

1937



# 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.

SUMMER TERM, 1937.

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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.

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**T**HE editorial is very difficult to write. There is so little an editor can say; all the news is covered by the various secretaries, all the congratulations are offered in special articles. If the material submitted for publication be praised the editor is accused of setting a low standard, if the material be adversely criticised he is condemned as a thankless fellow. And it is not his job to write a thesis on art or music or literature. There is only one thing left for him to do, that is to write the usual things the College editor usually writes.

Here are some of them:—

We wish success to Juniors on their second school practice and exhort them to uphold College tradition in the coming year as nobly as their Seniors have done. We congratulate all those who have been accepted as teachers, it is to be hoped that for them the profession will become a vocation; and to those who, so far, have not received the stirring call, "You have been appointed —," we extend our sympathy and our good wishes for the future.

A last word: here's to success, Seniors, in the final examination!



### Travels of a Donkey.

**M**ANY of us are now looking forward to our last long Summer vacation, and having cast aside the yoke of college life would doubtless like to make it a memorable one before joining the ranks of the Noble Army of Martyrs. Such a holiday, exciting, economical, and supremely healthy, can be gained by joining the Youth Hostels Association. This Association supplies bases in many of the most beautiful parts of the country at which walkers and cyclists may stay for limited periods when making a tour. It is not, however, wholly confined to England, but has branches in many parts of the world to which all members can go, thus enabling the more adventurous spirits to journey:

“From Greenland’s icy mountains  
To India’s coral strand,”

if they feel the urge.

But doubtless there are among us a few less ambitious spirits who would regret the loss of a beautiful proboscis in the arctic snows, or its further embellishment in India, to conform to native ideas of art, and for whom England is quite bad enough. I say ‘bad enough’ intentionally, lest any poetic spirit should imagine that a Y.H.A. tour should in any way resemble wandering among the Elysian fields or straying over Mt. Helicon. Alas, far from this, it offers almost as great a strain on one’s energies as College, demanding the consumption of large supplies of Oxo and oxygen. Too many people are inclined to paint the picture of the hiker’s existence in rosy colours, doubtless due to a perverted desire to make others suffer as they have done. Here, instead, is an attempt to reveal the truth of such excursions (to say nothing of the alarms).

#### THE HIKER’S DAY.

For purposes of illustration we will imagine that the ardent hiker wakes up in the morning at the Neverest Youth Hostel which he has previously determined to visit. In point of fact he would probably wake up in a town twenty miles away, in a comfortable hotel, a station waiting room, or a police station, but it is advisable to ignore such lapses.

The Neverest Youth Hostel may be a disused school house (keep clear), lighthouse (useful for would-be suicides tired of teaching), or workhouse (excellent preparation for those as yet without employment). Whatever it is, the roof will probably leak, the lamp, smoke, and the wind go wuthering round the heights. In this delightful environment the sleeper awakes, conscious of a trickling at his ear, a draught at his feet, and the realisation that he is still “iking in every limb.” As the golden slumbers which have kissed his eyes were run altogether too much on Midas lines he decides to get up and prepare breakfast or buy it from the

Warden. The latter alternative is recommended to students, who, having gone through college, are guaranteed unkillable. In cases where it is necessary to cook one’s own food all hikers are advised to read the new omnibus book “What not to do with a Primus Stove,” (Warner and Peril. 750 pages. 7/6d. 5th edition).

As is customary when circumstances become too painful to bear description it will be kinder to ‘draw a veil over the next scene.’ Suffice it to say that when all duties have been performed, when Henry has reduced himself to a more comely grey after sweeping the chimney, and when Belinda has, by a magnificent swallow-dive, succeeded in extricating the dead hen from the hostel well; when the last journey has been made for the last forgotten article (except for the one that was never remembered) then one may resume one’s journey.

The hiker’s lunch is made more interesting by the inevitable consumption of much of the flora and fauna of the locality. Usually the end of a meal is marked by a sudden passionate desire to study cloud formation and the Birds of the Air, which can only be carried out from a recumbent position. Should another meal be found necessary after some hours of this profound mental exertion who can be blamed? Unfortunately, after tea comes an urgent realisation that there are many miles to be covered before the next hostel is reached. As no one has the moral courage to suggest that the one left that morning is nearer, a gigantic effort is made, and usually, by the time that the shades of night are falling fast, there are only about ten more miles to go to the hostel. This distance is of course augmented to 15 miles by the circuitous route taken, and by midnight, with luck, it is possible for the hiker to find himself in a place where the hostel has been heard of. This is a relief, but not, to an experienced hiker, a great one. Directions from such a point usually take this form:—

FARMER. “You go through the far wood, over the hill, round the cliff, across the stepping stones, through the field with the mad bull in it, and from there you can see a house where you can ask to be directed again.”

The trumper gets lost in the wood, falls over the cliff and into the stream, gets tossed by the bull, and eventually arrives, not indignant, but thanking his Maker that he still lives, at the house, where he receives a similar set of directions. The cyclist toils up a stony hill, joyfully spins down the other side to find himself in the middle of a mountain torrent, cracks his forks on the stepping stones he should have walked over and has to carry himself and his shattered machine to the distant hostel.

Even then the hiker’s perils are not over. Having bathed his bruises in arnica, sealed up his gashes with zinc-oxide plaster, and



bathed his forehead in Eau de Cologne, he discovers that the only bed left unoccupied is the top one of a 'double-decker.' With assistance from the rear he heaves his battered self upon it, takes half-a-dozen aspirins and eventually drifts into a dreamless sleep. But alas, the slumbers of the person below may be by no means dreamless. Perhaps as a pleasant relaxation from 'hiking' he dreams of his early buffalo-shooting days in Central Africa, raises his legs abruptly in his excitement, and smites the bunk above so that its unfortunate occupant hurtles out into space, wildly singing Purcell's song "Lost is my quiet for ever."

Some days later he returns to his home and says with real feeling that his holiday has braced him for the coming year and given him a new zest for work.

Fortunately, because the hostels are in such remote and inaccessible places, they are nearly always amidst most beautiful country. They are arranged in groups in which the separate hostels are rarely more than 15 miles apart, thus providing for an easy day's walk, saving for detours, for the average walker. More ambitious trampers could, of course, do wonders. It has been calculated that a 'centurion' could get round the world in 250 days. A normal day's ride for a cyclist on a tour is between 60 and 100 miles. Very often, however, it is worth while to take the smaller and more difficult roads even if less distance is covered, as they offer more interest and beauty.

#### HINTS FOR HAPPY HIKING.

For those who have not been put off for life by the above account some consolation is offered by the fact that experience soon teaches ways and means by which hiking can be made less arduous. These Hints for Happy Hiking have been procured at great trouble and expense from experienced hikers.

1. Preparation. Have hair permed, and eyebrows plucked. A mud pack and Turkish bath will be supplied en route.
2. Things to take. Sal volatile, manual of home nursing, air cushion, splints, corn cure, blunderbus.
3. Things to leave behind. Swear box.
4. Before returning home. Sprinkle face with artificial sun-tan lotion, grading amount by the time you have been away:—

	WEEK-END.	WEEK.	10 DAYS.	FORTNIGHT.
BRUNETTE.	Vermillion.	Ochre.	Gamboge.	Olive brown.
BLONDE.	Crimson lake.	Scarlet.	Crushed strawberry.	Burnt sienna.

5. On return home. Order hot water, ad lib., complete rest, good food, and sleep for one week.
6. WARNING. Joining the Y.H.A. as a life member does not ensure preservation of life.

These very helpful notes will doubtless prove invaluable to

novices. If anyone *should* desire further information the Association does issue a handbook which might possibly help to supplement this article if this should be felt to be necessary. To those who do have the courage to enter upon this strange and wild existence, the best wish we can give is "Good Hunting and may you always find the hostel and live to a ripe old Hikerdom."

P.A.G. (Macaulay).

#### The Rover Crew.

**T**HE summer term is perforce a very lean time for all college societies, but while other organisations seem to die a natural death at Easter, the Rovers have kept going and some invaluable work has been done. And naturally so, for surely summer is the ideal time for practical scouting.

Only one full meeting has been held this term, the guests being Mr. Richardson, Leeds Akela and Mr. Barrand D.R.S.L., Mr. Richardson expounded a scheme whereby members would be enabled to take the practical part of the Wood Badge Course at Bramhope. It is encouraging to note that eight members of the crew are taking the full course and seven more are taking an abridged course and all speak highly of the work which is being done. The course includes the fundamentals of camping, woodcraft, knotting, splicing, bridge-building, and backwoodsmanship together with the practical experience of camping, mass outdoor games and night games; lectures have also been given on organisation. The chief point about the course is the cost—the maximum being only 15/- for the full course of three weekends and the Whit. week in camp. It is to be hoped that next year even more members of the crew will take advantage of this excellent opportunity to learn the finer points of scouting.

We wish to thank the Skipper and the officers for the good work they have done during the year; the Rovers have developed into a society which is making its presence felt throughout the college. Our thanks are also due to those members of the staff who have supported us and helped to make this session a great success. The average attendance at meetings has been 36 compared with 25 for the previous session. Surely this speaks volumes for the only organisation in college which is totally devoid of the so-called weaker sex.

Congratulations to those seniors who have already found posts and good luck to those who have not yet done so. Congratulations also to our A.R.S.L. on being elected president in Cavendish.

Finally, to the seniors facing Finals and to the juniors facing S.P. we send the Scout's good-will message "Good Hunting."

J.W.S.



## Native Handicraft and Art Education in South Africa.

By ETHEL GRAY, F.S.A.M.

PRESENT students will remember that Miss Gray visited South Africa last June. She was invited to give a series of Art lectures in various parts of the Union. The following are some impressions of her visit and some notes on the character of art education as she found it.

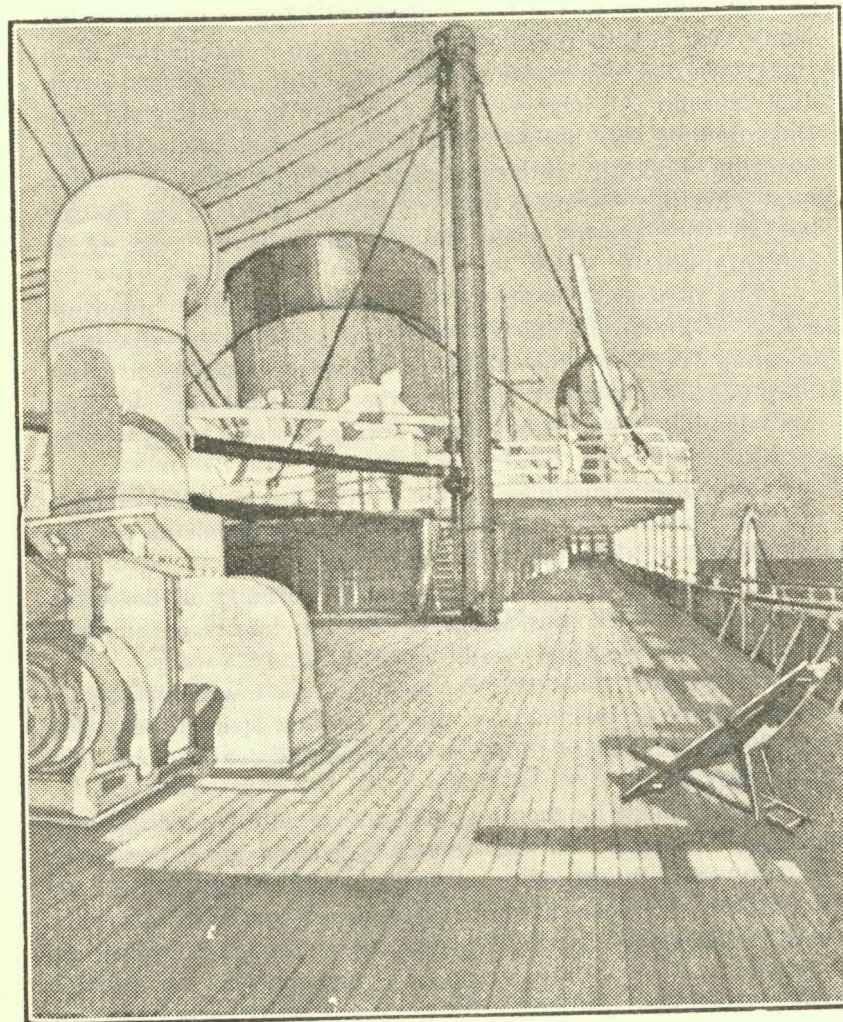
"My first sight of Capetown, before the dawn, as the boat silently approached the harbour, with Table mountain looming faintly in the blue night and the countless sparkling lights of the town below was a sight never to be forgotten. In the day time the view of the town and bay from the mountain top with the Hottentot Mountains, snow capped, at that time, and the craggy peninsula behind, ending in the Cape of Good Hope, was majestically impressive.

Although it was winter time there, Arum Lilies grew in profusion by the roadsides, with golden Mimosa and Wattle. On the mountain sides were many kinds of Heath flowers, Protea and Aloes—Gum and Pepper trees. The silver leaves of the Poplars looked exquisite against the blue misty background of the mountain. All these were fascinating, although one was told of the wealth and variety of flowers that bloom during the Summer. The beautiful old Dutch houses in Cape Province and the vine, orange and citrus farms, seen on the many motor rides round the peninsula, were in the highest degree picturesque.

