

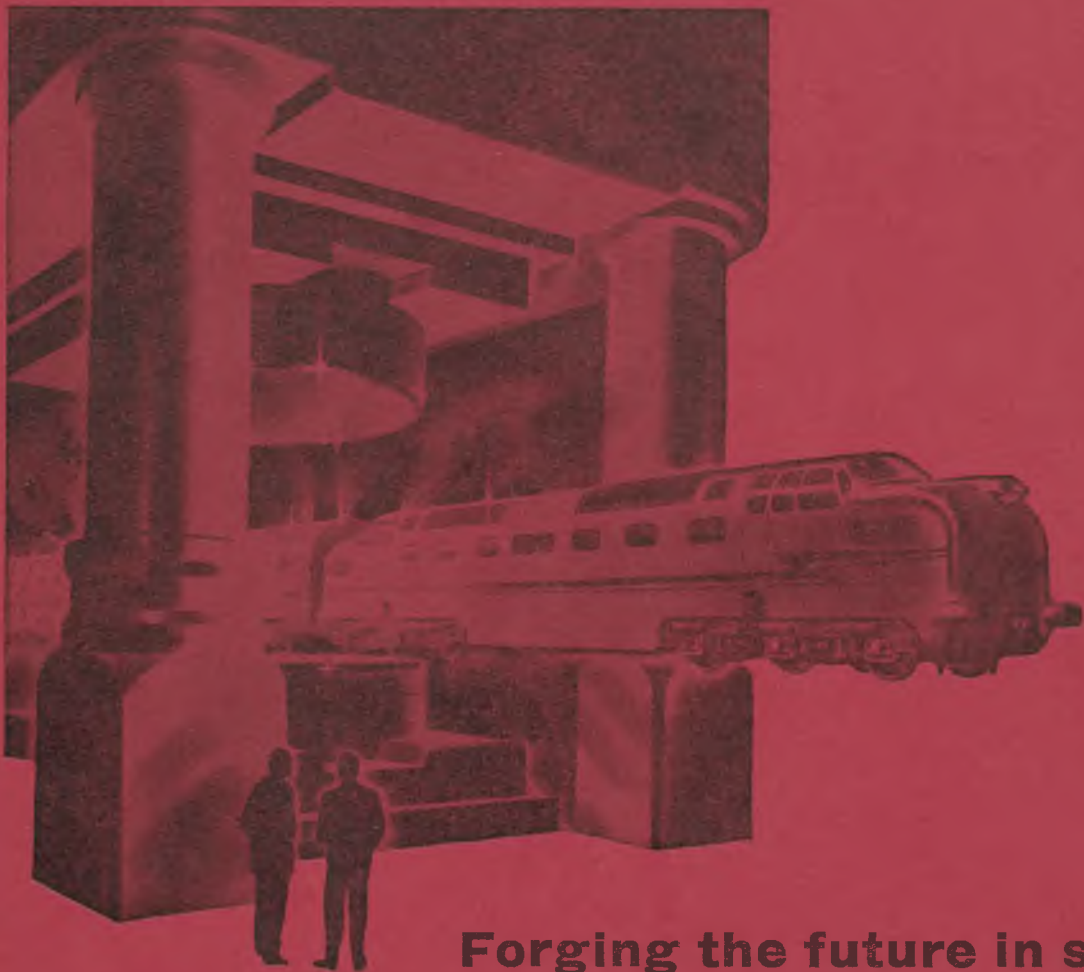
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Editorial

EDUCATION AND EXPERIENCE OUGHT TO BE, but are not, interchangeable words. The first too often smacks of the mere instilling of fact, the second of the collecting of a number of social mannerisms and second-hand views about the world which frequently result in the inadequate belief that every man is a potential twister and every woman a bad driver. Education is relegated to the period between the ages of five and sixteen or possibly twenty-one, experience is given a higher grading and comes only when a man is too old to make anything of it. What has happened is that there has been an arbitrary split in the kind of knowledge one is made to absorb in youth and the kind of knowledge one is expected to have in maturity.

And yet the word knowledge itself is ambiguous. It may mean information about a thing, or it may mean intellectual capacity, indicating the *ability* to find out about a thing. It is surely the latter meaning which is more important. Lecturers in University should not have as their aim the cramming of as many facts as the undergraduate can absorb in three years, but they should direct the mind in such a way so that the student himself finds out. The creative imagination, coupled with the right amount of practical common-sense, is the most powerful of the faculties and need not be helped by a parrot-like proficiency in remembering data. "A discovery is made by the man who can see what everyone else has seen, but who can think what no-one else has thought".

Thus the point in studying Bacon, for example, is not to learn his science—that is as much out of date as a house without a television—but to learn to think as he did. The point in reading Shakespeare is not to learn quotations, but to realise what heights of expression man can achieve and to be able to recognise such heights whenever they occur. A man need not know a great deal in order to think well. The ability to sift evidence comes from knowing where to find the fact when it is needed and, once found, how to apply it.

It should not be necessary, therefore, to do one subject only for an Honours degree. Whatever subject it is, it should be intermingled with a topic like history, or a language, or philosophy, or science, or literature. Of course, you could only scratch the surface of a subsidiary subject of this kind, but if you scratch a surface in the right way you get quite a neat impression of what the whole thing is made of and how it is built. A man who knows the *method* of learning a language, or who has some idea of the way in which the great philosophers set about dealing with their problems, is far more equipped to think properly than someone who has spent three solid years studying one subject and one subject only, even if he gets a First at the end of it.

To some extent Union activities make up for the unbalance of the University curriculum. A student who can divide his time well between academic and social activity is the "adjusted" student. If he has done his job in University properly, he will have served on one or two committees, will have taken organising responsibilities, will have a certain amount of "know-how", will probably be able to speak to a prospective employer on his own terms. At the same time, the disadvantage of being a one-subject man will always be a drag and it is not enough for University professors to say that a student ought to have an enquiring mind without providing, at least initially, the sign-posts for enquiry.

The Forum on education in this first edition of "Gryphon" for the present session deals mainly with the secondary school and the student up to University age. It is an important corollary of the remarks made above. For in the same way that a University course might be made to embrace a wider field of activity, so in school

should the pupil be prepared to face this wider field. To be completely unprepared for University life is enough to ruin a student's chances. But to have exercised choice for years before entering University is surely a good basis for becoming a more useful individual and a less angry impotent.

It is not easy to define the place of a magazine like "Gryphon" in the cultural make-up of a University. Too often the running of the magazine is left to a few people with a few well-defined tastes who are then accused of being a clique and a highly "arty" one at that. The written product becomes bed-time reading for the high-brow, and rampaging territory for the poets and short-story writers of limited appeal. On the other hand an honest attempt to make the magazine of wider appeal by including such "dirty" subjects as politics, faces the possibility of being accused of "stodge".

And yet what is one to do? The magazine that is written *by* the student should also be written *for* the student and stodginess is as much a reflection on the University as a whole as on the Editorial Board. After all, there must be three "Gryphons" a session and if the copy received by the staff is not good enough then they must either write it themselves (and be accused of cliquishness and assumed superiority) or publish and be damned (and face the charge of irresponsibility). It is not an intractable problem, in fact it is almost ridiculously easy to solve—in words. All students have opinions, if only about the relative merits of Caf and Mouat-Jones coffee and these opinions often need airing. And surely "Gryphon" is the permanent soap-box on which to air them. But it is not just a question of giving an opinion the more important part of the operation is how the opinion is expressed. This is what so many students are frightened of and yet this is exactly what writing for a magazine like "Gryphon" can remedy—the feeling that one cannot write well. Very few people in this world can but that should not be for want of trying. "Gryphon" should be one of the methods whereby communication between Arts and Science can become more readily acceptable, whereby the student can state his prejudices, accuse, justify, plead, or exhibit, above all, whereby the standard of the written word may be maintained at a level where it is both forceful and artistic (in the best sense).

It is hoped that in the coming session more students than ever will feel that "Gryphon" is not a closed-shop to them. The subjects in the present edition do not exhaust a quarter of the possibilities and short stories, poems, humorous articles as well as feature articles, reviews, letters are always welcomed and will receive full consideration. The Editorial Board is always ready to discuss your ideas and there are two Staff Representatives to help out on matters of style and so on. "Gryphon" is *your* magazine and its quality depends on you. We're ready to work for it—how about you?

The Fourth State of Matter

by Alex Jones

THREE BASIC STATES OF MATTER—SOLID, LIQUID AND GASEOUS—are recognised in the world of Physics. Numerous Physical and Chemical laws have been formulated governing the transitions between these states. Thus for example, the Law of the Conservation of Mass, which may be expressed simply by the fact that if a piece of ice is weighed, then heated until it melts, no change in mass (which may be considered approximately equal to “weight”)* occurs.

In attempting to postulate a fourth state of matter, therefore, we may be treading on dangerous ground. How such a state would be accommodated within physical definitions, I cannot attempt to guess. May I nevertheless state my case?

The existence of a Fourth State of Matter (assuming for the moment that there is such a thing) is clearly demonstrated by considering the electron, that fundamental particle in modern Physics upon which a large part of our theories of the Structure of Matter depends. A brief resumé of the properties of the electron is of importance to our investigation.

