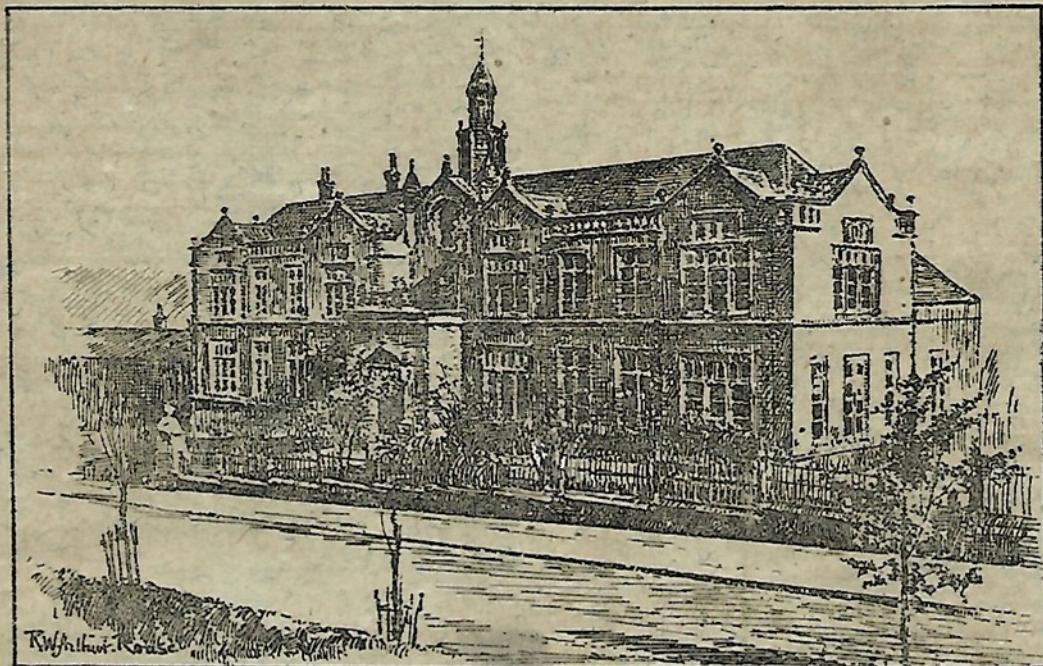




THE NEW HEATHEN.



MAGAZINE OF
HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL
DEBATING SOCIETY,
HALIFAX.

Every Term :: 9d.

THE NEW HEATHEN.

HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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Contributions, written in **ink**, on **one** side of the paper only, should be addressed to the Editor, or to the Assistant-Editor, T. W. Coghlin; subscriptions, advertisements, etc., to the Treasurer, E. R. Brookes.

The Editor will be glad to receive notes and news relating to Old Boys in all parts of the world, in order that by this means Old Boys may be kept in touch with each other and with the School.

Back numbers of "The New Heathen" can usually be obtained on application to the Treasurer.

:: EDITORIAL. ::



It is hardly to be expected that he who has paid his money to see the show will stop long to listen to the voice of the man that beats the drum outside, crying, "Walk up, Ladies and Gentlemen; here you may see all the Wonders of the World for 9d!" Yet, for all that, the man will not beat his drum less loudly. Wherefore, good reader, if thou art minded to skip, skip; we stay here.

This term "The New Heathen" turns yet another corner in his adventurous career; and this time he loses his guide,

philosopher, and friend—nay, his father, godfather, and devoted nurse—all in the person of Mr. Jenkins, for whose services we (on behalf of all who have derived entertainment or instruction from the "Heathen") are most sincerely grateful. If there is one person who could wish that Mr. Jenkins' work had been less efficiently performed, it is his well-meaning, but unworthy successor; however, such as we are, we make our bow, and shall endeavour in all things to serve you to the best of our ability.

For the present we have only one thing to say—or at the most, two—and those not new. It will be generally agreed that a Magazine depends for its existence on (1) contributors, (2) subscribers. "The Heathen," as his name implies, holds no creed, serves no party, grinds no axe; and as he hopes to serve all, so he claims the support of all to whom the name of Heath Grammar School is anything.

At the same time, we cannot help reminding would-be contributors (whom, we hope, are many) that to write needs something more than an idle hour, a few sheets of paper, and a well-filled fountain pen. "The Heathen" is a broad-minded and indulgent gentleman, but he is not a repository for random scribblings and the offscourings of a too-exuberant fancy; therefore he wants the best from everyone, the second-best from none. Moreover, motley's not the only wear. Laughter is a priceless gift, and the "Heathen" can be merry with the best; but he would also at times be grave, fanciful, romantic, thoughtful, sad!

But enough—ring up the curtain!

:: SCHOOL NOTES. ::



Last year we said good-bye to Mr. Cooper and Mr. Jenkins. In their place are welcomed Mr. R. G. Browning, of Hertford College, Oxford, who comes to us from St. Cuthbert's, Worksop; and Mr. E. F. Watling, of University College, Oxford.



We are also temporarily deprived of the services of Mr. Seaton, owing to illness, from which we wish him a speedy recovery. His duties are being ably performed by Mr. Youd.



We offer our hearty congratulations to Mr. Lister and Mr. Jacobs, on their respective marriages, which took place during the holidays.



H. P. Jacobs, J. H. Spencer, and J. C. Coghlin departed early in October to take up their residence at Oxford; likewise R. Thomas, at Cambridge. We gather that their arrival has not been entirely unnoticed, and trust that they will continue to prosper.



S. L. Lord is to be congratulated on his success in the London First M.B. Examination.



There are rumours of an Entertainment to be given early next term—probably on the 10th, 12th, and 18th of February. The precise character of the entertainment is not yet officially divulged, but we understand that it will be mainly dramatic.



This term we welcome 34 new boys, making our total numbers now 221

HALIFAX COMPETITIVE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.


This Festival will be held for the first time in Halifax on November 24th and 25th, and will be similar to other festivals which have done much to raise the standard of musical performance and appreciation in various parts of the country.

Form IV.c. (assisted by some boys from Form III.) have entered for the Secondary Schools Class, and have been working most enthusiastically for some weeks. Whether they win or lose, their singing will be very much improved and they will realise, as they have never done before that to sing artistically requires a great deal of hard training.



We wish all success to Mr. Brookes and his choir in this venture into the public musical arena.

PRIZE COMPETITION.


We offer **Three Prizes**—in the form of books, to be chosen by the winners—one for each of the following—

- 1—A SHORT STORY, to be neither humorous nor "detective."
- 2—AN ESSAY, entitled "The Truth about Father Christmas."
- 3—AN "ODE written in Detention."

Rules:—

(1) The competition is confined to present members of the School.

(2) Any competitor may enter for any or all of the competitions, but it should be clearly stated for which competition each entry is intended.

(3) Pseudonyms may be used instead of competitors' own names, but any one competitor must use the **same** pseudonym for every entry sent in by him.

(4) Entries must reach the Editor before the end of this term or in the first week of next term.

:: CAMBRIDGE LETTER. ::


Magdalene College,

Cambridge.

