
THE GRYPHON
ninepence

BUILD THE MAN UP

Oh once I was weak, bullies, once I was small,
(Weigh, Heigh, blow the man down)
Me arms was like matchsticks, I'd no strength at all
(Oh give a slight puff to blow the man down).

Me chest it was hollow, me knees used to knock,
(Weigh, Heigh, knock the man down)
One morning off Brest I was rove through a block
(Oh give us a feather to knock the man down).

To look at me now, boys, would anyone think
(Weigh, Heigh, rub the man down)
When the mate cried Belay ! I was blown in the drink
(Oh give us a towel to rub the man down).

Now from Hamburg to 'Frisco I'm famous for brawn,
(Weigh, Heigh, build the man up)
I've a voice to out-bellow a gale off Cape Horn
(Oh give us a Guinness to build the man up).

It was Guinness what done it, let no one forget,
(Weigh, Heigh, give the men strength)
Now I'm mate of this hooker I'll see that you get
A Guinness a day just to give the men strength.

G.E.2078.A

THE GRYPHON

Satanic Edition

Autumn
1953

JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

"Curioser and Curioser," said Alice, "Who would ever have thought there could have been a Gryphon with cloven hoofs?" As she watched, two horns grew slowly out of its head, and its mouth creased into a diabolical grin. "And why not?" it said, "I have always attempted to have a sting in my tail and this further transformation was not too difficult to accomplish. The horns you see are for prodding, and they have to be strong to overcome a certain mental inertia which seizes people who have been sitting too long in stuffy libraries. Besides, me and my prototype, Lucifer, have more friends here than you, little girl, could possibly imagine and there is nothing I like better than sizing up prospective customers and measuring them for spits. So my being here is not so very mysterious at all. Why, only recently I was in Cambridge, you should have seen me and the editor of 'Granta' play Faust together. I won in the end too, you know, I have a place reserved for him in the second valley on the left past Lethe. Mind you, I am not saying that that particular performance could not have been better, to be dismissed for blasphemy inartistically done is the real sin. I must remind Lucifer to have some special brimstone prepared."

"But, Mr. Satanic Gryphon, what have you come to Leeds for?"

"A good question little girl. There was once an Englishman who wrote about ' dark Satanic mills ' and although he was not thinking of the West Riding he always provides something of an excuse for my visits there. Also I was reading some of your earthly newspapers the other day, in between furnace shifts, and the impression they gave me was that you had once more lost Paradise, and that, as you know has always been my traditional cue to enter." He squatted on his haunches like a toad.

Alice laughed. " I suppose next you will be telling us that you have come entirely on purpose to introduce Seven new Deadly Sins."

" Well," said the Gryphon, lighting a cigar which gave out evil, sulphurous smelling fumes, " it seems to me all you humans are ahead of us there, you make another ' ism ' each day and make your own ersatz purgatories for all the people who are labelled with it ; what do you call those you have already made ? " He scratched his head with his fork. " I remember, Cy-beeria is one, Ellicie-land is another, I expect that you have a lot more planned. Lucifer and I are worried, we think it infringes our monopoly, but I suppose if we dared say anything violently against it you would set up a monopoly commission and stop our supplies of sulphur. As if we have not enough trouble as it is with all the minor devils asking for union rates and wanting to own their own spits. No, give me the good old seven every time, you do at least know where you are with them. It makes me want to be angry to see how people forget them, but I have to be careful because Wrath is one of the seven, and I heard a rumour that Lucifer is partial to roast Gryphon now and then (me being a very rare and choice animal you see).

" So, little girl, just for one issue I am going to refresh your memory so that you will see that there is more to virtue than simply feeling uncomfortable,as the English think. There might not be exactly seven you understand, seven is a little unfashionable nowadays with relativity and algebra and what-not, but there should be enough to keep you occupied (reading about them that is)."

He sniffed in an underworld direction. "I can smell burning, I never did trust that thermostat. You can finish this cigar if you like." Alice grimaced. "No? oh well, I'll throw it away and leave it for some future geologist to rhapsodize over." So saying he vanished down a neighbouring cleft, leaving a faint aroma of brimstone hovering in the air, and with him fled the shades of night.

THE GRYPHON

Editor - - -	Gordon T. Heard.
Sub-Editor - -	Robinetta Armfelt.
Art Editor - -	John Nash.
Editorial Staff - -	Peter Goodrham. Kenneth Brown. Bernard Brown.
Business Manager -	Derek Esp.
Assistant - - -	Mildred Smith.
Sales Manager - -	David Collins.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Closing date for copy—

NOVEMBER 5TH

Contributions are welcomed now for the Christmas number of *The Gryphon*. All MSS., etc., should be put into *The Gryphon* box in the Union, or handed to one of the editorial staff by the above date.

LUST

Lust and wine plead a pleasure.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Peter Goodrham

THE RIVER'S TENT IS BROKEN

Illustrations by David Broadhead

"DOORS!"

The tube train sighed. Rubber-padded doors slid together and serpentlike it drew its red, dusty length with ever-increasing speed into the abysmal darkness which undermines London, and disappeared, lighting the tunnel with electric blue flashes.

Paul hesitated for a moment as if looking for an exit, which, if it had not been already well known to him would have made itself evident by the cool breeze blowing down into the dimly lit heat of Trafalgar Square station. He turned towards it. Felt its freshness on his face. Noticed the dust and small pieces of paper which were brought with it down the metallic stairway. It was hot, and above in the street it was raining, making the stairs and brass handrails greasy and unpleasant. He was glad to feel the splash of raindrops on his face and hands as he stepped out into the street. London was quiet. Only a few taxis raced their reflected images in the glistening roads. A sodden evening paper, with a muddy footprint obscuring the face of some politician, lay on the shining pavement and made feeble flapping attempts to fly away in the wind down the Strand

towards the neon-gaiety of the West End, but the wind was too slight and the paper too heavy with water. He took an aimless kick at it which made him lose balance and stagger and the paper tore completely down one side, yet still continued its limping ballet. He regained his balance and continued walking with the casual stride of a man who is going nowhere in particular and is not anxious to get there any sooner than he can help. And yet although he had no particular objective in mind he somehow knew, as always, that his half-conscious steps would finally lead him to the river.

