upon habit. If a man is not in the habit of hearing noble language, but only the attenuated vocabulary and pitiful slang of the market-place, is it likely that his appreciation of literature will one day miraculously be born? Similarly if a man's acquaintance with the work of the musician has been all his life confined to nauseous sentimentalities of the music hall or the cinema, how can it be otherwise than that the appeal of the true artist in tone will fall upon ears that are deaf to the very elements of the language he is speaking? Another enemy to taste is prejudice. Many of us are prejudiced against certain types of music, e.g. because a piece may be labelled classical, it is called *drivel*. An experiment was tried a few years ago by the B.B.C. They had a 'mystery' programme and listeners were requested to comment on the items. Imagine one's delight when a Beethoven's Scherzo was called a March, a Fox-Trot and a One-Step! Consequently, with such obstacles as these in our way training is essential, the object of which is what I said before,

the acquisition of that clear-sightedness, discipline and freedom of outlook which will enable us to judge and enjoy musical works on their purely musical merits. A very few years ago people either appreciated music or failed to appreciate it and there was no idea that one could teach them to appreciate: now, however, as I have hinted, it is realised that there are thousands of people capable of appreciating music yet failing to do so for want of a little guidance from somebody who knows more than they do. This of course leads us directly to the subject of appreciation which should be of interest to us as future teachers. The old type music lesson asked the children to express, by singing or piano playing, ideas, thoughts and feelings of which for the most part they knew nothing. It has been said that there can be no impression without a corresponding expression, but it is equally true to say there can be no expression without a corresponding impression. A child must be able to hear music and must have his mind prepared to think and feel in the language which he is to be called upon to use. The trouble with older people today is that they have never had the opportunity of hearing good music and therefore cannot possibly discriminate. Let us imagine a human being with a natural disposition for music but who has never heard any during his life. The first music he hears, good or bad, will fly straight to his heart. Later, hearing more music, he will begin to know what he prefers and why. The more sharply he differentiates between the various examples of music he hears the more surely his taste will progress. The thought, then, which is the real inspiration of the appreciation movement is that music is a great art, not a "mere luxury and ornament of life." To the child it can, if rightly presented, be the means by which we may "open Fairyland" to him. To the adult fortunate enough to have had his ears quickened to hear "wondrous things,' the power so developed will be a priceless possession. Consequently children must be trained to hear just as much as they are trained to observe. Such a training will lead to collaboration between artist and auditor. Some people will argue that music will cease to be a pleasure if we have to concentrate and bring our intellectual powers to bear upon the subject. But is it not a mistake to think that mental effort is the enemy of pleasure? Look at the man going home in the train studying the sporting page of the evening paper. Again the crowd watching a football match, and noting every fine point in the skilful action of the players. Their brains are intensely active and yet they go home refreshed. When listening to music, people should not seek simply to be amused, but also to distinguish between what is good, true and beautiful on the one hand and what is merely ear tickling and sentiment moving on the other. In conclusion allow me to quote an extract from the

report of the Consultative Committee appointed by the Board of Education to consider the question of "Differentiation of curricula between the sexes in Secondary Schools."

"We are in error if we dismiss (the study of music rightly undertaken) as a recreation, or seclude it as a remote and technical study which is out of relation to the rest of our intellectual life. Its range is not less wide than that of literature; it appeals to the same faculties of emotion and judgement; it is, allowing for the necessary differences in medium, subject to the same general aesthetic principles. Its history, far too much neglected in our schools, is an essential part of the history of our civilisation. The mental training offered by analytical study of its construction and texture is closely parallel to that afforded by the natural sciences. Its problems of style are as interesting and varied as those presented by any literary form. Above all, it is a language with a poetry as noble as that of Dante or Racine or Shakespeare or Milton. All the arguments which can be used for the inclusion of language and literature in our ordinary scheme of education may be used with equal force in the case of music. It is high time that our national gift of music, which has once more come into its own in executance and in composition, should be duly recognised in the training grounds of our schools and colleges."

B. A. KERSHAW, (Fairfax).

The Passing of the Storm-Child.

She woke—and flung the casement open wide,
The storm beat at her head as a funeral knell,
And, as the winds rushed on like threatening beasts,
On each there rode a grinning, luring thing,
The spirit of some man departed long
And each appeared to mock her, as they went
On their long journey to the wild unknown
'Come!' they cried, 'and come,' but shrank she ever back,
But with each backward glance they laughed aloud,
Till all the earth and heaven, as well, recoiled
Fearing their jests and devilish glee. They screamed
And hung like beasts of prey about to swoop.
Again that awful cry of 'come!' and 'come!'
And then the wind was hushed: their voices still
They leaned towards her from their trembling steeds
And she responded to their friendly cries.
(They seemed no longer evil things.)
And then the tempest roared,
The winds swirled on while darkness reigned
And with the dawn the Storm-Child was no more.

G. T., (Bronté).

F.C.

Propaganda and Education.

IN a local newspaper a letter recently appeared under the nom-de-plume "Calumet." This gentleman was evidently alarmed by the fact that the teaching profession was "going red." A Head Master, discussing the extravagance of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, had said "We don't do that kind of thing now. Instead, we have jubilees and the taxpayer has to foot the bill." Calumet claimed that such people were "polluting the national life-stream."

Whatever this ominous phrase may mean, the pollution of the national life-stream is surely a terrible thing to contemplate. If this is the case, we ought to pause a while and consider what we may do to bring about a little "pure ablution round England's shores."

Calumet observed that the teacher was a servant of the State and, as such, in his professional capacity should criticise none of its activities. To the teacher the State is and therefore is right. This stout defender of the *status quo* was, in effect, proposing the dismissal of any teacher who desired social progress and was not entirely satisfied with things as they are.

Many people, especially those who themselves are politically indifferent, say that political bias should be kept out of education. Others observe that, however careful one is, it is impossible to avoid putting one's own personal colouring upon the most objective situation.

Although there is more sense in the second opinion, both sides miss the fundamental point.

Education is Propaganda and Propaganda Education. The two may not be divorced. Now Propaganda is of two kinds, that of which the influence is towards the truth and that which is a deliberate distortion of fact for an ulterior motive. A comparison between the two statements "Drink more Milk" and "Beer is Best" will serve as an effective illustration. Obviously Education should be of the former type.

One has only to look at a few History Text Books to see how the latter type of Propaganda is used in Education. The English Child is taught that the Battle of Waterloo was a great and glorious victory for Wellington, and the German child that it was Blucher who made all the difference. The story is meanwhile so presented to the French child as to nourish a resentment against both Blucher and Wellington and the defeat as a stroke of ill fortune for Napoleon and France. The ulterior motive behind this propaganda is obviously to develop feelings of cheap nationalism and patriotism.

To the sane man, greed and bloodshed are not things which

can be legitimately romanticised. Yet the gaining of the British Empire which has been motivated by the former sin and carried through at times by the latter, is presented to the child as the most glorious thing in the child's heritage.

Propaganda may not be divorced from Education. Fact itself often becomes propaganda. If a teacher in a slum area had to put on his blackboard the number of pounds spent annually on his education, or the number of square yards of play ground per head in his school, and side by side corresponding figures for Eton and Harrow, this would be Bolshevik Propaganda.

Yet another consideration makes Calumet's Fascistic sentiments appear shallow and ill-considered. The State is constantly evolving. Every new piece of legislation alters the distribution of wealth and power. How shall the teacher keep pace with the progress which is being made over his head? Surely if the teacher who is a reformer should be dismissed, so should the diehard reactionary.

The best solution for the problem from Calumet's point of view would be to have it clearly established by examination that no teacher should be possessed of a critical faculty or any shade of controversial opinion.

Much is talked nowadays about Education for Leisure. This subject crops up under such headings as "Towards a New Social Order" or "The Education of the Future." The idea is that since machinery has made possible an increase of leisure the child should be trained in the use of leisure. However, if in these discussions, the question is raised as to how to redistribute the leisure now reserved for one class of enforced idlers, one finds the person condemned for having introduced politics into what was meant to be quite a harmless and friendly evening.

When will the Englishman realise that the way in which he is governed influences every department of his life—that politics are life, and life politics? It is indifference to the political side of education which has brought about the present state of affairs in schools, which are over-crowded, under-staffed and ill-equipped.

Education is open to the criticism usually levelled at the Church. It is always one of the main obstacles to social progress because its teachings embody the respectability of the *status quo*. Education should look rather to the perfectibility of existing institutions than to the present perfection of past institutions.

C. S. (Fairfax).

NOTE. As an appendix to the above, the Editor would like to ask this question. Is the teacher primarily a servant of the State or primarily a servant of the parents of his pupils? On the

answer to this will follow many important consequences. It might make much difference, for example, to the type of religious instruction the child is to receive. The teacher is certainly "*in loco parentis*" (in place of the parent), and there is already much *State* interference in the lives of citizens. Is the status of teachers in their own sphere in any way comparable to that of legal judges in theirs? Should not both champion the liberties of the individual in certain very vital issues?

The Students' Scrapbook

with the kind assistance of Bill Shakespeare.

Dilemma in Algebra Exam.

To be or not to be; that is the question.—Hamlet.

On entering Psycho. Exam.

I must read this paper—'tis so
This paper has undone me.—Henry VIII.

Consolation in History Exam.

Nothing will come of nothing.—King Lear.

Night before Finals.

——it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watched and the most heaviest.—Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Reminder to Examiners,

The quality of mercy is not strained.—Merchant of Venice.

To Lecturers.

Speak—I am bound to hear.—Hamlet.

Setting out for Final S.P.

Lord we knew what we are but we know not
What we may be.—Hamlet.

Observation at Lacrosse Match.

——here's no scoring but upon the pate.—Henry IV.

On receiving book bill.

Base is the knave that pays.—Henry V.

After Educational Visit to the Breweries.

I remember a mass of things but nothing distinctly.—Othello.

P.T.

Oh I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer.—Tempest.

On Parting.

Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.—Henry IV.

On being sent to the Principal.

If 'twere now to die 'twere now to be most happy.—Othello.

H.M.I.

Tear falling pity dwells not in his eye.—Richard III.

ROSEMARY DOBIE.

Bird Life on the Estate—Oddities and Varieties.

AS I write I am in full view of the quadrangle, and feeding on the newly mown grass are numerous starlings, sparrows, jackdaws and rooks. A flash of black and white wings heralds the presence of a pied-wagtail which struts about with contrasted plumage occasionally making a sharp turn to secure some tit-bit. His stay is short for suddenly he "takes off" into graceful flight rising and falling with flashes of white from his barred wings.

As he leaves a fieldfare alights on the grass (one of the latest visitants of the thrush family) and begins to hunt for worms in the manner common to his species. Meanwhile, under the tree growing on the edge of that yawning chasm known to 440 men as Leighton Pothole, sits a black and white cat known by the fond but inglorious name of Tony. From high above him comes the defiant chatter of a magpie which flies into a neighbouring beech, shrieking as it goes. Tony (what a name) leaps up the rough bark and finally stalks out along the lowest branch probably licking his whiskers as he does so. However I am too far away to see that. Suddenly a large number of rooks rise from the tree, their cawing disturbing the quiet of the evening. Now and again I hear the higher *cae* of the jackdaw, as at least twenty birds wheel round the head of Tony, who is probably wishing that he had never ventured. More rooks feeding on the quad hear the noise and fly to join the attack, but relief is at hand, for the noise is waking the neighbourhood. A voice calls from the window, Tony descends and walks up the hostel steps, the absence of "wild wet woods" alone necessary for the identical picture of Kipling's cat that walked by itself.

This is only one of the many interesting things which are to be seen at any time on the estate. Lately at the scandalous hour of six a.m., the first beech on the drive (men's side) provided me with an unusual sight, for two cock blackbirds were attacking a magpie, their plain plumage a contrast to the bigger bird, resplendent in black and white and proud possessor of a beautiful tail. First one and then the other flew at the magpie, the whole procedure being accompanied by the harsh chatter of the attacked and the excited calls of the attackers. What could be the cause? Why should two males of a species unite to attack another of a different species? A long list of robbed nests bears pathetic witness to the activities of these beautifully plumaged thieves.

