

# THE HEATHEN



Magazine of  
HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
HALIFAX

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New Series.

No. 41.

February, 1946

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## EDITORIAL

It is not without considerable regret, that we admit, as we write our fourth editorial, that this *Heathen* cannot be as bulky as our previous issues, for the response to our appeal for contributions has not been maintained. The work of producing a magazine has fallen this term on the shoulders of a few stalwarts, without whom there would be no *Heathen* whatever, and the result is seen in the small number of pages contained herein. We mentioned in one of our notices "inefficient officials with late reports," hoping that they would stir themselves and produce reports on time. In many cases there has been no report forthcoming, which is why those of you who hoped to see your name in print are faced with the uninspiring caption of "no report received," behind which simple phrase lies a great deal of meaning. Another pointer to the laziness of our literary men is the fact that no magazine prize was awarded last year, for we refused to recommend anyone in the School because of one or two contributions. We can only assume, therefore, that you desire a magazine no thicker than this issue, and if that is so, you will receive it. We feel that the School is becoming rather tired of our badgering, and consequently intend that in future we shall keep to our promise of producing a regular *Heathen*, regardless of size. We hope that when you realise that a magazine of ten pages is taking the place of twenty, you may do something about it; when that day comes we shall be prepared to enlarge the *Heathen*, as now we are prepared to diminish it.

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## SCHOOL NOTES

We have pleasure in welcoming Mr. F. W. Haigh back to the School after an absence of five years in H.M. Forces.

\* \* \*

The junior members of the Dramatic Society produced two plays towards the end of term with moderate success. Next term it is hoped that the Society will return to Shakespeare with a production of "Macbeth."



It is with profound regret that we announce the death of Mr. W. L. Dudley, who retired from his position of Senior Geography master in March, 1945. An appreciation by the Headmaster appears in this magazine.

\* \* \*

Senior pupils have once more assisted the Post Office during the Christmas rush. Their help was greatly appreciated.

\* \* \*

The Science VIth wish to thank R. T. Gaukroger for his presentation of a copy of "Practical Physical Chemistry"—F. Sherwood Taylor—to the Science Library.

\* \* \*

### W. L. DUDLEY

So W. L. Dudley is no longer with us: after only ten months of retirement he has gone to his rest. And which of us is not poorer for his going?

For boys he was a rare schoolmaster, in that the schoolmaster in him never obscured the man. His enthusiasm for Geography was a vital enthusiasm, a part of his life; his methods were founded on a sure knowledge of what boys can reasonably be expected to learn and do; and in all his relations with them he was himself, patient, kindly, and understanding, yet never abating his high ideals of discipline, justice and duty.

To his colleagues he showed those same qualities: always courteous, he was a willing and encouraging listener who in conversation would draw somewhat shyly on his wide and deep experience, and gave advice that was practical, shrewd and to the point. He was not a ready talker, and a natural reserve concealed his real strength,—a steady, balanced and eminently sane personality; capable of showing and sharing enthusiasm, but not carried away by it; scholarly in mind, yet valuing a full life more highly than pure scholarship; a man of deep affection and generous sentiments who was never sentimental or emotional in his responses or appeals.

Heath has lost one of her most faithful men, whose sense of duty and profound loyalty triumphed during the last few years over failing health and physical weariness in a marvellous measure. A colleague and an Old Boy wrote of him in this magazine on his retirement: this is a tribute of honour to one who devoted and spent his powers in the service of Heath and of all who worked with him.

### THE SCHOOL CLUB

A meeting of the General Committee of the School Club was held on October 22nd with Mr. Phoenix in the chair. The election of officers formed the first business on the agenda, and resulted in the following appointments:—

(1) *Executive Officers:*

Treasurer; Mr. Withycombe.  
Sub-Treasurer: L. A. Sparrow.  
General Secretary: J. A. Carter.  
Auditor: Mr. Watson.  
Editor of *The Heathen*: K. Milnes.

(2) *Special Officers:*

1st XV. Rugby Captain: J. B. Capindale.  
1st XV. Rugby Vice-Captain: K. Milnes.  
1st XV. Rugby Secretary: C. G. James.  
2nd XV. Rugby Captain: J. S. Fox.  
2nd XV. Rugby Vice-Captain: E. D. Barker.  
Fives Captain: J. B. Capindale.  
Fives—Vice-Captain and Secretary: G. H. Boocock.

