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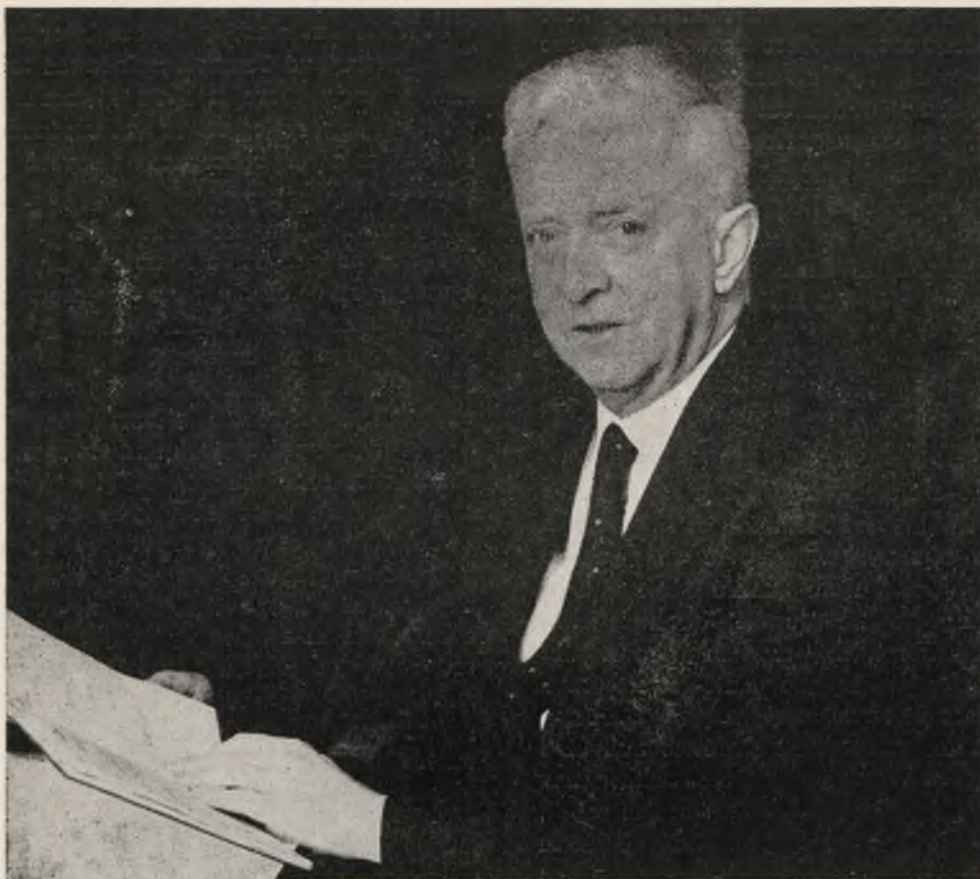
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# Scientists in Control



## A PERSONAL VIEW BY SIR CHARLES MORRIS

**T**he first thing that strikes most people is that the universities are taking larger and larger numbers of students. The total number in the country has doubled since before the war, and seems likely to be nearly doubled again by 1970 — perhaps by 1965 or 1966. Most foreign observers, and especially Americans and Russians, would say I think that this seems to be happening without changing the English universities very much. Is this really true?

**I**T is not easy, to start with, to secure much agreement about what our universities are like, or about what they have been like in the past. But I suppose there is a fair amount of agreement about something like the following, as a general picture. It is a bit crude and simplified; but it has a certain value for the purposes of today.

Before Jowett, the English universities were primarily interested in handing on learning to future scholars and to future members of the "learned professions." After Jowett Oxford progressively became more and more interested in providing a "university education" for pro-consuls, empire builders and other practical men; and it acquired a

substantial world reputation in this field. Cambridge followed, rather half-heartedly; but eventually it went quite a long way along the same road. As a result of this development Oxford and Cambridge were immensely sought after between the two world wars by students from other countries, not only from America and the Dominions, but also from the rest of the world. This student demand was particularly noticeable on the part of young men who hoped to become administrators or statesmen in their own countries — though at the same time, whether by accident or not, a very large number indeed of them have returned home to become professors.

### Change of opinion

IN the meantime a change of opinion about universities had been setting in in this country. There had always been strong opposition in Oxford itself and in Cambridge to the "Jowett" developments; and in general the "modern" universities sought to take the anti-Jowett line. Universities ought not to be finishing schools for pro-consuls, bankers and civil servants — still less for industrialists; they ought to be homes of learning and research, and only those should find their places in them, whether as academic staff or students, who were willing and anxious to prosecute the work of learning and research. The pro-consuls and other practical men were thought, on this view, to have mostly wasted their time during their years at Oxford anyway, or alternatively to have diverted the time and energy of promising scholars, the dons, away from their proper task of pursuing the front-line work of scholarship and research into the pedestrian chores of tutoring and pedagoguery. The modern universities were determined to make no such mistake. They devoted themselves single-mindedly to the pursuit of learning and of new knowledge. They thought that this policy would appeal to those students who, chiefly from

lack of money, would be unable to go to Oxford and Cambridge; and they took it for granted that it would be for the good of the country.

SLOWLY, but steadily in the later 1930s,

Oxford and Cambridge followed them; and by now there is little difference in principle or practice, so far as the education of students is concerned, between the English universities.

IN general much the same kind of thing was happening in America, though of course on a much grander scale and consequently with a difference. In that country really enormous numbers of students have been sweeping into the universities. There are by now nearly 2,000 degree-giving universities and colleges, and about one American boy or girl in every three goes to them. Meanwhile American opinion has changed to the extent of feeling that the universities had been ceasing to be universities; they had had to make great changes in the teaching they offered in order to attract and hold their students, and they were in danger of losing their places of esteem among the world's universities, considered as homes of learning and research. Their universities therefore, in the manner of the Americans, gave tremendous energy and tremendous resources to the development of "graduate schools," and their leading scholars and scientists tended to give their efforts almost entirely within these graduate schools. But at the same time they have kept their enormous numbers of undergraduates, and in varying degree have been seeking to do their best for them. Just recently there are some signs that American opinion now feels that the pendulum was allowed to swing too far; and the President of Harvard, for instance, has recently been raising a special fund of 80 million dollars *for the undergraduate college*. At any rate about a quarter of the population in the future will go to college, and at least embark upon a university career. In so far as the Americans of the future will be a highly educated people, they will have received their higher education at universities.



