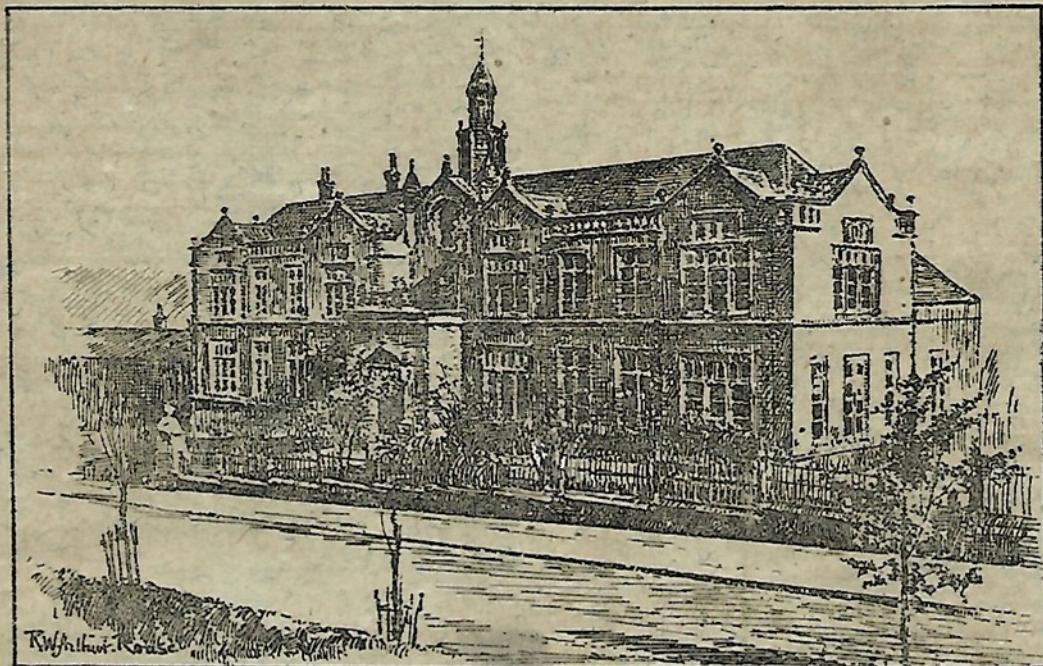




THE NEW HEATHEN.



MAGAZINE OF
HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL
DEBATING SOCIETY,
HALIFAX.

Every Term :: 9d.

THE NEW HEATHEN.

HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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THE NEW HEATHEN.

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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, F. 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.

We had always heard that a Halifax summer was a thing apart; but if this is it, the half was not told us; not, of course, that it is in any way the fault of Halifax—no, bad weather, as everyone knows, is variously ascribed to the Gulf Stream, Summer Time, Conservative Government, or the Board of Education—but whatever the cause, it certainly has a damping effect on the usual amenities of a Summer Term, when June evenings are so far carried away by the carnival spirit as to masquerade as November afternoons. As the poet says, "It's only being so blooming cheerful that keeps us alive." However, a truce to the weather—it will probably be a blazing day when this appears before the public eye; and, anyway, who bothers about the weather the day the "Heathen" comes out?

We do not intend to delay the reader by drawing attention to the excellence of the contents of this issue; let him turn the page and see. We will only remind him that the "Heathen," like young ravens, must have food, served up in accordance with the instructions printed at the head of this page. It is not necessary for contributors to wait until the latest possible date for sending in their MSS. The Editorial Office is open day and night throughout the year, and authors will find it advantageous to submit work as and when it is finished, not in sudden bursts three times a year.

Lastly, in the event of MSS. being returned as unsuitable, it is hoped that the writers will not abate their efforts, or shake out the dregs of their fountain-pens against us. While it is our ambition to make the Magazine as widely representative of the School as possible, it is only by careful selection that its value and usefulness can be maintained.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We record with joy and gratitude the arrival of a new piano, the gift of Mr. S. Standeven; it's worthy but defective predecessor has been pensioned off, regretted by few save the more humorous contributors to these pages.

On Tuesday, March 20th, an interesting lecture was given by Mr. P. N. Whitley, on the Oberammergau Passion Play, to an audience fully as large as the Science Lab. could comfortably accommodate. The lecture, illustrated by a remarkable collection of slides, gave a vivid impression of this most remarkable of plays, and Mr. Whitley did not fail to make it as interesting to his audience as he himself had evidently found it.

We received a visit recently from Mr. A. H. Stocks (left H.G.S. 1909), and were treated to an instructive "talk" on life in Sierra Leone, where he is Assistant Commissioner.

On Tuesday, May 8th, the School was addressed by Mr. Barclay Baron, on the subject of "Toe H," that mysterious symbol we now know to stand for a great institution which is trying to bring to bear on civilian life those impulses of fellowship and service which were bright spots amid the murk of 1914-18. As yet there is no established branch of Toe H in Halifax, but there soon will be, and those who heard Mr. Baron will then have an opportunity of bringing forth the fruit of his inspiring discourse. Meanwhile, fellowship and service are good enough principles for any community, and particularly for a school, while a "Pessimists' Emergency Exit" is the most salutary institution we have heard of for some time—if only they would make use of it.

Congratulations are due to H. P. Jacobs on being awarded "Distinction" in "History Previous" at Oxford.

We wish all success to the Scouts' tour—or does one call it a trek?—in France, arranged for the early part of August, and hope they will all be debarred from winning prizes for French in the future.



THE SPORTS.



The Sports were fixed for June 28th, and the fineness of the weather happily disappointed all expectations.

A pleasing feature was the absence of a band, but its place was taken by Mr. Somers, who, in the character of a herald, afforded great diversion to all by the exquisite modulations of his voice. Another pleasing innovation was the introduction of a balloon-seller, who added considerably to the beauty of the scenery, but did not very successfully perform the duties of his office, i.e., to sell balloons.

Great excitement was prevalent owing to a general inability to predict the Victor Ludorum. Halliday and Sunderland were the favourites, and as the partisans of each claimed extravagant figures for their heroes' records, nothing really definite was known. Halliday was known to have been in training for several months, whilst Sunderland apparently regarded the advantages of training as negligible. It is difficult to say which policy was justified, as both received exactly the same number of points—29. Each was therefore proclaimed Victor Ludorum, and the honours were equally divided.

The obstacle race would probably have attracted more competition had its precise nature been known beforehand. In addition to other difficult feats, the consumption of a bun and a bottle of ginger beer with great rapidity proved an exhausting, though no doubt appreciated, test. In this noble art, Heath boys displayed a very high standard of efficiency.

After the last event, Mrs. Howard Clay kindly presented the prizes to the successful competitors; and the proceedings were terminated by three cheers that were called for by one of the Victores for Mrs. Clay.