In the Transvaal the atmosphere, due to the high altitude, is very dry. When painting in water colours large washes are difficult to manipulate. On the open veldt the light is intense and there are few trees for shade. A sketching-umbrella is a necessity (I had none). The twilight was very short and the shadows ran swiftly across the landscape as the sun set below the horizon.

I found constant delight in looking at the huge old mine dumps in and around Johannesburg. Some, like pyramids, seen at sunrise, the sun catching their tops and a sparkling white with the ethereal blue mist below, looked like snowcapped Fuji Yamas. In the afternoon they are golden, their weatherworn faces like the scored sides of the high Alps. In the setting sun they change to every imaginable colour, becoming grander and more majestic in the purple night, when they become indistinguishable. Alas, there was only time to make rapid sketches of all these.

A long car ride to the Kruger National Park or Game Reserve offered some new experiences. Animals live here in a wild state. It was winter time, the ground parched and the trees small and



Main Deck, S.S. Carnarvon Castle.  
June, 1936.

by Miss E. GRAY, F.S.A.M.



scraggy. From the car the animals looked unreal as they passed us unheedingly, just like flitting shadows bathed in the noon-day creamy light.

At night time, sleeping in huts provided for visitors, it was rather exciting to hear lions roaring.

The natives in the towns appeared happy and easy going. Many wear modern English clothes—the girls high-heeled shoes, tight skirts and blouses, jaunty caps, large imitation pearl ear-rings and some do not improve their appearance by painting their lips and colouring their cheeks. Their natural skins are velvety and beautiful, especially in the sunshine. The girls carry themselves most gracefully. Usually they are very delighted to be sketched but in the country they are shy and dislike even to be photographed.

The thatched, circular huts of mud brick are in shape and colour so similar to the land and brush growth that villages are indistinguishable in the landscape till one is close upon them. They quickly crumble to dust but others of wicker frame work are more durable. One regrets to see corrugated iron being so much used for new huts.

Inside may sometimes be seen painted decoration resembling our own modern wall paintings—geometric bands of various colours and widths arranged in odd panels.

Cheap prints and picture post-cards are hung on the walls. Such things as sideboards, as seen in European houses, are imitated in clay. Beds are merely slabs of clay against the walls.

Native craft work may be bought in the towns and country stores. Some is executed by miners in their spare time. The work varies very considerably in technique and quality, sometimes it is beautiful.

Pottery made for their own daily use is entirely made by hand (no wheel is used). Varied, coloured clays are moulded and coiled or strip vessels formed, with simple geometric decoration, incised or painted, with sometimes berries inset. A hole in the ground is used for firing and usually this takes only two hours. When dry the pot is covered with ochre and saliva and polished with pebbles. No glaze is used, so that all the pottery is easily broken and new ones are made if the natives leave a district. Gold jewellery is often very beautiful and when one considers that only oil blow lamps are used, it is amazing that such fine beaten and twisted work can be done. Many large and small carvings of birds, animals, human figures and masks in wood or horn are quaint and simple in treatment and, in some cases, most decorative. Such things as stools, cut-out of solid blocks of mahogany, are often elegant in outline with carved ornament suitable in scale and treatment for their use.

Examples of Basket work, Raffia, Leather (both interlaced and tooled) and Tied work may be obtained. Bead necklaces, belts and bracelets of excellent pattern and technique are quite common.

Some of their weaving is delightful. Usually it is in long strips of from three to four yards and only four to six inches wide. It is crudely sewn together to form their "cloths," as they call them, which they wrap round their bodies like the Romans did the Toga.

Very fine silk and cotton weaving is done as well as the coarser woollen blankets. But the natives in the towns and the miners, going from the mine compounds to the mines or tramping in the country, wear woollen machine-woven blankets of vivid-coloured patterns, made in mills in South Africa, under the supervision of Englishmen. The women wear machine-woven artificial head dresses made in Manchester and the little children, in the winter, machine-made jerseys and woolies—also sent out from England. One wonders what will happen to the native crafts when machine-made goods have made a still further invasion?

So far as I could discover, none of this talent for craft-work is developed in the schools for native or coloured children; except at one educational institution where skilled native craftsmen are employed to teach native children the various crafts so that this culture may be preserved.

#### ART EDUCATION.

Grahamstown College of Art, part of the Rhodes University, though quite small is a most charming building, excellently equipped.

At Johannesburg College of Art the staff and students were busy making excellent dioramas, relief maps and friezes for the Jubilee Exhibition.

Interesting work was also being done at the Colleges of Art at Capetown and Port Elizabeth.

Most of the staffs are English-trained and some, well-known to our members, have done very valuable pioneer work in South Africa.

In the Training Colleges and Secondary Schools for white students and children, the art subjects are very similar to those in our English Institutions. Usually they have art specialists but these may have to teach other subjects as well. I found very large classes in all the schools. In one secondary school the Art Specialist chose a class of 40 for Craft work, "because of its smallness"! Naturally, as a rule very little real Craft work is done here. The Government do not give grants for craft materials. The parents have to pay for these.

At one Secondary School, when helping to choose Art examples



for the Exhibition, I was most interested to see the great difference between the style of floral design work and that of our English design (due to the use of the brighter coloured and more varied shapes in the flowers and fruit of South Africa).

The time given to Art study for the Matriculation Examination is four hours per week with an additional hour for craft work. As an ordinary subject, Art is given one and a half hours.

In the Primary Schools for white children there are no specialist Teachers of Art. The children do mostly free illustration in pastel or pencil; clay or plasticine is used in connection with Geography or History lessons only. Very little water colour painting is done. In the Junior Schools Art and Handwork are grouped and given from two to two and a half hours per week.

Most interesting was a visit to the Training College for coloured students (men and women), The Zonnebloom (Sunflower) Training College of Capetown is under the auspices of the Church of England. Students' ages vary from 14 to 24 years, only a few of them have passed the Matriculation examination before entering. When addressing them, I was impressed by the variety of coloured skins and the differences in tribal faces. Very little time is given to Art and very little craft-work is done, probably because of the cost of materials and the lack of time. I saw no attempts to reproduce pictorially the natural beauties around them.

The native school in the native location at Capetown is under the auspices of the Wesleyan Mission and is subsidized by the Government. (A location is a collection of native huts, in an area reserved for natives outside the town). The art work consists of crayon illustration and clay or plasticine for free modelling, no painting or craft work is done. The time for Art is limited because the children have both the English and Africaans languages to learn in addition to other subjects.

The boys and girls here sang an unaccompanied chant in the Pentatonic scale which greatly charmed me, with its suggestions of a possibly forgotten civilization. The native staff and children all looked extremely happy.

I gave some lectures on Italian art in Secondary Schools and demonstration Art lessons to children in Primary and Secondary Schools and a course of lectures and demonstrations on Art teaching to teachers.

In conclusion, I would like to express my gratitude for the kindness shown to me by Principals and members of staffs and in particular to Mr. Rawson, H.M.I., for Art, and Mr. Strong, Secretary of the Teachers' Association, Cape Province."

### Worth Noting.

Extract from "Religion in Education," July, 1937:—

Mr. Arthur Mayhew, Esq., C.J.E., C.M.G., Secretary to the Advisory Committee on Education in the Colonies, says, "I often wonder why educational enthusiasts are content to stay at home." Posts are waiting not only for the newly-trained teacher but for those of experience in teaching and administration also. What is said of Africa is universally applicable: "Africa requires above all else specialists in every department. There are jobs for every kind of teacher—for the inspector or supervisor; for the training-college lecturer; for the master or mistress of method; for the woman specialist in kindergarten, Montessori, domestic science, or child welfare."

### Ballade.

Preserve me from the unrefined,  
Protect me from the new, or queer;  
Do not contaminate my mind  
With thoughts too deep or too sincere.  
I find philosophy austere,  
And politics is double-Dutch.  
Give me the latest thriller, dear,  
I do not want to think too much.

To read a book I'm half inclined,  
To listen-in with half an ear,  
To shed, at pictures of a kind,  
A semi-sentimental tear.  
How can I pass the coming year?  
Well, why not build a rabbit-hutch,  
Or buy some stamp-collecting gear?  
I do not want to think too much.

Give me a belly richly lined,  
Give me a pipe, a mug of beer,  
A beauty chorus when I've dined,  
A football team to curse or cheer.  
Give me the fat and fuddled leer,  
Give me the hearty human touch.  
(Turn off the Fat Stock Prices, dear,  
I do not want to think too much.)

You think me dull, Princess, I fear,  
This highbrow verse is not for such  
As you and me. Let's finish here.  
I do not want to think too much.



**Horace—A Tragedy.**

Scene I. A room in Fairfax.

Horace, with Heath Robinson as visitor.

HORACE. Heavens! My head's spinning. Bells! If bells were stars, we'd be bang in the Milky Way. Bells for rising, bells for meals, bellsforlectures, bellsforprayers, (gasping for breath) bells for upstairs, downstairs, outside. A bell goes, a dozen things fly to my head and I can't think which I'm supposed to do.

HEATH ROBINSON. Gently now! Don't excite yourself!

HORACE. But listen. On Monday I was in a lecture, I must admit I was thinking of the mouse in my wardrobe, but a bell rang, and I at once began undressing. Then I heard a shout "Come out, you fool! it's fire drill." And yesterday I was walking along North Lane. A fish bell clanged. In a jiffy I was trying to run upstairs. The policeman parading by said if he caught me fighting a lamp-post again he'd take my name.

But that's only the beginning. I'm horribly afraid it may lead to a ghastly death.

HEATH ROBINSON. What!

HORACE. Suppose, one day, I were taken unawares by a bell. I might run in all directions at once, and be torn to shreds on the spot. Or I might hear a coast-guard's bell at the sea-side, and dash to death over the cliffs while thinking to run downstairs.

HEATH ROBINSON. Phew! You're in a sorry state. And I see no solution but to get rid of these bells, starting with the rising-bell. Now my stupendous invention will eliminate this forever—a patent musical bed, as responsive to music as a human being. Test it tomorrow, broadcast its triumph, and it will be universally installed. Soon the College will break out in a veritable rash of my inventions—bells of all ranks and breeds will fall before my onslaught.

Then you shall have what all the wrangling races of the world cannot attain—Peace.

Scene II. The same room.

Horace sleeping. Heath Robinson concealed.

6-30 a.m. "This," chuckles the gifted inventor, peeping out of the wardrobe—"this is to be a memorable hour." And he is not wrong. For the bed—no ordinary bed!—is observed to purr—to burst into a rendering of "Christians, awake!"—to become animated at the sound—to evince signs of sinister travail—to bend its legs at one side—and deposit Horace on the carpet—he waking in surprise and delight, and walking forth to ponder on this epoch-making event.

"A-ha!" murmurs the inventor, stepping out of the wardrobe,

and moving a lever located by his practised hand, "Tomorrow he shall have a different tune."

Scene III. Ditto. The following day.

6-30 a.m. Were the wardrobe not opaque, you would see the inventor rubbing his hands in anticipation as he hears the jazzy notes of "Yeah, Ma'am!" issuing from the musical alarm. The sensitive mechanism, captivated, leads the bed to jig prettily round the room— But why does the inventor suddenly make a dash and flee in terror from the scene?

On the final "Yeah, Ma'am! Yeah, Ma'am!" the bed has reared and tipped Horace out of the window —————  
————— { Plomp!

From the kitchen come shrieks, the sound of an opening door, and maids pattering to the spot, to bustle round the recumbent Horace (damaged in transit).

Scene IV. The dining room.

Students at Table A conversing, seated ready to dine.

OGG. I say, Horace is still missing, isn't he!

ROMEO. Yes, I suppose it's sleep-walking again, eh? He must have walked into some death-trap this time, if he's still unfound.

BRAG. If he went far in those black and yellow pyjamas of his, there's no hope. He'd be pounced on as a gaudy bug by that mysterious Specimen Hunter.

ROMEO. Yes. He's been sighted at unearthly hours.

[All shudder uneasily].

SPLODGE. Do you remember that night when the Cavvy cat was serenading outside, and—

BRAG (sneeringly). Do you recall a night when that beast wasn't?

SPLODGE. —and Horace was sleepwalking and got concussion with Thug's boot.

OGG. Yes. He was in the sick-room for three days. On the third day he sleep-walked to the under-matron's room, and began meowing outside.

ROMEO. She came out with a saucer of milk, and tipped it over his head when she saw who it was.

[All take on a reflective air for a few seconds].

SPLODGE. Ah, well! we're bound to know the worst by to-night. Let's see what's for dinner.

[They pick up their forks and begin probing into the meat-dish].

OGG. Fillet of a fenny snake.

ROMEO. Wool of bat and tongue of dog.

SPLODGE. Liver of blaspheming Jew.



THUG. Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips.

BRAG (screaming). Look what I have!

[He holds up a piece of *black and yellow* cloth on the end of his fork. All drop their forks and gape.]

Interval of five seconds while all gape.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

All (simultaneously, in anguish). Horace!

[They sob, and weep copiously into their hankies (except Thug, who hasn't got one, so he snatches Romeo's serviette and uses that) Then all fall to wailing the dirge.]

"Here he lies who seldom lay  
When murky night obscured bright day.  
Though fast asleep, he'd roam in the dark  
And walk with the spooks in Beckett Park

Horace! Adieu! Who slaughtered thee?  
The spooks may know, but oh! not we."

Curtain. A. B. RIMMER, Fairfax.

