



MAGAZINE OF
HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL
HALIFAX.

: Summer Term :

JULY, 1929.

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THE NEW HEATHEN.

HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII. No. 2 (New Series) JULY, 1929.

Price 9d.

Michaelmas Term begins September 17th.

EDITORIAL.

The Magazine goes to press with a far larger number of contributions than is usual for a summer number. In past years the stress of examination has checked the flow of inspiration, but this year perhaps as a result of the exceptionally fine summer we have faced the exams. with a more light hearted spirit. Our thanks are due once again to W. R. Nicholson whose prolific pen seems able to produce stories and parodies with equal readiness and humour. We would welcome more serious verses, also shorter essays in the style of "Lingua Latina."

The New Heathen joins in the general regret at Mr. Browning's departure. His vigour supplied stimulus to the editor personally; he has helped by actual contributions to keep the Mag. at its high level of excellence, and his encouragement has inspired the younger members of the school to try their hand at individual work. We shall miss that gusty breath of the uplands which he brought to us.

Last term we circularised the members of the H.O.B.C. offering them a subscription to the magazine at advantageous terms. We had about 20 replies out of over a hundred appeals, which must be considered a satisfactory result. The difficulty is not the good-will, which is strong, but the impossibility of sending small

amounts without having to fag to a post office. If slot machines for postal orders were placed everywhere like the automatic cigarette machine, all good causes in this country would probably receive a large increase in the number of small donations.

All of us know that refusal to bother which follows on the idea of getting a postal order, and the "New Heathen" has, in this instance, been a victim of it. To all those who did bother we offer our thanks, and we hope the others will speedily imitate their example.

The Sub-Editor of the "New Heathen" for next term is W. R. Nicholson, and the Treasurer is W. L. Cockcroft.

MR. BROWNING—AN APPRECIATION

Every Heathen must have felt a deep pang of regret, when the impending departure of Mr. Browning was announced. So deeply have the roots of his influence penetrated into our school activities, the uprooting of his association with us seems something approaching disaster.

He came to us as Head of the Junior School seven years ago. His success in that department has been phenomenal. He is one of those who understood the true values of education—the appreciation of the beautiful, and the dislike of the ugly and the crude, together with the love of outdoor life and of sportsmanship. Many

a junior school boy "forty years on" will remember that from Mr. Browning he learnt the lessons which make for real happiness.

But Mr. Browning has associated himself with every branch of our school life. He was found constantly on the "rugger" field or the cricket pitch, and was to be seen frequently in the Fives courts. His amazing versatility made his presence a necessity at all our social functions. As it is true that "*Poeta nascitur non fit*" so also the artist, and it is no false adulation to say that Mr. Browning is a born artist. Whether in music or painting he always shows that just appreciation of what is best.

But it is as a scout and as a worker for the scout movement that he excels. Imbued with the spirit of scouting, and his motto "service," he soon imported this spirit to the scout troop, and has done much to inspire the whole scout movement in Halifax. In a short space of time he made the H.G.S. troop one of the best in Halifax. Those, who were privileged to be association with him in this, know what enormous energy he expended on work for the school troop and the local association. The camps he organised for our troop will stand as ideals for the future. The expeditions to France will perhaps stand foremost in the minds of some who went with him. At Douriez in the Pas-de-Calais Mr. Browning was well known, and whether it was Monsieur Le Curé, or Monsieur Le Maire, or Monsieur and Madame Parentin, the expressions of pleasure in having us there were always accompanied by "Monsieur Browning, il est toujours gentil."

But his name will not be forgotten nor will his inspiration be altogether lost. During his stay here he has trained many in his own method and ideals, and these are left to carry on the work he loves so much. This is a crumb of comfort to those who realise how much he will be missed by the scout brotherhood in Halifax.

We say goodbye to him with a real sense of sadness. We envy those who are about to be privileged with his services. We wish

him a sincere "bon voyage" in his new surroundings. His memory will always be a pleasant recollection. Regretfully we bid him "Ave et Vale."

P.

HONOURS.

- S. Bairstow: Senior Open Science Scholarship, Trinity College, Oxford.
- G. S. Bessey, Open History Exhibition, St. Edmond's Hall, Oxford.
- F. Cockerott: 3rd Division Final Classical School, Durham.
- C. Marsh: 3rd Division History Tripos, Part I., Cambridge.
- A. H. Eastwood, B.Sc. (Leeds) 1st Class Honours in Gas Engineering. Gas Research Fellowship of Institution of Gas Engineers.
- E. R. Brookes: Assistant-Principal 1st Division Civil Service, Somerset House.
- K. A. Crowther, Inter B.Sc., Manchester University.
- A. Comfort has had two wood engravings hung at the Royal Academy Exhibition.

L. Radcliffe played cricket for Yorkshire 2nd XI v. Notts 2nd XI.

NEW GEOMETRY FOR OLD.

My friend was a Mathematician; he said that he was a mathematician of some note, and it seems to me that "oft have I heard that note" through open doorways. Curiously enough, he seemed to do little work at it, and, as I was eager to know the secret of his success, I called upon him one evening at his diggings, and found him ready and willing to disclose his methods. He assured me at the outset that Maths. was not a fit subject for the class room. (This dictum did not come altogether as a surprise to me as I had noticed things like that myself). No master, he said, could become proficient in either mathe-

mathematical studies or teaching until he realised that the subject was inseparably linked up with lodgings. It followed therefore, that Bachelors, like himself, were the cream of the mathematical master world, unless such masters had, prior to taking the matrimonial plunge, existed in digs.

At that instant, his landlady entered the room—without knocking—clearly for no purpose whatsoever but to see who it was that her lodger was entertaining. (This is an essential characteristic of theirs). My friend, however, displaying no undue concern, took from his pocket a note book labelled “Lo(d)gical Geometry.” I leaned over his shoulder and saw him write:—

“Definition:— The landlady of any given digs is a parallelogram; that is, an oblong angular figure that cannot be described, and is equal to anything.”

(The index finger of his left hand during this period of writing was gently scratching the top of his somewhat sparsely covered head: the other fingers were outspread widely. I have frequently noted this gesture of extreme concentration in thought).

Supper was now served, and my friend, nodding familiarly at a small portion of gooseberry pie, turned up a page headed “Postulates,” and wrote:—

“A pie may be produced any number of times.”

I noticed, rather rudely I confess, that not only was the food of doubtful age, but that there was very little of it. My friend must have guessed my thoughts for he declared that the “Method of Limits” was constantly employed in his lodgings. He then proceeded to state the general proposition that

“Any two meals in lodgings are together less than one square feed.”

Conversation turned to the cost of living. My friend boarded for two shillings a

week less than I paid. This was by no means due entirely to his nationality, for this mathematical genius had soon realised that

“Any landlady may be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.”

I left his rooms a wiser man, and determined that no longer would I be content to teach Arithmetic to Form I, but that I would take up and teach Geometry not only in school, but in the other walks of daily life, forthwith. In bed that night I made my customary vain effort to cover my body, an out-size I admit, with the bed clothes provided. My failure was success indeed. Inspiration had come. I leaped from my bed, lighted my candle—well I knew the uselessness of switching on the electric current after eleven p.m.—seized paper and pencil, and wrote:—

“The clothes of a boarding house bed, stretched ever so far both ways, will never meet.”

Next morning, refreshed and happy, and longing for new conquests, I made my way down stairs and upon the breakfast table I espied my weekly bill. I saw, written upon it:—

“Extra Butter and Bread, 6d.”

“Extra Bread and Butter 6d.”