Dear Editor,—

It is with much self-pity for my isolated position here that I take upon me the burden of the "Cambridge Letter." Life here is far too full to allow of much leisure for letter-writing — particularly

when one has fallen into the clutches of the Boat Club Captain, who requires one's presence every day from 2-30 to 4-0 either in a "tub" or a "crock eight." In a "tub" the work is not hard. One goes out for twenty minutes with another fresher and a coach, and for ten minutes one is getting out of the way of other less polite people. For eight minutes the coach gives a demonstration of your faults, and the remainder is spent in wrestling with the oar. In an eight, however, one is out for over an hour, and the rest varies according to the coach's ability to watch eight people at once. It's fine exercise, however, and there's a "bump supper" at the end of it!

Up to the present there has only been one "rag" of note, which took place on the 28th ult. Owing to the zeal of my tutor, who keeps us out of mischief by setting us a two-hours unseen translation paper on Saturday morning (which is the traditional rag time), I was not there myself, but from all accounts it was nothing great. It was organised by the "Granta" (the editor of which, by the way, is a Magdalene man), to afford a relaxation after a fortnight of "the amorphous effusions of incipient lecturers." The net casualties were one man captured by the arm of the law, and several deceased cabbages. November 5th seems to have fallen out of favour, but Armistice Day should provoke something exciting.

I have heard from one old Heathen at the other University, and he seems to have partly overcome his disappointment at not coming to Cambridge. In fact, he is already anxious to back Oxford for the rugger match!!! Well, well, I'm sorry Oxford is having such a bad effect on his sense of discrimination. *Experientia docet.* I'm afraid I must take his money.

And now, Mr. Editor, having trespassed on your space beyond my privilege, I will close with an earnest hope that someone from the old School will have a shot at a Magdalene Scholarship this term. There's a fine chance—straight from the horse's mouth!

Yours sincerely,

—R. Thomas.

GLASGOW LETTER.



The University Union,
Glasgow,

Sept. 20th, 1922.

The Editor, "The Heathen."

Dear Sir,—

When on my holidays at Whitby this summer, I met H. Spencer, and naturally we talked over old times; how he used to do my Latin Prose and Trigonometry for me now and again. He asked me to write a "Glasgow Letter" to the Magazine, to which I consented with a certain amount of hesitation.

For I had read the Cambridge and Oxford Letters. I realised I couldn't get anywhere near the polished styles in which they were written.

There are just three of us here from Heath—R. S. V. Marshall, D. G. S Mackay, and myself. Marshall has just graduated as a Bachelor of Surgery and Medicine (with commendation, I believe), and whether Mackay and I do remains to be seen. (I may add that we are both optimists!) When we go, there is not much likelihood of there being any more Old Boys here.

My congratulations to the School on their performance in the Oxford exams this summer. On behalf of us all, I wish the School good luck, not only at work, but in the playing field, for I am certain that Heath is upholding, as it always will do, and always has upheld, that motto.

Play up, play up! Play the game!

Yours sincerely,

Philip G. E. Jolley.

OUR OXFORD LETTER.



St. Edmund Hall,

Oxford

To the Editor of the "New Heathen."

Sir,—

My first month as an Oxford "fresher" has passed with wonderful speed, just as time does pass when every minute is

erammed with some activity or other. I have reached that stage when all the fresher's "stage-fright" has disappeared, and Oxford life in all its phases has become second nature.

I believe that all the other "Heathens" here are settling down with the same facility. There are strange rumours current anent the conduct of our friend Jacobs at the Hertford Fresher's Gaudy, but he swears that as much as he can remember of it was make-believe. As for Spencer, the only time when he removes his nose from a test tube is when he indulges in bridge; even the Olympians unbend on occasion. Dilworth, with his usual camaraderie, haled us all to tea on the second day of our arrival. Since then he has almost passed out of my life, and I have only seen him speeding from Corpus towards some far-away lecture in another part of the city.

Regrets are now beginning to arise from misguided freshers who have taken up rowing. Every afternoon, wet or fine, they must go down to the College Barge and "tub" for bare life. In Hall, where we all assemble for dinner, muttered curses proceed from rowing men regarding soreness of a certain portion of their anatomy. We are turning out three crews for the Mawdesley Fours, to be rowed later in the term, and woe betide a member of the crews who is seen in unlawful possession of a cigarette!

I hear of some poor, innocent Cambridge youth who is willing to back Cambridge for the "soccer" match. I suppose we must take his money, though it goes against the grain! I maintain a dignified silence as regards Oxford "rugger." Members of the Varsity XV. seem to have a proclivity for sustaining concussion or broken legs.

Rugger and Soccer are going great guns in all the Colleges, and Teddy Hall is by no means in the background, as we manage to run soccer, hockey, and ruggers clubs, besides being well represented on the river.

In conclusion, I hope the School is still as flourishing as ever.

Yours, etc.,

J. G. Coghlin.

INDIAN LETTER.

We have received the following from E. T. Coates, who left H.G.S. as Hastings Exhibitioner in 1914:—

In beginning this Indian letter I find no simple matter to decide on what aspects of Indian affairs are most likely to appeal to your readers. Indian politics command extraordinarily little interest among the majority of people at home, yet, without her political life, the India of these last two years would have been a dull enough place indeed. Nevertheless, as during the last two months, the political affairs of India have never been so lifeless and uninteresting. Since the arrest and confinement of Mr. Gandhi on a charge of sedition, the lawless excesses committed during this last year, in the name of non-violent non-co-operation have mostly ceased, and the blind faith of the ignorant masses in the visionary glories of an Areadian "Swaraj," has been sharply disillusioned. Perhaps we may now hope for some real advancement along constitutional lines.

In view of the possibility that some of your readers may, at some future time contemplate enlisting in one or other of the European Services in India, maybe a word on the present position and future prospects of these Services might not be amiss. Hitherto the I.C.S. has enjoyed a glowing reputation as one of the finest services in the world, offering an incomparable scope for high advancement to its fortunate members. On that reputation alone is the I.C.S. now living, without any such facts now existing to support it. The I.C.S., rightly or wrongly, is being rapidly shorn of its powers and attractions in order to compromise growing prejudice against it.

The so-called educated class of Bengal, consisting of indolent, characterless over-crammed schoolboy B.A.'s, ground out in countless thousands at 4s. 6d. a time, by the Calcutta and other affiliated universities—parse the word "education" as a concrete noun. That an English public school boy, with a subsequent Oxford or Cambridge B.A. is a superior being in any respect to one of their own class similarly stamped—or better stigmatised by Calcutta, they flatly refuse to believe. A B.A. is a B.A., whether acquired in

elementary arithmetic or the theory of tensions. The result is an intense and growing animosity to and jealousy of the European services, and of the extensive powers they wield.

Since the first instalment of responsible government was given to India, in the form of the Government of India Act of 1919, it has been largely used vigorously and monotonously, to curtail the powers and diminish the efficiency of the European administration and to hamper its government. The process is continuing and has recently culminated in a demand for the complete separation of the Executive and Judicial branches of the Administration. This scheme has often been mooted in the past, but has always been rejected, as well on the score of efficiency as of the peculiar necessities of the form of personal government most suited to and revered by the Indians. The new scheme will cost less to inaugurate and maintain, and will be highly detrimental to the past incomparable efficiency of the administration. But it will also halve the powers of the I.C.S.—an object for the attainment of which no expense is considered excessive. The Indian Police and Forestry services are in a position even worse than this. They are gradually being squeezed out of existence.