It did not really matter where he went as long as walking helped him to forget her. But why did he always end up looking into the sluggish waters of the Thames ? Fellow feeling maybe ? Yes, perhaps that was it. The Thames and I have a lot in common, he thought. He flows sadly and reluctantly between these stone-grey wharves because time forever drags him away from his love, London, while I too am prevented by some inexplicable fate from enjoying her love and companionship. Perhaps, too, it was the vague thoughts of suicide, always rejected as too dramatic, which drew him there. He was a coward and he knew it. He used to try to imagine the emotions his death might elicit from her. How sorry she would be. But suicide involved death. How wonderful to commit suicide without actually having to die, he mused.

It had happened quite suddenly. Stunning in its effect. They had been drifting in a punt at Windsor, where London's nature lovers congregate on Sunday afternoons to experience the cleaner version of the river that rules their lives. That part of its course where its currents are still swift as it hurries to be embraced by its love. They were both half asleep, lying side by side, gazing with unseeing eyes into the blue of a summer sky. He was feeling very happy for no apparent reason. She suddenly gave a start that gently rocked the boat : propped herself on one elbow and looked down on him.

"Paul."

"Yes dear."

"I don't love you any more."

"Hmm?" he said, beginning to wake up.

"I said 'I don't love you any more.'"

"How sad," he said and laughed.

"No, it's not a joke. I can't explain it. I just suddenly felt I did not love you any more. Please take me home."

He had laughed again feebly, hoping that she was, in some curious yet cruel way, attempting to be funny. But the humour was Fate's, not hers, and after a few days, which had given way to a few weeks and now finally to months, he had come to realise that it was not a grim joke as he had hoped, but a reality that he had never anticipated : she was gone. At first he had despised her, then he had been angry. But now he had come to realise that she could not help not loving him any more than he could help loving her. *C'est la vie* he shrugged resignedly, but that resignation did not stop it hurting.

Before he knew where he was his unerring footsteps had brought him to the Waterloo Bridge and he found himself looking down the funnel of a tug which passed in the night with its broken necklace of barges. The rain polished its dinginess and threw shining shafts of water through the beam of its headlamp. He looked down to where the water swirled after the tug had passed and found confirmation in those searching, bewildered whirlpools that the Thames and London were lovers being continually parted. Again he fell to a contemplation of his death and her subsequent thoughts. But he was a man of airy imagination rather than a man of action, and anyway the water looked so cold and dirty. How different from the summer warmth of Windsor.

> The rivers tent is broken, the last fingers of leaf
> Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind
> Crosses the brown land unheard. The nymphs are departed.
> Sweet Thames run softly till I end my song.
> The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
> Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends,
> Or other testimonies of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.

Yes, you must first know London before you can really know Eliot's poetry, he mused. He remembered with a smile some of his own early attempts at writing poetry : how he

had reached out his hand to touch the hem of the Muse's garment as she passed briefly through the chaotic throng of his emotion and imagination. But this was before he had taken up the correspondence course "You Too Can Write Successful Short Stories That Will Sell!" Well, he did. And that was what he had been doing ever since. And he chuckled inwardly at the absurd notion of success.

A trickle of rain running down his collar reminded him of the discomfort of his situation, and he started walking again along the embankment, taking little care to avoid the puddles his feet led him through. Street lamps overhead, faceted in the beating rain but what attracted him, mothlike, was the light from the door of a riverside café, with its promise of warmth and shelter. He paused inside the door for a moment to accustom his eyes to the bright steamy atmosphere, and then moved over to a table in the corner. Red and white check table cloth. A couple of cheap white plates bearing the crumby remains of a previous meal stood out in relief from the table's red and white check cloth, but it was a sauce bottle with its attendant salt and pepper that dominated the scene. He ordered a coffee and was just about to return to his musings when he noticed that a girl had just detached herself from a crowd of men at the counter, and was coming over to sit at his table.

"This seat isn't taken, is it?"

"No, it isn't."

The salt and pepper became a wall, for which he was grateful, yet he wished he'd bought an evening paper. She must have ordered a coffee at the counter as the proprietor brought two across on a tray and set them down in front of them. He produced his sixpence and the girl opened her handbag to fish around for hers. After she had fumbled through the contents at least twice she looked up apologetically.

"I'm afraid I don't seem to have . . . "

"Oh, allow me, and he produced another sixpence."

"No, I couldn't really . . . " but he had already recognised instantly the situation. The first casual meeting between Hero and Heroine. Informal. Set in a familiar environment.

"Well, thanks awfully. It really is awfully good of you. Do you come here often?"

"As a matter of fact it's the first time. . . ."

"Oh I often come here. By the way, my name's Pam."

He did not answer. A sentimental memory picked him up and shook him like a dog shakes an old slipper.

"Anything wrong?" she asked.

"Coincidence, that's all. I knocked around with a girl called Pamela once." He wondered why he had told her that after he had known her for such a short time. And "once," why had he said "once" as if all the pain of his recent life was now over.

"Only girl I could ever get serious over," he said awkwardly, as if apologising to some invisible critic.

"Tell me about her," she said.

He felt his confidence deepen, and in a short time had told her all about that distant afternoon at Windsor.

"How sad," she reflected, and he remembered that was what he too had said when he had failed to grasp the reality of the situation.

As they drank their coffee from large, thick cups he told her all about himself and she listened patiently. She did not say much except that she enjoyed his stories. He could not imagine how anyone could enjoy his stories, sandwiched as they so often were between knitting patterns and exercises to improve the post-natal figure. They did not move until the proprietor, a large, red-faced man with a straggling moustache, began to sweep round them and to put the vacant chairs on to the tables. They went out into the night again, which was by this time dry and clear.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

She did not answer immediately, but looked up and smiled at him.

"Oh it's quite a way. Can't we go round to your place?"

A development he had not considered. But he had remembered how he had felt her knees pressed against his under the inadequate smallness of the café table; how understanding and sympathetic she had been, and he was still considering this when she repeated the question.

"Why not take me home with you. Not married, are you?"

"Why .... er .... no."

"Then wouldn't you like to take me home with you?"

"I only have one room," he said, but knew already what this piece of flotsam was suggesting. A small lump appeared on her cheek as she placed her tongue in it.

"As if that mattered," she said.

He rapidly rationalised his situation. Hadn't she been cruel to him that afternoon at Windsor? Hadn't the time come to make a real effort to forget her? And after all, wasn't this girl rather attractive to him in spite of her forward ways? He said no more, but took her hand and hailed a taxi.

In the taxi she kissed him and he was aware of being even more attracted to her and found himself hoping that she felt just as strongly towards him. After all, if love could end suddenly in the rock of a boat, couldn't it begin just as suddenly in the jolt of a taxi?