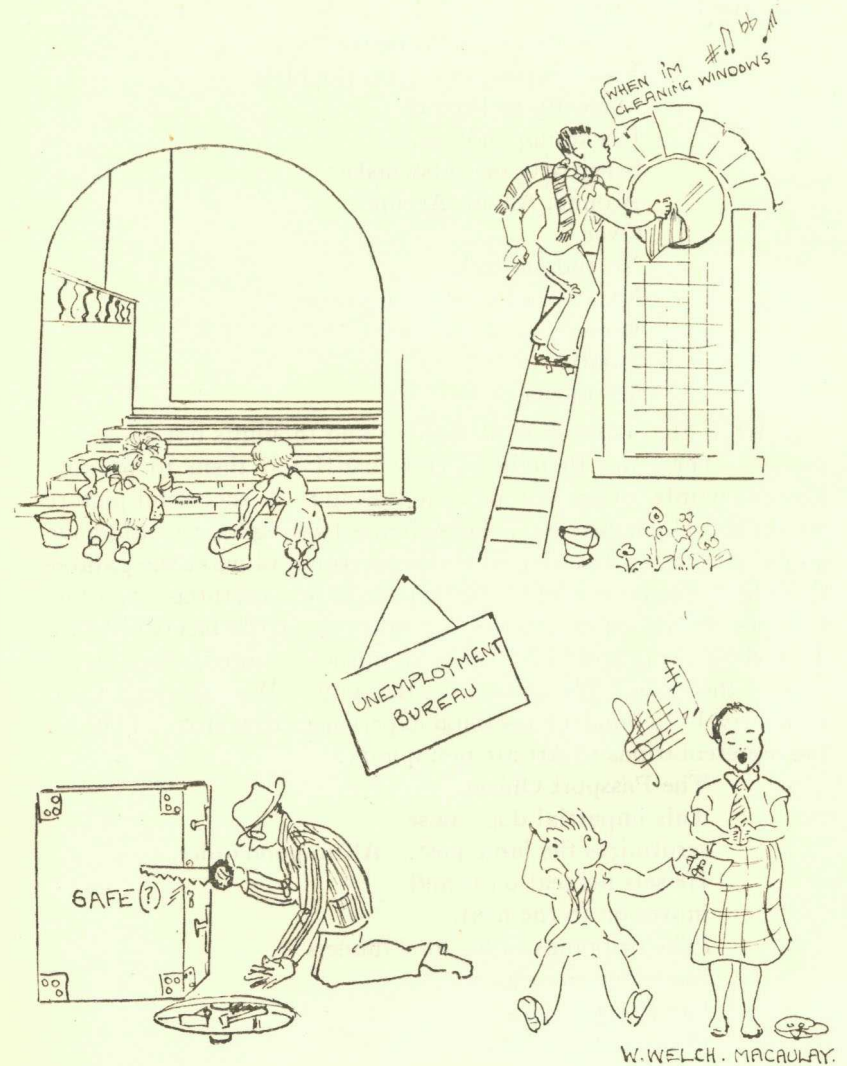
### Teachers in Clover.

The following extract from "The Yorkshire Evening Post" of Thursday, June 10th, deserves wide publicity:

"I went to Harrogate yesterday to lunch with the Oxford Group and met their visitors from overseas. My neighbour was a Burmese woman, Ma Yein Tha, a gaily dressed little person in white and green, with flowers in her carefully dressed hair, from whom I learned some remarkable facts about Burma... ..If you would be a person of importance in Burma, you must be a school-teacher; the teachers are the very cream of society. Wherever they go the most important seats are theirs, the greatest attention is shown to them.

Ma Yein Tha laughed; she is a teacher, the head mistress of a high school, so the advantages of her profession are known to her. I asked a few questions about the curriculum; it is almost entirely English, though there are no English girls among the pupils, but there is a fairly complete cosmopolitanism all the same." G.L.

In the old Celtic civilisations teachers were held in the highest honour. In modern England we hear much of the "Cinderella" of the professions. It is something to be recognised as a profession, I suppose. At one time only people who couldn't do anything else took up teaching. So G. B. Shaw could write: "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." Those bad old days have gone for ever, and we who enter the ranks of the noblest of all professions may now look forward to a time when "noblesse oblige" will have a meaning for us not too far short of what it must mean for the teacher in Burma. C.L.T.C.



SUGGESTED OCCUPATIONS FOR  
CERTIFICATED TEACHERS



### Thoughts on Modern Poetry.

**M**Y first experience of Modern Writing was Gertrude Stein. Having listened to "Part I Part Two, Part I of Part II" or sunny Friday afternoons in brown desked library I wrote the following:—

You flickering creature of the earth  
No bells rang out upon thy birth.  
Sinuosity in Brown  
Flickering endlessness.  
Sensitivity of Catswhisker.  
Around, About, Around  
Over.  
No end, no tail.  
Myriad in legs, legs, ugliness.  
Brown, Gold, Brown.  
Monty.  
My Earwig.

Art is the expression of feelings and thoughts not expressed before. These are thoughts. How can I tell them to people? Painter paints. Can one paint a feeling? A successful picture would be a blank canvas. The audience looking at it would have no colours, lines, etc. to spoil their conception of what the painter thought. Feelings cannot be expressed in anything tangible. Colours, words, lines, gestures or notes are little facets of truth. The whole thing would be a play in music, coloured, acted by the artist's thoughts. We cannot see thoughts. We represent them in poetry by a fund of common experiences in words. Thus all the representations of Art are metaphors:—

The Passport Officer.  
This impartial dog's nose  
scrutinizes the lamp post. All in good order.  
He sets his seal on it and  
moves on to the next.  
(The drippings of his fore-runners  
convey no information,  
barely a precedent.  
His actions are reflex).

The squeezing hugs of bears are the most tangible and most expressive forms of feeling-expression.

Poetry then is not a matter of sweet words, neat rhymes, gentle rhythm. The vehicle of truth must be fluid.

The Red Wheelbarrow.  
so much depends  
upon  
a red wheel

barrow  
glazed with rain  
water,  
beside the white  
chickens.

"S'not poetry. It doesn't rhyme" says the S.P. schoolboy "It is not poetry. Can't read it. It's not easy as Keats is," say the students. Rubbish, why should it be easy? Is life easy? These people who say they adore Keats rarely read him. To get everything out of Keats is hard. This stuff, new forms, new word patterns, is like a crossword puzzle. A puzzle has no artistic beauty or balance. It is found in the solving. Stein, scientific barbarian, using words in a mathematical way:

"the worm knocks loud.

Come: In;

.... or am I dead? was, that is, this (a voice?)

-he-or-it opening now-somethingless which might—  
once-unhave been a-perhaps nondoor)

and we come in.

Cluttering beyond belief images cluttered beneath disbelief with portraits photographs pictures clatter. Warm-dim. Trinkets everywhere a littleness this obsessed littlish by trinkets. Roomlet."

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould. This age has seen the birth of psychology. It is now recognised as a science. Self-analysis reveals a weird mixture. There is no selection or order in thought. Inside minds interest us not outside worlds:—

Brain  
All  
Nuclei  
Blinking  
Kinetic  
Electric sign  
A  
pig  
Dances  
Painfully  
Cannon  
Rockets  
Acurve  
Behind  
This  
Eye  
No  
Further brain;



The tendons  
The slots  
Pianola  
Into slots  
Sound  
A room's  
Back—  
Ground.

Is it a means of undesirable self-assertion? A repressed sex-complex coming out in hysteria? Compare 'swing' music. Is it ostentatious obscurity in a lucrativeness?

"Laughter. Hay naked,  
Pyjamas flung thru the crook of his elbow.  
Zoo-kaw-kaw—someone opens his mouth any you copy,  
When you're phosphates, they'll look you up and discover,  
For six years you was out of a job."

Objectionable? Can't be bothered with it? Provoking, no melodious harmonies and sloppy rhymes. Giving poetry, poets, and "dear readers" a dose of castor oil. Revolutionary, alive and vigorous accompanying political reform with literary reform. We never liked purgative. Socialism was distasteful. Communism is distasteful. We laugh and jeer at what we are afraid of, but don't understand it.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all  
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

J. PODMORE, Fairfax.

As students are notoriously lazy all the poems and extracts in these lines have been taken from Ezra Pound's Active Anthology (except the first which is my own and the last which is from Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn") and are in order by: Basil Bunting; William Carlos Williams; E. E. Cummings "Fragments from Einui"; George Oppen; Louis Zukofsky's "From A" They are probably not representative.

#### OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS ON MODERN POETRY.

Several people in an intelligent hostel were asked what they thought of modern poetry.

Two—admitted that they had never read any.

Ten—used what is commonly referred to as an 'unprintable word' to describe it. They had read a little and lost patience.

One—looks silly at first. Then you realize there's something in it. (This man is a scientist)

One—very good. But there is some utterly utter stuff written.

One—once you've read it you forget it. Then understand less than you did before you began it. (Ordinary sort of man.)

One—Sex gone mad. (His description was much more vivid)

One—It's real. It sort of brings everyday things in, even sordid things, to bring what the poet has been experiencing. Often becomes too much so.

Two—It's all right if you can understand it. Much affectation.

One—Why print it like that? As he is obviously a socialist, being a modern poet he should know waste is criminal. (An extremely critical man, always striving for effect: knew neither the writer nor his politics.)

One—The poet is conscious of his differences from other people. The modern poet is trying to make people, the common people, read poetry as they now read fiction. In attempting this he often becomes affected. There is more beauty in Shelley, Keats and the others but there is more truth in modern poetry.

The above were collected after the article had been written.

J. PODMORE, Fairfax.

#### Farewell Seniors.

Say goodbye to this?  
Call uncomfortable chairs dear?  
Romance on Bells!  
O hell a bell!  
Regret cold rooms,  
And silly howls.  
Give a brick hostel  
Bowels?  
Weep at 'Up Cædmon.' Why?  
"Two years of bliss"  
'Tis but 7 months  
Is not life outside this a school?  
We are students. Tools of a tool.  
Passing shadows in a darkened room.  
Scarce marking steps so often cleaned.  
Ave atque vale. Alma Mater.  
Pro Rege et Lege — Forbidden to spit.  
Dear little room, so only mine,  
A host of secrets are ever thine,  
Sweet friends I've met must now depart  
'Tis so disheartening. Oh. Oh. Oh.  
No more P. S. in the evening,  
No more bread and jam for tea! J. PODMORE, Fairfax.



### In Memoriam.

Sleek Rolls Royce hips.  
Arc light eyes.  
Torso.  
No more celluloid thrills.     J. PODMORE, Fairfax.

### Rain.

Rain, the messenger of God, spoke.  
(Soft, soothing evening showers.  
Telling peace to lovers lingering.  
Steeping the bones of earth  
Calling for gentle mirth  
From the rainbow fairies.  
Militant drumming on the tents tight walls.  
Colonel'y indignant walls, bawls.  
Drumming, drumming, drumming.  
Lullaby humming.  
Dreary December Drizzle  
Drenching drab slates.  
Ashamed of man's mirth.  
Man drinks Xmas in.  
Drips rain.  
Wet the pane.  
Wet within, wet without.  
Snow, messenger of peace, of love.  
Snow- angels wings- feathered.  
Praising God.  
Calming the rustic fears.  
(Slush in the towns.)  
"It's damn wet."     J. PODMORE, Fairfax.

### Ars Poetica Nova.

Pod, the poet, would write a poem!  
Write of churches or hearth and home,  
Write a comedy, play the clown,  
Turn upside down the old home town  
Pound of Eliot, Spender Me!

But how to catch the public's gaze,  
All innocent of the poet's ways?  
How to attract the critic's glance  
And T. S. Eliot lead a dance?  
Pound of Eliot, Spender Me!

He wrote it first  
In  
Broken lines.  
Sprang the rhythm, syncopated butts.  
Spelt was waz and used lewd words  
To describe a 'bus,  
Called God  
gOD.

And then he cursed.  
The Devil 'Art' he entertained  
And when he told him how he rhymed  
Pod printed in colour. Blue for love.  
Mood Indigo was a dustbin lid.  
Red, white and blue showed boredom's hue.  
Pink, purple, green and blue.  
Why use words? Everybody does.  
Express ego in !, ?  
Ego Ego Ego.

Upside down chaos shows

Print like this  
And fill a book. 3/6  
Wise Chinese or  
Pound of Eliot Spender Me!

The book was printed. Reviews reviewed.  
His preface :-

'Emotional interpretation of sublime experience.'

Pod, the poet, is now a classique,  
Spells 'you' with I, writes anyandhow;  
And all who read him (and who daren't)  
Call him the Father. 'No I aint.'

Pound of Eliot, Spender me!

j. podmore, Fairfax.



## The Teaching of Biology in Schools.

J. E. MARSON (Fairfax).

The aim of the biology course should be threefold. It should interest the children in nature, help the children to appreciate the beauty of the countryside, and give the children a healthy approach to the essentials of life, through their knowledge of wild and animal life. This can only be carried out successfully if the teacher is able to conduct outdoor lessons and obtain suitable specimens with which to illustrate his lessons, and also be able to grade his work so that a gradual evolution of knowledge results.

To the fully trained field naturalist the collecting of these specimens would be quite an easy matter, but the school teacher is not a fully trained field naturalist, so my aim is to attempt to give some idea of the type of specimen which can be obtained to the greatest advantage of both teacher and children in each month of the year, and the use to which these specimens can be put by the teacher.

