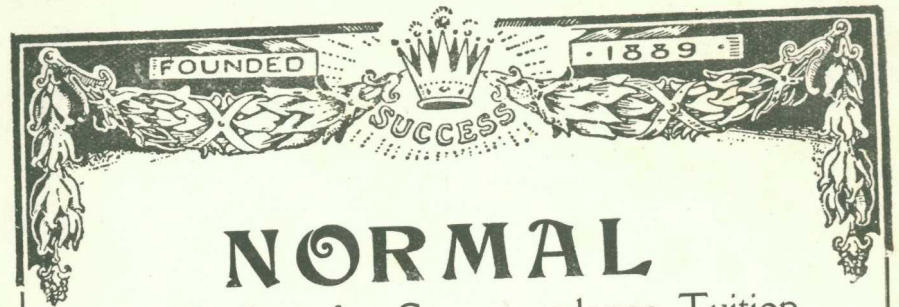




# THE OWL



WINTER TERM, 1933.



## NORMAL

The College for Correspondence Tuition.

FOUNDED 1889.

**STAFF**—The Staff of the Normal consists of forty-six University Graduates and Trained Teachers. These Tutors provide you in your own home with expert and specialised coaching.

**NORMAL SUCCESS**—The Normal has a record of forty-three years of continuous success. The secret of this success is the concentration of the efforts of most highly qualified and specialist Teachers on the requirements of the individual pupil.

### IMPORTANT EXAMINATIONS.

**FAILURES AT TRAINING COLLEGE.**—The Normal provides special correspondence tuition for those who have failed or partly failed at the Training College Final Certificate Examination. Send for the Ex-Training College Guide. In all parts of the kingdom pupils of the Normal have again been successful.

**MATRICULATION AND DEGREE.**—Long experience, infinite care, and specialised coaching make our Matriculation and Degree Courses unique.

**OTHER EXAMINATIONS** for which we also coach include Professional Preliminary, Oxford and Cambridge, A.C.P., Froebel, etc.

### SINGLE SUBJECTS.

The Normal not only provides specialised courses for special examinations, but gives tuition in separate subjects when required, either for examination purposes or for private study.

Normal Corr. College, Normal House, Lordship Lane, E. Dulwich, S.E.

**W. F. KEMP, M.P.S.,**  
THE CHEMIST,

St. Chad's Pharmacy, 82, Otley Road,

For all Photographic Supplies,  
Kodaks, Films, Papers and  
accessories.

DEVELOPING, PRINTING, ENLARGING.  
Speedy Service. Best Results.

Everything in Toilet Requisites for both sexes.

CITY STORE PRICES.



## The Owl.

---

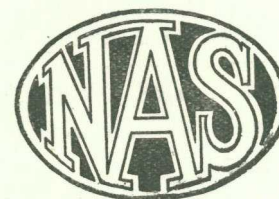
Is a magazine for the whole College, men and women, students and staff alike; it must have contributions from the pens and purses of all. It must ignore no class and injure no individual; it must serve all interests which bind us together as members of our College, and itself become one of the strongest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

Long life and prosperity to "The Owl."

---

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

## MEN TEACHERS FOR BOYS NO SERVICE UNDER WOMEN



## MEN'S SALARIES FOR SCHOOLMASTERS

Full particulars, Entrance Form and copy of "The New Schoolmaster" will be forwarded on application to—  
A. E. WARREN, General Secretary, 59, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1

## BY JOINING The Schoolmasters' Provident Society

Regd. No. 1689 London

You cannot make yourself immune from sickness but  
You Can make yourself immune from financial worry.

A net expenditure of less than 1d. a Day provides  
**3 GUINEAS A WEEK SICK PAY**

For detailed information and Admission Forms apply to—  
Managing Secretary, S.P.S., "Alandale," Stoney Lane, Rainhill, Liverpool



**Obtain your College Clothing from the actual  
Manufacturers**

Special value in FLANNEL TROUSERS

**WHITE** from 14/6 per pair

**GREY** from 10/6 per pair

Old Students may obtain the College Blazer or Tie direct  
from us at College prices

**SELF MEASUREMENT FORMS SENT ON APPLICATION  
OR IF CONVENIENT CALL AND BE MEASURED.**

**OUR PRICES ARE WHOLESALE**

Give us a call, we can save you 25%

**C. G. SOUTHCOTT**  
CO. PARTNERSHIP, LTD.

Leyton Mills, Pym Street, Hunslet Road

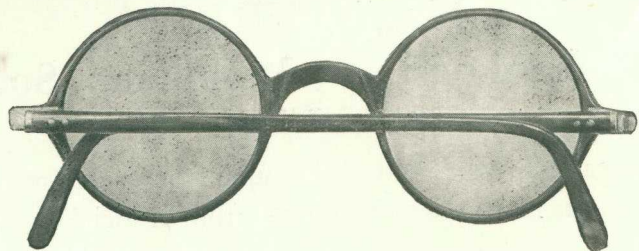
Telephone 23853

**LEEDS**

**REYNOLDS & BRANSON, LTD.,  
OPHTHALMIC OPTICIANS.**

It has been stated that spectacles were worn in  
China as early as 1275 A.D., indeed, according to legend  
they were known in the time of Confucius, 500 B.C.

How different are the modern spectacles!



This frame, a Tortoiseshell Hockey-end one, and  
numerous others in Engraved Rolled Gold, Imitation  
Shell, etc., can be obtained at our Optical Department:

**14, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS**

TELEPHONE 20046.

**W. BRIERLEY**

Educational Bookseller

**33, Bond Street, LEEDS**

Training College

TEXT BOOKS

and all other Books supplied at the shortest  
notice

**FINEST WORKMANSHIP      BEST MATERIALS**  
**REASONABLE CHARGES**

For High Class Repairs

TRY—

**R. Steeles**

Late T. ROUNDHILL.

Bootmaker and Repairer

**76,**

**Otley Road, Far Headingley**



# Rawcliffe's Ltd.,

*The College  
Outfitters.*

**BLAZERS,  
FLANNEL "BAGS,"  
HOUSE TIES,  
SCARVES,  
SPORTS WEAR,  
Etc., Etc.**

*All at Contract Prices.*

Our Specialité:

**SILVER GREY BAGS  
ALL WOOL 16/6  
Ready to wear or measure.**

**DUNCAN STREET,  
LEEDS.**

# Wm. Greenwood & Sons,

*Jewellers and Silversmiths,  
92 & 93, BRIGGATE.*

TELEPHONE 22515.

*Large and Up-to-date Selection of*

*-- DIAMOND RINGS, --  
CLOCKS, -- CUT GLASS,  
WATCHES, SILVER WARE,  
ETC.-----ETC.*

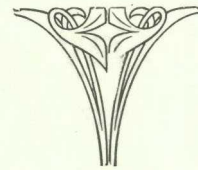
Agents for

"ROLEX," VERTEX & WALTHAM WATCHES, &c.

*Designs and Estimates submitted  
for Remounting Old Rings, etc., etc.*

Also at 5, NEW STREET, HUDDERSFIELD.  
TELEPHONE 1609.

SPECIAL TERMS  
:: ALLOWED ::  
TO TEACHERS.  
  
:: GOODS SENT ::  
ON APPROVAL.



THE HOUSE FOR  
PRESENTATION  
GOODS OF  
**QUALITY  
& VALUE**

Its just that little bit extra that transforms  
a meal,

**BISCUITS, CAKES, FRUITS, JAMS,  
SAVOURIES, FARM EGGS, CHEESE &  
BUTTER, ETC., ETC.**

Students' requirements specially catered for  
at Chadcote Stores.

**H. MOORHOUSE,**  
*HIGH-CLASS FAMILY GROCER,*  
**70 & 72, OTLEY ROAD,**  
**FAR HEADINGLEY.**

(COTTAGE ROAD TRAM STOP)

TEL. 51130.



# F. C. LONG,

Pharmaceutical Chemist and Optician.

Photographic and General Pharmacy.

Best and Latest in Toiletry  
by Leading Makers.

SIGHT TESTING,  
OPTICAL REPAIRS and REPLACEMENTS.

## The Headingley Pharmacy.

If your allowance is overdue and you don't  
know the correct time, come and see:

○

## H. MINNITHORPE,

Watchmaker & Jeweller,

2, BENNETT ROAD, HEADINGLEY.

○

Choice selection of Watches, Clocks,  
Jewellery, Cut Glass, etc. at reasonable prices.  
Repairs skilfully executed on the premises  
by expert workmen. Special discount  
to Teachers and Students.

8

## Contents.

	Page No.
Title Page	10
Editorial	11
The Vale of Pickering—MARY GRIST (Priestley Hall)	12
First Impressions—R. W. RICH	13
Across the Wash in a Shingle Barge—J. THEWLIS	15
Maria was a Junior—H. L. (Brontë)	16
The "Central" Attraction—Sketch	17
Re-union 1933	18
The Carnegie Physical Training College—MAJOR	19
In the Beginning—Sketch—F. K. I. (Cavvy)	21
A Stormy Climb—W. WHARLDALL (Cavendish)	22
East Yorkshireman at College—J. M. D. (Grange)	26
Nature and the Crisis—C. SIMPSON	27
The Diver—N. P. (Brontë)	30
Complaint—"C" (Grange)	30
Carnegie Review—Sketch	31
Shock—VIV. S. (Cavvy)	32
Ut fama est—F. LEES (Fairfax)	34
Suggestions?—"SPRING" (Fairfax)	36
The Student Christian Movement	37
Report on a College Football Match—"DARN THAT LAD"	37
Musings on advanced English—AUFSTUTZ (Fairfax)	38
Futility—A. M. BEATTY (Macaulay)	39
September Moon—N. P. (Brontë)	39
The Battle of the Giants—ISLA MACRAE (Priestley)	40

9



# "THE OWL."

The Official Magazine of the City of Leeds Training College.

WINTER TERM, 1933.

<i>President</i>	...	MISS PREEDY.
<i>Treasurer</i>	...	MR. BOYD.
<i>Art Adviser</i>	...	MR. HALL.
<i>Co-editors</i>	...	MISS N. PRICE. MR. J. M. DANBY.
<i>Manager</i>	...	MR. VIV. S. DAVIES.

#### COMMITTEE:

MISS POYSER.	MISS CARTER.
MISS BANKS.	MR. RICHARDSON.
MISS NICHOLSON.	

