



MAGAZINE OF  
HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL

HALIFAX.

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Summer Term :: 1929.

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# THE NEW HEATHEN.

HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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## EDITORIAL.

The record of the successes of Old Heathens is very incomplete. Past members of the school gain distinctions in many activities, but this magazine never makes any mention of them, except when they are in the academic field. This is only natural, for we can find the results of university examinations given in the newspapers, but promotion in business or the professions is rarely published and we have to depend upon information sent in by private individuals. It would be very helpful if people would develop the habit of sending in to us at the school any item of news relating to Old Boys, also any letters from Old Boys abroad which would prove of general interest. There are Old Heathens in all the Five Continents, but we never hear anything from them. Perhaps the revived H.O.B.C. will do something to help us in this matter.

We have great pleasure in recording continued progress in the growth of the Heath Old Boys' Club, and we feel sure that the Club will help to promote the prosperity of the School. In this connection we add our congratulations to those offered to H. Wilkinson of the Halifax Old Boys' Club on being capped for the English Rugby Team twice during this season. It will be seen from the report of the Heath Old Boys' Rugby Club that Wilkinson has not grudged his help and advice to his old school-fellows.

At the end of the term we laid a proposal before the committee of the H.O.B.C., whereby all members of the club could obtain their copies of the "New Heathen"

at a reduced subscription. The reply of the Committee is not yet to hand but we hope that they will see their way to accept the proposal.

Owing to the purchase of Spring Hall by the Halifax Education Committee, the Scouts will soon have to leave their headquarters. It is proposed to purchase a hut to be erected in the School grounds and various reports in this number will show the vigorous efforts which are being made to secure the money required. We congratulate the Scouts on the energetic spirit of self-help which they are displaying and especially Mr. Browning whose return to active participation has brought new life and vigour to the Troop. We feel sure that all Heathens, past and present, will do all they can to second the efforts of the Troop.

R. C. Barnes is the new Treasurer in place of H. Dyson who has left. C. E. K. Scouller remains Sub-Editor.

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## HEATH OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

Easter, 1929.

Once again, it is my privilege to give a short précis of the progress and social activities of the Old Boys' Association and it is with great pleasure that we place on record an increase in membership to 155, a number far in excess of any previous year in the history of the Old Boys' Clubs and Associations.

At the time of the going to press of the last number of the "Heathen" we were in



the midst of preparations for the Annual Dinner which was duly held at the Old Cock Hotel, on January 17th, and which proved a real social success. Under the Presidency of Mr. Byrde it was a delight to welcome as one of our guests, Mr. C. E. Fox, who is one of the oldest Old Boys in our town although not the oldest, and his reminiscences and good wishes were received with applause. Mr. Latchmore was invited as a guest and we were very gratified at his acceptance and very amused at his racy, yet excellent speech. Mr. Lewis Rhodes, one of the School governors was also present and voiced his pleasure at the revival of the Old Boys' Dinner.

At the monthly meeting held the following week, we had the opportunity of congratulating Mr. Harry Wilkinson in person on his attainment of his Rugby International Cap, when he and Mr. J. J. Glendinning, the chairman of the Rugby Union Club, came down to give us a talk on Rugby Football and the running of a successful club. Their advice and suggestions were warmly received and it was very interesting to be reminded by Mr. Glendinning of the fact that Wilkinson is the second international Rugby player to come from Heath, the first being Dr. E. F. Fookes, who played for England first in 1893, and who was given a farewell dinner by the Heath Old Boys' Club, November 3rd, 1900, on the eve of his departure for New Zealand. So play up Heath and turn out some more!

For the entertainment of our members for the March meeting, Mr. Eric Mackintosh brought his cinema projector and showed us some excellent films and provided us with a very pleasant evening which was enhanced by the presence of Mr. J. P. Martin who has a very warm corner in his heart for all old Heathens.

On the 1st March, a small Bridge Drive was held at the Builders' Exchange, when a company of about 32 spent a very happy time, winding up with a cheery little sing-song.

It is always gratifying to hear of Old Boys from abroad. This week we have enrolled a new member in South Africa, in N. Nettleton who is at present in Johannesburg and if any Heathen or Old Heathen knows of any other Old Boy in South

Africa with whom we could put Nettleton into touch, we shall be happy to do so. New members enrolled lately include Breaks, Flathers, Perry, Webster, Briddon, V. Laycock, R. Greenwood, C. Chambers, C. Needham, S. Fox, Coun. David Smith.

Our employment committee is now in being and are ready to help any boy leaving school to get suitable work or help any Old Boy in the same way if necessary.

With regard to the Football and Five Sections, I believe that W. W. Sawdon is to contribute the report for the former and no doubt the secretary of the latter will tell you of their continued successes.

R.E.D.

### HEATH OLD BOYS' R. U.

For their debut the Old Boys have had a very successful season, for up to date they stand with 41 points in hand on 20 matches, the wins and losses being even. We indeed owe a great deal to the Old Boys' Association who have provided us with colours and given us every support, also to Mr. Byrde who has granted us permission to use the Gymnasium as our training headquarters, and in no little way to the untiring efforts of our old friend Rex Fry who from the beginning has shown a greater keenness and pride than one would have imagined from a non-player. Good Old Rex!

I think the Old Boys can safely look forward to many seasons of success, for now that they have made their name known, there is little doubt that Heathens instead of scattering and playing for other teams will on leaving school come straight to the Association.

The Old Boys have always played clean and sporting games under the able captaincy of Jammie Jackson. At the beginning of the season we noticed that although we frequently found ourselves winning in the first half we also found that we invariably lost in the second half. This was because our training was taken more as a joke than a necessity, but when we took to it seriously there was a marked result. During the season we had some valuable instructions from Harry Wilkinson (International) and Harry Eastwood (Halifax)



who came down to our headquarters and gave us some very good playing and training hints with practical demonstrations. In fact we can almost note a marked improvement from that date, but be that as it may, Heath has turned out two great internationals so far. Who knows our luck, we may turn out two more. Play up Heath and Good Luck!

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### HONOURS.

- J. E. Beswick, St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford.  
2nd Class. Classical Moderations.  
J. E. Coghlin, Merton College, Oxford.  
2nd Class. Classical Moderations.  
A. Wilkinson, Oriel College, Oxford.  
2nd Class. Classical Moderations.  
J. Turner, Leeds Univeristy. Diploma of  
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### OXFORD LETTER.

St. John's College,  
Oxford,  
March, 1929.

Sir,

Even a worm will turn. Although I am writing this letter purely in self-defence, it must, I fear, if I am to write about your previous correspondents at all, contain much that is to their discredit. There are some things of which I may not speak: they would bring tears to the eyes of your reader and a blush to her cheek. I shall write therefore rather of what is trivial or even false than of the timid truth.

Hanson is, as you know, a man of parts. If he is not playing in goal for the first eleven he is invariably to be discovered entangled inextricably with the forward line of the second. Indeed, on several occasions when he has inadvertently made three first eleven fixtures for the same afternoon, he has been credited with having solved the problem of taking part in two games of hockey at once. This view is supported by the undeniable fact that when reliable academic authority has asserted that he was engrossed in the composition of a history of the Tory party, he has often been seen, at the very same time, in one or another of Oxford's less reputable cinemas. A Godlike man!

Coghlin has been doing Mods.—a well deserved punishment. During the afternoon he has filled the most improbable positions in the Merton soccer side, or has kept fit by taking long and healthy runs in Walton Street—one of the great lungs of Oxford. Much of this heartiness has, I fear, been nullified by an epidemic of peculiarly bestial twenty-first birthday parties which recently broke out in Merton and threatened to decimate the population.

Wilkinson also has been undergoing Mods., but his character is by this time so hardened that they have done him little good. They failed completely to prevent him from playing in the University Orchestral conspiracy, in which all played fast, but our hero faster than any. Nor have they once succeeded in making him forget to lead from the wrong hand when necessary.

