



MAGAZINE OF
HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL
HALIFAX.

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THE NEW HEATHEN.

HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

Vol. VI. No. 2 (New Series) WINTER TERM, 1928. Price 9d.

EDITORIAL.

The change over from Association to Rugby football as the school winter game has had several unexpected results, but we did not imagine that the magazine would be concerned in them. Several of our contributors have been stimulated to articles, which we gladly print. True to the tendency of youth, they have concentrated on the humorous side, but we look forward to printing (one day) an epic on the match versus Bradford, after the fashion of Mr. J. C. Squire's poem on the Varsity match. Meanwhile we welcome several new contributors to the mag. The lower Classical Sixth has recently published for private circulation a magazine called "Sausage"! It is, as its name implies, a somewhat mixed production, but we have been permitted to borrow some of its more savoury ingredients and trust they will lose none of their flavour. We regret that a strict censorship forbids us to publish some of the more libellous effusions, but a copy will be shown to anyone who calls on the chief perpetrator, W. R. Nicholson, to whom we offer our thanks for his prolific contributions.

The Assistant Editor is C. E. K. Scouller, and the Treasurer, H. Dyson.

SPEECH DAY.

(By permission of the "Halifax Courier and Guardian").

The prizes obtained by the students of Heath Grammar School were publicly distributed last night at the annual gathering

in the school. There was a large attendance of parents, students, and old boys, and the meeting was presided over by Mr. Sam Fox. Supporting him on the platform were Canon Thompson Elliott, vicar of Leeds, Mr. John Lister, M.A., Coun. J. Radcliffe, Mr. W. H. Horsley, and Mr. O. R. A. Byrde, headmaster.

The Chairman humorously remarked that it was the second time he had made a speech in the school. The first occasion was 40 years ago, when, under the headmastership of the Rev. Thomas Cox, he was called before Mr. Cox, it being asserted that he had made a speech in the class—(laughter). "My recollection of that speech is a painful one," commented Mr. Fox. He offered a warm welcome to their visiting friends and parents, and particularly singled out Canon Thompson Elliott, chairman of the Governors of the Leeds Grammar School, who was so well-known in the West Riding.

Headmaster's Report.

Mr. O. R. A. Byrde, presenting his annual report as headmaster, mentioned that the chairman of the governors, Mr. J. H. Whitley, although he could not be with them that night, had as lively an interest as ever in the school. They had to mourn the loss of an ex-chairman, in Col. Morris, who always sent the junior school prizes and kept keen interest in the school camp. In the course of the year, the school had had a full inspection by the Board of Education. The tenor of the Board's Report afforded keen

gratification to the governors and to himself. It said that he had succeeded in getting together a very strong body of masters, with high qualifications, personality, and teaching capacity; it spoke of the school being notably successful: "the boys are well-behaved, hard working, and intelligent"; it commented on the number of open scholarships won, and on the range of subjects covered, as showing that the school was maintaining its reputation as a first grade school. Five boys were being helped at the Universities by Mr. Whitley's beneficent scheme for enabling boys to get the best from, and give their best to, university life.

Mr. Byrde, commenting on the examinations, said that in one form, 15 boys out of 16 got through the School Certificate Examination, no less than six with first class honours. He paid tribute to the eager staff, and specially mentioned the "marked improvement brought about in mathematics by Mr. Lister in the last six months." Regarding the health of the school, there had been less to complain of than last year; he still in some cases needed the more eager co-operation of parents in the matter of games. He had, he continued, always regarded it as a great part of his duty to do everything he could to place boys when they left, and to know employers and their needs, as well as to create a right attitude in what should be expected of boys when they left—not a knowledge of typewriting but a capacity to be loyal and a capacity to learn. In this he had the valued co-operation of the Old Boys' Association, who had asked him to let them have a list of boys who left, with notes on what it was thought they were best fitted for. He received the Association's proposal at the end of last term with the greatest gratification; it would be a great help to the boys, and reflected the greatest credit on the spirit of the Old Boys, who thus showed their affection for their school and that they had learnt there that lesson of loyalty. An Old Boys' organisation of that kind that wanted to help its younger brother was no small asset. Already a start has been made, and he hoped that the movement would grow and prosper. "This year a party of our elder boys went to the Filey camp as sergeants. Only a few could be taken, and the competition to go was keen. Many of the old boys have been in the habit of going as officers, but this is

the first year in which an intermediate stage has been attempted. From the accounts given it was a very successful experiment. The boys got on well together and genuinely made friends. It is difficult to over-estimate the importance, especially in a place like Halifax (where we do rather live in one another's pockets) of contact on perfectly friendly terms between those who are likely to become employers and those likely to become, or who already are, employees. I doubt if mutual distrust could survive holiday contacts of this kind.

"One of the secrets of success in any organisation is to be a happy family. I believe that one of the reasons why this Filey experiment was a success was that boys learnt lessons of loyalty and of co-operation for the common good: if we can teach here the elements of that great principle of never letting one another down whether our relation is that of master and boy, employer and employed, of citizen to citizen, or human being to human being, we shall deserve well of our day and generation.

— x —

CANON ELLIOTT'S ADDRESS.

Canon Elliott, in addressing the parents and students, mentioned that the headmaster and himself were at college together at Oxford, and that for personal reasons, therefore, he was anxious to accept the invitation to address the gathering, also for the more general reason that he always enjoyed school speech days. He proceeded that he had been reading the opening chapters of a book by a very brilliant man who was a colleague of his at Liverpool, and had been rather distressed to read that anybody who looked back on his schooldays with rapture must be one of those thick-skinned people who really never had any sensitive feelings. The writer apparently looked back on his school days with nothing short of pain, and he was very sorry for him. He resented entirely the suggestion that if one did not look back on his school days with feelings of repugnance he must be a thick-skinned and insensitive person possessed of no fine feelings whatever. Indeed, he himself was always happy to return to the atmosphere of the school. His own school was about the size of Heath, about 150 boys, which he believed to be the right

size. There were enormous advantages on the side of the smaller schools as compared with some big schools where numbers ran into many hundreds. Of course, the other side had advantages too, and those privileged to attend schools where numbers had run into many hundreds asserted that this was the best type of school. Having been at a smaller school he was staunch in his belief that the advantages on the whole were with them. Any boy of average ability or anything over that had a great chance in a small school of really showing what he was worth. Responsibilities were placed upon him in varying ways, he was an active part in the conduct of the school, he had a great responsibility for maintaining the tone of the school, and he had actual jobs to do. There could only be a strong esprit de corps, which was not merely sentiment, but a very real thing in the mind of boys, in the school which was not too big to be quite cohesive.

Alluding to the headmaster's report Canon Elliott said he could not help feeling impressed by the remarkable number of quite distinguished successes that had been won by the school, considering its size, in the last few years. Twenty-nine entrance scholarships to the Universities had been gained in the last 17 years. Not only was that a remarkable result for a school of 150 boys, but the 29 boys who gained these scholarships had a better chance of gaining them in this kind of school than perhaps some boys would have done in the larger type of school where they were more likely to be lost in the crowd. In a school like Heath they could get the personal individual attention both in respect of tuition and every other respect which made such a difference in their progress. That one fact was a justification for the school's existence. Not that he wanted to over-estimate the winning of scholarships to Universities, but people were not speaking wisely who would minimise their importance. It was an important thing that a boy of sufficient ability could be pretty certain that he was going to get a chance of a scholarship to the University if he would put into the effort what he could. On the other hand, there were boys in every school who could never look forward to getting an entrance scholarship to a University, but the school existed for them just as much as it did for

the cleverer boys. It existed to prepare them for whole living, for the various aspects and relationships of their life, whether they went into business, commerce, or the professions. It existed to prepare a boy by teaching him all that it concerned him to know in order that he might be all that it concerned him to be. That expressed more or less precisely what any school existed for.

Canon Elliott said later that he did not know whether there were any prospective generous benefactors in the room, but he thought that one of the things most schools needed to-day very much was endowments, by which they could augment the scholarships of the boys who went to the universities. He did not know how well off Heath school was, but the fact of the matter was that a scholarship at either Oxford or Cambridge to-day provided a much smaller proportion of the total cost of the education there than it used to do. There did not seem to be any prospect of that cost being reduced in the future—therefore it was really important that people who wanted to give occasional benefactions should not forget that way of doing it, and see that grammar schools were provided with ample leaving scholarships. By so doing, parents would be relieved of anxiety, and the boy himself get a great deal of encouragement to go forward and do his best.

He had, he proceeded, given a good deal of thought in recent years to various aspects of educational problems, and he could not help feeling that the whole educational system of this country was failing at the present time in this regard—that we had not yet found out how to teach boys and girls a lasting appreciation of the things that were best. Large numbers of young people did not know what to do with themselves. In every large town, they could be seen: they walked up and down, and then they walked up and down for a change, they went to the pictures, they went to a dance, and they walked up and down. Then they seemed to find that, after some years of that sort of thing, they got a little tired of it, but they did not really seem to know what better thing to do. The best things in artistic productions to-day, music or whatever it might be, lacked audiences to make them economically possible. There was in Leeds,

for instance, no difficulty in maintaining a large number of cinemas, but there was a very great difficulty in maintaining a symphony orchestra, which cost a very great deal less to run than a cinema. It did not require any particular intelligence, any particular moral effort to grasp the significance of the cinema, but to appreciate a symphony orchestra did require effort.