She slept with him that night, as he had soon come to realise she would. He had expected to be bored. He had tried other women before. Never succeeded in capturing the experience of human love and affection, but now as he began to enact the empty motions of desire he found that he himself entered into the experience as well as his body. He felt that this woman would leave her impression upon his discriminating memory. She would not be repressed and forgotten with the rest. Was this love then? Had the cycle begun again, a second

time? No! At least not as completely as it had consumed him before. He did not find himself participating to that extent. Yet undoubtedly he felt a something more than desire for this woman. Why else was he not bored and disgusted? He fell asleep in the heat of the morning's early hours, still turning the problem over in his mind.

He woke feeling strange and uncomfortable. The sun streamed in through his window, making a golden patch of the wall and suspending all the dust particles in the room in a yellow shaft.

> Busy old fool unruly sun
> Why dost thou thus
> Through windows and through curtains call on us?

Us? He turned to look at the empty pillow next to him. He propped himself up on one elbow to look where she had lain. The bed rocked a little. A hairpin lay on the sheet. A strong smell of cheap perfume sickened his brain and yet was somehow narcotically pleasant. And he noticed how the contents of his pockets had been removed and dumped in a pile on the table, and how the drawer where he kept his money was open.

David Cajéton Marno

NECROMANCER

Wily Manannan Beg Maccy Lir,
who on the mountain's barren node
strode wrathful and prophet-bearded,
consort of legion gods, in runes
you grave the necromantic art.

Reputed salamander, and pandar for none,
we envy you your free hand, your wise immunity
of fire whorl and mist swirl,
your fabled pilot skill,
over the sea you conjured.

Sloth

THREE DRAWINGS

by

Patricia Miller

There is no greater cause of melancholy than idleness.
ROBERT BURTON.


DAILY WORKER

Gerald Robinson

SCULPTOR

Merciless hands
wrenching from stained, corroding ground
their malleable substance, clay and stone,
grasp hands the earth offers, hands
shaped flints to kill, slashed arteries,
and on the murderous slopes where later ancestors
found purple grapes
made ripe their graves with warmth of their prodigal
blood.

Remorseless, pitiless hands,
rebuilding lineaments of centuries of dead
in one significant image
shaping their coldness with a cruel caress—
death cut death, the chisel to the stone
makes blind stone live.
The undeceived and undeceiving eye
stares from a vast and empty socket
truer than glances or the lovers' look
which beckons and breeds for death.
The stone knees lifted lock to frame a truth
more savage than the flint's edge;
a hollowed ventral curve enclosing space
where in a monolith all copulations end.

PRIDE

John McVittie

THEY

THEY thrust a spade into the barren earth—
They dug up el-Amarna's temple nave—
They found the Knossos palace, Karong tombs,
Old Ur and Memphis, Tutankhamen's grave.
Swiftly years melted and the night of fog
That shrouded pre-historic man dissolved....
—A workman lounging spreads his lunch-wrap.
on the ground:
Says " 'ere, Joe—some King Psousenne's coffin's
found."

Yet while They revive the vanished law and creed,
Forage the fatal weapons of ancient battle day,
Unheard They echo ancient wisdom when they plead
That those who split the atom should cleave the
past and pray—
And knowing well no suppliance will breathe in
wind that blows
Over desolate earth when caveman turns the clay
And hoes an ornate Cross that ice-age froze
And wonders who, in the rain-god's name, were They.

GLUTTONY

Swinish Gluttony
Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous Feast.

MILTON.

H. R. Passingham

THE FLAXTED VAMPIRE

TO LOOK AT THE VILLAGE OF FLAXTED in the County of Bedfordshire one would not suspect that only recently it was the site of happenings stranger than the Twentieth century had ever seen. It was an ordinary enough village through which the average motorist passed at 40 m.p.h., murmured " how pretty " and disappeared over the nearest horizon. Few events of any importance occurred to disturb the placid and well ordered routine of the life of the villagers. An occasional garden party at the vicarage, an odd Fair day when dark gipsies and oily fair ground attendants became the pretext for Flaxteders to reflect on the advantages of a settled life and a lock on one's gate. For life was settled, and had been settled in similar fashion for the last seven hundred years since the fine Norman church had been erected at the North end of the village. Placid, that is, until the Occurrence.

The first child to be affected was Effie Sykes, a noisy, irritating little girl of six years who had taken it upon herself to chaperone her younger brother 'Arry, and could often be seen haling the unfortunate infant before a self-constituted court of her friends to be punished for imaginary misdemeanours.

Mrs. Sykes had put both children to bed at the usual time, Effie in her little attic room and 'Arry in his cot, and it was not till the following morning that she found Effie in her bed, as pale and bloodless as a corpse, a deep but small puncture in her neck, and drops of blood between her bed and the window. The doctor had been fetched immediately, and Effie, hardly conscious, had related an incoherent tale of a silent figure rattling the window as it was opened, and of her paralysed fright as she saw the black shadow grow in the moonlight until she saw nothing but two pin points of eyes, which came nearer and nearer until she felt them robbing her of consciousness. "'Ow 'orrible," said the eternally aitchless Mrs. Sykes. "Most disturbing," said the doctor. "I really can't explain it. We must take her to Hospital," and went out to a telephone box.

All the neighbours came in to gossip and commiserate, looking at Effie, who was sitting up after drinking some sweet tea and was almost beginning to enjoy being the centre of attraction. In fact, she was too tired the previous night to have been properly frightened, and she had really not been as scared as when she had seen "Frankenstein" at Brighton on her holidays. Old Mrs. Murdoch, who lived in the cottage near the disused mill, and was reputed to be a bit 'strange,' was darkly emphatic. "It's the ghoul. Nobody believed me, but it's still there. I can remember the last time. It lives on blood." The neighbours shuddered, while Mrs. Murdoch relished wallowing in foreboding. "They tried to put a stake through it last time, that was when the old Queen was alive, but they never caught it."