The Shore you knew has, I am afraid, vanished, and he is now indistinguishable from the rest of the fauna of the Tabs.' Room. Doubtless by some oversight on the part of the recording angel, Shore has not been doing Mods. He still plays soccer with vigour, and is still a conspicuous figure in the "Corn" as he strolls towards or hurries away from the labs.

As for myself, all I ask is to remain

Yours very sincerely,

C. J. Collinge.

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Manchester,  
March 23rd, 1929.

Dear Sir,

Here we are at the end of the Lent Term, which has certainly been a more eventful one than the Christmas Term. The outstanding feature was Shrove Tuesday. For several days before and after that great day, the College was in a state of restlessness, whereby attendances were considerably thinned. This was due to the fact that "Rag-Rags" were pouring in, in thousands, and had to be taken out and thrust upon the public. I now feel fully qualified to sell the "Green Final," or any other great journal, in the street. And when "Der Tag" came it was cold but dry, and everthing passed off in true festive



spirit, the afternoon being marked by a visit to the Hippodrome, where the artistes were hard put to it to make themselves heard, although one cannot quite describe the affair as a riot. But their heroic efforts were rewarded for after the performance they were presented with boxes of chocolates.

Those abominable traffic signals have now been installed at the Victoria Railway Station, to the detriment of punctuality. And now I creep guiltily into lectures some time after they have started, and I feel Mr. T—y's reproving eye descend (or rather ascend) upon me, and evoke murmurs of disapproval from the class.

But enough, the day of reckoning, that is to say, June 3rd, is fast approaching; I must to work—perhaps.

Yours sincerely,

T. Crabtree.

### THE SCHOOL SOIREE.

by W. R. N.

The soiree held at the end of the Christmas term by the Fifth, Remove and Sixth forms was undoubtedly a great success, thanks to capable management and the painstaking energy of all concerned.

The "reunion of past and present scholars" together with universal gambling for paper stakes lasted until dinner-time, when a still livelier spirit began to animate the party. Over the roast beef, plum pudding and frothing "cocktails" of divers mineral waters, the Christmas spirit truly descended upon us and it was with a comfortable feeling of repletion that we returned to the Common Room for the promised entertainment.

This proved to be of a high order. Murgatroyd gave us some selections on the violin, and Mr. Comfort, a song, with Mr. Brooks accompanying. Mr. F. Cockcroft at the piano played us some "Syncopated Novelties" and Mr. Browning sang us a song in a highly personal vein. Then followed a "sing-song" punctuated with cries of "We want the Trojans!"

The curtain then rose on Mr. John Drinkwater's "X - O" A night of the Trojan War.

The outstanding feature of this production was the get-up of the actors, swathed as they were in distinctively Grecian garb, with real shields and bona-fide Greek daggers which had once been sharp.

Scouller, as the loquacious Pronax stands in the electric moonlight reciting monologues to the languid and long-suffering Salvius, alias Barnes, who appears to be trying to read, but finds time to answer Pronax in no small measure. Pronax at length departs with the avowed intent of killing someone on the other side.

The next scene reveals two Trojans on the Trojan Wall, covered with armaments. Much the same procedure is gone through as before, ending up with Sunderland's departure with similar murderous intentions, having arranged that on his emitting a certain signal Dakin is to haul him up the wall. Dakin is left alone on guard. This is where the play really starts. The sentinel is saying some very inoffensive poetry when a ghostly hand is seen to grope along the parapet. Attached to the hand is Scouller, who draws himself up and waits till Dakin has turned his back and has finished a very appropriate piece about a "hand unseen, of deadly stroke." The watchful sentinel then hears his assailant and turning upon him to say "Who's there?" allows the "sworn Greek, terrible in vengeance" to say his little piece and stab him to the heart. Victor and vanquished collapse in a heap and the curtain falls leaving both actors on the wrong side. No whit abashed, the corpse rises and both withdraw.

"Well" say we to each other, "not a bad little play. Now what,"—but stay! There is another scene, it appears.

The curtain accordingly discloses scene I. again with Barnes still in position in the tent. After a few moments Sunderland, disguised as a shadow on the wall, approaches. He plays the same low-down trick on Barnes as Scouller did on Dakin, and without a word disappears, leaving a much tidier corpse.

Scouller now returns and whilst washing his hands again harangues his lapless comrade. At the latest possible moment he enters the tent and to his evident dismay finds the corpse.



"Quite a decent play, wasn't it, eh? A bit long-winded—what's that? Another scene? Oh, right you are." Speculating as to who it will be next, we settle down to scene IV. which is strangely reminiscent of Madame Tussauds. In the starlight lies Dakin, on the RIGHT side of the curtain. After a pause comes the prearranged signal from below. A pause. Signal again.

Curtain.

On our being assured that this really is the last scene we eagerly await our final treat the "Dear Departed" by Stanley Houghton, which entirely baffles description. The theme was that of two sisters and their husbands squabbling about the property of the old father whom they believe to be dead. Grandpa comes to life at the crucial point, having only been dead-drunk, and after much further bandying of words announces his intention of getting married.

The main appeal of this play however, is the "back-chat" which was effectively carried out by the following:—Cockeroff as the implacable, grasping Mrs. Slater, and Murgatroyd her shadow of a husband; Hanson as Mrs. Jordan, the other sister, and Healy as her blunt and somewhat vulgar husband; Crabtree as the old man, whose irate speeches evoked strong protest from the moral reformers at the back; and Bancroft as a precocious girl of ten.

Both plays went practically without a hitch, owing to careful training by Mr. Comey, who, we all regretted, was unable to be present. The gathering broke up with everyone in excellent spirits, partly owing to Mr. Byrde's announcement that for us school would commence at ten on the morrow. Even that was hardly late enough for some of us.

Nicholson has omitted to mention his own very effective menu cards which there was a great competition to secure as souvenirs.

We owe our very hearty thanks to Messrs. Armitage Sr. and Jr. of the New Delight Mineral Works for their very generous gift of the mineral waters mentioned by our contributor.

## THE SCOUT CONCERT.

It is well-known that the Scouts are in rather a precarious position. They are threatened, somewhat indefinitely, with eviction from their present headquarters, and are sorely in need of money to purchase a hut for new headquarters. For this reason a second entertainment, arranged in the form of a concert, was given during the current term.

Under the able direction of Mr. Browning a full and varied programme was arranged and presented successfully, indeed anything but success was impossible after the hard work put in by all the members of the group in preparation for the event.

The Concert itself was held in the school Hall, and at the raising, or rather drawing aside, of the curtain on the first item, the room was full; we were glad to see a large number of the school present.

The opening item was, on the programme "The Orchestra—Sweet sounds from the Vagabond King," but, when revealed, the "orchestra" was surprisingly small. The sounds however were sweet, until something happened to the banjo.

The second item was a display by the Cubs of their work and games; each section of the demonstration was clearly announced by the Senior Sixer, and altogether this part of the programme was perfect.

A lighter vein was introduced by the short sketch, performed by two of the Rovers and Miss Stafford certainly never tires of helping us. Both this sketch and that in the later half of the programme appeared by virtue of their honour and originality, to delight the audience immensely.

Bill Marsh appeared in the next two items. In the first he sang two songs as a boy alone can sing. He really has a remarkable voice which has been well trained by Mr. Browning. In the other item he appeared in a quartet with Bill Aske, Mr. Browning and Rover Granger. The quartet, although starting very meekly developed on quite original lines, to the surprise and amusement of the audience.

-Inky and his violin, accompanied by Mr. Browning, provided the next part of the



programme, and were followed by Bill Aske with a monologue.

The first half of the programme was concluded by a camping sketch performance by some of the Scouts. Second Lewin ably took the part of the simple scout, and the appearance of Mr. Browning as a tramp appeared to amuse the younger members of the audience tremendously.

