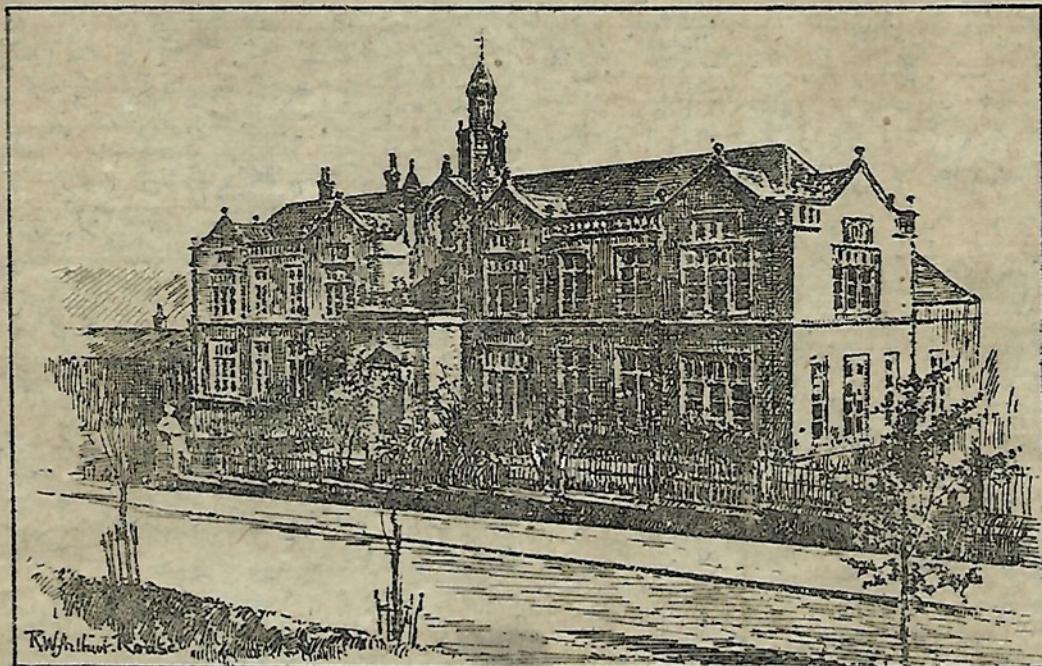




# THE NEW HEATHEN.



MAGAZINE OF  
HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
DEBATING SOCIETY,  
HALIFAX.

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Every Term :: 9d.

# THE NEW HEATHEN.

HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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## THE NEW HEATHEN.

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Annual Subscription (for three numbers),  
three shillings.

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 has been observed that all prefaces are really postscripts—a statement which is nowhere so true as in the case of the harassed Editor, who, having at last exacted a sufficiency of contributions from others at the point of the Eversharp, is finally crushed by the weight of the net he has digged for others, and sits down at the eleventh hour (counting from 2 p.m.) to write a few introductory remarks.

The style and subject of such remarks being already fixed by immemorial custom, the task of writing them would seem to present little difficulty to the normal intelligence. The vulgar herd would probably maintain that it takes more deter-

mination and perseverance to read an "Editorial" than it does to write one, but as no one ever does read an "Editorial," proof of this theory would be difficult.

We were speaking in our last on the subject of contributions and subscriptions. Following up that fascinating thought, we notice that our contributors this term may be divided into three classes, viz. (1) those whose contributions are accepted—they are thanked; (2) those who were not so successful—they are also thanked, and wished better luck next time; (3) (by far the largest class) those whose contributions did not reach this office—they are let off with a warning, but must not do it again. A similar classification would apply to our subscribers, though case (2) does not arise.

An illustrated supplement is given away gratis with this number—provided it does not fall out before reaching the consumer. (Any illustrated supplements found lying about in the corridors or class-rooms should at once be returned to the Treasurer.)

Otherwise, we have no new features, or new stunts to proclaim. The literary competition inaugurated in our last issue was not wholly barren, and will be continued. We shall expect to receive a large crop of entries for the Competitions announced in this number.

We should be glad to see more use made of our columns for the ventilation of the grievances, grousing, and grumbles of our readers, as well as of their opinions on any topics of general interest. "Write to the 'Heathen' about it."

Lastly, we shall be glad to hear still more about Old Boys; any news of their doings, or record of their experiences, is always sure of a hearty welcome.

## :: SCHOOL NOTES. ::



We record with joy the return of Mr. Seaton to resume his duties, temporarily interrupted by illness.

A new screen and lantern installation has been added to the Science Lab., and made its first public appearance on the occasion of a lecture by Mr. Comfort, on "Etchings," which was much appreciated by those Forms that were privileged to attend. The only thing now to be desired is an extension of the Lab., so that the whole School might enjoy a lecture at once—or, alternatively, a portable screen that could be fixed up in the Hall. The present apparatus, however, is very efficient for a small audience, and our prophetic eye sees fortnightly lectures as an established feature of the curriculum.

Hearty congratulations are due to E. R. Brookes, who has been elected to a Milner Scholarship at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

On February 10th, 12th, and 13th, a Dramatic Entertainment was given at Clare Hall, in aid of the funds of the School Library. The columns of the local Press had been humming for some weeks in anticipation of this event, which drew crowded houses on the first two nights, and a satisfactorily full one on the third. A fuller report will be found below.

A fresh carpet has been provided for the reception of masters' tobacco-ash.

On March 28th the School breaks up for the Easter holiday, returning on April 6th for another fortnight.

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**SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.**


A dramatic entertainment was given at the Y.M.C.A. Hut on February the 10th, 12th, and 13th. Considering that the Hut does not accommodate more than 845, the crowded audiences saw our expectations more than realised.

Each evening had its special feature. It was with great surprise that one entered the room on the first evening of the performance, some five minutes before the time of commencement, to observe the audience in a condition of undulatory motion towards the footlights. The extraordinary ability of the performers in "drawing" their audiences (not that they were of insufficient merit for that, but simply because the curtain still obstructed the view of the observer). No, indeed, as a matter of fact, the orchestra was at that moment rendering selections. The explanation lies in the fact that human beings bear a distinct similarity to that foolish quadruped whence we derive that indispensable commodity wherewith to darn our socks. In a word, the startling discovery had been made that all the half-crown seats, save one, were occupied—at five minutes before time. Having made this discovery, it was incumbent on the management to "make" some more half-crown seats. It was only necessary to acquaint the front row with this fact, and the condensation, facilitated, doubtless by the automatic self-closing instinct, inculcated by constant frequenting of butter queues, passed off without a hitch.

On the third evening an inexplicable spirit of obstinacy pervaded the gathering. This finally found expression in the stubborn refusal of the curtain to perform the specified functions of a curtain—namely to descend at the timely moment, and bring the performance to a dramatic finish. This occurrence placed the performers in the unfortunate predicament of either assuming a decided, imperturbable attitude, like a chocolate machine, or a slow-moving cinematograph film, or on the other hand to carry themselves off the stage with a masterly, dignified bearing, as though they would have been surprised had not such a thing occurred. As matter of fact, they did neither. With their usual temerity (for the mishap occurred during the enacting of "Ali Baba") fully realising that they had the sympathies of the audience, they merely smiled in a confidential manner, and then furtively took to their heels. Meanwhile the unfortunate curtain-raiser showed himself fully unequal to the situation by procuring a step ladder and mounting it undauntedly in the glare of the footlights. It was a tense moment.

yet the curtain was unmoved. Then the idea suddenly struck him to switch off the lights. It was done. The audience breathed once more, while the hapless attendant beat a retreat, exuding perspiration and self-contentment at every pore.

The special feature of the second night was the absence of any untoward incident, a fact in itself an accident.

The small boys acquitted themselves admirably in the presentation of "Ali Baba." What was primarily intended as an opening performance bade fair to emulate by masterly delineation the chief event of the evening. One hesitates to estimate the standard of the presentation of Shakespeare, had the performers enjoyed the advantages which such an early introduction to the stage can afford. Space will not permit one to particularise, yet no account could be complete without making mention of the gifted acting of the "confidential slave." One felt the pathos and the tragedy as Morgiana danced the robber captain to his death. One could see the nails in the merchant's coffin, and one shuddered at the fearlessness of the dancer. It was prolonged agony when one realised by the furtive glances towards the accompanist, that the confidential slave, owing to some misunderstanding, was at a loss to find an opportune moment wherein simultaneously to terminate the dance and the life of the robber captain.

During the interval, the orchestra succeeded admirably in drawing the attention of the audience from that elevating work of art, the curtain. Several classical selections were rendered, and met with that unanimous appreciation which is invariably accorded to the School Orchestra.