Her tale was cut short by the arrival of the ambulance, and Effie was carried out, very self-consciously ill, on a stretcher amid general sympathy. The only one who was unmoved was little 'Arry, who could not express himself verbally, but whose seraphic countenance implied that any incident that ended in Effie's swift removal must somehow or other be connected with the workings of divine justice. The neighbours dispersed to confront sceptical husbands with Mrs. Murdoch's story, and on the whole were met with uncomplimentary references to

Mrs. Murdoch's mental powers. But the morning after, another small girl was found in the same condition as Effie, pale, and with blood streaming down her neck. The village this time was alarmed, and Mrs. Murdoch's I.Q. became more respected. The doctor, who had got comfortably into the routine of measles and scarlet fevers, was not quite sure what to do about sudden disappearance of blood plasma in apparently healthy juveniles, and was inclined to let the local health authorities puzzle it out, but as the medical officer of health was on holiday, and his deputy had specialised on poliomyelitis for so long that any patient with flexible limbs was apt to disconcert him, he thought the best thing to do, apart from sending the poor child to join Effie, was to notify the Ministry of Health.

The result was Mr. Augustus Ginn.

Mr. Ginn was termed a nutrition expert and unofficially combined this with an extensive knowledge of tropical diseases which he had learned about while in Africa and India. His superior, on hearing that some strange malady was afflicting a community in Bedfordshire, the symptoms being extensive loss of blood and punctures in the neck, had had vague ideas ranging from bats to beri-beri, had come to the conclusion that the whole thing was somehow un-English, and that therefore it must be something in Ginn's line. Mr. Ginn had arrived in Flaxted, and after a long and extensive talk with the deputy Medical Officer, during which he had failed to find any conceivable point of contact, had lodged at the local Pub.

He was awakened in the morning by an excited movement below his window. He put his spectacles on and peered out at the street, across at the church, and into the churchyard, where stood a knot of excited villagers, some holding gardening forks, while all their attention seemed to be directed, from a distance, onto the elaborately carved entrance to a stone vault.

Mr. Ginn dressed hurriedly but immaculately, put his rolled-up umbrella over his arm, and walked calmly over to the churchyard. The vicar was there with the police constable, and Mr. Ginn inquired politely what had caused the disturbance. He was told that during the night one of the children of a farm

worker on the edge of the village had screamed and awakened his father, who had gone into the room and found a queer creature that seemed hardly human, just climbing out of the window. He had thrust his boots and a coat on and pursued it down the village street until he was in the churchyard, where he almost lost it until he heard the door of the great Dyment vault clang to as he passed. He had called the constable and told him what had happened. Mrs. Murdoch, who ostensibly slept, like the owl, in the daytime, had joined them and made the officer feel the inadequacy of the police regulations when dealing with such an indefinable "party." For the rest of the night he had sat on a gravestone trying to convince himself that it was a poacher he was trying to catch. Mr. Ginn heard the whole story amid interjections from the villagers, especially Mrs. Sykes ("It 'ad a 'ead like the Phantom of the Opera"), who was inflating her small experience of the affair with all the borrowed resources of Hollywood.

After he had heard the narrative, Mr. Ginn suggested that, with the vicar's permission, they open the vault. The vicar remarked that the Dyment family had been extinct for 50 years ever since Old Dyment had jumped into the Serpentine after a Gaiety girl, and that he did not suppose it would matter. The door, though stiff, was loose, and the inside bolts which had been closed before the vault had been bricked up, were unfastened. "That's odd," said the constable, using the phrase that did service for anything from the theft of a two-ton lorry to finding a trapped rabbit on Flaxted Common. When they got inside, apart from the dank smell, there was nothing extraordinary. The six stone coffins in tiers were ordered and untouched, there was no way out other than the way they had come in. The constable shivered. "Nothing in here, sir." As they turned to go out they saw Mrs. Murdoch waiting for them at the entrance. "You won't find the ghoul in the daytime. He only gets thirsty at night." Mr. Ginn prodded the turf with his umbrella. "Hardly likely that anything could live just off blood. Proteins you know. Bad for the digestion I should say, interesting theory though. Just to

complete my report, Constable, I had better see if there is anything in this vampire stunt. It really is surprising where children catch things from, you never know what germs can be carried from a place like that." He carefully brushed his lapel.

At eleven o'clock, Mr. Ginn and the constable, each carrying a torch, approached the vault. It was a warm summer night, crickets were chirping behind the gravestones and the tall tower of the church was faintly illuminated by starlight against a clear sky. They pushed the door of the vault open and shone their torches inside. It was as it had been in the daytime. " Ordinarily I don't hold with dark dabblings," the constable said apprehensively. " You stay outside and I will wait inside," said Mr. Ginn. The constable readily obeyed.

At one o'clock, just when he was beginning to feel drowsy, Mr. Ginn heard a sound from one of the tiers and, pointing his torch in the direction of the noise, he saw that the top of one of the coffins had been moved from the inside. With a clatter it dropped down the side and the occupant sat bolt upright, his green eyes luminous in the torchlight and his opened mouth showing oversized dog-teeth. He clambered out slowly and deliberately, gave a terrifying scowl and said with a grating, hoarse voice, " I am the vampire." Mr. Ginn remained unimpressed. " Remarkably well preserved, too, all considering." The terrifying scowl changed to a look of resigned peevishness. " Oh well, I can see it will not work with you. I suppose I had better be civil." He looked nervously at Mr. Ginn's hands. " I hope you are not-er-carrying a ..... stake, or anything like that. I had some trouble fifty years or so ago with one chap, he frightened me so much that I have only dared start eating again lately. I expect now you know I am here I'll have to starve again." A musty tear trickled down his wrinkled cheek.

" It really is not good enough," said Mr. Ginn. " You have already changed two perfectly normal green ration books into hospital cases. If allowed to develop the situation might become one where the Minister might have to answer awkward questions in Parliament. I am genuinely sorry old chap,

but with the estimates as they are. . . ." The vampire sat down disconsolately. " That's all very well, but what have I to do. I have just lain there for years on end thinking of food and haven't been able to get it because of that meddlesome Mrs. Murdoch. I was just down to my last foodless trance before I had my little outing the other night. I was even considering Mrs. Murdoch herself, and that would have been a hardship because people like her taste very bitter. I was forgetting, of course you wouldn't know. Have you ever tasted stagnant pond water? Ugh!"

" Perhaps," said Mr. Ginn thoughtfully, " we could make some kind of provision for you under the Malnutrition order, Para. 5, Section C ' Liquid foods only,' but it would require rather an elastic interpretation, and " he added playfully, " you can't expect us to alter our routine to suit every individual. You would have to explain how you got in this condition."

" Quite simple," said the vampire, ruefully regarding his feet, " I was always one for eating, and my great uncle Dyment, who was a Puritan, said it was sinful gluttony, especially when he found me eating venison I had ' found ' in his forest. He put a curse on me, saying I would be bound to languish in perpetual hunger, unable to eat food till doomsday." He looked sheepish. " It's all so silly really. I never believed in curses or anything like that, and here I am."