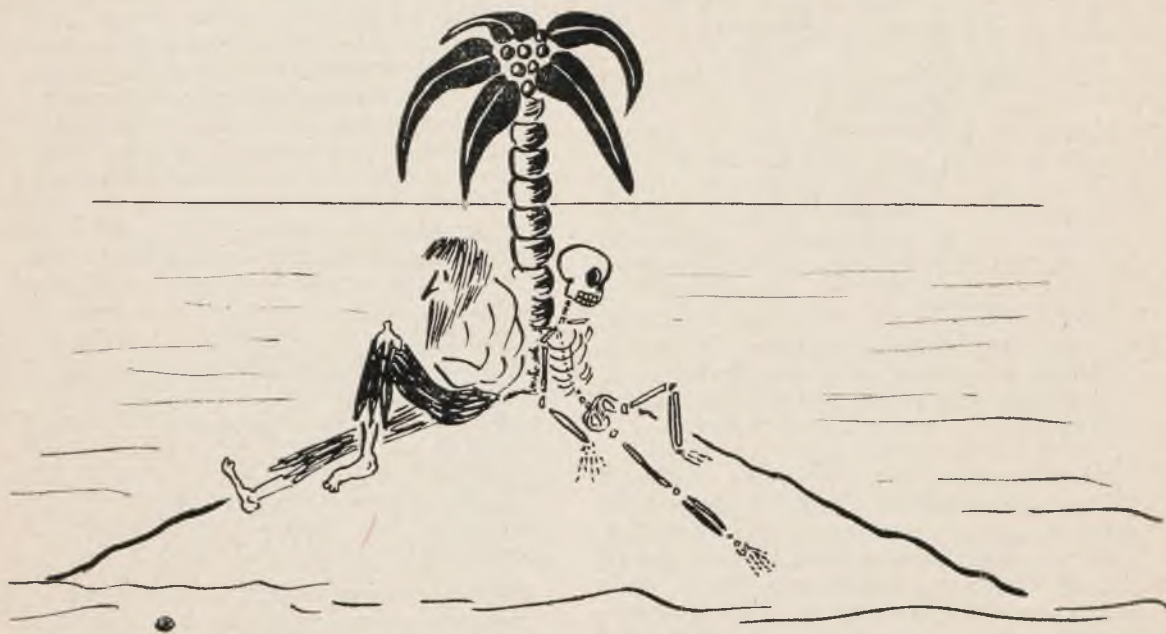
**B**UT let us come back to the question.

What is happening to the universities in England?

As I have said, I think most foreign observers would say that the present increases in numbers are being absorbed without any very noticeable change in the character of university education in this country; and it is probable that further increases of the order now contemplated could be absorbed with equal nonchalance. There are rather more physical scientists and engineers, and the doctors whose absolute numbers have not increased constitute a smaller proportion of the student body. But these are not very significant changes. The courses of instruction, though brought up to date technically, remain much the same; the teaching is much the same, except that rather more attention is given to teaching than used to be thought necessary, or even desirable; and in general the education offered is as highly "academic" as it used to be. In the great majority of fields of study, at least, the teaching has not had to be adjusted to

conform to lower or more popular standards; and little or no concessions have been made to the whims of students, considered as customers, by the introduction, in the manner of America, of new and untried subjects. Apart from an increase in size the English universities stand, rightly or wrongly, very much where they did before the war. They cultivate an academic garden, and they assume that their students are quite highly gifted, serious-minded and intellectually interested persons.

**I**N point of fact, the most interesting change — and this is a significant change — is that the scientists are now in control. The guardians of orthodoxy are no longer the classicists, the philosophers and the historians, but the physicists and chemists. It is *their* ideas about education which since the war have kept the universities to their present road; and it is their ideas which will determine the future. Will they continue to keep the devotees of education at bay, and keep their gaze fixed upon scholarship and research? Will they even be more royalist than the king? There are many signs that they may.



HOW LONG D'YOU RECKON WE'VE BEEN HERE, CHARLIE?



### PETE HALL TAKES A QUICK LOOK AT WHAT MAKES STUDENTS LAUGH

**H**UMOUR conceived in the vein of some of Shakespeare's early comedies with their tedious stichomythia and greedy dips into "me alms-basket of words," or the puerile but ingenious vein of Aldous Huxley's "million, million spermatazoa" is as uninviting today as stale crust. "Undergraduate wit" — notoriously feeble — is its despised modern counterpart. Undergraduates don't laugh at "undergraduate wit"; nor does anyone else.

**A**ND there is a sound sweeping elimination which can be made from the undergraduate's own general laughter diet. This disposes of old cars, old ships, old buses or old engines; ordained smugglers; typical proletarian or bourgeois families; grandfathers; curious wills; marriage tangles and mothers-in-law; the Foreign Office; little-known tropical colonial possessions in revolt; unknown mid-European kingdoms; the armed forces; outings to Paris; Cockneys in any shape or form and the rest of film-land's bankrupt conception of the British way of life and British Fun.

**F**OR brevity's sake, the things which are — guaranteed to bring the house down can be put into two categories. In the first, the character or situation is so far removed from normal experience that one's appreciation of the humour involves a huge, exhilarating and reckless leap of the imagination. There's sheer joy in this to the disciplined or sensitive mind. A dull

spirit or a timid is not prepared to make the leap; it dismisses the comedy as ridiculous or unprofitable. The adventures of that indestructable duet, Tom and Jerry, fit in here. Their world is littered with concealed ammo, dumps, half-sawn planks, jagged precipices and pendulant sledge-hammers. But despite these hazards Tom and Jerry survive — and this is their appeal. They are permanent and final, quite beyond fate, and subject to *no* accident. *We* may be subject to road accidents, scalds and falls. And after death, unlike Tom in his *canine* hell — we go we know not where and never come back. It's a relief in a very real sense to see Tom — hairless — blown to Kingdom Come — back, and difficult not to laugh. The Goons, the Keystone Kops, old newsreels speeded up or played backwards, or Marx Brothers madness — these all belong in the category which demands this exhilarating and imaginative free-play.

### Persecuted Existence

**T**HE second category spreads a very wide net to include humour which recoils in bitterness or blends two incongruous emotions. Feiffer's "little black dots (Strontium 90) are good for you"; or his super-auto, super-gram, super-tele "It's a FULL LIFE Harry"; or the girl plucking a sole remaining flower to see it withering in a milk bottle at home — these jokes recoil. Thurber's quiet and persecuted existence in print is a hilarious variation on the still, sad music of humanity. His "thing" about women is particularly appropriate in the U.S.A. today. Tony Hancock is the often brilliant native exponent of this brand of humour. The best way I can describe the character Hancock portrays is as "a uniquely average man." He is a magnificent hyperbole of peculiarly British forms of anxieties and complexes. Sid James establishes an inverse relationship to this hyperbole and a balance is struck — in particular Sid has *no* learning and is consequently in very little danger.

**I**N this descending scale of seriousness in the second general category Yogi Bear and Co. provide the last word in frivolous

Continued at foot of opposite page



# CASEBOOK FOR WAR

I HAVE been asked to publish extracts from my forthcoming book "A Casebook of Militarism." This slim volume deals with the characteristic reactions to what might be called Peace Organisations, like the Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War and the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. I have singled out and abbreviated five psychological types as being of a special interest to students and commonly manifested amongst them.

