



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.

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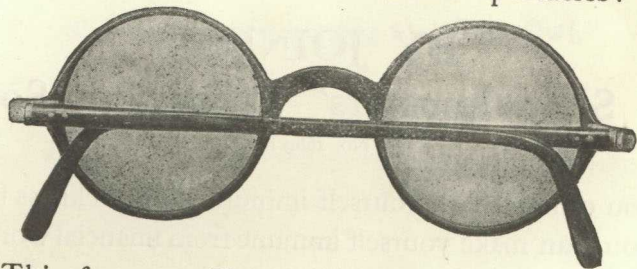
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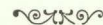
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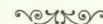


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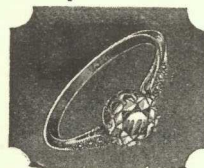
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"THE OWL."

The Official Magazine of the City of Leeds Training College.

SPRING TERM, 1935.

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To Our Readers.

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

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

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

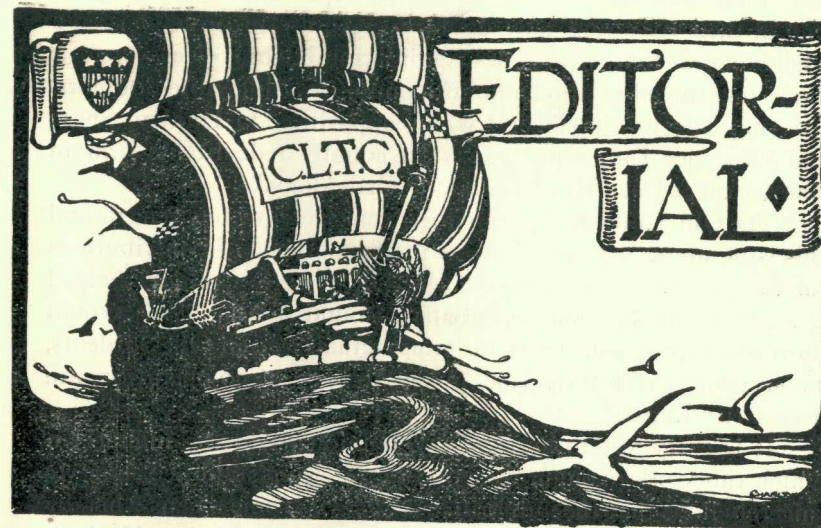
CORRESPONDENCE is invited on subjects of general interest. We shall be glad to exchange Magazines. The Committee invites suggestions for the improvement of the Magazine.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS. For the Session 2/6.

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THERE is always an air of earnestness about the Spring Term. Students who, before Christmas, were blithe and unconcerned, seem to achieve a strange solemnity, an urgent sense of their position as Easter approaches. Staunch devotees of the "night-out" become exasperated at the slightest noise outside their doors and even Nature's born idlers take off their coats and "get down to it."

Attendance at evening lectures has not, however, suffered any decrease and those who have managed to spare the time have been rewarded by a series of unusual excellence and variety.

Perhaps the Play-reading Society, of all College activities, has shown the most noticeable increase in popularity.

Of the entries for our One-Act Play Competition, "Freedom" was adjudged to merit first place and the prize of £1 will therefore go to Mr. C. Simpson (Cavendish) who submitted the play. Miss H. Lipman's "Shop" was, however, a good second.

Our request for more humour brought forth a shoal of humorous articles, poems and sketches. We still feel however that there is scope for the writer of the humorous short story which does not depend for its laughs upon Brontë Lamp, or similar essentially College features.

There are many tendencies evident in the contributions to the "Owl," chief among which is that of scoffing at orthodoxy. This habit, for habit it seems to have become, announces itself, not only in entries for this magazine but in the everyday conversation and arguments heard about the College. Unbelief varies a great

deal in its literary manifestations from those who scornfully attack some specific brand of "convention" (horrible word) to those who have long since hung up the "abandon hope" sign over the gateway of their lives and now doubt everything on principle. We wish however that the tirades against established creeds were a shade less tinged by the facile utterances of fashionable doubters. It is only fair to remember that in opposition to Huxley, Shaw and Lawrence Ltd., there exists an equally redoubtable firm in Chesterton & Co. Read G.K.C.'s "Orthodoxy."

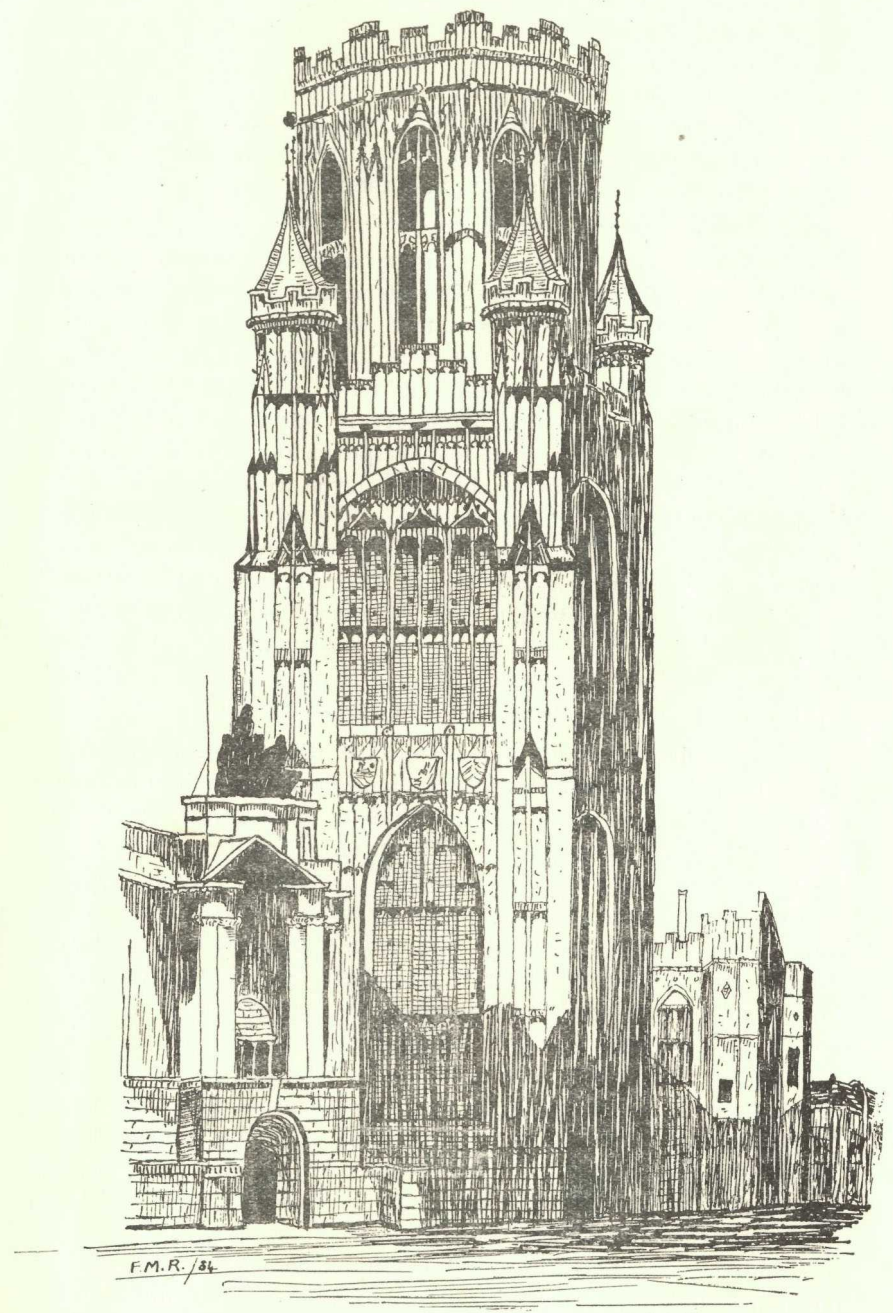
The Old Students' Section goes from strength to strength and this issue marks a great increase in the number of contributions submitted. Thanks are due to all "Old Owls" who have helped in any way to place this feature on a sound footing. We would however, express our desire for more actual *news* of Old Students, as our sources of information, in the absence of co-operation, are necessarily limited.

It is early yet to express any opinion as to the manner in which this College ought to signalise the King's Jubilee, but we sincerely hope that the authorities will devise some means whereby we may add our individual contribution to the Nation's Celebrations.

Best luck to Seniors when interviews come along and to Juniors on their Second School practice.

Dawn.

This April dawn, eastward, the gradual glow
Changes the dark of night to paler hue :
See ! That first gleaming from the sun below !
And from afar a crowing cock shrills through
The silent night. Tuneful, tense-throated larks
Cheer all the twilight as they rise in song.
Away on some lone farm one dog barks.
Eerily, slow, grey light creeps up along
The shrinking vault of night, while o'er the earth
Each house and tree
Grows into visibility.
A fresh breeze quivers past, bringing to birth
A sigh like audible content. Day's sheen
Diffusing, slowly quenches all the stars.
Birds, wakened, chatter joyously. Pale green
And gold and flushing pink merge radiant bars
Into the blush of dawn. The crescent source
Looms up—a dome of light, of life, of force ;
Then shimmering, dazzling, blazing full-orbed sun
Proclaims the end of night : the day's begun !



BRISTOL UNIVERSITY TOWER.

"Religion."

I sometimes envy those people who have been brought up on an orthodox religion. For them things are so smooth and simple, for us so uneven and complex. Their parents placed them, as children, in a groove of religious habit, along which the wheels of their minds run smoothly. By degrees the meaningless repetition of their prayers has been supplemented by something richer and fuller; and they have gained peace of mind and a satisfaction in their own conviction.

But for us it is different. Our parents were determined to teach us young the lure of thought; to mature our minds so that the discrimination of false from true would lead to the fundamentals of a real religion. We were, metaphorically speaking, launched young on the sea of thought and given the means of sailing into deep water. Unfortunately, in our desire to explore the unknown, a few of us have lost the power of returning shoreward, and although our yachts are never at rest, we bear a contempt for the placid 'land lubbers.' Yet, at times, comes the yearning to grasp the immovable; for somewhere to anchor; and we hope only that by strong steering, insistent bailing, laughing, and trusting to the tide, we may in time drift to the shore. But in other moods, we feel as pioneers, facing the necessary crossing towards real belief. Such bright moments of optimism flare up only to be dampened by convention.

Convention has such a grasp on the world that those who break from it must feel the tremor of uncertainty. Those who can accept so confidently the doctrines of their religion; those who can repeat their creed without once doubting their own absolute sincerity, give us a sense of helplessness: helplessness to return to such simplicity of belief. There must be reality behind the worship of millions, and yet we can so seldom come into touch with it. A sudden shaft of sunlight on a silver birch; the image of the cross against an evening sky; the peace on the face of the dead, these come to bring a glimpse of a reality we cannot reach. They under-mine our anti-religious convictions. They unsettle us and, at length, after months of mental struggling we decide we have a God. Incapable of forcing ourselves to believe certain things, we live by our own creed; stand by our own God. A God great in love and compassion; beyond all the petty strivings and mean whimperings of us mortals, and yet not indifferent. One who sees the nobleness in the man who struggles and goes under and who recognises the smug complacency of an accepted "success." Our religion is not expressed glibly by words for it is too much part of us. We have not been blessed with the power to 'commune with the Holy Spirit' and, being

the poorer, must find a substitute in our lives.

Because our creed is merely one of living to the best of our ability we feel definitely we lack what others manifestly possess. Yet whatever form our worship may take, we are surely going in the same direction as the recognised "religious." We are all aiming at the good and the great in human nature, and if there are some who are blessed on the way with spiritual help and guidance, let them consider themselves the lucky but not the only pilgrims. We will come along less easily. Perhaps we may never reach the 'peace of God,' but at least we will have the satisfaction of finding comradeship and an endless service of joy from the journey. Since we are incapable of taking the accepted essentials of religion without being hypocrites, we will live up to our own essentials, in our own way.

M.G. (Macaulay).

Banana Skin.

SOME people never laugh. I know many that do not even smile. But an occurrence which gives the excuse for laughter may change the outlook for the whole day.

Last night a gale was blowing, and a woman was struggling heroically against it, carrying a shopping basket in one hand and stupidly holding up an umbrella with the other. Suddenly a cruelly mocking burst of fury turned the woman's umbrella inside out. As I watched from the cold but dry shelter of a shop doorway I smiled a cynical smile. But that was not all.



The comedy had not reached its dénouement. The mystery surrounding the umbrella had not yet been lifted, but it soon rose much higher than anyone expected it to do. A kind-hearted gentleman, noticing the woman's plight, suggested that if she were to turn quickly round, the umbrella would right itself. She complied with the instructions given, and in less time than it takes to tell, an umbrella cover was soaring down the High Street, followed by the stupefied gaze of the umbrella's owner, who continued to uplift towards Heaven five or six bits of wire at the end of a stick ".....continued to uplift towards Heaven five or six bits of wire at the end of a stick" towards Heaven five or six bits of wire at the end of a stick,—as if she were trying to find out which way the wind was blowing. In the shop doorway I laughed a cold laugh, and thought what a pity it was that thousands had not paid to

see what I had seen—the money to be given to charity.