The electron is a minute “particle” weighing only a 1/1836th part of the lightest atom—that of Hydrogen. It carries a negative electric charge† and a cluster of electrons is generally to be found constituting a negatively charged cloud around the positively charged centre of the atom—the “nucleus”. The Hydrogen atom, the lightest atom, has only one electron in orbit around the nucleus. Other atoms, as they become heavier, have more electrons in their structure so that, instead of a large number of “particles”, each in their own orbits, the atom is more accurately described as consisting of a positive centre surrounded by a negatively-charged cloud.

Now, when this particle was first discovered (about 1885), scientists immediately began to determine its properties—its mass, its charge and so on. These experiments were performed at first by Thomson in England and by Milliken in America, and eventually consistent values of the constants of the particle were found.‡ We can therefore identify this particle whenever it appears and we can determine its speed, position, etc.

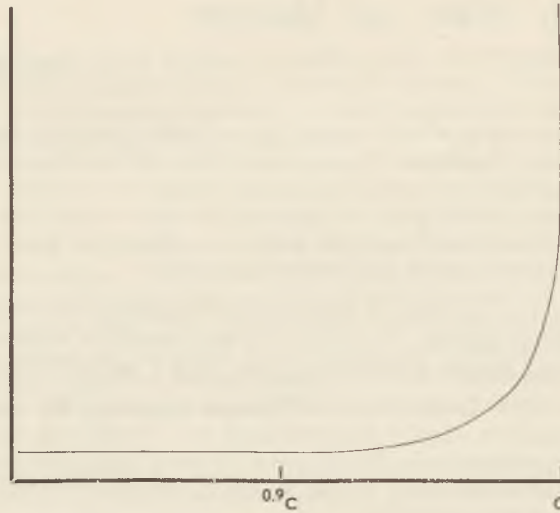
The properties so far determined are consistent with a minute particle, electrically charged, which usually moves at a high speed. However, later workers showed that *diffraction* effects could be obtained by a concentrated beam of electrons “focussed” on a crystal. And yet we know that diffraction effects can only be achieved by a system of *waves*. Thus we are forced to the startling conclusion that a particle which has previously been thought to “behave” perfectly as a defined physical entity, now shows itself to be capable of acting, on occasion, as a system of waves.

* MASS is a fixed quantity proportional to the amount of matter present. WEIGHT is the force with which the earth attracts a mass and it may therefore vary on different parts of the earth's surface.

† Two kinds of “static” (as opposed to “current”) electricity are recognised. These are arbitrarily defined as positive and negative. Two bodies charged similarly will repel one another while dissimilar charges will attract one another.

‡ The “constants” of a particle are invariable quantities inherent in its very nature. These are its mass, charge, etc. However, certain of these we now know to be variable. (See figure).

MASS



The speed is considered as a fraction of “c” the velocity of light. The curve is exaggerated to show the increase in mass clearly.

But the point is that it seems utterly incredible that a particle can switch *immediately* from its agreed physical state to become a system of waves. At the same time, it is equally incredible that there could be two types of electron, the “Particle-Type” and the “Wave-Type”. Far from it, a beam of electrons produced by any means displays both characteristics when required. In other words, a single electron (if such a thing really exists) must be capable of showing both particle and wave behaviour. But by partaking of both sorts of property, it cannot be exclusively called by one or other of the names. Nor can it be, like Thurber’s Ironing cum Card table, always flapping backwards and forwards from one behaviour to another !

What then is the conclusion to be ? I would like to postulate the existence of an intermediate “substance” or phase of being somewhere between energy and matter.

In Nature changes never occur abruptly, they are gradual and evolutionary. Why then should we expect the transitions from energy to matter to take place in one stage ? I suggest an intermediate phase which might be called “Pre-Matter” or, more sensationally, the Fourth State of Matter. Pre-matter is a condition intermediate between mass and energy and a certain proportion of this phase is always associated with matter. It is a *condensation stage*. The transition: energy → matter is visualised as:

Energy → Pre-Matter → Matter.

This pre-matter condition of the electron is responsible for its exhibition of undulatory phenomena. The transition is never complete so the electron possesses some matter which is responsible for its mass, charge, etc., *as well as* the Pre-Matter responsible for wave phenomena.

Eight

The process of energy \rightarrow matter change is thus demonstrated by considering the electron, and the existence of the pre-matter state proved.

One of the three radiations usually emitted by radioactive elements is called B-radiation. This consists of electrons emitted at high speeds—in some cases these electrons can be accelerated to about nine-tenths of the speed of light. If the mass of these high-speed electrons is measured, it is found to be greater than that of electrons travelling at low speeds, and furthermore the mass varies with the speed at which the electron is travelling.* The Kinetic Energy—the Energy of motion of the electron—is in some part converted to matter which therefore increases the mass of the electron, since mass is an innate property of matter.

Now, should this beam of B-particles be allowed to fall on a crystal surface, the diffraction effects referred to previously will be obtained. This indicates the presence of the Pre-Matter stage. Thus we have present all three stages during the transformation.

An electron, therefore, is to be considered as a combination of *two* states in varying proportions according to the physical conditions. As the kinetic energy increases more of it is transformed to pre-matter and thence to matter. This is an important concept since it shows that at all speeds up to that of light there is pre-matter present. Therefore at all speeds up to that of light, diffraction effects will be obtained.

It will be objected that, by confining attention to the electron, as I have done, I have failed to demonstrate the ability of the theory to embrace all matter. But the development of Wave Mechanics between 1910 and 1930 will give the evidence for this extrapolation of the theory.

The equations of De Broglie predict that, *with any mass whatsoever*, a system of waves is associated. The length of these waves (the so-called “De Broglie Wave-length”) can be calculated by using his equations. But for masses larger than an electron the wave-length is too short to permit such a demonstration, for as the mass increases so the wave-length decreases. But for the very fact of the equations themselves I believe the state of pre-matter to be proved, not only in connection with the electron, but for all matter.

If my theory is correct, then the fundamental laws of the Conservation of Mass and Energy (to which I referred at the beginning of this paper) are not *strictly* true as they now stand. But the inclusion of a fourth state of matter will, I believe, render the laws more consistent. Mass and Energy cannot be conserved if one is transmutable into the other. It is the *sum* of these which is constant.

Whether the arguments I have brought forward are powerful enough to persuade or conclusive enough to prove the existence of a Fourth State of Matter I cannot say, but I will assert that the possibility of such a state is very great. At least the theory is consistent with observed scientific phenomena providing, as it does, a rational view of the energy-mass transition and of the wave-nature of matter.

* Einstein has shown that the mass of an object steadily increases, at first slowly but then extremely rapidly as the velocity of light is approached. At this speed its mass is theoretically infinite. The rapid increase in mass only occurs at velocities greater than about 0.99 times that of light. (See figure).

Idolatry and Art

RUDOLPH VALENTINO and JAMES DEAN

by John Pick

THEY ARE FOOLS WHO CRY THAT THE CINEMA is a dangerous social weapon, steadily undermining our moral standards, deadening delicate human relationships; fools who will not see that for forty years the cinema has been, in Western Society, nothing but a dream factory with scarcely a claim to the status of an art. To cross the very threshold of a cinema is to stifle the critical functioning of the mind and instead to absorb the film with an aesthetic faculty as far removed from the tingling immediacy of real artistic experience as Patience Strong is from Blake. Only short haired intellectuals and that fervent little clutch of intellectuals down on the South Bank ever pretend in public that the cinema, most artificial of all mediums, is an art—other men can see it as a reassurance, a mirror of our current values. What we think evil the cinema thinks evil. When we rejoice so does the cinema. When we are at war the cinema makes films about how rotten the other side are to their pets. The whole ritual of cinema going has nothing to do with our social selves, as dear old Lenin thought, but it is rather a tranquilizer, taking the sting from reality. It is a *religion*, an opium of the people.

Which is not to decry it. It is very common and very silly for we ten per cent who have got *geschmacksache* to scorn the recreations of the uncultured. The cinema religion is worth studying, as pop music is worth studying, simply because other men engage in these pastimes. It is not worth studying as an art, any more than is the cheap novelette, because that is nearly ninety degrees removed from its purpose. It is not dangerous, as the horror comic is not really dangerous, because its aim is to sate appetites, not to hunger. So is all popular art, from jazz to comic strips, escapist. We should look at it with that ever in mind, not condemn it for being uncreative or shallow; art as we like to have it is only possible with a class who have the leisure to learn the rules of appreciation. Rudolph Valentino and James Dean are drugs to their followers, not stimulants, but that does not rule them out of our consideration. It simply makes the questions one asks about them (and about the cinema in general) sociological rather than artistic. Why have these idols, these cinema Gods, attracted followers more fervent than ever did the prophet John? What in fact makes men into screen Idols?

Certainly it is not, usually, a driving wish on the actor's part to be hounded and worshipped for a quality he probably only possesses on the screen: it is rather that a curious compound of social forces (aided by publicity, as Christ was aided by the Gospel writers) which leads an actor to be accepted as a figurehead for a worldwide feeling, and accepted as a cinema Messiah. In the case of Rudolph Valentino certainly there was nothing in his youth to point to the fact that he was to be one of the most famous men in the world—he was born to devout Italian parents, without portents, on the sixth of May, 1895. He was christened Rudolph Alfonzo Raffaello Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla and brought up with his brother and two sisters in the Roman Catholic faith. He was however a violent, passionate child, and had his first *affaire* when he was six with a little neighbour called Teodolinda (One of those tragic, hopeless loves; Teodolinda's sister used to clout Rudolph every time he approached his adored one).