At this point, we might say, the interval was taken. The audience, especially the younger element, dashed out to the stall howling for refreshment. This was willingly supplied, and, although at times anxiety was felt, the supply was sufficient for the demand.

The second half of the concert contained a Tenderfoot Test and Investiture performed by the scouts, and a Rover Investiture.

The former of these was carried out, despite its length and detail, as perfectly as can be expected from such young boys, and provided the audience with a view of the work of the Scouts, and the type of test to be passed by them.

The latter named ended the Concert in a more serious vein and showed the audience the serious nature of Rover Work.

The lighter part of this half of the programme was provided by Rover Granger in some songs, a touching scene from Devon in native dress, a sketch by the trio who performed the first, and some songs by Mr. Browning.

I must apologise if I have left out or misplaced any item, but it appears that every copy of the programme was destroyed during or immediately after the Concert, none surviving to my knowledge. The quality of the Concert may be appreciated from the number of items I have remembered. We must thank all our friends who attended the entertainment or otherwise aided in its success.

### HEATH HOUSE.

Heath House has been lying dormant for the greater part of this term, but House enthusiasm reached its height with the

advent of the House matches. Only one House meeting under the supervision of Mr. Rigg has been held, the business in hand being to elect captains of Fives and Rugger. Cockcroft was elected captain of Rugger and Bairstow vice-captain of Rugger and captain of Fives. We have held no Soirée or House-party but we fervently hoped that the members of Queens House would thereby ruin their constitutions and fall an easy prey in the House match. In the first match, we had the pleasure of meeting School who appeared to have a formidable array of players. The remainder of Heath House appeared on the scene in full force for the purpose of giving vocal encouragement.

The start was not extremely promising. School obtaining the ball from the kick-off and immediately scoring. After a few minutes play, an unfortunate incident occurred. Scouller, who was playing in the three-quarters, had the misfortune to fracture his wrist. We were very sorry to have been instrumental in the removal from the scene of action of Scouller, who had been previously playing a very good game with the First XV. At half time School were leading by 12 points to 6. Mitchell and Daniell having scored for Heath. In the second half Butler in the threequarters and Mitchell in the forwards began to play as though inspired, Butler, by several amazing runs, equalising the scores at 15—15. Enthusiasm was intense as the goal kick was taken but as with the other goal-kicks it failed. If only Murgatroyd had been taking part in the game, we should very probably have gained the lead at this stage. School finally triumphed with the score 30 points to 15. Our defeat was chiefly due to the lack of a person skilled in the art of goal-kicking.

Having lost to School, we decided that at all costs, Queens should be defeated and at half-time with the score 12 points to 8 in favour of Heath, it appeared that the desired result was going to be produced, Butler having imitated Devitt and scored a magnificent try. Mr. Rigg exhorted the Heath team during the interval to preserve the lead. However, after the interval, Barnes started like a bull and only appeared to fear one thing, which was the prospect of Mitchell descending upon his neck like



a 2 cwt. iron collar. The frequent encounters between Ingham and Mitchell were always exciting and full of interest. The final score, to the sorrow of at least the Heath section of the spectators, was 22 points to 12 in favour of Queens. The matches, however, were by no means in vain because they were played in a fine spirit and showed the presence of great House enthusiasm.

Unfortunately owing to inclement weather and the prior claims of Rugger, no House Fives matches have been played but it is probable that these events will be contested at the beginning of the next term.

The prospects for the coming cricket season are exceedingly bright, since only one member of the former eleven has left. Now Heath, if we pull together, we shall most certainly be successful in the Fives, Cricket and Sports events.

### QUEENS HOUSE NOTES.

This term has been quite a satisfactory one for Queens. No members of the House have left and that spirit of unity, which I hope will always be present, is as much in evidence as ever. The most important event of the term was the House Party which was held on Shrove Tuesday. This date was fixed upon because of the half holiday and also so that the affair should not clash with exams. and House matches at the end of the term. The party was a great success and everybody spent a wholly enjoyable evening. Starting with an exceedingly hefty feed—some members of the House, I think, were under the impression that a prize was being offered to the stalwart who consumed the largest amount—we then derived great amusement from games, competitions and singing (?) and finally broke up at 11 o'clock.

We must express our gratitude to Mr. Phoenix, our Housemaster, and to the Committee, composed of members of the House, who made all the necessary arrangements.

We are greatly indebted, also, to Mr. Browning, who contributed very largely to the success of the evening. With song, jest and game, he inspired us all with the Spirit

of Carnival. His typical item on the members of Queens, which aroused great enthusiasm is printed below.

Our thanks are also due to Mr. Armitage, an old member of the House, who, to the unbounded joy of everyone concerned, provided us with "Pop," and also to Healey of School House, who very generously gave us several prizes for the competitions.

In view of the success with which both this and last year's party have met I sincerely hope that in the future it will be made a regular feature of the Queens' House programme.

As regards games, we have played one Rugby match against Heath House, which, after a hard fight, we won by 22 points to 12. Our remaining game with School House will, all being well, take place before the end of term. Whilst in cricket next term we hope, with most of last year's XI. to put up a pretty good show.

Floreat Regina.

R. C. D.

### ROYER NOTES.

March 22nd, 1929.

This term we started a new phase of Rovering known as Questing, or the "Quest of Service." This is a new and better way of bringing Rover ideals of service down to brass tacks, and getting on with the job. The fundamental principles of Questing is for each Rover to choose a Quest or Quests, such as the Quest of Honour or Happiness for others, and follow these out to the best of his ability in his work or play.

As stated, Questing is still in its infancy and to further this great work in Halifax the Rover Committee organised a combined Moot of Rovers from all over Yorkshire to which Dr. T. W. W. Griffin, the great authority on this subject, came and advised us. The Moot took place on Saturday and Sunday, March 2nd and 3rd, at the Halifax Y.M.C.A., and consisted of a Concert, at which a film the "Quest of Service" was shown, also a play of Rover Interest, bringing to a close the evening, which was proclaimed a huge success by all.



On Sunday morning we started in earnest and got down to business. A "Rovers' Own" service was held, in which Dr. Griffin expounded his theories on "Questing in religion."

A first session followed immediately with Questing in the Scout movement in which Dr. Griffin showed us how to first "explore" the Quest, secondly apply scout craft to it, and thirdly, blaze the trail or carry it into practice. This chiefly concerns the Quests of the "Younger Brother" or World Scout-ing.

The second session was "Questing in the daily Job" which dealt with Questing in every day life.

An impressive Rover Investiture brought to an end a very enjoyable and educative weekend. The whole affair passed off very well indeed and from the comments made by Dr. Griffin and the visiting Rovers, we deemed our time spent in organising the Moot, well worth while.

The only other item of interest in our term's work was a joint Concert, held at School, on March 16th, but we presume a report of this will appear in other notes, so perhaps the least said and the better.

#### THE ROVERS.

#### THE SCOUTS.

This term has seen a reorganisation in the troop—at least so far as the officers are concerned. We now have Mr. Browning back, as Group Scoutmaster, with Mr. Corney as Cub Master and "yours truly" as Scoutmaster. The Group is governed by a Group Council which we hold once every month. This consists of the above, along with Ted Stafford, (A.S.M.) and Mr. Phoenix (treasurer). The purpose of the Group Council is to keep an eye on the management of the Group, for the benefit of each of the three sections. The troop (Scouts) of course has its own Court of Honour, the duty of which is to organise the work—and play—of the Scouts, and generally be their "Parliament."

As to the WORK of the Scouts, the general tendency this term seems to have been to get on with the money making. Since

our last notes we have raised our Club Room fund from £20 to approximately £50. For this we must thank various individual Scouts—and their mothers; who have patiently borne the smell of boiling toffee, or lent a guiding hand in the manufacture of marmalade.

Most of the rest of the term was spent in preparing for the Scouts portion of our Concert. We held this on March 16th and we think we can safely say it was a huge success.