**PATHOLOGICAL MILITARISM** sometimes called by committed researchers **UNENLIGHTENABLE TORYISM**.

There are certain reactions which are common to most people when they are confronted with the unilateral nuclear disarmament demand. These are usually referred to as the "defence" and "deterrence" arguments, but there are some misleading features attached to calling them "arguments"; for they are not so much arguments as statements of fairly basic attitudes. That is, they are expressions of semi-automatic judgements built into the structure of the consciousness of the persons concerned. This is not to say that these same positions may not be arrived at by a process of reasoned thought; but what is interesting is that so much of the "defence-deterrence response" is almost reflexive.

Perhaps the best pathological example of this state is one like the case of "B.J." B.J. was continually observed and heard to

mumble in a dazed, incoherent way on every occasion, when presented with some anti-militarist argument: "Stands to reason — you got a club, I get a club; you get a bigger club, I get a bigger club" or "I'll fill you in." It must, however, be stressed that this state is pathological. Although it is common enough in a university, it is usually incurable, and may most usefully be seen as illuminating more central cases. It can shed light upon such cases precisely because it is a degenerate stage of a more general feature of militarist-reaction.

## SACROSANCT PHOBIAS

This is a generic title covering a number of associated reactions which are also often found in conjunction with Oedipus and Father-figure complexes (and occasionally sublimated religious phobias). There are many variations on the central theme and it must suffice to quote one case, that of



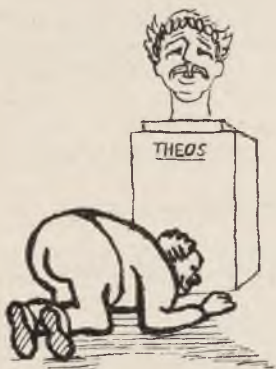
satire. Yogi is the "organisation man," resourceful, knowledgeable and confident in his application of statistical averages even to broomstick flight. Jinks the Cat's progress on the Noble Eightfold Path to impassivity may falter, but his beat patter doesn't. Huckleberry Hound-dog belongs to the wide-open spaces; his mind is like the great western out-doors too — not much activity but everything visible.

THESE two categories of humour — phantasy and satire — have a wide and appreciative audience outside the student

circle, of course, but the undergraduate is probably more susceptible to these than any other kinds of humour. The origin of this susceptibility is seriousness; the customary intellectual procedure of reconciling disparate factors. The process of understanding and appreciation which accompanies laughter is perhaps most penetrating and selective at undergraduate age. Later, politic appreciation may dim the faculty. Like one of Thurber's couples you and your wife may separate if you claim Donald Duck is greater than Garbo.



"D.B." who said: "God, you must be fanatics; you can't shift the Army." Other characteristic expressions in this category include: "They're not fools, you know," and "Trust in Macmillan/Gaitskell/Lloyd George/Harry and Saint George." This phobia is persistent but is often curable by contact with the Parliamentary Leader/General/retired Field-Marshal/Archbishop in question.



#### THE "VULGARITY"

##### DEFENCE-MECHANISM

This mechanism is most readily manifested by people in a severe state of what Sartre calls "mauvaise foi." Carried to the ultimate contradiction it is employed by members of charmingly extroverted jazz bands. Thus "P.A." eventually retorted, when prodded, "Well, of course, I agree with you in principle but your methods are a bit vulgar." This type may usually be recognised by his frequent reference to Principle and his singular lack of enthusiasm for Action.

##### SPIRITUALISM: (a) THIS LIFE

##### (b) THE NEXT LIFE

This malady shares common features with the last described and has in fact been assimilated to it by the Viennese School, mainly because of its equal stress upon Principle, and absence of principle made intelligible in action. It is usually found amongst the affluent and complacent, and takes the form of a rejection of the sordid

realities of this life, in favour of a more beautiful and ultimate Reality. For example, "S.K." has been observed on many occasions to resort to the Supreme Beauty of the Moral Life (provided that it be unsoiled by the supreme lack of beauty of Our Life).

##### PESSIMISM: (a) PSYCHOLOGICAL PESSIMISM

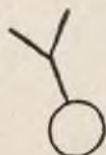
##### (b) POLITICAL PESSIMISM

"You can't change human nature," "You can't change society," are the frequent expressions of this aberration. Usually and most obviously, it is conjoined to political inactivity but there are interesting cases of subjects who combine theoretical pessimism with practical optimism. Thus "T.G." is both despairing about the possibilities of success in political action and a most energetic anti-militarist. Other examples are much less wholesome, including those who blatantly exploit specious arguments about "Human Nature," in order to mask their own moral turpitude.



Article illustrated by Pete Brady.

The arguments for an anti-militarist position in general, and unilateral nuclear disarmament in particular, are invincible; but the psychological barriers are immense. I hope that I have, at least briefly, indicated some of the postures the enemy is likely to assume.



'MITH-ITH.



## Communique from a beatnick

by Pete Hochstein

**R**ECENTLY I received a letter from my friend Bill Shakespeare, a New York beatnik who wears a beard, odd clothing, and his hair down to his shoulders. He writes verse plays and his latest effort, he tells me, is called *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*. It deals with a moody dope addict from Denmark, California (a San Francisco suburb) who has a job reading beat poetry at a place called the Elsinore Club. While on the job he meets a fan dancer named Ophelia McGillicudy. It's love at first sight, but unfortunately Ophelia is so taken by Hamlet that she tries to ape his every habit, and takes to drugs herself. One night after her fan breaks she's fired for bungling. Pennyless, jobless, Ophelia is unable to buy drugs to satiate the monkey on her back and still pay for weekly sessions with her psychiatrist. She loses her mind and eventually drowns herself by jumping off the Golden Gate Bridge.

One of the best scenes in Bill's drama takes place between Polonius Berkowitz, a San Francisco butcher, and his son Laertes, a student at the University of California. Laertes is about to go abroad for a year to study French in Aix-en-Provence, and old Polonius, having tucked into his son's passport a book of traveller's cheques — the proceeds from the sale of many thousands of chicken livers — gives his son some touching advice.

To *dig* is to listen, observe, or understand. *Wheels* are transportation. To *split* is to leave. *Mother* is a term one may use to address a male. To *have big eyes* is to desire. A *cat* is anyone of the male gendre. *End* means the very best. To be *hip* is to understand, to know, or to have the air of a truly cosmopolitan person. *Square* is the opposite of hip. *Bread* is money. A *rumble* is a gang war. *Turf* is territory acknowledged as belonging to a particular gang. *Shiv* is a knife. *Rags* are clothing. A *chick* is a woman.

Polonius' speech to Laertes:

*Pol.*

Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!

