



MAGAZINE OF
HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL
HALIFAX.

Winter Term :: 1923.

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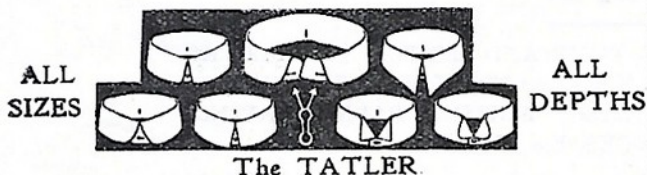
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THE NEW HEATHEN.

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THE NEW HEATHEN.

Annual subscription (for three numbers, post free), three shillings.

Contributions, written in ink, on one side of the paper only, should be addressed to the Editor, or to the Assistant-Editor, T. W. Coghlin; subscriptions, advertisements, etc., to the Treasurer, A. Sunderland.

The Editor will be glad to receive notes and news relating to Old Boys in all parts of the world, in order that by this means Old Boys may be kept in touch with each other and with the School.

Back numbers of "The New Heathen" can usually be obtained on application to the Treasurer.

:: EDITORIAL ::

With this issue, "The New Heathen" enters proudly upon his "Volume II., No. 1," a fact which will perhaps excuse a few comments retrospective rather than anticipatory. We cannot proceed further without a word of thanks to all whose interest and support, as well as active assistance, have combined to smooth the Editorial path—more particularly to the Assistant-Editor for his patient and long-suffering co-operation, and the Treasurer for his careful attention to the material welfare of the Magazine—and more generally to all our contributors and readers. For the last year—following a drastic measure of artificial respiration—we have kept ourselves afloat; our circulation has been suf-

ficiently vigorous for our normal needs, but we "have to be careful," and any undue strain may cause a relapse; or, to drop metaphor, we shall need to make considerable additions to our list of subscribers before we can venture on any of the much-needed improvements which we hope before long to effect. We therefore make an urgent appeal to our readers to go on reading, and to find more readers, and to our contributors to go on contributing, and find more contributors.

A philosopher once asked a farmer why he was ploughing his land. "To grow oats," was the reply. "And what do you want the oats for?" "To feed my horses." "And what do you want the horses for?" "To plough the land with," said the farmer; whereupon the philosopher left him. Now some people are tempted to describe the work of a school magazine on a similar principle. We are accused of exacting "contributions" from unwilling authors, on the pretext of giving the reader something to read, and then forcing the result on unwilling readers on the plea of giving the contributor somebody to write for. If this were in fact our attitude there would be little justification for our existence; but it is not. No one is compelled either to write for or to buy this magazine, if he doesn't want to; but this much we do claim, that everyone with a proper sense of his position as a member of our community will inevitably want to support any and all of its common activities, of which this is one. Contributors are naturally not as numerous as readers, but every reader is a potential contributor and should not rest content until he has at least had a contribution rejected. The principle which is vital to us all and to any school is this, that anything you can do well it is your duty to do as a member of the

School, and in co-operation with your fellows, so far as any opportunity is offered; that is the spirit in which we play football, win scholarships, act plays, make speeches, weave baskets, or write for the School Magazine; for which of us does not think there is something which (strictly between ourselves!) we can do, if not well, at any rate better than the next man?

This number is, for various reasons, appearing somewhat later than usual, and if some of our news seems a little rusty or mildewed, we can only apologise, and hope that that fault is made up for by the greater completeness in the news of the current term.

Our critics, generally speaking, may be divided into two classes, those who think there is not enough "news" in the Mag., and those who think there is too much, meaning that its place might be taken by something more interesting. Well, we can't please everybody, but we'll do our best. However, we have never yet had to refuse a contribution of either kind for want of space.

OLD HEATHENS' ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of the O.H.A. wish to draw attention to the revival of the Heath Old Boys' Club.

The original club was founded many years ago, with the object of promoting social and athletic intercourse among the past members of the School.

The room beneath the School—now the dining-room—was used as a club room, but with the growth of the School, it was found impracticable to continue this arrangement.

Through this loss of club-room, and the outbreak of war, the club practically ceased to exist, but a post-war effort to revive the friendships of schooldays resulted in the formation of the O.H.A.

Since then the committee have been endeavouring to find suitable premises for a club room. This has been a long and difficult matter, but we have at last found a room which is suitable and convenient, and in every way the best of the many which we have had from time to time under consideration.

The room is situated at 21, King Cross Lane—two blocks above the "Courier and Guardian" Offices, and at the same entrance as the Reno Hat Company.

At an extraordinary meeting of the association at the Y.M.C.A. on July 27th, 1923, it was felt—despite the exceedingly poor attendance—that it would be wise to avail ourselves of this excellent opportunity to take the room and revive the Club.

The committee were empowered to proceed with the necessary work, with the result that the room is now open, and all that is required to make the venture a complete success is the enthusiastic support of every old Heathen.

The room has been re-decorated and furnished, and a billiard table installed. The initial expenses have necessarily been rather heavy, but it is intended to repay the money already guaranteed by the committee through the ordinary working of the Club.

It is our intention to run cricket and football teams, as formerly, and it is with the utmost confidence that we recommend to every Heath Old Boy membership of this club, where the comradeships of school days may be continued, and not less that active participation in the particular branch of sport which we made our own whilst at School.

* * * * *

On Monday, October 29th, a large and representative gathering of Old Heathens met in the new club-room at 21, King Cross Lane, to inaugurate a new era in the life of the Old Heathens' Association—henceforward to be known as the Heath Old Boys' Club.

Few could have suspected that the poster-covered wall which looks upon King Cross Lane concealed such a commodious apartment; it is admirably suited for the purpose in hand, and already, thanks to an energetic Committee, wears an air of homely hospitality, with a billiard table, electric light in abundance, card-tables, and a sufficiency of seating accommodation. The premises are provided with all the material necessities for a flourishing club.

Mr. Byrde took the chair at this meeting, the chief business of which was the

confirmation of the revised rules drawn up by the Committee (printed below).

Officers and a Committee were elected for the ensuing year, Mr. Byrde and Mr. Ollershaw being re-elected to their respective posts of president and secretary.

The Right Hon. J. H. Whitley, M.P., who was fortunately able to be present, congratulated the Committee on the discovery of the room, and expressed his pleasure at this revival of the Club. He was aware of the difficulties in the way of such an undertaking, and mentioned some of the expedients which he had seen employed by similar societies in order to secure a strong and continuous supply of members. At any rate, he thought it was essential, by some means or other, to make the Club attractive to the younger members, and so secure the support of boys immediately after they left School. But, whatever rules and regulations might be arrived at, the ultimate success of the Club would depend on none of these things; it would depend on the determination of its members to make the Club stand for something in the life of the town—something more than the opportunities for mere social enjoyment which it afforded, however desirable those opportunities might be. He would not presume to go further, and attempt to define what that "something more" could or ought to be, but, from his knowledge of Heath School, which, in his opinion, was as good a school of its kind as any in the country, he was confident that a Heath Old Boys' Club would not fail to make the most of its opportunities. He wished the Club all success and prosperity.