The events and winners were as follows: Throwing Cricket Ball (open).—1 Wilson, A. E.; 2 Radcliffe; 3 Handley. Distance, 230ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Throwing Cricket Ball (under 15).—1 Richards; 2 Eastwood; 3 Walker. Distance, 199ft.

Long Jump (open).—1 Sunderland; 2 Ross; 3 Jackson. Distance, 16ft. 2in.

Long Jump (under 15).—1 Smith, S.; 2 Chambers; 3 Richards. Distance, 13ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

House Relay.—1 School; 2 Queen's.

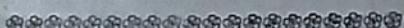
Potato Race (under 15).—1 Smith, S.; 2 Titterington; 3 Seed.

Sack Race (Junior School).—1 Whiteley; 2 Lewin; 3 Stead.

High Jump (under 15).—1 Richards, 2 Smith, S.; 3 Eastwood. Height, 4ft. 2in.

Three-legged Race (Junior School).—1 Biscombe and Price; 2 Shepherd and Dyson; 3 Whiteley and Wilde.

100 Yards (open).—1 Halliday; 2 Sunderland; 3 Strickland.
 220 Yards (under 15).—1 Archer; 2 Chambers; 3 Seed.
 80 Yards (Junior School).—1 Hodgson; 2 Dyson; 3 Pickles.
 Sisters' Race (under 15).—1 Miss Byrde; 2 Miss R. Price; 3 Miss Biscomb.
 Three-legged (open).—1 Naylor and Aske, K.; 2 Sawdon and Wood; 3, Lockwood and Chambers.
 Half-mile (open).—1 Halliday; 2 Handley.
 Potato Race (Junior School).—1 Crapnell, 2 Garth; 3 Biscomb.
 Obstacle Race (open).—1 Smith, S.; 2 Compton i.; 3 Sawdon.
 House Relay (Junior School).—Heath; 2 Queen's; 3 School.
 Half-mile Handicap.—1 Handley (scr.); 2 Archer (45); 3 Nettleton (30).
 Three-legged (under 15).—1 Naylor and Coglin iii.; 2 Hodgson and Wood; 3 Walker ii. and Gartside.
 440 Yards (open).—1 Halliday; 2 Sunderland; 3 Radcliffe.
 Obstacle (Junior School).—1 King; 2 Barrasford; 3 Biscomb.
 Sack Race (open).—1 Robinson; 2 Compton i.; 3 Aske, K.
 High Jump (open).—1 Strickland; 2 Ross; 3 Sunderland.
 100 Yards (under 15).—1 Chambers; 2 Archer; 3 Seed.
 Sisters' Race (open).—1 Miss Rose Price; 2 Miss Byrde; 3 Miss Holroyd.
 220 Yards (open).—1 Sunderland; 2 Halliday; 3 Radcliffe.
 Tug of War.—1 Queen's; 2 School.
 Old Boys' Race.—1 J. G. Coglin; 2 Halliday.



PRIZE COMPETITIONS.



The competitions announced in our last issue have attracted an unprecedented paucity of entries. We can only suppose that this is due to the many and

various attractions of summer, which cut short our leisure for sedentary occupations. But in the confident expectation of a literary renaissance towards the close of the outdoor season, we have decided to keep this Competition open till next term, when we shall hope to receive a large crop of MSS. Now that our seaside resorts are awaking to their responsibilities in the way of compulsory amusement for their patrons, our hitherto dull and lifeless summer holidays should become charged with incident providing matter for prose and verse in abundance.

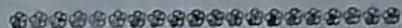
Take notice, then, that our prizes are offered, as previously announced, for—

I.—A Narrative Poem, in not more than 200 lines.

II.—A Parody of a Prose Author.

III.—A Short Story.

Rules as usual. Closing date will be announced in due course.



"PUBLIC SCHOOL VERSE."



We have received the following letter from the Editors of the above-named anthology—

"Dear Sir,—

The Editors of "Public School Verse" would be grateful if you could bring the following facts to the notice of your readers as soon as possible:—

"Public School Verse, Vol. III.", price 3/6, can be obtained from all booksellers. Contributions for Vol. IV. should be posted before November 30th, 1923, to—

The Editors of "Public School Verse."
C/o The Holywell Press, Oxford.

Only those may contribute who are now at school, or who did not leave before March of this year; in the latter cases the verses submitted must have been written before leaving.

If competitors desire their verses returned in case of rejection, they must enclose with them a stamped and addressed envelope of sufficient size.

It is hoped that the Editors will again receive the invaluable assistance, in their task of securing a representative collection, which has hitherto been rendered by many masters and boys at schools throughout the country. It is intended for the first time to include work from schools in the Dominions as well as those in Great Britain and Ireland.

MARTIN GILKES.
RICHARD HUGHES.
P. H. B. LYON.

"Public School Verse," Vol. III. (1921-1922) is a small volume containing some thirty poems, written, as the above letter indicates, by boys at school. Twenty schools are represented, and the term, "Public School" is, happily, understood in its widest, not its narrowest, sense. The Editors, in the preface, "appeal to critics to discuss this series with charity, but without condescension, from the point of view of its effect on the appreciation and creation of English verse in our schools, and not to dismiss it with an impatient shrug as one more addition to the floods of immature production."

Without aspiring to the title of 'critic,' we may venture to state our opinion, that, from both the points of view suggested, the publication of this series of anthologies is a most excellent and deserving enterprise, and though it certainly is "an addition to the floods of immature production," we plead not guilty of the impatient shrug, for though not every tadpole lives to be a frog, there is no frog but must admit to having once been a tadpole.

We do, however, complain of an unnatural, and, to our mind, unhealthy preponderance of the 'introspective' and often too vaguely 'reflective' type of poetry, at the expense of the purer music of narrative and description, which would seem to tell more appropriately, and with a truer ring, from youthful lips. We confess, in fact, to a feeling of relief on reaching the following specimen, trivial as it is, towards the end of the book—

Across the gaily chequered downs I watched the sunlight lie,
On barley fields and clover fields, from Babraham to Quy,
Where, rising like a girdle o'er the rolling hillocks' span,
Fleam Dyke, with all its busky cloak and sweet wild flowers, ran,

And where the stately cohorts had passed with martial swing,
The Roman road ran eastward still by Wandlebury ring:
But now, I thought, the harebells stood a curtsey on the edge,
And blackberries were ripening on the gently rustling hedge.

And far beyond the Icknield Way, where distance lent its hue,
Melted away in deep blue sky the uplands tinged with blue...
On barley fields and clover fields, I watched the sunlight fall,
And I, poor mortal that I am, was teeing up my ball.

Well, there is beauty in Yorkshire, as well as in Berkshire, and there are poets in Halifax, so there seems no reason why we should not be represented in "P.S.V.," Vol. IV. At any rate, there is no harm in having a shot. A stamped envelope—of sufficient size, be it noted—will ensure the wanderer's safe return.