"We are not," he said, "producing in bulk the intelligent adolescent, who grows up into the intelligent adult, to maintain the best things in our modern towns and cities, but God knows, if we don't maintain the best things, there is no hope for us. Unless we have in existence a real core of appreciation of the best things, the whole atmosphere of a place falls like lead." Therefore, he suggested to all interested in the work of education to-day that we must not overdo that desire to give boys and girls the capacity to do things for themselves unless we give them at the same time the capacity to appreciate the things that other people did well. "If we are going to send out into the world, young people who are going to get the most out of life themselves, and give most back to life, to the great advantage of the community in which they live, we have got to teach them to appreciate the better things that other people do," he concluded.

A vote of thanks was passed to Canon Thompson Elliott and the chairman on the proposition of Mr. W. H. Horsley, seconded by Coun. J. Radcliffe.

During the evening several songs were sung by the boys, a feature which the audience greatly enjoyed.

DISTINCTIONS.

C. J. Collinge, St. John's College, Oxford: 2nd Class Honours, Classical Moderations; J. Lawrence, St. John's Hall, Durham University: 2nd Class Honours, Final School of Modern History; C. Wilson, Balliol College, Oxford: 1st Class Honours, Final School of Modern History; A. H. Eastwood, B.Sc., Leeds University; J. B. Ross, Final Examination, A.C.A.; S. Bairstow, State Scholarship; S. L. Lord, M.B., Ch. B., Leeds University.

HEATH OLD BOYS' CLUB.

Since the re-organisation of the Old Boys' Club in July this year, subsequent on the expiration of the tenancy of rooms in King Cross Street, we have had a most encouraging response from Old Heathens in many parts of the country.

The membership has grown quickly and at the present time is larger than ever it has been in the history of the Club, numbering as it does 136, and every effort is being made to increase this figure to 150 by the time this article is published. Old Boys from Glasgow, Preston, Bradford, Leeds, and of course, round about our town, have rallied to the call, and we are beginning to feel that we have the nucleus of an Association which in the near future will be able to make itself felt in many spheres of usefulness.

Our Sports' Sections, viz., the H.O.B. Rugby Football Team and the Fives Club are in a robust condition, and it is most gratifying to note the great enthusiasm and improvement of the former, and the continued successes of the Fives Team, which can almost be said to be one of the strongest teams in the two counties of the Roses.

Both sections are greatly indebted to Mr. Byrde for his courteous permission to use the Fives Courts for matches and practice, and the Gym. for footballers' training, and we are glad to have the opportunity of expressing our thanks to him.

It is regretted that space and time will not allow of a detailed list of matches played by these sections and the results to be inserted in this month's edition, but perhaps the opportunity may be given to us later.

The monthly social gatherings of the Club are being very well attended and enjoyed.

The Annual Dance was held on Wednesday, the 28th November, and proved a most enjoyable and popular function, and one could not help but note that of the fellows attending all were Old Heathens, with the exception of perhaps four or five.

The first Annual Dinner has been fixed for January 18th, and is being looked forward to with zest by many of our members, and we hope to have our festive board graced by the presence of at least one or two distinguished guests who have the welfare of the old School at heart.

We should like to point out to the Senior boys who are in their last year or last term at School that they are eligible for membership immediately they leave School and will be heartily welcomed. The subscription is only a nominal one. If you cannot join up at once, look upon it as a bond of honour that you should do so as soon as you are able and so help to keep alive that spirit of comradeship and good fellowship which is the salt of life both at school and in after life.

—R.E.D.

OXFORD LETTER.

St. Edmund's Hall,
Oxford.

Sir,

Only under the stress of dire necessity do I reluctantly consent to act as temporary correspondent of Oxford news, and even so I wish to lodge an objection at having to sit down and write at so short a notice. Not until now did I realize to the full, the difficulties that must be experienced by the sole unfortunate representative in Cambridge. Still I suppose it had to be my ultimate fate and yours. These things seem to happen and I suppose you will endure it like true Heathens. First of all before I come to our individual news, sparse though it will prove to be, let me produce proof to any doubters that may be, that Oxford is not done yet. To-day the first of the year's Inter-Varsity events proved to be a victory for Oxford. At Fenner's, in the relays, we beat the Tabs by four events to three, and broke three records. I suppose that your Cambridge correspondent will await the result of other news before sending in his letter or forego the consolation he has had in the past of crowing over our unfortunate lapses.

I had a terrible shock this term when I made tender inquiries of Lawrence and Cockroft from a man just come up to Oxford from Durham. The man was in entire

ignorance that his late University had harboured them. I felt that something was wrong. However, he hastened to inform me, and I might say assure me, that he was a forestry student and knew but few people there. Again my hopes of getting to know the real truth of the horrible stories I hear from Durham were ruthlessly shattered.

Reluctantly I draw near to attempting to tell of the lives of the Oxford contingent. Little I know still less I feel would it be meet to relate. However,—

Hanson in his capacity of Secretary to the Hall Hockey Club, is a busy man. Nothing more do I know of his habits, but rumour has it, though I would remind you that it is said that she was ever a lying jade, that there are other diversions: and I refused to be explicit and change the euphemism. Coghlin I have seen but once. I hear that he is having a fairly successful season as forward for his College Soccer Eleven. Shaw too, is busy with soccer. He is, I believe, acting secretary for his club. Apparently Queen's have suffered somewhat severely from injuries and are having a pretty thin time. Shaw's usual cheery countenance was extremely sad when I saw him last. Apart from soccer, he is content with B.W., which you may if you so desire interpret as Bread and Water. Wilkinson and Collinge I have seen once or twice, though of them, too, I must confess I know little. I have heard of hectic nights spent in the Mitre, not, I hasten to add, in the manner you may suspect, but in billiards.

Collinge I saw once in the Scala, where he seemed so entirely at home that I reluctantly came to the conclusion that he was a habituè. As to myself, I have as little to say as of the rest, be the reason what it may. I have become permanently incapacitated for soccer owing to a dislocated knee and am reduced to acting as referee. In the capacity of general hanger on, I accompanied the Soccer Eleven on its annual trip to play in Town. It was the success that all such affairs are, and with that simple remark the single happy prerogative of the writer of the Oxford letter, I will close with all the necessary apologies and all good wishes to the school.

Yours sincerely,

J. E. Beswick.

DURHAM LETTER.

St. John's College,
Durham.

Dear Sir,

The question that has been harraßing my mind throughout the whole of last night—or rather this morning—is what to tell your eager throng of readers about our illustrious seat of learning. You will observe that above I said this morning, for on Friday and Saturday last, there took place the inter-Collegiate races for the Senior and Junior Fours. The former John's managed to secure and the subsequent celebrations were quite in keeping with the ecclesiastical nature of the establishment. As we neared the winning post in the final, hordes of embryo curates were seen to be tearing along the banks, mouthing horribly; and on Saturday evening, the lesson in Chapel struck me as being particularly appropriate, for it said: 'And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude . . . saying, 'Hallelujah' (Rev. xix., 6). Further, my brethren,—dear me! How catching this atmosphere is—!' I must tell you something about Lawrence. At the beginning of term he received a beautiful present from the Principal in the shape of digs with his college butler. Doubtless that conveys little; but wait—you have not heard all.

If on a windy day he happens to be secreted within his lair, an unsuspecting visitor would be driven incontinent into terrified flight at the menacing growls which emerge. Even I, hardened though I am, cannot repress a fearful shudder at the roars of terrible execration that he utters as the smoke billows out from the chimney in ever increasing clouds.

But I must confess that his lot is hard, hard. To have to endure the tortures of teaching in a mixed school all day and then to return to a house overrun by his butler's eight children—!

But he bears up manfully under the strain and his performances on the University Shooting Team have been extraordinarily good. You will also, I know, be pleased to hear that he has been elected to the Editorship of the 'New Durham,' the magazine of the Durham Colleges. The editorial staff is

toiling apace and a record number we hope will shortly be produced.

Strange mysterious rumours have emerged from Oxford's gloomy depths; but I fear that this is not the moment to disclose certain doings of one L.W.H., until I find that he is ready to allow his doings to be made manifest.

As to news from Heath, I have heard precisely nothing this term and have therefore no idea of achievements scholastic or otherwise worthy of congratulation. But if there are, I do most sincerely. But now I must get me hence for a voice like unto that of the Bull of Bashan (Ps. xxii., 12) is ringing upon my ears summoning me to tea.

With best wishes to everyone for a very pleasant Christmas and New Year.

I am, as always,

Yours sincerely,

F. Cockroft.

P.S.—In case the references in this epistle should cause consternation and alarm, I hasten to inform you that they were supplied by a convenient theologian.

Faculty of Technology Union,
Sackville Street,
Manchester.
December 3rd, 1928.

To the Editor of "The New Heathen."

Dear Sir,

It is with some trepidation that I write this letter, not being skilled in the delicate art of epistolography, and I fear to intrude upon the sanctity of your page with my unworthy effort. However, your letter has so intimidated me that I dare not do otherwise than I now do. Having thus divested myself of all responsibility for the consequences of the publication of this letter, I must proceed.

This is reputed to be a Manchester University letter. Accordingly I suppose I shall be expected to say something of Manchester. Well, dear Sir, as of Fox, so of Manchester. Manchester is Manchester.

Those of your readers who have the misfortune to know Manchester will realise what this means. The most recent innovation in Cottonopolis is the one-way street system and automatic traffic control. However much this may benefit the traffic, it is most distracting to pedestrians, and one finds it most annoying when one has to bore through a crowd of gaping Mancunians. But let us leave Manchester in peace.

