

1936



B.A.

THE OWL

The Owl.



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

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"THE OWL."

The Official Magazine of the City of Leeds Training College.

WINTER TERM, 1936.

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To Our Readers.

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

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

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

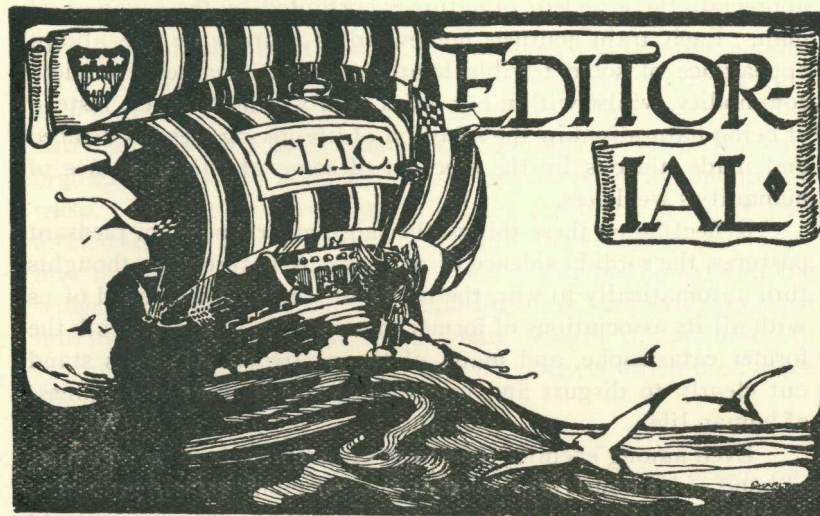
CORRESPONDENCE is invited on subjects of general interest. We shall be glad to exchange Magazines. The Committee invites suggestions for the improvement of the Magazine.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS. For the Session 2/6.

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THIS is supposed to be the season of goodwill and fellowship; accordingly we offer Christmas Greetings to all our readers, may their Christmas not only be a merry one, may it be a happy one, too.

While this softened mood is upon us, let us take the opportunity of saying "Heil!" to the Junior men, and "Welcome!" to the Junior women. We wish them luck in School Practice, and—not forgetting the "old guard"—wish the Seniors luck in their exams. Good spotting, Seniors!

We do not criticise the magazine; that is your privilege, not ours. Besides, if we did give a lecturette on punctuation, elementary grammar and the necessity for spit and polish, we might not get any contributions at all next term. All we say, therefore, is "Thank you" and "hope you'll call again sometime." Oh! we nearly forgot—we are most grateful to Mr. John Buckle for his supplement on nature books. It should prove of great value in outlining a syllabus of nature literature for any class.

This is Mr. Presswood's last term at College. We are sorry to lose him, but it is not our place to "sing his obsequies," that has been done for us by a man far more capable of it than we are. Still we wish him success and happiness in his new sphere of activity.

A Merry Christmas to you all.

"And Only Man is Vile."

GRIMY towns and filthy smoke-stacks deface our country, we cannot escape from the evil eye-sores of modern civilisation. Every pleasant nook where one might appreciate the grandeur of nature is corrupted by the savagery of man. Each train journey homeward is marred by the abrupt appearance of some terrible hoarding advertising some modern commodity, whilst within our cities each available space, instead of being naturalised by the addition of life-giving trees, is defaced and made hideous by the erection of some ghastly evidence of humanity's weakness.

Reflecting on these things, the slag-heap rising from pleasant pastures, the sordid evidence of man versus nature, our thoughts turn automatically to war, the threat of which looms ahead of us with all its associations of former misery. Vividly we recall the former catastrophe, and many of the particular incidents stand out clearly to disgust and grieve us, symbolical of the blindness of human life.

Even among enemies there was supposed to be a code—a sort of bond of 'honour,' yet how sadly was it violated! In Salonika, in 1916, the British heroes thought that enemy bombing would regard their Red Cross hospital with respect, so they carefully put their ammunition 'dump' within its sacred confines. The 'hun' that many admired, came over, in his characteristic black plane, (it was much smaller than the usual type). We treated him almost as a friend, looked upon him as something of a pal, but he knew where our 'dump' was.

A streamer-tailed package descended rapidly to earth, our Sergeant opened it, and there, in excellent English, was written:—"Shift your hospital or your 'dump.'" What a cowardly refuge we had taken! But no alteration was made, and on Tuesday, one day later, he came again, and with his fluttering streamers the warning was repeated, again to be ignored.

The disaster came on Wednesday, for, flying low, he delivered his final message, "You haven't shifted your hospital or your 'dump,' I will shift them for you." So he did. Three bombs were dropped when he had climbed until he seemed a mere speck, but the highly-explosive target did the rest. Death and misery prevailed on the site of that hospital. Doctors, patients and nurses, helpless to help themselves, lay scattered and mangled amid smouldering refuse, within that crude circle of eighty yards diameter. Able men fell flat, and made use of every inch of cover, but of the souls indoors two only recovered.

At this time, we had the well-known 'sausage' observation balloon up daily, about two miles distant from our camp. Everyone realised that it was certain death to volunteer for observation

from that 'sausage,' yet volunteers came. We parted with them bright and cheery, in the morning. We saw the black marauder come; he always played beautifully in his terrible awe-inspiring way. He swooped and dived and rolled at his objective, emptying his machine gun into the 'sausage' and its occupant, till it fluttered earthwards in flaming ribbons. One balloon, and one life, we lost each time he came, but as we were transport-drivers carrying arms and provisions, we fired no shot in return. Revenge came on Saturday when the C.O. ordered the 'sausage' to be laden with high explosives and no observer. A real reception for the playful wasp. The distant drone grew louder, the black machine performed its usual skilful aerobatics—until the machine gun came into operation. An awful flash—then a terrible crash, and the wings of the black machine were floating loose, the fusilage crashed into the rocky hillside, our 'friend' had 'bought it,' but many of us could not join in the scavenging of his pockets which took place afterwards: he was a fellow-man!

Our next move was to Monastir, in Serbia. Here came the saddest event of all. Madam Arley, General French's sister, had sole charge of the hospital. Lorry-drivers were awaiting a troop-train's arrival, and stood by accordingly. Starving Serbian children crowded round the hospital in search of food unfit for pigs. Madam Arley collected our despised 'bully' scraps, any other foodstuffs, and also made cocoa. Food material was carefully collected and distributed, so that once a day, at least, these youngsters were assembled and had an organised meal in the hospital. Then our troop-train came in, was drawn directly into the hospital, but it had not escaped enemy observation. At dinner-time bombs fell thickly, soldiers were killed, patients blown to atoms, and ravenous children slaughtered or hopelessly maimed, Madam Arley herself among the victims.

A monument was afterwards erected and suitably inscribed, the wording being as follows:—

"To the memory of a great and noble lady,
killed in the Monastir air-raid, 1917."

"On her tomb instead of flowers
The memory of the Serb will live for ever."

Several other incidents stand out tragically as I reflect, but I must conclude. I have two souvenirs of those unhappy far-off days, one a true acacia tree from Salonika, whence in 1916 it came as a seed, the other, three inches of the oil-pump from a German aeroplane. As I look at them, I ask myself, "Is man once more about to turn from the acacia tree to the oil-pump, from peaceful nature and moral suasion to malignant mechanism and a futile slaughter?"

Fairfax, 1936.

Jazz.

JAZZ is undoubtedly one of the most prominent of present day entertainments. It has risen to this prominence through the medium of broadcasting, and like all other popular favourites it is subject to many attacks.

Its attackers cannot understand the people who actually find pleasure in listening to the blast of trumpets, the purr of the saxophones and the wail of the clarionets which issue from jazz bands. They must dub these people as low minded, uncultured and altogether despicable characters. They never listen to jazz as a matter of principle!

Naturally there are the bigots in the opposite camp who cannot understand how pleasure can be derived from listening to symphony concerts, which seem to them to be torrents of noise similar to those which are alleged to issue from jazz bands.

Apart from these bigots many listen to jazz without being enthusiastic over it. They derive pleasure from it and make no attempt to study it. It is reasonable, then, to say something in defence of this much criticised form of music.

The aim of jazz is to entertain dancers. It provides music which is intended specifically to be danced to, while trying at the same time to provide a simple melody which the dancers can easily learn and hum, if they wish. It thus attempts to prevent dancing becoming monotonous. With the rapid progress of broadcasting, however, another viewpoint arose. This was that when broadcasting, more stress must be laid on the entertainment side of the numbers rather than the purely rhythmic side. This has resulted in a division of jazz into the entertainment type and the dancing type, or sweet music and swing music.

Many people who are willing to tolerate the sweet music, in which the melody is made the most prominent feature, cannot tolerate the other type of music, which has become known as swing or rhythmic music. Rhythmic music is a highly specialised form of jazz in which the melody is merely used as a background for elaboration by individual members of the band. The emphasis is placed on the rhythm which is often very intricate, the melody being disguised by two or three elaborations on it playing at the same time.

The question arises as to whether the skill displayed in the execution of this swing music brings forth a satisfactory result. The answer depends solely on the individual. Those people possessing but 'low' minds are agreed that it does. They applaud the execution and the skill displayed rather than the result.

It is often alleged that but little skill is required to execute this rhythmic music. This is not true, for the trumpet playing of some individuals is truly amazing. Nevertheless, swing music is

merely the means used to display the skill of the individual. It is art for art's sake, and as such cannot deserve the appreciation given it by its fans. The playing of high notes does not become necessary unless the music played is to benefit thereby. In swing music they are too often played to show that the individual is capable of playing them!

A frequent form of swing music is called descriptive music. These rarely describe what they set out to do, so that swing music seems to be largely misplaced skill.

Let us for a moment look at it from the point of view of the players. They spend most of their time playing the type of music to be danced to, when the melody is prominent. There is little scope for their skill in these pieces, so that they can be forgiven for desiring to be extended. Since by playing swing music they provide, in addition, entertainment for a large minority, why should they not play it?

It may be said that jazz cannot be worth playing, since in one case it is not capable of displaying the players' skill, and in the other case it merely serves a selfish aim. But does not the fact that it provides entertainment for the world's most popular pastime, dancing, justify its existence?

Are the people who listen to jazz, as opposed to those who dance to it, people with low, shallow minds? Jazz is often called 'low' music and symphonies 'high' music. But this differentiation does not necessarily apply to the minds of the various exponents or to the people who appreciate them. It is rather due to the aims of the two types of music. It is true that the aim of symphony is much higher than that of jazz. A listener to symphony concerts must concentrate on the music being played if he is to appreciate it. Jazz lays no claim to depth of thought in its composition. It is purely for entertainment, and while it is true that entertainment can be found in concentration, jazz is intended specifically to entertain people who have been concentrating throughout the day, and do not wish to find their entertainment in an occupation requiring more concentration. It is thus invariably listened to while the listener is doing something else, such as reading or talking. Here lies the distinction between jazz and serious music, and it is obviously unfair to judge them by direct comparison. Their aims are totally different, and they should be judged on their capacity to fulfil those aims.

Finally, one of the chief objections raised to jazz is the weak and often crude sentimentality of the words set to the music. The public like words of this kind. They criticise them and condemn them, but they like them. The melodies written sell much more rapidly when set to such words, and they are at least easy to remember.

