

THE HEATHEN



Magazine of
HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL
HALIFAX

New Series.

No. 23.

April, 1940.

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Editorial

The outstanding feature of this term has undoubtedly been snow; in fact, nearly every article in this magazine echoes the curses of snow. The worst of it was that it stayed so long, leaving only a few weeks for the sporting members of the school to propel pellicles or run round in a circle as fast as possible. It was, of course, a blessing to those who creep like snails unwillingly to school, for when they did eventually arrive they could always say that the bus had had a skid or that (unheard of phenomenon) they had been forced to walk to school.

The next most prominent interest, after that of taking pot-shots at the resplendent new Prefects' caps, has been the desire to play table-tennis with the fairer sex. *O tempora, O mores* (we must say this at least once in every *Heathen*). It has been categorically denied in quarters which we have hitherto found to be sound that this is a clandestine attempt to introduce co-education—the meetings are simply arranged to further the interests of sport.

Lastly, where are our bards of passion and of mirth? There is no reason why the humblest of you should not have his utterances quoted in the local newspaper. That which you write as mirth may easily be praised as passion. But don't, as some bright youths have done, try to guy German leaders and German radio-announcers; it is both the easiest and the silliest thing for anyone to do—anyway, there are plenty of people in the school worth satirizing—just look round!!

School Notes

We are glad to note that Donald Priestley has passed the final (general) examination of the University of London for the Degree of Bachelor of Science in mathematics, physics and chemistry.

* * *

E. I. Clarry, of Jesus College, Oxford, who is now serving with His Majesty's Forces and has recently been transferred to an Officer Cadet Unit, obtained honours in the substitute examination for Classical Moderations.

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We offer our best congratulations to Mr. Peace and to Mr. Umpleby, each of whom has been presented with a daughter.

* * *

The School is very grateful to Miss Hopkinson, of 12 Cheltenham Place, for a number of useful books presented to the Science Library and to S. Wood, Esq., of Heathfield, for the gift of valuable electrical apparatus to the Science Laboratory. The Science Library also wishes to thank Mr. R. F. Crowther (Durham University) for a subscription to purchase books, D. Pickles for Sir Robert Bell's *The Story of the Heavens*, and to J. C. Fletcher (U.V.) for the two volumes of Muspratt's *Chemistry*. This last, which was published in 1860, is a very interesting addition and is especially appreciated; it contains a number of steel engravings of famous *Men of Science*.

* * *

The Dramatic Society staged a very successful production at the end of last term. The conversion of an old lime-light projector into an electric spot-light contributed greatly to the lighting effects. For this and a good deal of other help with electrical matters many thanks are due to E. Boocock.

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We should like to suggest to those who will be leaving the School this term ought to keep in touch with it by becoming honorary members of the School Club. At present we lose contact with Old Boys far too easily. The subscription is only 1/6 per annum for which we send you a copy of each issue of *The Heathen* and sundry other advantages are offered from time to time.

* * *

May we appeal to would-be contributors to bear the following points carefully in mind?

1. Please write *on one side of the paper only*.
2. Make a fair copy of your contribution written legibly.

The Editor may, from his vast experience, be able with some difficulty to make out your meaning despite bad handwriting, but our printers do not enjoy his advantages and the Editor is not glad to rewrite whole articles of untidiness and erasures.

3. Do not number the pages.
4. Do not give up heart if your contribution is not accepted. Ask what was wrong with it, if you like, and try again.

O. H. M. S.

The following is as complete a list as we have been able to compile of Old Heathens on Active Service. It will be noticed that many names of those who are serving are not included and that our information about many who are included is incomplete. We should be very grateful if any of our readers can give us the information which will rectify these omissions. We shall also be glad to hear of any changes, such as promotions or transfers, which may from time to time take place. If anyone can give us help in any of these ways, please *do* inform the Editor.

Ackroyd, J.	(1935)		A.T.
Alderson, T.	(1933)	Flight Lieut.	R.A.F.
Amos, W.	(1934)		R.A.F.
Barber, J.	(1935)	Private.	R.A.M.C.
Beddoe, A.	(1933)	C.S.M.	Coldstream Guards.
Belford, R. R.	(1938)	Lieutenant.	Royal Marines.
Breaks, K.		Lieutenant.	Indian Army.
Brooke, D.	(1936)		R.A.F.
Broughton, D.	(1937)		R.A.F.
Broughton, —			R.A.F. (Dental).
Butler, E. H.	(1929)	Sapper	R.E. (A.A.).
Byrde, R.		Lieutenant	Welch Regiment.
Carling, E.	(1936)	L./Aircraftsman	R.A.F.
Caygill, L.	(1932)	Captain	R.A.D.C.
Clarke, E. I.	(1938)	Private	W. Yorks Regiment.
Dawson, L.	(1933)	Sapper	R.E. (A.A.).
Denham, E.	(1935)	L.-Bombadier	(A.A.).
Denham, G.	(1933)	2nd Lieutenant	(A.A.).
Denham, J.	(1938)	Bombadier	(A.A.).
Dixon, F. H.	(1927)	L. Corporal.	R.E. (A.A.).
Eastwood, J.	(1938)		R.A.F.
Emmott, C. E.	(1929)	C.S.M.	A.T.
Evans, K. R.	(1926)	Bombadier	(A.A.).
Feather, S.	(1932)	C.S.M.	A.T.
Freeman, A.			R.A.O.C.
Gledhill, D.	(1936)	Bombadier	(A.A.).
Greenwood, A.	(1935)	Private	A.R.C.S.
Greenwood, G.	(1933)	2nd Lieutenant	R.A.
Greenwood, H.	(1937)	Gunner	R.A. (A.A.).
Griffiths, S.	(1936)	Private	R.A. (attached to Duke of
Haigh, G. S.	(1937)	Aircraft Apprent.	R.A.F. [Wellington's).
Hall, G.	(1930)	Sergeant Pilot	R.A.F.
Hanson, G.	(1933)	Sergeant	R.A.
Harwood, E.	(1939)	Midshipman	R.N.
Hind, K.	(1930)	2nd Lieutenant	A.T.
Hitchen, J.	(1935)	Observer	R.A.F.
Hollway, M.		Private	A.P.C.
Hunter, H.	(1936)	Private	R.A.O.C.
Ingram, R. A.	(1933)	Bombadier	(A.A.).
Jowett, F.	(1933)		R.A.S.C.
Kerr, G.	(1934)	2nd Lieutenant	R.A.
Kerr, K.		Captain Adjutant	
Kershaw, J.	(1934)	C.Q.M.S.	R.A.S.C.
Leigh, R.	(1932)	Gunner	R.A.
Lewin, A.	(1936)	Gunner	R.A. (A.A.),

Lewin, E.	(1933)		R.A.F.
Lewin, G. R.	(1932)	Gunner	London Scottish (A.A.).
Lewin, J.	(1936)	L./Sergeant	(A.A.).
Livermore, C.	(1932)	Gunner	R.A.
Marsh, B.	(1935)		R.N. Signallers.
Marshall, R.	(1936)		Naval Air Arm.
Marshall, R.	(1934)	C.Q.M.S.	2/7th Duke of Wellington's.
Morley, G.	(1935)	Private	R.A.M.C.
Palmer, D.	(1938)	Gunner	R.A. (A.A.).
Pitchforth, J.	(1936)		R.A.S.C.
Redman, D.	(1933)	2nd Lieutenant	R.A.S.C.
Riley, K. P.	(1937)	2nd Lieutenant	R.E.
Silverwood, H.	(1936)	Gunner	R.A.F.
Swift, D.		Sub-Lieutenant	R.N.
Vowles, G. A.	(1936)	L./Corporal	R.T.C.
Walker, P.	(1934)	Private	7th Duke of Wellington's.
White, K.	(1935)	2nd Lieutenant	A.T.
Womersley, J.		Captain	A.T.

The figures in brackets represent the year in which the Old Boy named left the School.

School House Report

The activities of the House this term have been mainly concerned with the Juniors. These, sad to relate, have not been able to score any victories against their opponents. They lost to Heath by 13 points, to King's by 26 points, and to Queen's by 23 points; nevertheless there was good team spirit, and we can look forward with anticipation to their next Rugby season, when victory should be theirs.

The term has not been of vast importance to the seniors, except for the Fives House matches and the Cross-Country Run. In the former, we have won against King's and lost to Heath; the match against King's being won by a narrow margin of two points. In the Cross-Country Run we were third with 26 points, our position being due to some grand running by Bedford, D. W., and Hartley, S.

Next term sees the commencement of the cricket season, to which we can look forward with pleasure, and with the hope that victory will be ours.

D. P.

Heath House Report

This term has been the usual story of postponed activities because of snow and frost. Nevertheless we have found time and weather to play two Under 14 Rugger matches and to compete in the Cross-Country Run. The matches were both lost, one to King's and the other to Queen's, with too big margins. We shall have to buck up and put our backs into rugger next term. Our performance in the Cross-Country was very good, coming in

second with 29 points to Queen's 30 points. We had a very good entry and a good number of finishes, but we could have done better with entries. See that we get more next year. Hamer and Hoyland are to be complimented on two good performances.

Next term is going to be the most arduous and crucial for the House. There is the Gym. Competition early on and members of the team must buckle to and start training as soon as possible. The rugger matches postponed from last term will have to be played in addition to the normal cricket matches. The Athletic and Swimming Sports are very important events and we must win them if we are to retain the House Shield. I am sure that every member of the House will find at least one of these activities to his liking and should start practising at once. Don't forget we must keep the Shield, and if we are to do this, an effort from every member of the House is imperative.