Here was food for mathematical thought. Did, or did not the two charges upon the bill represent the same item? Hitherto, I had not questioned it, and paid gladly, but now!! I paid 6d only. The good woman was amazed, but recovering herself with astonishing rapidity, began to wrangle, knowing, as she thought, my meek and gentle disposition. But I was no longer the weakling of yesterday. I was now a Geometric Lodger, determined to test every possibility of the problem before me. My decision left no room for doubt or denial. It ran:—

“On the same bill, and on the same side of it, there cannot be two charges for the same thing.”

My co-digger, A. Bradford Terliss entered at this juncture, having witnessed the whole dispute from a point outside the circumference of the room, and gripped my hand: the landlady scowled and withdrew.

Five minutes later, she re-appeared wearing a fiendish smile, and presented A.B.T. with his bill. He looked at it, and then at me in stricken astonishment, and handed it over. I was shocked to find that, contrary to the usual hypothesis of the equality of lodgers, he was called upon to pay two shillings more than me. At once I noted all the points of incogruity. Here was my opportunity to make another convert to the ranks of the Lo(d)gical Geometricians, and to reduce our angular landlady to a lower plane. But alas! In vain did I scratch the top of my head as I had seen my friend do in moments of perturbation and deep thought: no light would come. I looked for the duplicated item. It was not there. I summoned to my aid all my Form I. Arithmetical cunning: it did not help me. The landlady chuckled as she saw the beads of perspiration stand out on my pallid brow. She stated a number of terse definitions of lodgers. I felt a physical shrinking; in desperation, I seized my pencil and note book and wrote:—

“A lodger, when described by his landlady, becomes a point having position, but no magnitude.”

Just as I was thinking that all was lost, my friend walked in, unannounced. He had called to show me his latest proposition that:—

“If there be two schoolmasters in the same house then shall the two weekly bills be the same. For, if not, let one bill be the greater. Then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd.”

My friend eyed the landlady balefully, stroking his blue chin gently towards the point with his left hand. She swooned.

We hailed him as our saviour and I swore that I would teach no mathematics save the New Geometry throughout my school-

mastering days. But such brilliant methods could not long survive the departure of the intellect which bore them.