As to the University, I, dear Sir, am not an Owensian, but merely a humble Technologist. I was, however, an all unsuspecting witness of the recent kidnapping affair. For the benefit of those of your readers who have not read of this in the daily papers, I may say briefly that the Liberal and Conservative candidates in the recent University Mock Election were lured from the safe confines of Owen's ostensibly for a press interview, but in reality to be carried off to the College of Technology, bound up, painted and decorated, and returned with thanks and insulting remarks to Owen's. I, sir, was just leaving the College when the victims were brought in.

But I have proceeded much farther than I hoped or intended to go, and will trouble you no more.

I beg to remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

T. Crabtree.

BIRMINGHAM LETTER.

University of Birmingham,
1/12/28.

Dear Sir,

The fact of my being the only old Heathen at this University makes my task of writing this letter rather difficult, since it deprives me of the opportunity of dwelling at large on the activities of one's contemporary Heathens; hence I must confine myself to giving some account of the term here as seen through the somewhat timid and green eyes of a fresher.

The really big event of the term was the Hospital Carnival, which has now become an annual function. Sundry happenings which took place before the appointed day served both as an advertising medium and also as an appetiser to the repast of revelry to come. The most conspicuous of these

was the arrival of a bogus Aimée McPherson at New Street Station at the rush hour, which terminated in a vigorous brush with, apparently, the whole City Police Force; the supporters of the famed hot Gospeller did not come off best. The idea was not, I believe, original, but it served its purpose. The actual 'Day,' of course, turned out wet and misty, and yet the affair was a complete success; we were out, most of us, from about 9 a.m. till after 10 p.m. (several of brighter sparks failed to appear until the early hours of the following day, festooned with collection tins, and rattling with gold). The counting of the money took over a week, and the total sum collected was found to be £5,600, which, considering all things, "wasn't 'arf bad!"

The Rugger XV. has been deservedly successful; the victories of which we are proudest are Manchester and Bristol Universities; I regret to have to record that London University gave us a thorough trouncing. From accounts which have reached me, I fear that Rugger is rather a sore point with Heath just now. Next term will probably raise the spirits again—courage!

One of Birmingham's best points is the Repertory Theatre; the season so far has been magnificent. Commencing with the immense task of producing the whole of "Back to Methuselah," which took some two months, they followed with outstanding presentations of Macbeth, and finally Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author."

For the rest Terminals are looming perilously near, and—well, there is work to be done!

May I conclude by wishing the Magazine and the School in general a very successful year to come.

Yours sincerely,

R. Sutcliffe.

FILEY CAMP.

Filey! I do not say there is magic in the name, but to the average working boy this place is connected with the happiest week of his life. This is not a generalization, nor yet is it any exaggeration, but it is merely

what the boys themselves think. To the three or four Heath boys who journeyed to there in 1928, Filey has become a name which conjures up happy memories, and no longer are these connected with Miss Ida Know and that delightful game of tennis, at the dance, held at the Crescent, but with happenings the memory of which time itself cannot destroy. Filey means to them a week in the open air, a week passed among the boys, a week in which, away from the prying eyes of society men were boys once more, and boys were just boys. No cigarettes, no money, no late hours, no pictures, and yet nothing but happiness; it seems impossible, but still the boys who went did not wish to return home and were eager to re-visit Filey in the following summer.

It is impossible to explain how all this is accomplished, and if we attempted to do so we should only weary you with facts, but we must here pay tribute to the wonderful organising power which is behind the Filey Camp. From leaving the R.E.S. Gymnasium on Saturday morning until the following Saturday on which the return is made, the boys are never idle, and the officers are always busy, especially the cook. First in everything come the boys, for it is essentially a holiday for the boys, and it is the duty of the officers to see that their charges have a good time. There must, of course, be discipline, but at Filey this discipline is obtained by the relation of the officers to the boys, for these are all brothers, big brothers and younger brothers, and like true brothers big brother never puts himself or his own happiness before his brothers'. The boys play games, then the big brothers' duty is to see that they play fair, and then the boys are hungry; here he must get some food for them, not fish and chips, like they have in Halifax, but a dinner which feeds their bodies, and to do this is a morning's task. All the mornings are spent by the 'orderly dogs' in seeing to it that there are enough potatoes, enough vegetables and sufficient meat, and when one considers that 120 boys require over one hundredweight of potatoes, it is quite easy to imagine the 'orderly dog' and 'the orderlies' peeling potatoes. Dinner is served, and then a pause—the boys cannot play games—the reason is easy to see. However, boys are not still long, and after an hour's rest big brother

comes along with some sports tackle, and heads appear from under the blankets. Games commence again and tea then comes along, and I cannot describe what we have for tea, because one would criticise us for being expensive. The days follow one another quickly, Filey Brig is visited, a paper-chase has been completed in which we got lost, and finally Saturday comes, and with Saturday our week-end by the sea comes to a close.

No description of camping in Filey with the Halifax boys would be complete without a word about Messrs. Browning and Whitley, who enhance their reputations considerably by their conduct in this week. In my mind; however, I believe they enjoy their work there even more than the boys themselves enjoy the holiday. Whether this be so or not, Filey is to them a duty, a duty nobly conceived, and even more nobly carried out, while to Mr. Whitley we might almost dedicate the following lines:

Hanc aram luo statuit, quae maxima
semper,

Dicetur nobis, et erit quae maxima semper.

— x —

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(So called because there is no connection between that and the following).

Under a spreading chestnut tree,
Sir Richard Grenville lay,
He nothing common did nor mean,
To summon his array.
They came from haunts of coot and hem,
Across the downs so free,
And the skipper had taken his little
daughter,
To bear him company.

John Gilpin was a citizen,
A Ramnian proud was he,
"Bring me my bow of burning gold!"
And he sent for his fiddlers three.
Then up spake brave Horatius,
The darling of our crew;
"O what did Mr. Gladstone say,
In eighteen-sixty-two?
'Who is Sylvia, what is she?'
'She is Lord Ullin's daughter,'

THE HEATHEN.

11

So call me early, mother dear,
 Across the stormy water."
 It was a lover and his lass
 That sailed the wintry sea,
 And both had Wills' to light and smoke,
 So sing it loud with me:—
 "I love little pussy, her coat is so warm,
 When icicles hang by the wall,
 So come lassies and lads, take leave of
 your dads,
 With Kenneth Hanson, Tim Healy,
 Sam Murgatroyd, Fritz Luckraft,
 Leslie Cockcroft and Uncle Gus
 Bigney and all!"

—W. R. Nicholson.

Les: His quantity of impots is not drained,
 They fall like murd'rous thunderbolts
 from heaven,
 Upon our heads.

Tim: Grumble thy bellyful.

Don. All the school's a fag,
 And all the staff of masters merely
 bore me.
 We are confined to the back en-
 trances,
 And each one in his time gets many
 lines.

Stan: (Aside) I come Jemima.

Les: Mildred calls.

Tim: Come on.
 Exeunt Severally.

A PHILOSOPHICAL DRAMA.

(with Apologies to W. Shakespeare.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Donald ...	}	Classicists.
Stanley ...		
Leslie ...		
Tim ...		Scientist.

SCENE I.

A Desolate Heath.

Enter three Heathens, Donald, Stanley,
 and Leslie.

Stan: When shall we three meet again;
 In the bus or in the train?

Les: When the burly Healy's come,
 When my Latin prose is done,
 Which as yet I've scarce begun.
 Enter Tim.

Tim: To swot or not to swot, that is the
 question,

Les: Whether 'tis better for a boy to suffer
 The impositions of outrageous
 masters,
 Or to sit down before a sea of
 homework,
 And so by swotting end it.

Stan: My noble master hath told me I am
 not ambitious, (ironically) and sure
 he is an honourable man.

Don: He is no flatterer; he is a councillor
 who feelingly persuades me what I
 am.

SCENE II.

Classroom in the same.

Enter, Donald, Stanley and Leslie.

Stan: Once more into the class dear friend,
 once more,
 (Don't close the door until our master
 comes).

Les: In class there's nothing so becomes
 a man,
 As stoic dulness and insanity.

Don: And this our room, exempt from
 public haunt,
 Has "Punch" in desks; cribs in the
 brimming shelves,
 Pipes that don't work, and ink on
 everything,
 I would not change it.
 Exit into corridor.

Don: (Within) O master mine where art
 thou roaming?
 O stay and hear; he is not coming.
 Re-enters.

All: It was a tutor and his class,
 With a hey and a ho and a hey
 nonino.
 Who through Euripides did pass,
 In class-time; a very jolly pastime.
 When the kids did sing, hey ding-a
 ding-a-ding,
 And we couldn't do a blooming thing.

Les: Friends, Heathens, Classmates all,
 lend me some gloves,
 I come to play at fives and not to
 labour,
 The fives that people play is good for
 them,
 The football often injureth their
 bones.

Don and Stan: We'll stay not on the order
 of our going.

But go at once.

Exeunt Omnes.

—W. R. Nicholson.

THE ICEBERG.

Through northern seas with pinnacles
 agleam,
 The chilly berg pursues her stately way,
 Slowly dissolving 'neath the sun's bright
 beams;
 She glides along thro' many a golden day.
 But soon pursues her stately path no
 more,

More heavily she rolls at swelling wave,
 She drifts to warmer zones; a warmer
 shore,

To meet her fate—from which none can
 her save.

—J. S. Cockcroft IVa.

THE B. C. WIRELESS.