Under the democratic influence of British rule, there has arisen an undoubted national awakening in India, which, properly fostered, should prove her salvation. But the road to independence is beset with many pitfalls, which the average educated Indian, in spite of Ireland, Egypt, and the Phillipines, prefers to ignore. They are impatient for complete autonomy, and if the British are not prepared to keep pace with this impatience, by the granting of reforms, they are quite prepared to dispense with the British altogether. The result would be disastrous for India. A second Mogul Empire worse than the first would arise, for the Mahomedans, in spite of their present unnatural and superficial unity with the Hindus, despise them, and would never be willing to share power with them. The Hindus, on their part, are in mortal dread of the Mohommendans—a dread which has been intensified by the recent Moplah rebellion—and are undoubtedly frightened at the possibilities of British secession from power.

—E.T.C.



FROM AN ANCIENT MEDAL
STRUCK AT ELLAND

:: OUR CELEBRITIES. ::

No. 5.—H. P. Jacobs.

By "Tatcho."

On the last day of the Summer Term, which concluded Mr. Jacobs' School life, I furnished myself with a couple of skilled shorthand amanuenses, to cope with the flow of eloquence I knew awaited me, and proceeded to that abode of learning and Mr. Jacobs—the Library. He was engaged in his weekly task of sticking labels upside down on what at first sight appeared to be a heap of miscellaneous rubbish, but which, on subsequent examination, proved to be—the Library!

Mr. Jacobs had had no one to talk to for the last five minutes (his previous listeners having departed in order to work), and was therefore glad to see me.

"I have come to interview you," I timidly began. "Er—where did you first see the light?"

"I was born," he corrected, "in the beautiful garden city of Elland—

'loveliest village of the plain,'— My earliest years were spent in learning by heart Icelandic sagas and Thucydides, and in acquiring my unique collection of politico-historical jokes, which are as remarkable for their brevity as their wit. You have heard, I suppose, that story about Bismarck?"

"I believe so," I answered hurriedly. "And did you not afterwards devote your talents and attention to the municipal affairs of your native city?"

"Correct," he replied. "For a short period I was a member of the Town Council of my native place. Since that time, however, I have taken no part in municipal affairs."

"By what unfortunate accident was your native town deprived of your valuable services?"

"I was called to a higher sphere," he explained. "I was offered the post of secretary and treasurer to the Heath Grammar School Literary Society, and subsequently of joint secretary to the Heath Grammar School Debating Society."

[Editor's Note: The record for truth which this journal possesses compels us to state that immediately prior to Mr. Jacobs' retirement, he was the plaintiff in a somewhat mysterious libel action against a prominent member of a neighbouring township, from which he is said to have emerged hardly creditably, though victorious. We have no wish to believe everything we hear, but we have it from not untrustworthy sources that the unfortunate publicity which Mr. Jacobs acquired through this affair was the cause of his disappearance from the municipal affairs of his native town.]

"And what have been your chief oratorical successes in the Debating Society?" I inquired.

"I make it a rule," he replied, "always to support the losing side. On one occasion, however, I discovered, to my dismay, that my party was in great danger of emerging victorious from the struggle. I resolved on prompt and energetic action. Immediately before the question was to be put, I stood up (for the sixth time that evening) to address the House, and by a never-to-be-forgotten speech I completely reversed the opinions of my audience. By the end of the first hour, the house was equally divided, seven of my party having been compelled to retire. When I ceased my peroration, exactly one hour twenty three and a quarter minutes after the commencement of my introduction, the issue was no longer in doubt. The only two members (in addition to the Chairman), who remained, naturally voted against me, and I obtained a glorious defeat, and preserved my reputation unsullied."

"Have you never aspired to Parliamentary honours?" I inquired.

"On several occasions," he admitted, "I have permitted my name to be proposed for candidature as a supporter of Sinn Fein, Bolshevism, and other harmless societies of a similar nature. On each occasion, however, I have been unexpectedly rejected through the remarkable and unaccountable perversity and stupidity of the electorate."

"And what have been your chief triumphs in sport?" I asked.

"On several occasions," he answered, "I have been round the Elland Golf Course (9 holes) in under 120. On one memorable occasion I completed it in 118. On another occasion, by a remarkable piece of opportunism I scored the winning goal in an important Association football practice match."

[Editor's note: Here again Mr. Jacobs does not mention that, following a family tradition, he scored the goal *against his own side*. But this, and the preceding omission, must be attributed to forgetfulness rather than to the desire of misrepresentation.]

"But now," he concluded, as the bell for the interval rang, "I am afraid my prefectorial duties summon me."

And forthwith he devoted himself to the task of expelling reluctant juniors by the somewhat forcible and undignified process of employing physical violence. In conclusion, we hope that his activities will not slacken nor his triumphs be diminished by his removal to a new sphere of action

:: CLUB NIGHT. ::

An Entirely New and Original Detective Story.

"I do not profess to be a detective, but I will relate to you how I once emulated the famous character presented by Sir A. Conan Doyle."

We were seated round a table in a coffee house of a busy town. There were four of us, Sir Henry Clapham, a wealthy, good natured mill-owner; Harry Drake, a good young sportsman, with a moderate income; William Smith, another young man; and lastly myself, and we formed a small bachelor club.

We were having a conversation together, as we were wont to do, one night every week, and matters happened to drift towards crime and burglars, for one of the many mills in the neighbourhood had been broken into, and the safe rifled of several thousand pounds, as it was the day to pay the wages of the employees, and the daring entry and theft had been the subject of conversation for several days.

It was myself who made the above statement, and immediately the other three were ready to hear me, for we all liked to hear a yarn.

"Well," I began, emptying my pipe, and filling it again without lighting it, "If I remember rightly, it happened on the night of the fourteenth of December, three years ago, when I was staying with some friends of mine out in the country."

"There was quite a party—the old man, his nephew and niece, and several friends, including myself. The old man, our host, was a bachelor, very retiring, and a great scientist, and as he had plenty of money he had one of the finest and most up-to-date laboratories I had ever seen, and it was to this laboratory that he often went, while I was there, sometimes for several hours, sometimes for several minutes.

"This evening of the fourteenth, we were all seated in the room, some smoking, and others telling anecdotes and jokes, when the old man went out. There was nothing mysterious in this, for it was a common occurrence, and no one gave it a thought.

"At bed-time, we all expected to see our host appear, and after supper we searched the house for him. We found him in his room, lying on the floor with rather a nasty gash on his head, from which a small pool of blood had flowed. Of course, we were horror-stricken, and went up to him. We could easily see that he was alive, but unconscious, so we revived him, and heard what had happened.

"I will not trouble you with a detailed account of what occurred, but let it suffice to say that the old man had been attacked and robbed of his papers, which he had just completed. It was to complete these that he spent so much time in his laboratory, for he had discovered how to prepare radium at a very low price, and the papers containing the formulae had been stolen

"We rang up the police, and they tinkered about, and got no further, so I thought I would look about for clues. The floor was rather dirty, as no maids were allowed in to clean it, and the blood had got dirty. I knew that the only access to the room save by the window was through a passage which led from the room we had occupied, so I examined the window-sill, and found a mark of dirty blood.

This was my first clue, and my second was a piece of cloth which had been caught in some hawthorn bushes. I carefully placed the piece of cloth in my pocket-book and went on till I found footprints which led to the road. Here they stopped, and I found the marks of the tyres of a heavy car. I found the car-tracks easy to follow, as hardly any cars went up the road. I was quite certain I was on the right track, as it turned in at a large untenanted house some two miles on. A light burnt in the window, where there were no curtains.