The treasurer presenting the accounts was pleased to announce a balance of £45 4s., which showed an increase of £9 on that of the previous year.

On the question of the points system, the Committee was unanimous in its decision that the present sports standards should remain without emendation.

What had doubtlessly been meant for a climax in the whole proceedings met with little response from those present. At the mention of the Education Act a hushed silence fell on all, and utter dejection took the place of the good spirits which had hitherto prevailed. The chairman pointed out that as a result of the new Act we might be compelled to discontinue the system of subscriptions, but went on to say that this would not necessarily mean disbanding the School Club. It was agreed, however, that we should await information from the Headmaster before going further into the matter.

An announcement from "the deck" to the whole School later in the term cleared our minds of all uncertainty on this point. Our half-crowns were quite safe, and the treasurer would be ready to receive subscriptions forthwith.

J.A.C.

\* \* \*

### SILENT LAUGHTER

When I am performing some routine task requiring little concentration, I often dispel boredom by creating funny situations and dwelling on them at great length exploring all their possibilities. In this way it is possible for me to live through the dullest moments and greet the world afterwards with a smile that betokens the light of heart.



The other day, for example, my dreary passage through dingy streets was transformed into a pilgrimage of mirth as I successively visualised Donald McCullough casually interrupting Dr. Joad to extol the persuasive powers of a new saline, John Barbirolli staying his baton in mid-air and turning to admonish a small boy who questioned his ability with Beethoven, and finally an old gentleman on a bicycle pedalling furiously and brandishing a riding crop at two policemen blowing whistles and at the same time pursuing him on scooters.

More often my fancy is confined in its activities to its immediate surroundings of native streets and school. Here the Itma-like quality of the fantasy is greatly enhanced since by drawing upon persons and places very familiar to me the effect achieved is far more ridiculous, and the added incongruity almost immeasurable. Hence I derive more than ordinary stimulation from the picture of the artist who sits behind his easel in the middle of Commercial Street painting a bus, or that of our caretaker, wearing football boots, executing handsome cart wheels along the corridor. This licence of imagination is indeed most exhilarating and as you can see, almost boundless. Sometimes though even my imagination fails, and I find it difficult to do full justice to a scene. I remember one occasion clearly. Even to-day I can never be quite convinced that Mr. ——— did traverse the School swinging from lamp to lamp. But that is small beer compared with the scene I am now trying to visualise, for I find it quite beyond my powers to imagine what the Headmaster will say when I tell him I have just put my foot through the ceiling.

W.S.

\* \* \*

#### WHO SAID . . . ?

- "Whenever you see an', say canitbethat."
- "Miserable as Sin. Yes, yes—very nice."
- "Wot! Just for messin' round?"
- "Sorry Bill."
- "Is everything under control?"
- "... and the rainfall is 29.5 in January."
- "... these dinner boys, they get me down."
- "Thinking perpendicularly."
- "They stood for it, and took it lying down."
- "It's up to your two forms to stop the rot."
- "Now steady, there . . . . steady."
- "I'm in a state of collapse."
- "You're a clever stick, aren't you?"

\* \* \*

#### NEWS OF OLD BOYS

First, we have to record with pride and pleasure the award of the D.F.C. to Flying Officer RALPH MALLINSON for gallant conduct when his aircraft was set on fire, "an action typical of the cool courage in-

variably displayed by this officer in the face of the enemy"; and of the M.B.E. (Military Division) to Major H. R. HUNTER (Harry Hunter) for gallant and distinguished service in Burma.

\* \* \*

Professor LEONARD BAIRSTOW, F.R.S., has been presented with the gold medal of the Royal Aeronautical Society and made an Honorary Fellow of the Society.

\* \* \*

In the course of a warm attack on Liszt's "mixture of unctious with sensuality" *The Times* musical critic paid an impressive tribute to ERIC HARRISON's "masterly, no-nonsense performance of Liszt's Sonata." "Mr. Harrison's playing engaged the mind at the perceptive level; he made the pattern clear, showed in fact the formal merits of the abominable work. He tranquillized the motion of nausea by his stern handling of the unctuous triplets and the cool delicacy of the nocturne-like tune of the middle section."

