



MAGAZINE OF
HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL
HALIFAX.

: Easter Term :

APRIL, 1930.

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THE NEW HEATHEN.

HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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Term ends April 9th.

Summer Term: May 1st to July 30th incl.
Whitsuntide Holidays: June 6th to 11th inclusive.

Autumn term begins Sept. 16th.

EDITORIAL.

A new feature of the magazine this term is the concentration of Junior School contributions in a special section of the magazine. In future these will be found immediately in front of the Games' Reports. This arrangement, suggested by Mr. Edwards, should prove more convenient for everyone.

The concreting of the derelict piece of ground popularly called the Lower playground was completed this term. Rumour has suggested various uses—a roller-skating rink, or tennis courts. Although the improvement in appearance and utility is very great, a few will think regretfully of the bumping pitch where they practised cricket on hot summer afternoons and of the little mound under the tree where they sat and chatted idly of everything under the sun.

We wish to thank Mr. Woodward for sending us some essays done by boys in various forms. They are quite up to the standard of the matter we usually print and may induce others to imitate this example.

We record with regret the death of Professor C. S. Kenny, L.L.D., F.B.A., formerly Downing Professor of the Laws of England at Cambridge. In "Heath Grammar School" by Thomas Cox, M.A., Courtney Stanhope Kenny is recorded as having entered the School, April 1855.

DISTINCTIONS.

G. S. Bessey has passed his History Prelims. at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford.

G. S. Bessey and M. Healey have both been awarded their colours for Association Football at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and Bessey has been elected Soccer Secretary.

J. Shore played for Queen's College, Oxford, Soccer team in the final of the Inter-College cup.

QUEEN'S HOUSE.

No members of the House have left this term save Brear, who played full-back against Heath last term. We have thus been exceptionally strong both at Rugger and Fives. After our comparatively easy victory over Heath last term by 37 points to 3 we thought that School would provide us with tougher opposition. We actually heard rumours of nocturnal training on the part of the School XV. However we played even better than in the previous match and won by 41 points to nil. Balmforth especially played a very good game at full-back.

In the Fives' Competition we have played one match—that against Heath. The team was:—1st Pair: Barnes and Brearley. 2nd Pair: Hanson and Ingham. This match we won very easily by 11 games to 1. We play School towards the end of this term and have every expectation of beating them also.

We have thus obtained the greatest possible number of points for the matches played. It only remains for Queens to win the Gym. Contest, which takes place on Wednesday, April 9th, to complete our run of successes for this term. In this we shall rely largely on the younger members of the House, who have more Gym. periods. I need only say that it is the duty of these fellows to do their very best and maintain the prestige of the House.

As regards cricket, our prospects are encouraging. We have most of the members of last year's team and hope that the team will be strengthened by the newcomers to the House. Of swimming, of course, we can as yet prophesy nothing. Whilst in the Sport we hope to maintain second place, at least, if not to beat Heath.

Apart from sport the most important event of the term has been the House Soirée, which was held on Shrove Tuesday. This proved as enjoyable a party as ever, and the utmost vigour was displayed both in eating and games. Mr. Dudley and Mr. Bonham-Edwards, with their timely suggestions and jovial spirit, did much to make the affair go successfully.

—R.C.B.

—o—

SCHOOL HOUSE.

Our only test last term was the Rugger match with Heath, which we won by 27 points to 3. Our success was due to a superiority in the forward and half-back divisions, but it was obvious that the threequarter play demanded great improvement if we were to make any impression against Queens.

Unfortunately, however, the side that we placed in the field this term gave a much poorer display than on the previous occasion, and we were soundly beaten by the Queen's fifteen, the score being 41 points to nil. In the first place the forwards

lacked the dash and spirit which they had shown before, and in consequence the out-sides were quite unable to hold the speedy Queen's threequarters. Secondly Queen's obtained the ball from the scrums far oftener than was expected, and the result was that the half backs were obliged to concentrate exclusively upon defence. It was very disappointing to be beaten so easily, because our most pessimistic supporters expected that we should give Queen's a hard game. But it was not to be, and we have said farewell to the Rugger Championship for another season at least.

We have also played Heath at Fives. This match commenced one day towards the end of last term, but was abandoned before a decision was reached owing to the failure of the lighting system. This time we started badly, but when it seemed almost impossible for us to win we pulled ourselves together and after a great struggle gained the verdict by the narrow margin of eleven points, the games being equally divided. The result was in the nature of a surprise, since Heath possess one of the Fives "Four," but of course was very gratifying. Bancroft and Healey formed our first pair, and Davies and Scouller the second:—Scores:

School 1st Pair v. Heath 1st Pair: 7-15, 15-9, 5-15.

School 1st Pair v. Heath 2nd Pair: 15-1, 15-7, 15-5.

School 2nd Pair v. Heath 2nd Pair: 9-15, 15-7, 5-15.

School 2nd Pair v. Heath 1st Pair: 15-10, 14-16, 11-15.

Result: Games 6—6. Points: School 141, Heath 130.

We have still to play Queen's at Fives and as the Queens' Four is a very strong combination we can hardly expect to defeat them. However, we are looking forward to a good match.

The Gymnastics Competition, in which we were successful last year, takes place at the end of the term, and we hope to retain the trophy. There is also a cup for the best individual display, and no doubt the members of School House will make a great effort to annex this as well. Next

term should provide some interesting encounters in the Cricket Competition, as last year each House succeeded in winning a match, so that the points were divided.

C. E. K. Scouller.

HEATH HOUSE.

I am afraid that there is no very cheerful news to record of our activities since the last notes were written. We played our remaining Rugger match against School and were decisively beaten 27-3. This match was a great disappointment to us, for, in view of our display against the very strong Queen's XV. we expected to give School a very close game if not actually to beat them. Our play, however, lacked the energy and thrust of the previous game with the result that School were allowed to get through almost as they pleased after the earlier stages of the game. In no department were we superior, though no one can particularly be blamed for the defeat. The team as a whole simply failed to justify itself. Cockcroft scored our only try, and it was a fitting reward for a tireless afternoon by this player. Dakin narrowly missed the goal with a good kick from far out.

We have also played our Fives matches with School and Queen's, and fared no better. A match with School was arranged one Tuesday afternoon when the state of the weather prevented any Rugby. Encouraged by the shouts of many partisans our Four performed valiantly and were leading by 5 games to 1 when the lights fused and the match had to be abandoned. But for the known integrity of School one might be tempted to find something suspicious in this, but the accident was exceedingly unfortunate for us inasmuch as we were surprisingly beaten in the replay. Whether it was the absence of encouragement, or a new lease of life on the part of the School Four, one cannot tell, but the fact remains that Heath lost a match which, judging by the previous game, they ought to have won. Not that by this I am wishing to disparage the Heath Four, who, indeed, throughout the matches played exceedingly well and much surpassed our expectations of them.

The scores for this match were:—

Heath 1st Pair (Daniel and Mitchell) v. School 1st Pair—15-7, 9-15, 15-5.
v. School 2nd Pair—10-15, 16-14, 15-11.
Heath 2nd Pair (Wade and Dakin) v. School 2nd Pair—15-9, 7-15, 15-5.
v. School 1st Pair—1-15, 7-15, 5-15.
Result: Games 6-6. Points: Heath 130 School 141.

We never had any expectations of beating the Queen's Four, and consequently a heavy defeat did not surprise us. The exact score is not available but we lost by 11 games to 1. Our solitary victory was gained by our 1st pair against the Queen's 2nd Pair. Team: 1st Pair. Daniel and Wade. 2nd Pair: Mitchell and Cockcroft.

At the end of this term there is a House Gymnastic competition with a cup for the best individual. If we can win both these we shall regard it as some recompense for our losses in the other games. This is a chance for the younger Heathens to prove their worth and show that Heath has nothing to fear for the future. We hope they will take it, and at least give a good account of themselves.

It is difficult at the moment to estimate our prospects for the cricket season. Last year we did quite well, but since then we have lost a few of our stalwarts. Still, we have the nucleus of a good team, and if we can find one or two able youngsters, the outlook is very bright. In any case Heath can always be relied upon to show itself thoroughly sporting in its attitude, and that is more valuable than victory.