Travel was in his blood—another of the many similarities with Byron: why must all great lovers be travelled?—and spells in the Army and Navy were followed, on the twenty-third of December 1913, by his arrival in New York. There he did not

find a living easy to come by, and was forced into the inglorious position of having to cash in on his magnificent Latin looks as dancing partner and escort for rich middle-aged ladies to keep the wolf from the Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla door. To eke out this precarious existence he managed to land a job as an extra in *Alimony*, and eventually, by meeting the right people, he managed to bellyflop into Hollywood's teeming waters as an Italian "heavy" in films such as *The Big Little Parson*, *All Night* and *The Eyes of Youth*. These pieces caused little stir, but it was his tiny role in the latter film that began the Valentino saga, for Director June Mathis saw it and asked Valentino if he would care to play the lead in a production of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, a drama of the first World War. Rudolph agreed, within ten months the film had been made and Valentino was pitched to the dizzy heights of cinema God. Women swooned over his image as they had done over no other man's. Thousands of women wrote to him every day. His every film was a sensation, hysterical mobs tore stills out of their frames and kept them as mementos of Rudolph, who had become in the public eye "the world's greatest lover". The uninhibited, direct approach to women became the "Valentino approach": his face advertised everything from trousers to toilet paper.

Were we guilty of treating the commercial cinema as art, to be judged according to its constructive meaning, we would label *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* as a rather daft, contrived weepie: Valentino's acting we should find a bit much even for silent films, an overactor alternating between despair and ecstasy like a hedgehog on its honeymoon. Nor did he develop in his later films. They were all on the same pattern, escapist love blotting out reality, from *Blood and Sand* and *The Shiek* down to *The Son of the Shiek*. Yet to dismiss this pattern as false, wicked or escapist is to dismiss Valentino's audience with him, it is to ignore the fact that the youth of Europe were cut away by the war, and that the world was never stable enough to offer woman much hope of real love. They turned instead to Valentino. He became an anaesthetic, a soothing dream to his adoring worshippers; "there was the hint in his eyes" as Arnold has written "That no woman could hold him for ever". He was a lover of splendid physique, pulsating looks and high erotic value, for he had hit upon a new way to play his screen love scenes. He made love to his leading woman *as if there was no camera there*—that was half his magic, and no actor has done it since.

Different in nearly every way was James Dean, who a decade later became a strange incoherent symbol of the *malaise* of Western youth. He wished, unlike Valentino, to be an actor. He was, unlike Valentino, unsure of himself. His childhood, different from Valentino's, was lonely and bitter (He never talked, his father once confided to the world). Unlike the God Valentino's slow start in films Dean dived straight in to the deep end with a large, skilfully directed, empty piece called *Rebel Without a Cause*. Western youth recognised its Messiah at once, Dean became a symbol of their post war frustrations—a stocky light haired little man with a strange whimsical quirk at the corner of his mouth. To the question "What is love?" a previous generation had pointed to Valentino, now to the question "What is wrong?" our contemporaries pointed to Dean. His fan following was as immense as Valentino's had been. Women wrote to him in droves, as friends rather than lovers, for the emotions Dean aroused were more religious than those of Valentino. The Dean cult in fact transcended sexual feeling. Poets wrote of him. His portrait was painted by practically every young artist in the States. When his epic film *Giant* was dismissed by the critics for the irrelevant reason that Dean's acting in it was rotten, it promptly went on to play to packed houses all over the West. A James Dean weekly was published. Religious songs were written about him.

It is from the similarities between the deities, however, that one can learn so much about the rules of the cinema religion, and incidentally about ourselves. We can learn that the personality of the cinema God, as of every other God, must be stable; the reference to the fixed characteristics of the God is in fact a vital facet of every successful religion. Dean had always to be incoherent, unable to express his fury and frustration, an outsider. Valentino had always to play the proud role of the successful male animal, magnificent and conquering. Acting, as such, is certainly not the first consideration of the screen idol—were they actors they would forsake much of their power, forsake it in fact in exactly the same way as has the God Brando or the Goddess Monroe. Commercially they are the supreme products of that excellent thing, the star system; religiously they are important because they remain symbols without becoming immersed in the character they play. With the competents, the Alec Guinesses, the Oscar Homolkas, the Wilfrid Lawsons, the Spencer Tracys, we go to see the film. The script is important, the actor only part of a complex experience. With Dean and Valentino, the cinema Gods, the magic of the film is the magic of their characters.

The public demands, however, that the deception must be taken further. Dean must be the same moody boy off the set as he was in *Rebel Without a Cause*, Valentino must be the lover in public as well as on celluloid. His every affair was in fact the subject of vast news items, just as Dean's every saying and grunt was faithfully reported. Dean's whole mystical power would have vanished overnight had he, say, joined an organised religion. To prevent his from vanishing, Valentino, when accused of cowardice by the *Chicago Tribune*, had to go to the extraordinary length of issuing a public challenge to the author. To prove his masculine reactions were normal he even had to have an exhibition bout with Jack Dempsey put on film. The public seems to want the pose kept up all the time, seeming at the same time half conscious that it is a pose—it is almost as if these men were the earthly representatives of higher Gods. At once the public treats them as man and myth.

No more striking evidence of this could be found than in the reaction of the public to their deaths. With a Politician or a King the grief is real but subdued, and soon the personality of the dead man passes decently away into respectful memory. With these two actors the grief at their deaths was overwhelming, their popularity doubled, and the myths of their personalities became stronger than before. When James Dean died in a silly car accident on September 30th, 1955, his worshippers became prostrate with grief, his fan clubs everywhere increased their memberships. When Rudolph Valentino died of peritonitis in the New York Polyclinic Hospital on the 24th August, 1926, weeping crowds stopped the New York traffic, public adoration of his work became greater than it had ever been before. The myths lived on.

Certainly the final tragedy is not their deaths. These were very nicely timed for the publicity people (an early death is a sound popularity gambit, and both were young) and they were not important in the widest sense. No, the bitter tragedy was the hysterical reaction of sections of the cultured press. This public grief was deplored. People whose dreams had been enriched by these figures wished to show their sorrow. That is surely natural and human. When the film of Dean's life *The James Dean Story* was released soon after his death naturally his worshippers flocked to see it. When Valentino lay "in state" in a dimly lit Chapel in New York, naturally people payed their last respects to the man who had brought them so much pleasure. "Good taste", however, smelt out these wicked demonstrations and stopped them. After three days Valentino's body was buried. After a few weeks *The James Dean Story* (a clumsy, but sincere enough little film) was withdrawn.

There was to be no resurrection. These demonstrations of mass affection were to be stopped.

This is perhaps the most vital point one can learn from looking at these epic stories: the lesson to be learnt is that "standards" of taste must not apply to popular art. Only then shall we be able to make tentative approaches at healing the dichotomy between *us* and *them*, between art and entertainment (how appalling that this word is one of condemnation), between the cultured and the uncultured. Their art, escapist and false, is often a more natural reaction to life than is ours. Rudolph Valentino, beau, and James Dean, outsider, demonstrated all through their lives that we were wrong to judge them as artists in our sense of the word, and certainly wrong to judge them dangerous to our values. They were morphine, not cancer. We, the bigoted, were wrong to deplore the idolatry of these men after their deaths: an odd, strangely moving little verse, written by an American working girl upon Valentino's death is, in its way, a devastating reply to our cries of bad taste:

"There aint much fun for most of us,
Nor much that's beautiful. And so
When someone brings you shining dreams,
You hate to let him go".

They can teach us much about the public consciousness, for as Idols they faithfully reflect the public mind. How accurately the pattern of Valentino's best loved films reflects the escapist tendencies of the 'twenties. How accurately the worship of Dean and the early Brando reflects the disease that affected our minds in the early 'fifties. To take these Gods and worship them is a human action and rather comforting. The fact that now we have no leader, no Messiah is, in this light, disturbing.

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Crossing the Line

LIFE ON THE MOCAMBIQUE BORDER

by Trevor Webster

IN 1955 SELF-GOVERNING SOUTHERN RHODESIA UNITED WITH NORTHERN RHODESIA and Nyasaland to form the Central African Federation, in the "new partnership" of peoples and races. But as far as travel is concerned the Federation is a divided country—its members are separated in part by the land of adjoining countries, and the route from Salisbury, capital of Southern Rhodesia and of the Federation, to Nyasaland, lies across the Portuguese territory of Mocambique.

The Federal border-post is situated at Mtoko, between Salisbury and the no-man's land which forms the frontier. In September 1956, I was transferred from Salisbury as "Officer i/c Customs and Immigration, Mtoko" for a term of three months.

Mtoko is a typical "far-flung out-post of the far-flung British Empire". Here is Monserrat's "Pharmoul" in vivid reality. The administrative centre of almost a thousand square miles of native-reserve and tobacco-country, it consists of a District Commissioner's Office, Veterinary Office and Post Office, supported by three general stores, a hotel and a club.

The Greek-owned stores stock everything from tennis-shorts to kaffir-blankets, from caviare to maize. A mass of cheap cottons and row upon row of multi-coloured blankets dominate the scene inside whilst outside a half-naked native toils at his sewing machine. Within an hour he can turn a length of cloth into a pair of well-fitting shorts with the dexterity of a Savile Row cutter. The cobbler working nearby repairs shoes with a material which could be rhino hide, but is most likely well-disguised cardboard. Another spends an hour fashioning a kitchen utensil from a block of wood and another hour debating the price with his customer.