#### OLD STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVES:

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

## To Our Readers.

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

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

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

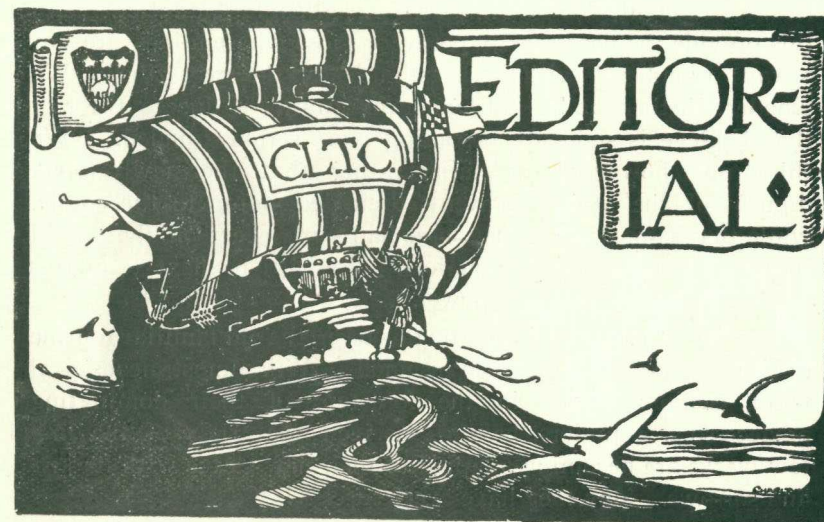
**CORRESPONDENCE** is invited on subjects of general interest. We shall be glad to exchange Magazines. The Committee invites suggestions for the improvement of the Magazine.

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

**SUBSCRIPTIONS.** For the Session 2/6.

A limited number of single copies at 10d.

*Business Manager:* MR. VIV. S. DAVIES, Cavendish Hall, Beckett Park, Leeds.



**C**HANGES in personnel necessarily mark the beginning of a new phase in College history. Therefore, although it was with great regret that we bade farewell to Dr. Airey, we must regard ourselves as fortunate in being in College, at a time which is nothing if not exciting. It is our very pleasant duty to welcome our new Principal Mr. R. W. Rich, and Miss Simpson, who has been appointed Vice-Principal. To them and to Mr. Smith, successor to Mr. Robey, as hostel tutor in Cavendish, we extend sincere wishes for success and happiness in their life at College.

Moreover, this term has seen the opening of the Carnegie Physical Training College, which has caused no small stir in our ranks. We welcome the Warden, Mr. E. Major, and the students of Carnegie, as our neighbours and look with interest on their activities. Included in this issue is an account, written by Mr. Major of how Carnegie Hall came into being, and of the work it sets out to do. This will no doubt enlighten some of the more ignorant of us and will be of particular interest to the men students.

Before leaving words of welcome, we must not omit to say how much we welcome the developments in our social life, symbolized by an increase in the number of socials, and the freedom granted to the women with regard to smoking.



The Editors very much appreciate the enthusiasm shown towards "The Owl." From the variety of matter sent in, we feel that we have budding poets, novelists and philosophers in our midst. We especially appreciate the sincere and personal tone in the pieces of vivid description sent in by Mr. Wharldall and Mr. Thewlis, while Mr. Simpson's article provides us all with food for thought, and throws down a challenging gauntlet. May this provide the necessary impetus for those whose minds are not always inundated with ideas suitable for the magazine. We wonder whether the lack of humourous matter is due to the fact that College is suddenly becoming more serious-minded. We think not, however; we think rather that the newly-found dignity of the seniors prevents their descending to the comic, while that same dignity may have had some effect on the would be humourists among the juniors. Perhaps by next term this influence will have lost its power.

Before "The Owl" appears this term, the old familiar routine of College life will have been resumed. With almost mechanical tread, Seniors follow in the footsteps of their dominating predecessors. Juniors, having survived the trials of the first few weeks are becoming adapted to their new status with its joys and sorrows. May they have every success!

When the pressure of present activities allows us, we look forward with some trepidation to the end of term when we are confronted either with examinations or School Practice. May we here exchange mutual good wishes for these, and for a "Happy Xmas" which looms, (somewhat dimly now, but none the less comfortingly) ahead.

### The Vale of Pickering.

At night time when I close my eyes I see a countryside  
Where the lanes are cool and leafy, and the white roads never wide,  
Where the wind is ever dancing in the shadow-dimpled corn,  
And the clover by the hedgerows is fragrant of the morn.  
It is there the birds are singing from dawn till close of day,  
And all the air is drowsy with the smell of sun-warmed hay,  
Where the hare-bells nod unheeded to the brown streams wimpling by  
And the wolds roll smoothly onwards till they flow into the sky.  
And then I see the sun go down, and all the clouds grow bright,  
While fields on either side of me are dreaming in the light;  
And all the dales grow dimly blue, and every bird song dies,  
While the dew shines in the hedges, and night steals o'er the skies.  
But now I see the sky grow pale behind the dark'ning trees  
And softly comes the scent of night upon the wand'ring breeze,  
While through the moving, whisp'ring grass, I hear the silence creep  
From the great grey gates of heaven and the starless plains of sleep.

MARY GRIST, (Priestly Hall).

### First Impressions.

IT is fairly common in a College Magazine to find students recording the thoughts and feelings which they experienced on first entering College, but I cannot recollect having ever come across an article of this kind contributed by a Principal, the reason being, I suppose, that students come and students go, whilst Principals seem to go on for ever. So when I was asked to make a contribution to the "Owl," after that period of complete mental blankness which inevitably follows immediately after one has promised to write anything for anybody, it occurred to me that I might cast into some shape the impressions created upon me during my short residence at the City of Leeds Training College.

On making my first acquaintance with the College, one impression dominated all others—that of sheer size. I had known, of course, that it was a big institution, with fine buildings and extensive grounds, but statistics and descriptions are very fallible things, and I was unprepared for the magnitude of the premises. Nor has that impression faded with increased familiarity. Sometimes, when I take a nocturnal walk abroad, this feeling of the bigness of the place swoops down upon me with an almost sinister force.

Actually this is far and away the largest training college where all the students are resident on the same site. Goldsmiths' College in London has a larger total number of students, but some of these live at home, whilst the hostels for resident students are scattered at some considerable distance from the College building. Traditionally the English training college is a rather small institution, and the foundation of a large scale college such as ours was an innovation. The advantages of a large institution are fairly obvious; but mere size creates special problems both for the Principal and the students.

Edward Thring, the great Headmaster of Uppingham, avowed himself the champion of the small school as against the big, and in the height of the fame of his school strenuously resisted all proposals to increase the numbers beyond the point at which it became impossible for him to know each boy personally. He put this point at three hundred, and when you consider that the average school life of his boys was six years as against the two years' college life of our students, it is clear that I cannot know every student individually. I come into contact with those occupying prominent places in student life, I shall, I expect, meet some, (may they be few), who have to be summoned "on the carpet," and I have some contact with a certain number of people in class. Thus a great number of men and women will have little in the way of personal dealings with me, and in this connection there are two things I want to say. First of all, I want every



student, man or woman, to feel that he has free access to me and that I am glad of the opportunity of talking with individual students. Secondly, in so large a community I believe that the Students' Representative Council should play a very important part as the prime means of communication between the student body and the Principal.

The problem of size in its bearing on student life brings me to the second of my impressions, which is that of the intensity of hostel loyalty and the "group spirit" generally. Loyalty of this kind has much about it that is fine, and plays a notable part in the life of the community, but we must be careful that it does not overshadow the larger loyalty which we owe to the College as a whole, and on the other hand that it does not interfere unduly with the independence of individuals in thought and action. It is, I think, unfortunate that inter-hostel matches should attract an enthusiastic (I had almost said hysterical) attendance of spectators, whilst College teams play to empty touchlines. This particular instance is not in itself of great significance, but I hope that it is not typical of an attitude to the life of the College as a whole.

College loyalties and hostel loyalties are highly important, but they must not be purchased by undue subordination of the individual student, and we must beware of too much "regimentation." To take another example from the sports field, it should not be necessary to reinforce hostel spirit by means of mechanical, drilled "cheering" irrespective of the state of the game or the performance of the players. True loyalty on the sports field calls forth spontaneous enthusiasm at appropriate moments, and not the mechanical type of applause which was made in America and might well have been left there. Again this is a trivial instance, but one which I hope is not symptomatic of a general attitude regarding the relationship of the individual to the group. True social feeling is not induced by external pressure, but is dependent upon the spontaneous respect and service which a worthy society elicits from the individual members of which it is composed. We must not be so anxious to be "good mixers" that we forget to be ourselves; nor must we be so anxious to make others "good mixers" that we give them no leisure to be themselves.

Space will permit me to refer to only one more impression, and that a vivid one—the beauty of our surroundings. Merely to live here is an education in itself, apart from lectures, private study, games and College "business" generally. As I said in my talk at the beginning of the term, one of the functions of a training college course is to give people the opportunity of growing up, and the opportunity to grow up in such a physical environment is a rare privilege which will be appreciated the more as college days recede into the past. But the very attractiveness of college life

may be a snare, if it makes us neglect the world outside. College life, however attractive, is not an end in itself, but a means to some further end. The worth of the life we live in College is to be judged by our performance in the world when we have "gone down," and the worth of the City of Leeds Training College is estimated, not by its size, not by the vigour of its internal life, not by the beauty of its grounds, but by the personal qualities displayed by its sons and daughters after they have left its walls, and by the nature of the service which they render to education and to humanity.

R. W. RICH.

#### Across the Wash in a Shingle Barge.

**W**E had made our lazy way down through the lovely green bordered lanes of Lincolnshire, as far as Boston, and a cool June evening found us standing beside the River Witham, idly watching two or three men leisurely working on a dirty flat bottomed boat, which was resting on the mud flats. We walked nearer, and, with that easy lack of convention which is peculiar to the fisher-folk of that district, soon entered into conversation with them.

It turned out that with the high tide they were to make their way across the Wash to bring a cargo of shingle from Shettisham Beach. We were freely given an invitation to go with them and thus an hour later found the two of us aboard the 'Satis' waiting for the tide to carry us off the mud flats. At about half-past eight the tide had slowly crept around us and presently a gentle rolling told us that we were afloat.

Slowly we passed down the Witham, meeting fishing smacks coming in from off the Norfolk coast, each one giving us a cheery hail, but in a dialect which was entirely incomprehensible to both my friend and myself.

In about half an hour we were out into the Wash, and, as dusk fell, and the coast-line became more indistinct, we turned our eyes to an inspection of the boat.

She was of peculiar construction for a sea going vessel, being a flat bottomed boat about a hundred feet long and drawing only two or three feet of water. We were curious about this peculiar construction, and upon asking the skipper what were the reasons for the ungainly shape, he told us that she was an old barge bought cheaply from somewhere on the Thames, reconditioned, fitted with an auxiliary engine and found to be ideal for these shallow waters.

The day was long, and even at eleven o'clock at night it was by no means dark, but by this time we could see the lights of Kings Lynn at the mouth of the Great Ouse, and of Hunstanton just below the most northerly point of Norfolk County, and it was towards these latter lights that the skipper held the 'Satis.'