W.P.W. (Cavvy).

**A Suggestion for Bringing Our Otherwise Modern
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SPECTACLE	PASSION, CUNNING, STRENGTH
of	pitted against
TWENTY TWO	STRENGTH, CUNNING, PASSION.
PERFECT	The whole drenched with
MAGNIFICENT	BLOOD AND TEARS
SONS OF APOLLO.	GALORE.
You will tremble, you will cheer	You will rave for hours after,
Paralysed with wonder	You will scream
or with	for more AND
F E A R.	M O R E !

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Tense, Gripping Drama	also
and a bevy of	Full supporting programme of
DAZZLING	DANCING, DANCING, AND
G I R L S !	DANCING !

I humbly suggest to the Hostel Committees that they adopt my idea and move with the times. I would also like to point out that in the event of its acceptance, I have lists of ready made superlatives and double-barrelled adjectives which I would be prepared to supply to the first applicants. C. SPRAY.

THE MAN WITHOUT FAITH.

A man without faith
Grows old before his years;
His world a wraith
For whom the end nears
Like a winter mist
When the Sun is cold
In the cold West.

His children about him
Are strangers, unknown;
The love that begot them
Cooled and gone.
If he get riches,
They turn to rust,
And he can do nothing
With a handful of dust.
Life's miracle fails him,
Life's rapture, life's breath.
He has done with living,
He has done with death.

RICHARD CHURCH.

Hallaton Bottle-Kicking or An Old Leicestershire Custom.

ANYONE well acquainted with the geography of Leicestershire will know that part of the boundary between Northamptonshire and Leicestershire is the River Welland. A little farther East the boundary takes the form of a brook which drains into the Welland. At one part of the boundary the brook almost encircles a hill leaving a raised plain about a mile and a half wide.

On either side of the brook and about a mile away from it, are two villages of very much the same size and being ancient agricultural villages both with the same interests. Medbourne in Northamptonshire boasts an ancient ford and flagstone bridge while its rival Hallaton claims one's interest on account of its old church, houses, and conical memorial on the village green.

In the eighteenth century these two villages had one Rector between them and in 1770 following an enclosure of some common land the Rector was given a piece of land on condition that he gave two gallons of beer, a dozen penny loaves, and two hares to the villages each year. As neither Hallaton nor Medbourne would agree to mutually sharing the "rent" they decided on a contest between themselves, the winning village to take the "rent" as a prize.

So "Hallaton Bottle-Kicking" originated. It is presumably called "Hallaton" in preference to "Medbourne" because for some reason Hallaton always win. Each year on Easter Monday picked men from the two villages turn out in the oldest clothes they have ready to do or die for their village.

During the morning there is much merry-making in Hallaton with all the public houses doing a roaring trade. This is especially true of the "Fox Inn" which lies at the far end of the village away from the hill. At two o'clock a very gay crowd gathers around the Inn to watch the start of the procession headed by the local band. Closely following the band march four men, three holding small kegs on high, two of which are full of good ale the other being empty, while the fourth man carries the hare pie into which the loaves and hares have been made. The team follows behind well backed up by numerous supporters and visitors. After parading through the village the two teams line up on top of the hill with their backs towards their respective villages.

While press-men are taking photographs the hare pie is distributed amongst the crowd, anyone offering a suitable target getting a portion in the neck and returning the same with emphasis. After this excitement has died down a little, someone calls for order. The starter then takes one of the full kegs of ale and proceeds to start. No rules are given as each man knows that he must get the keg across his own brook by hook or by crook. To commence the keg is thrown into the air with the remark of

"bottle one," it falls to the ground and is thrown again for "bottle two," but on the third throw the keg is immediately engulfed in a sea of kicking legs.

When this jumble sorts itself out a little owing probably to the bleeding noses and partial suffocation of those underneath, one man is seen hugging the keg for dear life and while one side push one way the other push against them, pull them off and try to make away with the keg.

The number of people that can take part is unlimited, there being about ten men fighting for the keg and as many as five-hundred people pushing one way or the other. When a hedge is reached the keg is thrown over although more usually a crowd of people are pushed through the hedge, the keg in the midst of them. While there is no animosity in this duel, private differences, often of a year's standing, are quietly settled in the midst of the struggle which lasts for about two hours. Cut and torn clothes, broken limbs and braces, are amongst the major casualties of the battle.

When the brook is approached the keg usually goes into it surrounded by a crowd of heaving, struggling men, who rejoicingly carry the keg to the other side to be cheered by their supporters.

Thus ends "bottle one" which is immediately succeeded by "bottle two," the same struggle taking place. As Hallaton always win, the Medbourne team are presented with the empty keg while Hallaton march home with songs of victory to drink the ale of the other two kegs on the village green amidst speeches and loud cheers.

The captain of the Hallaton team sits on the conical concrete memorial with the two opened kegs giving out drinks to the team and anyone who passes a glass up. These are few in number for the ale is not at its best after being jolted about in a crowd for two hours over a distance of perhaps five miles.

Autumn.

Hand in hand we sang and laughed,
And gave our spirit to the swirling leaves
That crumpled to our feet
And threw bronze radiance
To the sun-lit trees.
In your dear eyes I saw a deepening glow,
And on your lips the curve of smiling peace:
"Like memories" you said "the woods surround us,
But there's a teeming promise in their tears."
In the dark forest of remembrance
The leaves are falling and lie sere,
But with them comes the echo of your words:
They thrill my heart to trembling thankfulness.

E. J. Leighton.

How Do Children Learn to Speak?

YOU will answer immediately, by imitation. I too thought the matter ended there until I had an opportunity of observing the process at first hand. Listening to the attempts of a little baby girl to express herself and observing how she connected sounds new to her with the appropriate objects I began to think that children have some intuition of the connection between sound and sense, an intuition which is at least partly lost as they grow up.

I am convinced that this little girl discovered the negative for herself. "No!" There is perhaps something in the very utterance of the consonant "n" which implies aversion, reluctance, negation. There is a "grincement" which seems to be a fitting outward expression of the mental state which is the natural accompaniment of "no!" I tested her one day with the word "cushion." I had previously ascertained that she had never before heard the word. "Cushion!" She looked round the room and after very little hesitation went straight to the object named. No indication of its whereabouts had been given by sign or look from me. A little older now, just over three years, she seems to have some intuitive knowledge of the relative beauty or ugliness of words. "Don't say 'muck,' say 'dirt'" is one of her exhortations.

As a basis for induction logicians will think the facts just outlined quite inadequate. My conclusion, however, is supported by weighty authority. Lord Riddell has suggested that the art of speech is learnt "sub-consciously" by infants. "Mastery of a few things," he says; "leads to the rulership of many. On his own volition a baby proceeds on this excellent principle. To begin with he devotes his mind to understanding his commissariat department. Having mastered this, he takes up transport and the art of speech. It may be said that these actions are mostly sub-conscious, but we know so little of the connection between the conscious and sub-conscious, that we can only go by results—in the baby's case, very good." From the context it is clear that the reference in "sub-conscious" here is primarily to a certain spontaneity in the effort of *will*. That Lord Riddell, however, would not exclude some sub-conscious *mental* perception or intuition is evident from the approval which he accords to a communication received by him from Dr. John W. Tomb of Bengal. In this Dr. Tomb refers to a paper of his published in the *British Journal of Psychology*, Vol. XVI, Part 1, July 1925, "On the Intuitive Capacity of Children to Understand Spoken Language."

It is the considered opinion of the doctor, as expressed in this paper, that "infants must possess the capacity of intuitively bestowing meanings on the sounds (i.e. words) used in their hearing

by their nurses, mothers, relatives, and other people...."It is not unusual," he says, "to see English parents in India unable to understand what their servants are saying to them in Hindustani and being driven, in consequence, to bring along an English child of four or five years old, if available, to act as interpreter..... The truth of the hypothesis is most apparent in the case of infants who are not yet able to speak any language, for in this district one frequently sees and hears English babies of from nine months to eighteen months old receiving directions and instructions from their mothers in English, from their ayahs in Bengali, from the house servants in Hindustani, etc., and obviously understanding what is being said to them in each and all of these languages." He contrasts the readiness with which children understand and speak the vernaculars with the difficulty experienced by adults even after long periods in comprehending much less speaking the strange languages that are spoken round them. "It is obvious," he continues, "that a child's capacity for learning languages is of a sub-conscious nature and does not depend on 'intelligence,' for if the latter were the case it is reasonable to assume that the parents would pick up the various vernaculars more quickly than their children, whereas experience shows that the direct opposite occurs. Children must therefore possess a capacity not based on *intelligence* of intuitively placing the correct meanings on spoken sounds."

It may interest my readers to experiment in this direction themselves. For that purpose words such as the following might be used: cushion, porridge, jelly, pudding, biscuit, water, mud, muck, bell, paper, table, sand, wagging, etc. The child must have had some actual acquaintance with the object, but must not have heard its name before. One might also experiment with French words, sentences...The little girl I first spoke of always laughs heartily when I try my French on her. Does she just know that it is a strange language or—is she "intuitively" laughing at my pronunciation?
T.J.M.

Ring Out Wild Bells.

- 7-0 a.m. Art thou weary, art thou languid?
- 7-40 a.m. Come ye thankful people come.
- 9-0 a.m. Oft in danger, oft in woe.
- 12-40 p.m. Glorious things of thee are spoken—
- 2-30 p.m. We plough the fields and scatter—
- 5-0 p.m. Rock of ages, cleft for me.
- 6-0 p.m. Do no sinful action.
- 8-0 p.m. Little drops of water.
- 10-30 p.m. Now the day is over. E. M. KING, (Cædmon).

Bridge.

BRIDGE is the most fascinating game—to a beginner. You look at your cards and pass every time, and wait until your partner and two opponents have finished saying things like “three clubs” to each other, in voices touched with anger.

At last one of these will overcall his hand in desperation, and you will proceed to prove it. The other expert players work out theories so that you can amuse yourself making all the tricks. You cannot do both. Shortly you begin to play and watch the cards that have been played and who played them; so you know what is left and who had got which. Thus if all the cards in the pack have been played but the ace of spades, and the last player has the last card to play on the trick, about once out of ten times this will prove to be that ace. In the other nine cases it was played in the first round and you have forgotten it.

As an experienced player you will find there are three stages in the play. The first and most important is the calling. The second and far more important is the playing of the hand. The third and more important still is the inquest afterwards.

There is not much to be said with regard to the calling. There can't be. Trained journalists have been working 168 hours a week, saying it for the last twenty years, and it has all been said. At one time the idea was to call one of a suit if you fancied that. With luck, providing your partner had seven safe tricks and your opponents were blind, you could get home. Nothing so simple happens now. You call to give your partner information and somebody invents a new code every week. Thus, last week, if you called three spades right off, it meant you hadn't any spades at all but you had five diamonds to the ace and you hoped your partner would call hearts. Next week, on the other hand, it will probably mean you have got no hearts, no clubs, no spades, no diamonds and no hope. Then you want to get up, knock the table over and disappear with the score block in the confusion. These methods of information are quite legal but other methods are not. Suppose you had a long run of hearts, you are not allowed to keep tapping the left side of your chest. Or if you hold spades you cannot change the conversation to grave-digging. If your opponent calls clubs and you have eight clubs to the ace, king, queen, Jack, you look at him and smile. Then laugh and say, “Ha! Ha! Ha! Clubs! Ha! Ha!”