Had I displayed any tact, I would have obtained assistance, but I was afraid of the birds flying, so I scaled a drain-pipe as high as the window, and looked inside. There were three men inside, bent over some papers. They appeared weak men, and I thought I should be able to overpower them, so I threw up the window, which was unlocked, and jumped at them, lashing out right and left. Suddenly I felt a blow on the back of my head, and the next thing I remembered was the gentle motion of a motor-car going at about twenty miles an hour.

I was alone in the back of the car, which I saw was a limousine, so I tried the door, which was locked, and then the window, which was unlocked.

I edged along the side to the driver's place, which I entered, and threw myself on the driver, whom I pinned down immediately. By this time the car was swerving all over the road, but I stopped it, and searched the pockets of my captive, who was beginning to revive, so I bound him and returned with him in his own car. I found the papers in his pockets, which I returned to the old man, who gave them me, fearing another attack like the one he had just had.

"What happened then?" asked Sir Henry.

"Oh," I replied, "the one I had caught confessed, and the others were caught. Also I didn't want the papers, as I knew nothing of chemistry, and we thought it would be bad for mankind, were it made known, so I burnt them."

We smoked for some minutes, and then noticed it was eleven-thirty.

"Tempus fugit," said Drake, as we prepared to go, and arranged to meet the same night next week.

—Laudus (Remove).

OUR HERO'S TRIUMPH.

A Fragment, by Nixie Pratt.

... And now had come the darkest hour in our hero's tribulations. Afar off, in the dim distance, he could just perceive the goal of his ambitions, his one aim in life, his soul's desire!

Yet now he had no time to meditate—no time to think upon how great a mission he had embarked. Before him were the enemy, a dense, vindictive throng, the lust for his blood written large on their darkening features—behind his companions relying on him as their last hope for redemption from Remorseless Defeat. He set his teeth and hugged his precious burden to his heart. His mind was made up.

A foot missed him by an inch. He ~~need~~ to his course. A fist slid off his well-oiled hair. He ran on. A pair of hands snapped his bootlaces. He did not hesitate a moment.

And now he could see his Object plainly, and now one guard alone remained between him and the Goal of his Desire. He tore onwards.

The Last of his Enemies advanced cautiously, and with a vicious, well-timed right hook, sought to lay him low. It missed our Hero's head by a hair's breadth. Hurrah! He was past him, he was at the Goal, he was beneath it, he had banged his Burden down upon the cold, hard turf!

He had scored the Winning Try!

:: POLO'S APOLOGIA :: Or, THE PREFECT'S HOLIDAY.

(A Propaganda Opera).

By Richard de Burgo.

The scene is the Sixth Form Room. Some desks can be seen scattered around: but others are invisible because of the drifts of dust. Enter James Bertram, Spud, and Polo.

Spud:

O Sowerby's Son, lament the mournful day

That ere you entered in these portals grey
O'er the front door is written plain and clear—

Abandon Soap, all ye who enter here!

James:

O talk not to me with a pun that's so gory,

The days of our youth are the days of our glory:

O, would that once more I could just be a garcon,

To gambol and sport, and play marbles with Tarzan!

(Sadly) But now I'm a prefect, life's troubles o'erwhelm me,

Soon my hair will be sprinkled with grey,
My footsteps they falter—but, prefects all, tell me,

Why not have a congee to-day?

Polo (allegorically):

Somewhere the sun is shining,

But it's not in Halifax:

Somewhere they're not all pining,

But it's not in Halifax.

Skies are blue and hearts are true—

But not for me and not for you,

For we were bred, and up we grew
In Halifax!

(Enter Curly, a Yorkshire youth.)

Curly:

Oh, I'm sick of pipettes and experiments grey—

Let us wend to Thrum Hall or low-lying Shay!

Polo:

Sunny Bunsers is my goal,
Sunny Bunsers glads my soul;

Oh, freed from any taint of vice,
There to frisk upon the ice!

You'll find when I have played my part,
'Sunny Bunsers' on my heart!

James:

Shall we gather by the Calder,
The sootiful, the sootiful, the Calder?
By its slow, remorseless dribble,
As it runs through Salterhebble,
Flowing like a deep-set riddle,
'Twixt the banks of snowy Siddal,
Till it reaches to the middle
Of Halifax, the blest?

(He is interrupted by the entrance of Wilful Wilfrid, alias Lorry, a youth defiant of description.)

Spud:

Who is't that enters like a fairly sylph?
O heavens! the Muses' child, young Wilful Wilf!
He comes as though 'twere some wild woodland elf,
Treading the mountains between here and Shelf:
Now, my co-mates and brothers in worry,
Come, take the glorious chance and pawse out Lorry!

(A general movement for the door. Exeunt omnes, Wilfrid leading.)

THE PARIAH.



Alone she walked the pavement,
Whence all but she had fled;
She went along the pavement
With slow, despairing tread;
Her eyes were full of sadness,
And downward droop'd her head.

Upon the cold, hard pavement,
She, solitary, stood,
Heedless of passing motors
Which splashed her with their mud—
Her look of desperation
Should melt a heart of wood.

"Now, why is this?" I wondered,
"And wherefore does she lag?"
Alas! I found the reason—
It made my spirits sag—
Because, as I walked past her,
She murmured "Buy a flag!"

—J.E.C.

MACBETH.



On October 25th, a party from H.G.S. were present at the performance of "Macbeth" at Huddersfield by Mr. Chas Doran's Company. We have received the following criticisms by two members of the party.

I was rather at a disadvantage for seeing the play, for besides being on the back row which in itself was enough to stop anyone from seeing very well, I was sitting just opposite a pillar which was holding up "the seats of the gods."

Lady Macbeth's acting was very good. She could not have acted much better during her sleep-walking scene. And I also think that when she acted the part of urging Macbeth to do the murder, not many more people could have put the amount of scorn she did into her voice.

Most people seemed to think that Macbeth's acting was not very good, but if they had thought of Macbeth as a strong, silent man, then his acting would have taken a lot of beating. The dazed way in which Macbeth held the daggers after he had murdered Duncan was also very good acting.

But, taking everything into consideration in the acting of Macbeth, I think that he acted best in the scene where he thought he saw Banquo's ghost sitting in his seat at the feast table. Only this scene was rather spoilt, for the table was supposed to continue right off the stage, but unluckily we could see someone sitting at that end of the table. But on the whole I do not think that Macbeth's acting was very good; for he did not put any life into the witch scene.

I think that Macduff's acting was about the best, for a man would get hysterical as he did if he was suddenly told that his wife and children had been murdered. And then the way he acted the reaction after his burst of rage, was just the way a reaction sets in after a man has been grievously excited.

Malcolm and Donalbain had nothing much to do, but the porter scene can be greatly criticised. Some people think that

the shrunken man who acted the part of porter ought to have been a big man; but if they think a little, they will agree that a man who drinks heavily for a great many years would become thin and shrunken if he did not have proper exercise, as a porter would undoubtedly not have, for he would always have to be in his lodge or at the gates. On the whole, I think that this scene was rather too rushed.

The witch scenes were not very good, for two of the three spoke in quite natural voices. And the fighting scene at the end was very poor, I thought. The swords ought to have been more solid; and the shields ought not to have been made of one piece of wood; and, lastly, neither Macbeth nor Macduff seemed to get in the least out of breath with the fighting.