### First Term.

SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER.

This term is the richest term in the year for the teaching of flower families, and general plant and seed structure, but it is not the most convenient for the teaching of animal life.

### Plants.

Previous to the holidays the children have been out in the country studying plant and animal ecology, so a development of this knowledge is an obvious method of approach. I suggest the following as types of specimens which are most convenient to obtain and useful for studying this aspect of the syllabus.

Family.	Flower Structure. Common Name.	Latin Name.
<b>Dicotyledons.</b>		
<b>Ranunculaceæ.</b>	Buttercup (creeping)	Ranunculus repens.
	Marsh Marigold.	Caltha palustris.
	Larkspur.	Delphinium.
<b>Cruciferae.</b>	Wallflower.	
	Charlock.	Sinapis arvensis.
<b>Leguminosæ.</b>	Broom.	Cytisus scoparius.
	Clover.	Trifolium pratensis.
	Meadow Pea.	Lathyrus pratensis.
<b>Rosaceæ.</b>	Hawthorn.	Cratægus oxycantha
	Cinquefoil.	
	Lady's Mantle.	Alchemilla vulgaris.

<b>Umbelliferæ.</b>	Hogweed.	Heracleum sphondylium.
	Sweet Cicely.	Myrrhis odorata.
<b>Compositæ.</b>	Daisy.	Bellis perennis.
	Dandelion.	Taraxicum officinalis
	Thistle.	Cnicus.
<b>Scrophulariaceæ.</b>	Foxglove.	Digitalis purpurea.
	Figwort.	Scrophularia nodosa.
	Mimulus.	Mimulus Langsdorffii.
<b>Labiatae.</b>	Self Heal.	Prunella vulgaris.
	Hedge Moundwort.	Stachys sylvatica.
<b>Liliaceæ.</b>	Garlic.	Allium ursinum.
	Bluebell.	Lilium.
<b>Graminæ.</b>	Grasses.	Poæ, etc.

### Fruit Structure.

<b>Legumes</b>	... ..	Lupin, Broom, Laburnum.
<b>Siliqua</b>	... ..	Wallflower, Honesty.
<b>Silicula</b>	... ..	Shepherd's Purse.
<b>Lomentum</b>	... ..	Wild Radish.
<b>Follicles</b>	... ..	Caltha, Columbine.
<b>Capsules</b>	... ..	Poppy, Campion.

### Wind Distributed Fruits.

<b>Parachutes</b>	... ..	Sessile Simple Pappus Groundsel.
		Sessile Feathery Pappus Thistle.
		Stalked Simple Pappus Dandelion.
		Stalked Feathery Pappus Goat's Beard.
<b>Samaras</b>	... ..	Single Ash.
		Double Sycamore.

### Vegetative Structures.

<b>Rhizome</b>	... ..	Iris, Solomon's Seal.
<b>Corm</b>	... ..	Crocus, Gladioli.
<b>Bulbs</b>	... ..	Tulip, Daffodil, Bluebell, Lilium.
<b>Roots, Tap</b>	... ..	Carrot, Dandelion.

### Adventitious Maize.

<b>Tubers</b>	... ..	Potato, Celandine, Artichoke, Dahlia.
<b>Suckers</b>	... ..	Balsam, Yarrow, Raspberry.
<b>Runners</b>	... ..	Cinquefoil, Strawberry.
<b>Tendrils</b>	... ..	Bryony, Legumes.

### Seed Structure and Germination.

#### Types.

<b>Albuminous Dicotyledonous Seed</b>	... ..	Castor Oil.
<b>Exalbuminous Dicotyledonous Epigeal</b>	... ..	Lupin, Kidney Bean.
<b>Exalbuminous Dicotyledonous Hypogeal</b>	... ..	Broad Bean.



Monocotyledonous ... .. Maize.  
 For Conditions of Growth ... Mustard and Cress.

**Animals.**

With junior children it is convenient to set up an ant colony in the classroom. This can be done by covering a box, two inches deep and about eighteen inches square, with dry soil to the level of the top. A layer of felt is nailed to the edge of the box, and the whole is covered with a glass sheet. Ants are put on the soil and the sheet of glass replaced, and then made dark with a cloth covering. The ants' activities can be seen by removing the cloth cover. Caterpillars are also available.

Most of the children will have been to the seaside for their holiday, so it is convenient for the senior school to set up a marine aquarium. Sea water and specimens can be obtained from most suppliers, or from

The Director,  
 The Dove Marine Laboratory,  
 Cullercoats,  
 Northumberland,

or the enthusiastic teacher may collect his own. Whitby and Robin Hood's Bay are very rich sources. If the aquaria are aerated, the following specimens will be found to live quite well:—

- Shore Crab ... .. Cancer.
- Hermit Crab ... .. Eupagurus bernhardus.
- Limpet ... .. Patella vulgata.
- Whelk ... .. Buccinum undatum.
- Sea Anemone ... .. Actinia equina.
- Sea Urchin ... .. Echinocardium cordatum.
- Starfish ... .. Asterias nubens.

Some aspect of this work can be taught in each of the divisions of the school, i.e., infants, junior and senior, but later in the school year it is convenient to divide the material into groups most suitable for each age.

**December, January and February.**

In this period of the school year, which overlaps into the second term, when nature is apparently dead, there is one ecological division which is of use in the complete school. This is the woodlands. To the infants the differentiation of twigs is used to help in developing observation. To the juniors a visit to the woodlands to find the different shapes of trees, and last year's leaves and fruits, is always an instructive and interesting afternoon, and the seniors do not find the

woods without their interest. The other specimens available are, however, best sub-divided as follows:—

**Infants' Department.**

**Animals:** Rabbits, mice, cavies (guinea pigs), puppies, cats, tame birds, earthworms in a wormery.

**Plants:** The planting of bulbs and seeds. The Christmas tree.

**Junior Department.**

**Animals:** Frogs, crayfish, with reference to home and external form.

**Plants:** Germination of seeds, stem, leaf and root structure. Association with gardening—soil structure.

**Senior Department.**

**Animals:** Frogs, internal structure, hygiene of the body and everyday life.

**Plants:** Storage organs, food. Garden digging, use of lime and manure.

**March.**

**Infants' Department.**

**Animals:** Water snails, hairy caterpillars.

**Plants:** Celandine, coltsfoot, butterbur.

**Junior Department.**

**Animals:** Stream insects, mayfly, caddis, stonefly, alderfly, larvæ, F.W. shrimps, F.W. limpets.

**Plants:** Germination of tree seeds and growth of early woodland plants. Toothwort as a total parasite.

**Senior Department.**

**Animals:** Crayfish.

**Plants:** As Juniors.

**April and May.**

**All Departments.**

**Animals:** Frogspawn and toadspawn, development in the classroom.

**Pond Life:** Water beetle, water boatman, water snails, whirligig beetle, newts, toad, water shrimps, pond caddis, gnat larvæ and pupa, dragonfly larvæ.

**Plants:** Trees, opening buds and flowers. Marsh marigold, wood sorrel, wood anemone.

**June and July.**

During the summer term the teacher has his best opportunity of giving outdoor lessons on plant and animal life. The outdoor lesson, properly conducted, is the only definitely satisfactory method of making the children interested in nature.

**Infants.** The approach to the different flowers will be almost totally one of colour.



**Junior.** The approach will be that of ecology. The children will notice the different types of flowers and plants growing in different habitats.

**Seniors.** In the science lessons the seniors will be either doing physical or gardening work.

**Typical Plants in Different Habitats.**

Habitat.	Common Name.	Latin Name.
<b>Aquatic</b> .....	Canadian Pondweed.	<i>Elodea Canadensis.</i>
	Water Starwort.	<i>Callitriche verna.</i>
	Water Arrowhead.	<i>Sagittaria sagittiflora.</i>
	Water Lily.	<i>Nymphaea lutea.</i>
	Myriophyllum.	
	Water Plantain.	<i>Alisma plantago.</i>
<b>Marsh</b> .....	Buckweed.	<i>Lemna minor.</i>
	Marsh Cinquefoil.	<i>Comarum palustre.</i>
	Marsh Marigold.	<i>Caltha palustris.</i>
	Lesser Spearwort.	<i>Ranunculus flamula.</i>
	Water Buttercup.	<i>Ranunculus hederaceus.</i>
	Watercress.	<i>Radicula officinalis.</i>
	Mimulus.	<i>Mimulus Langsdorffi.</i>
	Brooklime.	<i>Veronica beccabunga.</i>
	Marsh Horsetail.	<i>Equisetum limosum.</i>
	Buckbean.	<i>Menyanthes trifoliata.</i>
<b>Moorland</b>		
	<b>Marsh...</b>	
	Bog Moss.	<i>Sphagnum.</i>
	Marsh pennywort.	<i>Hydrocotyl vulgaris.</i>
	Butterwort.	<i>Pinquicula vulgaris.</i>
	Sundew.	<i>Drosera rotundifolia.</i>
<b>Moorland</b> .....	Heather.	<i>Erica.</i>
	Bilberry.	<i>Vaccinium myrtillus.</i>
	Cranberry.	<i>Vaccinium oxycoccus.</i>
	Cowberry.	
	Crowberry.	
	Haw Moss.	<i>Polytrichum.</i>
	Gorse.	<i>Cytisus scoparius.</i>
	Broom.	<i>Ulex Europæus.</i>
	Yarmentil.	<i>Potentilla tormentilla.</i>
	<b>Hedgerow</b> .....	Foundation
Hawthorn.		<i>Crataegus oxycantha.</i>
Large plants.		
Wild Lettuce.		<i>Lactuca saligna.</i>
Wild Beaked Parsley.		
Hedge Woundwort.		<i>Stachys sylvatica.</i>
Small Plants.		
Speedwell.	<i>Veronica officinalis.</i>	

Ground Ivy.	<i>Nepeta glandulosa.</i>
Hairbell.	<i>Campanula</i>
Crosswort.	<i>Galium cruciata.</i>
Field Scabious.	<i>Knautia arvensis.</i>
Nettle.	<i>Urtica dioica.</i>
<b>Climbing Plants.</b>	
Black Bryony.	<i>Tamus communis</i>
Bramble.	<i>Rubus nigris.</i>
Bittersweet.	<i>Solanum dulcamara.</i>
Goosegrass.	
Convolvulus.	<i>Convolvulus sepium.</i>
White Climbing	
Fumitory.	<i>Capnoides claviculata.</i>

<b>Woodlands</b> ...	Dry Parts.	
	Ferns (male).	<i>Lastrea Felix Mas.</i>
	Bracken.	<i>Pteris aquilana.</i>
	<b>Damp Parts.</b>	
	Meadow Sweet.	<i>Spirea ulmaria.</i>
	Marsh Valerian.	<i>Valerian dioica.</i>
	Wood Anemone.	<i>Anemone nemorosa.</i>
	Wood Tanicle.	<i>Sonicula Europæa.</i>
	Dog Violet.	<i>Viola canina.</i>
	Celandine.	<i>Ranunculus ficaria.</i>
Red Campion.	<i>Lychnis dioica.</i>	
Wood Stitchwort.	<i>Stellaria nemorum.</i>	
Water Hemlock.	<i>Oenanthe Phellandrium.</i>	

<b>Parasitic</b>	<b>Plants...</b>	Total.
		Broomrape.
		Dodder.
		Toothwort.
		<b>Semi.</b>
		Cow Wheat.
		Louswort.
		Yellow Rattle.

<b>Insectivorous</b>	<b>Plants...</b>	Bladderwort.
		Lemden.
		Butterwort.

The plants included in the above lists have been almost totally flowering plants, but the school syllabus should include some of the lower plants. I therefore include a list of times of the year when certain of these can be found in their most useful form:—



Plant.	Vegetative.	Reproductive.
<b>Algæ.</b>		
Spirogyra .....	All year, in stagnant pools.	May to October.
Vaucheria .....	All year in running water.	May to October in stagnant water.
Chlamydomonas ...	Swarms in May and June.	

**Fungi.**

Pithium .....	Sow Cress seeds in damp soil, and use excess water.	
Mucor .....	Put damp bread under a glass cover.	

**Lichens.**

Parmelia .....	On stones, yellow all the year.	
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**Bryophyta.**

Liverworts .....	All year.	Capsules April.
Mosses .....	All year.	Capsules April.

**Pteridophyta.**

Ferns .....	May to November.	Sown in June.
	Fernprothalli in Nov. to May.	

**Gymnosperms.**

Pinus .....	All year.	Cones May to July.
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The times of the year indicated are for the Midlands. Teachers living in the South of England can assume that the specimens will be available two weeks earlier, and in the North of England two weeks later.

At times when teachers cannot obtain their own specimens they have to obtain them from suppliers. The following list may be of use in this connection:—

**1. Suppliers of Botanical and Zoological Material, including Pondlife and Marine Material, Museum Mounts, Microslides, and all Accessories.**

Messrs. E. Gerrard & Sons,  
Biological Supplies,  
61, College Place,  
Camden Town, London.

Messrs. Hatters & Garnett Ltd.,  
309, Oxford Place,  
Manchester.

The Biological Supply Agency,  
(Late The Botanical Supply Agency),  
Rhydifelin,  
Aberystwyth, Wales.

The "Heaton" Rabbitry,  
Biological Supplies,  
50, Victor Street, Heaton, Bradford.