Much of the laughter in the world results from the humiliation of some unfortunate person who unknowingly participates in the antics of Fate.

I remember once causing roars of derisive applause in a restaurant when I placed my overcoat on a hook and the tape broke. I bent down and picked up the fallen coat, bursting my braces as I did so, and then, when I had strolled, with a hand in my trouser's pocket—and a devil-may-care look on my face—to the table, I sat down on a chair that someone at another table had only just previously borrowed, and reposed for a while on the ground floor of the establishment.

I vowed never to enter that restaurant again, and I have steadfastly kept my vow. It is the only New Year Resolution I have ever succeeded in keeping. For me it is a place not for hors d'oeuvre and caviare and tomato sauce, but a Tussaudian horror-chamber full of leering sprites and invisible mechanism.

We all know what joy possesses the hearts of boys as they snigger with eager anticipation behind a wall and wait for some old beaver to come and skid on the banana skin. That is the kind of humour that appeals to me—the comedy of errors—the Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin type where laughter results from the incongruous or unusual—a sort of Jack-in-the-box humour. I know there are thousands of people who secretly agree with me, so why call me unsympathetic and unintellectual? Perhaps I am, but what does it matter? I can at any rate smile. I have the gift, for gift it is, of being able to laugh, and I hope that my readers can say the same.

D. W. BARKER (Fairfax).

Hostel Soshuls.

NE iv the things thit struck me most oop at the college wor the hostel soshuls. Noo whin yi gan ti the soshuls yi hev ti luck yer best cos yi meet the wimen there.

Gettin riddy for a soshul is a nuisance. Aa divint blame a chep for feelin kinda prood aboot keepin a back stud cos after aal its not urrybody thit kin keep such a thing. Studs are things yi hev a knack iv gettin lost. Mesell aa divint care ower

".....I sat down on a chair that someone had only just previously borrowed....."



much about a back stud. They stick inti mi neck. Aa hev ti use one hooiver as aa get wrang for usiu a pin cos it mecks such a mess with the shart neck. Thin agyen aa hev mare pride about mesell when aa'm gannin to a soshul. Aa hev such a job hooiver gettin the few stragglor hairs on the top inti their proper places. Aa knaa ivry particular spot where they hev ti gan and if one gits oot i place aa hev the game on ti get it back agyen. But if yi are seeking a canny lass then yi hev some reason ti bother, cos a lass dusn't fancy a chep that is untidy like.

Whin yi are riddy at last yi hev ti gan doonstairs ti greet the wimen folk whin they cum. Whin yi gan inti the common room where the dancin' is yi see a lot iv decorashuns which delight us aal with their wonderful colours and brightness. Gennily aalso there are funny things on the waalls. Yi hevn't ti be surprised hooiver for there's a porpose in ivrything and ivrything is playin its part in sum way.

After supper we hev what is caalled the entertainment. Aa thowt that comedians wor the only folk thet fitched oot daft ideas but apparently its not. Aa get meny a laff at sum iv the things thit cheps think are good ideas, and aa sumtimes wonder it folks hevvin the narve ti say them. But really puttin aal jokes aside this gives us sumthing ti jump aboot and livens us up a bit even aalthough sum of it is past oor comprehenshuns aaltigither. Yi taalk about meckin folks inti a good humour. Them cheps in the entertainment hev the knack iv raisin the smiles. It pleased immensely ti see hoo the different yung cheps entered inti the spirit o' the thing. They fairly revelled in't.

After the entertainment we aal start dancin agyen. Aa'm not quite sure that aa wad just as syun keep gannin as we wor for the time bein. By this time aal are gettin warmed up a bit and gettin oot iv that Saturday morning feeling. Time is passin hooiver and syun the soshul hes ti finish and as the ould sayin hest "it is here to-day and gone the morn."

Hooiver aa guess life is not aal soshuls. Eddication is gettin ti such a pitch nooidays. Folks are studyin that many kinds in subjects. Yi niver knaa whi's dissecting yor good and bad points. But there is a good moral in thet kinda thing. Divint hev ower meny bad points. Meck them aal good ins. Meck aal yor motives good uns then yi need hev nie feor. Yi might be misunderstood but thatil not be for lang.

Aa dwintknaa what but aa divint want ti be gloomy so aa'll leave yi by askin yi ti teck the advice thet a chep giv me the other day "Divint worry, tak life as it cums."

L. MANNING (Grange).

"Androcles and the Lion."

THE College play was acted in the Great Hall before large audiences of students and friends on the 1st and 2nd March. "Androcles and the Lion" is an unusual play in so far as it has a chorus whose main function is not so much to take an active part in the plot as to register emotion appropriate to what the principal characters are doing. The chorus on this occasion admirably achieved this end without at any time distracting the attention of the audience from its proper focus which was, of course, the doings of those in the foreground. They added their very important quota to the total impression without destroying its unity and are to be commended for this very difficult achievement.

Mr. Wilcockson as Androcles was first rate. Whether as long-suffering husband, play-fellow of the lion or tragic martyr, he succeeded in giving exactly the right impression. Miss Clare Stead as his wife acted the shrew with great conviction. The part of Lavinia is very difficult. She has little to do but plenty of long speeches to say and it is a tribute to Miss Keen's skill that she completely held the audience even at her very quietest moments. She acted the dignified Roman patrician, the playful tease of the "handsome captain" or the loyal comrade of the plebeian Androcles and Ferrovius with the same apparent ease. The "handsome captain's" long speeches and impulsive love making were admirably done by Mr. Griffiths. In the part of Ferrovius, Mr. Passant succeeded in combining obvious and difficult restraint with an equally obvious blazing passion. We shall remember for a long time his slow, minatory walk over the stage to give Lentulus (well acted by Mr. Boulton) the opportunity of turning the other cheek. As Spintho, Mr. Booth gave a very good performance as a thoroughly bad character; and that is good art. We hope he was no worse for his bumps. Mr. Addison put the proper sergeant major touch in his study of the Centurion, Mr. Thewlis was a satisfactory compound of vulgar good-heartedness as Editor of the Gladiators, Mr. Watts almost achieved the dignified familiarity of Cæsar (a difficult part to play), Mr. Beresford was amusing as the aggressive Ox-driver and Mr. Faller acted very well in the small but effective part of the Menagerie Keeper. "Well, the lion's ate him" was excellently said. Mr. Anthony and Mr. Lindley were adequate as Secutor and Retiarius. Mr. Schofield was riotously comic as the lion. We still chuckle as we recall his ear scratching and his stately walk in the arena towards the terrified Androcles. Mr. Byrne combined the small part of Metellus with that of prompter and with the much more arduous duties of stage manager. As prompter he was never needed. We understand that much of the smoothness with which

the whole show went was due to his effective work behind the scenes.

The performance went with a vigorous swing. It started promptly, the intervals were precisely timed (and enlivened by music well played by Mr. Downes, Miss Jessop and Mr. Whitaker), there were no embarrassing pauses between exits and entrances, the actors obviously enjoyed themselves and equally obviously did the audience. And what more can you ask?

The thanks of the College are due to Mr. Pickering, who produced the play, to Miss Wood and the students of Cædmon, who made the costumes, to Mr. Perkins for the "making-up" of the cast, and to all who in any way helped to make the performance such an undeniable success.

Disillusion.

They made me a home of comfort where the bracken scars the
wold,
And gave me the wealth of England in the gorse's sunlit gold;
They laid me the blue of a heaven under their English trees
And taught me the dirge of the ages—the endless song of their
seas.
They showed me their lanes awinding, leaf-shaded and flecked
with light;
The peace of the dew at sundown, the quiet of an English night,
Then made me a bed in the heather, weird in the moon's wan spell
Where silence flooded the hillside and mystery shaded the fell.
They led me down lanes pale with hawthorne, by hedges, sweet
scented with briar
And sang of the heroes of England and told of the roadside fire,
They showed me the bloom of the harvest that touches the
ripening corn,
And brought me through meadows of clover, still fresh from the
cool of the dawn;
They made me a crown of wild poppies and wove in it mirth of
the day.
They gave me the love of their country, and asked me only—to stay,
I stayed—
But the bracken's glow died out and the gorse trees lost their
light;
The heavenly calm grew a sullen rage in the coming on of night.
The cold air drew the sear, white leaves away from the yellowing
trees
And the laughter died, as the air grew dull, with the sobbing of
rainswept seas.
M.G. (Macaulay).



The Strange Adventure of John Rane.

WHO would have thought it possible that tragedy in such a strange form would have dared to enter the precincts of the select residential village of Sleeperville? Strange though it may seem, this unforeseen event happened, singling out for its victim my friend John Rane, the most inoffensive wisp of a man that ever breathed. If the reader had told me the events which I am about to set down on paper, and the horrible climax up to which they led, I would have laughed in his face. This is how it happened.

My friend John Rane, was as I have already remarked, a quiet inoffensive man, having no great virtues and no great vices. He lived next door to me in one of those modern bijou villas attached to large gardens. He was a bachelor, enjoyed a fairly large income, had nothing particular to do and plenty of time in which to do it. I advised him to take up gardening as a hobby. This he did, and after a year of ineffectual floundering he devoted himself entirely to bog-gardening. He took up this unusual and new branch of gardening because, according to him, it gave plenty of scope to an amateur.

As the months rolled by he took his hobby more and more seriously. He babbled with as much delight about his Parnassia, Sarracenia, and Cyrepedium as I did about my Cereus, Opuntia, and Phyllocacti. He began to import tropical bog plants and built a large store and conservatory in which to house them.

In the early months of last year an orchid-collector in Amazonia, a man called Maet, sent him the root of a plant, which, according to the letter he enclosed, was a kind of Darlingtonia, an insectivorous bog-plant. The day after its arrival I went into his store to see it. It was nothing much to look at, being a brown, shrivelled, cylindrical-shaped root. The rest of the afternoon was passed in potting up the root in Osmunda fibre and peat, and placing it in the warmest part of the store.

Needless to say, it began to grow, and my friend took infinite pains to secure for it a congenial atmosphere. He fed it on a specially concocted stimulant on whose virtues he waxed delirious.

About the middle of June he shouted excitedly over the garden wall that the plant was unknown to science, and as the experts he had called in to identify it had failed he had decided to call it Darlingtonia Ranemaet.

The weeks went by until at last the large stem-leaf of the plant attained the height of fifteen feet. It was a peculiar plant; in shape it could be compared to those cowl-shaped ventilators seen on ocean liners. This stem seemed to be hollow, of a purplish hue, blotched with patches of green and crimson. If it had been an ordinary Darlingtonia the mouth of the cowl should have been

open, instead of being closed tightly like the mouth of a snake. Hanging down from this mouth were two wing like appendages of tough skin. Then one day in July John said it was going to flower. Would I go in that afternoon to see it?

Yes, I did see it, and I shall always remember the scene that burst upon my view as I swung the conservatory door open. I saw John Rane with his back towards the ghastly plant, examining, in his short-sighted way, a fresh consignment of roots that he had just received.

Behind him the plant writhed along its length as if in pain. The blotches of crimson looked like blood-clots daubed on emerald green canvas. The neck of the plant grew taut, curving back like a snake about to strike. The ghastly vizor opened, the appendages shivered and vibrated with great rapidity. Suddenly it swooped like a prehistoric dragon-fly, and before I could grasp what was happening, or give a shout of warning, I saw John Rane disappear into the maw of this monstrous plant.

With feverish haste I seized a hedge-slasher from a neighbour-ing tool-shed and slicing off the head of the plant dragged out my unconscious friend. By the next day he had partly recovered from the shock of his experience and was bewailing the loss of his plant, for by that time it was a mass of decaying pulp.

The sequel to this strange episode took place in my study to-night. John Rane dropped in, and asked me if I could compose a word from the letters of the name "Ranemaet," given by him to his plant. You can imagine my surprise when I found that "Ranemaet" was an anagram for "Man-eater."

WILFRID ATKINSON, (Cavendish).

That Fantastic Community.

DREAMS are nonsense—so we are told. But no one yet has convinced me why.

My dream was vivid, so vivid that it frightens me to recall it. And yet the next morning I wrote it down so that never during my whole life shall I forget it. I remember very well the night. It had been a hot day and before going to sleep I sat by my open window thinking and thinking until I lost the thread of my thoughts. I must have fallen asleep like this.

I was walking along a cart track, very wide and exceedingly difficult to walk upon. One moment I was tripping in a hole and the next stumbling over a stone. I had a vague feeling of disappointment, but did not know why, and I remember wondering why the people of our age allowed such a road to be used. It seemed to be never-ending.

But suddenly I found myself walking between two large, forbidding-looking buildings; gaunt places with hundreds of

blank windows. These were all open and heads popped in and out. The building seemed to be one continual bustle; maids came out and clanged dustbins; voices shouted answering each other. I stayed for a few minutes, but gradually the noise made my head buzz and I longed for silence. I walked on.

