

## Chapter 1 : Jane Ellen Harrison - Wikipedia

*Reminiscences of a Student's Life Quotes (showing of 12) "Nowadays it seems you learn only what is reasonable and relevant. I went to Rome with a young friend.*

Additional Information In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: Cheche was born some five months later. USARF and its organ, Cheche, reflected a sharp break from the student movements so far prevalent at all the East African university campuses. Now there was a growing class-oriented subgroup of students. They identified with the plight of the poor, the oppressed and the disenfranchised. It was a trend that was bound to challenge the post colonial regimes in Africa that had betrayed, in a depraved manner, the hopes and aspirations of the masses. Many weekend nights were spent in hard work, cyclostyling and binding copies of the magazine. They were, at the same time, nights full of jokes and talk, the joyful hours of grounding with my comrades. I also took part in many other activities that challenged the existing state of affairs, and called for a better organization of human society. Life As A Poem But before going into all that, let me backtrack somewhat. From what I have seen from my earliest days, I have come to believe that life is a poem, a long winding poem filled with mystery and wonder. One stanza makes you smile or laugh, the next makes you brood or cry; one expands your mental horizon, the other breeds prejudice and ignorance; one brims with pain, loss and fear, another showers love, comfort and bounty; that is how the poetry of life runs its course. We all are poets. Sometimes we write our own verses. Often, external forces and the conditions in which we get caught up modify or dictate what we put down. The first line of my poem was penned by a man and a woman in Dodoma in the colonial times. The man, my father, was a Greek named Galinos from the Island of Lesbos, and the woman was my mother, Ida. She was of German and African descent from the then Tanganyika. My maternal grandfather had migrated from Stuttgart to German East Africa to work on the construction of the central railway line running from Dar es Salaam all the way to Kigoma. As a child of mixed race, neither here nor there, I was exposed to some of the best and some of the worst aspects of life. I was at times called mzungu but I never had any of the privileges of the white man in the colonial era. I always felt one and at ease with my fellow Tanzanians, spoke Swahili as fluently as anyone else, and experienced the many difficulties of life that the Night-Shift Comrades 85 common man in those days did. I speak Kigogo, some Gujarati and Greek as well. From secondary school onwards, my education was in English. Later in life, I learnt French and some Italian. In me and for me, humanity was evolving towards a single indivisible family. When Martin Luther King said no man is free until everyone is free, I could not have agreed more. Childhood Sparkles In the colonial period, Dodoma was a racially divided town. The British officials lived South of the railway line while the Asian Indian and other communities lived to the North. The Asians were mostly shopkeepers. They lived in seclusion from the Africans. The remnants of the caravan traders, the Swahilis of Dodoma, also stayed in the Northern zone. My father ran a small butchery. So this area was also our home, and this is how I ended up enrolled in an Indian school. This was a derogatory terms Asians used for Africans. We lived very close to the Catholic Church. We resented this so much that during thunderstorms, we wished, in vain, that the church would be destroyed. We were, nevertheless, a lucky family You are not currently authenticated. View freely available titles:

## Chapter 2 : Reminiscences of a Student's Life Quotes by Jane Ellen Harrison

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Personal life[ edit ] Harrison was born in Cottingham , Yorkshire on 9 September Her mother died shortly after she was born and she was educated by a series of governesses. Her governesses taught her German, Latin , Ancient Greek and Hebrew , but she later expanded her knowledge to about sixteen languages, including Russian. Harrison spent most of her professional life at Newnham College , the progressive, recently established college for women at Cambridge. At Newnham, one of her students was Eugenie Sellers , the writer and poet, with whom she lived in England and later in Paris and possibly even had a relationship with in the late s. Her lectures became widely popular and people ended up attending her Glasgow lecture on Athenian gravestones. Her early book *The Odyssey in Art and Literature* then appeared in Harrison met the scholar D. MacColl , who supposedly asked her to marry him and she declined. Harrison then suffered a severe depression and started to study the more primitive areas of Greek art in an attempt to cure herself. These two major works caused Harrison to be awarded honorary degrees from the universities of Durham and Aberdeen Harrison was then engaged to marry the scholar R. Neil, but he died suddenly of appendicitis in before they could marry. In her book *Prolegomena on the Study of Greek Religion* appeared. Harrison became close to Francis MacDonald Cornford , and when he married in she became extremely upset. She then made a new friendship with Hope Mirrlees whom she referred to as her "spiritual daughter". Harrison retired from Newnham in and then moved to Paris to live with Mirrlees. She lived three more years, to the age of 77, and passed away at her house in Bloomsbury. In responding to an anti-suffragist critic, Harrison demonstrates this moderate ideology: This recognition afforded Harrison the opportunity to return to Newnham College as a lecturer in , and her position was renewed continuously until Harrison retired in Her approach in her great work, *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion* , [11] was to proceed from the ritual to the myth it inspired.: Harrison and her generation depended upon anthropologist Edward Burnett Tylor who was himself influenced by Darwin and evolutionary ideas for some new themes of cultural evolution , especially his work, *Primitive Culture: After a socially Darwinian analysis of the origins of religion* , Harrison argues that religiosity is anti-intellectual and dogmatic , yet she defended the cultural necessity of religion and mysticism. Every dogma religion has hitherto produced is probably false, but for all that the religious or mystical spirit may be the only way of apprehending some things, and these of enormous importance. It may also be that the contents of this mystical apprehension cannot be put into language without being falsified and misstated, that they have rather to be felt and lived than uttered and intellectually analyzed; yet they are somehow true and necessary to life. Harrison never visited Italy or Greece after the war: Upon retiring in , Harrison briefly lived in Paris, but she returned to London when her health began to fail. She remains a controversial figure, with several biographies giving rival accounts of her life and loves.

### Chapter 3 : Reminiscences Of A Student S Life Book â€“ PDF Download

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June 8, Photo from left: Manley after arriving at Kibbutz Dafna in June, and Manley today. It was June 5, I awoke to an eerie, loud wail coming in through an open window. The room was bright, the sunshine pouring in through the window. Through sleepy, half-open eyes, I peered around the large room I was sharing with three other young men, all around my age, on the second floor of the nondescript hotel in Tel Aviv that we had been sent to the day before. The other beds were empty. The room was empty. No-one was to be seen or heard. I forced open my eyes, fully taking in my aloneness. What was going on? The shrill sound stopped abruptly but what was it? I got up and almost immediately the sound started up again. I gradually realized it was a siren, or what I imagined was an air-raid siren, and walked over to the large open window to see what I could see. Our room was at the back of the hotel and the view, unfortunately, told me nothing. I saw no roads, no shops, no sidewalks. No one was walking around in the opening between my hotel and the other buildings in front of me, neither to the left nor the right. What was going on and where were my roommates? It seemed such a long time since it had all started, roughly four weeks beforeâ€” It was mid-May, , in an early morning mathematics class at the University of the Witwatersrand WITS in Johannesburg, South Africa. The lecture theater was a tiered, large, old-fashioned room, about 10 rows deep, each containing a long writing desk with the seats behind them, the rows gradually sloping upwards towards the back of the room. It was on the hour, and a half dozen students, myself included, sat huddled in the middle of the back row trying to listen to a small transistor radio one of us had brought to the class. We had to keep it low for fear the professor would hear the radio, but also loud enough for us to hear. We tried to listen to the whispers of the radio while pretending to listen to the lecture, simultaneously copying the copious notes written by the professor on the large, multi-sectioned blackboard in the front of the room. In those days South Africa had no television. There were only two government-run radio stations, one in English, and one in Afrikaans, with a third, commercial station carrying mostly music. World news, roughly ten minutes long, was carried maybe four or five times a day. So, other than reading newspapers, getting up-to-date news required you to turn on a radio at exactly the right time. We, second-year Jewish, Zionist, mathematics students, had no other choice but to furtively listen in class to know what was happening. Tensions had been rising in the Middle East, particularly between Israel and Syria. And on another day in May we heard that, in violation of international law, Egypt had set up a blockade of the Straits of Tiran, thereby cutting off all shipping, especially vital oil shipments, destined for the southern port of Aqaba. Things looked very ominous. War was on the horizon and seemed inevitable. Israel was calling up reservists to supplement its standing military and its soldiers in training. At the age of 18, following high school, every Israeli was required to enter military service â€” 30 months for men, 18 months for women. After fulfilling their duty, Israelis were considered reservists until their 50s and could be called up at any time. As young Zionists in South Africa, we were in a state of unrest. What was going to happen? What could we do to help? Most of us belonged to one or other of the Zionist Youth movements active at that time. The movements were co-ed and similar to scouting groups for Jewish youth. The largest were Habonim, affiliated with the Socialist party governing Israel, and Betar, associated with the Revisionist party, the main opposition in Israel, but there were a few others as well, for example Bnei Akivah and Hashomer Ha-Tzair. The older teens met weekly on Sunday nights to partake in various activities and to socialize. During this crisis many knowledgeable, Jewish community leaders who had connections in Israel came and spoke to us, updating us on the situation in Israel. The business sector, of course, was also in trouble. But what could we do? Appeals for financial donations for Israel poured into the Jewish community, and many people contributed. Of these, the most dangerous to Israel were the Jordanians reinforced by the arrival of Iraqi troops and the Syrians. The Syrians were massed on the Golan Heights, the northeast border with Israel. These heights overlooked and threatened the agricultural settlements hundreds of feet below, in the Galilee plain â€” very vulnerable to attack and to being overrun. To the north, Lebanon was slightly more westernized, had its