For the better encouragement of our youngest bards, we will make one more selection from the volume before us. The author of the following, called, "The Devil's Punch Bowl," had not reached 12½ years:—

See, the great grass-grown hollow, that slopes
deep down from the road,
See, the mid-marshy bottom, where of old the
broom-squires abode,
Bramble and broom and bracken, in a tawny
tangly cling.
Go deep, deep,
In a restless sleep,
In the awful Devil's thing.

Yet who would think of the Devil on a bright
and breezy day,
When the sun is bathing the Punch-bowl in
the sunlight born of May?
But when the storm-clouds lower, and an eerie
wind doth sing,
It's drear, drear,
And a thought to fear,—
The awful Devil's thing.



BEATUS ILLE. . . .



A Variation on an Old Theme.

How happy he, who, scorning daily toil,
Can kick his heels, a sluggard all the day,
And in three hectic hours at dead of night
Can earn the equal of a premier's pay!

'Tis ever thus: the mighty man of brain
Toils out his life for two-pounds-ten a week
Whilst small unlearned men can quickly build

A fortune, though 'tis earned 'mid smoke
and reek.

There may he stand, like Mephistopheles,
Shrouded by smoke, stirring as best he can
With all too large a net the boiling foam,
And gaze into the bubbling, splashing pan

Two others near in white apparel stand—
The one white fish in golden batter dips,
The other fills the till with greasy coin,
And wraps the nightly doles of "fish and
chips."

OUR CELEBRITIES.



No. 7.—A. Sunderland.

By "Tatcho."

Specification: Alias "Spud"; entered H.G.S. 1916; Cricket colours 1921; Football colours, 1921; Secretary to Cricket Team and Sports Committee, 1922-3; Prefect, 1922; Captain of School House, 1922; Member of Debating Society Committee, 1922; Vice-Captain Cricket Team, 1923.

My first two attempts to discover my victim, viz., the Library and the Cricket Nets, proved fruitless, but, acting on several hints that Mr. Sunderland's acquaintances had given me, I eventually found him amidst the rural surroundings of a billiard table, where his prowess had attracted an admiring crowd. I at once drew him aside, and explained the object of my visit.

"You devote a great deal of time to billiards," I enquired.

"From my infancy," he replied, "it has been my chief recreation. When fifteen months old, I had an adaptable billiard table and feeding bottle attached to my cradle. When four and a half I reached the final of the Coronation Road Junior Billiards Championship, and was deprived of a well-earned victory by the requisition of the table for a bread-board. Since that time I have never looked back."

"And what are your most remarkable performances in other branches of sport?" I asked. "In my youth," he answered, "I was renowned for my fast bowling. On the wild hill slopes of Almondbury I once captured nine wickets in a single innings, and on our own ground I on one occasion dismissed six Keighley batsmen for five runs, a feat which was rendered still more creditable by the natural ruggedness of the wickets."

The records of these achievements, we must confess, struck us with the utmost astonishment; for they were entirely unknown to us, and of late years we had observed no signs of such prowess as Mr.

Sunderland had detailed. We must have betrayed our astonishment on our face, for he hastened to explain.

"Next season the strength of my arm had so prodigiously increased that all my balls flew with amazing rapidity over the batsmen's head. Since that time, I have therefore eschewed the noble art, out of pity for my opponents; and it is only on rare occasions that I consent to recall my former skill. Only a few weeks ago, for example, I secured the dismissal of two Bradford batsmen for the paltry total of ten runs. Your readers will probably recollect my 29 against the Secondary School, when I had the misfortune to be run out, and will have noted my remarkable consistency this season, which so far has only been spoiled by an 8."

"And football?" I ventured.

"I need hardly remind you," he said, "that I am the right outside of a celebrated football team. My scores are too many to enumerate, but I will remind you particularly of my hat trick against Huddersfield College last season."

"Are you not also a devotee of literature?"

"Certainly! I have already published several volumes on a diversity of subjects. One volume, for instance, contains my unique Police Court experiences; in another I have dealt exhaustively with the Art of Punning. I am at present engaged on a collection of Reminiscences of the Stage, which, I can assure you have been both interesting and varied."

"You are a musician too, I believe?"

"I am amphibious," Mr. Sunderland modestly stated, "being an expert performer both on the piano and the violin. I have been a member of several well-known local orchestras, and in that capacity have probably given many of your readers immense pleasure."

"One more question," I said. "When do you intend to leave the hallowed precincts of this School?"

"I have definitely decided to leave at Midsummer," he replied.

Moved by this sad intelligence, we left Mr. Sunderland to complete his break, and

went on our homeward way sorrowfully. But our spirits soon rose, for we met one of Mr. Sunderland's closer acquaintances, who informed us that it is one of Mr. Sunderland's eccentricities — the eccentricities of genius, no doubt — to aver that he is leaving. He has been leaving consistently and continually for the last two years. We therefore hope and believe that next year will see Mr. Sunderland parading the corridors of the School in all his pristine glory, fulfilling his duties with all the conscientiousness with which he has fulfilled them in the past, and we therefore wish him, in all the sincerity of expectation, an extended and glorious career.



OLD HEATHENS' ASSOCIATION.



It seems desirable to remind Heathens, past and present, and particularly those leaving School this term, of the existence of the Old Heathens' Association.

The annual subscription is at present 5s., which is, of course, an absurdly low sum, especially when it is remembered that more than half of it goes to supplying members with the School Magazine regularly, and post free. The reason for the lowness of the subscription is that, owing to the small membership, it has been found difficult to carry on the many and various activities which have in the past made the Association such a valuable asset both to its own members and to the School. There was a time, for instance, so we understand, when the O. H. Association could put useful Cricket and Football Teams into the field, and used to obtain good fixtures throughout the respective seasons. There seems no reason why this should be only a memory, but it is likely to remain so as long as new members are so shy of making their presence felt.

The Secretary, Mr. A. B. Ollerenshaw, Redcroft, Halifax, will be glad to hear from any prospective members, and to give any further information regarding the present position and possible future development of the Association.



THE BATTLE OF THE CRUMPETS.



(The scene is Well Head Fields, a stretch of rugged Nature, defiled by allotments and midden and sometimes by a combination of the two. Enter three Heathens with downcast looks and roughcast features. The First Heathen gives vent to several sighs and a soliloquy.)

First Heathen:—

Come, live with me, Sorrow,
Exams start to-morrow;

Heigh, willow waly, Sorrow is me!
For with football and what-not,
It comes that I swot not—

O, I will rest me under yon tree,
There, 'neath the green bough
No longer I'm seen now;

Heigh willow waly, I'll lull me to
sleep.

Sing heigh to all schoolishness!

Ho! to such foolishness!

Oh, rest from exams in somnolence
deep.

(The Heathens retire to the tree and to sleep.)