In Churchwood there is a nest cleverly hidden in the outgrowth of a stunted elm within six feet of the path. It is made entirely of string wound round and round with a lining of hair and grasses. Again in the hedge bordering the road running past Priestley is a blackbird's nest, containing a hen, with the dead

cock bird impaled on the branches within a foot of the structure. Its presence, the cause of which is inexplicable, prompted me to go round to the other side and from the tennis court all I could see was a ball of paper, seemingly carelessly tossed into the hedge. On this, the open side, the birds had covered their nest with discarded cigarette wrappings. This is camouflage worthy of Hannibal.

The redwing is an example of a visitant to the estate and the two people who saw it first presented me and my more learned friend with a ludicrous problem. This stranger was first described as a cross between a robin and a thrush—truly a strange mongrel, and then as a baby thrush which had been fighting something. This bird was a redwing, a winter visitant arriving in late October and leaving in early April to breed in more northern climes. Its olive brown back, spotted breast and chestnut red flanks gave rise to the above descriptions.

Many more points of interest could be recorded if space and all important time did not press, but such things as the jackdaw's nest in the drainpipe by Cavendish and the blue-tit's in the wall bordering the Rookery with a convenient loose brick which exposes the nest can be mentioned 'en passant.'

In conclusion, a touch of pathos. Many nests have been robbed on the estate this year, and setting down all others as the work of magpies, rats, jackdaws and squirrels, one case stands out as a felonious theft. On May 17th, at two p.m., the wall near Grange was found to contain a robin's nest with five eggs. After recovering the sand which on removal of a piece of the wall had drifted into the nest, it was left as before. At four the hen had returned, sitting courageously on the eggs with my hand within six inches from her. By six p.m. all five eggs had been stolen. This is an inexcusable piece of savagery. W.J.A., (Fairfax).

Do You Remember?

Do you remember how we climbed the hill,
And how our feet slipped on the stony track,
How the thin rain struck cold and chill,
And that moor-bird called 'Go back, go back?'
Do you remember how the clouds raced in the leaden sky
And how your hair, wind-whipt, streamed in your face,
How far away a peewit's mournful, wailing cry,
Made music in that lone, forsaken place?
Do you remember how we reached the crown,
In one last breathless rush, and stood at gaze,
And saw the patchwork fields of green and brown
Half-hidden in a thin, white, haze?

Beamsley Beacon, March 30th, 1936. R. D. Walton, Grange.

The Challenge to you.

IT is one of the failings of human nature that we are always prone to wait for someone else to do his duty before we do ours. We always wait for a lead and are afraid of acting alone. Every member of the League would have applied every possible sanction against Mussolini if every other member had put them on first. Every ardent socialist well knows he will not pool his resources until everyone else has pooled theirs. Half the world would turn Christian to-morrow morning if they felt sure the other half would do so at the same time. It is this fear of single handed action that produces such a host of excuses for our misbehaviour. Psychological, social and economic arguments are concocted to show how utterly impossible it is for us to act rightly, unless everyone else does so.

In this we make a great mistake. We fail to appreciate one of the fundamental laws of nature, that the units compose the mass. No matter how small the amount of leaven, it is possible that in time it will leaven many measures of meal. An old and much respected friend of mine, once described as one of Leamington's saints, said she never hesitated to do some good however small since she realised it was the units which made up the whole. She indeed had got right to the root of the problem of doing good; it is what the individual does, and that alone, that matters.

If Plato's conception of the universe be in the main true then all we know and see is but the shadow of the image of reality. All material works will ultimately be of no avail since the real universe is probably a moral one where Goodness, Truth and Beauty dwell. If this is so, it is only as we do good works that we shall be doing anything of real and lasting value. Some idea of the truth of this may be gleaned from a study of the past. The material pomp and power of Rome has long been buried in the dust. But some of her moral achievements live still with us, embodied in our laws and government. The glory that was Israel's has long since departed from Jerusalem. But though the Hebrews were amongst the smallest of the nations, their moral laws and standards were the finest, and today they form the foundation of the whole code of conduct of the civilised world.

Man is ever instinctively seeking after immortality. Here then surely lies one way to achieve it. Accomplish good while yet you may and let your moral influence live on for ever.

But what do we mean by 'good.' There are many ideas concerning it. Fair-play, chivalry, sportsmanship, justice, and honest toil. Are these complete expressions of the reality? At any rate they have not brought us very far. Fair play we have never had. The age of chivalry is one of the darkest blots upon our page of history. Justice is almost invariably on the side of the big battalions. Sportsmanship has brought us to the present pass and honest toil is impossible in a capitalistic world (?) Moreover however near some or all of these

may approach the ideal of good at any time, they are far too easily corrupted and destroyed by hate, suspicion and by fear. The League, a splendid example of them all, has well nigh been wrecked by a combination of these evil forces. Nor is there any hope that of themselves these conceptions of 'good' can restore our tottering world. They lack a driving and directing force.

Therefore I suggest that something else is needed, that something being Love. Not love in its narrowest sense as we best know it in college, but a wide, deep, Christian and international love, the love of God for His own sake and of our fellow-men because we are all His Children.

Some people doubtless think it more thrilling to wear a coloured shirt or wave a tattered flag than just to love mankind and help them. But their achievements will be transient and material. Love's accomplishments are eternal and divine.

Actually for them the way of Love demands too great a price. All down the ages its steep and rugged pathway has been stained with martyrs' blood. To-day in times of greater toleration it is no bed of roses, and few are brave enough to take it. This is the challenge to you. Are you willing to go the Way of Love? Are you prepared to sacrifice and suffer and still go on loving mankind? Are you brave enough to stand alone against the evils that entrap and snare your brothers? Will you make just one more who is helping to stem the roaring tide of evil which threatens to overwhelm the world.

To us who are soon going into the real battle of life the challenge rings clear and unmistakeable. There is no escape from it. It admits of one answer only, yes or no.

When we face the issue squarely we may well be dismayed. But there is one thing that reassures us. The big battalions are not on our side, but God is.

For those who are willing to follow this way He has promised assistance and companionship. Through Jesus Christ, His Son, we learn the way, and from Him too we derive our help and fellowship. It rests with us to decide if we will have it. If we are willing He will not fail us.

AMJAG. Fairfax.

Storm-Tossed Seas.

No peace. A restless, seething, rush,
A surging swoop that hurls
Spray high above, seeming to brush
The dark sky, then backward swirls
Defeated; sullen, seemingly downcast,
Yet gathering strength, without a halt
Full force, renewed, again to cast,
On grey, grim, rocks, a fresh assault. R. D. Walton.

F.C.

What Is Good Taste?

IT is difficult to answer this question, except by a series of illustrations. Why is it bad taste to listen to and enjoy jazz and be bored with good music, such as Handel's or Beethoven's or Schubert's? Why is it bad taste to read fourpenny novelettes? Why is it bad taste to prefer Ella Wheeler Wilcox to Masefield, or Ben Travers to Shakespeare?

Bad taste forces an entry not only into the realms of literature and music, however, but into every sphere where there can be a distinction between 'good' and 'bad,' or 'right' and 'wrong.' Thus, it is improper to wear a frock coat with grey flannels, or a top hat with Scout uniform. It is not 'good form' to eat with one's knife, to wipe one's nose on the sleeve instead of the handkerchief, or to cough into somebody's face. Convention has decreed that these things shall not be done, and therefore, unconventional methods at first strike us as being bad taste. But why should a person not be able to perform according to his own whims and fancies? If a man wishes to go to a dinner in plus fours and a four days' growth of beard, surely he should be allowed to do so. Perhaps we are in danger of losing our individuality, and becoming just types, like the monkeys.

Why should all the women at a Sheep Dog Trial or a performance of 'Macbeth' wear earrings and paint and polished nails? Do they not realise that they are sheep themselves, and that to smoke reveals deplorably bad taste?

Bad taste may result from selfishness. We know of the people who come late to a theatre or concert hall, disturbing everyone as they move to their seats, and often even standing up in their places for a while to gain a more exalted view of the performance. Then there is the woman who informs her husband in loud tones of what is coming next, to the discomfiture of the nearest spectators. This is selfishness—or thoughtlessness. It is certainly bad taste.

It seems that those things which lead to loudness and vulgarity and vanity may be regarded as 'bad taste,' and that 'good taste' implies virtue and simplicity and humility.

Education is necessary to produce a cultured mind, without which good taste is impossible or at the least difficult to achieve. That is why ill-educated persons waste their time lounging or drinking or going to the cinema. It explains why all the things mentioned above are examples of bad taste. They are usually done by those who know no better.

Culture, then, is the basis of any training in appreciation of good music or good literature or good behaviour or good dress. Good taste can only come from a cultured mind. This points to a weakness in our present educational methods. We teach arithmetic and history and geography, but we do not spend enough time showing children why

the "Messiah" is better music than the "Teddy Bears' Picnic Party" or "The Old Kitchen Kettle;" why

"A mermaid
On a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music"

is better than

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong," etc.

or even why it is better to be clean than dirty, mannerly than impolite.

It has been said many times that appreciation cannot be taught; it can only be communicated by infection. There is a great deal of truth in this. If a teacher of girls comes to school in ear-rings and powder and paint and perfume, how can she avoid influencing her girls by her vulgarity?

Children respect sincerity, humility and quietness in a teacher, and it is certain that appreciation, like charity, must begin at home. If children are to have good taste, their educators themselves must be cultured, and therein lies our starting-point. D.W.B.

Gossip of the Term.

Edited by THE MARQUIS OF FAIRFAX.

THE ART EXHIBITION recently held has its attractions. I have been three times acting in the capacity of a guide. My companion thoroughly enjoyed herself each time.

NICKNAMES are so fascinating. One person I know has held several. First he was the CANON; from that he was changed to POP; later he was re-christened WEEZY. (derivation—Pop-goes-the-weasel). Later he may be called ANNA.

I am pleased that the SENIOR has found a new occupation this Summer term. She has quite a charming personality. By the end of term she should be a suitable type for Russia.

CONGRATULATIONS to Fairfax on winning the Sports. Not many Sports Clubs can boast of a tug-of-war team such as the one fielded by this Hostel, and win through in the end.

A GALA DAY it was when the women held their sports. I think that the women of today can compare favourably with the men when it comes to stamina. By the way, what *day* was it?

I was talking to a Cabinet Minister the other day and he told me quite confidentially that the Government would shortly hold an inquiry into the result of the recent College-Carnegie Sports. It is almost certain that the Government grant to Carnegie will be halved.

Freedom.

THE ABBEY.

Directions to Visitors.

Visitors are allowed to pass through the Grounds and to view the Abbey Ruins. They are requested to close the Gates, to keep to the Paths, not to linger in front of the Hall or Rectory, and not to leave paper or any kind of litter about. Picnics, Games, and Bands of Music are not allowed in the Abbey Grounds, or the Grounds adjoining. Bathing in the River Wharfe is strictly prohibited.

The Drives in the Abbey Grounds are Private, and Carriages, Motor Cars and Bicycles, are not allowed within the Gates.

Artists and Photographers are not allowed to work in the Grounds on Sundays.

By Order.

THIS seemed to us encouraging. For all these privileges we had nothing to pay. Joyfully we shouldered our packs and set out to visit the ruins. Having spent a few minutes examining some old walls and imaginary roofs and windows, we walked along the bank of the river to try to find something interesting. Coming at last to a board advertising beautiful woods for sixpence per person, we returned, deciding to leave a more detailed study of the flora and fauna of the district to a time when sixpences were not so scarce. We tried the other bank, but this wanted money too, so we came back to the Abbey Church. Reverently we went inside, looked around and tried to force an exit, but were confronted by a box held at arm's length by a man who had nothing else to do, except perhaps discuss the financial position with a colleague. So we have to pay even for the privilege of going to church! We came to some grounds which looked interesting and found a board which said "Private." Leaving these on our left we came to the road, where we saw dust and motor cars. We looked around for the board advertising "Private," but found none, so felt pleased at our discovery and decided to tell others when we reached home that we had found something for nothing. Meditating upon the extortionate Duke of ———, who owned these lands for some reason or other and prevented all but the "bourgeois" from seeing and appreciating the beauty of nature, we walked back home, elated that we lived in a free country.

BEN GUNN.

The Mary E. Paine Memorial Fund.

The Committee responsible for the administration of the Mary E. Paine Memorial Fund has decided that the money at its disposal this year shall be spent on books for the College Library.

H.S.P.

Art Club Notes.