B. Sunderland.

H.G.S. DEBATING SOCIETY.

A pleasing feature of the term has been the revival of the Debating Society after a lapse of two years. A preliminary meeting was held on the 23rd of January, which attracted a large attendance. Mr. Rigg was unanimously re-elected Chairman of the Society, and Messrs. Scouller and Hanson were appointed Secretary and Treasurer respectively. A number of new members were enrolled, and a committee consisting of Messrs. Healey, Brearley, and Kirtley was constituted.

The first debate was held on the 31st of January, and attracted only thirteen members, which was a very poor total in view of the apparent enthusiasm aroused at the inaugural meeting. Mr. Cockcroft proposed "That this House is in favour of the abolition of a speed limit for motor vehicles." He was seconded by Mr. Healey, and opposed by Mr. Scouller and Mr. Hanson. In the course of the evening almost all the members spoke, but the standard of the speeches was not very high. There was a tendency to forsake the main issue and to develop irrelevant details. The motion was carried by seven votes to six.

The next debate, fixed for the 13th of February, was a disgraceful fiasco. Exactly six members deigned to put in an appearance, and in consequence proceedings were adjourned. An extraordinary general meeting was called upon the following day to discuss the situation, and it was resolved to hold a further meeting in a week's time so that the opinions of all members could be sounded. The fate of the Society hung in the balance for a week, but at the resulting meeting it was decided to continue the existence of the Society, and various proposals were carried with the object of increasing the attendances.

The debate which followed these vicissitudes was held on the 27th of February, and seventeen members were present. Proceedings took the form of a Parliamentary Election to three vacant seats in the Borough of Halifax. The candidates, Messrs. Kirtley (Liberal), Hargreaves (Men's Dress Reform), Lewin (Conservative), Healey (Prohibition), Comrade Ingham (Communist), and Mr. Davies (Labour), balloted for the order of speaking, and were allowed a quarter of an hour each in which to expound their policy and attempt to answer questions. Some of the speakers gave promise of real ability, and all maintained a higher level of seriousness than was expected of them. As a result of the voting Mr. Hargreaves was placed at the top of the poll with 12 votes, Mr. Lewin obtained the second seat with 10 votes, and Mr. Ingham, after a tie with Mr. Healey with 9 votes each, gained the other vacancy. This meeting was quite a success, and the harrassed officials congratulated themselves that a

genuine note of confidence had been struck at last.

A Parliamentary Debate was held on the 13th of March. Mr. Rigg assumed the office of Speaker, and the Government was represented by Messrs. Caygill (Chancellor of the Exchequer), Cockcroft (Ministry of Air and Transport), Wade (Home Secretary), and Scouller (Prime Minister). The opposition was led by Messrs. Hall and Hanson, and needless to say, the entire House was at their backs. The opposition gallantly refused to perplex the Government with questions, and even spared the customary vote of censure, so that the Prime Minister was able to read "The Bill for the Improved Government of Halifax" without enduring the humiliation of a preliminary defeat. A very entertaining debate followed, in which the Government defended their extraordinary proposals with the highest conviction and eloquence. In particular Mr. Cockcroft stirred the feelings of the House with a moving appeal to patriotism, but Mr. Davies' recital of the diseases that lurk in "fish and chip" wrappings caused an even more profound sensation. The Bill was finally reduced to three clauses, and the perspiring Government, being very much in the minority, carried the matter no further.

The attendance was again disappointing amounting once more to the sinister total of thirteen. That the School should possess a Debating Society, and that so little enthusiasm should be shown in its proceedings, is a matter of grave concern. It is obviously impossible for the Society to carry on, and to serve a useful purpose, with a mere dozen members as the regular attendance. It is the plain duty of the upper forms in the School to remedy this sad state of affairs. The future of the Society, if it is to enjoy one at all, lies in the hands of its young members. Theirs will be the loss and disgrace if the Society meets with an unhonoured decease. Let them look to it.

In conclusion, the sincere thanks of the Society are due to Mr. Rigg for his invaluable services as Chairman, and also to Mr. Byrde, Mr. Knap-Smith, and Mr. Woodward for their practical assistance and support.

C. E. K. Scouller, Hon. Secretary.

St. Edmund Hall,
Oxford.
17/3/30.

HEATH OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

Winter Session, 1929/30.

The Editor, The New Heathen.

Dear Sir,

Your reminder about the letter came to me while I was still occupied with an examination which has overshadowed all the Hilary Term. This year Schools seems the dominant feature in the lives of many of your representatives at Oxford. Collinge has retired in a dignified seclusion to Summertown whence he rarely issues—even the Scala has missed him recently. Shore, Sir, is supposed to have been working but he has found time to distinguish himself on the football field by representing Queens against Jesus in the final of the Soccer cup. Coghlin can be seen almost any Saturday afternoon wending his way a little wearily to the Rugby ground and his appearance makes me believe that he too has been working. I know nothing of Wilkinson's eccentricities but rumour says that he has forsaken the Union billiard table. It is almost impossible to give any concise account of Bairstow's behaviour, his versatility is amazing—Lessons in Chapel, Fives and Organs are merely three of his interests.

Hanson is still engaged on writing a book. He maintains his enthusiasm for hockey although he has been unable to play this year. Beswick also has been unable to play soccer but he has used his spare time to develop his abilities as a coroner at bridge post-mortems. Healey has distinguished himself as an inside-forward and has received his Hall Soccer Colours.

In the realms of sport the Hall has been extraordinarily successful. We won the Rugger Seven-a-side, we were defeated by University in the final of the Hockey cup, and the soccer club had very satisfactory results. The Torpid Boat made one bump and finished at the top of the Third Division.

In conclusion I would like to congratulate the School Rugger XV. on its successful season and to wish the Cricket XI. the best of luck for the coming term.

I am, Sir,

Yours very sincerely.

G. S. Bessey.

Once again it is our privilege to be allowed to enumerate some of the doings of the Old Boys Association through the long dark months of winter. This season we have aspired to more intellectual heights in the way of entertaining our members at the monthly meetings. On 27th November, 1929, we were regaled with an excellent lantern lecture by Mr E. Lewenby on the noble art of Fishing under the title 'With Rod and Line.' The lecture was enjoyed immensely and would not surprise the writer to hear of some of our members taking up the sport this next season.

The December meeting took the form of a Social Evening when an excellent supper was partaken of during the course of the evening consisting of "Broth and Dumplings" followed by Xmas fare. We had the pleasure of Mr. Byrde's company on this occasion and it has been said that his disappointment at the smallness of the gathering was totally outweighed by the excellence of Mrs. Sandies' catering.

In January, we again climbed our stools of study when T. W. Hanson, Esq., gave us a splendid lecture on the "History of the Old Cock Hotel," during which he found time to give us some interesting history regarding our old School. It was a delightful evening and will remain a pleasant memory for many Old Boys for some time to come.

On February 26th, our worthy treasurer, Mr. C. M. Whitham, had to bear the brunt of the entertaining by giving his "Recollections of the Great War." The duty should have been shared with him by another member who was unavoidably prevented from coming but he came through with flying colours and held his audience till 11 p.m. with his interesting experiences.

The Annual Dance was held during November and was a most successful function both socially and financially and the only fly in the ointment was that by great misfortune it clashed with Speech Night.

The Annual Dinner was held on 22nd January, and this again proved a happy gathering. Our guests were Chas. Walker, Esq., an old friend of Heath School and a splendid speaker and Herbert Goodall, Esq., the President of the Old Crossleyans, whose recollections of his early days at the Orphanage as it was then called, evoked much laughter. It was also a pleasure to have with us an Old Heathen in the person of Mr. H. Howarth who is now Headmaster of Hebden Bridge Secondary School and who has been in the South of England for the past 19 years.

Our membership is still steadily growing, amongst recent new members being F. Cockroft who is now home from Durham, S. Murgatroyd, T. Hallas, I. Bedworth, Emmott Jr., H. Pickles, Lord, D. North and A. North, whom we congratulate on getting his County Rugger Cap this season, and several others whose names the writer has not got by him at the moment.