In an hour or so we were in deeper water—about ten fathoms, and the barge, being, as I said, flat bottomed, soon began to roll terribly, owing, the skipper told us, to the currents in the sea, meeting those caused by the entry of the waters of the Great Ouse into the Wash, but in half an hour we were in comparatively calm waters.

It was now quite dark, and I remember that as I sat on deck leaning against the hatchway I saw the skipper standing at the wheel, an ill shaped cap on his head and a muffler thrown loosely round his neck, for the night was cool. He formed an impressive silhouette against the star-scattered sky, a silhouette broken only by the red glow of his stubby pipe—it is forever memory.

We held on our course for an hour, and then, suddenly, the skipper gave orders that the barge should be anchored, but how he knew the spot is far beyond my comprehension, for when daylight came we found that we were within a quarter of a mile of the jetty to which we were going.

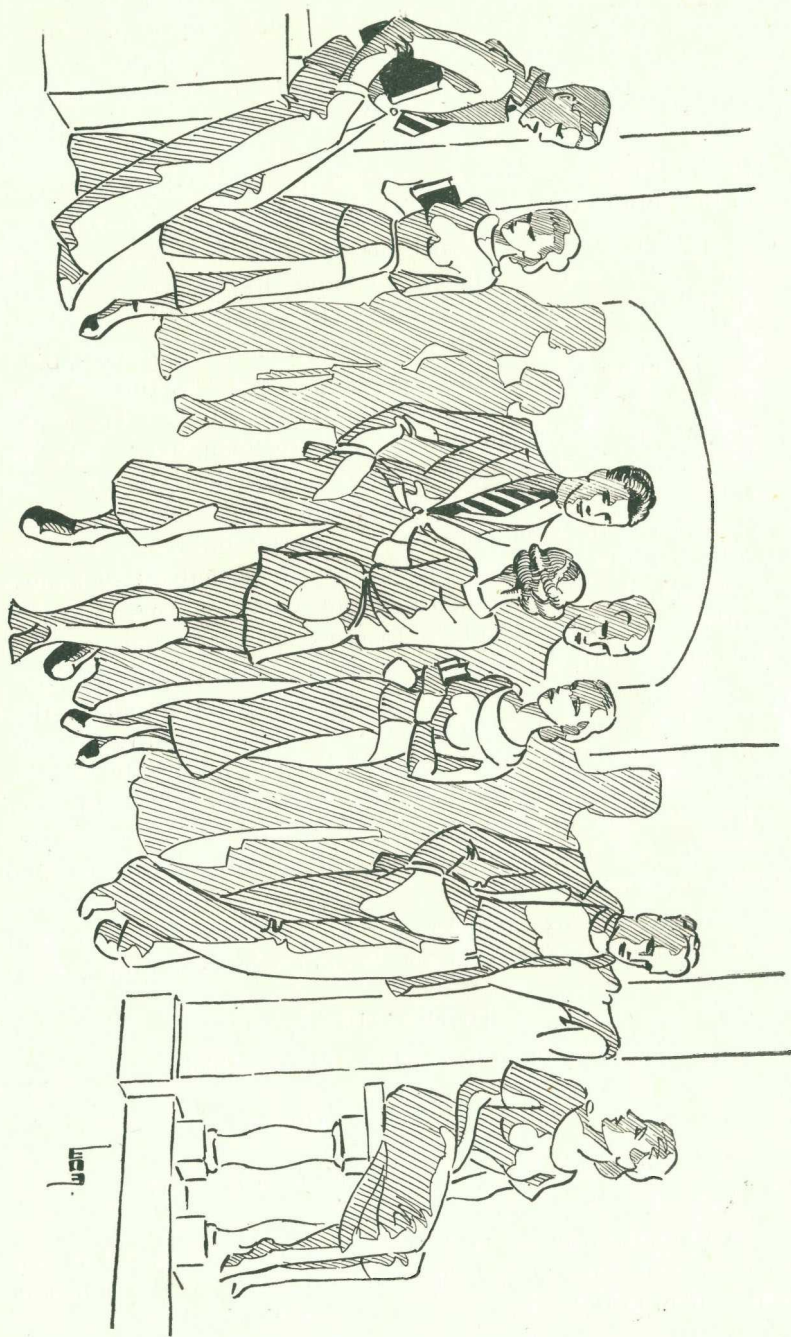
We turned in, but I will say little of the night; five in a ten foot square cabin with a smoky oil lamp does not lead to comfort and five o'clock found me up on deck drinking in the cold morning air with a singular avidity.

Shortly afterwards, we ran up to the jetty and here we quitted the barge, saying goodbye to the skipper and his men, but more especially to that dirty old Thames barge in which we had made a seemingly magic, glamorous voyage; magic because it was unexpected and glamorous because it had taken me into a sphere of life which I had never before experienced.

J. THEWLIS.

Maria was a junior, so sweet and fresh and young.  
She had, unlike most juniors, a quick and ready tongue.  
She was lively, she was jolly, though the others looked askance,  
They called her "Cheeky junior!" and withered with a glance.  
They took her and they made her and they fed her up with porridge,  
Now with bread and jam perhaps, with kipper or with sausage.  
They made her do P. T. until she wildly gasped for breath.  
With rising heat and sinking heart she prayed for blissful death.  
Her spirits flagged, her head now drooped and really it was sad,  
Instead of being 'Cheeky' she was 'dumb'—'twas just as bad.  
Unluckily the fateful end was quite of her own doing,  
She made a great mistake—so great it brought about her ruin.  
She failed to do the bidding of a senior on time!!  
The punishment was capital for such an awful crime,  
So now Maria is no more, and no more is Maria.  
Her bones lie deep among the dust—but some are still on hire,  
For then and there they wrung her neck and wrested out her throttle,  
They dressed it up for visitors and put it in a bottle.  
They show us it in 'Speech Training'—a gentle admonition  
To warn all 'Cheeky juniors' to keep to their position.

H. L. (Brontë).



THE "CENTRAL" ATTRACTION.



### Re-union 1933.

**T**HIS year's gathering of old students began very happily on Friday evening, November 3rd., when Mr. Rich and Miss Simpson welcomed the old students and joined in the chattering parties, while Miss Whitwell and her fellow fiddlers seemed to be playing to amuse themselves. Dr. Airey was in fine form. On being greeted once again as a Leeds Loiner, he made a characteristic reply. "You remember the local preacher who gave out, 'Next Sunday Mr. X. will preach in the morning, and I shall preach in the evening. Choose how!'"

A happy note was struck immediately on Saturday morning, when Miss Simpson handed a bouquet to Mrs. Airey. After the official welcome, Mr. Wilkinson rose to present the portrait painted by Mr. Howard Somerville to Dr. Airey. Mr. Wilkinson was most happily himself. He began with—"When I was thirteen a new teacher came to our school named John R. Airey." He went on to relate how he was in awe of this stern man, but he explained that even Mr. Airey made mistakes—"He thrashed me. Even then," said Mr. Wilkinson, "I was an independent boy, and I retaliated with, "But, please sir, I wasn't talking." Mr. Airey with a twinkle in his eyes and with the look that we all know so well, replied. "But you will be some day." "And," added Mr. Wilkinson, "I have been loyal to him ever since." This humorous prologue was all that the Press reported of Mr. Wilkinson's praise of a great man. He related how closely he had followed Dr. Airey's career, how proud he was to hear of the recognition of his work, and of the honours conferred upon him. He finished by stressing the fact that in an age of publicity and puffery Dr. Airey had deliberately set his face against every form of ostentation and vulgarity, and had taught all who worked with him the worth of good work done quietly.

Mr. Arthur Cox handed to Dr. Airey a parchment book with a photograph of the portrait and the following inscription.

TO DR. AIREY,  
OUR PRINCIPAL FROM 1918 TO 1933,  
FROM  
OLD AND PRESENT STUDENTS  
AND  
PAST AND PRESENT MEMBERS OF THE STAFF.

Your portrait hangs in the College Hall as a symbol of our affection and esteem. In this little book we wish to translate that symbol into words.

As Principal of the College you have ever been jealous for its interests and have at all times safeguarded its good name.

Not only by your own achievements, but in your addresses to us, you have held up the torch of learning—learning which can only be won by persistent and earnest effort.

Serene in calm or storm, you have on all occasions steered a straight course, your actions characterised only by sincerity of purpose and a love of what is right.

You will live in our memories as a Principal and a friend whose words were few, whose actions were sincere, and whose happy and kindly disposition shone out so brightly that even your reproofs were tinged with humour.


And not least we shall cherish your memory because you showed us a religion based on simple faith and a reverential search for truth.

After thanking Dr. Airey for all his friendliness to the old students, he suggested that the portrait seemed to be fastened very securely on the wall, and that it seemed as if the old students expected Dr. Airey to be generous and give back his portrait to the College. The portrait was then unveiled by a representative of the present students.

In reply, Dr. Airey said that he did not believe in long speeches, but for once in his life he was going to speak as long as he could, for, just so long would the portrait remain in his possession. While recalling old memories of the College he spoke feelingly of Miss Paine's work as his Colleague. The speech was not long, however, for Dr. Airey was too moved to say much more than 'Thank You.'

Another little ceremony followed at the business meeting when Dr. Airey vacated the Chair, and Mr. Rich became the President of the Old Students' Association.

### The Carnegie Physical Training College.

CTOBER 13th, 1933, was a red-letter day in the history of Physical Education in this Country, for on that day, Lord Irwin officially opened the new Carnegie Physical Training College for Men. Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, speaking at a Conference a few days previously referred to the fact that England in the past had been distinguished among the great nations of Europe for its neglect in not having a Physical Training College for men, but that happily, through the generosity of the Carnegie Trustees, this reproach was about to be removed by the opening of the new College at Leeds. Excellent Training Colleges have existed for many years for the training of women as teachers of gymnastics and, in consequence, the physical education of the girls in all types



of schools has now reached a much higher level of efficiency than that of the majority of boys' schools.