Rules as drafted and proposed by the Subcommittee on Sept. 5th, 1923, and passed at the General Meeting on October 29th, 1923:—

1.—That the Club be called the "Heath Old Boys' Club."

2.—That the Governors, Masters, and old Boys of Heath Grammar School shall be eligible for membership, and, subject to the Committee's approval, shall become members on payment of the current subscription.

3.—That the objects of the Club shall be to promote social and athletic intercourse amongst the members and amongst asso-

ciations of a similar character, and to afford to its members and visitors all the advantages of the club.

4.—That the management of the Club be vested in a committee, which shall consist of: President, vice-president, honorary secretary, honorary treasurer, and 12 full members of the Club, and five members shall form a quorum.

5.—That the officers and committee shall be elected by ballot at the Annual General Meeting; one-third of the committee shall retire annually in rotation, retiring members being eligible for re-election. Nominations to fill vacancies to be sent to the Secretary in writing, ten days prior to the Annual General Meeting (of which the Secretary shall give 14 days' clear notice), which shall be held in the month of October.

6.—That the Subscription, payable in advance on October 1st in each year shall be as follows:— Full members £2 2s. per annum (21 years and over); Junior Members, £1 1s. per annum (under 21 years of age).

7.—That any member intending to withdraw must signify his intention in writing to the Secretary on or before Sept. 30th, otherwise the member shall be responsible for his subscription for the ensuing year.

7a.—That in case the conduct of any member, either in or out of the club premises, shall, in the opinion of the committee, be injurious to the character and interests of the club, the committee shall be empowered to request such member to resign, and if the member so requested does not resign within a month after such request, he shall cease to be a member of the Club.

8.—That temporary members, being Old Heath Boys, may be elected on such terms, and subject to such conditions as the committee may from time to time determine.

9.—That a member may introduce a visitor once per week, at a charge of 6d., The names of the introducing member and visitor shall be entered in the Visitors' Book, and any charges incurred by the visitor shall be defrayed by the introducing member.

10.—That the committee shall have power to deal with all affairs of the club not provided for in the foregoing rules,

11.—The above rules can only be varied or added to at the Annual General Meeting, or at a Special General Meeting convened for the purpose, by a majority of two-thirds of the members present at such meeting. Notice of any proposed alteration or addition to rules must be given in writing to the Honorary Secretary at least ten days before such meeting, and he shall post such proposal on the notice board seven days prior to the meeting.

12.—That the Club shall be open daily, with the exception of Sundays, Christmas Day, and Good Friday, from 10 a.m. until 12 p.m., except on special occasions, when the committee may, on application, accord such extensions as they in their discretion deem reasonable.

13.—That the hours for the sale of intoxicants shall be from 12 p.m. to 2 p.m., and from 4 p.m. to 10 p.m.

A WEATHER INTERLUDE.

Summer, 1923.

Last week, in frills and furbelows,
In muslin and in cream,
More sweet and fragrant than the rose,
You walked in frills and furbelows,
As lissom as a dream.

Last week we sat beneath the shade,
And quaffed the brimming glass;
We thought blue skies would never fade,
We chatted there beneath the shade,
And watched the hours pass.

This week, in gleaming mackintosh,
You eye me with disdain;
In places that we once thought posh,
You stand in gleaming mackintosh,
And watch the falling rain.

—Richard de Burgh.

SCOUT NOTES.

The Summer Holidays have gone, and we are back once more in the hurry-scurry of School work, which necessarily brings in its train the recrudescence of Scout work.

We have said good-bye to Crapnell and Rushworth, who have gone away, to school

and to work respectively, while Skelton, Holroyde, and Dyson, H., have joined us. We wish the out-goers every success in their new spheres of life, ever hoping that they will remember that they are still Scouts, though severed from their 'mother' Troop, and at the same time we wish to extend to our new members the left hand of fellowship, and to make them very welcome.

Of the Cubs, Sixer Townend is no longer with us, and R. Whiteley finds it a too long tramp from Sowerby Bridge to H.Q. on winter evenings (and we rather agree that it is a fairish step!), and so our members were two down until Dawson stepped in and reduced the number to one.

We haven't been out much this term, for all our thoughts and energies have been concentrated on the coming Jamboree. We have undertaken to do a great deal, and what we have undertaken we shall do—and, we hope, well. We propose to exhibit on stalls all kinds of handicrafts, basket work, and rug making; the stalls will contain the finished articles, and there will also be shown work actually in progress, boys having been told off to do their spells at the stalls. The Cubs' stall will be run on similar lines.

Added to this, we are giving a Camp Fire scene—a replica of what happens, plus what we should like to happen always, at our week-end camps, and at other "camp fires," which we hold in the playground from time to time, and this side-show has been given the place of honour at the Jamboree, i.e., it's the last show, or wind-up, as it were, of the programme on Saturday night.

The Cubs will give exhibitions of Country and Morris Dances, and of the Jungle Book games, and so we shall be well represented. We hope the School will turn up in force and give us a good backing.

We hope to hold some sort of a party at the end of the term, as we did last year, but as it's early yet, perhaps details may be left to a later date.

There will be found an account elsewhere of our French trek, and so we won't do more here than to say what a truly topping and scouty time we had, and how grateful we are to our parents, our French friends, and to the Clerk of the Weather for making such a glorious fortnight possible.

Good hunting! —Akela.

"THE GREAT TREK."



No, this is not a political essay dealing with South African events, but an attempt to reproduce some of the atmosphere, and to catch some of the joys experienced by a lucky dozen of us during the early part of the School holidays. Anticipation, they say, is the greater half of pleasure. I wonder if it is? We were, of course, excited to a degree during the week immediately preceding the start—our Club-room gradually accumulated heaps of impedimenta in preparation for the journey, and the glass was consulted hourly to see if it was rising or falling: our hopes following it faithfully.

But we were blessed with fine weather, and a few accidents as we started. G., of course, was late; B. forgot the axle grease till the last minute, and then had to ruin his haversack; and the wretched railway company dunned us to the tune of over four pounds for carriage of the trek-cart. Such an act of enormity cries out to heaven for vengeance!

Here's a comparison: —

Halifax-London, £4 3s. 7d. (195 miles).

London-Boulogne, 2s.!! (120 miles).

Boulogne-Amiens, $\frac{1}{2}$ -franc!!! (85 miles).

Words fail us—our pen splutters—we had better cross the Channel forthwith lest evil be done.