The Rugger team is still going strong and although they did not get far in the Yorkshire cup-ties, still they enhanced their reputation by beating Elland in the 1st round.

The Fives' section are still in the winning vein and I think must now be reckoned as one of the crack teams of the North.

By the time this has gone to press, the Dramatic Section under the name of the "Heathen Players" will have made their effort to raise funds on behalf of the Boys and Girls' Camps. Filey, 1930. In presenting a three-act comedy at the Y.M.C.A. from the pen of that well known playwright, St. John G. Ervine, the author of "The Second Mrs. Fraser." The comedy presented is named "Anthony and Anna" and the players are delighted to have the assistance of Mr. Goodison of West Street, Sowerby Bridge, in its production. He is one of the most successful of the Halifax Thespian Society's producers and it is with pleasure that we are able to record them our thanks, not only for his service but for the assistance of two ladies who are acting members of that Society. We hope their efforts have been crowned with success and that they have upheld the good name

earned years ago by their predecessors in the sphere of amateur theatricals. To the ladies, Misses Pugh and Boardman and Mr. Goodison our heartiest thanks.

Annual Report, 1928-1929.

To the Members.

It is with pleasure that the Committee beg to submit their report of the activities of the Association for the year ended 30th September, 1929, which has proved to be one of the most successful since the inception of Heath Old Boys Clubs.

At the commencement of the year under review our membership was 68 and it is gratifying to note that it is now 172 which constitutes a record number.

During the winter session 7 meetings were held at the Old Cock Hotel during which we had the pleasure of being entertained by Mr. Taylor who provided us with a gramophone recital, a concert party supplied by Mr. Jowitt, an excellent cinema exhibition by Mr. Eric Mackintosh, and an evening of music and song by Mr. Jack Smith (an Old Heathen) of B.B.C. fame.

The Annual dance was held on November 8th, 1928 and was a great success both socially and financially.

The Annual Dinner was held on January 18th, 1929 and it was a great pleasure to have as one of our guests an old Heathen in the person of Mr. Chas. E. Fox, and also to see our President supported by another Old Heathen and Governor of the School, Mr. Lewis Rhodes.

The Rugby Football section had a very creditable season particularly as it was the first under the present régime and the return to the Rugger code. Twenty-one matches were played, eleven won and ten lost. This season the team have been admitted to membership of the Yorkshire Rugby Football Union and will participate in the Yorkshire cup-ties. The membership of this section is now 45 and the Committee wish to point out that there is no extra subscription for this section and any member wishful to play is asked to get in touch with the Section Secretary, Mr. W. W. Sawdon, Ashgarth, Huddersfield Road.

The Fives section enjoyed an even more successful season than its predecessors in that the "First Four" was only defeated on one occasion. Fourteen matches were played and two others were cancelled owing to weather conditions. The membership of this section has also increased.

The cricket section which was revived this year was a very successful venture, 42 members joining this section. Through the kind offices of Capt. Nicholl permission was obtained to play at Spring Hall every Wednesday evening and the section wish to place on record their sincere appreciation of his kindness and interest. Thirteen matches were played, six being won, four drawn and three lost, which was very encouraging for the first season. It is perhaps worthy of note that the possibility of obtaining a ground for next season where Saturday afternoon matches can be played is practically assured and a larger membership is sincerely hoped for.

During the year there came into existence a Committee whose efforts are directed to assisting Old Heathens to find suitable employment and this Committee has had a very encouraging start. Any of our members who are in a position to assist this Committee in any way by either suggestions, notifications of posts vacant, or requirements of employers are earnestly requested to notify Mr. C. M. Whitham, Haviland, Haugh Shaw Road, as early as possible.

The Annual Dance (the 21st) will be held at the Cafe Royal on Friday, November 22. Tickets 7/6 each may be obtained from members of the Committee, or the Secretaries.

The Annual Dinner will be held some time in February but notices will be issued later regarding this function.

In conclusion, the Committee beg to remind you that a larger membership is still possible and necessary. Will you bring the efforts of the Association to the notice of any Old Heathen who has not yet joined, and so try to procure his co-operation in our aims?

"ANTHONY AND ANNA."

Although not producing any play of its own this year, the School took no small interest in "Anthony and Anna," given at the Halifax Y.M.C.A., on Thursday, March 13th and Saturday, March 15th. In the first place this production was given by the Heathen Players who are all Old Boys, with the exception of course of the two ladies appearing in the cast. Secondly it was in aid of the Boys' and Girls' Camps at Filey, which is the one cause to which the School contributes every year.

The play which is by St. John Ervine, is a Comedy in three acts. The scene of the first act is laid in the coffee room of the Inn of St. Peter's Finger, just before lunch on a Thursday in July. Here we find George the head waiter, and Fred, his assistant, preparing the lunch for the two guests, and at the same time keeping an eye open for prospective customers. Dunwoody, a popular novelist, enters and demands lunch and room. He is followed shortly afterwards by Anthony Fair, a gentleman of leisure, who likewise demands lunch. Jacob Penn the American guest of the inn enters looking for his daughter Anna Penn, whom Fair spies coming down the street. Anna then enters through the window and Fair immediately falls in love with her. The story then develops on usual lines. By sheer audacity and personality Fair wins the love of Anna, to the indignation of Dunwoody, who had hoped to marry her himself. Fair however refuses to work and thus alienates the favour of Jacob Penn. Things look especially black for Fair when he is accused of cheating at cards by James Jago, a war profiteer and fellow guest, who is engaged to Lady Cynthia Speedwell. Fair however clears himself, and largely through the enthusiasm and strong will of Anna, the matter ends happily in a universal compromise and the forthcoming marriage of Anthony and Anna.

Whilst the story is not particularly strong there is an abundance of situations and brilliant lines. These were utilized to the full by the actors who were admirable throughout. The difficult part of Anna was well taken by Miss D. Pugh. Then enthusiasm and liveliness of her part was happily

conveyed and never did she overact. Miss M. Boardman as Lady Cynthia Speedwell had a comparatively small part but she took it in an able manner. No greater compliment can be paid to Mr. R. E. Dalzell than that he was perfectly natural. The part well suited him and he made the most of it. He may particularly be complimented on the able way in which he delivered many long and difficult speeches. Mr. F. Cockroft was outstanding in the part of Dunwoody. He was a thorough master of all that the part required in the way of cynicism and haughtiness, and in addition acted up well to the situation when not required to speak. Mr. J. Peel too was excellent in the part of Jacob Penn, not the least of his virtues being an able mastery of the American tongue. Mr. J. Midgley extracted the maximum humour from the part of George and was excellently assisted by Mr. W. S. Wellburn as Fred. Indeed, the scene between these two at the opening of the third act was one of the best bits of the play. Mr. A. Sunderland in a good portrayal of the blustering uneducated Jago completed a cast which would not have disgraced many professional companies. The play was produced by Mr. L. Goodison.

One would have liked to have seen a larger audience, but we trust that the Heathen Players will not be downhearted by this, but will give us another play next year when we are confident that it will meet with the success it deserves.

—B.S.

ESSAY.

To the Editor of the Heathen.

Dear Sir,

Having recently read Leigh Hunt's essay on "The World of Books" in which he remarks how one may stay in England, in one's own study, and be in touch with all the manifold beauties of the world, all its peoples and customs, its climates and adventures, simply by reading books, by drawing from Robert Louis Stevenson a description of Silverado, from Kingsley a description of the Orinoio,—but these are anachronisms,—Leigh Hunt drew on older

classics, yet not wholly on the classics, for little recognised books contain as true descriptions and as inspired as ever your Walter Scott, or Thackeray, or meticulous Dickens,—having, I say, read this interesting essay, it struck as being totally unnecessary, in these days of moving pictures and excursion tickets, conducted tours and aeroplanes, to read books to find descriptions of the matter-of-fact world which exists to-day. Swift ocean liners have taken romance from the Spanish Main, the screen has removed mystery from the road to Mandalay. No longer are Golconda and Eldorado words to inspire mountaineers, luxurious castles in Spain. One picks up a newspaper, reads of operations on the Stock Exchange, and — poof — where is Croesus.