THE bi-ennial exhibition of Art and Crafts of the College Art dept. was held in the Exhibition room of the College from May 4th—16th. It was held primarily for the students, but was open to the public at stated hours.

In the rooms of the Art Dept. were a lay-out of drawing materials and apparatus, and a miscellaneous display of Children's work, of which there were 5 sections:—

1. A set of studies complied by Mr. Presswood of imaginative drawings of "a man" by Leeds Children aged 3—12 years.
2. Group work from the practising schools.
3. Selected final school practice studies.
4. A set of illustrations from Manchester.
5. A varied exhibition of work by Swiss, Austrian and Finnish Children.

During the exhibition the Art Club arranged a meeting of students and teachers to hear Mr. Andrews, Principal of the College of Art, speak on the "The new movement in Art in Elementary Schools." 100 were present.

Mr. Andrews referred to the dreary and profitless drawing of pre-war years, and faced the development of enlightened thought and feeling, approving the tendency to furnish and equip Class rooms suitably and tastefully, and to appoint efficiently trained teachers to be responsible for Art instruction. Children, he said, did not suffer from the highbrow paragon of the critics, but responded naturally and helpfully to the inspiration and watchful guidance of trained enthusiasts. He shewed how custom, costume and environment influence the art work of children of different countries. He regretted the influence and the type of humour portrayed on the hoardings, and urged that a lofty dignity be maintained in all art teaching. The Council for Art and Industry, which takes a keen interest in the progress of Art instruction in schools, asks that one-fifth of the time table be devoted to Art. Some Leeds Schools give more.

The secretaries, Mr. McKean and Miss Wainwright, thanked Mr. Andrews on behalf of the Club.

The Art Club held its first summer outing on Wednesday, May 27th. A small but select party took the bus to Bramhope, and turning down the "steps" were into beautiful country at once. Foliage was at its freshest and blue bells at their bluest even if the day were grey. The way led into Poole Bank and through Poole village, where Miss Roberts, who "knows the ground," piloted the party up through hillside pastures with hardly a trace of a path, and though somewhat decked with flaming scarlet, led the way dauntlessly through herds of cattle, finally shoo-ing a bovine heavy-weight away from Leathley stile. The fine old Church was locked, and though Mr. Thwaite stirred up the little hamlet in search of a key, and Mr. Curtis strove with suspicious adroitness to pick the lock, the students of architecture had to be content with an exterior survey of the Norman tower,

seeking to argue Saxon influence into the quoins, and trying to believe that these old stones were the object of the excursion. Then someone said "Tea" and interest was diverted to urns. It was decided to make no further reference to the Oliver who came five times for the Darjeeling. The sun shone gaily after tea, and made the Wharfe side stroll to Otley delightful. A diversion was created by the discovery of a "ranty" provided by a thoughtful Urban Council, and the display of "P.T." would have gladdened (?) the heart of "P.T.S." At Otley, in view of the towering Chevin, and in reach of a Leeds bus, the staff present assumed an expression of Burnham retirement, and, moreover, spoke darkly of "piles of work to do." Mr. Taylor (H.H.) promptly took command, and the young people, uncomplaining and entirely unconvinced, moved decorously (in view of the staff) across the bridge to the foot of the Chevin. The height was scaled, and the walk continued down through Guiseley to Rawdon, where a welcome lift helped the hikers to reach College at 9 o'clock.

The prize winners in the Junior (Easter) Competition of the Art Club were:—

1st Prizes H. Whitehead. D. Bolton. F. Carter.

2nd ,, M. Hardaker. V. Atherton. E. Stockton.

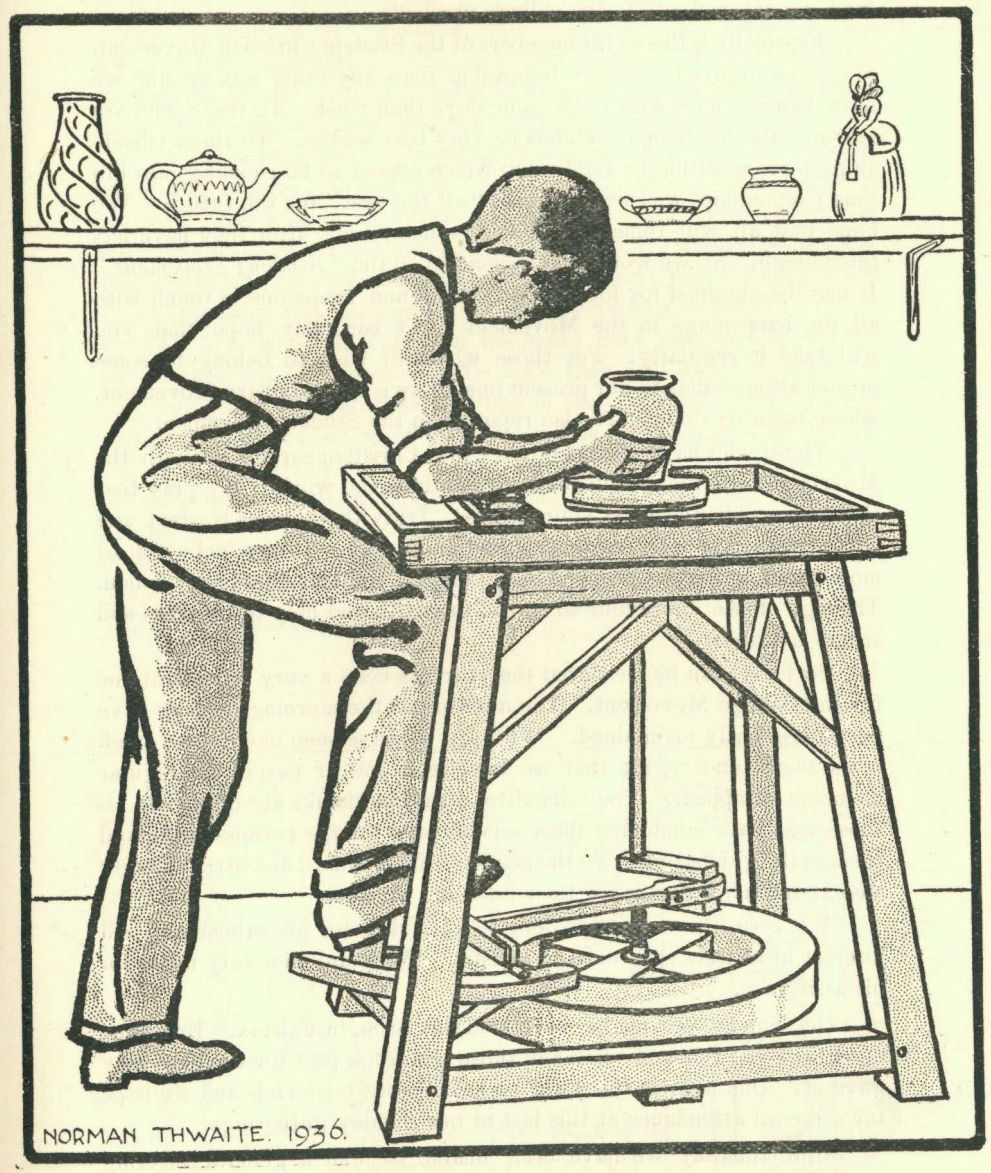
In the summer vacation competitions, prizes will be awarded in each of the following sections:—

1. Landscape in water colours.
2. Portrait in any medium, including clay or plasticine.
3. (a) Garden flower and foliage in water colour.
   (b) Wild ,, or grass ,, ,, ,,
4. Set of 3 pencil sketches of a live animal or bird.
5. An imaginative study in any medium of a Dickens Character.
6. A piece of good prose in MSS writing.
7. A sketch design in colour for a fancy dress.
8. A set of 3 ribbons in tones of grey.
9. A piece of finished craftwork.

The Club extends the best of good wishes to departing senior members, and reminds them of the Old Owl's section of the competitions. Studies should reach Mr. Hall on Oct. 1st.

The College engineer, Mr. Sladen has made a most acceptable potter's wheel for the art department. It is somewhat similar in pattern to a very old type of wheel used by a modern potter, Mr. Leach, of St. Ives, now in the Pottery section of the Leeds College of Art. But there are differences. Mr. Sladen's wheel is of much lighter structure. It has a steel vertical shaft cut from the solid, housed in ball and thrust bearings, with a weighted fly wheel, balanced and fixed to give true alignment on the turning wheel. The treadle embraces an entirely new feature which does away with chain and rod suspension. This treadle runs on a horizontal bearing with roller and this is an advantage in the manipulation of the pedal.

The Art Staff herein express their appreciation of Mr. Sladen's skilful and valuable service.



The Student Christian Movement.

IT must be with mingled feelings of regret and joy that we complete our college course. Joy because at last we have an opportunity to pull our full weight in the work of the world, regret because we shall say good-bye to the many happy hours and pleasant friendships we have enjoyed within the college precincts.

Especially is this so for members of the Student Christian Movement. We have enjoyed a closer fellowship than any other society, and we have happier memories of by gone days than most. To those who are leaving, the Movement extends its very best wishes. To those friendships formed within its fellowship which appear to be ripening into life long partnerships we sincerely wish "all the best" for the future. We hope that all will remember the Movement long after they have left the college. So we would recommend to all the "*Student Movement.*" It may be obtained for fourpence a month and keeps one in touch with all the happenings in the Movement. We earnestly hope that you will take it regularly. For those who still wish to belong to some organisation similar to our present one, there is the Auxiliary Movement, whose monthly doings are also reported in the Student Movement.

Those who have found an entry into Christian service through the Movement in college will want to continue the work. We pray that God may guide and bless your efforts. Truly the harvest is great and never were labourers more needed than to-day. If any feel a call to more exacting service there is the Student Volunteer Missionary Union. Through it we endeavour to spread our faith and help to brothers and sisters overseas.

So far as can be measured the year has been a very successful one for the College Movement. The numbers at the morning services have been excellently maintained. With joy we have seen one or two fresh faces there, and regret that we have seen one or two of the regular members disappear. The committee's sincere thanks are offered to all those who have conducted these services and for the permission to hold them in the gymnasium. To the pianists Miss Goddard and Mr. Whitaker we extend many thanks for their unfailing service.

We owe also a special debt to Mr. Hall for his valued help and interest in matters spiritual and artistic. We thank him very much for his assistance.

One Sunday service has been held this term, in Fairfax. Everyone much enjoyed this and we thank those who took part for the help they gave us. One more service will be held before term ends and we hope for a record attendance at this last of our Sunday gatherings.

Unfortunately we have been unable to hold a general meeting this term. So many interests are specially evident at this time of the year that it has proved impossible to fit one in.

The committee would like to point out here that the four evangelical meetings arranged during the year and the study groups connected

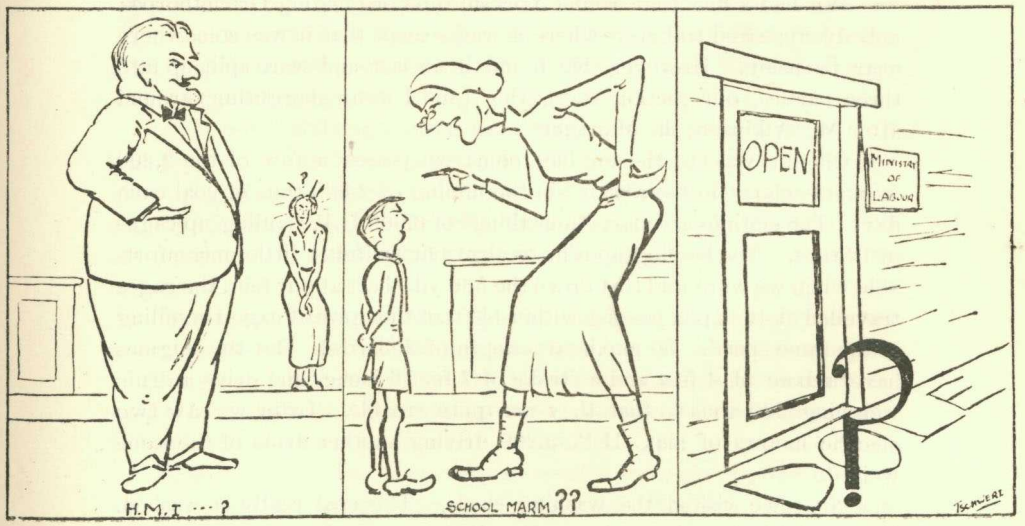
with them are not in anywise connected with the Student Christian Movement.