F. W. B.

Queen's House Report

Last term we were so successful that we did not lose any match which we played. We won both the Junior Rugger matches (the term before we lost the one played with King's) and both Senior Fives matches. In the Cross-Country Run we took first and third places, and in spite of the small number of entries we came out top on points, thus getting the Bilbrough Trophy for the second year in succession.

We must make every effort to repeat these successes in the events that will take place this term. These are the Cricket matches, the Sports, and the new Inter-House Gym. Competition, and we must all make up our minds to win them, and if we begin training early there is every hope that our wishes will be fulfilled.

D. B. M.

King's House Report

Owing to recent weather conditions, House activities have been rather curtailed and consequently there is little to report.

The Juniors played the remainder of their House matches, beating Heath by 26 points to 8 and School by 20 points to 5, thus winning all their House matches. Well done, Juniors!

The Seniors played two Fives matches against Queen's and School, both of which were lost.

The Cross-Country at the time of writing has not been run, but we can confidently look forward to an excellent result, especially from our captain, White.

Next term we have before us more than half the House Championship programme, Cricket matches, Athletic and Swimming Sports, etc. If we can do reasonably well in these events we can have no doubt of winning the championship, and if every person makes up his mind to gain as many points as possible, we cannot fail to do well.

In this connection I should like to remind all members, especially those in their first year, that they can win a point by swimming forty yards. This is quite easy and within the reach of even poor swimmers.

We have not yet, in our short history, gained the House Championship, but this year we have a fine opportunity to open our account. If we all pull together we can be sure of gaining the championship.

A. M.

Rugby, 1939-40

1ST XV PLAYERS.

- D. W. BEDFORD (*Full Back*).—Both a sound tackler and a good kicker, but the quality which has made him such a reliable and, at times, such a brilliant full-back, is his uncanny coolness. Never have we seen him flustered and he has also shown good judgment in starting the three-quarters moving. (Colours 1939-40.)
- G. SANDERSON (*Left Wing*).—Has not had much time to show what he can do in the 1st XV, but has run well and put in one or two useful kicks. A little hesitant in his tackling.
- B. WILKINSON (*Left Centre*).—Has shown himself a thrustful centre of unflagging energy. Younger members of the team might learn a lesson from his excellent low tackling. His powers of leadership have inspired an exceptionally young team to produce football worthy of much older players. (Colours 1937-38, 1938-39, 1939-40.) C. H. P.
- J. HARRINGTON (*Right Centre*).—A clever footballer, always looking for an opening, though partly as a result of this tendency occasionally loses his backs. Inclined to hang on to the ball too long. His tackling is good, but he is reluctant to fall on the ball.
- J. A. JACKSON (*Right Wing*).—Runs like a bull and, either in spite of or because of this, has almost invariably made ground when he has been given the ball. His tackling occasionally degenerates into "scragging" but is fairly effective. Has had little opportunity for straight-forward running for the corner flag.

- G. WHITE (*Stand-off*).—A very fine player. Started most of the three-quarter movements; made many brilliant runs on his own. Combines very well with his centres. His tackling is brilliant. (Colours 1938-39, 1939-40.)
- R. LUMB (*Scrum-half*).—Has given the backs as much of the ball as was possible from some very scrappy heeling, though his methods have sometimes been weird and dangerous. He has fine footballing sense and has never done his job mechanically. He has worked the blind side reasonably and has treated opposing forwards as impudently as is desirable for a scrum-half. As a result he has received many hard knocks without apparently being in the least affected by them. His tackling is hard and he has fallen on the ball very quickly whenever the opposing forwards happened to have it at their feet. (Colours 1939-40.)
- R. B. MAGSON (*Loose Forward*).—An energetic Scotsman with good 'barging' power. Unfortunately at times he takes it into his head to break away—towards our line. Nevertheless a useful member of the scrum.
- D. PICKLES (*Back-row Forward*).—Has led some forward rushes which have gained much ground. His tackling is keen and has shown judgment in passing the ball out to his backs. He has all the dash which a scrum leader should possess, but has been reluctant to employ the fine voice and the command of vocabulary which we know he has. (Colours 1938-39, 1939-40.)
- F. E. HOYLAND (*Loose Forward*).—Obviously a soccer player, even on the rugger field. His dribbling in the few games which he has played had been remarkable.
- Both he and his other colleague in the loose forward position have ignored the special duties of a loose forward: to protect the scrum-half and to mark the opposing stand-off.
- R. HERON (*Second-row Forward*).—"Not one, but all the world he seemed." We cannot help thinking that these words are peculiarly apt for this player. His fiendish delight in tackling, charging and shoving (all of which he does admirably) keeps him up with the play however hard and fast it may be. (Colours 1939-40.)
- A. HARTLEY (*Second-row Forward*).—A hard-working forward. Along with Heron an excellent second row when they remember to pack low. Rather slow in the loose.
- P. TAYLOR (*Front-row Forward*).—His height is very useful in the line-out. Packs rather high in the scrum. Very good in the loose. His judgment has improved much since the beginning of the season and now generally passes to his backs at the right moment.

D. SYKES (*Hooker*).—The rather ragged hooking has not been his fault. Indeed he has done his job quickly and cleanly. Energetic and a good tackler. His size has handicapped him in the loose and in the loose scrums. If he fulfills his promise he will be very good next season.

T. W. BUTLER (*Front-row Forward*).—A little slow to mix in loose scrums at the beginning of the season. Packs rather high. His tackling has improved tremendously and is now very keen. He has been an outstanding forward in the last few matches. (Colours 1939-40.)

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We thank all those who have taken an interest in the team, especially Mr. Place, who has had a particularly trying first season with us. He has been untiring in his efforts to serve the 1st XV, in particular, and school Rugby generally. Our thanks also to D. S. Entwistle, our touch-judge, reporter and raconteur.

As the season has been such a short one and there has not been the usual opportunity for remarking a consistent high individual standard of play, we felt that we could only award four colours with the certainty that we were maintaining the usual standard. These have been given to D. W. Bedford, T. W. Butler, R. Heron and R. Lumb, to whom we offer our heartiest congratulations.

B. W.

1ST XV GAMES.

The whole sporting life of the school has been curtailed this term owing to the snow. There has not been a single practice for Rugger the whole term and just when the team looked like settling down to a little success, Rugger was put out of the question.

There have been three games, however, against Colne G.S., Rochdale G.S., and Bradford G.S.

March 2nd.—v. COLNE G.S., at Colne.

Though Heath had had no previous experience of Rugger this term they played a fast game and had just too much finishing power for the weaker Colne tacklers. In the first half we went ahead through a grand solo effort by White. He got the ball from a scrum and shot through the Colne defence with a lightening side-step to score under the posts. Bedford converted. Shortly afterwards Heath were awarded a penalty and Bedford got three more points.

In the second half Lumb was prominent for Heath with some strong running and tackling. After fifteen minutes the Colne stand-off dropped an excellent goal from a good distance. Heath kept them out, however, and just on time Taylor dived over at the corner for an unconverted try.

Result : Heath, 11 ; Colne, 4.

March 9th.—v. ROCHDALE, at Kensington.

In spite of the bad weather conditions which prevailed throughout this match, Heath kept up a strong defence and ran out fairly easy winners.

After a lot of pressing by Heath, Jackson scored an unconverted try at the corner. This was the only score in the first half, though the home side kept up a continuous attack. Indeed Rochdale rarely succeeded in reaching the halfway line.

In the second half the constant Heath pressure met with more success. Wilkinson, who was a very strong centre, scored two well-deserved tries, one of which Bedford converted. Pickles played a good game in the forwards, and along with Heron was largely responsible for the tight hold kept on the Rochdale passing movements.

Result : Heath, 11 ; Rochdale, 0.

March 16th.—v. BRADFORD G. S., at Kensington.

For this match we were unfortunate in being deprived of the services of Magson and Sykes from the forwards. Their places were taken by Hartley, S., and Bedford, P. L.

Although Heath were up against a faster combination they were never much inferior to Bradford, and with a little luck would certainly have scored a good number of points. At times the tackling was a little weak, but on the whole the Bradford backs were keenly watched. In the first half Bradford scored 14 points, some of them against the run of the play.

In the second half Heath did much better and Bradford only added an unconverted try to their total. There were many strong Heath attacks which were only stopped a yard short of the line. The most notable were from Wilkinson, White and Jackson. D. W. Bedford tackled very well at full-back and his fielding was also accurate. Pickles was our best forward.

A good game and a decided improvement on most previous engagements with Bradford.

Result : Bradford, 17 ; Heath, 0.

COLTS XV.

This season's Colts have been a very satisfactory team again. The forwards have not perhaps been quite so solid a bunch in the tight as last year, but there have been willing workers in Macdonald, Dalzell, Jones and Stead, while Steele's work has been good in the loose, and Green has made up in spirit what he lacks in size. Mac's captaincy has been good and his kicking strong and latterly quite well controlled.

The backs have been a very pretty combination in attack. Jackson's scoring record on the wing is as much a tribute to the sweet handling of the line as to his own strong, swift running. (Faster than his brother last year, but is he as determined?) Birch has been a grand fighting scrum-half behind a light pack, and Wells, with his excellent body control, has the makings of a really fine stand-off. (A few points about positioning and defence to clear up still.) Clarke, Tordoff and Naylor have all done their jobs well; Clarke's tackling being very effective indeed. In spite of the handicap of bad weather and scratched fixtures the back division played Rugby that was real Rugby.