Of course, I do not hold that books should not be read to-day. The old interest remains as intriguing as ever. Yet I think that the growth of another kind of book should be encouraged. We have a sufficiency, an ample sufficiency of "songs of the daedal earth." In old days men wished only to stretch their minds to a conception of life and romance in another part of the globe. The World and its mysteries still lay hid, shrouded in black night, and he was much in demand who wrote of affairs terrestrial. An account of journey to Babylon, in those days, was entirely enthralling, with no superfluities of romance and imagination. The Baghdad railway has spoilt all that. But, just as in those exciting times, we too like to "make mouths at the invisible event." And so I claim that writers of fantasies aethereal, of flights of imagination, should receive a great deal of encouragement.

Since various heroes' swords have laid bare the delightful oyster of the world, let us fly to some other planet, Mars, if you like, and conceive of life there. There may one's fancy wander free, building its own Utopias, there, where anybody may be living, and anything may be happening, let us "hazard a wide solution."

What an unfitted space is laid open to us when we finally shake off the clutching arms of the World and proceed to find realms of our own! Think, Sir, of the boundless possibilities, already somewhat

traved, the almost inconceivable conceptions with which we may meet when we begin to read books about other worlds, other civilizations, other ideas. People, Sir are always ready to read about new journeys, new discoveries, new — everything. Some there be, I admit, and not such odd fishes, who would turn to the past, but the majority look with an appreciative eye to the future. People to-day will read an account of an imaginary world with as much avidity as ever Raleigh his Mandeville's Travels.

Besides, an author is not bound down to a single little sphere, floating about "in ordine certo," as Lucretius has it—he has all the Universe with which to play. It is an advantage to everybody to be occasionally taken out of himself.

So, Sir, my plea is for an extended geography in Literature. In the course of his essay, Leigh Hunt considers the pleasure to be derived from making a map of the "world of books." What fun to have a map fixed by no determinate plan. We would have no Galileo or Copernicus prodding about in our imaginary Universe. What a map it would be! Mercator, rising from his grave, would glare with bulging eyes, and all the world would gape in amazement.

So, Sir, let us have our "New Universe of Books" while I beg to remain,

ANON.

I strode along a country path
Alone with peaceful mind,
Alone, but for the dancing rain
That hover'd in the wind.

The Spring was in my heart; my face
The gentle drops caress'd:
And I could scarce repress the shout
That struggled in my breast.

A grassy hillock unawares
I climbed with eager tread,
And lo! beneath my startled eyes
A gleaming landscape spread.

I gazed, and felt the ecstasy
Of seeker's toil repay'd;
I thought the beauty at my feet
For me alone was made.

Then, while I stood as one entranced,
All heedless of the sky,
A glancing sunbeam pierced the clouds
And woke the linnet's cry.

THE HERO AS TRAM DRIVER.

William Higginbottom. Herbert Bloggs.

Our present discourse is to be of the great man as Tram Driver. Hitherto, in our meeting together, we have dealt with the minor forms of heroism divinity, prophet, poet, but none are so illimitable, so sincere, so full of world light as the Tram Driver. Hid in a light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and his speech is a song, a chant, which swells to the vault of heaven, when his tram refuses to go. I say it is a song; and yet is this not the very proof of his sincerity; no man can be a poet and yet insincere and who can doubt that our tram driver is insincere, especially if he has heard him swearing. The Tram Driver is unique; there is a genius, an infinitude in him, which shines clear through the purity of his soul; his scorn, his grief, are as transcendent as his love, and yet how do we treat him. We despise him, we allow him only one holiday a year and give him a miserable pittance for the sustenance of his genius. And yet perhaps it is rather for the genuine man, no evil to be poor; that there ought to be Tram Drivers poor, to show whether they are genuine or not. But we must hasten to William Higginbottom and his life.

William, called "Sweaty" by his intimates was born in Woolshops. And yet in this desolate neighbourhood a Life Soul was born, one that burned with the fire of ambition and genius. I find it altogether suitable that William was born to recognise the value of fish and chips and black puddings, for was he not deprived of his supper whenever he sneaked his father's beer, and did not this tend to stiffen with the vigour of hardships and necessity his growing self? Perhaps the turning point of his life, we may say was the electrocution of his dearest friend at the Tram Depot. What is life, he thought, what are principalities, powers and dominion, when my

friend is snatched away like this. Henceforth he determined to pass his life in religious seclusion, and it was to that end that he became a tram driver. Who has not seen the seraphic expression, significant of a placid but searching genius, ever present on the Tram Driver's face? and was it not William the finest of them all, who was their guide, philosopher and friend.

It is significant of the law which "lies at the bottom of all appearance" as Sossagerbergringsfort has it that even Siddal may produce a Hero Soul. For did not Herbert Bloggs bring the true light of human greatness to bear upon that district. There's a man, I say; such as the like has never appeared before: a man who shunned delights; who toiled in study and the wearisome perusal of books, to gain his higher certificate of tram driving. He strove amidst his fellows to sear their minds with blinding light of revelation; and not in vain; he took his sorrows gallantly; he never shirked the Labour Exchange.

You would think it strange if I called Herbert the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his. And yet did not Sossagerbergringsfort, whom I believe I have mentioned before, say that he was a fellow of infinite frolic; far pleasanter to hear there, stuffing black puddings and wrinkling tripe, than he ever afterwards knew him. These two then, William and Herbert, transcend all our previous conceptions of divinity; the Tram Driver! what peace of mind; what infinitude; what sincerity; they are sincere, I say, above all men, and, to quote Sossagerbergringsfort, positively the last time, "there's nothing like fish and chips!" which is quite irrelevant; I will now quit what I had to say of the Hero as Tram Driver.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of going up to Oxford to take a Scholarship Examination.

On through the country cold and grey
The tawny train flies,
And swift before my eyes,
Trees, houses, bridges, fields glide away.
No more familiar sights I see,
The scene is bleak, cold:
No longer I behold

The dark, brown hills that are so dear to me.
No smiling upland, no deep vale
Relieves the smooth plain,
As onward rolls the train,
Smirching the countryside with smoky trail.
Grey is the land, and grey the sky,
And grey now my soul,
For at long last the goal
Of all my dreams, of all my hopes is nigh.
O Oxford city of slender spires,
At thy fine array
My courage ebbs away.
And yet to thee my longing heart aspires.

DEEBY.

GOOD INTENTIONS.

By Deeby.

It was the day on which the Wanderers and the United, the two great soccer teams of Droughton, met each other on the United's ground. The roads were thronged with would-be spectators, amongst whom was an under-sized fellow dressed in a shabby blue serge suit. On his cap the red and blue colours of the United waved in the wind. His hands were buried deep in his trousers pockets, and he was whistling cheerily. Snip, as he was known to his intimates, was a zealous supporter of the United, yet it was not merely to shout for his favourites that he was an ever-present at the United's matches. Snip was one of the "light-fingered gentry," and such matches as this were happy hunting grounds for him. It was a source of great pride to him that the police had never caught him at work, but on this day Fate was lurking in his path.

He paid his shilling and marched jauntily into the ground, viewing with evident delight the close-packed crowd. It was his custom to spend the first half of the match picking the pockets of as many people as possible, but the second half he spent in watching the game.

A little before the time for the kick-off the teams came bouncing on to the field, and proceeded one to each goal, where they indulged in a little listless shooting while the captains tossed up. A roar from the crowd announced that the United had won the toss and were playing with their

backs to the sun. It was a glorious day for football. The ground was hard, the air keen and clear, and the sun was a red ball of fire in the sky. The Wanderers kicked off and were soon pressing around their opponents' goal, but a burly United full-back sent the ball hurling back to mid-field with a mighty kick. The game was very fast, the ball being first at one end, then at the other. Neither side, however, could score.

In the meantime Snip was progressing favourably in his endeavours. His victims were already three in number, and he was especially pleased with a purse containing two pound-notes and some silver which he had "lifted" from a valuable speaker who had been announcing to all and sundry his willingness to lay two to one on "th' Wanderers."