(Enter a chorus of Muffineers, carrying three crates loaded with decayed crumpets.)

Chorus:—

All the way from Northgate End,
With our crumpets we must wend:
Crumpets in senile decay—
Three months old, if they're a day;
Till we find some spot secluded
Where our crates can be demured;
Crumpets, crumpets all the way!
That's the motto of the day.
Take your gas-masks, hold your noses,
Here are not the smells of roses,
That is the one word we say:
Crumpets, crumpets all the way!

(The Leader of the Chorus speaks.)

Leader:—

This is the field with daisies pied
Which I with naked eye espied:

Come, Muffineers,

Three hearty cheers!—

No fortune can us foil:

We'll take our load and dump it,

With every blessed crumpet,

On this most fertile soil.

(The crumpets are dumped on the verdure.)

At last it's done!

We'd better run,

Lest someone should us see:

We fear no foe,

With a yo heave ho!

For Muflineers be we!

(Exeunt Muffineers.)

(The silence is unbroken until the entrance of three damsels of Secondary School age, wearing small blue caps, with an insignificant badge worked thereon.)

Maidens:—

Three little maids from School are we,
Just promoted to Form 4 b:
Three little maids extremely vocal,
Hoping to pass the Oxford Local,
Three little maids from School.

From the High School we are free,
Earnestly learning botany;
Three little maids, all shyness feigning,
Three little maids, glad eyes disdaining,
Three little maids from School!

(The maidens catch sight of the Heathens, sniff the perfume-laden air, and perceive the crumpets. The Leader of the Maidens addresses the Heathens.)

Leader:—

I prithee, pretty kidlets, underneath yon tree,
What is this heap of crumpets that I see?
Pray, let your dreams forsake you,
I don't like to awake you,
But that they have an odour, you surely will agree!

(The Heathens, aroused from sleep, stare ferociously at their disturbers.)

Heathens:—

When we go out of doors,
We're victimised by bores,
And while we are basking,
They cannot help asking
Of questions all their stores.
Oh, maidens, most provoking,
Why are you always poking
Your noses into business not your own?
We don't like to offend you,
But we'd like to take and send you
To a Borstal institution till you're grown!

(The Maidens are offended.)

Maidens:—

O, Heathens, most unpleasant,
We have never till the present
Heard such insults as you rudely use
to-day;
With our kid-glove-covered flippers
And our patent leather slippers
Your aggressive words are really not "au fait."

Heathens:—

O Insolence! O Insolence!
This cheek can not be stood.
O Zounds and Gall!
Come, Heathens all,
Avenge this deed in blood!
Seize up, seize up these crumpets,
Whose perfume fills the day,
And each one hurl
At ev'ry girl,
Until they fade away!

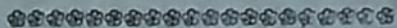
(The Maidens, bombarded with crumpets, flee in affright. The Heathens are left triumphant; but the sound of a school-bell restores their former despair. They prepare to leave the scene of action.)

Heathens:—

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong,
Ding-dong, ding-dong Bell.
That sound befits
My saddened wits,
And suits our humour well:
Each schoolboy swears
Whene'er he hears
That sound of omen fell:
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong,
Ding-dong, ding-dong Bell.

(Exeunt Heathens.)

—Richard de Burgh.



CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

Magdalene College,
Cambridge.

The Editor, "The New Heathen."
Sir,—

Forgive my lack of grace if I say that it is with some relief that I survey that initial "Sir"—it is I believe, the last time I shall write it, to you at least. Next term Brookes will be able to tax his stalwart thews with a burden which I feel too heavy for myself.

A hectic term, with a corresponding climax in "Mays"—i.e., the annual Inter-Collegiate exam—has left me with little energy to describe the brighter doings of the past seven weeks. As a matter of fact, all the brightness was reserved for the last week, when the usual May Week festivities were augmented by the only big rag of the term—a Pram Race, portions

of which were considered worthy of the cinema, and have probably been witnessed by some of your readers. Originality was not wanting, and the "baby," who drank its milk and chuckled awhiles over a certain rather *risque* journal with turf connections, aroused some laughter and a good many pence for St. Dunstan's. But the beer bottle was as frequent, as it was the obvious supplanter of the "feeder," while portions of the babies' apparel were reminiscent of the days of Toot-an-kum-in.

The Union created a record for itself a week ago by inviting three M.P.'s to the same debate, namely Mr. Lansbury, Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, and Mr. Pringle. The house was crowded, and there was some excitement when Mr. Pringle was called to order for interrupting, and Sir William "barracked" for a rather too personal attack on Mr. Lansbury—a striking testimony of the latter's influence, seeing that seventy per cent. of the members present were rabid Conservatives. Sir William was not very impressive in his defence of the present Government, and "faut in dignatio worsum" (with apologies to the "Granta").

The May Races were distinguished by Pembroke going ahead, Emmanuel II. sinking with its frenzied cox, scrambling along the keel, and Magdalene only going down two places instead of the usual four. Another feather in our cap is that four of the five female parts in the "Footlights" production this year—"Folly"—are taken by Magdalene men. In fact, one of them goes so far as to dance a ballet—that is, if one person can dance a ballet! You know what I mean—the kind of thing you seen in Grand Theatre pantomimes, supposed to represent the "Dying Swan," etc.). So the stage makes up the adverse balance of the river, so far as Magdalene is concerned.

And now, Sir, having sufficiently demonstrated my incapacity to interest your readers, may I bid you a fond, but hasty, farewell.

With best wishes, etc.,

Yours truly,

R. Thomas.



OXFORD LETTER.

Queen's College,
Oxford, June 15th, 1923.

The Editor, "The New Heathen."

Dear Sir,—

It is a not unusual thing for a 'Varsity letter to be profusely interspersed with classical quotations. I do not propose to retaliate by telling you this term's news in a series of chemical equations. If I were to do so, however, the most frequently recurring symbol would be the formula for water, for in spite—or because—of the number of Americans we are reputed to have acquired, Oxford has not by any means gone dry this summer.

Term opened with ten days of glorious weather, which gave us an admirable opportunity of introducing ourselves to the delights of the river and of the field. What time was not spent in punt or canoe was more strenuously filled with tennis or cricket. Of us all, Jacobs has bowed most deeply before the river god, for he was not satisfied that he had been fully initiated into the cult until he had performed the ritual of complete immersion.

After we had prepared ourselves for a steadily increasing heat wave, a number of meteorological depressions and waves of low pressure from the Atlantic or Iceland decided to visit Oxford and stay over Eights Week. The last of them has not yet left us. Nevertheless, Eights Week was a splendid success under the circumstances. I don't think that on any night the races were actually rowed in the rain, and on at least two occasions the sun shone. Then the river brought forth all its marvellous array of craft, and presented a gay scene that the journalist could only describe as kaleidoscopic. Only a fashion expert could do justice to the appearance of the barges.