\* \* \*

P. G. WALKER has gained his B.Sc. (Sheffield) with Second Class Honours.

\* \* \*

We congratulate J. H. SHOESMITH on having played for the Yorkshire Rugby XV. this season; and sympathise with him in having been put out of the game for the rest of the season by a broken leg sustained in the recent match between Leeds and Manchester Universities.

\* \* \*

HOWARD BIRCH has won the Yorkshire Table Tennis Championship (Men's Singles).

\* \* \*

We congratulate all those Old Boys whose long period of endurance as prisoners-of-war in the Far East has at last ended. At the time of writing we have already had visits from BRYAN WILSON and DENIS REDMAN, and hope to see others as they recover from their experiences.

\* \* \*

We have been pleased to hear from ALBERT MARSLAND, out in New South Wales as co-pilot of an R.A.F. Dakota. He has visited islands which were recently the scene of the bitterest fighting, and out of which the Japanese had to be burned and blasted.

\* \* \*

#### QUEEN'S HOUSE REPORT

Our Senior Rugger team has enjoyed but moderate success this term, having been victorious only in the match with School, where however there was no doubt about the issue. We scored 31 points



comfortably, conceding only three points. The matches against Heath and King's however, the latter of which was played in almost total darkness, due to an all embracing fog, were lost by only small margins, for which we must thank the indomitable team spirit of the whole side.

In B. Robinson we have lost a fine all-round Captain, whose inspiring leadership has often led us to victory, but G. H. Taylor has taken the responsible position of Rugger Captain, and has already proved his worth as an efficient and hard-working leader.

No Junior matches have been played so far this term, and since the Colt teams have been abandoned we look to the Junior team to re-establish the rugger prestige of the House.

We must not forget that hard work still lies ahead, in the shape of the Fives matches and the Cross-Country Run. All you Seniors should enter for this event, and even if you do not profess to be a long distance runner, for every point gained adds to the final total, so my advice is : get into training now !!!

If there are any Junior members of the House who take an interest in Fives, and would like to take up the game, they should see the House Captain.

We should like to extend our best wishes to Mr. Collins, who left us at the end of last term, and our hopes that he may be happy in his new post.

\* \* \*

### HEATH HOUSE REPORT

No Junior Rugger matches have been played so far this term. The Seniors have played all three of their Rugger matches, of which they have won two and lost one.

Queen's were beaten by thirteen points to three. In this match the forwards (only seven in number) did remarkably well in stemming the onrush of the more practised Queensmen. School were trounced, after an enjoyable game, by thirty four points to nil. On this occasion the weather was (to say the least) inclement. The Senior XV forwards, though lacking the experience of their opposite numbers, stood up to them very well indeed. King's just managed to win (13-6) after a hard game, in which the "loose" play of their forwards figured prominently.

I wish to exhort you to further efforts in the coming terms. Practice for the Cross-Country run and athletic sports should begin now ; gently at first, working up to ultimate fitness, so that we may do the house credit when the time comes.

There are also the Sports Standards. Last year Heath House gained the most points in this connection. Can we have a repeat performance, please ? Try hard !

We hope that the Juniors will meet with success in their activities.

J.B.C.

### KING'S HOUSE REPORT

This term has seen the reversion to the former House divisions of Seniors and Colts. This has given us more available man-power and the change has already been to our advantage.

The Seniors have won all their matches. Heath gave us the stiffest tussle, but we managed to win by 12 points to 6. The other two Houses offered less opposition and we won over School by 32 points to 3, and Queen's by 13 points to 6.

It remains to the Colts to pull their weight and with a reasonable amount of success we should win the House Rugger Cup.

The Fives House Matches have not been played yet, but we anticipate a favourable result.

Senior members are urged to commence training for the Cross-Country Run at an early date in the New Year.

And now a word to the newcomers. Remember you are the future representatives of King's, so learn quickly and thoroughly the rules of the game and keep up the House tradition.

