

THE HEATHEN



Magazine of
HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL
HALIFAX

No. 22.

New Series.

January, 1940.

THE HEATHEN

No. 22 (New Series)

January, 1940

Editorial

Although we are now at war in this country there has been little change in the School's life and spirit except for an occasional scuttle into the A.R.P. shelters. When we were once again assembled at school after the summer holidays the Headmaster gave us advice which we have since found to be sound—to let this conflict affect us as little as possible. Because of this plan of campaign the activities which make the term more enjoyable have occupied their usual, useful place in the term's work.

It should be our aim, that is, the whole School's, to produce a Magazine which, when read in days to come, will not reflect the passing phase in politics. There are quite enough people trying to do that. We shall leave a record of how Heath kept alive things which are really worth while but which are often neglected in war-time. These are the subjects with which we should—and, no doubt, shall—fill the Magazine.

School Notes

We offer our best congratulations to the School Captain, B. Wilkinson on his well-deserved success in winning a Hastings Scholarship in Modern History at Queen's College, Oxford.

* * *

The wedding took place last term at St. James's Parish Church, Hebden Bridge, of 2nd Lieut. H. Birchall and Miss Mary Shepherd. We wish them both the greatest happiness for the future.

* * *

More changes in the Staff took place last term than we were able to record in our last issue. We are very glad to welcome, though belatedly, the newcomers who all seem to have settled successfully into their new surroundings. Mr. C. H. Place, of Crossley and Porter's School has taken Mr. Birchall's position, Mr. D. M. Umpleby of the same school comes to teach us Manual Skill, and Mr. J. R. Chisholm from the Isle of Wight has succeeded Mr. Eddy.

* * *

Mr. J. F. Lawrence, Senior History Master at Dr. Morgan's School, Bridgwater, who left the School in 1925, has been awarded the degree of B.Litt. by the University of Durham, for a treatise entitled "Somerset in the early years of the nineteenth century, 1800-1830: a study of social and economic conditions."

* * *

We learn that Mr. L. W. Kitchen, of Manchester University, has been recommended for the degree of M.A. For this he has written a thesis on "The Church of St. Peter and St. Wilfrid, Ripon, in the later Middle Ages: a study in collegiate church organization."

* * *

We have been surprisingly fortunate in that the war has made very little difference to the running of the School. We now start a little earlier and do a little less (some might think this a fair compensation). Things might have been vastly different if Air Raid Shelter had not been found for us underneath the Tram Sheds. We have several times astonished the natives and dislocated the traffic in our efforts to establish an unbeatable record for the time between School and Shelter. Scuttling like rabbits (not Adolf's) we have become quite efficient in the journey but the entrance to our "burrow" is still rather constricted.

* * *

Almost the first hostile action in the present war was the sinking of the *Athenia*. Among the survivors was an Old Boy, R. C. Barnes, who was on his way to take up a teaching post in Ontario, Canada. A graphic account of the terrible distress and suffering which he saw and endured has appeared in the local press.

* * *

The School is compiling a list of Old Boys who are serving at this time in the defence of the country. Information should be addressed to the Editor of *The Heathen* and should state the unit which has been joined and the rank held. We should also be glad to hear of any promotion or change which may take place subsequently. May we appeal to all for co-operation in order to make this list as complete and comprehensive as possible?

* * *

The usual singing of carols in the Christmas Term was held this year on Monday afternoon, December 18th. There was some good singing by the choir accompanied excellently by the orchestra who also gave a rendering of Handel's "Messiah Overture."

Speech Day

The Annual Speech Day was held this year on Thursday, November 16th. With our new accommodation we were able for the first time in many years to entertain our visitors in our own buildings. The ceremony was held in the afternoon because the black-out regulations made the usual later hour impossible. The prizes were distributed by the Bishop of Wakefield, the Right Rev. C. R. Hone, Ald. P. N. Whitley, J.P., Chairman of the Governors, presided and was supported by Canon P. L. James, Mr. L. Rhodes, M.A., J.P., Mr. W. E. Dyson, J.P., Mr. W. E. Horsley, The Headmaster, and Mr. W. O. Bell.

The Headmaster, after giving his report on the numerous activities and achievements of the School during the past year, spoke of present conditions and the prospects of the future. The economic, social and international order of 1938-39 had gone, never to return. We hoped and prayed that change would be for the better, even though we could not see what that change would be. One thing, in his mind, stood fast—the ultimate value of human material for the lives of men and women, especially young men and women. The finest qualities were needed now, and would be needed even more in the reconstruction which would follow this war. This post-war period was what, he trusted, all those engaged in education were looking to.

The Bishop congratulated the School on its numerous interests outside the curriculum and especially complimented the performance of the orchestra. Speaking of the amazing spread of secondary education during the past forty years he said that a true education meant a liberal education in the right sense of the word. It should be an education of the *whole* boy for the *whole* of his life. If that were so it must include not simply special training for the particular business he was going into, but training to be a man and take his full share in the life of the world in which he had to live. That would include three things. First, knowledge of the world, the use of the powers of the natural world and its resources, and the adaptation of them to the use of man. Secondly, they could not take their place in the world until they had also a knowledge of man, his history, literature and languages. Finally, there was necessary a real knowledge of moral principles and a training in character. They could not teach people how to behave unless they knew what those principles were and they could not teach boys the right relationship to other people unless they had got the whole conception of human life and its relationship to God. We would only have the right respect for others when it was based on that fundamental Christian faith. It was cruel to turn out into the

world boys and girls whose minds had been trained and whose faculties had been developed without giving them some guidance as to the right ideals to uphold in life, and the secret of the strength and grace to carry out those ideals.

What we most needed to-day, he continued, was courage. Johnson said that unless a man had that virtue, he had no security for preserving any other. We ought not to be frightened by the great many things in the present state of civilization which were alarming. The things that mattered most were the things that endured. Changes might come—a lower standard of comfort—an adjustment of outlook, and we must be prepared to face them. This required moral courage which we might show in three ways. We must not be afraid of dangers coming: we must be ready to take risks: we must also gain inspiration from the great writers, and especially the great poets. Courage depended on faith—faith in the triumph of goodness over evil. If we had that faith, we had the secret of courage, which nothing could destroy.

The Orchestra contributed to the entertainment a fine and spirited rendering of the first movement of a "Sinfonietta" by Mozart, which was greatly appreciated by the audience.

PRIZE LIST.

JUNIOR SCHOOL.

Transitus.—1st Prize, D. A. Wilkins; 2nd Prize, P. Wade.

Ia.—1st Prize, I. Manson; 2nd Prize, G. M. Helliwell.

Ib.—1st Prize, M. R. Gledhill.

Progress Prizes.—E. F. Heppenstall, J. M. Jackson.

SENIOR SCHOOL.

IVb i.—1st Prize, E. S. Rothery; 2nd Prize, R. T. Gaukroger.

Drawing Prize.—G. A. Ratcliffe.

IVb ii.—1st Prize, L. A. Ask; 2nd Prize, A. B. Robinson.

Drawing Prize.—J. J. Marklew.

IVa i.—1st Prize, W. Tordoff; 2nd Prize, A. Hutchinson.

Drawing Prize.—A. Brunton, R. L. Fawkes.

IVa ii.—1st Prize, G. Rushworth; 2nd Prize, B. Wood.

Drawing Prize.—G. Dickinson.

L.V.—1st Prize, J. C. Fletcher; 2nd Prize, J. H. Shoesmith.

Vb.—1st Prize, P. G. Walker; 2nd Prize, F. Nesbitt.

Va i.—1st Prize, R. J. H. Collinson; 2nd Prize, R. Heron.

Va ii.—1st Prize, T. W. Butler; 2nd Prize, A. C. Hall.

Remove I.—1st Prize, A. Marsland; 2nd Prize, G. Dransfield.

Remove II.—1st Prize, D. Jagger; 2nd Prize, A. Sutcliffe.

Economics Prize.—R. P. Carlin.

Reading Prizes.—Senior, R. V. H. Scales; Middle School, V. Thackray;

Junior, J. H. Bamforth and J. R. Hanson.

Reith Classical Prize.—D. B. Moseley.

Science Prize.—E. Boocock.

History Prize (presented by His Worship the Mayor), B. Wilkinson.