* * * * *

So I continue to teach Arithmetical Tables to Form I.

~~~~~

## A CRITICAL ESSAY ON BLAKE AND “JERUSALEM.”

There is an old legend which might very well be true and which says that when Jesus was a boy he came to England with Joseph of Arimathea, who took our Lord as passenger on one of his ships when trading for tin with the Britons.

Blake wonders whether it could be true that Jesus was seen and walked in England or as he puts it:—

“And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England’s mountain green?  
And was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England’s pleasant pastures seen?”

Furthermore he wonders; could it be true that a place where Christ had been, should ever become so sordid and unhealthy as were the industrial towns of his day:—

“And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic mills?”

For the poet lived in the time of the industrial revolution, when the mills were dirty, insanitary, badly ventilated, cold in winter and always very dark. Moreover little children of five or six were compelled to work there.

Blake was very much alive to all this and other cruelties of his time, and he never spared himself if he could help in any way to relieve the suffering of the poor. He did a great deal towards reducing the working hours of the people affected and making the conditions altogether better for the poor little children who were dragged away from their homes to work in the unhealthy mills. He was even working on his death-bed for their benefit, and Jerusalem is one of the poems which cry out against these evils,

Blake's idea was that if he was to leave this world any better for his life he ought not to waste his time and money on himself, but use them in helping others.

In a way however the whole poem can be seen as a comparison between the England of his day and the England of long ago.

Although the factory and industrial conditions are a great deal better now than in William Blake's time, they are at present by no means perfect.

Jesusalem is not yet built in "England's green and pleasant land." Nor will it be until every person no matter to what social class he belongs is unselfish and thoughtful for others, and we all try to follow the poet's noble example. So in time England may once again return to the beautiful land of Blake's dream:—

I will not cease from mental fight  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand  
'Till we have built Jesusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

Geo. Hanson.

Harold Eyre.

Form IVb.

### A SUMMER DAWN OVER HALIFAX.

The sun climbs up the eastern sky,  
Shedding its golden rays,  
The town below is all aglow  
In the light of the orient blaze.

Beneath a bald and barren hill  
The clust'ring houses stand;  
They seem to sleep, to slumber deep  
'Neath the spell of a magic wand.

The chimney stacks stand thin and gaunt  
Striving to pierce the haze,  
A cloudy pall which hangs o'er all,  
Softening the sun's fierce rays.

Around the heads of the chimneys tall  
Stray wisps of vapour rest,  
A filmy crown which eddies down  
On a gentle zephyr's breast.

B.

### AN ADVENTURE ON A MILL DAM.

by T. H. E. Sufferer.

Several boys of a certain village, having a lust for excitement, decided to build a raft and float it on a dam about which they were accustomed to play. All went well,—planks were secured, nails were begged, borrowed or stolen from their unsuspecting fathers, and above all success was crowned by their obtaining a tea chest which measured about two feet six cubically. In the highest of spirits all set to work, with the result that after an afternoon's work, a highly efficient (?) raft was made. Overjoyed with their success, they made a slipway of greased boards upon which the raft was placed.

One of the boys (in whom Columbus' spirit was evidently lurking) more daring than the rest, decided to stand on the craft whilst it was being launched. "Ssss," down shot the raft with its cargo, and a minute later a half awed, but wholly delighted boy who loudly complained of the damping effect of the spray, was perched precariously on the raft which was rapidly twirling round in the middle of the dam.

The following day one of the band who wished for a try on his own, stole up in the afternoon and boarded the raft. Being unable to find a long pole, he was obliged to use one about two feet long. He managed to get a little way out and then leaned over the side to push. Suddenly the calamity came, for someone with a perverted sense of humour had removed the nails which held the tea chest, (in which the mariner stood,) to the raft. With a shout and a splash, the unfortunate boy was deposited in a none too clean dam, from which a very drenched and frightened figure emerged some moments later and squelched his way homewards, avoiding the public gaze, but nevertheless leaving a trail, which to the interested wayfarer told its own story.

The spirit of adventure is great, but modesty is greater; therefore for obvious reasons this story remains untold till this day.

N.B.

## BRAINLESS BALLADS No. CXLVIII.

Attend all ye who list to hear,  
 Wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
 How well Horatius kept the bridge,  
 Whence all but he had fled.

Whence all but he had fled, my lads,  
 Across the downs so free;  
 I will arise and go now,  
 And go to Innisfree.

It was an ancient Mariner,  
 Of credit and renown.  
 "Oh come into the garden, Maud,  
 Naught else can save the town."

The way was long, the wind was cold,  
 The boy, oh where was he?  
 Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,  
 Across the sands of Dee.

Across the sands of Dee, my lads,  
 Where early falls the dew.  
 The splendour falls on castle walls,  
 Half hidden from the view.

Then up spake brave Horatius,  
 Upon a summer's day;  
 "O men may come and men may go,  
 But I'll be the Vicar of Bray."

Who is Sylvia, what is she,  
 That all our swains commend her?  
 Fair daffodils we weep to see  
 The Pope and the Pretender.

The Pope and the Pretender, lads.  
 Who sit at home at ease,  
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years,  
 The battle and the breeze.

There was a racing and chasing on Cannoble  
 Lee,  
 So tell me the old, old story.  
 I sprung to the stirrup and Joris and he,  
 And we left him alone in his glory.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West  
 All along, down along, out along, lee,  
 Drink and the devil had done for the rest.

With Ken Hanson,  
 Tim Healy,  
 Sam Murgatroyd,  
 Pip Fox,  
 Don. Baneroft,  
 Les. Cockeroff,  
 S. Crabtree and all,

W.R.N.

## LAMENT FOR THE CLASSICS.

O would that I  
 Could cleave the sky  
 With mournful lamentation,  
 And hymn the woes  
 Of Latin prose,—  
 And what is worse,  
 Of Latin verse,—  
 (That's not to speak  
 Of Ancient Greek),  
 To this base generation!

For those who would,  
 If they were good,  
 Be reading Homer's stories,  
 Devote their brains  
 To worldly gains.  
 Forsaking Latin  
 For Labs. to chat in.  
 And look with scorn  
 On Greek forlorn.  
 O tempora! o morés!

The modern boy,  
 Who find great joy,  
 In playing with Meccano,  
 I hate to state  
 Could not translate  
 A simple line  
 From "Catiline,"  
 And, sad but true,  
 Could not construe  
 "Arma virumque cano."

Then let us rise,  
 With tearful eyes,  
 The state of things deploring;  
 And weep to hear  
 The scoffers jeer:  
 "The Tragic Muse  
 Has blown a fuse,"  
 And turn away  
 With doleful lay.  
 The Classics are too boring!

W.R.N

## THE LAY OF THE LAST FISHMONGER

Hake! hake! hake! on thy cold grey slabs  
 of ice;  
 Oh that my lips could utter my thoughts  
 on its wholesale price!

I am monarch of all I purvey,  
My bill there is none to dispute;  
And I balanced an eel on the end of my  
nose,  
Who'd have thought me so awfully cute?  
Counterfoiling, invoicing, borrowing,  
Onward through life one goes;  
Somebody swindled, someone done  
Has earned a night's repose:  
What matters it how low my rate,  
Nor yet how imminent the dole?  
I am the master of my skate;  
I am the captain of my sole!

W.R.N.

### LAMENT OF A WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTOR.

- 1.—Why doth the Heathen rage, and its  
Editor imagine a vain thing?
2. For he is truly afflicted with a dire  
blindness, if he considereth me to have  
sufficient length of days to show before  
his face a contribution.
3. For verily there is laid upon my neck  
the yoke of them set in authority over me,  
saying,
4. Do thou this night perform this task  
in thine house; and proffer it unto me com-  
plete upon the morrow.
5. Wherefore do I labour continually,  
even unto the going down of the sun.
6. Wherein if I fail my master will  
assuredly smite me in his displeasure,  
reviling me exceedingly.
7. For he is an hard man; he smiteth  
a ruler across mine head and snappeth it  
in sunder.
8. Therefore doth it behove me to com-  
plete his task diligently, obeying his ord-  
inances.
9. Doing these things, how should it  
befall me to make any manner of contri-  
bution?
10. Therefore do I bewail my lot, and  