The owner of the hotel, also of the garage and electricity plant, in fact of half the town, is one of Rhodesia's early pioneers. "Barney" came up from the Cape with an ox-team and a string of beads to settle and found Mtoko in the early 1900's. It was he who laid the foundation stone when a new extension was added to the club. The club, the rendezvous of the European settlers in the area, as elsewhere, forms the hub of the colonial society. There, farmers from the surrounding district meet for a brandy in the evening or for a round of golf or a swim at the week-end. Each Sunday it becomes the local cinema and on an occasional Saturday night a dance takes place. The African Police Band's *Zambezi* at one of these functions was one of the most polished renderings I have ever heard!

A quarter of a mile down the road on the Salisbury side of Mtoko is the border-post. A red and white striped pole forms an effective barrier across the road. A notice above requests travellers to report for the completion of immigration and customs formalities. From one side the African gate-boy operates the barrier. On the other side stands the Southern Rhodesian police-post. The European inspector and constable and a dozen or so African constables are kept very busy in a reserve inhabited by peoples to whom murder, rape and larceny are almost second nature. A big responsibility of theirs was the control of native labour in co-operation with our department. Due to the labour shortage and for security reasons it was necessary to prevent inordinate numbers of Africans roaming from country to country in pursuit of work. This has been the forerunner of corruption. African truck drivers, it had been revealed, had charged in the region of five pounds—

a small fortune—to “smuggle” their fellows from Nyasaland or Mocambique into Southern Rhodesia. This was one of the forms of contraband on these borders. My colleague on the Nyasaland side of the pedicle spent the majority of his time scouring the road between his post and the border for unauthorised entrants. On my side it was really the duty of the police.

Beside the imposing police station stood a picturesque little hut, some 12 ft. square, with whitewashed walls and a high pointed thatched roof, seemingly too large for the building. This was my office. The words “Customs” and “Alfandega” on the sign outside the entrance gave evidence that most of the customers were British or Portuguese. There were regulars, the African drivers of the big overland transport companies, occasionally an independent transporter, and there were tourists, from the Union or East Africa. During my stay at Mtoko both the Governor of Mocambique and the Federal Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky, passed through the post in that capacity. I spent perhaps half the day in the office, completing the routine clerical work or checking cars entering or leaving the Federation, the other half in the Mess or at the club. Life at Mtoko ran at a leisurely pace and if someone arrived at the barrier the gate-boy would always know where to find the “bwana”. A predecessor of mine had been criticised by a high-ranking government official for “appearing for duty attired only in a pair of shorts and a baseball cap”, which he considered “improper dress” for a public servant. My times of rising in the morning and of retiring in the evening were regulated entirely by the arrival of travellers at the barrier. On several occasions I was disturbed in the middle of a swim or a game of tennis. It is hard to imagine a civil servant in England cycling down the village street wearing only a dripping-wet swimming costume!

During my term of office I lived in the environs of the Police Mess. Initially I slept in a room inside, later on in a small government caravan in the back garden. By our standards, life in the Mess would be described as high-living. Three of us shared four house-boys who, for £2 10s. 0d. a month and “scoff”, acceded to our every whim. Our menu was as varied as can be imagined. In addition to the everyday English and African dishes our table was graced with a large variety of Portuguese wines and fowls, which could be purchased for 2/- or 3/- across the border, and occasionally with the meat of sable, daika or antelope. Oranges and plums were not as common as guavas, melons, pau-paus and avacado pear. Bananas sold at seven a penny in Nyasaland and pineapples grew alongside the road.

The biggest setback with the Mess was the toilet. This was located 50 yards to the rear of the house and a visit after dark might involve an unpleasant encounter with a snake or a scuffle with the bats domiciled in the vicinity.

In an official capacity one always makes mistakes, and I was untrained in Immigration work when I first went to Mtoko. Not long afterwards I allowed an illegal immigrant to enter the country. The letter from Head Office as a result of this incident was not very polite. It ended: “I cannot too much stress the importance of this. As you know, X was deported under police escort on the 29th instant”. I knew.

Other than this affair the Immigration work was a straightforward routine of recording details of persons leaving and entering the country, the inspection and endorsement of passports, and occasionally the issue of temporary passports.

Customs work is basically the same throughout the world, though the concentration is on different items according to supply, demand and expediency in the economy of a country. The word “contraband” gives an impression in Britain of smuggled cameras, watches, drugs or cigarettes. In Rhodesia it usually meant



The "Crossing the Line" Ceremony on board ship

clothing or manufactured goods. On the Mocambique border the traffic was of a more localised nature, revolving around the importation of wine, which was very cheap on the other side of the border, and the exportation of ammunition, which is carefully restricted in parts of the world where internal strife is imminent. After very little experience in Customs work, it is child's play to detect an attempted concealment of dutiable goods. Knowing the position, nationality and circumstances of a person, a Customs Officer can nine times out of ten, by a process of elimination, backed by an acquired second sight, track down contraband. It is never difficult to discover ammunition concealed beneath the seat of a car or a bottle of wine, carefully wrapped in underclothes in the bottom of a suitcase, and our lock-up was generally well stocked with such items. What did surprise me was the large number of "presents" I was offered in this short period. Whether I accepted them, or not, is another story.

Central Africa is inhabited by some of the most backward tribes in the world, and Mtoko was by no means the most civilised region of a comparatively uncivilised country, where cannibalism is reported from time to time. The awe in which the local native holds the white man is hard to conceive in this Nuclear Age. In Mtoko one found respect, without the resentment and animosity one might meet with in the big towns of the Union. Generally, I think, this feeling was reciprocated. The only vestige of fear and suspicion could be found in the well-stocked arsenal in the Police-camp, ever-ready for effective use against a breach of the existing mutual respect. For the Federation is less than a thousand miles from Kenya and the repercussions of the Kikuyu uprising are evident throughout White Africa.

Superstition is very rife among the local natives. The witch doctor still holds sway in the primaeval tribal society, and part of our job was to prevent the circulation of the noxious brews manufactured by these individuals.

Overlooking Mtoko is a barren thimble-shaped rock, 2,000 ft. above the surrounding terrain. The name "Mtemwa" means only "the mountain" in Tishona, but Mtemwa is no ordinary mountain. Legend has it that in past centuries it served as an execution rock. Tribesmen who had displeased the witch doctor were bound hand-and-foot and dropped from the summit to their deaths. Recently Mtemwa acquired the reputation of a spirit-mountain, and the locals will not go near it. Curiosity prompted a party of us to climb it one week-end. According to the legend we should have died a year ago.

Superstition is most noticeable in the attitude of the natives towards animals. "Zula" (the Tishona word for "a frog") can be relied upon to terrify a native of this locality. In the rainy season they appeared in their thousands, creating an insufferable din throughout the night. The reason why the African did not venture forth after dark was not that he was afraid of the rain.

The chameleon is a fascinating creature, but because of its very ability to change colour to match its environment, the natives look on it as an evil spirit. When I kept a couple of these animals as pets, our house-boys refused to clean indoors until they saw them outside.

Apart from the animals we kept as pets—and in three months we had two dogs, a monkey, two chameleons and a tortoise—I saw little wild life in the area. Snakes and scorpions were common enough and lizards were everywhere, but "big game" was almost non-existent. Mtoko was by repute leopard country and lions were seen in the district. Looking back I marvel how nonchanantly we tramped through the bush for a picnic or an afternoon's stroll. But not once did we see a leopard.

Finally Christmas came—a typical Christmas "down under". The weather was hot even for that time of the year, and we spent Christmas Day in the swimming pool. After Christmas came the end of the year—and the end of my tour.

I shall never return to Mtoko but, whenever I cross from one country to another I shall think back to the Mocambique border and the little thatched hut, with no regret but a great deal of nostalgia.

FORUM ON EDUCATION

Towards a New Education

“Education has for its object the formation of character”.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

by *Harry Freedman*

EDUCATION, THE MOST VITAL OF PUBLIC SERVICES, tends to be the most neglected. Its processes are remote from the lives of most individuals and, unlike bus-strikes and air-crashes, attract little attention. Nevertheless there are many indications that education in this country falls sadly short of what it is possible to achieve: the ever-increasing figures of adolescent crime, for example, are no doubt in part due to a bad educational environment. But while the effects of a satisfactory educational policy cannot be readily appreciated, since this country has never had such a policy, an improved system would surely ameliorate many of the undesirable phenomena of our society.

Although English education tends to be at the mercy of a largely conservative administration, the demand for change is becoming increasingly insistent, its need increasingly obvious. The present controversy over the comprehensive school is perhaps the most salient indication that a more dynamic dissatisfaction with our present education set-up is likely to lead to far-reaching modifications.

Evidence of the failure of both past and present State-education is easily obtained—one copy of *The News of the World* is enough to indict a whole society, to say nothing of the quality of “pop” music or commercial television. Our society is sick, a new outlook on education and its place in the lives of us all is one of the most important remedies to prescribe for the disease.

The basis of the present revolutionary atmosphere is not merely the old story of “educating our masters” in the service of democracy and equalitarianism. Much more does it find its inspiration in research into problems of mental welfare, into psychology if you like, the overwhelming desire to help produce better human beings—the “integrated persons” of psychological jargon.