Nor did IV.c fail to justify their notorious reputation for making a noise. In this instance, we were apprised of the fact that such noise, when applied in the proper direction and accompanied by suitable gestures may produce a pleasing sensation on any unmusical mind. The hearty applause showed the presence of many admiring parents amongst the audience.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" was written by William Shakespeare. The rather obvious evidences of recent operations on the play as presented makes it improbable that any animosity can have been conceived against the author on the

grounds of the dull monotony and unbroken continuity of the work. Any defects consequent on this unavoidable modification were, however, amply compensated for by the irreproachable manner in which the performers executed their parts. Full advantage was taken of the wider scope for original enterprise, and the audience showed themselves highly appreciative of the effort. One would find it difficult to say who filled his part the best. Falstaff certainly filled his. The excessive mirth of Mistress Page conveyed to one the idea either that with this lady hysterics was a common occurrence enjoyed between meals or that she was suffering from indiscreet administration of nitrous oxide.

The attiring of the "Wives," a most difficult task, reflected great credit on those responsible, and served to render less obvious the defects which must inevitably accompany an amateur production.

Considered from every point of view, and making allowance for the difficulties which presented themselves, the entertainment was a distinct success, and it is to be hoped will further the interests of dramatic enterprise at school, and lead to a still greater effort in the near future.

—Alef.

#### "Ali Baba":

The casts were as follows:—  
 Morgiana (a faithful slave).....J. Raymer  
 Abdallah (a cheap slave).....R. Berwick  
 Amina (Ali Baba's wife).....G. Barber  
 Mrs. Cassim (Ali Baba's sister-in-law).....N. Rose-Price  
 Ali Baba (a poor merchant)....T. Crabtree  
 Cassim (Ali Baba's brother)....D. Brearley  
 Cogia Hassan (a robber captain) D. North  
 Abou Fisticuffs (his lieutenant) J. Holroyde

#### "The Merry Wives of Windsor":

Sir John Falstaff	.....	F. C. Strickland
Host of the Garter Inn	.....	J. Shore
Bardolph	.....	C. G. Woodward
Pistol	.....	R. J. Gledhill
Nym	.....	H. Shoesmith
Robin	.....	C. Marsh
Mrs. Page	.....	R. Birch
Mrs. Ford	.....	C. C. Thomas
Page	.....	A. Sunderland
Ford	.....	T. W. Coghlin
John	.....	J. E. Gaskell
Robert	.....	J. G. Jackson
Sir Hugh Evans	.....	J. E. Coghlin
Dr. Caius	.....	V. Doodson

## 11 PRIZE COMPETITIONS. 11

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The entries for these Competitions were less numerous than might have been expected, but were on the whole encouraging. The manner of sending in entries, however, left much to be desired; few stated which, if any, of the subjects they were attempting and some were so modest as to attach no name, whether 'pseudo' or otherwise, to their efforts.

Competition I. (**a Short Story, to be neither humorous nor detective**) was the most successful, though the conditions proved exacting. The detective was successfully suppressed, but the humour, intentional or otherwise, was less amenable to discipline. We award the palm to E.M. (IV.a.), for his "Tale of the Armada," a straightforward story, told with scarcely a superfluous word (after the first two sentences). "J.E.G." wrote a somewhat similar story concerning the battle of Trafalgar, which was longer, but contained less (excepting a considerable knowledge of nautical history). But his chances were destroyed, first by the opening sentence, which informed the reader that the hero was "a student of a well-known grammar school situate in the West Riding of Yorkshire," and, secondly, by the too gruesome realism of "that evening Gaveston had Theorem 29 to write out ten times." Also, the boy was said to have "hurried along to school," which is absurd—(see Shakespeare, "As You Like It.") Other efforts included a funny story for children, a mock melodrama with a moral, partly slang and partly sloppy, and an accurate account of six days' imaginary cricket, with scores and names of teams, for all of which we are very grateful.

Competition II. (**Essay on the "Truth about Father Christmas"**) only produced two entries, neither of which was interesting. The prize will not be awarded.

For Competition III. (**"Ode written in Detention"**) "Diabolo" comes an easy first, though mainly on the strength of his first four lines; and he seems to have "intended an Ode, but it turned to a Sonnet"—but that is a minor detail. "Nemo's" contribution had the merit of having a definite idea behind it, but was rather too personal. "R.B" (IV.a.) lacked point, and was shaky in his versification.

"Diabolo" and E.M. (IV.a.) are requesting to apply for their prizes, and are being debarred from winning prizes in the next Competition; and you, dear reader, are requested to send in an entry for the next Competition, which is as follows...

I.—**A Narrative Poem in not more than 200 Lines.**

II.—**A Parody of a Prose Author.**

III.—**A Short Story.**

## Rules:

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

(2) Any competitor may enter for all or any of the Competitions.

(3) Entries **must** be sent in under a pseudonym, and any one competitor must use the same pseudonym throughout the competitions.

(4) Closing date will be announced next term.

## A TALE OF THE ARMADA.

\*\*\*

In the history of England, throughout the centuries, there is no tale so stirring as that of the defeat of the Invincible Armada. It was at that time that all the manhood of England rose in defence of its liberty.

For many days past, ships had kept watch along the coast, but none more vigilant than John Brennard, master of the "Merrie England."

At last the day dawned, the "Merrie England" was fishing some thirty miles from Plymouth when the crew saw a dozen or more of the mighty Spanish ships upon them. At once they cut the gear and made for Plymouth, to give warning of the colossal fleet's approach.

The wind was rapidly rising, and the cold grey sea threw itself against the sides of the ships in little mountains, as it were of water. Even the great galleons were rolling from side to side, whilst the small fishing vessel began to make bad weather of it.

Two hours later, a gale was blowing and then came disaster to the little English

fishing boat. The mainmast snapped short, and went over the side. Resistance and escape were alike impossible, and presently the majestic San Pedro towered above them. A boat was lowered, and pulled alongside the English craft, and Brennard with the five men who formed his entire crew, quickly transferred to it, and a few minutes later stood on the quarter-deck of the floating castle.

Through an interpreter, Filipe D'Almeda the commander, found out that Brennard was a fisherman of Plymouth. The conversation between the admiral and his prisoner was as follows:—

" You will pilot this ship to Plymouth " John Brennard folded his arms, and answered fearlessly—

" No!"

D'Almeda slightly raised his eyebrows, and Brennard caught the glimmer of the Spaniard's white teeth in his dark beard.

" We have ways and means! " he began.

" Not if I was roasted alive, " replied the fisherman, dauntlessly.

The Admiral shrugged his shoulders and motioned to his guards.

" Put him in irons, " he said.

" The others, senor?"

" Likewise! "

The day wore on slowly for the unhappy chained prisoners, who had neither eaten nor drunk. At last John Brennard hit on a plan; he proposed it to his men, who heartily approved of it.

At about nine o'clock in the evening two guards entered the cell, and, knocking off his chains, carried Brennard once more before the Admiral. A gale was blowing furiously, and the sea heaved like some hungry monster ready to engulf the ship.

Holding on to a rail, the Admiral once more asked through the interpreter if he would pilot the ship to Plymouth. He saw faint lights gleaming on the coast, and it was then he made up his mind to save England with his life.

" Take me to the wheel, " he shouted above the gale. Seizing the wheel, Brennard put his foot upon the spokes, and hauled it over towards him.

For half an hour they held on, pitching along through the rolling, murky sea. Suddenly he let go the spoke, the wheel spun round, and then there was a terrific crash. The San Pedro had struck a rock, and the mainmast fell headlong on the deck. Within ten minutes the roaring waters had closed over the huge galleon. None were left to tell the tale of sacrifice and heroism; but the Armada did not reach Plymouth under the guidance of John Brennard.

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### ODE IN DETENTION.



The grimy dust has settled on the ledge,  
The flaming lights flare up in blaze grotesque,  
And huddled figures sit at every desk,  
And balance impositions on the edge;  
Outside we hear the melancholy cry  
Or junior Wolf-cubs passing their first test,  
And train-boys wending quickly homewards  
lest,  
Missing their train, they're left here high  
and dry. . . .

Who 'scapes detention but the feeble fool  
That cares but for the work he has in hand  
That rather would read Aeschylus in school  
Than taste the fruits of a forbidden land.  
That shuns Nat Gould as though he were a  
ghoul.  
Nor lets his cheek by freedom's breath be  
fann'd?

—Diabolo.

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### :: THE WAITS. ::

A Christmas Triolet, by Erb.



A wait at the door!  
A tip he's expecting;  
His throat is right sore,  
Let him wait at the door.  
From the window we'll lower  
(While he's nothing suspecting)  
A weight at the door,  
Not the tip he's expecting!