make great lament,
11. That the Heathen should lack my  
contribution.
12. But these things are ordained by  
them that sit in high places, and shall come  
to pass.

W. R. Nicholson.

### THE SUPERMEN.

Though there's criticism levelled  
At the books in which we revelled  
By professors and by pedogogues with  
hoary locks dishevelled,  
Yet their knavery we'll foil  
And relieve our daily toil  
By perusing G. K. Chesterton and Arthur  
Conan Doyle.

There is Sherlock, trim and neat,  
At his rooms in Baker Street,  
With his Watson at his elbow and his  
slippers on his feet.  
Then there's little Father Brown,  
With a slightly puzzled frown;  
Solving mysteries by the dozen ere he  
hurries back to Town;  
And a somewhat tardy rooster.  
In the shape of Bertie Wooster,  
Coming back from Piccadilly even later  
than he used to.

There is Silver, long and lank,  
With his booty in the bank,  
And the skipper in the scuppers and the  
bo'son on the plank.  
In the self-same tropic zones  
There are Flint and Billy Bones  
Setting sail for the Moluccas and hurrah  
for Davy Jones.

Then there's Kipling, worthy man,  
Who will tell as none else can,  
How his Stalkies went a-soldiering in far  
Afghanistan;  
And the civilised laggard  
Is full certain to be staggered  
When he dips into the mysteries set forth  
by Rider Haggard.  
And when these have pierced the armour  
Of the pedants, they'll grow calmer,  
And disport themselves at leisure in a  
Wallace melodrama.

W. R. N.

### YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

(With apologies to Sir Walter Scott).

O, young Lochinvar is gone back to the  
west,  
His tiny two-seater was needing a rest,  
And save for three-halfpence his cash it  
was gone;

He had pawned his best trousers when  
funds he had none.  
Six months ago now, or it may have been  
more,  
Young Lochinvar's motor set out from his  
door.

He stayed not for traffic, he stopped not  
for trains,  
Or country policemen obstructing the  
lanes,  
He broke all the records o'er hill brook and  
vale,  
And nearly got lodgings in Inverness gaol.  
For Lochinvar's bride whom he'd wedded  
of late,  
Had gone on the binge at a terrible rate.

At Lochinvar's protest (the author sur-  
mises),  
She'd entered poceedings at Dundee as-  
sises,  
For "a blackguard in love and a dastard  
in war,"  
Were some of the things she called young  
Lochinvar.  
So back from Dundee he now vowed he  
would fetch her,  
(The man at point-duty went off on a  
stretcher!;  
But when at the Courts he drew up by  
the gate,  
The bride was divorced, the defendant  
came late.

x x x x x x

Up came a policeman, his notebook in  
view,  
With a look on his face that young Loch-  
invar knew.  
He pulled out the clutch and he tugged  
at the wheel,  
As he nearly ran into an automobile.  
The traffic dispersed as young Lochinvar  
passed,  
And the point-duty constables watched  
him, aghast.

There was raving and cursing from those  
on the floor.  
Forsters, Fenwicks and Musgraves they  
cursed and they swore.  
There was racing and chasing in bonnie  
Dundee,

But no trace of Lochinvar e'er did they  
see.  
So young Lochinvar is gone back to the  
west,  
And I can't say that anyone's really dis-  
tressed.

I can only say this much;—look out for  
your car,  
If you happen to come across young Loch-  
invar.

W. R. Nicholson.

### LINGUA LATINA.

I was going home on a tram one even-  
ing, and a gentleman in a bowler hat (not  
that I have anything against bowlers—far  
from it!) and a huge clay pipe was sitting  
beside me. I, being one of the world's  
workers, was studiously engaged in learn-  
ing my daily eight lines of Vergil when  
suddenly, the silence was broken by his  
saying, "Yer larnin' a dead langwidge!"  
His tone was a mixture of aggressiveness  
and triumph at having produced so bril-  
liant and deadly a speech, and I could do  
nothing but confess humbly.

There followed a few minutes silence,  
and then he said, "Wahl, a guess it cooms  
in very useful when tha's in't museums."

I can tell you that my face shone with  
joy and surprise at this glorious enlight-  
enment; I foresaw days of unbounded  
happiness in museums in the years to  
come. All the past years of toil sprang  
before my eyes, and I suddenly realised  
for what they had all been. I was alto-  
gether a new person. I gaily tripped off  
the car, bade my friend a cheery good  
night, and wandered home filled with  
wonder and delight.

But in spite of all this, I have misgiv-  
ings and I am heartily thankful that I  
have never met my friend with the bowler  
hat again, because, if I did, he might ask  
me if I had visited any museums in the  
interim, and my answer, made with a  
feeling of utter disgrace and shame would  
not, I fear, be in the positive.

## STONEHENGE.

Stonehenge is an old Druid temple dating back to about 2,000 B.C. It is probably one of the most ancient buildings in history.

It consists of three concentric circles of stone pillars. The diameter of the outer circle measures 100 feet across. These pillars are bridged by horizontal ones of nearly the same bulk. The outer circle has thirty pillars. Well in the centre of the "temple" is a huge stone measuring 18 feet by 4 feet; this is known as the altar stone.

It is easy to imagine Stonehenge as it was thousands of years ago. The time is just before dawn. Salisbury Plain is crowded with all manner of people. Within the temple there are the Druid priests arrayed in long, flowing garments. The human victim for the sacrifice is bound firmly to the vast stone. The chief priest stands over him, his long gleaming knife held aloft, ready to strike (it was the custom for the Druids to kill their victim just before the first rays of light crept above the altar stone). The news flashes among the people that the time has nearly come. Their talk dies away and they stare with bated breath, not towards the temple, but towards the horizon. Terror grips the victims' heart, though he can do nothing but stare at the knife. Slowly the light creeps upwards. Now it is level with the rigid feet of the priests; now it has almost reached the surface of the stone. The priest's grip on his knife of death tightens—the victim shrieks and the knife descends. From the heart of the people there comes a long drawn sigh.

T. Brushfield, Form IVb.

### THE LOWER FOURTH'S FORM TRIP AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

We get up in the morning and dash to the window. "It's fine." We dash downstairs, get our breakfast, and try to do

some of the homework we should have done the night before.

We get to school somehow. The first lesson is Latin (beastly stuff you know), but we cannot remember which declension the nouns are in. At last break comes; our hearts jump with joy as we see the char-a-banc coming. It starts, and we are off. The char-a-banc manages to get within a few miles of Knaresborough when the petrol gives out. A car soon comes along, but cannot spare any petrol, so we wait for about half an hour until we get some.

We arrive in Knaresborough but find that the fifth form have hired nearly all the boats. We get some and go off in them. All at once one of our boats hits one of the fifth's in the middle; it sinks. Its occupants, whom I cannot name, get precipitated into the water.

Someone uses awful language, and dives in after them and gets them out; they go off to get dry. At last after many hours of joy we go back to the char-a-banc and proceed homewards. On the way back the only things of interest are that we only just miss killing ten people, and that the engine spasmodically breaks down, so that we get home about midnight.

J. Morton, Form 4b.

### WRITING FOR THE MAG.

I'm not much good at writing verse,  
I think it rather rot;  
But as I've got the job to do  
I'm going to have a shot.

It may not sound such clever stuff,  
Nor the meaning be quite clear;  
I do not think that any muff  
Will take it for Shakespeare.

I've had a job to get so far,  
It's been an awful fag,  
I think I'll never be a star,  
At writing for the "Mag."

G. Brear, Form IVb.

## POLICE COURT NEWS.

(By our special representative).

The court was crowded when the adjourned trial of a 14 year old youth was heard this morning before the Mayor (Mr. Mitchell) and a special jury. The prisoner was charged with "wilfully and maliciously throwing a snowball in the direction of the School." P. S. Couler who made the arrest was the first witness. While taking the oath on the big Siddell and Scott he dropped the book on his toes and amidst laughter was heard to mutter something like ham but as this did not appear to be relevant to the case no further notice was taken. This witness deposed that while patrolling the lower playground he suddenly remembered a good phrase for a prose and mounted the rockery steps with the intention of entering the school and verifying this. When on the top step a snowball fell within three feet of him (voice from the back, "Pity it wasn't a yard nearer") and realising that it came from the direction of the wall overlooking Clifton Road, he immediately looked in that direction to detect the offender. "The prisoner," continued P. S. Couler impressively, "was the only person anywhere near the wall." Remembering the law on this subject he realised that a heinous crime had been committed almost before his eyes, and seeing the prisoner in the process of forming another snowball with the evident intention of making a further breach of the law and possibly of a school window he immediately took the prisoner in charge and locked him in the library. This concluded P. S. Couler's evidence and he stepped down from the witness box tripping over an uncatalogued library book, which had been left lying about, in the process. The noise evidently disturbed Mr. Mitchell for he started suddenly and asked Mr. Dakyn, the usher, if he had anything to say in defence. After being informed of his mistake he addressed the same question to the prisoner.