Fives

I expect it would be possible to fill a page with a Fives report but, since no matches have been played this term, there is no point in wasting space on what might have been.

The cancelled matches were with Sheffield, when snow was piling up in the Fives Courts, with Hulme Hall, when "other Hall functions" made it impossible for them to receive us and against Crossley's, when Rugby fixtures clashed with the Fives fixtures.

The Cross-Country Race

On Tuesday, March 14th, fifty-four runners assembled at the end of Linden Road for the annual "Bilbrough Cup" Cross-Country Race. The afternoon was fine after a wet morning, but the conditions underfoot were very far from ideal. The race was started by Mr. C. H. Place at 3.45 p.m. and the runners trotted calmly away on their three-mile course.

From the far end of Linden Road, M. W. Bottomley took the lead, closely followed by his brother and by G. White. Along the top of the moor these three began to leave the rest of the pack behind and by the bottom of Birdcage Hill were well in front. Through the woods M. W. Bottomley increased the pace, so that his brother was forced to slow down, leaving G. White to challenge the leader. The going had so far been very heavy but on New Lane the two leaders were running well—"like

clockwork" as one spectator put it. The main body of runners had strung out through the woods and up Copley Hill many were forced to walk.

G. White and M. W. Bottomley, the latter setting the pace, continued in that order right down the moor and it was evident that a thrilling finish might well result. Turning into Linden Road White sprinted into the lead with Bottomley keeping on his heels, and an exciting race ensued along the final stretch, until, about fifty yards from the tape, Bottomley drew level and passed White, to win by about a yard. It was one of the most thrilling finishes anyone could wish for. The speed of the race may be judged from the winner's time, 17 minutes 43 3/10th seconds, which set up a new School Record. Thirty-one runners finished within five minutes of the winner, the time stipulated for gaining House points. D. Bottomley was third and A. Hamer fourth.

Queen's once again won the "Bilbrough" Cup, a more praiseworthy achievement since they had only six runners who gained points—the two Bottomleys and Beaumont providing the main number. There was only one thing which tended to spoil the race; that was the number of boys on bicycles who time and time again baulked the two leaders in a very foolish way. We hope that next year this nuisance will be eliminated. But on the whole, in spite of the fact that few boys were properly trained owing to the bad conditions earlier in the term, the race was an exceptionally fine one; the finish especially will be long remembered by those who watched it.

M. W. BOTTOMLEY.

The School Club

At a meeting of the General Committee of the School Club held on January 22nd, 1940, with Mr. Phoenix in the chair, the following business was conducted.

1. The recommendations of the House Committee were adopted. These included the institution of House Gymnastic Competitions and Junior House Fives Competitions.

The points of the House winning the Gym. Competition are to be reduced or made up to 30 and the points of the other Houses scaled proportionately. No points are to be awarded for Junior Fives this year.

2. G. White and D. Nicholl were elected Athletic and Swimming Secretaries respectively.

3. An application for affiliation to the School Club by the Dramatic Society was accepted on the conditions laid down in Rules 25-29 of the School Club, and the Dramatic Society still remains autonomous.

B. W.

The Dramatic Society

On Thursday and Saturday, March 14th and 16th, the Society gave its first show in the new hall. The programme given was Shakespeare's *Tempest* and *Nothing Ever Happens* by R. T. McGregor.

"NOTHING EVER HAPPENS."

Alan	} The Mackenzie Brothers	T. L. Dalzell.
Peter		H. A. F. Dudley.
David		C. Beck.
Michael		C. R. Sugden.
Gordon		J. Raney.
A Stranger	R. W. Smithies.

The play produced by Mr. C. M. Mackley.

"THE TEMPEST."

Alonso	B. Wilkinson.
Ferdinand	D. Nicholl.
Sebastian	R. J. H. Collinson.
Prospero	M. W. Bottomley.
Antonio	S. Hartley.
Gonzalo	F. E. Wellman.
Master of a Ship	A. B. Thomas.
Boatswain	R. Thurlow.
Trinculo	D. S. Entwistle.
Stephano	R. Heron.
Caliban	A. Marsland.
Ariel	E. T. Sharp.
Miranda	A. Hamer.
Iris	O. Smithies.
Ceres	"Ariel."

The play produced by Mr. E. J. Taylor.

Stage Manager : Mr. A. F. Owen.

Scene-shifting and Effects : D. Moseley, G. White, T. Butler, P. Taylor, R. Lumb.

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Music in the intervals and during *The Tempest* was played by a string quartet:—1st Violin, Mr. A. Holt; 2nd Violin, P. Chappell; Viola, A. Hartley; 'Cello, Mr. F. W. Haigh. The music played included Minuet and Trio, Gavotte (*Haydn*), Old Bachelor Suite (*Purcell*), 'Come unto these Yellow Sands' (*Purcell*), 'Full Fathom Five' (*C. Wood*), 'His Rest' (*Farnaby*), Ayre (Old English), Musette (*Couperin*), Almain (*O. Gibbons*), Minuet (*J. Stanley*), 'Awake, Sweet Love' (*J. Dowland*), 'Where the Bee Sucks' (*Arne*).

"Praise in Departing"

When the Heathen in his customary blindness wished to know what the School thought of the plays, he proposed a questionnaire, no bootless inquisition, yet perhaps somewhat too rash a trial and now must review some thousands of these answers and sum them up upon a sore injunction. What a maze was here, trod indeed through forthrights and meanders; step by step he has attended you and your ways, anxious to endow your purposes with words that made them known. Almost everything received its meed of praise, almost everything a modicum of blame—so various were the opinions then let loose. On the whole the sum of praise far outweighed the blame. Much of the criticism was fraught with prejudice and ill-informed judgment; some at this encounter did so much admire that they devoured their reason, others would never yield us kind answer; among the humbler sort the honour of the Form was seemingly more important than the merit of the actor; many, we feel sure, made too little distinction between the part and its interpretation. From all this it will be seen that the questionnaire did not itself provide a unanimous judgment nor did the answers added together produce a collective opinion. Some oracle then must rectify our knowledge. We for our part will endeavour to keep our bold head 'bove the contentious waves. Bravely, my diligence.

Except by those who demanded full scenery and a painted ship upon a painted sea, the sets, including the direful spectacle of the wreck, the rotten carcass of a boat, not rigged, nor tackle, sail nor mast was generally approved. The elements, it is true, drowned the voices of the players but nothing (save the ship) was lost by that. Make-up and lighting had mostly votes of praise, although some found both to be monstrous, monstrous. Of the characters by far the most popular was Caliban, but it was fairly generally suggested that he might have called forth both more pity and more terror. Stephano came next with especial appreciation of his falling down. In fact this character was undoubtedly the best performance in the whole show; besides a natural aptitude for the part he had a confidence, sans bound, which bore him well in every accident. Prospero at times swallowed the ends of his words and overdid some of his gestures; an expressive voice full of feeling was thus, it seems, largely spoilt. Miranda appeared to be too self-conscious and often turned away from the audience to speak, but her chief fault was that unfortunate wig, then like weeds not hair, which obscured her face even from the front and gave her far too rough and dishevelled an appearance. Ariel's singing was said

to be both very good and very bad, the former more often than the latter; probably his worst fault, for his voice was sweet enough, was that occasionally he fell out of time with his unseen accompaniment. His part is notoriously difficult for any human being. Ariel is the air and to say, as someone did, that he ought to have flown, while true, is rather a criticism of Shakespeare for making such a part. This apart, Ariel's performance was highly successful. Ferdinand was a little too soft-voiced; the slightest shuffling in the audience was enough to make him quite inaudible. The commonest criticism was that his interpretation of the part was too dreamy. In his first scene, where he was cooling the air with sighs, this softness of character was most appropriate and effective and we should judge that many of our critics scarcely realized this, but it is also probably true that a little more stiffness, a more princely trunk, would not have been amiss in the later scenes. The sounds and sweet airs that give delight were thought to have added to the beauty and to have been well performed. Some few said that they could not hear them well, but were probably referring to the intervals when the fault was with the audience, all of whose hearts were not set to what tune pleased the ear. The rich garments, linens, stuffs were good, though Miranda's costume was compared with a sack.

In the junior play the parts were well-known but most of our voters did not think either the characters or the plot very convincing. Opinions on the best performance were extraordinarily at variance; most votes were given to the Stranger with David second, while one person (was this sarcasm or desperation?) affirmed that the Announcer acted best.

On the whole the show was very well received. As was to be expected the funnier parts of *The Tempest* were voted to be the best performed and this is probably true; but it must be remembered that questions to be answered 'yes' or 'no' can only give very broad judgments. Most people thought that the Society could best perform modern comedy and this is probably not truth but wishful thinking; "Something Shakespearean" received the next highest total.

The answers to the first two questions were very disturbing. Disgraceful as they are the facts must be stated: at least one half of the School did not either attend the performance or sell a single ticket. This is not, perhaps, the place to enlarge on the rank bad spirit which alone can explain such a high proportion. We content ourselves with pointing out that there is something very radically wrong when so many are wickedly indifferent to what goes on and too lazy to raise a finger for anything other than their own immediate advantage.