Hello, everybody—this is the Acropolis
 calling—Special News Bulletin. Reuter's
 telegram states that owing to the arrival of
 the Persian fleet all departures have been
 suspended. The Hittites and their allies
 the Appetites and the Dynamites have
 scored a signal victory over the Akker-
 washouts. Mrs Pharaoh, according to the
 eminent surgeon, Omybigto, is slightly
 better. You will now hear our special
 broadcast from Marathon. . . . Buzz. . . .
 Buzz. . . . Crackle. . . . This is Marathon.
 We anticipate record gate money. The Per-
 sians, headed by a brass band, are advanc-
 ing slowly from the sea. There are few of
 their supporters in evidence, however. Sev-
 eral char-a-banc loads of Greeks have turned
 up, though the bookmakers favour the Per-
 sians. . . . Miltiades is late. . . . special con-
 stables are cleaning the ground. Miltiades

has turned up. . . . THEY'RE OFF! . . .
 The Greek hoplites are hopping lightly down
 hill, paced by a fellow on a push-bike. The
 Persians have fired. . . . The Greeks have
 met them. Both sides are packing beauti-
 fully. . . . The Persian scrum-half attacks
 the referee. Bookmakers are fainting. The
 Greeks are fetching fire-escapes to climb
 over the piles of Persians. . . . Book-
 makers and Persians in full flight. . . .
 buzzyzyzbuz-crackle-buzz. . . . We are
 now back in the studio. . . . You will next
 be put through to the New Empire (Piraeus
 Dockside) where H. Stophanes, the rising
 young playwright, will recite part of the
 "Odyssey". . . . buzz-crackle-buzz. . . .
 "And rosy-fingered Dawn appeared early"
 . . . —"Boo! Throw him out!"—"And
 our dark-prowed red-cheeked, hollow, black,
 swift ship. . . ."—"Outside! Take it
 away!" . . . The bard has been ejected.

Acropolis Station now closing down. . . .
 Good night, everybody.

W. R. Nicholson.

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

Once more, ye beakers, and once more
 Ye boiling tubes, let me extol
 Thy virtues, O Scientia
 Who art the darling of my soul.
 Let classicists deride our noble sport,
 And turn to Latin prose which I deem drab
 I leave them with their verses and their
 verbs,
 To sport with Avogadro in the lab.

The beaker now to thee I fill,
 Whom untaught men describe as beastly,
 Preferring Homer's brand of gas,
 To that of Cavendish and Priestley.
 In realms above I pass the time of day,
 With rows of cheery bunsens down the
 benches,
 Striving to find a more efficient way,
 To conjure up the most appalling stench.
 All hail to thee, O Chemistry,
 All hail to thee, O kindly nurse
 Who gassed me in my infancy,
 With H₂ S or something worse.

Herein I sing to thee, O noble Stinks,
 Goddess malodorous and all-pervading
 Sure safeguard of our hermitage on high,
 To keep th' unauthorised from invading.

Without our scientific lore
The foemen would with ease kill us,
Against their poison gas what use
Would Plato be or Aeschylus?

Scientia, thou
Far more, I trow
Art worth than classic lore
o H₂ S,
o H₂ O,
o H₂ SO₄!

—W. R. Nicholson.

THE SANCTUARY.

Amid the noise and bustle of the street,
There stands a peaceful haven, quiet, calm,
To weary, jaded souls like soothing balm.
Far, far from slurring sounds of hurrying
feet,

And clanking tram-car rushing on its way,
Its silence still remains unbroken, grey.
Within the precincts of this stately hall,
The soul in turmoil may repose a while,
With thoughts unchained by worldliness
servile.

In this place let no low, unseemly brawl,
No chattering of tongues, no noisome din
Be heard; and let no roisterer come within.
Our sanctuary of peace, where tired mind
Can range o'er fancy's fragrant lands at
will,

Beholding meadows lush, and windy hill
Whereon, at evening, ere he dips behind
The crest, the sleepy sun with visage bland,
Lingers and gazes o'er the darkening land.
Thus fancy roams, apart from traffic's boom,
And beauty fills the Public Reading Room.

D.B.

EDUCATION AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

In view of the consideration which various
educational authorities have been giving to
the instructive film as a means of teaching
the young, it may not be out of place to
speculate as to what a morning at school
may be like in a few years' time. Leaving
out of the question all reforms in the matter
of school hours, etc., the day's routine may
possibly be something like this.

9-15—10 a.m. **History.**

In place of the usual practice of making
copious notes the pupils will be presented

with a vivid representation of the event in
question. No longer will the battle of Bos-
worth be vaguely connected in their minds
with 1485 and the death of Richard III.

There, before their very eyes, sundry tin-
plated gentlemen on horseback are making
dints in each other's jackets; and behold the
villainous Richard skewered on Henry of
Richmond's sword.

The whole episode is now indelibly fixed
on the spectator's minds.

10—10-45 a.m. **Science.**

It will now be possible to see that miracle
accomplished—H₂ S prepared without the
smell! Chemistry will perhaps become, it is
not too much to say, almost **attractive**. But
an ancient and venerable nickname will go.

The Preparation of H₂ S in One Reel.

Two dozen atoms (approx.), magnified 50
million times (also approx.), will perform
the most intriguing evolutions and show ex-
actly what does happen when that noisome
compound comes into being.

10-45—11 a.m. **Break.**

Chocolates and cigarettes may be had
from the Attendants (or Staff).

Forthcoming Attractions:—

A geographical Film of the Wild West.—

“THE SILENT RIDER.”

Featuring Tom Kix and his wonder horse,
Bony.

11—11-45 a.m. **English.**

“Julius Ceasar,” Act III. This piece,
if well acted, should prove a favourite. With
Emil Jannings as Caesar, Buster Keaton as
Brutus, and a strong supporting cast, the
pupils, with rankling recollections of “De
Bello Gallico,” should be truly appreciative
of the doing in of Julius.

11-45—12-30 a.m. **Greek.**

During this period the boys who do Ger-
man may go out for sausages and hock.

THE ODYSSEY, Episode 8.

In this film there is a little more Hollywood than Homer, as the first sub-title shows.

"Braving the deadly waters on a lone quest."

Then is revealed Odysseus's small tramp steamer, the "Saucy Circe."

Odysseus knifes the shark which was clinging to his toe at the end of Ep. 7 and proceeds forthwith towards Scylla and Charybdis. Now no one can expect Hollywood (or even Elstree) to put up with monsters like Scylla and Charybdis. Scylla has therefore become a gang of pirates and Charybdis a waterspout.

Enter Scylla in a half a dozen dirty little feluccas. Odysseus, of course, fights shy of Charybdis and plunges into the midst of the pirates. Armed with but one revolver, he comes face to face with the pirate chief, and don't miss the next instalment of this exciting romance.

Coming Shortly!

Don't fail to see Adolphe Menjou in

"HAMLET."

But in the present state of pig-headedness of the authorities it seems very unlikely that Education à la Menjou will be introduced in our time.

—W. R. Nicholson.

RECENTLY INVENTED MSS. OF SIR FRANCIS BACON.

(With apologies to the author of "Misfits" Of the Rugby Gayme).

Certaine wits there bee that affect to Contemn games of Balle. But of them I intend not to Speake: nor of their Opinions; Being Worthlesse. For they bee alle of that Baser Sorte; that like them better to Stand atte Streete Corners; Bravely attired; And with Longe hair. But these bee meere Foles: And of a Shallow Wit. And do thereby Proclaym themselves as Suche.

But of the Gayme Itselfe I would speake.

Firstlie, I would discourse on the Nature of the Gayme: and on the Manner; Whereby one Companie may Goe away with itte. Whereas the other shall goe Astray: And so bee dunne in.

Now for Excellence in Rugby I would have Fifteene Menne. Howbeit some there Bee who desire Thirteen. This I like not; Being a gayme wherein Menne assaile Menne with Greate Choler: and the field becometh bloody. Also Menne play that they may gaine Wealth therefrom. This consorteth not with Friendlie Rivalrie, So I laud itte not; But contemn itte.

Of the Menne who bee Players; let them bee of a Difference in Stature. Some there should bee of a Bodilie weightinesse; Like untoe the Bulles of Basan. The which Menne in a Masse are called the Packe. Who bee a verray Bulwarke against the Ennemy; And of a certaine Energie towards the Adversarie; To the Ende that he bee compelled to Departe from the Balle with alle speede: being pushed. And therein lyeth Greate Gainne. Now, more than Alle, I would have each Man of the Packe a Discreete Man; For this Qualite he shall surely Neede; When hardly Prest in the Contest. Lest he become Entangled in his Talke; And utter Vaine Wordes. And with Loudnesse and Exceeding Bitternesse of Speache; Bewaile him of his Dolours; and of divers Abraisions: And maligne his Adversaries with an Abundance of Hortatives. Wherebye, he bee convicted by the Referendarie; Of lewdnesse of Speache: And bee Sent offe. This I like not.

Howbeit, I would have Otheres in the Gayme; Of which I intend presently to Speake; For their Goode. These bee the Halfe-Backes; there bee two.

For these Menne I would Counsell a Greate Agilitie; and a Certaine Nippinesse; Such as God hath Vouchsafed to few others of His Creatures. Let one putte the Balle fairely into the Scrimmagium; But with Cunning; So it may befall that the Packe, By divers Contortiones and Movements of the legges: May heele it owte. Whereupon his Fellowe shall straightway take it uppe; And Discreetly cast it awaye from him. This would I have done full fleetly; For not Seldome it Falleth that; An Adversarie being of a Greater Craftinesse; He cometh to Hand; and so undoeth alle

But there be othere Menne; Who have a Chief Parte in the Gayme. This I allowe well. Of these, there be Foure.