Here my dream became muddled and the next thing I remember clearly was that I was walking along a passage, bare, with brick walls and floor. I passed several doors, and as I passed a head popped out of each and asked a question. One said, 'Who saw Orion last night?' Another, 'Where is your texture?' At first I remember being puzzled, even frightened, but as I got used to it, the humour appealed to me and I began to laugh, and by the time I reached the end of the corridor the tears were running down my face.

Again the dream became muddled and during this period somehow or other I seemed to have become a part of this fantastic community. Voices began shouting to me, at first fairly quietly, but gradually becoming louder and louder until I could not stand it and shut my eyes and put my hands over my ears. These are the sort of things the voices were shouting; 'Don't waste your time....Don't waste your time....Write an essay on King Lear....Write an essay on the Gold Coast of Africa....Write an essay on the Bible....Don't waste your time....Write an essay on Robinson Crusoe....Where are your notes?....WHERE are your notes?....Why haven't you logged that?....Don't waste your time....Why isn't your demonstration in?....Don't forget the lecture tonight....Read chapters three, four and five....Read all the poems in that book....Come to the baths this afternoon....How do you pronounce the word s-u-a-v-e....Learn tables four, five and six....Where are your notes?....WHERE?....Don't waste your time....Hockey at three this afternoon....Where is your description of a feather?....Why haven't you painted that landscape?....Why, why, why,...Read, read, read,...Where, where, where is....Don't waste your time, time, TIME!

By this time I was crazy with doubt and fear. I tried to run away from the place, but the voices followed me. I ran and ran, and suddenly found I was not alone. Gradually others joined me and soon there were hundreds of us striving and struggling to get away. In my dream I saw our faces were distorted with our striving. Someone found a door. We rushed out—and oh the relief! The voices faded. We were walking on the smooth, pleasant green. We came to the cart track and slackened our pace. We did not mind the holes and stones. Gradually we seemed to be forgetting the doubt and fear. The hundreds of people, and I with them, passed out into a calm world. In this calm I woke up. This was my dream.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, MACAULAY.

A Day and a Half in the Life of a Diphtheria Contact.

FASCINATED by the novelty of isolation I resolved to spend my time profitably. I made a label for my School Practice note book. I opened the window. I glanced at my time-table and closed the window. I put a jumper on. I tore up the label and put on a dressing gown. Swathed in garments, I embraced the radiator and wallowed in Isolation. This soon flagged, however, so I spent a few minutes moving furniture, after which I sat down and waited for a Sore Throat. But nothing happened, even though I had been sucking Formamints. After watching the snow snow for about half an hour I produced this:—

THE FORSAKEN STUDENT.

Now the soft white snowflakes play,
Dance and flutter and float astray.

whereupon I was convinced that I was going to be ill. I looked up "Diphtheria" and looked down my throat. Was I Incubating? I sat down again to wallow. I had never realised what poor company I was until I had to spend a day alone with myself.

I counted trees, books, things beginning with D, and people wearing scarves; then I gave a series of two-minute lecturettes to the bed-stead. I received some books from underneath the door and read a story about a hero with crinkled eyes and a heroine who entered rooms like gusts of March wind. I practised this before the mirror, but my efforts were a little too realistic: I decided to 'float' into rooms in future. I poked my head out of the window and talked round a drain-pipe to some heads in the next room. The drain-pipe offered possibilities and I contemplated climbing up and down for exercise. Then followed tea, in solitude. My appetite was not what it used to be. I offered myself another cup of tea but I refused. I was most surprised and mystified.

Tea over, I leaned out into the night and sang. All the agony and torture of my pent-up soul came out in that one terrible song! A blind below me was drawn in silent reproach, so, having poured out my heart, I withdrew, closed the window, and ate chocolate nougat. I read another story about a girl who lost her self-confidence and ran into the library to hide her confusion. I did not practise that: I opened the window. From 9-30 to 10-15 p.m. lengthy conversations between Brontë and myself were held through the door. Match-stalk relay underneath the door was a great success. Before going to bed I opened the window at both ends. Its joints seemed a little loose. I wondered why.

The next day I found I was to be 'let out' during the morning. I locked my door behind me and, with a song in my heart and my

germs in my pocket, I went forth into the world. Where should I go? I meditated for a few moments over a milestone which said:

LONDON

190½ miles.

but rejected the idea on account of the odd hundred and ninety miles. I went to Adel instead. There I hurdled (or climbed) over stiles and leaped (or strode) over pools. I stood on the brink of a raging torrent and thought deeply, but with no result. Feeling very leperish, I returned once more to Isolation, threw open my much-abused window, and wallowed until dinner time.

Nursery.

THE Professor, whom, for certain reasons, we will name Green, is a small dark man with a strange manner. He spends, or rather spent, most of his time lying on his back in a collapsible armchair and evolving schemes for the betterment of our educational system. It was in this attitude that I discovered him last Wednesday, when I went on behalf of my paper to report his latest fantasy. I was not disappointed for his first words, after we were comfortably settled in our chairs reduced me to the verge of babbling. He leaned forward and smiling his well-known Press smile, said "Why not men Teachers for Infants and Nursery Schools?" To say that I was dumb-founded would be mere flippancy. I just gaped whilst the full significance of the idea penetrated my consciousness. The Professor however was not inviting comments just then, (in fact he very rarely does).

"Yes, let that be our slogan," he continued. "In fact I cannot understand why the idea has never struck me before this morning. You agree that the scheme has immense possibilities," he said, just to see if I was listening. "Tremendous," I assured him "please go on."

"Psychologically of course, the principle is absolutely watertight. In fact, why we have entrusted the bringing-up of the country's youth to a mob of empty-headed and incompetent women, I cannot understand. I can assure you however that the kid does not want them. Not in the least. Tell me—who is it that the kid runs to so eagerly in the evening when he hears the crash of the hat-stand and what are the first words he ever learnt?" I hastened to assure him that it was undeniably his "da da." The Professor however, was not listening. "His Dad!" he roared. "Who plays lions with him? His Mother?" Here the Prof. contemptuously dismissed all mothers from this royal sport. "Again I say his father!" He chews his father's tie, pulls his

hair out, ruins his waistcoat, scratches his face, all signs of affection. Does he do as much for his mother? Huh!" snorted the Prof.

"What provision will you make for the training of men teachers in infants and nursery schools?" I hastened to ask.

"Ah!" smiled the Prof. "I have all that carefully worked out. We shall have specially trained staffs, of course and again special training colleges where students will be taught the Green methods for the education of infants. Such subjects as feeding-bottle drill, handkerchief drill to numbers, the theory and practice of sleep and so on, will all find a prominent place in our curriculum. Students will be required, of course, to take an advanced course in P.T. and Ju Jitsu. Latin will be compulsory, also.

"Latin?" I echoed. "Latin" he replied firmly, "I learnt it" (here he fondly patted his old school-tie).

"What about dress?" I asked, fighting off the feeling of faintness which threatened to overcome me.

"Of course! Dress! The teacher will be suitably attired in a large apron which will have attached to it, feeding bottles, sponges, black-jack, fever-cure, rattle and comforter. The teacher will be required to pass a strict practice in the manipulation of these necessities." The Professor paused. "You understand, I hope, that a new technique will have to be evolved, different from the ruinous methods hitherto adopted by our womenfolk. What this technique is, will have to remain, I am afraid, my little secret."

"Quite," I murmured. "How are you going to pay for such elaborate reorganisation?"

"Taxes" replied this Napoleon of education, with a vague wave of the hand.

"On what?" I asked. "Beer, to begin with," he said, and hastily added—"not so you'd notice it, of course."

"Of course" I agreed.

"We should tax other things as well. Piano accordions, for example,—sex novels, sturts, and inevitably, oakdens."

I fanned my brow and studied the Professor more closely. The gleam in his eye was becoming more dangerous every minute. Taking advantage of his intense pre-occupation, I edged carefully and quietly to the door. My fingers coincided with the knob and, making a supreme effort, I flung the door open and dashed out. The last I saw of the Professor, he was doing hand-springs on the carpet.

The Song of the Crammers (After the Western Bros)

O come you British Bulldogs, join the Common Room of Crammers,
We get the things we want to know and kuss 'em in with hammers;
Wise ones wag their fingers, and psychologists all damn us,
But what the — do we care if we pass in our examers?
Cram on, you Cads, cram

You'll see some startling things you never dreamed about before,—
Moses country-dancing in the gym. with Bernard Shaw,
His Majesty's Inspectors playing running circle pass,
And Cleopatra writing lines for eating sweets in class!

Cram on, you Cads, cram on!

The Danes invading Canaan, not because it's warm and sunny,
But because no prohibition stems the flow of milk and honey.
Pitt divorcing Helen on the grounds of malnutrition,
And sausages unrolling in a perfect trunk position.

Cram on, you Cads, cram on!

Martin Luther drawing up a scheme for teaching "Life,"
Charles Lamb drinking Grade 'A' milk with Walpole and his wife.
Romeo with rickets and atrocious adenoids,
And Gerard Manley Hopkins cleaning teeth at Mr. Boyds.

Cram on, you Cads, cram on!

Papal Bulls destroyed because of foot and mouth disease,
 Parliamentary Bills preserving vitamins in peas.
 Uncle Remus taking a degree in elocution,
 And Bolton washing babies in a welfare institution.
 Cram on, you Cads, cram on!

Nelson knitting night-caps to protect the Navy's curls,
 Tarzan on School Practice, teaching tigers (senior girls)
 And Charles I away from school with water on the knee,
 Suffering from lack of vitamins L. S. and D.
 Cram on, you Cads, cram on!

And if you feel you're not quite right, don't be alarmed for long,
 For mental instability's just genius gone wrong.
 Remember how Napoleon wooed his darling Clementine,
 Remember too what Gandhi said in 1489.
 Cram on, you Cads, cram on!

Words — H. L., BRONTÉ.
 Music — M. C., BRONTÉ.

Domini Almae Matris.

There was a gay lad named J — P —,
 Who had a perpetual blush.
 The first din or clatter
 Raised. "Now what's the matter?
 For two pins I'd — —," but hush!

We all of us know Mrs. —
 "Read Potter!" is always her plea.
 But we've other attractions
 Than proportions and fractions,
 And moreover, we're still all at sea.

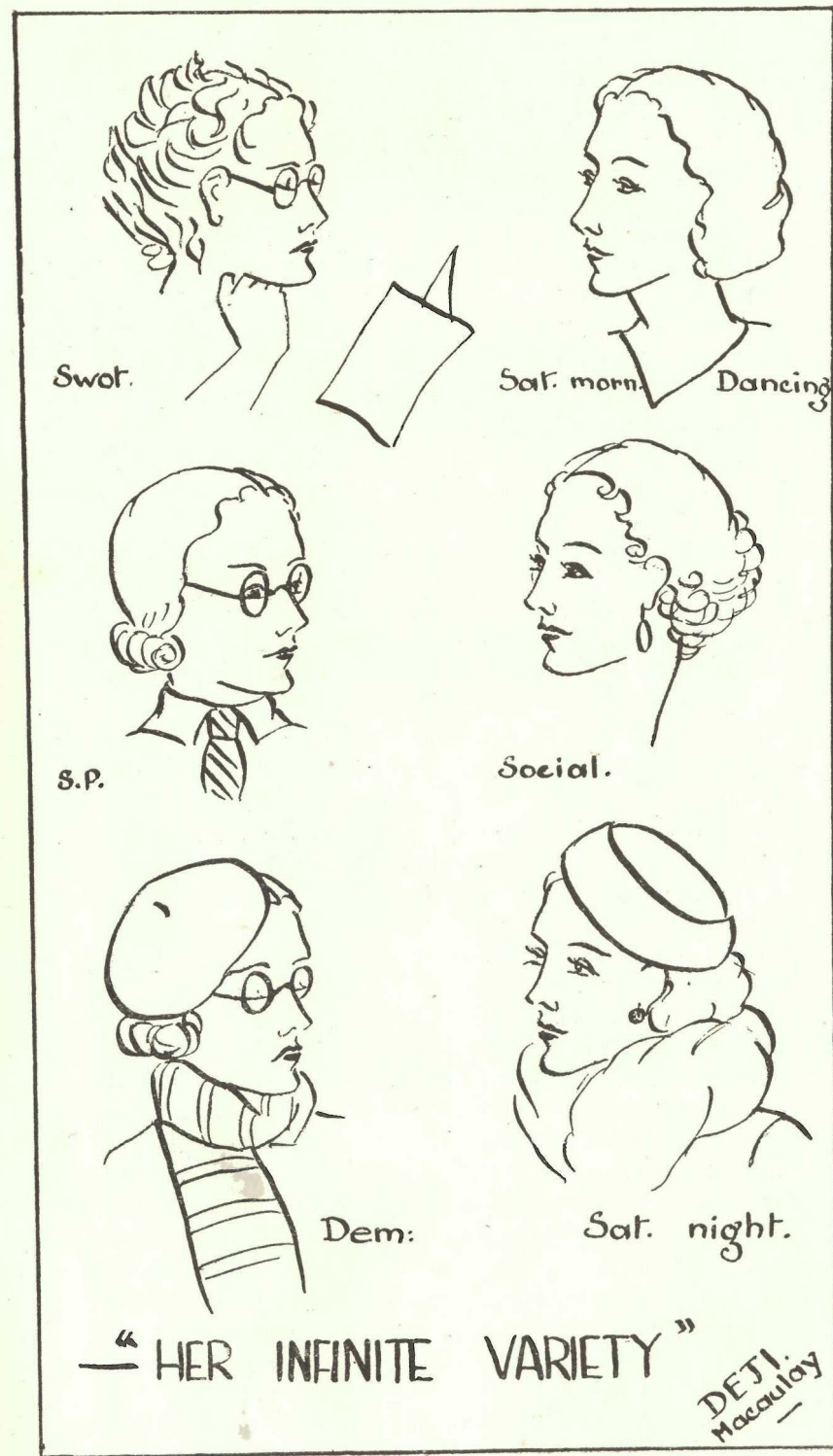
Mr. H — — was a fine man and true,
 With hair that was grey, and eyes blue.
 "O why is this world
 With such beauty unfurled?"
 — "All for you, boys and girls, all for you!"