Library Notes

Last term the library was used by many more boys, owing, no doubt, to the arrival of the new books—which were all taken out very quickly. Of these, especial mention must be made of T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. This, although a very large book, is very well worth reading, for, telling as it does the story of "Lawrence of Arabia," it is an adventure tale of the first rank. It has the added glory of a fine style and many passages of pure poetry. The library is greatly enriched by possessing it. The arrival of the *Medieval England* volume completes our set of the Oxford Companion to English History. This is as good as its fellows—the article on Medieval Ecclesiasticism and the Monasteries being especially worth reading.

Our fiction section has shown its first signs of expansion. The complete works of the Brontës have proved very popular, while Dorothy Sayers is literally clamoured for, and Hugh Walpole has also not been neglected. Surprisingly enough Harold Bennet's *Clayhanger Family* has not yet been out. An omnibus of John Buchan's historical novels was made, curiously enough, more popular by his death.

Boys who use the library have shown an increasing tendency to acts of pure vandalism which are surely unworthy of them. Scribbling on notices and on tables may be very easy and satisfying to do, but once done it can never be effaced. We hope that in future the library will be treated with respect, for at one time we seriously considered having to close it. Silence is also very essential in the library—a rule seldom observed at present.

We are very grateful to the Scout Troop for their presentation of six well-bound and attractive books, mostly on Scouting topics, which have been very popular, and also to E. T. Sharp for a fine copy of Burns' poems—one of the best-bound books in the library now—and for 1001 *Wonderful Things*, a book filled with photographs of almost every interesting thing in the world, ranging from ancient Greek sculpture to modern counting machines, from dinosaurs to field mice. We acknowledge, also with thanks, a gift of books from E. B. Spencer. Presentations of such good books to the library will always be welcomed, but it is advisable to consult the librarian or Mr. Mackley first if you doubt whether yours are "good."

Finally, I should like to thank the Sixth Form Modern, in their capacity as assistant librarians, for their useful work.

M. W. BOTTOMLEY,

Librarian.

The Favourites

It is to be regretted that the Society has let four members air their views so frequently. In the four meetings that have been held this term, three of the principal speakers have always been three from Messrs. Nicholl, Bottomley, Marsland and your humble scribe. Nor has public discussion been very brisk, for when these speakers have said their part no one else has had anything to say. Any discussion that there has been has tended to be cross talk between these four or one of these four with another member of the Society. Furthermore, these four have generally split up into the same sides: Mr. Nicholl and the Secretary *v.* Mr. Marsland. For example, in the debate on Mr. Chamberlain the Secretary and Mr. Nicholl were opposed to Mr. Marsland and Mr. Moseley; in the swing music debate, the Secretary and Mr. Marsland each defied the other to illustrate his point by vocal demonstrations; and Mr. Nicholl has regularly given Mr. Marsland improving lectures. It is perhaps natural that some people should speak more than others but it is not desirable that they should monopolize the debates as the above four have done this term. Still if nobody else can speak, or at any rate will speak, '*qui blamera*'?

The debate on Mr. Chamberlain was not, we feel, a very satisfactory one, for there was very little debating. The speakers gave their own rather vague interpretations and analyses of Mr. Chamberlain and his policy. The best speech was not made by a principal speaker. It was left to Mr. Taylor to give a clear interpretation and analysis of Mr. Chamberlain. It was interesting to find that apart from the principal speakers on Mr. Chamberlain's behalf the Society could not trust Mr. Chamberlain.

The next meeting took the form of a debate on the motion that "This House deplors the prevalence of a taste for swing music." This was so purely a matter of opinion and it was so difficult for the sides to agree even on what they were talking about, that the meeting was remarkable only for the extraordinary observations that were made. Mr. Marsland ended his speech by asserting that swing music was helping us to win the war. Mr. Bottomley compared swing-music to Surrealist painting, to the advantage of neither. Mr. Marsland refused to accept our challenge to give the Society a sample of the swing music which he was so enthusiastically supporting and quite irrelevantly asked us to perform a symphony. (With becoming modesty we refused.) Equally irrelevantly, Mr. Dransfield talked about dance music. Then Mr. Nicholl, in a very superior manner, told the Society it was wasting its time. The swing-fans won the day. As our learned predecessor would have put it. *O tempora! O mores!*

The next meeting of the Society took the form of a very 'Mock Election.' There was but one candidate who claimed to be orthodox, Mr. Dransfield, a Conservative, and the only part of his programme that we can remember was the nationalization of the railways. For the rest, he showed a generous indignation at the Labour Party's intention of spending the tax-payer's money like water.

After the Conservative meeting came the oscillatingly anarchical meeting of Mr. Bottomley. A most diverting background to the candidate's speech was provided by duels between the chairman, Mr. No-Sarkey Entwistle and one obstreperous member of the audience, Mr. Marsland. "Away with all law" was Mr. Bottomley's cry, and it was found impossible to shake his faith in the inherent goodness of mankind which, unfortunately, the Society did not share.

Our other idealist, Mr. Nicholl, needed no introduction, for he had already, during the course of his opponent's meetings, made several speeches in defence of anarchy and socialism. His political programme was extensive, including, amongst other things, the education of the people, the taxation of the rich, abolition of slums, self-government for India, etc., etc., and Mr. Nicholl was going to be as generous to himself as he was to everybody else, by raising his own salary when he got to Westminster. When the poll was taken it was found that Messrs. Dransfield and Nicholl had a majority of two over the unique vote of the anarchist. The recorder cast his vote in favour of Mr. Nicholl.

The debate on co-education was the most satisfactory meeting of the term. There, at last, the Society had found something which it could argue about and feel that it was getting somewhere. Mr. Bottomley opened for the co-educators with a very good speech, so good, that we cannot do justice to it in this short report. His great point was that the separation of the sexes in adolescence was unnatural and imposed too great a strain on young people at a critical period in their life. As a training for citizenship, an education in which the sexes were separated was fundamentally wrong because in after life the sexes would be intermixed. We then addressed the Society as an opposer of co-education. We urged that the sexes were different, though neither superior nor inferior. To support this statement we quoted, doubtless with due effect on the members, from Julian Huxley and explained, for the less enlightened members of the Society, what he meant. We then went on to argue that co-education would bring with it unnecessary difficulties for all concerned. There would be no sympathy between teacher and pupil of different sexes and the teacher would find it more difficult to understand and interest his mixed

classes. We suggested that the object of the boy's and the girl's education were different, and that if the sexes should mix more freely during the school-age, the schoolroom was not the place for it. Mr. Nicholl seemed to doubt our honesty and the truth of our interpretation of Julian Huxley. Separate education emphasized the difference between the sexes which, he said, was exaggerated. The gist of Mr. Moseley's speech was "Well, dash it, what's wrong. Things are all right as they are, dash it." There was not much public discussion, it being felt that the main points had been made by the main speakers. Mr. Marsland in a wise speech urged that the choice should be left to each individual. The House was equally divided on the motion and the chairman had to cast his vote.

"Mmm, er," he said, looked reflective, repeated himself, then said "This is a very difficult question," stroked his chin, repeated himself again and finally cast his vote against the desirability of co-education in all English schools.

B. W.

Meccano Club

Ordinary meetings of the Club were not resumed this term but a visit to the Halifax Filtration Plant, a lecture by Mr. J. MacLusky, the Halifax Gas Engineer, and a Film Show have kept the Club alive.

The Filtration Plant visit, arranged for us by Mr. J. Noel Wood, the Water Engineer, proved very interesting. Our party watched, fascinated, as the guide manipulated valves and watched needles rocketing on their dials. The very size of the Filtration House, with its rows of great steel filters was enough to overawe us, and as we watched the process of washing out a filter, afterwards seeing the dirty water pouring away outside the building, we wondered how the water came out of our taps in such crystal form. Details were apt to be lost in a general impression, and so, after a visit to the laboratory, where we were shown bacilli looking like bits of coal dust, the general result was one of mechanical perfection and ingenious efficiency. We felt proud that Halifax possessed such a place, the largest—we were told—under one roof in Europe.

Mr. MacLusky's lecture was made especially interesting by his manner—not of a lecturer but of someone chatting to us. He led our minds through the mazes, or so they seemed to us, of Gas Production, and made a valuable comparison between Gas and Electricity, which opened up several new avenues of thought. The success of his lecture may be judged by the fact that he had practically to give another one after he had

finished in response to innumerable questions from an enthusiastic few who remained. Space does not permit of detailed reports of our proceedings but if any merited such it would be Mr. MacLusky. The notes of his lecture, and some notes on the Halifax Gas Undertaking, which he kindly gave to us, are therefore most valuable. They have been placed in the hands of Mr. Phoenix, who will gladly let anyone read them.

The last meeting took the form of a Film Show, for which films, projector, operator and lecturer were lent by a very obliging L.M.S. A good audience was well entertained by three films entitled "Scientific Research," "Shakespeare's England," and "Cargoes." The first film showed us how the L.M.S. test every detail of the equipment on their rolling stock and on their track. We watched ropes being torn in two, rails welded together, wood inoculated with diseases, and a thousand and one interesting details which showed us one reason by British railways are the safest in the world. The next film on Shakespeare's England was in the form of a tour round the Stratford neighbourhood, in the course of which, besides Stratford itself, such places as Kenilworth and Warwick were visited. This film should have been very valuable to the Heath boys present as setting the scene of Shakespeare's boyhood and making him more a living person than a poet on a pedestal. The last one, "Cargoes," took us all round the world to show the different kinds of freights which were ultimately borne over the L.M.S. lines. It provided a topical glimpse also of the vast organization which must be necessary for such things as Contraband Control. Only those present could appreciate how interesting these films were and we are very grateful to the L.M.S. for their kindness in showing them. They were excellently produced and altogether of a very high standard.