Queen's has every reason to be satisfied with the result of the races. Our first boat went up two places, and our second five. Hertford also astounded itself by making five bumps, and so earned a bump supper. I have not heard that Jacobs distinguished himself on that occasion. Each of the two Worcester boats went up three places, but over the performance of St. Edmund's Hall I will draw a discreet veil.

Dilworth has only been visible on very rare occasions, preparing himself for the ordeal of Greats. This finished two days ago, and to celebrate the event he yesterday invited the rest of the old H.G.S. fraternity to play Fives at Worcester. We wish him every success.

Coghlun has proved himself a valuable asset to "Teddy" Hall, and has been given a prominent place in their cricket eleven.

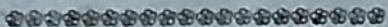
In between taking the waters of this health resort, Jacobs successfully plays the hypochondriac. He also occasionally takes me out into the country. I understand that Riley is "at home" in the Dyson Perrins Laboratory on alternate wet days.

Although we should not be Englishmen if we did not "grouse" at the weather, and our climate could not be English if it did not give us reason for so doing, yet we have passed a most enjoyable term. Moreover, we have, I suppose, contrived to remember sometimes that Oxford is a seat of learning.

Out of consideration for our friend Thomas, I purposely avoid reference to the 'Varsity Boat Race. It is not desirable to make capital out of an inevitable result.

Now, sir, if I have not exhausted your patience, I have my time. Without further ado, therefore, I will wish the School and yourself every success, and subscribe myself,

Yours very sincerely,
J. Herbert Spencer.



BRIGHTER EXAMINATIONS.



For a long time I have felt that there is something lacking in the manner in which examination papers are set forth. One observes in the ordinary paper no regard for the feelings of the examinee, and a person of great sensitiveness could quite possibly be put off by the bald manner in which they are couched. One would imagine that the examiner was a little tin god, issuing peremptory orders to a cringing slave. Why should not an air of chatty politeness be introduced into papers? This would establish much more cordial feelings between examiners and their victims. Let us take an instance.

This is the style of the ordinary paper:—

History.

Time allowed — 3 hours.

1.—What are the chief battles of the Wars of the Roses? Give dates.

2.—Account for Henry VIII.'s treatment of his wives. Do you think he was a misogynist?

3.—Write down your ideas on Richard II.'s character.

4.—Draw a map of Europe to indicate the battles of the war of Spanish Succession.

5.—Who singed the King of Spain's beard?

Now this is how the thing should really be done:—

What about some History?

(We humbly suggest this paper should take three hours. We are awfully sorry to inconvenience those who should wish for more, but there really must be some time-limit. However, let us begin.)

1.—We should be very pleased if you could give a list of the battles of the Wars of the Roses. We should be delighted to have a few dates given, if it isn't too much trouble.

2.—We wonder whether you could tell us why Henry VIII. killed his various wives. If you like you can also tell us whether you think he was a misogynist or no.

3.—By the way, Richard the Second is a good subject for a question. How about telling us something about his character—that is, if you don't mind?

4.—If you have a pencil handy, you might just draw a map of Europe—something very small and sketchy, you know, nothing elaborate,—showing where the Spanish Succession battles were fought. Always provided you don't mind, of course.

5.—Do you think you could be so good as to tell us who singed the King of Spain's beard, besides his barber? Thanks awfully if you can.

Now that is just the sort of paper you want from an examiner. It puts you at your ease at once. You can plunge into the answers without the slightest dread of the great being who sets the paper. In answering the paper you could be just as chatty. Thus:—

A. N. Oodle. — History.

(Oh, don't apologise about the three-hour limit. It may cause me a little inconvenience, but that's quite all right. Say no more about it.)

1.—Now I come to think of it, I really can't remember the battles. I have them on the tip of my tongue, but I can't exactly get them off, you know. It's very annoying, isn't it? As for the dates you ask for, it's a most peculiar coincidence, but I seem to have forgotten them as well. It's the most extraordinary thing I ever struck. Did you ever hear anything like it?

2.—I simply howled over this question. I suppose he killed his wives because he didn't take to 'em. Funny, isn't it, that he didn't find a wife he liked among so many. He must have been very unlucky, poor fellow. Oh, no, he isn't a misogynist, or he would never have got married again. I really must go deeper into this.

3.—Richard II. was a jolly queer bird, don't you know. I can't quite make him out, so I suppose it's no good going on with this, is it? Hope you really don't mind.

4.—Well, you know, I should have been most awfully glad to draw the map, but my pencil lead has broken, and it's too much fag to get my knife out. I know you'll excuse me. These things just happen at the wrong moment, don't they? I call it most annoying.

5.—I really couldn't tell you at the moment who the man was. Your bit about the barber was quite good. I howled over it.

(N.B.—Don't give me too many marks for this, you know. Let the others have a chance. I hope Mrs. Examiner is quite well, and that you yourself are in the pink.—Best Wishes,
A. N. Oodle.)

—J.G.C.



THE BALLAD OF THE SIXES.

Come hither, pretty juniors,
I prithee list to me;
Outside the wind is chill and cold,
'Tis yet an hour to ten.
Come, I will tell you all a tale
Anent my youth so free:
How Strickland won the Sixes
In Nineteen Twenty-Three!

Now Strickland's brow was gladdened,
And Strickland's speech was slow:
" Before they win the medals,
The other side must grow;
Come, Richards, Tipple, Doodson,
Exert your manly powers,
And when we leave we shall receive
Those medals, lads, as ours!"

Braw Richards spat upon the turf;
A fearful oath swore he:
" My prized plus-fours! if that side scores
A dead man there will be!"
A shudder passed around the ground—
A desperate man was he;
For Richards had his long locks shorn
In Nineteen Twenty-Three!

But see! the teams are on the field;
And Strickland's optics roll:
For Bagott stands among the backs,
And Handley is in goal.
Now Butler blows the whistle,
And the teams were hard at play;
And Tipple shoulders Nettleton,
And Richards is away.

'Twas like to be a hard-fought game,
Tricky, my lads, and fast;
And in the mud spectators stood,
And cowered beneath the blast.
And the concourse on the touchline
Broke all records, they agree;
Ah, those were valiant days for Heath,
In Nineteen Twenty-Three!

Now Doodson was upon the ball—
Now Aske ran out to save;
Now Richards hoofed the leather,
Now Strick a corner gave;
But then a change came o'er the game,
And Strickland's Six notched two;
The vast crowd roared when Tipple scored
And Richards put it through!

When the swatter swots at the fireside,
And the winds of Skircoat roar;
When the kids spit on the embers,
And the flapper flaps no more;
In spite of all entreaties,
Still shall you hear from me
How Strickland won the Sixes,
In Nineteen Twenty-Three!

—Richard de Burgh.

SORTES SHAKESPEAREANAE.