Then you pass. This tells your partner to double. There is a great art in doubling, first if you've got a good hand, secondly if you've got a rotten hand, thirdly if you're winning and fourthly if you're losing. You may also double if you feel bored.

There are various technical terms used in the game. “Ruff”

is luck when your first ace is trumped. A “long” card is one which has been stretched while you were pulling it out of your boot. “A grand slam” is what your partner does when you throw away tricks.

HINTS ON THE GAME—Always count your cards. Never lead out of the wrong hand unless you can make tricks by doing so, and your opponents are too busy theorising to notice.

Never trump your partner's trick. If you have only trumps left and you cannot exchange one of them with an opponent for the proper suit—grab the decanter first. If you have played an ace and it only draws two, three and four, don't pick it up, replace it with a five.

If you hold four aces, four kings, four queens and a Jack and your opponent goes two no trumps, don't go four clubs. Go home and telephone for his keeper! A. E. ROBERTS. Cavendish.

A Surprised Cockney.

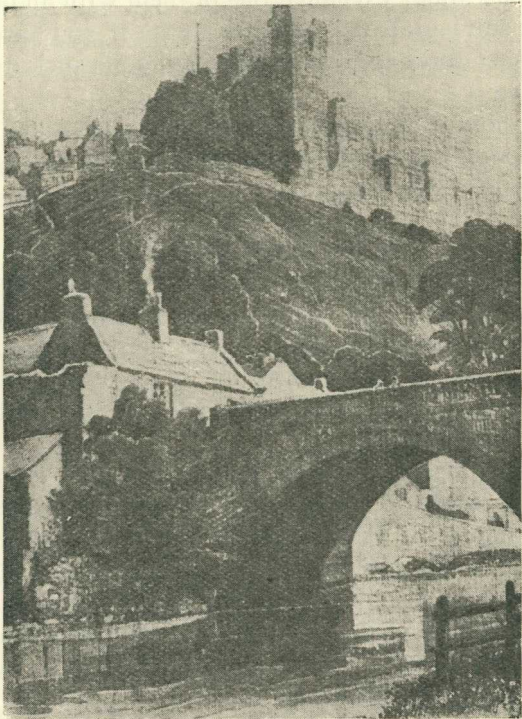
THESE are a few thoughts of a Cockney who came trembling to Leeds only too ready to let the rich broad tones of Yorkshire drown his ugly London noises, and found to his amazement that he was looked on by those who decide what sounds the mouths of L.C.T.C. men shall emit as a (rather inferior) model of correct English.

This bewildered Cockney found that his fellow-students despised his southern accents, and strongly suspected that his tutors, including his English tutors, did too. But for an hour, once a week, he sits unmolested, while West Riding men struggle with Standard English, for he already possesses Standard English. Once he made mild protest against the relentless stifling of good Yorkshire; the Speech Trainer (horrible title!), a little shamefacedly, admitted the beauty of Yorkshire English, but said that all teachers-to-be must learn Standard English. As a special concession they would be permitted to retain their native speech, to be aired, one supposes, every Christmas Day on Ilkley Moor.

O Speech Trainers! Already we all dress alike, eat alike, think alike. Would you have us speak alike, and speak in the colourless, unmodulated tones of the South? Would it not be more pleasant for the London children who are to be the pupils of that Yorkshire man whose expressive accents you are now industriously steam-rolling out, if he came to them all fresh with the speech of the North? You know it would, but you, like lesser mortals, are mere victims of the modern god, Uniformity, whose command is not “Thou shalt do so and so,” but “Ye shall *all* do so and so, and in such a way.”

But what good is protest? I only hope I am safe in London before B.B.C. announcers can be chosen from Yorkshire villages.

M. ROCKOVITCH, (Fairfax).



RICHMOND BRIDGE
by Ethel Gray.

Available
A
The water colour here reproduced of a well known spot in Yorkshire, painted by Miss Gray, A.M.C., F.S.A.M. (medallist), was shown in the Exhibition of Yorkshire Artists Work in the Leeds Art Gallery in 1935; in the Royal Academy, London, the same year and in the Paris Salon in 1936. A reproduction and an appreciation of it appeared in the Revue Moderne, September, and also in Les Artistes d'aujourd'hui.

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Idealism ?

ARMISTICE Day in the year nineteen hundred and thirty six has passed. Soon another notable day on our calendar will have passed too, once more the message of Christmas will have been sent out and accepted by those who wish to receive it. An amazing thing that we who celebrate this day have also to call to mind a day of only eighteen years ago when there ended a conflict in which millions of our fellow men died by the hands of each other. We know that the two are not compatible, yet in no day or generation has the fiend of War failed to show itself.

The reflections of one who has borne mental and physical agonies since the Great War give us a sentence such as this: "I can see him now, that fine young Prussian soldier, I knew the sorrow it would bring to someone, but had I not shot him he would have shot me!"

Self-preservation? Yes; Hatred? No.

We are told that it is instinctive in human nature to fight. We know to what extent this is true, but do we normally seek an enemy in a potential friend? Too often we find our enemies through indifference. To some it is a matter of great concern that even at this moment brother is slaying brother, to others it matters not at all. Are we to remain indifferent? One thinks of the words of Southwell, and wonders that their significance has still to be learnt:

"As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright did in the air appear;
Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of tears did shed
As though his floods should quench his flames which with
his tears were fed.

'Alas' quoth he, 'but newly born in fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!'"
True the message of Christmas has still to travel far.

All ideals seem to be looked upon as being things apart from the realities of the world. Is there then nothing as we should like it to be? A free will is our heritage yet we permit the fatalist to dash some of our most cherished hopes to the ground. In short, free thinking should never lead us to the point when we allow ourselves to say that strife is inevitable. It is not mere idealism to strive for the time when men shall live as brothers. Surely that is reality. True the destructive path is easier to follow than the creative path, but it is a well-known maxim that "what is easily obtained is not worth having." Reader, will you allow such hopes to be crushed?
E. H. DORRELL.



JUNIOR!

The Student Christian Movement.

ALL Christians would be overjoyed if they could interpret as a sign of the times the encouraging response given to the College S.C.M. this year. Is a revival of Christianity at hand? I wish I could think so, but the signs are not encouraging outside. It is because of that very fact that it is a pleasure to find the S.C.M. working so well. The morning services are better attended than ever and an audience of a hundred is not an infrequent occurrence. The services form an excellent opening to the day, and we would like to thank those speakers who have so often encouraged and stimulated us. The attendance of seniors, though well in advance of last year, is the only fly in the ointment. Could we urge those who attend less frequently now-a-days to renew their acquaintance with us?

We must note two innovations this year. First we have been compelled to move our meeting place from the Women's Gym to the Music Room. This means climbing two flights of stairs, which, doubtless, breaks some people's hearts, but the new room has the advantage of being much more pleasant than the old one. Secondly we have instituted Saturday morning collections which go to help the Movement's funds, which are sadly in need of such help. We are grateful for a most generous response to this appeal.

One Sunday morning service has been held in Brontë, and another, addressed by Miss Steel, is to be held in Cavendish on December 6th. The first was well-attended and we hope to keep up the traditions of last year's Sunday services. The subject was "Christianity and Peace," the speaker Mr. Wright, and we hope that the Christian conscience on the pacifist issue has been aroused sufficiently to make successful the discussions on the question which we hope to initiate next session.

The one general meeting held this term took the form of a service addressed by Dr. Harold Roberts, of Headingley College. His subject bore on the relations of Christianity to other faiths of today, and nobody could have gone away without having been made to think deeply on an important issue.

The S.C.M. Library.

I would like to add a word about the S.C.M.'s presentations to the College Library. We have, this last session, added seven new books to our ever-increasing collection. These consist of two pacifist books, A. A. Milne's "Peace with Honour" and "Dick" Sheppard's "We Say No;" "By an Unknown Disciple;" Ragawa's "The Religion of Jesus;" B. Clements' "When Ye Pray," E. S. Woods' "Everyday Religion," and Peter Green's "Betting and Gambling." Everyone ought to read some of these books, for we cannot help to propagate the Faith or even make its influence felt

in our own lives if we do not understand it properly. Christianity is so often characterized by mushiness and sentimentality, and is so often indifferent to social problems when it should be both strong and healthy and alive to its responsibilities. To rid it of these things we must think, and to think we must have knowledge, and to have knowledge we must read. The S.C.M. Library has books to help us in this quest, and only by reading them can we clarify our minds and enlarge our vision.

F.G.W.

League of Nations Union—College Branch

President: The Principal.

Chairman: The Vice-Principal.

Treasurer: Miss. H. L. C. Rawson.

THE secretaries have to report a very successful term's activity. At our opening meeting on October 2nd, Lt. Col. J. E. H. Forty addressed a considerable audience on "The International Situation." An interesting discussion followed.

Study Groups have been formed this term and the following subjects are being discussed in the various hostels.

The Responsibility of the Individual for World Order.

British Foreign Policy.

Human Welfare and the League.

Education and Peace.

The groups are still open for those interested.

Next term a debate is to be held at which Mr. Vyvyan Adams, M.P. and one of his colleagues have promised to speak. For this function we are to co-operate with the Education Society. We thank them for allowing us to do so. The motion will have a definite bearing on the work of both societies.

Early next term an attempt will be made to raise funds by means other than a League of Nations Week. Details of the function to be held will be given at a later date.

Several books and pamphlets are now available for use by members. These are obtainable on application to the hostel representatives.

We are extremely grateful for the co-operation and help given by the Staff members. Miss Simpson, Miss Rawson and Miss Treloar, have devoted a great deal of time to the Branch this term.

It remains to stress that this session in particular the Branch is open to all Students (and members of Staff) irrespective of political opinions. Our aim is to build up a body of well informed, well enlightened opinion in College, and not to tie members down to any specific formula. Next term will not be too late for those still desirous of joining.

J. ARMSTRONG, E. L. WOLFE,
(Hon. Secretaries).

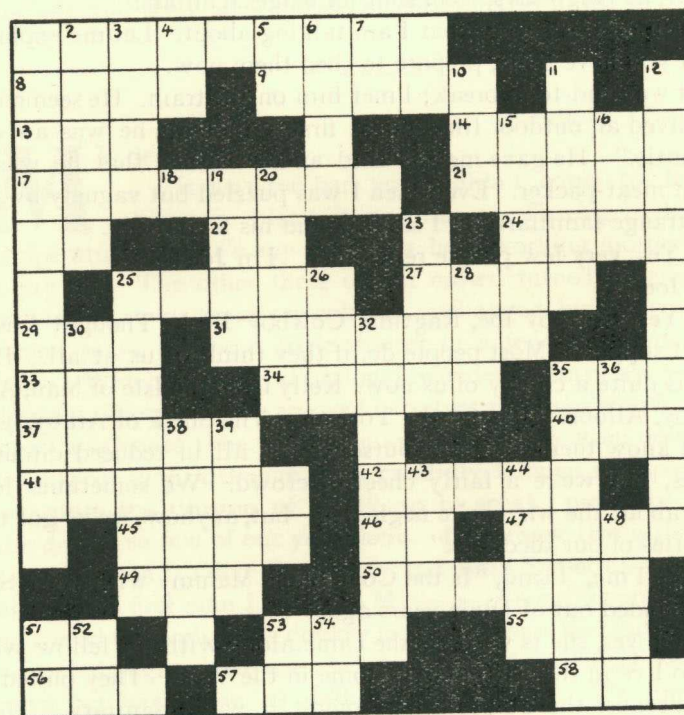
Original Crossword Puzzle. (M. JOAN DAY).