Only one thing remains—that is to remind members of the school that a visit will probably be arranged this term to the Halifax reservoirs. So save up for the bus fare!

M. W. B.

Table Tennis Club

This has been a satisfactory and a busy term. There have been four general meetings, four committee meetings and about fifteen playing meetings.

Two matches have been played. The first was against the P.M. High School on February 16th, when we won by 30 games to nil. The second was against Crossley & Porter Boys' School, which game we lost by 11 games to 7. Arrangements have been made for a High School team to come to Heath every fortnight to practise.

On February 20th it was decided to make a levy of 2d. per member to help to pay for the four bats, twelve balls and second light shade which have been acquired this term.

Very encouraging correspondence has been held with the Red Triangle League. Encouraging in that although we have been informed that our tables are not good enough for us to enter the League, we were invited to see the finals for the Montague Burton Cup and have been promised future help.

H. V. J.

Scout Notes



The Scout "Gone Home" sign is in memory of one of the best friends the group ever had. "Dith" Aske, whose tragic death occurred last term, would have deserved our gratitude if only for the ungrudging way in which she spared for us her husband's time. That, however, was just the beginning of her work for us. Besides devoting herself to the sister movement she took a keen interest in all our doings, and was a welcome and happy visitor at many of our camps, and the constant adviser of our Scouters in any matter where a gracious feminine touch or a very understanding common sense could be of use. The "Hut Fund" campaign especially owed much of its success to her wise counsel and hard work. We feel the loss of such a friend, and all our sympathy goes out to Bill Aske in his irreparable loss.

After the purchase of flowers the remaining money subscribed to her memory by the Troop was sent, at Bill's suggestion, to the Rosemary Convalescent Home for Scouts: a cause after her own heart.

Changes among our Scouters continue. Eric Lewin, of D Section now goes to the Air Force. We shall miss him and send him our best wishes and our hopes for an early return.

We have also lost the S.M. of B Section, an Assistant Cubber, the Group Treasurer, the Badge Secretary, the odd job man, and the Lord High Everything Else—lost them all on the same day, all in the same person. In other words, John Cockroft has left us to seek his fortune in the South. (Not that he reckons much to the South—but fortune is a different matter.) Things will be happening in Luton, Beds. Up here we are doing our best. Luckily, Bill Aske has come back to keep an eye on B Section, Mr. Owen has come in as

Treasurer, and Jim Chislett (poor chap) has become Badge Secretary. But who will make the remarks John used to make at Group Councils? The sooner he makes his fortune and comes back, the better.

A SECTION.

Under the iron hand of our Skipper, A Section is slowly but surely surmounting the difficulties that lie in its way. The stern command of "Touch your toes" is now so well known that we no longer turn with the signs of guilt on our faces. Tyranny may be hard but it has certainly done A Section a world of good.

Well we can say truthfully (for once) that A Section has had quite a good term. To say "good" would not only be untruthful but it would also bring down Nemesis in the shape of Skipper. We must therefore move cautiously. We enjoyed two good hikes in the Christmas holidays and we played soccer against "C" Section twice. Unfortunately, neither side had a very good turn out. One of our number has gained the Naturalist badge for which we regard him with profound awe. The Tenderfeet (not foots) are making strides towards second class, and we have also hope that a few of our number will gain the Ambulance Badge in the near future.

We owe a vote of thanks to Mr. Place who has co-operated so kindly in seeing that we have the Gym. on Friday nights.

B SECTION.

We, in our habitually lackadaisical, if successful, way had been muddling along for some time with continually decreasing turn-ups (caused, perhaps, by a series of notices bearing the uninspiring legend of "Programme will be announced later"). when our S.M., John Cockroft, suddenly announced his intention of leaving us. This looked as though it might be a knock-out blow. Some not inconsiderable stir (and hope) was caused, however, when it was announced that Bill Aske had agreed to supervise our doings. He altered things considerably; the first meeting to which he came we had an enjoyable programme provided by himself, and the P.L.s, at the Court of Honour after the meeting, found themselves suddenly filled with ideas. Gone were our previous complaints of having no ideas. Bill just said "You've jolly well got to have some!"; and we did.

It can, therefore, be taken as certain that our meetings will become more and more interesting as time goes on. We hear

of excuses for absence such as : " Had a headache," or " Mother said it was too cold to change." With the best respect to parents, without whose indefatigable co-operation our scouting would collapse, we might suggest that it is surely better to come to Scouts with a headache, or in mufti, than to lose one's Patrol 3d. in points.

WEBECES.

A very successful term in spite of the War. We have been very fortunate to have an average attendance of three Scouters. This term a system of fines has been introduced for such offences as being late, Scouts without uniform and absentees without an excuse. Quite a number of badges have been won and a number of first-class outings have taken place. A greater number of our Scouts attended the term Church Parade than any other section. The Webeces have done their share in the National Service Scheme, chiefly by acting as patients in the A.R.P. practices. We have had quite a number of hikes and section outings and closed the term with a grand camp fire and pea and pie supper.

Scouting must go on and certainly is going on in " C " Section.

D. SWALLOW.

[Our scribe might have mentioned that Foster has turned up once or twice this term and not just to the party as he did last term. And that thanks to Nature's bountiful supply of weather one or two of the outings have had unusual interest. Moonlight sledging at 17 degrees below freezing point—and no one any the worse except the stone wall at the end of the run !]

" D " SECTION.

We commenced the term full of zeal, with the chief incentive of being, if possible, more united in our actions ; thereby making our Inter-Patrol spirit even more lively than last term. This was not fully accomplished until the back end of term when we balanced the Patrols by judiciously interchanging the members and so creating a more even set of Patrols and making a more fair competition. On completing this, a competitive system of Patrol marking, with a bone as prize, was inaugurated.

There has been little individual badge work other than that concerning ambulance work, and the participants are now awaiting examination. Good collective work has been done and many Scouts have gained their Second Class and along with last term's Second Classites are now contemplating their First Class.

As for outdoor activity there has not been as much as we had anticipated, but perhaps it would not be too premature to hope that the Easter holidays will bring forward more activity in this line.

SIR,

" Quare fremuerunt gentes ? "

Why do the " Heathen " so furiously rage together ? While yet sojourning in a far-off land I was plagued with sullen murmurings which on my return to your Thracian uplands have become an ear-splitting roar. One would gather, Sir, that you require a letter ; " donatus iam rude " one is nevertheless expected to supply you with material which you cannot extort from those still under your care. From time immemorial and another place it has been the custom to send missives full of suggestive references to fellow Heathen. Fortunately, Sir, I am spared the revolting task of combing through other people's activities in a vain search for a few episodes which will bear the light of day. Moreover to recount at great length my own experiences this term would be monotonous and savour of egoism. But of Cambridge let me say this ; it has survived the great blow of war-time conditions in an amazing manner and is now running under conditions as nearly approaching normal as possible. The granting of postponements of military service until the first public examination has kept the members very little below the peace-time level, and evacuated students from other universities make the sum total of people in residence equal to the usual figure.

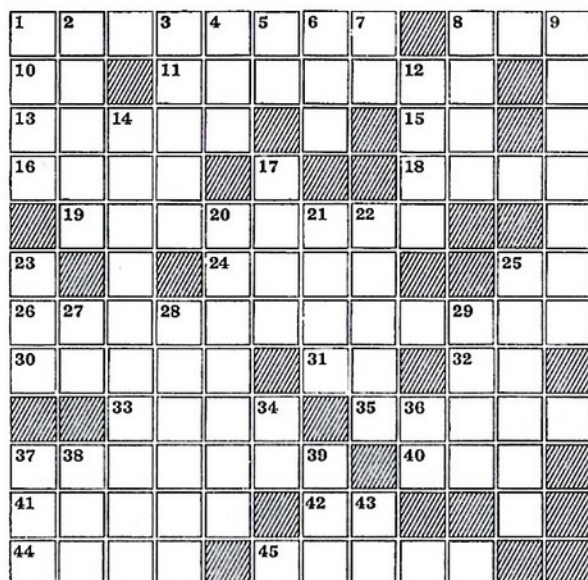
The rowing progresses well, and while there has been a drop in the standard, there is no lack of boats or enthusiasm. In the Lent races a Christ's third boat was being pursued by the first boat of one of the evacuated universities, which (*mirabile dictu*) having been told to bump the leading boats, went at our boat with such good-will and kept on rowing for so long after they had made the bump that—O hirsute race of barbarians—they sank it. That bitter memory has shaken me through—my hand trembles—I can write no more. Yet promise me this, Sir, that you will not next year require a letter from the Maginot Line.

Ever yours,

R. V. H.-SCALES.

[The suggested letter from the Maginot Line is an idea for which we thank our correspondent. Our war-aims are, perhaps, not sufficiently definite for us to make or to refrain from making any promises about it. We may remark that the Siegfried Line might prove a more inspiring environment.—Ed.]

Crossword Puzzle



CLUES.

ACROSS.