**2. Pond Life Specimens Only.**

Mr. L. Haig,  
Beam Brook,  
Newdigate, Surrey.

The Midland Fisheries,  
Nailsworth,  
Gloucestershire.

**3. Algæ.**

Mr. Bolton,  
Newhall Street,  
Birmingham.

**4. Marine Specimens Only.**

The Director,  
The Marine Laboratory,  
Plymouth.

The Director,  
The Dove Marine Laboratory,  
Cullercoats, Northumberland.

**Books which may be found useful as sources of Reference:  
Annual.**

British Insect Life ... ..	Step.
Aquatic Insects ... ..	Miall.
Fresh Water Biology ... ..	Ward and Whipple.
Life in Ponds and Streams ...	Furneaux.
A Manual of Zoology ... ..	Borradaile.
Textbook of Biology ... ..	Spratt.
The Science of Life ... ..	Wells and Huxley.

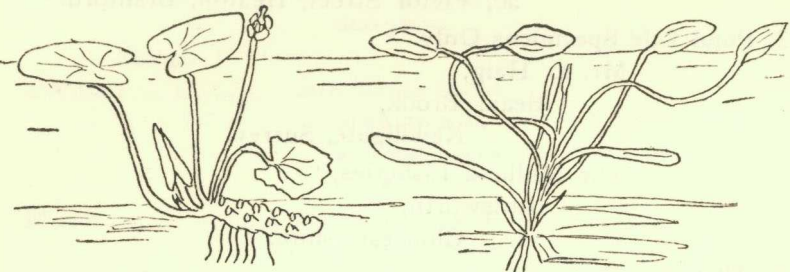
**Plants.**

Testbook of Botany ... ..	Strasburger.
Botany for Students ... ..	Tritsh and Salisbury.
Manual of British Botany ...	Borradaile.
Second Stage Botany ... ..	Lowson.
Practical Botany ... ..	Bower and Vaughan.
Structural Botany (2 vols.) ...	Scott.
A Textbook of Botany ... ..	Amy Johnson.
Trees (3 vols.) ... ..	Ward.

J. E. MARSON.

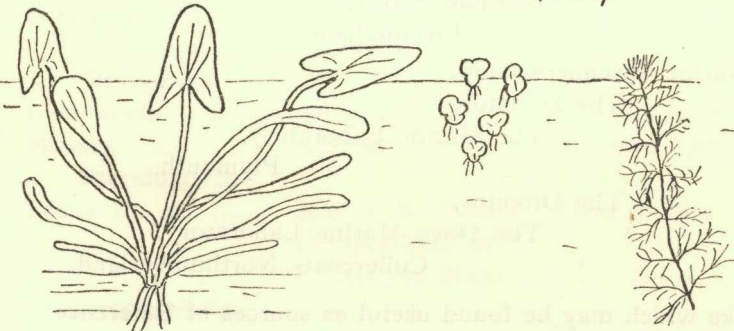


WATER PLANTS



WATER LILY (YELLOW)  
*Nymphaea lutea*

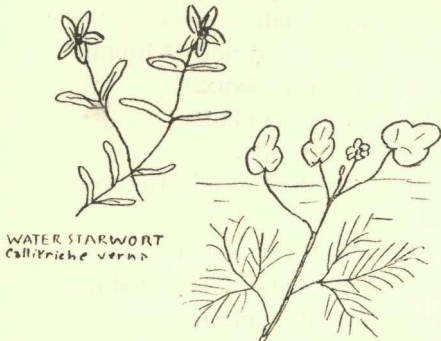
WATER PLANTAIN  
*Alisma plantago*



WATER ARROWHEAD  
*Sagittaria sagittiflora*

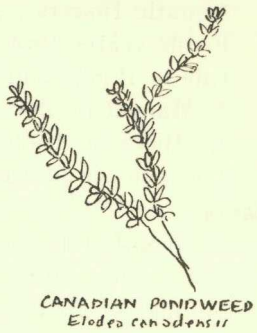
DUCKWEED  
*Lemna minor*

MYRIOPHYLLUM



WATER STARWORT  
*Callitriche verna*

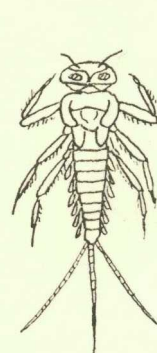
WATER BUTTERCUP  
*Ranunculus hederaceus*



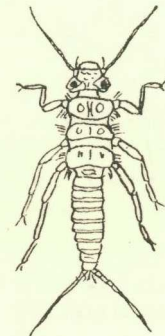
CANADIAN PONDWEED  
*Elodea canadensis*

HP

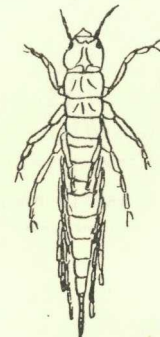
STREAM LIFE.



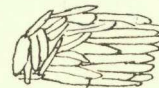
MAYFLY LARVA  
*Ecdyurus*



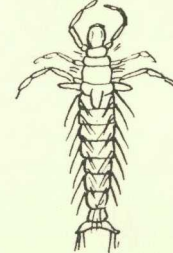
STONEFLY LARVA  
*Pteron*



ALDERFLY LARVA  
*Stalis*



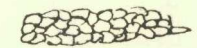
POND CADDIS CASE OF REEDS



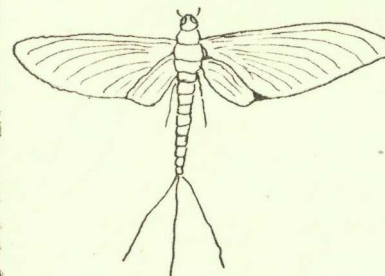
CADDISFLY LARVA  
*Phryganea*



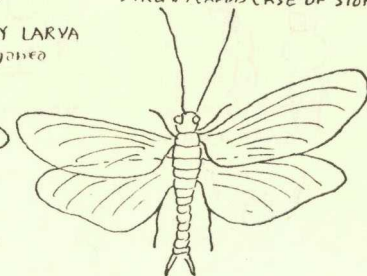
POND CADDIS CASE OF SAND



STREAM CADDIS CASE OF STONES



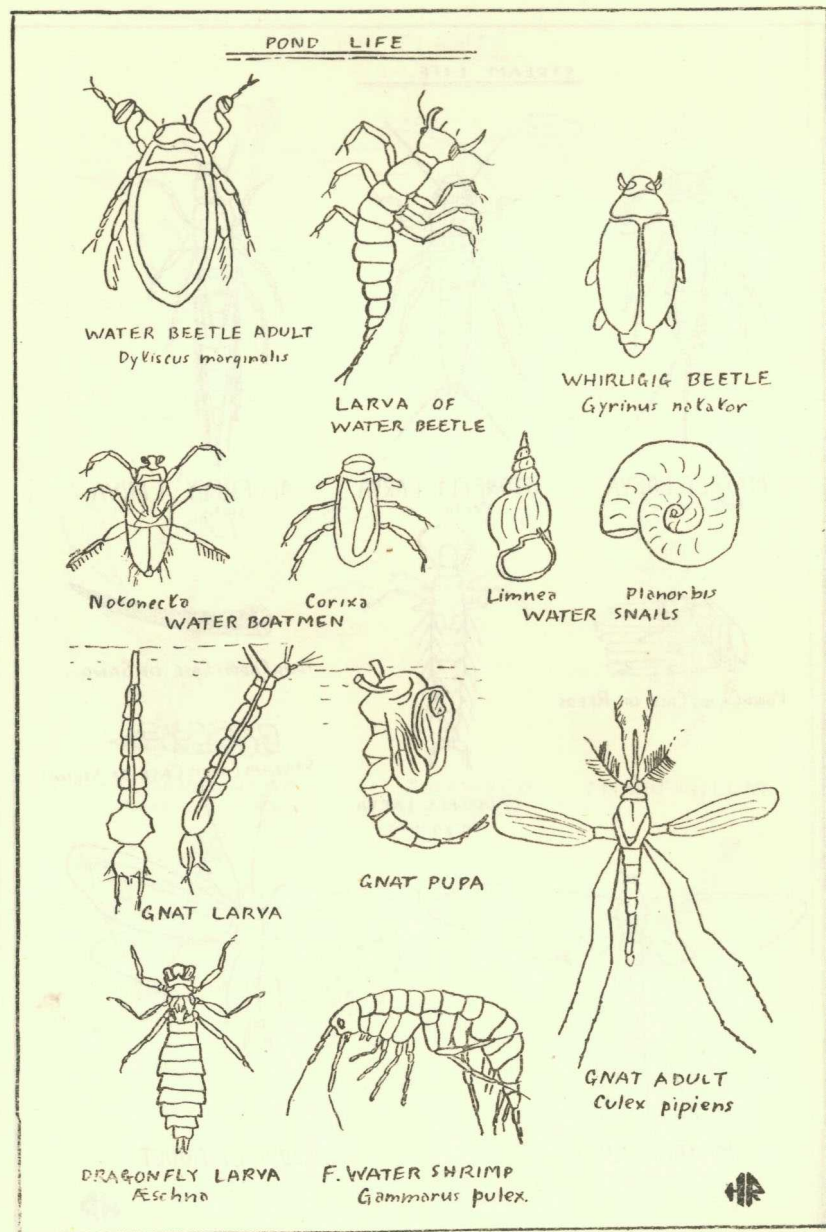
MAYFLY ADULT



CADDISFLY ADULT

HP





**Diary of a Modern Coronation.**  
**May 11th to May 18th, 1937.**

TUESDAY, MAY 11TH. Alighting from a train at West Hartlepool.

I knew what to expect, of course, but even the realisation of anticipations are startling. How is it, that instead of being full of joy and goodwill as I passed down the streets of West Hartlepool, I am stricken with a terrible dejection and a vague dismal fear that there is no hope for the future! I have known the people of the north for a long time. I have seen them walking the streets and wondered why they revel in vulgarities of dress and entertainment. Their faces give them away. Ugly faces, drink sotted, thin and unutterably weary faces. Their voices are even more ugly. Children of these people wander barefoot through stench-filled alleys. Most of them are old children.

This evening I came by trolley-bus to Seaton Carew, a tiny village by the sea just south of Hartlepool, which once trembled with a bombardment in 1916. A fat well-to-do woman, wearing insolent, black horn-rimmed spectacles sat opposite me in the tramcar pointing out the pretty streets we first passed through. "Beautiful-decorations"—red white and blue garlands they were, round and gaudy cardboard King and Queen.

The street was decorated too with women leaning against doorways or out of tenement windows, scarcely dressed in low-necked blouses. In some cases infants, amazingly white, hung at these grey blouses.

But these women, if they were dressed for the part, would look just like the woman in the tram.

Everybody was rejoicing, they said in celebration of the King's crowning. And I couldn't deny it when I glimpsed streets full of bunting, and men on stepladders nailing cardboard Kings and Queens over their doors and windows.

Rejoicing—and I couldn't somehow get into the spirit of it.

I dared not tell my grandmother when I saw her at Seaton Carew that evening, that I was feeling dejected, much less why.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 12TH.

I knew she would appreciate it so I took her to the village church this morning. Canon Osborne, M.A., is a portly gentleman with a portly accent. He was glad to see so many in the congregation that morning at nine-thirty, especially considering the pouring rain outside.

As we entered the church, we were handed each a Form A, for general use on Coronation Day, and as the Canon conducted us through Form A I annotated it because it puzzled me that we should be praying for international brotherhood and yet singing



for favour against our foes. There was no sermon and I was disappointed.

At the end of the service the Canon stood by while his wife presented medals and cups to the children. The Canon, you could tell, was very pleased that the children were enjoying this part of the service.

#### THE SAME DAY IN THE EVENING.

I went alone to see Will Hay in "Good Morning Boys" at the West Hartlepool Picture House.

It was a full house and I thoroughly enjoyed the film.

At eight o'clock there was a hush and then a scratching noise on the screen, but no picture appeared. Followed a magnificent rendering of the National Anthem by a great orchestra and we all stood up. It was such a good performance that I wanted to be seeing the orchestra and conductor—who, I later discovered, was Sir Thomas Beecham.

No one sang in the auditorium and this surprised me for I felt myself wanting to sing.

We sat down again and a voice came through the screen. It was our newly-crowned King's voice re-diffused from the wireless. He spoke as though under great stress, and I felt embarrassed because he stumbled so often over his words, and I wondered if my neighbours were blushing too.

We had to stand once more but it was worth it to hear Eva Turner sing the Anthem. I remember her in "Siegfried," so stately, and her glorious voice, so thrilling. I forgot for the time the implications of that song and I was glad to be standing up.

#### SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 16TH.

This time the Canon gave the sermon which I had so much wanted to hear. Incidentally, following the order of the service in the Prayer Book I noticed with alarm that the Prince of Wales was not prayed for although his name was still written under "For the Royal Family." But my alarm was due to the fact that I have not been to church for so long and had forgotten for the moment that there was no Prince of Wales now.

It was the Canon's sermon that impressed me though. He too said that there was a wonderful spirit of goodwill and cheer abroad, which extended throughout the British Empire. The Divine Power, had, he said, consecrated the freedom which existed in our colonies, through the act of the Coronation. With the crowning of the King would begin a revival of religion throughout the commonwealth, what was more, he said, the Empire had not come about by chance but by God's own desire that England should care for heathen races. Even other nations had almost admitted this in their messages to the King for his Coronation.