K. M. McDONALD.

D. WALKER.

\* \* \*

### A MODERN PARABLE

There, where the wet grass shines white,  
And the rock path mazily coils above the shore,  
She used to stand, listening to the distant dull  
Reverberation of the surf below,  
Listening to the wheeling seagull's screams, and thinking,  
Her thoughts are bound. "First Poems," "More Poems," "Last Poems,"  
All issued with a foreword, signed E.P.  
They called her fake, freak, genius—sublime, absurd  
"Her language is ridiculous." I admit  
Her similes are strange to some. She talked  
Of waves like railway-lines and birds like stars,  
Occasionally slipped and created a green sky  
(They argued on that for weeks in the Supplement)  
It was a mistake. I know. I pointed it out.  
They wouldn't let her alter it though, to blue.  
A young man came and talked down his nose, American,  
Of Imagists, Regeneration and Chinese philosophy,  
Classical utterances, Aristotelian doctrines  
Early Italian poets—he knew a great deal—  
Outside, the sky was bright, blinding blue,  
He drew the curtain. Talked of Hegel,  
Schopenhauer, Baudelaire—I did not understand him.  
He leaped headlong from philosophy to science,  
Science to art, art to music, music to theology.  
Einstein, Picasso, Stravinsky—he knew everything,  
The dark room seethed, bubbled and burned with knowledge.  
Equipped with old and orthodox ideas



And half-forgotten names which hinted nothing,  
 My mind was bludgeoned, beaten, with the new learning.  
 I tottered mentally, and he slammed into my brain  
 A theory concerning colour and the reflection of the earth,  
 Poured out explanations of the spectrum  
 And ended, soaring triumphantly through the complex welter,  
 "You do not belong to fallible mankind, dear lady,  
 You are apart, and right. The sky is green."  
 She smiled and said nothing, but when at last he had gone  
 And my brain recovering slightly from the onslaught,  
 She walked to the window and flung back wide the curtain,  
 "Look," she said. "What colour is the sky?"  
 The warm, soothing air gave me courage  
 And I gazed firmly over the sea's horizon.  
 The brazen, blaring heavens shrieked it at me  
 The fields across the bay demanded comparison,  
 I gazed, gazed, and heard the young man's voice,  
 Pouring out his evidence for a sky of grass,  
 And suddenly I felt a rush of sense,  
 Hard-headed commonsense, the quality  
 Which overcomes all wild imagination,  
 And I laughed at the question's sheer absurdity.  
 My laughter did not last. I remembered her.  
 She had not spoken and I understood.  
 To her the sky was neither blue nor green,  
 To her experience there was no sky,  
 And against the young man's reasoning I had nothing.  
 But she did not depend on him for knowledge,  
 He would prove the facts she stated true,  
 In his own way, enough to convince himself.  
 And there were others to search in the dark for understanding  
 Or after, for the method of its expression.  
 Follow-my-leader, search, and the leader was blind,  
 Yet she knew better than any of them.  
 That waves are like railway lines and birds like stars.  
 They found the expression, but not the understanding,  
 So they flaunted their scholarship to stagger the ordinary world  
 Not knowing that in the mass there is a force  
 Stronger than that which was almost stunned in me.  
 Some they deceived. But the great majority of men  
 Rejected their substitute of profound knowledge,  
 And asked what was the advantage of obscurity  
 The abolishing of basic principles  
 If no one could understand the ultimate reason.  
 Their's is no answer. And so there is no cause.  
 We must accept the word that there is no connection  
 Between the actual sight and the conception in darkness.  
 For there is no understanding of the mind.

Vix.



'It's the Power Be'ind the Rods  
as Does It'

Mr. Puffet of 'Busman's Honeymoon'



## A GOOD OLD OUTDOOR SPORT

"My eighteenth birthday's to-morrow," I remarked to J.B., as we oiled up the School path, "and if I were to murder somebody, they couldn't hang me for it, if I did it to-day."

J.B. looked at me steadily. "Why not have a shot at it?" he suggested. "After all, it's your last chance. I'll never be the better side of eighteen again, or I'd help you. Who's it going to be?"

"Here! Hold on a bit!" This voice of the Tempter was, I found, a little too aggressive. "You don't really suggest that I should bump somebody off? I mean to say, dash it all! It's just not done!" J.B. laughed, and so we hurried into School, where, amidst the fauna of this Educational Establishment, we soon forgot the episode, until the History Period.

It must have been the mention of the prevalent atmosphere of death at Agincourt, or somewhere that brought J.B.'s words to my mind: "It's your last chance."

Could I commit the perfect crime and count upon J.B.'s silence? It was well worth the risk. They couldn't hang me for it, anyway. Whom to murder?

Snakey Fowler, the History Master?

Marjory Winthrop, the odious girl-next-door?

My mother?