C. E. Fox Prize.—R. Mann.

Junior House Shield.—Heath.

House Swimming Shield.—Heath.

Bilbrough Trophy.—Queen's.

Fives Cup.—Heath.

House Championship Shield.—Heath.

Heath House Report

The usual House meeting was held at the beginning of term, at which the following officers were elected: House Captain, Wilkinson; Captain of Rugger, Wilkinson; Vice-Captain, Nicholl; Fives Captain, Nicholl; Secretary, Butterworth. Clark was elected as Captain of the Under 14 Team and Naylor, A. P., as Vice.

At this meeting, also, we were congratulated by Mr. Dudley upon once more securing the House Shield, but our cry must be "once more, O ye laurels"—laurels to be gained, not upon which to rest. We have already lost one Senior House match against School (13—14) and although we won the other two, beating King's, 29—8, and Queen's, umpteen—nil, School have won all their matches.

So let us all pull our weight in the coming year, and even if you are not taking part in any inter-House competition, which, of course, you ought to be, take a keen interest in House affairs instead of leisurely asking "Have we won the House Shield?"

F. W. B.

School House Report

The House events that have taken place this term have only concerned the Seniors. These events were the three Rugby House matches, against Queen's, Heath and King's respectively.

The first match against Queen's resulted in an easy victory for us, the score being 45—0. This match was played in rather dismal weather, which, however, did not seem to damp the spirits of our team, even if play did not really begin until the second half. In this half the connections between the scrum and the three-quarter line was very good, in fact it was largely due to this that the score was so large.

The next match against Heath was perhaps the hardest of the three. At the beginning neither side would give an inch, and at the end of the first half the score was only 9—5 in our favour. In the second half some hectic Rugby ensued, and we increased our lead to 14—5, by scoring a try and converting it. Then Heath started and they scored, bringing the score to 14—8, and three minutes from the end scored again, and this time converted; the score was now 14—13. Our defence was now put up to a united effort by Heath to break through, but our efforts were not in vain, and the score remained at 14—13, giving us a win by one point.

The final match, against King's, resulted in a moderately easy victory for us by a score of 22—5, which, although it seems a large score, was hard enough to obtain. In fact in the first

half the match was very even, and it was not until well into the second half that our points really came.

As regards the team, it has put up an excellent performance, and credit is due to the way in which it has worked so efficiently, and we only hope the Juniors will have as good a team when their House matches are played next term.

D. P.

Queen's House Report

At the end of the Summer Term we lost Mr. Coleman and at the beginning of the new term we welcomed to the House his successor, Mr. Whorwell. Early in the term we unexpectedly lost Wade, our House and Rugger Captain. We all miss him very much.

Senior Rugger, sad to say, fared rather badly last term. We lost all our matches. We know that we have a shortage of players, but the real reason for this poor show was the absence of eagerness to play in the House team.

The Junior Rugger team lost its first game, but put up a very good show against a much stronger side. We hope that in the rest of the matches, which are to be played this term, we will be able to make up for this first defeat.

The House Fives matches still remain to be played, and we hope that the team will do its very best to make up the points lost in the Senior Rugger matches.

There is just one thing more to say, and it is this: we must all put our shoulders to the wheel and each member must do as much as he possibly can to help the House gain, once more, an honourable position in the School.

A. B. MOSELEY.

King's House Report

This term has been rather lacking in House activities and only four House matches have been played.

The Seniors played all their House matches; the results were:—

King's, 36; Queen's, 0.

King's, 8; Heath, 25.

King's, 5; School, 22.

The Seniors were dogged by injuries and in none of these games did we field our strongest side, although the games were well contested. We must, however, congratulate our Captain, White, on the fine example he set us by his consistently good play.

In the Junior game against Queen's the result was:—

King's, 12; Queen's, 6.

This was a good game and the victory was well earned. Keep it up Juniors!

In spite of this bad start, mainly due to injuries, we have by no means lost our chance of winning the championship, since we have by far the greater part of the House contests before us. Therefore, if every person in the House makes up his mind to gain as many points as possible we shall stand every chance of winning the championship this year.

A. M.

Rugby Football

The 1st XV have had quite a successful half season, if we remember how many newcomers there are in the team. Seven matches have been played and three of them won, which is more than during the whole of last season.

HEATH v. HEATH OLD BOYS at West Vale, September 30th.

Lost 3—15.

For this first game the School team was strengthened by having Belford among the backs and Mr. Taylor, Mr. Fraser and Guest among the forwards. Of the new players we may mention D. W. Bedford who played well at full-back, Harrington on the wing, Lumb at scrum-half, and Butler in the pack.

After twenty minutes Belford scored for Heath after Marsh had slipped under the posts, and just before half-time Smith scored a try which was converted for the Old Boys. During the second half Heath kept up a strong resistance. Wilkinson and Bedford did some fine tackling. After a time, however, the weight of the Old Boys began to tell and they obtained two more tries which were converted.

HEATH v. HIPPERHOLME G.S. at Hipperholme, October 14th.

Lost 13—24.

Despite the poor condition of the Hipperholme ground and the gale which was blowing down the slope, the Rugger played was very good. Although the School were playing downhill in the first half the Hipperholme forwards rushed the ball to the line and were soon over for a try. A little later, however, Fletcher scored a very good try for Heath after a passing movement, and Carling and Wilkinson also scored. Bedford converted two of these. Just on half-time Hipperholme kicked a penalty goal.

In the second half Hipperholme—used to their own ground—employed kicking methods which were very successful. Apart from Wilkinson and Lumb none of our backs made any real attempt to tackle low and Hipperholme won an easy victory.

HEATH v. KEIGHLEY G.S. at Keighley, October 27th. Lost 0—43.

As has been the custom for several years now, Heath were well beaten by a very clever side, which was also much bigger and stronger. None the less if Heath had tackled properly, or had backed up a few good players like Pickles or Wilkinson, the score could have been a good deal lower.

HEATH v. RISHWORTH at Kensington, October 21st. Won 8—6.

This was easily the best game of the season so far. With fairly equal possession from the scrums both sides played fast football and the result was very close. After they had been pressed for a while Rishworth broke away and passed very well for their wing to score in the corner. In spite of much good play by both teams this was the only score till just before half-time, when Harrington went right through the Rishworth defence to score a try which Bedford converted.

The second half was as good as the first. After about fifteen minutes Harrington scored again, but the try was equally due to all the other backs who all had a share in it. Just on time Rishworth scored an unconverted try.

HEATH v. AN ARMY XV at Kensington, October 25th. Won 16—3.

In spite of the inexperience of some of the Army players this was an interesting match. The Army were first to score, after a good run by one of their centres. One thing in which the School were much superior was in the hooking—Sykes won possession from 90 per cent of the scrums. With this advantage and Lumb's clever play in getting the ball out, Heath obtained three tries before half-time: one of them was converted.

The Army did better in the second half and Heath did not score again till nearly the end, when Mr. Fraser gave the dummy and scored a try which was converted.

HEATH v. COLNE G.S. at Kensington, November 18th. Won 28—0.

Heath won this game because they were better at passing. Colne could make individual bursts but showed no powers of combination. Their tackling was also weak and they could not get hold of White, who made all the running for most of the Heath tries. He scored himself after ten minutes and later gave Harrington a walk-over. In the second half Heath scored freely through White (three), Harrington, Wood and Jackson. Bedford, who was in poor form at kicking, only converted one. Harrington also kicked a goal.

HEATH v. ROCHDALE at Rochdale, November 25th. Lost 8—12.

This game was played on a very poor day. There was a strong wind and heavy rain fell throughout the game. In the first half Heath played well and kept the ball in the forwards. After ten minutes, White dived over for a try which Bedford converted. There was very little play of a high standard on account of the conditions. Just before half-time Bedford kicked a fine penalty goal. In the second half Rochdale had the advantage of the slope and the wind. They, too, kept the ball in the forwards. They showed, however, better finish than Heath had done and managed to win a close game by scoring four unconverted tries.

D. E.

Fives Report

This term the fives team has won one game and lost three, whilst the seconds lost their only game. Such results may not be particularly impressive on paper but the interesting point about them is that we played a second team match—admittedly we lost—with a team that did not contain any members of the first team although there has, in other years, quite often been four.