"That greatest of all newspapers, *The Times*" he said "printed splendid friendly letters from Japan, Germany and Italy expressing their good wishes to the British Empire."

The congregation, all but me, were convinced now that they were privileged to be British born.

I remember feeling horribly snobbish, intellectually that is, because I could see further than the Canon's war colours which he always wears, like a commissionaire, on his surplice.

#### MONDAY MORNING, MAY 17TH.

I sat on the sand dunes and sketched a strip of the shore and sea. I was beginning to forget the causes of my dejection and with them went a good deal of my hopelessness, for it was a wonderful morning—the best during all the Coronation Vacation.

The colours I selected for my sea scape pleased me—blue, stone colours and grey. I felt when I had finished the picture that afternoon that I had achieved something and then I remembered Nevinson's life which I had just finished. And yet it is only a matter of degree, the amount of achievement in one's life. Mine is an empty life compared with Nevinson's—but how much fuller is mine than those of the women and men who decorated their mean streets last week.

Thus I am dejected in two directions—I want a life as full as Nevinson's and I want even more so that these people should have at least my opportunities.

My last thought of the Coronation as I left West-Hartlepool on the next evening was that decorations *do* have to come down.

A.K.

#### A Secretary.

If a secretary writes a letter it is too long.

If he sends a postcard it is too short.

If he attends a committee meeting, he's butting in.

If he stays away, he's a shirker.

If he offers a suggestion, he's a "know-all."

If he says nothing, he's useless.

If the attendance is poor, he should have called the members up.

If he calls them up, he's a pest.

If he asks a member for his subscription, he is insulting.

If he doesn't, he is lazy.

If the meeting's a success, the committee gets the praise.

If it's a failure, the secretary is to blame.

If he asks for advice he is incompetent.

If he does not, he is swollen-headed.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,

If the others won't do it, the secretary must.

Junior (Fairfax.)



**"The Glory, Jest and Riddle of the World."**

**Y**OU don't laugh at anyone if you are afraid of him so it wasn't until after the Union of the Crowns that jokes were made about Scotsmen. Even then the jokers could not really get into their stride, but a century later when a settled condition followed years of strife and unrest, a born humorist arose who seized upon the inhabitants of the Northern Kingdom as a butt for the exercise of his wit. Had he not been an Englishman he would have poked fun at his country's political and social administration, for that might have provoked a wit to a life time of intellectual amusement. But Samuel Johnson was English and for an enlightened Tory to question, let alone mock the heaven inspired workings of the English Constitution was nothing short of sacrilege. So all his life he acquiesced in and supported wholeheartedly government by the men of the rotten boroughs—men whose wisdom be understood and whose policy, he felt, was admirable.

But there were two nations—tribes he would have called them—who were pet subjects of his conversations; the Scottish and the American. The Americans he understood and detested; they were either knaves or fools, the Scotsmen—he called them Scotchmen—he couldn't fathom at all, so he turned against them his most effective weapon, humour. That started a movement all over England and henceforward it became the fashion to make jokes about the Scot.

There were obvious reasons for Johnson's antagonism to Scotland. First of all he knew nothing about the country; second, the few Scots he did know, or had heard of, were amazingly clever men; and third, it was a trait constant in the characters of all of them that they were, somehow or other, unapproachable, refusing to be "weighed up," not at all like those fools he scoured in the club.

In short he didn't understand them, and he was more than half afraid of them. Therefore since he prided himself on being the typical Englishman, sensible, honest and unprejudiced, it followed quite logically that these "beggarly Scotchmen" who came south to take unto themselves the most lucrative and most influential positions in his country, must all be like those confounded Americans, knaves or fools or both.

Johnson laughed at Boswell, who, like all his race, never heeded, but went on to produce something which the literary dictator omitted—a work of art. He also waxed eloquent in his definition of oats, but it wasn't long before Englishmen saw the point of the joke and since then porridge has been the first dish of the day at C.L.T.C.

By this time the fashion of poking fun at the nearness of

Scotsmen is dated. Everyone knows it to be based on a fallacy, and that Scotsmen though "canny," cannot with justice, be accused of niggardliness. So now the joke has turned in two diverse directions—against the Jews of Aberdeen, a mythical tribe of the far north, and against Yorkshiremen, now admitted to be, par excellence, worthy of the position into which the Scots were thrust centuries ago. This tribe famed also for its broad acres and a certain well-known "pudden" voices its aims and ideals in the ancient motto:-

"Hear all, see all, say nowt;  
Eat all, drink all, pay nowt.  
An' if ever tha' does owt for nowt,  
Do it for thy sen."

The silent capable Scot has outlived his unenviable reputation simply by paying no attention to his maligners. He has baffled them; his sheer impenetrability has forced them to be honest to themselves and to admit his integrity and strength of character. To describe him they have been compelled to pass beyond their own vocabulary and to use two of his own words which best suggest the national characteristics—"dour" and "canny."

The nation that wore the kilt has triumphed. The Scot has worked his way to the fore in every corner of the world and in every sphere of men's activity. People have said that he lacks humour; it is hard when the humorist cannot see the joke aimed at himself. For never was national emblem more illustrative of the character it stands for than is the thistle of the Scotsman.

Nemo me impune lacessit—some day our belated humorists may see the point.

ROBERT B. MATHER.

**Spring in Winter.**

With what strange flowers now blossom all the trees?  
Their boughs long since have lost their masking green  
Yet give no promise of a budding time.  
Spring is as far away  
As Autumn's richness;  
The riotous hawthorn and the fragrant may  
Ungessed, unseen.  
And yet a benediction as of spring  
Has blessed these barren boughs,  
Hushing their wind-grieved cries  
To strange tranquillity,  
For on them lie  
Heavenlier blossoms, ether-dropped,  
Un sullied, gnawed not by worm,  
Born of the bitter night  
And the harsh storm.

P. A. G., Macaulay.



### League of Nations Union—College Branch

*President:* The Principal.

*Chairman:* The Vice-Principal.

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

**T**HE branch has had a very full and successful year in spite of a marked decrease in membership which we hope will be remedied next session.

Our lectures have always been well attended and have provoked keen and intelligent discussion. An attractive programme is being arranged for the coming term and notable speakers have been invited.

The hostel study groups have proved in all cases a marked success. They are to be continued as they have an undeniable value in educating opinion in College on matters of international importance.

Our financial position is sound, due largely to wise budgeting by the treasurer and the success of the Special Effort which realised the splendid sum of £9-12-6.

The proposal of sending a party to the International High School at Elsinore Denmark has been mooted but at the moment no details are available. If the trip does materialise it should provide interesting material for the next L.N.U. report.

The secretaries feel sure that all members would like them to thank our Chairman and Treasurer for their active and untiring work for the branch and to extend to the incoming committee a cordial welcome and best wishes for their work in the future.

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

### Autumn in Spring.

Petals that fall and glide  
And settle  
On the green earth  
In motion perpetual,  
Lulling, lax,  
Like butterflies' wings  
They strew the moist ground  
Milk-pale  
Or yellowed to parchment shade  
Some brittle and sere,  
And resting, would rebuke  
The triumphant verdure of the urgent spring  
And promise peace,  
And quietness, and sleep  
When the short days gloom  
And the long nights weep.

P. A. G., Macaulay.

### Interlude. Summer Afternoon.

He closed the book.  
Then, loth to lose that misty ecstasy of mind  
Wrought by the phantom world he had lived in for the last hour,  
Opened it again at random.  
He was once again one of the gay party,  
An elegant gallant in stiff taffeta, bewigged, powdered, scented  
Talking to a lady in hooped skirts, with a tiny lapdog.  
It was very hot, and the people seemed like living flowers :  
The colours merged and swam.  
He hung for a moment upon the misty border  
Midway between his daydream and true sleep  
In a kind of cat-sleep. Then the mellow present afternoon  
Filtered between his eyelids. Dimly conscious  
He sensed that someone was with him in the room  
Moving between him and the dusty sunlight  
That barred the Turkey rug. He opened his eyes  
And half hoping to see hooped skirts and brocade  
He saw the long brown legs of Amanda  
Under brief white shorts.  
She flicked her fingers at him, and grinned.  
A dear girl, but not even remotely oldworld.  
He had proposed to her three times since last Christmas,  
In rather a diffident manner, offhand,  
And she had laughed at him. He hadn't minded really,  
Having a feeling that all would come right  
(It was understood that they would marry some day)  
He didn't mind waiting.  
She flipped a newspaper at him  
"Cricket scores?" Hm, they did not interest him,  
he was still in the past.  
An idea struck him. "Amanda darling"  
Deliberate silence, then, with annoyance,  
"All right . . . Mandy,  
"Be a sport, and give me a lock of your hair, as a token, you know."  
He was vaguely disturbed. That was not how they asked  
in those days.  
Mandy stared at him, then threw down the illustrated paper.  
"You're cuckoo. It must be the heat."  
She crossed to him, swiftly,  
Picked up the book he had been reading.  
" 'Rape of the Lock' huh, that accounts for it,  
"The trouble, my lad, is that you are too impressionable,  
"Anyway, it would spoil my wave."  
"Don't be flippant, Mandy" he pleaded "I'm serious."  
"So'm I, and if ever you try to snip my wig



"I'll tell you just where you get off."  
 "Who's snipping whose wig?" his sister had just come in.  
 Mandy told her. "Some crazy notion."  
 She was mildly interested, "Revival of chivalry, what?  
 You can have my garter if you like," he shook his head.  
 "It would not be the same," sadly.  
 "Oh well, if you are feeling a Knight Errant you can wash the dog;  
 He found a dead rook and rolled in it."  
 She yawned, and then  
 "Ah, tea, come on."  
 Mandy turned in the doorway  
 "Come on, Galahad, there's cream and berries"  
 He wanted to protest that Galahad was not his period,  
 But she was gone.  
 Then he realized he was hungry, and stood up, stretching.  
 His book fell to the ground. After tea  
 There was the dog to be washed, and in the evening that  
 new cabaret.  
 "Mandy" he bawled "The cricket score . . . ."  
 He disappeared teawards  
 And the leather back of his forgotten book curled in the  
 heat of the sun.

WYNNE, Cædmon.

**The Musical Society.**

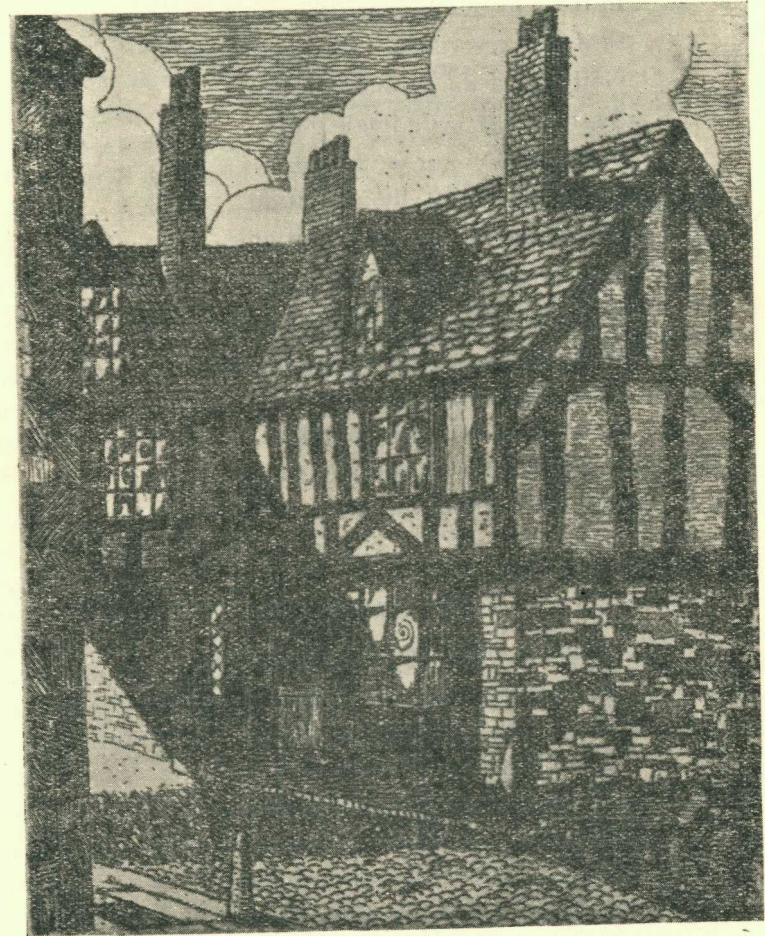
- President:* The Principal.
- Chairman:* E. Stockton.
- Secretary:* S. Crabtree.
- Treasurer:* Miss D. Goddard.
- Librarian:* Miss E. Coulton.

The Mid-Day concerts have been continued this term and have been well attended. Miss Thackeray, Miss Fleming, Miss Rawson and Mr. Pickering deserve our thanks and we should like to extend a welcome—rather belated—to Mr. Rogers. The Mid-Day Concert which consisted of a recital by Mr. Rogers and Miss Piggot was probably the best attended of all and was thoroughly enjoyed.

The College choir has been a great help in the College Assemblies and is also responsible for the anthem at the College Service. Next year the choir hopes to give Mozart's Requiem Mass. This is impossible unless the members attend regularly which they have not yet done; we hope the new committee will be more successful in getting singers to attend. S. CRABTREE, (Sec.)

**The "Mary E. Paine" Prize.**

The Committee decided that no entry for the "Mary E. Paine" Prize was of sufficiently good quality to justify an award being made.



