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THE OWL



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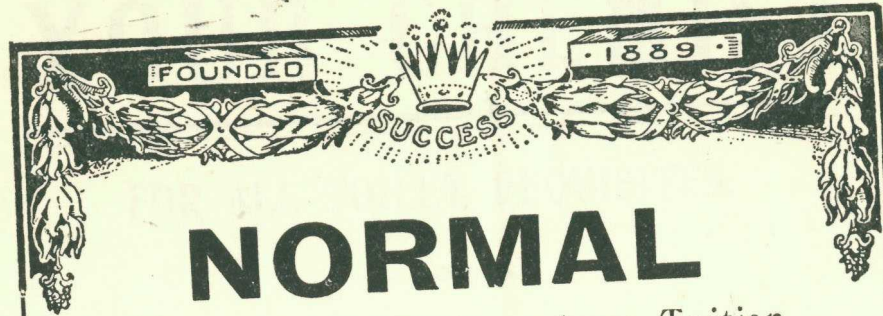
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SUMMER TERM, 1929.

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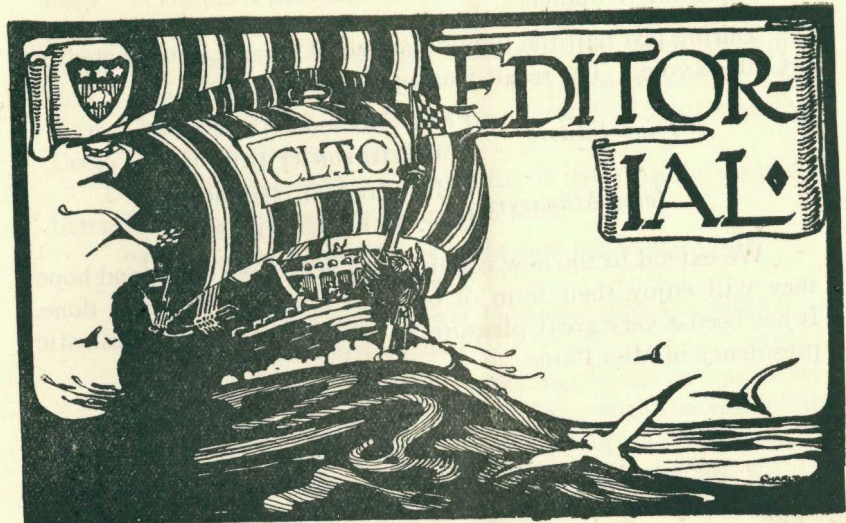
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SPEAKING from a Senior point of view, our day of grace is nearly done. If mixed metaphors are permissible after English Final, we are rapidly approaching our last hurdle, which we must not knock over. We have learned much in these two years, we have benefited greatly in many ways, and now we stand tiptoe on the threshold of some forty years of teaching, after which—qui sait?

We shall be sorry to leave this carefree existence with its friendships and informality. But there is the glorious prospect of standing on our own feet, with the possibility of adventure on the switchback of the world.

Henceforth, too, payday consolidates from a dazzling vision to a pleasing certainty.

Our Juniors have proved their worth, and we can safely leave the traditions and honour of the College in their hands, wishing them the best of luck and success in all things.

We have found at last a Daniel who dares to beard the Editorial lion. Mr. Butterworth handed in a criticism which left us gasping for breath. He challenged us to print it, and it is here. He told "our private correspondent" that the tone of the Mag. is too mild. We await with confidence the tone of the various contributors whose work has been mercilessly vivisectioned by this new Shaw.

The last week of last half was a crowded one. The English Finals and post-mortem examinations of them occupied two days,

and then we turned with relief from mental stress to the physical stress of Sports Day. The Shield returned to what seems to be its natural abiding place, and we add our congratulations to those of Fairfax and Grange, who accepted defeat like sportsmen.

The Arts League of Service paid its annual visit to the College on May 23rd, and gave a most enjoyable performance to a large and appreciative audience.

During last half the Junior Magazine Officials were elected by a College vote. The result was as follows:—

Joint Editors { Miss MOUNSEY (Priestley).
 { Mr. HILTON (Fairfax).

Joint Managers { Miss SIDDELL (Brontë).
 { Mr. BELL (Cavendish).

We extend to the new committee a hearty welcome, and hope they will enjoy their term of office as much as we have done. It has been a very great pleasure to work under the enthusiastic presidency of Miss Paine.

The Call of the Sea.



Is there such a thing as the "Call of the Sea" as Masfield suggests in his "Sea Fever?" He says "I must go down to the Seas again," and proceeds to elaborate the attractions of the sea that he feels. From my own experience I can say that this "Call" does exist, and is heard very strongly indeed by many people.

I think that those who dwell in or near coast towns hear it most strongly. Even among these people there is a distinction. The people who live in sea-ports feel this "call" more strongly than those who live in seaside resorts. The reason, I think, is that people in seaport towns mix freely with sailors, and hear strange tales of the wonders of the deep, and see huge steamers outward bound to distant lands beyond the horizon.

To me the sea has an almost irresistible appeal, one, which I feel sure I shall answer some day.

Why should I hear the call more strongly than others? Well, in the first place, the salt of the sea is in my bones from generations of sailors; sailors, who were sailors and not steam seamen, men who knew what it was to handle frozen canvas in heavy weather. Again, I was born and bred in a sea-port town within sight and

sound of the sea. For hours I have watched great ships and small, sail and steam, pass out over the bar to distant ports and have speculated on their destinations.

I hear the call of the sea in the lapping of the tide on the beach, and the thunder of the waves against the cliffs, and always it is the same, "Come away, you are a sailor, your home is on the deep." Overhead the seagulls scream "Come to the sea!" Day by day, the call in me grows louder, and even here, miles from the sea, I can hear it. At night I start up from sleep, imagining that I hear the wail of a siren in foggy weather, or some ship giving her familiar "long and two shorts;" I mutter "Tyne Dock," try to sleep and cannot.

During the day, when a heavy fog is covering the ground, I listen for the sounds which I ought to hear.

*"O, the mutter overside, when the port fog holds us tide,
And the sirens hoot their dread!
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless deep
To the sob of the questing lead!"*

Ever since I can remember, I have longed to go to sea. Every summer I spend my holidays at sea, working with the rest of the crew, and I am always happy there. Some people love the country, others find happiness in great cities, but give me the sea with its vast open spaces and awe-inspiring majesty.

People ask if I love the sea. My answer is both "yes" and "no." I love the sea, and I hate the sea according to its various moods. For the sea is a tyrant. The man who obeys the call, rarely leaves the sea for good, until Death removes him. No matter how he strives, the sea will get him and hold him fast. The sea is a treacherous monster, and man thinks he has tamed it when suddenly it throws aside its suave mask and engulfs all and sundry, princes and paupers, for the sea is no respecter of persons. When once you have experienced the full force of the sea's bitterest mood, the illusion may go, but the fascination remains. The sea strikes without warning, yet it exercises a strange discretion in its choice; one ship is taken and another near is left for another time. Despite all this, man goes on building ships and setting out to sea.