There was a grave tutor named T —,
 Who disdained all approaches of Hymen.
 Modern crooning he hated,
 The singing abated.
 "No spooning or mooning for my men!"

We're all of us scared of Miss C —,
 She makes S. P. harder and harder.
 Her topics and psycho,
 We also dislike — O,
 But how can we stop her "Demn." ardour.

Mr. — whose real name is Jerry
 Said sarcastically "Please do not hurry
 When its time for S. P.
 You will flutter round me
 And ask me for wood in a hurry."

THE MUSES, LEIGHTON.



Freedom.

CAST.

MARSTON—Business man, apoplectic, 66 years of age.

EUNICE MARSTON—His daughter, strong-willed to a degree.

REV. LINDLEY—Middle-aged, thin, slightly hesitant.

WILSON—Young, awkward, and silent.

MARY—Servant to the Marston's. Irish.

SCENE—A room panelled and comfortably furnished. The fireplace is assumed to be at the front of the stage on the spot occupied by the footlights. An easy chair left, a couch right, a table between them. A small 'stand' near the armchair. Door right. Lindley is seated on the couch.

[Enter Mary. She puts a tray containing whiskey, syphon, etc., on the small table].

MARY. Mr. Marston will be down in a minute, sir.

LINDLEY. Oh, thank you Mary. (looking into fire) Is Miss Eunice in?

MARY. She's in, but it's stopping in her room she'll be, I'm thinking.

LINDLEY. Is she ill?

MARY. Her father said he wanted her to be here tonight and maybe she'll be ill-disposed to do as he bids her, the way she took on at him asking her.

LINDLEY. Yes..... Yes..... She was always a little awkward wasn't she? A very good girl mind you, a very good girl, but...

MARY. [Becoming loquacious] Sure and I never saw anybody dare defy her father as she did. But he always had his way in the end...(pause)...and she's more love for him than one might be thinking from the way she behaves.

LINDLEY. Hmmm..... yes.

[Enter Marston. As Mary goes out he watches her and then turns to Lindley].

MARSTON. [Fairly brusquely] Good evening Lindley..... Eunice not here? [dissatisfied] I sent Mary up for her five minutes ago. [He turns to the tray and mixes whiskey and soda].

MARSTON. Have a drink?

LINDLEY. No thanks.

MARSTON. Doctor's told me not to touch the damned stuff. Bad for my heart. [Laughs, and drinks, sitting down in the armchair].

MARSTON. [After a pause] Well, I suppose you know why I asked you here.

LINDLEY. From what you told me on Sunday I can guess..... Eunice's marriage?

MARSTON. Yes... [looks into fire and sighs heavily, but with

closed lips and no sign of dejection] You see Lindley, I've built up Marston's from a one-man shop in a back street to what it is now; it's been a life's work; and now that I can see the end I want it to go on, and not stop with me. But I've no son. My wife was a frail woman, and after Eunice was born she became a permanent invalid, thanks to the bungling of the doctor who attended her, in my opinion: anyway she bore me no more children and I was left with a girl.

LINDLEY. [Making an indeterminate noise of interest and sympathy]. Mmm...mmm.

MARSTON. [With more force]. The business must not go out of the family—it's ours.....So it seems to me that there's only one course. Bastow's son is my under-manager, and a capable one; he will carry on the firm efficiently, and if he marries Eunice it will still be Marston's. I brought you here tonight to get things fixed up.....I'm getting old, and losing my grasp, and I want to see things running securely before I drop out.

LINDLEY. Yes..... I appreciate your feelings..... What does Eunice think of it?

MARSTON. [Looks at Lindley, then in fire] She will agree. [Looking at Lindley, and speaking with a trace of surprised defiance in reply to the questioning doubt that underlies his words]. What else can she do?.....Forty years of my life I have given to the building of a business known throughout the North of England. It filled all my days: Ann married me, to help me in the struggle, and for thirty-eight years we shared failure and success. Business—my business—was never left at the office at five o'clock. It has been the chief interest of my home, the chief use of my leisure; its planning and its prospects have been as much a care for my wife as for me, and when Eunice came she became a third member of us to be planned for as we saw growing the inheritance we should leave her, to plan with us as she grew up. So that the firm has become an integral part of the family, its very lifeblood... ..and I cannot conceive of one separated from the other. They cannot be separated.....it would be like a destruction of our stock.....Eunice will not refuse the marriage. [After the rush of words the last six came slowly and assuredly].

LINDLEY. [After a pause]. The young do not follow the paths of their elders, always; they sometimes have other views, different ideals and aspirations.

MARSTON. [Harshly]. Other views?.....Not in this house.

LINDLEY. [Carefully]. But Eunice is rather...er...

MARSTON. I know what you mean, Eunice is a fool in some things, and since her mother's death she has been giving a good deal too much of her time to fool's organisation in town.

A "Socialist League" they call it. It only came to my ears a few months ago that she had anything to do with it, together with the news [a trace of sarcasm] that she had been seen usually with some man or other who also calls himself a 'Socialist worker.'

LINDLEY. Yes... I remember.

MARSTON. [With increasing heat]. I am a tolerant man. But that our name should be used in such circumstances, that one of my blood should support a pack of scoundrels who are responsible for all the trouble and sullenness that I have to fight in my work is more than I will tolerate..... [he lapses into moody silence].

LINDLEY. It is well you managed to dissuade her. But she is no longer a girl and she appears to have given considerable thought to the matter,... even though it has led her to... er... wrong conclusions. I mean, it is hardly one of the momentary phases of idealism that often affect youth. One cannot be sure that her views have altered after your... er... advice to her; she has a very strong will.

MARSTON. She can be as obstinate and defiant as her mother; but I have not kept two thousand men under control for fifteen years to be defeated by my own daughter in my own house. [Smiles grimly].

LINDLEY. Quite... Quite; but these beliefs often die hard, and it may be that as a result of her... somewhat unorthodox views, she... er... she may put forward some... er... [He evidently realises he is venturing on dangerous ground] er... objection to...

MARSTON. [Slowly and heavily]. Lindley, she may have views that politically are anathema to me; but they do not influence her where matters that concern our business are concerned. You don't know... you don't realise what the well-being of Marston's has meant to this family or you would realise that nothing will influence her to refrain from taking a step of such crucial importance. [He smiles a knowing assured smile, with considerable grimness in it, shaking his head slightly as he sits back in the chair. Lindley gazes into the fire, leaning forward, his hands loosely clasped across knees. He knits his brows, tightens his lips a little and looks up.]

LINDLEY. I suppose you want me to perform the ceremony?

MARSTON. Yes... Eunice has known about it now for three or four months, and she's had time to prepare anything that women have to prepare. I want you to get things arranged to-night; the sooner I can hand over Barstow now, the better. As I said before, I'm getting old... [Pours himself whiskey and drinks. Speaks irritably]. It's time Eunice was down; I told

her to be here at half-past eight. I'll send Mary again. [He is about to rise when Eunice enters]. Oh!... [He drops back, as Eunice comes to stand at the edge of the table]. You're late... Why?

EUNICE. I have been out.

MARSTON. Been out?... Why?... You were in town yesterday.

EUNICE. [With a trace of scorn]. I have other interests than shopping.

MARSTON. [Nettled]. Oh!... Where have you been may I ask?

EUNICE. [After a pause]. To a meeting of the Socialist League.

MARSTON. [Starts]. You... [slowly and forcedly]. After I have told you once and for all that I will not have our name involved with that set of damned scoundrels you,... you dare to go... [He is working himself up].

EUNICE. [Coldly]. And why should I not go?

MARSTON. Why should you not go? Because I say you should not. Because I am master in this house.

EUNICE. Quite. But you are not master of me though it might appear so from your attitude and if I cannot go my own way in this house I will go elsewhere. [With this last it becomes apparent that her coolness is only maintained with restraint]. [Marston has risen gripping the table. He is red in the face and speechless].

LINDLEY. Steady, steady.

MARSTON. [With a tremendous effort at self-control.] All right ... never mind that now... I suppose you know why I asked you to be here to-night? [During the rest of the scene his hand is kept on his left side.]

EUNICE. [Constrainedly]. I can guess.

MARSTON. I want you to marry Bastow as soon as possible.

EUNICE. I refuse.

[There is a long pause. Marston, stunned, seeks for words, trying to grasp the situation].

MARSTON. Refuse..... Refuse..... Do you realise what you are saying... you... you cannot refuse. [The words come with a rush but their tone is perplexed, not angry]. The existence of Marston's depends upon it. If you refuse it passes out of our hands, the thing we have built, the only thing we have lived for, the very lifeblood of our family. If it leaves us..... it is the end, [For the first time he is seen truly as an old man] the end of our name and all that it has stood for, a name that has a reputation throughout the North..... [Enter Mary].

MARY. Mr. Wilson, sir.

[Enter Wilson. Marston stands staring dully].

MARSTON. And what do you want sir? Who are you?

WILSON. [With some embarrassment]. My name is Wilson and I—

MARSTON. [Slowly]. Wilson... I know that name. [He has not yet recovered from the shock of the preceding scene].

WILSON. I think you will. I am secretary to the Grindley Socialist League, of which your daughter is a supporter.

MARSTON. Socialist League?... [he is awakening to realisation of the young man's identity].

WILSON. But it's not about that I came... It's a more important matter...(pause)...I wish to ask if...[he is broken off abruptly].

MARSTON. Socialist League ... Wilson? ... Wilson! ... [with sudden realisation] My God. The man with whose name ours has been bandied about Grindley. [with rapidly rising anger] First my own daughter defies me, and then... this... What the hell are you doing here?

EUNICE. [Breaking in]. I sent for him.

MARSTON. You sent for him? Why?

EUNICE. [Losing constraint]. You have been tyrant in this house too long. You crushed my mother till she had scarcely a will of her own, you brought your business, its troubles, its pitiful triumphs, its inhumanities, and all its contemptible policy into your home, forced her to listen to it, and treated her weariness with a brutality that forced her to simulate an interest she could not feel. When I was born you thought to make me the nonentity that she had become; you were absolute master, and it was easy to master the newcomer, a child, and use her when she had scarcely grown out of childhood as an unpaid clerk for work that should have been done in your office.....

[She pauses for breath. The angry attitude of Marston at her first words has disappeared with what followed, and he is dazed and bewildered by this revelation of an entirely unsuspected attitude. He grips the edge of the table with one hand, the other is near his heart. He gropes wildly and unsuccessfully for words, his mind failing to grasp the full import of what Eunice has said].

MARSTON. But..... but..... you... you mean..... [Eunice spurred on by his attempt at interposition breaks him off].

EUNICE. You have gone on boasting of the intimate relationship between 'our' family and 'our' firm, how one was bound up with the other, and how we all would make sacrifices for the good of Marston's. The sacrifices we made were made by compulsion. My mother was sacrificed for the sake of your business accomplices by demanding efforts as a hostess that she, as an invalid, could not maintain. You killed her to carry on the policy of swindling and brutality and ruthlessness

that you called your 'business,' and now you would sacrifice me... [slower] You have been blind, father, or you would have seen that I hated your business and all its principles, at first because of the misery it brought into our home, later because I heard things from those who worked under you that made me ashamed of the name I bore. [pause] I shall not bear it long. Mr. Wilson is my fiancé.

LINDLEY. What!

[Towards the end of Eunice's speech realisation has been dawning upon Marston, and his distress has been growing. As she finishes he is leaning against the table panting, his face red and beaded with perspiration. In a choked voice he tries to speak].

MARSTON. Then... Then... all my life I..... Marston's
... My God! [He begins a hysterical laugh, breaks off suddenly and sways forward].

WILSON. Look out! [He starts towards Marston and Lindley jumps up out of his chair, but before either of them can reach him the old man has fallen. The two men kneel down, Wilson speaking to Eunice as he does so].

WILSON. Send for a servant. Tell him to ring up a doctor. [Eunice mechanically rings the bell and Mary enters].