I hastily decided that I needed the first-named for my Exams, and the last-mentioned for meals and other so necessary trivialities, which left only Marjory, who had just celebrated her sixteenth birthday and was behaving like an unholy Madame about it.

It was a simple matter to crunch her skull with an axe, as she sauntered home by herself from a dance, bury the corpse in the lonely disused quarry, clean the axe thoroughly and chop a little wood with it, just to make things look normal and put in an appearance at School upon my eighteenth birthday.

After two days of anxious enquiries, the late lamented's parents put a spacious advertisement in the paper. I could scarcely hold my sides with suppressed laughter.

Things began to get a little warmer, however, when I received a letter, openly signed "J.B.," threatening to offer a little voluntary information to the local Force if I didn't slip him ten bob a week from then on.

My sense of humour, however, will out, and, although I like to see J.B. happy, I do not like to see him so at my expense. I'm going to kill him to-night. No one knows that I have asked him to see me at the old barn to-night, and my rope and razor are ready, with a bottle of paraffin and a box of matches, in case of an emergency.

If they catch me, I shall swing for it. I'm really enjoying myself, and just think what practice I'm getting! Such fun, too!

Nine o'clock Heigh-ho!

GOROTCHENKO.

## WINTER REASONS

Why do you turn and cry in your sleep, my sister?  
Because the winds whip from the East  
The night is starless,  
And the mad, white waves leap along  
The frozen terraces?  
Because the rippling river water  
No longer laps  
Idly blue, against the golden bank  
And trails the drooping willows?  
There are some things, my sister, formed only to die.  
The gentle tendrils, strung across the cedar  
The gulls we saw on the sea;  
Do you weep because they died with the Summer?  
*I weep for my lover from the South  
Who sailed with the Summer tide,  
Who will not return my kisses  
Until the June sun shines  
And warms the river water.*  
That is no reason for your tears.  
Do not weep for your June lover,  
Only for the dead things;  
For the green leaves fluttered away  
The pride and bitterness of the hard earth,  
Clinging with hate to her own.  
Oh, weep only for the dead things!  
Then, think, there will be Spring,  
The fresh fragrance of the damp grass,  
The river will shudder, stir, and flow,  
The earth will melt and yield  
Her innermost joys to the sky, and the precious petals  
Will close in a warm evening. There will be Summer,  
Flowers, trees, flowing streams, red and green  
And blue, and the birds will sing into the clouds  
And the salmon leap in the river—  
*And, on its waters,  
The Southern men will come.*

Vix.

\* \* \*

## BEAVERS.

The summer holidays were quite uneventful, except for the summer camp, which was held at Sandsend, near Whitby. It would have been enjoyed much more, if the weather had not been so wet. A "Tiddler's" training camp was held at Bradley Woods, in order that all non-campers should have some experience before summer camp. No serious meetings were held during the holidays.



At the first meeting of this term, the troop voted that the system of a Junior Troop separate from the Senior Sea Scouts should be dropped. The Troop is now run on the old system, with Nobby and Dago as T.L.'s. The meetings during the first half of this term have been livened up by a night of stalking and a garbage hunt, and there is keen patrol rivalry.

So, good hunting, Beavers!

E. D. B.

\* \* \*

### BADGERS.

No report received.

\* \* \*

### UNDER HER BREATH

Although, with some displeasure,  
I agreed to tread a measure,  
I didn't know you'd trample on my toes,  
So, if you don't refrain, sir,  
From administ'ring such pain, sir,  
I shall be obliged to biff you on the nose.

I know you had some whisky  
And it made you rather frisky,  
But that effect is prone to disappear.  
So now you only totter  
Like a dissipated otter  
Emerging from a river full of beer.

You will learn when you are older  
There's no cow upon my shoulder,  
You'd know it now if only you weren't soused,  
And you tend, sir, in addition  
To embarrass my position  
By bellowing the Jewel Song from "Faust."

It is a waltz we're dancing,  
Even though you may be prancing  
Like a chimpanzee afflicted with the gout,  
Therefore with consideration,  
And despite your invitation,  
I'd much prefer to sit the next one out.

QUIPPE.