The prisoner then gave his version of the affair. His evidence was punctuated by tears, but he did not forget to smile at friends at the back of the court. He said that after being ejected from the

school at break he strolled across the lawn, there being snow on it, and looked over the school wall on to Clifton Road. Here he saw an errand boy throw a snowball at a horse (another start from Mr. Mitchell) and immediately called upon the boy to desist. His only answer was to pick up another snowball and hurl it at himself (the prisoner). The aim was rather bad, however, and shot in the air and came to rest he knew not where. He was about to reply to this in the true Heathen manner when he felt P. S. Couler's heavy arm on his shoulder, and was hurried protesting to the library and there locked up. He therefore unhesitatingly put in a plea of not guilty.

After a brief consultation the jury returned "Not Guilty" and thereupon Mr. Mitchell discharged the prisoner amidst loud applause, at the same time commending him for defending a poor defenceless animal. P. S. Couler then volunteered, in recognition of the injustice he had done, to let off the prisoner a 2d fine he owed for a library book. The prisoner then left the court amidst the congratulations of his friends.

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 RESURRECTION.

Before 1918 John Forbes had been something of a recluse. He had lived at his house, "Glencairn," just outside the little Yorkshire village of Millhurst, alone save for his son Peter, and a small staff of servants. Twelve years ago his wife had died, and he had retired heart-broken into this solitude. Peter was then twelve years old. His father sent him away to school and then, two years after he had finished his education, the war had come. He enlisted and served with distinction in France for nearly four years. He had been the sole comfort of his father before the war and now he became his father's joy and pride. Then the blow fell! In July of 1918 he was reported missing. John Forbes was struck as by a thunderbolt! It nearly killed him! The village doctor, Henry Skelton, nursed him back to health and a great friendship sprang up between the two men. Time gradually

healed the wound in Forbes' soul, and the friendship of Skelton materially helped the process. Skelton was a bird-like little fellow with rosy cheeks and pince-nez, whilst Forbes was tall and rather distinguished in appearance, with his thick, almost white hair and pale wax-like face. The contrast could not have been more pronounced, yet these two enjoyed to the full each other's conversation and company.

It had been their custom for some years to spend the last two weeks of June each year at Scarborough together, but in 1926 the doctor proposed that they should go to France for a fortnight instead. His friend agreed and they arranged to spend their holiday at a quiet village in Eastern France.

They arrived here safely and put up at the village inn. Forbes' thoughts returned towards his son who had endured over three years of physical and mental torture in this pleasant smiling land. The weather seemed settled and fine, and they looked forward to an enjoyable holiday. The first week was spent lazily. They went short walks, fished a little in a river running through the village and generally enjoyed a thorough rest.

On the Wednesday of the second week however, Forbes said to the doctor, "I've got a bit of a headache Henry so I think I'll stay inside." "Very well," said Henry, "I'll go a walk, and I hope you'll soon be better." That was at lunch-time. After the meal Henry set off in a direction in which he had not gone before. It was a broiling hot day and after walking for several miles he was glad to see a little village in front of him. He went slowly along the village street and then, conscious of a strong thirst, entered the village inn. It was cool in the inn-parlour and so was the drink which he ordered. He sat down and looked round him at the other occupants of the room. Two old men were gossiping near the door, the inn-keeper was standing by them. Then suddenly he saw a figure in the dark recess of the parlour. It appeared to be a young man seated in dejected attitude on a low stool.

All the while he was running his fingers through his long, dishevelled hair; his clothes were torn and ragged, his boots dusty with the soles almost off. For some time the doctor watched him, but at last the young man rose. His eyes wore a gloomy, vacant expression as he slowly lumbered towards the door. Then those vacant, staring, brown eyes met the flashing blue eyes of Dr. Atkinson, and suddenly a light gleamed in them for a moment but as suddenly died out. Henry however was staring aghast for in the young man he had recognised Peter Forbes. Peter Forbes! Could it be? Not dead! Peter strode on and through the door, blinked his eyes in the strong sun-light and then turned to the left and clattered down the street. The old men took no notice of him, but Henry, getting up, staggered blindly towards them. Composing himself with difficulty he asked, speaking in French, "Who is that young man?" The inn-keeper turned and with a contemptuous gesture replied "Oh! that fellow? Mad Pierre, we call him." "Does he live here?" asked Henry. "Yes. He lives in a little tumble-down cottage at the end of the village."

"When did he come?"

"Oh! just after the war, wasn't it Jean?" Yes."

"Is he really mad?" questioned Henry in a choking voice, "Yes, we think he got shell-shock during the war. He's an Englishman like yourself."

"Um," said Henry, "thanks very much." He dashed out into the street but Peter was nowhere to be seen. The doctor walked slowly back to the village where they were staying.

When he got back he looked very gloomy and pre-occupied so John asked him what was the matter. Henry said it was nothing and that he was tired. He went to his room early but there was no sleep for him, for he spent the night in considering the problem which he had to face. Should he tell John about his son or should he keep his own counsel? The wound of bereavement had healed up gradually for

Forbes and surely it was not right to open it again and perhaps make it worse by bringing to him a son who was out of his mind. What was the good of resurrection if the man rises from the grave virtually dead? And yet if John Forbes' son was alive it was right and proper for them to be together, irrespective of the state in which either found himself. When the cock crowed Henry looked pale and worn out, but he had made his decision. He would say nothing!

x x x x x x

They returned to England and their simple hum-drum existence began again. But Henry's mind was troubled for he could not throw off the burden of responsibility which seemed to have been hurled at him by Fate from nowhere. One day, however, an inspiration came to him. He would go to London and ask his friend, Arthur Fenstone, to try his skill upon Peter. Fenstone was now a great specialist on such cases. So the doctor went up to London and told the specialist about Peter. Fenstone acquiesced to Henry's request and they arranged to go over to France the following week-end.

Henry told Forbes that he was going to visit an old friend, and meeting Fenstone in London they crossed the Channel and ultimately arrived at their destination. The next day they saw Peter who still lived in that village, and asked him a few questions. The young man gazed at them vacantly and then mumbled a few words in French. Afterwards Fenstone declared that there was not much hope for the boy's recovery. In despair the doctor returned to Millhurst.

x x x x x x

Summer came round once again, and Forbes proposed that they should again spend their holiday at the little French village. Henry agreed, having a vague intention to show Peter to his father. The second day after their arrival the doctor took John to the village where he had first seen Peter. The day, as before, was hot, and as Henry had done before they went into the little inn and sat down with cool-

ing drinks before them. They remained for a quarter of an hour and were just getting up to depart when in walked a ragged dusty young man. It was Peter! John saw him, rubbed his eyes and then rushed forward with a glad cry to embrace him. The doctor tactfully went out into the sunny street.