own social and political problems and did not have a very large army. So it could be contained but, nonetheless, was still a serious threat. If the Saudis got involved, they could join up with the Egyptian army at the narrow southern tip of Israel, at the port city of Aqaba, and take over the southern Negev Desert. At its narrowest point, Israel is less than 10 miles wide, and the Arab goal of pushing the Jews into the sea seemed attainable at last. The situation was dire, and things did not look good. Word quickly spread that the South African Jewish Board of Deputies, the umbrella organization of the South African Jewish community, was to hold a meeting on the evening of Saturday, May 27, at the Zionist Federation Center in Johannesburg, where we would find out more. I remember that, on Friday night, May 26, after a family Shabbat dinner, my father and I went for a walk around our neighborhood. It was a warm evening, the sky was clear, and we could see the multitudes of stars visible in the Southern Hemisphere, the Southern Cross and other constellations. I had previously expressed my desire that, should Israel need volunteers, I would like to go. Being 18, I would require the permission of my parents in South Africa the age of majority was 18. I was born in 1948, two months after the declaration of the modern state of Israel. The story of how Dave came to visit my mother in hospital to say goodbye was a legend in our family and household. I had to think about that "in my youthful zeal I had not given it much thought before. As I said this, I was awash with emotions and silent thoughts. He would never see his only son again. I could not imagine what was going on in his mind as I answered him. On Saturday night, May 27, the meeting was packed with parents, young adults, and children. It seemed like almost the entire community was there. It was emphasized that this was not a call for military volunteers but rather for young people to come and engage in agricultural work in the fields, the labor that had had to be abandoned by the call-up of the Israeli army reservists. We would be sent to kibbutzim, moshavim, or other agricultural settlements to engage in agricultural labor. During the next day, Sunday, I had serious discussions with my parents. They asked me not to rush anything but, now that volunteers were not going to have to engage in military actions, they were more willing to give me permission to go. Of course, we all recognized, without stating it out loud, that should war break out and Israel start to lose, volunteers would no doubt get caught up in fighting, and some would never return. Then my mother raised another obstacle. If I went to Israel, I would have to abandon my studies. The university system in South Africa was similar to the British university system. In addition, getting into a university was competitive. If I abandoned my studies not only would I have to repeat the entire year when readmitted, but there was a more-than-likely possibility I would not even be readmitted at all. At the Sunday night meeting on May 28, after answering our questions, the Israeli representatives told that there was a possibility the first planeload of volunteers would be leaving on Saturday, June 3, in just six days time. I expressed my interest in volunteering but needed to check on my academic situation first. I was told to let them know as soon as I could the next day, or else I could not be on the Saturday flight. The rest of that week was a blur of activity. The first thing I did on Monday morning was go to the university to speak with the Dean of the Faculty of Science as the college of my studies was called. The dean was a biologist, actively engaged in research, and busy with his projects that day. I entered the hothouse, and can still remember being surrounded by tables of plants and greenery. At one end stood the dean, a kind-looking man, with a sprayer in his hand. He was surprised to see anyone entering the greenhouse, but I introduced myself and explained that I needed assurance that, if I left the university immediately, around the middle of the year, before mid-year exams, I would be readmitted into the second-year program when I returned. To my great relief, he was entirely supportive of what I was trying to do and gave me assurances that I would indeed be readmitted into WITS. He told me to go back to his college office and tell the secretary what he had told me, that she was to write in my file that I was leaving WITS and should be readmitted. As far as I can recall I was not given a written assurance but it was understood that, since he had given his word, so it would be! I immediately left, went to the Zionist Federation office, and put my name on the list of volunteers from my youth movement. Now another big obstacle emerged. I needed a passport. In the South Africa of those days getting a passport was a bureaucratic nightmare that could take many, many months. Multiple forms, photos, tickets to prove travel plans and reasons for travel, a source of financial support while away since currency restrictions in South Africa only allowed a limited amount to be taken from the country were needed. Also, Wednesday was May 31, Republic Day, a national holiday when no government offices would