The scenery on the whole was very poor, for there were only about two changes. The scenery at Macbeth's castle was just the same as at the English castle. And there was no scenery at all where Banquo was murdered, unless you call a plain curtain scenery. But still I think that the producer was quite right in deciding not to have a real ghost for Banquo, for if there had been, the rest of the people sitting at the feast table would have been forced to see it, and it would have been very unreal if they had ignored it. I think that having different lights shining on Macbeth's seat was quite sufficient.

On the whole, I think that the play was very fair; but I think these plays are a little spoilt by such as Macbeth having to make a long speech, aside, about his thoughts, when there are others present on the stage who have to pretend not to hear

—W.W.L. (V.).

* * * * *

"Macbeth," "Lear," and "Hamlet" are usually reckoned Shakespeare's three principal tragedies. Shakespeare is about the best tragedy-maker who ever lived, and "Macbeth" is a good specimen of his tragedies. It is also notable as being a very rapid and wild play. Macbeth, the principal factor, is like a ship driven by a storm, and after committing a murder, he becomes desperate, and fearful for his safety, for which cause he falls deeper and deeper into sin.

Of the actors in the play we recently witnessed, I think Macbeth was the least suited for his part. He knew his part very well, but he failed to give the correct expressions. He looked as one in a dream, and most of his acting was done in a dazed kind of way. His voice was also unsuitable for an actor in a play like Macbeth." When he should have shouted orders and become excited, as in the final scene when the English troops attack him, he usually muttered them, as if he was saying them to himself. In the third scene, when he met with the witches, he talked as if it was scarcely out of the common to meet witches. The part which I think he acted best was after he had murdered Duncan, when his conscience pricked him, and he had to let Lady Macbeth take the daggers back, to smear the drunken guards with blood.

Duncan himself was well acted, I thought, for he spoke as if he was an old man who was overjoyed with Macbeth and Banquo for having helped to conquer the Norwegians. He acted so well that he seemed entirely innocent of any idea as to what the future had in store for him, and it must strike the audience as being a doubly murderous deed for Macbeth to slay an aged man who had showed him great friendship, and bestowed upon him many honours.

Lady Macbeth was also one of the chief actors in the tragedy, and the lady who took her part acted very well indeed. She had a voice which was easily audible, whereas Macbeth's voice was very weak. Lady Macbeth acted very well, notably in the scene where she read Macbeth's message, and is longing for her husband's speedy return, that she might tempt him to kill Duncan and become king. Another piece that she acted very well was when she was urging Macbeth to slay Duncan, and he, fearful of the consequences, sways in his resolve. She triumphs at last, and he slays Duncan, after which she has the courage to go back to the chamber and leave the daggers. I thought it seemed rather strange that Lady Macbeth did not commit the murder instead of Macbeth for he took a lot of persuading, and afterwards almost proved by his manner that he had done the murder. It also seems strange that Lady Macbeth should be seen on the stage so much at the start of the play, and at the finish is hardly mentioned.

Banquo was also well acted, but not nearly so well as Lady Macbeth and Macduff. He acted well in the scene where he and Macbeth met the witches, and he treated them with contempt, and did not believe in what they said. When the witches said that Macbeth should be king and the Thane of Cawdor, Macbeth began to ask questions, but when Banquo was told his children would be kings, he laughed and said that the evil spirits win people by mere trifles, to do evil to get greater honours. The night on which Banquo was assassinated was very dark, which can be gleaned from the following verse,—

“ Light thickens, and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood.”

The murder of Banquo was poorly acted, for the actors all ran at Banquo, and Fleance was left entirely to himself.

Macduff had a hard part to play, especially in the scene where he learns of the death of his wife, but it was acted very well, and it was very realistic.

The porter scene was too short, and the man should have looked a strong man instead of a cripple; I think the man overdid his part a little, and made himself seem too drunk. He could hardly have spoken such words.

The witches were also very good, and they acted their parts very well with their shrieking. The effect of the lights was also very good in producing a wonderful effect when the witches threw things into the cauldron.

—N.H. (V.).

A GRAND GUIGNOL DRAMA,

In I long reel.



Reel I—I had been working very hard, and—what are you laughing at, dear reader?—and I decided to have ninepennorth of emotion, i.e., to go to the pictures. Nicely situated in a plush chair, I watched the screen, the picture being “Tarzan of the Grapes—or, Mind your Step.” Suddenly I saw the hero swing from the branch of a palm into a cocoanut-tree. As I sat there, watching the cocoa-nut tree, I began to feel bored, and had just given vent to a yawn when I received a terrific smack on the head!

I saw the Milky Way, the Polestar, Orion and the Great Bear. When I recovered, I looked down and saw a large cocoanut on the seat beside me. At that moment I happened to look up, and saw Tarzan letting fly another glorified monkey nut! I immediately took cover behind the seats, and had a terrible time evading cocoanuts, peanuts, monkey nuts and grape nuts.

At last Tarzan of the Grapes stopped his playful antics, and I settled down to watch the screen when a custard the size of a dinner plate, landed with a splash on my shirt-front! That roused me! With a roar of rage I seized my stick and rushed along between the seats, and then went headlong on my face, neatly tripped by Mr. Charlie Chaplin’s stick! Tilting his hat at the back of his head, he lifted me up, just to thrust his No. 11 boots violently into my chest and send me headlong. As I was getting up, another pasty came whizzing along. I ducked, however, and with a sigh of relief I turned round.

Horrors! in front of me stood a six-foot brawny hooligan, with a face dripping with the pasty I had dodged. Making a terrible face at me, he seized me and began to whizz me round and round, up and down, and then he let go. I went straight across the hall and hit the other side!

About half-an-hour after, I woke up, and saw the Prince of Wales about to make his first hit as Captain of the Royal and Ancient. They say he muffed the stroke, but one thing they didn’t know was that the golf-ball came flying out of the screen and smote me in the left optic. More stars and constellations followed! Then I happened to look up, and there on the top of the balcony were Mr. T. Mix and Monsieur D’Artagnan having a terrific struggle. They grappled and swung to and fro on the edge, till Mr. T. Mix broke away and, drawing his two revolvers, shot the Frenchman again and again. This had no effect, and when M. D’Artagnan drew his rapier and thrust Mr. T. Mix through the heart, arms, and shoulders, I felt like screaming, for during all my past terrors not a word had been said!

By this time I was simply trembling with sheer terror. I walked up and down among the chairs, and as I looked about, I heard a rustle of cloth! All seemed to have calmed down, when I again

heard the rustle of cloth, and, turning round, I saw the Hooded Terror, the Clutching Hand, and their gangs leaping down on me! In a trice, I was bound and tied to a stake, and I saw the Hooded Terror pull a lever. Instantly the fire apparatus took up action, and in a very short time my feet were covered to the knees.

I struggled and shouted, but still the water advanced remorselessly, and I was just giving vent to a last wild scream for help, when I swallowed a mouthful of water, and a gruff voice growled, "Ere guv'nor, put a sock in it, yer giving me the jumps!"

I awoke in a terrible perspiration, with the attendant shaking me. I had fallen asleep after my hard day's work, and I have now decided to keep to the theatre, where they do speak! —F.C.S.

[Moral.—Don't work quite so hard.—Editor.]

THE WRITINGS OF OBI GUM ITSTUKPHAST.

Compiled by F.C.S.

The Olympian Heavyweight Belt.

I had worked at the office for about three months without a decent holiday, so I decided to ask the boss for one. After three excuses had been pooh-poohed, I at last made up a good one. The whole city was plastered with the notices of the coming boxing match for the Olympian Heavyweight Belt. The two combatants were Hurricane Heracles and Milo of Crotona, and Zeus the referee.