The results of Federation Week were most gratifying. The sum of £7-11-0 has been forwarded for the work of the World Student Christian Federation. All has been raised by voluntary workers and givers and our thanks are due to those concerned. Special mention should be made of the excellent efforts made by the women's hostels towards this contribution. One is driven to the conclusion that it is the peculiar female "gift of tongues" which enables them so overwhelmingly to out strip the men in matters of money raising!!

For those who need a refreshing holiday we recommend Swanwick. Swimming, tennis, walking and talking; what better holiday can be desired? Ask your hostel representative for further particulars. For the "practical Christians" there is a work camp, from July 1st to 14th. This is specially recommended for members of next year's Rugby team. There is nothing like moving a slag heap for getting "tough"!!

To those who will carry on the work next year we extend our best wishes for real success. We hope they will enjoy their task as thoroughly as we have done and find in the opportunities of Christian service a fuller realisation of their ideals than has been possible before.

And so good-bye. For those who may never meet again, pray for their souls. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." This is still true if only we could realise it. May happy memories of your college days dwell long with you and sweet memories of the fellowship that you have known increase and cheer you as the years roll by!



THITHER COLLEGE YOUTH.

Scientific Society.

President: The Principal.
Chairman: Mr. H. Whitehead.
Vice-Chairman: Mr. J. Lawton.
Treasurer: Mr. J. D. Parker.

THIS term has been entirely devoted to outdoor work. Three visits have been arranged, and I would like to thank all who have helped to make them successes. As most members will know, this is the first time since the formation of the Society in 1934 that such a programme has been undertaken.

Our first visit was to the Orchid Nurseries of Messrs. Mansell & Hatcher (Rawdon). Here we were well instructed in the methods applied in growing orchids.

The second visit was to Grimethorpe Colliery (Barnsley), where a good time was had by all. The third visit has been arranged for June 3rd when we are to have the pleasure of the company of Mr. W. R. Grist on a ramble in the Meanwood district. Members will remember the interesting lecture given by Mr. Grist last term.

To conclude may I thank all who have helped to make this year a success, and wish the Committee for next year the best of luck.

A. CURRY, Secretary.

Visit to Grimthorpe Colliery.

The visit to the colliery was, I think, the most interesting, the most entertaining, and the most dirty excursion arranged by the College, during our two years of varied experiences. Of course, like all other excursions, we were late in leaving College, due to the lateness of the bus; a whole twenty minutes late; a negligible amount when we realised what was in store for us.

We had a fine tour round Yorkshire before finding Grimethorpe; nobody appeared to know where it was, except that it was somewhere near Barnsley. However, we found it at last and were split up into three parties, our section staggering (and I mean staggering) around after Mr. Atkinson, the Manager.

On our way to the engine rooms we passed a few of the 2,200 workers who "do their stuff" in the mining of 2,800 tons of coal each day. The engines are marvellous things of 3,000 H.P. hauling up cages of 12 tubs. The hauling up is'nt too bad but we felt a little uncomfortable when we were told that down the 586 yd. shaft at our feet, the cages travelled at 40 m.p.h. passing within 1½ ft. of the upward cage travelling at the same speed. 80 m.p.h. at a depth of 293 yds! But the engines have a bore of 4 feet and a stroke of 7 feet 6 inches and drive a drum weighing 200 tons so that they are quite capable. Later we saw two electric motors of max. H.P. 5,200 driving another drum of the same weight.

Next we visited the washing sheds. The coal really is washed. Personally I thought coal was the dirtiest thing I ever saw until we

saw it coming up the shaft. Believe me it *is* dirty. The coal is sorted on belts which wander round the sorting sheds for miles, each belt supplying the air with more dust. They make smokeless coal there by extracting gases and tar. They don't lose anything if they can help it.

To conclude this enlightening tour of the mine, we had a good wash and then ate everything in the canteen. I was surprised how much some people could eat.

Believe me—a *most* enlightening visit. HARRY H. TAYLOR.

The Musical Society.

ON Monday, May 18th by permission and with the approval of Dr. Rich there was a meeting of all musical-minded Juniors with the object of forming a Musical Society which would begin functioning next term. Mr. Swain was in the chair and Mr. Stones was present; the latter expressing his pleasure at the proposed formation of the society and offering to help in any way he could.

It was decided to elect a Committee which would take charge of the College music including the Friday Half-Hours. This Committee met later in the week and the following officers were appointed—

President: Dr. Rich.
Chairman: Mr. E. Stockton.
Secretary: Mr. S. Crabtree.
Treasurer: Miss D. Goddard.

The Committee appeals to all Juniors for their support and it is hoped to achieve something worth while next year.

S. Crabtree (Sec.)

The Informal Half-Hours of Music.

IT was unfortunate that no mention was made in last term's issue of the Friday Informal Half-Hours of Music. These Concerts were inaugurated last term when Miss Rawson and Mr. Pickering played a Mozart concert and then Miss Wheadon and Mr. Bailey sang some Schubert Songs.

This term, although there have been only two concerts, a more ambitious note has been struck. In the first, Mr. Taylor (a former tutor) played some Rossini on an instrument which the composer loved and which was greatly enjoyed by the audience, namely the flute. At the same concert, Mr. Whitaker and Mr. Downes gave us two duets for organ and violin.

At the last half-hour, Miss Rawson and Mr. Pickering played two movements from another Mozart concerto, but to many people the modern pieces which were played by Miss Simpson were more interesting partly by reason of their strangeness. Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte" was particularly intriguing.

The concerts have been very successful from every point of view and the thanks of all students are due to those who have arranged and taken part in them.

S. C. (FAIRFAX).

Rover Scouts.

THIS year has proved to be a most satisfactory one in the field of Scouting. Keen interest has been shown by the members and a gratifying number of juniors remain to form a nucleus for the coming year. Interesting talks have been given on subjects such as "Camping," "Ambulance Work," "Wolf Cubs," and a number of hikes have been held. The crew has been officially invested by the District Rover Scout Leader and Mr. Dibden has been officially appointed as the College Rover Leader. This term has seen the practical side of the Movement. Since the beginning of term two week-end camps were held at Bramhope, and one at Whitsuntide, at which the following attended, Thwaite, Corbett, Causton, Furness, Buckle, Wadsworth, Podmore, Burrows, Coupland, Mitchell, and Mostyn. These were very enjoyable and instructive.

There are a number of juniors who are keen on Scouting and Camping. If they desire to join us in the coming year, they will be very welcome and assured of an interesting time. J.M.

The Song of the Sorrowing Student.

Someday—
When study hour begins prompt six,
And men and women never mix,
And no one patronises 'flicks,'
We may know how we got 'matrics.'
Someday—
When cocktails fall instead of dew,
And men wear suits of every hue,
And gory oaths are held taboo,
We may know something of 'Edu.'
Someday—
When pedagogues have pots of dough
And the vilest curser says "O blow"
And Sapper fans prefer Plato
We may know something of 'Psycho.'
Someday—
When even cads have good intentions,
And thirty is the age for pensions.
And stale old prigs scorn all conventions,
We may read maps in three dimensions.
Someday—
When coiffures are without a bleach
And men are never sued for breach.
And every woman is a peach,
Perhaps we may know how to teach.

Dr. Lumsden's visit

THE talk given by Dr. Lumsden on Monday the 11th of May was the fourth of a series of evangelical addresses which have been delivered in college during the year. The other three were given by Dr. Guinness.

Dr. Lumsden took as her subject the words "I am come that they might have life." The meaning of this to the Christian was made strikingly clear by a reference to underground rivers. In the arid Gobi desert, one of the most desolate regions in the world, there are flourishing patches of vegetation. These are maintained by subterranean rivers which flow for miles under the earth and then emerge here and there, pure streams of life-giving water. So it was with the Christian. From one point of view he is like a green oasis in the parched and arid world. He, like these oases, draws his supplies from the mystical River of Life which wells up from the depths of the New Life within. This is what real Christianity offers. Those who possess this have a power which the non-Christian cannot comprehend. They have a deep seated conviction that they are 'saved.' They can enjoy a fellowship and communion with God which is unknown to the man of the world. The troubles and trials of the social and material world are of less importance to them, since their hope is in heaven.

Dr. Lumsden gave several quotations from the Bible to support her claims. She greatly emphasised the need for conversion to real Christianity, and the need for an entering into the fullness of this Everlasting Life. She maintained that only those who had this experience of conversion could ever hope to "see the King in His beauty." Without it life was only half-lived and of no ultimate avail.

Although conversion was so necessary, Dr. Lumsden suggested that few people were converted. Perhaps because it was essentially very simple. "Behold I stand at the door and knock," was the reference she used here. All one need do was merely to open the door of one's heart and let Christ enter and take complete possession of one's being. This needs a voluntary act of will. She made a personal appeal to any there who had not yet made such a surrender to do so without delay. Her own experience of conversion and that of several of her friends were used as examples in showing what peace of mind follows this act.

But as the physical body needs food, air and exercise, so the spiritual nature after conversion needs corresponding nourishment. Its food is obtained by reading the Bible, the air it breathes is prayer to God, and in telling others of what God through Christ has done for it, it receives spiritual exercise.

At the conclusion of Dr. Lumsden's talk many interesting questions were asked. Unfortunately Dr. Lumsden's answers in

certain cases did not satisfy us all. Her talk was most interesting and most of it was widely accepted. Her more specific views however have caused much comment and discussion amongst the students. A few students talked with Dr. Lumsden afterwards in Macaulay Hall when a number of highly controversial problems were discussed.

We are profoundly thankful to both Dr. Lumsden and Dr. Guinness for the talks they have given. Several of us have derived eternal benefit from them. Many more have found in them a means of revising and strengthening their religious convictions; to say nothing of the many profitable and informal arguments they have occasioned. L. S. C. M.

League of Nations Union—College Branch

President: The Principal.
Vice-President: The Vice-Principal.
Treasurer: Miss. H. L. C. Rawson.

THIS term being very short, and the time of students being fully occupied, the Branch has arranged no College activity. We would like to bring to the notice of students, however, the National Peace Congress which is being held in Leeds from June 26th to the 29th. Speakers are to include Professor Gilbert Murray, Professor W. J. Laski, Professor J. H. Richardson, and the Rt. Hon. George Lansbury. Further details may be obtained from the committee.

Activities for next session are being discussed, and members are assured of an interesting programme.

K. HERRON, A. CURRY, Secretaries.

"And what about the League of Nations now?"

"What about Abyssinia now?"

I wonder how many times these questions have been put to me!—and what can one reply to such an attack?

A League of Nations is formed; countries join it; they urge other countries to join—and Italy was perhaps foremost in the invitation of Abyssinia to the League! Pacts are made between the members and agreements are signed—and then one of the members decides to break all the agreements. Italy decides to drag up a 40 years old grudge in order that she may attack Abyssinia with the hopes of extending her colonies! And now the whole world is seething with indignation against Italy—but let us take care that this indignation against Italy does not become a hatred of the Italians! For so long as hatred exists, what progress can be made in the name of peace?

"That is all right," you may say, "but what right has Italy deliberately to attack another country solely to add that country to her colonies?" I quite agree—it is wrong! But is there such a great difference between this act and some of Clive's exploits in India, or the burning of Boer farmer's homes? Are we so much better than they?

You took Germany's colonies, and you would ask Italy to give up her quest for colonies—but are you prepared to give up Canada, and India, and Ceylon, and Malta, and Gibraltar?—are you?

Then you might suggest, why didn't the other members of the League keep the Covenant and support Abyssinia against Italy? Thousands of men in Europe were prepared to give their lives, but the Emperor of Abyssinia rightly refused their help. Rightly? you ask. Let me illustrate.

Suppose, by some wild incendiary, your neighbour's house was set on fire. You would be perfectly willing to offer your services to help in putting out the flames—and so would many other neighbours. But would your neighbour not be reluctant to accept your help, and would you personally not be reluctant to offer your help, if your implication would mean the setting on fire of your house, and even the whole of the houses in that street? I think the application is clear—would the Emperor want other countries to join in if from this would result a setting on fire of the whole of Europe?