Like you have wheels, mother,  
And yet you're still hanging around the pad.  
I have big eyes for you to split,  
But like before you go, dig what I tell you.  
Like first, don't make any big speech scenes  
Like I'm doing now,  
Or go flying off the handle.  
Be hip to everybody, but remember that  
not every cat

Is an end cat;

If you're hip to some cats and they're hip  
to you,

Dig them, mother, dig them the most;  
But don't blow all your bread

On every chick who comes along, and don't  
Think I haven't heard about the chicks  
leaning

Against the walls on Place Pigalle.

Like look out

For rumbles, but if you get stuck on some  
gang's turf

When a rumble comes along,

Don't pull any punches. Give it to 'em  
with your shiv.

Dig what everyone is saying, but don't go  
around shooting

Off your yap.

Dress hip. Spend long bread on hip rags,  
But make sure you don't go off the deep  
end and dress square;

For, like rags oft proclaim the cat  
And the hippest cats in France dress hip.

Don't touch any cats for bread,

And don't make any touches yourself;

For broke cats are liable to split with your  
bread,

And the French cats have no eyes for  
moochers.

This above all: watch out for your own  
skin, mother,

And it must follow like the monkey on  
your back,

That no matter what happens, you'll be all  
right, Jack.



## Gryphon Profile

# HUGH GAITSKELL

APPARENT indifference to publicity, unruffled business-like way of addressing an audience as though it were a board meeting, constant reference to economics in practically every political argument, firm rejection of Marxist principles as anachronisms, fervent lip-service to N.A.T.O. and the U.S. alliance, dismissal of pacifism as impracticable would better suit a Conservative Premier than the leader of a Socialist Opposition Party.

Yet this same figure leads Trade Union rallies and Apartheid protests, advocates public ownership of the means of production (at any rate to a limited degree) and believes in a classless society.

Is this Hugh Gaitskell — in three little words — a conservative Socialist; a public-school graduate leading a party of manual workers?

Inasmuch as all politicians of the day are in part contradictions in terms, scorn revolution and ride a wave of controversy over party policies it is a true picture, but Gaitskell merits further consideration.

Picture this man across the table, at the receiving end of a careers interview. How does he size up for the job.

First peruse his application form. Name: Hugh Gaitskell, C.B.E., M.P. for South Leeds. Candidature: Prime Minister. Education: Charterhouse, Oxford and London — Lecturer and Reader in Economics. Previous experience: Ministries, during war —

Economic Warfare and Board of Trade. After war — served on Labour Government as Minister of Fuel and Power (47-50), Minister of State for Economic Affairs and Chancellor of the Exchequer (50-51). Treasurer of Labour Party (54-56).

Formidable experience of economic government, but after that record of success — disappointments. He's applied for the job before.

Twice, in 1955 and 1959, he opposed the Conservatives in the form of Eden and Macmillan at the polls: twice he was defeated — on the second occasion by an increased majority.

Secondly, how does he measure up for the public office he contests?

Is this a cigar-smoking, bulldog-faced, death or glory boy we see before us? No. Nor could he have been a film-star or the grand squire of England or the man from the Prudential.

More like Attlee; Public-school accent, calm, dignified, worried look always available, born election-loser, but no personal flair for publicity. Seen more often at the tip of the cartoonist's brush than astride a "Never had it so good" or "Forward with the Socialists" slogan.

Gaitskell has sharp, drawn features. His iron-grey wavy hair crowns a series of deeply-cut wrinkles, the indelible mark of ten years of almost winning. He always seems confident, if a little tired, using his index hand for the twin purposes of





brushing back a rebellious lock of hair and dismissing a persistent heckler, keeping his left in his pocket. He would be described by an onlooker like so many in the aftermath of a felony as "of medium height and build, brown suit, plain tie, striped shirt, black shoes and a dark overcoat."

Finally question him.

What is your creed for a Socialist Society, Mr. Gaitskell? He answers: "I consider socialist society as classless society, not divided into different groups by reason of birth, inheritance or income, but by merit. Every human being has a right to equality because he is a human being. I believe in the right of every individual and every country to self-determination. Though the Marxist division of 120 years ago is ridiculously out of date."

Let's press on to nationalisation, then. What of clause 4?

"If we're to have full employment in this country we'll have to have a substantial amount of common ownership. We did propose public shares in private firms at the last election and I think its a good thing for the ordinary people in this country to have a share in the huge profits that are coming out of privately-owned firms every year. But if you ask me whether every garage and shop in the country has to be publicly owned I say emphatically — No!"

Do you believe we've never had it so good?

"It depends who you are."

Some truth in that one.

One last question, Mr. Gaitskell. Why do you believe in the nuclear deterrent? Here he leans back and sighs before answering.

## Shaky Point

"When you ask whether we ought to get rid of nuclear weapons, do you want us to break up N.A.T.O.? I am not in favour of breaking up the Western alliance formed in the face of a really dangerous attack." This seems to be a shaky point; He doesn't seem too comfortable.

"Mr. Krushchev is a hard-boiled character. He is not going to abandon nuclear weapons.

"You have a position in which Russia and America are able to blow each other to smithereens and I don't think either will try anything."

Now we have his home and foreign policy. We know only too well his colonial policy. On the basis of this interview would you give him the job? I think I probably would. As I've said before he's no oil-painting, no glamour boy, but he's a thoughtful, calculating politician. Where he falls down on public relations he seems to make up with hardening experience and sheer competence.

Yes, I'd give him the job. But the British electorate won't.

In the light of recent events the T.U.C. won't much longer. And if there were a more "Socialist" Labour leader in his place he'd get my vote more readily. But there isn't at the moment.



**MOMA**

|||||

**DON'**

|||||

**ALLOW**

|||||

by  
**David  
Medd**

A GREAT deal has been written on American society from the various pseudo-scientific points of view, and much of this is concerned with American women in their several guises. For the purpose at hand, however, the field has been narrowed down to the women who, if not directly influencing the English female, is at least sought after and imitated to the point of pathos, and who, although varying greatly among the mêlée of assorted cultures in the United States, still has certain common denominators which make up the generalisation we are dealing with here. Of course, this approach has its dangers, especially if pressed too far in respect of its validity, but in the half-truths lies the entertainment.

THE American of our generalisation is the emancipated woman par excellence. In the swing from legal inferiority to equality before God and man, she has confused the sometimes unjust impositions of masculine society with woman's functions in any society, and having cut herself off from the values of the past has fallen into a limbo of aimless materialism.

SHE dislikes being bound to the home by children or house-chores, the word "homey" or "homely" now having come to mean "sluttish," but then attempts to atone for the resultant broken family by a sentimental adoration of children permitting and encouraging their well-known precocity and selfishness. Often there is the desire to have none at all, in order to continue her pre-marital standard of living and the right to be a free agent.