Peter looked at his father and again that light sprang into his eyes but again it died away.

"Peter! Peter! don't you know me? Peter!" cried John in a strangled voice.

But Peter did not answer, for strange to say he understood no English. He had heard nothing but French since the war and his memory of his native tongue had disappeared as completely as the memory of his boyhood. John Forbes could not speak French so here they were father, and son, not able to converse with one another when they had been parted for ten years. It was heart-breaking to John and he was relieved when Henry came back. The doctor spoke to Peter in French and, conjuring up to him pictures of his youth to him, he gradually infused a certain interest into the young man.

When they returned to England, Peter accompanied them. Every day of their holiday they had spent with him talking to him and reminding him of things forgotten. At first his father confined him at "Glencairn," talking to him each day that he might regain command of his native language. Gradually he improved and now, though far from normal, he is in many respects quite rational.

D. Bancroft.

## LIBRARY NOTES.

The library continues to be well patronised. One regrets, however, the selfishness of some borrowers, who keep out books, needless to say, the most popular ones, far longer than they need them. In this way, they not only deprive others of pleasure and profit, but render them-

selves liable to fines. The latter, which are being mercilessly exacted, are becoming quite a source of income.

The following books have been added:—

E 206.—A History of the Bible, Brown.

F 872.—Before Scotland Yard, Howarth.

E 207.—A History of English Literature, edited by Buchan.

P 229.—Great Modern Plays. edited by Rubinstein.

P 230.—Great Modern English Plays, edited by Marriott.

HE 177.—Halifax Builders in Oxford, T. W. Hanson.

We have also acquired the complete works of Mary Webb (in seven volumes) and our younger readers will be glad to know that we have on order some volumes of school stories by Gunby Hadath.

A.R.W.

### SCHOOL HOUSE.

After our narrow defeat at the hands of Queens in the Rugger match at the end of last term we hoped at any rate to obtain our revenge this term in the Cricket and Sports events, although we have lost some of our most valuable members.

The first event this term was the Gymnastics Competition, in which our team gave a very good display, particularly the younger members. We gained the verdict by a narrow margin over Queens. School were most conspicuous in the Gymnasium, though not so good in the events which took place upon the lawn.

Our next trial was at the Sports, and we failed dismally. We were without a success in any of the inter-House races, which was very disappointing, and individually no one distinguished himself with the exception of Pickles who won the Long Jump and the Hurdles. This was

the more lamentable in view of our past record, for we have won the Victor Ludorum for the past three years, and have always been prominent, if not actually supreme.

The first cricket match was against Queens. We batted first upon a good wicket, and failed unaccountably, only scoring 31. The only batsmen to show any confidence were Normington, Healey and Bancroft. Queens easily scored the required runs for the loss of two wickets. Our defeat was made more galling by the fact that Heath had already beaten Queens almost as easily, and our hopes of success against them were now very small.

However we were determined to make a fight for our reputation; and winning the toss we sent Heath in to bat upon an excellent wicket. Our confidence was soon justified, for in a very short time two wickets had fallen for four runs. At one time Heath looked like collapsing completely, but Mitchell and Cockroft defied the School bowling for some time. Eventually they were all out for 51, Normington, who had bowled exceedingly well throughout, taking seven wickets for 27 runs.

Our opening pair scored twenty before Healey left, and thanks to Normington, who scored 31 out of 38, we were soon in a winning position. There was a thrill when three wickets fell in quick succession, but we finally achieved victory for the loss of seven wickets. Our success was almost entirely due to Normington, but everyone tried their best, and the result was a great improvement on that of the previous match.

We have not yet played any Fives matches, and although our team is not a strong one on paper, we hope to surprise the other Houses. In the Swimming Gala we are expecting to distinguish ourselves, as there are quite a number of excellent swimmers in the House. We are looking to them to retrieve our fallen prestige, and we are sure that we shall soon regain our old supremacy.

## HEATH HOUSE.

We began this term with the united idea that the Rugger defeats of last term should be avenged. Our first effort in the Gym. contest resulted in rather doubtful success. The team started in fine style, but on the entry into the Gym, our chief failing, the inability of certain of our members to remain in an inverted position against the wall bars, became apparent.

This defeat made us even more eager to occupy the premier position in the House cricket order. Queens was the first House to receive our attention. They were dismissed for 37, Murgatroyd taking wickets at the small cost of runs. The Heath batsmen then began the good work, although the dismissal of our captain for a "duck" did not appear very promising. However, Mitchell, no doubt remembering his experiences in the Rugger matches, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and played Queens' bowling to the tune of 19 runs. Thus, we gained an easy victory by 6 wickets. The final House cricket order has not yet been decided, but our prospects appear exceedingly rosy, Queens having defeated School.

We have only had the pleasure of meeting Queens in the Fives competition, but our effort was unsuccessful on account of the effect of a particularly disastrous set.

Our success in the Sports was due chiefly to the brilliant work of Murgatroyd, Helliwell, Butler and others and our supremacy in the Team events, viz. the Tug, the Boat Race and the Relay Race. Our premier position in the Team events is a great example of the power of combined Team and House spirit.

The swimming events still remain to be contested and our prospects are uncertain. Yet, if House spirit and enthusiasm can bring us success in the Sports, it can ensure that we shall do our best in the swimming events.

The House hears with great regret of the impending departure of Mr. Browning and wishes to unite itself with the whole school in wishing him success and good luck in his new position.

## QUEEN'S HOUSE.

Once again we are faced with the prospect of Exams. and House activities must cease for the time being. But during the term, Queens have taken part in the House Gym, Cricket and Fives Competitions and of course in the Sports. In the Gym contest the Queen's "8", after a good and enthusiastic performance, came a close second to School, thus gaining five points.

At cricket we have played our matches with Heath and School. In the first match with Heath, I must confess we did not do credit to ourselves. Queens batted first and a poor display only realised a score of 37. Even then we appeared to have a chance of pulling off the game when Murgatroyd and Cockcroft had been dismissed at small cost but Mitchell, batting steadily, obtained 19, and Butler and Helliwell did the rest. Heath won by 6 wickets. In the next match with School we put up a much better performance. School batted first and were all out for 31. Brearley and Ingham, who bowled throughout the innings, had the good averages of 7 for 17 and 3 for 10 respectively. Queens quickly passed the score, chiefly owing to Ingham who opened the batting and scored 16 not out, and won by 8 wickets. The match between Heath and School, to be played shortly, will decide the Cricket Competition.

We have played only one Fives Match this term—with Heath. Barnes and Brearley formed the Queen's first pair and Hanson and Ingham the second. It was a hard fought match throughout and Queens only won on points. The Queen's first pair were defeated by the Heath first pair by 1 game to 2; our second pair were also beaten by the same score. Thus halfway through the game things looked almost hopeless for Queens. The Heath first pair had only to win all their games with our second pair to obtain the match on Games. Our second pair acquitted themselves valiantly, however, and, after a splendid effort won their second game, whilst our first pair won all three games with the Heath second. The games were thus equal, but it was found that Queens had got 139 points to their opponents 124.

Scores:—

Queens 1st v. Heath 1st. 15—17: 6—15:  
15—6.

Queens 1st v. Heath 2nd. 15—1: 15—0:  
15—1.

Queens 2nd v. Heath 2nd. 8—15: 15—9:  
7—15.

Queens 2nd v. Heath 1st. 6—15: 17—15:  
5—15.

Result:—(Games 6—6. Points: Queens  
139, Heath 124.