This operation was performed in great comfort by all save N.—, who showed his contempt for the English Channel in the manner usual amongst bad sailors, and in company with about 2,000 Lourdes pilgrims. No miracles happened on the boat, however, and we disembarked, spent a hot, cross, and unnerving time in a den of apparently demented and certainly raving people, known, we were told, as the Customs. The net result of it all was that we lost our Amiens train (the express), and had to wait two hours for another. This latter type of train we found very common in France. Its speed beggars description; its springs, and the effect of the track upon them, are unmentionable: their qualities for water-tightness do not exist—even the window-panes were held in place, apparently, by sheer force of will rather than the few derelict remnants of putty. However, we had fortified ourselves against discom-

fortures of this kind by a real good lunch at the Hotel du Louvre, and so we didn't do badly.

Thus our journeyings commenced, and a detailed account of them will be found illustrated in the Troop Log Book: space forbids it here. We arrived at Amiens, were greeted by the Troupe d'Amiens in force, with flags and what-not, and were taken, in the pouring rain, to their H.Q., where we were made utterly and entirely at home. One finds it intensely difficult to express adequately one's feeling of the reality of the Scout Brotherhood as exemplified in this little "international situation." These French fellows were so obviously all out to do us well, and I cannot refrain from writing up one incident which illustrates this fact, and which is, to my mind, striking and conclusive proof of the reality of those ties of brotherhood which bind all those of us who have taken the Scout Promise seriously.

We were due to take the road on Sunday from Amiens to Vignacourt, a distance of fourteen miles, quite the longest trek we thought of doing. The weather, which had been fine in the morning, changed, and by 2 p.m. there was a more or less intermittent downpour. In spite of this, the French Scouts announced their intention of coming with us and pulling, or helping to pull, our trek cart, all the way, on the chance—just the chance!—of getting a train back that evening, the alternative being a return journey on shanks' pony! And all this in the pouring rain! It is true that they took us the longer way round, and increased our journey to sixteen miles, and that, by a quaint mis-reading of a map they landed us into a morass; but the right spirit was there, and it's a spirit which bubbles up unforcedly, and is not to be found unless the true Scout spirit is there also.

At Vignacourt we were very snug and cosy. Our good friend, M. Thuillier, did us so well that, after a perfectly priceless dinner B. was heard to say that it would have been worth it had we gone twenty miles on foot!!! But then, B. always thinks of the inner man in terms of the greatest affection, although the work he gives it to do really wouldn't be permitted if there were a "tummy" trade union.

Shall I tell of the joyous journeys along the straight, poplar-fringed highways of France? How we passed through Abbeville; how we sojourned at Canchy, and drank the purest water for leagues around, to say nothing of copious quantities of "Vichy lemonade"; or of our journey through the great and peaceful Crecy Forest—sombre with its massive beeches at one end, and glorious at the other with a wealth of oak, ash, birch and pine at the other. True, the flies seemed to have a marked partiality for the exposed portions of our bodies, but they didn't worry us greatly.

At Crecy, the first tragedy befell us. Take chocolate, a long, hard pull in the blazing sun, vast draughts of fizzy lemonade, more chocolate, and yet another pull up a horrid hill—almost as bad as Salterhebble—and you will get what B. got at Crecy. The world spun around him, he produced proofs of his indiscretion to the vulgar gaze—and then lay down and ruminated on the treachery of the human interior.

We were well received here, and got everything we wanted for the asking, but, alas! owing to the slackness of our orderlies—(evil-minded persons allege that it was by fell design!)—our two breakfast sausages disappeared during the night. Our local Sherlock, however, soon deduced cats, so we wished them a hearty dose of indigestion, nightmare for a week, and sent the S.M. to seek eggs, which were soon forthcoming, and were, in the general opinion, much nicer than the sausages could have been.

A visit to the ancient battlefield preceded our departure from Crecy, and from the hollow, circular mound, which is all that remains of the once-famous Crecy Mill, we viewed the battlefield, and attempted to reconstruct the battle—a quite interesting exercise, aided by chewing corn grains, plucked on our way thither, while the press photographer took snaps of us in all sorts of graceful and "general staff"-like attitudes. Incidentally, the spot where we camped was within a stone's throw of the wood in which Edward III. parked his transport during the Battle of Crecy, and so we breathed in a atmosphere of history for a time.

Crecy left behind, we then descended into the valley of the Authie, and spent a glori-

ous week-end at Douriez. Here was a river, a mill-pond, and a water-mill, added to which the S.M. produced a canvas canoe—one of his war-time possessions, and we bathed and canoed, climbed to the top of the mill, and viewed the landscape. It was here that our second medical casualty occurred. B. (not the B. of the former occasion), having eaten and drunk none too wisely, lay down in the sun, and afterwards complained of pains in the head! We wondered afterwards if he knew that people treated for shock usually get a little brandy! B. is a wily bird, as we afterwards found, for being "overcome" by his "stroke," he walked behind the trek-cart, instead of with it, and when we arrived at Valoire's Abbaye—whither we had been invited by our French little brothers, the local Louve-tots (Wolf Cubs)—he elected to recline in a comfy deck chair, while we went round to inspect. On our return, we found him in the hands—almost literally—of some fair damsels in nurses' garb, ministering to his wants with cups of tea. His illness was at once pronounced a sheer "mike" by the assembled and indignant brethren.

That day we arrived at Nampont, and camped on the Place. We were, as usual, the centre of a wondering, not to say admiring, crowd, who apparently could not in the least conceive why (a) we should prefer to sleep in the open instead of in nice, stuffy bedrooms, with windows so tightly closed as to be almost hermetically sealed, or why (b) we should want to wash so much!

However, once relieved of their attentions, there remained certain fat sows to dispose of. These animals showed a distressing fondness for us and our belongings, but grisly means of disposing of them were found after nightfall: they troubled us no more.

Our next tramp, a longish and particularly dusty one, landed us, hot, tired, and very thirsty, at the station buffet of Rang-du-Fliers, or "Rayng-du-Flyers," as B.—the first B.—would insist on calling it. Having drunk copiously of the aforementioned Vichy Lemonade, and established our camping ground and kitchen, we took the train—a screeching, fiendish-looking little narrow-gauge affair—to Berck Plage;

our Mecca. Alas! the goal of our desires proved disappointing. Although a jolly place, it was jolly expensive, and, to add to our disappointment, the tide was out, and we could not have our long-promised bathe. However, we sat on the sands, took the air and some photographs, and finally, having visited the Casino—gardens!—we came back to our supper and beds.

Here Mr. Phoenix left us to go on ahead and scout out quarters for the morrow at Boulogne, for we had determined to blue all our French cash on that side of the water, in order not to go down over the rate of exchange.