Now I would have these menne of a Certaine Slimnesse; Fleete of Foote: And of a Full Craftinesse; On the Runne. And Deceitfull with alle. An there be any who should desire to be a Three; And hath not these Qualities; His Toile is but Vaine; For he shall never Attaine thereunto. For so it Befalleth; Not once nor twice; that the Halfe Backe having Cast Away the balle; A Three taketh it in Faire Passe. Now, I would have him Runne; Avoiding a Tackelle lest he take a Fall; and so to the Touche; and Peradventure to a Goalle. But if he swerve not; And be not of a Certaine Aerinesse; and Craftie; His labour will be Vaine. But if he be Tackelled: Being in Possession; let him Deale the Adversarie a Clowte: And so Hande him Offe. And direct his Course to the Goalle. Thus shall he bee a verray Master of his Crafte.

Of the Fulle-Backe; I have somewhat to Speake. Lastlie.

Of alle menne let him bee the Moste Wary; and Watchful of Knaverie; and of Trickes of the Adversarie. And of a Lustie Kicke; And alsoe a Safe Catche. Above Alle thinges, let him goe lowe for his Tackel: lest his Adversarie cast him to the grownd: With Contumelie; and so passe to successe; And a Trie.

Of the Referendarie I intende not muche to Speake; For that were a Frowardnesse: And a Grosse Impietie. These are exceeding Proude; And walk like Gods. Sometimes they Runne alsoe. Knowing alle thinges: And of an Intelligence surpassing alle in the Regiment of Games; Having alle Power. With them, I like not to bandie wordes.

Now am I almoste at a Stond; Save in one thing Onely: For I would have a Multitude alwaies to Stonde along the Line; Who shall Aide the playeres with Counsell and Advice; Convincing them of their Errours. Calling owte "Bringe him downe" or "Passe, thou Bigge Stiffe," as seemeth Goode to them. For these, let there be no Gentilnesse of Speeche; But rather a Directnesse of Wordes; For the greater Comfort and Admonishment of them that playe. That they bee not Exalt and Puffed with Pride; Nor shew a Lacke of Zele.

Howbeit; Doubtlesse there bee many who finde the Gayme a Goodlie Exercise; And, for the Strengthening of the parts of the Bodye; Of a Generall Excellence; and of Greate Glorie; But greater than the Glorie thereof is the Dolour; And shortnesse of Breth.

For this Cause, I myselfe play not in the Fleshe; But in the Spirit; being Fatte: For very Lowdly do I Bawle along the Line.

THE SNAKE OF DEATH.

A lonely mansion, formerly occupied by a baronet, Sir Gerald Ashley, situated in a small country town in Hampshire, had lately been full of excitement as its tenant had been killed in rather peculiar circumstances.

Ashley, some days before, had been the recipient of an elaborately decorated square box, and when he opened this he had been killed by a small snake. Some minutes later he was found lying on the floor beside a reptile, which was crawling over his lifeless body. The servants killed the snake with a poker and then examined the box. In it was found some straw, under which the snake had evidently been concealed.

Eventually Ashley's nephew, Barton, a young doctor, had been accused of the crime, as he had given information that the snake which had killed his uncle belonged to him. He had been to Africa and had returned with some venomous snakes with which he had been experimenting in order to discover whether the poison could be successfully extracted from them. One of these snakes had mysteriously disappeared, and although numerous advertisements had been placed in the papers, no satisfactory answer had been received. Barton had repeated that he was not guilty, but extra evidence had been found against him. Shortly before the death of his uncle, there had been a quarrel between Ashley and his nephew.

At the inquest it had been established that Barton was guilty, and everyone was waiting anxiously for the trial to come on. Barton was immensely popular with the majority of the townspeople, who could not believe that the young man had been capable of committing such a murder. Ashley's will, dated three years previously, had

left the whole of his property to the nation, except for some grants to various hospitals and his own church. Many people were astonished at this, since they had expected that he would have left his money to his nephew, who was his only relation. After the post-mortem the remains of Ashley had been quietly buried in the churchyard.

Meanwhile Barton had made a request to the magistrates that he might be allowed to visit his uncle's home. His request had been granted, and one beautiful afternoon he drove up to the house, accompanied by three police officers. He asked that they would go with him to his uncle's room, where Ashley had been killed. On entering, Barton walked quickly across the room until he came to a photograph which was hung on the wall. Taking the photograph down from its place a little hole was discovered. Barton then took a small key from his pocket, and applying it to the small hole, turned the key round. Slowly a small part of the wall, which had been concealed by the photograph, opened, and disclosed a small safe. In it was found some straw, much of which seemed to have been scattered about, as if the person who was there last had been in a hurry. Behind all this straw was a small phial which the officers affirmed contained some of the most powerful drug.

When he was asked how he had discovered this safe, Barton answered that on the night when they had quarrelled, his uncle, as the interview continued, seemed to become agitated. Before Barton eventually retired, Ashley became more nervous every minute, and the young man thought that Ashley was going to receive a guest whom he feared. No one arrived, so Barton decided to go to his uncle's room to see whether the latter had recovered from his agitation. He knocked at the door, and, as there was no reply, he opened the door. His uncle was not within, but he discovered the safe which evidently his uncle had forgotten to lock. The key had been placed in the small hole so that it might be turned easily.

"You want to know why I didn't tell you this before," concluded Barton, "and I will tell you. I could tell that my uncle had been a slave to this drug, but I could not explain the straw. Of course there was much

more straw there that night. I was never allowed to see the box opened and so I never thought that there'd be anything else beside the snake concealed there. I didn't stay more than three minutes in that room, and early next morning when I went in to see how my uncle was, the photograph had been replaced. I am certain of one thing—my uncle was the only person who had known about that safe and that he took some straw out of it."

"Oh, we found a letter addressed to your uncle's friend Col. Harry Beresforde, in his desk," said one of the officers. "It seemed that he was going to send a little Christmas present to him. He—"

"Is that true? Why, my uncle was a veritable miser; The servant will tell you that he never sent presents anywhere."

"Then your uncle must have intended to send this to Beresforde as it is the only thing which was found in the nature of a gift. He had probably bought the box at some previous time, so that when it was discovered, nobody could discover where it came from, and had ordered the seller to send it on by post. We assume now that your uncle put your snake in the box together with the straw, and as he was about to close the box the snake bit him. But how did he get your snake?"

"I think I can explain that now. After I returned from Africa I was met by my uncle and we lodged a few days in London. I remember telling him that I had brought back some very venomous snakes and I showed him one. There was only one snake in each box, and it would be a very easy matter for my uncles to steal up to my room and obtain one whilst I was out. As he was not used to snakes, he probably would be bitten. I think that he had put the snake in the decorated box and forgotten to shut it properly. Then he burnt the box which had contained the snake before, and so we were never able to discover where my box was. At that time I expect he would be in a highly nervous condition, since the effects of the drug would have disappeared then, and this explains why he failed to shut the decorated box correctly."

At the trial Barton was acquitted.

—S. Crabtree.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

(With apologies to Sir A. C. Doyle and all readers).

Whilst hunting among my famous friend's papers, sandwiched between an old imposition and an equally old school report, I found some notes on one of his recent cases, which I had completely forgotten. The sight of those notes, however, brought back to my mind the details of a case which was perhaps the most mysterious that my friend ever solved. Since it illustrated to the full his splendid powers of deduction, I obtained his permission and now set it down exactly as it happened.

We were sitting in our rooms in Faker Street one July morning in '27, when Sholmes suddenly remarked, "By the way, Jotson, a gentleman from Bedfordshire will be calling here in about ten minutes."

"Really," I exclaimed, completely mystified, "however did you know?"

"Quite simple," he replied, "whilst you slipped out for a morning paper I had a little conversation with this gentleman on the telephone." Then, after a pause, he said, "Of course, you could, Jotson."

"I'm glad you agree with me," I replied, and then stopped short. I had never said anything to my friend to occasion his remark. Yet he had broken in upon my thoughts so naturally that, for the moment, I was deceived.

"You were thinking, 'Well I could have done that,' were you not, Jotson?" he asked.

I agreed reluctantly. If he could read my thoughts like that I profoundly hoped he had never read them when he was scraping out a tune on his old violin.

At that moment came a ring at the door. Our landlady, good soul (except when she demanded the rent) answered the door.

"A gentleman to see yer, sir," she announced a minute later.

"Show him up," replied Sholmes.

Immediately the gentleman was shown up.

"A schoolmaster, I see," said my friend.

An astonished look spread over the face of our visitor, and Sholmes grinned in triumph.

His face fell, however, when the visitor replied, "As a matter of fact I am a prison warder."

I could forgive my friend his lapse.

"Here is my card, Sir," he went on.

On it was inscribed—

H. Scratcherd,
"The Creepers,"
Hitching,
Beds.

"I have called, Sir," he began, but my friend interrupted,—“Pray wait until I have composed myself,” and thereupon leaned back in his chair, placed his fingertips together, and closed his eyes. “Now proceed.”

"I must explain," resumed our visitor, "that the house next door to mine has been empty for a month. Three days ago it was taken. The same night the most appalling noises issued from the top floor. It sounded as if the dead had risen and were venting their feelings in no uncertain manner. After an hour the noises ceased and all was quiet for the remainder of the night. Now I had been celebrating my friend's wedding that evening, and between us we had used up a whole syphon of soda water with the other appropriate liquid, and therefore I was not too sure of myself that night. Accordingly I decided to wait for a repetition of the noises before communicating with anyone else. The night after the noises were repeated. I was now sure of my ground, and having heard of your fame I decided to come and see you."

My friend uttered a sound which was suspiciously like a snore. Not wishing him to lose his reputation, I hastily nudged him,

He started. "Ah yes! quite so," and silently appealed to me.

"I'm sure Sholmes will give the matter his earnest attention," I said, and showed our visitor out.