On reaching the top of the stairs at Heath:
"A strange, invisible perfume hits
the sense."
"Antony and Cleopatra," 2, ii.

Epitaph on a term's work:
"Too bad for bad report."
"Cymbeline," 1, i.

For a contributor to the "Heathen":
"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and
to-morrow."
"Macbeth," 5, v.

For the Editor:
"Why, then, to-morrow night, or Tues-
day morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednes-
day morn;
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days."
"Othello," 3, ii.

Shakespeare's England:
"Quake in the present winter's state,
and wish
That warmer days would come."
"Cymbeline," 2, iv.

THE ASCENT OF MAN.

Out of the depths of the night, of the in-
finite whirling of spheres,
There was flung into darkness a rock,
red-hot from the fires of its birth;
And it whirled and it spun and it cooled,
through the passing of numberless
years,
It cooled, and took shape as it spun, and
there came into being—the Earth!

And first it gave birth to a jungle, a mon-
strous strange vegetation.

That deep in the swamps and the
marshes dragged its luxuriant masses;
And formless beings stirred in their sluggish
vast habitation,

In the slimy depths of the swamps,
matted with tangled grasses.

Out of the mud primaevial there crawled,
as the aeons did pass,
Dim animal forms that foreshadowed the
shapes that yet were to be;
They left their homes in the swamps, and
was drained the marsh and morass,
And the land henceforward for ever was
divided and fought with the sea.

And beast gave place unto ape, and ape
gave place unto man;
For thousands of years he roamed, and
was one with the tiger and lion,
Till he learned to shape stone to his use,
and the art of the mason began,
Till he delved in the depths of the earth,
and brought forth copper and iron.

Then often he soared to the gods, but sank
back again to the savage,
And the pride of Assyria and Babylon
rose only to fall back again,
And Egypt lapsed back into sloth, and in
Minos the conqueror's ravage
Struck the proud walls to the ground that
had towered so long o'er the main.

Then Greece gave the worship of beauty, as
her gift without price to mankind,
And Rome by duty's stern call, brought
the wisdom of empire to earth.
And the city gave place to the nation, and
the people their voices did find,
And their destiny's realisation in the
minds of their leaders had birth.

Thus with swiftness ever increasing, he
fares and ascends to his goal,
But still is his spirit in darkness, nor
knows what the end he shall gain;
Yet still presses on, nothing daunted, to
the end he believes in his soul,
And trusts and is confident ever in the
heaven he strives to attain.

—Erb.

TO THE OLD PIANO.



Thou relic of the immeasurable past,
Farewell! Far back in time thy record
starts;
Fashioned wast thou long since, what time
all Gaul
Divided was in three coequal parts.

The years passed on, but thou didst still
remain,

Bowed down and marred by aeons num-
berless;

No hand of tuner spoilt thy wondrous tone,
Untended didst thou lapse to quietness.

Still could the skilful pick out half a tune,—
No more—when thou didst leave us—
half! one score

And six of notes that erstwhile sweetly
spake,

Are wrapped in dust and silence ever-
more.

—Erb.



COLOURS.



The dark brown pools of rocky mountain
rills,

The peaceful smile of the grass-green
sleeping fields,

The distant purple of the sun-light hills,
Tree-clad, the crimson every rosebud
yields.

The yellow gorze, the myriad-changing hues
Of ocean, golden sands outspread;

The woods that autumn stealthily imbues
With leaves decaying, yellow, brown, and
red.

The beams of moonlight bathing all the
wold,

In liquid silver, tremulous; the pall
Of grey twilight, descending fold on fold,
The infinite blue of the cloud-flecked
heaven; all

The rainbow hues with which the earth is
bright,

Are but the dreams of Beauty's radiant
white.

—Erb.



THE PARTING.



She had gone . . . As he
watched her slowly climb the hill, his
thoughts went back to a day two years ago
—how long ago it all seemed!—when he
had first seen her. There had been no
break in their companionship, but now she
had gone, leaving behind her only the faint
odour of that subtle perfume she always
used. . . . He passed on sadly, walking
fast amid the descending shadows of a
grey November twilight. . . . He was left
alone with no consolation. But stay,
what was this?—ah, yes, he had forgotten.
He pulled from his pocket a crumpled and
dirty piece of paper, and fondled it as a
precious possession. . . . It was a ten-
shilling note. . . . He had sold his Ford!

—Erb.



THE H.G.S.D.S. BI-ANNUAL SOIREE.



This all too infrequent function took
place a few days prior to Easter, in the
Masters' Common Room. This had earlier
been the scene of frantic preparation—
mainly the fixing of a docile curtain, in
which task much blood had been spilled,
three cut fingers, and an abraded nose—
however, we disclose too much!

After the guests had been cordially re-
ceived by their predecessors, a rather novel
whist drive was promoted. This form of
amusement lasted till the "great noise"
of the evening—supper! An elaborate
menu had been prepared, direct from the
cuisine of a prominent Halifax chef. One
thing, remarkable and unusual, was
noticed in that certain guests voiced a pre-
ference for aqua pura rather than for cafe
au lait, or eau aeree. There then followed
the usual entertainment, spiced with the
plaudits of the audience—in one case spec-
tators—and the popping of champagne
(brand, ginger ale) corks! Messrs. E. R.
Brookes and A. Sunderland had been re-
tained as entertainers, but the piece of
the evening was undoubtedly the new Con-
tinental drama—

"The Tragedy of the Faithless Wife."

(A play without words in one act.)

Recently translated from the original
Italian.

Certainly the scenery was unexampled in its simplicity,—which same remark applies to the costumes and stage effects.

The company was then regaled with a dramatic charade. This is reported to have been an impromptu turn, but—nevertheless—it went with a swing.

Hereabouts were interspersed a "Welshman's London Visit," by Mr. Watling; songs by Mr. Comfort; recitation by Mr. J. G. Coghlin and anecdotes by Mr. H. P. Jacobs. Finally, Mr. E. R. Brookes in conjunction with six sub-assistants, gave a presentation of the blood-curdling, spine-freezing play, well-known as—

"The Ghost of Jerry Bundler."

This had been exceptionally well rehearsed. Mr. F. C. Strickland handled his difficult role with the ease of a professional—his "death" was a triumph of spiritual suggestion; while Mr. S. handled the lethal weapon with the calm facility of the expert. The other members of the cast were Messrs. J.E.C.; T.W.C.; C.W.; J.B.R.; and Mr. E.R.B., as the inimitable "George." A fine production.

The company sang "Auld Lang Syne" with gusto, and appeared to have enjoyed the entertainment, which had been carried through without a hitch.



IN UNEXPLORED LANDS.



The schooner Shamrock, bound for Valparaiso, was caught in a raging storm. Monstrous waves leapt over the bulwarks, leaving pools of foamy water on the deck. Several passengers were in the throes of sea-sickness, and the skipper and his dauntless crew were somewhat disturbed by their groans, which at various times were heard above the din of the waves. The fury of the waves increased; the ship was rushed on at a whirlwind pace, and finally crashed on a small island!