### LIBRARY

We have always thought the saying "History is for wise men, fiction is for fools" to be ambiguous in the extreme. For if we try to explain it we are beset by the question—"What, in literature, do we mean by history?" Four of the books presented to the library during the term give us four very different views of history. The first is a novel—"The Diary of a Country Priest," kindly presented by Mr. W. L. Dudley. It portrays the life of a French priest in all its startling reality—it is the story of just one of the millions of ordinary human beings whose lives unconsciously make history. E. Allison Peer's "Spirit of the Flame" (kindly given by D. Nicholl) relates the life of St. John of the Cross to the period in which he lived and shows him as the greatest mystic of Christianity and as a front rank writer; his work was a leading feature of the Counter Reformation. Our third book is a brilliant historical novel—Margaret Irwin's "Stranger Prince." It is refreshing to read such a book after seeing the piles of cheap fiction which clutter the book shops in these days of paper shortage. In Margaret Irwin's book we have living history indeed. While we read we are transported to the momentous days of Charles I; we live with Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, Charles himself and the men who fought the battles. Here are no flimsy characters, created to cater for the whimsical public taste, but revelations of the personalities and conduct, the thoughts and works of real people. History when handled by a skilful writer, becomes more exciting and alive than the most racy fiction. Finally we have a book which supplies the needs of those who like their history "neat." It is "Select Constitutional Documents" by Adams and Stephens. This is a book for the student of Constitutional History, who will find it invaluable not only to provide fact but also to give background "flavour" to a period.

Our thanks go to D. Nicholl for his addition to the Philosophy section of "St. Thomas Aquinas." An introduction to his life and work.

We are also indebted to the following people for gifts to the fiction shelves: to L. A. Sparrow who has given *Best Sporting Stories*, *And Berry Came Too* and *The Disappearing Dhow*; to W. T. Sponge for *William the Rebel* and *William and the A.R.P.*; and to G. H. Taylor for a second copy of *William and the A.R.P.* These books strike a more flippant note than do the other additions but they are none the less welcome for they help to maintain the balance of power—a thing as necessary in a library as on a Continent.

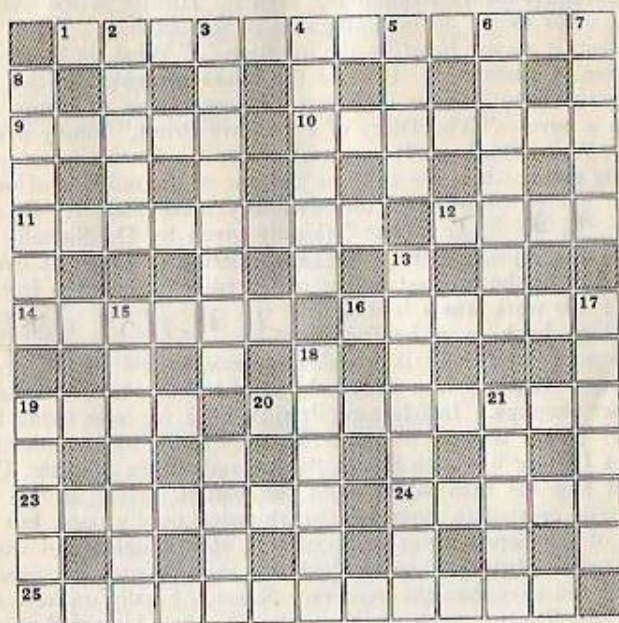
The library has been well used this term, particularly by the Fourth Forms. This increased interest is heartening and we hope it will be maintained. The library is for the use of the whole School—it is not a Sixth Form sanctum.

Finally we wish to thank L. A. Sparrow and G. H. Taylor for their willing help in maintaining order in the Library.

K.E.S.



## CROSSWORD



### CLUES ACROSS.

1. Men ? Mere crabs ! (Anag.) (12).
9. Ecclesiastical garment. (5)
10. " I can tell a hawk from a ——— " Hamlet. (7)
11. He was ordained. (8)
12. Wedding cake may have more than one this. (4)
14. Heart ? Greetings tape in New York. (6)
16. Vegetable automobile decay ? (6)
19. River deposit. (4)
20. Associated with Santa Claus. (8)
23. These are numbered in New York. (7)
24. At this a prisoner is free. (5)
25. A fact is distorted in story. It's O.K. anyway. (12)