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Il Duce.
8. Blue flower.
9. Black tea from China.
13. Nothing.
14. A likeness.
17. Pertaining to medicine.
21. Concerning ships.
22. To act.
24. To scoff.
25. A native race of New Zealand.
27. A British nobleman.
29. To employ.
31. Theft.
33. To free.
34. To acquire knowledge.
35. A swine.
37. An epic poem of Homer.
40. An insect.
41. One who skates.
42. To make into one.
45. Resembles the frog.
46. That is.
47. A sign.
49. To finish.
50. (To be) hoarded up.
51. Part of verb "to be"
53. To allow.
55. Same as 49 across.
56. Crime.
57. —, pole or perch.
58. War god in Norse mythology.

CLUES DOWN.

1. A painter of miniatures.
2. The wild sheep of Asia.
3. Soil washed down by rivers.
4. South Sea (abbr.)
5. Behold
6. Very small quantity.
7. No passage (initials)
10. Relatives.
11. Same as 21 across.
12. Duke of _____
15. To Wed.
16. French for "gay."
19. An object of worship.
20. Substance found at the
bottom of the sea
23. One gifted with prophetic vision.
25. To intervene with a view
to reconciliation.
26. Anger.
28. Girl's name.
30. A material.
32. A quibbler.
35. Reward.
36. A preposition.
38. To make amends.
39. Having ceased to live.
43. Used for fishing.
44. Beware!
48. A current of water or air.
51. Same as 51 across.
52. French for "if."
53. Same as 5 down.
54. Edited (abbr.)



The Old Brigade.

IF anyone had approached me some time ago and accused me of forgetting those who had been my boon companions—those who had been with me for every hour of the day for weeks on end—I should have refuted the charge indignantly.

Today I humbly bow before the accusation. It is quite true. I have forgotten. You have forgotten. We have all forgotten.

Where are all the men and women, who, not very long ago added to the gaiety of the old College?

Or, as Hugo says, "Où sont les neiges d'antan?"

You do not know what I am talking about. Let me explain, and if you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

It was mid-term break; I met him on the train. He seemed to have lived an outdoor life and at first I thought he was an old "Mountie." He gave me his card and I learned that he was a retired meat-packer. Even then I was puzzled but vaguely aware of a strange familiarity. I said so, and his face lit up.

"Yes, very few people remember. I'm Joe!"

"Joe?"

"Yes, Cowboy Joe, Ragtime Cowboy Joe! Thought I was dead, I suppose. Most people do, if they think of us at all. But there is quite a colony of us now. Kelly from the Isle of Man, Abe my Boy, Alfonso Spagoni the Toreador, The Sheik of Araby, you would know them all. Of course we are all in reduced circumstances, but we're a fairly cheerful crowd. We sometimes feel bitter about the way we're neglected—but, anyhow, we've got the memories of our successes."

"Tell me," I said, "Is the Coal Black Mammy with you? She was hounded out of Dixie years ago."

"Oh yes, she is with us, she came along with the fellow who used to live in the Little Grey Home in the West. They pulled it down because the Corporation thought it was insanitary. They are putting up some Corporation flats there now, I hear. There's one or two who haven't joined us. Alexander, for instance. He gave up his Ragtime Band and went into the Racket business. Anywhere in America you could hear them singing 'Come on and drink, come on and drink Alexander's contraband.'" He made a fortune."

"That chap who used to call his wife 'Snooky Ookums' all day long was a sad case. They separated before they'd been married a year—incompatibility of temperament, the Judge said."

"We get new people joining us every day. Dinah from Carolina, Angeline, the girl who was always dancing on the village green, ogling the lads—fast thing she was—but she is settling down now with South American Joe who made everyone watch their pockets and their wives when he was around. We had a visit

from the King's Navee, but they wanted to see the sea, so they wouldn't stay. The Rose of Tralee came rolling along in the Old Covered Wagon, which was drawn by Old Faithful.

"The latest arrival, Shoe Shine Boy—came all the way from Cavendish Hostel somewhere in the wilds of Leeds—poor lad, he seemed done up. He'd been on shoes for the lordly Seniors for weeks as they liked his work and kept him at it until he got overworked and left."

At that moment the train stopped and he said good-bye and got out, and there were dozens of questions I wanted to ask him.

S. MOSES, (Cavvy).

Brontë. Nov. 1936.

MY dear M—

It was too bad you couldn't come to Re-union this year. Isn't it just like an offspring to develop a temperature if there's any sign of a hard working mother having a day off? The other three of our crowd turned up, and we all decided that we were remarkably unchanged by the passage of eleven years, maybe a little stouter or a few grey hairs in some cases. Which is your affliction I wonder? Anyway you'll be dying to know how we enjoyed ourselves and, speaking for myself, I had a splendid time. It felt good to get away from domesticity for a short time, although quite candidly I found it impossible to recapture the illusion of youth, so to speak, probably because there were so few of our year there. I only saw two girls (should I say women?) Olive Somebody and Mary Something-else. But almost the first man I saw was M——. You remember the one who used to laugh like a donkey brays! A good sort but a bit of an ass, we thought. Anyway, he's been a head five or six years so he must not have been as daft as we thought. We lunched at Cavendish with him and his friend S——. I know you'll remember him! The wasted affection we threw at his unheeding feet! The girls said I actually blushed when we shook hands, so evidently I'm not as ancient as I thought I was. Needless to say he'd forgotten my name but I always knew I was less than the dust to him! He's married to the girl he went about with in Coll., and has one child. By the way did I say M—— was married and obviously improved, better groomed, 'neverything? It was jolly swopping photographs of our various families and comparing notes. I honestly think marriage has improved most of us.

D—— and L—— couldn't come to the Dance so that left just M—— and me and we hadn't been in the hall above three minutes when a little fellow came up to M—— and that was

the end of her as far as I was concerned. I began to wonder what the heck I was doing there amongst all those strangers, and thinking longingly of my usual Saturday evening's Bridge with the Prestons across the way, and was just beginning to feel the strain of the wallflower's deliberately bright smile, when M—— and S—— hove up and all was serene again. I had a most enjoyable time after that, although it was certainly not as exciting as M——'s evening. She talked of dark corridors, brushing hairs from her swain's coat etc., so thrilling, what! I did go into the gallery with M—— to watch the dancing and discuss modern literature, choice of ties, the wife's place in the home etc., all very nice and suitable for a couple of wedded! So you see my dear, S. A. is still conspicuously absent from my make-up. Quel dommage! The old thrill of dancing with S. was still there, but I couldn't help smiling when I looked at some of the young things around and what they would say if I prophesied that in 11 or 12 year's time they'd be discussing babies and teething with their partners as I was then!

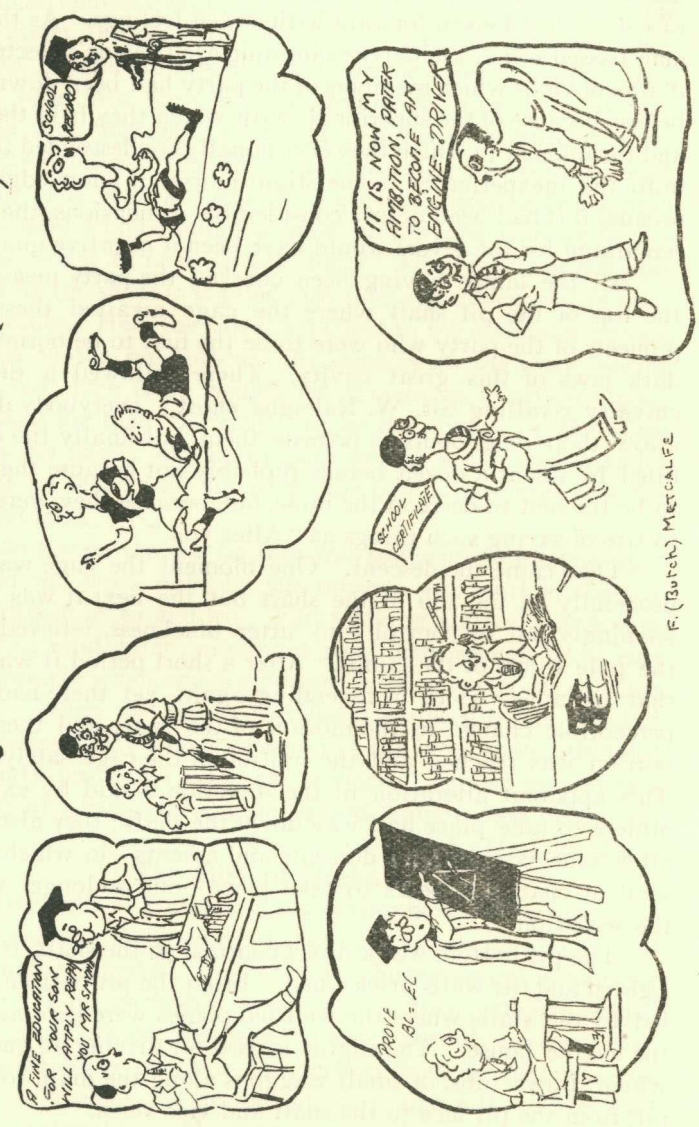
To-day I feel rather flat. M—— has gone to the Hollies with her new friend and I've no one to go out with or talk to. There are six youngsters round the fire engaged in smart "Michael Arlenish" conversation with one named Si, a personable young man and obviously a great favourite. Every now and then another fellow drifts in and says pleadingly, "Has any body seen Gilly?" I am consumed with curiosity to see the object of his search but nobody seems to have seen her this morning. One of the company is a wide-eyed damsel who fell from an M.G. sports on the way to or from Harrogate last night after the dance, while yet another girl will retail all her amorous adventures of the evening and bewail the fact that there was no *recognised* bar at the Coll. dances. What life! What doings! And yet I'll bet they don't enjoy themselves with all their added freedom any more than we did when we used to smoke out of the windows—the little devils!

By the bye, Mrs. Brown, bless her, is same as ever, and wished to be kindly remembered to you, as did brother Boyd. Will you ever forget that man's coming as a Glaxo Baby to that Fancy Dress! I do wish you were here in person to exchange, "Do you remember?" maybe some other time. It's a pity we live such miles from each other, letters are poor substitutes for conversation. The gong for lunch has gone and everybody is making for the dining-room, but here comes the eternal cry "Has Gilly turned-up yet?" Isn't it a pity I shall never know because I'm left alone here to finish my letter with my usual but unavailing.

Au-revoir,
Love, E——.

(or what will the boy become?)

Higher Education



F. (Burch) METCALFE

Underground.