Allowing then this atmosphere of impending change, what are the major obstructions delaying movement towards a new education and what appear to be the beginnings of a solution?

As usual there are both extremist and moderate schools of thought. The former may indeed be nearer the truth than the latter, though it is with the latter that the bulk of this essay is concerned. However, the extremists must be mentioned. The theories and practices of educational thinkers like Pestalozzi, Froebel and Montessori had, by the turn of the nineteenth century, begun to exercise considerable influence on the continent and, whilst in England the State was still trying to solve the futile problem of whether or not religious teaching in schools should be denominational, followers of Froebel and Montessori were wondering whether the whole business of formal education was at all relevant to the crucial necessity of turning malleable units of young humanity into matured and sane adults. Diverging then from the formal compromises of State-provided education were thinkers running their own private schools. Whether they were right then or whether A. S. Neil is now, we cannot say with any conviction, but at least these people took the trouble to think about such vital matters and reach new, if unorthodox conclusions, even if their initial debt to Plato and Aristotle is considerable.

A complete analysis of their "natural" methods cannot be attempted here, individual variations are many, but they meet in the common belief that spontaneous rather than controlled activity should form the basis of education, that the promptings of nature should be taken into account. As Herbert Read epitomises Plato :

The aim of education should be to associate feelings of pleasure with what is good and feelings of pain with what is evil.¹

The immediate problem which arises when such ideas are to be converted into reality is what subjects and experiences should we place before our school-children ? "What knowledge is most worth ?" asks Herbert Spencer, and goes on to say :

Among mental states as among physical acquisitions, the ornamental comes before the useful.²

and:

Men dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion.²

The plea for a more rational choice of subjects has, in general, affected this country's education beyond the primary stage very little. All grammar schools still teach Latin, many teach Greek. Without doubting that such subjects of formal education have considerable value and, in the absence of more important knowledge, would be highly desirable, curriculum reformers have generally agreed that the labour and time expended in learning the classics, in particular, are quite disproportional to their real value. Even today, in many of the more conservative schools, science is taught not so much because its possible value as a medium of education is recognised, but rather as an unwilling concession to an age of technology. A boy educated in an independent school will have had several years of Latin at his preparatory school before he learns the most elementary scientific facts in his public school at thirteen. Putting aside for a moment the Arts *v.* Science squabble, among *avant-garde* of educational thinkers the plea has been, and still is, for a saner education, closer to the facts of life. Again I quote Spencer :

How to live ? That is the essential question for us. Not how to live in the mere material sense only, but in the widest sense. The general problem which comprehends every special problem is—the right ruling of conduct in all directions under all circumstances. In what way to treat the body; in what way to treat the mind; in what way to manage our own affairs; in what way to bring up a family; in what way to behave as a citizen; in what way to utilise all those sources of happiness which nature supplies—how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others—how to live completely ? And this being the great thing needful for us to learn is, by consequence, the great thing which education has to teach.³

At the root of this problem lies the bogey of sex-education. How remarkable it is that teachers, since time immemorial it would seem, knowing that after the age of puberty sex begins to play an increasingly important part in the lives of all normal young persons, have done nothing but avoid the issue, even treating

¹ The Education of Free Men. HERBERT READ, 1944.

² Education. HERBERT SPENCER, 1860.

³ The Organisation of Comprehensive Secondary Schools. LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, 1953.

masturbation as a punishable offence. It is essential to our society that some form of sex-instruction be introduced in our secondary schools, for parents, having suffered similarly in their childhood, are universally reticent, and generally ill-informed on the subject.

But such changes are not merely curriculum adjustments. Just as important are changes in teaching method. Authoritarian discipline becomes increasingly unnecessary as children are given greater freedom of choice both in the fields and in the methods of study. Since most young children prefer doing things to learning facts, subjects like the visual and plastic arts and music, hitherto largely treated as unimportant extras, become of vital significance.

How far do such doctrines affect the State-controlled schools of England? Because these are designed for younger children mainly, these doctrines have had their greatest impact in primary schools, in the best of which formal teaching is reduced to a minimum until the approach of the fateful selection test. Visual aids are increasingly relied upon, whilst the teacher becomes more of a demonstrator and guide than a lecturer.

No topic in educational circles is capable of arousing more animosity than that concerning secondary selection or, to use a current inaccuracy, the eleven-plus examination. The main object of the 1944 Act was to provide universal free secondary education. If one accepts as a working definition of "secondary education" a course providing an opportunity for entrance into the universities and professions, then the aim of the Act has never been realised, for until the recent innovation of entering secondary-modern school pupils for public examinations, only the grammar and technical schools have provided such a course, for a mere 30% of children of secondary-school age. Until every child has the chance to enter a university, it cannot be said that England has a universal system of secondary education. The eleven-plus examination is morally, if I may use such a word, wrong because it is psychologically crude and does not in reality present such an opportunity for all children. Morally wrong, also, because it is surely socially unsound to separate into three different environments the nation's children at a point where the intelligent and the less intelligent should begin to learn mutual toleration:

It is, however, undesirable to attempt, especially at the early age of eleven, to grade pupils very finely according to general ability. For one reason the measurement of general ability, complicated as it is by variations in special abilities, cannot be made at this stage with scientific accuracy however much trouble is taken. And the more trouble that is taken, the greater is the danger of engendering an undesirable spirit of competition. The trouble is in any case futile. For fine grading is inevitably soon disturbed by the different rates of individual development.³

The comprehensive school is not, as many of its critics would have it, a blind venture into the unknown, but is a likely solution to the problem of providing universal secondary education without the eleven-plus, suggested not merely by advanced educational theory but by concrete developments in the tripartite system. For the G.C.E. is fast becoming universal. Every year more and more secondary modern school pupils take it successfully. Indeed it is becoming uncomfortably obvious that any child, imbeciles and idiots excepted, undergoing a suitable course of study can obtain several passes at Ordinary level, whilst it is generally admitted that there is a considerable overlap in intelligence between the top stream of the modern school and the bottom stream of the grammar. Transfers between the two

are more and more encouraged where the modern school cannot provide for Advanced level courses. Under such conditions it is conceivable that, should this process continue and should the modern schools make good their disadvantages of inferior teachers and equipment, then modern and grammar would become virtually indistinguishable in fact though still different in name. Such a situation also threatens still further to negate the ideals of the Act of 1944 which aimed to provide, in the modern school, a more practical, *i.e.*, less formal, education for children unable to benefit from a grammar school course.

The comprehensive school, then, gets rid of the eleven-plus examination. Selection is still necessary, but is a purely tentative move made for convenience and is easily modified according to each child's development. There is too, an economic advantage. Bigger schools mean that buildings and equipment can be used to greater effect, that good teachers are more advantageously employed. A wider range of subjects can be made available to more children. Lastly there is the vitally important point that social coherence and inter-class understanding will be more readily effected.

But all this must be paid for. Comprehensive schools are large, perhaps too large, although the biggest public schools have numbers approaching the 2,000 mark, with the consequent loss of much of the intimacy so valuable a feature of our smaller grammar schools. Possibly the house system will compensate for this loss. Here the comprehensive school has much to learn from the big public school, well experienced in moderating the impersonality caused by the process of expansion. There are further objections, of which one of the most devastating is this: children, even the most brilliant, rarely take willingly to study, especially where more exciting alternatives like painting or woodwork and sometimes sport are available. There is, therefore, the danger, hardly present in the more unquestioned academic atmosphere of a grammar school, that a potentially brilliant child, finding practical work more congenial, will leave his other abilities unrealised. One can only hope that such potentialities will be recognised in time to effect the necessary transfer to a grammar stream, or that academic study itself will be made more attractive.

*Then is the grammar school on its way out? Apparently it is. Science increasingly triumphs over the Arts, liberal education is increasingly sacrificed to vocational training. The ability to think along soundly logical principles, basic to scientific study, has long been considered the hall-mark of the liberally educated man, but science teaching in secondary schools seems to assume this ability, often wrongly, and as a result many budding scientists, especially at University, are quite incapable of thinking constructively outside their narrow fields of study. If they continue to abandon the humanities for vocational science the grammar schools will disappear in essence, if not in name, and it is difficult to see how this process can be halted.

Which leads us onto the public school problem, for most conscientious students of education would admit that there is such a problem, namely, can an allegedly superior and independent system, to which entry is gained by virtue of wealth, be allowed to continue to monopolise, through its products, most of the positions of authority and influence in this supposedly democratic land. The question does not involve academic standards, for the standards in the best State schools are every bit as high as those in the best public schools. The problem is much deeper, more a problem for the sociologist than the educationalist, a problem of social class and social "privilege". The head of a well-known public school wrote:

* See Mr. Davies on "Why I still Believe in the Grammar School".

I do not think anyone would deny that it may be a "privilege", in the ordinary and complimentary sense, to go to a public school or that it may still involve some element of "privilege", in the narrower and derogatory sense.⁴

The very men who control our State educational system probably send their sons and daughters to independent schools. For all men of influence and importance, for Royalty and for the aristocracy, public schools are the only schools. Certainly class differences now do not give rise to such extremes of antipathy as they did even so recently as the nineteen-thirties; communication between the "two worlds" of rich and poor have been improved. The poor are no longer so poor nor the rich so rich. But a unified society cannot be brought about, nor complete equality of opportunity be realised, until the public schools submerge their identity within the State system.