Pity, and a decent consideration for those less fortunate members of the Troop who didn't accompany us compels us to draw a veil over our revels on that occasion. Our usual strong men on those occasions did themselves proud: the hotel larders were sorely depleted. After dinner we just went for a quiet stroll by the quayside in the dusk, in knots of two or three, watching the myriad lights of Boulogne twinkling and reflecting themselves in the water, and wondering if we should be there again in a year's time—rather hoping, I think, that it might be so.

In the morning all was bustle; we proceeded to the Quay with our bag and baggage, evaded the Customs officials, and embarked. On this crossing there can be no second opinion. Even A. enjoyed it, and nobody turned that horrible green colour, which, even to look it, is the cause of evil happening.

We took our part manfully in the disembarkation melee, and the Customs House fight, and passing the officials with hearts in our mouths, and quantities of unauthorised perfumes in our packs, we gained a haven of safety in the London train. Here we were very lucky, for we bagged two compartments which had been reserved for another Troop of Scouts whom we had met in France, but who had not made the crossing that day.

London reached, we had an enormous tea, and proceeded to the London Coliseum, where the programme and the iced drinks during the interval, fully reached our very sanguine expectations. It was, indeed, a fitting "bust up," and the crown of a jolly holiday. We "camped" at the St.

Mary's Scouts' (Graham St.) H.Q., and set off early next morning on our last trek across London to King's Cross. This we accomplished in first-class style, successfully holding up all the business men's 'buses converging from all parts upon Piccadilly Circus, while we, the 2nd (Heath Grammar School) Halifax Troop of Boy Scouts passed across through rows of snorting 'bus engines and stalwart policemen to the safety of Shaftesbury Avenue.

We arrived at King's Cross, entrained, reached home, looking like burnished niggers, and returned, after camping for fifteen days, to the bosoms of our families, and to the hardships of home life!

Comment is needless. We have seen a corner of another land—a typical corner—and we have seen 'le Francais chez lui.' We have, it is true, for the space of fifteen days spoken in a barbarous tongue that was neither French nor English, but we have met with people whose kindness could not have been greater, and we have met brother Scouts of another nation, who have equally well demonstrated the reality of the Scout brotherhood. Finally, we have lived together, and that happily, for a fortnight; we have learned to know our own pals from a new angle, and surely that cannot but be a boon.

I wonder if the impressions will be lasting ones, and if we've come back with broader vision; or if friendships begun and perhaps cemented under such conditions, will bear the test of time. That is, perhaps, a matter for speculation. But there is one thing which certainly is not. Should I put the question, "Was our great effort worth the while, and shall we go again?" that is, I submit, one which admits but one reply—a long and loud **rather!**

Akela.

SCHOOL NOTES.

"The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light." Heath has been caught up in the irresistible current of scientific discovery, and now basks nightly in a blaze of electricity. The effect will be even more striking when the unsightly ironmongery of the old regime has been removed.

We offer our hearty congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Seaton, whose marriage took place during the summer holidays.

* * * * *

On October 8th, the School listened with interest to a striking account of the problems and difficulties of British rule in India. The speaker was the Rev. Dr. Garfield Williams, some time Master at Rugby and now a well-known worker in the Indian mission field.

* * * * *

Some interest attaches to the University Extension Lectures now being given in Halifax on "Greek Art and National Life," from the fact that the Lecturer, Mr. S. C. Kaines-Smith, received his early education (and doubtless acquired his first interest in the subject on which he speaks) at Heath School.

* * * * *

Congratulations are due to A. H. Dilworth (1919) on obtaining a second class in Literae Humaniores at Oxford; also to D. G. S. Mackay, who has passed his Final M.B., Ch.B., at Glasgow.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

Magdalene College,
Cambridge,
Nov. 6th, 1923.

Dear Sir,—

The duty that devolves on me of recording items of Cambridge news likely to be of interest to your readers is one that will suffer in its execution from a dearth of material. Yet I will essay the task that Thomas has so ungallantly shirked.

The first rag of the term took place this morning. This year being the centenary of the discovery or invention (or whatever one likes to call it) of Rugby Football, this important event in the annals of modern civilisation was celebrated by a match in the Market Square. King George the IV.th, it was announced, had kindly consented to kick off, and present a warming pan to the victorious side.

The large numbers present precluded accurate observation, but the costumes of the players and officials appeared to be of a

bizarre nature that evoked much laughter and applause. An ambulance was in attendance, and its services were greatly in demand. On the whole, the idea of the thing was better than its execution, though, as I understand, it far surpassed anything of last year.

The only other subject I can think of of general interest is—Thomas; and a full and truthful account of his doings would perhaps be out of place in a respectable journal like the "New Heathen." Sufficient therefore be it to say that (in contrast to myself) he rises very late in the morning and retires very early—in the morning. On occasions when his attendance at lectures and other places is desirable at an early hour, I am compelled (in his own interests) to arouse him by prolonged and violent percussion of the wall that separates our rooms.

I will conclude, sir, by wishing continued success to the "New Heathen," and all other forms of School activity, and by expressing the hope that I shall see at least one of your contributors in residence at Magdalene next year, on whom may devolve the task I now bring to a conclusion.

I am, sir,

Your sincere well-wisher,

E. R. Brookes..

OXFORD LETTER.

Hertford College,
Oxford.

Dear Sir,—Having been selected as the writer of the Oxford Letter for this term, owing to a change in the method of selection, I feel that it is my painful duty to be candid for once, and to give strictly truthful and scrupulously accurate accounts of the exploits of the other members of the Heathen garrison in Oxford. I am well aware that this constitutes a definite breach with the past, and that the traditions of the Oxford Letter require it to be full of personal slanders. I myself have in especial suffered from attacks made by my colleagues, and usually having reference to liquids, whether river-water or some more palatable type. If, therefore, I have abandoned the old sys-



PATROL LEADERS and SECONDS, 2nd (H.G.S.) HALIFAX TROOP.

2nd Aske, K.	2nd Knowles.	2nd Smith, S.	2nd Evans, K.
P.L. Chambers.	P.L. Aske, W.E.	The S.M. P.L. Nettleton.	P.L. Stafford.

(Photo—Greaves.)



100 YARDS, OPEN. July, 1923.

F. C. Strickland.

A. Sunderland.

D. Halliday.

tem of incredible untruth, and have betaken myself to a terrible veracity—to a damning accuracy of fact—this must be ascribed to the natural indignation aroused in my breast by an alteration of system which condemns me to this arduous task a term before the old system would have made it necessary.

I remember reading a story—I believe it was in that world-famous periodical, "Peg's Paper"—about a fair criminal who, after a particularly atrocious crime, attempted to elude discovery by marrying a celebrated detective. This constitutes the best parallel which I can suggest to Dilworth's conduct in taking up his abode at Wycliffe Hall, a step, however, which can deceive no one who is acquainted with his character. While, at a vast distance from the throbbing heart of Oxford—further, even, than Keble—he is ostensibly pursuing the study of theology, his actual occupations cannot be observed with any accuracy, suffice it to say that, on the only occasion when I have penetrated to his gloomy retreat, he was out.