As regards the Sports we realised from the start that we should not stand much of a chance against Heath, of which House Murgatroyd, the Victor Ludorum, is a member. However, largely due to the efforts of Ingham and the members of Queens in the Junior School (a certain proportion of the Junior School points are now added to the Senior School results), we managed to obtain second place.

The Swimming Sports will take place towards the end of term on July 29th. As we have already four Bronze Medallists in the House and several entering for the medal this year, we stand a very good chance of pulling off the trophy.

The House notes with regret the coming departure of Mr. Browning at the end of this term. This master, extremely popular in Junior and Senior School alike, has always displayed a keen interest in all school matters and no true Heathen could fail to realize that in him we are losing one who has always, and in every way exercised a beneficial influence upon all the phases of school life.

In conclusion I may say that Queens remains a very live wire in School affairs. My only hope is that we will continue our efforts with undiminished ardour and with everyone pulling his weight. Then perhaps we will be able to adapt Vergil and take as our motto:—

“Tu regere imperio populos, Regina,  
memento;

Parcere subiectis, et debellare superbos.”

R.C.B.

## H.O.B.C. CRICKET SECTION.

The Cricket Section consists of thirty three members with Messrs F. Taylor, Gordon Briggs, A. Sunderland, and J. G. Jackson forming the Selection Committee, and F. Taylor as Captain.

Results to date:—

May 27th.—H.O.B.C., 57 for 4; Halifax Courier Ltd, 56.

May 30th.—H.O.B.C., 131 for 7; Halifax Hockey Club 158 for 9.

June 6th.—H.O.B.C., 90 for 9; The School, 61 for 5.

June 15.—H.O.B.C., 90; King Cross 2nd, 91 for 3.

June 19.—H.O.B.C., 102 for 6; Town Hall 101.

June 27.—H.O.B.C., 76; Skircoat 77 for 9.

C. E. Horsfall.

## HEATH OLD BOYS' FIVES CLUB.

The season 1928-29, the fourth in the history of the club, proved even more successful than its predecessors in that the first “four” was only defeated on one occasion, that being in a singles match against the Manchester Y.M.C.A.

In all 14 matches were played and two others cancelled owing to weather conditions: the membership has increased and the committee will welcome such other Old Boys as may wish to join for the coming season. A fixture list is in course of preparation and we look forward with confidence that the club will continue to increase its membership and widen its influence in 1929-30.

F. M. Wilson.

## CRICKET.

Owing to the unusually fine weather this season only one match has had to be cancelled for rain, the home engagement with Crossley and Porter Schools. The playing record is quite satisfactory as we have beaten all schools in the immediate

neighbourhood with the exception of The Secondary School, and only succumbed to more distant teams. Three matches have been drawn. With the exception of Dyson and Healey, I. all last year's colours have played in each match. Healey however has been available on Saturday afternoons and against the Old Boys. At the moment, five matches have yet to be played although the home game with Keighley will be spoilt by the exams.

### MATCHES AND SCORES.

May 8th. School v. Halifax Technical College. Home.

No great fear was felt for the result of this match and our confidence was justified by a win by three wickets although a score of 28 for 7 is nothing to be proud of.

Murgatroyd 1, Normington 11, Barnes 0, Brearley 2, Healey 5, Cockerroft 1, Butler not out 5, Dawson 1, Ingham not out 1.

Bowling:—Morton 3 for 7; Murgatroyd 3 for 7; Normington 2 for 5; Brearley 1 for 0.

School v. Rishworth. Away. May 11th.

Remembering our beating at the hands of Rishworth at Rugby we did not feel so confident about the result of this match. The result however was gratifying to us and produced good scores from Ingham, Barnes and Murgatroyd.

Normington 0, Murgatroyd 14, Healey (I) 4, Healey (II) 4, Barnes 18, Brearley 10, Ingham 17, Cockerroft 0, Mitchell 1, Butler 6, Morton not out 0. 74.

Murgatroyd had a day out with the ball, gaining 8 wickets for 29.

Bowling:—Murgatroyd 8 for 29; Morton 1 for 7.

Heath v. Rastrick. Away. May 29th.

As in former years we suffered a fairly heavy defeat at the hands of Rastrick who beat us handsomely by 73 runs. A Rastrick

player actually got 77 not out, while the averages of our bowlers suffered accordingly. Butler played a good innings.

Murgatroyd 9, Normington 0, Brearley 2, Mitchell 1, Healey 0, Barnes 1, Ingham 7, Cockerroft 8, Butler 17, Dawson 0, Morton not out 0. 45.

Bowling:—Normington 1 for 20; Murgatroyd 2 for 23; Brearley 1 for 17.

School v. Almondbury G.S. Away.  
June 15th.

We had not played Almondbury at cricket for some years and were uncertain of the capabilities of their team. The game turned out to be a terribly slow batting display by Almondbury who finally beat us by three wickets.

Murgatroyd batted splendidly for 20 runs and Brearley gained 3 wickets for 3 runs.

Murgatroyd 20, Normington 6, Mitchell 9, Butler 3, Healey (I) 1, Barnes 2, Healey (II) 1, Cockerroft 1, Brearley 0, Ingham not out 3, Morton 1. 47.

Bowling:—Normington 3 for 14; Murgatroyd 1 for 9; Brearley 3 for 3.

School v. Halifax New School. Away.  
June 5th.

We did not feel very anxious about this match and indeed were fairly confident that we should win. We actually did so by a margin of 6 wickets, although our bowling and fielding were not impeccable. Murgatroyd, Normington and Brearley made large contributions to the score.

Normington 22, Murgatroyd 25, Ingham 1, Brearley 22, Butler 3, Barnes not out 2. 73.

Bowling:—Normington 1 for 24; Brearley 3 for 9; Butler 2 for 7; Ingham 2 for 1

School v. Old Boys. Home. June 6th.

This match, as usual, was held after the sports and proved very enjoyable. We in

no way disgraced ourselves as we got the Old Boys out for 90 and when darkness intervened we had scored 61 for 6.

Normington, Barnes and Healey(I) batted well, but Butler had to retire through an injury.

Normington 17, Murgatroyd 7, Butler 0, Healey (II) 1, Barnes 10, Healey (I) 11, Mitchell not out 1, Brearley not out 5. 52.

Bowling:—Healey (I) 1 for 22; Murgatroyd 1 for 12; Normington 1 for 19; Brearley 2 for 18; Morton 2 for 13; Butler 1 for 1.

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School v. Keighley. Away. June 12th.

This was another new fixture which we regarded with some trepidation remembering the Rugby season. A time limit was set but we did not stand much chance of winning had we played on as Keighley had declared with the useful score of 170. We got 89 for 7 which was not bad.

Butler and Healey were on form and batted very well.

Murgatroyd 3, Cockcroft 2, Butler 21, Brearley 4, Normington 2, Barnes 12, Ingham 0, Healey not out 20, Mitchell not out 10. 74.

Bowling:—Brearley 1 for 47; Murgatroyd 1 for 48; Butler 2 for 29; Morton 2 for 18.

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School v. Halifax Secondary School.  
Away. June 15th.

This match was a disaster. Some of the team had actually been expecting to win but to be beaten by 8 wickets was too bad. Two Secondary wickets fell for 10 runs but our fortune stopped at that and the runs were quickly knocked off. Mitchell played an excellent innings almost to the last man. Healey hit a six.

Murgatroyd 1, Mitchell 25, Barnes 0, Healey (I) 3, Brearley 19, Butler 0, Healey (II) 15, Ingham 2, Cockcroft 0, Dawson not out 0, Morton 0. 64.

Bowling:—Brearley 1 for 22; Healey (I) 1 for 22.

School v. Crossley and Porter School.  
Away. June 19th.

The news that Crossley's had beaten the Secondary did not exactly encourage us to think we should win. Nevertheless we brought off a victory by 4 wickets so we are looking forward to the return match with the Secondary. Butler, Mitchell and Barnes made useful scores and Brearley produced a good bowling average.

Murgatroyd 4, Mitchell 12, Healey (II) 1, Butler 22, Barnes 12, Brearley 7, Ingham 5, Cockcroft not out 2, Kirtley not out 4.

Bowling:—Brearley 4 for 14; Morton 4 for 18; Butler 1 for 12.

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School v. Sowerby Bridge Secondary School. Away. June 26th.

This was another new fixture and nearly gave us a shock, but we recovered thanks to a splendid innings by Healey (II) who recorded the highest score to date. Concentration on the match was not rendered easy by the females who were wandering round the outskirts, and the outfield in places was more like a moor than a cricket field. Morton actually hit a wall at high speed. Heath won by five wickets.

Murgatroyd 2, Normington 1, Mitchell 1, Butler 0, Barnes 13, Healey (II) not out 36, Brearley 1. 54.

Bowling:—Brearley 3 for 30; Normington 2 for 17.

A feature of the Secondary innings was the number of players run out and the accurate throwing of Brearley and Mitchell.

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## THE SONG OF THE HEATH SCOUT.

### "Jupiter Pluvius."

When Halifax wakes in a misty shawl,  
And windows rattle and chimneys fall,  
Jupiter Pluvius is out in it all;  
How wet must the wicked old man be.  
Now Jupiter dotes on Halifax Town