When the crew regained consciousness, the morning had dawned, but there were no signs of the ship. There was nothing saved from the wreck, and under the guidance of the skipper, they decided to trek inland in search of food and water. They had journeyed for about half-an-

hour when they heard a rustling sound among the bushes, and, turning round, perceived a huge man. The newcomer was a veritable giant, nine or ten feet high. His flesh was very fair and white, and on it were pricked in blue, figures of men and horses, snakes, and sea-beasts. The skin of a huge jaguar was buckled above his shoulder with a golden clasp. His eyes were blue, fierce and shining, and in his hand he held a weapon, the trunk of a young tree, in which was hafted a mighty axe-head of rough, unpolished stone.

He advanced with a low growl, but the skipper drew his revolver, and shot him between the eyes, and he fell to the ground. A band of his companions then emerged from the bushes and overwhelmed the little party and bound them. The strange men carried the sailors to their encampment and brought them before their chief, a huge, bearded man with a great club. When he heard of the death of one of his men, he sentenced the strangers to be sacrificed to the "great beast which lives for ever," and they were taken, under an armed guard, to a small island in the midst of a marshy lagoon. Their bonds were struck off, and the guard rowed back.

There hung a dark, steaming mist around the edge of the water, and there arose from the swamp, a curious, dank, musky odour, a scent of bygone ages. The skipper felt for his revolver, and found, with a sigh of relief that it was still there. He was startled by a long, haunting, sobbing wail rising in the clammy air. This was repeated, and then there was a great swirling of the water, and a long neck, surmounted by a lizard-like head, rose to view.

The captain could not regard the sinister, green eyes without a feeling of fascination, but he pulled himself together, drew his revolver, and fired three shots in quick succession at the monster's head. He wounded the plesiosaurus, for such the animal was, and it was also startled at the sight of these strange beings, so it dived back into the water and swam away. The strange tribe then thought the white men were gods and bowed down before them, and rowed back to land.

The chief thought that ill-luck would come upon this tribe if he allowed the

white gods to go away, so although no restrictions were put upon the white men, they were closely watched, so that they could not escape. One day, however, some of the tribe came in with some wretched Indians they had captured. These were burned alive in wicker cages, and to celebrate the event large quantities of beer were drunk, and much mammoth flesh was eaten, and very soon many were incapable of action.

The man who was on guard dozed off, after consuming large quantities of the beer, and the captain and his men escaped into the forest and then to the coast, where they found two canoes, which they boarded and set sail. They managed to paddle near the trade routes, and were picked up by a passing steamer. They all arrived home safely, and told their wonderful tale to civilisation.

—R.B.



CRICKET REVIEW.



The First Eleven may be said to have made a good start this season, for at the time of writing, out of six matches played, only one has been lost. Meanwhile, the second eleven has played three, of which one has been won, one lost, and one drawn.

One notes with satisfaction that the team has not to depend this year on its bowling alone, as was largely the case last year. The batting has greatly improved, and when one considers that the first two or three matches had been played before many members of the team had any opportunity to bat at the nets or in practice games, one can look forward to a greater improvement still. The team is ably led by E. R. Brookes, who calls upon his variety of bowlers with remarkable foresight, and proves a very conscientious captain indeed.

One does not like to individualise, but the root of the success of the team undoubtedly lies in the two opening batsmen, Gledhill and Radcliffe, who have put up some very large scores, and the former of whom also takes a large share in the bowling. Another pleasing feature is the promise the three new-comers have shown. Coghlin (J. E.) is sound, and, what is more, consistent, with the bat. Shoesmith can

hit hard, and is just the man to pull his side out of a scrape, whilst Parker, both in batting and bowling, especially in the latter, gives promise of developing into a first-class all-rounder.

The fielding, also, of the team as a whole, has considerably improved, and one can gladly say that hardly any catches have been missed.

There is, however, one point which is causing much dissatisfaction and trouble, namely, the condition of the ground. Although the pavilion has undergone renovation, and the water is now on again, the state of the pitch itself is deplorable. Only five matches have been played on it, and yet it has cut up terribly, and in places there are great holes; but this is probably due to the fact that certain boys during the Whitsuntide holidays, have played on it in boots. We are doing our best to improve it, but until some fine weather comes to harden the ground, we cannot look for good results. Fortunately, however, only one match has been cancelled, that with Keighley, and we are hoping to be able to play the rest of our programme, which, by the way, is absolutely full, many would-be opponents having been rejected, under better conditions.

Our best thanks are due to Mr. Garrett for his help on all occasions; Mr. Watling and Mr. Phoenix for umpiring, and T. W. Coghlin for his scoring.

Below will be found a short account of each match.

Halifax Secondary School.

Home.

April 28th.

We opened the season with the local Derby, and once more were triumphant. Heath, on batting first, obtained 63, to which Gledhill (20) and Shoesmith (15) were the main contributors. The Secondary were dismissed for 35, largely due to Butler's bowling, the analysis of which was 5 wickets for 5 runs.—Won.

Halifax New School.

Home.

May 2nd.

This match resulted in Heath's poorest display of the season. On batting first,

we were dismissed for the paltry total of 26, although it must be admitted that the wicket was in the bowlers' favour. The New School replied with 47, thus winning by 21 runs. We do not look for another similar lapse.—Lost.

Huddersfield College.

May 5th.

Away.

In showery weather and on a sodden wicket, Heath easily triumphed over their Huddersfield rivals. The latter could do nothing against Gledhill, and were dismissed for 45, which total was easily passed in 25 minutes by our opening batsmen, Radcliffe and Gledhill, the former getting 26 runs and the latter 19.—Won.

Rastrick Grammar School.

May 9th.

Away.

On Brighouse ground. This match, owing to a late start, was confined to a duration of 2½ hours. In this time Rastrick obtained 75 for 8, at which total they declared, leaving Heath to get the runs in 55 minutes. Thanks to Gledhill, who batted through for 56 not out, we obtained 76 for six wickets. Gledhill's innings was faultless, whilst mention must be made of Parker, who took 4 wickets for 2 runs.—Won.

Wheelwright Grammar School.

Away.

May 12th.

At Dewsbury. On a cast iron wicket, Heath batting first, established a record score for the School, or at least a record partnership: 139 runs had been registered by the scoreboard by our usual pair before Radcliffe was bowled for a magnificent 70. Gledhill followed him without any alteration to the score for an equally faultless 52. Heath eventually declared at 161 for five, this total having been compiled in 1 hr. 35 minutes. Dewsbury were left 75 minutes in which to bat. A poor start was made, but there was an improvement, and the match ended somewhat tamely in a draw, with the score 89 for six.—Draw.