1. Watch the senior prefect. (Note in Latin.)
8. "Pick up thi musket."
10. Hitler's chief deputy is lacking in "wise —s and modern instances."
11. Greek antiquity (iniquity?).
13. Poet.
15. Branch of British Forces.
16. Inscription on crucifixes.
18. Ancient form of torture now known as wall-bars.
19. Drunken butter.
- 24 and 45. "Stick fast!"—the conductor is drunk.
25. Yours truly.
26. Behold . . . the immortal bard!
30. Some of Albert's jokes.
31. Largest part of a debt in English, or in French.
32. "To be, or not to be, that — the question" (Bill).
33. This is not taken with relish.
35. "Le mot juste" for this crossword.
37. Vide 25 down.
40. "What's all this —?"
41. Shakespeare knew less of their language.
42. —, how sweet it is to love!" (Dryden).
44. "— still and —"!!!! (Shelley).
45. Vide 24.

Down.

1. Lake with a hen for a head.
2. Mr. Debtors.
3. I am not in French love.
4. Johnson's biographer poorly.
5. It's in German.
6. It is a — Stone Age.
7. It is the Spanish or the French reversed.
8. Jewish place of worship without one of the figures in the Guildhall.
9. If to err is human then this is the most human master on the staff.
12. I am straying into Latin.
14. Pacific member of the staff.
17. Put it off till Sport's Day.
20. Our scientific bird.
21. Tall, Italian singer.
22. Ent . . . le ejected.
23. What one of the composers of this crossword called the other when he suggested the 44th clue.
25. The Headmaster to a German—or a negro.
27. And French.
28. A. P. Herbert would dislike this culprit.
29. Mr. G— begs to differ.
34. And Latin.
36. With reference to.
37. This topsy-turvey school.
38. French shout.
39. An Irishman's tea.
43. Mercury.

Australian Summer

Many times during the past few months with the snow lying thick on the ground, the thermometer below zero and the smoke obscuring the wintry sun, I looked back with pleasant memories to Australia of two years ago. The summer holidays are in December and January, and in 1938-39 Mrs. Whorwell and I travelled 7,000 miles during those two months. The full story of all the adventures we had is too long a story to be told now, but what warmed my memory most during this last winter were the thoughts of the pleasant relaxations from sightseeing on the golden beaches of the Southern Ocean with the clear, pale blue sky, the scorching sun, the white surf, and the crowds of mahogany bathers of fine physique and powers who can be found disporting themselves on any Australian beach or riding in on the crest of a roller.

From the heart of the city of Sydney a tram takes you to some of the finest beaches in the world; at Bondi you may sun-bathe for nearly half the year and surf-ride for longer, while the sea in winter is very often warmer than the North Sea in summer. On a good day the surf will hurl you over a hundred yards and leave you high and dry on the sand, thrilling with excitement which is more than sufficient reward for the long toil back with the surf-board.

Australians, fortunately, have not been civilized long enough to disfigure their sea-shore with hideous marine parades and flamboyant piers which are so characteristic of English seaside resorts; almost everywhere—even at Manley, just outside the entrance to Sydney Harbour, the bush comes down to the sea in all its natural beauty and the cars park unobtrusively in the shelter of the ti-tree or wattle—and, of course, there is always just as good a beach all to yourself if you prefer solitude and wish to go further afield.

But, like all earthly paradises, life is not entirely carefree, for sharks abound in these waters. The Australian accepts them in the same way that we accept road deaths. There are one or two beaches that have shark-proof enclosures, while at others on crowded days a look-out man will be posted, or an aeroplane be on the watch overhead. It is an exciting spectacle to see the crowded sea empty itself when the shark-bell goes and an even more inspiring comment on human nature to see it fill up again when the all-clear signal sounds. But this only applies to popular town beaches—elsewhere the bather just takes his chance, although carefully avoiding bathing in the late afternoon which is notorious as the sharks' customary feeding-time.

The surf, too, is powerful and dangerous and only the strongest swimmer can safely venture out beyond the line of breakers, while scarcely a day goes by without the life-saving

team, magnificent specimens of Australian mermen, running its life-line out to a more foolhardy and less competent swimmer.

But it would never be fitting to spend all our time on the beach without so much as a glimpse of the bridge and the harbour which is the pride of New South Wales. So let us sail in between the Heads and up past Rose Bay and Double Bay and many other bays and inlets, all looking very much alike with the red roofs dotted about among the trees and small yachts riding at anchor. In half an hour we shall be at Circular Quay, below the great bridge which bestrides the river like a true colossus with one foot in North Sydney and the other in the old city. It deserves more than this scant comment, for it is such an outstanding illustration of the harmony that can be established between science and art. The P. and O. liners from England and the Matson line from 'Frisco sail with ease under its huge span to their moorings in Darling up river. What impressed me most, however, was its width; a double tram-track, a double train-track, a six track roadway and two ample footpaths cross on the one level. Below, about twenty ferries scurry to and fro across the river, hungrily snatching up the crumbs of traffic which are unworthy of the bridge—providing an even more fascinating sight at night when they look like so many fireflies weaving their various ways through the shimmering darkness.

Sydney is one of the least characteristic of Australian towns; its architecture, its haphazard planning and its double-decker buses remind one of England, its manners and its customs are American, while the general holiday atmosphere and the kiosks suggest Paris.

But that reminds me that the sun is still scorching (and the Editor's blue pencil is itching) and although I started by describing relaxations I am already becoming the inevitable guide, so I will leave you at one of those kiosks to buy an Eskimo face or a Spider (an iced drink I can thoroughly recommend) or perhaps an apricot or a peach or some of the other luscious fruits which are so plentiful and cheap.

MR. WHORWELL.

"Snooper." A patriotic sequence which you can believe, or not, just as you desire, by R.J.H.C.

I—Snooper Comes

"Hey, Snooper!"

Snooper looked up wearily at the misty form of the comrade of his school days. "Well?" said he,

"Splodge's just come back from Heath," continued the form, "he says they've just stuck a whole new wing on it."

"Waste of money." Commented Snooper through his nose (he had a perpetual cold since he had taken to sitting on the marble seat, instead of utilizing the nail-studded chairs used by the other Old Heathens). "Why! the last thing I heard was that they were going to paint the schoolroom. Silly! The boys will only scrape it off with their thumb-nails. I know I used to."

"Howsobeit," pursued the other (his name was, by the way, Nathaniel), "a new wing has quite definitely been added. They've dug up half the lawn to do it."

Snooper shot a suspicious glance towards Nathaniel. "Lawn?" he repeated. "What lawn? They haven't disturbed my beam, have they? The beam I carved my initials on?"

Nathaniel looked uncomfortable. "I was coming to that, old man," he said, "we didn't like to tell you. . . . But we decided to, now. I mean, you've been with us for a good two hundred years, and you're quite one of us. We ought to have told you a century ago . . . here goes. They pulled the old school down and rebuilt it much bigger a hundred years odd ago!"

Snooper leapt from his marble seat,—the first time for twenty years—and paced the floor agitatedly. Old Dr. Favour let out a yell when Snooper stepped carelessly on his beard: once or twice his foot slipped and sank into the soft cloud flooring; when that happened, he cursed softly to himself and picked himself up. At last he made up his mind, and going up to the pearly gate, he knocked at the Service door. "Want to see the Keeper," he announced curtly to the lesser demon who opened the door. This lesser demon looked at Snooper curiously: this was one he hadn't noticed before. Then he remembered: this was the bloke who sat on the marble seat all day, and never complained. "Right ho!" he said, and vanished into the interior of the stoke-hold. Snooper leant heavily against the door post, and thought hard: if he could only . . .

His reverie was interrupted by the return of the lesser demon who indicated that he was to follow him. Passed on from lesser demon to middle demon, from middle demon to demon, and, finally, to demon superintendent, Snooper came into the presence of the Keeper. The Keeper advanced, holding out Their hand to be shaken: Snooper came to the point at once, "I have heard," he said, "that dire things are happening on Earth."

The Keeper looked at him, playing with Their pencil. "They've moved your beam, haven't they?" they said sympathetically. "I think we can take it as understood that you have unlimited leave of absence."

Snooper, who was a simple soul, could hardly contain his excitement. "Oh thank you, your Highnesses—or should it be Highnae?—thank you!" He was about to rush straight out, but the Keeper raised a restraining hand.

"Are you prepared to make to Us the usual promise: 'Speak no Evil: Do no Evil; and countenance no injustice'?" Very well then, and may God speed you!"

Snooper needed no second bidding, and, without stopping to think, he rushed from the audience chamber, and, in less time than it takes to tell, was winging his way down to Earth. He had some difficulty in finding the requisite country, once coming down on New Zealand and once on Madagascar, but he eventually found himself skimming gently over the familiar hills of his native town. "Halifax!" he cried, rather loudly, "How I have yearned to see you!" Several people in the street, hearing the cry, looked up, with the remark "Sparrows flying 'igh this year!"

Snooper could not find his old school. "Woe," he wailed, "is me, that I cannot find the scenes of my childhood!" He hovered disconsolately over the town centre until his arms got tired, and then decided to settle on some roof. It was getting dark as he came down, and he landed, quite unintentionally, upon a sloping glass dome. "Help!" he cried, as he felt himself slipping down it. With a crash, he reached the base of the dome and crashed through the roof, bringing the dome down with him. Thoroughly frightened, he saw men with lights approaching, and rushed away as fast as his invisible legs would carry him. He was inexperienced in haunting, and he consequently failed to exercise the will-power necessary to the successful navigation of solid objects: bouncing from corner to corner of sharp objects, and slipping on odd banana-skins, he at length ran headlong into a boarded-up shop.