" I think we can give you a trial once we have got you away from Flaxted," said Mr. Ginn. " I am afraid the inhabitants here are a little hostile to you, which is perhaps understandable. I assume you will have to be given the run of the blood bank until we can change your habits. You will have to get used to dehydrated blood you understand, but then we had to endure dried milk for some time and it did us no harm. Same principle I assure you."

Eventually the vampire was lodged in a secluded rest home and Mr. Ginn opened a new file " Vampires, rehabilitation and nutrition of." For a time, owing to the nature of the case he acquired a reputation for unorthodox methods in the Ministry, but the unceasing flow of triplicate and the compilation of

a new form for the under fives soon restored his former prestige. The vampire became almost human except in the matter of diet. There were times when he felt he could drink a nice plump child, but the thought of those rows and rows of beautiful red bottles gleaming in the fluorescent allowed him to keep his self-control. And each time he refused to be tempted, he experienced the joys of expiation.

DEVIATIONISM

Michael A. Evans

David and John,
Brick and Mortar strong
Built their house together,
Came flood and gale
Love did not fail
It stood all weather.

But in the Spring
Their hearts would sing
And wisdom played the clown,
The windows leaked,
The lintels creaked,
And all came tumbling down.

Sydney Larter
THEATRE GROUP AT ERLANGEN

PLEASE COME AGAIN TO ERLANGEN next year! Do bring a play like this to Berlin next year! We should be delighted if you could visit us at Oslo next year! Could you possibly bring a play to Belgrade next year? You must give a play like this at Zurich next year! These few specimens of the twenty and more invitations we received, give some idea of the impression that Theatre Group's performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" gave at the International Students' week in Erlangen, the University town a few miles to the North of war-battered Nurnberg. It was Theatre Group's second appearance at Erlangen in the five "weeks" that have been held since the war.

Let it be said straight away that the standard of acting throughout the nine-day "Week" was consistently high and that not a few of the sets were masterly in their conception, notably that for "Der Weg hinaus," performed by students from the University of Tübingen. Admitted, some of the groups were obviously having a little difficulty in accustoming themselves to the theatre in general and the stage in particular. For here we had not a Riley-Smith Hall, used for dances, meetings, films and, occasionally, dramatic performances, but a full-blown theatre, devoted exclusively to plays. Granted, it was not a "Grand Theatre" or an "Old Vic," but it was as near to them as any University Theatre, I should say, in Western Europe. There were, it is true, seats which were not ideally placed for viewing the stage, and loose floorboards were an added inconvenience when those members of the audience, who were unlucky enough to have these seats, stood up, as far

as the ceiling would allow, to get a better view. However, by and large, the auditorium was well set out : would we had something like it to offer to our audiences here.

The stage itself was of far more generous proportions than any on which our Theatre Group has played. All the various pieces of stage machinery were easy of access, but, above all, there was R-O-O-M. The lighting arrangement did leave a little to be desired—I think we can say that with the R. S. H. we are one up there—but a good 50% of the plays used the somewhat limited resources of the board with imagination, although the operating was, at times, ragged. It was noticeable that very few groups used the full stage with cyclorama, as such an arrangement severely tested both the actual lights and the ingenuity of the electricians. Congratulations to our electrician, David Cheaney, for overcoming this obstacle—with flying colours.

It is impossible to mention all the 18 plays in this article, so I will limit my comments to four or five.

Zurich University brought " Urfaust " and we went to the performance wondering what exactly we were going to see. It was not Goethe's vast cosmic drama (what University Group would take that to a festival of this type ?), rather it was a mixture of Marlowe and Gounod. This play was exceedingly well acted and Margaret was, I should say, the best individual performance of the " Week."

The production by students from Venice, " La Venexiana," was also very well done, but they cramped their style and imposed upon themselves an unnecessary restriction by playing throughout behind a gauze. This not only hampered the actors but also cut out automatically the use of all spotlights situated in front of the gauze, a suicidal thing to do on the Erlangen stage.

These two plays came towards the end of the " Week " ; the three plays which I now propose to mention came earlier and before our own production.

" Der Weg hinaus " was produced by the author, F. A. Schiler of Tübingen University. The play centres round Werner, the best worker in a gang of forgers. The first act

shows him in subjection to the chief of the gang, who has just had one of the other workers killed because he tried to escape. The death of his friend preys upon his mind and he feels guilty despite the efforts of the boss to convince him of the necessity of Jan's death. In the second act we see him in love with Ann, brought to him originally by the boss to free him from his guilt complex. In the final act, Ann frees herself from the domination of the boss and the men leave ; but, seeing the essential difference between herself and her lover, Werner, she leaves him and we are told that " The play is never finished." This was potentially a very fine play, a good example of the modern way of tackling the eternal problems which face all dramatists, and for those of us who were allowed to see some of the rehearsals, promised to be one of the highlights of the " Week." As it was, the performance did not fulfil our highest expectations, while the German section of the audience seemed frankly disappointed and voiced their feelings more than once. We gathered from the discussion that, whereas the conception of the play was excellent, the dénouement of the plot was not altogether satisfactory and the wording was at times unfortunately ambiguous; this, of course, being patently obvious to the Germans during the production. The actors, with the exception of the boss, were no more than efficient, and I am afraid that the electrician was not too happy with the working of the board, the atmosphere at the end of the play being ruined by a too-hasty change. The general opinion was that here was a promising play that had not " come off " and that the best thing for the author to do was to rewrite it, with no radical changes, but with alterations in the details.

The two disappointments of the " Week " were " Ende gut —alles gut," by Münster University and " The Duchess of Malfi " by our only other fellow-countrymen—Bristol University. We had quite a shock on seeing the Münster performance and were relieved to hear in the discussion the following day that this was not typical of the German conception of Shakespeare. For this comedy was played as if it were a tragedy. The playing space was small, the lighting was sombre and the actors spoke their words as if every syllable was of the utmost importance.

The whole atmosphere of the play was anything but that of a Shakespearian comedy and was more suited to the play of the following night: "Malfi." This grim tragedy was played against a permanent set, which was beautifully floodlit throughout. A masterpiece of a set, and an ingenious way of avoiding the use of the switchboard, but—it was not Webster, just as the other was not Shakespeare. For this play, by all means have a static set, but have one on which the lights can play as the plot demands! The result was a farce. A murder can look real and grip the audience, a mad scene can be made convincing if electrician and producer work together to that end. But here, all these—mad scene and numerous murders (Bristol threw in one extra for good measure), as well as the straight dialogue, were played under the same conditions, leaving the audience helpless with laughter instead of with terror.