Suddenly a mighty roar smote the upper air. The Wanderers' centre-forward had received the ball in mid-field, had rushed past one full-back with it and, before the other could reach him, had driven a fierce shot into the corner of the net. The other Wanderers clustered round him, shaking him by the hand and patting him on the back, while two or three of the United players appealed frantically, but vainly, to the referee for some unknown reason. During the excitement caused by this incident Snip registered a further success, becoming richer by a few shillings. Soon after the whistle blew for half-time and the players slowly wended their way off the field.

Snip felt satisfied with his afternoon's work and so he took up his stand in as advantageous a position as possible to watch the game. His two nearest neighbours on his right-hand side were a queerly contrasted couple. One was a red-faced jovial person who spoke in a very loud voice, whilst the other was a tall, pale, lugubrious individual. The former was saying to his friend, "I were very sorry to hear about yer losin' yer job, Lewis. I didn't think yer'd be at th' match to-day." "Why not?" retorted Lewis. His friend looked rather embarrassed and then stammered, "Well, er, yer see—I thought, like—" "That I shouldn't have any money, eh?" asked Lewis. The other admitted that

he had thought so. "Well," said Lewis, "I 'aven't. At least, not much. But th' wife says to me, 'Lewis,' she says, 'tha 'asn't missed a match for nine year and tha needn't miss one nah. Get thy coit and gooa, for we shall manage somehow.' And so I've come but I hope she'll 'ave summat for me to eat when I get back." "Ay. I hope she will" added the red-faced individual. Snip heard all this conversation, and somehow the tall man's pale, sorrowful countenance and his homely tale touched him, and he thought that he would like to help him in some way. This sympathetic feeling was a new experience to Snip, but he forgot all about it when the players returned and the game began again.

Soon he was bawling lustily for the United and his delight knew no bounds when his team scored. It was a good, hard game and Snip enjoyed himself vastly. Then one of the Wanderers fouled one of the United half-backs and immediately the lugubrious person cried, "Send him off, the dirty fouler!" Snip at once joined in the cry, "send him off!" A little while afterwards one of the Wanderers was fouled but this time Lewis burst out into a peal of laughter and shouted, "A real 'un, 'Arry. Do it again, lad!" Snip followed suit and also laughed loudly. Somehow he wanted to be in tune with this mournful-looking stranger, to participate in his feelings.

The end of the game was drawing near, the red sun had disappeared behind the stand and a kind of stillness seemed to steal over the football-ground. Snip looked at the section of the crowd opposite to him and watched, as he had many times done before, the flaring of matches, now here, now there. Everybody seemed to be lighting cigarettes or pipes and as one match went out another was lit. The bank of white, straining faces showed up clearly the golden flashes.

But still the game was being fought out at a tremendous pace, although it was difficult sometimes for the spectators to follow the ball. Then the United right wing raced along with it: the crowd cheered: he centred, one of the inside forwards shot: the goal-keeper stopped the ball but could

not hold on to it and the United's centre forward shot it past him into the goal. Soon afterwards the whistle blew for time. Snip felt as happy as a king; he had had a glorious afternoon.

But as he came near the gate, someone pushed against him. He turned and saw the lugubrious individual once more. Again the feeling of sympathy came over him: he would give him some money; but why should he? Lewis' plight was nothing to him. He felt the purse in his pocket. Yes, he would give him something. He drew out the purse and looked at it wistfully. He hesitated for a moment and then, in his usual, skilful manner, was putting the purse in Lewis' pocket when the crowd gave a lurch and the practiced pickpocket fumbled. The next moment he felt a hand grasp his shoulder, and he was looking into the hard eyes of a policeman.

He swore he was putting the purse into Lewis' pocket but, of course, the story sounded incredible and, what is more, the lugubrious Lewis declared that it was his purse and his money. Snip was dragged to the police station and searched. Another purse was found besides other things and, naturally, Snip had no chance.

In this way Snip lost all faith in his fellow-men, and now he has three objects in going to watch the United: in the first place, business, secondly, pleasure and thirdly a wistful hope that one day he may see Lewis, whom he intends to punish severely. (Snip's actual words on the subject are unprintable).

The Heathen in his blindness wants to know —

Who is "wonderful?"

Who is under the delusion that "she's just sweet, old man?"

Whether the decrepit collection of rusty ironmongery periodically dumped in the school shed bears any relation to an automobile?

What is the function of the mysterious apparatus in the lavatory?

Is it to prepare the school dinner?

Why a well known threequarter kicked a goal from the 25 line?

Whether the presence of two distinguished spectators had anything to do with it?

Whether the absence of a well known public character was in any way connected with a football match on the previous afternoon?

Did he really want to see the dentist?

Who will rise up in his wrath and his aeroplanes?

Why did she never really love Ben?

What is the significance of the ghostly forms seen flitting round the lawn in the twilight?

When and to what extent the Heathen will be reimbursed for this contribution?

The "TALKIES."

A symposium of the opinions of eminent men-of letters on the burning question of the day.—"Are talking-films superior to Silent?"

I.—William Shakespeare.

To talk or not to talk, that is the question.
Whether 'tis sweeter to the ear to suffer
The ceaseless racket of the strident 'talky'
Or to sit down before a silent picture,
And when it bores one, slumber.

Away, vile 'talky.'

Thou'rt but a talking shadow, with poor players

That strut and fret their hour upon the screen,

And then are heard no more; thou art a film,

Made by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

II.—Samuel Pepys.

To the "Synging Foole" this day with my wife, where a great queue, and we at the end of it, of course, at which my wife complained bitterly. A mighty dolourous filme, and caused me weep into my pocket kerchief, but my wife highly amused, and did call me a foolish old man, at

which I was ill pleased but said nought, fearing to marr the day's enjoyment. Anon, coming on a comicke filme, and exceeding snappie dialogue, I was consumed with mirth and fear I did make a ridiculous exhibitioun of myself and cd. see my wife was vext. For indeed these new talking-filmes like her not, but I highly delighted, and purpose to go againe, but confesse they make an unholy dinne soe as one may not sleep as one cd. do when they were silent. Did inquire of my friend Joumes what he thought of the talkies. They are not $\frac{1}{2}$ good, said he, whereat I did most uncautiously admit that I was moved to teares, which confessioun seemd to divert him greatly and he was very merrie and laught me to scorn. But in truth I was mightily toucht, and fear some folke must be harde of heart.

III.—Longfellow.

Then the mighty Hiawatha
 Yearned to hear a talking-picture.
 So he took his weekly wages,
 Took them from his waistcoat pocket
 And he hied him to the pictures
 And he paid his modest fourpence
 And he sat him in the forefront
 Where one sees the screen obliquely,
 And he heard the talking-picture
 And the hoarse and strident voices,
 And the booming and the screeching
 And disliked it all intensely.
 So he rose from where he sat and
 He betook him to the office
 Where the manager was lurking
 And he brandished his umbrella
 At the pale and cowering paleface
 And he smote him in the midriff.
 And he felled him to the carpet
 So he slew him and betook him
 (Having raised a song of triumph)
 To his wigwam near the gasworks.

—W.R.N.

SIR ROGER AT THE FOOTBALL MATCH.

Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

Juv. Sat. X. v. 356.

A healthy body and a mind at ease.

As I was walking this morning with Sir Roger, at a little distance from his house, I was very well pleased with the agreeable sight of a field, which at a distance,

seemed to be the playground of the village. My worthy knight pointed out to me four poles, two at each end of the field. As I love the old man, and take particular delight in any of his pastimes, I accordingly asked him the reason for this field, and its posts. The Good Knight thereupon explained to me the rules of this new sport, to which I listened with close attention.

Sir Roger, being at present too old to play himself, delights in encouraging the parish. I was very much surprised to hear my old friend call out to one of the players, remarking with true air of a critick, that since Moll White had been dead these two months, they might win!