CONTROLLING most of her daily existence and planning for the future is money, her jealous ersatz God and the surest sign of "success," manifested in the "God and my right" game of one-up-man-

ship, where she is the perfect victim for the desired consumption of "bigger and better" luxury goods in the land of over-production. The menfolk are to a far greater degree "paid by results" and in their uncertain status quo are easily coaxed, persuaded or emotionally blackmailed into earning more or obtaining promotion. "Why don't I have an electric beautifier yet like Mrs. Kiefer?" or, "Mr. Chitling got a raise last week. Why haven't you?" are not only the sources of hundreds of puerile jokes but are also the instruments of thousands of undetectable murders, by causing the now near-proverbial businessman's ulcers and anxiety neuroses. Consequently, besides the great number of youngish divorces (grounds: husband's mental cruelty — his refusing to work himself to death) there are many, fairly wealthy women widowed in their early forties.

THESE last are often to be seen visiting Europe. "Donald always wanted to see Austria." "Yes, so did Edward": or sympathising with the schoolmistress, "Never been married! My dear, you just don't know what you missed. Isn't this place sweet. We just did Paris, London, Rome and Switzerland, it takes nineteen days and there's still Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm and Oslo left."

THE younger emancipated woman, after a marriage and the "greatest" of all possible honeymoons, sees no reason for changing her mode of living. She continues to work (increasingly fashionable in England, too) and spends her leisure time in outside activities, whence the sociable creature who is everybody's "delightful neighbour."

WHETHER this heavy social slant is altogether a cause or a result of the weakened family unit is difficult to say, but immersing themselves in Women's Guilds, Political Clubs, Literary and Cultural Societies and other absorbing interests is merely a means of assuaging the fear of insecurity and not being one of the community in fact, every one of them is trying to be a social "success" and the crystalline shell of sophistication hides from everyone the little girl beneath, who lives incognito and knows nobody else; who is basically materialistic amidst a welter of religiosity, and against a background of chrome-plated





sex under fluorescent lighting often shows the symptoms of English colonial prudery.

**M**EANT by nature not to be inquiringly nomadic and mainly endowed with natural responses to situations, she is entering into the administration, as yet fortunately only at the lower levels, of a society that is an unnatural and man-made edifice; university education leads them into professions and politics — in short, makes them career women.

They are not only working for and obtaining just recognition of their worth in society but are attempting to impose on

themselves a masculinity of thought and conduct. This could be seen as a most ridiculous travesty of nature if it were not for the fact that truthful admonishments are taken as signs of male reaction.

**T**HEY cannot see that though no longer slaves to men, they are now slaves to themselves by emulating certain envied qualities of men, a mode of living which, while parading the ludicrum of the situation before the amused spectator, yet prevents them from living as fully integrated human beings with a chance of fulfilment.



# I for Infinity

I BECAME aware from unawareness. I looked around the R.X.220 and slowly memory returned. Everything on the ship was intact. The speedometer read 120,000 miles per second, and the ship was still accelerating. I was hurtling through space faster than any comet.

The pressure gauge read 1.2 atmospheres; the air analyser showed a 5% decrease in oxygen content; the Electron thermometer read 5 degrees Centigrade. The twinkling green lights on the other instruments showed that everything else was just right.

Slowly I removed the safety belt, and moved across to the control panel. I could not keep to the floor . . . gravity pull was zero. With the help of my magnetic boots I stepped slowly and heavily across to the controls. I brought the pressure down to 1 Atm., injected more oxygen into the chamber and heated the metal walls to 32 deg. C., and then I felt better.

The speed was now constant at 136,000 m.p.s. Just 50,000 more and I would break the Light barrier, and travel into the fourth dimension, into the vast drowned depths of inter-galactic space. I opened the telescreen and found myself swishing across a whole galaxy of vast oceans of suns, star fields, clusters, and clouds, and then I recognised

it as the Constellation of Sagittarius, the brightest part of our well-known Milky Way.

Thousands of stars were being left behind every minute. They were intense unscintillating points and suddenly I remembered a rhyme I had once read in one of my grandfather's books:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,

How I wonder what you are.

Well, I knew the answer to that now.

Once again I sat down on the pilot seat, and fastened the belt. My mind turned back to the hours, days and months I had spent in helping to build the R.X.220; the concentration of hours together trying to develop a fuel which would carry it at ultra-visual speed . . . beyond the speed of Light. The fuel in actual fact, consists of an isotope of Javbrium, part of which is converted in the rocket's reactor into electro-magnetic forces. The working is based on the Unified Field theory of the great Dr. Einstein. The electro-magnetic force developed is exactly equal and opposite to the gravitational pull exerted on the rocket at any instant. The rest of the fuel is used up in the atom-propelled engines of the R.X.220. The R.X.220 itself is made up of a synchronism of Zachronium and Cosmogen, and is practically indestructable.

The project called "Project Infinity" was carried out in a deserted field in the winter of 2057. Five hundred scientists and engineers from all over the earth had worked in co-ordination to build the greatest rocket of all time . . . the R.X.220 . . . and right at the moment they were all watching me from far, far away, tracing the path I was following. I tried to contact them by Radiocosmo, but I knew that they would receive my message only after 748.4 seconds on Earth, as I had already travelled a good 139,433,574 miles.



So here I am, whistling silently across the restless space which we call the Universe, through the stars, nebulae, constellations, galaxies and all the vast gravitational systems of outer space, which are all incessantly in motion, an unimaginable, incredible complexity of a Universe.

Slowly I turned the accelerator knob. The R.X.220 gathered speed and started going faster and faster. The speedometer dial showed 130,000 . . . 140,000 . . . 150,000 . . . and I was still accelerating. Suddenly the rocket zoomed into a curve and I held myself tight to the seat. I looked at the telescreen and found myself caught in the gravitational field of a supergiant redstar (the largest material body in the Universe), and I was orbiting around it at a maddening speed of 167,000 m.p.s. The anti-gravitor was overloaded. I was trapped. Perhaps the R.X.220 was doomed to go round and round the star like a small satellite forever. My nerves began to give way. Was this the end?

### Immense Speed

But this was not the moment to give way to despair. I must concentrate . . . and slowly I recovered. Immediately I switched my brain over to Super-Electronic control. For a time nothing happened and then all of a sudden I knew the answer. I was travelling at an immense speed and so the mass of my ship must have increased by a tremendous amount. The gravitational force  $F (= Mg)$ , which therefore is proportional to the mass, must be fantastically high. So all I had to do was to reduce the mass by decelerating the R.X.220.

The ship decreased speed and the speedometer pointer fell rapidly to 11,000 m.p.s. The Anti-Gravitor could easily resist the gravitational pull now. Giving a sudden burst of speed in the opposite direction to the gravity acting, I got out of the snare,

with everything intact; a snare which might have held me for ever and ever.

The R.X.220 was once more skimming across the immensities of sidereal space and time. I had to make the speedometer read 186,284 m.p.s. It was a realm of fantasy which I had to realise before I disappeared into oblivion or returned back to earth.