### CLUES DOWN.

2. Hoped wrongly to produce 9 across. (5)
3. To place in perilous position. (8)
4. A curve divided by a greeting. (6)
5. Has same value when reversed. (4)
6. Dishonourable discharge to handle money ? (7)
7. Kind of rat. Underground. (5)
8. A bang of a tale. (6)
13. Thin hindrance ? For the hand. (8)
15. Gather. (7)
17. Important part of modern tank. (6)
18. Not Russian waters. (3, 3)
19. Of coal or cloth. (5)
21. A mistake. (5)
22. These have to be paid. (4)

L. A. SPARROW.

\* \* \*

### THE " TWENTY-NINE "

'Tis four-fifteen, now rise and shine, and off to meet the " twenty-nine."  
 The time is short so haste away, she may come into town to-day,  
 So off along the road they go, caps in pockets, row on row.  
 In little groups they stand around, the bus stop now is hallowed ground.  
 The bus approaches, see heads turn, the youths now watch, their  
 hearts ayeearn  
 To see what on the bus they'll find among the lame, the halt, the blind.  
 Ah, see, at last the first now comes, Oh, beat the trumpet sound the  
 drums !  
 But what, no more, this is no joke, someone in wheel has thrust a  
 spoke.  
 Quickly they ring this one about, and in the clamour hear her shout,  
 Hear her scream, to their dismay, "The School is playing 'Lac' to-day!"

BEGEE.





LEADING IN THE FAVOURITE FOR THE 12.35

## THE FAVOURITES

Attendances at meetings of the Society have this term considerably increased, and several very successful meetings have been held. As was to be expected under such circumstances, a certain bashfulness and reluctance to speak is at present noticeable: it is to be hoped, however, that members will soon conquer these feelings, and some good debates may then be expected.

At the second meeting of the term, a General Knowledge Bee was held, the two teams representing the Modern and Classical side, and the Scientists and Mathematicians. Both sides acquitted themselves well, and the Arts once more proved their superiority over the Sciences, beating them by 23 points to 11 points.

At the next meeting a Hat Debate was held, concerning which four points are thought worthy of comment. The attendance was much larger than is usual at debates of this kind. The standard of the speeches was high, most members found something to say, and very few were stricken with dumbness. Mr. Shaw, who last year addressed us on "Britain's Coal Supply," was given as his subject this year "Chimneys" and was consequently enabled to give the Society once again his well-known speech on Smoke Abatement. And lastly, we wish to state that we are quite convinced that it is a pure coincidence that Mr. Chairman addresses the Society one year on "Wine when it is red" and the next year on "Public Houses."

During its next two meetings the Society read, read well, and with much enjoyment, the play *Busman's Honeymoon* by Dorothy L. Sayers. The part of Lord Peter Wimsey was read by Mr. Milnes, and that of Harriet by Mr. Greenwood.

At its next meeting, the last up to the time of writing, the Society experimented with a new form of debate. The Society, utilizing its vivid imagination by which in the past the library has been transformed at times into a public hall or a court-room, now conceived itself to be in a burning building whence only one person could be saved. Selected members of the Society representing trades, professions, callings, or occupations then addressed the Society, producing reasons why they should be preserved from the flames. The Society then decided who was of most benefit to humanity alive (or conversely whose company they did not desire in the next world).

Mr. Blake, a farmer, addressed the meeting first. He argued that mankind was entirely dependent on the farmer for its food, apparently forgetting those that go down to the sea in ships; however, the Society let that pass. Mr. Blake, having dwelt at length on the farmer's part in the production of bread, touched lightly on the subject of cattle, pigs and poultry, and wound up by saying that man was entirely dependent on the farmer for survival.

Mr. Shaw, a schoolmaster, after a few introductory remarks on Smoke Abatement, said that the basis of every profession is what is



learnt at school. He then pointed out that schoolmasters had a tremendous moral responsibility in raising the young to ideas of peace; the future of the world was their responsibility.

Mr. Roberts, a Minister of Religion, spoke next. He obviously believed that the best method of defence is attack, and with pious manner and humble mien most wittily and amusingly answered all the points that his opponents had made or were likely to make; the Society will long remember this speech.

Mr. Capindale, a scientist, then addressed the Society with a speech which consisted mainly of a long list of the benefits received from Science by mankind; he seemed to be trying to turn the debate into a vote of thanks for services rendered.