As I was musing on this saying, and thinking of my visit with Good Sir Roger to Moll's, a whistle sounded, and I was particularly pleased to see the young men run up to Sir Roger, and with great pleasure tell him, they had won. He was highly delighted and ordered them a fitch of bacon each.

A man has not filled the business of the day, when he has not participated in some sport or other, but has used all his faculties for study alone.

R. Kirtley.

SIR ROGER AT THE "TALKIES."

Non sum is qui his rebus delecter. Cicero.
 I care for none of these things.

I have often observed during my silent speculations that my good friend, Sir Roger, has a keen interest in the pleasures of the village, both indoor and outdoor. Will Wimble has often said that a man who possesses a fit body should exercise the separate parts thereof each week in the chase. As I have commented upon my having rid on the chaplain's easy pad during the chase, I will now proceed to inform the reader of one of Sir Roger's indoor pleasures, in which I have taken part during my pleasant speculations in the country.

Some few days ago, while I was spending a bright afternoon in watching a brood of ducks, Sir Roger approached me with the information that Will Wimble

had bade us be his guests at the "talkies" that same evening. The old knight's face betrayed his eagerness to go, for he was smitten of a perverse beautiful widow, one Miss Clara Bow, so, contrary to my inward feelings, I consented to accompany my friend.

Horace says very finely in one of his odes, *Odi profanum vulgus*. When, however, we stepped from the coach, there were many of Mr. Cowley's "Great Vulgar," who, I was told, were waiting for the cheap seats. It seems that my good friend, in order to encourage this so-called pleasure, has ordered that each of his parishioners and tenants should receive a cheap ticket, and a programme of forthcoming events. After a few words with the box-office wench, we were conducted upstairs by an honest maid, and shortly afterwards I was informed that we were in the "gods." Almost immediately the lights were put out, and a throaty gargle arose from the pit. Indeed as Shakespeare says, "they uttered such a deal of stinking breath, that I could scarce keep open my mouth."

First, a supposed comedy caused much amusement in the pit, in the midst of which film Sir Roger stood up and requested one, Sam. Ferguson, to refrain from cheering so loudly. In the second film, the perverse Clara Bow was to be seen, and often I heard the good old knight murmur, "Certainly, she has the most beautiful legs in the world." After some poor clown had rescued the daughter of a neighbouring squire, the show finished, and we left the hall, Sir Roger and Will Wimble eagerly discussing the performance.

I cannot deceive my reader by saying that I enjoyed the adventure, but it was an occurrence about which I made many speculations. I note that the "great vulgar" have a very degraded idea of amusement, though in all ways I agree that even the "talkies," in moderation, may have some small advantage.

J.T.B. (Remove).

THE HERO AS PLUMBER.

A melancholy figure, this of the Hero as Pipe-Mender, whom we call Plumber; truly the most singular vocation for the Hero-Soul to be made apparent! Yet not so singular. A calling of scope withal; a calling to bring forth and show up all the underlying sincerity of the Hero-Soul. For, indeed, the Hero-Plumber must, veritably must at bottom, be sincere. Butcher, Baker, Maker of Cadlesticks, these may be, nay invariably are superficial; the Plumber-man no. Wonderful, I say, the never-faltering sincerity with which the Plumber sticks to his Task, his undying-out devotion to it. In no superficial way he turns back for his instruments. Nay, really, with a most deep-seated earnestness, a most poignant devotion to his Hero-Task of pipe-mending. No rapid man he, to pass lightly over his appointed tasks. Rather a most devoted student of his craft. Lamentable indeed, if one has not spied-out the innate sincerity of the Plumber-man, as he wields with a neat-handedness truly to be marvelled at, the blow-lamp of his,—really a most mournful pity! Mark the directness, the unwaveringness which underlies all Plumbing, with which he shoots out the flame at his objective; the seeing eye, by which he is most manifestly a participator in the open secret of pipe-mending. Truly one of the noblest phenomena, yet little appreciated of men, so foreign is its aspect in the world!

A mournful, unrecognised figure of a man! He with his lead-piping and blow-lamp, outward symbols of his vocation, is a rather unique spectacle; in many respects a very singular Hero-man.

W. R. Nicholson.

THE HERO AS PRIVATE DETECTIVE

The Hero as Wireless Announcer, the Hero as Private Detective are productions of new ages; not preceded in the old. Let nature send a Hero-soul; in no future age is it other than possible that he may be shaped into a Private Detective.

What is his function in the world? It is to solve the ever-recurring mysteries of

the age. These mysteries can occur at any time, in any place; veritably can. But what is a mystery? That which is hidden to the majority of men; that which only the master-mind can reveal; and he, the Private Detective. He provides the solution, the key, the explanation of the mystery for his mind sees deeply, pierces the surface and gets to the very heart of mystery where lies solution, "that which lies at the bottom of appearance," as Fichte styles it. If a man finds the solution of a mystery by seeing into the profoundest depth of it, he is a Detective: if not, not.

It were unjust to deal with this subject and not to recognise the perpetual danger which he lives under; terrible danger, hidden danger, danger to his very life. Burglars, murderers, criminals of every sort hate him; hated by the most dastardly, dangerous men alive! Who would reckon his life of an account, of any value? Curious enough how any man is willing to become a Private Detective and how such a thing as a Private Detective exists at the present day.

No man can make himself a Private Detective; either he has the faculty of mystery-solving or he has not; depth of vision, clearness of sight, that is what enables him to become a Private Detective. Three steps lead up to the solution of a mystery—Investigation, Conjecture, Solution. What a wealth of thoroughness in investigation, skill in conjecture, infallibility in solution that Hero amongst Private Detectives, Sherlock Holmes, had! What a contrast to the poor blind gropings of the imagination of his medical companion and assistant! Sherlock Holmes was a Hero; how could he be aught else? A man who lived all his life in close touch with tragedy, not for his own gain, not for his own advantage, but for the sake of his fellow man who was in trouble, must have been a Hero. Yet who can tell how many sleepless nights he spent searching his vast, capacious imagination for a solution to a dark mystery? Persistence!—that is what a heroic Private Detective must have. But Sherlock Holmes found a never-failing solace for his weary mind, a refuge from the turmoil of his daily life; music, the plaintive strains of his violin afforded that solace, that refuge. The wild harmony

of a Brahms waltz, the dreamy languor of one of Chopin's nocturnes, soothed his tired spirit; and withal, I daresay, helped him to think clearly, clarified the processes of his seething brain.

Well: this was THE great Hero as Private Detective who had, bound up within him, the various qualities which are imperative for his calling; Persistence, Imagination, Buoyancy of spirit which could rally his wasted energies in face of the tragedy in life. Yes, truly it is a great thing for a man to take up such a profession as Private Detective and bear himself creditably, nay successfully, in it; to become a Hero Detective, the bane of malefactors, the scourge of criminals, the defender of the innocent the succourer of those in trouble. All these, Sherlock Holmes was.—This must be the end of our remarks on the Hero as Private Detective.

D. Bancroft.

C 39.

When the convict ship "Marigold" set out for Australia in 1800 it carried a crew of ten, twenty-four convicts, five guards, and twenty-two settlers. When the same ship was wrecked on some unknown tropical island, the captain, a sailor, a convict, and a settler were saved, along with a box of stores, which was found to contain several loaves and tins of salted beef. They spent the first day in erecting a small shelter, and into this they all crawled that night, Captain Gibbs, Maxley the sailor, C39, and Burgham, the settler. That night C39 awoke at midnight, shouldered the box of stores, and set off across the island. When the others awoke and found him gone, they set off on a desperate hunt, for on finding C39 depended their chances of life. Eventually Burgham caught sight of him, and calling to the other two, set off in pursuit. The convict was overtaken, and after a grim struggle, overpowered. He was dragged back to the camp, beaten, kicked and struck, and from then on he led a dog's life. He was closely watched at night, and was given no chance to get one of his fellow castaways alone during the daytime. No arms had been brought ashore and so it was a question of brute

force. Every morning C39 was made to do whatever work there was, whilst Maxley and Gibbs stood over him to kick him with their heavy sailor's boots, or thrash him with the buckles of their belts. One morning, about six days after the wreck stores began to run low, and C39 knew that his would be the allowance to be cut down, so he attempted to rush to the shore and throw himself into the sea. Burgham prevented him, however, and his life was then made more miserable than ever. In desperation he made up his mind to escape at all costs, and after a week, in which he pretended to grow weaker and weaker, until the guard on him was relaxed he got away. He dashed down to the sea shore, intent on either finding if anyone else had escaped from the wreck or else drowning himself, when, to his amazement, he saw a ship. Desperately he tore a portion from his tattered shirt which revealed the thick red weals on his back and waved it on high. After several minutes of agonized waiting he saw a boat put out and draw towards the island. As it approached he recognised the figure in the prow as a midshipman in the British navy. When the boat grounded he climbed in and gasped, "There are—three others—on the island." Immediately, the midshipman ordered several men to go ashore and find them. A few moments later the men reappeared, bringing Gibbs, Maxley and Burgham. Then the midshipman got the shock of his life, for whilst the three castaways were still some distance from the boat, C39 snatched the gun from his hand, and shot them one by one.