We opened the season with a first team and a second team match against Leeds, who won at both ends. The second pair (Dean and Shoesmith) lost their games, but with a better score than was obtained by the first pair (Nicholl and Wilkinson). At Leeds, on the same day, the second team put up quite a good show although they lost.

In the other two matches which we lost the score against Mirfield was 4—7 and against Manchester 5—7. In the match against Crossley's we felt more on our own level and we were able to win quite comfortably with a 12—0 victory.

The feature of this term's matches has been the skill in combination of our younger players, Dean and Shoesmith, who make up for any lack of experience, which they are rapidly gaining, by keenness that is good to see. This pair has been the more successful, due to some extent to the fact that they have had the good fortune to keep their combination intact. The first pair, *Deo volente*, has been Nicholl and Dale, but actually Wilkinson has played his usual solid part for us twice. If this team can be kept as it is next term there is no reason why we should not have a really good season.

Lastly, an appeal and a word of encouragement for the rest of the School. Fives is one of those games which can only be played in a few privileged schools and we ought to be proud to have this privilege—but privilege also entails responsibility. Our responsibility is to keep up the standard of Fives, and the

way to do so is to start young. You people who are in your first or second years have an enjoyable time ahead if you are prepared to put in practice for a game which is admittedly more strenuous than Rugby and certainly as enjoyable.

Cross-Country

This term there are three important Cross-Country fixtures to be run. One against the Hostel of the Resurrection at Leeds, one against Rishworth School, and the other our own Bilbrough Cup race. All these will be run on our home course.

The School team is hardly worth calling by such a name at the moment, and is anyhow considerably weakened since last year. So there is room for new members. Cross-Country running is an increasingly important sport and if only boys would realize this, and start training now for our own Cross-Country, we should be able to fill up the School team from the most promising runners.

It is quite probable that you are a good long distance runner and don't know it. Only by consistent training can you arrive at any sort of judgment, and this term training is being organized by Mr. Place, so there is no excuse at all for not doing so.

It is essential not to overtrain. Too much enthusiasm may well bring you to that curious state, known as "staleness," when you are overtrained. But it seems doubtful whether anyone at Heath will ever reach that stage. Still, if you want to run well in the Bilbrough Cup or to gain a place in the School team training is essential, and after all is not rigorous in any way. A run every week is sufficient, with perhaps two a week when you become fitter. So go to it, Heathens, and carry Heath's fair name as high on the Cross-Country track as it is on the Rugger field.

M. W. BOTTOMLEY.

The Favourites

The activities of the Society this term have been various. Besides the usual debates we have had an address from Mr. T. W. Hanson on an old Halifax family, the Edwards; we have had addresses from members of the Society on their pet indulgences and we have read Shaw's *Heartbreak House*.

The 'pet indulgences' opened the session and as generally happens when members are given a minimum and a maximum time to speak tended to degenerate into an endurance test. The contrast between members is always remarkable, some like our late secretary being ruthlessly rapped off the floor by the chairman, and others, finding it difficult to stand up to the strain and finish the course. However, the speeches were very typical of the speakers and all very different in matter and manner.

The debate on the black-out system brought out several extraordinary suggestions and points. Mr. Bland, defending the present system, asserted rather vaguely that now (we quote verbatim) there would be none of this 'ere galavantin' around. The opposition said that all the trouble we were taking was quite unnecessary and that an easier scheme could be found. The easier method devised by the opposition was apparently that the air raid wardens should go round, on receipt of news of raiders, yelling 'Time, gentlemen, please' (Mr. Nicholl's phrase), and the populace, well accustomed to this cry would immediately put out their lights. Mr. Bland's supporter, Mr. White, pointed out the danger of confusion that such a scheme would bring. Mr. Mackley, in the ensuing public discussion, pointed out that the Government had only casually and when very hard pressed made the only defence of the existing system, the danger of confusion to which Mr. White had referred. He felt that the black-out could be modified without this danger. Mr. Marsland seemed to find the greatest justification for the black-out system, in a feeling of comfort, that the strong arm of the British Government should even offer its thought and protection to a place like Halifax. The present system was finally condemned by the chairman's casting vote.

The next debate on the hire-purchase system became rather personal and as we were rather intimately concerned in it we cannot be expected to record this debate with that philosophic aloofness which generally characterizes our writing. Our objection to this system was on economic grounds. We insisted that it encouraged people to spend on luxuries before they had provided for the necessities and so was economically pernicious. Mr. Mackley rose and, in spite of his apologies, delivered what was really an onslaught on our personal integrity. According to him the innocent members of the Society had been deluded. We had wickedly led them up the wrong track and he proceeded at once to put them right. Hire-purchase had brought the power to buy goods which required a certain amount of capital to the poorer classes, when before they had had to make do with second-hand goods. Mr. Nicholl, in a moving oration, spoke of snobs and their bellies and the slavish hours which the poor, exploited worker had to endure to pay for the goods he was getting on this vile system. It was bathos indeed, after such a speech to hear Mr. Marsland on families with a strong liking for beer. This speaker seemed to know something about the recent legislation on the subject but his information was, like all mere fact, largely ignored by the Society. The house was again equally divided on the motion but our chairman, led astray by the insidious influence of the opposition, cast his vote against the motion.

At our next meeting there was much harrowing description by Mr. Marsland of the evil effects of examinations. School staffs were sharp and sour and pupils lived on the verge of nervous breakdowns. The system did not even set an equal standard. The compulsory subject was attacked as unfair. Mr. Taylor afterwards replied to this contention by saying that economic reasons made it necessary for the number of subjects to be confined and so the compulsory subject would exist without an examination system. Mr. Nicholl spoke with contempt of boys who could not live up to the examination system. All that was required was natural intelligence and a little industry. We fear that his idea of a little industry would shock any conscientious trade unionist, for he casually pointed out that we only did nine hours work a day. The Society, apart from the supporters of the motion, voted unanimously against the abolition.

It is impossible for us to give an account of Mr. Hanson's address to the Society. He was so intimately acquainted with the family that the address seemed more like an informal introduction to strangers than a lecture on persons more than a century dead. The family, of whom we must confess we had never heard and which was to the more learned members of the Society but a name, meant so much to Mr. Hanson. The lecture was full of intimate detail. They kept their bookshop at the top of wool shops where Driver's have their shop nowadays. It is probable that Howard, the prison reformer, visited the shop and possibly the Wordsworths. One of the family printed the famous illustrated edition of Blake. Another member was employed by the British Government to obtain information from the French in the Napoleonic era, and as a reward for his services was given twenty miniatures of the Stuart family deposited in France. We would like here to express our thanks to Mr. Hanson, sure that thanks come from every member of the Society, unfortunately only too few, who heard Mr. Hanson.

The reading of *Heartbreak House* was a surprising success. The casting committee did their job well and members made their parts remarkably real. Mr. Marsland, as the Captain, and Messrs. Wood and Nicholl, as female characters, reading especially well.

We would like to end with an exhortation to every member of the Sixth Form to take an active part in the Society's activities. We can assure them that the Favorites lightens as well as enlightens the lives of its members. As will, we hope, be gathered from this report, the Society is anything but stern and forbidding. Indeed we 'suffer fools gladly.'

B. W.

School Club

There has been one meeting of the School Club this term, at which business was conducted in a very businesslike, though essentially democratic, fashion.

The following officers were elected for the year :—

President : The Headmaster.

Vice-President : Mr. Phoenix.

Treasurer : Mr. Dudley.

Sub-Treasurer : D. B. Mosely.

General Secretary : B. Wilkinson.

Editor of the Heathen : D. Nicholl.

Auditor : Mr. Withycombe.

Officers for Rugby :—

Captain : B. Wilkinson.

Vice-Captain : D. Pickles.

Secretary : R. Heron.

Officers for Fives :—

Captain : D. Nicholl.

Vice-Captain and Secretary : J. H. Shoesmith.

B. W.

Meccano Club

On December 11th a fine lantern lecture was given to the Club, in an open meeting, by J. Noel Wood, Esq., the Halifax Water Engineer. It would take too much space to describe the wealth of interesting information it contained. In outline, he began by telling us some facts about water, and then gave us a short historical sketch of water-engineering, which included a very good slide of the Roman Baths at Bath. Coming to modern engineering he showed us the different ways of constructing reservoirs, and so in many interesting slides he led us through the different stages of construction. Next we came to the actual handling of the collected water and the Filtration Plant at Thrum Hall, the largest under one roof in Europe, was described to us.