All very well, you say, but look at the result—Mussolini, now standing in Rome, a mighty victorious figure, and in Jerusalem we see the Emperor, kneeling before the sepulchre of Christ, defeated. Then may I remind you of another representative of Rome who stood to judge Jesus, also a King, with a crown of thorns. But was this a victory for Rome? The position has been undoubtedly reversed.

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay," saith the Lord. God will not allow such catastrophes if He knows that ultimately He will not be able to achieve His purpose!

Do not let us lose faith—let us support the League in its reorganisation. Every member counts, so will *you* help to make sure that in future the League of Nations will be an effective body—doing its work for World Peace? A. C.

Books Received.

VOICE TRAINING, by H. H. Hulbert, M.A., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Third edition. 114 pages. Univ. Tut. Press. 2/6.

This book sets out the structure and the use of the vocal organs, and the means by which correct articulation can be secured.

The first chapters analyse and set out clearly with the aid of diagrams the mechanics of speech. The next portion deals with the articulation and clarity of vowel and consonant sounds. Tone perception and the rhythm of sound are dealt with fully, together with their relation to poetry.

The remaining chapters discuss the art of eloquence and the effects obtained by the modification of sounds. The whole work is amply illustrated with examples and simple exercises. It is primarily intended for teachers, "who are probably the greatest voice users, and therefore most in need of voice training." A useful guide. W.A.

Pond Life. WHEN AVAILABLE.

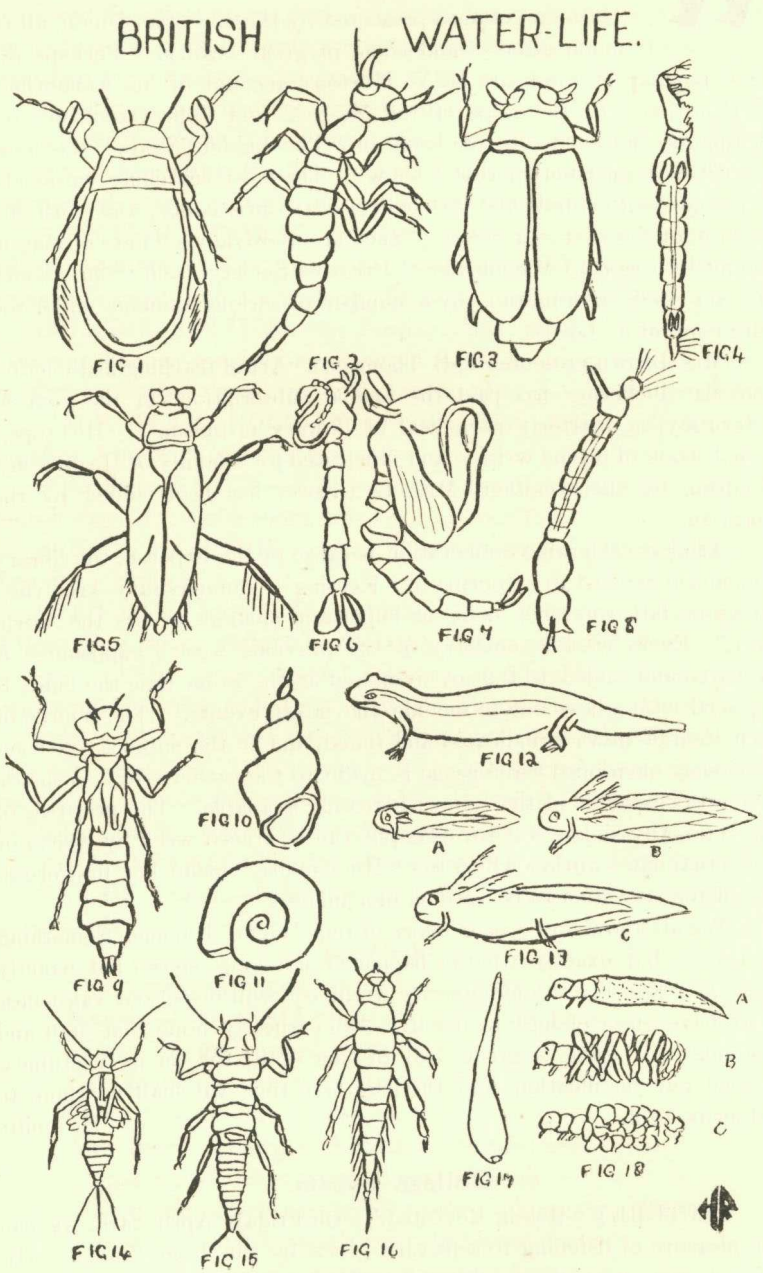
Fig. 1. Golden Edged Water Beetle (Adult), $\times 1\frac{1}{4}$, March to Sept.
„ 2. Golden Edged Water Beetle (Larva), $\times 1\frac{1}{4}$, May to Sept.
„ 3. Whirligig Beetle Adult, $\times$ 8, March to September.
„ 5. Water Boatman (Notonecta) Adult, $\times$ 4, March to Sept.
„ 4. & 6. Larva & Pupa of Corethra Gnat, $\times$ 5. May to Sept.
„ 8. & 7. Larva & Pupa of Common Gnat, $\times$ 5. May to Sept.
„ 9. Larva of Dragonfly (Large), $\times$ $1\frac{1}{2}$, March to September.
„ 10. Water Snail (Limnea), $\times$ $1\frac{1}{2}$, March to September.
„ 11. Water Snail (Planorbis), $\times$ $1\frac{1}{2}$, March to September.
„ 12. Newt Adult in weedy ponds, $\times$ $1\frac{7}{8}$, April to September.
„ 13. Three Stages Newt Tadpoles, $\times$ 2, May to September.

Stream Life. found on stones in running water.

Fig. 14. Mayfly Larva, $\times$ $2\frac{1}{2}$, April to September.
„ 15. Stonefly Larva $\times$ 3, April to September.
„ 16. Alderfly Larva, $\times$ 3, April to September.
„ 17. Common Leach, $\times$ $1\frac{1}{2}$, March to September.
„ 18. Three Types Caddis Cases, $\times$ 1, March to September.

Caddis occur both in Ponds and Streams as also do the larva and pupa of Gnat.

Note. When transporting pond or stream specimens, especially the latter, do not put many specimens in a tube, and in the case of Adult and Larval Beetles and Dragonfly Larva which are carnivorous put only one in each tube.



Library Notes.

WE record with gratitude the following gifts to the College library:

Thirteen volumes presented by the Christian Union, all of much interest and some of great beauty. Perhaps the most popular of these are H. V. Morton's account of his wanderings in Palestine "In the steps of the Master," and John Oxenham's re-casting of the early life of Jesus in "The hidden Years," the most beautiful reconstruction that I know. The most searching works are concerned with Russia and its challenge to Christianity, and with the fatalism of the post-war years. Such are Berdyaev's "Fate of man in the modern world," Macmurray's "Creative Society," and "Christianity and the social revolution," by a number of serious thinkers under the editorship of J. Lewis.

Mrs. Brown presented J. B. Thomson's "Art of teaching arithmetic," and Mr. Pickering has paid the annual subscription for the year to "Scrutiny," a quarterly periodical of literary criticism. "Hill tops," a small book of poems written and illustrated for a family of Headingley children, by their mother, Mrs. L. Crowe. has been added by the librarian.

After considerable deliberation because of the expense, the library committee decided to subscribe to "Keesing's Contemporary Archives," an up-to-date reference book of important current events the world over. Every week a summary of the previous week's happenings is prepared and added to the archives, and at the same time the index is replaced with a new one to include the latest events. The source of each item of news is indicated and dated, and if the subject has been previously mentioned a reference is made to the earlier entry so that a general conspectus of the subject is readily available. The progress of the Italo-Abyssinian war for example, can be traced week by week; or the actual dates during which the "Hindenburg" made her first crossing of the Atlantic can be verified in a minute.

We all know how vague many of our "facts" become. Something or other (but exactly what?) happened not long since (but exactly when?). "Keesing's Contemporary Archives" will dispel our vagueness if we have sense enough to use it. We earnestly hope that staff and students will make a great deal of use of it, for on its usefulness depend our justification, and the length of time we shall continue to subscribe to it.

H. Smith.

College Events.

LECTURE: "Russia Revisited."—On Friday, April 24th, we had the pleasure of listening to a lecture given by Sir John Russell. His subject was "Russia Revisited." The lecturer has had first-hand experience and enlightened many of us considerably as to the real condition of Russia. Sir John brought many interesting lantern slides which explained the unemployment question very clearly, and also the

effect on the people. In spite of the apparent success of the system, the general feeling of the poorer classes is that their sufferings today will mean better conditions for their children tomorrow. The lecturer mentioned the effect on religion. Religion has been almost wiped out, the few preachers that remain are not recognised by the State, and are dependent for a living on the support of the people.

The lecture was greatly appreciated.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—The Sports were planned for May 6th, but owing to unfavourable weather only the men competed in the events. The women's events were run off at odd times during the following week.

ATHLETIC CONTEST, Carnegie v. College.—The contest was held on May 8th, at 5-30 p.m. As usual competition was very keen between Carnegie and the College, the latter being successful.

COLLEGE SERVICE.—On Sunday, May 24th, the last College service of the year was held, this being a farewell service to the Seniors. Dr. Rich conducted the service and gave the address—much appreciated.

HALF TERM HOLIDAY.—Friday, May 29th, (mid-day), to Tuesday, June 2nd, (evening).

COLLEGE DANCE.—The Summer term dance, and incidentally the last dance for the Seniors, was held on June 5th.

SCHOOL PRACTICE.—School Practice for the Juniors began on June 8th. Still on.

OPEN DAY, June 13th.—Saturday, June 13th, was the occasion of Open Day, when visitors could come and inspect the work of the College. There were special displays of Physical Training and Swimming, Dancing and Team Games. There was an exhibition of Students' work in Art and Handwork, etc., and one of the Hostels was open for inspection. There was a large number of visitors and we thank all who made this event so widely known. The proceeds were for College funds. Only the weather disappointed us.

FINAL EXAMINATIONS.—Commenced Monday, June 22nd.

END OF TERM.—Saturday, July 4th. And now for what the future holds!

To Night.

Star-spangled banner spread across the sky
Mantle of jewelled beauty dropped over light
While day goes speeding on her evening flight
One sparkling centre glistening there on high
Gives to your beauty yet another star—
The queen of sleep and blessed peacefulness
Breathing of beauty and of gracefulness—
The moon, which gleameth mighty, journeying far
A beating heart beneath your darkened dome
Seeks sympathy—to calm a troubled breast,
And turns to your new majesty for peace.
Then from your depths new inspirations come
Bringing a burdened heart sweet hours of rest
And to a tortured soul a fresh release. G. T., Brontè.

Familiar Trees.

Bright-green, bee-hive beeches,
Circling shaded land;
Writhing, worn-out walnuts,
Striving still to find
Some beauty for the mind; grey elms,
That try to sweep the deep
Blue skies and keep
For ever fresh from cobwebs
Roofs of air,
That we might see the clearer, where
The heavens that have no trees
Reflect the use of these.

D. W. B.

Imagination.

My spirit soars through wond'rous flights of fancy,
Away from writing essays on Charles the first and Spain;
Beyond this work I see a vision lovely;
Beyond the steamed up windows; beyond the driving rain.
I see a wood where nymphs and maids dwell
And lie there in a clearing where the tall grass sways,
The evening sky shows gold between the pine trees,
Whose shadows fill with softest blues and greys.
A streamlet laughs and gurgles in its channel,
The setting sun's last rays light up the drowsy glade,
Soft blue pine smoke mingles with the shadows
And woodland fairies flutter in the larches' shade.
The sun is gone now and the sky grows dark,
The sound of running water is nothing but the rain,
The shadows deepen — stretch across the clearing.
Inspired, to essays I return again.

Dreams Come True.

These are my loves, poor children, tattered, torn
Bare feet and grimy faces, hair ill-shorn,
In hovels mean, damp, dark, unkempt, they dwell
Green grass they never saw, nor cowslip bell.
Happy were I to see their pattering feet
Run in green meadows 'mid the country sweet,
How happy they, as Nature's wealth they view,
Who ne'er before true freedom's pleasure knew.
Though these, my loves, to crowded flats return,
And see no more the tree, flower, heath or fern,
Yet wanton memory, steps retracing, sees
The homely kine 'neath golden-fruited trees.