The call of the sea is "A wild call, and a clear call, that may not be denied." Many hear it, and many answer, but few return. Some the sea takes, others it maims, and still the call is heard and obeyed. To-night, as I look from my window, I can hear the sea calling me, it is a call which I cannot define. The whistle of the train suggests the ship's siren, the breeze in the trees brings back to me the murmur of the sea, and I can see the heaving of the ocean's breast in the swaying of the grasses. Like Masfield:—

*I must go down to the sea again
For the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call, that may not be denied.*

FAIRFAXIAN.

The Eternal Quest.

SOME are born risers, some acquire rising and some have rising thrust upon them.

We three belonged to the last category, but nevertheless, fired with noble intent, we arose with sundry smothered squeals from those who were being unearthed. Silently we crept from the sleeping hostel into the radiant sunshine of the first May morning. Our felonious intent was to steal from the College grass its share of dew; for it has been whispered through the ages that the first May dew is a beauty-lotion par excellence.

We did not need to seek a sequestered spot for there was nobody abroad at that hour, so we brazenly began this ticklish toilet on the main drive. Nevertheless, we tried to do it gracefully, as one might imagine the damsels of old to have done. We dabbled our handkerchiefs on the grass, then applied them to our cheeks. But this was not successful—it was like eating soup with a pickle fork; the dew had evaporated before it reached our faces, like the worm that a certain young lady biologist threw over a wall while she climbed over (the simile is mixed but will no doubt be understood by C.L.T.C. students, a-hem!) So, frenzied in our search for beauty, we knelt in the untrodden ways and rubbed our faces in the most juicy-looking spots; it reminded me vaguely of

*'The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are fifty feeding like one.'*

Then we gazed upon each other's countenances—were we 'translated?' Not yet! So we realised that we had not done the job properly. Down again into the grass we buried our eager faces—odd bits of grass got up our noses and tickles—noxious weeds insinuated themselves into our ears, but we kept bravely on. At last we were obliged to pause for breath, our hair hung in lank strands, our knees and wrists felt uncomfortably clammy, but our faces shone with triumph and H.O₂; but their radiance was painfully distorted by an ingredient which had never been intentionally included by Nature in her beauty recipe for country ladies—the soot of Leeds. A decorative streak of black graced one's nose, while a circle of Stygian hue lovingly surrounded another's chin. Judging from their peals of hilarious mirth, my face must also have been grotesque.

We returned hostel-wards hiding our faces as much as possible by looking downcast and modest, for now a few would-be sprinters were astir.

Soon kindly soap and water had washed away the traces of our folly and Grace was being said over breakfast, while the blackbird outside gave its more lyrical thanksgiving for the worm which had found the old adage unhappily true.

"PULCHRIOR" (Brontë).

From "A Canadian Tour."

FOR a day and a night we journeyed through a panorama of mountain scenery, far excelling any which could be found in Snowdonia, catching glimpses of the glistening, dancing waters of the Athabasca and of the stately mountains that flank the valley. In the afternoon of the second day we neared Jasper, haven of our desire.

Situated on the glacial bed at the entrance to the Yellowhead Pass, and close to the junction of the Miette and Athabasca, Jasper quite fulfilled our hopes, and after the strain of long travelling we were quite ready for a relaxation. Our visit was to prove all too short. Jasper Park is a great game preserve and national playground of over 4,400 square miles, and is absolutely dominated by mountains—there are over a hundred within its confines—and by lakes. Wild game and bird-life, sure of sanctuary, is abundant and, with a variety of wild flowers and plants makes "Jasper of the Lakes" the sight of a lifetime.

The C.N.R. Hotel, Jasper Park Lodge, occupies an ideal situation on the shore of sparkling Lake Beauvert. The environment is typically Alpine. Mountains, many of them snow-capped, and all rich in colour-effects, completely encircle the Lodge. To the north in a riot of reds, purples, browns, greys and greens, is Pyramid Mountain; to the south Mt. Edith Cavell, clothed in a mystical, bluish-white shroud of ice and snow, rears its cloud-encircled peak. Clinging to its side is the famous "Angel Glacier," so named because of its striking resemblance to an angel with outstretched wings. When we had made our first survey of these encircling mountains we looked down to the waters of Lake Beauvert, mirroring the peaks on its placid bosom,

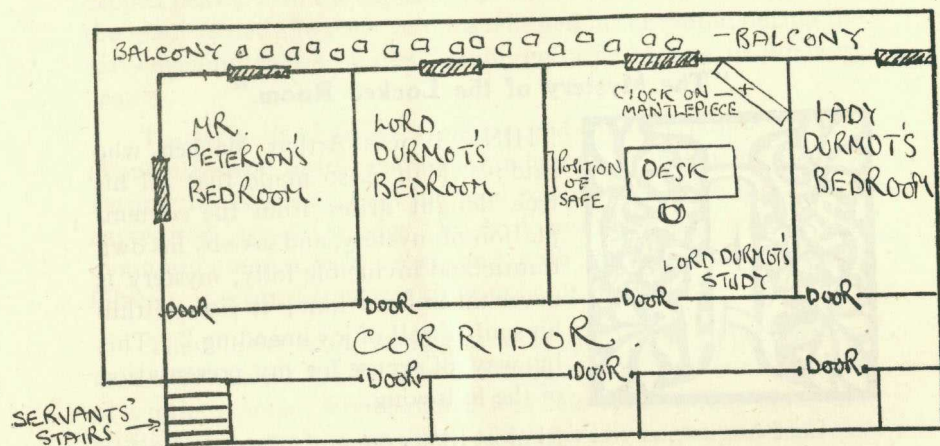
*"The grandeur of its mountains with their mists and
lights and shades,
The beauty of its valleys and the glamour of its glades,
Its rivers, lakes and waterfalls, its forest, rocks and brakes
Shall fill my future years with dreams of Jasper of the Lakes."*

Here we stayed three days—three days full of colour, enjoyment and profit. We danced, played tennis, rowed and bathed; took horse-back rides, motor tours and "hikes." Every moment was occupied to full advantage and the weather was glorious—August, and the Rockies at their best. Two interesting places we visited deserve mention, Maligne Canyon and "The Angel Glacier."

A motor drive of half-an-hour along a delightful, scenic mountain road brought us to Maligne Canyon—a remarkable feat of nature. The Canyon is about one mile in length, in parts a couple of hundred feet deep and in width strikingly irregular, narrowing here and there to within a very few feet. Clinging to the sides we saw masses of ice, too far down to be seriously affected by the sun's rays. Almost as interesting were the huge pot-holes, some fifty feet deep and wide in proportion, all, by the aid of

The room itself had not been disturbed since the robbery, and Wessex noticed that the door could be opened with a key only from the outside, since it possessed a spring lock. Moreover, he learnt, the key was very rarely out of Lord Durmot's possession. The window was bolted with a screw fastener, which was now in position, as it had been when the robbery had been discovered.