So we came to our performance, of "The Taming of the Shrew," two days later, somewhat apprehensively. One Shakespeare comedy had been treated as a tragedy, the opposite had occurred with the only other performance in English, and the Tübingen play had not had the reception we had anticipated—but, as we found out later, what we had taken for bad manners on the part of the audience (remembering the performance here of "The Man with the Flower in his Mouth" at the N.U.S. Festival) were, in fact, faults in the writing. We scored a triumph before the first words were spoken when Sly (played by Roy Bywood) waved to the audience from the box before staggering on to the stage. From that moment to the end, and beyond that, the audience was with us. A comparison of the performance at Erlangen with those here in Leeds early in July must also include comparison of the audiences. The phlegmatic English, who always take their pleasures seriously, were sparing in their laughter and never too quick on the subtle word-plays. Our audience over there revelled in the jokes and hardly missed a pun. With a responsive audience like this, there was a reciprocity lacking over here; each helped the other in a kind of "Virtuous" circle. This elicited the best from all our actors (I speak objectively as one of the two non-playing members of our company).

Petruchio (Peter Dews) was master of the audience as well as of the stage, but he never eclipsed the " minor " parts. John Linstrum was more lively than ever as Biondello and Eric Green as Grumio, Alan Curd as Curtis, and John Handley as Philip, were always able to get the laughs they deserved. Nathaniel's (Doug. Smith) attempt to give the front rows a cold shower was unsuccessful, but the attempt was, nevertheless, greatly enjoyed. Space does not allow me to mention all our company, but a word must be said about the Shrew herself — Katharina, played by Barbara Hughes. One lapse of memory was well covered up, but that was only a minor detail in a performance which could hardly be recognised as that played here three weeks before. Petruchio had a real Shrew to tame. I cannot agree with the German critic who said that " she let herself be tamed " ; she really took some taming ; but when the process was complete, she was the dutiful wife and her final speech held the audience spellbound. The audience showed their delight in no uncertain way and 17 curtain calls were taken over a period of almost quarter of an hour. The discussions the following day were full of praise, but I must hasten to add that there was stern criticism as well, which also goes for the local newspapers. " The Shrew " was one of the few plays mentioned in the National Daily Papers.

While success is a glorious thing we must not forget those without whom it would not have been possible ; I mean, of course, the resident stage-crew. Overworked, yet seemingly tireless and endlessly patient, this group of Germans put everybody at their ease and were most helpful in everything we and the 17 other groups required. Never was there any sign of frayed nerves, but always the smile and an incredible eagerness to be of assistance. And this attitude was typical of all whom we met. This is a sobering thought when you realise that only a short time ago we were fighting these people.

To return, in closing, to Theatre Group's success, we must regard it not as an isolated success, but rather as a step up a difficult ladder, for, looking forward, we face what is going to be a most difficult year, with an Ibsen play : "A Doll's

House," in the Autumn and then the Jubilee performance : " The Knight of the Burning Pestle." Let us then regard " The Taming of the Shrew " as a stepping stone and then, perhaps when the year is over, we may be able to answer in the affirmative all those requests which were showered upon us at Erlangen.

"Roc"

The Warden of Devonshire Hall :—
"*Naturally it is more expensive to live in Hall.*"

They're changing guard at Devonshire Hall,
For the staff was big and the income small.
So Tiny's gone, with a recommendation
Signed, in the form of a declaration
By navel officer, high in station,
Of Tiny's worth to a struggling nation
But not to Hall.

They're changing guard at Devonshire Hall
One was too short and the other too tall
They're out, but not of their own volition
For years they'd been in the same position
We almost had a real tradition
To keep at Hall.

They've changed the guard at Devonshire Hall
Got rid of the lot, for once and for all.
But if anyone thinks that the saving of yen
Will appear in accounts writ by Pinniger's pen—
Well, there aren't any books, and the rent's up again
O don't let it get up to seven pounds ten !
O spare us, thou otherwise mildest of men
Instructor Lieutenant-Commander R.N.
Who ruleth all !

TWO LANDSCAPES

by

Ian Fothergill

"Have you a Faculty of Finance?"

"Don't ask me!" said the Freshman. "You should know more about the organization of this University than I do."

"I should have said faculty, not Faculty," went on the Third Year Man patiently. "The f is small, as in ffrench."

"Oh, I see," said the Freshman. "Well, all I can say is that the £ is small, very small, in my £ s. d."

"If your income is, shall we say, slender, all the more reason for having financial guidance at your disposal," the Third Year Man explained.

"And where do you suggest I look for such guidance?" asked the Freshman.

"I'd strongly advise you to let Lloyds Bank look after your interests," answered the Third Year Man. "That was one of the first things I did when I came up *in stat. pup.*"

Let LLOYDS BANK

look after *your* interests

1677

To the Editor of "The Gryphon"

Dear Sir,

The man we are really looking for (hand me an arrow, Vladimir !) is your predecessor in the editorial chair. We learn, however, that he has fled the country, and must ask you to stand proxy, very still, while we place a small apple of praise on your head and try to knock it off.

We enjoyed your article on " The Russian and his Regime," by H. M. Hayward. Mr. Hayward revealed the undercurrent of discontent among the intelligentsia in Russia ; not as a revolutionary torrent, not as a cranky trickle, but as a constant flow of dissatisfaction with the spiritual limitations of ideological totalitarianism. He sent, with the article, a cartoon from the Russian magazine " Krokodil," which illustrated the official attitude to the occasional " easy-going " factory manager, who winks at minor infringements of factory regulations, caring more for a pleasant atmosphere than for the production target. (P. 10, Summer Number.)

Now, sir, let us pick our bone with you, viz. : the handling of this cartoon. It was placed overleaf from the relevant passage in the text, with no indication of any connection between the two. Moreover, the translation, supplied by the author, of the dialogue beneath the cartoon, was altered without his knowledge to include a reference to " being sent off to Siberia," which was not only unnecessary and unlikely, but also misleading in spoiling the sense of the cartoon. It supplied the exaggerated unrealism which Mr. Hayward had taken care to avoid.

We would remind *The Gryphon* that though it is small and limited in numbers, it is none the less part of the dwindling Free Press of the World, and has a standard of editorial responsibility to keep up. If the editor of the *Daily Mirror* can be sent to jail ——— !