Riley is no longer with us, having abandoned the academic calm of Oxford for the whirl of London. He still visits us occasionally at week-ends. I regret to say that London has been too much for his bicycle. All his friends (particularly those accustomed to ride on his back-step) had observed its failing health for some time past with great concern, but the end came as a shock to all of us, and particularly to Riley. The round of metropolitan dissipation seems to have hastened a crisis. By Riley's account, the vehicle practically dissolved in the street, a 'bus-driver taking advantage of the occasion to point out that there was something wrong with the machine. Riley spoke to me in affectionate terms of the departed, and seemed to entertain hopes of a resuscitation.

Spencer, Coghlin, and myself have all reached the rank of Vice-Presidents of the Yarbrough Club, while Spencer engrosses many of the secretarial functions. In fact, a revolt against his tyranny is being organised in Hertford.

Coghlin, who lives under the shadow of schools (metaphorically speaking), and also in the shadiest part of the Cowley Road

(literally), is working so hard that on several occasions he has been discovered in his digs (without previous appointment).

Spencer is assiduously diminishing his spare time, and has been making researches into the commercial production of hydrogen, the eccentricities of cinnamic acid, and the polymerisation of formaldehyde. Since his arrival at Queen's, the tone of the College Debating Society—as those who remember Spencer at Heath will expect—has gone down considerably, so that the only subterfuge by which they can check its moral decline is to arrange debates with Lady Margaret Hall. However, Jonerb will use his influence to secure a few specimens of the Hastings for Heath. It is to be hoped that no Heathens will commit the "Faux pas" of going to Cambridge next year, but that swarms will reach Oxford, and so lighten the labour of writing the Oxford Letter.

The old Oxford, with its antique charm, is slowly crumbling before the conquering onslaught of twentieth-century civilisation. Soon little will be left of the delightful relics of the past. These sorrowful remarks are inspired by the fact that Pembroke has installed electric light. The J.C.R. was offered a choice between electric light and baths, so they chose electric light.

But the spirit of innovation does not range unchecked in Oxford. There has been a description recently in the papers—which have handled a difficult situation with their usual tact and delicacy—of a Wadham man's exploit in climbing the Martyrs' Memorial, and leaving an emblem of his conquest on the top. The offensive article has been removed, and the perpetrator of the enormity has been fined £50 and £14 damages, besides being gated for the rest of the term. Crowds assembled outside Wadham five days later to cheer him, and large numbers were progged. They were accused of "assembling to do honour to the man who had disgraced the University," and fined £1 each.

Owing to the slackness of my correspondents at Heath, I am totally ignorant as to this term's happenings there. All that I have received is an indication that the Sub-Librarian is unworthy of his trust. I am not, therefore, aware to what

extent Heath may be labouring under a misapprehension with regard to myself. I hasten, however, to reassure any Heathen who follows University sport that I have not taken up the brutal and degrading game of Rugger. The H. P. Jacob who plays for the 'Varsity is not a desibilated version of myself: H. P. Jacob is not my "nom-de-plume," or rather "nom-de-Guerre"; it signifies a totally independent personality, who is not, so far as I know, even a relation—anyway he scores in the right direction. I wish to make this distinction quite clear, as the confusion is so natural.

Yours,

H. P. Jacobs.

H.G.S. DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debating Society has started upon another year with every indication of a vigorous and successful session. Membership is now open to the Remove and V.a., and those forms provide almost equal numbers of recruits—a small but faithful band, who attend regularly, listen quite a lot, and, best of all, speak frequently and with effect. It is a fact on which the Society may congratulate itself, that every one of the regular members has already mounted the platform, and delivered an oration well above the standard of the usual maiden speech.

Shoemith, Shore, and Woodward have become regular contributors of breezy and sometimes well-reasoned speeches; others, who have spoken less frequently, will doubtless be heard more as time goes on. Among the old hands, Hanson and J. E. Coghlin show the most noticeable progress, and are developing their individual styles; but the former is rather too fond of the unfortunate tradition of personal anecdote as a substitute for argument; while the latter might try to cultivate a more forcible method of presenting his arguments, which are usually well-reasoned.

The subjects of the debates so far have been rather on the sociological than the political side, but have apparently been none the worse for that. "Conventionality," "The Invention of Printing,"

"Education," "The Competitive Spirit," have been denounced or defended with vigour and imagination. At the second debate the leading roles were filled by four Old Boys, Messrs. H. P. Jacobs, Spencer, Brookes, and C. G. Woodward—at least the latter would have spoken third, but had inadvertently prepared a speech to the opposite effect, so had to postpone it till later in the evening. The motion on that occasion was "That this House is of the opinion that the invention of printing has had the most regrettable and deleterious effects on humanity." It was thrown out by a large majority.

Mr. Phoenix was a welcome visitor to the society at its fourth meeting, when he spoke in defence of "Competition." Mr. Jacobs had also promised to appear at this meeting, to speak on the opposite side, but was unavoidably detained at the last moment. The majority of the House voted with Mr. Phoenix. The possible causal connection between these two latter facts is not insisted upon.

A Soiree, of the usual nature, will be held on December 18th, when the Treasurer will welcome all his old friends, and many more.

GERARD'S MEDAL.

(Almost, but not quite, by A. C. Doyle.)

You will little think, my friends, when you see my little cottage, with the rose garden at the front, and the ash-bin at the back, that it shelters a veteran, whose feet have crushed many a poor beetle, and whose sword was once the terror of the rats of a regiment. As I gaze now at my trusty blade, still stained with the blood of the last salmon whose tin I opened with it, I remember that it was by that same salmon's aid that I at last gained my medal. Ah, my friends! let me tell those of you who do not already know what a great thing it is for a young man to have attained the rank of Lance-Corporal at the age of only fifty-seven. At that age I was the youngest—and, indeed, the only one—in Sub-Lieutenant James Higg's Company. I was Colonel Billkin's bat-

man, and had already obtained a reputation for boot-cleaning and button-polishing.

When in these days I show my beautiful medal, with its frilled edge and perfectly concentric circles, to a stranger, I am frequently asked to narrate the way in which I gained it, so I will tell you, too, how I, Albert Enery Gerard, came to merit this, the greatest of all military honours!

It was in the Autumn of '18, my friends, that my great master said to me, in an even more than usually friendly tone, "Fry me a kipper, you ———!" Then he kicked me and went into his dug-out. Yes, my friends, I have actually been kicked by the great Billkins, whose vocabulary was the most extensive in three regiments, and whom only I could equal at Poker.