It is unnecessary to go into further details as the rough sketch accompanying does away with this necessity.



It seems that on the morning preceding the event, Clara Murray, one of the housemaids, had had possession of the key for an hour or so. At 9-30 a.m., she had received the key in order to tidy the room and had gone straight up to the study. About 10 minutes later she had left the room in order to get a duster, leaving the study door wide open. On her return everything seemed to be as she had left it. At 8 minutes to 10, Burns, the butler, had come in to wind up the clock on the mantelpiece. She was sure of the time because he had remarked on the fact that it had lost two minutes that week, which was a rare occurrence. About three minutes later he had gone out, and she herself had left the room about ten minutes afterwards, locking the door behind her.

Had she left the window open? No! She had locked it after sweeping up. Did she see anyone on the corridor on returning with the duster? Yes! Molly O'Flanagan, one of the maids.

On questioning Molly O'Flanagan, it seems that she had brought up a cup of tea for Lady Durmot, who was confined to her room that morning with a nervous headache. This proved to be correct.

Burns, the butler, could throw no further light on the matter, beyond corroborating Clara's evidence that the window was locked, as he had had a look. This formed the sum total of the evidence.

More from curiosity than anything else, Wessex opened the window and looked out on to the small balcony running the length

of the house, and here he found a series of footprints leading from the room beyond Lord Durmot's to the study window. *There were no returning footprints!*

The end room belonged to one of the guests, a Mr. Peterson. The prints, however, had been made with a pair of Lord Durmot's boots, as Wessex soon discovered. Lord Durmot denied having used the balcony at any time, and pointed out the stupidity of such a measure, seeing he possessed the study key.

Wessex was puzzled. Two other facts came to light in the course of the next day. First of all, he found that on the safe door were two sets of fingerprints--Clara's and Lord Durmot's. In the second case, Wessex discovered that Molly O'Flanagan was an ex-convict.

Two further factors completed the whole evidence, and then Wessex had an inspiration and the whole thing was solved immediately. The other two factors were that the jewels were heavily insured, and also, that Peterson was in debt to the extent of £2,000.

These are the facts as Wessex gave them to me. I must admit that I could not solve the puzzle. But somewhere there is a flaw on which the solution hangs. Would you have been more successful than I was? The opportunity is yours to prove it. If you find you cannot solve it turn to page 15 for the solution.

"The Owl": Spring Term Issue, 1929.
A REVIEW.



NOBODY thinks that the "Owl" is worth ten-pence per copy; even the veiled apologetics of the Editorial give tacit admission of the magazine's insolvency of ideas. The reaction of the College to this situation is simply (at least on the men's side) to express disgust in the usual indelicate phraseology and go to tennis. But unless there is some effort at analysis no adjustment can be made and next year will find the magazine still in the same hopeless morass of self-conscious verse and facile flippancy. I have waited during two years for some one of ability to attack the "Owl" in its own pages. Since none such appears, I offer no apology for this review of the last issue. *My insolent style of aggression is conscious and deliberate*; in the "Owl's" sleepy feathers (or pages), nothing less offensive than fireworks can be effective.

In turning the leaves, one is first attracted to pause at page eight, Mr. Wood's description of L.N.U. Week. Surprisingly a subject of consequence, and it is a pity that the treatment is

inconsequent, although perhaps an article serious both in title and in body would be a dangerous innovation. Mr. Wood's method is sustained irony. The writing of Mr. Leacock, Gordon Phillips and not a few more post-war journalists show that it is by no means impossible to make this successful. But if you laugh at other people making fools of themselves and then find yourself spluttering out of your depth, your performance is unlikely to be impressive.

"I say the League of Nations because the Kellogg Pact is just one of its minor outrages." Ordinary general knowledge involves an understanding of the complete separation of sanction between the League and the Pact. When a satirist slips on a question of fact his act is ruined and we do not hear him further.

But on page seven there are four little paragraphs that succeed in achieving quality. G.K.H. fixes "Daybreak in February" on paper like a very sensitive artist with a pencil, avoiding always flourish or stylishness. One can complain only of the unambitious scale of the sketch. In corners of the Poetry Section, too, there are interesting morsels. "My Lady of Dreams" displays natural faculty of word tuning and is undeniably the most mature and smoothest thing in the issue. It has little quality beyond imagery and melody. But no more has the verse of Mr. Humbert Wolfe, so denunciation might be dangerous. The most courageous, most significant work in these pages however, are the sentences headed "They are not long." Some people, bred on burlesques, inevitably found them funny, but we cannot, of course, concern ourselves with their opinions. That anyone should make an unashamed attempt at personal expression in the "Owl," is the most remarkable thing that has happened at C.L.T.C. in our time.

I cannot deny editorial energy, but the policy is certainly wide open to criticism,

"we are still optimistically looking forward
"to the moment when every student will
"realise his or her individual responsibility."

Briefly, contributions from anybody and everybody. If anyone be specially pressed, let it be he who lives nearest to the hostel representative. No wonder that the average contribution exhibits the fine spontaneous enthusiasm natural to the work of a conscript; no wonder that in one astonishing issue last year, someone wrote an article to explain why she wasn't going to write an article. If this Spring issue is significant in any sense, it is in the demonstration that most people should not be encouraged to write, at least, not for public display. The average senior or junior is as embarrassed with a pen in his hands as I am with a girl on mine. The analogy is exact. The result is parallel. In both cases the victim escapes into conventional discourse. The range of conventional and hackneyed types in the number under review is surprising. The antique parody "And it came to pass," "Now once in the land of—"; the facetious clog-dance style

"When the Editor sees it he will shout 'Eureka!' and wring my hand," and the naughty digs at tutor's foibles are all tunes which we think we have heard before. And the idea of making a daisy-chain out of song titles, amusing in its first demonstration, is long past the 'first fine careless rapture' stage in the example on page 21. Cannot Priestley families improve on this post-prandial pastime?

Those who read fiction magazines frequently recognise that there is one trap which ensnares more writers than all others together. The success of the surprise ending story in the hands of Maupassant and O. Henry was terrific. And so is the failure of the same in the hands of anyone else. The Priestley neck-shave joke fails.

The last few pages before one reaches stability in the advertisements again, are spread with the sports' and societies' reports, put down with an awkwardness that transmits embarrassment even to the reader.

The only hope in future is in an Editorial policy that shall be discriminating in its stimulus, that only people whose style accredits them as expression experts should be accepted contributors. And that these few should between them fill the magazine. Writing is as much an art as singing. Suppose everybody had been invited to take a principal's part in "The Gondoliers"!

Of the paucity of ability, there is, of course, a causal explanation. The College, in preparation, I agree, for an examination which notoriously does not absorb more than the major energy of a student, pleads lack of time to interest itself in the development of the General Election. So interested are we in the texture of our teaching technique, that the issues involving the status of our profession are irrelevant to our reason. We are anxious that our berths should be kept dry, but we don't care if the whole ship strikes rocks and sinks. Compared to this narrowness of interest, your Victorian grandmother is a vivacious vivandière.