The Fleming Report offered a possible solution by suggesting that a number of State scholars be admitted to public schools, their fees, etc., being provided by Local Education Authorities. This suggestion has not been tried and is probably only a compromise raising more problems than it solves.

Yet State abolition of public schools, besides being a travesty of personal freedom, would destroy institutions which, despite their adherence to a system of education long outmoded, nevertheless do produce in the main valuable members of society. Also it must be remembered that the onus of unorthodox experimentation is left largely to the independent schools to carry through—schools like A. S. Neil's "Summerhill".

Whilst there are still parents who can afford to pay two thousand pounds to buy their children a respected place in society and, most probably, a better job, the public schools will continue to thrive. Should there come a time when the economic position of such parents drastically worsens, or when social propensity turns against the public schools, they will in all probability disappear, mourned by a few, ignored by most.

For the rest of the forum we have written to a number of prominent educationalists asking them to give their views on topics connected with the vital problem of modern education, a problem which is now rendered even more vital because of world competition in technical subjects, as well as increasing specialisation in nuclear physics and aviation. ALICE BACON, C.B.E., M.P., has allowed us to take the following points from her summary of the Labour Party Policy statement on Education :

The biggest single factor about education today is that there is not enough of it. We have decided that the greatest educational reforms, and the most urgent, are the reduction in the size of classes, an end to slum conditions in our schools and the complete reorganisation of the system, so that every child may have a real secondary education. In secondary education, all local authorities will be asked to draw up plans, not merely for the abolition of the eleven-plus exam., but for the ending of segregation in different types of secondary schools. It would be impossible effectively to close down the public schools unless steps were taken to see that they were not at once replaced by new ones. To do this would be to deny the personal right of parents to spend any money on the education of their children.

⁴ Independent Education: In Defence of the Public Schools. A. N. GILKES, 1957.

To raise the school-leaving age now would require at least another 16,000 teachers to cope with the extra thousands of children who would stay on at school, and we are already desperately short of teachers. Labour proposes that, as a first step, all children in secondary schools should complete a four-year course, and it is suggested that Labour's future policy should be to aim at a five-year course, rather than fix a rigid school-leaving age.

At the present time about three per cent of the national income is devoted to education, about the same as in 1938. Much more money must be spent on education in the future. The Labour Government will return as soon as possible "to the principle of a percentage grant for education".

We believe that because our proposals are practical as well as idealistic, they offer a firm foundation for a great expansion of our education service—and with it greater opportunities for all our children.

THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION in the present Government has declined our invitation to express the official Conservative Party views on Education.

BRIAN SIMON (Lecturer in Education at Leicester University), states in greater detail the case for the comprehensive school :

For decades, English education has been bedevilled by the theory that a man is born all he may become; that once a child has been "tested", his abilities "diagnosed", then all that is necessary is to give him an education appropriate to his innate level of ability.

In the name of this theory, children are still "streamed" from the age of seven, still "selected" at eleven for different types of schools—their educational future determined at an early age. The vast majority of children, it is held, were not capable of any significant intellectual achievement.

Some secondary modern and most comprehensive schools are proving in practice that children are not mere automata, each born with a given mental horse power. They are showing that how a child develops depends, to a considerable extent, on how he is educated. In one London comprehensive school this year some of the most backward group of children, who could scarcely read and write when they entered at the age of eleven, stayed on an extra year to tackle G.C.E. in a number of subjects. And this examination was designed only for grammar school children—the "top" 20 per cent.

Facts like these are causing a revision of earlier, superficial theories, and of their practical corollaries: rigid streaming and selection. If a fuller opportunity is to be offered to the mass of the children, then we must recognise that education can have a profound influence on a child's development, and that any segregation based on hasty and over-early diagnosis is inexcusable. This points to the comprehensive school as the most human solution to the problem of secondary school organisation, since only the comprehensive school can keep the roads genuinely open to all the children.

HARRY DAVIES, M.A., Headmaster of the High Pavement School in Nottingham and frequent broadcaster, puts in a plea for the grammar school:

WHY I STILL BELIEVE IN THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

There are those who think of the grammar school as if it were an unchanging institution, dominated by tradition and quite out of place in the modern world. It is no doubt possible to find schools which have changed little since 1930, but the great majority have grown much bigger, have developed a strong Sixth form (Sixth forms have grown by 30% in the last four years) and are well aware of the importance of science and technology. In the Second World War it was the grammar school boy who provided responsible leadership and in peace time he dominates increasingly the arts, the professions and technology.

Since the 'thirties there has been considerable change in the composition of the grammar school. Today, more than half of its members are first generation grammar school pupils and come from homes with little cultural background or understanding of its objects, although there is an increasing demand for places and great faith in it. Its most important task is to take the abler child, from any type of home, realise his potentialities and release his native abilities for the benefit of the nation. In many cases, the school has to give the child what used to be provided by home, church and an established moral tradition—an impossible task without an intimate understanding of the pupil and his home background and an appreciation of the complications of the operation. This is a specialist job, done best in a school which concentrates on the particular problem, just as the secondary modern school is organised to tackle its own special, though different task. The grammar school is trying to civilise, in the fullest sense, the ablest children of the nation by leading them to accept those academic, cultural, civic and personal standards without which an educated democracy cannot survive. It is making a fair success of the job: why abolish it?

Much opposition exists to the idea of selection at eleven, and I can agree that a final shutting of doors at this age is very wrong, but it is perfectly possible to organise courses in a secondary modern school which give access to valuable careers and even to a grammar school Sixth form: a considerable overlap is necessary between grammar and secondary modern school courses. Better this than a wholesale submergence of all secondary schools in the comprehensive school—an experiment which is still in its infancy in this country. Let us have experiments in transfers at thirteen or fourteen as in Leicestershire, in bilateral schools, in the idea of comprehensive schools, but let us not abandon the grammar school until we are *sure* that we can replace it by something better.

We leave the final word with Dr. ROBIN PEDLEY, Senior Lecturer in Education at Leicester University, who is joint editor, with Brian Simon, of a new journal which has been founded to discuss important issues in education. Dr. Pedley sums up these issues as follows:

Today it is more necessary than ever before to educate our masters.
I do not mean, in the first place, the millions who every four or five

years sign away power in a voting booth, but the M.P.s, the members of inner councils and executive committees, the officers of local authorities, trade unions and industrial organisations who decide and limit the opportunities which shall be offered to the masses.

With an eye on the approaching general election, the political parties are paying a lot of attention to the pros and cons of educational reform. Are they on the right lines? What are the essential issues?

Should we drop "eleven plus" selection and have comprehensive schools, or is some third course possible and preferable? Do we favour co-education or monastic academies?—sex education or gutter and hayfield discoveries?—self-government or autocracy in the schools?

These and other questions which concern us all have their impact on such different problems as Britain's scientific progress and the social squalor of Notting Hill. They need to be discussed frankly and authoritatively by intelligent people.

To facilitate such discussion, a group of men and women who are specially interested in new educational ideas and movements have launched a new journal. Its name is FORUM. Look out for it! The first number (Autumn 1958) is now on sale.

The next edition of "Cryphon" will contain a forum on the theatre and we have already received contributions from DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE, SIR DONALD WOLFIT and SAM WANNAMAKER specially written for this forum.

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Unaccustomed as I am

by Alan Andrews

IN AN ESSAY, *On the Athenian Orators*,¹ MACAULAY ASSERTS THAT "Oratory is to be estimated on principles different from those which are applied to other productions". Passing in review philosophy, history, the novel, poetry, and claiming all of them to have truth as their object, he concludes: "The object of oratory alone is not truth, but persuasion . . . A speaker who exhausts the whole philosophy of a question, who displays every grace of style, yet produces no effect on his audience, may be a great essayist, a great statesman, a great master of composition; but he is not an orator". The passage has any number of ambiguities; Macaulay, in his journalistic, uncritical way has generalised unpardonably and raised fundamental questions which he is not going to try and answer. He does not even make the point that the orator's persuasive skill is in many cases being used to convince his audience of what he believes to be the truth, or some aspect of it. Nevertheless, his cardinal point remains: oratory—or, as we might say, trying to avoid the pompous, public speaking—is aimed at persuasion, and the measure of achievement is the effect on the audience.

Much of the history of the spoken word is probably destined to remain unknown or, at best, highly speculative. We may assume, however, that some members of primitive societies soon discovered the value of oratory in persuading the tribe to rally round and defend itself against the attacks of neighbouring tribes, or to organise a hunting expedition, or to worship the sun-god, or, even, perhaps, to punish a thief in their midst. You might even consider the performance of the serpent in the Garden of Eden as the first successful piece of oratory. The Bible has much great oratory in both its parts: Moses' exhortations, David's lament for Jonathan, the debates in the Book of Job, Ecclesiastes, and the sermons of Jesus and Paul. The early history of the Jews carries constant reminders of the importance of oratory in the development of civilisation and human society; and there are other such reminders.

The Greeks, for instance. Among the many arts which flourished in Athens in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. oratory was by no means least. In many ways it was as important as any, so important that Socrates (or Plato) embodied it in his education scheme and Aristotle set to and wrote a treatise on the subject—a treatise which, as has been suggested,² will enable a student to dissect a good speech but, by itself, scarcely enable him to make one. Athenian democracy, which demanded not that the citizens elected representatives to govern but that they went along to the Pnyx and voted on measures themselves, meant inevitably that the ability to persuade was at a premium. Themistocles, Pericles and Demosthenes revelled in the atmosphere, but they did not attain their status without a deal of effort and study. Forms of government changed but oratory retained its place as a desirable attribute, not only for politicians but also for lawyers. It is an indication of the intelligence of the average Athenian that the speeches of these men are, in the main, severely logical and avoided appealing to the emotional sympathies of voter or juryman.