When I returned I found my friend measuring out 100cc of sulphuric acid with a pipette, and immediately inject it into his arm.

"Sholmes," I said reproachfully,

He ignored my remark. "Would you mind giving me a brief resumé of what our visitor told us?" he asked

I did so, though inwardly suspecting that he was hearing most of it for the first time.

"What do you make of it?" he asked, as I finished.

I had to admit that I was completely baffled.

"Really, I'm surprised at you, Jotson," he said. "The matter is quite simple. In fact I have correctly solved it already."

I gaped at him in amazement. "Do you really mean that you can explain the mystery without even going near the place?" I queried.

He nodded. "For your benefit I will explain."

He slowly filled his old pipe with shag, before resuming. "I believe you know I have a brother?" he said.

I replied that I had once met the gentleman.

"About a week ago he came, whilst you were out, to say good-bye. He said that he was going to live at Hitching, in Bedfordshire, in a house called 'The Leapers,' which curiously enough he said was next door to a house called 'The Creepers.' Before he went he made a great confession." "I am learning to play the saxophone," he said. "Now I think even your limited intelligence can supply the rest."

I saw him reaching for the violin case and fled hastily. Nevertheless he had solved a great mystery.

—Spud.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Since the last issue of the "New Heathen" our policy in the Library has, on the whole, been one of "Peace, Retrench-

ment and Reform." At the end of last term a stock-taking and re-cataloguing took place, the result of which showed that there must have been some very careless or unscrupulous borrowers in years gone by. The work was admirably carried out by Denham and Tidswell, to whom our thanks are due. Many volumes were found to be in need of repair, re-binding or replacement, and this term much has been and is being done with regard to the two former. The replacement of worn-out books must be our next care.

A number of new volumes have been added, partly by purchase from our funds and partly by the generosity of donors, to whom we wish to express our thanks.

Amongst the books bought, the following should be specially mentioned:—"Drake's Mantle (by Bentley, an Old Boy), "Great Short Novels of the World," "Great Short Stories of All Nations," "Great Short Stories of Mystery, Detection and Horror," and 25 vols. of Benn's 6d. Library (which have been excellently bound in stiff covers by the Junior School, thanks to Mr. Browning.) The books given have been chiefly light fiction or boys' books, although we have to thank the Headmaster for copies of Fieldin's Complete Works, Smollett's Complete Works and "A Shakespeare Apocrypha" (i.e., plays which are sometimes attributed to Shakespeare, generally on very slender evidence).

The Librarian would like to see a more rapid circulation of books, as volumes are often kept out much longer than appears to be really unnecessary. He would also like to see a more general use of the non-fiction sections, particularly by the younger boys. There are sections on Hobbies, Travel, Popular Science, Biography, Nature Study, French and History, to which additions are frequently made, and which contain something to interest every one.

—R.J.W.

SCOUTS' SUMMER CAMP.

'Practice makes perfect,' they say, and as far as camping in a foreign land is concerned, the Heath Scouts are becoming very seasoned and efficient campers.

It was a party of twenty who set off last July at 9-35 a.m. from Halifax Station full of beans and a determination to make the most of an eagerly anticipated trek; and the pleasure of the moment was not dimmed by the knowledge that the other fellows were still in school until the end of that particular morning, school not having, officially, broken up.

After a very pleasant train journey of about two hundred miles, we arrived at King's Cross, where a lorry was found to be awaiting us, for the purpose of transporting our heavy kit to Victoria Station in readiness for the cross-channel passage on the following day; and ourselves to the London Central Y.M.C.A., where we spent the night.

Here again the way had been made very smooth for us. A vast quantity of mats had been put down for us to sleep upon in the Gallery of the Gym, and we spent a pleasant night, tho' it was very hot. However, a dip in the swimming bath partly cooled us and was in itself a great compensation.

The journey to Folkstone and the passage across to Boulogne were interesting, but uneventful: the sea was quite calm and most of the scouts were in fit condition to prowl about the steamboat and generally to employ their time profitably. Doubtless through the direct intervention of Providence a gleam of intelligence has crept into the official customs mind and one has no longer to go through the farce—time wasting and very annoying—of passing through Customs on the outward journey, so we were saved that!

Our first thought in France was of a meal. It was about two o'clock, and as we had had breakfast at seven a.m., we were quite ready for a meal. Most of us shied quickly at the exorbitant prices for provender charged by the steamboat caterers, and all did justice to what was, for quite a number of the scouts, their first experience of a French meal, served in a French hotel in the French manner. Somewhat lengthy intervals between the courses caused the more pessimistic to imagine that one course made a dinner, and with visible relief they watched renewed activity at the kitchen hatch.

We then discovered the train. Now, as we found the French people kindly disposed towards us, courtesy forbids that we should record comments on that train. Let it suffice to say that we were bumped along at dizzy speeds increasing to nearly twenty m.p.h. at times—for this train they call an 'omnibus' or 'slow train,' and well it deserves its name. Anyway, we got to Etaples and then found that our system had miscarried—or so it appeared. For, to save trouble, and money, we had arranged for a covered lorry to convey us over the last 30 kilometres to Douriez. The lorry was not. However, the lorry driver was ultimately found in a place of refreshment and persuaded to "put a jerk into it." But it appeared that there were other two passengers, and we had a weary wait just outside the town until they *did* put in an appearance: then we rumbled off.

It was very hot indeed, and certain selfish and over-wise persons, thinking to gain an advantage and breathe in the fresh air as opposed to a process of semi-stifling as we journeyed, sat themselves down on a form by the tail board of the lorry, from which point of vantage they made fatuous remarks at or to the passers by, and kept reasonably cool. But virtue had its own reward. Very soon we left the highway and struck across country, along roads upon which the white dust lay thick, which dust, rising in great clouds from under the wheels, turned their vantage post into one of exceeding discomfort. So were they justly rewarded, and constrained to remain at their chosen posts, whilst the others remained hot, but at least not choked with dust. A great welcome awaited us all in Douriez, and indeed, we could not have chosen a better spot than that quiet little village, tucked away in a lovely valley on the borderline between Pas-de-Calais and Picardy. The lorry was unloaded, we undressed as far as we could with comfort, and began to set up our camp. Things went like clockwork and without undue hissings of pent-up steam, we got down to it in such a fashion that by eight o'clock we might have been there for years—and we arrived just after six.

Our quarters were as we have described before in previous number. Four tents pitched along the green lawns in front of M. Parentin's house, a great refectory, which

was monsieur's workshop cleaned for action—our action, as it were! and plenty of space to move about in behind the house, for orderly purposes. Added to this, a perfect kitchen in the shape of an outhouse, weathertight and containing a stove, and it will be seen that we were really in clover. No fagging water up a hill: no hiking miles and miles for eggs and milk. Everything was to hand—"a very eligible and central situation," we called it.

During the time spent in the village it was pretty thoroughly explored; all the estaminets were visited and a scrupulous comparison of prices always followed any new discovery; with the result that the "lowest price" house got the custom and did a roaring trade in soft drinks.

In one of these places we discovered a billiard table, and great was the joy when it was found that the purchase of a glass of lemonade gave free access to the table. True, it wasn't of first-class quality: most of the cues were tipless, and all were bent. The balls had been perfectly spherical in their day, and doubtless the baize covering had seen its best period, and though owing to injudicious play it had been ripped in many places, and then unskilfully cobbled so that bunkers arose on the course, yet the table, pocketless tho' it was, was great fun.

Of course we bathed and boated. The canvas canoe came up for a fair share of ill usage, as the great game played on the water was "wrecking." Two would get into the canoe and paddle down stream. They would be met by the rest of the swimmers in the middle of the river, and then ensued a great and splashy battle. There was only one end—a watery one for the canoers. But being Scouts, they were prepared for that.

Needless to say, none but the good swimmers were allowed to bathe in the river. The others had to put up with a little stream running parallel to the Authie, and through the same meadow: maximum depth four feet.

We paid a visit to the ancient town of Abbeville, via a little narrow gauge shrieker, a veritable toy train: through Crecy forest, and the smiling corn lands of Picardy. On our arrival we dispersed, and everyone save

the old campaigners began to spend money on anything between perfume and Camembert cheese! Why did M—— purchase the latter? Did he hope to be propelled homewards by its odour?

Abbeville is a quaint old place, and we all enjoyed a visit to its shuttered houses, cobbled streets, market places, and the cool interior of its ancient parish church. But we hankered after the open country, Douriez, and got back again in time to prepare and have an evening meal.

A detailed account of all we saw and did would fill volumes, so we had better be content to say that we filled in our time healthily and pleasantly: we ate wonderfully cooked and varied meals, and we slept well.

We struck camp the night previous to our departure and slept in the "refectory"—a bit hard and chilly from all accounts after the grass floor, but the weather showed signs of breaking up and we wanted to pack the tents dry. This we did. A few hardy spirits, however, essayed to sleep "*à la belle étoile*," but alas! our weather prophecies proved all too true, and they had to beat a hurried retreat at about 2 a.m., and damply settle down to it once again—but under cover this time.

Our 'send off' was as pleasing as our welcome. Nobody seemed glad to see us go: not one of us felt glad, either, for we had had a topping camp. But amid cries of "Vive Douriez!" "Vive Parentin!" "Vive everybody," and clouds of dust, we rounded the corner past the church—where we had been made the subject of a sermon on the previous Sunday, to our great outward embarrassment but secret pride—and so to Boncamp, our return journey rail head.

We left the lorry there and entrained to Etaples, where we had another good lunch, and then we spent the afternoon at Paris-Plage. This plutocratic town was inspected and sniffed at—prices right up—so we admired the view and set off to the Touquet woods and sand dunes.