Unfortunately, before the lecture was quite over, the Epidiascope gave up the ghost very solemnly, and left us in the dark, so that Mr. Wood had to complete his very interesting account without slides. Nevertheless it was one of the best lectures ever given at Heath, and we hope that Mr. Wood will favour us with another visit soon. A vote of thanks was proposed by M. W. Bottomley, and seconded by Mr. Dudley, while Mr. Phoenix took the chair.

At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. Wood promised to arrange for a party to visit the Filtration Plant, and also advised members to save up so that a trip could be arranged in buses round the Halifax reservoirs. In the latter he said we should, if we behaved ourselves, be taken *under* a reservoir in the culverts. These two visits will take place this term.

Also arranged for this term are lectures by J. McLusky, Esq., the Halifax Gas Engineer, and an exhibition of L.M.S. sound films, for which a lecturer and projector are specially to come from Leeds. Several other similar arrangements are pending.

The Club will probably have resumed its normal activities when these notes appear, and all new members should attend a meeting in order to join. The subscription still remains at its lowered rate of sixpence per term.

M. W. BOTTOMLEY,
Hon. Secretary.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT,
METROPOLITAN VICKERS,
MANCHESTER.

19/11/39.

DEAR SIR,

It was with mixed feelings that I said good-bye to the School on September 30th. Feelings of regret at leaving the School and of anticipation of the new work ahead.

I have now settled down at Trafford Park and like my work very much. I have had six weeks on Erection for the Test Department. A machine is assembled on the steel test beds, securely bolted down and put through extremely rigorous tests, such as overloading it to twice its normal capacity for several days. If it comes through these tests it is subjected to a further test for insulation. An enormously high voltage of 400,000 is passed through for two minutes and, if there is the slightest flaw in the insulation, it breaks down and the machine is scrapped. When all the tests have been performed, a large machine is dismantled, but a small one is left as it is and sent out to Shipping Department, where it is painted and packed for sending to the customer. On Monday I start in a new department, in Meter Large Machine Department.

I enclose a copy of *The Rotor*, the magazine of the Apprentice Association. This is published quarterly, and I will endeavour to send one each quarter.

Yours sincerely,
E. BOOCOCK.

Library Notes

At long last the School Library is in working order, housed in a fine room, well furnished and conveniently shelved. Moreover it is almost completely catalogued, a task which has occupied a great deal of time, and the shelves will very soon be labelled. It has now been open for the whole of last term and over a hundred books were borrowed; but this figure ought to be larger and it is to be hoped that more boys will take advantage of the library.

In books, we are rather weak in our Fiction section, chiefly because half of it is out of date, and so we intend to concentrate on building up this section until it is really comprehensive. But in non-Fiction our Library excels. We have a very fine History section, divided into English, European, and General, and also a very good Biography section. English Literature, Travels, Local History, and many others all go to complete a first-class non-fiction library. There are also shelves of reference books which any boy in the School may use in the Library.

There are several very old books kept in the care of the Librarian which may be seen on application to him. These are Watson's *History of Halifax*, published in 1748; Gerard's *Historie of Plantes*, a first edition of 1597; a Greek dictionary and a Latin dictionary, presented to the School by its founder, Dr. Favour, in 1600; *Hammond's Comments on the New Testament*, published in 1673, and the *History of the Bible* by Stackhouse, of 1741. Further details of these will be found on the Library notice-board.

Books may be borrowed or consulted during school hours and after school at 3.30 p.m. each day, and the Library is also intended as a reading room, for which purpose several magazines and periodicals are placed there. Suggestions for new books should be made to the Form Representative on the Library Committee, or to me.

M. W. BOTTOMLEY,
Librarian.

Table Tennis Club

We have had a good term on the whole and the attendance has been very satisfactory. Thanks to Jobling, we have an arrangement which gives better light to the table. We have not been able to play any matches with other schools, but hope to do so next term. The standard of play has been fairly high, perhaps because we have five masters in the Club. New officers elected this term were: Mr. Whorwell (in place of a Prefect), Collinson (committee member), Thurlow (Secretary).

R. T.

The Heathen in his blindness wants to know

Is camp all beer and skittles after all?

* * *

Does he mind us asking what it is that is jolly good, don't you know?

* * *

"A little while and ye shall not see me; and again a little while and ye shall see me"—a good description of C-ndy on the cycling trip?

* * *

Is there any reason why the wood-wind section of the School Orchestra should believe that "Little boys should be seen and not heard"?

* * *

Is it true that C-ndy asked for the names of the Foxhounds, or did he ask for the road to the "Fox and . . . ?

* * *

Does he really fancy himself as a second C. B. Cochran?

* * *

Is it really due to his contempt of Britannia as ruler of the waves?

Camp, 1939

Human nature won't stand it, was the general verdict on the suggestion that we should camp this year "seven miles from any where and fifteen from nowhere." It was with many misgivings and the voice of *tribunus plebis Tubbius Harwoodius* ringing in our ears that we took the train for the cider country. Our doubts were by no means allayed when eventually we arrived at Lillstock, graced by the name of village, but, in fact, nothing more than a couple of cottages.

This uncertainty about the place itself, the condition of Europe and the loss of cook, who had to join his regiment, led to a jumpiness which was not overcome until the motor-coach trip to Lynmouth gave some people chance to sleep off their dissipation and others chance to work off their excess energy. The other trip, which broke camp-life very well, was that to Glastonbury, Wells and Cheddar, at which place a certain person believed and asserted that there were ladies present. It was probably a result of the visit to Wells and Glastonbury, where many people bought books on the history of these ancient buildings, that we fell into sympathy with the spirit of the county and enjoyed ourselves all the more.

After the trip to Lynmouth and across Exmoor we settled down to the usual tenor of camp-life.

Perhaps the outstanding illustration of our consciousness that we were in England was the utter failure of several devotees to introduce baseball into our lives, a failure due to most of the players giving up the game in the middle. On the other hand, House matches at tip-and-run were a marvellous success whose shining light was undoubtedly Mr. Mackley with his mighty sweeps to leg—although it was expecting a lot to ask us to believe in the wasp!

Apart from these usual activities there was renewed interest in walking, since one could see deer on the Quantocks pursued by various and varied members of our aristocracy. Then again, the inconvenient times of the buses made people who wished to go anywhere walk, and two comrades even did Watchet and back in an afternoon. Bathing did not occupy its usual place in the order of things because, after a time, we came to disbelieve in the existence of the alleged sand-beach.

There were, of course, the usual garbage and treasure-hunts, inspired, as were the concerts, mainly by the genius of Broadbent, who thus made up for his lassitude through 'night starvation' at other times. The climax of these shows came when Broadbent, in almost pitch darkness, deceived our eyes and those of the stolid English yeomen who were present by his unparalleled skill in the art of legerdemain.

As for the rest, it was good to see the enthusiasm for archæology for which Somerset can always provide. Although we were naturally very pleased to be offered the chance to see Wells and Glastonbury it would probably be true to say that we had a very warm corner in our hearts for the well-preserved Norman Church at Stogursey which we came to regard as rather our own.

Across this peaceful scene of Somersetshire contentment of thatched cottages, blue skies and 'zider-drink'n' hedgers came the sounds of war. That fateful day saw us blessing what some of us had considered a bane—the wireless, by which we learnt of events which almost seemed to be taking place on another planet, owing to the incongruity of war with the Somersetshire trend of life. We heard the news and the Prime Minister's speech and then trooped down to the marquee where, in a short address, Mr. Mackley reminded us of what we all at heart believed—and still do—that the spirit of the war is not that of 1914 and that Germans are Germans and not Huns.

Thereafter camp again assumed that somewhat unreal aspect which had been a feature of the first two days, but we kept our minds free from too much care by digging for victory—

the farmer called it 'hoeing' but the aim of our good agriculturalists seemed to be to slice as many cabbages in ribbons as possible. Our reward for undertaking this work was a spell of beautiful weather; and who will forget working almost naked, next to mother earth, with the ruddy Quantocks in the background and the Bristol Channel, almost the same colour, shimmering in the heat, and the occasional passage overhead of an aeroplane, totally out of place, to which we raised our heads like beasts of the field and felt happier so.