Anonymous, Cædmon.

Transience.

O the beauty, calm serenity
Of tulips in a row!
The purity, solemnity
Of Snowdrops in the snow!
And buttercups and May flowers,
Bluebell woods and green bowers,
Quiet lakes and leafy dells,
Crumbling caves and ancient wells;
And fragrant showers
On twinkling grass:
Ah, golden hours,
How soon ye pass!

E. B. M. W., Leighton.

Finding.

It was not the beauty of the leaves
Nor the swirl and eddy of the summer grass.
There was sky, all over blue
Rifted by the white and glowing clouds
More brilliant in white hot splendour of a sun.
It was not there.
But there was music high blown
Upon the viewless tremors of a night,
Borne across my eager mind,
There to create a wonder, a joy
Which lingers, fades, yet still victorious.
Were not there the makers
Of a new, a more abundant life,
That flashed within a soul
And left a quiet ecstasy,
A cleansed, a trembling heart,
For yesterday I spoke with God.

E. J., Leighton.

"Sincerity."

'Peace in our time,' the preacher said
And in my heart I felt a mad desire
To laugh, to shock that pious gathering
To shake their smug complacence, but instead
I sat, and listened to the clean-smocked choir,
The prayers, and sanctimonious murmuring
Of well-fed hypocrites, who turn their eyes
Not to their feet, to see the misery
Of poor black creatures being 'civilised,'
But gaze in righteous yearning to the skies
Mouthing of Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
Forgetting Christ and Christians stigmatised,
A glorious way to spend the Holy Day;
'Peace in our time, dear brethren, let us pray.'

[But why not?—Ed.]

R. D. Walton.

The Pensive Soul.

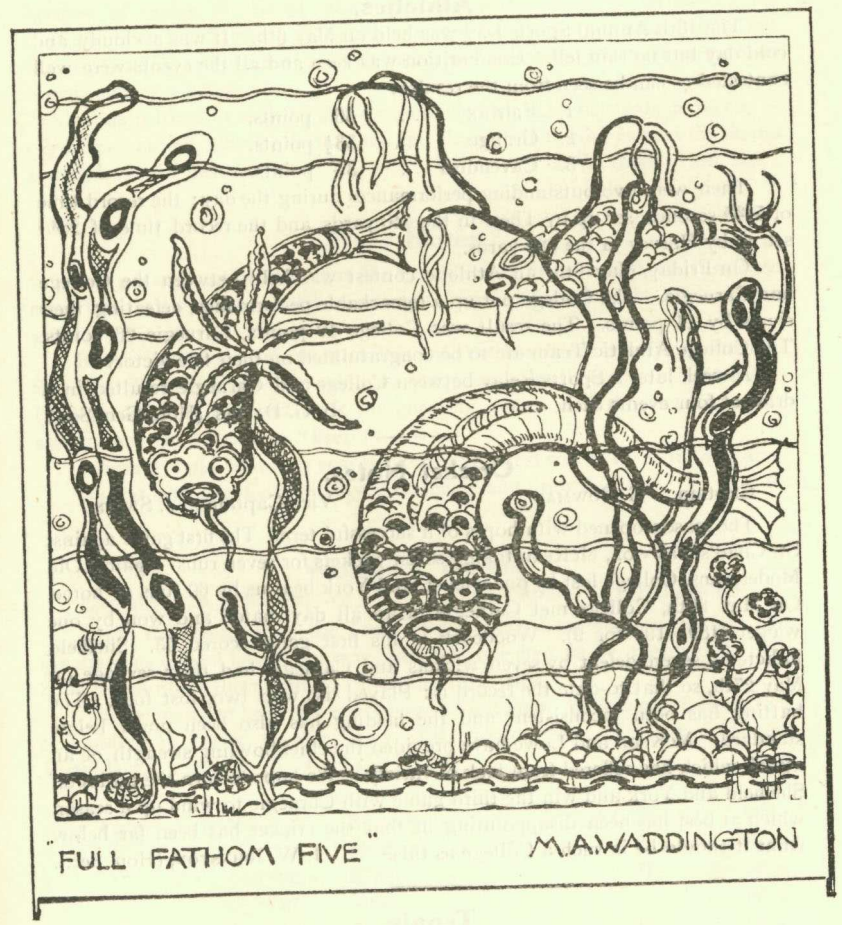
This—? Death?
This swelling elation, with jubilation fill'd,
Rising and bursting, to rise and burst again,
Yet bursting, falls not but rushes upward,
Outward.
A peace rolls over the hurtling soul—
Meditation rules and thought sustains,
Jazz breaks the theme of immortal song,
The mind drawn into earthly cast sways to Hell's machination
While here, peace I give, yes, peace.
The flashing delights of a frothing mind
Smother in foam the solitude and calm of
Inward thought, deeep thought,
Then this doth, with majestic front
Rise serene as some great king from bardic tale,
A conqu'ring victor o'er the vapid fumes,
Loses itself in fulness of
Heavenly thought.

J. Podmore.

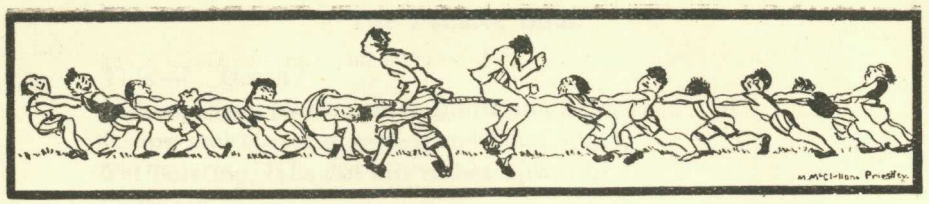
Beamsley Beacon.

Mistress of the world for a short time I stood.
Around me nature spread her varied garments,
Rough-woven hemp and silk as smooth as steel.
The wild moorland, brown and purple in the dusky light,
Crying wildly to me, though in silence.....
The silver patches gleaming dully
Where the moorland water spread beneath the brown bulrushes,
Echoing back the heavens that floated over
Stately, sullen, and grey.
Below, the soft grey-greens of shadowed meadows,
The woods which roared and shuddered in the wind
And sounded like the breaking of the surf
Upon some foam-worn rocks.
And in the distance shadowy hills that clamoured
To the vaults of heaven, and reached for them
With jagged, jutting pinnacles.....
And I alone above it there, a minute thing, a particle,
Yet mistress of it all.

Reformed Poetess (?) Cædmon.



"FULL FATHOM FIVE" M.A.WADDINGTON



Athletics.

The 18th Annual Sports Day was held on May 6th. It was a cloudy and cold day but no rain fell. Competition was keen and all the events were well contested as can be seen from the results :—

1.	Fairfax	...	36 points.
2.	Grange	...	33½ points.
3.	Cavendish	...	33 points.

There were two outstanding performances during the day; the record time of 54 2/5 seconds, set up by Thew in the 440 yards, and the record time of 22 3/5 set up by Harvey in the 220 yards.

On Friday, May 8th, an Athletic contest was held between the College and Carnegie. The College put up a remarkable performance, defeating their rivals by 14 points. The result was College 40 points, Carnegie 26 points. The College Athletic Team are to be congratulated on their fine victory.

A week later a Sports Relay between College and Carnegie resulted in a draw of four events each. B. G. Davies, (Hon. Gen. Sec.).

Cricket Notes.

Captain : G. Bowman. Vice-Captain : J. Swain.

The season opened with hopes of a successful term. The first game against St. Chad's was won, McKean taking seven wickets for seven runs. Against Old Modernians, College lost by one wicket, and York beat us by 60 runs at home. On May 20th, College met Carnegie in an all day match and won by one wicket (189—190 for 9). Woodcock in his first game scored 53. Sheffield inflicted a severe defeat by seven wickets and Carnegie had their revenge on May 27th, so that to-date the record is : Played six, won two, lost four. The batting has been inconsistent and the fielding has also been much below standard. McKean and Lowe have provided the chief bowling strength of an attack which has suffered from lack of variety. We hope to turn the tables on Sheffield and York and win the third game with Carnegie to wind up a season which at best has been disappointing in that the cricket has been far below what it should be in such a College as this. J. W. Johnston, (Hon. Sec.).

Tennis.

Captain : F. Platt. Vice-Captain : B. Kershaw.

The season has so far proved to be enjoyable and successful. Out of six matches played by the first team, three have been won. It is encouraging to note that these matches have been won by a large margin of rubbers whereas two of the matches lost were by one rubber only.

The second team has only played one match up to the present owing to a club finding it impossible to raise a team. In this match the team won quite easily.

The following have played in the first team :— Platt, Kershaw, Tingle, King, Clare, Firth, F. Taylor, and for the second team :— Harrison, Furness, Freeman, Wesley, Wigmore, Hughes. L. A. Tingle, (Hon. Sec.).

Swimming.

There has been only one swimming fixture this term—the Gala. These inter-College Sports took place on Wednesday, May 27th, between Carnegie College, York Training College and ourselves. The general opinion seems to be that they were interesting and enjoyable. Perhaps it would have been still more interesting if York St. John's had been stronger. Leeds were certainly outstanding, taking first place in all events but two—of which one was the Comic Race. Carnegie put up a good fight for points but were handicapped because of injury to one of their best swimmers. Of those swimming for College it can be truly said that each man did his share, and team work, not the outstanding achievements of any individual member, gave College such an overwhelming victory.

I should like to thank all those who helped to make the Gala a success—organisers, judges, officials, swimmers, and those Juniors who carried the chairs to and from the baths. J. W. Best, (Hon. Sec.).

Fives Notes.

It is perhaps noteworthy that Mr. Smith's stock of Fives balls has decreased considerably during the past year owing to the increased interest taken in the game.

It is unfortunate perhaps that this interest has been largely confined to Seniors. To Juniors I would add that the game is well worth full attention. It is one of the fastest and most invigorating games in College and a great asset to anyone desiring to "keep fit."

I sincerely hope that next year still further interest will be taken in this game.

During last term College played Carnegie and drew 3 - 3. B. A. K.

Women's Tennis.

Captain : M. Spencer. Vice-Captain : I. Beresford.

Up to the present time the Tennis teams have been very successful. All the matches played have been won, and only one had to be abandoned. We hope to maintain this standard throughout the term.

The teams have been represented by :—First team, M. Spencer, I. Beresford, G. Holden, M. Porter, G. Morgan, F. Hill ; Second team, G. Saint, S. Moore, M. Walker, D. Durham, J. Brooks, R. Dobie.

Results of Matches.

First Team :—	May	2.	Bingley	A.	Won.
	„	9.	Sheffield	A.	Abandoned.
	„	23.	Ripon	H.	Won.
	„	27.	Staff		Won.
Second Team :—	April	25.	Yorkshire Penny Bank ...	H.	Won.
	May	2.	Leeds University ...	H.	Won.
	„	9.	Housecraft	H.	Won.
	„	16.	Sheffield	H.	Won.
	„	23.	Ripon	A.	Won.

Results of Hostel Matches.

May 15.	Brontë v. Leighton	Brontë.
	Cædmon v. Macaulay	Cædmon.
May 20.	Brontë v. Cædmon	Cædmon.
	Leighton v. Macaulay	Draw.

We wish to thank Miss Dunstan and Miss Watteeu for their invaluable help and advice. G. Saint, (Hon. Sec.).

Women's Swimming Report.

President: Dr. Rich. Captain: Miss M. Coates.
Vice-President: Miss Rawson. Vice-Captain: Miss A. Sykes.

A return match was played against the University on the 29th April. The result of the Polo match was a victory for the University, 4 - 2, but the College team won the squadron race.

Hostel Polo matches as usual proved to be very exciting. Brontë won all the Squadron races and Polo matches, gaining 30 points. Leighton were second with 20 points, while Cædmon and Macaulay tied for third place with five points each.

We should like to congratulate Miss Manning (Macaulay) and Miss Billington (Leighton) who have passed the practical parts of the Diploma of the Royal Life Saving Society.

The Annual Championship trials were held on May 27th and June 3rd. Mr. A. Coltman kindly acted as the adjudicator. The result was, first, Miss Albinson, and second, Miss M. Coates.