OVER the youthful party gathered outside the colliery lamp room, hung an air of suspense which no amount of light-hearted conversation could entirely disperse. In a short while the party would be hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth, most of them for the first time. The descent into a coal mine was to the majority of the party a new experience to which they looked forward with mixed feelings. As the lamp-man passed round the party examining each person's electric lamp, it was obvious which members of the party had been down a mine before, because of the superior air with which they held themselves and the manner in which they occasionally condescended to impart unto the inexperienced, some slight morsel of knowledge—slight because if it had been of any considerable dimensions, the amount remaining for the givers would have been a negative quantity.

All the lamps having been checked the party meandered to the top of the pit shaft where the cage awaited these daring pioneers of the party who were to be the first to be borne into the dark jaws of this great cavity. There followed a display of chivalry rivalling Sir. W. Raleighs' effort; everybody desired to allow their neighbours to precede them, but finally the cage was filled by about a dozen beings probably not because they desired to be the first to descend the mine, but, because they were the first to tire of saying such things as "After you."

Then came the descent. One moment the cage was resting peacefully at the top of the shaft but the next it was hurtling, seemingly out of control into utter blackness, relieved only by the pale lights of the lamps. After a short period it was noticed that we appeared to be ascending again, yet there had been no perceptible change in the motion of the cage, and then the pit bottom was reached and the motion of the cage safely arrested. This apparent alteration in the direction is said by experienced miners to take place half way down the shaft; they also say that after some experience of descents and ascents—in which the same kind of change appears to take place—one no longer undergoes the sensation.

The pit bottom was a direct contrast to the shaft, it was well lighted and the walls brick lined. From the pit bottom the route led to the stalls where the well-fed ponies were kept and then to the engine house. The engine is used for driving an endless rope which draws tubs, or small waggons along the main roads of the pit, from the pit face to the shaft and vice versa.

A drift, (i.e. a section of the main road which slopes very steeply, this one having a slope of one in six and others one in three) was then descended and it was necessary whilst choosing a way between the sleepers, rails and pools of mud and water to be

careful not to bump with the head one of the many beams, some of metal some of wood, which supported the roof. The following of a narrower road which led off the main road finally brought the party to the 2ft. 6ins. seam where it was necessary to crawl on the hands and knees to make any progress. After a short time of this laborious travelling a coal-cutter was seen. This cutter which was driven by electricity had an arm 4ft. 6ins. long around which ran an endless chain fitted with teeth. These teeth cut into the dirt under the coal to a distance of 4ft. 6ins. and a depth of about 6ins. Shots are then inserted into the holes made by a drill 4ft. 6ins. long into the coal, and are fired by an electric battery. When the shot firer has inserted the shot and coupled it to the battery, he calls out "Ware!" as a warning and fires the shot. The firing of a shot was another unique experience to the first-timers as they stood around a bend in the road waiting for the explosion, which came as a dull thud. After the coal has been dislodged by the shots it is filled into tubs and drawn to the main road by ponies. Here the tub is attached to the endless wire rope and drawn to the pit bottom. In some cases the road leading from the coal face is of insufficient dimensions to admit a pony and the tubs are then "hurried" out by the miners, i.e. the miner crawls on his hands and knees pushing the tub of coal with his head until he reaches a road where the ponies may take over the work of haulage.

The return to the pit bottom was sufficient to impress upon one's mind the work done by the miners, who work at the coal face, in travelling to and fro. For, walking a great distance, up drifts and in mud, after crawling a great distance can be no easy task particularly when one is equipped with heavy boots or clogs, and tools. When the ascent had been achieved it was a much happier looking party which gathered at the lamp room, although it was firmly impressed upon the majority of those present that the earning of a living by a miner is both arduous and dangerous.

A. K. HEMSWORTH.

The City of Durham.

THE first sight of Durham is something never to be forgotten. Perched on a high red-sandstone hill stands its magnificent Norman Cathedral, and the town clusters round it, as if for protection. That cathedral was once a tiny wooden chapel erected by St. Cuthbert's monks. Those faithful monks carried his body with them on their wanderings from Lindisfarne, and chose as a safe place for his burial, that high hill. There they erected a tiny church; the Normans came and plundered the North. They saw the advantages of the site of that tiny church, and there erected that wonderful cathedral.

The slow lazy River Wear meanders round the sandstone

hill. Its banks are well-wooded—so well, that only the highest of the three towers can be seen from the distance. Looking up to that 'holy pile' from Prebends Bridge our eyes are filled with wonder. We look down on to the river, and the same wonder overcomes us, for there we behold the same sight. The river acts as a mirror—we see the reflection of the cathedral surrounded by trees—and then the river falls with a rush and a roar over the weir, close to "Ye Olde Museume Café" Further down, on the same bank of the river is the castle. It has not a firm foundation, and is gradually slipping into the river. It is constantly being repaired in order to preserve it.

Below Castle Hill is Flam wellgate Bridge. It leads up to Silver Street—a very narrow quaint street, twisting and turning, and only wide enough for one-way traffic. At the end of this steep street is a wide square, cobble-stoned—Durham Market Place. It is surrounded on the left by very old buildings, including the Town Hall. Saddler Street breaks off to the right and after a steep laborious climb we reach the Cathedral Green. Peace reigns always in this spot. The green is surrounded by old stone houses, with big, shining door-knockers and spotless door-steps. We approach the Cathedral by the North Door. What is this?—A huge knocker—it is the Sanctuary Knocker. In days gone by, if a man was being pursued by men, after having committed a crime, if he reached the Cathedral and clutched the knocker he was safe. The monks used to let him in, and keep him in safety.

We enter—a strange stillness falls upon us. We approach the centre of the building and look down the wide aisle. On either side of it are massive pillars, marked in dog-toothing. One pillar is leaning slightly. We walk down the nave built by the notorious Flambard, and approach the altar. We look up—to behold the most magnificent glass window in the whole building, the famous Rose Window.

The organ gives forth sweet soft notes; we feel that no evil reigns anywhere; the atmosphere is wonderful—one of complete reverence.

We walk on, behind the altar, and come to the grave of the famous St. Cuthbert. He was a woman-hater. Today American women-tourists in their high-heeled shoes tread over him—they don't care about his likes and dislikes. We could spend hours in this building in the Memorial Chapel, all decorated with flags, some in a state of collapse, just as they were brought from the battle-field, and in the Lady Chapel and the cloisters. The Lady Chapel is far removed from St. Cuthbert's tomb—right at the other end of the Cathedral.

We leave this paradise with regrets, and go out again into the busy turmoil of the working world. B.N.

How I Began.

IN my early childhood, thanks to the foresight of my mother, I was taught to realise the beauty of the countryside. Frequent walks with her, later, up to the age of sixteen, being followed by walks by myself, laid a foundation of all round knowledge of the countryside and its inhabitants, which I now realise forms the most important part of my knowledge.

At the age of ten I think that the happiest moment of my life occurred. An animal lover gave me two rabbits. I still look back at those first moments of joy which were followed by a quickened interest in life. The original buck died last year at the age of twelve.

A foundation of scientific method in Chemistry and Physics was learned at Belle Vue High School.

At seventeen I attended my first Botany Lecture and thanks to the help and instruction of Mr. Smith and Dr. Ritchie of Bradford Technical College I was able to obtain a further knowledge of Biology.

I supplied my first specimens four years ago, these being rabbits, to the Technical College and owing to recommendation the supplies have increased tremendously and The "Heaton" Rabbitry was formed.

I can truly say, thanks to my mother: "How beautiful life has been through quickened love!" J. E. MARSON.

To what Dark Bourne?

From reason's dawn I clutched these friendly things
Close to my heart;
Cherished these joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Hatreds and loves.
A thousand things I scorned, adored or loathed—
Some were my friends, I knew them to be true.
Somewhere beyond, the vasty darkness broods
And silence dwells;
The infinite will yet absorb
These vanities.
Robbed of these things my empty soul must go
Cowering, alone and silent in the cold.
Long have I fought to keep my bondage whole,
Illusion grasped.
But half-resisting I am drawn beyond
To what dark bourne?
Comfortless, chill the path before me lies—
As each of the things I loved, in turn dies.

P.A.G. Macaulay.

Colour Photography.

MOST people have noticed in many chemists' or photographic dealers' windows, advertisements which urge you to try "Dufaycolour," the new system of direct colour photography. Perhaps some of you have tried it and obtained varying results, but even if those results were somewhat disappointing, a little thought will show what a potent factor this could be if used properly in schools.

For those who have never seen a "Dufaycolour" photograph, the finished print is not like an ordinary print on paper, but a transparency, i.e. to see the actual picture, you must look through the film at some source of light, preferably white light. To render the colours more vivid, each transparency is bound up in a black mask, which effectually cuts out any extraneous light.

The ideal light for viewing such photographs is that reflected from a white cloud, but obviously such conditions are not always available, so a special viewer is on the market which incorporates a special filter, and enables the true colours of the photograph to be seen when it is viewed by an ordinary electric light.

Photographs can be taken in an ordinary camera by this process, no extra apparatus being necessary unless it is intended to take a photograph by means of artificial light when a special filter is necessary.

The only disadvantage of this method is that the film is 'slow,' i.e. twice the exposure needed by an ordinary film is necessary. This limits its use as far as an ordinary box camera is concerned, to very bright summer days, but those proud possessors of more expensive cameras with wide aperture lenses, etc., have a correspondingly greater freedom from this limitation.

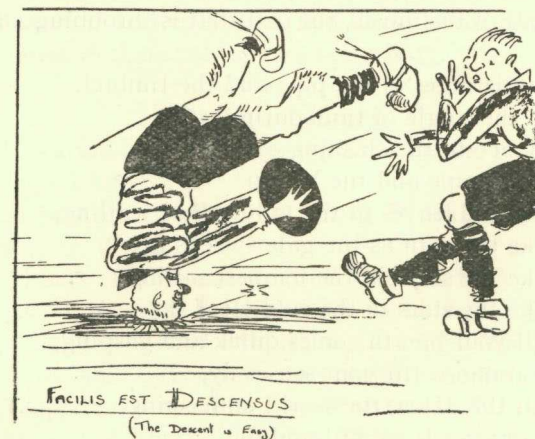
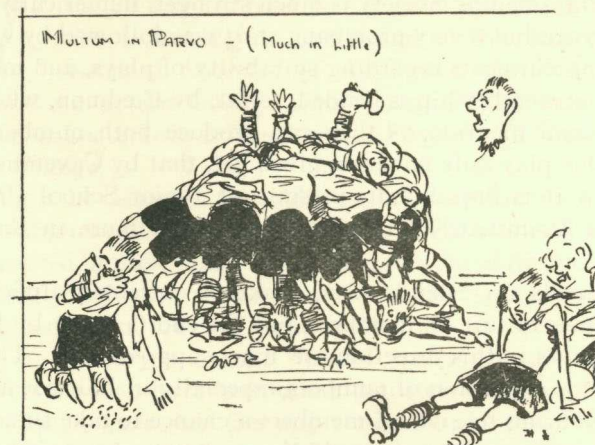
For use in schools, I should say it will be a far greater aid to a child's memory than an ordinary photograph could ever be. Very few of us realise the importance of colour, and when a person sees a monochrome print and a colour photograph of the same subject he is usually spellbound.