The return to Boulogne was made that same evening, where, after a hot bath, greatly needed, and a scrumptious dinner, a quiet after-dinner stroll along the quaysides

or in the city itself, we went to bed—the first real bed for nearly a fortnight—at the Hotel du Louvre.

Up betimes for breakfast in order to allow for a shopping expedition to “blue in” the last remaining francs before going aboard the boat, and then, ‘mid certain regretful sighs, we saw the roofs and houses, cliffs and dunes of Boulogne fade away from us; and most of us regretted it.

The Customs were successfully passed at Folkestone, and finding our reserved compartments, we settled down to the run to London. The faithful lorry again was in attendance at Victoria, and we arrived back at the Y.M.C.A. in time to do full justice to a real Yorkshire high tea.

Followed an evening at the London Coliseum and a night's rest, an early breakfast, and the catching of the 9 a.m. train from St. Pancras. This journey was enlivened by lunch on board, as funds permitted it: a much appreciated luxury. And so we came back to Halifax, once more into the bosoms of our families and back to the hardships of home life.

The Camp was splendid: there was always that easy discipline which makes Camp such a happy place because though it is there, it is not as it were, observable, save when it breaks down—an Irishism, but Scouts all know what we mean. The orderly system worked well—there was an absolute minimum of hitches, and if comment can be trusted the 1928 Camp was one of the most successful we have ever had.

May the Group keep up its high level of camp efficiency, which is, very largely, the criterion of its true value. That depends on each individual Scout, and so it's just up to each one of you to pull your weight so that each may be really worthy of the name Scout. Thus the Group may flourish and be worthy of the highest and best traditions of the School.

—D.O.C.

THE SCOUTS' CONCERT.

Owing to the High School taking over the buildings at Spring Hall and to the fact that the lease of their club room has almost run out, the Scouts are faced with the probability of eviction. This means that they

will have to buy or construct a new club-room. To gain funds for this purpose it was decided to hold a concert, which took place at the School on Dec. 12th. A large number of tickets were sold and a varied programme was enjoyed. The Concert opened with several items by the Rover orchestra, which were much appreciated. Following this came a fascinating lecture by Mr. Browning, on “The troop from its inception.” This was illustrated by lantern slides. He showed how the troop had expanded from its early days when the annual camp was held at Pateley Bridge, to the present day, when it was able to go abroad with the full confidence of seasoned campers. Particularly interesting was the account of the visit to Wembley in 1925.

More music followed, played by the Rover orchestra, and then came “something with a punch.” Stoker Black and Battling Hall gave an exhibition bout of blindfold boxing. This went very well, for what the pugilists lacked in skill, they made up for in enthusiasm. The verdict was that Battling Hall had won the match.

Next came “community singing,” which went very well indeed, everybody catching the spirit of the occasion and singing heartily.

After the Concert everyone retired to the stall which had been erected in the entrance hall. Brisk trade was done. The enterprise and ingenuity of the Scouts in making all the articles at their own home meeting with its deserved reward.

We are pleased to be able to state that the proceeds amount to over £8, and we congratulate the Scouts on this satisfactory result.

—R. Lewin.

CUBS.

Last term the Cubs only failed by a few marks in the Competition for the Wolf Cub Trophy. Their new Totem Pole derived from Ober Ammargau, is now embellished with many ribbons of various colours, each ribbon being a sign of a badge won by a cub for proficiency in a subject. We have gained badges for collecting, for art,

At present we are working for the House Orderly Badge, and are learning how to clean windows and make beds, and other ways of making ourselves useful if required. The new recruits are suffering from the queer complaint of being unable to learn to skip. It is strange that a normal boy must always bring his feet on the rope every time he tries not to. Then again, to balance three books on one's head is not a fearfully difficult feat. Yet our boys' heads would appear to be conical in shape if we are to judge by the ludicrous efforts they make.

The cubs are doing their share in collecting funds for the new club room. Hanson has become a successful concoctor of potted meat, and others have devised equally ingenious methods of extracting money from the pockets of their long-suffering relations and friends.

The Cup Party will be celebrated with usual enthusiasm this term. Any Masters who wish to attend will be welcomed, and we will do our best to give them indigestion.

THIS TERM'S FOOTBALL: A RETROSPECT.

When we embarked on this, our first season of Rugby matches against other schools, we expected some rare tidings. We have had them, and have truly gained valuable experience. Our team is still in the experimental stage, and has therefore not been able to settle down to real combination, while we have been handicapped by the unavoidable absence on several occasions of Healey, I., Bairstow and Bessey. Still, our victory over Bradford Grammar School 'A' on Saturday, Dec. 1st, by 10 pts. to 8, was all the more sweet.

Having seen all the School matches and most of the practices, I have received a number of impressions and arrived at some conclusions.

Most of the weaknesses of the team are, of course, due to inexperience, but that does not excuse the bad tackling one sees week after week. Every member of the team must remember the golden rule—**go low!**

The three-quarters also are inclined to bunch, leaving opponents unmarked and themselves in a position disadvantageous to starting a good attacking movement. The forwards must push harder in the scrums, try to heel more quickly and cleanly. The back row do not get in and shove quickly enough for my liking, while too often **Nor-mington** receives no support in his dribbling bursts.

On the other hand, we must recognise a real improvement in the team. The addition of **Barnes** and **Mitchell** has given the pack more solidity, though I should like to see more dash about the former. **Murgat-royd** seems to have the makings of a better forward than a three-quarter, especially as he is filling out. His speed should be useful. **Scouller** always does well and is probably the most improved player in the team. **Thomas** is another whole-hearted player. Both **Bairstow** and **Hanson** should push harder—it is the forwards' first and foremost duty to scrummage **hard**. **Pickles** must not waste his speed by running backwards or across when he has the ball. As I have said before, backing-up and heeling, particularly from loose scrums, is absolutely essential.

Of the half-backs, **Healey II** continues to play a sturdy game at the base of the scrum and generally does well, even behind a beaten pack. He should try to lengthen his pass and improve its accuracy. The stand-off position alas! is an unsolved problem and will probably remain so until **Bessey** is regularly available. **Dyson** lacks confidence and parts with the ball too wildly. He must also give up kicking the ball straight down the centre, where it is generally intercepted by an opponent.

With regard to the three-quarters, we seem at last to have struck a combination, and we are all delighted with the improvement of **Cockroft** and **Butler**. The latter should learn to rely on his speed rather more than he does, and not to part with the ball unnecessarily. The opposite applies to **Ingham**, who holds on too long, though he has played some very good defensive games.

Healey I. continues to improve and should do better now he has a regular partner. At full-back **Dawson** is doing quite well, but

must not hesitate, as a very dangerous situation arises when the full-back is tackled in possession.

The backs suffer from a general weakness in tackling, a tendency to get flurried and pass wildly, and a propensity, not yet eradicated, for running across the field. And, by the way, why does no one ever make a **mark** nowadays?

Still, I don't want to carp. The faults are there and must be remedied, but, all the same, there is real improvement. I have been particularly glad to see the larger attendance of boys at School matches, but should like to see it larger still. The younger boys must also practice keenly, for it is from them that we shall have to draw our first XV. in a season or two.

—Criticus.

SCHOOL MATCHES.

School v. Keighley G.S. (Home).

In this, our first match, our opponents were far heavier and much more experienced than we were; and although we were game enough, we were heavily beaten. The forwards made a brave show, but were beaten for possession in both loose and tight scrums time and time again. The few chances that came to the backs were wasted through lack of combination and inexperience, and in defence they were unable to cope with the clever Keighley threequarters. However, we learnt many lessons from our opponents which should stand us in good stead in the future.

Result: School nil, Keighley G.S. 62.

School v. Bradford G.S. (A) (Home).

This match was lost, not because of any particular inferiority in our team, but because of the poor use the backs made of their opportunities. If the centre three-quarters, particularly Ingham, had passed, instead of trying shock tactics, Heath would probably have scored at least two tries. The forwards worked hard and often came near to scoring. Their performance against a heavier pack was very creditable.

Result: School nil. Bradford G.S. (A) 6.

School v. Bingley G.S. (Away).

For various reasons we were unable to field our best side on this occasion, the weakness being particularly felt in the backs. We were outplayed for the greater part of the game by the lively Bingley backs, and our forwards, though they fought hard, made very little impression. The backs again failed to make use of their opportunities, although Cockroft scored a good try towards the close. The defence, too, was weaker than usual, although Ingham got through some good work in this direction.

Result: School 3. Bingley G.S. 56.

School v. Bradford G.S. (A). (Away).

We were at full strength again for this match, and we showed ourselves a greatly improved side. The three-quarters for once embarked upon some constructive play which proved very successful, and in addition defended fairly well. The forwards played excellently, getting a fair share of the ball from the scrums, and following up better than they had in any previous game. The game was very keen, and at half time the scores were level at five points each, thanks to a splendid try by Cockroft which Murgatroyd converted. Early in the second half our opponents went ahead with an unconverted try, but after a good passing movement, Cockroft scored another fine try, which Murgatroyd again converted. The finish of a dour struggle came with Heath still holding their lead, although Bradford fought desperately to the end. This game demonstrated once and for all that concerted passing movements alone can win matches, and it is to be hoped that the three-quarters will continue to profit by their lesson.

Result: School 10, Bradford G.S. (A) 8.

Our sincere thanks are due to all the masters who have taken an active interest in our progress, and especially to those who have provided opposition in the practice games.

THE KEIGHLEY MATCH.