Yours, etc.,

Vladimir Balashov.
Richard Colclough.

John West

FROM A LIGHTHOUSE

Illustrated by Brian Waters

THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN NO NEED to write this letter. It was forced upon me by circumstance, a circumstance that I was powerless to resist.

You will find no proof that what this letter sets down is true. At times I find it difficult to believe, myself; but I cannot ignore for ever the evidence of my senses—the bodies of the other two are lying in the room—I can see them as I write; and soon I shall be as lifeless as they. These are the facts, the true story of what has happened during the last three days.

The storm broke on Tuesday night; it was a bad storm, but we had no need to be alarmed. After all, we had been on duty at the lighthouse for only three days, and the relief was not due for another ten. The only thing I worried about was the fact that one of the windows below the lantern had been shattered by force of the wind. That would have to be fixed, I told Maurice. But he said that the job was more than he could manage and asked me to give the job to Smithson, the third member of the watch. "Anything to give Smithson a job, eh?" I grinned at him. "Why don't you patch up this stupid quarrel with Smithson, Maurice? It only makes things a damn sight more difficult for us all." "I shall never patch up anything with that swine," snarled Maurice, and I was shocked and surprised to see the hatred in his eyes. Their quarrel had been over nothing, but they were both men of a bitter disposition and, until it had been too late, refused to let the

matter drop .... One acts like that in a lighthouse. The strain of living in the narrow enclosed space of a single room, for weeks on end, turns a man's mind in upon itself; he becomes morbid and suspicious, incredibly bitter in his approach to the men living with him.

So I gave the job to Smithson and watched him climb the stairs to fix the window. I don't know where Maurice was when it happened, he might have been anywhere in the building. All I know is that about five minutes later I heard Smithson scream and heard the wet thud as he hit the rocks outside. It was horrible. Dropping the job I was doing I dashed to the door; as I opened it the wind nearly blew me from my feet, and the rain whipped into my face so that, for a minute, I could see no sign of Smithson. Then I saw him. He was lying, screwed up, on the rocks below the high window, his head split and the blood slowly mingling with the water that made the rocks glisten like glass. I just stood and looked, I couldn't do anything else—I'd been speaking to the man only five minutes before; and now he was lying there, small and dead.

When Maurice appeared—he never said a word. He just came and stood behind me and looked at Smithson. Still silent, he bent forward, picked up Smithson's cap and stood there, leaning over the body, twisting the cap round and round in his hands. He looked at me then; I've never seen a man with such an expression in his eyes. He was frightened, I'll swear to that, frightened out of his wits; he just didn't know what to make of it all. He kept the cap in his hands, continually spinning it, round and round. The man's hands fascinated me, lean and brown against the blue of the cap; the dull gold of the braid blinked at me as the cap spun round. Never for a moment did it stop. Then he spoke.

"Evans."

"Yes, Maurice," I said.

"Why did you kill him?"

"My God, Maurice, what's the matter with you?" came my agonised reply. "Why should I kill him?" I found difficulty in speaking, for my words seemed to go solid in my throat.

Surely this was a joke.

His voice came to me thinly, whipped away by the wind that tore at our clothes :—

" You were with him on the lantern. You pushed him over —you killed him. Why ? Why ? "

This constant repetition of his fantastic accusation infuriated me.

I could feel my rage, hot und pungent, boiling up inside me.

" You fool," I yelled, " I was nowhere near him when he screamed. I was downstairs when he was up there on the lantern."

I shuddered, and for the first time I felt the cold knifing into me, the stormy rain that filled the sky.

" Get him inside," I said, " for God's sake, get him inside."

Maurice bent and gripped the ankles and together we lugged the body across the few yards of rock to the whitewashed room where we had all lived together. The lifeless hands dragged wearily across the wet, gleaming rocks — tearing the dead skin; his head dropped back as I lifted the shoulders, the mouth lolling open, revealing the bitten tongue.

When we had put him on the bed, we sat down at opposite sides of the table. Maurice didn't look so frightened now, but his hard grey eyes were fixed and devoid of expression.

" What are we going to do ? " he asked.

" We're going to wait," I said. " What else is there we can do ? We shall have to wait until the storm finishes." Again I saw that expression of fear cross the man's face. What was the matter with the man ?—he looked dreadful.

" Oh Christ, why did you have to kill him here ? " his hard voice sawed through the stillness of the room.

" Look ! Get it out of your head that I killed him. I'd no quarrel with him. You'd more reason to kill him than me. Where were you when he fell, anyway ? " This new, this awful possibility, struck me with the suddenness of a blow. " Where were you when he fell, Maurice ? "

I have been haunted, ever since the moment I uttered those words, by the expression that invaded the man's face.

" Swine," he spat at me. " Swine. So that's your game. You're going to pin it on me. You're going to use my quarrel with Smithson as a cover for your own rottenness." His voice rose in pitch as his hysteria mounted. " You won't get away with it, Evans. Do you hear me, you won't get away with it. I'll see you don't pin the blame on me. I'll fix you."

He came at me with a single bound, like a great animal springing. His hands reached for my throat and his head hit me a fierce blow over the eye. Sick and dizzy, it was a moment before I could pull myself away from him and jump clear.

"Maurice, you fool," I yelled, "pull yourself together, man. I don't think that you killed him."

"Liar."

"I just asked you where you were when he fell. I don't think that you killed him."

"Liar!"

"Oh! to Hell with you then. I'm going upstairs." As I went out through the door I heard his boots clack on the stone flags; without speaking, he followed me up the stairs to the lantern and stood watching as I polished the lenses. Whenever I looked up, there were his eyes rivetted upon me, expressionless now, but infinitely watchful. The job completed, I went down again and Maurice, a couple of paces behind, followed me. As I entered the living room, I turned and spoke to him:

"Why are you following me around like a lost dog? Sit down, man. Sit down!"

Maurice's eyes never left my face. He stood by the door, leaning heavily against the wall.

"Until the boat comes, I'm not taking my eyes off you, you swine," he said. "You're not going to sneak up on me like you sneaked up on Smithson."

So it was throughout the rest of the day. I couldn't move a step without the man following me. As the night came on I began to feel more and more uneasy about spending the night with him, but he made no move to attack me again. He just went on staring at me, suspiciously, watchfully. Together we went up and lit the lamp, together we came back to the living room. I put out the light and tried to get some sleep—he never moved from his chair. Slowly the light marched round the sky, one revolution to the minute. Once a minute the light would shine out over the window. Once a minute its reflected radiance would light up the eyes—gleaming and implacable—of the man sitting opposite me in the darkened room. Those eyes never left me, never blinked, never wavered. How could I sleep? If I turned my back, they seemed to bore through my skull,

into my brain.