Once more I was accelerating, now taking care to avoid all high gravity stars. Exploring the multifarious Universe, filled with incomputable bodies of matter . . . meteors, moons, comets, space-dust, nebulae, and billions and billions of stars grouped by the inter-locking geometry of their gravitational systems. The ever-growing Universe whose very radius was once calculated to be 35 billion light years. The billions of galaxies, each containing hundreds of millions of flaming stars and incalculable quantities of rarefied gas, cold systems of iron and stone and cosmic dust. I was zooming through the great abysses of Inter-stellar space, the deeper abysses of space and time in the phenomena of Outer Space, the colourless, soundless, palpable cosmos, which lies like an iceberg beneath the plane of man's perceptions.

A glance at the instrument panel showed 176,000 m.p.s. It was a matter of a few seconds now. I turned my brain over to psycho-electronic control. A final surging burst of acceleration and 186,284 m.p.s. . . I was in the Fourth Dimension, in the Space-Time Continuum. A sense of elation swept over me. But now the R.X.220 was behaving awkwardly. I looked at the atom-powered clock and found it going backward at an amazing rate. I was travelling back into Time itself . . . 2057 . . . 2025 . . . 1993 . . . 1960 . . . Once again I was knocked unconscious. I sensed a confused bable of noises, growing louder and louder. Once more I became aware from unawareness . . . and found Fred gently guiding me out of the bar.





# SOMEONE ELSE'S BAAIBY

by Alan Powell

THE harsh blare of the saxophone, the strumming of many guitars, the big beat, and the raucous voice of Mr. Bill Haley shattered the profitable peace of the ballad singers in 1955: ROCK was big business, and the era of the one record teenage idol was nearly with us.

THE crude tribal sound generated by Mr.

Haley swiftly revealed its limitations, so refinements were introduced. The beat still remained as insistent as ever, the words were still as uncomprehensible, both in rendering and meaning, but now new ROCK 'N ROLLERS emerged, each with their own particular sound and backing, and the majority with a marked tendency to be under the age of twenty. America discovered Elvis Presley, to the horror of the critics, but Britain was not slow to respond. Overnight, a high-powered publicity campaign made a "star" of an unknown ex-merchant seaman called Tommy Steele before he had made his first recording.

THE prophets of doom predicted that

ROCK wouldn't last, and for once many people hoped they were right. Big business was not prepared to see this happen, however. ROCK had revealed the potentials of the hitherto untapped teenage market, and no one with an interest intended to lose it. The mass of jiving, rock 'n rolling teenagers packing the dance halls up and down the country didn't seem to want to lose it either. The legion of guitar, washboard and tea-chest "do-it-yourself" musicians swiftly died off.

THE calypso came to compete, then the cha cha; the B.B.C. limited the amount of ROCK to be played on its record programmes, but ROCK survived, conquered and once more flourished, and a measure of its success can be seen from the fact that even a ballad has to have a guitar backing and a beat to stand any chance of



## GRYPHON GETS WITH IT

reaching the hit-parade, and many old favourites have been taken and "ROCKED."

THE reasons for the success of ROCK are not easy to discover. One has undoubtedly been the sustained publicity campaign, another, perhaps, that teenagers, seeing the reaction of adults to ROCK, have come to identify it as their own peculiar form of music and the cult of the teenage idol is a part of this identification. Also the appeal of ROCK is a very direct one, it demands little, if any, effort on the part of

Continued at foot of opposite page



## CREATION

### Its relevance today — by Charles Hutchins

THERE is not one person who has never, at some stage in his life speculated on the reason for his existence or the existence of others around him — especially when we have so many idiosyncrasies. Many people, of course, are content to look at life and the existence of material things as mere occurrences through chance, despite the intricacies of the human body, the nervous system, glandular systems and the myriad cells composing the body.

We could go further and question whether it is simply chance, and possibly adaptation to environment that has caused nature to work out as it has done. To find that the sun not only brings warmth and sunburn, but also is the means of carbohydrates in green plants by photosynthesis, and provides energy for transmitters in satellites, is surely something to make us marvel and question whether or not there is a Master behind all this — a God.

There are many who would question and dispute the accounts of creation in Genesis, some attaching a more literal interpretation than others; but there is one thing that all must be agreed about here, and that is that it is claimed that God is the sole cause of creation and that before the world existed. He was. We must remember that it was when God created that time began, and hence the creation was not an impulse. Rather, the Bible teaches that God willed and acted, and hence the existence of the world.

I have chosen only the broadest outline here, in order to avoid causing offence to some readers, but in my examination of the evidence, I have found nothing at all to give people, thinking or otherwise, just

cause to dismiss the idea of the existence of God due to supposed scientific evidence. Neither have I chosen to enter the field of theological intricacies, and to deal with the documentary hypotheses, nor to deal with the problems of language. These are for the specialist, but even here, I have found no convincing arguments to prevent my accepting these accounts as God-given and inspired, and a satisfactory explanation of my existence and the existence of those around me.

Many are happy to avoid intellectual honesty by a ready refusal to believe in Adam and Eve as historic people. I see no reason why they should not be considered so, but assuming they are merely collective names this does not give just cause for a denial of God's creative activity — in fact it makes His power greater in evidence. By ordinary human reason — which many are happy to trust — we must logically, in time, reach a point when the race started, and Genesis tells us God started it by creating humans in His own image.

Such creation is something which is relevant for today, for it gives us an answer to the dilemma of life, and gives us, if we are to accept the logical conclusions, a reason for living. We can see that the only reason that we are on this planet to enjoy the life given us, and to undergo the sufferings brought about by man's sinful nature, is that at one stage, God acted.

Here, then, is where creation is relevant, since God has given us life, we surely have an obligation of some sort to Him, and our lives should be so ordered as to take this into account. It is for us to think this out honestly, and having done so to be prepared to give account to God when we are before Him in judgement.

the listener; its insistent rhythm is hypnotic in its effect, and the erotic sensations it evokes, appeals to the teenager. Eroticism is indeed exploited in the visual presentation of rock, and hip-swinging, rubber-legged, grunting rock singers are capable of sending the female element of their audience into a frenzy.

CONTROVERSY has raged around ROCK 'N ROLL, and will probably continue to do so. It has been blamed for the increasing incidence of juvenile crime, being compared with a tribal war-dance in its effects. Others have claimed it keeps teenagers off the streets, and is harmless, if not in the best of taste.

As for me — I like ADAM.

# A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

with Roy Bull

**M**EN have formed theories about the general scheme of things underlying observed reality ever since they began to generalise, and their theories have become progressively less fantastic and more realistic as human knowledge has advanced.

One primitive notion envisaged the world as an oval disc, floating in a giant saucer of milk on an even more giant elephant's back; and on earth, chiefs and witch doctors possessed "magic powers" and lived rather better than their fellows.