## :: OUR CELEBRITIES. ::



## No. 6: E. R. Brookes.

By "Tatcho."

Let the School piano sound,  
Let its echoes shake the ground,  
Let its notes of triumph make the rafters  
ring:  
Let us mingle with its groans  
The Choir's melancholy moans—  
'Tis of Polo, Head of Prefects, that I sing!  
—From an old Ballad.

When we learnt of the object of our interview we hastened away on light fantastic toe, and fervidly gleaned the following from "Who's Who," for the benefit of our readers:

"Brookes, E. Roy, alias "Polo"; entered H.G.S. 1914; Football Colours, 1919; Member of Cricket XI. 1919; Captain of School Fives Four 1922; Secretary Chess Club 1919; Treasurer, "New Heathen," 1922; School Librarian, 1922; Head Prefect, 1922; Magdalene Scholar, 1922; Committee-man Debating Society, 1922. Recreations: Ping-pong, Celebrity Concerts, ejection of unruly and recalcitrant infants. Clubs: Fourteen Corners, Sunny Bunsers.

Having transcribed the voluminous results of our explorations, we bedewed our kerchief with perspiration and wended our way to the Library. We were unable at first to tell which was lumber room and which was Library, as the space between the doors was filled with vast quantities of disabled books. Hearing, however, a sound like a muffled drum, we opened a door, and came face to face with Mr. Brookes in all his glory. Our victim was engrossed in a single-handed game of ping-pong.

"Shutthatdoor," said Mr. Brookes, swiftly, sparing us a glance before he returned to his fascinating employment.

"We have come to interview you," we observed, plaintively using our old-time formula.

"Excellent!" cried Mr. Brookes, deftly running his hand through his hair and dropping his ping-pong racquet with a regal

air. "I have been expecting you for some time. Proceed with your remarks."

"Your tastes are musical?" we said.

"Your observation is platitudinous," replied Mr. Brookes, imperially. "I come of the direct line of Stradivarius. My ancestor, Paolo da Bruxci, was the celebrated harpist in Tara's halls. I attribute to my Italian blood my love of music and the savageness with which I eject the Gadarene swine at break. Young as I am, I have already achieved distinction in the musical world. I have no wish to boast, but I am the only man alive who has ever played a whole tune on the School piano, from which thirty notes are missing."

"Tell us about it!" we cried, eagerly.

"I would rather not," replied Mr. Brookes, modestly. "The tales of that achievement are shrouded in silence. But I would not object to answer a question or two on my athletic prowess."

"You are somewhat of an athlete, then, Mr. Brookes?" we asked, helpfully.

"You underestimate the case," replied our host, gravely. "I am no braggart, but I have achieved many distinctions by field and fen. I am fond of football, and no doubt many of your readers will remember that I scored the first goal against Almonbury away. Even more of your readers will recollect my score of 58 scored at cricket against Halifax Technical. Nor does my versatility stop at cricket and football"—here Mr. Brookes smiled modestly—"though I am no boaster, I need scarcely say that my election to the post of Fives captain was fully deserved."

"You have other interests besides sport, Mr. Brookes?" we asked, more and more amazed at the unplumbed versatility of the man.

"Of course," replied our host, disclaiming with a grandiose gesture our hinted amazement. "Far be it from me to brag of my accomplishments, but the variety of my intellectual pabulum is scarcely surpassed even by that of my sporting interests. Perhaps you have been told that I am treasurer of a well-known magazine; it is, needless to say, in a flourishing financial condition. Now and then I turn my attention to the literary side of the 'New Heathen'—you may have noted some rather promising bits in it, eh?"

"Yes," we replied, "we have noted them quite often."

"Ah," said Mr. Brookes, complacently, "these are from my pen. I am also the School Librarian, and am noted far and wide for my proficiency in gumming labels into books. By the way, you needn't mention in your periodical that I am by general consent an excellent skater. I never boast, but—"

Mr. Brookes was here interrupted by a loud, discordant clanking noise, to which he was evidently accustomed, for he leaped from his seat, howling "The Bell!" and dashed from the room. A moment later I could hear him expelling boys from the classrooms and corridors with ruthless vigour.

Farewell, Polo! your virtues are as well known as yourself—your loyalty to the School, your ardour for sports, your unconquerable determination to "boost" every School activity. As Vergil neatly expresses it—

"Potest omnia agere Polo  
E pedis-ballo ad piano solo."

#### THE HEATHEN IN HIS BLINDNESS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

\*\*\*

Who stayed away three days from School to get his hair cut.

• • • • •  
Whether certain boys will visit another mid-week football match in a hurry.

• • • • •  
Whether the stubby nature of a certain character's face at the recent Shakespearean performance was artificial or natural.

• • • • •  
When the proposed raffle for the School piano is going to materialise.

• • • • •  
What master the prefects in their daily rounds, least like to interrupt.

• • • • •  
Who possesses the inventive mind that converted the library waste-paper basket into a spittoon.

If the mice behind the library pipes appreciate to the full their continued spell of uninterrupted existence.

• • • • •  
What was the nature of the language hurled at the footlights manager at a recent performance when the curtain became hopelessly stuck in mid-air.

• • • • •  
How tales of "life" at the local gas-works have come to be circulated within the School's holy precincts.

#### OLD HEATHENS' ASSOCIATION.

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The third annual general meeting of the above Association was held at the Imperial Cafe, on Wednesday, March 7th, 1928.

The attendance was small, sixteen persons being present, of whom seven were masters. There was thus a decrease of 20 per cent. on the number present at the previous general meeting.

Mr. Byrde took the chair at 8.25 p.m. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and signed, Mr. Fry rose to inform the meeting of the results of his search for permanent premises for the club. He regretted that nothing suitable had been found, though he had inspected a large number of premises of all descriptions. He was requested to continue his search.

The balance-sheet for the year was then read and accepted, the Chairman having commented regretfully on the fact that arrears of subscriptions amounted to something over seven pounds. He hoped that this lamentable state of affairs would soon be corrected.

Mr. Charnock was then called upon to describe the activities of the Old Heathen Cricket Club; he sketched the recent history of the club in mournful tones, but declined to prophesy its future, and the Secretary, being asked to say a few words on this subject, only slightly lifted the veil behind which the mummified body may be presumed to rest. Mr. Fry emphasised the fact that the only thing which could set the Cricket Team on its feet again was the strong support of the young-

er generation of O.H.'s, and that the same thing applied to all the athletic activities of the club, and indeed to the club as a whole.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers and committee for the ensuing year. Mr. Byrde and Mr. Ollerenshaw were unanimously re-elected to the offices of President and Secretary respectively, and Messrs. Constantine, Midgeley, Seed, and F. H. Taylor to fill the vacant places on the committee. A recommendation was also passed that Mr. Fry be co-opted to the committee in order to continue his work of finding a club-room.

The Secretary announced that the Annual Dance would take place on March 21st, at the Cafe Royal, and then called upon Mr. Watling, as Editor of the "New Heathen," to make a few remarks about that periodical. His remarks consisted of an appeal to all Old Heathens to make the fullest possible use of the Magazine for the dissemination of news and the discussion of topics likely to interest their old schoolfellows.

Mr. Fry then proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Whitham for his work as auditor to the club, and proposed his re-election to the same office for the ensuing year; both these proposals were carried unanimously.

This concluded the business part of the programme.

Mr. Byrde then read several letters of apology from those who would have been pleased to contribute musical items had they been able to be present, and this concluded the musical part of the programme. The meeting then adjourned for refreshments.

\* \* \* \* \*

Though the attendance was small, the meeting was a lively and successful one, and much valuable informal discussion took place, particularly on the subject of the much-desired club-room. Various schemes were suggested, and the committee intend to give their earnest and immediate attention to the problem. Meanwhile, two facts are clear: (1) that there is a sound nucleus of keen members, who are determined to make the O.H. Club a live and flourishing institution; (2) that the Club is not at present receiving the support it deserves from those who have left school in the last two or three years. Those who

fail to join the Club are not only neglecting their duty to the School (for it is vital to the welfare of the School that its Old Boys should keep in touch with it, and with each other), but are also cutting themselves off from a ready source of pleasure and advantage. It is true that in the absence of a permanent (or even temporary) club-room, the activities of the Club are limited. But if this defect is to be remedied, it is essential that all who are in a position to join the Club should do so now, and not wait until all the hard work has been done, and then step in to enjoy the results.

Therefore all those who wish to repent of their former remissness should immediately communicate with the Secretary, Mr. A. B. Ollerenshaw, Redcroft, Halifax.