"Oh!" said he in anguish, "What is this place? What has become of me?" And then he recalled what he had heard one of his comrades say. With a guilty glance behind him, he marshalled his mental energies and walked, hesitatingly, if successfully, through the closed up shop. Once out in the street, he noticed, for the first time, that snow lay deep on the ground. He temporarily forgot to hold himself de-atomized, and a passer-by cannoned sharply off him with a muffled exclamation of surprise. "I wonder," thought Snooper, with a flash of inspiration, "whether I could materialize?" The thought is the father of the deed, and, after sundry failures, a little man stood in the snow, wearing clothing that was rather antique.

Before his death, Snooper had been a little man with a big red nose and a partiality for striped suits; and it was as this person that he materialized at 7 p.m. that Sunday evening. He asked a man who was hurrying by with his coat collar up, if he could tell him the way to the Skircoat Free School. The man scratched his head, and finally, deciding that he was a stranger there himself, suggested that Snooper asked the policeman

over there. Snooper, who had not the faintest idea what a policeman was, thanked him, and looked round rather vaguely. Seeing only one other person in the whole street, he concluded that that was the policeman, he floundered over to his side. "Can you tell me the way to the Skircoat Free School?"

"Ay," said the policeman obligingly, fitting his thumbs into his belt, and casting a comprehensive glance round about him, just to make certain that there were no malefactor in range, "Ay, that I can!"

"Well?" said Snooper, after a few minutes' pause.

The policeman cleared his throat. "Skircoat Free School, yer said?"

"I did." Snooper was losing his temper, he always had been somewhat irascible.

"Skircoat? Oh! Yer mean 'Eath!" The constable had at last got hold of something that he would understand: his arms waved like a bewildering windmill as he gave the directions.

"Thank you, officer," said Snooper as the arm came to a standstill; and he plodded off into the darkness, marvelling at the blackness which prevailed. "Have these people no lamps?" he asked himself; "Perhaps they have no money for them."

He came at length to an ornate, icicle covered building, which was situated just where, according to the policeman, 'Eath was, and looked up at the silhouette of the building. "Incredible!" he said to himself, "But I cannot believe that . . . Ah! I will ask this young gentleman." He approached the boy, who, although it was not visible in the darkness, was wearing a claret and gold cap. "Excuse me," he said, tapping the boy on the shoulder, whereupon that individual started like a convict about to be recaptured, "Can you tell me whether this edifice is Eath?"

"Ay." And the poor boy turned tail and fled. Snooper looked after him with a disgusted expression on his face. "What disgusting manners the young of to-day have," he commented, turning into a gate that he came to. "I should think," he remarked, "that the place will be locked up by now; I shall have to dematerialize again. What a relief!"

With no more effort than it took to think himself into nothing, he passed through the wall, and found himself in a stone-floored passage. "I wonder why they call it Eath?" he asked the air, "I wonder why . . . ? Dear me! I'm sleepy! I must find a place where I can sleep." He noticed a door (it had a large white 'D' on it) opposite him, and, after trying the knob, and finding it locked, passed through it. He found a nice armchair, and sank into it with a sigh of relief. Almost before he realized it, he was asleep, sprawling in his chair. He reflected that there would be time to find his beam on the morrow. He hoped so, anyway.

The Word of the Law

Mr. Bumble said that "the law is an ass," and the law has said, perhaps by way of retaliation, that a horse may be an ass. It is one of the little pleasantries in which those brilliant Parliamentary draughtsmen, which Mr. Gledhill told us about, occasionally indulge. They were dealing with the Exportation of Horses Act, 1937, and made that measure solemnly provide that an inspector might take certain action on being "satisfied that a horse is an ass."

With equal penetration they had Parliament enact (in the Protection of Animals Act, 1911) that "bull" shall include "cow."

They can also be extremely careful. For example, in a recent Firearms Act they introduced this short clause: "In sub-section (i) of section 13, for the word 'bought' there shall be substituted the word 'purchased.'" According to most dictionaries there is no difference in the meaning of the two words. And I wonder if a man were charged with the illicit "purchase" of firearms it would be a good defence for him to maintain, and prove, that he only "bought" them? But even the mighty fall and even these word-wizards tumble into error now and then. On New Year's Day, 1937, there came into operation the Young Persons (Employment) Act. It provides that the phrase "retail trade or business" shall "have the meaning assigned to it in the Shops Act, 1934." But, wonder of wonders, that 1934 Act contains no such definition; it is to be found in the Shops Act 1912. And now, I suppose, Parliament will have to pass a one-line Act to correct the mistake.

There have been worse trips-up in the past, however.

For example, when the Chelmsford gaol was to be rebuilt, the Bill to sanction the undertaking provided that the prisoners should remain in that building until the new one was ready. The Bill pursued a normal course and went before a Standing Committee, where it was remodelled. In the process that provision was retained—with the addition that the new prison was to be constructed from materials obtained from the demolition of the old.

The Irish Bank Act of 1808 yields another of these gems: "The profits shall be equally divided and the residue shall be paid to the Governor."

If officials occasionally do these things, the Private Member who framed the following amendment may perhaps be excused: "Every dog found trespassing on enclosed land, unaccompanied by the registered owner of such dog, who shall on being asked for his true name and address, may then and there be destroyed by his orders."

But even that is not quite so bad as the notice which once appeared on the gates of a baronial hall: "Owing to the distress of the times, Lord Camden will not shoot himself or any of his tenants before the 4th of October."

G. A. D.

Wood Wind

These instruments are the oldest members of the musical family. They are made of wood and, of course, operated by the breath of the player. They are all reed instruments, with the exception of flutes and piccolos, that is, there are one or two reeds in the mouthpiece, the vibrations of which, regulated by the lips of the player, produce the sound and tone of the instrument.

The wood wind family consists of piccolos, flutes, oboes, clarinets and bassoons.

Piccolos and flutes are the highest pitched of these instruments, piccolos being the higher of the two. Oboes are the next in the range, these are pitched a little higher than clarinets and are very sweet toned instruments. Clarinets have a very round mellow tone. Bassoons are bass instruments and are very musical. None of these instruments are easy to play but when a scale or two have been mastered the rest soon follows with practice.

"SEEN BUT NOT HEARD."

A Day at Navy Week, 1938

On August 6th, 1938, I visited Navy Week at Portsmouth. I went on board three battleships, the largest being the aircraft carrier *Courageous*, which later happened to be the first loss sustained by the Navy in the present War. She was torpedoed by a German submarine on Sunday night, September 17th, 1939.

H.M.S. *Courageous* was built as a cruiser in 1915 under the Emergency War Programme, being laid down at Armstrong's, Walker-on-Tyne, and completed in January, 1917. During her trials the ship experienced heavy weather and strained the forward part of her hull. The defect was overcome by the addition of doubling plates. The work of converting her into an aircraft carrier was begun at Devonport Dockyard in June, 1924, and was completed in May, 1928, at a cost of £2,025,800.

The following figures may be found useful:—

Displacement: 22,500 tons; length, 786½ ft.; flight deck, 480 ft.

Machinery: Parsons geared turbines. Boilers: Yarrow (small tube).

Horse-power: 90,000. Speed: 30 knots.

Guns: Sixteen 4.7-inch and 52 smaller guns.

Aircraft: Forty-eight, divided into four squadrons.

Complement: 116 officers and 1,200 men.

The mast and funnel were placed at the extreme starboard of the flight deck.

I had tea on board the *Courageous*, served by women of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes, and afterwards I signed the visitors' book.

The second ship I visited was the H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, which is now engaged as a gunnery training ship. On October 17th, 1939, she was slightly damaged in Scapa Flow by four enemy aircraft on a raid to the Orkneys.

The *Iron Duke*, which was launched at Portsmouth in 1912, was the flagship of Earl Jellicoe while he was in command of the Grand Fleet, 1914-1916. As flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet, she was engaged against the Bolsheviks in the Crimea in 1919. In January, 1921, the Duke of Kent, then Prince George, joined the ship as a midshipman. Her tonnage was reduced from 25,000 to 21,500 when she was demilitarized under terms of the London Naval Treaty, 1931-32.

Length: 580 ft. Speed: 18 knots.

Machinery: Parsons geared turbines.

Guns: Six 13.5-inch and twelve 6-inch guns.

The third was a destroyer of 1,375 tons, H.M.S. *Express*.

Length: 329 ft. Machinery: Parsons geared turbines.

Boilers: Three Admiralty 3-drum (super-heated).

Horse-power: 36,000. Speed: 35½ knots.

Armament: Four 4.7-inch guns, seven smaller, eight 21-inch torpedo tubes in quadruple mountings.

As well as inspecting these three ships I watched motor-boat manoeuvres, a cruiser display by H.M.S. *Aurora*, a submarine and destroyer display, Fleet Air Arm attack on cruiser with defensive action, and a motor torpedo boat under way. There were many other attractions which, unfortunately, I had not time to see.

There was no Navy Week in 1939, but after the War it will be well worth another visit to see what I missed in 1938.

J. D. FEATHER,

Upper V.

Unhallowed House

It was a wild winter's night. The wind was howling in the trees at the roadside and driving the rain along almost horizontally. Gloomy clouds were scudding across the sky, obscuring the moon. Indeed it was not a fit night on which to be out.