There are, however, no colour photographs available for purchase so far as I know, and so any for use in schools must be taken by the teacher, and now we come up against the additional trouble, the expense. Such photographs are very expensive, the total cost of six being just over five-shillings, even allowing for no failures.

Still, if a collection of colour photographs is contemplated, with a reasonable amount of care in choosing suitable subjects, and in making the exposure, the photographs could be made with a minimum of disappointing results, and when the collection is complete, would prove one of the finest aids to teaching that it is possible to obtain.

A. HUGHES, (Fairfax).

Latin 'Tags' as suggested by Hostel Rugger Matches.



D. J. HARRIS.

The College Play-reading Society.

THE Play-reading Society is much stronger, numerically, than last year, but a very promising start was followed by various disappointments regarding suitability of plays, and meeting times. The membership is headed, so far, by Cædmon, who thus deserve special mention, as they can produce both numbers and talent. One play only has been given yet, that by Cavendish and Brontë, but it is hoped that, in spite of Junior School Practice and Senior Examinations, there will be several more in the near future.

Rehearsals for Socials, etc., make it extremely difficult to arrange times to suit all members, but the efforts made by Hostel representatives in this direction are much appreciated. There is still room for expansion of numbers, especially in Fairfax, and we are endeavouring to give all members a chance to take some part. Though the present Juniors should have a better chance next year, it is desirable to admit as many as possible this year, so that, benefiting by their experience, they may make a better Society next year.

F. W. CARTER.

Terpsichorean Song.

Dance, dance, dance, for the moon it is harvest huge,
Springing the sward, and the wine, it is flowing free.
Dance, dance, slow as the rhythm, the ebbing and flowing,
The heave and the pulse, of the emerald sheen of the sea.
Dance, dance, dance, as the wave of the wind in the willows,
Sway as the tops of the trees in the shimmering shade.
Dance, dance, dance, as the dragon-fly, soft iridescent,
The glide and the dip and the swing of a body of jade.
Dance, dance, dance as a dream that is waxing and waning,
Dance as the kittiwake, pivoting, reeling aloft,
Dance, dance, dance, for the joy of the movement and rhythm,
To the call of the music, the call that is throbbing and soft.

(VIVACE)

Dance to the notes of the pipe and the timbrel,
Dance to the jingle of tambourine,
Wildly dance to the clashing cymbal,
The wailing pipe and the Violin.
Dance like the leaves in the wild winds wailing,
Dance like the corn as the gale sweeps by,
Dance like the ships in the tempest sailing,
Dance like the stars in the cold clear sky,
Dance till your breath comes quick and gasping,
Dance and dance till your senses fly,
Dance till the dawn, the world unmasking,
We will dance till we fall and die.

Cædmon.

Mr. Presswood.

WE are all sorry to have to say good-bye to Mr. Presswood who is leaving us at the end of this term to become Assistant Director of Education at Middlesbrough. He has been at the College since January 1933, when he joined the staff as Lecturer in Education and Physics and Resident Tutor at the Grange.

When he assumed the additional responsibilities of marriage in the summer of 1934 he dropped those of Physics and of residence and devoted himself solely to the illumination of the darker aspects of educational theory and practice. His speciality has been intelligence tests, but he remained human in spite of it. His ability to place you on the "scale" never obtruded itself and whatever he may have been doing privately he never, in ordinary conversation, gave you the impression that he was "measuring" you. His humanity, in fact, was such as to win the affection of all who came in contact with him whether as students or colleagues, and it will be a valuable asset in his administrative duties.

Mr. Presswood has always been a keen sportsman. Before he joined the College Staff he had played Rugby against the College, for he captained the Chirons (Leeds Education Services R.U.F.C.) from 1930 to 1933, and on one occasion was selected to play for the county. He has played little since 1933 but has done much to help the game in College by refereeing College and hostel matches.

He will be missed not only in the lecture and staff common rooms but in all the social activities of the College. He and Mrs. Presswood are familiar figures at all College functions, dances, socials, concerts and plays, and some of us will find these affairs the poorer for their absence. But "sic transit....." and although we shall be sorry to lose them we must congratulate Mr. Presswood on his promotion and offer him and his wife our best wishes for their happiness in their new sphere of activity. H.S.W.

College Library.

The Librarian acknowledges with thanks the following gifts to the College Library:

- "What happens in 'Hamlet,'" by J. D. Wilson, presented by Miss D. Wood,
- "Two years of Nationalist China," edited by M. T. Z. 'Tyau, and "Education in China," by Wang Shih-Chieh, presented by Mr. Wilfred Atkinson, (Cav. 1934-1936).
- "Religion and Education," a quarterly review, of which a complete set has been presented by Mr. Pickering.
- "Testament of Youth," by Vera Brittain;

- "Murder in the Cathedral," by T. S. Eliot;
 "Country House," by John Galsworthy, and
 "Cakes and Ale," by W. Somerset Maugham, all purchased
 for the Library by the "M. E. Paine Memorial Fund."
 "English," the magazine of the English Association. Vol. I,
 No's 1, 2, 3, presented by Mr. Pickering.

Thanks also to The Christian Union for

- "By an Unknown Disciple."
 "When ye pray," by Dom Bernard Clements.
 "Betting and Gambling," by P. Green.
 "The Religion of Jesus," by Toyohiko Kagaura.
 "Peace with Honour," by A. A. Milne.
 "We say NO," by Canon H. R. L. Sheppard.
 "Everyday Religion," by E. S. Woods.

"Kuzinnik," the magazine of the School and College at Achimota, Gold Coast, West Africa, made its first appearance last year. A copy is now in the Library, and a copy of "The Owl" will be sent in exchange. "Kuzinnik" is however an annual, not terminal, publication. Achimota is a residential school for West African natives, begun in 1926, hence the interest of its magazine. The courses at Achimota range from kindergarten to undergraduate standard, with agriculture, native arts and crafts, and social service compulsory for all.

"The Year-book of Education," 1933, contains an account of Achimota, which has also a teacher-training department among its activities.
 H. SMITH.

College Debating Society.

November 11th. The motion before the House was appropriate:—
 "That under no conditions will this House fight for King and country."

Proposer: Mr. Armstrong. Opposer: Mr. Callier.
 Secunder: Miss Grant. Secunder: Mr. Murrow.
 Chairman: Mr. Pickering.

The motion was comfortably defeated, sound sense proving more palatable to the gathering than sentiment and idealism. The open debate suffered from the usual sincere but hardly helpful digressions, several of the participants being guilty of false inductive reasoning. Enthusiastic League of Nations Unionists deserve special mention, with regard to their pitiful plea for abstinence from voting, on the grounds that the wording of the motion was not foolproof—the Society catered for a community and not for individuals, who, we hope, will in the future sing their "Swan Songs," in the privacy of their own select circle.

The Rover Crew.

This, the second year of the Crew's inception, has opened well, and the interest which has been aroused bodes well for the future. Already there is a membership of nearly 40 and we hope by the end of the year to have doubled this number.

The outstanding dates of the term are:—

- Oct. 11th. Hike—mistaken by someone for a cross-country run.
 Oct. 26th. Talk by Mr. Fox (Fairfax) on "Knots." Highly instructive and very entertaining.
 Nov. 2nd. Talk by Mr. Barrand, D.R.S.L., on the Civic Health Department.
 Nov. 16th. Members' Evening—a grand night. Short talks by members, followed by a Camp Fire. Queries on fire-lighting should be forwarded to Mr. Mostyn.
 Nov. 23rd. Talk by Mr. Roberts of the Scout Shop on "Equipment," and visit of the A.C.C. to present warrants.
 Nov. 30th. Talk by Mr. Richardson.

Officers:

R.S.L. Mr. Dibden. A.R.S.L. Mr. Moses.
 Rover Mates: Messrs. Corbett, Furness, Mostyn, Podmore.
 Rover Seconds: Messrs. Causton, Miller, Mitchell, Wadsworth.
 Hon. Treasurer: R. M. Corbett. Hon. Sec.: J. W. Spencer.
 Next term it is hoped to arrange hikes and week-end camps.
 Meetings are held every Monday evening in Grange Annexe at 8-30 p.m. Why not come down and join us? You will enjoy it.
 J.W.S.

The Musical Society.

President: The Principal.
 Chairman: E. Stockton.
 Secretary: S. Crabtree.
 Treasurer: Miss D. Goddard.

THE Musical Society's first Term of existence has been chiefly occupied with the Friday Mid-day Concerts which have been very successful.

The first Concert was October 2nd, and consisted of vocal solos by Miss Piggott (Cædmon) and Mr. Spencer (Fairfax), and pianoforte solos by Miss Goddard (Leighton) and Miss Johnson (Cædmon). Mr. Stockton explained the aims of the Society.

The second Concert on October 16th, consisted of a Vocal Octet directed by Miss Goddard and Beethoven's Sonata F Minor played by Miss Rawson. This Concert was much better attended than the first.

The third Concert was a song recital by Miss Myers (soprano) and was perhaps most enjoyed of all. There was an excellent programme ranging from Bach to Baistow.

The fourth Concert on November 13th was given by Mr. Haig

on the organ. Most of the audience had never heard the organ except on Wednesday at the College assemblies and it was quite a new experience.

On Monday, October 19th, at 8-30 p.m., Mr. Stockton gave a recital of the music of Mozart on gramophone records. Dr. Rich was in the chair and he expressed his approval of the Society. The audience agreed with him that Mr. Stockton was to be congratulated on his recital (which included the whole of the "Haffner" Symphony).

The Society would like to make an appeal for better support from Grange and Cavendish. We intend giving Mozart's Requiem Mass early in May and this will be impossible unless we have more male support. Up to now the College has had no Musical Society. It is up to the present Students to prove that one is needed.

S. CRABTREE, (Sec.).

Art Club.

ART CLUB SOCIAL HOUR.
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23RD, 1936.

A most pleasing programme was prepared for the Art Club's opening meeting. The members exceeded expectations and a gathering of just over two hundred members were accommodated in the Great Hall.

The friendly informal groups of chairs instead of the usual solid ranks went a long way to make the evening a successful and happy meeting.

The hostels represented in the entertainment, both on the men's side, and on the women's, revealed most promising talent.

At a break in the entertainment, Mr. Hall spoke on the aim and purpose of the Art Club, its meetings and competitions and expressed his warm appreciation on behalf of the members present of the efforts of those taking part in the entertainment.

It was unanimously expressed that the evening was all too short.

E. Stockton.

PROGRAMME.

1. Mr. Crabtree (Fairfax) at the piano.
2. Fairfax Vocal Quartet.
3. Grange Vocal Quartet.
4. Miss Thackeray (Cædmon) Songs.
5. Miss Saffer (Impressions) (Cædmon).
6. Mr. W. R. Callier (Fairfax) Monologue.
7. Mr. Field (Cavendish) Recital.
8. Mr. Hall, "The Art Club."
9. Miss Thackeray, Songs.
10. Mr. Wilkinson, Violin Recital.
11. Fairfax Octet-Leader, Royce Callier.



Time—you old gypsy-man.