Almondbury Grammar School.

Home.

June 2nd.

This match was remarkable for its many fluctuations and its close finish. Heath

raised but 58, of which Gledhill was again to the fore with 15. Almondbury started well, and at one period were 38 for four. A rot set in, however, and the last six wickets fell for 8 runs. Butler this time was the deadly bowler, with five wickets for 4 runs.—Won.

Keighley.

Away.

June 13th.

After a week's interval, owing to bad weather, we visited Keighley, who gave us a good game indeed. Heath batted first, and obtained 137 for six, at which total they declared. Everybody batted well, and Brookes, with 33, was top scorer. Keighley, with 1½ hours to make the runs, set about the bowling vigorously, and obtained the winning runs, if somewhat luckily, by means of an over-throw leg bye, with four wickets down. Their success was due to Barritt, who, going in first, batted throughout for 87, obtained in forceful style.—Lost.

Bradford Grammar School.

Home.

June 16th.

This was a poor, low-scoring game compared with the previous match. Bradford were dismissed for 53, thanks to Butler, with four wickets for 12. But Heath fared even worse, being dismissed for 38. In this match, the tail was put in first, and, judging from the result, the experiment for everyone proved unsuccessful.—Lost.

There have been no outstanding features in the second team games, but nevertheless they have been tight, owing to the low scoring. Huddersfield College were defeated by only a few, a draw was made with Dewsbury, with the issue very open, and the match with Almondbury was lost by only a very narrow margin. Outstanding performers are Hallas, Bagott, Walker and Handley.

At present Gledhill is at the top of the first team averages, with an average of 41.5, truly an excellent one. Radcliffe also has an average of 24, whilst in the bowling one cannot differentiate much as yet between Gledhill, Wade, and Butler.



FIVES.



We have played an unusually large number of matches this year. Our record is—

Played 7 — Won 2 — Lost 4 — Drawn 1.

This, it must not be forgotten, includes two matches each with Mirfield College of Resurrection and Leeds University, teams naturally far stronger than Heath. The team has been:—

1st Pair.—Radcliffe and Brookes.

2nd Pair, Whiteley and Butler.

Reserve, Gledhill.

The Masters.—For the first time in history, the Masters were able to raise a team which consisted of Messrs Byrde and Jacobs, Seaton and Browning. They were, however, unsuccessful, and lost by 6 games to 2.

Leeds University (h.)—Leeds fielded their first team, and gained a convincing victory by 8 games to 1.

Mirfield College of Resurrection (a).—Heath first pair was beaten by the home first pair, but the second pair gained a well deserved victory over the opposing second sets and games being equal, Mirfield emerged victorious by 10 points.

The Masters.—The place of Mr. Byrde, who was unfortunately ill, was taken by J. H. Spencer, last year's fives captain. The courts resembled skating rinks, and the Masters being somewhat inferior in the noble art, lost by 8 games to 0.

The Old Boys.—A strong Old Boys' team outplayed Heath by 8 games to 1.

Leeds (a).—The buttressed court proved a disconcerting novelty. In spite of a natural disinclination to bruise one's knees and one's dignity by crouching under the bar, Heath approached within 3 points of their rivals, who had fielded a second team.

Mirfield (h.).—This game was remarkable for the fact that each side scored exactly the same number of sets, games, and points.



H.G.S. SIXES COMPETITION.

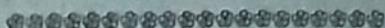


After the first round had been drawn, it was found that certain captains had left, and therefore the round had to be re-drawn. Strickland and Radcliffe obtaining byes.

In the second round Radcliffe defeated Walker by one of his non-stop touch-line kicks. Strickland defeated Smith's six.

In the third round Strickland obtained a bye, and in the fourth round his six played Radcliffe. After three re-plays, then a rest, then another re-play, Gomersall scored. In the meantime Gledhill had yielded to Handley.

On Wednesday, the day of the final, Handley had to play Butler. Butler was defeated, and the final was played between Handley and Strickland. After a re-play Strickland won, 2—0. —F.C.S.



SCOUT NOTES.



With the approach of summer, we had hoped that much outdoor work might be done, but we have been doomed to disappointment, and very little has taken place in the outdoor world worthy of comment. The result has been somewhat disappointing, and shadows have crept in over our little Company, which have no place under the Scout Law. The troop has perhaps grown too big to be easily managed, but the fact remains that we must pull up our socks, and try to regain that brilliant polish which marked our first efforts.

The Troop has done several good turns—from carting wood about and mending floors, to helping at the Naval Exhibition in the Drill Hall. Moreover, it turned out very smartly for the Infirmary procession, and our Cubs provided a certain amount of merriment en route.

We are working for the Progress Shield, and we think that it perhaps may yet adorn the School Hall—by the time this is in print the die will have been cast, and either it will, or will not, be ours for a year.

We have annexed a small corner of the Cricket Field for the purpose of holding week-end camps. We hope the cricket teams are duly grateful for making boundary hits in that direction easier.

Of course, the topic of the day is our French trip. We are due to start on the day after breaking up, and shall return some ten or twelve days later. Whether or no it is a success depends upon two things—first, upon the people who take

part, and, secondly, but a long way second, upon the weather. There is a danger that such a "camp" is imagined to be merely a novel way of spending a holiday—nothing more. Now, nothing could be more false. It will certainly be a novel, and a very jolly, way of spending a holiday, but only if certain conditions are fulfilled. It means work, common sacrifice of personal fads and fancies, ungrudging loyalty, and obedience to orders, and a sunny temper, even under the most adverse or provocative circumstances. I know that that is nothing more than the fulfilling of the Scout Law, which we've all promised, on our honour, to obey, but then we so often let that slip out of our minds, don't we?

Finally, we can show a large number of **useful** proficiency badges to our credit—we have gained 82 this Scout year—not a bad result, but again it's only a side-line, and we must not lose sight of the fact that badge-work and drill—in very small doses—are but means to an end; that Scouting is more than an instructive and useful hobby. What we have to remember, from Scoutmaster to newest recruit, is that we've promised on our honour to do certain things, and that it's up to us to do them. Scout

ing means *service for others*: unselfishness, and a readiness at all times to get something done.

No boy, having no desire to reach this ideal, has any right to such admission to, or to remain a member of any Troop. The cheerful lunatic who **will** have his joke at unsuitable times, is just as big an offender as the selfish fellow who puts his own pleasure first on all occasions. The higher our rank the greater our privileges, and, in our community, the greater are our responsibilities.

Do we all realise this? I wonder!

I know that this sounds rather "pi-jawy," but spring is a time when our houses are "cleaned down," and stock is taken, so that it is just as well to have an occasional serious turn of mind (provided it does not become too frequent) and set our own house in order. Who shall say that we don't need it? You yourselves must be the judge.

Enough! As Hamlet says, "The rest is silence."

Good camping, **Akela**