However, this must go to press so I will end my notes by wishing everyone a "Happy Holiday," and the Scouts "Good Hunting."

W. E. A.

#### THE CUBS.

During the past term, the Cubs have taken on a new lease of life, thanks to the unregretted resignation of several people who used to come along to waste time. Those who are now left are really keen on the work which is being done and proved their efficiency at the recent concert where their display of various cub activities was highly appreciated.

The work done during the term has been mainly revision, particularly of the Morse code. Good work has also been done in training recruits. The competition between the two Sixes is very keen and the respective Sixes, G. Hanson and E. Lewin are developing a fine spirit in the leadership of their Sixes.

At the end of the term, we had an afternoon out at Copley Woods where we practised signalling from hillside to hillside. Of course, our messages were very simple but it was gratifying to see how well we read each other's messages. We must especially congratulate J. Lewin on his mastery of the signs. Various Cub games were played including a really strenuous and exciting contest at Norland. Honours were even between the two Sixes though Hanson's skilful detour up Copley Stream would have turned the flank of the defenders if he had not been betrayed by his faithful hound.



Another meeting has been arranged for the day before the beginning of term, when we hope that R. Sutcliffe will join us again as he did last year and give us some real experience of Scouting on the Moors at Bradshaw.

During the summer term, we hope to have a good deal of out of door work and to have at least one or two camps for it is only by actual experience of camping that we can realise the joys of scouting.

### QUEENS' ALPHABET.

I wish a good evening—O my, how polite!  
To the aristocrats and the Plebs. here to-night.

I'll try out a song that you haven't heard yet,

In the form of a Musical Queens' Alphabet.

**A's** the first letter—now what shall I do,  
For nobody's name starts with A—that's quite true.

So we'll say it's for All of us—that's very sound,

A more truculent lot couldn't ever be found.

**B** stands for Brearley, a learned young Wight,

When he puts on his "glawses" O Lord what a sight!

It's also for Barnes who on lexicons thrives,  
Well, he don't wear plus 4's so he goes and plays 5's.

**C** stands for Clifford, his other name's Carr,  
Buys up all Woolworth's hair oil, you sniff him afar.

And Christmas—that's Kirtley— it stands for as well,

Now he may go to heaven; he says there's No-EL.

**D** is for Dawson, we've two on the slate,  
There's Bill and sweet Leslie, who haunts "Pwince's" Gate.

**F** stands for tin ribs! a ramshackle bus.

Let us say that it's Ford, and cut out all the fuss.

**G's** Gussy Greenwood—reads Sexton Blake books,

Tho' I think he's not really as green as he looks.

But Norland Moor gives us the best of that Clan,  
So I'll tell you it's Hall, and that G stands for Gran.

For **H** the name Hainsworth to you will occur,

His hair is the envy of Maison Moncur.  
And H stands for Handley, just take it from me,

He's the murdering ruffian who lives in IV. B.

**I** is for Ingram, a chubby lad too,  
To his form mates he's known as our dear Inky Poo.

It's also for Ingham, who's quite long and thin,

When he's static he looks like a human hairpin.

**J** has now left us—and he wasn't stout,  
He never said "Puggy" but often "Get out."

**K** is for Kerr (Graham): queer little chap,  
He has almond shaped eyes and he looks like a Jap.

**L** is for Lewin, might be an athlete,  
If he were not possessing such whacking big feet.

**M** stands for Marsh, who sings ditties with go,  
And it's also for Morton—not Horace, you know.

**O'Rourke's** a wild Irisman: form masters bend,  
As to school he comes raging from the wilds of West End.

**P** stands for Priestley, who never can stop,  
Once he gets his face wrapped round a bottle of Pop.

And P also marks down a housemaster bold,  
Who adores large round rulers, at least so I'm told;

If you test tubes by dropping 'em, or speak and get caught,

He'll retaliate quickly with a hot retort.

And **Q**, well of course that stands only for Queens,

The house that will give any other one beans.

**R** I am stumped for, so just to save time,  
I will skip it and go to the following rhyme.



**T** is for Thom-as(s), and so it appears.  
He is quite rightly named—have you noticed his ears?

**T**'s Kenneth Taylor, who's charming to see,  
Perhaps that is why the boys call him  
darling K. T.

**U** is a corker, unless it means Us,  
That doesn't fit badly—it might have been  
"wuss."

**V** are the victories won by this house,  
At the pots on the mantelpiece, no one need  
grouse.

**W** is Wilky, the Bark-i-land King,  
Has a voice like a crow; just you ask him  
to sing.

**W**'s for Webster; now look at his face,  
Immaculate, shining, not a hair out of  
place.

**X** is the excellent time we've had here.

**Y** is yourselves brimming over with cheer.  
But I'd better dry up now or you'll all see  
red,

Alphabet closing down now: that's finished  
nuff **Z**.

#### FURTHER INVENTED M.S.S. OF SIR FRANCIS BACON.

##### Of Homewerke and Scolemasters.

Certainely there bee Menne that doe affect to finde an Usage in Homewerke; and set itte Downe as being proper to the Bodie Scolastique: that such thinges neede bee; lest the schoole perish. Otheres there bee who affect to contemn itte; with Othes and Seorne; with wailinges and Bitternesse alsoe.

Of the Reason for Homewerke then, I give this Accounte. That itte is by some Approved:—being mostlye Scolemasters and Swottes: That have a prettie Leaning to Werke But by otheres, not:—being for the moste parte of Small Authoritie, or schollers. And the which of these views be the wiser; I say not: Though I knowe well.

But Firstlie do I entende to speake of them who sette these divers laboures; And gentlie; being One.

Some there are who be verray Zeilnts; settinge taskes of Prodigious Lengthe; but with a cheerfull countenance; Exhorting

their Schollers to toile greatly; to the Ende that they may Gaine a Preheminance in Knowledge; And in Wisedome; that they bee not Droanes nor Slugges. These bee verray strait; and sometime Vexatious; and of a shrewde Meddlesomenesse; Abhorring alle mannere of Excusationes; so that a poore Scholler may saye not; "I have left my worke on the syde-borde" or "The Mayde hath burned my Gifte and destroyed itte Utterly." With Such an One, alle manner of Tayle shall availle him naughte; for alwaies shalle he get itte in the Necke. And with such a Zelant; I Counsell a meeke Humilitie; and lowly Servys: with fulle Obediaunce; for the better Escaping of an Abundance of Coler; And a Multitude of Maledictiones; And greate Dolours. For Prophane Talking is Improprate; And payeth not.

But of Otheres againe; the Nature is faire Opposite; Being of a Meeknesse in Aspect; which Deceiveth greatlie. For they bee of a Certaine secresie of Harte; and holde in Readinesse againste Excusationes so many Tayles and Speeches: And do Atteste in Inkes of Divers Colours; for the better Admonition and Exhortation of the Schollers; that they straye not:—"Delaies are Dangerous." Also they keepe a tome; Like unto the "Booke of Domesday" so that it often befalle; that a Contumacious scholler (of which there bee not a few), Bee caughte in the toiles. And Escape not. For alle is written in the Booke. This bringeth the Schollers to an Excellent good Behaviour; being sternely Bridled.

Of a Thirde kinde I now entend to Speake Who bee faire Tyrannicall: and Sway itte Emperiouslie; so that their Schollers have no Freedome in their Times: Nor in their Acts: nor in their verray Sowles: But bee utterly Crushed and Broaken. For often it befalleth; That a Scholler Shalle saye unto Hys Ladye Mother (for the greater Trust is to be found therein) "I will goe unto the House of Bookes at Skircote; for a Booke on Birdes." Then shalle he Recalle; that he hath a Convolution of Wordes to mayke Compleate. Then is he in a Faire Perplexitie; and at a Stonde. Thus is he fayne to Remaine within; toying with the Minde: So that the Birdes sing no moe; And have no Sweete Wordes to allay their Grief.