A number of women students are taking part in swimming displays on Open Day. The demonstrations are style in different strokes, life saving, scientific floating and surface diving.

We extend our best wishes to the new officials for next season.

A. M. Collinson, (Hon. Sec.).

Trees.

(as seen through a mirror)
They stand.
A Cliffy Bank of Leaves.
Deep Caves of Blue.
Green seas of grass wave in the breeze
Sweeping the cliffs
To chargers, prancing, scarce touching ground
With feet disdainful of that
Earth
To which a wooden halter binds them.
Manes flying, tail tossing, they kick
The roof
Of Heaven.
Rain.
Tree babes suck in their drink.
It stops.
The drops are slavered onto their grassy bib.
At night the musing elms
Lullay their charges
To sleep with a breeze-stirred leafy rustle
From their darkening bonnet and bustle.
Trees?
Fat, Alderman Beech.
Winter.
Skeletons couched in grasses sere.

J. Podmore.

Old Students' Section.

Old Students' News.

Mr. Leslie A. Margerison ('11-'13) has published two books of pipe music: "Quartet Books"—for four pipes (treble, alto, tenor, and bass) with Messrs. Crame.

Mr. R. W. Dargavel ('24-'26) has been re-elected Secretary of the N.U.T. Young Teachers' Provisional Committee.

Mr. W. A. Bracewell ('08-'10) was chairman of the Reunions Committee at the Annual Conference of the National Union of Teachers held at Southport at Easter.

Mr. Harry Brook ('12-'14), for the past 12 years music master at Stamford School, has been appointed an inspector in music in elementary schools under the Board of Education.

"Essays Old and New," edited by Mr. H. Barnes ('11-'13), and published by Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co., Ltd., has been adopted as a set book for the Junior Certificate in Cape Province, Union of South Africa.

Conference Reunion.

A Reunion of "Old Owls" was held in connection with the N.U.T. Easter Conference at the Kardomah Cafe, Lord Street, Southport on Wednesday April 15th.

The Chairman, Mr. H. Woffindin ('09-'11) having proposed the Loyal Toast, Mr. H. Barnes ('11-'13) proposed the toast of "The College," and was supported by Mr. Angus Roberts ('12-'14), former President of the National Union of Teachers and now N.U.T. Divisional Secretary for the South of England.

Entertaining items were contributed by Mr. H. Woffindin, Mr. H. Shaw ('11-'13), and Mr. G. F. Drake ('24-'26).

Among others present were Mrs. G. F. Drake (nee Wallbank) ('24-'26), Miss V. Dodds ('29-'31), and Messrs. G. T. Mahony, H. J. Cobb ('07-'09), E. Durrans ('11-'13), L. C. Schofield, P. S. Campkin ('13-'15), J. Dodgson ('13), F. Brown ('14-'15) and R. H. Low ('17-'20).

About 50 "Old Owls" signed the Conference Reunion Roll.

H. B.

Marriage.

MARCELLE DURAND. Priestley 1931-33, to MARCEL POIRIER of Chartres and Paris at St Anne's Cathedral, Leeds. June 6th, 1936. Future address: 7, Rue Albert Malet, Paris, 12e.

A Teacher on the Appreciation of Poetry

Reprinted by kind permission of the Editor of the "Schoolmaster."

[Winner of Competition No. 120 "Sauce for the Gander"]

WHAT is this poetry? No one seems to have a good word for it! Carlyle once said to Tennyson: "Alfred, mon, if ye hev onnything to say, say it i' prose" and it is well known that one of Tennyson's uncles described the great poet as "a good Lifeguardsman spoiled." According to Lady Margaret Sackville, the average man believes that "softness, silliness, and a kind of engaging imbecility called imagination are all required for writing verse." Of the word "poetry" Arnold Bennett, in his *Literary Taste*, says that its mere mention will "scatter a crowd more quickly than a hose-pipe, hornets, or the rumour of a plague." But "the most unkindest cut of all" is implicit in Shakespeare's cruel grouping of "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet."

Yet do we honestly dislike poetry? Speaking for myself the answer is unhesitatingly "No." After teaching English for many years, and having considerable experience with adult popular audiences and adult classes in a Technical Institute, I believe that poetry has a potential popular appeal. The history and inherent characteristics of poetry give some support to this view. The bard is an historic institution of popular origin that is common to many civilisations. Rhythm, the dominant feature of poetry, is universal in occurrence and appeal. The very mechanism of life is rhythmic: rhythm is inevitable and inescapable. Drums and tom-toms rouse the savage breast: martial music moves the modern man. Sit in your easy chair in your loneliness and you will discern rhythmic patterns in the tick of the clock; ride in the train and the wheels will beat out their tunes to your rhythm-responsive mind; listen to the dripping tap and hear that subtle music so charmingly described by Aldous Huxley in his essay "Water Music" in the volume *On the Margin*. We cannot ignore rhythm if we would, and, in the main, we cannot dislike it. And if we cannot dislike rhythm we cannot dislike poetry—or, at least, some poetry, for as Oscar Wilde says: "One man's poetry is another man's poison."

A Comment on Modern Civilisation

Say aloud and sense the rhythm of:

"Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

(To digress: you may compare this with the caption so familiar in the early days of the cinema: "Came the dawn"; and wonder at the tendencies of modern civilisation.)

Say, too:

"While the still morn went out with sandals grey,"

and

"... daffodils That come before the swallow dares and take
The winds of March with beauty,"

and

"... Light thickens and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood."

Over and above the beautiful imagery of these short passages the reader readily senses the quiet but insistent rhythm.

How even a crude rhythm can captivate the mind is humorously exaggerated by Mark Twain in that well-known story "Punch, Brothers, Punch" in which this jingle plays such an effective part:

"Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare;
A blue trip-slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip-slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip-slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.
Chorus.
Punch, brothers, punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare."

Say this to-morrow morning two or three times and it will invade your consciousness at most disconcerting times for a week or more.

Poetry has never been satisfactorily defined. One attempt to define it says that poetry is language made rhythmical by emotion. And indeed rhythm seems to be the essence, if we add the proviso that the emotion need not be profound or heavy. Thomas Hood is a poet no less than Alfred Tennyson.

The Obvious in Terms of the Miraculous

A longer definition states that poetry is the concrete and artistic expression of thoughts and fancies in rhythmical language and its two cardinal points are its power of exciting sympathy by a faithful adherence to Nature and a power of interesting by novelties of the imagination. The poet works in two spheres at one and the same time, the objective and the subjective. It has been said that George Bernard Shaw owes his success to his ability to state the obvious in terms of the scandalous. Similarly it may be said that the poet states the obvious in terms of the miraculous, and so creates a new aspect of a familiar thing. This function of the poet is obvious in Milton's "L'Allegro":

"To hear the lark begin his flight
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow

Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill."

It is equally obvious in such dissimilar work as that of Herrick and in Masefield's "Dauber":

Then polar snow came down little and light,
Till all the sky was hidden by the small
Most multitudinous drift of dirty white
Tumbling and wavering down and covering all,
Covering the sea, the sky, the clipper tall,
Furring the ropes with white, casing the mast,
Coming on no known air, but blowing past."

The intelligent reader will discern the "faithful adherence to Nature" and the "novelties of the imagination" in these passages.

Poetical Literature

What is true of descriptive poetry is equally demonstrable of narrative and reflective poetry. The poet tells a story or makes a reflection in the poet's way. That some of his methods are applicable to prose goes to show that great literature in both kinds is poetical. Those of us who have read Masefield's poetry recognise the poet's hand when he invades the novelist's territory. It is noteworthy in this connexion that Professor Charlton in *The Art of Literary Study* uses the word poetry as a general term "to describe all sorts of literature which have an artistic as opposed to a useful object."

The devices used by the poet are intrinsically interesting. In addition to rhythm—which may be conceded as natural and spontaneous—there are the more or less consciously applied artifices involved in choice of words, figures of speech, repetition, word-music, and, lastly, rhyme, which last, though not necessary to poetry, is such a familiar feature of English poetry.

Both rhythm and rhyme have a mnemonic effect on the reader, and especially rhyme. For generations advertisers have used rhyme as a device for fixing facts in the public mind. Familiar slogans come to mind:

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl and the Waverley Pen."

"For Goodness Sake
Eat Pat-a-Cake."

"When you travel by the train,
Stick to *Answers* might and main."

Actually rhymed verse is easier to memorise than blank verse. The rhyme carries the reader back and forth, enabling him to link up the elements of thought in the verse he is reading.

Rhyme can be humorous, too. Most of us know the following:

"I would I were a cassowari
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
For there I would eat the mission-ari,
Body, brains, and hymn-book, too";

and the London mother's version of "Good King Wenceslas":

"Coughing in a shady grove
Sat my Juliana;
Lozenges I gave my love—
Ipecacuanha,"

and the verse quoted in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* ascribed to a Mr. Smart, to whom a Welsh squire had promised to send a hare:

"Tell me, thou son of great Cadwallader
Hast sent the hare? Or hast thou swallow'd her?"

"There's Tuppence to Pay!"

Facility in rhyme is not uncommon among people with no pretensions to literary ability. A story is told of a waggish person who stamped a letter in the middle instead of at the more prosaic top right-hand corner, and wrote, for the information of the sorting clerk, the rhyme:

"Hey-diddle-diddle
The stamp's in the middle."

His anxiety to be unusual caused him to use a halfpenny stamp instead of the required three-halfpenny. The sorting clerk rose to the occasion by adding a further couplet:

"Diddle-dum-dey,
There's tuppence to pay?"

Rhyme, it is obvious, should be a great populariser of poetry!

Repetition and rhythm appear to come naturally, under stress and emotion, even to the uncultivated. Bernard Shaw in *Pygmalion* is only utilising a natural phenomenon when (in the second act of the play) he makes his Alfred Doolittle "most musical, most melancholy." He has called (you remember) at the house of Professor Higgins, the Phonetician, and the following dialogue ensues:

Higgins. Then how did you know she was here?

Doolittle. I'll tell you, Governor, if you'll only let me get a word in. I'm willing to tell you. I'm wanting to tell you. I'm waiting to tell you.

Higgins. Pickering, this chap has a certain natural gift of rhetoric. Observe the rhythm of his native woodnotes wild. "I'm willing to tell you. I'm wanting to tell you. I'm waiting to tell you."

Repetition, so frequently a feature of good poetry (*vide* Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner") is not the perquisite of the erudite. The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the stress of emotion.

Figures of speech apart from their learned names come natural to the unlearned. Homely similes and metaphors are inseparable from common speech. Irony is as native to the taproom as to the House of Commons. Personification comes natural to the humblest workman. The pun is acceptable in the cottage as in the castle.

That the poet uses figures of speech with added skill is undeniable, but any one who can appreciate the simple similes of Wordsworth and Longfellow can be led to see something in the epic similes of Milton and Matthew Arnold.

Word-music, another poetic device, is appreciated alike by children and adults. Children's rhymes are full of it. The child who can appreciate "Dickory, dickory dock" can surely hear the word-music of Andrew Lang's "The Song of the Scythe":

> "'What is the word that, over and over,
> Sings the scythe to the flowers and grass?'
> 'Hush, ah hush,' the scythes are saying,
> 'Hush and heed not, for all things pass.'
> 'Hush,' they say to the grasses swaying,
> 'Hush,' they sing to the clover deep!
> 'Hush,' 'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
> 'Hush, and heed not, for all things pass.'
> Hush, ah hush! and the scythes are swinging
> Over the clover, and over the grass!"

From this it should be possible to proceed to the subtler word-music of Tennyson and Coleridge and the major poets generally.

It seems possible to show that all the characteristics of poetry have in them popular elements.

One enemy of poetry is the stern literalist typified by the student who paraphrased the Tennysonian phrase "and bicker down a valley" as "and engage in an undignified quarrel on a piece of low-lying land intersected by a stream." Another enemy is the man who imagines the poet as a denizen of the boudoir and

the drawing-room, perpetually inditing "a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow." John Masefield is the answer to this. Not all poets are Byrons and Poes.

"Poetry," says John Masefield, "is a mixture of common sense, which not all have, with an uncommon sense, which very few have . . . By delighting in poetry, and by endeavouring to write it, men obtain keys to the universe and to themselves. They learn the language of their race, and the passionate thoughts of their race, to love the one and live by the other. These are the things well worth fostering."