J. BUTTERWORTH.

The Cross-Roads.

"LANDLORD! Landlord!"

A whip-handle struck the inn-door imperiously. Mine Host, fat and red of face, waddled anxiously to the threshold.

His small eyes lit up with delight as they beheld a horseman waiting without, recognisably a gentleman, dressed in the elaborate fashion of a beau, long leather riding-coat over a velvet suit and a cocked hat upon his curled wig.

"Good-day to you, sir," the landlord greeted him heartily, beaming all over his round, red face as he caught the traveller's reins.

The horse started nervously.

Startled, Mine Host looked up at the traveller's face. It was drawn with pain and obvious fatigue. He called the ostler, who hurried from the inn-yard and held the nervous horse while its rider dismounted, and, without a word, strode into the inn.

Mine Host followed anxiously. "What can I get for you, sir?" he asked, solicitously, drawing an arm-chair up to the fire.

The traveller had flung his whip and hat on the table and was languidly unbuttoning his travelling coat.

"Give me a hand with this, my good man," he ordered briefly.

Mine Host drew off the leather coat, revealing a light velvet suit beneath. His small eyes widened with horror as he looked at the shoulder of the velvet coat. It was wet with blood.

"Some—er—warm water, sir, and—and—linen," he faltered. "My good woman will attend you, sir."

He hurried away, to return breathlessly a few moments later, followed by his apple-cheeked wife, bearing a basin of water, ointment and bandages.

The traveller had flung himself down in the oaken chair by the wide fire-place. His spurs shone in the firelight and a faint perfume stole from his brown curls.

Mine Host hovered by anxiously as his wife dressed the traveller's wound, carefully and gently extracting a bullet from his shoulder.

"You have ridden far, sir, since you were shot," she remarked, quietly.

"Ay," answered the traveller, sullenly. "One of your cursed highwaymen—some twenty miles back. He got more, though, than he gave, egad."

"Ah, sir, these highway robbers are the scourge of the countryside," declared Mine Host. "No honest man is safe."

"'Tis a hot-bed of them, here," said the traveller. "I wonder the gentry of the country make no move in the matter. I shall certainly mention it to Dornmouth."

"My lord Dornmouth is a greater foe to highwaymen than any other of the gentry," the landlord protested. "'Tis for want of assistance he delays action."

"He shall not want assistance if I remain in this part of the country long," promised the traveller grimly. He moved his left arm experimentally as the good dame completed her task.

"What can I offer you, sir," asked the landlord, fussily. "Canary, sir, or perhaps warm punch."

The good dame took the traveller's order and hastened away.

The beau sat silent for a moment, then asked mine host casually: "How far from here to Dorn Cross?"

"Four miles, sir," answered Mine Host. "Four miles downhill—where the south-west and south-east roads meet."

The traveller did not pursue the conversation. Mine host was curious.

"Perhaps you be my lord Dornmouth's guest?" he suggested, politely.

"That is so," admitted the traveller indifferently.

"Then you know that his lordship is on his way down from London," went on the landlord garrulously. "Perchance you may meet him at the cross-roads. You cannot mistake his lordship's carriage, sir—brown and gold. They're expecting him at the Hall nigh about sunset. That will give you time, sir, for a good rest here. Perhaps you could eat some hot mutton-pastry sir, or a little rabbit-pie?"

* * * *

My lord Dornmouth was in excellent good spirits for he was expecting one of the greatest noblemen in the land as his guest at Dorn Hall.

The brown and gold carriage bowled steadily along from the south-east, while from the south-west swiftly rode the traveller-beau eager to meet my lord at the cross-roads. He heard the coach in the distance, and fearing it would pass before he reached the cross, he quickened his horse to a gallop.

My lord Dornmouth's pleasant thoughts were interrupted as his carriage reached the spot where the three roads joined, and a rider, dressed in the elaborate fashion of a beau, dashed down before his horses, causing the coachman to draw them up with a jerk that all but overthrew the carriage, as the rider, masked and pistol in hand, cried out imperiously:

"Stand and deliver!"

N. W. ORME (Leighton).

The Solution.

The thief was Burns, the butler. He betrayed himself by stating that he had looked to see if the window was locked whilst he was in the room. He *had* looked whilst Clara's back was turned, and had then unscrewed the fastener, and placed it in such a position that it had the semblance of being in its place. He then waited until Peterson was asleep, went through his room wearing a pair of Durmot's boots, and so into the study by way of the balcony. He locked the window after him knowing that this would puzzle the police, and having opened the safe, wearing gloves for the occasion, he then left the room, closing the door behind him, and thus locking it. Clara's finger-print came to be on the safe door by accident, having been placed there as she was dusting.

? FAIRFAX.

The Road.



THE road lay along a quiet valley, bordered by green trees. Over the crest of a hill came a man. His clothes were a miscellaneous collection of cast-offs. The coat was certainly not intended to be worn by a man of his size. Despite his dress, he looked capable and intelligent. A broad forehead surmounted by an unruly head of hair, steady grey eyes and a firm chin gave the impression of a soldier. He strode along the road oblivious to the surroundings, apparently not bound for anywhere, just content to be going.

The clouds slowly began to crowd out the blue sky and the air turned colder. A bird that had been singing in a coppice stopped. A gentle breeze murmured through the tree tops for a minute and ceased. The man strode on indifferent. Again the wind sighed further down the valley and as it drew nearer, a single drop of rain splashed on one of his hands. Before long a vicious summer shower was beating on the road and the man. As though he was impervious to the angry kiss of the wind-slanted rain he continued without altering his pace. Following the bend of the road he found the rain beating full in his face and for the first time deigned to contemplate this petty anger of nature. Before his gaze fell, he noticed a bundle in the hedge-way crouching to avoid the rain. The sound of his footsteps made the figure look up. He saw a girl, not more than twenty, not beautiful, but with regular features and soft brown eyes. For a moment he hesitated, half-turned to go on and then strolled resolutely across. From an old knapsack he produced a raincoat, not fit for Bond Street, but capable of withstanding the Summer rain.

"Excuse me, but perhaps this may be of use." The girl noticed his voice had that peculiar timbre that bespeaks a Public School man. Not that she phrased it thus. "A bloomin' toff" was her mental comment. Nevertheless she accepted the offer and the two crouched side by side.

It was growing dusk when the rain stopped and they knew they were both in the same state. No work—no prospect—but attracted by the glory of the road and the moors. Not far away was a hay-rick, the only sign of human habitation. Together they walked to it and before the stars were all shining, they were asleep.

An hour before sunrise the man awoke and lay in the warm hay watching the stars. Try as he would his thoughts centred round two brown eyes, flooded with a tender light. The world had worse things to offer as well he knew.

He leaned across and the rustle of the hay woke his companion. She looked at him for a second or two, and then as though gathering her thoughts and recognising him, she smiled. For the first time in his life he realised the depths of tenderness that are to be seen in a woman's eyes. For half an hour they lay side by side, just holding hands. Then as the sun woke the birds, John Claverston, B.A., late of Baliol College, and Myra, a wandering gypsy, set off along the road towards the Gateway of the Dawn. R. D.