:: CAMBRIDGE LETTER. ::

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Magdalene College, Cambridge.

March 6th, 1923

Dear Sir,—

I consider it extremely unsympathetic—to say the least—to demand a letter from a man who's working night and day to make up some kind of reading list for his tutor. At the end of term one has perforce to make up for the defections of the past, and in such circumstances to ask a fellow—ah, well, I'll let it pass this once!

Before I "get down to it," may I profess (I had nearly relapsed into "tender," so dearly beloved of our Councillors) on behalf of the Old Heathen' Cantabs' Society, my sincere congratulations—and thanks!—to Brookes on getting the Milner. It will be my pleasant duty to offer, or force on him, the post of "official Cambridge letter writer." The Society itself, I need hardly mention, is dining well, sleeping well, and showing all the outward signs of prosperity—in fact, "Pooh-Bahs" generally do!

This term has been very quiet, not even excepting "bump supper" night. Over Magdalene's performance in the "Lents" I will draw a discreet veil. Suffice it to say that we weren't the only boat to go down—(I've forgotten the exact number of

places). Of course, I myself had withdrawn my services from the Boat Club! The Rugger Club, to which I became a proselyte, has only lost two matches this term. Of course I don't mean to imply anything, but—well, there you are! Notwithstanding their scanty success in the "Lents," the Boat Club are already preparing for the "Mays." But they have not got a coach yet, and the captain, I am told, allows the crew, including himself, to take a walk at intervals along the bank—just to give the other seven a rest! After our notable successes against Oxford at Soccer, Rugger, Hockey, Fencing, et omnia cetera, I have no doubt at all that the Cambridge eight will fulfil tradition on March 24th.

Activities at Magdalene have been checked, temporarily, by an unfortunate accident to a fellow-Fresher. The only wonder is that accidents don't occur far more frequently in the narrow, old-world streets of Cambridge.

But I have consumed quite enough of your space—and my time—and so will come to a belated close, with congratulations to the First Eleven, encouragement to the Magazine, and best wishes to the old School.—Yours, etc.,

R. Thomas.

:- OXFORD LETTER. :-

\*\*\*

Dear Sir,—As it is now, unhappily, my turn to despatch the Oxford Letter for this term, I will attempt to obliterate the painful memory of the unfortunate personal attack of which I was the undeserving victim in the columns of your Christmas Number, and will proceed to give some account of the doings of the four or five Old Heathens who form so distinguished a portion of the population of Oxford. Of course, I would not for a moment think of telling the whole horrible truth about one or two of them, but will attempt to be as lenient as possible.

As Dilworth resides in the outer darkness of Walton Street, my information as to his doings is somewhat scanty. I saw him, of course, on the memorable occasion when, almost solely by his efforts, Hertford beat Worcester at Soccer. He ap-

pears, also, to be an enthusiast for Toc H, and is inveigling Spencer in that direction, desirous of making him another Slave of the Lamp.

Spencer, on his part, appears to have accumulated a record number of lectures: his tutor, apparently, acts on the principle that—

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

Spencer, accordingly, finds plenty of scope for that capacity for laborious effort which he acquired at Heath.

His fellow-scientist, Riley, has, since attaining to the dizziest heights of academic honour, made it his chief ambition to be progged. He is, however, too well known to the police already for the attainment of his object: the Proctor and his flock, when they raid Buol's of an evening, refuse to take the slightest notice of him.

Coghlin, of course, is now full of years and honours at Teddy Hall. His room has become a perfect museum—or should one say armoury?—of hockey-sticks, football boots, etc., etc. Furthermore, he and I scored a great triumph when we actually succeeded in attracting attention by carrying a milk-jug aloft in our hands. The Oxonians are normally so blasé that if you were to be knocked down by a motor in crossing the street, they would merely think that you were having your little joke and pass on.

[If it was really the milk-jug that did it, we consider this notoriety cheaply bought.—Editor.]

"Toggers" took place this term to the accompaniment of a steady down-pour of rain, except on one happy day. If the weather had been only a little worse we should have had to travel on the tow-path in punts. I am sorry to observe that Spencer was most assiduous in watching "Toggers," and yet accuses me of always leading him into the damp places of the earth—he calls it mudlarking when we are sporting ourselves in the paths that Matthew Arnold loved (in summer, possibly).

As nothing further can be revealed with credit,—I remain, yours, etc.,

H. P. Jacobs.

## HERODOTUS ON HALIFAX.



An Ancient Manuscript discovered after much trouble and excavation,

By ERB.

... and the inhabitants thereof convey themselves about in huge chariots, that move at great speed, with a terrifying noise; which yet does not affright the people, for as Pindar says, "Custom ruleth all things," and the people being from their birth accustomed to the noise, display no astonishment thereat, but go about their business with unconcern.

The atmosphere of the city is always thick, and it is difficult to see objects at a distance. And about the weather and the climate the following things are said . . . (the MSS. here becomes illegible for several lines) . . . When I was walking in one part of this city, I smelt a curious sickly odour which I was told came from certain workshops that manufactured a sweetmeat of which the inhabitants are very fond. But another man told me that the drains of the city were in a bad condition, and that this was the cause of the ill odour. I give the two reasons, so that the reader may judge for himself which of the two is more probable, for I had no opportunity of obtaining further information.

... And in the outskirts of the city I observed a large building, where I was told the youth of the city was educated. Yet I could not perceive upon what system of education the pupils are taught, for when I was shown over the building, I heard a noise like that of a bull roaring, and I was told that it was one of the instructors addressing his pupils. And when I asked what he was saying, they replied that he said, "Don't make a noise; I'll make a noise!" And thereupon he made a great noise to terrify his pupils.

And many other wonderful stories could I tell of this building. . . .

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:: WAR SONG. ::

Hark, the sound of drums advancing,  
Hark, the tramp of armed feet!  
Here the trumpets shrill proclaiming  
War's alarms, that all must meet

Whither go ye, friends, so bravely,  
Roused by music's martial strains,  
Breasts afame and hearts alertly  
Moved to meet all woes and pains?

Do ye go to battle forth,  
Where the foe awaits your coming?  
From sultry south and snowy north,  
Victorious are ye now returning?

No soldiers going to battle we,  
Nor come we back from hostile routs,  
We proudly vaunt ourselves to be—  
The Heath Grammar School Boy Scouts!

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## :: NIGHT. ::



By "Poe Taster."

Along the noiseless street,  
Where gas lamps dimly flare,  
The sound of hurrying feet  
Breaks on the silent air.

Around each lamp is set  
A ring of murky light,  
Showing cobbles wet,  
And greasy pavements bright.

Each side the street is lined  
With house and shop and inn,  
A glimmer behind each blind  
Betokens the life within.

A glare in the sky diffused  
Shows the city is near;  
Hardly a murmur confused  
Reaches the suburb here.

There the crowded ways  
Are lit by a bright white glare,  
Windows dazzle the gaze,  
Noises fill the air.

Under the cloak of night,  
Lies ugliness concealed,  
Stripped of its glamour of light,  
By day is all revealed.

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## JACCHUS ET JILLIA.



[Among our contributors this term is a Latin Elegiac poet. In order that his work may be enjoyed by as large a number of readers as possible, we have thought it wiser to print, instead of the original, an English version, which has been kindly prepared by a member of the —th Form.]

There was spring; blooming flowers spotted the earth with unequal colours, nor was there absent the complaints of birds, loud race, so as to be heard on all sides. There was a hill not far distant by the way from the city, high, and the pathway up to it was up-hill. On the summit of which (hill understood) a spring of moist water wonderful to relate, exuded from the earth —a delight to weary passengers hitherto dry.

Now behold from the citadel a twin pair sally forth, equally matched as to years, seeing that they were both born with the same consuls; the one a boy, by name Jacchus, the other of a different kind, on whom Jillia had been imposed by way of a name, who, suspended as to their alternate arms with a bucket, were making a mutual journey according to their custom for the sake of water having to be fetched down, for so had the common mother appointed.

Soon, the summit having been acquired, and there being no additional opportunity of ascending further, they halted right on the very threshold of the lake, as it were, and begin without delay to load their bucket with the waves, not unmindful of the maternal commands, and the threats, dire propositions, of the same (woman).

And now at last had the sun devoured his first half-course with customary swiftness, and was already beginning to slope off for the evening, and the infantile pair, the affair having been accomplished, were returning from the lake by a reverse path. But now, alas! I shudder reporting it, whether some superior god implanted an evil deceit in the entrails of the young man, or whether he was necessarily completing a penalty for a long-standing fraud, he, unhappy child, to the other miserable woman, spoke such (words) with his face: "O sister, whereas now our journey descends in a downward direction,

with a reversed hill, let us decree a struggle with swift feet, which of us two will obtain the bottom goal."