On the night of the fight, I took up my position at the business end of the queue, i.e., the beginning. At last I got in, took up my position at the ringside, and waited. Among the crowd I noticed many ladies from the Smart Set, Juno, Aphrodite, and Athene, the latter who takes a great interest in fighting and ringside affairs; Atlanta, who is the ladies' champion sprinter, was sat next to Hermes, who is the patron of the Boxing Club at Athens.

Suddenly there was a burst of clapping, as Antaeus, the negro heavyweight champion of Africa, was seen taking his seat. It is rumoured that Antaeus is going to challenge the winner of to-night's fight. The

weary waiting was now passed on by some light-weight boxing matches. At this moment, Aesculapius, the club's doctor, entered with a bag. I thought this looked serious. Among the pressmen I saw Thucydides and Herodotus sharpening their pencils, and I also perceived Praxiteles drawing cartoons of some of the distinguished audience.

Suddenly there was a cheer and some clapping when Zeus stepped into the ring. A second roar of applause broke out as Heracles was seen making his way towards the ring, and Milo also received a hearty cheer on entering the ring.

Holding up his hand, Zeus obtained silence, and then said, "This fight is for the Olympian Heavyweight Championship. Milo of Crotona has challenged Heracles, the holder of the title. On my right, Hurricane Heracles, Heavyweight Champion of the World, and on my left Milo of Crotona, Heavyweight Champion of Italy."

The two boxers then put on the 4lb gloves, and Wily Odysseus, Heracles' manager, was seen fussing about.

"Seconds out!" came the call, and the fight began. After a good deal of sparring, Heracles lashed out with his left, which Milo avoided. The latter then swung in a left and right, which rather surprised Heracles, who, with a snort of rage, rushed in and battered Milo pretty badly.

The second round went to Heracles and in the third Milo got in a lucky right, and blacked the right eye of his opponent. In the next round Heracles punished Milo badly. He drove him round the ring, and, swinging in his left, jolted the Italian hard. Following up his advantage, Heracles hit Milo under the jaw, then in the solar plexus, and, getting him on the ropes, hit him again and again.

Poor Milo thought this too much of a good thing, and gently slid on the ground, and so the round ended. The crowd, who were busy watching Heracles, did not notice Juno, who hated Heracles, come along and give Milo's second a big bottle of Fortreviver.

At the commencement of the fifth round Milo leapt from his seat and bashed Heracles under the jaw, and then dealt a mighty swing to the solar plexus. Heracles dropped flat, and at the count of eight got

up very groggily just to be knocked through the ropes. Zeus then began to count very slowly, and hoots arose, 'Play the game!' Zeus just looked up, put his hand into his pocket, and brought out a large-sized thunderbolt—there was a grim, deathlike silence! By this time Heracles had risen, and Milo leapt in to finish him off when the bell rang.

During the one-second interval, a man in the gallery bawled out "Watch Odysseus, the Wily One! He has just added two more one pound weights to Heracles' caestus!" Then there was an uproar! Hooting, whistling, catecalls! But on Zeus putting his hand in his pocket, silence again reigned supreme.

The sixth round began, and Milo, bucked with a dose of Fortreviver, mauled Heracles badly. Heracles had been knocked down twice, and was rising for a second time, with a black eye, swollen lips, thick ears, and his nose bleeding, when Milo jumping in to give Heracles the knock-out, was deliberately tripped up and smacked on the head with a club, which Zeus had conjured up. At this pandemonium or chaos broke loose! Zeus seized Heracles, and disappeared in a cloud of smoke Odysseus was mobbed, and Milo taken to the Athens Infirmary.

After a tremendous struggle I at last got out, and decided to leave championship fights alone; for one thing, there is too much favouritism—but, enough!

:: F I V E S . ::



In view of the fact that most of last year's prominent fives players had left, it was decided at the beginning of term, to postpone the usual matches with Mirfield College of Resurrection and Leeds University till the younger players had had time to develop and practise. To sustain the interest and foster new talent, a Handicap Competition was organised. Mr. Byrde kindly presented two pairs of fives gloves as prizes for the winning pair. There were twelve competing pairs, and after a number of more or less evenly contested games, Butler and Mitchell earned a well-deserved victory.

Thanks to the energy of Mr. Browning, definite times have now been arranged for the Junior School. This, while eventually tending to improve the standard of fives throughout the whole School, does not materially interfere with the practice of the older boys. It is a new departure, but we felt sure that its results will be beneficial.

Aspiring fives players must remember that the fives team for next year is not yet selected; and let them also bear in mind the old adage, "Practice maketh perfect."

POLICE COURT NEWS.



By Our Special Representative.

Considerable interest was evoked this morning when a diminutive youth of tea summers was hauled before the Bench. The presiding magistrate was Justice Anson, and at the outset it could be gathered that the charge was a serious one if the expression on His Worship's countenance was any criterion.

The youth, on being ushered into the dock, immediately burst into tears, which were straightway quelled by the usher. Low murmurs of sympathy, emanating from the gallery were heard, denoting their compassion for the accused. However, there was a slight diversion from the sadness of the scene, when the youth, on being asked his address, stated that his fixed abode was the detention room. (Cries of "Shame! shame!") Silence having been restored, P.S. Trickland stepped briskly into the witness-box, and after having taken the oath on a Baker and Bourne's Algebra, promptly proceeded to outline the case, whilst it was noted that the expression on his Worship's face grew more stern as the facts were brought to light. P.S. Trickland, probably incensed by the fact that prisoner had pleaded "Not guilty!" the worthy officer evidently considering that he had made "a fair cop," then deposed that on the 25th inst., at 10-50 a.m., whilst patrolling the lower half of the school playground, he distinctly saw prisoner, who was standing in close proximity to the rockery, pick up a stone (pr.)

duced), which measured four inches across the top, and throw it with deliberate intent in the direction of a group of boys standing near, who were animatedly discussing the virtues of Euclid (without, however, harming any of them). Remembering the law which stated that "no boy must be seen with a stone in his hand," P.S. Trickland immediately apprehended the prisoner, and placed him in custody.

His tale told, the worthy inspector retired, not without casting a malevolent glance at the prisoner.

However, an incoherent sound from his Worship signified that he had awoke from his nap, and he asked prisoner if he had anything to say in defence.

Prisoner, therefore, wiping his tears away with the form duster, then protested that the whole affair was a mistake. His version of the affair was that at 10.50 he was issuing from the door, pricked by his conscience because he had omitted to learn the passive of "amo," the previous night, when he was suddenly seized with an idea to pacify the irate master by performing some noble task, and remembering that the same master had a fond place in his heart for the welfare of the rockery, decided to spend the "break" in removing stones and pieces of paper from it, and, he said, "I was just in the act of picking up a second stone from the lupin bed, when P.S. Trickland seized me by the back of the collar, and locked me in the janitor's lobby."

A sigh of relief came from the court at this simple explanation, and Judge Anson, his face wreathed in smiles, gave prisoner the benefit of the doubt, and told him the next time he wished to do a similar charitable act, he must first obtain a wheelbarrow.

THE HEATHEN IN HIS BLINDNESS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—



Whether two boys in the same Form may sit together?



Whether archaeologists have yet assigned to any definite period in history the picturesque ruins situated in the School playing fields?

How many notes on the school piano are missing?