Much later there was the idea of a fixed earth in the centre of a fixed universe whose stars were embedded in the hard dark shell containing it all; and on earth popes and kings ruled with divine right and were to be obeyed if you didn't want to suffer.

In the modern world, science rules and social development itself is seen as a process of natural history, governed by laws not only independent of human will, consciousness, and intentions, but rather, on the contrary, determining the will, consciousness, and intentions of men; and in this world, mass political revolutions daily sweep aside class distinction and colour bar with ever increasing rapidity.

What sort of world are we heading for? Inevitably, a Communist one. Economic strength is the ultimate arbiter in the decay or advance of a civilisation, and the capitalist world has just about scraped the barrel. For striking new advances, we must look today to the socialist world.

What will our Communist world be like? There will be no money. For the first time in our world's history, industrial and agricultural know-how will be at such a universally high level that the earth will easily produce an abundance in all things—three, four times as much of everything that can possibly be required. The economy

will be self-regulating, and will carry on with a modicum of collective effort. Hence, people will simply take what they want when they want it.

There will, of course, be no wars, or even disagreements and squabbles. National differences leading to hostilities are always closely connected to economic rivalry—struggle for markets, for sources of raw materials, for river water for irrigation, for important transport and trade routes. And when all of us are sharing in an economic abundance which has been produced by pooled resources and collective effort instead of competition, how can there be wars?

What will we all do? The first thing to realise is that the arrival of world wide communism will coincide with world wide university education for all. It will be a world of Briggs, Coes and Kettles; for standards will be much higher by then. Man's mental resources have scarcely been tapped yet.



*Yes, but what's it like in reverse?*

by Martin Bedford



But we shall have the opportunity of a much wider application of our mental efforts — for we shall be less governed by economic necessity to concentrate on one academic speciality. We shall all have two professions at least. (There'll be no lawyers, though.)

We shall all take a very deep interest in culture — both mental culture and physical culture. We shall all be able to play the pathetic sonata — and execute back-flips — with consummate ease.

Scientific research and space exploration will be common-or-garden hobbies.

What will bind it all together? What will replace religion and politics? The most profound respect and love for one's fellow-men, allied to a worship of beauty, plus the struggle to **know** more, and more, and more — this will make us all wish life were much longer.

## Sexual Urge

Sex? Man's cultural education will gradually rid him of such passions as envy, jealousy, greed and possessiveness, but this will not lead, in my view, to free love. Man's sexual instincts will, I believe, be restrained and ennobled. Man will achieve full freedom for his sexual instincts and freedom from frustration of the sexual urge when he puts his instincts firmly under his own control and stops making himself a slave to his passions.

When will all this take place? The Soviet Union has already begun the transition to communism. But in Britain, we have yet to start building a socialist system of society where co-operation under a planned economy will replace the anarchy of so-called free-enterprise competition. Yet things will move very quickly here, once we have begun. Labour skill is very high, and the population already has a "feeling" for the organisation required by a highly-industrialised community. Britain will take readily to socialism. But when?

Well, I for one don't believe that the satisfaction with the way things are going at present in Britain is all that deep. I think it will take very little to bring very real

discontent to the surface. The deciding factors here will be the capitalist economy's ability to keep an even keel — and the impact that future advances in the Soviet Union have on people's imagination. And in the event of the first failing, and the second succeeding, it will require a well organised and disciplined political party in Britain to take advantage of the situation. The latter is being attended to. We are, to a certain extent, "awaiting developments" with regard to the other two.



Your accessories are always so unusual.

# Footer and all that

by Peter Brown

**S**INCE the beginning of time the English have been THE Top Sporting Nation. Before then the Greeks were quite good; in fact, they discovered the Olympic Sports (sometimes called the Sabine women) but being so nationalistic they would not allow the Ancient Britons to participate. This was rather fortunate because of the difficulties of crossing the Channel, but soon led to the discontinuation of the Sports.

**O**N reviving the Sports, Britain immediately became top nation. Jealousy caused the other nations to break the rules by employing professional athletes, so the British, being sportsmen, lost interest and the "Sports" became "Games." Britain still sends a team out of courtesy and, a good deal less frequently, still produces good athletes whose occasional victories assert our dormant superiority. But in any case athletics is not OUR sport.

## Stonehenge XI

**O**UR sport is cricket. Supposedly discovered by the Druids (before they became Welsh), it was organised by a black-bearded gentleman called Grace, and has become the Monument of English Superiority throughout the world. Orientals and Americans cannot understand the philosophy and meaning of cricket. The latter tried to capture it, but landed instead a children's game or pastime. Cricket is good for Commonwealth Relations, except for fast bowlers and the fact that, together with British paperbacks, it has never sold in Canada.

**S**OCCER is our other great National Sport<sup>1</sup>. Unfortunately, a great deal of practice (and money<sup>2</sup>) is required to

become skilful, so we allowed the countries where nobody does anything (Spain), and those where everybody does nothing (Russia), to be best. Instead we discovered our greatest National Pastime, the Football Pools, so that many more people could enjoy football — without getting puffed. The pools also provide full employment for Radio and Television when the public is tired of Test Card C, and the idea has even been exported to China, possibly in spiteful repayment for chess.