With such a speech he committed himself to a headlong course, rash, if he had known the forthcoming events. For there in the pathway, some waggon having formerly descended, had dropped an obvious bribe to be a noose to poison the child; which (stone) embracing with his foot, Jacchus having slipped, fell, notwithstanding, and his head being shaken broke, brains being scattered on all sides, and he deposited his soul for the last time. Meanwhile, the maiden, following consecutively in the rear rank, blind, was about to endure a not much dissimilar fate. Who, finding the boy in the way, collapsed, striking the bucket with her foot.

## A FARMER'S BOY.



Said Sch.tld, "What ho! for the life on a farm,  
In winter and summer there's always a charm:  
A job in the Orchard's a jolly good wheeze:  
I'd scrounge all the apples and pears from the trees,  
And it's great fun the pigs and the poultry to tease—

Yes, I'd be a farmer's boy!

" Bai Jove, it's all right, doncher know,"  
Said Gussy the Fussy, " Just so,  
The dairymaid girls are really supreme,  
I'm fond of fresh butter, and honey, and cream,  
But really, I fear that most people would scream—

At intelligent farmer's boys!"

" What's Heath but a farm?" S.d inquired,  
By fun and by joking inspired—  
" We've a pig in our sty and Fatty's an ass,  
On the sports field abundant 'duck eggs' we amass,  
And the 'corn' crop is good on my tootsies, alas!"

Who would be a farmer's boy?"

IV.b.

## MORNING MEDITATIONS.



That clangling bell gets worse and worse! its notes so shrill fair make me curse. It sends its dull discordant sound to deafen all the country round. Up in the belfry there, they say, ghosts of dead boys work all the day; and sit on dust, with many a groan, to swot up Virgil with a Bohn. And there they mope with dreadful pangs, until the cracked old school-bell clangs: and then they spread their wings and fly, ethereal beings, to the sky. What joy their little souls must feel, when Housman slips on orange-peel! Among those ghosts must lodge and board brave Dan and Kaye and Sammy Lord; Kog and braw Oscar there will slumber, and Ossy Thorpe must join their number. At break they'll punt a ghostly ball, to strains of the Dead March in "Saul," and there they'll play with fairy Puck, and stir up all the dormant muck.

When that bell rings its strident peals, the blood of many a boy congeals; ay, many a lad has heart disease, to hear its notes among the trees! Ay, many a happy man and wife at sound of it turned deaf for life! And people coming down Love Lane, hearing that noise, become insane; while down in Well Head Fields, they say, boys hearing it turn ashen grey, and rustic youths, amazed, have gaped, and thought a lion had escaped. . . .

Some time, I think, I'll take a ladder, and place it in the belfry's shadder; and, with a hammer as my means, I'll blast that bell to smithereens!

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**IF W. H. DAVIES HAD WRITTEN  
"EXCELSIOR."**


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A poor young man  
Walked up a hill,  
He look'd as though  
He'd drunk his fill.

Twilight came down;  
His footsteps lag,  
Upon his back  
He bore a flag,

Like those they have  
At Sunday schools,  
And as he walks,  
His ardour cools.

"Try not the pass,"  
The old man said—  
The young man swore,  
And cuffed his head.

"But oh! to be  
In Halifax,  
Instead of here,  
In these sheep tracks!"

"I'll take a drop  
Of sparkling gin;  
I'll warmer be  
When that is in!"

As soon 'twas done  
As it was said;  
Next morn the blood-  
Hounds found him dead!

"Sure," the monks said,  
"This frightful biz.,  
For temperance  
A lesson is."

## Moral:—

If you take flags  
To Sunday school,  
Make temperance  
A guiding rule!

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**ODE TO DANTE.**


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The garlic and onions of Florence the sunny  
Are wafted with Dante down ages sublime:  
The odours of putrid and brine-soaking tunny  
Are garlanded with him through eons of time.  
We hear in his verses the chatter of ladies,  
The curse-words of charwomen plain we can tell,  
And clear in the midst of your earth-bounded Hades,  
We recognise Halifax we know so well.  
Now your soul it is floating down that mournful river,  
That your brominous genius painted so true,  
Farewell, bright-souled Dante, you're now gone for ever—  
O, would that your verses had died away too!

## SIXTH FORM TRIOLETS.



There's ninepence to pay:  
Here, blithely, comes Curly,  
I'd best fade away;  
There's ninepence to pay,  
And I'm dead broke to-day,  
So I fear he'll be surly;  
There's ninepence to pay;  
Here, blithely, comes Curly.

Prepare for a pun—

Alan Spud's at the door;  
There's going to be fun,  
Prepare for a pun  
That will quite take the bun—  
Then he'll make a lot more;  
Prepare for a pun—  
Alan Spud's at the door!

## SUCCESS DURING FAILURE.



By Nixie Pratt.

It was night. The straight, quiet, middleclass road lay before him, tracing its path in yellow street-lamps, until it died away in subdued bustle, where it joined a busier thoroughfare. It was freezing, and the sickly light of the lamps showed up a myriad tiny sparkles in the thinly-frosted pavement.

So far he was a failure. He had experienced every possible variation of the editor's "Returned with Thanks"; his collection of notices to that effect must, he thought bitterly, be unrivalled by any man living.

He knew that authorship was his bent. He could describe any scene, narrate any incident, as well as any of his contemporaries. He had had several of his short descriptive fragments published in really good, important magazines; but no one took any notice of them. "Quite good," people remarked; but if they had chanced on such fragments among the works of Ethel M. Fell, they would have gone into ecstasies over them. But the bitterest part of the whole affair was that he knew his worth. He was equal to any modern authors in descriptive and narrative power, but they had found something on which to exercise their talents, while his life seemed

to be a dull monotony of venerable ideas. The scene which lay before him to-night, he reflected bitterly, would make an ideal subject for one of his sketches, but after all it was— Here his matiscation of the meditative cud was abruptly arrested by the chain of events which proved to be the saving of his water-logged fortunes.

While he had been inwardly bewailing his lot in such terms, he had approached the end of the street, at which point was situated an establishment for the—but since I have not the entire journalistic and circumventive vocabulary at my finger-ends, I will briefly describe it as a Fish-and-Chip Shop—

[Editor: "No, no, not that! Must you really?"]

Author: "I'm sorry, it's absolutely essential to the story."

Ed.: "Oh, very well. Go on!" When he was at a distance of about ten yards from the door of this shop, he saw a man and a girl approach. The man spoke a few words, the girl nodded, and the former entered the shop. No sooner had he done so than the girl turned and walked swiftly away.

Our author, who had watched these proceedings from the dark shelter of a friendly doorway, now saw the man come out, bearing a paper parcel with obvious contents. He looked round for the girl. The light from the shop-window showed his face pale and distorted by strong emotion. His supper-to-be slipped from his nerveless fingers; he shrieked and darted off.

The hidden observer emerged from his retreat with burning eyes and passionate gesture. "At last!" he cried, "At last!" he strode off homewards.

\* \* \* \* \*

The gas flickered and snored above his head; feverishly he wrote on. The pile of manuscript grew higher; his masterpiece grew nearer completion. His inspiration had come.

His book was accepted. Success so far; but when he thought of the critics, he felt his heart quicken. He ran for a paper; his hands trembled as he opened it and turned over its sheets. Ah! here it was. "Mr. —'s First Novel;" "Great Promise!" He read on, his face burning with eagerness.

"Mr. Stephen Leacock had better look to his laurels. There is a new star rising in what has been, until now, exclusively his firmament. Mr. Leacock has made pathos out of almost everything, from braces to steam-engines, but Mr. —— has made it out of Fish-and-Chips!"

He dropped the paper, and stared fixedly at the ground. Success was to him the unkindest cut of all.

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:: RE-INVICTUS. ::



By J. G. Coghlin and W. E. Henley.

Out of the mud that covers me,  
Black as the pit from head to sole,  
I thank the luckiest of my stars  
For that one match-deciding goal.

In the fell clutch of back and 'threes,'  
I have not flinched, tho' often 'downed,'  
Under the buffettings of scrums.,  
My head is battered, but still sound.

Beyond this place of mud and slush  
Waits but a lemon and a tea,  
And yet the mouthfuls of wet "mush"  
Find, and shall find me, full of glee.

It matters not how thick the mire,  
How often in the mud I roll,  
I am the hero of the day:  
I am the man who dropped the goal!

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:: POLICE COURT NEWS. ::



By our Special Representative.