The Secretary, a poet, was the last speaker. He said that there were higher things than the common round, the daily task, and it was the poet's job to teach us to appreciate them; the main difference between a civilized and a barbaric society was that in a civilized society the poet was recognized as useful and necessary.

The speakers then retired whilst Mr. Chairman explained a complicated system of voting. When they returned it was announced that the Society had selected the Minister of Religion for preservation and sent the others on their way to Salvation.

J.P.

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#### SPEECH DAY, 1945

The following report is reprinted here by kind permission of the editor of the *Halifax Courier and Guardian*.

Reference to the possibility of "top-heavy" administration under the 1944 Education Act were made by Mr. D. J. D. Smith, headmaster of Heath Grammar School, at the school's annual distribution of prizes yesterday by Dr. Charles Hill (the Radio Doctor), secretary of the British Medical Association. Coun. P. N. Whitley, J.P., chairman of the Halifax Education Committee, presided.

Speaking of the new era in the school's life brought about by the double event of the end of the war and the introduction of the new Education Act, Mr. Smith said that the Act was already beginning to make its operations felt. Its immediate results were that parents were relieved of the payment of fees and that the school was being burdened with a still greater mass of administrative paper work.

#### TWO DANGERS.

"There are two dangers," he said, "that education might be getting top-heavy with administrative work, and that administrative work might prevent us doing things that are more important.

*"I estimate that school office work has been more than trebled in the last five years and I see no signs of the flood abating or any hope of our coming to rest on Ararat. Our time is distracted from the real business*

*in the school. Time taken in anything but the education of our boys is time squandered—squandered disastrously—because boys, unlike schoolmasters, have only one school life."*

"Another danger is that the imposition of rigid regulations on English schools may deaden their spirit. For many generations the grammar schools have enjoyed a very wide freedom in which to work, a freedom proper to professional men. The organisation of a national system of education required checks, regulations and rules. Men who work under conditions of freedom give freely of themselves, but men who work under close regulations are content with fulfilling those regulations."

#### WIDER OPPORTUNITIES.

"I would not have you think that the new Act has nothing but restrictions for Heath," he said. "I believe it has great possibilities for good, and it is vitally important that the opportunities for which this school has been famous for many years should be in no way curtailed. Legislation has been devised to admit to this school those who have been judged to be the most worthy of entry. I do not think the difference between the scholars will be marked, because we have always been democratic rather than aristocratic or bureaucratic, but it would be worthless to offer a grammar school education on the one hand, and rob it of its real quality on the other hand."

Earlier in his report, Mr. Smith announced that last year's record of 14 Higher School Certificates had been easily surpassed—by this year's total of 19. He claimed that there were few schools of the size of Heath that could show a similar number of variety of passes.

He deplored the lack of athletic facilities for the school, and said that they had had to resort to a multitude of shifts and devices—the renting of distant fields, the hire of buses, and snatching of inconvenient half-hours in public baths.

#### MORE SENSIBLE ATTITUDE TO HEALTH URGED.

Dr. Hill gave it as his belief that we needed a more widespread teaching of human biology in our schools than there was to-day. Some professions were in difficulties because of the early specialisation which was enforced by university scholarship standards. He desired to put in a word for a wide recognition of the importance of a knowledge of how the human body worked, as part of the education training of our schools.

For many grown-ups there was an interest in disease which was deeper and more dramatic than any interest which existed in good health. The interest of people in health began the moment it was gone. However perfect our health services became was of little use until the people substitute for their interest in ill-health a real interest in health while it was there. As a first step to a saner and more sensible attitude, to a real interest in health itself, he would urge a wider teaching of the



structure and function of the human body, not as a special subject for someone who was going in for medicine or for the higher school examination, but as a cultural subject for every child in school.

It was still true to say that there were some educational institutions who thought it was more important to teach the height of the mountains of South America than human biology.

#### SPECIAL PRIZES.

In addition to the usual Senior and Junior School form prizes and House trophies, special prizes were awarded as follows: Reith Classical, J. Palmer; Mathematical, D. Wilson; Science, M. Ward; Geography, C. G. James; Modern Language, G. H. Boocock and W. S. Roberts; C. E. Fox Prize, R. T. Gaukroger; Junior Latin, A. M. Watkins; History, G. Ellis; English, K. Milnes.

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Reports of the following were not received: Rugby football; Badgers; Cine Club; Stamp Club; School House; Farm Camp.