be open or working. How would it be possible to get a passport within three days, before Saturday? Monday afternoon I went to get my passport photos, and the photo company agreed to rush it so I would have them on Tuesday. Tuesday I took my photos and went to apply for a passport. I filled out the forms.

### Chapter 4 : Jane Ellen Harrison Quotes (Author of Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion)

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Professor Phillips was the one who helped me fill out my application and advised me on what courses to take. Although I somehow found myself enrolled as a third year electrical engineering student, for which I was totally unqualified, I am grateful to Professor Phillips for advising me to take Dr. I remember a course in vector analysis, too, which may also have been taught by Dr. I know that it was one of the classes I enjoyed. I also took a course called "Fourier Series" with Dr. To this day I have no idea what Fourier series are, except that they are "infinite series. Wiener was a brilliant mathematician, "The Father of Cybernetics," but not a brilliant teacher. When the bell rang, he bustled into the classroom and, without looking at the students, began writing formulae on the blackboard. We frantically copied them into our notebooks until the next bell rang and Dr. Wiener left, still without looking at us. Sometimes one of my fellow "Fourier" students came to my room to study, and we would try to figure out how Dr. Wiener got from step A to step B. It would take us ten or twenty steps to reach the conclusion which to Dr. Wiener, who was a genius, seemed one simple, logical step. We used to wonder whether Dr. Wiener would notice if nobody showed up in class at all. Would he just go ahead and put his formulae on the blackboard as usual? We thought he almost certainly would, but we never dared make the experiment. Struik was a brilliant teacher as well as an outstanding thinker. When I started attending his class, he began each day by addressing us: Later he changed to "Gentlemen and Helen. Struik led us from step to step by logic. And yet, at the same time he gave us a glimpse of the sheer beauty of it. It was at this time that I understood Edna St. Struik would ask me if I thought he had made everything clear. He asked me to find out from my fellow students if there was anything they had not understood. He was eager that every student should be really learning. He was also working on a textbook, and wanted to be sure it was not over the head of the average student. One incident I found very amusing happened when I was in Dr. All rights of reproduction in any form reserved. Van Dine, which was appearing serially in some magazine. I was delighted to find that these two great minds were interested in mystery stories and I became forthwith a fan of S. When I was at M. Interestingly enough those were the words we used. Not women and men, always girls. I was the only woman in each of my classes. A few years later Dr. Struik wrote to me, "I have another girl in one of my classes. She is almost as smart as you, and much prettier. My most wonderful memories of my time at M. Both Dirk and his wife Ruth were famous mathematicians. Mathematicians from all over the world, when they came to M. I felt honored indeed to be included. The conversation was always brilliant and wide-ranging. True, it was often in some language other than English, but I had a smattering of French, and when it was in German or Dutch or Russian, Ruth Struik was usually kind enough to translate at least the highlights for me. Dirk and Ruth Struik are two of the most brilliant and fascinating people I have ever met. I have always felt privileged to have known them, and I have treasured our friendship for sixty years.

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### Chapter 7 : Edith Morley's Before and After. Reminiscences of a Working Life " Kate Macdonald

*Excerpt. To a man of the Doctor's active habits the leisure thus enforced upon him was very wearisome, until it happily occurred to him that he might relieve the tedium of it by the writing of sketches, embracing recollections and incidents of his professional career.*

### Chapter 8 : Reminiscences of a Student's Life | Modernist Archives Publishing Project

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### Chapter 9 : Reading the Collections, Week Student Reminiscences | Echoes from the Vault

*The influence upon my life in these two Christian homes, where I was regarded as an honored member of the family circle, was a potent factor in forming the character which was to stand the test of the new and strange conditions of my life in Philadelphia.*