History of Education.

Chapter XIII. The Twentieth Century.



THOUGH only 400 years distant, the twentieth century has shaped itself to our eyes as a hundred years' feeble fumbblings by people who believed themselves to be scientists. Especially was this true of the 'Training College' System. The Colleges were governed by a bureaucracy of caretakers, matrons, administrative assistants, tutors and principals. The powers of each of these sub-sections relative to each other were determined by whoever happened to be playing there at the time.

'Training College' students in 2350 A.D. who have boiled eggs for breakfast every morning, can have no idea of the horrible conditions in which their predecessors existed. They were starved. The dietary of the individual was conditioned solely by the exigencies of Arithmetic in the matron's account book. Any student found selling food to other students, no matter how hungry, was subject to severe punishment.

Curiously enough, before the morning meal the students were reviewed by the tutor, and counted. Reason would seem to suggest that no student would be absent from College immediately before a meal. The Authorities realised the danger of under-feeding young men. The grounds were enclosed by ugly railings, and huge gates were placed at the entrances. All students were forbidden, in a bye-law, to stand for more than sixty seconds on any of the entrance paths. Thus by a skilful piece of legislation all danger of subversive meetings was banished.

Life must have been dull even for the tutors. Their favourite recreation was in making bye-laws and reading these out sonorously at morning review. They took a fiendish delight in showing how different they were from the students. They reserved to themselves the privilege of walking on the grass, and playing games in the cool evening in full view of the students who were condemned to write appreciative essays on books that nobody has ever read.

A. L. D. (Cavendish).

The Ascent.



THE term "a climber" does not suggest to the mind a very pleasing idea: it suggests the social climber, whose ambition it is to "climb"—to thrust himself into a rank higher than his own and in which he is not wanted. But in Switzerland this term is one of distinction and honour, it suggests a picture of health and vigour, keenness of body and mind, all those

qualities which make up the mountaineer. French, with its usual happy variety of expression, supplies a phrase much used by some guides in French-speaking Switzerland; they would translate "to climb" by "faire une ascension"—to make an ascent.

Now that travel is becoming easier every year, visits to Switzerland will soon be within the reach of everyone, and the great joy of Switzerland is "to make an ascent." Such a pursuit is essentially for the young and active, who can, in the first place, reach and enjoy the really high resorts, only inhabited in the summer months. Then, several days occupied merely in long walks over the grass are necessary for the body to get into training and the whole system acclimatised to the elevation and mountain air. No ascent can be made without preliminary effort. The next thing is to secure the services of one of the Alpine guides, for only the most experienced mountaineers would attempt a climb without a guide, and even then, the risk is considerable. A guide possesses exact local knowledge, as well as skill acquired through many seasons, such as only the most exceptional foreigner could attain. A guide, therefore, is essential. A Swiss guide may pass the winter months in some humble occupation, such as carpentering, but in the summer and on the mountain, he is the leader.

He must be a man of great strength, fine physique and possessing qualities of mind and character. He has worked for years as a young man under the direction of older guides, as well as spending weeks at a Guides' "school." He will wear with pride his Guide's badge, the mark of his profession. He is responsible for the safety of his party, he goes first and is in command. There is a true democracy on the mountain, for the best and most competent leads the way.

To make an ascent is no occupation for lie-a-beds. To start at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning is quite usual, and 5 is considered late. The party, accompanied by the guide or guides, for, if the expedition be difficult, it may be expedient to have more than one, will set off by the light of a lantern carried by the principal guide. Slowly the party wends upward on the grassy Alps, and

gradually the dawn appears, sometimes most beautifully, as the rising sun touches peak after peak with its pink glow. After the grass has been left behind, a tiring part of the journey follows as a rule—tramping over the moraine or stones brought down and deposited by the glacier, for a glacier or sometimes a snowfield has to be crossed before the actual rocks are reached. When the party arrives at the glacier, the moment for "roping" has come. All the party are roped together, with perhaps six yards of rope between each. The guide goes first and selects the route over the glacier, avoiding the crevasses or large cracks. Should one of the party slip, he will be saved by the rope, and the rest of the party can, with their combined weight, pull him up. If they are walking as they should, about six yards apart, only one member will fall into the crevasse.

After the glacier or snowfield has been traversed, the party arrives at the foot of the actual rocks. The guide continues to lead, choosing the route which his past experience tells him to be the best. Where he leads, the amateur may find it difficult to follow, but here the mental as well as the physical qualities of the mountaineer are revealed. Perseverance and strength of will are as necessary as agility of limb. Actual fatigue is not so much felt as might be anticipated, owing to the peculiar quality of the mountain air. When the summit is reached, guides and travellers shake hands, in token of mutual achievement.

The next business is to have some of the food, which the guides have carried in their knapsacks. The invariable lunch consists of hard-boiled eggs, bread and butter and rather stale cheese; the drink is cold tea. Luxurious living never seems an accompaniment of heights, material or spiritual. The real joy is the magnificent view, which, if the weather be fine, is sure to be seen:—peak after peak, snow covered and glistening in the sun against a brilliant blue sky. Much depends on the weather; sometimes, after a toilsome climb, the summit is reached to find that mist and cloud obscure the view. Then the climb has to be its own reward. Mist and cloud, however, add both to the discomfort and the danger of an ascent. In such circumstances, the guide on his native mountains and with his sense of direction, is invaluable. But often the weather changes rapidly to the advantage of the mountaineers. After a stormy night in the Concordia Hut, for example, he may awake to a morning of brilliant sunshine and unclouded sky. Then with the fresh layer of snow on the ground, he can revel in the amazing panorama of the Great Aletsch Glacier.

When the party descends from the mountain, the chief guide comes last, so as to be able to pull up any of his party who may happen to slip. The most competent amateur or second guide, if there is one, leads down. Frequently the return is made by another route. Generally the hotel is reached once more about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, and then, with a feeling of

pleasant fatigue, the mountaineer can sit on the hotel terrace and gaze at the peak that has just been conquered.

The great mountaineering exploit of our era has been the attempt on Mount Everest. Anyone who is in however humble a degree, a mountaineer, can appreciate the theory put forward as to the deaths of Mallory and Irvine. They completed the ascent, even though it was to perish at the summit. Man's spirit ascends to the conquest of his material environment.

E. P.

The Discussion Class.

IT is a source of great disappointment to me that debates of the Discussion Class of the Combined History Divisions are not carefully collected and printed. What a mine of knowledge and deep thought for the future great writers of the country to draw upon! What evidence of the existence of great leaders and ardent revolutionaries in our midst! How the world would look forward to the full fruition of the budding Borgias and embryo Lenins in our midst.

We begin the deathly combat of words by allowing some unfortunate nonentity (for the time) to give us his ideas, or rather the ideas he has borrowed from the Library, on some phase of the history of the last hundred years. He reads his paper through falteringly to the accompaniment of derisive laughter, hums and haws, and exasperating yawns, and then pauses, awaiting the storm about to break upon him.