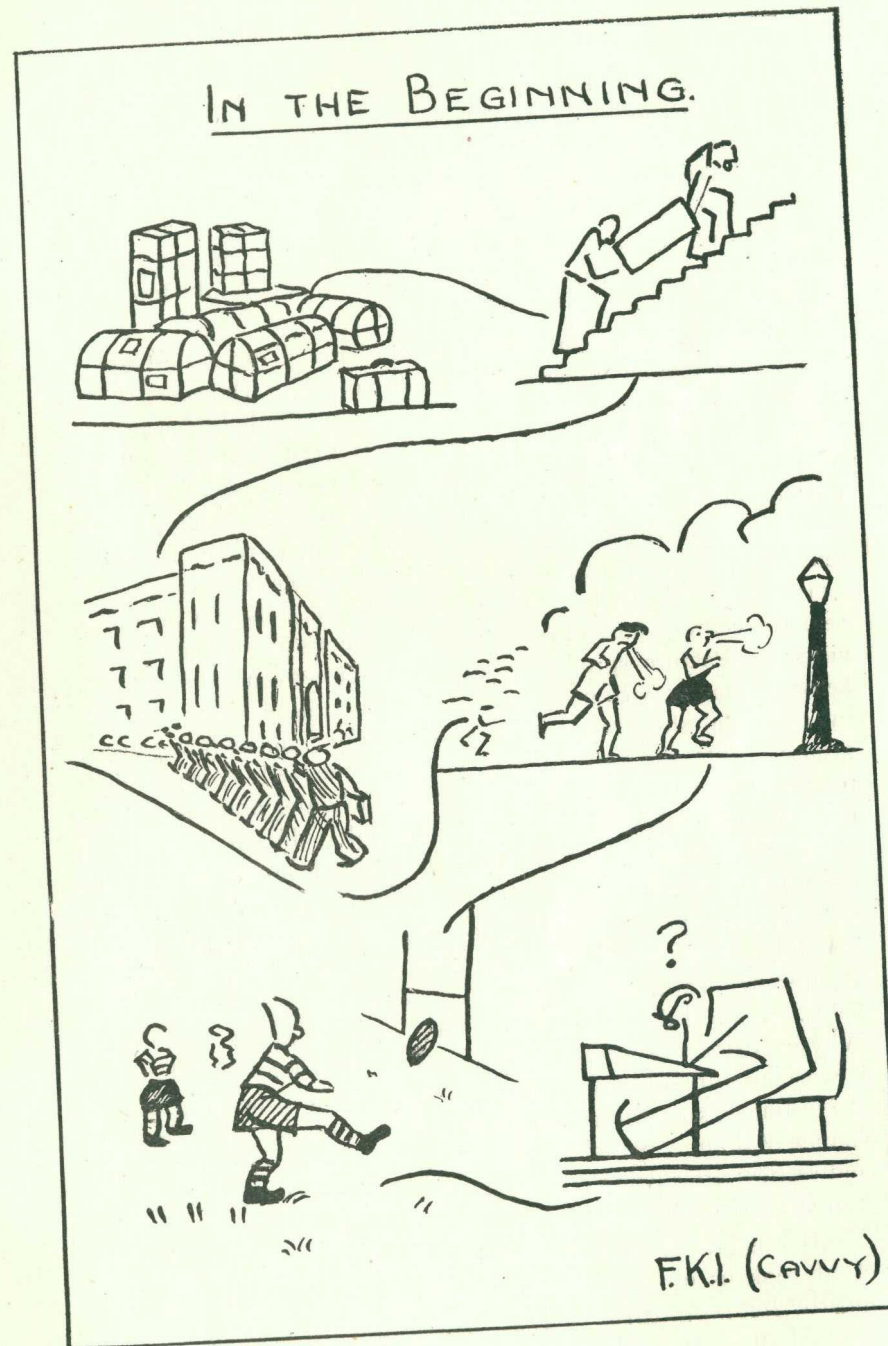
The need for a College of this type has been felt for many years, but it was not until the Carnegie Trustees decided to provide the money for the erection of the building that it was possible to proceed with the project. The original plan was to have one College in the North and one in the South. Finally this proposal was dropped and it was decided to build only one College. It was felt that Leeds was the most suitable centre for a National College and that an admirable site existed in the grounds of the City of Leeds Training College. The new building was completed in September last and is now occupied by 36 students. In addition to the Hostel, which is similar in design to the adjoining Hostels of the City of Leeds Training College, the buildings include a magnificent gymnasium and dressing and shower bath rooms, etc.

The College is designed to meet a national need. Admission is limited to University Graduates and Certificated Teachers, on the well established principle that a teacher of gymnastics should also be a qualified teacher of academic subjects. The main purpose is to provide a One Year post-graduate, or post-certificate course in Physical Education for men teachers. The syllabus is very comprehensive and includes instruction in Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene, (given at the University Medical School), and the Theory and Practice of Educational Gymnastics.

Arrangements have been made for graduates who do not possess the Diploma in Education, or Teacher's Certificate to receive the necessary instruction at the Training College so that the Teacher's Certificate and Diploma in Physical Education may be obtained in the one year. This additional work makes the course a particularly strenuous one for the graduates, though one which is well worth while for those who have not obtained a First Class Honours Degree and who are desirous of obtaining an appointment in a Secondary School. In addition to the One Year Course, it is proposed to organise Vacation Courses during the summer months for men teachers who desire to attend a Refresher Course on modern methods of physical Education. Provision will also be made from time to time in co-operation with the National Council of Social Service, for short courses of instruction for the training of specially selected unemployed men who will afterwards act as leaders in the Social and Occupational Centres for the Unemployed.

The College thus aims at the training of men to go out as missionaries in a great cause, with a wide view of the function of physical education in the building of a sound, active and progressive nation.

MAJOR.





### A Stormy Climb.

IT was one of those days that are often experienced in the Dales. The clouds, which only twenty-four hours before had floated like puffs of white feathery smoke high above the earth, had changed during the night, until, in the early morning, they assumed a dark threatening hue, which boded no good for the coming day. The changing character of the clouds was accompanied by rain, which fell in a steady all pervading drizzle. Westwards the lowering clouds blotted every hill from sight, and were rapidly coming our way. J. and I looked at them, then at each other and swore, for this was the second day of its kind since we had pitched camp in Cracoe, only four days before.

Cracoe is a small hamlet, typical of many more that are to be found scattered up and down the Yorkshire Dales. An old world hamlet, its only contact with the twentieth century seems to lie in a modernised 'Devonshire Arms' and in a modern tar-macadam road along which passes a stream of traffic from Skipton in Airedale to Grassington in Wharfedale. The houses, built of local limestone, are low in keeping with twentieth century ideas of cottage architecture, and are scattered over quite a large area. Behind the hamlet rises Cracoe Fell to a height of nearly seventeen hundred feet, almost a thousand feet above the village. Pasture spreads about a quarter way up the fell side before giving way to boggy heath and moorland inhabited only by mournful sheep and peewits, and, higher up, a few solitary grouse. On the very highest point of the fell, conspicuously placed where it can be seen all over the dale, and even from neighbouring dales, stands a war memorial. In shape similar to Cleopatra's Needle, but smaller, it stands defiantly pushing its point into the sky.

On the day of which I speak, however, the monument was invisible. The clouds had come right down the fell side as far as the first dry wall, barrier between wild moors and gentler green fields. J. and I decided to climb the fell as far as the monument. Why we came to such a decision, neither of us knows. Perhaps it was the spirit of daredevilry, an urge to do something out of the ordinary, something which city dwellers do not often get the chance of doing; perhaps it was merely because we were bored and restless after being cooped up, by wind and rain, in a tent for a great part of the day.

It was late afternoon when we started. The first part of the climb took us up a grassy lane, flanked by dry walls and used mostly by farm carts. The rain, as if tired and weary, had petered out until finally it ceased altogether. There remained a grey atmosphere, which enveloped us as a wet blanket, wetting

our macs without any visible fall of rain. A strong cold wind sprang up, blowing luckily from behind, and so keeping us on our way. On our left a small plantation of trees bowed before the force of the wind, and seemed to groan in eerie protest against the elements. On our right, a small beck, filled by the day's rain seemed to be in a hurry as it tumbled downwards on its way to join the Aire. Two minutes later we had shut the last gate behind us and were standing upon the desolate moor. Gone was the fresh greenness of the lower fields. Here the ground was lumpy and uneven. Round every lump water soaked. The soil contained as much moisture as it could hold, and the surplus was slowly soaking through the roots of the moorland grass until it found a way into the beck. The soil everywhere was soggy, the vegetation rank, tough wiry brown grass mixed with reeds that came well above our knees. Here and there large patches of reeds marked the existence of black peaty bogs which we avoided with care, stumbling into one or two unexpected ones nevertheless. These bogs were not dangerous, as they rarely attained a depth of twelve inches; they were just unpleasant to walk in. We plodded onwards and upwards, following where possible, narrow sheep tracks, for there was no pathway of any sort. Rain began to fall again, and, as we climbed higher, the wind grew stronger. Soon it began to take liberties and ballooned our macs up round our shoulders, producing a somewhat ludicrous effect. We must indeed have presented a funny sight, for the mournful looking moorland sheep stared at us and bleated as if they had never before seen anything quite like us. Perhaps they were a little scared for they would give a bleat of alarm which was rapidly taken up by other sheep, far out of sight in the mist, and then scamper clumsily downhill, until, at a safe distance they would stand in a group and bleat defiance at us. I was reminded of the donkey which brayed derision at Stevenson. Unlike that donkey however, these sheep had no courage. They collected in numbers, and then sent a dismal warning to the sheep higher up the slopes, until, in a short space of time the air on every side of us wailed to the bleating of sheep both seen and unseen. Then, as if this noise were not sufficient, the peewits had to add their plaintive cries to the general medley. They wheeled and planed overhead, seeking to draw us further from their nesting places on the ground, though at this season there were no nests, all the young birds having been reared. Yet so strong is the decoying instinct that the peewits obey it whenever a stranger happens near. We tried to tell the sheep what we thought of them—the peewits would not stay to listen—but to no purpose. They merely returned a glassy stare and bleated again. We continued on our way.



By this time we had climbed above the reeds and bogs. Heather, bilberry plants and a short, smooth, greener grass had replaced the reeds and spikey grasses of the lower slopes. The season was too early for bilberries and so there was nothing to delay our progress. The heather, however, was just beginning to bloom, and scattered bunches of pink and purple added a cheerful touch to the prevalent grey. There is something about heather which imparts a tang to the air; a tang which the most gloomy day cannot dissipate. It makes one want to breathe deeply of the moorland air, and is responsible for a certain 'It's grand to be alive,' feeling. Once experienced it is never forgotten.

Suddenly we stumbled into a narrow trench which slanted down the fell-side. It seemed a prosaic enough sort of thing. Yet what romantic and historic associations it was capable of conjuring up in our minds. Our thoughts went back to those far off days of Norman England when the Catholic gentlefolk of the neighbourhood rode along this fell road to Mass at Bolton Abbey, eight or nine miles away. Now, however, the road was grass grown, and many, many years had passed since it was last used. We imagined horses toiling up the steep slope and forgot the hooting klaxons which rushed through the village below us. Then on again and still upwards. Rocks, large and small, began to jut from the soil. Evidently we were nearing the top. We stopped for a moment to take one last breath and, turning our eyes upward, we saw, very dimly through the mists, the Monument. Like a ghostly sentinel it stood beckoning all the time to us. The last part of the climb we finished almost at a run, for the wind was blowing furiously. It had, of course, been getting wilder as we approached the fell-top, but we had not expected anything so wild as this. It almost blew our breath away. Panting, we scrambled to the lee-side of the Monument and drew a deep breath. Here, in the shelter of the broad base of the Monument, there was comparative calm, though at the sides, the wind howled and screeched past like the furies let loose. We each took out a cigarette and tried to light them. The first match was blown out as soon as struck. The second and third fared no better. In all we wasted at least a dozen matches before we succeeded in lighting one cigarette.

For ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, we rested and took stock of our surroundings, or at any rate, of as much of our surroundings as we could see. The clouds had thinned somewhat, enabling us to see a fifty yards expanse of soaking heather. Dimly we could see a wall, bounding in this fifty yards expanse. The rain had stopped again. The clouds were blowing past in grey puffs. Funny they were too. There they were racing by with the speed of an express train; we could see them, yet we

could not touch them. We put our hands into the middle of them and they were not there. We tried to estimate the speed of the wind, by timing a small grey patch of cloud from where we were standing to the stone wall. It took one and a half seconds. In other words the wind was travelling at a speed of between seventy and eighty miles an hour. We threw match stalks into the air, but they were too heavy to travel more than ten yards. The wind shrieked on.

"I shouldn't like to have to spend a night on these moors in this weather," remarked J. "It must be terrible to know you're lost in a gale like this."

"You'd have to find some crag big enough to shelter you, get to the lee-side and cut plenty of heather to cover you. It's the only thing you can do. Then wait for morning and the mists to clear."

"Keep close together also, to keep warm. Still, even then, it would need a good constitution to withstand the exposure to cold and damp. I shouldn't like to try it."

"No."

Whatever our opinions, however, about spending a night on the moors, at present we were enjoying ourselves. Warmed by the climb and safe in the knowledge that Cracoe was just below us, we could afford to laugh and shout in high glee. The whippings of the wind only served to make the blood tingle in our veins. We told each other that this was grand. It certainly was exhilarating, much better than basking on crowded beaches under a Mediterranean sky. For us, Nature in an angry mood was more beautiful than Nature clothed in glamorous and alluring sunshine and radiating enervating heat.

By this time though we had finished our cigarettes, and it was time for us to return. Bent almost double to withstand the force of the wind, we carefully picked our way downwards. As we descended the gale decreased in force and by the time we reached the old road in its sunken bed, the wind was blowing only strongly. Much had happened whilst we had been smoking up at the Monument. The clouds had lifted a good deal and we were now standing on the edge of them. Down below we could see Cracoe spread out in haphazard fashion and, also, we could see a thin line of traffic moving slowly through the village.

We accomplished the downward journey in good time. Running where possible, jumping and bounding over water holes and gullies, leaping across patches of bog, we arrived breathless at the gate which opened into the grassy road we had come up some time before. We paused one moment to look upwards, but the Monument was still covered by mists, then continued our way more sedately downwards. Our stockings were soaked, our shoes



full of water, our hair was in an indescribably matted condition, but that did not worry us. 'Tea-time' our stomachs said, and we hurried.

Tea was ready; so were we. The climb had given us an enormous appetite, if it had done nothing else. Washed, hair combed straight again, with dry stockings on, we sat contentedly at table. "Just look at the Monument now!" We looked. There it stood calm and peaceful, bathed in mellow sunshine, whilst eastwards, the last grey storm cloud was fast retreating. We looked and turned again to our meal and contentment.

W. WHARLDALL. (Cavendish.)

### East Yorkshireman at College.

**A** STA iver bin up ter that theer College i' Beckett Park? If tha 'asn't tha mun pop up some day an' 'ave a look. Ah tell tha, it's worth seein'. Oanly foalks wot's off ter be teachers goa theer ter stop like but Ahs' think they'll let tha in if tha asks 'em nice. Ah bin theer a bit mesen soa tha sees Ah knoas a bit about it. Ah'll tell tha if tha likes.

Well, tha sees, there's yah gurt buildin' in t'middle like wi' grass i' front wot they call t'quod. Owt less like a quod Ah niver seed i' me life but Ah said nowt. On yah side o' t'quod there's t'wimin's 'ostels an' on t'other there's t'men's 'ostels.

These 'ere men's 'ostels doan't 'alf 'ave some goin's on wi' yan another. Noo an again they 'ave wot they call 'ostel-matches like. Some on 'em wears yaller 'ats, some on 'em red an' some on 'em blue an' they all goa ter watch t'ostel match. They git all bunched up like on t'field an' fair yell their 'eads off. Tha owt ter see 'em—tha'd laff fit ter kill tha sen. They lark at all soarts o' games; football an' Rugby, 'ockey an' a queer game wot Ah've forgot t' name of. Ah likes Rugby best mesen. Ah 'ardlins knoa wot t'wimin's 'ostel matches is like but tha knoas wot t'wimin are.

They 'ave some reight toppin' swimmin' baths at College an' all. Tha owt ter see some on 'em in t'watter; it's a heddication in itsen. There's a' instructor feller called Mr. Boyd, a fairish-sized chap like, an' there's 'ardlins owt 'e can't do in t'watter. Tha'd fair split thisen wi' laffing ter see 'im up tiv 'is tricks. Yah time Ah seed 'im actin' like yan o' them soart o' ships wot goas under t'watter, sub-summata. (Ah niver was a one fer remembrin names-like). It were a bit o' all reight. When 'e begun ter sing under t'watter Ah were that capped Ah a'most tumbled in mesen.

Tha knoas, some o't foalk at College is called seniors, them wot's been theer a fairish stretch, an' t'others is called juniors. These 'ere juniors doan't 'alf 'ave a time when tha come up, but before long tha get thasens settled down an' enjoy thasens. At beginning o' t'year these 'ere juniors go on't Rag Run. It's a bit

o' fun if tha doesn't 'appen ter be a junior thisen. Some days an' all, juniors play t'seniors at football. Them as losses pays for t' fish an' chips for t'supper. Mostly t'juniors pay.

Noo an' agin we 'ave wot tha call 'soshuls! Ah ain't rightly fun' oot wot a soshul is like but they're a bit o' all reight. Aye, we 'ave a reight do at soshuls. Wot wi' dancin' an' sich yer can't beat 'em. Sometimes an' all they 'ave a dance in t'College 'all. Yah time we 'ad a fancy-dress dance like. It were grand. There were yah chap wot were dolled up like yan o' these ere cannibals an' another wot were t'spitten image of a bishop-feller. T'wimin was all dressed up different like an' wot wi' yan thing an' another it were a grand do. Ah like dressing up mesen.

Yer can't beat bein' at College. O' course we 'ave ter do a bit o' work noo an' again, when we 'ave a minit ter spare but mostly it's better nor owt else Ah've struck. Mebbly Ah'll tell tha a bit more about it sometime.

J.M.D. (Grange.)

### Nature and the Crisis.

**W**ITHIN the last few years we have come to realize the depths into which the Victorian apotheosis of industrialism has plunged us. Competition stands in the way of co-operation, slums disgrace our cities, but un-Christian spirit is lacking far more than even such obvious examples would lead us to believe—the very essence of good business is a denial of Christianity. The age that fostered such commercialism provided justification for it in the theories of the Neo-Darwinists who made familiar the "struggle for existence," and "survival of the fittest," that are the scapegoats for so much of the inhumanity in our social system. Neo-Darwinist, a term coined by G. B. Shaw, is applied to those people, such as Huxley and Whinwood Reade, who have made from Darwinism a theory that we accept as Darwinism, that postulates for animals a life of fear, misery and pain, and makes cruelty the law of Nature. If this theory is true the business men have some justification, and the sceptics who argue that a merciful Creator could not have made a world of cruelty, are logically correct. The Church may accept the theory of evolution, but on the Neo-Darwinistic theories of the processes, which almost invariably accompany it, they are silent.

An examination of the books of the Neo-Darwinists, and their comparison with the "Origin of Species" and Wallace's "World of Life," is enlightening. We find Darwin writing of the word "struggle:"

"I use this term in a large and metaphorical sense, including dependence of one being upon another, and including (which is more important) . . . . . success in leaving progeny . . . . ."



That is, he did not intend it to be taken in the sense of self-conscious effort entirely; there is nothing painful in rearing offspring, or eating. Of the struggle between individuals of the same species five examples are given; four are now disproved, and the fifth is apparently known only to Darwin himself, not having been observed by any one else. On the other hand evidence goes to show that there is a considerable amount of co-operation, and relations are never less friendly than to be indifferent. It is, then, upon the fact of hunting that accusations of cruelty must be based; and perhaps on visitations of fire, flood, and pestilence, cold and hunger. Cruelty is the giving of pain to pleasure's sake, which rules out any charges against inanimate forces; and it is extremely doubtful if an animal has the cerebral development required for such a process. The cat reacts to the movement, not to the sufferings, of the mouse, and wild animals hunt for food, not pleasure. The stoat may appear an exception to this rule, but the American scientist, Lottridge, has proved the animal's stomach to be lined with tape worms, causing him to require an amount of blood or brains that one rabbit can by no means satisfy. Hence the apparent wanton slaughter, each animal being untouched save for a small hole in the skull or neck. Occasionally a stoat with a clean stomach is found, and invariably feeds on the flesh of his victims, killing only what is required.

Cruelty amongst the animals then, there is none, but if pain exists, the charge of cruelty can still be made against the Creator. Fire and flood claim few victims, an animal's perception being more acute than man's, and giving ample warning. The commonest accident (though rare) is the drowning of thousands of rabbits, as they sleep in their burrows, by the rapid rising of a stream. Of the remainder, cold and hunger account for many. It is a well-known fact that extreme cold causes not so much a feeling of pain as one of drowsiness and warmth, and the tendency to sleep becomes overwhelming; the same feelings accompany intense hunger, and in each case sleep means death. The bird we find frozen to the bough in the morning has not suffered as our active sympathy leads us to believe. Pestilence is rare amongst animals, but when it does come, like the sickness that attacks the rabbits, it leads to coma, and then to death.