But if this Counsell prevaile not; and he goe Michaellinge; Then shall he bee for the High Jume in the Morning and in the Afternoone; Being Wodensday: vayling his Bitternesse of Harte; and angry Menacings; with the well-seeming Cloke of Courtesie; Havinge Murdere in his Harte.

But Some Scholemasters there Bee; who Meddle not: And are of a Certaine Towardnesse; Dealinge gentlie with poore Schollers, sayinge oft-times "Noe homewerke thysse doie Laddes." With suche I would deal alwaies Tenderlie: for this Kinde is of Surpassing Meeknesse: desiring to Avoide the Eyes of Menne; Lookinge alwaies upon the Grownde; For though they bee Scholemasters in verrey Troth; yet are they Conscient of their Shame. These bee Rare.

But if it thus Befalle: that ye shall bee of such goode Fortune; And hold suche an One; as Master of the Forme: Then shall ye bee of a Merrie Countenance: Singinge "**Te Deum**" with a Thankfull Harte: For, of Suche an One, it is True; Which Master Shakspeare hath written (or itte may be I myselfe) "**We shalle not looke upon His like Againe.**"

Now must I make an Ende: Lest I bee Exhaust with my Toiles. For tho' I bee a Scholemaster: in Toile lyeth not my chief Delight: But, being under Authoritie; and charged Straitly to Ingage in Essaie; Thus have I accomplished itte. And, itte hath come into my Minde; As I write; that this also is Homewerke. So will I Discourse no longer; for the Holie Daies have come.

### SCHOOL LANTERN LECTURE.

On Monday evening, March 11th, Mr. Browning gave a lantern lecture on the subject of "Some Historic and other Public Buildings of London."

The lecture was well backed up by the Junior and Middle School, and four hardy parents turned up as well. The screen pictures were of various kinds, showing among other things, architectural development from Tudor London, through the Renaissance period to modern times. The audience proved to be excellent listeners and bore up nobly for the space of about eighty minutes. Even then, the lecturer escaped unscathed.

When the supply of London slides ran out, others were forthcoming of the South Coast and much out of the way information was broadcast, so that the evening was spent not unprofitably.

The affair was one of several efforts made by the School Group of Scouts to raise money for building a new headquarters in the School grounds, and so generously did patrons contribute to the collection at the end of the talk, or possibly so sternly did the Scouts with the money bags guard the exit at closing down time, that the sum of over thirty shillings was realised.

The Scouts' thanks are due to the Headmaster for allowing us the use of the School hall; to the two Rovers, Stafford, stalwart fellows that they are, for providing the lantern and screen; to the Caretaker for lots of valuable co-operation and help; and to those boys and their parents who backed us up so splendidly.

### THE ART OF THE HISTORIAN.

It must be delightful to be a historian. The masterly critical detachment of these supermen is sublime. They have had a style of their own ever since Caesar told us that all Gaul was divided into three parts. —Friends, Romans and Countrymen—who gazed at the septentriones. Historians turn their heroes at the crucial moment into Olympian athletes. For example:—Trombonius dashed up the valley, pitched his camp into the next field, threw forward his artillery, hurled back the enemy and cast the ringleaders into prison."

These feats of the historian's imagination are practically without parallel.

Then there is the life-story method:—

"General Coughdrop, better known as the Corrugated Iron Duke, began life as a child. Despite this handicap he became one of the nation's greatest generals."

There are already about two dozen of these, and a long waiting list.

"He was born of poor but honest parents and died of heart failure, caused by his head being blown off by a cannon. As a youth he was intended for the law."



This is part of the regular procedure. It is considered a grave omission on the part of a great man not to be intended for the law.

"He commenced his military career by joining the army." This is often the case, but few journalists, we fear, could have put it so fully or so clearly.

"The Duke was one of the good old English type who swore on every opportunity. This had the effect of encouraging his men. He was well over seven feet in height."

This is for the benefit of the historical novelists, who can now make him "tower over" anyone he pleases.

"In addition to his military prowess the general was a great diplomat, leaving all his conquered enemies on the best of terms."

The process is quite simple. If there is a town to be got rid of, the lieutenant sacks the town and the general sacks the lieutenant. Similarly, if a town is fired, so is the officer responsible. The general and the inhabitants remain on the best of terms. This is diplomacy.

The historian, however really warms to his work when he reaches the last page.

"This,"—meaning the preceding five hundred pages—"is what has made old England what it is," says he, as though it were something to be proud of. "This is what has planted the Union Jack in every country where the sun never sets, and all those who want a further exposition of the above facts are strongly recommended to read my more comprehensive work:—

A History of Great Britain and the Irish Free State, by U. Borus-Stiffe.

W. R. Nicholson.

### MIXED BURGLARIES.

A Play in three scenes.

Characters:—

RELF (inhabitant of big house in Martyn Avenue.)

JAMESON (Relf's friend).

MELFORD (A young acquaintance of Relf).

JIM (Melford's brother who throughout the play is disguised as a policeman).

A SHABBY INDIVIDUAL (P.C. 69.)

#### Scene I.

(A comfortable bachelor's room. Relf and Jameson are seated round the fire smoking cigars.)

Jameson: Good cigars these Relf!

Relf: Yes, help yourself from the box when you've finished that one.

Jameson: Thanks old man (A short pause) I say, have you heard the story of the burglary down at Fawcett's, the jewellers?

Relf: Yes! Rather a peculiar affair isn't it?

Jameson: It is, but I dare say the police will catch the thief.

Relf: Perhaps so, but I wonder where he is now. I'll bet he's still in London. There's no place like the city for lying low.

Jameson: If that's so he might be hiding in someone's house. It would be a jolly good place, but I hope to goodness he hasn't picked on yours or mine. (A cold draught of air sweeps into the room, and then a door is heard softly closed). What's that Relf?

Relf (In a whisper): It's the street-door closing. (They both jump up and tip-toe to the door of the room. Relf switches off light). I wonder if it's the burglar. (Footsteps are heard approaching. The intruder stops at the door and then opens it slowly. Enter Melford).

Melford: No light? It's funny! (Hears a sigh and then sees the two dark forms. Thinking they must be burglars he jumps on Jameson).

Relf: What are you up to, Melford? (Switches on the light).

Jameson: Here Melford what—

Melford: Oh it's you is it? What are you doing with the light off, cowering behind the door? I thought you were burglars.



Relf: That's what we thought you were. But come and sit down and we'll explain. (They sit down and light cigars). Well, you see, we'd just been talking about the robbery at Fawcett's and we thought you were the thief taking refuge in my house.

Melford: Yes, but you know I always come straight in without knocking. You told me to, yourself.

Relf: Quite, but I didn't know you were coming up tonight. By the way, have you heard about the robbery at the jeweller's.

Melford: Yes. My brother, Jim, works at a bank just opposite and he told me all about it. The thief will get away with it, don't you think?

Relf: He never will. The police will soon have him under lock and key. Don't you agree Jameson.

Jameson: Yes. The law's too strong for the law-breakers.

Melford: Um! The thief is always supposed to get caught, at least according to these detectives tales, but that doesn't ring true. I think it's as easy to burgle a house as to prevent a burglary.

Relf: Ha ha ha, don't be silly Melford. You and a pal of yours couldn't burgle this house if Jameson and I set out to stop you.

Melford: I'll lay you twenty pounds I and a friend take from this table tomorrow night my own twenty pounds and yours.

Relf: Righto! Do you agree Jameson.

Jameson: Certainly! you give us your stake tomorrow and we'll put them on the table for tomorrow night.

Melford: Good! And now I think I'll go and tell my accomplice in crime all about it. Good-night Relf. 'Night Jameson. (He goes out. Relf and Jameson go on smoking for a minute or two and then burst out laughing).

Scene II.