Now, as I hastened to carry out his order (for I was young and eager in those days), I remembered that I had myself eaten his last kipper only three weeks before. You will see, then, my awful predicament. Even then, however, my natural courage did not desert me. Should the regiment say that I, the great Gerard, had been so foolish as to lift his master's last kipper? Never! So I set my fertile brain to work to find a plan.

You may smile at me, and say that logic is nothing, that it is imagination and thought that counts in this life: but was logic that brought me out of my present dilemma, and obtained for me, after thirty-nine years of expectant waiting, my medal. For, in the course of my thoughts, my eye (I know not which, but at any rate it was mine) fell upon a can of bad salmon which some gourmet had discarded. "Now, are not kippers and salmon both fish?" I thought, "And would not the kipper which I annexed have been bad by this time? Now, if both salmon and kipper are bad fish, then they must be the same?"

To keep you in suspense no longer, my friends, I must tell you that when my master arrived, he examined his meal with flattering care, and honoured me with another kick, saying in that sweet roar, which I had so often admired, "This ——— stuff is not kipper, you ———!" He then threw it at me, and I have often admired the look of extreme dignity on his august red countenance as he did so.

And as I retired, he conferred upon me that honour which it had been my ambition to attain ever since the day when I joined the army as a mere private, for he picked up the lip of the can, and said, "Take this, you fool!" (I forget where he placed the oaths.) Then he threw it at me and said, "And there's your blithering medal!"

—Kypot.

:: CORRESPONDENCE. ::

To the Editor, "The New Heathen."

Dear Sir,—

It is your custom to devote a column or so at the beginning of each issue of your admirable Magazine, to lamenting an alleged decline in the output of "contributions." The true reason for this has not yet, I think, been brought to light.

Last Thursday week I was filled with a poetic inspiration of such intensity as even I had never before experienced. In less than twenty minutes I had procured a nib, paper, and three ink-pots. The nib was new, the paper clean and smooth, and the poetic inspiration faultless, but the ink! The first vessel contained a glutinous compound totally unsuitable for the transmission of my limpid lyric; in the second was an impure liquid charged with gritty particles, the very sound of which almost drove the music from my ear; the third held a substance which at least flowed smoothly from the pen, and it was to this that I committed my soul's burden. But, alas! so thin and lifeless was the stream that even as the words dried upon the paper they faded from sight and were gone (as when a housemaid breathes upon a well polished toast-rack, and its shines terribly).

I note, sir, that contributions must be written in ink. Please may we have some? —Yours, etc., "Omega."

P.S.—I am writing this with my own heart's blood!

WHAT GERALD SAW.

"From quiet home and first beginning
Out to the undiscovered ends—"

—Belloc.

While his father was in the study, with the Head, Gerald, naturally an adventurous soul, felt vague stirrings of curiosity as to his surroundings. He was standing in a long, stone-paved corridor, with many doors opening off it on both sides, from which came weird, mysterious and yet often imperious sounds. From the furthest end came a recurrent roar of "Now, fellow!" From the glass doors which were situated opposite the entrance through which Gerald had just passed came a whole chorus of sounds, in which there seemed to be some faint, faint attempt at unison, but still. . . . And this was constantly interrupted by the correction of a single voice, which rose ever and anon above the ghastly din. From, apparently, the ceiling a solemn, almost religious, chant penetrated to Gerald, in what he thought must be some foreign tongue, since it sounded—

"With Nay-Mo let me never say,
Nay-Min-Is or Nay-Min-Ay."

Gerald heard all this and hungered for more; in these things he could distinguish something not entirely strange, something not altogether new. But, as he stood outside the study door, he suddenly noticed, about five yards to his left, on the opposite side, yet another door; and what attracted him about this one was, firstly, that it was open, and, secondly, that there floated from it a babel of sound far more terrible than the others he had heard, since it seemed to embrace all of them in one ear-splitting row. Gerald overcame his qualms, approached the portals, and looked in.

It took him some time to penetrate the obscurity of the atmosphere within; a dense cloud of dust enveloped all it contained, so that Gerald saw men as trees walking for a second or two. Then he was able to distinguish one from another, and to study the occupants of the room.

The central figures in the chaos were two boys, one considerably larger than the other, who were engaged in a titanic struggle in the middle of the floor. Rulers and pen-nibs were playing no mean part in the conflict. From time to time the larger one (whom the bystanders called "Max") pointed to a drawing on the black-board along the wall, and demanded, in tones from which emphasis was not lacking,

if other essentials were, "Is that me?" To these inquiries the smaller lad (whose chief characteristics appeared to be the name "Charles," curly hair, and a red coat) invariably replied "Yes"; whereupon they would renew the vigour of the combat.

The bystanders of the battle were more numerous and not less interesting than the participants. The first one to interest Gerald was a large youth, whose hair rolled smoothly back from his forehead, and whose name seemed to be "Bez." This youth was engaged in exhorting the combatants to further efforts, with great impartiality, in a voice which made our hero recoil, and the echoes resound, although it was apparently the outcome of no extraordinary effort on the part of its owner.

Next to this youth, the source of the greatest noise was seated on a chair with his feet on a desk. His size betokened him to be no more than twelve, but the fact that he wore long trousers suggested that he was considerably older. He was evidently striving after song, but with no more result than a painfully untuneful reiteration of the fact that he had no bananas, as though one's natural assumption would have been that he was laden with the golden fruit. He was continuing none the less persevering because of constant cries of "Dry up, Cocky."

The person whence these latter emanated would have betrayed his origin in his speech even if his name had not been Sandy. When he was not dissuading the small youth from his vocal efforts, he was addressing jocular remarks to another who was scanning a periodical in one corner of the room.

The latter, who was addressed as Cyrus, was extremely lanky, and seemed to be of a somewhat saturnine temperament. Whenever a witticism was hurled at him, he retorted with a hyena-like and unmusical cackle, without breaking off his occupation, as though he considered the joke beneath contempt.

Thus far had Gerald's observations progressed, and he was about to turn his attention to the remaining inhabitants of the room when he felt his father's hand on his shoulder, and heard his father's voice ask him to follow into the Head's study. It was an amazed and mystified small boy who obeyed his father's request.

—Nicholas C. Pratt.

THE TRUTH.

Midnight was striking from the old church-tower,*

Midnight—indeed that oft ill-omened hour.
Moonlight was streaming far across the snow.

('Twas Christmas Eve, therefore it must be so).

Through all the windows of an ancient School

Moonlight was streaming in a liquid pool.
(Ah, yes, dear reader, you should know its name—

Many its merits, and as great its fame.)

This School was empty, let us say, to-night
And basked in silence and the pale moonlight,

Which (and I've mentioned this before),
Was streaming through the windows on the floor.

Did I say silence? Silent as the tomb—
But stay—come hither to a certain Room
Wherein dwell Prefects and their kindred crew

(At intervals who wield the Boot and Shoe).