Meanwhile, we, on Olympus, gaze on with condescending eyes, visibly wondering how this poor creature dare give us, the elect, his views on something he obviously knows nothing about, but with which we are thoroughly acquainted; we make notes on where his defences might be shattered, where his views may be unpitifully torn to pieces and thrown to the dogs. Having accumulated sufficient ammunition for our purpose, we loll in our chairs, obviously waiting the time when this boring recital of stale facts will come to an end.

Then the storm breaks, not with a shattering broadside of criticisms. No! We play our victim in a way calculated to draw out his agony to its fullest extent. We patronisingly ask questions through which he may confirm his statements and seal his doom. Then the sniping begins. One expert lobs in a shot which demolishes some well thought out idea. Then another repeats the attack. The victim is tossed from the frying pan into the fire and back again. He is cut up into little pieces and then re-constructed to be demoralised again. Then, having finished our little period of innocent pleasure, we turn on to the cowering sacrifice, our greatest treasure, the glory of all great thinkers and elusive philosophers, the great Howitzer himself!

He begins with a statement which is high above the comprehension of such a nonentity as a mere history student. He wallows in abstract ideas and vague conclusions. These he utters in voice so carefully modulated that the hearer catches the least important word in each sentence, and no more. He vaporizes and declaims, he waxes sarcastic and becomes dogmatic, he groans and becomes indignant.

During this period of terror, the unfortunate on the dais is in a state of coma, vainly try to grasp the meaning of the first elusive sentence. He is still trying to do this when the Howitzer finishes his peroration with a few condescending remarks which he manages to make intelligible on the poor intellect of the wretch in front of him.

Woe betide this cringing individual if he should dare to try to answer back! Immediately the great ordnance reloads and replies with a salvo which is calculated to reduce him to tears. Then, if he is not stopped, our Howitzer indulges in a soliloquy during which the Gods who know him go to sleep. The tutor looks on with an air of puzzled wonderment which plainly proclaims that he does not know what the dickens he is talking about. Then at the climax, the bell rings and with a gasp of relief we arise whilst the terrorised lecturer leans back in his seat, thankful but exhausted.

Do not ask who the Howitzer is. He is too valuable to be lost and Trotsky and Bela Kun are yearning to meet someone like him. Let it suffice to say that all L.N.U. reps. are great men.

R.W.

Poetry Section.

Cherry.

And now the night is calm.
The dim jade of the soothed sky
Streaks into ebon phantasy
The gleaming limbs of naked drifting trees,
That sigh and shudder for the soft warm dusk.
The green mazed birch a cloudy frailty,
Droops in her slender grace;
And all the fragrant warmth of the night,
The faint caress of undefined scent
As though the souls of unborn flowers
Where there awak'ning one by one,
Is spilt around a spangled dome of white,
Where starry arms curve upwards in their dreams
And spread enchantment on the air.
The Cherry tree becomes a song
Of quaint lands bathed in glamour soft
Sun and mirrored garden, languor almond-eyed,
'Mid sheen of palace tower and shapely temple.
The moon a still and silver curve of pure transparency
Dangles one small unwinking star.

R. J. (Brontë).

Ambitions.

1. Little Billy Jones,
At the age of six,
No longer did desire
To play about with bricks.
2. His great ambition was
To drive a Pullman train;
And often you would see him
"Playing puffers," down the lane.
3. Little Billy Jones,
At the age of nine,
To drive a Pullman train
Was nothing in his line.
4. He used to play at pirates,
And he never ceased
To be "Old Black-eyed Bill,
The Terror of the East."
5. Little Billy Jones,
After three more years,
Thought more of his appearance
And sometimes washed his ears.
6. He loved to go to school,
He learned his lessons well;
But better far than that,
At games he did excel.
7. Little Billy Jones,
Six years later still,
Came to L. T. C.—
Ambitions then were nil.
8. Mr. William Jones,
Teacher, by profession, [are;
When asked what his ambitions
This is his confession :—
9. To get the Old Age Pension,
A little cottage buy
Away out in the country,
And there live till I die.

M. E. RICHARDSON (Cædmon).

Ye Nunne's Tale.

(With due apologies to Don Chaucer).

There was from Yorke a good ladde and a wittie,
That left hys village for ye mighty cittie
Of Leedes upon ye flowing River Aire.
'Twas to ye College he proceeded there
Bifor he hadde attained years of discrecion,
On learning bent, for such was his intencion.
A ladde with a dire blotte upon hys name,
And hearken how he came to beare ye same.
Of ye darke house of Dudde was he ye sonne,
A noble house till these darke deeds were donne,
By hys ancestor of ye reign of Anne,
One Rupe ye Redd, a swaggering, braggart manne,
Who, by dishonour, brought upon hys name
And kin ye dread barre sinister of shame.
Ye barre remained through generacions longe
Until there came ye hero of thys songe.
In silence deep ye solemn vow he swore
By doughty deeds hys honour to restore.
Ye College hadde three Hostels, X, Y, Z.
In rivalrie between them blud was shed
In gory joustes upon ye rugger field,
For neither one nor tother side would yield
Till much berlud was spilt upon ye grounde.
But in ye Hostelrie of X was founde
Ye shielde whych they hadde wrested many a tyme
At sporting joustes by laddes full in their pryme
Of youthe, from both ye Hostels Z and Y.

Our hero to ye Hostel Z did hie.
There he was held in very great esteem.
The many tutors on hys worke did beam.
And many more did love thys quiet boy.
In Hostelrie he was the Prefects' joy.
He did not smoke or swear or waffle at night
He was a very perfect gentle knight.
To hys lone cotte woulde he retire at ten,
And on ye first peal of ye belle at seven,
Leap out of bedde with boyish eagerness
To greete ye dawne in all its tenderness.

In winter played he in ye Ludo team,
At Tiddleywinks ye champion he didde seem,
But run he could as didde ye Brontë hare,
He skimmed like an arrow through ye aire.
And jump he could as nimble as ye flea
And hurl ye discus with dexterity.
Hys lymbes didde he annoint with embrocacion
As fitting to an athlete of hys stacion.
Ye sportes day dawned full warme and bright and faire,
Ye merrie maidens and ye menne were there,
And there hys honour did he winne againe
For all attempts to beat him were in vaine.
Ye menne of X didde cry out in despair;
Ye shouts of Z didde ring upon ye aire.
For he was hero of that joyous day.
In triumph carried he ye shielde away,
Restored ye honour of ye Hostel Z,
And of hys house, and raised up his head.

Bifor ye ende of hys gladde college days,
Ye charmyng under-matron's winning ways
Proved hys undoing for he fell in luv.
She was so gentle as ye cooing duv.
For five long years he taught bifor he saught her,
And wedde, and lived unhappy ever after.

YE BRONTE NUNNE.

Eve.