We wound up camp with a sing-song in the evening which went on so long that, because we could not use lights, we who were having to sleep in the marquee had to hope we were sleeping in our own pyjamas. The advantage of sleeping in the marquee, an advantage which went unappreciated by many, was the wash which the local foxhounds gave us early in the morning. It is true to say that Heathens have never struck camp with such efficiency as was shown that morning. In between five o'clock and ten we had breakfast, packed and struck tents, had litter-drives and left the field looking very much like any of the other fields around.

By 9.15 that night we had arrived in Stygian gloom once more and Somerset was only a very vivid picture—although we had done our bit to remove the excess of cider.

In handing out bouquets we should have to give many, for this camp was essentially a communal effort, but one effort must stand out—that of Bill Fletcher, Mr. Owen and Mr. Haigh. How they managed to rise at four o'clock, cook the excellent meals they did and then do *The Times* crosswords so well, we don't know. Thank you, O Ventrihilaratores!

Who did get the eggs?

THE EDITOR.

Raider Warfare

At the beginning of the Great War Germany already had plans ready for the raiding of the steamers of the Allies. Admiral Von Spee, Commander of the South American Squadron, had under his command several light cruisers, including the *Leipzig* and the *Nürnberg*, of about 4,500 tons, and two heavy cruisers, *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*. After the British defeat at Coronel, Von Spee went to Valparaiso. During this time two British Dreadnoughts had been moved from the "Home Fleet" to the British South American Squadron. Admiral Von Spee then returned to the Falklands, where he found, to his great surprise, tripod masts appearing above the harbour. He hurriedly turned his cruiser fleet and tried to escape from the fateful place, but barnacled hulls and overdue overhauls of the engines had

considerably reduced their original speed. The dreadnoughts weighed anchor and pursued the fleeing Germans. Under the severe conditions Von Spee signalled to the light cruisers to disperse and try to escape while the heavy cruisers engaged the British. The dreadnoughts sank the remaining Germans and returned to their anchorage.

The *Dresden* was a cruiser of 3,544 tons, ten 4.1 inch guns, speed 24 knots, commanded by Captain Ludecke. After sinking at least five ships totalling more than 10,000 tons she then found herself in need of coal. All her colliers had been captured or interned and only one American vessel, chartered by the German Government, managed to reach Trinidad. The *Dresden* had to keep going as the British cruiser *Kent* and the armed merchant cruiser *Orama* were hot on the trail. At last the *Dresden* entered the port of Juan Fernandez where she stayed. After the internment time-limit expired the *Kent* opened fire with the *Glasgow* and sank the *Dresden*.

The *Karlsruhe* was an extremely modern four-funnelled cruiser of 4,820 tons, armed with twelve 4.1 inch guns, speed 27 knots, and was commanded by Captain E. Köhler. The *Karlsruhe* had sunk eleven British merchant ships with a total tonnage of 48,705, one of which possessed a cargo of badly needed oils, provisions and dynamite cartridges. But after a few more successes the *Karlsruhe*, which had beaten the achievements of the *Emden*, met a strange fate. The little cruiser was forging ahead, the ship's band playing and the men humming to the tune, when there came a terrible explosion, the *Karlsruhe* was blown in two. Köhler and 260 of his men perished in the forward half and the rest were picked up by two British ships.

The *Nürnberg*, a sister ship of the *Dresden*, after a short career was sunk by the *Kent* off the Falkland Islands.

The *Leipzig*, another ship of the *Dresden* type bearing the same armament, was sunk in the Antarctic, where many of the German sailors perished in the icy waters.

The *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, a crack German liner with a speed of 22.81 knots, arrived at a lonely rendezvous to be fitted with guns for raider warfare. This ship had a moderate career that was partly spoiled by the engines which not only were in need of an overhaul but also consumed immense supplies of coal quickly. The British obsolete cruiser, *Highflyer*, eventually destroyed her after a short action. Nowadays the German pocket battleships of 10,000 tons, the *Admiral Scheer* and the *Deutschland*, which have slipped out of Kiel, will have a short career brought about by erosion of engines and hull, the lasting activeness of British patrols and the need of supplies which are caught by patrols or are convoyed by the Royal Navy.

WILLIAM HARWOOD, *Va.*

The Candle Dance

Every night at eight o'clock
When candle flames are lighted,
The little moths unfold their wings,
And really feel delighted.
"It's time to dance: hear father crying;
And very soon the little moths
Around the flame are flying.

They dance, and glance, and dip, and flit,
And in the middle of their game
You ought to hear them sing:
"Here we go round the candle flame
At fifty miles a minute;
But all the time we take great care
We do not tumble in it."

G. A. GAUKROGER, *IVa 1.*

Brainfever

Amo, amas, amat, oh! heck
I'd like to ring his bally neck,
Amavi, mare, matum, mo,
I know where I'd like him to go.

Je suis, tu es, il est, oh sir,
What is the silly French for her?
It's elle? Ah! very good indeed,
Too, too appropriate, we're agreed.

If x is eight and y is not,
Why does trop much mean "wot a lot,"
Regi, I rule, if x is nine,
What is the length of this clothes-line?

You see what overwork can do,
Ego am dicens id a vous.

M. W. B.

Scout Notes

The war has hit the group badly, no fewer than thirteen of our Rovers, most of them Scouters in one section or another, being called to the Colours. To them we send our best wishes and the news that those of us who are left, Scouts as well as Scouters, are doing our best to keep the game going.

Then there have been difficulties about meeting times and blacking out and various interesting but distracting items of National Service. We seem to be well into stride again.

We were very lucky to have Mr. Bell, our Education Officer, pining to become an active Scout again, and A Section seem to be in vigorous life under his control.

The chief general items this term have been the Church Parade at St. Jude's and the visit of the Earl of Buckinghamshire to school and later to an Association meeting and camp-fire.

"A" SECTION.

Chaos in its ugliest form threatened to rear its head at the beginning of this term. A Section was denuded of Senior officers, and the troop was run by the Sea Scouts.

Then dictatorship appeared on the scene in the shape of Mr. Bell (Skipper), an experienced scouter from Derby. He immediately began to rule with the mailed fist, and, this being rather heavy on the more irresponsible elements in the section, was very good for discipline. Although a tyrant in his own way he has brought the section out of the rut into which it had fallen. We of A Section wish him good luck and promise him good sport for as long as he is with us.

Progress this term has not been very great owing to re-organization. But all the new recruits have passed tenderfoot tests and have been invested. A naturalist badge has been gained, the first for a long time.

We are now looking forward to some whole-day hikes at Christmas and our football fixtures with C Section which we intend to win.

IN WHICH "B" SECTION GROUSES AGAIN.

Why did the war have to happen when it did? We had been well on the road to being a first-class troop in more senses than one, and then this upset had to turn up. Our carefully planned meetings were rendered useless by the unblackoutedness of the hut: we had perforce to meet on Sunday mornings; an arrangement which lost us any recruits from the Cubs.

Since the hut has been cleaned and blacked-out by us, meetings have been held on Wednesday nights at 7 p.m. Six recruits are now tenderfeet (or—foots) and the other is beginning

to show signs of destagnation. Owing to lack of numbers we are now reduced to three patrols, two of six, and one of seven members. The Rams, one of the oldest patrols, has been sacrificed on the altar of progress, and its P.L. gone up into the senior patrol, not included in the three, as we have made a ruling that no person may be a P.L. if he has left school.

Jackson, our first 1st class-ite, and, until lately, our T.L., is now a Rover, and so E. Bradford, as a just reward for devoted service to the section since its beginning, has been elevated to Troop Leader. One member of the senior patrol is already serving with A.A. units, and all our old A.S.M.s are also in khaki.

The Section party is to be held on the very day this report goes into the Editor, and so any report of 'a good time' would be rather premature.

Rapid progress in signalling has been made by the recruits, who are really keen and are making the old regular slackers hop about a bit!

We look forward and prophesy even better days ahead. . .

"C" SECTION.

