

lecturer-designate in International Affairs at Trinity, produces a book of essays in which wisdom plays—as she should never forget to play—before the Lord. The old Dublin that ‘tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky’ persists in these happy pages. Their marriage of enthusiasm and scholarship enlivens even old music-hall songs; and the author plans a school for buskers, so that these ineluctable minstrels may entertain their bus-queues more melodiously. He is less intolerant of slug-a-beds than the Curé d’Ars. Like Thackeray, he has no use for ‘literary gents’. In fact he is one of us, magnified, as an essayist should be.

H. P. E.

ENGLISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES. By Christina Hole. (Batsford; 15s.)

In her latest book, *English Sports and Pastimes*, Miss Christina Hole continues her work as a recorder of our social history. She has given an absorbing account of the English at play from the middle ages until recent times.

It is interesting to notice how the larger issues of history are reflected in the national recreation. Although the English have perhaps a less scientific approach to modern sports and amusements than the Americans, one cannot but reflect on the contrast between the carefree approach to pleasure of our forefathers and the earnestness which characterises our attitude today. The development of the professional expert has led to the increased popularity of sport; but at the same time caused a great decrease in active participation. Thus we have a vast majority of ‘sportsmen’ who are content to remain spectators.

Miss Hole has traced the history of almost every conceivable form of amusement with a tenacity that is admirable; it is surprising to find how far in the past many of them have their roots. The book is well worthy of the immense amount of research it must have involved. The selection of the many illustrations which decorate the pages is also a matter for congratulation.

MAURICE McLOUGHLIN.

CORNISH YEARS. By Anne Treneer. (Cape; 12s.6d.)

A lovable book, and a welcome successor to that lyric of childhood’s primrosing, *The School-house in the Wind*. We are now taken into the world of a student and teacher, but we can still wander at times in faerie, and be caught enchanted between cliff and sky.

Miss Treneer’s descriptions of landscape are vivid. ‘Cornwall is a poem’, she declares; but she finds poetry also in the streets of Exeter, in the Bodleian Quad, and even in her Liverpool interludes. We may challenge her wildest flights, or sense an occasional turgidity, or regret a superficial philosophy of life, but we cannot fail to enjoy the gaiety and sparkle of these pages.

Miss Treneer is perhaps inclined to view Cornwall *couleur de rose*, but we are grateful for her vignettes of its characters and her records of a dialect passing away. ‘We don’t belong to talk like that now’, someone said of her earlier book!

Her wise reflections on education, and especially on the teaching of English, are worthy of her school-master father. Like the Sisters at the Exmouth Convent, he must have aimed at training his pupils 'not only in knowledge and feelings but in virtue'. His daughter is an English specialist (and a poet) and more concerned with her subject than her pupils, but *Cornish Years* should cheer many a dull college library, and I prophesy it will not remain unread on the shelves. I suspect temptations to purloin it!

But why do not education authorities realise the futility of providing colleges for training teachers in right methods while large classes inevitably involve the use of wrong ones? This with, many other home truths, Anne Treneer perceives amidst her more poetic imaginings.

ANNE PRITCHARD.

WELSH COUNTRY UPBRINGING. By D. Parry-Jones. (Batsford; 12s.6d.)

CRAFTS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE. By E. J. Stowe. (Longmans; 10s.6d.)

Any Batsford book blackmails the reader into rapture, for, however inadequate the text may be, the illustrations are never less than superlative. Any illustrated book, indeed, can often do its author less than justice; his wisdom or his wit can seem but foot-notes to the pictures. The solution is probably a double reading, of which the second must mean a self-denying concentration on the text. In either case *Welsh Country Upbringing* will give a pleasure that is rare enough nowadays. Mr Parry-Jones describes the almost forgotten world of a Carmarthenshire village fifty years ago with the discursive candour of a friend's recollections. He has no thesis to defend, or rather his thesis is implicit on every page. This closely-knit society of small farmers, independent, religious, deeply traditional, has much to teach a generation that has put its faith in universal education and an omniscient bureaucracy. Wales has suffered in these respects perhaps more seriously than many nations, and Mr Parry-Jones is right to discern a reaction against the anglicising uniformity that has made such grave inroads on the life of rural society. His picture of traditional crafts and 'characters' are not the sentimental convention of a 'rural writer'. He is no advocate of ossification, but he shows all too well how the movements of liberal reform—generous in intention but disastrous in method—ignored the inherent pattern of the society they wished to enrich. The saddest of all Mr Parry-Jones's comments is that on his own education. 'I was all the way educated *in vacuo*, i.e. my education was never related to anything that was part of me. I had roots, surely, somewhere, but they were never watered.' His book reveals a society rich in invention, proud in craftsmanship and unequalled in its appreciation of the virtue of 'character'. The wonder is that it has so well survived the imposition of a metropolitan system of education whose apex has been a National University that has not unfairly been described as the most successful teacher-factory ever devised.