The Romans adopted the Greek attitude to oratory, and it retained its importance in the courts and in government. Cicero is perhaps the noblest Roman in this field but, thanks largely to Shakespeare, it is Mark Antony's speech at the death of Cæsar which is most frequently remembered. The circumstances of this speech are par-

¹ Contributed to Knight's Quarterly Magazine, August 1824, and reprinted in *Miscellaneous Essays*.

² By Professor R. C. Jebb in his article on Rhetoric in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*

ticularly interesting, and Shakespeare's reconstruction of the scene attempts both to convey the mood of the mob and to expose Antony's method in dealing with it. Plutarch's life of Antony³ has a vivid description:

"When Cæsar's body was brought to the place where it should be buried, he made a funeral oration in commendation of Cæsar, according to the ancient custom of praising noble men at their funerals. When he saw that the people were very glad and desirous also to hear Cæsar spoken of, and his praises uttered, he mingled his oration with lamentable words; and by amplifying of matters did greatly move their hearts and affections unto pity and compassion. In fine, to conclude his oration, he unfolded before the whole assembly the bloody garments of the dead, thrust through in many places with their swords, and called the malefactors cruel and accursed murderers".

The consequences were disastrous for the Brutus-Cassius conspiracy, but it is only fair to add that Cicero, a sympathiser if not at the heart of the conspiracy, had warned of the danger of allowing a public funeral oration. The whole incident is a dramatic reminder of the power of the spoken word not without point in the twentieth century.

The disintegration of Roman civilisation and the mists which obscure the history of succeeding centuries indicate a decline in oratory as in other arts and crafts. At any rate, little seems to have been recorded of speeches or speakers. On the other hand, the preaching friars of the Church depended in part on oratory for their success, and it was, no doubt, still possible to influence the courts and government by this means whenever a dispute arose. So long as the major part of the population remained illiterate, the spoken word retained its importance, and this condition lasted long after the invention of printing.

The Renaissance brought a revival of interest in the art. Books were written on rhetoric and it became a part of studies at schools and universities. For oratory, as for so much else, there were rules, strict rules, whereby, if you observed them, success was apparently guaranteed. The rhetoric manuals of this period listed nearly 200 figures of speech and modes of argument or expression. This tradition is maintained today in the United States of America where most universities boast a Department of Speech—which, amongst other things, runs university debating. Kenneth Harris, a member of the Oxford Union team which visited the States in 1947-48, wrote a book⁴ about his experiences. Over dinner at Cherokee State College he met some of the staff of the Speech Department, including a young woman who "had majored in speech, and was now writing her master's thesis on speech correction".

"Towards the end of the meal she leaned over to us.

"Would you gentlemen from Oxford mind if I take my boys out now?" she asked. "They're a bit nervous, and I want to give them a work-out".

We said we would not mind in the least. She got up from the table, and two American debaters followed her out.

"Big night for her", explained Dr. Green. "Her first international contest". . . .

³ The quotation is from North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*—generally thought to have been used by Shakespeare as source material.

⁴ *Travelling Tongues*, by Kenneth Harris. John Murray, 1949.

. . . we strolled down the corridor toward the debating hall. On the left I saw a door marked "Speech Office". It was slightly ajar. Through the gap I could see the debate coach sitting holding a stop-watch. In front of her one of the debaters was prodding the air with an emphatic forefinger. The other was leaning back in a chair, looking at the ceiling and whispering to himself. It was the work-out".

As far as I know, the American team which visited Leeds last session did not have a "work-out" before the "contest"; they did not appear to be handicapped as a result.

Rules and instructions, after all, helpful though they may be, are by no means everything. A great deal depends on the personality and natural ability of the speaker; a great deal also depends on the circumstances in which the speech is made—the place, the size of the audience and their tolerance (or lack of it) in listening to views with which they perhaps do not agree, the subject to be spoken about, and so on. Most people appreciate, for instance, that speaking to a packed and lively audience in the Union Social Room is vastly different from speaking to a half-empty, apathetic Riley-Smith Hall, and that such differences demand modifications of approach. It is interesting to note that the contrasted speaking styles of the last two Deputy-Speakers of the House led one to prefer debating in the Social Room, the other in the Riley-Smith.

Circumstances are probably the crucial factor in a successful speech because to be successful a speech must have an immediate impact. To go back only a few years and to stay well within living memory, could Churchill ever have attained his status as an orator without the coincidence of circumstances which brought him to the leadership of this country in the Second World War? Even more important, perhaps, could Britain have survived the German threat without the boost to morale which his oratory gave? Two examples will illustrate this remarkable ability to sense exactly the need and to satisfy it:

"The gratitude of every home in our island, in our Empire, and indeed throughout the world, except in the abodes of the guilty, goes out to the British airmen who, undaunted by odds, unwearied by their constant challenge and mortal danger, are turning the tide of world war by their prowess and their devotion. Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few".⁵

"When I look back on the perils which have been overcome upon the great mountain waves in which the gallant ship has driven, when I remember all that has gone wrong and remember also all that has gone right, I feel sure we have no need to fear the tempest. Let it roar, and let it rage. We shall come through".⁶

The spoken words lose a lot when they are merely written. It demands some imagination, too, to put these words in the context to which they were so applicable. They do not now make the immediate impact which made them effective in the dark days of the war. Nevertheless, the ability to suit the speech to the occasion was invaluable at the time. It is chastening to recall that this coincidence of circumstances and a man whose oratory was equal to them occurred elsewhere at about the same period; but Hitler and the German people were on the other side.

⁵ House of Commons, 4th August 1940.

⁶ House of Commons, 8th May 1941.

Gladstone, in a perceptive passage of his *Homeric Studies*, has summed up this business of the man and the moment very well:

“The work of the orator from its very inception is inextricably mixed up with practice. It is cast in the mould offered to him by the minds of his hearers. It is an influence principally received from his audience (so to speak) in vapour, which he pours back upon them in a flood. The sympathy and concurrence of his time, is, with his own mind, joint parent of the work. He cannot follow nor frame ideals; his choice is to be what the age will have him, what it requires in order to be moved by him; or else not to be at all”.

It may seem that, in an age typified, allegedly, by Jimmy Porter, urging that there are not any good brave causes left, an age in which “persuasion” is applied much more subtly than in the subtlest speech, oratory has no place and the art of public speaking is no more worth cultivating than a vegetable marrow. A lot depends on whether you accept Porter’s viewpoint. Certainly, there is still room for oratory, in church-pulpits and in courts of law; occasionally a speech in the Houses of Parliament sticks in the mind. There are people in the world—Nasser, Tito, de Gaulle, and one or two more—who clearly recognise the advantage which, by a skilful use of oratory, might be theirs. The Prime Minister has attempted it with mixed success; mostly, it is too evidently imitation-Churchill, as when he recently referred to Nicózia (for Nicosia) rather as his predecessor used to say Narzi. Lord Hailsham has tried and largely failed. Mr. Bevan occasionally succeeds in striking a genuine original note. But, by and large, the back-room boys seem more concerned to turn their politicians into television stars—or to turn television stars into politicians. It is quite likely that this policy will not ultimately reap the dividends which are currently expected of it. One of the striking facts about the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament—this has to do with its methods rather than its aims—is the way in which people, who according to the pundits should be lethargically installed by their firesides absorbing the telly, have been willing to turn out to public meetings. The fact is, of course, that although television offers instantaneously a very large audience, the speaker has no chance of adapting himself to audience-reaction. The audience remains unseen and unsensed, the contact is entirely one-way, and one wonders just how effective such contact can be. As for the fireside viewer, he is rather like a secret drinker.

So the ability to speak in public remains an asset. Ideas are still in conflict and, in spite of the spread of the written word, it is the spoken word that points the conflict. Of course would-be orators must adapt themselves to changing circumstances, but this has always been the case, as this article attempts to show. Freedom of speech is a highly valued privilege, and rightly so. From time to time it is necessary to guard against misuse; a greater danger now is that it may fall into disuse.

Review Section

BOOKS WITH PAPER BACKS

by Warren Taylor

THE ADVENT OF FABER AND FABER on the now crowded scene of the "paper-backs" market affords a good opportunity for a quick glance at this flourishing business. It is surely time that some assessment was made of the value of these books, not merely in the short-term advantage of saving the undergraduate money, but also in the long-term policy of building up a general library. Let us be highly modern and say that we are to look at the "paper-backs" with an aesthetic glance. And make no mistake, nowadays the paper-backs are well-prepared to take such a scrutiny, for more and more pressure of competition is producing its best results in publications of ever-increasing artistic merit. Paper is generally of a high standard and the glossy cover seems to be a must nowadays—many of the new Penguin covers are being illustrated, and superbly too, by the finest of modern artists, whilst the covers of some of the American ventures into the field of say Greek philosophy are enough to make Plato as provocative as the cuties in "Men Only".