The animals that fall victim to inanimate forces are many, but the vast majority die of old age in their sleep, curled up in holes and burrows. The numbers killed by birds and beasts of prey are almost infinitesimal, where man has not disturbed the balance unduly, and only the stragglers on the edges of vast flocks are seized. What pain do they suffer? Almost invariably death is swift, brought by the "tooth and claw" vilified by the poet, and the sharp cry that accompanies seizure is no more a sign of

pain than the yelp of a dog as the whip cracks above his back, or the jerk of your leg when tapped on the knee. There is no time for pain, and any cry that may be given is purely automatic. Should the attack miscarry, and the animal finds himself wounded, but alive, in the claws of a hawk, still no pain is felt; the accounts given by Livingstone and others show that even human beings, whose highly developed state of self-consciousness makes for intense pain, do not suffer when mauled by beasts of prey. The victim is overcome by a state of coma in which curiosity replaces fear, and physical injury is felt as though under the influence of cocaine. Here too we have an indication of the feelings of the animal fascinated by snake or weasel, that allows himself to be taken and killed, with only the cry that is the reaction to bodily violence. There remain a few exceptions: animals are injured fighting for a mate (though rarely), birth amongst the mammals would seem to be painful, and every animal with an injured paw limps. Scientists however are agreed upon the improbability of an animal, lacking as it is in self-consciousness, of feeling pain, as we understand it. The wounded animal finds a hole and dozes, with no signs of pain, until he is sufficiently recovered to feel hungry; mammals give birth to their young without a murmur. On the other hand there is some sensation of injury that impels an injured animal to hold up his paw, and lick it, avoiding dirt, infection, and the ultimate poisoning of the whole body; it may be that the sensation is akin to the sensation experienced by human beings when seized by a lion.

There remains only the question: Does the animal live in fear, tension, and misery. Most people who see the "nervousness" of a wild animal would say "Yes," forgetting that this is only the result of having the senses in a natural state of keenness. Human beings are comparatively "dead," none of their senses except the eyes being more than half-awake, and any state more alert seems painful. Animals, too, have little conscious memory, that is, they carry no ever-present memory and fear of their enemies; when the hawk appears, memory returns, and the linnet dives into the bush, to begin singing, all recollection gone, after the foe has passed. Should the hunted have any warning of attack, his powers of escape will be too much for the attacker, and he has full confidence in them. The hunter realizes his inability for successful pursuit, and a lion, whose attack has miscarried, has been seen to walk away, whilst the antelopes, scattered by his rush, continue to graze at ten yards distance. There are of course, exceptions to this rule in the case of animals who run down their prey, but here the steady pursuit throws over the animal a creeping paralysis which slowly stops his limbs and numbs his brain.

The outward aspect of Nature is one of happiness, and it is



to Nature that we send the invalids for peace and health; so far is our judgement correct. There is no fear, or pain, or cruelty in Nature, no sense of struggle; and the animals have two great mercies: they are spared all regret for the past, and all care for the future. But before we can draw any conclusions that will reply to those who make Nature the excuse for so many things, there remains the question of apparent conflict between man and natural laws and phenomena, earthquake, flood, hurricane, pestilence. Lack of space forbids its inclusion here, but perhaps someone will take up the question.

C. SIMPSON.

**The Diver.**

High, against blue sky,  
 You stand aloft, supple and supreme,  
 With skin of satin sheen,  
 Still as death, with skill  
 Poised statue-like, in shining gold,  
 A harmony in outline bold;  
 With confident look around,  
 You stretch and spring,  
 Cleaving the air, an arrow without sound,  
 And for one instant fly, like bird on wing.

N. P. (Brontë).

**Complaint.**

Steel keys quivering  
 In space, held by taut  
 Force lines. In thought  
 And image only, wavering,  
 —Held fast by strained  
 Opposed desires  
 And fears—  
 Really, we are still.  
 Life flexes round us.  
 We have no will.  
 The Gods gape at us through plate  
 Glass walls. Gape  
 Stupidly at our still  
 Dumb pain—Till  
 At night, one more kind  
 Thumbs with his flat thumb  
 The switch, and we drop flatly  
 With a faint  
 Pleasant  
 Tinkle!

"C." (Grange).

**Note**—The "poet" when asked for some explanation of this very adjectival lyric, refused to insult the intelligence of his readers by explaining the allusion. It appears, however, that the poem was suggested by a scientific curiosity—a steel key suspended by electro magnetic force, in a glass case, seen in a famous museum.—EDITOR.

Catnegie Review.

- and what a review!!!

First and foremost let me introduce -  
 THE FOUR DARK HANDSOMES!



- and the ten untouchables.

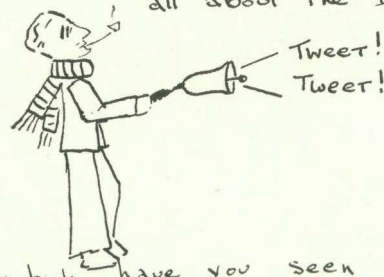


- (ten times)

- and the man who "nose"



all about the Indian Army.



u.m.g.

- but have you seen their belle!!!? \*



### Shock.

**H**E thought. He wept. He thought. How long ago was it that he had had that interview for a post in the Imperial Chemistry Works? Surely a month now. It was his only hope and he had received no further intimation. He was of a nervous temperament (inherited from his mother), and so he wept. The meagre hundred pounds she had left had been reduced to nothing. He owed three pounds for rent. This thought reminded him of his mother. She was a woman—only so nervous. How well he recalled the day she died. The result of his scholarship examination had just been published. He had won through, and rushed into his mother and told her. He saw her wince and grow deadly pale, but he had rushed out immediately, oblivious of everything except his own happiness. The next thing he heard was that his mother was dead. The doctor said it was due to shock. Queer thing, the nervous system and its reactions. After that he had completed his course and emerged a qualified chemist. That was all though. He had not worked since its completion. He had applied everywhere but nobody seemed to want him. It had worn him down to the nervous physical wreck he now was. At last he had received an interview from the Imperial Chemistry Works,—but so far nothing had resulted. He could wait no longer.

This therefore was the end; something must be done. His natural pride (also inherited from his mother), would not allow him to continue. His plan of action had been revolving in his mind for weeks. Now he must put it into action. Thus did he. He procured seven glass beakers from one of the shelves that lined his laboratory-living room, thoroughly cleansed them and filled them with water, meticulously measuring each so that the level was the same. Going to a cabinet in the corner of the room he extracted a bottle containing a greyish white powder. Carefully,—again with his peculiar precision,—he weighed out a quantity of it. This he poured into one of the beakers and stirred the contents. The powder dissolved in the water, leaving it superficially the same as before—superficially the same. His next act was to mix the tumblers up, and place them in a neat line on a shelf. They would last him a week—or he wouldn't last a week. One was filled with a poison, that would kill almost instantly. Every night before going to bed he would drink a beaker full of water.

It would soon be time for him to take his first portion. He sat himself down on the only comfortable chair in the room. He closed his eyes and stretched himself. Thus he remained for a full hour, neither asleep nor awake. Occasionally a tremor

passed over his body. His hands clutched convulsively. Rarely—a smile. He was thinking.

Finally he opened his eyes and looked round the room tenderly. His eyes alighted on the cold, clear, neat, glinting row of beakers,—clean death. Again he shivered and a clock struck eleven.

Time to go to bed. Time to drink. Slowly he undressed and carefully folded his clothes. He assumed his worn pyjamas and reached for the first glass. Quickly, (lest he should fail), he raised it to his lips and swallowed it. He waited—fully two minutes, but nothing occurred, and so he went to bed.

The next day passed slowly. Night drew nigh, and eleven o'clock struck, as he cynically remarked, "Time for my beverage." Again he reached out for a beaker and quaffed it. Nothing occurred. What was his sigh for?

Similarly the third beaker went, and the fourth, fifth and sixth. Nothing happened. Each time it was getting harder. Now the final day had arrived. He had lain awake all night, hoping and praying for a letter the following morning. As usual however it drew blank. In misery he ate his breakfast and immediately left the house. He could not look at the one beaker left. It mocked him.

He tramped the streets in a daze, until lunch hour. Then, after having eaten a meagre lunch, he again flew to the streets. The room smothered him.

It was nearing eleven o'clock before he returned. He slouched into his room, dazed, dizzy and shivering, and went straight to the shelf and drank the contents of the last beaker. No use waiting. He might lose what very little courage he had left. He heard a knock and footsteps behind him, and the general maid of the house entered. She was carrying a long official looking envelope. For him? Yes. He grabbed it and tore it open. Rapidly he scanned its contents. He had obtained a job. A job in the Imperial Chemistry Works. The beaker, knocked off the table, fell to the floor with a crash. He remembered. The letter dropped and he reeled against the table. Through a daze he heard a voice say,

"I beg pardon, sir, but when I was dusting to-day, I spilt that beaker of water, and so I filled it again and put it back in the same place. Did I do wrong?" She was gone.

"Did I do wrong" the words stood before him in burning capitals. His saviour do wrong? Funny—extremely. He wanted to laugh, to prance about the room, and proclaim his luck to the world. Instead he collapsed.

The coroner returned the verdict—"Death due to Shock."

Viv. S. (Cavvy.)



Ut fama est.

1.

**Y**OUNG Rome lay basking in the summer sun, . . . suddenly, a great gulf—deep, wide and dark—opened in the Forum. A terror fell upon the city and men went whispering to the temples and sought the altars of the gods in suppliant fear. Around the vast abyss the fearful citizens gathered night and day, and the crowd was strangely silent for their wonder, and their fear chilled their blood. The augurs and the soothsayers were sought, that the will of the gods might be made known, but the omens and the auspices were long doubtful, and the hearts of the people sank within them, for still the black gulf yawned in the Forum.

2.

At length it was noised abroad that the augurs had found an answer, and that the will of the gods had been made known. Very silently drew back the crowd, as, crowned with garlands and robed to their feet, the bearded augurs came. On the very lips of the abyss an aged augur spoke. His words were few, but they sank into the hearts of those who heard him like a fisher's lead into the sea.

"Romans!" he cried, "the auspices declare, that not until the most precious thing in Rome is cast into the gulf will the abyss be closed or Rome know rest or peace."

3.

Slowly and silently the purple robed returned as they had come. The most precious thing in Rome! What was it? The miser thought of his treasured gold; the soldier of his arms and ensigns; but gold and swords and spears went clashing down, yet the grim gulf yawned, and the oracle went unanswered. . . . The mother shuddered as she drew her child closer to her bosom, and owned, in whispers that none could hear, that *there* was to her, the thing most precious, but she could not yield it; and she stealthily stole with her child to her dwelling, and sobbed and shrank with fear, as though the gods pursued and claimed their victim. . . . The young Icilius clasped Virginia, that day his happy bride, and fears and fondness found utterance together, as he cried:

"Virginia you—you are the most precious but. . . ."  
and the woman saved him, for she vowed that he, Icilius, was dearer and more priceless. . . .

But still the gulf yawned, and there was no answer—and Rome knew no rest nor peace. . . .

4.

It was the first of the Ides, and the morning broke in storm and darkness over the city. Fitfully the wind howled, and in shuddering gusts and sobs made dismal moaning about the awful

chasm, that still yawned like a grave in the midst of the peopled Forum. Yet the crowd was denser than before, and the people pressed eagerly and anxiously to every point of vantage; for it was noised that one had found an answer, that the most precious thing in Rome was known, and would be yielded up that day.

5.