What have we here in this deserted place,
Is this a boy, and this a human face?

Ah, yes it us, and strange as it may seem,
He comes not here unconscious, in a dream,
But—see his eyes as everywhere they look.
Because, dear reader, he has lost a Book
(I cannot tell you why he should come here
To-night to find a Book, for, reader dear,
I do not know.) But here on this cold night
He walked and shivered in the pale moonlight,

Which (as by now, perhaps you know),
Was streaming in across the snow.

Who was this boy, this boy he was—who knows?

A doublet's dressed him, aye, and eke some hose,

And as he strode about this ancient room
He broke a silence deep as of the tomb,
With many a groan, and many a sigh full sore.

As though he mourned for one who was no more.

And in his search, with ever-growing wrath
He seizes desks and pushes back and forth
The harmless homes of simple students' books,

And mingles fiendish sport with fiendish looks.

But, as the hour of one its striking nears,
His form grows dimmer—then it disappears,

As that one solitary stroke rings o'er
The air. He fades and leaves the dirty floor,
O'er which e'en now the liquid moonbeams pour

(A fact, I fear, I've mentioned here before).

And now my task is done—and none too soon

We leave that building to the beaming moon.

"Why is this writ? This enigma explain,"
You cry; to answer do I not disdain.

Moral:

When after holidays to school you go,
And find your desks in all-disordered row,
Blame not the janitor, if you should find
You books and papers scattered to the wind.

The real reason herein is set forth.
Take it or leave it—which it may be worth.

* St. Jude's.

—N. C. Pratt.

OUR CELEBRITIES.

No. 8: T. W. Coghlin.

By "Tatcho."

After consulting "Who's Who," and having become at first rather confused by the number of Coghlin's that confronted my eyes under the letter C, I eventually gleaned the following facts about my victim, T.W., of that famous house of Erin.

Entered H.G.S. 1916; appointed Form Scavenger, 1917; President of the Fore and Aft (a never-to-be-forgotten gang of desperadoes), 1918; Prefect 1922; member of the Sports Committee, 1922; Secretary of Football Club, 1922-3; Secretary of Debating Society, 1922-3; Assistant Editor of "The New Heathen," 1922-3. Clubs:—Palace Snack Shop and Lower Market. Hobbies: Tocqueville, Fretwork, and the Piccolo.

Amazed at this extravagant but talented array of Mr. Coghlin's activities, set forth in the usually modest and staid "Who's Who," I determined at once to root out and see in reality this apparently quaint specimen of humanity. His whereabouts

at first completely mystified me, but on being informed that I might look into the Gym. with advantage, I made my way there, wondering what freakish whim might have taken my non-athletic victim there. My search was at last successful, and I descried Mr. Coghlin seated in one corner, earnestly engaged in some occupation.

As I advanced, he looked up, muttering some expletive or other, and I was immediately impressed by the ruddy glow of his face. "The picture of health," thought I, but then suddenly perceived that Mr. Coghlin was engaged in the arduous task of inflating a football with his mouth, a circumstance which fully explained his heightened colour.

Apprehensive that my untimely interruption might cause undue annoyance, I waited for Mr. Coghlin to break the oppressive silence.

"I say," he said, "don't stand there doing nothing. You might stick this bladder-neck under the case."

I did so, whereas Mr. Coghlin was inclined to be chatty, and by strictly avoiding any mention of the "New Heathen," I was successful in eliciting some information about himself.

"Could you sum up for me the main advantages of Sea Power?" I asked sweetly hoping to hear him expound one of his favourite historical subjects.

"Certainly," he replied, "but you will find that my views coincide with those of the celebrated Mr. Hannay."

"Thank you," I replied, entirely ignorant of the purport of his somewhat evasive reply, "and do you play football?"

At this Mr. Coghlin sat bolt upright, and said in a fashion reminiscent of Mr. Frederick Harrison (not the great man), "I'm no good at soccer, but——"

Here he stopped significantly.

"You play Rugby, then?" I inquired.

"Yes," was his quick and boastful reply.

"I am the pioneer of Rugby in this School and fulfil the role of hooker-secretary."

Again baffled, I concluded that Mr. Coghlin was too intellectual for me, and decided to let him ramble on at will.

"Tell me something about your own experiences," I suggested brightly, and composed myself to listen to a recitation of but

a few of the events in my companion's wide and extensive career. Little did I dream of the extent of the ramifications to which his highly adventurous life had led him.

"My connections are all-embracing," he said with a flourish. "I have good social connections, and am by no means unknown behind the stage or in the literary world."

"Indeed," I said, incredulously, then "I don't seem to remember your name in any of those connections."

"Certainly you don't," he replied, "but my nom-de-plume is 'Richard de Burgh.'"

Here, then, was I standing before the greatest and most versatile writer in the local Press.

"You amaze me," was all I could mutter, but ventured to make no mention of Marianne. Recovered somewhat, I asked Mr. Coghlin if he intended to pursue literature as his career.

"No, by damn!" (hereby betraying the copiousness of Masefield), "I'm not. Richard de Burgh will henceforth be no more. My nineteenth birthday will see me in the Bengal Lancers, and I shall have seen the last of Halifax."

My own private opinion was that he was living up to his reputation of "splendide mendax," but the determination on his face and an unconscious clicking of his heels warned me not to interfere.

"Go on," I murmured feebly.

"Well, then. I am an atheist, and recent events on the railway have shown me to be an outcast from society. Despite persistent rumours, I do not know C.T., nor yet again do I haunt Lewis Street. My interpretations of Shakespeare and my trenchant criticisms have made me notoriously hated, but in conclusion tell Kenneth that I loathe his tobacco."

Mr. Coghlin then pursed his lips, resumed his attentions on the football, and evidently considered the interview at an end. I was little wiser, however, about Mr. Coghlin himself, and could shed no light on his multifarious illusions; but am prepared to swear that the above were the words he used. My own conclusions, however, are that Mr. Coghlin is essentially a man of action, a rank Socialist, a hardened adventurer, and yet a man whose freshness of views and breezy personality irresistibly attract me.

Let us hope, therefore, that Mr. Coghlin will have a glorious career, and be able to realise the highest ambition of all—to be a Bengal Lancer; and if he is as assiduous and whole-hearted, and yet modest, in after life as he is now as we know him, then he cannot help but achieve success.

:: CRICKET. ::

We can safely say we have had a very successful season, both from a match point of view, and also from a form view.

The First Eleven:

Played 16, won 10, drew 2, lost 4.

The Second Eleven:

Played 6, won 2, drew 1, lost 3.

Batting average: Radcliffe.

Bowling average: Parker.

The games between Houses were very keen, and the matches between Forms showed that a wealth of talent for future teams is available. On no afternoon were we stopped for the weather.