(Same as scene 1. Two twenty pound notes must lie on table. Jameson and Relf are seated in arm-chairs.

Jameson: Well, to-night's the night.

Relf: Yes. And we— (A heavy knock at front door). What's that.

Jameson: Someone at the door. You go and open it but for goodness sake be careful. It may be one of their tricks.

Relf: Righto (Goes out. A short pause and then Relf is heard talking to a person with a very gruff voice.)

Relf: Who's there?

Jim: (for it is he, disguised as a constable) It's me. I'm a policeman.

Relf: (opening door wide) Oh! thank goodness! But what the dickens do you want at this time of night.

Jim: I want ter search this 'ere house. The cove wot broke inter Fawcett's is suspicioned to be 'idin' in one o' these 'ouses.

Relf: But it's preposterous. I don't want you messing about in here. I've no desire to interfere with the workings of the law but I can assure you that the culprit is not in my house.

Jim: Well, orders is orders.

Relf (reluctantly): Come on then and be quick about it. (Jameson hears the policeman clomping upstairs. Relf comes in).

Relf: Some fool of a policeman thinks we are harbouring the chap who robbed Fawcett's shop. (Thuds from above are heard faintly).

Jameson: What rot! I'm beginning to lose faith in the police.

Relf: Hear hear.

(More thuds are heard, louder than before).

Jameson: Still one can't stand in the way of the law.

Relf: Quite so. That's what I said to our excellent constable.

(Very loud thuds are heard in room above and then footsteps descending the stairs.

Jameson. Here he comes. (A knock at door). Enter Jim.

Relf: Well I don't suppose you've found anything.

Jim: No I 'aven't (Gazes steadily at Jameson then at the money on the table. Produces photograph. Regards it and then Jameson) Hey! Wot's the idea? You're the fellow I'm after. I've gotcher photeygraph 'ere. (sieves Jameson by



shoulder). I'm beginning ter see daylight. Yer tryin' ter bluff me. Me, 'Orace Shufflebottom! It won't come off.

Relf: Here stop this fooling you idiot.

Jameson: Whatever are you talking about, you fathead. Let me see your photo. (Jim shows it him). Why I've just had that taken. What the—

Jim: Foolin'? This is no foolin'. I'm slowly building up a case against you two. Wot's that money about, eh? I reckons you were just puttin' yer swag away when I surprised yer.

Relf: Well you see we had a bet on with a fellow that—

Jim: Aw! go tell it to your Aunt Maria. 'Ere you (to Relf) why did yer open the door so slowly? You're 'is accompanist, that's what you are.

Relf: Look here, my man can't you listen to reason. You can take one of those notes if you like. (Jim stuffs one into his pocket. Relf and Jameson look at him expectantly).

Jim: Now then, yer can both come along 'o me to the station and hexplain yer hextraordinary hactions. Come on. )He hauls them out crestfallen, but expostulating loudly).

### Scene III.

(In front of Relf's house. The action follows straight on from the last scene.

Enter Jim from Relf's house, hauling Jameson and Relf with him).

Relf: "Be reasonable constable!" Jim locks door of Relf's house but leaves key in lock. They go out, right. A shabby individual enters from left, slinking along wall of house. Sees key in lock. Turns it and goes in. Re-appears a minute later, locks door taking key with him and goes out, right, with his grubby hand holding his pocket tightly. Short pause. Enter Melford from left. Goes to door and sees that key is not there).

Melford: That fool of a Jim has forgotten the most important part of the whole business. Well I'll try to open the blessed door with my own door-key. (Pushes key into hole and works it about franti-

cally for a few minutes, muttering imprecations against Jim all the time).

Melford: Oh! the thing won't act. (Enter P.C. 69.)

P.C. 69 (softly): Hullo! What's this? He speaks with quite an ordinary accent, not at all like Jim's assumed manner of speaking). What the dickens are you doing (Goes and lays his hand on Melford's shoulder).

Melford: Oh! I was just trying to get into my friend's house.

P.C. 69: Oh yes! but considering that I have just seen Mr. Relf riding down the next street in a taxi I don't suppose he was expecting you.

Melford: Oh no! er—that is—er yes! but—

P.C. 69: I think you'd better come to the station and explain. (Enter Relf and Jameson from Right).

Melford: Relf! Come here for goodness sake and vouch for me against this policeman.

Relf: What's the matter?

P.C. 69: He was trying to get into your house so I'm taking him to the station.

Relf: Nonsense! Melford's all right. I was expecting him to-night. Good-night constable.

P.C. 69: Goodnight, sir. (He goes out rather sheepishly).

Jameson: What happened to us Relf?

Relf: Oh! Melford's friend bunged us into a taxi and the man drove off. It was so sudden.

Jameson: Yes, I suppose he had the man waiting for us.

Relf: Certainly and the old beggar of a taxi-driver wouldn't let us get out until we'd promised to pay him.

Melford: Well Relf, have you got a key for your house.

Relf: No! I suppose your accomplice took it. (While he is saying this Jim comes in from Right).

Jim: No, I haven't, I left it in the lock for Harry. (Pointing to Melford).

Jameson: Well! that's hard luck. Someone must have taken it.

Melford; I haven't, anyway.



Relf: Well what have we to do. I want to get in.

Melford: We'll have to shove you through the window. Perhaps it will open. (He tries and succeeds. They leave Relf in).

Jameson: I'll be going now I think. Good-night Relf.

Relf (from inside): Good-night. Anyhow I've kept my own twenty pounds.

Jim: So have we. Come along Harry. Good-night every body. They go out.

Relf and Jameson. Good-night. (Relf shuts window and Jameson goes out).



## THE VICISSITUDES OF VERONICA.

### A Novel of the Stranded Gentry.

(With apologies to Stephen Leacock).

#### I.

"It is too much" she gasped, and her chest rose and fell as she breathed. "It is too much" she muttered through her clenched fists, "how dare he?" She tossed the crumpled note across the table. Cuthbert eyed it critically. "You're right," said he, "Waiter! you've overcharged for this champagne." "Now Kate," said he.

Her name was Veronica Ethelfreda Eldorado de Broake. So they called her Kate.

"Well" said she, "Father's making no settlement on me, I suppose you know."

Kate,"—he protested, and his eyes gleamed with the passionate yearning look we have seen so often outside picture houses.

"Next" said she, and her glance smote him between the eyes, "how about the residence?"

"Oh, not so bad, you know. Six bathrooms, H. and C. Staff of—"

"Stay!" she commanded, "is it painful? It has to be you know." "Oh, rather I mean to say—have you a family tree or ancestry?"

"No" said Cuthbert, sadly, "merely a pedigree or genealogy."

"That," said Veronica with finality "settles it. Good afternoon."

x x x x x

#### II.

Lord Stoney de Broake, seventh and present Earl of the long line of wicked de Broakes, sat musing in his library. The de Broakes are justly famous for having saved Europe. For did not the fourth Earl of de Broake resolve to assassinate the Duke of Wellington and then think better of it. Well there you are.

The Earl was a typical hard-drinking, hard swearing, hard-up country gentleman. His haggard, rugged, jagged, dogged countenance, furrowed by the exorbitant super-tax, bore the blank impassive look of an aristocrat lost in deep thought.

"Would that I," mused the Earl, "had some of my ancestors' gains, ill-gotten though they were." He consoled himself with the thought that gains are nearly always ill-gotten, in novels at any rate.

He little knew, in fact he didn't know at all, that his daughter Veronica was standing in the doorway.

"Father" said the girl in ringing tones.

The Earl went to the telephone. Veronica repeated her observation. The Earl rounded on her. At that moment a footfall was heard on the stairs, as of someone ascending the staircase. "Someone is coming up," said Veronica with an intuition that was all her own.

The door opened and a young man entered.

#### III.

"What the—!" roared the Earl, choking down his wrath; "why weren't you announced?"

"Well" said the stranger, "I don't think anyone noticed me. You see I came in by the attic window."