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL.

Editorial.

The weather this term has been rather surprising. For a long time it has been as good as could be desired; but suddenly, mid-way through March the snow began to descend, and winter has come with a vengeance. However, we are all fairly hardy in the Junior School and do not intend to allow the weather clerk to damp our outdoor activities.

Early in February a meeting was held in Ia. form room to elect captains and

vice-captains for the football "sixes" (not to be confused with "sixers," which is a Wolf Cub expression) which are due to be played off at the end of the term. The following teams were picked.

A Team: Barber (Capt.) Ingram (Vice-Capt.), Robertson, Stephen, Neaverson, T. Radcliffe, Hollway.

B Team: Lewin (Capt.), Clegg (Vice-Capt.), Denham, Atkinson, Shaw, Clay.

C Team: Davis (Capt.), Bates (Vice-Capt.), Byrde, Leigh, Beswick, Murrell, Black.

D Team: Greenwood (Capt.). Feather (Vice-Capt.), D. Radcliffe, Thomas, Eccles, Matthews, Forbes.

The result will be published in the Summer Number of the Magazine.

The library has been well patronized this term, and there have been remarkably few fines. Our thanks to S. D. Neaverson and F. Davis for the efficient way they have carried out the duties of librarians. The following have kindly presented books this term:—

P. H. Clegg.—Felix Annual.

C. Bates.—British Boys' Annual.

H. J. T. D. Robertson.—Two Barchester Boys.

G. Byrde.—Uncle Bernac.

R. T. Stephen.—Messenger of Morning Star. Adventure Stories.

G. Greenwood.—The World's Boys' Annual.

WOLF CUBS.

One new Cub, J. T. Shaw has taken the promise this term: he has been attached temporarily to the "Blacks" (Sixer J. Lewin). On the other hand we have lost the services of two excellent Sixers, M. Hollway and K. C. Kendall, both of whom have, however, joined our bigger brothers in the Scout Troop. Our heartiest wishes to them both.

The outstanding feature this term has been the large number of Cubs who have passed their First Star Tests.

The following have been successful:—
Blacks: K. P. Thomas.
Greys: G. Greenwood, G. Byrde, H. J. T. D. Robertson.
Browns: D. Ingram.

Several other Cubs are within a point or two of gaining their first badge.

Two football matches were arranged last term against St. George's Pack. The first fixture, played at Bird Cage on Saturday, November 23rd, resulted in a run-a-way victory for us by 6 goals to 1. Lewin scored three goals in each half. For the return game on their ground, our opponents played at full strength and after a capital struggle we proved successful by 3 goals to 1. K. Kendall obtained one goal in the first half and J. Lewin and K. Kendall one each in the second. The team was:— K. Thomas; G. Greenwood, M. Hollway (Capt.); J. Robertson, K. Kendall, C. R. F. Leigh; G. Byrde, D. Ingram, J. Lewin, F. Davis, S. Feather. Reserve: B. Murrell.

On Saturday evening, March 1st, a dozen of us trekked to St. Hilda's Schoolroom, Gibraltar Road, and spent an enjoyable evening seeing "The Pageant of the Jungle" as enacted at the World Jamboree, 1929, presented by the St. Hilda's 3rd Halifax Wolf Cub Pack.

CRICKET NOTES.

We hope that all keen cricketers will digest the following notes and put them into practice at an early date next term.

Batting. In Batting the great fault to be found is the tendency, almost the desire, to put the ball up in the air and so get caught. Remember, when you play forward keep your left hand in front of the right, and when you play back bring the bat down on the ball and not up towards it. You must get as near as possible to the pitch of the ball you mean to hit. That means, generally, moving the left foot towards the ball, never the right foot. You must fight against "drawing away the legs" which means moving back hurriedly from

the block in the centre; if you do, you are sure to be bowled. Always watch the ball on to your bat, from the moment it leaves the bowler's hand until you hit it with your bat.

Bowling. Develop a style early on and stick to it. Remember that the first requisite is command of length. This will be explained to you next term.

Fielding. Ground fielding needs a lot of attention. Watch the ball from the moment the batsman hits it until it is safely in your hands: then return it quickly to the wicket-keeper or the bowler at the top of the stumps, either full-pitch or at first bounce. Practise catching as often as you possibly can, this will harden your hands and help your eye to judge the flight of the ball.

Running between wickets. The chief fault generally is that a lot of batsmen forget to call. Say something every time the ball is hit, and say it clearly and quickly; then the other batsman knows where he is. Never stop to ask "Can you?" It wastes time, and time is everything. Call, if it is your call, and run, if you are not sent back, and the sending back should be done at once. Remember, too, in calling to take into account the capacity of your batting partner. Can he run as fast as you can—Is he portly or slow in speed for any other reasons? Disaster comes if you forget these things. To be "run out" is a very tame way of ending either your partner's or your own innings.

THE SCHOLAR.

The scholar's head was troubled,
Troubled by fifteen exams.;
Such as if four eggs cost sixpence,
What's the price of seven hams?

if "pi" squared equals nine point eight,
And radius is x;
Two ounces then cost twopence
Find the cost of seven pecks.

Amo amare means "to love,"
And mensa means "a table";
Three feet then equal one whole yard
Find x if you are able.

In French nous avons means "we have,"
And je puis means "I can,"
From this deduce the shopman's price
Of half a pound of jam.

Henry VIII. had several wives,
And Nelson won Trafalgar;
Hence make thirteen point seven five
Into a fraction vulgar.

To solve all these the scholar tried,
With all his might and main,
But though he tried with all his might,
His efforts were in vain.

A SYMPATHISER.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

We are very pleased to state that all things considered, we have had another successful term at rugby. So far we have played six games of which two have been won, one drawn and three lost. It must be remembered though that our opponents without exception have outweighed us in the scrums, and this fact is an important one in the game of rugby. Enthusiasm and understanding have balanced this disadvantage to some extent, but we are still looking forward hopefully to the time when Heath School can put a pack of average weight into the field.

Only one change has been necessary in the team. Dawson left us at the end of last term, and is now playing for the Heath Old Boys, as are many of our former team. His place has been ably filled by Helliwell, who has shown up promisingly at fullback.

Colours have been awarded to Healey (Captain), Scouller (Vice-capt.), Barnes, Clarke, Cockcroft, and Ingham.

SCHOOL v. HEATH OLD BOYS.

(Home). Lost 6—17.

Our first match of this term was disappointing. Against a heavier team our forwards played up well, but our backs were badly off form. Scorers for School were Cockcroft try and Ingham penalty goal.

SCHOOL v. WAKEFIELD G. S. "A"

(Home). Won 40—0.

School easily outplayed Wakefield and registered two tries, six goals and one dropped goal. A surprising feature was that

seven of the tries were scored by the forwards amongst whom Barnes played a very good game. Scorers: Tries: Barnes 3, Scouller 2, Clarke, Eastwood, Kirtley 1 each. Goals Ingham 6 and Healey 1 dropped goal.

SCHOOL v. HALIFAX TECHNICAL.

(Away). Lost 5—17.