The Court was crowded at an early hour this morning, when the whisper went round that a question of general interest was to be tried. Many gained admission, but few knew the facts, and the atmosphere seemed charged with electricity, so tense was it, when the presiding magistrates assumed their seats, prompt to time. Great disappointment was evinced when it became apparent that sundry trivial cases were to come before the magisterial eye first. The opening one, that of a youth who had attempted to commit sui-

icide by remaining at school the previous day, to partake of dinner, excited little or no comment, and a general sigh of relief gave proof of the crowd's disinterestedness when a nominal sentence was imposed, Mr. J. Gross, J.P., remarking that the case was an extremely painful one, from two aspects, that of himself in inflicting the punishment, and that of the prisoner in his dastardly attempt. (Laughter.) A further remark was made to the effect that prisoner had already undergone sufficient punishment, and the latter was led away amidst half-hearted cheers.

After one more case, pressed by a member of the Debating Society, against the ex-treasurer, for the repayment of sixpence erroneously subscribed to the ready pocket of the latter, instead of the deserving funds of the Society, the Court was cleared of camera-men, perhaps for their own benefit, and a disreputable character rejoicing in the possession of two aliases, "Wilfrid" and "Lorry," was placed in the dock. It was noticed that it was with considerable difficulty that P.C. Rookes succeeded in planting prisoner there, fierce resistance being offered. His appearance was not calculated to arouse sympathy even in the stoniest heart, a haunted look, wild eyes continually rolling, lips bleeding and frothing with baffled rage, like a lion at bay—(picture on back page). Speechlessness deprived the participants in the great drama of action for a few moments. Wild snortings and grunts emanating from the prisoner, alone broke the silence.

The case was then opened. Even the most formal proceedings were listened to with bated breath, and as the case was outlined, the aforesaid breath became more bated, if that was possible. The details were briefly these. With total disregard of previous threats and warnings, prisoner had refused, point blank, to quit licensed premises (indicated) between the closing hours of 10-50 to 11. These were the bare facts, but the same facts outlined in detail made the crime more heinous. Assault, battery, attempted escape, verbal fabrication, and obscene language (all but typical of the youth) were charges preferred, and the anticipation was that prisoner would receive a heavy sentence. The sympathies of the Court, however, despite his forbidding and villainous outlook, veered round in defendant's favour, when the precise

nature of the charge was disclosed. Indeed, judging from their attitudes, it would seem that the majority of them had undergone, 'midst internal suffering, but with sufficient presence of mind not to disturb the arm of the prefectorial law, the same tribulations.

Eminent speeches for the defence (too illiterate to reproduce) were made, but these were obviously unavailing, and prisoner's lower jaw dropped to its greatest extent, a feat which caused quite a pleasing diversion. However, the hopelessness of the case caused interest to wane considerably until the verdict was announced. The magistrates deliberated but two seconds, and then: "Prisoner in the dock, you are charged with a crime almost too deep for words. I am at a loss as to your motives, but whatever they were, that your example may not be imitated, I hereby sentence you to six months' hard labour in the second division (school kitchen), and may you live to repent."

Subdued cheers and hisses greeted this verdict, but chief attention was invested in prisoner's reception of it. His look was piteous; it spoke of mental and bodily torture yet to come, and as he threw his last glance at the light of day before being conducted to the lower regions, one could safely prophesy that never again would his commanding personality have the chance to rivet the undivided attention of all those with whom he came into personal contact.

:: SONNET ::

On First Seeing "The Merry Wives of Windsor."



Oft have I been to theatres of old,  
And many goodly actors I have seen;  
To all of Baynton's pieces I have been:  
Oft of one Chaplin have I eke been told,  
But when I first sat in that regal\* hall,  
And witnessed Falstaff's amours and his  
bane,  
And Charlie Thomas in light dulcet vein,  
And saw gross Nym and Pistol and their  
brawl:  
Then felt I like some hungry hobo sore,  
When a fried-fish shop dawns upon his  
sight,  
Who feels that Earth for him holds no-

thing more—

Thus felt I on that memorable night;  
O shades of Mrs. Siddons! you're a bore  
Compared to Thomas and his humour  
bright. —T.W.C.

\* A poetically inaccurate description of  
Clare Hall.

:: EVENING. ::



By "Poetaster."

The sun sinks fast behind yon western hill,  
A fire-red ball that tinges golden red  
The flecks of cloud that pause and linger  
still,  
Around the burial of the day that's dead

Upon the dark hillside lie hamlets grey,  
All hidden from the sunset's crimson haze;  
'Mid darkling woods and trees and fields of  
hay,  
A tiny village church for ever strays.

The sun has gone; yet still the clouds remain,  
Like mourners lingering round their loved  
one's tomb,  
And loth to leave and never see again  
The sole remains of him by death o'ercome.

To-morrow shall the sun again arise,  
None knoweth where a dead man's spirit  
hies.

:: AN ANSWERED APPEAL. ::



He sang—she sang—then they sang together—

The falling of a load of bricks—the gliding  
of a feather—

The stately, stirring, strong basso,

The trembling treble—soft and low

She sang—a timid, whinnying foal;

He sang—a thundering load of coal,

Chin on collar, feet apart,

Eyes uplifted, hand on heart,

The basso pleaded—so appealing,

And succeeded, from the ceiling,

In detaching lime and mortar,

And though bassos fondly sought are,

Quickly made he his descent,

Choked with anger—and cement,

For the answer had been given:

"Send down to earth a bit of heaven."

—Aleph.

## :: THE MATCH. ::

\*\*\*

I stood on the slope not far from the stand,  
I stood on the slope and I waited,  
And my hands and my ears were cold;  
It's a rare good gate—ten minutes to wait.  
And in they rolled,—  
Now my legs are aching,  
And my insteps let me down,  
My feet are numb;  
And now in the air a growing hum,  
It's a certain win for Town!  
What a row they're making—  
It bursts—a roar,  
And in they pour;  
They fall into their places,  
The ref's about to blow;  
And the crowd—their faces!  
They poised: they wait: then sharp and  
shriek,  
And off they go!  
The centre tips it forward,  
The inside to the wing;  
He beats his man as an outside can,  
He centres with a swing,  
It passes one, it passes two; the inside  
sprints and slips it through,  
But the back is there, he meets it square,  
He miskicks, turns, the inside takes it,  
He passes in, the centre makes it,  
Swings it out—it's just too much;  
The full-back puts it into touch;  
The half is quick—the wing receives it,  
Pushes it inside, and leaves it,  
The inside beats the back, and shoots,  
It's there!—Where? Two yards wide:  
A "dear me!" from the poor inside;  
From the crowd: "Yer want to change  
yer boots."

We breathe again!  
And so the game proceeded, never ceasing  
The clamour all the while increasing  
Roars and hisses—jeers,  
Hoots and cheers in every quarter;  
The ball darts hither and thither,  
Like sodium on water.  
The full-back leaves it to the goalie—utter  
folly,  
For the ball is rolling slowly.  
He leaves the goal—gets there—straight  
to Whalley;  
Whalley dances, as on springs.  
He places it across—a lovely shot,  
But where the centre should be there he's  
not;  
The full-back heads it; yes it stings,  
The wing comes in—a fearful rate,  
The back runs out. 'Tis death to hesitate:

The ball slips out, the outside in,  
He shoots—scores!—what a fearful din!  
The whistle blows Half-time! They're  
cheering still!  
Half-time, and Town are leading, one to  
nil! —Aleph.

## :: FOOTBALL NOTES. ::

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By the Secretary.

## Practice Matches.

The practice matches revealed high promise of excellent combination in the team, which has been constituted as follows:—

Goal: Woodward or Butler or Sutcliffe.

Backs: Gledhill and Radcliffe.

Half-backs: Shoesmith, Wilson, C., Strickland, or Ross.

Forwards: Sunderland, Culpan or Jackson, A. E. Wilson, Wade, Brookes.

Handley (back), Bessey (half-back), Robinson, Walker, and Compton (forwards) have also played with the first team.

## Heath's Record-breaking Season.

During this season the first team have broken several records. They drew at Huddersfield in the game with the College—a feat which no Heath team has ever before accomplished; and among school games the defeat of Almondbury, the erstwhile champions of the district, established a new record in our football annals. A strong and heavy team of Old Boys succumbed to the School in a sparkling, though one-sided contest, by three goals to one; and in two games with Elland Secondary School (our former conquerors), twelve goals have been scored, whilst our own citadel has remained intact. The defence has been the most consistent section of the team, although we have some talented forwards. In this victorious combination Mr. Garrett is reaping the fruits of his labours. At the time of writing, fifteen consecutive matches have been played without a defeat—a record which speaks for itself.