Tho' no-one controls his smile or frown  
He opens his taps and the rain comes down  
And the weather's as bad as it can be.

Refrain:—

Can be, can be,  
The weather's as bad as it can be.  
(twice).

"Ha! ha!" he says "What a beautiful day  
I've drenched the lot of 'em; spoiled their  
play

And I've got a nice storm for their holiday.  
Just hark at the people a sneezing!  
Sore throats tomorrow—that will be nice,  
Some real thick fog—and then in a trice  
I'll send down a shower and ruin the ice!  
No skating to-day tho' it's freezing!!

Refrain:—

Freezing, freezing,  
No skating to-day tho' it's freezing.  
(twice).

Poke up your fires and shovel on coke.  
There's a North wind coming to blow the  
smoke

Down your old chimneys again: what a  
joke!

And I'll sing you a sooty cadenza.  
Indoors you stay, and you need not shout,  
If I see any masters toddling about,  
I'll blow their umbrellas all inside out,  
And give them the influenza.

Refrain:—

Enza, enza,  
I'll give them the influenza.  
(twice).

But one horrid creature I can't annoy,  
My very worst weather he seems to enjoy.  
Mocks at my rage: he's a horrible boy  
Of that there is never a doubt sir.  
Camps and bikes, and never keeps still,  
Gets wet to the skin and he won't be ill,  
For all my threatenings cares he nil.  
And the beggar's a Heath Scout sir!

Refrain:—

Heathen, Heathen Scout,  
And I am a Heathen Scout sir!  
(twice).

R.B.

## WITH THE SCOUTS.

Whitsuntide brought us Camp—and in-  
cidentally two unofficial patrols who went  
by the names of Goldfish and Rabbit.  
Didn't we have a great time though? All  
our time and energy expended in preparing  
the equipment and washing all the camp  
pots was really worth it. Of course after  
a winter's sojourn pots do get a trifle dusty.  
Anyway, all that helped to make our en-  
joyment all the more complete.

Well to get down to facts. We spent  
the greater part of our Whitsuntide holi-  
day in camp at Birdeage, along with the  
46th Halifax (Providence, Ovenden)  
whose S.M. is an old Heathen, and inci-  
dentally a member of the Heath Rover  
Crew. We put the tents up on the Friday  
evening and some of us spent that night  
there. However, the camp proper did not  
commence until Saturday afternoon, and  
by tea-time we were so comfortable we  
might have been in our usual homes.

Then followed a round of games, work,  
Scout tests, more games, and a very im-  
pressive "Scouts Own" Service on the  
Sunday morning. Have you ever seen a  
line of monks ambling along? You would  
have done if you'd come to our camp.  
Have you ever seen a scout tossed in a  
blanket so high that he got hold of a star  
and brought it to earth with him? You  
would have done—no, I won't say that.  
However all good things come to an end,  
and on Whit-Tuesday we had to strike  
camp. Weren't we sorry—but it really  
was a good opening of the Camping season.

The rest of the term has been spent just  
Scoutily. We have had one or two efforts  
at tracking, but before we are efficient at  
this art we must learn to do what the sign  
tells us, and not go careering off because  
one of the previous party happens to have  
been instructed to go in that direction.

We have seven new recruits, all of whom  
have passed the tenderfoot tests and were  
enrolled last week. Now they're out for  
second-class.

And lastly we are pleased to say we have had numerous week-end camps thanks to our worthy A.S.M., who has very generously given up nearly all his week-ends. When he reads this he'll probably say:—"But the pleasure obtained is surely worth the 'Sacrifice'." But then, that's like him.

W.E.A.

Our programme this term is mainly revision work, to enable the new recruits to catch up to the senior cubs. When that is done, and, to judge by the rapid progress being made, it will not take long; we intend to show what Heath School Cubs can be like, and to renew again the glorious days when Mr. Browning first blew into us the breath of life

### CUBS.

At the beginning of this term we lost several cubs who had done good service to the Pack. G. Hanson, E. Lewin, and L. Dawson. They can be trusted to give a good account of themselves among the Scouts. The two Sixes this term are Greys with J. Lewin as Sixer and K. Kendall as Second, the other cubs being K. Thomas, a last term's member, and D. A. Ingram and S. Feather, who have joined this term; and Blacks with M. Hollway who is Senior Sixer, W. Walker as Second and B. Murrell M. Mulroy, last term's members, and P. Feather and G. Greenwood who have joined this term.

The first event of the term was a camp at Birdcage of which E. Stafford was in charge. Although the weather was unfavourable, the Cubs soon fell into the routine, and were active both at meals and at washing up, rather more at the former than at the latter. Sleeping out was a new experience, and our first night in camp, if it did not give much sleep, showed us the meaning of a dawn mist when it hangs, charged with moisture over the grass at half past three in the morning. Our first taste of camp was so pleasant that we are eagerly looking forward to the next. We offer our best thanks to E. Stafford especially, and to the others who helped to make the camp a success.

Before going further, the Cubmaster must express his personal gratitude to P. B. Daniel for his devoted support throughout the year.

Our weekly meetings are well-attended, and the competition between the Sixes is very keen. At present the Greys are leading just a little, but the Blacks may easily get in front.

### SCHOOL SPORTS.

The School Sports were held on June 6th, this being the first time for three years that we have been able to meet on the day originally fixed. Although there was little actual rain, yet the conditions were sufficiently arctic to make everyone uncomfortable. It is to be doubted whether June has ever deserved the title "flaming" in Halifax. Certainly during the last few years the adjective has appeared to be quite misplaced. A change to the first week in July might give us a better chance, although the date is rather near the examinations. S. Murgatroyd, who is probably one of the best all-round athletes the school has had, carried off most of the prizes. His pose in the discus throwing was quite Olympic in style.

The utmost keenness was shown by all the competitors, particularly in the inter-House relay race. Considering that the boys were running on a grass track and mostly without spikes in their shoes, the performances were quite meritorious. With greater practice and more scientific methods some good results might be achieved.

Music was provided by a "panatrophe" in place of the usual band, an innovation which aroused great interest.

We entertained unawares a cartoonist from the "Yorkshire Observer" and are grateful for the genial portraiture, which we admired in the next issue.

### Results:—Senior School.

100 yards open: 11 4/5 secs.—1. Butler, 2. Murgatroyd, 3. Ingham.

100 yards under 15.—1. Swift, 2. Lent, 3. Atkinson.

- 100 yards under 13.—1. Hindle, 2. Alderson, 3. Dawson.
- 220 yards open.—1. Murgatroyd, 2. Butler, 3. Cockroft.
- 220 yards under 15.—1. Swift, 2. Gledhill, 3. Atkinson.
- 440 yards open.—1. Murgatroyd, 2. Cockroft, 3. Ingham.
- Half mile open.—1. Murgatroyd, 2. Hall, 3. Thomas.
- Hurdles.—1. Pickles, 2. Ingham, 3. Dawson.
- Long Jump Open.—1. Pickles, 2. Dawson, 3. Hellewell.
- Long Jump under 15.—1. Brearley, 2. Atkinson, 3. Swift.
- Throwing Cricket Ball, open.—1. Butler, 2. Hellewell, 3. Ingham.
- Throwing Cricket Ball under 15.—1. Hainsworth, 2. Webster.
- Putting the Shot. 12lbs. 30 ft. 5 ins.—1. Murgatroyd 2. Hellewell, 3. Butler.
- Throwing the Discus, Narrow Size, 103 ft. 3 ins.—1. Murgatroyd, 2. Butler, 3. Hellewell.
- Half Mile Handicap.—1. Murgatroyd, 2. Stafford, 3. Cockroft.
- Sack Race.—1.—Hall, 2. Mitchell and Dawson.
- Slow Cycle Race.—1. Swift, 2. Greenwood, 3. Sharp.
- Old Boys' Race.—1. Knowles, 2. Sawdon, 3. Archer.
- Sisters' Race.—1. R. Byrde, 2. M. Brushfield, 3. M. Dudley.
- Consolation Race.—1. Thomas, 2. Fox, 3. Stringer
- Tug of War.—1. Heath, 2. Queens, 3. School.
- House Relay.—1. Heath, 2. Queens, 3. School.
- Victor Ludorum.—S. Murgatroyd.
- House Shield.—1. Heath, 2. Queens, 3. School.

### Junior School.

- 80 yards.—1. J. Lewin, 2. Mulroy, 3. Walker, W.
- 1st Form Scramble.—1. Ingram, 2. Robertson, 3. Davies.
- Potato Race.—1. J. Lewin, 2. G. Greenwood, 3. R. Davidson.
- Sack Race.—1. Mulroy, 2. P. Walker, 3. D. Ingram.
- Three-legged Race.—1. Hollway and Kendall, 2. Wray and Davidson.
- Egg and Spoon Race.—1. Davidson, 2. Brayshaw, 3. S. Feather.
- Long Jump.—1. A. Walker, 12 ft. 8 ins., 2. D. Ingram, 3. W. Walker.
- High Jump.—1. W. Walker, 4ft. 0½ins., 2. J. Lewin, 3. Wray.
- Throwing Cricket Ball.—1. W. Walker, 45 yds. 1ft. 9ins., 2. K. Kendall, 3. S. Feather.
- House Relay—Queens, 2. Heath.
- House Centipede.—1. Queens, 2. Heath.
- House Championship.—1. Queens, 2. Heath and School tied.
- Victor Ludorum.—J. Lewin.

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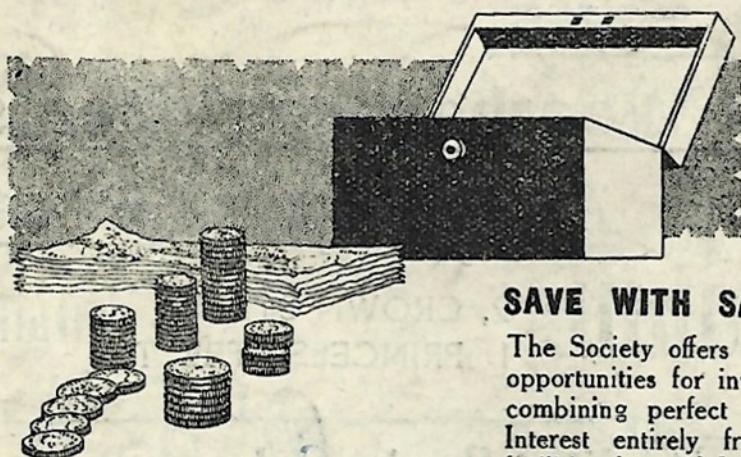
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