"—?" interrogated the Earl.

"To escape from the Press photographers" explained the newcomer modestly.

"Oh you did, did you" said Lord Stoney, his benign self once more "well just get through that door as quick—" "One minute please," interrupted the other, "I have an offer to put before you. You may have



heard of Miquel de Robinsoni the Spanish Juice King. Or on the other hand," said he accommodatingly, "you may not. I have come to crave the hand of your daughter in return for, say, half a million cash down."

"Man" said the Earl "she's yours on the payment of the first instalment. What name did you say?"

"Mikel Rjobinsen, the Danish butter Merchant."

"Mr. Rubinstein, take her with my blessing."

X X X X X

#### IV.

By the massive stone gateway, ancient with age, at the far end of Lord Stoney's kitchen-garden stood the young couple, billing and cooing respectively.

"Dearest" she billed "why did you tell Papa those awful crammers?"

"Beloved" he cooed "I told them for your sake."

"And what," she queried "have you been doing since last we met?"

"Acting," said he, simply. "Refusing a tempting offer to act in 'Beau Haggis' the new film of the Scotch Foreign Legion. I entered into a contract to act in 'The Speckled Bandoliers,' with the Conan Doyle Carte Opera Company; and every night as I came on in Act III. and said 'Dinner is served your grace,' I thought of you . . . er . . . Wasn't that nice of me?" he suggested after a pause. "Oh, by the way,—er—will you slope—I mean elope with me?"

"Fool!" she breathed, "If you say that here no one can possibly overhear us, and where will the story be then?"

#### V.

So Veronica, (who as you have probably guessed was in league with the novelist) led the subdued Mike up to the Hall, where, sitting on the staircase they waited until the figure of the Earl loomed up after the customary manner of figures in novels when Veronica whispered "Now say it."

"Will you fly with me?" asked Mike obediently.

"Certainly not!" said Veronica, "Whatever would Father say?"

"Aha" said the Earl, with great penetration, "I see!"

"I beg your pardon," said Mike, reaching for his hat.

"You confounded hound! you cursed cur! Would you cheat me out of my half million, eh? Moreover my daughter is espoused to Cuthbert van Curmudgeon the Custard Millionaire!"

"Pardon me" said his daughter in freezing tones, "But Cuthbert got the push quite seven hours ago."

"What!" exclaimed her father with some irritation, "Well d——n you both then." (The Earl always said it like that in the presence of ladies). "Begone, and I will have no more of you; two being quite enough for a man of my age."

With that he turned on his heel in the accepted manner and ambled, shambled, rambled or scrambled up the staircase to his room.

#### VI.

"I think" said Veronica when they reached the road "that that worked rather well."

"So shall we have to" said Mike, in the near future"

"I have it!" exclaimed the girl, "Listen!"

"I will."

"Then do. We must get a job!"

"The very thing," said Mike tactfully.

At that moment a figure approached them. In the light of Mike's cigarette they could discern his appearance. His face was ashen; his hands were ashen.

"Why," asked Veronica "are you so ashen?"

"Lady" said the man sadly "I am an ashpit-man."



Deeply touched by his frank confession, Veronica pressed a blank cheque into his hand and he moved off into the gloom in the direction of the Earl's residence.

This (as the reader will no doubt have recognised) is the great detective. Worming his way on his stomach up the long drive, he entered by the same attic window as Mr. Robinson had used.

## VII.

In the long panelled library, illuminated by the last low rays of the electric radiator, sat the old Earl, musing as was his wont, with his steely-blue passionless gaze fixed upon the fire-dogs curled up in the hearth. Raising his eyes he contemplated the ancient coat of arms carved above the fireplace;—a creditor rampant on a field of accounts rendered with a solicitor sinister; supported by a limousine, azure and a fur-coat sable. Inscribed beneath was the motto;—"Nemo dat quod non habet," which being translated means; "A purse! a purse! my kingdom for a purse!"

At this point the Earl was interrupted in his reverie by a noise beneath his chair. The next moment out crawled a common or garden ashpit-man who seated himself with a mixture of sangfroid, nonchalance, ennui and laissez-faire on the mantelpiece. Confronting the Earl with two automatics he said in the crisp staccato tones of an ashpit-man; "I know all."

"Do you?" asked his host doubtfully.

"I am fully acquainted" the other went on, "with your secret history, your lurid past and your hidden early life. I have succeeded where the police of seven continents have failed. Your house is now surrounded by a platoon of Scotland Yard men with machine-guns and poison gas."

"All is lost" groaned the Earl, from the pit of his stomach "I give myself up."

## VIII.

At the end of the interview just described, the Earl retired a sadder, but a not very much wiser man to his garage, whilst the detective departed up the chimney so as to leave no traces,

Taking out his two-seater he started off with the fixed determination to find his daughter and her fiancé or to come back without having done so. The Earl's car was one of those which eat up the road. Though frequently done in novels, this is a practice in which I have never seen a real car indulge. This car, however, speedily paid for its gluttony by a violent fit of coughing. The Earl jammed on every brake within reach and vaulting lightly over the wind-screen began to unearth the vitals of his radiator.

As day dawned a passer-by might have observed an elderly gentleman standing waist-high in a heap of spark-plugs, brake-linings, cylinders and horse-powers, and using language which well-nigh singed his moustache. This is actually what was seen by a certain couple strolling along the lonely road. After prolonged contemplation of the portent, the female half exclaimed;

"Why, it's Pa!"

The Earl leaped from the debris and embraced them one by one and then both at once.

"I presume my agent called on you," observed Mike.

"Your agent!" exclaimed the Earl, "Well I'm, —bothered!"

## IX.

There is but one more scene awaits us. On the wedding-day of Veronica and Michael there was great jubilation in the neighbourhood.

The Salvation Army band escorted them from the house, and the local Fire Brigade preceded them through the streets. The Infirmary flag was at half mast, the policemen on point duty waved their handkerchiefs, and fireworks were let off from the roof of the Town Hall, as the glad couple drove up to the registry office in plain vans.

W. R. Nicholson.



**BOOKS THAT WE SHOULD NOT LIKE  
TO SEE IN THE LIBRARY.**

**"Life in the CDLXVII Dynasty,"**

by Professor McPickaxe.

This interesting work is based on the excavations witnessed by the author at Ramshak-el-dugout. Professor McPickaxe settles once and for all the question of whether there was corn in Egypt. Previously the theory of Herr von Diggendorf had held good who discovered in a prehistoric baker's-van (or, in the Egyptian "Lizzie") what appeared to be an ear of corn. Now, however, a van has been unearthed which contains no corn. There was therefore without doubt, no corn in Egypt.

**"Commentary on Virgil for Advanced  
Beginners," part 17g.**

by Horatio Obliqua, M.A., D.D.,

In this charming little volume, which is sure to be very welcome in the nursery, the distinguished author makes the revelation that Virgil did not finish the Aeneid owing to his poetic license being suspended for furious writing. The book is admirably illustrated with portraits of the author and his stenographer, and what may have been the tomb of Virgil's aunt. Mr. Obliqua's new book "Psidelights in the Psychology of the Psammities in fortnightly parts of 6 gns. each may shortly be expected.

**"Derek" or "Skittle by Skittle."**

by Talbot Baneful-to-Read.

This story gives every schoolboy a warning he cannot afford to disregard. When your depraved schoolfellows rush out to the public house at break for beer and skittles you will be far better advised to stay in and do your homework. Similarly do not make a practice of gambling under the desk instead of listening to your teacher. Do not forge documents, even your report. When you have read "Derek" you will decide to forsake all such habits. You will in fact be a sadder and a wiser boy. So do not read it.