"C" Section decided at our first meeting that the idea was "Business as Usual." We had several meetings after school on Mondays, and although this was inconvenient, there was no lapse in attendance. We have had later meetings in the gym. Several badges have been gained this term and tenderfoots are progressing well. A 1st Class meeting has been held on Saturdays for Morse, and we hope to go in for the Morse Test early in the New Year. We are sorry to lose Mickey, but we have instead Kidd, of the Sea Scouts, and Harold Eyre.

Usually members of one section are at daggers drawn with other sections, so judge our surprise when "A" Section invited us to a 'do' to which they were standing treat. Many thanks, "A" Section, we enjoyed it very much.

"D" SECTION.

This term has been one of great activity and quite a number of the troop are now working for the 1st Class, and at the present rate of progress many of the remainder of the troop will soon be doing the same. During the last few weeks there have been 'Ambulance Badge' meetings where extreme keenness has been shown; while quite a number of other badges have been gained, and it is hoped that most of the troop will pass the 'Missioner Badge' for which we have been practising at the meetings.

The greatest attraction this term has undoubtedly been the 'Pea and Pie Supper, which was supported by a very much appreciated film show, this was very kindly given by Mr. Brunton. There has been very little outdoor activity either in the daytime or at night, but it is hoped that there may be some hikes early in the New Year. At the kind invitation of Mr. Lewin, the Patrol Leaders enjoyed a grand outing to Kettlewell, which was organized with the idea of improving their views on scouting.

We are still the same happy band, for new members from other sections seem to have settled down quite well, and we look forward to an interesting and happy New Year.

French Camp

IN WHICH A CONSIGNMENT OF SCOUTS (AND A CRICKET BAG) DEPART FOR SAVOY.

We set off in a spirit of anticipation, both of a happy camp, and of, as it were, war clouds: the Governors had even gone so far as to raise doubts as to the possibility of our return: the Head had had grave doubts as to the advisability of the projected expedition. Almost with the spirit of a French Trip had we indignantly scouted any such gloomy forebodings: "If there's a war," we said, "we'll jolly well climb up an Alp and clonk the enemy on the head as it goes by!" For we were going to camp not, as the courier so unintelligently interpreted it, at Issoire, but in the heart of those so famous Alps, in view of Mont Blanc. Our equipment was contained in a one-time new cricket bag, of which you will hear more later.

Mr. Fraser and sundry other important Scouting personages were on the platform (muddled up with a crush of parents), to see us off: self-consciously we sat back in the carriages as Halifax, its platform thronged with a multitude of cheering populace, slid into the all-prevalent darkness—for it was well after 10 p.m.

The train stopped with irritating finality at Huddersfield, and we descended, chattering, upon the platform. After several aeons of wait, we drew out (but not before one of the P.L.s had nearly lost his hat on the line!) in the night mail. As we slid through the murky gloom, we spent the first few minutes commenting upon the comparative excellence of the many factories (mills) as targets for aerial bombardment. This occupation becomes uninteresting after a time, and so we settled down as damply and uncomfortable as is usual on a long train journey.

The cricket bag was hauled out upon Crewe at around 1 a.m. A travelling tea salesman, who was unfortunate enough to be in the way as we cascaded down the platform, found himself

surrounded and bought up before he had time to work out the change for the first purchaser. After being thus resuscitated, we stacked the kits round a seat and commenced to revel round the sleeping town. We boarded the Irish mail, looking hopefully around for bombs, and were flung out upon the Metropolis at an early hour.

We got to Victoria by Underground, and no more difficult job than 'tubing' with a rucksack bulging with tent pole, and a cricket bag overflowing with Scout staff, can be imagined: we were ready to lie down upon the platform of the first change and expire from sheer frustratedness. The indomitable will of Mr. Young, however, brought us to our destination, and we proceeded, with as much promptitude as that cricket-bag allowed, to the cloakroom, there to deposit things. We were, however, disappointed. "Unroll everything!" said the nasty individual with the little moustache who seemed to be supervising, "We just had a nexpllosion—can't risk another!"

Now I ask you! I bet he'd never tried packing a rucksack. . . . Nevertheless, undaunted, we encumbered several Southern Railway seats with our stuff and sallied forth in search of victuals. We discovered, just across the road, an A.B.C. café, which, despite the earliness, was good enough to provide a breakfast, after which we passed the time promenading London; watching the citizens getting in and out of limousines on their way to business, and wandering around in a thoroughly yokelish manner, being blasphemed at by tram drivers and shouted at by taxi drivers.

At 10.5 we saw the pulse of Britain glide astern, and settled down for a probably dull journey. It did not take long for the news to arrive however. "Whoopee!" said T—. It appeared that there was a party of Canadian schoolgirls towards the rear. Our compartments took on quite a deserted look. . . . When Newhaven was reached, those of us who went on the trip to Avignon last year were delighted to find that we were to travel on an old friend in the shape of the s.s. *Worthing*. This made the third time (at least) that a party from Heath has travelled on this vessel.

It was largely due to the cricket-bag that we were the last off the boat, and thus, almost missed the train. It was difficult getting the bag into an English carriage, but when the proposition is a French vehicle with a four foot floor level it is distinctly difficult.

"That can't stop there!" said the guard in his own language, pointing to the now not-so-new cricket bag which we had carefully stacked in a corner. Looking daggers at the rotund little man, we heaved the things out of the way.

The first sight of Paris that we obtained consisted in a number of English railway posters. We, after some delay, caused by the cricket bag's tendency to yaw, and get stuck in people's legs, arrived at the sortie, and climbed in the bus-cum-taxi which was to transport us to the Gare de Lyon.

Paris is an awful place to drive in! The excitement was added to when some "Scouts" that someone had brought came unstuck, and fluttered gaily about in our wake. We duly, although rather unexpectedly, came to our destination and began to search for the place to leave luggage. Here, were no I.R.A. scares, and we got all our stuff in on a truck. Having done this, we came forth into Paris again.

The particular route by which we came out is by no means the advisable one for those who imagine Paris a city of Eiffel Tours and Arc de Triomphe: we came out bang into the interesting part of the place; broken-down bistros filled with gesticulating Frenchmen; cafés where you couldn't get anything but proper French dishes however much you paid, and cobblestones. We, that is, those of us experienced in these matters, made a bee-line for a café-pub across the way and ordered diabolos. The uninitiated, following suit, took a tentative sip, and then, as the fire entered their systems (it was remarkably potent lemonade), distorted their faces into a grin of delight: they had discovered why people go on French trips.

We then wandered round the corner in a small café where we caused some not inconsiderable confusion by simultaneously demanding 'diner'—all thirteen of us—through the medium of Mr. Young. The cook must have risen to the occasion like a true patriot, for he (or she) turned out such prodigious numbers of such luscious 'frites' that we could have gone on eating them for ever. We thanked the manageress, promised a return visit, and issued forth once again into Paris. The time that was left before our train left was spent in sightseeing.

The platforms of the Gare de Lyon are terrifyingly long; they have, of course, to accommodate the big trans-Continental trains to Italy and the South. We walked, lugging the cricket bag past carriage after carriage of the stationary train, seemingly for miles, until, at last, a railway official took pity on us and ushered us to our places. That train must have been remarkably full, for the reservation people had converted a second class compartment into a third, especially to accommodate us. It might be said that we had our first real night's sleep that night, for the majority of us knew no more until about 6 a.m. next morning when we awoke as the train rattled to a halt in some obscure siding. We had two hours in which to wash, and generally spruce ourselves up.

We arrived at the spot where we disembarked at eight o'clock and clustered hopefully round the carriage door expecting to see the platform lined with cheering Scouts complete with mayor and brass band. But no such luck! The usual array of porters, one or two travellers in check suits, and that was about all. Albertville is only one-third the size of Halifax, and, although a base for those who delight in topping the Alps, cannot muster very many people in the station at the same time. Disconsolately we dragged out the cricket bag and dumped it on the gravel platform: "What," we wondered, "Happens now? How do we get to Roselend? I'm hanged if I'm going to walk!" But Mr. Young had seen a head poked round the exit. "André!" he cried, and then, to us, "Come on!" We needed no more telling, for we had all, by now, a considerable desire to see a French Scout uniform: uncomplainingly, or, at least, nearly so, we shouldered our kits and came forth into the brilliant sun.