## REPORTS OF MATCHES.

**Heath (h) 0, Wheelwright G.S. 3.**

The visitors who last season boasted an unbeaten record, evidently intended to preserve it by exhausting tactics, for they arrived several hours late. During the opening part of the game, while Heath were thawing from their long wait, our opponents scored three times, after which they were continually pent in their own half. After a little nervousness, the backs played excellently, but the forwards, depleted by the absence of Culpan, were disjointed. In the later stages, Heath showed a convincing but tardy superiority.

**Halifax Secondary 0, Heath 3.**

Played at Spring Hall on a damp and misty ground. Our defence was impregnable, but our forwards were inept, and failed to score in the first half. In the second period Culpan scored three times. At the end of the game the Secondary team scorched visibly beneath the gaze of the referee.

**Heath 5, Rishworth G.S. 0.**

Played at Spring Hall on a pitch like a watershed. The hilltop youths played quite well, but Heath were never in difficulties. Scorers: Wade (2), Culpan (1), Compton (2).

**Heath 7, Elland Secondary 0.**

Heath took their ease, and won comfortably enough, being better skaters on the greasy ground. Excellent combination and poor shooting were the features of the game. Scorers: Shoesmith (2), Walker (2), Compton (3).

**Huddersfield College 1, Heath 1.**

Heath broke records when they drew at Huddersfield, where their one-time conquerors awaited them with a confidence that was to be shattered. Compton was Heath's scorer.

**Heath 2, Sowerby Secondary 0.**

This was a stern game, in which Heath had not all the play. Sowerby were not dangerous in front of goal, but their defence was good, though somewhat lucky. The halves were as usual good, the forwards improved, and the full-backs excellent. Scorers: Wade and Brookes.

**Rishworth 2, Heath 2.**

A great disappointment. Heath were forced to play one substitute, as one of their players failed to turn up. The game was more keen than scientific, and the referee was kept hard at work. Heath were much the better side, and over-ran their opponents, but our vice-captain was closed for repairs for some time after the match, as the result of a trial of skill with the home captain, who had to be borne from the field in a comatose condition.

**Heath 4, Halifax Technical College 0.**

Somewhat disappointing because the ground was frozen like a board. Heath were undeniably superior, and won easily. Wilson (A. E.) figured at centre-forward, and succeeded in infusing some vigour and enterprise into the attack. The goals were scored by Sunderland, Wilson (2), and Wade.

**Halifax Technical College 0, Heath 5.**

Ross took the place of Strickland, who was ill, and A. E. Wilson came into the centre-forward berth again. The field was very small, but a good game resulted, Radcliffe scoring two extraordinary goals from full-back, Culpan (2) and Wilson (A. E.) were the other scorers.

**Heath 2, Rastrick G.S. 1.**

The visitors came to us with a very good record. Our team was depleted owing to illness, both Strickland and C. Wilson being absent from the half-backs. A fine game, very even and speedy, resulted. A. E. Wilson and Shoesmith scored two excellent goals for Heath.

**Heath 2, Almondbury G.S. 1.**

This was the crucial game of the season, by which Heath's team could judge of its improvement over past years. For the first recorded time in history, Almondbury were roundly defeated by Heath. The game was marked by great forward work on both sides, and by brilliant defence on ours. Culpan and Wilson (A. E.) scored.

**Heath 3, Heath Old Boys 1.**

A very good game considering the state of the ground. Mr. Youd was a welcome addition to Heath's team, which was, naturally, far superior as a combination, and out-played the Old Boys at nearly every point. Brilliant individual play on one side, and unrivalled combination on the other distinguished the game. Scorers: Culpan and Mr. Youd.

**Almondbury 2, Heath 2.**

The Almondbury ground was conveniently situated next door to a cemetery. An aged thorn-tree marked the centre-line, and the touch-line was a Mont Blanc in miniature. A cruel wind blew across the field and rattled the goalposts, which appeared to be made of drainpipes and ashplants. Heath were two down after playing against the wind, but in the second half Brookes and Sunderland made the scores equal, and Heath looked like winning when the game ended.

**Heath 3, Huddersfield Technical 1.**

A great game, played vigorously and scientifically by both sides. Heath's combination touched its highest point, and the result was a great triumph. Scorers: Sunderland, Jackson (2).

**Heath 4, Halifax Secondary 2.**

Fielding a re-arranged team, the Secondary confidently looked for revenge on Heath, who played uphill in the first half, and were a goal down at the commencement of the second period. A timely shuffling of the Heath attack, Strickland going centre-forward, had an immediate effect, and the issue was not long in doubt, Sunderland, Strickland, Jackson and Wade scoring in short space.

**Elland Secondary 0, Heath 5.**

At Elland the ground was practically under water, and the day was bitterly cold. The game was uninteresting, because of its one-sidedness, and the result was a foregone conclusion. Sunderland scored his usual goal with a left-foot hook, and Strickland netted three excellent goals, an opponent completing the number by mistake. Heath could have made the result even more arresting, but preferred to go easy.

**CHARACTERS: FIRST ELEVEN.**

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**F. C. Strickland** (captain), centre-half.—The pivot of the team in every sense. It is largely due to his zeal and skill that the season has been so successful. He has a complete understanding with his backs, and pushes his forwards along in the way they should go. A two-footed man, who I think might shoot a wee bit oftener.

**A. E. Wilson** (vice-captain), centre-forward.—A tireless worker and constant worry to the opposition. He makes full use of his height and pace. Can shoot with either foot. Quite the best man for the position he fills.

**L. Radcliffe**, left full-back.—Again fills his last year's position, this time with even greater success. He tackles vigorously and well, and kicks clean, and with judgment; with his partner, Gledhill, he makes the best pair of backs Heath must have had for many seasons.

**R. Gledhill**, right full-back.—Has partnered Radcliffe with great success and excellent results. A powerful kick and very safe defender. Can always be relied upon. He is well served by his right-half, and together they are a very formidable pair.

**J. B. Ross**, left half-back.—The most improved man in the team. Had originally played with the second, but now has fully justified his inclusion into the first. A good tackler and useful with both feet.

**H. Shoesmith**, right half.—Always working, always good. A most awkward man for the opposing forwards to meet, he always comes out with the ball. A robust tackler, he is improving smartly, especially in his placing of the ball. Feeds his wing man with capital judgment.

**E. R. Brookes**, outside left.—Much better this season than last. Still hangs on too long to the ball. He is far too keen to do too much himself. Centres well when he likes. Played his finest game against Huddersfield Technical.

**M. Wade**, inside left.—A most useful forward. Although rather light, makes up for that by his excellent footwork and combination. Always reliable; a good shot, with either foot.

**J. G. Jackson**, inside right.—Has come into the team quite recently. Possesses pace, and shoots well and often. Should try and combine a little more. Quite worth his place.

**A. Sunderland**, outside right.—A very effective wing man. Possesses more than average sped, and shoots and centres well. Has upheld last season's promise.

**J. Butler**, goal.—This season's find. Has kept a good goal since Woodward left. Gathers the ball well, and kicks clean and clear. Needs more care with high shots. Understands his backs well.

**N. Culpan**, inside right.—Has been unable to play for some time lately. A robust player and dead shot at goal. We missed him a good deal.

**C. Wilson**, centre-half.—Has not played since half-term. A vigorous half and good tackler; rather wild at times in his placing.

**G. Bessey**, left half.—Has played on two or three occasions for the first eleven. Small in stature, but great at left-half; has played remarkably well, even when over-weighted. A sure man for next season.

**G. Handley**.—The Second Eleven right back; has been included in the First Eleven more than once. A good, vigorous player on the light side at present; takes every advantage that comes his way.

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I think we can really say that the First Eleven has had a record season. Up to time of going to press we have only lost one match, and that in the first ten minutes of the first game of the season. Everyone who has played in the team has given an excellent account of himself. The much-longed-for combination has at last made itself felt. The high kick and rush style of play has been replaced by a short passing game.

Our defence has been most sound and reliable, and has withstood every attack made upon it. Our forwards have done remarkably well, but still must shoot harder and oftener. Taking a low pass while on the run has still to be mastered more thoroughly.

With regard to all games, matches or Form games, it is gratifying to see that the game is being played properly, and no one plays to the appeals for off-side, corner, etc. Everyone by now understands that a referee or umpire is there to control the game and not to be told when corners, free kicks, etc., are to be given. The team spirit has taken us, I feel sure, and School and team now come before self. Arguments over trivial points are now very, very rare, and what strikes one most is the silence which prevails during the game.

I only hope the team of next season will have learnt a good lesson from the present team, for so long as we can keep up the spirit that Strickland and his team have shown, Heath will never go down.