Without the services of Barnes, Brearley, Hanson and Normington, but assisted by Messrs. Woodward and Kemp, School put up a good show against a much heavier side. A large ground proved a big disadvantage and we never really settled down.

Scorers: Hainsworth try and Ingham goal.

SCHOOL v. HEATH OLD BOYS.

(Home). Won 17—0.

The Old Boys unfortunately had a depleted side, and School easily outplayed them. In an open game the only constructive play came from the School XV. for the old Boys employed spoiling tactics.

Scorers: Cockcroft 2, Hanson, Clarke and Scouller tries, Brearley 1 goal.

SCHOOL v. KEIGHLEY.

(Home). Lost 0—27.

Without Barnes, and against a heavier team, School put up a poor show. The game became in parts a dog fight rather than a football match.

SCHOOL v. HALIFAX TECHNICAL

(Home). Draw 3—3.

Barnes was again absent as were Brearley and Hanson. The best game of the season resulted in a draw. School put up a very fine show and Cockcroft and Ingham were very clever in defensive work, while Helliwell, who appeared at outside half played a sound game. All the forwards showed good form.

Scorer: Clarke try.

Our thanks are due to all who have aided us in any way, especially to our masters who have helped us by giving their services either as referees or players, and to all those who have provided oppositions in practice games.

N. Healey.

FIVES.

At the beginning of the Term we were glad to see that none of the Four had left. We thus put in some hard training immediately in preparation for the return match with Mirfield. This fixture, however, was scratched by Mirfield and we had no other open date, upon which to play them. We were also prevented from playing the away match with Crossley and Porter on March 8th, owing to an outbreak of measles at Crossley's. Our first match of the term, therefore was played on February 12th against Leeds University "A" at Heath. This we won by 9 games to 3, after a strenuous match. The Leeds team were obviously hampered by the low walls at the sides and backs of the courts, but, nevertheless, I think we displayed better form in this match than in any other this season. The scores were:—

1st Pair (Barnes and Brearley) versus

Leeds 1st Pair 15-13: 15-9: 15-12.

Leeds 2nd Pair: 15-6: 15-8: 15-9.

2nd Pair (Hanson and Daniel) versus

Leeds 2nd Pair 17-14: 15-10: 15-12.

Leeds 1st Pair: 7-15: 8-15: 5-15.

Result: Heath 9 games Leeds University "A" 3 games (Points 157—138).

Our next match was played on February 26th, against Leeds away. We had been forewarned by the Leeds team of the extreme length and loftiness of their court, and were prepared for a closer game. The time only permitted, however, two games in each set, and we decided to play the match on points alone. We lost the game chiefly on account of the fact that we took too long in getting used to the court. Apart from this the Leeds 2nd Pair displayed remarkably good form.

Scores:—

1st Pair (Barnes and Brearley) versus

Leeds 1st Pair: 8-15: 15-1

Leeds 2nd Pair: 11-15: 15-4.

2nd Pair (Hanson and Daniel) versus

Leeds 2nd Pair: 12-15: 8-15.

Leeds 1st Pair: 6-15: 4-15.

Result: Heath 79 points, Leeds University "A" 95 points. (Games 2—6).

The last match of the term we played on March 12th, against Crossley and Porter on our own courts. Daniel was unable to play in the 2nd Pair, owing to an attack of the flu, and Bancroft was brought into the team. In spite of this change, however we won the match by 8 games to 4. Curiously enough our 2nd Pair lost all three games against the Crossley 2nd Pair but won two games against the opposing 1st Pair. Hanson is to be commended for a sterling performance in this match. Scores:

1st Pair (Barnes and Brearley) versus

Crossley 1st Pair: 15-8: 15-2: 15-2.

Crossley 2nd Pair: 15-2: 15-3: 15-6.

2nd Pair (Hanson and Bancroft) versus

Crossley 2nd Pair: 7-15: 16-17: 8-15.

Crossley 1st Pair: 17-16: 15-11: 4-15.

Result: Heath 8 games, Crossley and Porter 4 games. (Points 157—112).

We are pleased to observe the enthusiasm for Fives, which is still being shown by the Lower Forms. There is, however, a notable lack of interest for the game amongst many members of the VI. and Remove Forms.

As regards the House Fives Competition the Queen's v. Heath and Heath v. School matches have already been played and accounts of them appear under the House Notes. The match between Queen's and School will take place before the end of this term.

R.C.B.

 ROVER NOTES.

As usual at this time of the year our activities have been considerably interfered with by most of our members having to go to night school. We have however, managed to meet more or less regularly, by calling a meeting once a month on a Sunday, and once a month on a Tuesday; thus we have been able to meet regularly once a fortnight.

At our first meeting this term we decided to divide up the various types of activities, and to put one Rover in charge of each section. This rover has to organise the programme of his section for the whole of the crew. Thus we have one Rover in charge of the social arrangements, one

Rover in charge of Hikes and Camps, and so on. This arrangement seems to be working very well, although naturally it is only in the experimental stage at the moment.

At our next meeting we planned our programme for the following six months. We decided to hold a Round Table meeting on the Sunday on which we met, and for the Tuesday meeting it was decided to follow out the programme of the Association Rover Crew and thus help that crew to carry out the aims for which it was formed, namely, to strengthen the functioning of individual Rover crews.

Our other meetings have been occupied with (a) a discussion on the first Rover Test, (b) a lantern lecture on architecture, by one of our members (which we all very much enjoyed) and (c) a talk on Social Welfare work in the town, this being preceded by a report of the address given to the Association Rover crew by Mr. Genner, secretary of the Social Welfare Committee.

Altogether we have had rather a good term, but we must confess that the spirit shown by some of our members is hardly that which one would expect from Rovers.

SCOUT NOTES.

The term has been one of great activity for we Scouts. We've successfully earned, built, and decorated our new Club Room and now we are feeling the great advantage of having a home of our own. Of course we all have our own patrol corners and each patrol is positive that theirs is

more superbly decorated than those of the other patrols. And naturally it is. You, Woodpigeons, Owls, and Peewits cannot show a carved model of your patrol animal like our carved Otter. You Otters, Peewits and Woodpigeons cannot show a natural branch hat-rack like that of we Owls. Of course only the Woodpigeons could keep a scrap-book, and no one but the Peewits could have such a brainwave as to produce such a good signalling lamp.

Our settled state has allowed us once more to get down to the business of earning badges. We have nearly all got the Missioners, and at the moment the Friend to Animals, Interpreters, and Ambulance are in the offing. Besides this we have made a definite start on our training for the First Class badge, and next term will see how many really First Class Scouts we have. We wish ourselves luck.

Our outdoor activities have not been neglected either. We have had numerous Saturday afternoon Scout games, as well as day hikes to various different places of interest. Being scouts, of course we never tell anyone of having searched half an hour for Stoodley Pike in a mist, only to find when the mist rolled away, that all the time we had been within a hundred yards of our object.

This is a mistake anyone could make, however, and all things taken into consideration, I think we can call ourselves "passing fair" as Scouts. But for our modesty of course, we should be more than that.

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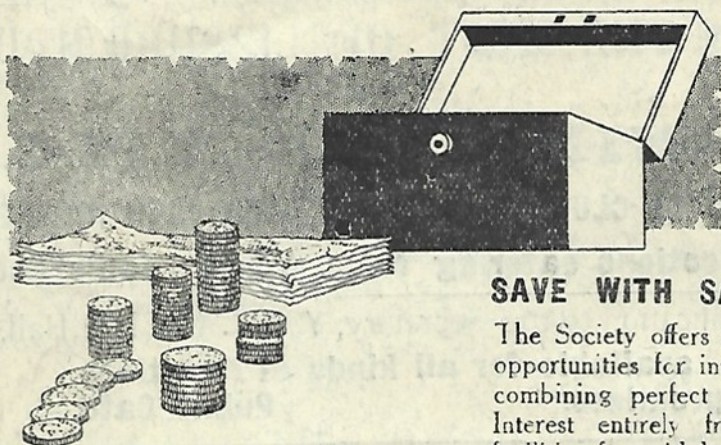
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