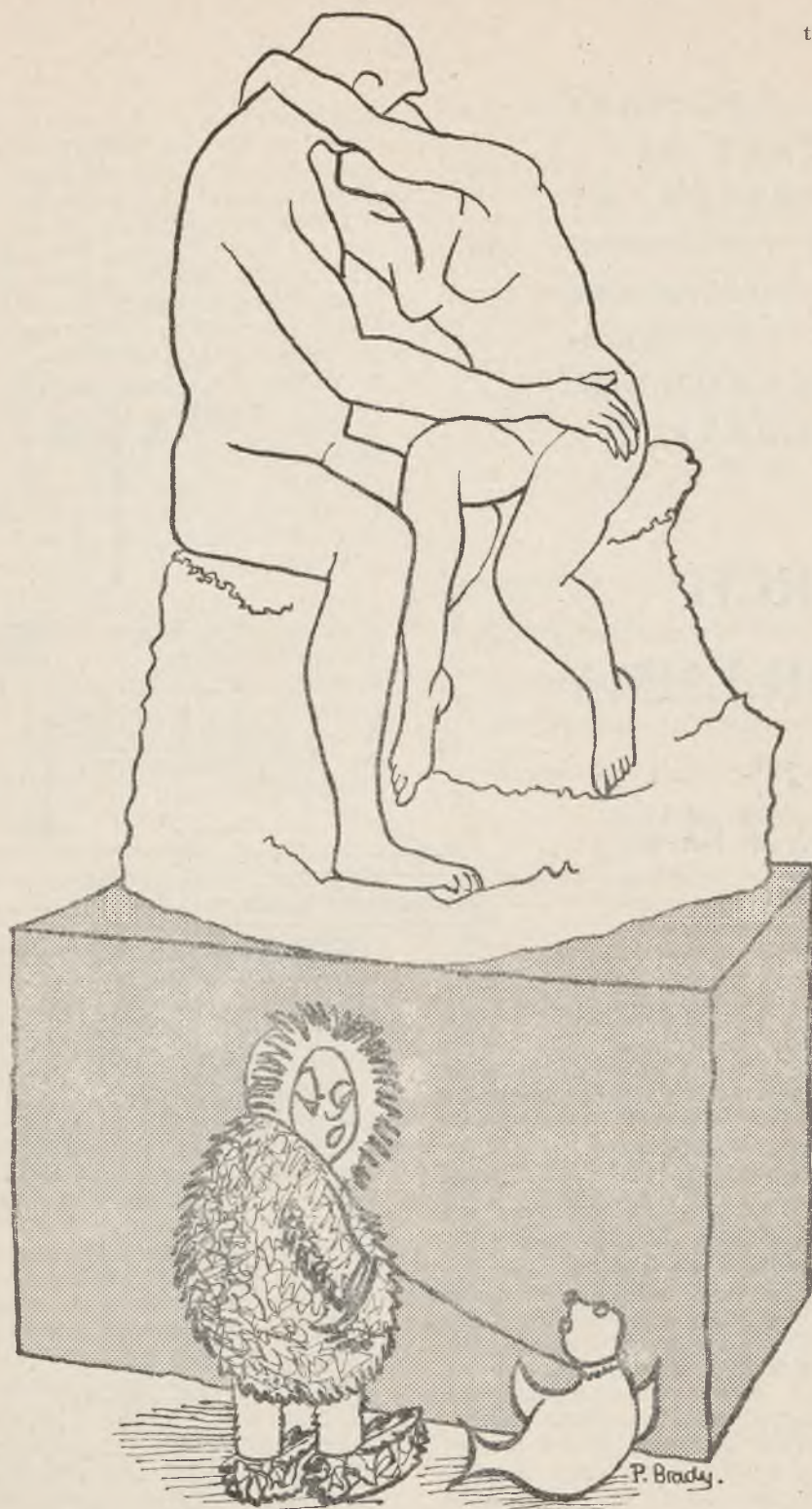
**O**THER sports which are less important are Golf and Show Jumping. Middle-aged businessmen discovered Golf Clubs and had to invent a game to go with them (anyway their wives wanted to play). The Americans take the whole thing seriously. On the other hand, the practice of Show Jumping consists of ladies and gentlemen dressed in elegant crash-helmets and horses, trying to jump higher and faster than each other without perspiring. Britain is, of course, THE premier nation for this. The related sport of Horse Racing has been hard hit by the decline of the Monarchy and is now used for punting, a pastime similar to the Football Pools. At the distantly related sport of Motor Racing, Britain excels. We employ foreign licenses, petrol, cars and drivers.

**S**O we may justly say that Britain is THE Top Sporting Nation, an observation amply confirmed by the following facts: (a) we have discovered innumerable sports (tiddleywinks, marbles, foxhunting, Parliament). (b) in all sports we are definitely superior — latently at any rate. (c) Damn it, man! . . . we're British.

1 Rugby has not yet been fully discovered. It will probably be found to consist of 14 players running backwards and passing forwards. The ball will have a handle, and ladies will be allowed to play.

2 Football Pools are providing money so that Britain can either build for the future, which will never arrive, or stop practising.





JUST NOW EROTIC CAN YOU GET?

**"WILL GEOFFREY  
FISHER BE  
REMEMBERED BY  
FUTURE HISTORIANS  
AS THE MAN UNDER  
WHOM THE CHURCH  
OF ENGLAND DIS-  
INTEGRATED?"**

## **CHURCH DILEMMA**

by **Martin Forrest**



**H**OW long will the Church of England continue to exist in its present form? This is a question that many Anglicans and indeed many thinking Christians must be asking themselves today.

The Church of England claims to be a "bridge-church" and, as such, affords a link between the rigid discipline of Rome and the liberal outlook of Nonconformity. Within the Church of England there are many differences of opinion not only regarding the outward ceremonial, but also regarding vital matters of doctrine. The man in the street is inclined to seize on the former as a means of discerning the "Churchmanship" of a particular church. The term "High" or "Low" church is used according to whether there are 6 candles, 2 candles or none at all on the altar or whether the service of Holy Communion is celebrated by a priest wearing a surplice or in the full regalia of eucharistic vestments.

However, these outward signs are something of a blind and tend to obscure the actual beliefs which underlie a clergyman's practices. The crux of the matter is whether or not he leans to Rome (or Eastern Orthodox) or to Nonconformity. One half of the clergy believe that the Church of England is truly Catholic and that as Anglican priests they are endowed with the same gifts at their ordination as were the Apostles in the 1st Century A.D., that they possess, handed down through the ages, the authority to consecrate the elements of bread and wine, so that Our Lord may be sacramentally present on the altar.

This belief in the "Apostolic Succession," as it is called, held by a large proportion of Anglican clergy today, is denied by the rest and their claim is officially repudiated by the Roman Catholic Church, who maintain that this tradition ceased at the Reforma-



tion. Many of the clergy in the Church of England hold varying views on the "Real Presence" and do not believe that they are in the Apostolic Succession. For this reason, they believe in the eventual absorption into the Church of England of some of the larger Nonconformist bodies, who, in the opinion of the rest, have no right to claim the succession of Apostolic Authority. There is therefore a fairly large number of Anglicans, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, pressing for re-union with the Methodists and other large Nonconformist denominations, whilst the remainder condemn this as being directly contrary to the Catholic nature of the Church of England and to be conceding, for the sake of a united church, all that the Church of England stands for.

When will the break come? Clearly there must be a break if the two extremes within the Church of England continue to pull in exactly the opposite directions. It is very difficult to see how a church can remain united, as an established church must, with the basic beliefs of its clergy so essentially different.

It seems therefore, that if the Archbishop persists with his policy of federation

with the Nonconformists by conceding some of the major principles for which his colleagues stand, a split in the Church of England is inevitable. Whether this will mean the secession of several thousand clergy and a large slice of the laity to the Church of Rome or whether yet another branch of the Church will come into being, is a matter for future years to tell.

The salient question which must inevitably confront the present Archbishop of Canterbury is: will Geoffrey Fisher be remembered by future historians as the man under whom the Church of England disintegrated?

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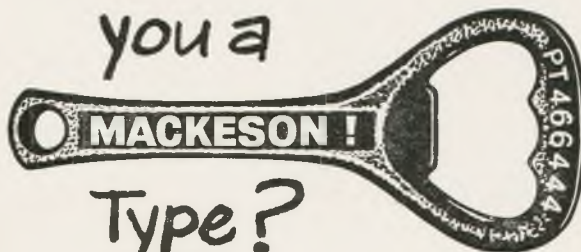
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