Whether the mysterious sounds emanating from the Sixth Form Room after the Prize Distribution on Speech Day are to be attributed to psychological manifestations?

Whether a certain person is a walking stationer's shop?

Whose favourite motto is "You'll have to hike"?

The identity of the Heath prefect who was seen in the act of climbing a wall on a certain Sunday afternoon near Belle Vue?

Whether the disappearance of the school cat on a certain occasion, and the appearance of rabbit-pie on the School dinner-table the same day were more than coincident facts?

What a certain Master said when he couldn't unfasten his bootlace?

CRICKET NOTES.

By the Secretary.



The past season has been on the whole a highly fluctuating one, as the following record proves:—

Played 22, Won 9, Lost 8, Drawn 5.

There have been some stiff tussles with good teams, and we are glad to note that some fine achievements have been gained. Amongst the notable ones appear victories over Woodhouse Grove (h)—this was a moral victory, though officially called a draw—Rastrick (h.), Halifax Secondary (h. and a), Bradford G.S. (h.), and Crossley and Porter Schools (a.), whilst exciting tussles and narrow verdicts were to be observed against Crossley and Porter (h.) Rastrick (a.), Almondbury (h.), Huddersfield (a.). Inclement weather only prevented one match, viz., Sowerby Bridge Sec. S. (h.), and we were thus deprived of one of our keenest tussles.

Turning to individual performances, we must first congratulate J. G. Coghill on

his excellent captaincy, ably supported by R. Thomas. To these a good deal of credit is due for their skilful handling of the team.

At the top of the batting averages appears L. Radcliffe, with an average of 10.04. This may seem small, but the scoring in the games, on the whole, has been very low. However, we have to congratulate him on his consistency and outstanding performances, these being 34, 33*, 24, 20, 16. Mention should also be made of Thomas and Gledhill, who are second and third respectively. Radcliffe's average reads:—

Innings. out.	Not	Most in	Total.	Innings.	Avge.
23	1	221	34	10.04	

It is in the bowling, however, where the team's most brilliant performances are recorded. We had six bowlers last season, whose average was under eight runs per wicket Wade being a worthy first, with an average of 3.96. His full analysis reads: 215.1 o. 74 m. 365 r. 92 w. avge. 3.96. It is a truly wonderful average for a boy of 13 years of age. Some excellent achievements are: 6 for 28, 6 for 8, 5 for 6, 5 for 1, 8 for 19, 3 for 6, 6 for 24, 8 for 10, 4 for 6, 8 for 8, 6 for 11, 7 for 14, 2 for 2. Other consistent bowlers have been Coglin, Radcliffe, and Gledhill.

There has been a marked improvement in the fielding, too, both with regard to ground work and catches, whilst Strickland has proved an admirable stumper. Brookes (point), Sunderland (cover or long field) and Radcliffe (slip) have also done fine work.

The Second Team have played but few matches this season, and have had but moderate success, perhaps the victory at Almondbury being the most notable accomplishment. Butler, Parker, and Bagott and Shoesmith have proved the mainstays in the bowling department, whilst no batsman has particularly excelled himself, all doing fairly well.

Prospects for next season seem bright, although we shall have lost Coglin, Thomas, Radcliffe, and Nettleship, but there seems to be a wealth of talent in the School at present, not only in cricket, but in all branches of sport. A final word of thanks is due to Mr. Garrett for the help he has rendered us on many occasions.

: : C R I C K E T . : :



First Eleven.

Coglin (captain): A good all-rounder. Bats in nice style; bowls an awkward ball. He captained the team with success. An excellent field, he has kept wicket on one or two occasions.

Thomas (vice-captain): Quite the best fielder in the team; a steady bat, always to be relied on to "stop the rot." We wish both he and Cog. the best of luck in their 'Varsity careers.

Sunderland: Rather a disappointment, as a bowler this year, both to himself and the team; an excellent field and steady bat. He bowled with remarkable success the previous season, but did not seem at all comfortable in that capacity this season.

Brookes: A stylish bat, with varying luck; an excellent "point," lets nothing go, and has caught more people out than anyone else in the team. Quite our champion acrobatic catcher!

Wade: A most successful trundler; has a very free, easy delivery, and a beautiful length ball. He has done more damage among our opponents' wickets than anyone this year. As a bat he has excellent style. Should make a name for himself in cricket.

Radcliffe: The most improved man in the team. Bats in excellent style; greatly improved this season. Bowls well, on the fast side. An excellent field.

Ross: A nice bat, and good fielder. Should be glad to see him practise a little more.

Strickland: The season's find. His wicket-keeping has been quite the outstanding feature at every match. Has brought off many brilliant catches at the wicket. He must try and gather a low ball, instead of relying on his pads. Has improved very much as a bat.

Gledhill: A very successful, medium-paced bowler; keeps a good length. Should study the placing of his field a little more. He should get out of the habit of playing back to every ball.

Woodward: A sound fielder; will bat well with practice. Should be more aggress-

sive. He has a long reach, and should make more of it.

Nettleship: A demon bowler, with no run. Has struck fear into more than one set of opponents. Fields fairly well. The team slogger.

Hanson: Has played in several matches. Fields well. Must try and get over his nervousness in batting. Should make a free left-hander.

:: FOOTBALL FIXTURES. ::

1922—1923.



1922.

Sept. 28	Heath Old Boys	home
Oct. 7	Wheelwright G.S.,		
	Dewsbury	home
„ 14	Halifax Secondary	away
„ 25	Rishworth G. S.	home
Nov. 4	Elland Secondary	home
„ 11	Huddersfield College	away
„ 18	Sowerby Sec. School	home
„ 22	Rishworth G. S.	away
„ 25	Halifax Tech. School	home
„ 29	Halifax Tech. School	away
Dec. 2	Rastrick G. S.	home
„ 9	Almondbury G. S.	home

1923.

Jan. 20	Almondbury G. S.	away
Feb. 3	Halifax Secondary	home
„ 10	Wheelwright G. S.	away
„ 17	Elland Secondary	away
„ 24	Huddersfield College	home
Mar. 3	Sowerby Sec. School	away
„ 10			
„ 24	Rastrick G. S.	away
„ 31	Heath Old Boys	home

(Further additions to the 1923 list are expected.)

* * * * *

Second Eleven Fixtures.

1922.

Oct. 14	Halifax Sec. 2nd XI.	home
„ 28	Wheelwright 2nd XI.	away
Nov. 11	Huddersfield 2nd XI.	home
Dec. 2	Rastrick 2nd XI.	away
„ 9	Almondbury 2nd XI.	away

1923.

Jan. 20	Almondbury 2nd XI.	home
Feb. 3	Halifax Sec. 2nd XI.	away
„ 24	Huddersfield 2nd XI.	away
Mar. 17	Wheelwright 2nd XI.	home
„ 24	Rastrick 2nd XI.	home

:: SCOUT NOTES. ::



This team has seen the infusion of a certain amount of new blood into the Heath Troop, with the result that things have forged ahead very satisfactorily.

Our numbers are yet small—to be in keeping with our Headquarters, I suppose. But make no mistake as to the quality of the goods. That is first-class, and it is our job to keep it up to the mark.

Scouts and scouting are so easily misunderstood. A large number of people expect boys to join a troop, and by some magic to be transformed into angels. Now that is not the idea at all. We do not presume to attempt the impossible, and to turn a healthy boy into an "angel" is neither natural nor desirable. All we hope to do is to give him some useful bent for his energies, to provide him with a safety valve for his extra "steam," and finally to put him in the way of becoming a "healthy, happy citizen"—the Chief Scout's words.