ETCHING.

C. SPRAY, Fairfax.

**"Old England."**



NOTE—The following poems are the original and unaided efforts of Charles Schofield, 13 years of age, pupil at Kepler Boy's Council School. They formed the 'application' to a lesson on rhythm and verse structure for which the 'Song of Hiawatha' was used as a basis.

EDWARD L. WOLFE.

### The Snowfall.

In the winter robins twitter,  
Whirling snowflakes falling earthwards  
Gather in a thick white blanket,  
As the sleigh bells jingle gaily  
In the shadows of the forest  
On the summit of the mountain,  
Gather shades of falling twilight.  
Deep down in the forest's recess  
Stately pines stand tall and ghostly  
Silver bleached with wintry splendour.  
In the forest still and deathlike,  
Flies the eagle calling loudly  
Calling shrilly for her young ones,  
Flies the eagle in the winter.

### The Cavalier.

Bluff his cheek and red his feather,  
With sweeping cloak of gold and claret  
And a wig so black and silken  
Tumbling from beneath his grey hat  
On his arms so strong and supple  
Hang sleeves of soft and snowy ermine  
Buckled tight from hip to shoulder  
Runs the strap to grip his rapier.  
Long his legs encased in chamois  
And the spurs engraved with silver  
'Neath his breeches blue as sapphire  
And his laces white and crinkled  
Decorate his cuffs and breastplate.  
Of a countenance right gallant  
Is his loyal noble watchword  
"Stand and fight beside the monarch."

### "Sweetness Wasted on the Desert Air."

IT was a cold day, early in November. Snow had fallen during the night and showed no signs of melting in spite of the watery sunshine filtering through a typical November haze. As my custom was, I walked down to the village post-office for the letters, since economic considerations did not allow His Majesty's P.M.G. to order more than one delivery per day, and this event did not take place till 3 p.m.

On this particular morning I was passing the "Star" hostelry (as my custom was *not*) when I noticed Her. The capital is used advisedly for she was obviously a stranger, and beauty such as hers was rare in the district.

When I first caught sight of her, she was standing rather dejectedly by the kerb, and a young man in a heavy leather coat had just entered the "Star." I stopped (who could do otherwise?) and feasted my eyes on her sweeping lines and perfect symmetry. No brilliant and glaring colours were there; she was turned out entirely in black with a little gold ornamentation. She seemed to have been travelling all night for she was bespattered with mud, and here and there the snowflakes still clung to her.

She slipped slightly on the frozen snow and looked more dejected than ever, but otherwise did not move. The sight filled me with indignation against the young man whom I could see regaling himself with what looked like ginger ale. What right had he to keep her standing there in the cold while he was comfortable within? He could at least have left her in the passage, where she would be sheltered from the biting north wind. He did not deserve his good fortune; she probably appeared to him no better and no worse than the thousands they had passed in London the day before.

At last he was paying his bill and getting into his overcoat. Even now he did not hurry, but stood warming his hands at the blazing fire in the sitting room of the "Star" for nearly five minutes longer. Finally he drew on his gloves and sauntered out. He caught sight of me and grinned cheerfully, "Fine weather for travelling, I don't think!" he remarked without a glance towards her. My indignation increased, that anyone could so ignore her presence would have seemed impossible had I not seen it.

Then he turned, seized her and pushed her roughly from the kerb, and, the crowning horror, kicked her with his heavy boot. Only a gasp answered his action and he swore horribly (which hostel was he in, I wondered?). I could stand it no longer; my indignation was lost in a flood of eloquence—"Good heavens, man, do you mean to say you have an O.H.V. Sunbeam and treat



her like THAT? Flood the carburettor you idiot and push start her. Anyway you should have——," but the remainder of my speech was drowned in the roar of the exhaust as he jerked round the twist-grip and shot off down the road. No, he certainly did not deserve his good fortune!

ROBERT B. MATHER.

### Satura.

M-S-N. "Science is a first rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber if he has common sense on the ground floor."

(O. W. Holmes.)

EDITORIAL STAFF. "To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

(Shakespeare.)

THE G-A-G-. "Good for anything from pitch and toss to manslaughter."

(C. Dickens.)

GATED. "Happy the people whose annals are blank in history books."

(Carlyle.)

A-M-T--NG. "A jest's property lies in the ear  
of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
of him that makes it."

(Shakespeare.)

"B-TC- M--C-LF." "The first vertue sone if thou wilt lern  
is to restrain and kepe wel thy tongue."

FINALIS. "Today,  
Takes in account, the work of yesterday."

(Chaucer.)

(R. Browning.)

FINALISTS. "Oh! I wish I had died in my sleep!" (...?....)

ROBERT B. MATHER.

### The Student Christian Movement.

The Student Christian Movement has concluded its activities for the last year, with a very full term. Conferences have been held at York and Skipton, and the Rev. Alfred Robinson, General Secretary for Young Methodism, conducted an open service on the evening of June 3rd (where were you?) A very enjoyable service conducted by officials for next year was held in Leighton, on Sunday, June 6th.

The committee for next year has been elected and comprises:—

President	Mr. Dorrell, (The Grange).
Vice President	Miss D. Moore, (Leighton).
Secretaries	Mr. Ferry, (Cavendish). Miss Lowey, (Cædmon).
Treasurer	Mr. Gent, (Fairfax).
Inter-college representatives.	Miss Bolton, (Cædmon) Mr. Davenport (Cavendish).

The members of the retiring committee, wish their successors a happy year, and hope that the Student Christian Movement will prosper under their direction.

A.L.B. (Hon. Sec.)

### Art Club Notes.

The prize winners in the Easter Competition are:—

Landscape. 1st. Mr. Stockton. 2nd. Mr. T. N. Brown.

Heraldry. 1st. Mr. Woodcock.

Illuminated Letters. 1st. Mr. Whitehead. 2nd. Mr. Woodcock.

Decorative "Creature." 1st. Miss Learmont. 2nd. Miss Nixon and Mr. Bolton.

Midsummer Competitions, 1937.

Three sections:—(a) Adv. Art members.  
(b) All other Student members.  
(c) Old Owls.

1. Landscape in water colour. 7 x 5 inches.
2. Set of cloud studies in water colour.
3. Portrait from life in any medium including clay or plasticine.
4. Illustration in water colour. 8 x 5½ inches.  
(a) "Boys and girls come out to play."  
(b) "Kidnapped."
5. Design in colour to fill a circle of 6 ins. diam.
6. An all over pattern in three tones of one colour, executed by brush or some form of printing.
7. A piece of artistic craft work.
8. Miscellaneous section.
9. Set of not less than three holiday "snaps."

Studies should be handed in to the Art reps. on October 1st.

The ramble was indeed a "wash-out," but this year the ash was before the oak! Three Grange and two Fairfax heroes turned out to brave the elements, but official discretion said No.

Our best wishes are extended to members leaving College this year. We do not care for farewells but we are creatures of time and circumstance. Keep in touch with us if you wish, and tell us especially of artistic adventure. We remind you of the Old Owls' Section of the Competition, and the date of postage—Sept. 30th. We look forward to seeing you at re-union.

A selection of work has been sent from the Art Department for exhibition at Buffalo, U.S.A.



### Books Received.

GENERAL AND SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY. By ROBERT H. THOULESS, Ph.D., M.A. Second Edition. Pp. 522. University Tutorial Press. 8/6.

**T**HIS book sets out to cover a syllabus (the Psychology sub-section of Sociology in the B.Sc., Economics, examination of London University) and there seems to be no doubt that it does this successfully. But we have to consider its value from the point of view of those who are not engaged on the same syllabus.

Its scope is very wide. There is a general survey of 'pure' psychology, with incursions into applied psychology in the fields of economics, politics, ethics, and education. Consequently the chief value of the book is encyclopaedic. Tremendous erudition has been put into it (there are references in the text to a bibliography of 302 books, which seems almost too good to be true). If one were interested in the theory of, for instance, Laughter or Thought, one would find in Mr. Thouless' book a fair summary of what others have said, and valuable indications for further reading. If one were working for an examination one might omit any further reading and still know a fair amount. It is an examination book.

Mr. Thouless seems to be in the main a follower of McDougall, though with some differences of opinion, but he brings all the psychological schools within his fold. He has little of his own to put forward. The strongest chapters in the book are those dealing with purely psychological processes, the weakest those which attempt to apply psychology to politics or economics. The whole of this branch of applied psychology is so vague at present that to attempt to summarise it in a chapter or two is bound to lead to shallowness. And indeed Mr. Thouless admits the inadequacy of the chapter on Social Grouping. This and a chapter on The Use of Statistical Methods have been added since the first edition was published.

In general the book is solid meat, and unpretentious; scholarly in that it does not claim certainty where no certainty exists; a good reference text-book, but a little too stiff to be a good introduction to the subject. E.L.C.

### A Gossip.

(After JOHN EARLE in "MICROCOSMOGRAPHIE.")

A gossip is a scavenger and a carrier of disease. She is extremely energetic, walking miles in search of a hearer, and, like her news, her line of march is very indefinite and meandering, for she goes out of her way to waylay a victim. She is an incessant thief, her booty being time, her own and other people's. She loves a change in the weather, the subject of which she finds a useful method of introduction, and an inevitable mode of greeting; but she has numerous other devices for capturing people's ears, so determined is she to prattle. She is very religious indeed, and attends church with monotonous regularity, to discuss the sermon, her latest bargain, and the new hat of the vicar's wife (her third this winter). She reads little more than the births, marriages and deaths column in the newspaper. She has three reasons for perusing this—first, the inordinate length of her nose; secondly, it re-stocks her store of news; and thirdly, it may supply the time of a funeral, which she would not miss for anything, short of a mother's meeting. Her mind is a magnifying glass, which makes much of trivial matters, and her tongue a telescope which brings them from their rightful inconspicuousness to the exclusion of more important things. Her friends are those of her own feather, who seek out one another's company like love-birds and chirp and twitter like sparrows over a small crumb of rumour, and discuss their plumage as though it were as handsome as a lyre-bird's. In short, she is like a brook which babbles for ever, but her voice lacks its pleasing sound and her conversation its sparkle.

A. B. RIMMER, Fairfax.



### Conversation.

Little prickles of pin-tipped wit,  
And laughter, soft, melodious and low.  
Spangled irony, and  
Scintillating gems of polished epigram.  
Mangled metaphors, and  
Heavily-articulated lumps of ponderous felicitation.  
The bitter mirth of disillusioned youth,  
And gentle, courtly quips,  
From the roguish lips of mature age.  
The flattering carefulness of the newly-rich,  
Mouthing his exasperating, stock-grammatical exactitudes,  
And the steady flow of simple melody,  
Falling from inspired lips.  
Yet my ear is ever ravished  
By that one lovesome sound,  
Lovelier far than all the music in the world  
Like sweet enchanted songs  
From some delicious fairy font—  
Those pretty tinkling notes of  
Dainty china tea-sets.

JUNIOR, (Fairfax).

### The Moonspirits.

Come out, come out, night shadows are falling,  
The honey-flower perfume is heavy and sweet,  
Come out and away, we are calling, calling,  
And the garden is trembling— still in the heat.  
The poppies are hanging their heads by the fountain  
In their sultry red hearts lies a dim watering dream  
Soon will Orion shine over the mountain  
And the lilies close slumber-lulled buds on the stream.  
Come out with us, pale little earth-bound earth maiden  
We will crown you with moonflowers, mistily bright ;  
We will drift down the night-breeze, gossamer laden  
And drink of the lethe-steeped wine of the night.  
Little earth maiden, come out, come away with us,  
We will tangle your soul in a mesh of frail dreams ;  
We will scatter our magic and force you to stay with us  
And fetter you fast with a trail of our beams.  
Cannot you hear us, oh come, we are crying,  
Soon comes the dawn that will drive us away ;  
The moon is grown pale, and the moonflowers are dying,  
We must vanish, oh come, for we vanish with day.

WYNNE, Cædmon.



### Athletics.

Fairfax were successful in winning the Sports after a hard struggle with Grange. Conditions were not ideal and no records were broken in the Track events. There were many good races, especially the Mile and the Quarter Mile. In the former, Roberts reached Sperring about 20 yards from the tape and beat him by inches. The Quarter Mile was a very open race and Podmore surprised everyone by winning after he had previously run a killing Half Mile. Harvey again won the sprints although he was hard pushed by Sykes in the furlong.

A strong wind spoiled the field events, especially the High Jump and the Discus, although in the latter, Horsman put up a remarkable performance by breaking the College record.

#### RESULTS.

100 yds. 1 Harvey, 2 Walker, 3 Sykes. 10 <sup>2</sup>/<sub>5</sub> secs.  
880 yds. 1 Ogden, 2 Sperring, 3 Podmore. 2 mins. 15 <sup>4</sup>/<sub>5</sub> secs.  
Throwing Cricket Ball. 1 Kirk, 2 Howard, 3 Watts. 102 yds. 2 ft. 9 ins.  
120 Yards Hurdles. 1 Horsman, 2 Mann, 3 Breeze. 17 secs.  
440 Yards. 1 Podmore, 2 Lister, 3 Adamson. 60 <sup>2</sup>/<sub>5</sub> secs.  
220 Yards. 1 Harvey, 2 Sykes, 3 Walker. 24 <sup>2</sup>/<sub>5</sub> secs.  
1 Mile. 1 Roberts, 2 Sperring, 3 Short. 5 mins 9 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>5</sub> secs.  
4 x 110 Yards Relay. 1 Grange, 2 Cavendish, 3 Fairfax.  
4 x 220 Yards Relay. 1 Grange, 2 Cavendish, 3 Fairfax.  
Medley Relay. 1 Grange, 2 Fairfax, 3 Cavendish.