With crimson blush shy Day out westwards flies
At the approach of his fair wooer Dusk.
She is enchantment, with the scent of musk
Hung in her tangled hair, held from her eyes
By one bright star. Her deep set eyes of grey
Glow in the olive of her face. Her dress,
All rent and torn, hangs in long folds, careless,
Yet perfect, on her perfect form. Ah, Day,
Wilt thou not stay?

She stands, poised on tip toe,
Jade sandall'd, looking after him. To go
With him is all she craves. The light,
Blue grey and tremulous dies in her eyes.
She turns, and sees her passionate lover Night,
Dark browed, star girdled, hastening up the skies.

FLOO. L. N.

Forest Notes (Night).

Now the night dew's brim all the bluebell cups
And lave the fevrous earth in cloudy ease
And the big bees flock laden to the hive
Where the green lizard sleeps among the fern.
The gilded moths flutter down arch'd aisles
Roof'd with the gloom of leaves, and there the moon
Peers with an argent round and varnishes
The vaprous earth with dappled silver; and
The twinéd grasses in their umbrous warmth
House the night wooing crickets, and the wind
Moving with phantom hubbub through the leaves,
Soothes the upcurléd squirrel into sleep.

Z. (Fairfax).

Parody.

à la Masefield.

All conquering Romans, marching home from Gallia
Strutting through the Forum, 'neath the sunset's glow,
Bringing as their booty the spoils of many countries,
Captive chiefs and hostages, pinioned, row on row.

A band of armoured barons, coming from the Crusades,
With every trumpet shrilling and spearmen line on line,
With a baggage train of negroes, silks and ivory,
Damascene sword blades and flagons of rare wine.

Noisy rabble of students, homeward from School Practice,
Shambling up the drive and muttering many swears,
With a load of illustrations, supervisor's criticisms,
Thoughts of fatheads, classes, and headmasters' bitter glares.

R. W. (Grange).

Sports News.

General Sports Notes.

Men.

The Summer Sports have been almost as interesting as the Winter Sports. The tennis team showed that it would be easily selected. It is almost as strong as the team which created a record last year. The cricket team is rather more representative as the Juniors soon showed they had some promising men. Up-to-date, only one Water Polo match has been played. Cavendish beat Fairfax by 3 goals to nil.

The Sports Day was partly spoiled by the weather, which prevented the women running most of their events. It was pleasing to see many records broken.

The results are as follows:

100 yds. 1. O'Rourke. 2. Lemmon. 3. Pitt.
220 yds. 1. O'Rourke. 2. Lemmon. 3. Pitt.
Cricket Ball. 1. Wilson. 2. Walsham.
440 yds. 1. O'Rourke. 2. Walsham. 3. Dixon.

Hurdles. 1. Wilson. 2. Key. 3. Wood.
Half-mile. 1. Melville. 2. Dalby. 3. Heaton.
Mile. 1. Melville. 2. Scott. 3. Hall.
Putting the shot. 1. Wilson. 2. Beckwith.

High Jump. 1. Wilson. 2. Woodcock. 3. { Amos, Tie.
Rhoadhouse,

Long Jump. 1. Wilson. 2. Greathead. 3. Michel.

Discus. 1. Barker. 2. Wootton.

Tug-of-War. Fairfax 6 pts., Grange 3 pts., Cavendish 0 pts.

Relay. 1. Cavendish. 2. Grange. 3. Fairfax.

Summary.

Cavendish 44 pts.

Grange 22½ pts.

Fairfax 21½ pts.

T. S. Wood, Hon. Sec.

Women.

Athletics this year have proved to be very successful. All heats were run off before Sports Day, and a satisfactory programme drawn up. Sports Day itself was rather disappointing, as we were unable to follow the programme because of the weather. These difficulties were eventually overcome and all but the jumping events were taken.

There was a good exhibition of running, especially by Miss D. Booth, who succeeded in breaking the Inter-'Varsity records by running the 100 yds. in 12 2/5 secs., as against 13 secs., and the 220 yds. in 26½ secs., as against 26 4/5 secs. A graceful long jump was made by Miss E. Carding, the length being 13' 7".

Keen rivalry was shown between the hostels, the struggle for top place lying between Macaulay and Priestley. The former eventually proved the victors.

Summary of results.

100 yds. 1. D. Booth. 2. E. Burden. 3. N. Wilkinson.

220 yds. 1. D. Booth. 2. A. Myers. 3. E. Burden.

Cricket Ball. 1. G. Langley. 2. M. Beeford. 3. G. Booth.

440 yds. 1. A. Myers. 2. N. Wilkinson. 3. V. Gallon.

Obstacle. 1. Berry. 2. V. Fowler. 3. E. Dawson.

Slow Cycle. 1. L. Tubb. 2. M. Richardson. 3. D. Greaves.

High Jump. 1. & 2. E. Carding, M. Rae. 3. E. Burden.

Long Jump. 1. E. Carding. 2. N. Mackrill. 3. E. Burden.

General Activity. 1. Macaulay. 2. Priestley. 3. Brontë.

4. Leighton. 5. Cædmon.

Relay. 1. Priestley. 2. Macaulay. 3. Leighton.

4. Cædmon. 5. Brontë.

Final Result:

1. Macaulay. 27 pts. 2. Priestley. 23 pts.

3. Cædmon. 19 pts. 4. Leighton. 15 pts.

5. Brontë. 6 pts.

E. V. GALLON, Sec.

Cricket, 1929.

Men.

The first team, under the able captaincy of Mr. Whitteron, started the season well. Easy victories were obtained at the expense of St. Chad's, Sheffield University and Leeds Educational Offices. These early victories led us to hope that last year's unbeaten record would be again achieved. York, however, proved too strong for us, and in the away game won by eight wickets. Mr. Fletcher has been most successful with both bat and ball, whilst Mr. Holland has solved our problem of a fast bowler.

Special mention must be made of the home game with Sheffield Training Coll. Batting first, we obtained 84 runs. Sheffield collapsed, and finally concentrated on saving the game. The game was to finish at seven, and in the last over Sheffield's ninth wicket fell. The last man for Sheffield earlier in the match had retired hurt, and although still in difficulty, returned and played out the over. Thus deprived of victory, we still feel bound to record our appreciation of a close and sporting finish.

The second team is much improved on last year. After an early defeat, a long run of victories has given confidence to the side. Several of the juniors playing have made promising starts, and should next season prove valuable assets to the first team.

We are fortunate this year in being able to play on the new pitch. The wicket is a great improvement on last year's, and with a little care should be as good as any on which Coll. play.

We wish to thank Mr. Smith for the ready way he has given help and advice in all matters relating to the organisation of the cricket.

G. CHARLTON, Sec.

Women.

Capt.: Miss CARDING.

Vice-Capt.: Miss REDFERN.

So far the College Cricket has been very successful. The 1st XI have won the two matches they have played, and the 2nd XI have won their only match. We hope that this success will continue throughout the season.

The Hostel Cricket is causing great excitement, and the matches played have been greatly enjoyed.

This year the men have challenged the women to a match, and having accepted we hope for the best.

We wish to thank Miss Dunstan and Mr. Whitham for the help they have so generously given.