There came a sound of horse-hoofs and a clash of arms, and, swift as a foam-flake on the swollen Tiber, rode into that dark throng young Curtius on his milk-white steed. Not a word came from his firm lips pressed tight and close; hardly a look from his large eyes, that sought their object forward; but his hand waved the crowd back on either side, and, as though the consul bade, the commons made him room. He reached the gulf and gazed for a moment intently, hungrily into depths, while his impatient and terrified horse swerved and snorted and resisted the strong bit, till the foam-flakes flew over his armour, and the veins sprang out like cords upon her flanks.

6.

Then Curtius spoke:

"Romans!" and the word sounded as though a trumpet rang.

"Romans!" and a sudden gleam of sun-shine came from behind the hills, and lit, as with a sudden glory, the spot on which his horse was rearing. There was silence now, and Curtius had soothed his noble horse, and the words he spoke were heard over the vast throng, as though he spoke in the Comitia:

"Not arms nor wealth, citizens of Rome, doth heaven claim of you to-day. Not priestly treasures, nor love's gifts, the most precious things in Rome. Nor valour, soldiers; nor wisdom, conscript fathers. Hear me! and let the lesson sink deep into your hearts and become the parent of true deeds in future. Self-sacrifice is the most precious thing in Rome, my countrymen. To my countrymen, to my country and to the immortal gods, I, Marcus Curtius, offer it this day."

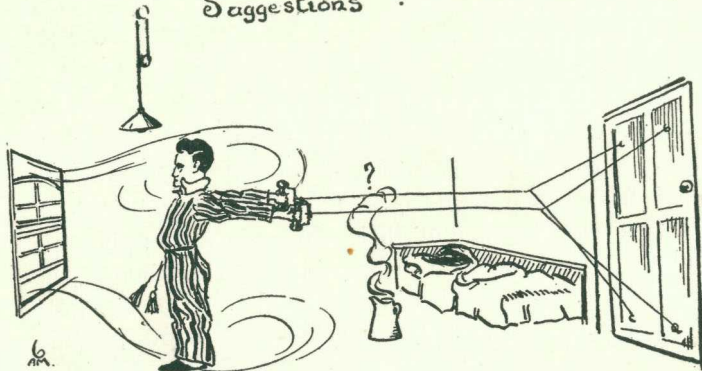
7.

He spoke, and, wheeling his horse, rode softly a short way back upon the road that he had come. He cast his helmet to the ground, and looked earnestly toward the temple on the heights, then once more turned his horse and so, bareheaded, urging it forward at its topmost speed, rode towards the gulf. The long stride lessens the little distance—the multitude, appalled, are breathless—another moment, and with his right hand raised aloft, his left compelling his half-maddened charger to the leap, he reaches the fatal, the immortal spot, and with one mighty bound plunges to death below. . . . A dull sound is heard. . . . then silence *and slowly the gulf is closed.*

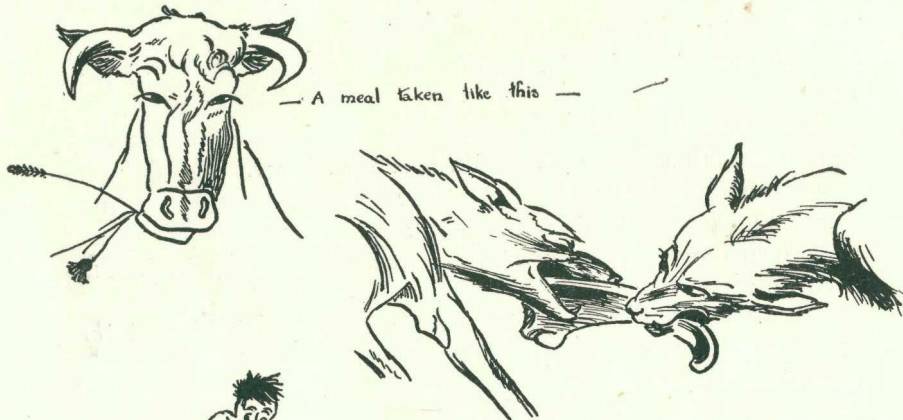
F. LEES. (Fairfax).



Suggestions ?

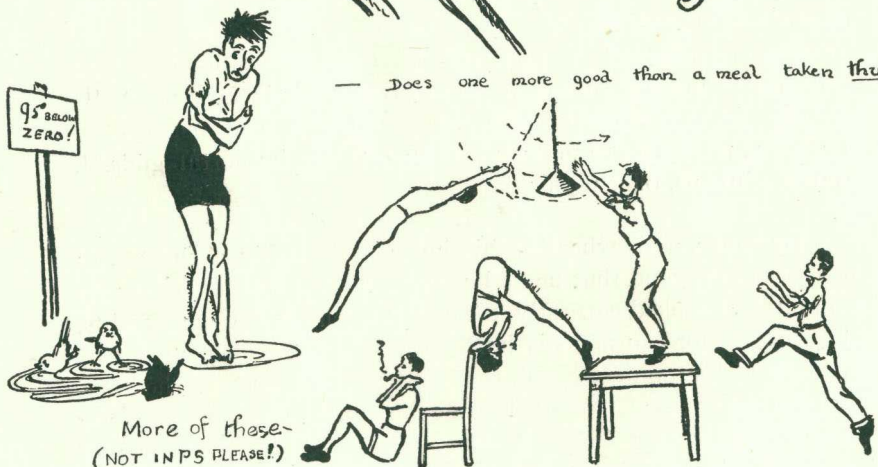


A 'P.T. ATMOSPHERE' WILL OBTAIN -----.



— A meal taken like this —

— Does one more good than a meal taken thus .



More of these-  
(NOT INPS PLEASE?)

More Hostel Games.

'SPRING'  
FAIRFAX.

### The Student Christian Movement.

**T**HE Student Christian Movement is a fellowship of students who desire to understand the Christian Faith and to live the Christian Life. This desire is the only condition of membership.

As a Christian Movement, we affirm our faith in God, our Father, whose nature is creative love and power. God is made known to us in Jesus Christ, in whom we see the true expression of His being and the true nature of man. Through His life and triumphant death, and through the living energy of the Spirit, we share in the redeeming love which overcomes evil, and finds forgiveness, freedom and eternal life. Faced with the need and perplexity of the world, we desire to give ourselves to Christ and to follow Him wherever He may call us. We seek the Kingdom of God, the recreation of all mankind into one family, without distinction of race or nation, class or capacity, and lastly, we desire to enter into that fellowship of worship, thought and service, which is the heritage of the Christian Church.

These are the aims of the S.C.M. Will you help us to put them into practice?  
HARRY EASTWOOD (President).

### Report on a College Football Match.

*By a Staff of eminent Reporters.*

Mr. Will. Kinson :—"However do the captains of the teams expect their men to play well if they talk to them in uneducated speech? The orders should be given clearly and precisely so as to have a vital, pulsating, and dynamic effect on the team."

Mr. P. T. S. Mith :—"Quaite! Quaite!"

Mr. R. R. Itch :—"May I compliment the teams on the dignified way in which they played the match."

Mr. R. H. All :—"The College team will never blend together until week by week they make sure that the colours of their jerseys fit in with those of their opponents. I also strongly advocate more decorative treatment of the goal-posts and the touchlines."

Mr. Wy. T. Hed :—"This game is a menace to the universe. During the match, several worms were trodden on and killed by the players."

Mr. R. Prez-Wood :—"The importance of this game cannot be overestimated. Bear this point in mind for I shall be coming to it later."

Dr. E. S. Twood :—"The players did not play well because they were not sufficiently ventilated. Only one or two had holes in their stockings."



Mr. H. S. M. Ith :—"One does not wish to be hard on the teams for violating the laws of the game. But one must obey laws for the general benefit of the community. One therefore wishes them the best of luck."

Mr. J. P. Hush :—"Why don't they set to and have a real fight? Fetch me some boxing gloves."

Mr. J. S. Tones :—"There is a primitive rhythm in the tramp of their well-shod boots."

Mr. M. G. Rath :—"There was an interesting talk on the wireless on the same subject. Put this down in your notebooks somewhere."

Mr. S. P. Ickering :—"The stretching up of the players to head the ball may be a possible explanation of how the giraffe got its long neck."

A well-known lady reporter when asked to give her views on the game, appeared too horrified for words, but finally said "The poor darlings! What if their mothers could see them now?"

"DARN THAT LAD." (Cavendish).

#### Musings on Advanced English.

#### Comedy.

Why do we laugh?  
Can scientists  
Draw a graugh  
Of all the reasons why we laugh?  
Max Beerbohm  
Has sat at hohm  
To write for us an epitohm  
Of all the causes of our laughter.  
Ludovici, who came long aughter  
Aristophanes,  
(Who caused this poem)  
Says that laughter is beloem.  
He explanes  
With great indignation,  
That suffering from  
Frustration  
Prostration  
Or humiliation  
Makes a whole nation  
Laugh with real elation.  
If a student suffered from ic'i  
Could hardly laugh at Ludovici.  
Even Freud  
Can't fill the veud.  
To find what the real reasons ath  
Go and ask Mr. McGrath.

#### Travel.

Hakluyt  
Was no puyt.  
I'd have his blould  
If I could.

#### Social Affairs.

I can't read gaeli  
Through Disraeli.  
Pepys  
Gives me the crepys.  
I can't do English for tophy  
I think I'll stick to philosophy.

AUFSATZ. (Fairfax).

#### Futility.

In the grey light  
There are two sparrows searching for food,  
And a horse stands quietly alone in the grass,  
A white rabbit scuttles to its hole, afraid,  
A cat waits patiently on a doorstep — — —  
A flower grows beautiful and straight — — —  
To what end?  
Someone shouts,  
Someone sings,  
Someone hammers nails into a shed,  
Someone laughs,  
Someone hurries down the hill,  
Someone dies,—  
There is no end.

A. M. BEATTY, (Macaulay).

#### September Moon.

A white mist lies low  
Shrouding the trees,  
Dark air creeps shivering to the bone,  
Still as the sodden leaves  
That huddle in desolate heaps  
Of browns in a sombre tone.  
The acorns swelling fall  
Quietly under the earth,  
Whilst over all  
With spread wings, singing joy  
In utter harmony,  
The Lark  
Fades as the summer long,  
Sings us its farewell song,

N. P (Brontë).



### The Battle of the Giants.

Extract from a Mock Epic dealing with the Strife of Conflicting Ideas of Suitable Articles for the College Magazine.