The week previous to our first match was one full of optimism on the part of the team. We were patting one another on the back, so to speak, and saying that we could not

possibly be beaten, etc., etc. On the fateful Saturday morning, Mr. Kemp and Mr. Woodward imparted advice, telling us what to do and how to do it, and we departed to our various form rooms with exhortations to "give 'em some hammer" ringing in our ears.

We assembled early in the dressing-room, and then came the first shock, viz., the arrival of the Keighley team. We had been partially prepared by persons who had seen them coming up, but when we saw them at close quarters it was generally thought that the Huddersfield League team, which was playing at Thrum Hall, had lost its way. Apparently sturdy youths, on looking out of the dressing-room into the gym., gave a startled bleat and fell back with staring eyes and white face, muttering a prayer beneath their breath.

Nevertheless we staggered to Broomfield, where a number of spectators were assembled, fiendishly chuckling at the size of our opponents and thanking their lucky stars that they were not in it.

Mr. Kemp executed the Dead March on his whistle, and we lined up trying to look as unconcerned as possible, though with little success. For the first five minutes nothing of note happened, but at the end of that time Keighley dropped a goal and our troubles commenced. Tries were scored at intervals by a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Eric and a peculiar loping stride which left our three-quarters looking somewhat silly, while their stand-off was by no means out of the picture.

After the first few tries the game resolved itself into an automatic process, working as follows. We kicked off (we got enough practice in kicking-off to last us the whole season), an opposing three fielded the ball and punted it into touch; the Keighley forwards obtained it out of touch and gave it to their threes, who passed along the line to the aforementioned Eric, who left a dazed Heathen three, and scored. The movement was generally accompanied by a singularly unconvincing wail of "He-e-ath" from the Junior School, probably under a preconceived plan, manufactured by Mr. Brown-ing.

All things come to an end, however, and the whistle at last gave a longer shriek than usual, and we crowded off the field. The only relieving factor was our being informed that we had been playing the 1st XV. all the time, and not the 'A' team, as arranged. We returned to School, with a tea the only bright spot in a dismal future, and this we attacked without further delay. When the victuals had disappeared under the assault of thirty odd hungry jaws, our captain rose and, adhering closely to the maxim, 'Get up, speak up and shut up.' delivered a brief speech in which he apologised for the game, hoped we should do better next time, and sat down. The Keighley captain thanked us for the game (loud laughter) and the tea, and, keeping a perfectly straight face, told us that we hadn't done so bad, and would probably make a team some day.

The party broke up, and we wended our several ways homeward carrying a dreary tale of defeat and disaster.

A.

FIVES.

To maintain that there is a universal and boundless enthusiasm for Fives at Heath would be to lay oneself open to the charge, I will not say of falsehood, but of not adhering strictly to the facts of the case. The truth is, there is not that amount of interest displayed in the game which the possession of two splendid courts and the advantage of every facility would seem to demand. I am quite aware of the fact that Rugby is of primary importance at Heath, also that the Old Boys require the courts on Saturdays. But, nevertheless, there is a certain amount of time which boys could reasonably devote to Fives, and at the present there is very little evidence of their doing so. Moreover, I am told that the Old Boys would be pleased for any Fives-player to practice with them on any Saturday when they have not a match.

In spite of this general lack of enthusiasm, however, there are a few players who show a reasonable interest in the game. Even here, however, it is not impossible that the purchase of several new pairs of gloves, three to be precise, at the beginning

of the term, had an indirect connection with the increased number of Fives-players, and one is apt to suspect that the enthusiasm is but a passing craze. But with a fervent prayer that this may not be so, I pass on to a more pleasant topic.

After last year's two matches against Mirfield College of the Resurrection it was suggested, at the commencement of the term, that a few should be arranged for this season against Mirfield, Hipperholme Grammar School, and the Old Boys. However, up to the present, we have not been able to obtain a fixture with Hipperholme as they have not an open date, whilst, after arranging a match with the Old Boys on Nov. 17th we were unable to play it owing to two of the Four having to sit for Scholarships at Oxford. We have, however, played one match against Mirfield, which took place at Heath on Nov. 28th. Now it was strongly urged by more than one adviser, that, in view of last year's results against Mirfield, this match should be concealed in a veil of complete obscurity as far as the "Mag." readers or any one else was concerned. But this advice was given before the match took place, and as events turned out, the result will bear a little closer inspection than before. At least we have no 12-0 result to confess, and this, it may interest the reader to know, was the score in both of last year's matches. (I believe that this devastating information has not been divulged hitherto!).

Mirfield brought an entirely different team from last year's and, whether they were weaker, or we stronger, through increased practice, we managed to play them to a draw on games, 6-6, but lost on points. It was a hard match, especially in the games against their first pair, whom neither our first or second pair managed to beat. A gentleman named "Joe," I should think about 6ft. 2ins. in height, and with a left-hand hit quite as efficient as the kick of a cart-horse, proved our downfall. Accustomed as we were to playing upon the left hands of our opponents, we were all rather disconcerted by "Joe's" crashing returns. And, although in the first game between the Heath and Mirfield First Pairs we managed to obtain 14 points and then with the score at 14-14 lost on the replay, yet afterwards we never looked like beating them.

Their second pair, however, were much easier to deal with, and both our first and second pairs beat them in every game. Thus, with our opponent's second pair losing all their games and their first pair winning all theirs, the match ended in a draw on games 6-6, but it was found that Mirfield had won on points.

Scores:—1st pair (Bessey and Barnes): 14-17; 3-15; 2-15; 15-6; 15-4; 15-8. 2nd Pair (Dyson and Bairstow): 17-15; 15-11; 15-9; 2-15; 0-15; 8-15.

Result: Mirfield 145 pts.; Heath 121 pts.

I will refrain from making any fatuous remarks about hoping to obtain our revenge next time, but I do cherish one great hope, namely, that when we get to Mirfield, "Joe" will have sustained some minor injury to that left hand of his. Although, of course, I bear no ill-will towards good old "Joe."

Next term we hope to be able to play more matches, two with the Old Boys, one at Mirfield, and perhaps two with Hipperholme. There have also been the usual vague references to the House Fives competitions, but I fear that these will only be things of the remote future, since, at present, there is not enough material in each House from which to pick a Fives-Four.

—R.C.B.

SCOUT NOTES.

I'm afraid this term with the Scouts has been somewhat quiet. This also applies to the Cubs and Rovers, and really there is nothing of particular interest to report. We must record, however, the fact that we have suffered a great loss in the person of R. Sutcliffe—Tut in the Scouts—who has gone to the University of Birmingham, principally I must say to study Oil and its Chemistry, but partially to show them what Halifax Scouts are made of. Truly we could not have sent a better fellow, for besides being P.L. of the Owls, he was one of our very best Scouts, and indeed I can't say too much of him. But I suppose that when he sees this he'll say "wot rot," and put the "Heathen" down if I continue in this strain, so I won't say more.

At the first Court of Honour of this term, Gilbert Thomas—Tommy—was elected to fill Tut's vacant position as P.L. He's shaping admirably and bids fair to become an efficient successor to our present Birmingham brother. He's got something to live up to, though.

pride ourselves that we are doing useful work for the good of our School, our Town, and our Country.

So come along to Spring Hall any Monday evening.

—W.E.A.

The outstanding work of the term seems to have been the organizing of efforts to raise money for a new Club Room, which we must have. This is due to the fact that Spring Hall—in the grounds of which our Club Room is situated—has been acquired by the Education Committee. We are thinking of purchasing a sectional wooden hut, which we can then erect and decorate to suit our fancy. Of course, this needs money, and—to us—lots of it. So the sooner we produce that money the quicker we shall get our Club Room.

Our Scouts therefore have for the time being turned themselves into regular "money-grabbers," and the results are surprising. I hope they will be still more surprising 'ere they finish. Each Scout has furnished himself with a shilling with which to buy all manner of things, which on being mixed together form all manner of other things. For instance J.C. buys—well! I won't say what, but when he's finished he has Bath Salts, the equal of which cannot be bought even at Boots or Taylor's. I know this myself!! I've tried 'em!!!

Then Mrs. Lewin is very kindly organising an American Tea, the proceeds of which are being devoted to our Fund. This is a truly unexpected act of generosity and one for which we are very grateful indeed.

And lastly there was our Concert, which we held last Saturday. I believe this is being reported elsewhere, so I'll content myself with saying how very proud I am of all the Scouts and Cubs who helped to make it the huge success it was. Our last word to the Heathens who are neither Scouts or Cubs. We are twenty-three strong in the Scouts and ten in the Cubs. There is room for a lot more of you. Won't you join us? We have very happy times together in our present Club Room, and what is more, we



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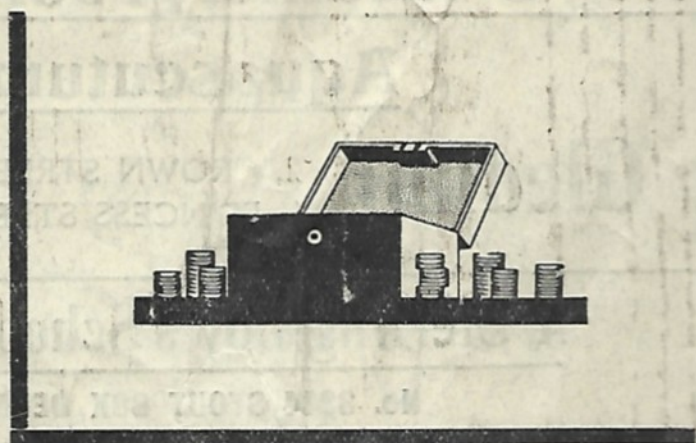
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