N. ROUTH, Sec.

Tennis.

Men.

Captain: Mr. WOOTTON.

Vice-Captain: Mr. BARKER.

We have been favoured with fine weather for all our matches—rather unusual. With one exception, all our matches have been won. The exception was at half-term, when our team was depleted and consequently disorganised. The enthusiasm of our first couple, Mr. Wootton and Mr. Barker, has fostered the team spirit which has been largely responsible for the success we have enjoyed. There are three juniors in the team—an excellent foundation for next year. The results to date are as follows:-

Home.	Away.
Sheffield T. C. won 6-3.	Sheffield T. C. won 9-0.
Leeds University lost 4-5.	Leeds University won 8-1.
	Doncaster won 6-3.
	York T. C. won 7-2.

H. CHARLESWORTH, Hon. Sec.

Women.

Capt.: M. WHITE.

We have had a very successful tennis season this year. The weather conditions have been exceptionally favourable, allowing us to play off all our fixtures.

The first team is a strong one. All the matches have been won, excepting one against Bingley, when we lost by one game. We have had two matches against Ripon T. C. and the University, winning easily each time, and one against Sheffield T.C. We had a most enjoyable match against the Staff, and are looking forward to the return.

The second team is also quite a strong one. One match has been played against the College of Housecraft and was won. Unfortunately, it is difficult to arrange fixtures, as other Colleges do not seem to be able to run a second team.

Hostel matches have been commenced and we can only hope that the weather will continue to favour us in order to finish up a very enjoyable season.

We have been unfortunate in losing our Captain, Miss White, for the remainder of the season, owing to an accident to her leg.

We should like to thank our Vice-President, Miss Wood, and Miss Dunstan, for their assistance during the season.

E. V. GALLON, Sec.

Swimming.

Men.

At the beginning of this term the College Polo team journeyed to Wakefield, and had one of the most enjoyable games of the season. It was marked by the fine display of the College team against the experienced Wakefield men. Wakefield won by three goals to one.

Another event was the victory of the Juniors over the Seniors in both relay race and polo, in the return match. The Senior-Junior matches have proved very popular, and we hope they will become a permanent feature of the Swimming activities.

More awards have been gained this term, and at last we can boast of a diploma—with honours.

As yet, only two hostel matches have been played, Cavendish ousting both Fairfax and Grange.

The Swimming has been as popular a feature of the sporting side of the College activities as ever. To the Juniors and Mr. Boyd the Seniors extend their heartiest wishes for an even more successful time next year.

H. B. KING, *Hon. Sec.*

Women.

Capt.: MURIEL PASK. *Vice-Capt.*: WYN FIELDING.

This year has been a record year for swimming. Great all-round enthusiasm has been shewn by all concerned, and a pleasing, keen spirit has prevailed.

The College team has played two matches against the University, winning both squadron races and one polo match. Hostel polo has been played in conjunction with the usual squadron races, and has proved a worthy inauguration. We hope that next year points will be awarded for polo as for the squadron races. The points gained are :- Cædmon 100, Priestley 75, Macaulay 50, Leighton 25, Brontë 0.

The Championship was keenly contested, and we tender our heartiest congratulations to this year's Champion, Miss Pask, and to the runner-up, Miss Fielding.

Swimming Colours have been awarded to Misses Todd, Hall, Moore, Oldham, Mapletoft, Gray (junior), Gallon and Stead.

A record number of awards has been obtained, including six Diplomas, eight Advanced A.S.A. Certificates (5 with honours). The majority of seniors have obtained their Elementary A.S.A. Certificates, and many Silver and Bronze Medallions have been won by both Seniors and Juniors.

The Darnell Trophy is again in our possession, and we hope it will remain with us, along with the new Mrs. William Henry Trophy, which we are endeavouring to win.

On behalf of the Swimming Club, we wish to offer our heartiest thanks to Dr. Airey, Miss Hartley, Miss Dunstan and Mr. Boyd, for their unfailing help and strong support during the past year. We also wish to thank Miss Paine for her kindly interest in the club, and for help given, and the Matron who so kindly gave us a helping hand at a difficult time.

Recognition is due to the retiring Committee for their services throughout the year, and on their behalf I wish the new officials, when chosen, every success in their future endeavours. May the College spirit continue. Good Luck, Juniors!

AIDA MAPLETOFT, *Hon. Sec.*

Education Society.

THIS term the Society has seen a happy ending to a most successful year.

Our programme of visits has been limited to three. On Thursday, May 30th, we successfully organised a visit to Rowntree's Chocolate Works at York. A huge party of two hundred and thirty students and tutors was conveyed to York by eight large motor coaches. The interesting processes of the chocolate manufacture and packing, the courtesy of the Rowntree's Staff, contributed to a most enjoyable visit. After leaving Rowntree's, many of us went to look round the Minster. A successful return journey was made, and it was a happy party of students that arrived back at College at half-past seven. Great credit is due to the motor coach company for the splendid way in which they conveyed such a large number. We only hope that the success of this visit will open the way to similar ones in future years.

Our other visits have been confined to the vicinity of Leeds. Both took place on June 5th. A party of thirty students visited Messrs. Lupton's spinning and weaving factory at Pudsey. After a most interesting tour of the works, they were entertained to tea.

The second visit was paid to the Temple Pit, near Templenewsam. This was arranged through the kindness of the Waterloo Colliery Company. Our party had a very interesting, yet exciting time; the journey to the coal-face being full of incident owing to the low roof. Unfortunately, we were unable to see the miners at work.

The Secretaries next year will be Miss Hardaker (Macaulay), and Mr. Handley (Grange). We wish them every success.

S. NAYLOR,
C. SMITH.

The Christian Union.

The activities of the present year were concluded with an enjoyable Sunday Afternoon Concert, held in the Main Building. Senior and Junior Students provided an excellent programme, which was much appreciated by a large audience.

The Committee for next year has been elected, and comprises :-

President: Mr. BANCROFT (Grange).
Vice-President: Miss STOTT (Priestley).
Secretaries: { Miss HICKLING (Macaulay).
 { Mr. THORPE (Fairfax).
Treasurers: { Miss BOARDMAN (Leighton).
 { Mr. CUMMINGS (Cavendish).
Librarians: { Miss OLDFIELD (Cædmon).
 { Mr. SHIELDS (Cavendish).
 Miss EDMONDS (Brontë).

The delegates elected to represent the College at the Annual Conference of the Student Christian Movement, to be held at Swanwick in July next, are :-

Miss EDMONDS (Brontë). Miss STOTT (Priestley)
Mr. BANCROFT (Grange). Mr. THORPE (Fairfax).

The members of the retiring Senior Committee wish their successors a happy year, and hope that the Christian Union will prosper under their direction.

HORACE E. RUMBLE, *Secretary.*

Old Students' Section.

Marriage.

On April 16th, 1929, of Miss Nellie Derbyshire (Macaulay 1923-25) to Mr. Harold Derbyshire of North End, Durham.

Acknowledgments.

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