WILSON. [Looking up] Telephone for a doctor. Tell him to come at once.

MARY. Yes, sir. [Exit].

[Wilson has thrust his hand under Marston's shirt. Lindley is supporting his head].

WILSON. [In a low voice]. He's dead.

EUNICE. [Who has approached them]. Oh! [She falls back, shocked; then turns and drops into a chair. Marston is lifted on to the couch. Mary enters].

MARY. I called for the doctor, sir.

LINDLEY. I am afraid he will be little use now Mary.

[There is a pause. Lindley turns to Eunice who stares wildly in front of her, ignoring him].

EUNICE. [Laughs hysterically]. I killed him.

LINDLEY. Now, Eunice, come, come...

EUNICE. [With desperate intensity]. I killed him I tell you. When I refused I broke the only thing he lived for.

WILSON. It was not your fault Eunice. You could not do otherwise.

EUNICE. Not do otherwise?... To my father!... Oh God!

WILSON. But Eunice.....

EUNICE. [Ignoring him]. If I had consented... If only I had consented.

WILSON. You could not consent. You were engaged to me.

EUNICE. I was young and rebellious and headstrong and I thought I hated his principles and his tyranny. I was going to break away, I had wild dreams, so I became engaged to you and it has needed this to bring me to my senses. [Laughs, half-sobbing and hysterical].

WILSON. [Becoming angry]. Six months ago you...

EUNICE. [She has risen, ignoring Wilson she speaks with restrained intensity]. My father died because he could not bear to have his life-work lost to our family, I was the cause of his death, and there is only one thing I can do [drawing off the ring she wears] Marry as he wished, and keep Marston's as he would have wished it kept. [Puts ring on table and goes out quickly].

WILSON. Eunice!... [Pause].

MARY. She was ever a high-spirited girl, but it's her father is still her master,—and him dead, too.

[CURTAIN].

The College Library.

The Library Committee record their sincere thanks for gifts to the College Library from:

The Christian Union, twelve books;

The Education Society, eleven books;

The Scientific Society, which is supplying "Armchair Science," from January to July, 1935. We hope that subsequent committees of this Society will extend their interest and let us have a complete run of this periodical.

Miss Pocock, "The Treaty of Versailles and after," by Lord Riddell and others.

A number of additions have been made to the periodicals taken regularly by the Library, and two have been discontinued. We have tried to make a list of weekly, monthly and quarterly papers representative of the interests of life as a whole, not solely hedged in by the limitations of schools. As teachers we are constantly being reproached with the narrowness of our lives, and are supposed to know only what is fit for children, and nothing of what is moving men and women in other walks of life. Students who spend some of their time browsing among our periodicals need not fear the sting of this reproach. Educational journals are there, for education in the narrower as well as in the broader sense is our great objective; but the realms of nature, fine and useful arts, politics, history in the making, literature, are also represented, and whether or not they form one of our "Subjects," some knowledge of what is happening now in our own time, in all of them, is essential to an educated man.

Some of the titles speak for themselves; where they are less

obvious I append a note.

WEEKLY PAPERS.

New Statesman and Nation.

The Spectator.

Weekly reviews of political, social and literary questions.

Nature. (Science in every aspect).

Times Educational Supplement.

Times Literary Supplement.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

Child Education.

Piano Student.

Studio.

Design for to-day.

Fortnightly Review. (chiefly political).

Armchair Science.

National Geographic Magazine.

QUARTERLIES.

Geography. (The journal of the Geographical Association.

Progressive Education.

Scrutiny. (Literary criticism).

The Embroideress.

H. SMITH, (*Librarian*)

Heat!

Terrific, stifling heat!

Rigid, expectant, tense, twelve beings waited there.

The stolid sentinel returned their eager gaze

With stony stare.

At last —

A clash of steels, a role of wheels,

A sliding plate, an open gate

Revealed —

Jam tarts.

Inspired by an Edu. visit to a Bakery.

DEJI. MACAULAY.

Sound.

Willow trees stiring

As swirled waters pass,

Till they seem a grey wind

Swaying long grass.

Wind, rushing the plain

Of the moors, sounds the cry

Of challenging armies

To the pale sky.

A crescent of pines

Sways, tree against tree,

And the spray of the fall,

Is the spray of the sea.

J. A. MACAULAY.

Art Club.

Easter Competition for *Junior Members*. Prizes are offered for the best studies in each of the following sections:—

1. Landscape in pencil or watercolour. 7"x4"
2. Portrait sketch from life in pencil.
3. Three sketches from life in pencil, of human figure, animal or bird.
4. Illustration of one of the incidents in the Rhyme, Simple Simon, in any medium. 5"x5"
5. Imaginative illustration of "Peace" or "Storm" in colour. 4"x4"
6. Design for Poster for Art Exhibition, in any suitable medium.
7. A design of any type in colour to fill a panel. 6"x3½"
8. A study in colour of spring flowers. Bowl and background may be included if desired.
9. Well arranged MS. writing of Isaiah. LIV v. 17.
10. An example of Craft work including Clay modelling.

Studies must be given in to Mr. Hall on Thursday, May 2nd.

Subscriptions (1/- for 2 yrs). of new members should be paid to either of the secretaries:—

M. H. THOMAS (Cædmon).

F. K. INGLE (Cavendish).

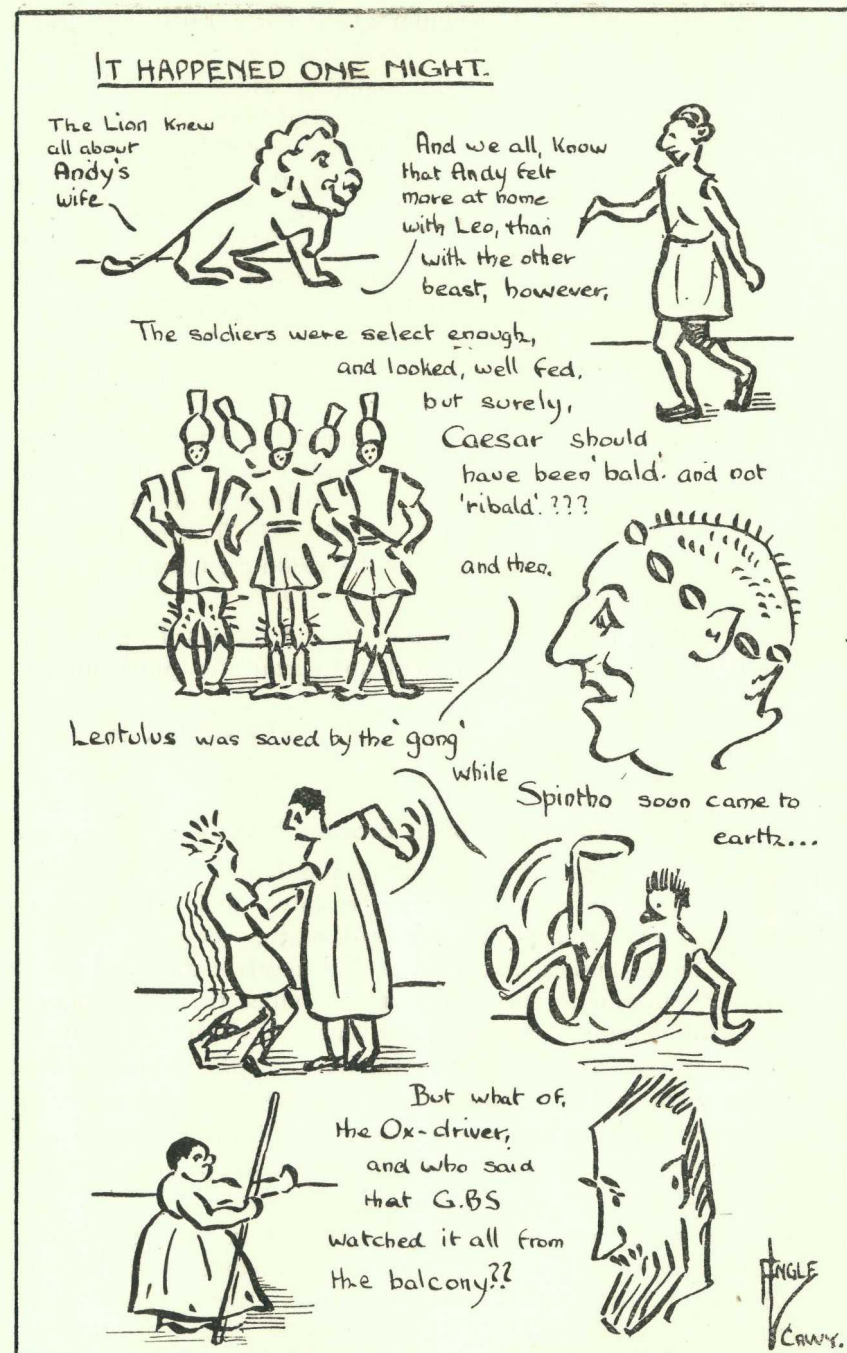
On Friday, November 23rd, Miss Gray, gave a very enjoyable lecture on Italian Art. The accompanying slides were especially interesting to art students, for the composition and technique of each picture was discussed by one who has been to Italy and studied them for herself.

March 8th saw Mr. N. G. Dean, an old student of the college, at the Art Club. Mr. Dean, a man with an extensive knowledge of foreign travel, presented a fascinating lecture called "Around the Mediterranean." It was illustrated with over fifty lantern slides, most adequately coloured by his many delicate expressions. We learned of the effects of Nationalism on Art, and it was indeed, very interesting to note how the Art of different countries has been influenced by varying temperaments and environments.

Now that means of travelling are so facilitated, there are opportunities for us all to go and see for ourselves the things about which we have heard so much.

M.H.T. F.K.I.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Miss Ethel Gray on her election to a Fellowship of the National Society of Art Masters. This honour has been conferred upon Miss Gray, and through Miss Gray, upon the College, as a result of many year's continuous exhibition in Yorkshire Art Galleries, of oil and water colour paintings, of beautifully designed and executed craftwork, and of frequent lectures on a wide range of art subjects.



The Drama League.

The customary Friday afternoon playreadings have during this term again proved a popular attraction. Five plays have been read, but although these have all been of a humorous character, the tendency to light comedy which was evidenced last term has not been entirely maintained, drama proving as popular as the comedies. (The plays read were) "Hay Fever" by Noel Coward, was read by Leighton. Another play by Coward, "The Young Idea," was read by Macaulay. "Outward Bound" by Sutton Vane was read by Fairfax, and Cædmon read "The Admirable Crichton" by J. M. Barrie. Brontë gave the last of this term's readings with "Husbands are a Bother" by Harris Deans. Although the plays are only read, and properties and costumes are conspicuous by their absence, many of the students who have taken part are to be congratulated on an extremely realistic performance. Miss E. Empsall gave an excellent character study of Judith Bliss in "Hay Fever," whilst Mr. R. Byrne gave a vigorous portrayal of Simon Bliss in the same play, and of Tom Prior in "Outward Bound." Mr. T. Griffiths, who has taken more than one part in the readings, usually gives a sincere and able performance.

It is to be hoped that the brevity and increased number of activities of the summer term will not curtail the playreadings, which seem to be so well enjoyed by all.

A. KAWOLSKY, *Secretary.*

The Drive on a Stormy Night.

THE drive is long and dark, the lamps shrink within themselves and quiver uncertainly; their little golden pathways are broken and fitful on the wet ground. The laurel bushes mutter among themselves and sway like living creatures, dark and secret, but the elms, their neighbours, moan with delight as they toss their bare branches to the sky in painful ecstasy. Long grey clouds swirl across the moon, and the stars twinkle madly, like raindrops on April hedges.

There is a lull; the moon slides smiling from her grey cloud mantle; the elm boughs sigh to rest, and the lamps burn steadily for a little space.

Comes the wind, roaring demon-driven to a great crescendo, filling the earth and air with tumultuous organ-sounds, ripping shrieking limbs from the panic-stricken trees, then dying plaintively on a wild and melancholy note. The first lashes of rain sting the cheeks. The footsteps up the drive hasten, and scurry for shelter.

K. DOLAN, (Leighton).

League of Nations Union—College Branch.

President. The Principal.

Vice-President. The Vice-Principal.

Treasurer. Miss H. L. C. Rawson.

Up to the present time the Branch has had an active and prosperous year.

On Oct. 26th, 1934, Professor Turberville of the Leeds University addressed a large and appreciative audience, the subject chosen being "Civilisation and Anarchy."

Special Effort Week was held from Nov. 11th—17th 1934, and the committee wishes to thank all those, who, by a great deal of ingenuity, helped to make it so successful.

On Feb. 8th 1935, a concert was held, also to raise funds for the Branch, so that delegates could be sent to the various 'schools' and 'conferences' organised by the League of Nations Union. £6-2-6 was obtained in this way, and the committee would like to thank all who took part and also all, who so generously supported the effort.

As a result of the concert, the College will be represented at the Easter School which is being organised this year by the League of Nations Union at Oxford.