W. R. Nicholson.

**THE VOW.**

It was 1914, the commencement of that terrible Great War, and on a troop ship steaming slowly across the Channel were two men, whose bitter enmity was a password among their acquaintances. They were Privates Penthorne and Begbie, whose original quarrel was lost in the sands of time but whose hatred of each other was intense. Now they were squaring up to each other in the final of an impromptu boxing contest which had been promoted by the soldiers to pass the time. No one, in the soldiers' opinion, could have wished a better final.

From the first, Penthorne knew he was beaten, and the knowledge that his bitterest enemy was going to beat him was not pleasant. But it was quite plain, that Begbie was just playing with him like a cat with a mouse. Desperately he fought, but Begbie had got his measure, and in the seventh round he went down for the fourth time, and this time for the full count. "Oh, how I hate you," cried Penthorne, afterwards, "but I'll show you yet, I'm as good a man as you!"

When they landed in France, Penthorne had not forgotten his vow, and still hoped for a chance to keep it. In a very short time it came. They were going over the top to capture an enemy position, and there in the forefront was Begbie, yelling, whooping, and revelling in the danger, whilst Penthorne his face white with fear, drawn and haggard stumbled forward, how he did not know, but eventually, his nerve gave out, and he collapsed, sobbing with fear and shaking in every limb.

Meanwhile, the British were slowly being driven back, till only a handful, besides Begbie and Penthorne were left holding the British position, hanging on, and waiting for reinforcements.

Then it was that Penthorne crawled to his knees, and looked round. There, on his right, a man with a white face, and a wound in his head, was working a machine gun frantically. It was Begbie, gallantly holding out, and waiting for the help that was coming, though he was only semi-conscious.

In a flash, Penthorne remembered his vow, and even as Begbie collapsed, he was in his place, working as frantically as Begbie had



done, not because he had suddenly taken a liking to his old enemy, but attempting, in his hatred, to carry out his vow. Vaguely he heard the reinforcements thunder up, saw the Germans retreating hastily, and next moment a parting shot found its billet in his heart.

They buried him quietly during a short armistice and on the small cross at his head, Begbie himself carved the words:—

PRIVATE PENTHORNE,

who died proving his worth and keeping  
his vow.

S. Davey, (IVa.)

### THE RUGBY FILM.

During the term we have been shown a film dealing with the main points of Rugby tactics. The 1st XV. had previously been invited by Crossley School to view it there, and as many as were able took advantage of the opportunity. They agreed that it was very instructive and we were all pleased when Mr. Byrde arranged for the whole school to see it during the games' period. It opened with a series of close-ups of the players who took part in the film and there were included among them, several internationals whose names were well known to the School. Then followed various movements and phases of the game, commencing with kicking, divided up into five sections. The audience were very attentive and it is to be hoped that the younger boys, as well as the present team may benefit from the excellent instruction we were given.

L. Cockroft.

### FOOTBALL NOTES.

The results of this term's matches have been rather disappointing and the team has not fulfilled the promise it showed in its victories against Hipperholme and Bradford Grammar School A at the end of last term. True we have been handicapped by sickness and injuries and everyone will sympathise with Scouller in his misfortune. To break an arm in a House match was indeed bad luck. The weather also has been all against

the practice which is necessary to secure good combination. Apart from these considerations however, there has been a falling off in form, bright exceptions to this being Mitchell and Barnes, both of whom have improved considerably, while Ingham's defence has been very sound. Butler is fast but has been starved. The other threequarters though good at times lose many chances through wild passing and aimless kicking.

There has been and still is a lack of vigour and enterprise in tackling the man and falling on the ball. From this point of view, the full back position has been a source of weakness. The forwards too need to play a more bustling type of game and always to be up with the ball. A more intelligent co-operation between the two halves and between them and the threequarters is badly needed.

In general we need not feel disheartened. To win two matches in one's first proper season of matches is not bad going and with better luck in the matter of casualties, we might have done better still. The past and the present are full of lessons. If these are learnt, the future should be full of hope. Both fixtures with Leeds Central High School unfortunately, had to be abandoned through frost and the re-arranged fixture with them met the same fate. This School is almost an unknown quantity to us but judging from their matches with other Schools, we feel that we should have given them a hard game and possibly have gained a victory.

We were more sorry, however, that both matches with our greatest rivals, Crossley and Porter, had to be abandoned. The first was due to inclement weather, from which we have suffered more than usual this year, but the second was due to an epidemic of mumps at Crossley, from which we hope they have recovered.

We scarcely hoped to win the return match with Keighley, but we did hope to keep down the score rather better. Our hopes were shattered, however and we came away defeated 60—0, which was 2 points less than previously. But even this score was beaten in the match with the Old Boys. For this match we had the assistance of Mr.



Kemp and Mr. Woodward, but Mr. Kemp had to retire in the first few minutes with a severe injury to the nose, and took no further part in the game. This game produced more injuries than any we have taken part in, for one of the Old Boys broke his collar bone in effecting a splendid tackle, whilst another strained himself severely. The game resolved itself into a procession and the result was: Old Boys 64, School 0.

The return match with the Old Boys, along with the return fixtures with Bingley and Hipperholme had to be abandoned. Thus we were probably deprived of another victory over the last named.

Wakefield G. S. (A) could only give us one fixture this year, but we hope to get two with them next season. The match was originally fixed at Wakefield but was afterwards changed to Heath. After equalising our opponents first try we fell away and were defeated 43—3.

We were pleased to welcome our old soccer friends, Rishworth, who changed codes only this year, and, I believe, this was their first term of fixtures. They certainly surprised us by the way they have progressed and beat our rather weakened team 21—3. We hoped to improve upon this in the return match at Rishworth but had to acknowledge defeat 21—0.

The complete record for the season is. P. 10; W. 2; L. 8; D. 0. Points for 51. Points against 341.

In conclusion may we tender our sincere thanks to the masters who have helped and supported us throughout the season, and especially to Mr. Kemp and Mr. Woodward.

#### ADDITIONS TO SCHOOL LIBRARY.

- F 752—Tess of the D'Urbervilles. Thomas Hardy.  
 F 40—The Admirable Crichton. Harrison Ainsworth.  
 F 494—Sherlock Holmes. Short Stories. Conan Doyle.  
 H P 81—A new view of Society and other writings. Robert Owen..

- B 175—Life and Letters of John Keats. Lord Houghton.  
 A 122—Voyage and Travayle of Sir John Maundeville.  
 F 495—The Valley of Fear. A. Conan Doyle  
 E 202—Introduction to the reading of Shakespeare. F. S. Boas. Reference only.  
 P 223—Poems of William Cullen Bryant.  
 P 224—Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell.  
 P 225—Poetic Works of John Gay.  
 P 226—Poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon.  
 P 227—Eighteenth Century Plays. Selected by John Hampden.  
 P 228—A Book of Nonsense, Etc. Edward Lear.  
 H C 145—An Outline History of the World. H. A. Davis. Reference only.  
 E 203—Rudiments of Criticism. Greening Lambourn. Reference only.  
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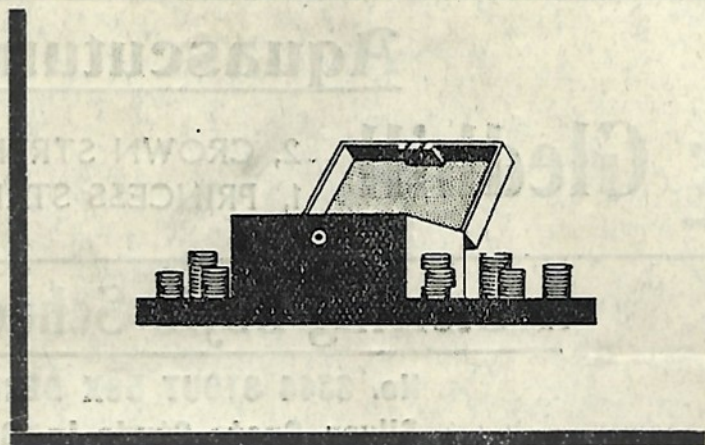
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