Half an hour later, after breakfast, we were climbing into the mountains which towered above us, in a P.L.M. bus. The scenery defies description: rushing torrents of a phenomenally blue colour; towering spruces; little villages with houses such as one thought only existed in Switzerland; and, above all, the immense tree-clad slopes stretching away above us. We ran on for many miles, and, eventually, ran into Beaufort-sur-Doron, the base town of our camp. Of a mere 2,000 inhabitants, it was the largest town, except Geneva and those on the way, that we were to see for a long time. "How far now?" we asked Mr. Young. "Ask him!" he replied, nodding towards André. We were silent. Here the bus stopped, as is the custom on that route, and the driver took on large cans of water, for it appeared that far from being "there," we had still the best part of 3,000 feet to climb. We picked up another of the Issoire troop here, one Boubon, who wore the immense grey boots that all the French campers seemed to wear.

Yet again we began to climb; no sooner had we left the town than the road turned sharply upwards, following the course of the Doron. We had long ago climbed above all the oaks and beeches and a dense forest of spruce closed in on us; rank after rank of tall and stately trees rose on either side, opening out, periodically, into glades and valleys of green pastureland. The road, as rugged as the hills it climbed, droned upwards, ever upwards, the sturdy little Peugeot dragging its heavy load, until we reached a more level spot, where, as if to celebrate, that hardworking little engine promptly blew its radiator cap off. The driver swore mildly, climbed out with his can of water and raced after that radiator cap, fearing lest it should be irretrievably lost down the precipice to our right. He was very

concerned when he found that a mere jug-full of H_2O was far from sufficient to feed the burning maw of the engine: indeed, had he not discovered a nearby spring, the poor little man might easily have burst into tears.

That slight incident over we completed the journey without further ado. The first warning we had that arrival was imminent was the view of a tall flag-staff rising above a grassy slope (for the trees had receded, and all the peaks around us were bleak, and in some cases snow-clad) up which crept two flags: a Union Jack on one side, in honour of us, and a Tricolor on the other side.

IN WHICH THAT SAME CONSIGNMENT (WITH THE CRICKET BAG) GET THERE.

As the bus came to a halt, we were descended upon by a number of Rovers and Scouts who came, leaping and sliding, down the slippery grassy slope. We made all speed to the summit and observed a number of Scouts in grey shirts standing in a horseshoe round the flag pole. As we breasted the rise we heard the abbé, as we came to know him, cry "Scouts toujours . . . !" to which the troop replied, coming to the alert, "Prêts!" We were suitably impressed. . . .

Mr Young was greeted by old friends: we began to pitch tents. We had, according to one of the S.M.s, pitched our tents in the wrong place. "You'll be flooded out," he said, "if it rains!" We were, however, adamant. The site *looked* all right, and we weren't jolly well going to move the so carefully pitched tents for anyone. We had lunch, split up between the four French patrols, who were considerably impressed by our enamel mugs and plates: they all, from Tenderfoot to Scout Chevalier (or King's Scout), have gamelles, or what we would call 'Gilwells,' for eating and drinking. Their washing-up arrangements, too, seemed a little unfortunate. A dixie was put on the fire (with water in it) and gently heated; when the P.L. considered it hot enough, the patrol, in order of seniority, stuck their plates in the water, rinsed them with their fingers, and dried them on a communal dish cloth: the poor Tenderfoot had the worst of it. The dixie is clean when the water is poured away! This system has, despite its comparative ineffectiveness, an advantage in that the poor Tenderfeet are not always being called upon to do the dish cleaning.

From after dinner to about 4 p.m., when the sun begins to cast cool shadows because of the extreme hauteur of the mountains, there is a period of rest, and woe betide him who leaves camp boundaries. Several of our lot, including, be it whispered, the writer himself, violated this law on the first afternoon through sheer ignorance, and came in for a reprimand at dinner.

These Issoire people can cook, even if they can't wash-up, and are remarkable at omelettes. We had, by now, discovered the idiosyncrasies of site and camp. We had discovered, for example, that it was inadvisable to lean too heavily on the woodcraft furniture lest the nails came out; that the place was reputedly infested with adders, and that the mire, or mild bog, was to be avoided because of water snakes; that no trees were to be demolished without the owner being present to scare away the forest wardens; that we were being thoroughly British and mad-doggish if we went bareheaded in the sun; that Boubon was quartermaster; and that the flies (huge blood-sucking ones) were an unholy pest.

Life skipped by as is usual at camp, and no description need be penned here: the reader might, however, like to know of the little events (and the big event) that happened. It did not take long for the cruel sun to cause our first casualty from giddiness, and, after his lead, there was never any lack of them from one day to the next. On Sunday evening and Monday two English and two French P.L.s went into the woods for a backwoods stunt: they built two shelters and were all set for a restful night when one of the shelters collapsed utterly and absolutely, causing the two unfortunate occupants to sleep under the shelter of the stars. At 4 a.m. on that same Monday, most of the remainder set off to climb the Rocher des Vents which towered high above our valley. They walked and walked; climbed and climbed; came down again, and walked back to camp: they collected much eidelweiss and brought it home.

On Wednesday all the camp was up by 4.15 a.m.; breakfasted with a rapidity impossible with an English meal, and was, before we had our breath back, walking down into Beaufort, a distance of 14 kilometres (or nearly nine miles), where we climbed into a bus and set off down the road we had come up so recently. That bus travelled and travelled, over bridge, uphill, down dale. We, at about 10 a.m., found ourselves travelling alongside a lake. Although we didn't know it then, it was the Lake of Annecy, a lake blue in colour, of incredible serenity and beauty, reflecting the mountains that bordered it with a purplish shadow. We stopped, got out, and longed for a swim, but there was no time: we had a long journey ahead of us. We set off again and followed the shore of the lake for many miles, coming, before long, to the town of Annecy, where we jumped a couple of traffic lights.

The frontier, the first land frontier we had seen, had no barbed wire or Maginot Line as we had expected, and, indeed, looked suspiciously like an ordinary stretch of road. We had some difficulty in getting the bus through, because the driver

seemed to have forgotten some papers. We did, however, eventually drive over the line and in no time we were in Geneva's environs.

We had, on the whole, about seven hours in the city of the League of Nations. Imagine some big English spa plonked on the end of Lake Windermere and the whole transported into the heat and atmosphere of the Alps. Translate everything into French, and you have Geneva. It is a place of new buildings, imposing and well built, of ancient gates, and odd little cobbled streets with shops where you can buy a dud watch for a mere shilling or one (Swiss) franc. Most shops there have notices up: "Ici on accepte l'argent français," and for 8.5 francs (French) we could buy one franc's (Swiss) worth of goods. The stay was all too short, and, indeed, when we have another French trip, Geneva would make quite a good place for a stay (although everything there's jolly expensive!).

On the way back we jumped the same traffic lights at Annecy and stopped by the lake for a bathe. Tired but happy, we reboarded the vehicle and arrived at Beaufort after dark: the bus should have dropped us here, but the abbé wouldn't hear of this (although he was one of the best walkers of the lot) and got the driver to take us right up to the site, and a mighty terrifying journey it was.

At the end of the week we lost the Issoire lads. There was a camp-fire on that last night and most of the Roselend villagers turned up, also some alpine chasseurs who happened to be in the district. In the middle of it it rained like the very dickens, absolutely ruining our sketch. We therefore retreated to the chalet, where the concert went on. The first Issoire troop is an expert in camp-fires, and it has an immense repertoire. We enjoyed one particular song, a particularly rhythmic one, "Ecoutez un peu voisine . . .," and by that time we had learnt most of the choruses and joined heartily in them. The revelry continued far into the night.

Next day all was bustle. The premier Issoire stacked all the tree trunks they had used away very carefully, but bothered not a jot about the chips that lay in profusion on the floor of their kitchens. They seemed never to have heard of the word 'bitting.'

There was a really touching scene after dinner just before they set off. Every camper was drawn up in the rectangle that French troops assume, and heard "Scouts toujours . . .!" for the last time. Then Robert, their S.M., presented Mr. Young with a heavy cow-chain, calling it "L'Ordre des Vaches." Then every Scout in that troop filed past him, showing their affection for him by kissing him on each cheek, which means

exactly what we should mean by shaking his hand. Poor little Bobbie (otherwise Robert, tenderfoot in the Stags of Issoire) burst into tears as the time approached for the departure. "Je veux rester avec vous," he said to us as we clustered round, cheering him up. There was considerable satisfaction among the French ranks when they learnt that Mr. Young and two P.L.s were to accompany their march down to Beaufort.