In conclusion a certain number of books, dealing with various aspects of "Fascism," have been borrowed from the League of Nations Union Library, in the hope that they will be read in preparation for a debate on the subject, which is to be held early next term. The secretaries will be pleased to lend the books to any of our members.

E. RUSSELL } *Hon. Secs.*
H. FISHER }

College Activities.

SOCIALS.

The return to College after the Christmas holidays was celebrated by a Block Dance, Jan. 14th, the most interesting social of the year. The response to the demand for fancy dress was good on the whole, and the costumes were most varied and amusing. Anne Boleyn and Nancy Catty, both martyrs, strolled arm in arm; Charles Chaplin and Brontë Lamp winked at each other, and invisible men appeared from all directions.

On Feb. 2nd, socials were held between the different hostels, and on Feb. 23rd, the last inter-hostel socials of the year took place.

LECTURES.

Activities in The Great Hall can hardly be called 'Lectures' for they have been more varied than ever this term. On Jan. 25th, the Rev. C. Jenkinson gave an outline of "The Leeds Housing Scheme." The number of questions raised showed that

it was a subject of special interest to the College, as part of Leeds, and part of the teaching profession. Mr. Jenkinson, in revealing his scheme, showed himself not only an idealist but a realist, for he seemed to have foreseen every possible difficulty. At a later date Mr. Rogers spoke in opposition to these schemes. Although many of his arguments were sound they did not carry as much conviction as those of Mr. Jenkinson, whose work is, after all, a noble effort on behalf of the people.

On Jan. 30th, there was a demonstration of Educational Sound Films which aroused much discussion, both public and private. Opinions varied widely as to the comparative merits of the six films shown, and criticism, favourable and otherwise, flowed freely. It was generally agreed, however, that the scheme is only in its infancy, and further development is necessary before films can be of practical use in school.

On Feb. 22nd, Joan Sterling Mackinlay gave a recital of Old English folk-songs. Miss Mackinlay's dramatic interpretation of the songs combined with the novel nature of the event in providing a truly entertaining two hours.

March 6th, saw the visit of Mr. Wade to the College, accompanied by a fearsome piece of architecture—his gramophone. Those who attended were rewarded by hearing a rich collection of songs—ranging from Ben Davies to Elisabeth Schumann.

The Education Society.

DURING the last two terms we have visited no fewer than nineteen centres of industry. All the visits have been both interesting and illuminating but it is quite common to hear the remark from a student, "I shouldn't like to work here," and this can give us much food for thought.

In factory after factory we see workers occupied in the most soul-destroying tasks, spending hours upon end, for example, in merely taking an article out of a box which is always kept filled, and placing it upon a moving belt. Such an occupation is entirely devoid of the interest which a workman had in his job before the coming of machines and shows us the absolute necessity of providing in our educational system, some opportunity for our pupils to acquire outside interests which will serve them in good stead whilst working under the conditions already quoted.

Miss Simpson's lecture on "Some Elements of Modern Life as they affect Literature," presented literature to us from a new angle. The effects of the cinema and machines upon literature were discussed and certain books were dealt with from the point

of view suggested. At the conclusion of the address, an appreciative audience accorded her very sincere thanks.

Next term, encouraged by the success of the recent visit to Knottingley, we are organising a trip to the Brontë country on Monday, May 6th, the national holiday. All interested will be able to obtain further details from their hostel representatives after Easter and we should be glad if those who intend to join the party will hand in their names as soon as possible.

Our lecture next term, on May 6th, will be by Professor Nicholson of University College, Durham. He has chosen "Education, Leisure and Citizenship" as his subject and we are looking forward to a very enjoyable evening.

S.C.M. Activities.

IF the S.C.M. had had a motto for the past year, it would have been 'Forward.' We look back from the hillside—for we have not yet reached the top—and with satisfaction see the path along which we have come. We have accomplished something. We have made progress. But while admitting this, do not let us exaggerate the importance of our achievements. The S.C.M. is never the sphere for resting on one's laurels.

Our morning services at 8-45 a.m. in the Women's Gym. have proved very successful, and have become a source of inspiration to many. It is a fine way of starting the day. There is an average attendance of 50 or 60 each morning. But why don't more come? (a) Because they can't get ready in time. (b) Because they think it 'infra dig'—for seniors. (c) Because Sunday is enough for that kind of thing. The first is a very poor reason, everyone can be ready for 8-45 a.m., as is shown by the Wednesday service in the Hall. The second involves psychology. Why are people reluctant to join a minority, even though they are in sympathy with it? The third reason shows a distorted view-point. There may be other reasons—but we're hoping for an increased attendance.

Our entertainment in Brontë Common Room on Feb. 21st, proved very popular. All who were present thought it a first-class concert. The financial result of the effort was very gratifying, the collection amounting to £2-4-0. This money, together with that raised during Federation Week, goes towards the work of the World's Student Christian Federation. In view of many requests, we are hoping if possible to arrange another concert for next term.

A very interesting discussion was held in Cædmon on Sunday Feb. 24th, at 2 p.m., the subject being "Are the Ideals of Christ too high for us?" The discussion which threatened to become a

Lacrosse.

In spite of the number of matches lost, the College Lacrosse team has had a definitely better season than in previous years. It must be remembered that very few experienced players are recruited into the College team each year, and the team thus formed is drawn against clubs of long standing in the Yorkshire League. T. Schofield has captained the team ably throughout the season, and the Junior members of the team have made considerable progress.

An encouraging feature has been the additional interest shown in the hostel matches, all three of which were keenly contested and supported.

Sep. 29	L.T.C. 1st XII	v.	O. V. S.	1 - 9
Oct. 13	" "	v.	Spen	5 - 6
" 20	" "	v.	Parkside	3 - 14
" 27	" "	v.	M. O. B.	1 - 19
Nov. 10	" "	v.	Leeds University	5 - 16
" 17	" "	v.	Parkside	7 - 10
" 24	" "	v.	Old Grovians ...	6 - 13
Dec. 1	" "	v.	O. V. S.	1 - 17
1935.				
Jan. 19	" "	v.	Bradford	10 - 8
" 26	" "	v.	Headingley	1 - 0
Feb. 2	" "	v.	M. O. B.	3 - 6
" 23	" "	v.	Old Grovians ...	3 - 6
Mar. 2	" "	v.	Bradford	3 - 8
" 16	" "	v.	Leeds University	2 - 16
" 30	" "	v.	Spen	-----
Mar. 6	" "	v.	Woodhouse Grove	8 - 10 (friendly)

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
15	2	13	0

Team chosen from :-

T. Schofield, B. Green, B. Cole, R. Jeavons, D. Wilcockson, L. Lindley, E. Adams, Glew, C. Hill, Curtis, Thurwitt, Austin, A. McFarlane, J. Best, Walton.
B. COLE, *Hon. Sec.*

The Women's Swimming Club. Report 1934-5.

The welcoming of the Lord Mayor of Leeds to our swimming baths on Oct. 2nd, was the opening activity of the new college year. A display of swimming, diving and formation floating was given. This was followed by a second display to welcome the Junior Students and to show them the part which swimming takes in our College life.

A fixture, made with the University Swimming Club for this term, had to be postponed until Feb. 6. The match was won by the College. The return match was played on March. 6, and we again won the polo but unfortunately lost in the squadron race. These matches were greatly enjoyed by both teams and we hope to arrange a further fixture for the Summer Term. We are also looking forward to playing the hostel matches next term. We regret that, owing to ill-health, our captain, Miss Macrae, is unable to play for us at present but we hope that she will be able to join in our activities again, before the end of the year.

We wish to congratulate Miss Stephens on being presented with a Diploma Certificate. We hope to include several more Diplomas among our awards this year. Already many silver and bronze medallions have been presented. Once again the women of this College have been awarded the trophy which is presented by the Royal Life Saving Society, for the highest number of awards, to the Training Colleges of England.

M. BLACKBURN (*Secretary*).

Swimming.

Capt. E. G. ROBINSON.

Vice-Capt. D. WILCOCKSON.

The College Squadron and Water-Polo teams have had a fairly successful season. The teams have improved considerably since the first match. The fixture with Carnegie resulted in a narrow win for them in the squadron and a 5-1 victory for College in the water-polo match. Dr. Rich presented a silver cup, kindly given by Mr. Boyd, to the winners of the squadron race. A silver cup was also presented by Bradford Officials to the winners of the water-polo.

Carnegie are to be congratulated on winning The College's and Training Schools Trophy for most awards in Life-saving. This trophy has been held by the College for many years now. It is up to us to strive hard and bring the trophy "down hill" again.

C. A. BERESFORD *Hon. Sec.*

RESULTS	OPPONENTS	SQUADRON	WATER-POLO
Feb. 14	Wakefield S.C.	Lost	Lost 8-1
Feb. 21	Old Owls S.C.	Lost	Lost 4-3
Feb. 28	Castleford S.C.	Won	Won 7-2
March 13	Carnegie	Lost	Won 5-1

Netball Club Report.

Season 1934-5.

Captain Miss ROWSON.

Vice-Capt. Miss PILKINGTON.

We regret that this season the Netball Club has not been very successful. The 2nd VII however has had more favourable results than the 1st VII. Four matches have had to be scratched owing to bad weather. Out of 14 matches the 1st. VII has only won three matches and drawn one. Out of 14 matches the 2nd VII has won 12.

1st. VII	Rowntrees N.C.	W
	Modern Old Girls N.C.	L
	Ripon T.C.	L
	Leeds University	L
	Drake and Johnson's G.S.	L
	Cockburn High School	D
	Hull T.C.	L
	Thoresby High School	L
	Sheffield T.C.	L
	Leeds Netball Club	L
	Bingley T.C.	L
	Hull T.C.	W
	Ripon T.C.	L
	Sheffield T.C.	W
2nd. VII	Modern Old Girls	L
	Ripon T.C.	W
	Leeds University	W
	Drake and Johnson's	W
	Hull T.C.	W
	Thoresby High School	L
	Sheffield T.C.	W
	Leeds Netball Club	W
	Bingley T.C.	W
	Hull T.C.	W
	Yorkshire College of Housecraft	W
	Ripon T.C.	W
	Sheffield T.C.	W
	Yorkshire College of Housecraft	W

On March 16th both VII's attended the rally of The Yorkshire Women's Netball Association at Lawnswood High. We had the misfortune of having Olga Slater, M. Brownridge, M. Hardy, three players out of the games owing to accidents at the beginning of the rally and so the results were again rather disappointing. Out of four games the 1st. VII was successful once and the 2nd. VII succeeded in winning two of their four matches. The winner of the rally was the Leeds Netball Club.

The inter-hostel netball matches have been played this term. Leighton has been successful in winning the trophy. The final results are as follows.

Leighton v Macaulay	Leighton 24—3
Brontë v Cædmon	Brontë 12—14
Leighton v Brontë	Leighton 10—9
Macaulay v Cædmon	Cædmon 17—7
Leighton v Cædmon	Leighton 14—9
Macaulay v Brontë	Brontë 22—4

We wish to thank Miss Dunstan and Miss Watteau for their help in coaching and refereeing matches. We heartily welcome Miss Watteau as our treasurer and wish her every happiness in her new work.

KATHLEEN WADE (*Secretary*).

Women's Hockey Club Report 1934-5.

Captain. E. MITCHELL.

Vice-Capt. A. LUCAS.

Although the beginning of the season was disappointing, the first and second elevens have succeeded in reaching a high standard of play, whilst the third eleven has shown improvement in play if not in results. We wish to thank Miss Dunstan for the help and encouragement she has given us throughout the season, and Miss Watteau for the work she has done as treasurer of the hockey club.

RESULTS OF MATCHES.

FIRST ELEVEN.

1934	TEAM	PLACE	RESULT
Oct. 6	Hull and E. Riding	A	Lost 3—4
Oct. 13	Bingley T.C.	H	Lost 3—7
Oct. 20	Huddersfield	H	Won 9—1
Oct. 27	Housecraft College	A	Won 4—3
Nov. 10	Hull and E. Riding	H	Lost 1—3
Nov. 24	Otley Ladies	A	Won 2—1
Dec. 1	Halifax Optimists	H	Won 5—2
Dec. 8	Bradford Collegians	A	Lost 2—6

1935

Jan. 12	Bradford Collegians	H	Cancelled
Jan. 19	Selby	H	Won 5—3
Jan. 26	Baildon Ladies	A	Lost 2—3
Feb. 2	Ripon T.C.	A	Won 5—0
Feb. 9	Otley Ladies	H	Won 1—0
Feb. 23	Barnsley Ladies	A	Won 9—1
March 2	Doncaster and W. Riding	A	Cancelled

SECOND ELEVEN.

1934			
Oct. 6	Hull and E. Riding	H	Won 21—1
Oct. 13	Huddersfield	A	Won 11—1
Oct. 27	Pudsey O.G.	A	Cancelled
Nov. 10	Hull and E. Riding	A	Cancelled
Nov. 24	Bingley T.C.	A	Won 7—3

1935

Jan. 12	Clifton Ladies	H	Cancelled
Jan. 19	Pontefract	A	Lost 4—7
Jan. 26	Sheffield T.C.	A	Cancelled
Feb. 2	Ripon T.C.	H	Won 7—1
Feb. 9	Ripon T.C.	(A)	Won 7—3
Feb. 23	Pudsey O.G.	H	Cancelled
March 2	Old Varsity Students	A	Cancelled

THIRD ELEVEN.