Time?
Where is Time?
—In candle, in clock, or in glass,
We see that Time can pass;
But passing, goes where we know not.
Killed time kills us.
Burnt time burns in us.
O Love! thou thief of time,
O Hate! stealing time for hate,
What know ye of Time?
Time is for birth, Time is for death.
Time is for life to waste.
Living we catch Time with our breath,
And have not time to taste.
Time, prisoner of the Gods,
Ruler of timèd Man.
He hides in clocks and leers at us—
Who catch him in a watch;
Springs out with a cuckoo, laughs with a bell,
Tolls us to heaven, rings us to hell.
Time is here and never gone.
Dead, Living, born,—and never won.

J. Podmore, (Fairfax)

"Fear No More."

Death haunts me
in my dreams at night.
White visaged, with a chalk like texture;
empty sockets staring
with a less than eyeless view.
He wears a long black cloak
and Spanish hat,
and closer comes to me each night,
whilst I in sweating horror seek to fend him-off,
but powerless find myself.
One night he reached me,
and embraced me close;

and even as he held me
changed his aspect,
so that he appeared with shining countenance,
with hair as white as wool,
and eyes like fire.
His feet I knew were burning brass,
although beneath a gold girt garment
they were hid.
And as I sobbed relief, he whispered low
"Death always changes.
When it reaches Man at last
'tis infinitely sweet,
embracing tenderly, and bringing comfort.
Fear no more."

May Howarth (Cædmon.)

A Mood.

Was it long ago I heard the rippling waters
running up the shore?
And star-flecked sky at night bejewelling
world outside my door?
There's a moaning wind with a mournful sigh,
a lonely bird with desolate cry,
dark dreaded deeps of fears that lie
in the shadows of dreams.
Was there a morning bright with smiling sun,
twinkling and shining to welcome the day?
Glories of greens that covered the fields,
strewn gaily with blossoms in splendid array.
There sadness lying in every nook,
sweet song dying in every brook:
only the haunted soul can look
in the shadows of dreams.
Was it far away and long ago
I saw a mass of purple padded hill?
Rifts of golden sunset streaked
o'er the radiant sky—shining and still?
The leaves are dropping from every tree,
the grass has withered on every lea.
Strange sounds are drifting across the sea
In shadows of dreams.

Vera W. Chorley.

Art Club Notes.

CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS.

Prizes are offered for studies as follows:—

SENIOR MEMBERS:—

- (a) A suggestion in colour for a Pantomime Costume.
- (b) A set of three imaginative studies in direct water colour, to fill $3\frac{1}{2}$ " squares, as follows:—
 - (1) Christmas, (2) Ghosts, (3) Evergreens.
 - (1) Pageantry, (2) Peace, (3) Strife.

JUNIOR MEMBERS:—

- (a) A design for a repeating pattern in any suitable medium.
- (b) A fairy tale illustration.

Studies should be handed in to the Art representative on the second day of Term.

MIDSUMMER COMPETITIONS 1936.

Prizes have been awarded as follows:—

Plant Study. 1st, D. Bolton (Fairfax); 2nd, H. E. Stroud (Cædmon).
Animal Study. 1st, N. Hibbert (Fairfax); 2nd, M. Hardaker (Bronte).
Landscape. 1st, E. Stockton (Fairfax); 2nd, H. Whitehead (Grange).
Lettering. 1st, H. Whitehead (Grange); 2nd, E. Stockton (Fairfax).
Craft. D. Learmont (Cædmon) for Printed fabrics.

OLD OWL SECTION:—

Landscape. 1st, Mr. F. K. Ingle (Leeds); 2nd, Miss C. Rhodes (Leeds).
Figure Costume. 1st, Miss E. Berry (Manchester).

Miss Gray will lecture on her South African experiences (with epidiascope illustrations) in the Art Department, on Friday, January 8th, 8-30 p.m.

Will members desiring to attend please notify the Art representative by 8-30 a.m. on Friday morning.

College Activities.

- September 30th. Art Club. Visit to Temple Newsam.
October 2nd. League of Nations Union Lecture,
"The International Situation" by Col. Forty.
October 9th. College Dance.
October 16th. "French Nursery Schools" by Miss F. Hawtrey.
October 18th. College Service conducted by Canon Elliot,
Vicar of Leeds.
October 19th. Musical Society. Gramophone Recital.
October 23rd. Meeting of the Art Club. Social Evening.
October 24th. Hostel Socials.
November 11th. Debating Society.
November 18th. S.C.M. Dr. Harold Roberts.
November 20th. Children's Theatre Company performance.
November 28th. Hostel Socials.

Scientific Society.

President: The Principal.

Chairman: Mr. H. Whitehead.

Vice-Chairman: Mr. J. Lawton.

Treasurer: Miss B. Bullimore.

THIS term we have had three lectures and one visit, and I would like to thank all who have helped to make them successes.

The first lecture was given by Mr. Marson on "Pond-life." It was very well illustrated and greatly enjoyed by all present.

Miss Smith gave the second lecture, choosing as a subject "The Shetland Isles," in the women's common room using the new combined epidiascope and lantern. The lecture was very much appreciated and certainly gave us a better conception of the islands about which we knew so little.

Professor Brodetsky, the well known mathematician and astronomer, greatly favoured us by giving the third lecture on "The Universe as we understand it today." This lecture was a masterpiece and as was pointed out by the Principal, acting as chairman, his criticisms introduced at different stages gave it a delightful flavour.

The visit was to Broadcasting House where we observed the broadcast of the Saltaire Band and were then conducted round the studio and battery room.

To conclude, may I express the hope that next term's lectures will be as well supported as those of this term.

G. BURROW, Secretary.

Books Received.

THE YOUNG TEACHER'S HANDBOOK, by George H. Holroyd. First edition, 144 pages, Elkin Mathews & Marrot. 2/6.

The aim of the author in producing this volume, is to provide a handbook which will be of great practical help to the young teacher.

The book opens with an explanation of a teacher's approach to his work. Qualifications of every description are fully dealt with, and many suggestions for school activities put forward. A discussion of the work in various types of schools, technical and evening institutes, follows, together with notes on scheme books and records. Later chapters deal with sports and athletics, and the school medical and dental services. The book ends with a comprehensive list of educational books and publishers.

The reader will find in it a most useful fund of information, and it is strongly recommended to all beginners. G.L.

**City of Leeds Training College
The "Mary E. Paine" Prize.**

The "Mary E. Paine" Fund was raised by friends, colleagues and old students of the late Miss Paine, Vice Principal of this College. The interest on the fund is devoted yearly to one of the following objects:—

- (1) A prize to be awarded to a senior student who, on grounds to be decided by the Committee responsible for the administration of the fund, should deserve it.
- (2) A book or books for the College Library.
- (3) Such other objects as the Committee may decide.

In 1934-35 a prize of books was awarded to Mr. Simpson for an essay.

In 1935-36 books were bought for the Library.

In 1936-37 a student's prize consisting of 7 books or apparatus to the value of £1-1-0 will be awarded for the best essay submitted by a senior student on the subject

"EDUCATION AND WORLD PEACE"

Essays, which should not be longer than 2000 words must be handed in to Mr. Pickering before the Easter Vacation.

Intending candidates must inform Mr. Pickering before December 18th of their intention to enter the competition.

The Committee reserves the right not to make an award should no entry reach a proper standard. R. W. RICH.

"By the River."

'Twi'x't two banks of verdant green,
Slides the river's silv'ry sheen.
Hark! the moorhen's mournful croak
Warning all the water-folk.
See the snipe with his long beak
Probing, all intent to seek
Luscious grubs by the water's edge,
Near the rustling waving sedge.
I have seen the dipper there
Standing on the pebbles bare,
Ruffling up his milk-white breast,
Guardian of the hidden nest.
There,—peeps out a water-vole
From his dark, round, gloomy hole,
With his whiskers all adrip
From his last, long wat'ry dip.
Oh! how it makes one glad to see,
That all these things can really be
So close to the city, but under the sun,
Despite the work that man has done.

J. A. Tunnicliff, The Grange.



Rugby.

Eight matches have been played to date, and we are regretfully compelled to face the fact that in six of them, we have suffered defeat, in some cases at the hands of teams which we should have been able to beat. There is a lack of co-ordination between the forwards and backs, which so far, all efforts have failed to eliminate. We can only hope that in the matches remaining, the team will weld together and play less as individuals.

Our greatest defeat was suffered in the match with Carnegie, though the opportunity of seeing such a team at close quarters was almost worth the price we paid for it.

RESULTS: Played—8. Won—1. Lost—6. Drawn—1.
Points for—42. Points against—116.

S. R. HORSMAN, (Hon. Sec.).

Soccer.

This season promises to be a very successful one. There is a wealth of soccer talent in College this year which has probably never been surpassed. Three good teams could be run if only we could find teams to oppose us. As it is, great difficulty has been found in arranging a list of fixtures for the Second XI.

Up to time of writing no game has been lost by either First or Second XI, the first team having won four and drawn two matches, while the second team have played and won two. The first team easily defeated Carnegie by five goals to one, and drew with Leeds University and York Training College.

The First XI has been chosen from the following:—
Haydock, Stephenson, Hall, Holmes, Harvey, Walton, Walker, Smith, Jones, Wild, Ogden (Cpt.), Sykes.

Goal-scorers:—Ogden 5, Sykes 5, Walker 5, Wild 5, Smith 4, Jones 4, Harvey 3, Holmes 1, Walton 1.

The Second XI has been chosen from:—Seal, Watts, Lynch (Cpt.), Cameron, Taylor, Tarbitten, Faye, Hardman, Reynolds, Jones, Wild, Fozzard, Slack.
Goal-scorers:—Wild 3, Slack 3, Seal 1, Reynolds 1, Faye 1.

Swimming.

Interest in swimming has not been as keen as usual this term. To date, only two life-saving awards have been taken. It is hoped that this number will have been considerably increased before the end of term.

Events this term began with a life-saving demonstration by senior men followed by an exhibition of trick swimming by Mr. Boyd.

Our only match this term was against Castleford S.C. on Wednesday, October 28th. Despite our victory in the squadron race, better team work and faster swimming combined in effecting our defeat, by six goals to three in the polo match. (C. D. CLARE, Hon. Sec.)

Hockey.

Captain: C. K. WIGMORE. Vice-Captain: E. ARMSTRONG.
Hon. Secretary: B. CORBETT.

Much improvement is shown in this season's team as can be seen from the match results. Only one match has so far been lost and that was due to ill-luck rather than bad play. At present the team is showing good form and look forward to a record season.

The team has been chosen from: Wigmore (Capt.), Armstrong (Vice-Capt.), Corbett (Hon. Sec.), Callier, Hibbert, Hughes, Marshall, Nourish, Sowerby, Spencer (J. W.), Tunnichiff, Wesley, Wilkinson (S.). Beale has acted as referee.

Date.	Opponents.	Ground.	Result.
Oct. 3.	Bradford Bohemians	Home.	1-1 Draw.
„ 10.	East Keswick ...	Away.	6-2 Won.
„ 17.	Halifax ...	Home.	1-2 Lost.
„ 24.	Leeds Oaklands ...	Away.	1-1 Draw.
„ 31.	Carnegie ...	Home.	0-0 Draw.
Nov. 14.	Ben Rhydding ...	Home.	Cancelled.
„ 21.	Bradford Y.M.C.A. ...	Home.	3-1 Won.
„ 28.	Monk Fryston ...	Away.	4-0 Won.