In this little town, a further touching scene occurred. "Tu m'écriras, n'est-ce pas?" was on every lip, and, as the bus moved off, they struck up their song:

"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai?"

The bus, a forest of waving arms, moved off: Robert (Bobbie) burst into tears again, and the abbé was strongly moved as he assured Mr. Young that he would accompany his troop on their return visit to us in 1940. Oh! That that return visit may take place!

They took their good weather with them. It rained almost unceasingly until Monday, the day of our departure. A bus came and took us by the now well-known route through Beaufort to Albertville, where we were to entrain once again. Here was a slight set-back. The train that we should have travelled on had no seats reserved, nor indeed, was it supposed to carry parties. The railway authorities, however, agreed not to look when we boarded it, and we travelled in comfort as far as Aix-les-Bains (a name which bears a curious resemblance to Exley Bank) whence many seats were reserved.

We came to Paris at 10.30 p.m. and took the Metro to Porte d'Italie, from which station we walked to the Fondation Kellermann, a Youth Hostel which we had some difficulty in finding, and which was closed when we arrived. Next day we spent buying souvenirs and visiting the café we ate at on the way out. At 9 p.m. we left St. Lazare and crossed from Dieppe in a French boat. Halfway across the port engine conked out and we missed the express and we were consequently late in London. We tubed over to St. Pancras, having the usual difficulties with the cricket bag, and there awaited the arrival of the train, a through one to Halifax, where we turned up around two o'clock (p.m.).

We had a very enjoyable camp . . . , and collected a terrific lot of pen pals!

Camp at Great Tower, Windermere

If all you want is a holiday under canvas, don't go to Great Tower—especially in wet weather. Every shower of rain is multiplied by three there, for the undergrowth and the overgrowth are so thick that they hold the water and pour it down your neck and swish it over your face hours after the blue sky has returned. You have to camp in little clearings in the forest and each patrol has to look after itself. Heaven help it if it can't. The grandmotherly Scoutmaster is twenty minutes away and he has to look after himself too. (Heaven help *him* if he can't!). So in very wet weather, which of course we had, it is a grand test of cheery efficient scouting. We just scraped through.

But what a Paradise the place is for good Scouts. All those things which elsewhere can only be read about or done in miniature can here be really practised. We made a bridge—as large as life and twice as natural. We first put up a derrick and then dragged by pulleys a mighty spruce tree to the stream side. At least three tons it was. We didn't really believe our puny efforts could hoist five tons but, one! two! three! and up it soared like a bird, the whole ten tons of it. We settled it on two great blocks, axed the surface flat, put up a handrail and a carriage drive up to both ends, and you could have flowed the Calder under it. And there it will stand while generations yet unborn point out the "Heath Bridge" delicately carved on it; and when they ask their parents what it means they will say—well something like what we've just been saying.

We are the Plebs.

We are the plebs, we make no noise,
We are a lot of little boys,
The prefects bully, masters scourge,
Some day we'll have a Hitler purge.

We are the plebs, no good at all,
Who write our names upon the wall,
Kicked out at break, kicked in at prayers,
Or hurled at full-length down the stairs.

We are the plebs, the hoi polloi,
Our life is sad, no trace of joy,
What rescuer will come to give
Deliverance, and let us live?

M. W. B.

Ode

Here's to great Freeschool, the home of the wise,
Ever shall Heathens take every first prize;
All sing her praises and laud her great name,
Trumpets and cymbals all sing of her fame.
Happy, contented, and proud is each boy—
Scholar of Freeschool, what exquisite joy!—
Called by all people the home of the free,
Heaven is scarce to be praised more than she.
Oft in the world we may happily see
Old boys, great Heathens, all doing their share,
Leaving the mark of Heath Grammar School there.

M. W. BOTTOMLEY.

Junior School Notes

We welcome the following boys this term: Knowles, R., Kershaw, P., MacLusky, T. R., Feavers, T. M., Frith, K., Smith, A. C., Ramsden, J. M., Whitworth, D. A., Barron, D. C., Bell, D. V., Wood, W. B. E.

* * *

As a result of the term's work I. Manson finished first in Transitus; H. Palmer first in IA and C. Smith first in IB.

* * *

We are indeed fortunate that, so far, the war has had little effect on the School. We were able to start school on the recognized day, and except for a few air-raid practices have been able to carry on with an uninterrupted time-table. I am glad to say that the changing-room is going to be adapted to an air-raid shelter for the Junior School very shortly.

* * *

We miss Mr. Birchall very much. He joined up last September when the Territorial Army was incorporated with the Regulars. Since then he has been married and we wish him the very best of luck.

* * *

We take this opportunity of welcoming Mr. Place, Mr. Chisholm and Mr. Umpleby, all of whom teach the Junior School.

* * *

This term we have tried to bring the School library up to date. I would like to thank all those boys who have kindly supplied books for the library. This has meant that our library

is now not only up to date, but also that the type of book is much better than in the past.

If at any time a boy wishes to present a book to the library, it will be most gratefully received.

* * *

The Junior School National Savings Branch has improved on its past record. This is a very satisfactory position and one that I hope will readily be upheld, at a time when saving has become of national as well as personal importance. Since the branch was re-started, nearly eighteen months ago, the membership has risen to twenty-seven and the total amount saved this past term was £16 os. 6d., nearly twelve shillings per head. It is to be hoped that still more boys will join this branch of the National Savings Scheme, and so further the cause of National Security.

* * *

The games this term have been rather interrupted on account of illness. During the later part of this term we have had cases of diphtheria and chicken-pox and this has prevented as many House matches as usual from being played.

The only result was a win for Queen's against School by two goals to nil. Broadbent and Firth were the goal scorers. It is to be hoped that these inter-House matches will be continued next term.

* * *

We were exceedingly sorry to hear, during the term, that Brian Butler had contracted diphtheria. At the moment of writing he is seriously ill, but is none the less holding his own.

Everyone will, I am sure, join with me in wishing him a very speedy recovery and a hope that he will soon be back again with us.

* * *

On Speech Day, last November, the following boys received prizes in the Junior School: Wilkins, D., Wade, P., Heppenstall, E., Manson, I., Helliwell, G., Jackson, J., Gledhill, M.

* * *

Several boys from the Junior School went to hear a lecture given in the Science Buildings by Mr. Wood, father of D. J. D. Wood. The subject was 'Water.' Mr. Wood made his lecture very interesting, and we saw many slides showing the construction of dams and reservoirs for conserving the water supply of Halifax.

M. S. M.

Cubs

The School Cub Pack has this term been graced, adorned, or otherwise saddled with two well-meaning if, perhaps, inexperienced people who have been called by an indulgent Pack, Rikki (the mongoose) and Kaa (pronounced 'car' with a sort of gasp in it). Meetings were, for the first part of the term, held on Tuesday afternoons after school, but after the light became so curtailed they were shifted to Wednesday afternoons.

Numerous people have passed their 1st Star and a few their 2nd Star. Badges have come thick and fast: House Orderly, Athlete, etc.

Games are held in the gym. and many and varied they are : games whose only aim is to amuse ; games which teach ; games that everybody enjoys.

And all you tenderpads jolly well practise your skipping !

KAA.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are grateful to have received since our last issue *The Rochdalian*, *The Bradfordian*, *The Rishworthian*, *The Keighleian*, *The Rotor*, *The Crossleyan* and *The Whitchliffian*, and apologize for any omission, due to inadvertence, from this list.

School Club, 1938-39

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions :				Sports Expenses :			
287 at 2/6	35	17	6	Rugby	20	4	10½
3 at 7/6	1	2	6	Cricket	9	4	3
5 at 1/-	0	5	0	Fives	3	17	8
The Heathen	1	6	10	Cross-Country	0	9	6
				Refund of 3 subs. at 5/-	0	15	0
				Sundries	0	10	5½
				Bank Charges	0	2	0
				Balance :			
				Bank	2	17	10
				Cash	0	10	1
	£38	11	10		£38	11	10

Audited and found correct. (Signed) T. H. WITHYCOMBE.
September 28th, 1939.