Oh Muse! assist my faltering pen to-night,  
And list a mortal now in dreadful plight.  
To gain a laurel several powers contend,  
And like a sapling which the wild winds bend,  
When they across the stormy oceans blow,  
My halting pen knows not which way to go.  
First one, and then another thought appears  
And with their conflict drive me nigh to tears.  
The monster Verse, all armed with metaphors  
Against the giant Prose makes constant wars.  
Now cunning Verse in scathing couplets flings  
An insult which to Prose dishonour brings;  
And Prose in order to avenge his wrongs,  
Makes treaties with a little Book of Songs,  
And seeks in vain some inspiration bright  
To find a theme with which his foe to fight.  
Now Tableau like a raging lioness  
When man essays to make her family less,  
Into the battle comes with cruel Cartoon.  
The clamour of strife now reaches to the moon.  
My weary brain in desperation tries  
To separate these foes, as each one flies  
To work upon his neighbour mighty woe  
And force him from the battle-field to go.  
At last my eyes no longer ope' I keep,  
And worn out with the conflict, fall asleep.

ISLA MACRAE, (Priestley Hall).

### Old Students' Section.

#### Marriages.

H. E. Rumble (Fairfax 1927-9), to Marjorie Searle, Burnham Market, Norfolk.

H. Addlestone (Fairfax 1927-9), to Rebecca Levien, (Goldsmith's 1927-9), at Leeds, August 24th.

#### Obituary.

JOHN GUEST,  
(CAVENDISH HALL 1931-1933).

BORN FEBRUARY 13TH, 1913.

DIED AUGUST 27TH, 1933.

## THE NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS

OFFICES:—

Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London, W.C. 1.

Membership - - over 143,000

Total Funds - exceeds £1,120,000

The National Union of Teachers is the largest Professional Organisation in the Country, and is accepted by Parliament, by the Board of Education, by Local Education Authorities, and by Foreign Countries as representative of the Profession.

Membership is open to ALL Teachers.

The Union protects its members in every phase of professional life.

To young teachers with high professional ideals, the Union offers special attractions.

*By a great national campaign the Union reduced the 'cut' from 20% to 10%. The Union is now conducting a vigorous campaign for professional standards.*

NOTE.—Students who are members may have free copies of "THE SCHOOLMASTER AND WOMAN TEACHERS' CHRONICLE" on application to the Organisation Dept. at Hamilton House.



Telephone 26392

Established 1810

# J. W. Sykes, Ltd.

Music Seller and  
General Musical Instrument Dealer

## MUSIC SELLER TO THE COLLEGE

All the latest Music  
from all Publishers

Songs, Pianoforte Pieces  
Dance Music & Selections

Original Leeds Agents for the  
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" GRAMOPHONES  
RECORDS AND ACCESSORIES.

### 22, ALBION PLACE, LEEDS

YORKS. XI. **HERBERT SUTCLIFFE Ltd.** ENG XI.  
YORKSHIRE PREMIER HOUSE OF SPORT

WE SPECIALISE IN

## College Sports Equipment

Cricket, Tennis, Bowls, Netball,  
Football, Hockey, Lacrosse,  
Badminton, Boxing, Billiards,  
Gymnasia, Athletic Clothing and  
- - Footwear - -

SPECIAL TERMS TO COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

COMPLETE CATALOGUE Sent FREE on REQUEST

### 25, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LEEDS.

Telephones: Leeds 27921 and at 9, SILVER STREET, WAKEFIELD.  
Wakefield 2887

## The Teachers' Provident Society

Funds £4,500,000.

Membership 88,000.

Age 21  
less than—  
**10/-** MONTHLY  
1/- Medical Benefit  
**3/-** £1 1 0 Weekly Sick Pay  
**\*5/-** £100 Life Assurance  
**4d.** Management Fee  
**9/4**  
\*Maturity Value  
£158 16 0 at 50  
[Bonus at Current Rates]

**Medical Benefit**  
Help towards payment of Doctor and Dentist  
Over half the premiums returned to members in 1931

Age 33  
less than—  
**15/-** MONTHLY  
1/- Medical Benefit  
**4/6** £1 11 6 Weekly Sick Pay  
**\*9/-** £150 Life Assurance  
**4d.** Management Fee  
**14/10**  
\*Maturity Value  
£231 18 0 at 60  
[Bonus at Current Rates]

## WHICH OF THESE?

Age 43  
less than—  
**20/-** MONTHLY  
1/- Medical Benefit  
**6/-** £2 2 0 Weekly Sick Pay  
**\*12/-** £150 Life Assurance  
**4d.** Management Fee  
**19/4**  
\*Maturity Value  
£216 3 0 at 65  
[Bonus at Current Rates]

**Sick Pay Deposit Branch**  
Over two-thirds of premiums returned to members in 1931

Age 48  
less than—  
**30/-** MONTHLY  
1/- Medical Benefit  
**6/-** £2 2 0 Weekly Sick Pay  
**\*22/-** £200 Life Assurance  
**4d.** Management Fee  
**29/4**  
\*Maturity Value  
£267 4 0 at 65  
[Bonus at Current Rates]

For other combinations and fullest particulars apply to—

**T.P.S., Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, W.C.I.**



Specialists in  
Outdoor and Group Photography.

—♦—  
**LONNERGAN,**

*The Studios,*

1 & 3, Woodsley Road, Leeds,  
and Marygate Studios, Wakefield.

—♦—  
'Phone **25345** Leeds.

—♦—  
"Someone, Somewhere,  
wants YOUR Photograph."

---

---

**MILES' BOOKSHOP,**

**80-82, Woodhouse Lane,**  
(top of Cookridge Street),

■  
*Books new and old, bought and sold.*

■  
**NEW BOOKS SUPPLIED.**

**OLD BOOKS BOUGHT OR EXCHANGED.**

**LARGE STOCK OF SECOND-HAND TEXT BOOKS.**

—♦—  
Inspection invited.

Catalogues free.

'Phone **25327.**

---

---

**University Correspondence College**

Founder: WILLIAM BRIGGS, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A., B.Sc.

Principal: CECIL BRIGGS, M.A., M.C.



Founded in

the year 1887.

**University Correspondence College**, founded in 1887, was the first institution of its kind. Its leading feature was, and is, a resident staff of tutors.

**The Resident Staff of Tutors.** Thirty Honours Graduates, experienced in teaching—nearly all First Class Honourmen—devote their whole time to the College work. Living in or near Burlington House, Cambridge, U.C.C. Tutors are able to correct students' answers expeditiously and so solve difficulties while fresh in mind and prevent the repetition of errors.

**The advantages offered** to students by U.C.C. are made possible by organisation, experience and numbers. They include at a moderate cost, instruction from tutors who have obtained the highest honours themselves, who are specialists in their subjects, and—what is very important—engage in no other work. The work is planned out for each student to cover the period to the examination, allowing time for revision, or it may be arranged for the student to have breaks for holidays, etc. Payment of fees by instalments may be arranged to suit the convenience of students.

**Students are prepared** not only for Matriculation and the Intermediate and Degree Examinations of London University, but also for the diplomas and certificates of other examining bodies.

**U.C.C. Students' Successes.** From the foundation of University Correspondence College in 1887 to the end of 1932, **40,534** of its students passed London University Examinations, of which number **9,193** graduated as U.C.C. students. An annual average of over **1,000** successes was maintained from 1899 to 1914, and this average has now been exceeded, the total number of successes for the last ten years, 1923-1932, being above **11,500**.

**A Prospectus** of the College may be had post free on application to the Registrar, 75, Burlington House, Cambridge.



**W. BRIERLEY**

—BOOKSELLER—

**33, Bond Street, Leeds**

Telephone 25625

All makes of Loose-Leaf  
**LECTURE NOTE BOOKS**

Training College Text Books  
Educational Stationery

---

---

**FLINT'S,**

**THE HEADINGLEY CHOCOLATE SHOP**  
**OTLEY ROAD, Far Headingley**

**OUR SPECIALITY—Freshly Made Chocolates.**

ALMOND CREAMS  
WALNUT CREAMS  
VIOLET CREAMS  
TRUFFLE CREAMS  
ROSE CREAMS  
CHOCOLATE GINGER

**6d.**  
per Qtr.

FRUIT & NUT MONTELMART  
CHOCOLATE CHERRY MARZIPAN  
CHERRY BRANDY CREAMS  
CHOCOLATE MILK CARAMELS  
PISTACHIO NOISETTE  
MARZIPAN WALNUTS

FANCY GOODS  
AND  
EVERYTHING FOR THE SMOKER.

**E. GELDARD,**

Newsagent, Stationer and Printer,

**Far Headingley Post Office,**

TELEPHONE 52104.

: STUDENTS' NOTE BOOKS, :  
COLLEGE PADS, ENVELOPES, etc.

Educational Magazines and Periodicals supplied  
and delivered day of Publication.

ALL ORDERS RECEIVE PERSONAL ATTENTION.

---

---

**SCARVES IN COLLEGE COLOURS**

*At Special prices and anything  
in Knitted Wear.*

**BLIND INSTITUTE OF LEEDS**

**34, TRINITY STREET.**

Brushes of every description  
Basket Ware, etc.

OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAY.





**CARNEGIE PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE**  
**BECKETT PARK,**  
**LEEDS, 6.**

**Writing Pads printed as  
above also envelopes to  
match may be obtained**

(Writing Pads 1/- each, Envelopes 4d. per packet of 25)

**from**

**J. S. SAVILE & Co.,**

**... STATIONERS ...**

**12, Otley Road, Headingley.**



**TELEPHONE 51365.**



**"THE OWL" is printed by  
J. S. SAVILE & Co., - of  
36 Bennett Road, Headingley**

**Index to Advertisers.**

	Page	No.
Blind Institute of Leeds, Knitted Wear, etc. ...	"	47
Brierley, W., Educational Bookseller ...	"	5, 46
Flint's, Sweets and Chocolates ...	"	46
Geldard, E., Newsagent, Stationer and Printer ...	"	47
Greenwood, Wm. & Sons, Jewellers and Silversmiths ...	"	7
Kemp, W. F., Chemist ...	"	1
Long, F. C., Chemist and Optician ...	"	8
Lonnergan, Photographer ...	"	44
Miles' Bookshop ...	"	44
Minnithorpe, H., Watchmaker and Jeweller ...	"	8
Moorhouse, H., Family Grocer ...	"	7
National Association of Schoolmasters ...	"	3
National Union of Teachers ...	"	41
Normal Correspondence College ...	"	1
Rawcliffe's Ltd., College Clothiers ...	"	6
Reynolds and Bransons, Ltd., Ophthalmic Opticians ...	"	4
Savile, J. S. & Co., Printers and Stationers ...	"	48
Southcott, C. G. Co. Partnership Ltd., College Outfitters ...	"	4
Steeles, R., Bootmaker and Repairer ...	"	5
Sutcliffe, Herbert Ltd., Sports Outfitters ...	"	42
Sykes, J. W., Music Seller ...	"	42
Teachers' Provident Society ...	"	43
University Correspondence College ...	"	45



NOTES.



NOTES.