As he drove along in his car, John Duncan thought of the comfortable fire and bed awaiting him at his destination, and drove as fast as he dared along the narrow country lane, which, because of the wildness of the night and the absence of the moon, seemed to be full of pitfalls and traps for the unwary.

Duncan reflected rather ruefully on his foolishness in refusing the invitation of his old friend, Colonel Trevor, to stay the night, but he had been impatient to return home. His thoughts were interrupted by a loud report and a grating sound as of steel rubbing against stone; the car rocked wildly.

Duncan applied his brakes, and, turning up his coat collar, stepped out into the road. What he saw in the light of his torch made him whistle with dismay; his back tyre was flat, punctured, and he had no spare!

He looked around and his eye fell upon a large iron gate flanked by two stone pillars, the tops of which were carved in the likeness of grinning heads.

Duncan brightened, a gate meant a house, and a house meant shelter, and possibly help. He made for it, and found it to be open. As he passed through, the two grinning effigies seemed to be mocking him, and a cold shudder passed down his back as he looked at their leering faces. He felt half inclined to turn back, but the thoughts of help urged him on, so he began to walk up the drive which was bordered by close shrubbery. Several times he imagined he heard rustlings in the bushes, but when he stopped and peered into them, nothing could be seen.

Suddenly the moon broke through from a thick bank of cloud, bathing the countryside with silvery beams. Duncan saw before him a house. It was a large pile, designed in a very gloomy and sepulchral style of architecture, and somehow it seemed to possess an atmosphere forbidding intrusion.

Duncan, however, who was feeling uncomfortably wet, strode up to the large doorway, and seizing the old-fashioned iron knocker, raised and dropped it twice. The sound aroused echoes throughout the gloomy halls and passages of the house, but no-one came. Duncan knocked again, and then again; there was still no answer. He tried the door and to his amazement found it unsecured.

He opened it and walked into what was evidently the entrance hall. The door creaked shut behind him. The room was thick with dust, and in many places the floorboards had crumbled away. Frightened rats scurried into their holes. The

place had a weird and unnatural appearance, and as Duncan looked around he remembered the ghost story Colonel Trevor had told after dinner. He had scorned the idea then, but as he stood in the hall full of strange, uneasy noises, things seemed to take a more unreal and supernatural form.

A terrific crash sounded in one of the upper rooms. Duncan jumped as though shot; he felt terribly afraid. He tried to calm himself by saying it was only a window banging, he had no success however.

A pregnant silence had fallen upon the house, and as Duncan listened with straining ears he heard the sound of footsteps approaching. They seemed to be quite remote at first, but gradually the sound increased as the footsteps came nearer. A great terror seized Duncan. He wanted to shout, but could not; he tried to run, but his limbs seemed to be secured by steel bonds.

The footsteps drew nearer and nearer; they appeared to come from upstairs. Duncan stared hard in their direction and his eyes dilated with fear. A door on the landing was slowly beginning to open. At that moment the use of his limbs returned to him. He dashed across the room, and without daring to cast even a single glance over his shoulder, flung himself at the door, wrestling feverishly with the knob. Would it never open? it did, and he half fell, half stumbled into the drive. He precipitated himself down it, dived into his car and, disregarding the punctured tyre, drove until he had put many miles between himself and the terrible house.

At length he stopped at an inn, and after one or two doubles, asked the landlord about the house.

His host scratched his head with the stem of his churchwarden pipe and finally said in a puzzled voice.

"I can't place the house, but if you could describe it, it might remind me."

"Oh," replied Duncan, "I remember it perfectly. It stood at the end of a drive at about two to three hundred yards from the road. The drive gateway was a hideous affair, and the tops of the pillars were shaped like grinning heads—they gave me the creeps. The shrubbery at either side of the drive was dense and unkempt."

"The house itself was a huge place with a terribly gloomy appearance. I am not easily scared but I hesitated before entering. I wish I never had gone in now!"

During this recital his host's expression had changed from puzzled interest to almost superstitious terror; when Duncan's description came to an end, his clay pipe dropped from his nerveless fingers as he exclaimed,

"Aye, I remember now, but that house was burned down fifty years ago this very night."

A. M.

The Dream of Wathaspoon

Last night, while asleep,
O'er my senses did creep,
A procession of masters in mourning;
They came on in a line,
In procession so fine,
Till they all disappeared in the dawning.
First I saw Mr. Smith
With the Aryan Myth,
While his face wore a curious frown,
" 'Twould be better," he said,
" If I stood on my heard,
But I think I would rather sit down."
Then I heard Mr. Haigh
Call " old Purcell " a " plague,"
And confess how he loved to drink Whisky;
While poor Mr. Moxon,
Without any socks on,
Was getting decidedly frisky.
And I saw Mr. Fraser
Let loose with a razor;
While uttering horrible things;
" I am filled with elation,
For here comes inflation,
And profits on tax-payer's wings."
While poor Mr. Gain
In a dark country lane,
Was crying " Eheu " to the sky,
Talking Latin to pigs
As he went to his digs,
With a venomous look in his eye.
Then I heard Mr. Dudley,
In accents so goodly,
Exclaim to the world and the sea;
How in " four ninety two,"
He sailed over the blue,
" And the New World was first reached by me."
And in accents so meek,
With his hair brushed back sleek,
Mr. Mackley was calmly explaining,
How a fellow called Marx
Had got up to some larks,
In the park when it chanced to be raining.
Then I saw Mr. Taylor,
Had turned to a sailor,

On board ship in a tempest at sea;
And he turned with a leer
To cry " Master, what cheer ? "
So he faded away before me.
And poor Mr. Place
In a cross-country race,
Was puffing and blowing away;
And he said with a wail
" Had I known they were stale,
I would surely have put off the day.
Then there came Mr. Brown,
With a terrible frown,
Cried " attention " to no-one at all;
Till he changed to Capore,
And shouted " Baloney,
Sing-Sing has a high enough wall."
While poor Mr. Young
Was about to be hung,
For a terrible slip of the tongue;
He had told us that " faire,"
Meant a certain Miss rare,
Who could whistle with only one lung.
And I saw Mr. Phoenix
With trowels and toothpicks
Was digging for gold on the lawn;
" For I've worked it all out,"
He exclaimed with a shout,
" By Newton's new Law of the Dawn."
Then I saw Mr. Holt
Was beginning to moult,
And confessed he was fed up of Bach;
While in voice deep and mellow,
He lay down to bellow
" Hark, hark, how the watchdogs bark."
And there came Mr. Peace,
In a bucket of grease,
Crying " Bicycles oiled for a penny ";
Till at last he arose
To the tip of his toes,
With, " Thank heaven there aren't very many."
And at last it was done,
All the masters were gone;
And my dream faded gently away;
It was only a dream,
And fantastic did seem,
In the light of a new-springing day."

M. W. B.

Junior School Notes

This term has been one of the most trying on record. Added to the customary illness at this time of the year we have had to face one of the severest winters for many years. For part of the term, only 50 per cent of the boys were able to get to school owing to dislocation of traffic and through being snowbound.

Despite these difficulties we have carried on reasonably well. Games have been out of the question. Only once during the whole term, was it possible to play football.

The work naturally has been handicapped by so much absence but fair headway has been made. The results were as follows: Transitus, Helliwell, G.; IA, Palmer, N. H.; IB, Lewin, P.

* * *

The effort in the National Savings Campaign continues and once more the term's record was broken.

Since the war started 1,400 stamps have been sold, which means that £35 has been saved and added to the war effort. This is a satisfactory statement, but we must not rest with that. This high standard must be maintained and even raised.

* * *

It is with great relief and pleasure that we learn that Brian Butler is well on the way to recovery and hopes to be with us again in the Summer Term.

* * *

We are sorry to lose R. Schofield, who leaves us this term to go to Bury School.

M. S. M.

Cub Notes

We have had good attendance this term, Cubs, but we still want to see the whole Pack at every meeting. Blind Cubs have done very well, and several first stars have been gained. We hope to see them with two stars at the end of the Summer Term. Badges have been won, and some of them have been really good. If the Pack works harder next term we shall stand a good chance of winning the Jungle Trophy. The Pack is glad that Red Wolf is better. We hope to have a camp in the holidays. Good hunting, Pack, from Akela, Kaa and myself.

KIKKI.

Solution to the Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS.

1, Notabene. 8, Sam. 10, Aw. 11, Moseley. 13, Keats. 15, R.N. 16, Inri. 18, Rack. 19, Stephano. 24 and 25, Holt tight. 26, See Bottomley. 30, Stale. 31, Ou. 32, Is. 33, Cane. 35, Trash. 37, See 35. 40, Ere. 41, Greex. 42, Ah. 44, Hire. 45 see 24.

DOWN.

1, Naki. 2, Owens. 3, Amtie. 4, Bos. 5, Es. 6, Neo. 7, El. 8, Syna. 9, Mackley. 12, Erro. 14, Art-teacher. 17, Shot. 20, Phoenix. 21, Alto. 22, N.T. out. 23, Ass. 25 and 37 (across) Messerschmitt. 27, Et. 28, Blamee. 29, Liar. 34, Et. 36, Re. 37, S.G.H. 38, Cri. 39, Tai. 43, H.G.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We wish to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the following magazines since our last issue:—*The Keighleian*, *The Leodiensian*, *The Whitcliffian*, *The Rotor*, *The Torch*, *The Bradfordian*, *The Rochdalian*, *The Crossleyan*, and *The Halton*.

We apologize for any inadvertent omissions in this list.