1934

Oct. 6	Heckmondwike	H	Won 4—3
Nov. 10	Sherburn-in-Elmet	H	Lost 2—3
Dec. 8	Sherburn-in-Elmet	A	Lost 3—5

1935

Jan. 26	Old Cockburnians	H	Lost 0—7
Feb. 2	Halifax Optimists	H	Lost 0—8

SUMMARY.

1st. XI :- Played 13, Won 8, Lost 5. Goals for 61 Against 34

2nd. XI :- Played 7, Won 5, Lost 2. Goals for 63 Against 23

3rd. XI :- Played 5, Won 1, Lost 4. Goals for 9 Against 28

The hostel matches were played during the winter term and resulted in a draw between Macaulay and Cædmon.

RESULTS OF HOSTEL MATCHES.

Macaulay v Brontë	Macaulay 6—2
Macaulay v Leighton	Macaulay 5—2
Macaulay v Cædmon	Draw 1—1
Brontë v Leighton	Leighton 5—3
Brontë v Cædmon	Cædmon 7—2
Cædmon v Leighton	Cædmon 3—2

SUMMARY

Cædmon	}	2
Macaulay		
Leighton	}	1
Brontë		
		0

MARY GRIST (*Secretary*).

Old Students' Section.

Old Students' News.

H. Barnes (1911-13) has been elected Vice-President of the West Yorkshire County Association of the N.U.T. He will succeed to the Presidency of that Association in 1936. Mr. Barnes has thrice been the President of the Morley Teachers' Association and is at present its honorary secretary.

Marriage.

LEVINSTEIN—WHITE, Jan. 26th, 1935, Mr. E. Levinstein (Cavendish, 1928-30) to Miss O. M. White (Cædmon, 1927-29).

Rudolph Besier's "Barretts of Wimpole Street" presented by the Old Owls Dramatic Society on Friday and Saturday March 15th and 16th.

IN presenting "The Barretts" the old students and also their audience, were labouring under the difficulty of having preconceived ideas about the play, ideas doubtless stimulated by the screen version and professional stage productions. It would perhaps, have been more satisfactory for both audience and players if neither had seen the film. Several of the players showed signs in their acting of having made a study of their respective screen "doubles" but the production as a whole was genuinely pleasing and provided a high standard of entertainment. The cast and the producer, Mr. Arthur Ridley, who also admirably filled the role of the tyrannical father, are to be congratulated on their success.

It is difficult in a cast of so many well portrayed characters to single out anyone for special mention but it would be unfair not to give the evening's honours to Edith Heyes whose interpretation of the part of Elizabeth was excellent. The delicacy with which she portrayed her helpless illness and subsequent recuperation and the alternating emotions of love, pity and fear, is evidence of her versatility. Arthur Cox, as Robert Browning gave a spirited performance though his very enthusiasm occasionally made him almost inarticulate. He would have done better had he not, on occasions, turned his back to his audience whilst speaking. Hilda Walker, as Henrietta, was true to type, passionate in her anger and pretty in her repentant moods. The minor parts were cleverly portrayed by Elsie Field (the maid) Evelyn Parry (Arabel) Nancy Price (Bella Hedley), Bernard Levinstein (Octavius), J. Davies (Septimus), A. Mitchell (Alfred), Robert Hudson (Charles), Ronald Hardy (Henry), Hal Haddon (George), John Naylor (Dr. Chambers), C. J. Wandly (Dr. Ford Waterlow), John Heaton (Capt. S. Cook), Maurice Chesner (Henry Bevan). If we

can attribute to the canine species any dramatic capability we must not omit a mention of Bunty (Elizabeth's dog, Flush). To whoever trained this dog we must give our thanks for a very entertaining performance. The orchestra, under the capable direction of Bernard Armour, gave pleasing selections during intervals.

We earnestly deprecate the college custom of laughing and clapping at the wrong moment, nor do we feel that arriving late, scrambling for seats at the intervals and ironical cheering is a suitable expression of an audience's appreciation. O tempora! O mores!

Hitler and your Class.

This following sentence occurs in the first leader of "The Manchester Guardian" on the day I write—

"It is highly questionable whether any national achievement however splendid, is worth a single human life that has not been voluntarily given or at least, voluntarily risked."

This remark would be high treason in at least three great countries. That human sacrifice to the State idol is entirely proper, is taught officially in Germany, Russia and Italy. No belief would be more difficult to square with anything remotely like civilisation.

The essential germ of barbarism is taught systematically in the schools of these countries. We, France, the U.S.A. and the quiet brave Scandinavians are left to prove that.

"From quiet homes and first beginnings,
Out to the undiscovered ends
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends."

Discipline to the State idea is most strongly applied in the German School. The atmosphere of the schools does partly determine the values of the state twenty years after. What sort of Germany shall we soon have to expect? Probably it will be superbly ready and marshalled but ready for what? Splendid in physique and fitness but very frothy in its ideas of what it is fit for.

What should we ourselves wish to put against this! Another sort of confidence, surely, freedom taken for granted, work without fuss, achievement without fanfare, the deep strength of friendliness.

But we cannot grow like this without care. Fascism creeps in quite easily, even here. When I was in Cavendish six years ago some people talked as though the hostel were far more important than our several selves. We should all be disciplined in the most ridiculous ways in honour of some mythical deity

called "Cavvy." Some of the talk was humorous and sensible, much also was as puerile in its seriousness as the enthusiasm of a troop leader.

What in our schools can we do to make England more English? I got an indirect answer to this question recently. My class were writing autobiographies. This I have found an excellent help in getting to know my boys—their stories are no more vitiated by self-consciousness than "Testament of Youth." A boy described how his dying father asked him to play the tune "Rimington" on his mouth-organ. That his father should make such a request in face of such a Fear must have made this boy recognise Truth. He won't forget. It is not within the power of a school master to set such an example of respect for God, but in lesser ways (though not by "systematic" teaching) he can show that he is conscious of a Power not ourselves—nor our political leader.

He—the teacher will (if he feels this necessity) be imaginative, long suffering and sympathetic. He will not try to settle anything or any-body brusquely or "make examples." For example, what is against corporal punishment is not that it is cruel (it is no more so than the normal classroom manners of some of us) but that it is sloppy, lazy and careless. Instead of trying to understand a problem you tear it up. I have never understood why at Leeds (where there are people to whom I owe much) this simple moral issue was never stated.

JAMES BUTTERWORTH (Cavendish 1927-29).

Train Journey.

In the carriage girls,
their chatter
rasping along my consciousness,
their interminable rows of knitting,
interminable as my thought
coiling and uncoiling.
We crawl in the dark:
here a naked furnace
or a dim platform
with hoarse voices;
below, the crouching fields
and thick blackness of rivers,
watching the fear in my mind.
the station remotely peopled
like a Victorian scene,
the taxis big covered beasts;
in the streets a few tired people,
the wind sneaking round their legs.

N. L. H.

Work at Girls' Clubs.

ONE of the more interesting parts of the One Year Physical Training Course is Club work. Each student is allotted a club, and spends one or two hours a week there. Some of the clubs are attached to the Y.W.C.A., others are for girl guides, friendly societies, still others are social clubs for working girls. The members of the club I attend are sophisticated young ladies who work in the City and girl guides from the schools of the neighbourhood.

The neighbourhood itself is interesting. The club is in a street off the New Cut, a thoroughfare near Waterloo Station, with which most readers of fiction dealing with Cockney types will be familiar in name at least. From the New Cut, the kerb of which is lined with fruit and flower stalls, I turn into a narrow deserted street. The club is at the bottom of this street and the heavy knocker on the green door sends a melancholy sound through the building as each person demands admittance.

The physical training room is a large one on the second floor. It contains a coke stove and a gas fire, and as both are burning, the atmosphere is hot. In addition there is a good deal of dust about. The walls are lined with chairs, and there are one or two benches and a piano. The linoleum on the floor is most useful, as those children who have no "gym" shoes can work in their bare feet without risk.

A class of three quarters of an hour is held for senior girls, whose average age is twenty. They all look very attractive in shorts and blouses without stockings and wearing "gym" shoes. They work hard and enjoy a fairly normal table. Any new vaults, apparatus work, hand-stands and somersaults are enthusiastically practised. They require tactful handling as they are too old to enjoy the formal discipline of a class; yet they must be made to work hard, for unless they feel themselves getting tired with working all out, they become bored.

They are interested in the work as beauty culture and it is soon found that that is the most successful approach for the instructor.

The girl guides are much easier to manage. Although most of them are obviously undernourished they are full of spirits and giggle a good deal, especially at the idea of keeping their waists in. The result required from an abdominal exercise taken in a lying position is obtained oftener than not from the muscular action of laughing rather than from the exercise itself.

Recreative work is most successful with the guides. They are tired after their school day and want to have "a jolly time."

The best methods of getting results from them are relay races, jumps, leap frog and balancing on the benches.

In all club work the recreative and social side should be put in the forefront. The table would probably have good physical results, but to obtain these, even though one intends to teach Physical Training, is not the main reason for doing club work. It is necessary also to get to know the girls. This can be done by talking to them about their work, their families and holidays, by discussing anything which interests them, such as new dance tunes and dance steps, listening to their talk about their "boys," talking of college and one's own town.

From the older girls it is unwise to expect any of that respect which is given to teachers; the instructor is one of them, who happens to know a little about Physical Training and will enjoy telling them about it if they are willing to listen. They regard the instructor as an equal. My senior girls, I think, feel superior to me because, as they put it, I am "fram the cantry."

It is equally necessary to make personal contact with the younger children. My guides are tremendously appreciative, not of posture correction, but of general "palliness." They are enthusiastic about competitions and are now practising hard for a skipping competition. They are most anxious to give a "gym" display before their parents. This is a work which needs to be done, and it is well worth the doing.

OLIVE GARNER (1932-34).

Excerpts from a College Dictionary.

Compiled after much thought and research by "'32-'34"

Art: A private study period taken in G.17. (See also Hygiene and Speech Training).

Break: A fracture, split or snapping of two, or more of anything. Usually applied in relation to the time during the Private Study Periods when students may visit Central (See later) legally.

Breakfast: A meal in the early morning during which students usually sleep. Said to consist of porridge (See later), bacon (Don't see at all if you can help it), and a little marmalade. (Note: you can see that it is marmalade by the peel in it).

Central: This term needs no explanation other than saying that it is situated between the two ends of the College, that is, in the centre; hence the term "Central." Besides having the attraction of being a meeting place, it is also useful as a staircase.

Corpuscle: A shell fish.

Education: Intelligence Tests.

Fairfax: The name given to the Hostel for men. (For other Hostels see—Unusual Buildings, Poor and Mental Institutions, and Farm Buildings).

Final: The End.

Gardening: Worm-catching.

Gargle: A liquid, looking like weak tea with a characteristic brown taste. (For use see under Medicines).

Hockey: An exercise played by two teams of ten or eleven men, the number diminishes as the play continues. The aim of the game is rather vague, but the main feature seems to be the striking of one's opponent with a wooden implement. If the player is struck on the head this does not count and a free hit is allowed.

Medicine: This falls into three classes—Cough Mixture, Gargle and Tonic. For anything resembling a cough, Cough Mixture and Gargle are administered. For any other ailment, Gargle alone is given. After all ailments Tonic is given.

Porridge: A mixture of balls of damp blotting paper suspended in Gloy Paste.

P.S.: Bridge in one's own room, as differing from Silent Period when bridge is played in the Common Room.

Psychology: From the Greek: Psyche, a low dancer, Logy, stiff as a piece of wood. Original meaning was "a stiff legged dance," now taken in its widest sense to mean anything unusual or any new craze.

Quad: Not to be confused with Quod (See Other Hostels) or Quid (A mythical money order representing twenty shillings). Quad is a stretch of land in front of the College where no one is allowed to walk. Grass and trees are allowed to grow there by kind permission of Leeds Education Committee.

Soap: A hard white substance having a greasy touch, injurious to the skin but useful for throwing.

S.P.: Gehenna or Hell.

Tutor: One who wears a gown.

Uvula: A musical instrument imported from Hawaii.

Ventricle: Derivation: Vent—wind, icle—a piece of ice. Taken literally the word means "a cold wind."

Wash: A ritual performed in the early morning (See also Soap).

FAIRFAX 32-34.

Introducing

Bill Shakespeare—Yorkshireman.

"Lend thy serious ear to what I should unfold."

"Hamlet," Act I, Sc. 5.

TO-NIGHT, when (by permission of the Editor of "The Owl") the B.B.C. has broadcast the fateful conclusion of my researches to an astonished British Public—with its traditional interest in Shakespeare—the citizens of Stratford-on-Avon will never sleep. Or, perhaps I should say, they will sleep for ever in dusty obscurity for ICHABOD will have been written over their laurels. Their glory will indeed have departed, for I am about to show that Mr. William Shakespeare, Swan of Avon, etc., was not Mr. William Shakespeare, Swan of Avon, etc., but plain Bill Shakespeare—Yorkshireman!