Slowly, the long, dreadful first night passed and during the equally long and equally dreadful day we sat there, locked in our own thoughts, all our faculties concentrated upon each other. The strain was immense. Many, many times I screamed and raved at Maurice. I pleaded with him and swore at him, but nothing would make him take his eyes off me.

Nothing, absolutely nothing, would make him relax—always that dreadful pair of eyes, gleaming now in red, angry sockets, were fixed on me. I prayed that he would fall asleep. I talked to him.

"Maurice, you'll fall asleep at last, you know. You're bound to. You can't watch me all the time. I promise I won't hurt you. I didn't kill Smithson. I swear I didn't. For God's sake, stop staring at me like that, Maurice. Stop it, Maurice. Do you hear me? Stop it."

Again it was night; again the great sword of light cut its circular swathe through the field of the darkness and the storm. Again, every minute, the room was bathed in the reflected glow. I tried to sleep, but all I could do was to doze off for a couple of minutes, suddenly to jerk into wakefulness to see the gleaming eyes of the man in the room, fixed in his never-ending stare.

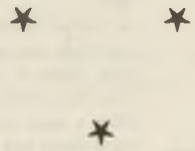
But it could not go one for ever. About dawn I awoke with the curious feeling that something in the room had changed. As I waited for the light to swing round, the feeling grew more and more intense. Second after second dragged by until the moving light showed me that Maurice had, at last, fallen asleep. Then I realised what I must do. I had been waiting for this moment, unconsciously praying that Maurice would fall asleep. I slipped from my bed and moved quietly towards him. I was quite mad. For more than 36 hours those eyes had never left me, I knew that should they ever open again I should be lost. I should go completely out of my mind. I was delirious with the relief of being free—free of the awful watchfulness that I had suffered for almost two days. Maurice's eyes must never open again to fix me with their stare of rage and fear. Slowly and carefully I moved towards him, not making a sound,

scarcely breathing. As the light swung round again I saw that he had not moved. Slowly and carefully I moved, very slowly.

Then I was at him. My hands clipped his throat and I squeezed. For the last time his eyes glared into mine—he made no attempt to resist. But this time there was no fear—there was triumph. A hateful triumph lay in the bulging, bloodshot eyes, and there it persisted when I finally let him go and heard the body slump to the floor. I had killed him. I had choked the life out of him. And I believe now that he had wished it so.

What more is there to tell? Nothing. I still don't know whether Maurice was a murderer. I do know that he made me one.

I sit here now, alone. Outside the storm has abated and the bright sword of the lighthouse is dulled by the greater radiance of a full moon, unhidden by the few clouds that still race across the sky. Tomorrow you will come to see why the light still shines during the day. You will find this, and you will read it. I ask no pity, I expect no understanding. All I had to do was tell you about Maurice's eyes.



CONTRIBUTORS' PORTRAIT CORNER

DIANA CLAVERING, who designed our cover, wears outrageous clothes charmingly. We are, however (we tell ourselves), more interested in her work here.

She is now beginning her final year at Leeds College of Art; where she is studying commercial illustration. Like the modern furniture with which it goes so well, her work is both strong and light—gay and spontaneously witty. With a piece of her work about the house (a print from a colour lithograph costs no more than a guinea) no one could feel despondent for long. Personally we should prefer to have one of her forceful drawings to keep.

IAN FOTHERGILL, who drew the 2 landscapes in this number, paints, among other things, landscapes which would improve the walls of any home—and whose prices : £2/2/0 to £10/10/0—are well within the means of most home-owners. Fothergill, who lives and works in Keighley, is married, has just successfully completed a four year course in painting at Leeds College of Art and is now staying there for an Art Teacher's Diploma. He has exhibited in London with the Young Contemporaries and others and regularly at local exhibitions.

The landscape with the dead tree, reproduced, is a preliminary drawing for an oilpainting.

PATRICIA MILLER, who illustrated the sin of Sloth for this number, lives in Cumberland, studied painting at Leeds 1949—1953, and this year won a scholarship to Slade School, where she begins a two year course in October.

Her work is about people (all kinds of people, but chiefly among the poorer classes) and their environment. I think she

likes people—especially children—very much—but she sees their ridiculous qualities too, and, liking most people a lot, she dislikes a few just as strongly.

Pat Miller says she is like a starling and insists on being called "Skotty"—I don't know how this will go down at Slade.

The Assistant Masters' Association

THE INCORPORATED ASSOCIATION OF ASSISTANT MASTERS IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS

FOUNDED 1891. **Membership 17,000.** INCORPORATED 1901.

Membership of the Association is open to Assistant Masters teaching in Secondary and Public Schools. The Association is represented on the Burnham Committee, and on every important Educational Body.

To INTENDING TEACHERS who enrol as STUDENT MEMBERS

The Association offers

CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION and ADVICE

on conditions of service in secondary schools of all types, and many other benefits. The JOINT SCHOLASTIC AGENCY, the Appointments Board jointly controlled by the Headmasters and Assistant Masters' Association, offers special terms to Student Members of the I.A.A.M. The Association's works on the teaching of Science, Modern Languages, Geography, History and English are available to members at reduced rates : other books in preparation.

For full details write :

SECRETARY, I.A.A.M., 29, GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1.

The Association of Assistant Mistresses in Secondary Schools

Founded 1884 **Incorporated 1897**

This is the only Professional Association founded and organised by women teachers in Secondary Schools, and as one of the four Secondary Associations it is officially recognised by the Ministry of Education, Local Education Authorities and Teachers' organisations abroad, and has full opportunity of participating in the work of all official bodies concerned with secondary education.

Its representatives sit on the **Burnham Committee,** on the **University Examining Boards** and on the **Secondary School Examinations Council.** It protects the professional interests of its members and provides amenities by its **Loan** and **Benevolent Funds** and **Hospital Scheme.**

It is in the van of educational progress and development, and publishes memoranda on educational matters in regard to both teaching and policy.

Student Membership. Students in training are invited to join as Student Members, Subscription 1/-. They may use the Joint Agency for Women Teachers at a reduced fee and are urged to consult the Association in regard to posts for which they apply.

For full details, write to:

THE SECRETARY A.A.M.,

29, GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1