#### FIELD EVENTS.

High Jump. 1 Fletcher, 2 Willshaw, 3 Richardson.  
Long Jump. 1 Walker, 2 Watts, 3 Horsman.  
Shot. 1 Horsman, 2 Gent, 3 Holmes.  
Discus. 1 Horsman, 2 Furness, 3 Watts.  
Tug-of-War. 1 Fairfax, 2 Grange, 3 Cavendish.

#### FINAL RESULTS.

1 Fairfax, 40. 2 Grange, 35. 3 Cavendish, 33.

In the annual College v. Carnegie Sports meeting, the College were handicapped by the absence of Harvey, Sykes, Lister, and Ogden, and Carnegie won the meeting easily.

#### RESULTS.

1 Mile. 1 Sperring, 2 Roberts, 3 Aplin.  
100 Yards. 1 Heaton, 2 Walker, 3 Holmes.  
440 Yards. 1 Podmore, 2 Stagg, 3 Watts.  
120 Yards Hudles. 1 Dodd, 2 Horsman, 3 Mann.  
220 Yards. 1 Heaton, 2 Marshall, 3 Tunnicliff.  
880 Yards. 1 Keen, 2 Adamson, 3 Murphy.  
1 Mile Medley Relay. 1 Carnegie, 2 College.  
High Jump. 1 Dodd, 2 James, 3 Fletcher.  
Putting the Shot. 1 Aitchison, 2 Horsman, 3 Oliver.  
Long Jump. 1 Dodd, 2 Walker, 3 Watts.  
Throwing the Discus. 1 Ellis, 2 Aitchison, 3 Horsman.



### Swimming (Men).

The only two events this term have been a match with Carnegie and the Annual Gala. In the match with Carnegie, College lost the squadron race by a touch, and lost the polo match by 7 goals to 5.

The Gala, a triangular contest between York T.C., Carnegie, and ourselves, was won by Carnegie who finished one point ahead of College.

C. D. CLARE, Hon. Sec.

### Women's Swimming Club.

President: DR. RICH. Captain: MISS J. MANNING.  
Vice-President: MISS RAWSON. Vice-Captain: MISS B. CARLTON.

This term has so far proved enjoyable though not so successful as the previous terms. A Gala was arranged on May 19th against Leeds University Swimming Club, Mr. Major, Mr. Dibden, and Mr. Boyd, kindly acting as judges. The general opinion of the large number of supporters, seems to be that the sports were interesting and exciting. Both teams put up a good fight for points and the result was a victory for the University, the scoring being 23½, 21½.

Hostel Polo matches as usual were a centre of interest, and did not lack enthusiastic supporters. Again Brontë won all the Squadron races and Polo matches, gaining 30 points. Leighton was second with 20 points, Macaulay was third with 7½ points, while Caedmon was fourth.

The Annual College Swimming Championship trials were held on May 26th and June 2nd. Again Mr. A. Coltman kindly consented to act as adjudicator. The result has not yet been announced.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all who have helped to make this year a successful one for the Swimming Club,—organisers, officials, and swimmers; and to the new officials we extend hearty congratulations, and wish them the best of luck and a successful year.

AUDREY M. DOVE.

### Tennis, 1937.

Captain: J. H. FIRTH. Vice-Captain: D. B. WESLEY.  
Secretary: E. G. MITCHELL.

This season we have been fortunate so far in obtaining good weather conditions, thus enabling us to carry out our full fixture card. We anticipated a successful season. So far the First Team has suffered two defeats and the Second Team one.

The First Team has been chosen from: Firth, Clare, Wesley, Mitchell, Wilkinson, Willshaw, Holmes, Callier.

#### RESULTS OF FIRST TEAM.

Date.	Opponents.	Ground.	Results.
May 1.	Yorkshire Training College	away	Won 6-2
May 8.	Yorkshire Training College	home	Lost 4-5
May 22.	Sheffield Training College	home	Lost 2-7
May 29.	Carnegie	home	Won 5-4
June 2.	Staff (mixed)	home	Won 6-3

The Second Team has been chosen from: Mitchell, Holmes, Ward, Furness, Richardson, Callier, Short, Angus, Spray, Bell, Hughes.

#### RESULTS OF SECOND TEAM.

Date.	Opponents.	Ground.	Results.
May 1.	York Training College	home	Won 5-4
May 8.	York Training College	away	Won 5-1
	Wesley College	away	Lost 2-7
May 22.	Leeds University	away	Won 5-4

The First Team have five more matches to play and the Second two more.

### Women's Tennis.

Captain: G. HOULDEN. Vice-Captain: M. PORTER.

This season has been a successful one; both teams having won all their matches. We have been fortunate in retaining seven members of last year's teams but it was difficult to choose the remaining five players owing to the high standard of play.

The First Team consists of Miss Houlden, Miss Porter, Miss Morgan, Miss Wright, Miss Dobie, and Miss S. Moore.

The Second Team has been chosen from Miss Brookes, Miss Durham, Miss Learmont, Miss Morris, Miss J. Moore, Miss Revel, Miss Walker and Miss Herring.

#### RESULTS OF MATCHES—1ST VI.

Date.	Opponents.	Ground.	Result.
May 1.	Bingley T.C.	away	won
" 8.	Yorks. Coll. Housecraft	away	won
" 22.	Sheffield T.C.	home	won
" 29.	Ripon T.C.	away	won

#### 2ND VI.

May 1.	Ripon T.C.	home	won
" 8.	Yorks. Coll. Housecraft	home	won
" 26.	Yorks. Penny Bank	home	won

Both teams have still some matches to play and we hope they will be as successful in these matches as in the previous ones.

We wish to thank both Miss Dunstan and Miss Watteau for their interest and help and also Mr. Whitham for his valuable advice and assistance. We owe much to the work of Miss Treloar as Treasurer and Miss Wood as President of the Tennis Club.

### Women's Cricket.

Captain: D. RIDDICK. Vice-Captain: J. BILLINGTON.

The season has so far proved most enjoyable and successful. Although the 1st XI has only each time recorded very low scores—32 against Ripon T.C., 20 against Tingley Mills away and 53 at home,—they have managed to dismiss their opponents for even less, and of the three matches played up to date, all have been victories for College. The batting has been inconsistent, as is shown by the low scores, the players showing a marked tendency to "lift" the ball, but both bowling and fielding have been exceptionally good. Team work, rather than individual merit, is the keynote of the play.

The 2nd XI have so far only played one match against Royd Hall School and this has been lost.

The following have played in the 1st XI: D. Riddick, J. Billington, L. Kirk, J. Yorke, J. Firbank, M. Pryor, E. Hastewell, M. Wallace, M. Rayner, B. Headland, M. Duxbury.

The 2nd XI consists of: V. Atherton, W. Hare, M. Swales, W. Cooper, D. Redfern, B. Firbank, M. Bowes, B. Clifford, E. Lucas, J. Fox, M. Payne.

We wish to thank Miss Dunstan, Miss Watteau, Miss Treloar, the scorer and the umpire for their help.

L. KIRK, (Hon. Sec.)



## Old Students' Section.

### Angus Roberts—1912-14.

**A**NGUS ROBERTS died on March 14th from pneumonia. The news came as a shock to the thousands of teachers and others who had known him, and not least to the many students and tutors of his college who had watched his career with interest and pride. In his student days he showed an outstanding personality and one may claim credit for some soundness of judgement in that it was prophesied that he would mark out a line for himself. Soon after he left the college the war claimed him. Joining the army he rose from private to the rank



MR. ANGUS ROBERTS.

of major and received the Military Cross. Afterwards he returned to a teaching post in his native county, Durham, and immediately became an active member of the National Union of Teachers. His work in this connection became so well known and appreciated that he was elected to the Executive in 1923.

He now became of national note in his profession, and to such purpose that in 1931 he became President of the National Union of Teachers, one of the very few who have attained that honour under the age of forty. His year of office was a trying one for it was a period of economic crisis and a most critical time for teachers and their Union. The burden he was thus called on to bear was carried with courage, cheerfulness and manly dignity. Whilst serving in Durham he was a teacher representative on the County Education Committee and his character may be judged by the fact that, whilst in that capacity, he was, on more than one

occasion, offered a headship which he refused. In 1933 he was appointed as a Divisional Secretary of the National Union of Teachers, his district being the outer ring of London. The Durham University conferred on Mr. Roberts the honorary degree of M.A. in 1931.

In such a career of one of our members, we of the College, present or past, may take a justifiable pride. But those of us who knew him were proud of Angus, the man. Tall, dignified and commanding, with a pleasing voice which, nevertheless, could penetrate to all parts of a large conference hall without the aid of a microphone—no wonder he could manage larger audiences with ease. Yet with his friends he was just a great cheerful boy. The City of Leeds Training College was one of the great loves of his life. He took every opportunity of visiting it, he was inordinately proud of it, his friendship went out freely to all its members, and for his former tutors his affection was extreme. The College has not had, nor can have, a more devoted son, and it sincerely mourns his loss. Mr. Roberts has left a widow, a daughter, and a mother, and to these our sympathies go out.

T.P.H.

### College Reunion at Portsmouth.—Wednesday, 31st March.

**O**NE of the largest gatherings of Old Students of the Leeds Training College attending Conference was held on Wednesday evening, 31st March, at the Swiss Café, Portsmouth. Mr. T. P. Holgate (Master of Method, '07-'32) presided over an assembly of more than fifty Old Students and friends. At the outset the chairman said that the meeting was to have been arranged by Angus Roberts and spoke of the shock with which all present had heard of his death. The chairman paid tribute to the high qualities of Mr. Roberts, his distinguished career and to his loyalty and devotion to his old College. All stood in silence to the memory of a beloved colleague and friend and it was decided that a message of sympathy should be sent to Mrs. Roberts.

Those signing the roll were:—J. Kitchen, '07-'09; T. Appleby, '10-'12; H. Sandland, R. J. Parker, Barrington Sharp, '11-'13; Miss G. Robinson, '12-'14; T. Dodgson, P. Campkin, T. H. Ainsworth, G. A. Carr, W. Osborne, '13-'15; G. W. Ashworth, '14-'16; Mrs. F. E. Hoyes (née Barrass), '15-'17; W. G. Wall, '16-'18; T. G. Creswell, '18; R. Trueman, Miss L. Kinder, '18-'20; A. Bleasby, A. S. Dunn, '19-'21; A. Ruddick, Mrs. A. Ruddick, A. W. Bowmar, G. Reynolds, G. Burwell, '20-'22; L. S. Chapman, H. Bennett, '21-'23; J. Denney, L. Allaker, H. Lee, R. D. Railton, C. F. Hoare, Miss M. Baker, '22-'24; W. F. Blincow, J. Barr, W. Lewis, A. A. Munden, '23-'25; G. Stewardson, E. Elcock, R. W. Dargavel, '24-'26; L.



Greensmith, J. A. Bowness, S. Roebuck, W. H. A. Otter, D. H. Potts, K. Chapman, J. T. Hilton, A. H. Armitage, R. Nuttall, '26-'28; O. E. Mitchell, '27-'29; H. Neil, Miss M. E. Gray, '28-'30; V. Dodds, '29-'31; Miss N. Whiteley, '31-'33. Others present included Councillor Barraclough (Westminster), Deputy-Chairman of the Leeds Education Authority, and Mrs. F. Barraclough, Mrs. Moulden, Mr. J. W. Moulden (former Tutor), Chief Inspector of Schools for Leeds, Mrs. T. P. Holgate, Mrs. Claxton (née Holgate), Mr. P. Sayer (Culham), and Mr. Hoyes. A pleasant evening was spent and amongst those contributing to the entertainment were Messrs. Sayer, Campkin, Greensmith, Otter, Roebuck, Allaker, Moulden and Mrs. Hoyes.

**M**ISS GRAY says of her recent visit to South Africa:—  
 "I was very pleased to meet again two old College Students in the Transvaal. Miss E. Ibbotson (1923-5), former Second Prefect of Macaulay who is now Mrs. Smith and living in Johannesburg. We had morning tea together and talked much of the C.L.T.C. and old students. Also I had tea at the house of Miss Eleanora Short (1916-18), now Mrs. Jones—a widow with three children, whom I knew when Leighton Students lived in the Clergy House—Old Students of that house will well remember the rabbit warren. She is now teaching in Benoni, not far from Johannesburg, and was delighted to hear the latest news of the C.L.T.C.

#### Marriage.

On May 14th, 1937, Mary Carruthers Palmer, (1930-32) to Ernest Cordingley (1930-33). Present address, 8, Devon Avenue, West End, Oswaldtwisle, Lancs.

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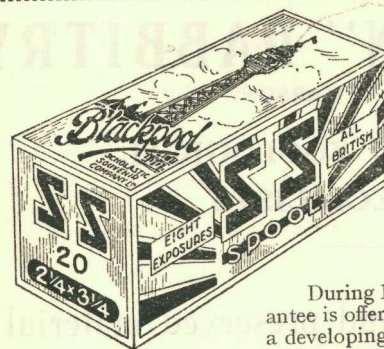
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