Tomorrow, Baconians, and all others who have wrangled about Shakespeare's true identity, will "lard the lean earth" with their tears, and, like Othello, will find their "occupation gone." An age-old controversy will have been settled. Literary geographers will be busy establishing the identity of Beckett Park as the Forest of Arden, Adel Moor as the "blasted heath" whereon Macbeth met the three weird sisters, Eccup Reservoir as the coast of Illyria, and Leeds Bridge as the Rialto.

But I am putting the cart before the horse, and I must "grow to a point" (in the words of Bottom the weaver), and prove the truth of my contention that Shakespeare was indeed a son of the County of Broad Acres.

Let us look at "Hamlet," perhaps the greatest of Shakespeare's works, and consider the convincing evidence it contains. Look at the first act of the play. Horatio, you will remember, claims to have seen the ghost of Hamlet's father, and is telling the unhappy Prince of Denmark about it:

HAMLET: Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO: My lord, I did;

But answer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up *it head* . . .

"It lifted up *it head* . . ." Where else but in Yorkshire could Shakespeare have learned that phrase? How often, even to-day, do we hear fond Yorkshire mothers, fearful of the safety of their infants in other people's care, use the words: "Mind *it head*," or "put yer 'and under *it back*." Not "its head" or "its back," just plain Yorkshire "IT."

Then we come to Polonius, that misguided purveyor of platitudes, who, too, makes an attempt, albeit unsuccessful, to speak the dialect of our county: "By the mass, and 'tis very like a camel, indeed." "By the mass," forsooth! He means, of course, "By t'mess," as any good Yorkshireman knows. But one can't expect perfection from one who was so often counselling it.

Then there is the phrase (in Act I, Sc. 1) uttered by Marcellus: "jump at this dead hour," which is like enough to a Yorkshireman's "Smack on t'minute" or "Slap on t'top."

Then comes the question of local colour. Where else but at Knaresborough, with its "Dropping Well," could the bard have struck upon the idea contained in the following lines:

. . . dipping all his faults in their affections
Would, like *the spring that turneth wood to stone*,
Convert his gyves to graces?"

The sentiment, too, is worthy of the warm-hearted Yorkshire people.

But these are trivialities—mere straws which show which way my argument is tending. The major piece of evidence comes in the third scene of the fourth act. I will not insult my readers by quoting in full the words of "On Ilkla' Moor baht 'at." It will suffice to refer to the general sequence of ideas expressed so picturesquely in that classic piece of folk-literature:

- (1) Tha'll get thi deeath o' cowl.
- (2) Then we s'all 'ev to bury thee.
- (3) The t'wurrms 'll cum 'an eyt thee up.
- (4) Then t'ducks 'll cum an' eyt them wurrms.
- (5) Then we s'all cum an' eyt t'ducks up.
- (6) Then we s'all all 'ev etten thee.
- (7) That's weer we get us awn back.

Having got the sequence, turn to your play of "Hamlet" (remembering that Hamlet has slain Polonius, and his body is lying behind the arras), and read these lines:

KING: Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET: At supper.

KING: At supper? Where?

HAMLET: Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain body of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet; we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots; your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes but to one table; that's the end.

KING: Alas, alas!

HAMLET: A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

KING: What dost thou mean by this?

HAMLET: Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

Surely, now, you are prepared to admit that Shakespeare was a Yorkshireman, and that he must have heard the Sheffield Choir of his day, conducted by the Elizabethan ancestor of Sir Henry Coward, singing our most popular Yorkshire ditty.

One of these days, Yorkshire will claim even Bernard Shaw. But, till then, "here's to Bill Shakespeare—YORKSHIREMAN!"

"'ARRY OPAGITICA."

The Dominie's Last Assembly.

A' made a fine end, and a' babbled of green fields.

Shakespeare.

COME in, come in. Strange, nurse, that you didn't hear any-one knocking. What is it, Smith? Very good, kindly wait outside till I send for you.

Nurse, don't you see I have a visitor? Ah, Petersen, Petersen, this is kind of you, knowing what a busy man you are. I am proud of you, proud. And you too, Jones. You'll both excuse my not rising, the nurse thinks one more day in bed will do me good, and I tell her it cannot be more with the end of term so near. Let me see, Jones, you were 1902 I think, and in the Indian Civil Service now? I rather thought you hadn't a furlough for a year or two. No, no, please don't begin thanking me again. It was nothing I assure you, no more than I always tried to do for every boy when he passed out of my hands.

I wonder, nurse, if you would mind asking Smith to tell Mr. Richards I should like a word with him—he'll be in the science block. Williamson, this is indeed a surprise. An old man forgets many things, but I remember that sad day of yours, Williamson, the day they came for you to take you to a darkened house. Might I trouble you to open the window for me? Thank you very much. I long to breathe the fresh air, only you must sit out of the draught, dear boy.

Is that you, Miller? I didn't hear you come in, and I fear you are late as usual. Excuse me one moment while I have a word with Smith. I am grieved, Smith, to hear from Mr. Richards that you drew a caricature of him on the blackboard in the fourth form-room. I beg your pardon, do I understand you to say, as a gentleman, that you did nothing of the sort, and you know who did it, but you will not tell me? What is this, Green, you did it? My duty, sir, is to reprimand you severely, but I see you have kept the old, disarming smile all these years, and after all, you owned up. God bless you for doing it, Green, it makes an old schoolmaster begin to think the years have not been altogether in vain.

Do you think we could have the window opened a little wider, I thought I heard them cheering outside. I hope the pitch is in good form, and that Johnson is no worse after the match. He is far from well, and I suppose I ought to have insisted on his going to bed, but I like to see grit in a fellow. Nurse, may I trouble you to see that he goes to bed, and that a prefect keeps the small boys away from his dormitory window, they play so noisily, though of course boys will be boys. . . . And, after all, it is not the runs we make.

Collinson, you here? And Nicholls and Tyreman and Winters and Roscoe? Strange you should all look in to see me this evening. I'm glad you got that headship, Winters, and I hear you are an author now, Roscoe? Write clean stuff, Roscoe—and get out of that split infinitive habit. . . . Might I trouble you to pass my Latin primer, the fourth book from the left on the second shelf. . . .

I see you have come as well, White, and even though you were a bit of a handful, I am glad to see you! I meant to be more patient than I was, and I meant to do so many things I have left undone, and to do them all so much more finely. You must forgive me, boys. . .

Look and see if Johnson is batting, will you? I know he'll keep a straight bat. I tried to do my duty, but I was too lax as a disciplinarian, perhaps because I loved you all too little. . . or too much. I used to pray for you, boys, did you know that? I wanted you to be gentlemen, English gentlemen, Christian gentlemen. . . *Non scholae sed vitae discimus. . .*

Isn't that the bell? Don't you hear it, too? It grows darker still, so I think perhaps you had better be going now, it wouldn't do for you to be late for assembly. . . You go with them, Miller. I'll follow. . . through the darkness, by faith. The bell still rings. Nurse! Are you there nurse? Poor Smith's still standing in the corridor. Tell him he may go now, will you, and tell Green it was fine of him to own up, and ask Nicholls to come back, I want him to know that it is better to be a good man than a clever one. . .

Ah, they are cheering again, and the bells are all ringing together, louder. . . and more sweetly I think. . . I shall be ready for service in a minute, mother. . . Louder still! My gown and cap, nurse, I must not be late for assembly. . . precept is better than example, you know. . . *deficit omne quod nascitur*, everything that has a beginning has an end. . . or a new beginning?

You are quite sure you are not sitting in a draught, Williamson? I always loved you, White, though you were a handful.

There's the bell again. . . I think I can walk alone, nurse, thank you very much. . . alone, yes, alone. . . The bell rings louder and louder, and they are all cheering. God bless them. I am coming, boys, I am coming. . .

Present, Sir. . . . *present!*

H. L. GEE.

"In an Idle Moment."

TWO months spent in the service of a local Education Committee have been long enough to enable me to break all the rules of teaching which I so dutifully (witness my Certificate) learned in College. I say "rules" when I might almost say "commandments" for text books are full of "thou shalt not." It is usual, I believe, to decry the ideals of the text books when one is safely installed in a teaching post, but when I say that I have broken all the "rules" I say it contritely. I had, and still have, ideals, but whereas I once hoped for these ideals, now I despair for them. When I left College the path lay straight and broad before me; now I have my feet on the path I notice the stones. I believed that I would lead an eager army in search of the joys of learning; instead I drag the army by the scruff of its communal neck. At times I even retire to the rear of my unhappy band, and, at the risk of destroying its ego, apply force (horrible dictu) from that position. This, though it

occasionally relieves my feelings, revolts me. It is a travesty of education as I conceived it. And the subterfuges to which a small boy will descend to evade just punishment for his sins so flagrantly committed make me despair for his immortal soul.

The transgressions and obstinacies of the boy are, unfortunately, not the only obstacles in the path to progress. A child will retail his experiences freely and as education is, we are told, "a drawing out" this appears to be ideal. As the child is thoroughly inconsequent, however, and as the other forty-nine believe the experiences to be no concern of theirs, except the said experiences be utterly futile, no useful purpose is served.

Here, for example, is a typical morning in the classroom of a "backward" class:

"Take out your bibles and read for a few minutes."

"Please sir, I hav'nt got my pen."

"Please sir, here it —"

"Please sir, it's mine. He's taken —"

"Please sir, I never. I —" A little bullying settles the matter of the missing pens. The morning goes on.

"Now, here is a poem I am going to read—"

"Please sir, I know a poetry, sir. Can—" A murderous look silences the would-be elocutionist.

"I hear a sudden cry of pain."

"Please sir, I didn't take his—" "I hear a sudden cry of pain."

"I hear a sudden cry of pain. It is a rabbit—"

"Please sir, Please sir, Please sir, Please sir, I have a rabbit. It—"

"I haven't got a rabbit sir. Please sir, my uncle—"

"I don't want to hear about your rabbit. Now listen:"

"Please sir, is it time for me to go to the clinic, sir?"

"Yes. Off you go." Again I begin to read.

"You haven't signed my clinic card, sir."

The poem is read through somehow. A forest of hands shoots up.

"Hands down, I don't want to hear what you've got to say."

Most of them go down. Two persist. Perhaps, for once, they will say something which has a bearing on the lesson.

"Well?"

"Please sir, I haven't got a rabbit but my father says—"

"That will do. And haven't you got a rabbit either?"

"Yes sir, no sir—, please sir, my brother's got a motor-bike. Please sir—"

"Tell me some other time. Now,—"

Motor-bikes, brothers, fathers, uncles, rabbits, shoes, ships and ceiling-wax, cabbages and (except in the history lesson), even kings, will fill the remainder of the day.

On Friday I am leaving to go to another school. In many ways I shall be sorry to leave my "backwards" to someone else.

FAIRFAX '32-'34

Sailor Love.

(In the early Masefield manner.)

Tho' there's dancin' an' there's fiddlin' in every
kind o' port,
'N there's rum for Poll and gin for Nan, 'n women
o' that sort,
Tho' I gets the Cape Horn fever when there's haulin'
to be done,
You're allus in my prayers when I've had my bit
o' fun.
When I'm haulin' in the brace of the weather
mizzen tops'l,
When I'm busy wi' the roly-stone in galley or
in fo'c's'le,
When the capt'in's hangin' round, an' I've got
to do my whack,
I see you 'twixt my curses, and I wishes I
was back.
Tho' I dunno a heap about the what an'
why o' love,
Or what I'll do in Kingdom Come when I meet
the Lord above,
They can divvy up my dungarees, my sea-boots,
an' my knife,
An' I'll come ashore an' draw my pay an'
take you for my wife. H. Barnes.

Epitaph

On the Death of a Favourite Cat.

The gods who gave thee lives — 'tis said full nine —
Had reckoned not on Daimler or on Ford:
Death, with its hand relentless, unbenign,
Hath added eight of them unto his hoard
At one fell swoop. Alas for feline hopes!
Thy slinky tiger-grace, thy whiskered smiles,
Beloved will be (while here thy mistress mopes)
By Tom and Tabby wraiths on spectral tiles.

Belisha "beacons" held thee not in check,
Nor served to save thy soft beribbon'd neck. H. B.

Garden Fire.

Flame
lift you;
move on the dead stalks,
the white worm-like stalks,
raised the curled finger
to exquisite leaping.
Wind
whip the fire;
whirl up the smoke-mass
in insolent tufts,
loose from the twisted heart
an old untamed reek. N. L. H.

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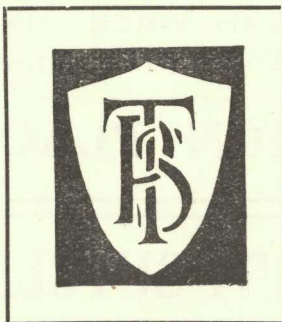
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