Efforts have been made to secure fixtures for a Second XI Hockey Team. Although it is possible to form a good team, as yet no fixtures have been arranged. Will anyone knowing of teams who would play, please inform the Secretary!
B. CORBETT, Hon. Secretary.

Harriers Notes.

We have had a very successful introduction to a year which we hope will finish with similar success in the National Cross Country Race. Our only defeat was by Wakefield in a non-competitive pack-breakaway.

The Seniors are running up to last year's form, a big improvement being noticed in the case of Parry.

We welcome to the club the following Juniors who are showing much enthusiasm and talent: Short, Roberts, Bertram, Davenport, Battersby and Day. The Senior members are Sperring (Capt.), Adamson (Vice Capt.), Marson, Parry, Stockton and Heath.

RESULTS

Wakefield Trinity (away)	Lost	37	50
York T.C. at Wakefield	Won	50	86
Leeds University 2nds (away)	Won	21	64
York T.C. at home	Won	21	74
Wakefield Trinity at home	Won	34	58

We wish to compliment Short on running third in the Leeds and District Senior Novice Championship on Saturday, November 14th.

J. E. Marson (Hon. Sec.)

Lacrosse Club.

Each year the lacrosse club starts off with the difficulty of obtaining players with experience. This year the difficulty has been greater. In the first few matches a lot of experimenting was necessary but now the members of the team are settling down to their positions. None of this term's matches has been won, but the team is shaping well and should do better next term.

The team has been picked from:—

Moore, Metcalfe, Dye, Pegg, Grattage, Gann, Richardson, Hopkinson, Lister, Miller, Howard, Ward, Brunt, Burrow.
C. S. G. Pegg, Hon. Sec.

Women's Swimming Club.

Captain: J. MANNING. Vice-Captain: B. COULTON.

POLO TEAM.

Walker. Whitaker. Dove.
Coulton.
Manning. King.
Billington.

SQUADRON TEAM.

Walker, Billington, Waddington, Manning, Coulton.

The season has opened with hopes of a successful year in swimming. The Polo team shows unusual strength, and has good combination. We have been fortunate in retaining several members of last year's team—Miss Manning, Miss Coulton, Miss Billington, and Miss King.

A display, arranged at the beginning of the term by Seniors, to give the Juniors some idea of the work done in this section of the College activities, was the first event of note. The programme consisted of a demonstration of strokes, life-saving, diving, and scientific floating. Mr. Boyd gave an exhibition to conclude the demonstration.

Only two Polo matches could be arranged this term, one against Leeds University Women's Swimming Club, and another against Armley Ladies' Swimming Club. The squadron races resulted in a victory for the College against the University, but they narrowly missed winning the race against Armley Ladies. Both Polo matches were won by the College, the results being 5-0 against the University, and 4-0 against Armley. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Boyd for his help in coaching the game, and for acting as umpire at the matches.

We offer our congratulations to Miss Coulton and Miss Walker of Brontë who have been successful in passing the practical part of the Diploma of the Royal Life-Saving Society. Miss Dove has been awarded the Diploma of the Society. The enthusiasm this year leads us to hope for a record number of awards of the Royal Life-Saving Society.
A. M. DOVE, (Hon. Sec)

Netball.

Captain: MARIANNE HALL. Vice-Captain: M. PLUMMER.
This term has been a successful one on the whole for both teams.

RESULTS OF MATCHES

Opponents	Ground	Result—1st VII, 2nd VII
Sept. 26 Leeds Netball Club	Lost Won
Oct. 3 Thoresby O. Girls	Won —
Oct. 17 Ripon T. College	Won Won
Oct. 24 Lawnswood O. Girls	Won Won
Nov. 14 Sheffield T. College	Won —
Nov. 21 Leeds G. High School	Won —
Nov. 25 Thoresby	Won —

Two matches have still to be played.

The first team consists of Miss Hall, Miss J. Firbank, Miss B. Firbank, Miss K. Halstead, Miss M. Waddington, Miss Riddick, Miss Plummer.

In the second team: Misses Coulton, Bullimae, Thompson, Fleming, A. Halstead.

The Netball has improved considerably since the first match and scores have been high just lately. Against Leeds Girls' High School we won 51-5. Against Ripon Training College 33-8.

There has been some beginners' netball this term, and we hope that there will be more after Christmas.

We wish to thank both Miss Dunstan and Miss Watteau for their valuable help in coaching and refereeing, and Miss Treloar for the work she has done as Treasurer of the Netball Club.
K. M. Halstead (Hon. Sec.)

Women's Hockey.

Captain: M. WHITE.

Vice-Captain: D. DURHAM.

The Hockey season opened with a marked enthusiasm on the part of both Seniors and Juniors at the hockey trials, when, owing to the high standard of play, there was difficulty in choosing teams. The term so far has been successful for both teams, the 1st XI having won all matches played, and the 2nd XI having lost only one.

The 1st XI is now much improved as a team. The goalkeeper has done good work, but could improve by relying more on her feet and pads. A good pair of backs work well together. With more practice the back, and half lines should so co-operate as to prove an extremely effective defence. The five forward players, though now working together as a whole, need to gain in speed. Neater stick-work is to be wholeheartedly encouraged. At the end of the season we hope to see the College team carrying off the trophy at the Yorkshire Hockey Rally.

FIRST XI.

J. Adams,	D. Durham,	M. White,	M. Orton,	S. Moore.
N. Sutcliffe,		M. Walker,	J. Fox,	
G. Holdon,		D. Learmont,		
		L. Kirk.		

2nd XI. The standard of play has improved steadily throughout the term. Play has developed into neat stickwork and careful passing. Team combination is good especially on the forward line. The defence is reliable but needs to clear more quickly. The halves, though doing valuable work should be careful of becoming too rough. The forwards have shown great improvement in their shooting: they should attempt more long passing in mid-field and the team as a whole needs to adapt itself more quickly to other grounds.

SECOND XI.

J. Nickson,	J. Moore,	M. Rayner,	J. Morris,	Smith,
W. Cooper,		J. Heal,	O. Hudson,	
	M. Handley,	D. Herring,		
	Williams.			

Also played: Peat, Hartnoll, Lucas, Wallace.

Both teams wish to thank Miss Dunstan and Miss Watteau for their help in coaching and refereeing matches: and Miss Treloar for the work she has done as Treasurer of the Hockey Club.

Result of Crossword Puzzle.

ACROSS—1. Mussolini. 8. Iris. 9. Oopak. 13. Nil. 14. Image. 17. Iatrical. 21. Naval. 22. Do. 24. Rail. 25. Maori. 27. Earl. 29. Use. 31. Larceny. 33. Rid. 34. Learn. 35. Pig. 37. Iliad. 40. Ant. 41. Skater. 42. Unify. 45. Toad. 46. I. E. 47. Omen. 49. End. 50. Stored. 51. Is. 53. Let. 55. End. 56. Sin. 57. Rod. 58. Tyr.

DOWN—1. Miniaturist. 2. Urial. 3. Silt. 4. S.S. 5. Lo. 6. Iota. 7. N.P. 10. Kin. 11. Naval. 12. Wellington. 15. Marry. 16. Gai. 19. Idol. 20. Coral. 23. Seer. 25. Mediate. 26. Ire. 28. Ann. 30. Silk. 32. Casuist. 35. Payment. 36. In. 38. Atone. 39. Dead. 43. Net. 44. Fore. 48. Eddy. 51. Is. 52. Si. 53. Lo. 54. Ed.

Old Students' Section.

The Re-union: 1936.

THE Annual Re-union of Old Students was held at the College on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, November 6th, 7th and 8th. The programme took the usual form and began with a social evening on the Friday, during which there was much talk, a little music and a short play acted by the Dramatic Section of the Leeds Old Owls' Club. The Saturday morning meeting was more successful than usual, perhaps owing to vigorous 'stewarding' and the rearrangement of the seating. The official welcome was made by Dr. Rich and Alderman Blackburn. Dr. Rich referred to the outstanding events of the last college year and both he and Alderman Blackburn devoted some time to the problem of unemployment among the more recent old students. Dr. Airey told a good story—amongst other things—and Mr Parsons showed that he had preserved, along with other indications of his perennial youth, the enthusiasm and idealism which have always characterised his words and actions. Mr. Guest, the Director of Education for Leeds, also spoke. The public part of the meeting ended with the placing of the wreath on the College War Memorial by Mr. A. O. Wilson, and the Act of Homage.

The business meeting was better attended than usual. Mr. Woodhouse's minutes of the last meeting set such a happy tone that members almost clamoured, in the light of Mr. Glegg's financial report, to have the minimum amount of the subscription raised from 2/- to 2/6. At any rate the proposal, made on behalf of the Committee, was carried 'nem. con.'—as they say. Mr. Glegg urged the necessity of keeping the loan account at a considerable level and the advisability of using that account also for the granting of 'gifts.' A proposal that the name of that account should be changed to allow of this last being done could not be accepted because the necessary fortnight's notice had not been given, but it will be considered during the coming year.

The dance at night was very well attended and as merry and bright as usual. We saw nothing of the whist, but the second men's prize was a good one; the first must have been very good.

The week end concluded with the Service on Sunday morning. It was conducted by Dr. Rich; Miss Simpson and Mr. A. C. Booth read the lessons and the sermon was preached by the Rev. E. A. Baker, M.A., Vicar of Nun Monkton and late Chaplain to St. John's College, York. Mr. Cunliffe played the organ at both the Saturday morning meeting and the Service.

Leeds Old Owls' Club.

The third annual dinner of the Leeds Old Owls' Club was held at the Leeds and County Conservative Club on Saturday, November 14th, 1936. Mr. H. Addlestone presided over a large gathering which included Dr. Rich, Miss Simpson, Dr. Airey, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Guest, and several members of the College Staff, past and present.

The toast of the Guest of the Evening, Mr. W. Parsons, first Principal of the College, was proposed by Mr. A. Ridley, and that of the College by Mr. Addlestone. Dr. Rich responded.

Between the speeches items of entertainment were provided by members of the Leeds Old Owls' Club, and all present participated in community singing, led by Mr. R. Hardy.

Once again the Club is to be congratulated upon a highly successful function.

It is with profound regret that we record the passing of,

Mabel Binks,

A student of this college who accepted the responsibility of service, to the children under her charge, and to her companions in the Leeds Old Owls' Club.

She was, for many years, our General Secretary, and the hub of Old Owls' activities in this city.

Her smiling sympathy gave her many friends, and her conscientious work brought success to those undertakings in which she was concerned.

She lived her life to the full ;

We are richer by that life, and poorer by that life's untimely end. A.R.

Mr. A. G. Hughes, B.Sc., Ph. D., who was a member of the College Staff from 1919 to 1924, has been appointed to the position of Assistant Education Officer (Higher Education) under the L.C.C. At the time of his appointment Dr. Hughes was an L.C.C. District Inspector.

Marriage.

November 4th, 1936.

MARGARET ION to CARL S. HARRISON. 81, Ightenhill Park Lane, Burnley, Lancashire.

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