Our best thanks are due to—

(1) The Head, for his help and advice, in the shape of "periods off" to catch "trams and trains," and get dinners in time.

(2) T.W., for his clerical part of the fixtures, and his untiring energy as linesman, or any other job we saw fit to thrust upon him.

(3) The Masters, who all took such an interest on our wins and loss, and those of them who played.

(4) Mr. Youd, who has left us. It will be some time before we forget how he led the School attack when we beat the Old Boys, 3—1.

—J.L.G.

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:: SCOUT NOTES. ::



It seems but a few short weeks since the 2nd Halifax Troop began to sit up again and take a bit of nourishment—when we re-commenced putting our house in order with a nucleus of seven. Yet that is nearly two terms ago, and the Troop has grown to twenty-six active members (and no passengers), whilst the Cubs have reached a total of sixteen.

This is all to the good, and both Troop and Pack are now pretty well up to top notch as far as numbers are concerned, so that it remains for us to become as thoroughly proficient as Scouts should be.

In the meantime there are rumours of a short camp at Easter, which we hope will materialise, in order to get our hand in, as it were, for the big camping effort due to come off in the summer holidays.

We have again been fortunate this term in having Mr. Lister to train us in ambulance work; we are very grateful to him for all the time and trouble he has taken over his task, and some of us wish that our heads would hold it all in for longer than they seem to do, at times.

A fourth patrol has been started under the leadership of Chambers, late of the 'Owls.' It has been named 'The Wood Pigeon Patrol'—'Cuckoos' was suggested, but didn't go down at all well—there seems to be a subtle note of reproach in the name! and so 'Wood-pigeons' won. Good luck to them!

The Troop Log is still carrying on—its entries are rather spasmodic, but people seem to like it. Anyhow, it is a record of all the important doings of the Troop, and, although it may never be found in the tomb of a King 'Tut-tut,' yet in a century's time, who knows but that it may form the subject of a lecture or discussion by some future gathering of hoary old 'beavers.'

Incidentally, if anyone is really interested and would like to forestall the said jolly old greybeards, he can do so by asking any member of the Troop to get the Log for him: it goes back, of course!

This term has not been up to much from a Scouting point of view: perhaps after Easter, or preferably just before, during, and after Easter, the Clerk of the Weather may see fit to be kinder to us, turn off his beastly cold-water taps for a season, and hand out a bit of sunshine for a change!

With which pious hope we will dry up, in accordance with the best American principles.

Good Camping!  
"The Old Wolf."

:- LITERARY SOCIETY. :-

This society continues to flourish, though its proceedings have not been recorded in these columns for some time.

Last term two plays of Ibsen were read—"Rosmersholm" and "Pillars of Society." Papers were given by C. Wilson on "Kipling," A. E. Wilson on "Marlowe," and E. R. Brookes on "William Watson"; and a discussion on the plays of Galsworthy raised a variety of interesting topics.

This term only one meeting has been held so far, at which three short papers were read to a small, but select gathering—by A. Sunderland on "Robert Browning," T. W. Coghlin on "Wordsworth," and L. W. Hanson on "Keats."

:- DEBATING SOCIETY. :-

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The H.G.D.S. continues its activities with unabated regularity, though some have detected symptoms of debility and decay, which are occupying the earnest attention of the committee.

Among the most successful and instructive meetings of last term was an election in which the system of Proportional Representation by the single transferable vote was applied with interesting results.

This term the motion that "the prevention of war is neither possible nor desirable" has aroused the most lively discussion so far.

The habit of reading speeches verbatim is still prevalent and has a deadening effect on the liveliest of debates. On the other hand, the habit of speaking without any preparation whatever is not wholly absent, and is almost equally disastrous in the hands of any but the most fluent and experienced speakers.

The representatives of the Remove have become more active since our last report, and almost all have ventured on to the platform, most of them showing slow but sure development of oratorical individuality.

At the moment of writing, plans are on foot for the wider extension of membership of the Debating Society, designed to infuse greater vitality and variety into the proceedings; in fact, by the time this is in print, the new members will probably have taken their seats. The success of

this measure will be still in the balance, but this may be a good opportunity to remind members, new and old, of a few cardinal principles, viz.—

- (1) The three duties of an orator are, to stand up, speak up, and shut up;
- (2) Essays are not speeches;
- (3) Neither are personalities arguments;
- (4) If you have driven home one point firmly, you have made a good speech;
- (5) It is not necessary to be irrelevant in order to be original;
- (6) If the audience is bored, don't blame the audience.
- (7) If you can't speak, listen;
- (8) If you can't listen, stay away.

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The end-of-term Soiree was held on Monday, December 18th, in the Masters' Room at H.G.S., and was one of the most successful that the present writer can remember. The proceedings were billed to commence at 7 p.m., by which time all the available tables were occupied by devotees of bridge, whist, old maid, beggar-my-neighbour, coon-can, cribbage, besique, demon, donkey, snap, grab, cheating, spoof, poker, picquet, baccarat, vingt-et-un, fan-tan, san-fairy-ann, and other pastimes, to the accompaniment of ping-pong and a gramophone.

An hour or so later, the Minister of the Interior was observed to be setting the stage for a bun-contest, which attracted universal interest. Following this came the internal and external application of ginger-pop, an employment from which the company were ultimately diverted by the beginning of a varied musical and dramatic programme.

The Treasurer sang, and rendered songs and other items; the Secretary said a piece; and the voice of the President was heard at intervals; Messrs. E. R. Brookes and A. Sunderland worked the piano; Mr. H. P. Jacobs lectured on finance; Mr. Comfort sang about Rio, Mr. J. L. Peel about ships and a sergeant-major, and Mr. F. H. Taylor about the egg. The dramatic part of the programme consisted of a topical and archaeological sketch by the brothers Wilson; and a Grand Pantomime in three acts, by almost everybody, which some have criticised (unjustly, we think) on the

score of over-rehearsal. By an ingenious use of the "reversible stage," as employed at the Grossedeutche Kaisertheater of Berlin, with lighting effects on the Freeschule-Hausmann principle, the producer (Mr. F. C. Strickland) had contrived a variety of artistic settings. The orchestra was under the direction of Mr. J. B. Ross.

The audience were released at an advanced hour.

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### :: CORRESPONDENCE. ::



To the Editor of the "Heathen."

Dear Sir,—The School performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" has aroused a most gratifying and encouraging amount of criticism in various quarters. May I therefore encroach upon your space to offer a few remarks on the subject of the adaptation and production of the play, in the hope of shedding a little light on a question which evidently interests many of your readers?

The first question is, Why attempt Shakespeare at all? Now it is surely self-evident that the less experienced the players are, the more nearly perfect must be the play which they choose for performance. For, if they cannot act a good play successfully, how can they hope to act a bad one? If there were no bad plays there would be no need for good actors. That is why amateurs should always go straight to Shakespeare before attempting anything more difficult, i.e., more dependent on the skill of the actors. This also explains why good actors find Shakespeare so difficult.

For the purposes of our own entertainment, we were subject to severe limitations of time and space. We had therefore to choose a play capable of presentation in a compact form with the least possible change of scene. "The Merry Wives" is of all the comedies the one which most readily lends itself to "selection," since it contains at least three different and distinct plots, one of which—the central one—was sufficient for our purpose. We had of course to sacrifice much that we should have liked to include, but everything had to be scrapped that was not strictly relevant to the central theme. We thus pre-

sented the kernel of the comedy, without sacrificing anything essential.

So much for the general shape. As to details, it is the business of the producer to cast each scene in the way which in his opinion most effectively brings out the intention or "point" of the scene. This, moreover, is his bounden duty, both to the author and to the audience. For instance, the business of searching for Falstaff in Ford's house, when the audience know all the time that he is not there, is the essence of the central scene of the "Merry Wives"; it therefore had to be emphasised in every possible way, even to the extent of substituting a piece of gratuitous, though I believe traditional, "business" for the last few lines of the scene. Of course the producer may be mistaken, and usually is; but that is a different thing from saying that he must not dare to do anything to

enhance the effect of the author's lines, but must leave them to struggle over the footlights as best they can.

Does anyone honestly contend that Shakespeare must be played from the printed text, letter for letter, or that every production must conform to a standard model? The whole case was put with admirable shrewdness in a conversation which I had the pleasure of hearing not many days ago, as follows:—

" You've seen 'Amlet before, 'aven't  
yer, mother? "

"Yes. But it'll be thirty years ago, if it's a day."

"Oh, well, it'll be a lot altered since then, I expect."

So when Heath next does the "Merry Wives," it'll be a lot altered, I hope.—Yours truly, The Producer.