We have made a fresh start this term; therefore, in order to put some of this into practice, for, mind you, we are no "parlour scouts," nor are we badge-hunters; it's the open country, the camp fire, and the scouting game that we're after—those are the things which produce the spirit of scouting.

Our Troop runs itself. The Court of Honour (at which the S.M. looks on, and tries to say as little as possible), does all the troop business. The P.L.'s and Seconds do all the executive work, and the Patrols back them up. The S.M. looks on—that's his real job, and is what he's there for, and so, you see, it's a boys' show, run by boys, with a possibly overgrown boy to act as a "deus ex machina," when he is wanted—and not before.

We're keen—dead keen, though perhaps just the slightest bit green at the moment, but we're rapidly becoming efficient. There are but two people we've no sort of use for—the slacker and the grouser—and we have no Monkey Patrol. So that, if you think you'd like to be a Scout, and come under either of the above two headings, don't apply to the Heath Troop—there won't be room.

But—if you want to know what scouting really is, if you want to practise it, if you're prepared to put yourself second and others first, and you're not above wearing "shorts," come and join us. You're the chap we want.

Parents of Scouts can help us no end: firstly by becoming interested in the movement, and by learning something of its aims, ideals, and methods, and secondly, by encouraging their boy to keep keen. Remember, we're out to do our best for him by helping him to be observant, self-reliant, and unselfish, and to take care of himself without being either foolhardy or a molly-coddle, and there are a thousand and one ways in which home influence can be brought to bear upon the boy to keep him up to scratch, and thus make our work easier.

Just one word in conclusion about our younger brothers, the Cubs. Have you ever heard a Wolf Cub "Howl"? If you haven't you ought to; if you have, then you'll understand why it is that Cubs are so keen, and the Heath Pack is no exception to the rule. We can howl with the best of 'em.

So, when next you see a fellow with bare knees and an ugly face prowling around, don't think he's playing at soldiers, or that he's gone off his chump. You'll be wrong if you do, for he's just a boy (and one of a very great brotherhood) whose avowed aim and purpose in life is to do his duty to God, to his King, and to his fellows; to help other people at all times, and to obey his Scout Law.

Not a bad ideal to aim at, is it, and believe me, though we frequently make "boss shots," and at times miss the target completely, yet we manage to stick at it, and get a tremendous amount of fun out of the process.

I have spoken—at too great length, perhaps!

—“The Old Wolf.”

H.G.S. DEBATING SOCIETY.



Up to the time of writing, three Debates have taken place this term. On September 26th, C. Wilson moved "That in the opinion of this House, the value of Classics

in Education is over-rated," not a surprisingly new topic, certainly, but one which drew forth a sufficiently copious supply of oratory, and not a few almost original ideas. The motion was carried by 20 votes to 9; altogether the best debate of the three here recorded.

On October 10th, F. C. Strickland moved "That this House is of the opinion that the Near East policy of the Government is proof of its incapacity." The present writer has it on the authority of the official minutes that this was the second feeblest debate on record; for himself, he can only say he is glad to have been spared the feeblest. Be it observed, however, that its feebleness lay not so much in the lack of individual effort as in a lack of unity and cohesion in the debate as a whole. A debate cannot be sustained on a series of essays composed without any reference to what other speakers may have said or intended to say, and delivered regardless of the general progress of the discussion. The motion was lost by 15 votes to 9.

Thirdly, on October 24th, a Parliamentary Debate provided abundant amusement and possibly some instruction, to a not very large assembly. A Ministry, composed of Messrs. Brookes, Ross, Sunderland, Doodson, and Eastwood, introduced a Bill for the Abolition of Secondary Education. Much ingenuity had gone to the framing of this document, and much more was expended in its criticism during the course of the evening, but, the central idea of the whole being a humorous one, it was perhaps only to be expected that the incidental humour should show signs of exhaustion before the end of the debate. The Bill was rejected by 13 votes to 9.

On the whole one hopes that these three debates have been but the infant babblings of a newly-assembled House, and that we shall see greater things hereafter. The senior members seem at times to be looking wistfully for their leaders of last year; while the junior members, though they can hardly be called silent, have so far contributed little to the debates.

We were fortunate in having H. P. Jacobs with us at the first two meetings, and J. H. Spencer at the first, to swell the current of the debate. Of our present protagonists, T. W. Coghlin, the secretary, can always be depended on for a graceful garland of puns, epigrams, and personali-

ties; but a little meat would, perhaps, make the mustard more appetising. E. R. Brookes is always weighty, and at times erudite, but a slight tendency to waggishness ill befits his otherwise dignified and sober outlook. Of J. B. Ross and F. C. Strickland, the one excels in the faculty of calm and dispassionate reasoning, the other in the vigour and assurance of his manner; if each could impart to the other a share of these respective excellences, we should have two useful speakers. A. E. Wilson knows what he wants to say, and says it; which is at least a good foundation for oratorical distinction. On the other hand, A. Sunderland scarcely seems always to know what he wants to say, and says it with but little conviction; perhaps he should pay more attention to driving home the simple point than striving after the more remote. C. Wilson has been heard less often than we could wish, and we look forward to his return to the forum when other labours weigh less heavily on him. He set the ball rolling this term with a thoroughly sound speech. V. Doodson is always intelligible, but he should make speeches, not read essays; so, for that matter, should certain others.

The Remove is chiefly represented by S. W. Fox, M. Eastwood, and H. P. Lord, all promising debaters. The last two in particular know how to use their voices, which is, after all, the first essential; with more co-operation from the upper portion of the head, they will speak well.

It may be added that the second debate was followed by a short impromptu debate, in which a variety of topics were discussed by a variety of speakers, but the oratory on this occasion was in quantity almost, and in quality, entirely, negligible.

:- CORRESPONDENCE. :-



To the Editor, "The New Heathen."

Sir,—Does not the occasion of the Halifax Musical Festival invite attention to what seems a grave omission in the constitution of H.G.S.? In a school of this size surely there are enough boys with the necessary musical sense and vocal endowments to form a small, permanent School Choir, which might itself derive much pleasure and profit from learning and practising good music (of the kind which is beyond the reach of the ordinary class singing lesson), and might also on convenient occasions, give others the pleasure of hearing the results of their labours. The body of the School should be able to supply a substantial corps of unbroken voices, while a few Tenors and Basses surely would not be looked for in vain among the senior boys and masters.

It is, of course, easy enough to suggest additions to other people's work, but would, say, one practice a week be too great a tax on time and energy in comparison with the advantages to be gained?

There are difficulties in the way of every scheme: the question is whether the difficulties outweigh the advantages.

Yours, etc.,

"Busybody."

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To the Editor, "The New Heathen."

Sir,—Many Old Boys look forward every term to the appearance of the "Heathen." Could not its interest to them be greatly increased by the reservation of a special column or more for news of Old Boys? At present one has to search diligently for news of one's friends in "School Notes," "University Letters," and various other parts of the Magazine: and even then one's search is often in vain.—Yours faithfully,

— "1920."

[We regret that our correspondent should have to read more of the Magazine than is absolutely necessary, and we think his suggestion wholly admirable. Will he kindly tell us how to obtain the wherewithal to fill our special column, page, or chapter?—Editor.]