Though books with paper-backs have nearly always sold well, it is only during the last few years that they can be said to have come into their own—the boom in the sales of such books can be compared to the boom in the sale of records, except that paper-backs sell initially because of their cheapness and records in spite of their exorbitance. At the same time it is not merely the "pop" records which are selling well, comparatively speaking, just as is it not merely the Hank Janson lurids which are crowding out the bookstalls. Classical music and acknowledged great books are both selling as never before and to a public which it would have seemed impossible to reach. Remember the woman in the James Thurber article who had read "Macbeth" (reluctantly it must be admitted) and came up with the astounding theory, using the best methods of Sherlock Holmes and F. R. Leavis, that Lady Macbeth's father had in fact done the murder?

First-class novels, "high-brow" plays, poetry of all kinds, as well as technical, historical, scientific and social books are being published in large quantities and are even running into second and third editions. And, more important, many original works are receiving their first publication between paper covers especially in regard to translations. The Penguin Classics' series, indeed, includes some translations which will obviously succeed hitherto standard renderings.

All this leads us to ask the very proper question "Why"? Not so much why are the paper-backs selling so well, but what is their purpose, why are they being produced in such attractive ways? The obvious answer is so that they can sell in spite of their rivals. But this is not the whole answer. For nearly all the worthwhile publishers of paper-backs are showing themselves concerned at producing artistically fine books not merely splashy and vulgar editions. In other words they are showing a sense of responsibility towards their readers. The question thus resolves itself into the problem of whether the paper-backs are a substitute for a library of bound books. And it is not such an unimportant point as it might sound. However good they are, however artistically they are put together, paper-backs are still a *cheap* way of building a collection. If they are to become the *only* way, then there will be irreparable loss. The element of sacrifice, which up to a few years ago was part of the enjoyment of collecting together a good-looking general library, has been replaced by the ability to buy the world's greatest books bound in paper. And there is the danger that once

having bought such books, the student or whoever it is will stop looking for the more permanent, the more beautiful edition to grace his library and will be content with a top shelf of Penguins. Is that a good thing or a bad thing?

This problem has arisen only lately though paper-backs have had a long history. Dickens' novels were first published in monthly paper-backed editions as were the books of a large number of Victorian novelists. It was only after his death that the works of Dickens really began to receive properly bound status. And here we are brought up against another point. Nowadays we reprint in a paper-back edition *after* the bound edition appeared. This immediately suggests that this form of publishing is a substitute, if you like, "for the real thing". Whereas to publish first in paper-back form and then to produce the bound edition would seem to be the right way of going about things, for you initially make the book available to the large audience and depending upon the way it is received you then bring out the dearer, permanent, *library* publication. The topsy-turvy method now adopted strikes me as psychologically bad, as people are inclined to wait for the paper-back and forgo the pleasure of owning the more beautiful work.

The problem, however, would not be solved merely by changing the method of publication around. For there is still the question of owning a large library of classics in paper-back form or a smaller, select collection of the more expensive type. The problem can only be solved by personal preference, but surely the thrill of owning something expensive is not merely snobbish, but where a great work of art is concerned it is also a form of compliment.

What has happened is that in the rush to bring out paper-backs of all kinds and sizes, certain vital points have not been clarified. The aims of the publishing houses seem to totter between commercialism and the desire "to reach as many people as possible of all kinds". When Sir Allen Lane first launched the Penguin series the purpose was pretty clearly commercial and limited. Indeed the story is told that when Sir Allen tried to sell the idea of paper-backs to booksellers, they would not have anything to do with it and it was only when Woolworth's agreed to take a quantity of the first few titles that he was able to go ahead. There seems a moral there somewhere.

Most of the paper-back rivals to Penguins in the old days did have this specific, limited purpose—none of us remember, probably, but most of us will have one or two titles from the brilliant Benn's Sixpenny Series, whilst Faber and Faber themselves published the famous Q books before the war. When the war broke out, of course, paper-backs were a boon—Penguin, Big Ben Books, and a series called Tuck's Better Little Books which measured about $2\frac{1}{2}'' \times 1\frac{1}{2}''$, were among the air-raid shelter reading material. The American Forces were issued with an Armed Services series of books, free, whilst a common caption at the end of wartime Penguins stated:

When you have read this book, please leave it at your nearest
Post Office, so that the men and women in the Services may enjoy it too.

These books were not particularly well-printed nor were they pretentious, but they served a useful purpose.

After the war Pan books came on the scene and more and more publishing firms began to produce cheap books—Huchinson, Hodder and Stoughton, MacMillan among others. Penguins themselves became more enterprising and adventurous starting series after series, about architecture and music, new writing and travel, and ending up with the wholly laudable but strangely cock-eyed policy of producing a number of bound books, including the superb series of the Penguin History of Art.

The situation, in one sense, is ludicrous. The price range of Penguins is now enormous—you can buy Apulius' "The Golden Ass" for about 3/6d. or if you want the Penguin de-luxe edition, for about 35/-. Are Penguins being merely commercial, or do they also feel that impermanence in paper-back form ought to be compensated for, by the same books being made available bound? If they do feel this, then it is wholly laudable, for we can expect in future that the wonderful translations of the Classics in this series will gradually be made accessible in a more luxurious form. For the big drawback with publishing the longer Classics, like Don Quixote, in paper-back form is that the backbone immediately creases and that the cover is easily soiled when we take into account the length of time needed to get through the book. If we had both the paper-back and the de-luxe editions to choose from, the situation would be eased, for the first could be used for pocket reading and the second for inclusion in a book-case. I still feel that however much it may cost there is no substitute for the beautifully produced book.

Let me make it clear, however, that these remarks only apply to those books whose very nature makes them worthy of a permanent place in a bookshelf. Paper-backs are almost incredibly useful, at times, indispensable, for introductions to a subject, for a good series on a particular topic, for an up-to-date account of modern thought and ideas, for books which can be used for reference at odd moments or as a rough book before examinations to scribble pencilled notes in, without having to worry unduly about spoiling it. Most of the Pelican series are of this kind—books which *ought* to be in a cheap edition, in order to give a chance to everybody to gain knowledge. And this particular type of book will not bear printing in a bound edition, in most cases.

So what we are left with are two kinds of book, about which most publishing houses have so far failed to pronounce clearly their future. And now Faber and Faber have produced twelve titles in paper-back form. About these they say:

We want to keep good titles in print in popular form and if we find that by doing this we can establish our series, we shall ultimately hope to publish *new books in the same field*.

Faber and Faber are a firm with too much practical sense to risk new books at the moment, but they are certainly on the right track in promising to publish such books in the future, for then maybe they will create a demand for *bound* books, instead of satisfying one for paper-backs.

And they are going the right way about it, I think. Their first twelve titles consist of extremely well brought out reprints of established Faber books including T. S. Eliot's "Cocktail Party", William Golding's fascinating and frightening novel "Lord of the Flies", and a superbly moving reconstruction of the last days of Jesus' life and the evidence concerning his resurrection in "Who Moved the Stone". The covers are glossy and attractive and the familiar Faber print and lay-out gives very good value for money—these editions are not really cheap (about 5/-) but this is part of a deliberate policy of Faber's to bring out more lasting paper-backs. Obviously, cheap editions in paper-back form are here to stay. Only let us be careful that their attractiveness does not blind us to the pleasures of a permanent library of books which do not crease down the middle.

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Contributors

ALAN ANDREWS, now a third-year Arts student, has for long been one of the most active members of the Debating Society. Though not as tall as Michael Cohen nor as powerful in voice as John Johansen-Berg, he succeeded the latter as Debates Secretary last session and the former as Debates Chairman for this session and has the personality and debating know-how to carry all before him—even his degree, we hope, next June.

HARRY FREEDMAN has never been keen on work and so now does General Arts. He intends to be a teacher but will probably not teach anybody anything. His hobbies include photography and writing Left *or* Right-Wing articles to order.

PETER W. B. HALL, who designed the cover (with apologies to John Tenniel's dancing Gryphon in MacMillan's 1915 edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"), is a second year student. Hidden talents, apart from a superfluity of initials to his name, are his ability to maintain, and work extremely hard at, his position on the staff of both the "Gryphon" and the "Union News", and a propensity for coming out with the unexpected (for instance, the cover of "Gryphon" and his sister, WENDY HALL, who contributed the illustration of the Crossing the line ceremony).

ALEX JONES lives in Wallasey and thus has the advantage of town and ocean—Liverpool smog on one side and the Irish Sea murk on the other. Though he has come to Leeds to study Dental Surgery, he also likes to get his teeth into a number of hobbies, including astronomy, languages and geography.

JOHN PICK is 21, is a Federalist, has no religion, has no particular ambition. Other hobbies are cricket, soccer, acting and producing, walking and cooking. He has a brooding dislike of all forms of polite social intercourse and can be pretty scathing about Mr. Dulles, women in slacks and Flag Days. But he has never done anything odd, except that he ran (for two years) a fairly successful Punch-and-Judy booth.

WARREN TAYLOR is the pseudonym of a graduate student officially engaged in gaining a Diploma of Education. Hobbies include acting, public-speaking and listening to 'Ancock's Half-Hour. Among his beliefs are that America on the whole is a good thing, that lectures are even worse than Caf coffee and that the bicycle is here to stay.

TREVOR WEBSTER does not look like an ex-customs official. During the summer months he can always be found on the first floor of the Union building or in "Union News" office, in a Daz-white shirt and well-creased trousers, *doing things*—no-one has yet discovered what.

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