The matting wicket has proved a great help for we have played on these many times when it would have been impossible to play in the field. Thanks to the Head, we overcame the difficulty of ropes for the long side net, and now we have no fear of cut knees and hands, caused through falling over the guy-ropes.

We said good-bye to Brookes, Strickland, Wade, Gledhill, Butler, Ross, Wilson, members of the first eleven. We know they will always play cricket, and we wish them the best of luck in their future careers.

:: FOOTBALL. ::

We started the term with many misgivings as to the composition of a team worthy to follow the record team of last season, but a few practice matches soon dispelled any misgiving, and we found quite a number of players who are developing into useful men. We were left with only four of last season's eleven, and chose Sunderland as captain, Ratcliffe vice-captain, while we made Lord captain of the second team. Many practices took place, and after much consideration and discussion we commenced the season at Huddersfield against

Huddersfield Technical, with the following team:—

Goal: Woodward.

Backs: Radcliffe, Chambers.

Halves: Shore, Wilson, Jackson.

Forwards: Sunderland, Coghlin, Shoesmith, Walker, Nettleton.

The game turned out to be rather a surprise, for we ran out winners by 6 goals to 1. Huddersfield were unable to hold our forwards, who were ably backed up by a sterling defence. Scorers: Shoesmith 4, Sunderland and Walker 1.

Before further describing the matches, I should like to say that, no matter who we are playing, we never get such good football as that seen in the House matches. Form games, and practice games. The style is entirely different, and more what it ought to be. Combination is there in all the Inter-House and School games, but as soon as we play any match we always seem to oblige the opposition by playing their game. This is all very well when we are the bigger and heavier, but is hopeless when we are equally weighted or overweighted.

For instance, the match versus Huddersfield College, when we drew, 2 all. As a team we ought to have beaten them 3-0, but on that day we played their game and drew. We must make them play our game, and stick to it ourselves; it is the best, far and away. Individual efforts are all very well, but the individual soon gets sat on.

House Matches provided some excellent exhibitions, and are dealt with in the order of playing.

Accounts of Matches:

October 13th: At Huddersfield.—

Huddersfield Technical.

Heath won, as previously stated, 6-1.

October 17th: Birdcage.—

Heath v. School.

A win for School House of 6 to 2. A good game, in spite of six of School team being members of the first eleven.

October 20th: Birdcage.—

Heath A. v. School A.

Everyone under 15. A great game, when excellent football was played. School A won, 7-2.

October 24th: At Rishworth.

Rishworth G.S.

Played on Rishworth Hill-top in a veritable hurricane, the condition of the ground being made worse by the bursting of a drain. Heath won a meritorious victory of 6 goals to none. Scorers: Shoemith 1, Radcliffe 1, Walker 1, Sunderland 3. Won 6—0.

October 27th: At Birdcage.—

Huddersfield College.

Huddersfield College visited us, and we saw several of their previous team among them. We started well, and held the upper hand all through the first half and the later stages, but after half-time we seemed to slacken, during which time Huddersfield scored twice. As we had scored two goals, the game ended in a draw, 2 all. Rather a disappointing game; the forwards did not seem to get going.

October 27th: At Huddersfield.

Huddersfield C. 2nd v. Heath 2nd.

The second eleven visited Huddersfield, to play the College second team. We were very much smaller than the other side, and they soon scored three. Heath then settled down, and took the game into their territory, managing to score two goals. One more from Huddersfield made it 4—2 in their favour, and although beaten our prestige was raised, for we were heavily over-weighted.

November 3rd: At Birdcage.—

Mirfield College.

Our first fixture with Mirfield College caused some speculation as to the size of the visitors, and it was decided to include two masters in the defence. Places were found for them at right and centre-half. Mirfield were certainly much heavier than we were. Sunderland won the toss, and kicked up hill against the wind. We soon fell into working order, and then Mirfield scored. This only served to quicken Heath up. We took command of the game, scoring once before half-time and crossing over 1 each. The second half of the game was all ours. We ought to have scored more, but managed to get 4, thus winning 5—1.

November 10th: At Dewsbury.—

Wheelwright School.

We went by char-a-banc to Dewsbury to meet the Wheelwright School, the only team that beat us last season. We found them at full strength, thirsting for revenge for the running about we gave them at cricket.

The game started well, and we scored first after about half an hour, and it was some minutes before Dewsbury equalised. They then scored again, and from thence on did pretty much as they wished. Heath seemed to collapse, and goals for Dewsbury came very fast. Their wing men completely outpaced our wing halves, and time came with the result, Dewsbury 11, Heath 1. It did us no harm to get beaten, but showed us many things; chiefly the sterling defence of his goal by Woodward. He played a very fine game, and certainly saved many almost certain goals. Bagott and Chambers stuck to their posts manfully and well, as also did Radcliffe. The rest of the team had no chance, so emphatic were Dewsbury in their determination to beat us well.

November 10th: At Birdcage.—

Wheelwright School 2nd v. Heath 2nd.

While the first were at Dewsbury, Dewsbury second team were playing at Birdcage. Again we were a much smaller team. A remarkably good game took place, and no scoring was done until four minutes before time, when the visitors scored, and eventually finished winners.—Dewsbury 1, Heath 0.

November 13th: At Birdcage.—

Heath v. Queen's

A House Match. It was almost a foregone conclusion that Queen's would win. A very hotly contested game finished in favour of Heath by 6—2. Everyone played well, but the Heath forwards, well backed up by Walker i., scored on every opportunity.

November 17th.—

Both matches with Almondbury were postponed owing to a blizzard that raged for the best part of the day. These matches will be played later on.

November 24th: At Birdcage.
v. Halifax Secondary School.

The ground was frozen hard, the ball fast, and there was every prospect of a good game. Heath scored first, Sunderland getting a centre in, from Radcliffe, giving the visiting goalie no chance. The Secondary equalised soon after, and then scored again, leading 2—1 at half-time. A chapter of accidents then befell the visitors. Their left back was crocked in a collision with Radcliffe, and left the field. This, of course, weakened the visitors, and though Heath were always the attacking side, no score was added until the visiting centre forward went out of his way to foul Radcliffe in the penalty area. The kick being taken, Radcliffe scored, making the score

2 all. The next casualty was the visiting goal-keeper, who, after colliding twice with Sunderland, had to retire from the game. Heath then scored again through Radcliffe, and the match ended. I cannot help saying it was a most unsatisfactory game, and there was more tripping than in any game I have seen at Heath. I only hope our next meeting will be played out properly, and no one will have to be carried off. Won, 3—2.

November 24th: At Spring Hall.

Hx. Secondary Schl. 2nd v. Heath 2nd.

Won, 6—4. Goals scored by Coghlin (3), Braim (2), and one scored off opposing back.
—J.L.G.



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