"What is poetry good for?" you may ask. There is no answer to that question—"a question," says J. Russell Lowell, "which would abolish the rose and be answered triumphantly by the cabbage." How can we hate, or even ignore, poetry? As one who keeps a commonplace book (begun 1913) of poems, as one who occasionally has to apologise to friends for breaking into verse, I frankly say that we can't! H. BARNES, (1911-13)

The Child's Conversation with the Artist.

AS the child has provocative opinions of his own, and in addition, can reason logically, he must be a male child, to please the public. During his school holidays he came across two good examples of modern art. Hearing controversy on either side, and being unable to understand the pictures himself, his mind remained in a state of questioning. Although subdued for a time, subsequent events however, led him to a course of study at an Art School, and here some benevolent Fairy brought him to work side by side with the much-discussed artist himself.

Our conversation takes place an evening later, when the Child is alone in the room with his tutor. The child is working. That is, he is trying to reproduce a group composed of a piece of drapery, striped with blue, a stout bottle, a red Woolworth's bulb-bowl and an empty box of matches. The Child thinks that it is hardly inspiring, and is obviously in difficulties.

Junior Tutor: You need a dark wash on the background, don't you think?

Child: I am having some difficulty with the tone.

J. T. Just a minute, and I will help you. (He goes out to return immediately with a large brush. He sits on the Child's drawing "donkey," -indicates a chair for the child, and proceeds to mix and apply the wash).

Ch. But you are making it green!

J. T. Isn't it green?

Ch. Certainly not!

J. T. What colour does it look like to you?

Ch. A deep slate grey.

J. T. Wait until it dries.

The Child remains puzzled. Either the tutor or the Child is slightly colour-blind (Probably the tutor).

Enter Senior Tutor.

J. T. (amused) The Child accuses me of painting the wrong colour for a background, and he seems to be very pained because I have made his shadow green.

S. T. Hmm! Isn't it green?

Ch. No, it is dark grey.

S. T. Look at that cream-coloured drapery. What do you say the shadows are there?

Ch. A very delicate grey.

S. T. You see no hint of green?

Ch. No.

S. T. Are they as purple as you have made them? Don't you think they are a greenish grey rather than a purplish grey?

Ch. (dubiously) They are not so purple, but there is no hint of green.

S. T. Look at your wash and the Junior Tutor's wash. Which is correct, your blue or his green?

Ch. Both are wrong.

S. T. Let me put that shadow on the drapery for you. (He paints in a pale green wash).

Ch. It looks effective, but it is not true.

S. T. You see no green at all?

Ch. (feeling as if he is being hypnotised). There may be a subtle hint of green, but you have grossly exaggerated it.

S. T. (in a superior way) Your colour sense requires some training. But you will see it after a year or two. You see, colours are affected by their surroundings. Alter the background and the reflection will be different. I saw the shadow of a tree yesterday in the park. One half of it was green, and the other grey. But the green part was on the grass, and the grey lay across the path.

Ch. I suppose you must be trained to see these things? An ordinary person like me will miss much pleasure in colour I suppose?

The tutor is doubtful. Pause.

Ch. I have been attracted to and puzzled by Mr. B——'s work in the——Exhibition. I wonder if you would explain it to me?

S. T. (in the usual fashion) It is difficult to explain. You must have a certain amount of training to understand these things.

(The Child feels that he has heard this before).

Ch. But what is the good of it if it cannot be explained?

S. T. You must understand that Mr. B——s state has only been arrived at after many years of study. (The Child appreciates this point. He wonders at what stage of learning the ginger beard, the flat green hat, the cloak and the knobbly stick of Mr. B——become necessary. We wonder too.)

S. T. (continuing somewhat reluctantly) We have been working

at this for years in secret, and we are hoping to strike a new line of thinking in art. The whole point of the new drawing is the rhythm of line, and the art of space-filling with line and tone in a pleasant and balanced manner. Take your study. The line of the label on the bottle is continuous and rhythmical with the edge of the bowl and the flow of the drapery. But at the edge of the label it ends abruptly. It needs something to carry it on. The artist will take that line by itself and introduce it into his drawing. He may want to reproduce the curve of the bowl or the wave of the cloth. So he repeats it—thus. He fills in the space with this, or this, and perhaps will put in something else which occurs to him across there.

Ch. So the artist does not copy his model, but uses it as a means for ideas in decorative space-filling?

S. T. Exactly.

Ch. But is not that closely related to ordinary design?

S. T. It may be.

Ch. But surely any artist can take up this idea and create new pictures easily without these tedious years of study?

S. T. You will then get a new school of painting because other artists are merely following his ideas; as in the Dutch and Italian paintings. These artists are merely disciples.

Ch. But isn't it a pity that people cannot appreciate this art? It seems as if the artist's work is useless, if it does not bring some joy into the minds of others. Should not the artist paint things that people may understand?

S. T. That is the fault of the people. They do not know how to appreciate good things. You will always get that class of people in the world who say that pictures are rubbish because they do not understand them. They will spend their money on pictures and buy all manner of trash, and say that they know what is good,—because they have a "taste" in pictures. All we can do is to let them waste their money. The artist cannot paint to please the public except to earn his living. If he did, he would no longer be an artist, but a mere puppet or money-grabber. He must paint as he feels, or he loses his artistry.

Ch. But do you not think that a lot of trash goes under the heading of Modern Art, which is merely a cheap imitation of the work of better men?

J. T. That may be so, but there you have your school of painting.

Ch. But they cannot be artists then, because they do not paint what they think. They are trying to be clever by imitation.

(The tutor is vague).

Ch. And do you not think that these years of training are diverting the artists from the truth? Are they not drugged by their ideas and cleverness, so that they exaggerate the truth, until their artisty becomes a vice rather than an attainment? Are they not inclined to over-

exaggerate and produce evil rather than good, like a woman with a new lipstick?

S. T. But mere copying of models is out of date. It can be produced mechanically by photography. The world is wanting something with more thought behind it.

Ch. (mischievously) But surely the artist is only striving after self-expression?

S. T. (feeling as we do, that it is time this matter were at an end: he is moving away). Hmmm—ah—I can see that you have a sensitive mind for these things.

He is gone.

The child swells with pride. A moment later he wonders why. But he is not satisfied, and returns to his beer bottle.

C. M. STOCKS, (1933-35).

[This "child" must be what the French call "Enfant terrible." Ed.]

Blairmont Estate,
Berbice,
B. Guiana.
January 1st, 1936.

Dear Miss Treloar,

I have been in Berbice almost a month now and I thought that perhaps you might be interested to hear of my first impressions of British Guiana. Life on a sugar estate is very interesting and I am told that Blairmont is one of the finest (if not the finest) estate in the colony.

I had a most enjoyable voyage out after the first five days. We had very rough seas until we reached the Azores, but after that everyone began to feel a little more cheerful.

We called at Antigua, St. Lucia, Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada and Trinidad, and so to Demerara. After the beautiful scenery of the islands Georgetown presented a very sorry spectacle but the town itself is beautiful.

We took a car from Georgetown to Blairmont which is 69 miles along the coast on the West bank of the Berbice River. The road, of red baked earth, winds through countless native villages and sugar estates. The flatness of the land surprised me at first, although I knew that the coastal region is below sea-level. For mile after mile this plain stretches with monotonous regularity, the only outstanding features of the landscape being occasional chimney stacks denoting sugar factories.

The road turns suddenly into Blairmont and is a very pleasant surprise after the miles of mud and trenches which precede it. The road runs through the centre of the housing estate and has a trench about eight feet wide on either side of it. Here grow innumerable water plants, the loveliest of all being the lotus lily which is like a large pink tulip. I am told that alligators frequent the trenches but I have never

seen one. The trenches are bordered by palms and Immortal trees, mango trees and others whose names I don't know. The houses are of wood and are built on concrete pillars which raise them some 11 or 12 feet from the ground. They are built on well-kept lawns and have mango trees and palms surrounding them. With the exception of two, all the houses are built on the same plan and only vary in size according to whether they are for married people or bachelors. They are all painted white and grey and look very clean and above all airy.

In our house we have a dining room and gallery, two bedrooms, bathroom, storeroom and kitchen.

There are four other married couples besides ourselves and seven bachelors. There is a manager and deputy manager, chief engineer and two other engineers and the rest are overseers who look after the creole gangs in the fields.

The coloured people are all types and mixtures. We have pure black people who originally came from Africa as slaves, East Indians and Chinese. These, too, are mixed with Portuguese and white people and the result is a very mixed community. We have a Scottish mission on the estate but there are Brahmins and Mohammedans who have their own churches and keep their own festivals.

Education is optional, there is a school at the Mission which is run by a Headmistress and one assistant. Children are admitted at three years of age and stay (if the parents wish) until they are nine. There is a school at Ithaca which is two miles away, where children are admitted from nine onwards. As a rule, though, the children leave school at eight or nine and begin to work in the cane fields. I haven't seen the gangs working in the fields yet because the cane is being cut some distance away this crop. There are two crops of cane a year. The first is the Spring crop which starts in February and finishes in May; and the Autumn crop starts in September and finishes in January. Of course the crops vary and this year there will only be a stop of three weeks between the crops.

Everyone works very hard. Normally Roger goes into the factory at 7 a.m. after our morning tea (the B.G. name for breakfast). When he has gone I interview the cook about orders for the day and meals and tell the maid what has to be done, as well as interview innumerable boys who all have their special jobs. Then I have always a certain amount of sewing to do which takes up a good deal of my time. We brought a grand piano out with us and it is a never-ending source of amusement for both of us. Roger comes back at 11-0 for breakfast (lunch) and goes back to the factory at 12-30. I rest in the afternoon and after tea I play tennis when the weather permits. Roger is home again at 6 o'clock and unless anything extraordinary happens in the factory, he has finished for the day. As a working day that doesn't sound too bad, I know, but when you consider that he gets no half day on Saturday and has to work all day Sunday, you must admit that it is hard work. At present he is working harder than ever and going into

the factory at 5-0 a.m. because one of the engineers has had to go home to be operated on. The inevitable result of all this work is that Roger is far too tired to do anything in the evening and we go to bed at about 9 o'clock.

I am left to my own devices but I am never lonely. The other ladies on the estate are very friendly and we call on each other in the morning. After tea we play tennis with some of the overseers or play cards sometimes when it rains. We do a lot of entertaining between ourselves and spend some very happy evenings together.

Very occasionally we go to the pictures in New Amsterdam, or at Rosignol. Pictures are far too expensive here to be made into a habit! We have to have a launch across the river and for that we pay five shillings as well as the taxi fare from the house to the stelling. If we go to Rosignol which is on this side of the river and only two miles away we again have to pay five shillings for a car. So unless there is a picture which we particularly wish to see, we very seldom go.

Unfortunately I get no swimming. After seeing the beautiful, clear blue water of the Islands, "Demerara mud" is most disappointing. The river is brown with mud and not at all inviting. However, there are hundreds of things to interest one here, so I very seldom miss swimming.

Of insects and animals I could almost write a book. Suffice it to say that we have cockroaches one and a half inches long; marabunters; mason bees who build their mud houses in the corners of the chairs and then paralyse spiders to put inside them; countless varieties of spiders; frogs about one and a half inches long which get into the house and stick to the walls; crazy ants, black ants, red ants; sand flies and a few mosquito. These all inhabit the house at various times and used to worry me a great deal, but I soon began to realise that it is impossible to keep them out of the house.

Roger had his first day off last Sunday and he took me for a walk into the bush. It was the most interesting walk I have ever had. We saw some lovely water hyacinths in a marsh about 200 yards away from the track. They looked so attractive that we decided to wade through the mud for them. I must admit that I didn't like that part of the game at all! We sank over the knees in mud and I succeeded in making my dress filthy. However we got a large bunch of the hyacinths (they are a delicate shade of mauve with a blue spot on each petal) but before ten minutes had elapsed they were all dead and we had to throw them into a trench. But we did manage to get an armful of flowers which survived the long tramp, and we crept round the back of the estate so that no-one would see how dirty we were.

In about three weeks time the mill stops grinding again and Roger has promised to take me to the Creek. That is about two hours' journey up the river by boat and in the bush.

MARY J. LINLEY, Née PERKINS, Leighton, 1932-4.

(Included by kind permission of Miss Treloar).

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NOTES.